

The Christian Mission Magazine.

APRIL, 1878.

Terms of Peace.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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WHAT are the terms of peace? everyone has long been asking, and asking till very recently in vain. There are terms of peace, and unless those terms are satisfactorily dealt with, there will be war again—and how great and awful war, God only knows. There is not an intelligent child in the civilised world who imagines that a settled peace will be concluded upon any terms, or no terms at all. No, no, no! the powers which can fight must be satisfied or they will fight until they win all that can be won.

And yet is it not the all but universal fancy in connection with religion that peace can be got without any terms of peace whatsoever? "God is merciful," idly remark the multitude, as though it were impossible to be merciful without losing every particle of sense and truth and justice. Oh yes, "God is merciful," His terms of peace are merciful, and that is just why He will never abate a jot nor one tittle from them; but will crush with all his might, in everlasting ruin, all who do not accept them. Is anyone reading these lines who has never yet found out upon what terms God will pardon his sins, make him his child and receive him to glory, or who knowing them has hitherto neglected to submit to them? Do not, we entreat you, delay any longer to complete the settlement, for God's terms will never be lowered, and your only time to comply with them is now.

Only too often we may hear well-intentioned people talk as though there were "no conditions of salvation." "It is God's free gift," say they. Oh, yes, peace is always the "free gift" of the conqueror, who has power to prolong war and bloodshed if he pleases; but just in order that the gift of peace, bestowed upon a former enemy, may be of value, it is necessary that it should be made upon such conditions as to ensure its enjoyment, for a length of time, by both

parties. There is a "free gift" of quietude where a general who is besieging a fortress orders his men to "cease firing" and sends word to the besieged that if they will evacuate the place within three hours he will let them go and fire upon them no longer. But that is not a peace. It is merely a cessation of hostilities. The besieged have no option as to whether they will accept it or no. And they have no opportunity of making an agreement which may be of use to them further on. They have leave to run away, and that is all. Whether they are to go out to greater shame, and danger, and suffering still, there is no one to say. One thing only is certain. There is no peace, and in three hours they will once more be made to feel it as keenly as ever, if they remain where they are.

Now salvation does not consist in running away from God, but in coming close to Him, and that He will never allow a guilty sinner to do, except upon the conditions so clearly and repeatedly laid down in His word. Salvation is free enough in the sense that it is held out to every living being, and it is a gift, since no one can purchase it; but God will not *look* to a man, let alone giving him salvation, except the man be "humble and contrite," and trembles at His word. We cannot, therefore, too ceaselessly or vehemently urge upon all the acceptance of God's terms of peace, for it is only by the most childlike submission to them that anyone can escape eternal damnation.

The thunders of heaven are suspended. Long-suffering looks with tearful eyes upon a doomed world. The King of Kings cries out "Why will ye die?" The very heavens seem shrouded in darkness, and the earth is covered with violence and fraud and horror and anguish, whilst amidst the awful pause, we, the messengers of the Most High, are sent forward to offer mercy to our deluded fellow men, who, beneath the serfdom of the dragon of hell are ready to fight on to their own destruction. "What terms?" "What terms?"

SUBMISSION.

"Lay down your arms, and come out of that." Give up your sins and your sinful companions. "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." We insist upon it that everything which is known to be contrary to God shall be confessed, given up, abandoned altogether, and that every power and faculty of every human being shall be laid down at the feet of Jesus.

"The voice of wisdom cries, Be in time
To give up every sin,
In earnest now begin;
The night will soon set in, Be in time."

We will sound it out with all our might every day. It shall echo in every street and lane. We will shout it through every window. They shall hear it from one end of the land to the other. We will din it into their ears whether they will or no, until their hearts

dissolve with fear. There is no time to lose. "The Judge is at the door." No haggling nor bargaining. "Give up all, give up at once, or be damned for ever." There is no other way. There is no other hope. The light is come. Come out of the darkness and walk in the light, or if you prefer your evil deeds you shall go into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever and ever. No more fighting against God! Stop it, and stop it now, or He will sweep you away like a flood!

There is no other gospel. "Grace, mercy and peace." Oh! yes, "Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied" to everybody who submits; but to those who have not submitted, whosoever they be, "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish" without measure and without end. God help us to be faithful. There are swarms of smooth prophets to-day. May we be honest ones! Upon our first term we must insist, for without its most unqualified acceptance we cannot hope to establish our second.

LIBERATION.

No more bondage! No more oppression! Liberty! Perfect liberty for everybody everywhere! Liberty for ever!

We won't have people merely hoping that they will get to heaven at last, hoping they are saved, hoping that it is all right because Christ has died. No, no, no. After that fearful bloodshed a hope of something to come! Never! There must be something now!

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

Sinners shall be set free! The burden shall roll right away. The chain of the Devil shall be broken clean off the very wrist and ankle—not a link of it! People shall know on the earth that their sins are forgiven by the Son of Man. They shall know and feel that old things are passed away, and that all things are become new. They shall feel that the blood washes them white as snow. From their happy hearts shall burst the joyous cry of the free, and leaving the life of sinful slavery behind them, they shall arise and march forward in the paths of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

More than that! We will not have people troubled with a continual inner conflict between the Holy Spirit lusting against the flesh and the flesh against the Spirit. We will not have God's children sometimes pleasing and sometimes displeasing Him, sometimes triumphing over the Devil, and sometimes triumphed over by him, to some extent free from his dominion, and to some extent, or at one time after another brought again into doubt, and condemnation, and darkness, and sin. No, no, no! No tribute to the old oppressor. Our Master has come to "save His people from their sins." His "will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!" If the saints in

glory must need go wrong sometimes, if they must feel at times a struggle raging in their own breasts between the will to please God and do good, and the force of an evil nature lusting to do evil, or holding back from doing good, then we will tolerate the idea that saints on earth must endure this kind of thing. But if in heaven there is spotless purity, and perfect love, and absolute freedom from sin, and unbroken fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ, it shall all be on earth as well.

Our Master is the King of glory. All power is given unto Him in heaven and on earth, and in His people's hearts and lives He shall have it all his own way. Even if the great neutral powers, the professors of religion who "don't believe in going to extremes" object, we will insist all the more violently upon the possession and enjoyment, by all our co-religionists, of full salvation. Out with the Devil, bag and baggage! He shall have nothing in us, and shall get nothing out of us!

More than that! We will not have anybody hampered in serving God with customs, rules, usages, and systems of man's devising. We will not have services conducted in one set invariable routine. Much less will we have men and women bound down as to what they shall say or do in worshipping God and testifying for Him. Contrary to Him, disagreeing with His truth, opposing or obstructing His work, we will have nothing from anybody, rich or poor, learned or ignorant. But under the moving of His Spirit, bringing out His truth, helping or urging forward His work, we will have anything and everything He may incline His people to offer. The new convert shall sputter out His joy, the poor widow shall whisper her trust in Him, the strong warrior shall roar indoors as well as out, the eloquent man shall have full opportunity to do his uttermost, and the "poor speaker" shall be allowed to do his little. Men shall lift up holy hands and holy bodies too, if they like. People shall jump for joy, if the love of Christ constraineth them. Everybody shall move just as God moves them, until beneath His power, according to His promise, we see sinners fall like felled bullocks to the ground, and until, from every service we hold, there goes up from the surging, swaying, spirit-filled, rapturous throng a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters they make around the throne above. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty!"

And will they protest! Will they manage to call us anything worse than "drunk," or beside ourselves? Will they try to put us down? Can they ever think worse than that "it is not fit that such fellows" should live? Suppose they did their very worst, in the name of decency, and order, and religion, to put a stop to our proceedings anywhere, what would happen then? Surely something very solemn and staid, and proper, and dignified? Not a bit of it. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision." Never mind anybody! In His name we will do as we like! And we will not only ride straight over anything

that comes in the way of perfect freedom for ourselves and everybody, but even from people who dislike our ways, we will have

INDEMNITY.

War costs money, and money we must have, and money we shall get as sure as we are faithful to Him who hath called us into His vineyard. Not that we want money for its own sake, nor that we want much at all. We do not want a farthing beyond what is necessary to meet the expense of subjugating England to Jesus Christ.

We prefer territory to anything else. We hunger and thirst day and night to annex more, and more, and more. "Souls, souls, souls," is the cry going up from every heart throughout our lines. Men women and children we have got, we are getting, we will get day after day. We will go on adding them as fast as ever we can. Cities and towns! We have just annexed half a dozen. We hope by the help of God to be on the march to half a dozen more before another Magazine reaches our readers. We will have them. We will have the country! Every inch of it!

Where the dragon has laid, is lying all his horrid length, where unbelief, and drunkenness, and debauchery, and despair, and damnation abounded, grace shall much more abound. Our flag, the flag of God, shall float over a liberated country and a happy people. Truth and peace and love and holiness, and heaven below shall triumph everywhere. Devils shall fear and fly, and Jesus shall reign!

These are our terms. We will make no peace on any less. Till we have enforced them we will fight and work and pray, without ceasing. We will spend all we have, and are, and gladly lay down our very lives if need be. But we shall win! In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen!

FLAMES OF FIRE.

JAMES TURNER.—(Continued.)

IT will, doubtless, interest many of our readers, especially in these stirring times, when feeble ones amongst us are rising up in the strength of God to do great things, for us to reproduce the description, of James Turner's outward appearance and manner, which are given by some eye-witnesses of his work.

