

hall; but soon he came forward again, bringing his wife with him. Now they rejoice together in a sin pardoning God. By this time one of the brethren had fallen under the sanctifying power of God, there he lay all night, useless, unable to do anything but cry and shout glory.

On the Monday night, Mrs. R. preached; the power of God came down in a similar manner upon the people. A man, a very wicked character, "who had prevented his wife from attending any religious meeting, and who had left him on this account. At one time he sought her in every direction with a knife in his pocket, intending to take her life as sure as he found her," sat trembling on the seat, and the knife of God's spirit cut and wounded his soul. Out he came, cried at the top of his voice for mercy, struggled and agonised for a considerable time, when the balm was applied to his wounded soul, and he arose healed, washed through the blood of the Lamb.

Several of our own people have gone in for a clean heart. One man said, in relating his experience, that he "had got all the gravel washed away out of his heart, and now he loved everybody but the devil."

Thanks for tracts. More will be thankfully received by

JAMES ROBINSON.

7, Taylor Street.

Evangelist.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

THE Lord of hosts is with us, and men and women on every side are feeling His mighty power, and stepping into liberty, shouting in all directions, "From my heart the burden rolls away;" and burdens of every kind have been borne away by King Jesus. Oh, hallelujah! Our members have woke up to the fact that without holiness no one shall see the Lord, and that has enabled them to turn out of their hearts every unclean and unholy thing. During the month there has been

A REVOLUTION.

The enemy has felt himself to be in a very hot shop, and has had to fly, while young converts cried, "Glory be to God on high;" for, thank the dear Lord, many have been rescued from his grasp, and now their hearts dance for very joy. Oh, the struggles we have seen

down at the penitent form night after night! and the victories we have achieved have been something delightful. Our own hearts have indeed been gladdened as we have shook hands with new born souls. Eyes have glistened again with the falling tear, as old and young have wept their way to the feet of Jesus.

THE SISTERS

have thrown off their timidity, and are bravely coming into the front ranks—are holding meetings both inside and out now. The Lord bless them, and keep them at it, and we shall yet shake the town—it is trembling. I have been presented with

PIPES, TOBACCO-BOXES,

and such like idols, from some of the brethren that were content to have a small portion of religion, but found they would be better off with none at all, so they would let us be real either for God or the devil.

DOWN WITH SHAM

of every description. God hates it, and so does the real follower of Christ.

BRO. ROBINSON

gave us a service, and a mighty time we had. God was in our midst indeed. Some said I needed a straight-jacket for inviting such a man; others have said we were mesmerizing the people; but thank God I am quite *sane* still, also those on whom the power of God fell. They have only got on a higher platform. Some that were afraid of God working on them went home, and struggled till they got the blessing of sanctification, then ran to their neighbours, and in the solemn midnight hour wrestled with God together, till all assembled could sing,

"JESUS, SAVES ME NOW."

Oh, may he never be satisfied with anything less than a full salvation. God smiles at such people, and will help such. We are in a little money difficulty. Will you help us?

Yours at the Master's feet,

ANNIE DAVIS.

35, William Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

[We regret that we are compelled, for want of space, to omit an interesting report from South Stockton, and the life of Bro. Price of Whitechapel.]

The Christian Mission Magazine.

MAY, 1878.

Rushing into War.

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THE description of the actual condition of our country in these words of one of its wisest statesmen is awful indeed. "Rushing into war"—rushing away from the honourable and useful paths of peace, into all the bitterness, and hazard, and misery of national strife with men who have done us no wrong, who do not wish to do us any, for reasons which nobody can really explain—such is said to be the present attitude of England, so far as its government and highest circles can control matters. It may be that the grace of God operating through some who are yet true to Him, and using the common sense of which many have not yet abandoned the exercise, may stave off and even avert the horrid calamity; but to all appearance the English are for rushing into the battle-field, to add to all the horrors of the past, fresh bloodshed, multiplied anguish, intensified miseries, and God only knows what beside. Let every one who values the favour of God do what in them lies to prevent such war. But whatever the Godless governments of our own or any other country do, thank God we are more than ever determined to fight only for Him.

THE EMPIRE IS IN DANGER.

The big empty words of the panic-mongers, whose folly is endangering our country more than anything else, are only too true, though in a very different way from that which they intend.

Yes, the empire is in danger, and no mistake. It is in danger of perishing through the disregard of God, the profanity, the open iniquity, the drunkenness, and debauchery, and profligacy of every kind which becomes more manifest every day. That wholesome regard for the Sunday, which used to distinguish some classes at least, and which exercised at least some little influence in deterring others from making the day one incessant scene of profligate folly, is passing away, and the whole people from the highest to the lowest are learning more utterly to cast off regard for God, like the nations round about.

Look at the children swarming through our streets. How vast a proportion of them are learning to smoke, and drink, and use bad language almost in infancy. Observe the main thoroughfares during the time of service on Sunday evenings, and late into the night. See how many millions of the youth of both sexes are swarming along. Listen to the wild, giddy half shouted talk of many. Glance through the opening doors of the public-houses and see the proportion of women drinking there, "decent women" as they would be called. Look forward to the days when these shall be the middle-aged mass of the nation. Remember that from the education of the rising race any distinct and effective religious instruction has been, and will be, more and more carefully excluded. The nation has chosen to treat religion as a "difficulty," and to banish it from the children's path. The nation has deliberately chosen to forget God.