When seen, he was found in every respect to be such an instrument as God has ever wrought by, not great, not mighty, not noble, without even pretence to any of these things—one of the weak things of the world—one who knew what it was to be despised—one who, in many instances, had borne the scoffings of the world, yet a man who seemed to have but one aim in life, and one object in view—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. To see him and know him was emphatically to see a worthy member of Christ's body; he had an heavenly fragrance about him which spoke of Jesus wherever he went. His holy and humble walk

testified to the existence in the heart of a living union to Christ. He is thoroughly a man of work. Like his Master he is making it his meat and his drink to do his father's will. Not only is he a man of work, but so impressed is he with the value of perishing souls, with the nearness of the great day of testing, and the need there is that men should turn from their sins and live, that, beyond the moral responsibility with which he knows himself to be chargeable before God, he is constrained by irresistible love to labour almost unceasingly for Christ. He counts his duties a privilege; and the most self-denying and flesh-crucifying action done for the good of souls and the glory of God, is a labour of love. He lived in unbroken communion with God, with heaven and its pearly gates, its crowns of gold, its palm-bearing throng, and above all, its glorified Immanuel full in his view.

Mr. —'s somewhat humorous description of his first impressions of James Turner, is worth relating. Deeply interested in the accounts of the extraordinary work in the west, Mr. — went to the meeting in the U.P. church with great expectations. Somehow the great spiritual power possessed by James Turner had connected itself in his mind with an imposing personal physique. To his astonishment, however, on looking towards the pulpit, he saw little else than a head—for the pulpit was deep, and the man little. "My God, *that* a revivalist?" was so completely the language of his heart that he scarce could keep his lips from its expression audibly.

"What's this now? a revival hymn in the U.P. Church in Banff!" was his next mental comment, as "What's the News?" was given out. No one there being acquainted either with the words or with the music, James Turner had to lead himself. He pitched it very high, his voice also, from so much speaking was in poor condition, the effect therefore was far from pleasant, and so the singing went on. Mr. — was again and again inwardly exclaiming, "My God! Banff's done for! Banff's done for!"

But the prayer commenced and then the tables were turned, "Oh, that's it now!" he ejaculated as his heart responded to the mighty throbbings of the spiritual power with which the pleader's heart was heaving. Prayer over, the Bible was opened, and "Galawtians" announced in the broadest doric. "Galawtians be it, I like Galawtians too," chuckled the now delighted Mr. —, and the sermon was listened to with the deepest interest.

In the prayer meeting immediately after, he asked two to pray. Mr. — was the first to respond. Another followed. Either a hiatus occurred, or prayers not up to the mark, for James Turner who had asked out his name, cried, "Mr. —, pray." "I've prayed already!" "Pray *again!*" He did so, and from that hour his heart was knit to James Turner with a love that distance and death could not destroy.

What charms us most of all in connection with all the stories of his work is the manifestly divine character of the operations we read of. We are far from undervaluing any of what we may call the machinery or appliances of salvation. Surely, all the world knows at least this of us, that we are eager to find out, and to use any and every means within our reach to bring home to men's hearts in all its force and weight the truth of God. But there is unquestionably a danger of accomplishing apparently by human diligence and skill and pressure, decisions for Christ, which prove to have been merely human, and therefore temporary. Now, James Turner went to work, knowing nothing of the system of what may be called revivalism. He laboured amongst people who were not merely without any idea of the most likely way to promote the salvation of souls; but who were in most cases quite prejudiced against anything like sudden work. But without any of the special arrangements which can be made, and ought to be made, to facilitate success, this poor man worked away just as he could, and God, more than making up for every disadvantage, wrought by him, signs and wonders at every turn. Of course, there was human curiosity, and human excitement, and human agency everywhere, but everywhere there seems to have been,

above all, a deep, tremendous work of the Holy Ghost, in the hearts and minds of the people, such as no human power could effect. Do let us look carefully at this and ask ourselves whether we enjoy and wield the power of God as James Turner did.

One day I was walking along the street with Mr. Baxter to the meeting. My appearance seemed to excite as much curiosity as though I had been a wild beast that he was leading along the street in chains. One woman came to the door to throw out water. On seeing me quite unexpectedly, she let the basin fall, and stood looking at me quite oblivious of the fact that the basin laid in pieces at her feet. "Lord save that woman," said I, and He at once laid hold of her heart, for she turned and went into the house, took a shawl about her head, and followed on to the meeting, and before she left it she had Christ in her—the hope of glory.

To have such a man in the house was no small privilege. When he returned from meetings kept up till Mission closing time, he would at once begin to pray instead of lying down to rest, and would often thus bring down floods of blessing upon all in the place. Here is the account of one such night:—

James Turner was spending the night there, and Rev. Mr. Baxter came home with him in a deeply depressed state of mind. As he afterwards stated publicly, he had been converted when he was eighteen, but had fallen into spiritual indifference. He had asked Mr. Turner to come to his church in the hope that his people would get good through him, but as for personal blessing that was out of the question. Had he been a learned, or a great man, there would have been a chance, "but," said he with streaming eyes, "I did not expect to get it through a *poor cooper.*" Such was the case, however, and this was the night.

After supper, he wished to go at once to bed, but James Turner said, "No, Mr. Baxter, Mrs. — will clear away the things, and we will go down to our knees and get a baptism of the Spirit." The table was cleared, and Mr. Baxter asked to pray. He knelt down at an arm chair, and the Spirit of God so fell on all, rather all but one, and on Mr. Baxter especially, that he never rose from that chair until 4 o'clock in the morning. At times he appeared to be quite in an ecstasy. "What am I, a poor worm!" he would cry, "Only to think of the Lord of Hosts doing the like of this to *me*, poor Tom Baxter!" He had got deep down now, far below the level of even the "poor cooper." [Mr. Baxter was not the only instance of ministers receiving good through him. There was another, like Mr. Baxter, now in the world of spirits, that came down upon James Turner in rather inquisitorial fashion. In answer to somewhat impertinent inquiries, he quietly replied, "leave me alone Mr. —, I am a servant of the living God, as He can easily let you know," and in a few minutes, Mr. — lay prostrate by his side, and ultimately received such a great spiritual blessing that he stood side by side with the despised evangelist in the Lord's work afterwards. Rev. Mr. B—, U.P. minister, also made the statement publicly in an open meeting, that he had received much good. Had realised, experienced, and understood more of the Spirit's working in the course of three days in these meetings of James Turner's, than in the nine years of his preparation for the ministry. Rev. Messrs. J—, W—, R—, and others from Gardenstown, Crovie, &c., preachers of the everlasting Gospel, and soul winners also, are all his spiritual children. Perhaps, listening to addresses such as the following, may afford the key to their earnestness. Looking over the pulpit upon seven or eight ministers sitting there as his hearers, he said:—"And ye ministers, what are ye doing for Christ? Lying on your cushioned sofas, and preaching for three or four hundred a year, and yer whole congregations going down to hell. And if ye were meeting one of the wealthiest of yer congregation you would be afraid to ask them about their souls, lest they would get offended, and not enter your church door again," &c.]

All in the room shared in the mighty baptism but one. He feeling isolated, half frightened, half angry, at least utterly unable to comprehend the scene, went out with the intention of going to a wood to pray. He wanted to know whether this thing was of God or no. At the door he met a woman in deep distress of soul, he took her in to speak to her, and she wept so that the kitchen floor was actually wet with her tears, before she was enabled to lay hold on Christ.

Mr. — thus deterred from his purpose of going to the wood to pray, resolved to seek the counsel of his friend Mr. W—, "If he thinks the baptism of the Spirit a real thing, I'll go in with it and seek it too, or *vice versa*." So he took an early opportunity of asking Mr. W— to call that evening at 9 o'clock. He appointed that hour, knowing that all in the house but himself would be at the meeting, and so they could confer without interruption on the subject which lay so heavy on his heart.

At nine exactly Mr. W— made his appearance. The room in which the remarkable outpouring of the Spirit took place was a very convenient one, near the outer door. Opening its door to usher in his friend, what was his surprise to see the man who knew nothing of what he was to be consulted about, nor of any of the circumstances related, pause as if awe-stricken at the threshold and hear him exclaim, "The *Lord's in this room!* It's full of the Holy Ghost!"

"That's extraordinary," thought Mr. —, the hardness of his heart gave way, and without once mentioning to his friend the subject on which he wished to consult him, proposed that they go to the meeting.

Arrived there what was the doubter's amazement to hear his wife pray aloud, a most unusual thing for a woman to do in a Presbyterian Church. When she found he was present, she said to him, "Dinna be angry, for I *couldna help it*." To her surprise, he answered that there was no reason why she should try.

He not only afterwards came to understand, but likewise to share in the blessed experience of those who were "*filled with the Spirit*." And, as has been well said, "such baptism of power is never given for selfish enjoyment, but for service," so it could have been truly said of that husband and wife, "we became among you as those that served." Not only was their dwelling-house open to the Lord's servants, and for His service, but a place was built behind their house, I am told, at their own expense, to hold meetings; in which place many a soul has been brought to Christ. This place I saw only a few weeks ago, and learned that meetings are still being carried on in it, to what extent I do not now remember—only Mr. — no longer presides nor assists. He has left the work behind and entered on his reward. His widow remains, one of those who not only walk on in the good ways of the Lord, but one of those also who are careful to maintain good works.

(To be continued.)

OUR CROWNED HEADS.

GEORGE THOMAS.

(Concluded.)

During the greater part of Bro. Thomas' time, both in Hartlepool and Whitechapel, he kept a journal, which shows how carefully he looked to the work day by day. Even when absent for a few days he obtained an exact report of the services and inserted it in the book.

Although frequently feeling very unwell, he never shrank from the arduous task he had in hand, and never complained.

"Don't mind me," said he to a kind friend who anxiously remarked about his evidently weakly condition; "don't mind me; go in for God and glory and salvation."

"It rains hard," said some one upon one occasion, trying to dissuade him from going to the open-air service.

"'Tis no worse for me than for anybody else," was the prompt reply.