The sons of to-day's working man may climb if they choose by persevering labour to the highest positions, and the influence of the classes who have hitherto wielded so much power will continue to wane and die away before the ever-rising tide of an educated, vigorous people—stirred by the love of gain, if by no higher motive to seek for advancement—so that the future of this country lies entirely, so far as man is concerned, in the hands of these boys and girls whom you now see in training under every sort of evil influence. Awake to the dangers! Nay, it is more than a danger. It is an awful prospect which only the mighty power of God can alter—the prospect of a great, wealthy, educated people, more utterly lost to God, more deliberately and universally abandoned to drunkenness and infidelity, and vice of every kind, than any people ever has been in the world's history.

Look at the "religious bodies." You will find amongst them all a growing unwillingness to stand up for any clear decided tones as to the truth of God. They are striving to be more educated, more refined, more attractive to the world, that is to say, more like it. Where is there a burning zeal for God, a defiance of society, a vigorous open attack upon unbelief and sin? Is it not notorious that any attempt to move the population of a town or neighbourhood religiously, is openly described as "special services," a plain admission that no such thing is aimed at ordinarily. Except here and there, the churches, even when themselves maintaining something like a true testimony amongst their own little circle, abandon a sinking nation to its fate. Everywhere there is coldness, formality, darkness, death, and our country has no spiritual prospect before it but one of utter ruin.

Oh, we entreat you, awake to the awful reality! All that every power in Europe could do against our country is as nothing compared with the fearful desolation that sin is bringing upon us. Yet forty years, nay, twenty at the most, and England shall be destroyed by sin as no such nation ever was destroyed, unless some mighty Divine influence arrests the plague. Shall we live to see the very

name of God laughed out of every home? Shall we live to hear the simplest ideas of home, truth, and honour, and modesty, made the laughingstock of the multitude, as has been the case elsewhere? Shall we live to see our countrymen sunk in the barbarous abyss of drunkenness, debauchery, and ruffianism, into which they are so rapidly sinking? Shall we live to see a drunken, gambling, profligate monarch reign over a people reduced to his own level? Men and women of God awake; open your eyes! The empire is in danger!

NO CONFERENCE!

There have been more than enough conferences, and congresses, and committees, and deliberations. It is time to act. There is not a moment to lose.

No conference with flesh and blood! There cannot be any question about what we have to do. There cannot be any doubt that God calls us to do it. If we see that our brethren are rushing into hell, how can there be any doubt as to whether we are called to do our utmost to stop them.

Oh, but——! But what? Here are the plain facts staring us in the face. The devil holds fast in his slavish chains the multitude around us. Their children, their future are all at his mercy. He will overcome them all. He will destroy every good influence. He will seize every rising power and wrap his horrible arms around every springing plant. Does the Lord call me to do anything? Of course He does. He calls upon every soldier He has to take the whole armour and march forth, leaving all for Him, without a moment's delay. Reserves! What business have we with any reserves in the army of the Lord? Where does the book sanction any reserves?

When Jesus sat amidst his disciples one day, word was brought Him that His sneering relatives after the flesh wished to see Him. "Who are my mother and my brethren?" He asked, and well might he ask the same question to-day amongst even the idle throng of formal worshippers who bow the knee and not the heart, or who have the name to love, and are dead.

Oh, ye blood relations of the throne, ye men and women who are born again of the Holy Ghost, must ye needs be stirred by some angel, by some vision, by some special message from on high? Do ye want some special warrant from the King of kings to summon you to arms? Shall iniquity triumph? Shall God be forgotten, and His name be blotted out?

Men and brethren, what must we do? Must we confer together, must we doubt, and hesitate, and hang back, or must we rise as one man, and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth command Satan to depart out of our coasts? We read of this man, and that man, who have risen up, and casting themselves before God, have given up their lives to His service, and have gone forth to do great things. Why not twenty, fifty, an hundred such men and women at once? We have seen but lately some of our own brothers and sisters who have

often times doubted of their own call to do great things, going forth in the name of the Lord, trembling and weeping sometimes, but conquering gloriously. We know that there are others hesitating still, passing sleepless nights and weary anxious days, and wonderingly asking if God has called them, or can use them to do any great thing.

No more conference! No more doubt! No more delay! Arise ye children of the light, and buckle on the armour bright, and now prepare yourselves to fight, against the world and Satan. We are all called to be saints. We are all called to be the brothers and sisters of Jesus, to fight with Him, for Him, with every particle of strength we have to the last gasp. That is enough. No more conference!

THE HOUR IS COME.

"The midnight cry." Thank God not yet! That will be an awful moment, when we are required to abandon everybody; to leave the wicked of the earth; to leave them to perish whilst we hasten unto the supper of the Lord. That hour is fast approaching. We have to try to lessen its horrors by making the best use we can of the present hour.

God is looking round to see who will stand up for Him in these dark, awful days. He is looking at you! What do you say? Do you see the scarred brow, and the torn hands and feet? Do you see the marred face, sorrowful, eager, glowing with love and anxiety for the perishing? Do you hear that voice of love, of tender sadness, that searching voice that will make itself heard? "Who are my mother and my brethren?" Are you going to be one of them?

You have got your mother and your brethren. You are surrounded, very likely, with a circle of people who admire, and love, and trust, and care for you. Do you say "Oh, yes, bless the Lord, I have a goodly heritage."

Do you hear him? "Who are my mother and my brethren?" Oh, is it not time for you to leave all and follow Him; giving yourself, henceforth, as He gave Himself to do the will of His father in heaven. How many are there who are loving and serving God with a mother's, with a brother's, with a sister's heart? Are you one of them? Oh, settle it before God, and may he not be ashamed to call any of us brethren in the great day of truth and light.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

JAMES TURNER.—(Concluded.)

SO abundant are the records of the most extraordinary displays of divine power in connection with this man's labours, that we would fain linger over them for months. But we prefer to direct attention to the book itself, and to end our extracts from it in order to make all the more room for the accounts of what God is doing throughout our Mission in these days.

A NIGHT OF PRAYER.

The mighty influences which swept through the meetings he held in the churches seem to have surpassed all ordinary experience. That his work should have produced willingness to spend the whole of a night in prayer was something, but the scenes of that Saturday night and Sunday morning must be fully described to convey anything like an adequate description of the way in which the power of God seized on the people. The following account from the lips of one who was saved that night will, we are sure, be read with heartfelt interest. After describing his condition before conversion as a careless, and then as an awakened but unbelieving sinner, he goes on to say:—

In this state I continued until the 10th of March—a night never to be forgotten. It seemed as if there was a pitched battle between the powers of light and darkness. Up till nearly twelve o'clock it was something awful. A clog hung on the meeting. I remember seeing one young man go out and in several times; he could neither stay out nor in, the contest was so fierce, and the issues so apparently doubtful. Another stalwart man, W— —, sat between me and another young man. His frame was shaking as if he had been holding on by a galvanic battery; he not only shook himself, but made us shake also—every now and then a thrill went through our frames that made it truly awful—and yet I am sure he felt quite isolated from us and every other human being; it was God and Satan with whom he was having to do. Sometimes he would say, as if in desperation, "Yes, Lord, I will believe, I do believe!" and then came the tremendous struggle, as if Satan was determined to hinder him. At last he went out like a demented man; but the Lord finally got the victory, for he became a most exemplary Christian.

From eight o'clock in the evening until six in the morning this meeting continued, but the battle was won about midnight—then came a glorious morning when victory was declared on the Lord's side. About the turning-point I felt awful. I was on my way out of the meeting, unable to stand it longer, when the thought came to me forcibly that, by going out, I was in reality giving way to Satan, and helping *him* to the victory. I turned back and went in again. Shortly after James Turner said "This was a solemn time, and that he had often experienced that those who waited upon God as we were doing now, found the early morning hours afforded glorious opportunities of getting near to God; and you," he said, "who have not found peace will never have a better opportunity than you have now, so I would advise you to try Him at once—couldn't you risk it?" And just as he spake I was enabled to risk it. I felt like one about to take a plunge—it was either sink or swim—now or never, I thought, and took the leap; and, praise the Lord! I did not sink. Instead of that, I felt "upborne by the unyielding wave," or rather, with the poet I could say—

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth have fled away."

For one to describe what I then felt is impossible; but, glory be to God! the rubicon was past—and I knew it. The change in my heart was so sensible and powerful that it seemed rather physical than spiritual, and I turned to the lad that was beside me and said, "It's awa noo"—i.e., the burden of sin and alienation from God which had so long oppressed me. That was a precious hour to me—a glorious epoch in my spiritual history never to be forgotten. I remember the very spot where I knelt, just right below the precentor's desk, on the cold stones; but the remembrance of it is so dear to me that if I ever see Banff again it will be one of the first I shall visit.

After my own deliverance, relations—father, brothers, &c.—were my next thought. Having found safe footing for myself I sought it for them, and not in vain—several of them are now on the rock. So occupied was I with pleading for

them that I have only a general impression of the meeting afterwards—that it was just like a field of battle after victory, and many were the slain of the Lord upon it. I am sure from twenty to thirty were to be found lying all at one time completely prostrate, and by the time that these arose like men from the dead, the same mysterious power had as many more levelled to the dust in like manner. Thus it became utterly impossible to clear the meeting until, as I have stated before, six o'clock in the morning.

There were some curious cases. I will just give you one—a very ignorant, wicked young man, who afterwards became dear to me as a brother, and who is still adorning the doctrine of Jesus Christ by a godly walk and conversation. He had found peace, and was praying and rejoicing as if in an ecstasy, when all at once he gave a tremendous scream, and “fell down,” like the youth about whom Mark tells us, “on the ground, and wallowed foaming.” He continued in this state until some of the newly-liberated began to sing—

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

And in a short time he also sprang to his feet, singing as loud as he could bawl—

“I can, I WILL, I DO believe!
That Jesus died for me!”

It turned out that, before he was struck down, and while in the ecstatic state I have mentioned, he was just having a glorious manifestation of the Saviour, far above him, but with a ladder extending downwards, or rather down altogether to earth, and Jack himself on it, clambering up with all his might towards the Saviour. While so doing, Satan came behind, and laying hold of him by the feet, pulled him down to the earth in a moment. That was when he literally fell and gave the scream—rather yell, such as I never, either before or since, heard the like of.

Before going on, I may as well say of my friend, Jack —, that often at the beginning of his Christian course Satan got great advantage of him. He was very ignorant, and knew almost nothing of God's Word; and so, being without the sword of the Spirit to keep the enemy at bay, he was very helpless, and lay pretty much at his mercy. But by-and-bye this state of matters was completely reversed. Piece by piece Jack donned the Christian armour; he was especially anxious to get hold of that important article, or part of it, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, and he did get it into possession in this wise: I have known him to rise at three o'clock in the morning to read, or rather search it, this not because he felt it a duty, but the desire to know God's Word was so strong that sleep was too frail a barrier to prevent its gratification. I never knew any man have such a love for the Bible. It indeed became to him his shield and buckler. With such trusty weapons Jack was enabled to resist the devil, who took such advantage of his former ignorance.