His journal shows how very frequently at porch services, while attempting to reach the teeming crowds of the great thoroughfare, he was assailed with abuse by infidel loungers, some of whom made it their practice to attend the meeting for this express purpose. These interruptions, however, never diminished in the slightest degree the zest and

enjoyment with which he took his stand day after day at noon and night, and never altered the cheerful, kindly tone of his addresses to the people. He had the joy of leading many a poor sinner to Christ in connection with these porch meetings.

Shortly before his death, one of the worst of his persecutors came to the porch with his arm in a sling.

"So the Lord has been laming you, has He?" said Bro. Thomas.

"I've been in the hospital over it," said the man, "and I feel very queer about it. I've come to beg your pardon."

Bro. Thomas led him back into the porch prayer-meeting where he found mercy, and he is still going on his way rejoicing.

Another of these scoffers, who had not long been out of prison, since being convicted of theft, came and annoyed the speakers one evening for a time; but smitten with the sword of the Spirit, fell at the feet of Jesus, and found mercy. One of his first experiences was as follows:—

"I have been a thief, and they used to turn the key upon me in the cell, but Jesus has set me free. When I came to the meetings my old chums says, 'Hallo, Charlie, you are off to them ranters again, are you?' I says, 'Praise the Lord, yes; I am going to meet my blessed Jesus.' They says, 'Do you have any four ale there?' and I says, 'No; praise the Lord, it is all wine—no half-and-half.' I am going on in spite of all—Jesus saves me out and out. Glory be to God!"

No reports could fairly convey, however, the result of Bro. Thomas' labours at Whitechapel. It was not that he drew congregations by marvellous displays of preaching power, that he revolutionised the station or the neighbourhood by an extraordinary amount of activity, or that he made himself distinguished by specially brilliant feats or flashes of genius. Perhaps he could not have been better described than as the "Heart-centre of the place." Like a spark of light from the very throne of God, his passing by threw a gleam across the pathway of everybody he came in close contact with. The pressure of his hand, his smile, his merry tone, his sparkling eye, compelled you to feel that there was such a thing as heaven upon earth, made you ashamed of sadness and confident of coming joy. In the most magical and unaccountable way he wrapped every heart around his own and so placed everyone in a condition to love every one else, and all in a mood to march on shoulder to shoulder to war, with light hearts.

"Well done Jesus!" or "Just like Jesus," he would remark when anybody told him of any spiritual help or temporal blessing they had just received, and he made everybody feel as they never felt before, that all things were working together for their good. The remark was constantly made by one after another, that Whitechapel had never been in such good condition for years, and everyone was confidently expecting a much greater advance than ever, when all at once the Lord thought fit in a moment to take him away.

His ill-health had been acutely felt for several weeks, although he had bravely held up against it and struggled through service after service, when utterly unfit to be out of his home. He met two sick members in the porch one day, and taking one hand of each in his, he said "Three poor invalids, what can we do but pray for one another; but, never mind, whichever dies first, the other two will have a shout over his grave, and whichever gets to heaven first will look out for the other and shout them a welcome when they come."

For years heart disease had been thoroughly in possession of his frame, so that any day might well have been his last. The end was really coming at length. The following record of his

LAST DAYS

from his own hand are sure to be valued.

On Tuesday the 6th November, he writes himself, "Very ill, quinsy in throat." So severe was this attack that he could not get out again until the Sunday, when, though still scarcely able to walk, he came to the hall twice in spite of pouring rain, and announced that God willing he would preach twice on the following Sunday. This he was able to do, and he enters that day and those which followed thus:—

18. Sunday.—Prayer-meeting, 7; good time. 10, open-air; a good go. 11, preaching (Hebrews iv. 11), Labour and Rest; God did bless us. 2. Porch meeting: young men (saved in the porch) are doing well; praise God! 3, Sacrament service: a very gracious time; body of hall well filled. Open-air, 6; good meetings and processions. 7, Preaching: Brother Billups took part. I spoke from Psalm cxvi. 15; Brother Bellinger's funeral service; a very sweet, precious time; four cases (of conversion); collections, £3 12s. 10d.; all glory be to God!

19. Monday.—Porch meeting, 1; porch, 7; preaching, 8, Mr. Thomas; one case.

20. Tuesday.—Porch, 1; a good meeting; porch, 7; Hallelujah Band, 8; tea meeting at Stratford; good open-air; good inside.

21. Wednesday.—Porch, 1; porch, 7; Hallelujah Band, 8; good time; class meeting, 8: not many present; class monies, 8s. 2d. All night meeting, 10:30: Rev. W. Booth presided; this was a right glorious time; the blessed Lord did bless us.

22. Thursday.—Porch, 1: one case; porch, 7; inside at 8: Brother Bennett and Sister Reynolds; blessed time; one case.

23. Friday.—Prayer-meeting, 10.30. Too ill to go. Porch: Allen, Coombs, Blandy, Bennett, Reynolds; good time; holiness meeting, 8; Brother B. Booth led; a blessed time. Hallelujah!

24. Saturday.—Porch meeting, 7; temperance meeting, 8; good meetings; two pledges.

25. Sunday.—Prayer, 7; blessed time. Open air, 10; good company. 11, Geo. Thomas; Matthew, 6.33, Kingdom of God; good time. Porch, 2. Experience meeting, 3; Sister Reynolds leader, a precious time. Open-air, 6; good meetings. Preaching at 7; Brother Bramwell Booth present and Brother Billups; one prayed; Brother Billups led, and spoke from John xvii. 15; good time he had; Thomas followed, and then Sister Reynolds gave hymn and invitation; eight cases; £3 10s. 4d. (offerings).

26. Monday.—Very ill: cannot stand; Bennett, Railton, Sister Reynolds at porch at 1. Porch, 7. Preaching, 8; Brothers Bennett and Billups; two cases; good time; glory to God!

27. Tuesday.—Very ill; porch, 1.

These words end the eloquently simple story of a life spent to the last in the service of God and the people.

On the last Sunday he had remarked to some friends at his house, "There's just one thing I should wish. If God would only say to me, 'Thomas, you shall have ten years good health, I'd go in heart and soul.'"

"What a night you will have again," said one to Mrs. Thomas, knowing how surely the exertion of preaching would bring on again in their utmost extremity the pains which had already given her several watchful nights by his bedside. In vain did they try to persuade him at least to moderate the vigour of his labour that evening.

"You go on," he replied, "let's have a regular smash up."

That night eight poor sinners were gathered into the fold as the result of this valiant resolution.

His wife was up with him all the Sunday and Monday nights. He

managed to get to the hall on the Monday, both noon and night, although unable to take any part in the meetings.

On the Tuesday he attempted to come down to the porch-meeting at 1 o'clock, but his colleague, Bro. Bennett, found him leaning on a window sill to rest, unable to walk any further. He was assisted home again, and remained quiet that afternoon. In the evening he went down stairs, but on coming up again, felt such pain at the throat and chest, that he asked his wife to lay warm flannels on his breast. He had only lain down upon his couch, about five minutes after applying one of these, when gasping out the name of his fellow-labourer—

"BENNETT,"

he suddenly passed away, his last thought being evidently connected with the work of God. So die the world's heroes on their field of battle. Do not our hearts involuntarily say "So may we die?"

The shock to all our Whitechapel friends can better be imagined than described. It was only when the man was gone that we fully saw how completely he had taken possession of every heart in the place. And yet it was an equally valuable testimony to his worth and labours that even this dreadful blow, instead of checking the work at the station, rather seemed to give it a fresh impulse onward and heavenward.

Several persons date from this sudden death a deep and all pervading devotion to the service of the Master, such as they had never felt before.

An aged sinner came to look at the well known face through the glazed coffin lid as it lay in the vestry of the hall, on the morning of the funeral. "Hasn't the Lord blessed you?" asked one who stood beside her, as in tears she gazed on the man whose living counsels had failed to lead her to repentance.

"Haven't you got a nice family?" "My children are the best in the world."

"And are you going to let them go to heaven without you? Surely not?"

The two fell on their knees and ere they rose the poor old mother's heart was full, no longer with grief but with the joy of God. So that now the whole family are marching on to greet Bro. Thomas once more above.

The description of the funeral contained in the January Magazine conveyed some little idea of the impression the blessed man had made, not only upon members of the Mission, but upon the multitudes outside it.

But one little incident may show how deep the feeling was, even in the case of many who knew him only from attending one or two services, or from a casual word dropped by the wayside. A sister running down a narrow court to be in time for the funeral service in the hall, caught her dress upon some obstruction and tore it. This stopped her for a moment, and a woman recognising her as one of the Mission people, hurried up to her and asked,

"When is it to be?"

"I'm just going."

The poor woman burst into tears and said, "Oh, I did like him! I heard him one Sunday evening, and I shall never forget it."

The service held on the evening of the funeral was one of the mightiest times of spiritual power ever experienced at Whitechapel, and several who then started for heaven have ever since distinguished themselves in serving God.

After the funeral sermon preached by Mr. Booth, at Whitechapel,

nineteen poor sinners sought the Lord, and the same number were recorded after a similar sermon preached by Miss Davis at Poplar; while blessed scenes of salvation were witnessed at almost every station in connection with the event. Funeral sermons were also preached by the Rev. T. Whitehouse, amongst Bro. Thomas's old friends in Birmingham, West Bromwich, and other places.

We have seen how much may be accomplished in the kingdom of God by a man little distinguished by gifts or acquirements of his own, but devoting all he has without reserve to the service of Christ, and labouring in the unpretentious, and yet thorough-going, and determined manner the Mission prescribes. Who, and how many from amongst our ranks will rise up to do the same work, and carry forward the same banner through the land? Upon the answer depends the speed with which we may be enabled to send forth the ringing cry to repentance, faith and holiness throughout our country. Will you be one to follow in the steps of George Thomas to save souls and win a crown of glory? God help you.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

THE GIPSIES.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS, —I just write to let you know how the Lord has been working with us since we last saw you. We are all well thank God, and this has been one of the best winters I ever witnessed. Our time has been engaged in the Master's work. We have been in Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Shropshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Crowds have flocked to hear, and some of the vilest characters who never go to any place of worship have come.