But for a time it was a hand-to-hand conflict with those who were at that time brought into the kingdom of His dear Son. I had a little taste of this by experience. On going home from the meeting on Sabbath morning, about six o'clock, I knelt down to pray before going to bed for a few hours, and fell fast asleep. I had scarcely been in my bed for four nights, and with the mental pressure so completely removed, tired nature silently and swiftly enforced the laws that a still stronger power had, for a time, kept suspended. When I wakened up the enemy came in like a flood—“You a Christian, asleep at your prayers?” &c.; and so fiercely was this fiery dart hurled at my heart that it would have cost me my peace for a time, had I not, by means of early instruction, been better prepared than my friend Jack for his onsets.

At eleven o'clock, I went to worship at the little Methodist Chapel, where James Turner was to preach that morning. His text was “Blessed are the pure in heart.” (Mat. v. 8.) While he was speaking, a young man found peace, and jumped up on his seat and told what God had that moment done for his soul, then sat down again quietly. In a moment up starts another, and did the same, and then another and another in almost every part of the chapel. It was just Pentecost over again, yet it was all done in the greatest quietness—there was nothing exciting, for the sermon was one fitted to build up saints not to awaken sinners, and he did not say anything to them, only he did not forbid the interruption, nor did he look dis-

pleased at it. That was the sequel to Saturday night's meeting—when out of the seven hundred then assembled, one hundred at least were brought to Christ, and I scarcely have heard of any believing their profession.

THE END OF MOCKERS.

In common with all who have been the instruments in such work, Bro. Turner had to bear the scoffings of many, even amongst those whose education and position should at least have imposed some outward restraint; but as usual, in such cases, the Lord's arm was made bare in a terrible manner amongst these adversaries.

Some six or seven gentlemen came night after night to the meetings to mock. They did not take seats like the others, but always stood about the passage, leaning against the pillars, or in such other position as made the purpose for which they were there very evident. Without entering more fully into particulars, I may say that a climax in their daring ungodliness was reached by Dr. — kneeling down, as if under the power that had prostrated so many, and making a pretence of crying for mercy, as had been arranged by his ungodly companions. James Turner, whom it was not easy to deceive, saw through the thing at once, and warned them most solemnly, and went so far as to say publicly that if they did not repent, “my God,” said he, “before a twelvemonth will sweep you off the face of the earth.”

These awful words were heard and noted by many at the time, but they were still more so when, within the prescribed space, all of them had died untimely deaths—some by their own hands under very awful circumstances. One case, that, too, of the least hardened of the company, will sufficiently indicate how the others passed away. After hearing the solemn warning, he was so far subdued as to go to the meetings in no scoffing mood, unaccompanied by any of his companions. One of the young converts even spoke to him one night, and his answer, though curt was not a scoff. But he yielded again to the evil influence brought to bear upon him, and evil ways brought disease and death upon him, and before he died, fully, indeed, did he bear the awful testimony that he was a *lost soul*, that he might have been saved, but that now it was *too late*, and, what was also very dreadful, he charged home his eternal ruin upon his own father, in that he interfered and held him back from the influence that would have led him to Christ.

We will conclude our extracts from this glorious life with examples of the remarkable way in which the converts were constrained by the power of the Holy Ghost, to act precisely as their brethren and sisters in this Mission systematically do. It is a powerful confirmation of our belief that God requires His daughters publicly to speak for Him, and all His servants to march forth through the streets, to turn the people to righteousness, to find that these very fruits followed in quiet, decent Scotland, not as a result of any exhortation or request made by Mr. Turner or anyone else, but by the mere force of that Spirit which everywhere produces the same perfect liberty and the same holy zeal.

A GIRL MINISTER.

A girl rose at the end of a service in Portgordon, and modestly asked if she would be allowed to address the meeting, as she had a message from God.

“No, no!” said the minister hurriedly, then ran out as fast as possible. Only a very few of the people followed him. The girl then asked if she might speak to them, and of course they allowed her, knowing well that she was no impostor, but a common fisher girl, whose parents, belonging to the same class, decent people, lived in their midst.

Her message was that of the woman of Samaria. She began speaking about the woman seeing Jesus at the well, and spoke to the point. Then she invited them all to come and “see Jesus,” whom, said she, “I saw in Portessie, and who sent me here direct to you to tell you in Portgordon to come to Him. I was a great sinner,

and went to scoff at the work. When spoken to about my soul, I resisted the mighty power of God, and was laid down. Then Jesus came and spoke to me, and gave me to drink of the living water, and bade me come to Portgordon with this message to the people there, that they were to come to Him."

And praise the Lord, through that message, and that weak instrument, He shook Portgordon that night. The meeting-place was crowded with people, anxiously enquiring how they could come to Jesus, and many found the way to Him. Many backsliders also were restored, and the believers also were stirred up to more active service in the mighty harvest field.

Regarding the backsliders, I can speak more feelingly than of the others, for I was one myself, and then I saw the once-loved Jesus visiting us again. I was made to tremble, and I hid myself from the women lest they should see me, and speak to me about the spiritual declension, of which I was now very sensible.

"O!" said a man coming up to me, as I stood at the corner, after coming out of the meeting, "it is God visiting us again, and last time I did not get the blessing, but I would like that He would bless me now." How my heart smote me as he spake these words to me, thinking I was still the same earnest Christian that I once was. Instead of speaking to him I turned away to weep and pray for myself.

In about a week the whole place was in a flame, and even drunkards had not only become new men in Christ Jesus, but were out preaching the good news to others. The state of the town reminded me of the retaking of Mansoul, for the ungodly were forced to hide themselves, and I among the rest, for if you went out some young soldier of the cross was sure to attack you about your soul.

AN OPEN AIR DEMONSTRATION.