"I suppose it is the name of the Gipsies and the Hallelujah fiddle that draws them to hear, but the Lord has sent down His almighty power, and hard hearts have been broken; hundreds have professed to give themselves to the Lord. Just a case or two.

"A man at C— had been to hear us two or three times, and went from the meeting to a public-house trying to stifle his convictions, got drunk, and pitched into a policeman, and on Monday was fined £2. On Tuesday we led him to the foot of the Cross—a brand plucked from the burning. Another man who had been transported seven years came and cried for mercy, and the Lord heard him. Praise God.

"We had a blessed time in Bedfordshire. One man and his wife got saved who had been prayed for for years; he kept his shop open on Sundays. God made us a blessing, and then he had three cards printed and put in the windows, 'No

business done here on Sundays.' Now they are clothed and in their right mind.

"One old woman when she had found Christ turned to her husband and said, 'You will have to love Him too,' and he broke out with sobbing. Oh, Hallelujah to Jesus. We have had great blessing at Norton and Norwich. One woman, who had come nine miles to hear us, fell on her knees in the prayer-meeting and cried aloud for mercy, and then her burden was, 'Lord save my children.'

"So you see, dear Brother, our labour is not in vain. God has been working signs and wonders in the congregations. His own people have been quickened, and have started afresh to work. We never forget you in our prayers. Give our love to all the brothers and sisters. I often wonder how the Lord uses such poor weak worms as we are, but He said He will honour them that honour Him. Pray for us.

Yours,
CORNELIUS SMITH AND BROTHERS,
The Converted Gipsies.

The following letter from a soldier in India has been handed to us by a dear friend who very frequently renders similar assistance to many among us at home who are labourers together with the writer, who was himself a convert and member of our Chatham Station.

"Fatehgarh, India,

"Jan. 30th, 1878.

"DEAR CHRISTIAN SIR, —I now take the opportunity, by the blessing of God, of sending you a few lines.

"I have received little parcels every

month, from you, I believe, such as *British Workman*, and other publications, and I heartily thank you for your kindness in sending them to me in this country, where such things are so hard to be got, for distribution among poor soldiers suffering in hospital. May God bless you and fill you with the Holy Spirit of His love, that you may be the means of bringing many souls out of darkness into light. I visit my hospital twice a-week with tracts and books that are kindly sent to me by different persons for distribution, and I hope they may prove a blessing to those who read them.

"I have a meeting once a week in the school-room of the fort in this station, for the benefit of all who like to attend, and I am happy to inform you that I get a very good attendance of my own comrades, besides ladies and gentlemen in the station. I shall be most happy, dear sir, to hear from you from time to time. Believe me to remain, your most affectionate friend in Jesus, W. L.

"P.S.—I used to belong to the Christian Mission last year, when I was in England, belonging to the Rev. W. Booth."

This is from one of the converts at Poplar, and is addressed to Sister Davis, who is now stationed at Stockton.

"Kandy, Ceylon.

"Feb. 6th, 1878.

"MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS, —After a long silence, I take this opportunity of writing a few lines to you.

"Glory to God, I'm at the fountain still drinking. The Lord has been very gracious to me, and has poured down His mercies upon me far more than I deserve. He has procured for me a post in the Government Telegraph Department as Inspector, and while I am discharging earthly duties, I am adding spiritual blessing. Glory to God. He has made me fully to realise my indispensable want. I can do nothing but through Christ. I can laugh at Satan's rage, and mock at his threats, for my soul is based on a rock, and Christ is the foundation and bulwark of my very existence. Amen.

"Is Poplar saved? Oh, thou glorious father, save Poplar, save London. Bless Sister Davis and Brother Pratt, and all my brothers and sisters.

"I left the s.s. *Navarino* in Colombo. You do not remember who is writing to you, but God has answered the prayers

you have offered on behalf of your coloured brother. I remember, as if it was yesterday, the sermon you preached about Noah, alone in the ark, and that sermon has followed me to Colombo, and will follow me to Heaven.

"I left London in October last, as boatswain of the s.s. *Navarino*. The books I had purchased from you I distributed among the crew, and I shall, on receiving a reply to this, write for another stock.

My life is mostly spent in jungles and forests, and I cannot but think that this is the work of God, to make me His servant in proclaiming the joyful tidings of the redemption of this wicked world.

This town is blessed with many of God's people, and Jesus of Nazareth is passing through the streets of Kandy, and we have every hope of making this town a terrestrial paradise. Amen.

"The blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be on all of you, now, and for ever.

"Your affectionate brother in Jesus,
W. J. W.

"Oh, Lord, save Poplar."

HEAVENLY UNION.

JESUS, Saviour,
Thou art mine;
Saviour, Jesus,
I am Thine.

At this moment
Mine is Thine,
And for ever
Thine is mine.

Still I'm crying
Give to me;
Living, dying,
None but Thee.

Now and ever
Live in me,
Let me live by
Living Thee.

'Tis no longer
I, myself,
But my life is
Thee, Thyself.

Thus united,
I in Thee;
Never parted!
Thou in me.

Everlasting
Praises bring,
To this Jesus,
Saviour—King.

W. B. B.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

“**A**RISE! shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee,” might well be spoken to the Mission just now. Our principles and methods have been defined, and explained, and tested during years of weakness and trial and storm. The time of the singing of birds is come. The fruit begins to blossom and sprout in all directions, with a freshness and vigour hitherto unknown, and it will be more wonderful now if there should not be abounding harvests everywhere, than if there should be a poor one anywhere.

It is in spiritual life that our strength lies, and we rejoice far more in the marvellous progress manifest in this respect than in any other sign of the times. Our evangelists and members are proving with all saints, to an extent quite unparalleled in the history of the Mission, what is the length, and breadth, and height, and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. To be a people who thoroughly understand experimentally as well as theoretically, what it is to be wholly sanctified, is to be a people whose power has no bounds. Too much attention cannot well be paid therefore to this matter. He or she who does not clearly understand, and is not prepared heartily to respond to God's call to perfect holiness, must soon begin to feel quite uncomfortable amongst us.

In externals, nothing is more remarkable in the recent progress of the Mission than the great advance of our female ministry. It has sometimes been said that female preachers would be the ruin of the Mission. But on the contrary, it turns out that the prosperity of the work in every respect just appears most preciously at the very time when female preachers are being allowed the fullest opportunity. During the past month, sisters have been taking a leading position in the work at no less than nine out of thirty-six stations. We have at present twenty married evangelists, and sixteen of the twenty wives have already taken a great part in the public services.

The burning desire to go out into the work is growing and spreading far and wide, amongst all our people, male and female, married and single, and we must use every possible means to fan that desire into an all-consuming blaze, which shall sweep through the whole country and produce such a spiritual conflagration as has never been known.

The rapidity with which the first edition of “Heathen England” has been disposed of, and the strong and hearty approval it has met with both from the press and from private individuals all over the country, leads us to expect a very large sale indeed, and a very great and blessed effect from the diffusion of the book everywhere, if all our evangelists,

members and friends will, with sufficient care and energy set themselves to promote its circulation.

We must almost lose sight of the past, for the past, glorious and blessed as it has been gives not the slightest indication of the power and success that now begin to dawn upon us, and will be so plentiful in the future. We must and will shake towns and neighbourhoods, aye, shake London and the whole country as they have never been shaken before!

MR. BOOTH IN THE NORTH.

IT is no joke to superintend a live Mission, with stations hundreds of miles apart, and a great country crying aloud for mission work. The more success, the more toil and care, and the more numerous emergencies calling for the special guidance and help which only the General Superintendent can supply. The more claim we would especially say for the thorough sympathy and earnest believing prayer of every true lover of the work, whether personally acquainted with Mr. Booth or not.

Well, he is journeying again, and from the hasty notes written in intervals of momentary leisure, or in the train, we gather the following results, suppressing for obvious reasons names in some cases.

WELLINGBRO’.—Better 25 per cent. every way than ever. Must have a bigger place.

BRADFORD.—Arrived at 9.50 p.m. Met by brother D. and a band of people all alive. Good love-feast at 7. Some dozen or more brethren remained praying from 8 till 10.30 for a blessing on the day. At 10.30 Sacrament. About 130 present. Good meeting. Afternoon about 800 at Pullan's. At night perhaps 1,800. Some 18 cases. Offerings on the day £7 10s. 6d.

Monday.—Morning.—Is a good town. Theatre holds 1,000; hall, 1,600. Ought to begin.

—Very good hall. Seats 1,000. Town just the place for us.

—Grand town for us. Theatre 2,000; very good. All that the Christian Mission could desire every way. Hall, 800 or 1000. If we had something on other side, the town ought to run this as well.

—Theatre holds 1,000. Good; very. Best place for us.

The more I think of it the more I long for that circus at—.

MIDDLESBRO’.—Got here at 7.30. Went on to the meeting. A hot prayer-meeting.

Sunday.—Good meeting in market-place in the morning. Fine procession down. Theatre, evening. The praying force was simply grand.

Monday.—A fine noon meeting. Night meeting—all at fever pitch. Ready for anything.

Tuesday.—We had the most wonderful meeting of late. At the finish two brethren swooned. Have just heard of a meeting held in somebody's house, and a brother who had sneered and disbelieved in prostrations, being knocked down, &c. Middlesboro' is glorious. So far as I can judge it never was in anything like the condition it is now.

NORTH ORMESBY.—A blessed night. There is a society here that can be made to do anything.

SUNDERLAND.—The High Street here is one of the most wonderful streets in the kingdom for people on a Saturday night. Down it our people sweep in procession to the chapel—capital place for our work. Charming lot of our folks. Taught them “Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers,” and left them processioning with it, with at least 500 people after them.