An impression came that they must visit the neighbouring villages. Accordingly arrangements were made for an organized demonstration. They got dressed for the occasion, and started with banners waving, all of them bearing suitable inscriptions. The day was fine—the weather being mild for the season—and the long train marched on to the westward, each with uplifted heart shouting forth with all their might the praises of that loving Saviour who had so filled, and blessed their souls with His love. I think I shall never forget that day from an incident closely connected to myself personally—my own child coming to a saving acquaintance of the truth as it is in Jesus; that, and circumstances connected therewith, made an impression on my mind that eternity will not efface.

When the procession reached Portessie they formed into a circle at the east end, and at the request of the brethren stayed in that position for some time until they got ready to join our ranks. This being done, we again got marching orders, and away to Buckie we went, our people in the front, and the Portessie people in the rear, with our banners raised and singing as we went along. We soon came to Buckie, halting for a short time while some bread was distributed to the young people and others also; Mr. Mitchell bearing all the expense of this entertainment.

After this we went on through part of Buckie; onlookers were very much affected, and we learned afterwards that a most powerful effect was produced. After some time we turned our course homewards, the people all the time praising the Lord; and, as they did so, the power of God upon them waxed stronger and stronger amongst them. Many were overcome by the mighty power of God, and began to exhibit such manifestations as we had never before seen. Men and women were to be seen in numbers, from one end of the village to the other, who, to a stranger, would appear to be under the influence of drink. All appeared to be moved by one great but common impulse, and with a quick pace their long irregular train moved on, multitudes now having joined them without any preparation, dressed just as for household work—and thus they marched along singing out of an overflowing heart the praises of God.

As soon as they reached Portessie, the people of God in that place caught the flame and came under the same power. Onwards to Buckie they went, and *every one, male and female, preached the gospel*; both warned the sinner, and invited them to Jesus.

I will now state what effect the demonstration had on Portessie. Previous to this an idea had been circulated by some persons, that all that they had experienced in conversion went for nothing, unless they came to be baptized by immersion. The minds of the people had been so disturbed by this, that all their

early joy was gone, and marks instead of mental anguish appeared on many a countenance. As soon as the great train of rejoicing believers entered their village, the same mighty influence quick as lightning, spread throughout the whole place, many cried as they joined our ranks: "No more water for me! nothing but the blood of Jesus! nothing but the blood of Jesus!" We believe this movement was wholly of the Lord, because the people of Findochty knew nothing whatever of the state of mind in Portessie, and it was begun by an instantaneous impulse, which could not be restrained but by physical interference, and they were blind to the purpose for which they were led there.

A short time after, the people of Portessie under a similar impulse, came along to Findochty. The people turned out in great numbers and went to meet them. When they did meet they embraced each other in a most loving manner, and without any stop, the multitude set their faces towards Portknochie; and very soon they arrived there, preaching the gospel to every creature they could get at, without doors or within. And such was the powerful effect of these simple means, wielded, I believe, by the Holy Spirit, that the whole of the people were awakened, and for several days there were great convictions of sin, and many seeking the way of salvation—and praise God, many found it, and like the lame man who was healed, leaped for very joy, and almost all who spoke their experience at that time, testified to the power that accompanied the demonstration, generally, in these words—"Praise the Lord for the company that came over the hill the other day, for He has saved my soul and filled me with His love. Glory! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

In a very short time these people were to be seen in great numbers passing through the villages, singing, shouting, and dancing! telling all with whom they came in contact of the love of God, and how happy they were, that it seemed as if all things around them were changed—as if old things had passed away, and all things had become new—and certainly new and striking incidents were occurring every day. The departure of the boats, on going to sea, was very grand. All the people gathered out from every part of the village, singing and dancing, and waving their hands to the men in the boats. While the crews themselves, as soon as the boats were under weigh, joined in, every man, with the people along the shore, and continued until distance hid them from our view. It was the same at their return, young and old turned out and gave them a hearty welcome.

Upon how many more humble men and women will God thus abundantly pour His Spirit, transforming them into mighty witnesses for Him everywhere? Upon as many as will give way to all the purpose of His love. For he is no respecter of persons. He is willing to do for you whatever He did for James Turner and even more. Will you let Him?

DON'T BE THE FIRST.

Don't be the first to discover

A blot on the fame of a friend,

A flaw in the faith of a brother,

Whose heart may prove true in the end.

We none of us know one another,

And oft into error we fall;

Then let us speak well of our brother,

Or speak not about him at all.

A smile or a sigh may awaken

Suspicion most false and undue,

And thus our belief may be shaken

In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness

Is worn by the friends that we meet,

To cover a soul full of sadness,

Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sigh of dejection

Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,

To parody truth and affection,

Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest

Their noblest emotions conceal;

And bosoms the purest, sincerest,

Have secrets they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbour suspicion,

And small ones to trace our defects;

Let ours be a noble ambition,

For base is the mind that suspects.

E. W. BLANDY.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

MARVELS multiply. We venture to say that the pages of the magazine this month contain records of victory unparalleled since the world began. Just as we become a more and more child-like people, our Father condescends to use us more and more mightily—and so He will.

The astounding successes at the new stations, where powerful societies have sprung into existence in spite of every difficulty as by an angel's touch, have encouraged us to greater boldness still, so that we are just on the eve of attacking

NINE MORE TOWNS.

We have commenced operations on the Tyne at Felling, where a Mr. Sharp, who had been greatly blessed at Mission Services in Middlesbro', importuned us to send a sister. We sent two, and such has already been their success that we are sending them two more, with whose help they will be able immediately to seize another town. The sisters sent to Merthyr are similarly about to be reinforced and to divide for the capture of another huge population.

Ere these pages reach our readers we have every prospect of having begun our work in North and South Shields, Bishop Auckland, Spenny-moor, Rotherham, Dowlais, and three other towns.