Sunday.—A fine theatre. 50 cases.

Monday.—Hall holds 800. Large and increasing population.

—at 12.30. Fine theatre. Most admirable, 1,600; perhaps 2,000, and a sort of circus, 3000. Both excellent places.

—at 2. Theatre holds 1,500.

Sunderland.—They had two hours outside. It was delightful to find so speedily raised up a band of people who take to the streets like fish to water, glory in the Cross, and sing like Mission nightingales.

Well may we wish to get at more large towns. God help us! Amen.

6 TOWNS OCCUPIED.

THE history of our advances into the towns which open before us from time to time will have to be written some day, and it will make interesting reading. Even the little everyday incidents of the war would prove most entrancing if they could be faithfully reproduced. The story of people's call to the work, sleepless nights, midnight wrestlings and packings and bustlings, bursts of welcome tears, and bursts of still more welcome faith and energy, conversations with fellow-travellers, and railway-carriage prayer meetings, the wonderment of strange people, and our own wonderings at them—what a volume they would make!

At present, however, we can give but a meagre and unworthy account of the great undertakings and successes of the last two months even in their more prominent features, let alone these smaller things. It is often the case that excellent workers are but sorry reporters upon their work, and we can only present our readers with such facts as can be got. The reports of Bros. Blandy and Corbridge may be left to represent the grand results already achieved in Sunderland and Bolton. There is a charming simplicity and dignity about the brief records sent as to Sheffield and Merthyr by our sisters there, which may make them all the more impressive. We, therefore, insert them as they come, just remarking that from our latest intelligence we find the Sheffield Hall of Science, hitherto known as the head-quarters of infidelity in the town, has proved an admirable salvation furnace, and that the great distress which has existed in the town and neighbourhood of Merthyr seems to afford a special opportunity for preaching the gospel to the poor. As to Coventry and Salisbury it will be seen that our sisters have had to cope with no mean difficulties, but they have overcome, are overcoming, will overcome, by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.

SUNDERLAND.

The Lyceum Theatre has been secured for Sunday afternoons and evenings, and the Mission Chapel for week nights. The former, seating nearly 3,000 persons, has been crowded since the first night, and marvellous have been the displays of saving power we have witnessed, strong

hardened sinners sobbing their way from all parts of the building to the stage to cast themselves down as broken-hearted children at the Saviour's feet, while we have been compelled to stand still and see the salvation of God. During the five weeks we have recorded the names of between two and three hundred anxious enquirers, and we have no hesitation in saying that there are hundreds of people in this town under deep conviction of sin, who will ultimately seek Salvation at the Cross.

We will just give a few cases of interest:—

AN AGED SINNER.

This man was deeply wrought upon. He could neither eat or sleep for a whole week, and became so ill that he could not get up. He sent for me, and I shall never forget his bitter cry for mercy. As I knelt and prayed for light and peace, he said, “Oh, can God save a wretch like me? Oh, I am old in sin.” And as I led him away from himself to the outstretched arms of Jesus, the groans were turned to praises. He shouted, “He does save! He does save! I am washed!” and at last he said, “I am so happy. I did not think it was like this.” May God keep him.

“It's ALL SUNSHINE NOW,” said one. “I have been religious all my life, but never knew what peace was till now; it's all joy.” Her two sisters also experience a wonderful difference now. Hallelujah.

CHANGED VIEWS.

“I thought I was happy,” said a young man, “when I was gambling and singing at the public-house; but when I heard Mrs. Brown, I found I had made a mistake. Here, only, is real joy trusting in Jesus.” Every night sees Him in the open air.

DRAWN OUT OF THE PIT.

“I have lost my hat,” said a young man, with his hands up, and a face radiant with joy, “I have lost my hat, but I have found my Saviour, and everyone shall know it. I am only a poor pitman. I don't know much; but I know God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins. I was a Good Templar, and that kept me sober; but it did not make me leave off swearing, and give up my pipe, but now I can give up all for Jesus. The devil runs me hard; but I run to Jesus.” Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?

MAD FOR JESUS.

“I say, Robinson, are you amongst them lunys that shout in the streets?” “Yes, that I am,” said the brother; “and I would rather go to Sedgfield the Lunatic Asylum with Jesus, than would go to hell with the devil.”

FOUND AT LAST.

A dear woman gave her experience as follows:

“Five years ago, the 3rd May, I promised my dying father to meet him in heaven. But I forgot my promise till I heard you in the street singing, and I thought my heart would break; but now I am saved, and shall meet him there.”

FAMILIES MADE HAPPY.

A dear sister saved in our mission at Hammersmith, when we came here, joined us at once. She brought her mother to the feet of Jesus. He saved her, and then her brother, through her persuasion, came. He listened to the Word, and was convinced of sin. I went to him, and said, “You will give up, won't you?” He cried out aloud, “I will!” His sister, being at the other end of the hall, he cried, with an exceeding bitter cry, “Pray for me, my sister! pray for me, my sister! Oh, pray, that I may not be lost!” She did pray to see that brother bowed at the footstool of mercy, and having pointed him to Jesus, they both wept together in new found joy. He said, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, “Oh, I am so happy! Jesus has saved me; and when I go to South Shields, and tell my conny little wife, won't she be happy.” May God keep them faithful.

Four sisters who, before we came here, were travelling down to hell together, are now turned round, and walking hand in hand to heaven, giving up all for God, and taking up their cross in the open air.

Many thanks to kind friends for the help rendered in this great work. Much help is needed in tracts and money. We hope the Lord's stewards will come to His help in this town.

Yours faithful in the thick of the fight,

THOS. BLANDY.
EMMA E. BROWN.

75, Wear Street,
Hendon, Sunderland.

SHEFFIELD.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

WE commenced our campaign in Sheffield on February 17th, with glorious success. I preached three times, Miss Dunnage sang, the power of God came down—sixteen precious souls wept their way to Calvary. We had two grand open air meetings led by Bro. Smith, the gipsy, and he preached in the Hall of Science on Monday night. Hundreds followed us in from the open air every night during the week, and the power of God was present.

Our second Sunday was a greater success than the first. On Wednesday following, we commenced a noon-day open air meeting in the Methodist New Connection Chapel yard. Some hundreds of people stopped to listen; one came the following night who received her first impressions there, and cried for mercy.

Our third Sunday was a day of power, God indeed came down, and made the place of His feet glorious. I preached in the morning from "Behold the fire, and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The afternoon, Bro. Smith preached from "Escape for thy life." Miss Dunnage sang "Where He leads I will follow." I preached in the evening from "Four *one things*." Miss Dunnage sang "Almost persuaded." Twenty-two souls cried for mercy; one dear lady was so filled with the power of God that she rose from her knees crying "He saves to the uttermost!" then went from seat to seat inviting sinners to come to Jesus. She laid hold of a gray-headed old backslider, and shook his head in such a manner that he did not know what to do. Some churchman said she ought to be laid hold of; Bro. Smith replied "Friends, she has just come to her right mind."

Another noble sight.

A BACKSLIDER,

Of twenty years, knelt beside his daughter, and cried for mercy—he has come up and stood by us in the open air; he will make a fine soldier of the Cross.

ANOTHER BACKSLIDER,

Who has had a praying wife who has long desired his salvation, telling us with tears in her eyes how he was once a local preacher, but had wandered into sin. While Miss Dunnage was singing "Almost persuaded," he resolved to be the Lord's, ran to the penitent-form and cried for mercy. God set him at liberty. Pray for this dear man, that God may use him in the salvation of precious souls.

Glory to God. Salvation has come to every meeting. We are looking forward for the time when the Gospel shall be preached in every street in Sheffield. God is already shaking the people. One hundred and fifty have already been taken out of the rank of the enemy. Friends, pray for us at Sheffield. More particulars next month. We shall conquer through the blood of the Lamb. Donations for the work and tracts will be thankfully received by

Yours in the battle-field,

MARY GODDARD.
GIPSY SMITH.

43, Mount Pleasant Road, High Fields,
Sheffield.

BOLTON.

WE arrived in this town at 4 p.m. on Friday, February 8th, 1878.

On the station platform we bought an evening news, a halfpenny daily paper, just ran down the advertisements, saw a house to let, came and took it right off; we deposited a few things we had brought with us, and then went to a temperance coffee-house for the night.

Saturday, we advertised our services and began to publish the Jesus we love.

We furnished the house as far as our means would allow, with ten pounds, which God sent us in answer to prayer, the morning we left Leicester, enclosed in a letter which read "A gift from the Lord for house furniture at Bolton." With the above and £8 19s. presented to us by the warm hearts at our farewell-meeting in Leicester, we again realised the fullness of that promise, "My God shall supply all your need."

However, in a day or two our money was all gone, and our faith was tested, but again God came to our help. A friend in Edinburgh having heard of our work in Leicester, wrote us saying, "Can I help you in tracts and books for distribution? This was another proof of God's love to us and an answer to prayer. The gentleman was an entire stranger to us; we had never seen him or written him, or even sent him our reports; but God had written him, and God had inclined his heart to send us help. In a day or two we received tracts and books, &c., and cheque for £3; a few days further on and another cheque for £3 was sent us from the same God through the same gentleman.

A few days further on, and a church clergyman sent us a P.O.O. for £1.

A clergyman's wife was also inclined to help us from another part of the country.

And again and again has our faith been tried, but God has helped us in a way we cannot describe.

We have ransacked the town for a week-night place, but one day God sent us help.

Mr. A. Thompson, from the Free Methodist Church, York Street, came to our house and offered us his school-room. We got upon our knees and thanked God, and prayed His blessing upon our work; the Holy Ghost fell on us, and Mr. Thompson told us and his people publicly in a meeting in his church that

God had sanctified his soul in our little parlour. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! In a fortnight's services held in Mr. Thompson's place, more than fifty souls professed to find peace. Glory be to God!