A lady has begged us to do something for a great city, promising a large share of the cost. We have every prospect of accepting this noble offer before the end of May.

Are we going too fast? Surely not, if a real work is being done. Whether that be the case or no, must, we think, be clear to every careful reader of the Magazine. We may be incurring financial liability far beyond the compass of our past income; but does not each extension afford a sure prospect of increased connections and sympathy and help? We are, certainly, going too fast if we are to have no more help in the future than in the past. But then we trust in God, and we are sure He will help us according to our need. So we shall go on adding to our need, as before, quite confident of His increased help. We shall never be able to go faster to save others, than He came to save us, and is not that the right speed? But how about the old stations?

Well, we see no cause to be ashamed of any of them. True that some are small and struggling almost for existence; but then they were begun in straitened circumstances, some of them amongst most wretched populations, and have never arisen to a giant growth outwardly; but in each of them there is an unquenchable vitality which God could only have created, and which promises well for the newer sproutings of the saved

stem planted in better soil. The following facts must surely satisfy everyone that there is nothing like decay in the old branches. We have taken prominent workers into the Mission as Evangelists during the past three months to the following extent without holding one less service at the original stations. From Whitechapel, six; from Bethnal Green, one; from Millwall, one; from Poplar, two; from Plaistow, five; from Barking, one; from Cardiff, one; from Leeds, one; from Bradford, two; from Whitby, one; from Middlesbro', one; from Stockton, one; from Hartlepool, one. Twenty-four chief speakers gone, and the work progressing at least as fast as ever on the old ground! Is that like decay? Is that like a thing of fits and starts—a "rope of sand"—a short-lived wonder?

We would, moreover, earnestly direct attention to the reports, especially from Chatham and Stockton, as showing how the work goes on in the older stations; but our next Magazine, with the news of the opening of Limehouse Hall, and of the Easter meetings, will convey a much more complete idea of our general condition. We are just trusting and following God more simply and fully than ever, and He will do for us exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think. Of course He will.

The month has not been without trial, and severe trial too. No less than four different Evangelists, entrusted with important stations have left us, and have commenced petty attempts at Mission work, with the aid of such of our people as could be induced to assist them; but such tactics only serve to test the sincerity of our faith and love to God and one another, and, thank God, each recurring occasion of the kind only finds us more steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. It is always well for those who are not of us to go out from us, and we find our own people ever more surely to continue with us. We began the year with 35 evangelists. We have now 60. Thank God and take courage!

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION ON THE TYNE.

FELLING.

THE Mission's first Tyne-side battery has been established in this blackened, but well populated spot, and the following account of the first rounds by the two Whitechapel sisters who have unfurled our flag there, will sufficiently show, we think, how glorious and earnest the Lord has already given us of the victories that await us amidst the multitudes who people both shores of the river from Newcastle to the sea.

The owner of the principal building in the place remembered Mr. Booth as the man who dealt faithfully with his soul years ago, and with his hall for Sundays and an old deserted chapel for week nights we commenced as follows:—

THE FIRST MONDAY TELEGRAM.

Five hundred, afternoon. Eight hundred, night. Offerings, two pounds. Six souls. Lot in pickle. Three open air meetings. Glory time.

(Our sisters left London at ten Saturday morning, and travelling all day arrived at about seven at night. They had a prayer meeting which did not conclude till eleven o'clock. No wonder then at the report of the opening day!)

FIRST SUNDAY.

We had a good day. We had eleven at the seven o'clock prayer meeting. Then we went out at half-past ten. There were about twelve of us and we walked through the town, and we got a grand crowd of men, women, and children. We stopped out till half-past twelve. Then we went out at two o'clock, and there were about thirty of us, thank God. The saints and sinners and backsliders came to see what we were doing. Bless God! This the devil saw too. Then we went into the hall and we had a blessed time. There were about 500. Thank God! Then we were out again at half-past five. I must tell you we have got a stand for the open-air meetings. Then we went into the hall, and there were about 800. Thank God!

LATER INTELLIGENCE.

I am thankful to tell you that the Lord is still saving souls. I forgot to tell you how many we had in the chapel on Monday night. We had about 300, and we get more every night. Soon after I wrote to you on Wednesday, one of our brother's wives came to see Brother Sharpe, so he called me down to her, and we got her on her knees, and she was saved. Oh, bless the Lord!

Last night the chapel was crowded—lots of people standing, and six came out. Glory be to God! When I was speaking, I told them that if they did not like to come out in the chapel, they could come to where I lived, and we would pray with them there. So last night, after I got home, some one came and told me that there were two young men outside. So I went out and began to talk to them about their souls. We got them inside, got them down, and they got saved. They were backsliders.

"A NEW RELIGION."

An old man said we had brought a new religion from London. We preach holiness unto the Lord, And the saints do look when we tell them we can live without sin. We do, bless the Lord!

RACHEL AND LOUISE AGAR.

Wesley Terrace, Felling, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

AMEN! BLESS THE LORD!

WHITBY.

"WHAT is the meaning of this excitement?" asked the porters at the station on the night of February 22nd. "Oh!" says a bystander, "it is Captain Cadman and his army come to meet Miss Booth, who is going to preach in the Congress Hall." The train arrived, and at the sight of Miss Booth there was a great stir on the platform, all crushing forward to get a look at her. "What's the matter?" said Miss Booth, seeing such a crowd. "Oh," I said, "this is our army come to sing you into the battle-field." We walked with her up to her lodgings, the army singing all the way. They then formed a ring outside the house, singing, "There are angels hovering round."