On Saturday, March 9th, we finished a fortnight's work in that place with a very nice tea-party, a grand procession, and a public band meeting, many of the young converts and friends testifying for Jesus, out of which I have selected a few cases.

A brother said, "I am a saved swearer; I was saved two years ago in George Street, and joined this church, have never sworn since, but I had got very cold, but since these parties came I have got warmed up—I have got made holy. I felt the shock in the train last Friday at Ashton-under-Lyne. God came into my heart in the train, and made me clean, and now I feel holy in heart and life. Glory be to God."

Another said, "Thank God, He saved me last Sunday in the Temple Opera-house. I was a backslider, eight years ago I was all right, but I lost my hold, and went into all sorts of sin, but last Sunday God convinced me in the Temple. I went forward and found peace to my soul."

Another brother, who was saved with his wife at our Chatham branch, said, "I have got warmed up. I have prayed God to send this Mission to Bolton. I know the good they have done in other places, and I know God has sent them. I had got very cold, but now I have got closer to God, and I mean to dare to be a Daniel."

Another, "I can testify for Jesus, He saved me a week last Friday night; these folks came singing by our house, and the Lord said go to York Street, and I came, and God convinced me. They came to me in the prayer-meeting and I fell at the penitent-form. I was a long time before I could believe, it was some time after ten o'clock; but God did set me free, and now I desire to thank all the dear friends for staying with me, and I can thank God and sing—

"Praise God for what He's done for me;
Once I was blind, but now I see.
I on the brink of ruin fell,
Glory to God, I'm out of hell.
For what the Lord has done for me
I'll praise Him through eternity."

A. T. said: "I mean to be a Daniel. I don't know how I feel, but I'm in the blood. I look on this meeting with wonder and thanksgiving. God knows I want souls. Souls! souls!! souls!!! is my cry. God brought us into York Street for souls, and we have had souls here; but I had got down through having to stand alone, and when I saw the advertisement of these dear people coming to Bolton, I went up to 4, Birmingham Street, and I offered them our schoolroom, and they accepted it for souls, and I shall never forget the blessing I got in that little parlour when we all knelt before the Lord together. Thank God for that few minutes. I am determined now to keep up this mission work in the mid-day prayer-meeting and the open-air mission, and I want you all to go with me, but if you hang back I will go and stand alone and blow the ram's horn."

A sister said: "I have prayed God to send somebody to move this town, and I have got an answer to my prayer. When I was afflicted I thought I was going to heaven, but God has spared me for Him. My sister did do my soul good the other night when she said, 'Give God the benefit of the doubt.' I gave all up, and I mean to work for Him. I have yearned for this, and now I have got a clean heart, and I will live holy by God's help."

Another said: "The Lord has sent the glory into my heart. As I expressed to a sister, I feel my heart is too small to hold the glory, but I mean to have more of this higher life. I can see more yet, and I mean to go on."

Another said: "I cannot sit still; I must have a word. Jesus saves me. Glory be to God!"

Another: "I am saved. It's a fortnight next Monday night since me and my wife knelt together to seek Jesus. I have been in the race and the wrestling ring, and a big drunkard; but God has saved me. My dear wife could tell a black tale about me, but now we are both saved, and both going one way. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. We are newly married since we came to Jesus; it's like a second wedding. We love each other now, and we mean to win souls for Jesus."

COVENTRY.

UPON our arrival in the town we wandered about for hours seeking lodgings and finding none. At length a woman

At the close of this meeting about thirty souls, in two long rows, fell at the penitent-form. The first penitent was nearly seventy-eight years of age, and then some of all sorts and sizes followed. Folks were weeping all over the place; the leading singer came for full salvation, and while we were speaking to him, we heard a sister next us say to a young person, "Sarah Ellen, where art thee, wench?" We turned to see what was going on, and Sarah Ellen was pleading, "Oh, Lord, scrape my heart. Lord, it's such a struggle. Something's so heavy on my heart. Help me over this difficulty. I will give all up. Show me, wash me, scrape my heart, Lord."

We said to another at her side, "Will you give up your feather and finery?" She said, "I'll give up anything for Jesus. I want Him to come into my heart. I'm such a sinner." She kept pleading for a time, and we soon heard her say, "I do believe it. Yes, I do believe it. I feel it now."

Another woman who had found peace a few days before, had tried all she knew to get her husband to the meetings, and failed. This evening she locked the house up, and came to the meeting, and her husband had to come there for the key. He stopped to the service, and the Gospel key unlocked his heart; Christ stepped in and lives there.

Sunday, March 10th, nine souls professed to find peace in Jesus.

Monday, March 11th, we commenced in the Mission room, Back Can Row. God gave us four souls. Oh, hallelujah! we are going on in strong faith. More next month.

All who love us and our work, do send us help. We are hard up. Send cheques, post office orders, or small sums in postage stamps, tracts and books, any way you like, but do help us.

Pray God to open our way into a permanent place for week-night work.

Yours in Jesus,

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
THOMAS COOMBS.

4, Birmingham Street,
Bolton, Lancashire.

took pity on us, and let us occupy a room all night. There was a broken window and we all caught cold.

The next day we found a room which we had to put up with for the next fortnight. But it was several days before we could satisfactorily settle for the place we wanted for Sunday services. And then we had no place for week nights. At length we were asked to hold service in a little Mission Hall on the Monday, and we found a Ragged School that would do for a few evenings, though it was just on the outskirts of the town.

Our first Sunday seemed to us gloomy enough. A few hundred people came to the theatre, including some lads who got into the top gallery and gave us trouble. The offerings were small—very small—and we got no souls at all. We had been moved on from our open air stand just as we had got a grand crowd, and we went home sad indeed.

But sinners had been convicted, and friends had been made that day. We began to pick them up during the following week at our little meetings in the Mission Hall and Ragged School.

The next Sunday, therefore, we began with very different prospects. A large crowd of men, who were hanging about the streets, listened to us during the time of indoor service in the morning. We got at a lot more in the back streets in the afternoon and evening; had three souls seeking mercy in the afternoon and eight at night. The offerings though poor were considerably increased, and we went home confident that we should soon have the town shaken.

A brother, who in his young days, at Coventry (his native place) had lived an outrageously bad life, and had even been locked up, was converted some time since at Leicester. The moment he saw in the Magazine that we had commenced in Coventry, he came over to spend Sunday with us, and helped us very greatly, especially in the open air where he could tell many an old acquaintance and associate in sin what great things the Lord had done for him.

We succeeded only too well, for some folks that day—someone in high position it seems—called at the Police Station in the morning to complain of our having so large a crowd around us. In the evening, several officers came to stop us while we processioned to the theatre, and the next day the superintendent informed me that singing processions would not be tolerated, and that we must not stand in such prominent positions.

That evening we got a grand crowd upon a piece of waste ground, facing a great thoroughfare, and at the service in the Mission Hall, kindly opened to us once more, two aged sinners sought salvation. The next night we hired a room in a cottage for our meeting after the open air service, and there two more sinners gave in to Jesus. The next evening a great crowd stood in the cold and heard us in the yard of the Congregational Church, which was kindly lent us for the occasion. Two more sinners followed us to the Mission Hall, where a prayer meeting was held, and they found peace.

The next Sunday morning about twenty folks turned out to help us in the open air. We had a glorious meeting. Missioned courts in the afternoon, and in the evening, after a grand open air meeting, processioned in silence to the theatre. The people crowded to see us as much as the Sunday before, and when we got to the theatre there was a fearful rush. The congregation inside was much better than ever before, the offerings improved, and we caught six souls.

The meetings during the following week were better than ever. We had a little shop that held fifty people for indoor meetings, and a piece of land close to it for our open air stand. The people stood for nearly two hours while the moon shone so that we could almost see to read our hymn books. Then as many as could get crushed into the room, where we had a prayer meeting for an hour, and three men and their wives together with another poor sinner sought the Lord.

We have now at last found out a real resting-place for our week night services. It is a factory, once used as a dancing saloon; will hold 500 people, is just in the right position, and will, we trust, be filled ere long with pardoned sinners dancing for joy. Of course, we shall have to fit it up with gas and seats, and for this, as well as for the general expenses of the work, we are looking to God and His people for help. Some money has already been promised, but we shall need a great deal more.

CAROLINE REYNOLDS,
HONOR BURRELL. †

61, West Orchard,
Cross Cheaping,
Coventry.

MERTHYR.

All glory to God, He hath done great things in Merthyr whereof we are glad! We entered this town one dark, cold, wet night, and a dark, sin-blighted place it is. Thousands of people on the very brink of hell, yet asleep to the fact, but to awake them we came, and awakened many we have by the help of God. Thousands have heard the simple story of the Cross in the open air, and many have come out boldly before hundreds of people and cried for mercy, while many have been pricked to the heart, gone home to spend sleepless nights and restless days, until tired of the burden of sin, they have come and cast themselves upon the Saviour who has saved to the uttermost. We have a hall which holds two thousand people; this has been crowded each Sunday we have been here, and many precious souls have been born for glory. Our week night room, which holds three hundred, has been crowded also and souls saved every night, both old and young, rich and poor, more about which we shall tell next month. Friends pray for us and these people. This town is very poor. Donations and tracts will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours in the battlefield,

48, Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydvil,
South Wales.

KATE WATTS,
HARRIET PARKINS.

SALISBURY.

OUR first open air meeting on Saturday night was very good indeed. People flocked to see who it was making such a noise there, and when we had finished one woman came and spoke to us weeping.

On the Sunday afternoon we had the body of the Hamilton Hall nearly full, and in the evening we had it full. Many we are sure were wounded, one so deeply that she could scarcely stand; but only one man came out to seek mercy. We had five good open air meetings during the day. The next night we got three souls, and three more on the Wednesday, including an infidel.