On Saturday great excitement in the Market Place, hundreds of people from town and country arrived to see Brother Wessburg and myself with a ladder, bucket of paste, and a roll of paper. "What are they going to

do?" was the cry, and their curiosity was aroused when they saw us putting letters up, so large that we could only stick them up one at a time. A large muster; the police having to keep the way clear to the market. It took us nearly an hour to complete what was then the largest advertisement ever seen in Whitby. At the same time the crier's bell might be heard and his clear voice announcing the services in real mission style. On Sunday large processions as usual, and people from all parts came to the meetings. The large hall, which holds 3,000, was well filled, and in the after service many souls were brought to Jesus. Large congregations every night during the week; souls saved. On Friday night Miss Booth spoke on Holiness; many from other places of worship were with us, and at the penitent form many sought mercy, and some were awakened to the fact that they had only the form of godliness. One young woman, a member of a Christian Church, really screamed for mercy; the Lord soon set her free, and when Miss B. asked her if it was a reality, she answered, "Oh, yes, Jesus saves me now." At the same time her father was saved at the other end of the penitent form. As soon as he was told his daughter was saved he went to her; she was sitting in a chair praising God for what he had done for her; he fell down on his knees and put his arms round her neck and kissed her with tears running down his cheeks, he then dropped his head into her lap and they wept together. Many others that night stepped into liberty and praised God for what he had done for them.

Sunday, March 3rd.—Town was all alive, whilst our army in grand muster was singing, "Soldiers fighting round the Cross, &c.," commencing at the extreme end of the town, and carrying before it and after it hundreds of people, until the large hall was packed with all classes, many not being able to obtain admittance. Miss Booth was listened to with breathless attention. In the after service we drew the net to land, having a multitude of fishes, and amongst them we found we had caught a fox hunter, a dog fancier, drunkards, a Roman Catholic, and many others. The week-night services went on as usual, souls saved every night. The proprietor of the hall had got some large bills out announcing "Troupe of Arctic Skaters in the Congress Hall for a week!" I expected we had lost the use of the hall for that week, but the proprietor put them off by telling them it was no use their coming as "all the town was being evangelized."

Sunday, 10th.—Packed as usual; many souls brought to God.

Sunday, 17th.—A remarkable day, grand procession in the morning and large congregation inside.

A heavy snow storm raged all the afternoon, but our army was undaunted—we met at the appointed place as usual, though covered with snow and snow-balled, we were all in our glory, singing "We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, we'll anchor by-and-bye," and drawing a grand congregation. At night, Hall packed as usual, and many souls were saved.

Sunday, 24th, was to be Miss Booth's farewell services, drawing great crowds from all parts of town and country, rich and poor, until the hall was so filled, there was no standing room—30 converts at the close of the service.

THE TEA MEETING.

On Monday, the weather was still bitter cold and stormy with heavy showers of hail and snow, but, nevertheless, there was an immense gathering to tea. There was such a spread out as I have never seen before, the tables being heaped up with sandwiches

tarts, cheesecakes, biscuits, gingerbreads, seed cakes, plum cakes, and many others I did not know the name of, but looked like bridecakes. One table was so splendidly provisioned, that some of our men said it was the "Hallelujah table," and when they got the opportunity they were soon down at it. There were three sittings down; the ladies who gave the tables and presided at them, did their work in real Hallelujah style. Although about 750 had been well supplied, still there was plenty left. I said to the friends, you must not take any of the fragments away, but collect them together and we'll have a supper. When the tables were cleared we commenced a real Hallelujah meeting. Many of the young converts gave their experience, I read the report, and gave a short account of "the Mission's first appearance in Whitby, its rapid progress, and its present position both spiritually and financially." Miss Booth then gave an address, and we had a prayer meeting, and many precious souls were brought to Jesus. At the close, the tables were set out for

SUPPER.

About 100 sat down; at the same time the spirit of God was at work, convincing a number of men of their sins, who fell down at the penitent form, and cried aloud for mercy. The praying host was soon round them, the power of God was on us all, and we had a glorious wind up.

The proceeds of tea and supper was over £30; thanks to the ladies and friends who gave and presided at the tables. Mr. Booth having granted the request for his daughter to stay another week, we held our services as usual.

Friday—Holiness meeting. After Miss Booth's address, we formed a large ring in the centre of the hall, which brought the power down upon us; hundreds looked on with astonishment and tears in their eyes, whilst others gave themselves fully to God, and were gloriously saved.

Sunday, 31st.—Miss Booth's last Sunday with us, large procession all day, crowded hall, and some of our great opponents brought to Christ and joined the army. On Wednesday, Miss Booth met with us to give a short address to the young converts and to take a farewell of us, and I can say with one of old the best wine ran last. Farewell hymns were sung, and we had a review of the army, old and young soldiers passing before and shaking hands with Miss Booth.

Miss Booth's notes of some of the cases of conversion, are as follows :

"I will sing unto the Lord, and be telling of His salvation from day to day."

"MY MOTHER! MY MOTHER!"

In one of the first prayer meetings held in the Congress Hall, I noticed a young woman deeply convicted of sin. I went to her side and said, "Come." She arose and followed me. Her trouble soon became so heavy, that aloud she told her story of sin and sorrow to Him who is always ready to listen and forgive. She said, "I give my all to Thee, forgive me. Make me Thine." He did. He laid His hand on her, and healed her, and she felt it, and knew it was done,

and that was the beginning of "the healing of numbers of souls" in the Congress Hall at that penitent form. That young woman attended nearly every meeting afterwards, and is very useful in talking and praying with others. Her great desire was to see

HER MOTHER

saved—who, a few nights afterwards, I led to Jesus. The daughter, overwhelmed with joy, knelt by her side to pray, but could say little more than "My mother! my mother! I have so longed to see my mother come." Yes, the Lord can save mothers and daughters,

and fathers and sons, if they will let Him. Many sinners were melted down that night.