The next Sunday we had a good time. Went out in the morning, held two open air meetings, sang through the streets home. Had three new converts with us. One spoke and prayed. The other gave out a hymn. We had good open air meetings all day and good numbers. There was a good feeling all day, but they would not come out for salvation except one Roman Catholic and one young man. The streets were all alive at night. We are pretty well known now.

We are not allowed to have open air meetings in the best streets, or to sing through the streets. But all this has rather helped than hindered us. We had the best open air meeting we have had yet the other evening, several of our converts being with us. The people sang so loudly and the crowd was very large. After we had finished the people came after us shouting and making such a noise, and we had more inside than ever before; two came out for mercy and others went away completely broken down. The town is moved. Our processioning is very good indeed. The people do the singing and we walk silently.

We have got a capital place for week nights, close to one of the main thoroughfares, so that we have a clear prospect of keeping at it every day. It is hard work to fight the devil sometimes. Ask the Lord to make us stronger. We have the work but feel so insufficient. But we are sure the work will go here.

SARAH SAYERS,
HENRY EDMONDS.
1, Cedar Cottages,
West Street, Fisherton, Salisbury.

MISS BOOTH AT WHITBY.

WE deeply regret that the dangerous illness of Mrs. Cadman imposing upon the husband watchings, oft in addition to the ordinary duties devolving upon him, has prevented our receiving a report in the well-known style which has, no doubt, already become so familiar to our readers. But we are thankful to say that Mrs. C. is now steadily recovering, and that we hope to be supplied next month with an ample record of the extraordinary services conducted by Miss Booth during the past month.

The Congress Hall, which holds 3,000 people, has had to be taken, not merely for Sundays, but for every evening of several weeks. When we say that in a town of some 15,000 inhabitants this great building has been crowded on Sundays, and that as many as 1,500 have been present on week days, it will be readily seen how completely the services must have taken hold of the whole adult population of the town. Rich and poor have met together, and hundreds of all classes have been humbled before God, and have, we trust, become new creatures in Christ Jesus. We must leave the following extract from a local paper to convey a general idea of these services, pending the fuller report we hope to give when they are concluded.

"The Mission this week is holding its services in the Congress Hall, and Miss Booth, an earnest Christian young lady (daughter of the Rev. William Booth, the founder of the Mission) has been speaking to large congregations on Sunday, and each evening with power. The zeal and sympathy of this gifted young lady in the work to which she is devoting her life (she is but 19 years of age), is so apparent that it disarms criticism, and wins the affection and secures the rapt attention of a congregation composed perhaps of the roughest characters in the town, who, for good or for ill, have been attracted to the services of Captain Cadman in such large numbers from their commencement.

"Now the meetings are held in a large hall, many seat-holders in the various places of worship have attended them with both pleasure and profit. The Congress Hall congregations have been both quiet and orderly, and anyone who has a prejudice against lady preachers, or who holds with the Apostle Paul, that women should keep silence in the churches, should go and hear Miss Booth speak, and we venture to think they would have their prejudice removed, and at the same time they would see something of the work done by Captain Cadman and his lieutenants in the place."

We earnestly commend to the sympathy and prayers of all who love the work, our sister and brother

16, Gray Street, Whitby.

CADMAN.

THE LIMEHOUSE NEW HALL.
STONE LAYING.

HALL building and stone laying are not in our line. It is eighteen months since we laid the memorial stones at Hammersmith, and we feel almost inclined to pray that it may be eighteen years before we have

to lay any more. The fact is we have greater work to do than collecting money and putting up buildings made with hands. We never build where we find it possible to hire, and we never build more than we can help building. We feel less disposed than ever to turn aside from our great spiritual business to attend to such things. But where we cannot get along with the higher work without the lower, of course we have to come down to the bricks and mortar with a hearty goodwill, praying God to lift us up out of the dust again as speedily as possible.

The poor old tumble-down gaff is gone at last, although, thank God, many a soul gathered there to Christ has gone to the everlasting habitations above, and many more are marching on to meet them there. We could not use the place any longer as it was, even had the lease permitted it, and we rejoice to see the immediate prospect of a new hall on the old spot, but on the level of the great thoroughfare in front. If we must needs build, we could not have found in all London a better spot to do it on.

And if we must have stone layings, we could scarcely have one more Mission-like than that of Limehouse on Monday, the 25th February, 1878.

The outside crowd was just such as our souls delight in. When a sister addressed them as drunkards, swearers, liars, sabbath-breakers and what not, nobody winced or seemed offended. And the company of saved drunkards, swearers, liars, sabbath-breakers and what not, with their wives and children who gathered at the site, and at the evening meeting, was still more satisfactory. But above all, the Spirit of the Lord was present throughout, and the liberty in which His people spoke and sang was glorious.

THE first memorial stone was laid by Dr. Protheroe Smith who expressed the great pleasure it gave him to see so many people whose religion evidently made them thoroughly happy. Mr. Andrews, of Plaistow, after laying the second, told us how he remembered to have been put out of the gaff with a black eye after a dreadful fight, almost on the very spot where we were standing, and how grand a change had been wrought in all his life and surroundings since then.

Mr. Booth then led a free and easy, in the course of which some fifty witnesses gave their testimony for Christ, and a poor sailor stepping in the ring begged that all would pray that he might be made a partaker of this strange new life. Mr. Booth led the evening meeting upon the same system, and as one after another sprang to their feet and spoke for Christ, the fire burned more and more brightly. Mr. Bramwell and Mrs. Booth dwelt upon the unspeakable importance of clear and definite religious aims, experiences and professions. And assuredly there will be no excuse for anyone who was there that day if they do not clearly apprehend that for which they are apprehended of Jesus Christ.

Towards the total amount required for the Hall, we have up to the present time

obtained £340, and are earnestly hoping and trusting and labouring to secure the remainder before opening the Hall, as we expect to do, on Good Friday.

In the meanwhile, the services go on in the wooden shed hard by, where the society is heartily rallying round Bro. Clare, and praying and striving for better days than have been known in Limehouse lately. The Lord help them.

The essence of the speech with which Mr. Booth commenced the proceedings will be found in the following statement which was placed under one of the stones.

London, 25th February, 1878.

The Christian Mission was commenced in Whitechapel, July, 1865, for the purpose of securing the perfect salvation of those who attended no place of worship, and were utterly severed from all religious associations.

God has so blessed, and guided, and helped the founder, the Rev. William Booth, and those who have from time to time assisted him in the work, that up to the present date the Mission has been extended into thirty-six provincial towns or districts of the metropolis.

The Limehouse district was entered upon in 1868, at the request of some who had already been converted at services of the Mission elsewhere.

A "penny gaff" which had been notorious as a centre of demoralisation for a long time, the vilest scenes being constantly enacted there in the presence of young people of both sexes, was taken and fitted up as a Mission Hall. Although the building was old and in a very poor state of repair, and although the entrance was by a flight of stone steps, descending several feet below the level of the roadway, thousands of working people from the neighbourhood, besides multitudes of sailors of all nations were from time to time gathered into the hall, where many hundreds were converted to God.

Large numbers of the converts were organised into bands, which held open air services in every part of the neighbourhood, and carried on, under the leadership of devoted evangelists and others, a system of efforts for the salvation of the people, which were constantly made successful by the power of the Holy Ghost. The local expenses of the work were mainly defrayed all along by the offerings of the people on the spot.

Many who found the Lord at the services in the gaff have gone home triumphantly to heaven, and several have gone out as evangelists into different parts of the country.

The gaff was opened as a Mission Hall on Friday, the 2nd October, 1868. The leaky condition of the roof, notwithstanding repeated repairs, frequently rendered the building all but incapable of use, and in December, 1877, it having become impossible to use it any longer, arrangements were made for the erection of a new hall upon the same site.

The estimated cost of the new building, which is to seat some four hundred persons, is £650, and the position of the hall, facing one of the main thoroughfares of the east of London, is most satisfactory.

The doctrines which may be taught in the hall are as follows. (Here followed the regular list.)

It is the especial work of the Mission in days when so many, even of those who profess to be Christians, doubt the power of God, instantaneously to convert the unsaved, and instantaneously to sanctify His own people; and when so much scepticism exists as to the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, and the everlasting destruction of all who forget God, to arouse the consciences of the

people to deep concern about these eternal realities and by the power of the Holy Ghost to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, forming everywhere those who are thus rescued from the slavery of sin into a force for the further extension of the same glorious work of God.

The hall is to be used exclusively for this purpose, and may not be used for any secular lecture, entertainment, bazaar, political or secular meeting, club or society. May every service held in it promote the glory of God in the salvation and sanctification of the people.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General Superintendent.

HAMMERSMITH.

HALLELUJAH! We are rising, and the holy fire widening, and the work of God is prospering. Saints are being sanctified, and sinners of all ranks saved. Glory be to God! We cite a few cases out of many.

A NEW WIFE.

Yes, for sixteen years this dear man had been praying for his wife. We had ourselves prayed and pleaded with her with tears in our eyes, but all seemed in vain, and we were almost ready to give her up; but the holy spirit was doing his work, and one night, in one of the most powerful meetings I was ever in, she fell down, and cried, "Lord, save me!" Soon the prayer was answered, and peace filled her soul. We shall not soon forget the grand sight of husband and wife embracing each other, weeping for joy, and the dear man says the good Lord has given him a new wife. May they fully enjoy their holy wedlock.

MARRIED OVER AGAIN.

Yes, joined together afresh, and who God hath joined, let no man put asunder. At our tea meeting a man and wife came in, and while we were talking, the power of God fell upon us, and many wept. The dear woman rose from her seat to come forward, but her husband tried to pull her down again, but she answered, "I must be saved tonight!" broke away, came forward, and soon found the Saviour. Not long, and the husband was by her side, seeking the same Jesus, and there and then the Lord married them over again, and sent them forth with new hearts, new

desires, and new purposes. May they be fully carried out.