ALL THE FAMILY.

After giving the invitation one evening, a man rose in the centre of the hall, walked up the aisle, threw his hat down, fell on his knees, and began to seek mercy. He, of course, found it, with others, who followed his example. He afterwards told me what a happy household he had now, seeing that all were serving the Lord, with the exception of his son, who was then under conviction, but would not yield. But the following Sunday evening, with a broken heart, the prodigal came home, and the Father received him. His mother told me that they had given up the Sunday baking business. The father has joined the mission army, and already begun to speak.

A BACKSLIDER.

On going to a man whom I heard had been in a very wretched state for several days, on account of his sins, I asked what he was going to do? He at first did not answer me, but whilst speaking to him, suddenly said, "I will go," and hurried to the front, where the blood soon covered the guilty past, and soon he told me that he had been saved when a youth, but had been a backslider for (I believe) 23 years. He said he was very happy, and wished me to speak to his wife, whom he brought to the meetings. I soon led her to the same Saviour.

A GANG OF SINNERS,

who regularly attended the meetings, at last broke down and came out. Brother Cadman started singing, "Do you think the Lord can save poor sinners?" and some more young men came forward to prove the answer. "Oh yes, the Lord can save poor sinners," for the Lord has pardoned me." Near the close I went round to some of them, and "What does the Lord do with you?" I asked one brother. "Oh," he said, with tears of joy, "He saves me." I put the same question to another man. He answered, "He pardons me;" "And what does Jesus do with you?" I asked the next. "He takes me in," was the reply. "And with you?" to another. "The burden rolls away," he said. That was a blessed night.

A HOUSE BUILT ON THE SAND.

Praise God, it fell in time to be built on the rock! One Sunday evening I led a young woman, with her face buried

in her hands, to the penitent form. "No, I am not saved," she said to her friend, who evidently thought she was, for she had been a professor and member for some time. "I am all wrong," she said. "Tell the Lord all about it." I added, and she poured out her bursting heart to Him who sets the prisoner free. "Lord, save me?" again and again she cried. "Lord, help me," groaned a man not very far off, and who was her father, though she was not aware that he too had come out, and the Lord did save her. "You know your sins are washed away?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she said, "I never knew it before, but I do now." I then brought the father and daughter together, and she began to tell him of the wonderful change. In fact, she told us all, and that was a sight over which the angels rejoiced in paradise, and joined in our chorus, "Poor sinners are coming home, and Jesus bids them come." She has already led three or four of her companions to Jesus.

A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER.

Night after night this big sinner came, and I was told he had begun to be serious. As I caught sight of him in the gallery at the commencement of the prayer meeting on the last Sunday night I was in Whitby I breathed a prayer for the Lord to break his heart. Soon after he was standing with folded arms on the side among the crowd, looking troubled. I spoke to him, but at first only got heavy sighs for a reply. I asked him to follow me, telling him to halt no longer. He slowly complied with my wish, but stood still for a minute when he reached the form. I marked the struggle and knelt myself, where he quickly joined me in asking God to save him. I left him with Mr. Cadman to speak to another who was crying out for God to save him. This encouraged others to cry, and as many as two and three together began to confess their sins to the Lord, who forgave them freely. Here Mr. Cadman told me that the man I had left with him had got through. He has since spoke, telling the people what a "black sheep" he was, but he had joined the army, and was going to serve God. I have received a letter from him saying how happy he is, and that his companions say if he sticks to it they will try, and he adds that he means to stick to it. The Lord help not only him, but all who have come to stick to Him to the end.

The time of Miss Booth's departure was kept secret, as she did not wish for another farewell at the station. Many people went to see the first south train off, and her not going by that one, they made sure she would go by the next, and to our surprise, when we made our appearance at the station, the crowd that had assembled commenced to sing, "Shall we gather at the river," which sent such a feeling through the company that even strangers to us were broken down.

These services have not only been the good samaritan to those by the way side, but have been the means of saving some of all denominations in the town, who have been members for years, but never experienced the change of heart and the joys of religion. Even some of the ministers themselves, like Nicodemus of old, came to see by what power these miracles were wrought, and, going back to their congregations, resolved to serve God better, and to preach the gospel more faithfully in the future.

Thanks for tracts. Will friends kindly send tracts or money to our work at Whitby,

To yours in the Lord's army,
CAPTAIN CADMAN.

16, Gray Street.

GREAT RIOTS AT SALISBURY.

We have not had it all smooth water down here, neither have we been able to unfurl our sails without having to encounter many a storm. We have been very suddenly turned out of our week-night place, and many other of the devil's works which time and space would fail me to tell; but we think none of these schemes will answer his purpose, as we have quite made up our mind to go on amidst all this tumult and uproar from the Devil's camp. God is working and saving souls. Sinners may be heard to cry, "Lord have mercy," &c. And we shout "victory" through Him that overcame. He gave us even Jesus. We should just like to give a brief outline of some of the work done since we have been here.

A young drunkard, who was known as a vile, wicked, wretched man, both in his workshop and in his home, by some very accidental occurrence, found himself in our hall (Fisherton) one week-night. Of course we went and spoke to him about his soul. He soon came forward and gave his heart to God. Since then we have found out through a friend of ours that he used to swear and curse at his wife when he came home. Now it is quite the opposite. He used to spend his money in the public-house. Now he spends his spare time in the Mission Hall. Instead of getting dead drunk with the beer, now he gets

alive drunk with the wine that comes from Heaven.

The other day we