TURNED INSIDE OUT.

Yes, this is just how the great Master does business at this station. A poor drunkard came out of the public-house hard by our open-air stand to make game, but God met him on the spot, and, to use his own words, "Made him feel as he never felt before." He followed to the hall, and there and then the good Lord "turned him inside out." He says, "When I was converted I would not have given sixpence for all my clothes, but now I have a new suit, a new heart, and a new home. Glory be to God alone!"

ANOTHER ANSWER TO PRAYER.

One of our dear brethren has been praying for his wife for three years, and the other night he had the great joy of seeing his prayers and tears answered. Praise the Lord!

A GRAND SIGHT.

The other night a young man came to the meeting and gave himself to Christ, and he was so full of joy, so happy all the day and all the week following, that his parents thought they would come and see for themselves; and the same spirit met with them, and soon we saw father and mother and son side by side seeking Jesus. Hallelujah.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

A dear woman came to our meeting one night just to see if what she had heard was true. Someone had been telling her unkind tales about us, just like the devil; so she came to see, confessed she was much surprised, and promised to come again next night. According to promise she was there, and at the close she gave her heart to Christ, and again acknowledged that she was surprised how happy she felt. May she continue to the end.

We could go on with many more, but time and space will not permit.

Friends, pray for us.

Yours in the Master's work,

J. ALLEN.

PLAISTOW.

WE are glad to think the Lord does not forget us in Plaistow, as our short experience proves. *Hallelujah.* God is in this place. We have a corner in His heart. He does come down and bless us, making hearts and homes happy. In His name our little *Hallelujah* band have gone out, and

although sometimes *weak yet strong*, have taken their stones out of the Gospel bag and hurled them with divine force against the Philistines. Many have fallen to rise again, having obtained the victory over the devil and sin. *Hallelujah.* He is mighty to save, and taking what He has done as a foretaste of what is to come, we are expecting precious times. We desire to see this place all in a blaze with the fire of the Holy Ghost, so that men and women being purified may be made fit temples for Him to dwell in. *The Lord help us.*

A FORTY YEARS' SINNER

came to our seven o'clock prayer-meeting, got saved, went home and had a hallelujah breakfast, and is now going on his way rejoicing. He has been a soldier for his country, told us he has seen in the Crimea war his fellowmen slain before his eyes, without a moment's warning hurried into eternity, and still he had lived without God; but now he was a soldier for Jesus, and had got his armour on and was determined to keep it clean. He told us if he had known the blessedness of being saved he would have been saved long since. The Lord bless this brother and save many more like him. We want recruits and shall be glad to enlist them.

UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS A SINNER.

A lady we noticed had attended many of our meetings, but she always got out before we could get a chance to speak to her. The opportunity came and was seized. My wife went and spoke to her about her soul; with the tears flowing she said she was not saved, and requested my wife to go to her house the next morning to see her as there were some difficulties in the way. She, of course, went, advised her, prayed with her, and left her with the expression, "I will have Christ at any cost." She has since found Him, and is now rejoicing. *Hallelujah.* The Lord can save anywhere.

Attendance will be given at any house when people want salvation.

A horsekeeper and his wife, surrounded by their children, were convinced of sin in one of our meetings. The children were taken care of, and they both came out manfully, found peace, and are on their way to heaven. *Hallelujah.* Ours is an extraordinary God. He can save to the uttermost. *Wanted more couples like these.*

Glory be to God! He has given us a Hallelujah Postman. A German brother, a bread baker, not belonging to the Mission, came to me and offered to carry and deliver our letters (tracts and handbills) as he went along with the bread that perissheth, so that the people might know how and where to get *the living bread* to feed the soul and fit it for heaven; he not only promised to deliver our letters, but gave us one-and-sixpence per week to get the letters with. *Hallelujah.* The Lord bless the Hallelujah Postman. *Wanted more.* Who will volunteer?

Brethren, pray for us, that the glorious work may go on. Contributions of money and tracts greatly needed. Will be received with thanks, and acknowledged in this Magazine by,

Yours in the Lord Jesus,

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

4, Stock Street,
Upper Road, Plaistow.

LEEDS.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

THESE were the words of my text on Sunday morning, February 24th, the first Sabbath I had ever spent in Leeds, and very appropriate I felt them to be to myself, for in looking round this large town—the great metropolis of Yorkshire—I thought, "Who is sufficient for these things?" but God has promised to be my strength in weakness, and although sin is abounding on every hand, and men, women, and children are going, as it were, post-haste to the flames of Hell, yet if we go forth under the banner of King Jesus, victory must be ours. Oh! may God give us the victory here. Our first Sabbath closed with three souls accepting the invitation to come on to the Lord's side. One of them was a young man who told us that he was

A CONVICT,

out on ticket-of-leave. He had been sentenced to seven years for stealing, and had served five years out of the seven, and that was the first Sunday he had been at liberty. Oh, how the Lord did break him up! How he wept when we told him the Lord was willing to save him, and told us we did not know how bad he had been. "Nay," we said, "nor do we care, for if He was only *willing* to be made better, the Lord was willing, and waiting to receive him,

and make him a *new* man in Christ Jesus," which seemed to be almost too good news for him. He took his tickets out of his pocket, and gave them me to hold while he rolled all His sins on Him who saved the dying thief 1800 years before, and went away that night with liberty both to body and soul.

Last Sunday, March 10th, we were delighted in seeing ten souls all down together at the penitent-form, and God convicting all over the building. A backslider, who had been a

LOCAL PREACHER,

knelt there by the side of his wife, both of them seeking mercy, and soon told us they had found it.

THREE YOUNG MEN,

who had been companions in sin, were there, and gave themselves fully to the Lord.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN,

who were in service, but being allowed out for the evening, came into the tabernacle to spend an hour, were there crying bitterly for forgiveness, and, having received it, left with smiling countenances, realising Jesus to be their Saviour.

A DEAR WOMAN,

whom I had met in the street the night before, and who promised me she would come to the service, kept her word, and was with the rest of the penitents giving herself to Him who had purchased her with His blood.

This soul-saving business seems to be our work, but we cannot go into it as we would wish, for, on looking at our financial affairs, I find we are short. This keeps the brethren fighting hard for God and souls with one hand, and grappling with the debt with the other. Now we have made up our minds to put forth an extra effort to remove this debt entirely *at once*. I trust to be able next month to report that we have succeeded, but we ourselves are very poor, therefore, dear reader, we ask *you*, in the name of Jehovah, to help us in this matter. Moneys may be sent to E. Miller, Esq., treasurer, Providence House, North Street; or to

Yours in the Gospe',
JOHN ROBERTS.

12, Reeves Street,
Little London, Leeds.

LEICESTER.

THE Christian Mission Flag of Freedom is still flying high in Leicester.

We have had a month of victory and power. God has given us crowds of people to hear, and some wonderful cases of conversion.

I spoke to one man in the Warehouse about his soul. He said he was

Too BAD

to be saved. I answered him that God would take in the devil's castaways. He said, "Now do you really think that He will save me?" I said, "He will, if you will let Him." Then he said, "Here goes." He jumped up, and ran down to the penitent-form, and God saved him. He brought his wife two nights after, and God saved her, and they are now both on their way to heaven.

One Sunday night, when Miss Booth was with us, we had

A PRIZE FIGHTER

saved. He is doing well. He gave his experience the other night. He said, "I used to fight three nights a week for the devil before I was converted, but now, thank God, I come to the Warehouse six times a week, and nine times on a Sunday, and I am happy all the time."

Our holiness meeting on Friday night has been a great blessing to our own people. The one held on Friday, February 22nd, was a most blessed time; the power of God came down and took hold of everybody present, both saint and sinner. We soon had a long form full of penitents, some seeking pardon, and others the blessing of entire sanctification. After the meeting was over, the Warehouse locked up, and we were on our way home, one dear man stopped us, and said, "Look here, I must be saved to-night." Of course, we were soon back, the door open, the gas lit, and in a very short time the dear fellow was rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God, and his wife was saved a few nights after.

Sunday, February 24th, was a grand field-day. We commenced at six o'clock in the morning, met at the clock tower in strong force; Happy Joe led the band with his hallelujah fiddle. We got to the Warehouse at 6.30, when 120 of us took the Lord's Supper, and, spiritually, a very good supper it was. At 10 o'clock we met in Russell Square, at 1.45 in Infirmary Square, and 5.45 in Sanvy Gate. When we got to the Warehouse at 6.30 it was packed in every part. We had hard work to get to the platform. God was with us in a

mighty manner, and about twenty poor sin-sick souls came to a loving Saviour and found peace in believing.

God is still working mightily in our midst. The interest of our meetings seems to increase every week, and we are expecting a mighty slaughter among the King's enemies.

Any help towards this blessed work, either in money or tracts, which is greatly needed, will be very thankfully received by the hon. treasurer, Richard Lawrence, 70 and 80, High Street; or by

Yours, washed in the Blood,
W. FAWCETT,
J. HURREL.

48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

My heart yearns after the souls of my brethren and sisters of this town. "Oh, the misery and sin there is on every hand!" I think never did I see a people so unconcerned about their everlasting welfare as this. Infidelity and scepticism are raging. Oh, for a band of men and women, fearless of hell and the devil, to rescue these precious ones from the grasp of the enemy. The sight of the people has been overwhelming, "sin-stricken bleeding hearts," and yet so ready to refuse the healing balm. But all have not refused surely? No; some have hearkened to the call, and have tasted of God's forgiving love. Our numbers have already greatly increased, and while we put our trust in God, will continue to do so. He will yet shake the town. We are expecting it every day.

Victory or death!

ANNIE DAVIS.

35, William Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the great African explorer, on his last birthday but one, makes the following entry in his diary:—"March 19, 1872. Birthday. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O precious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE."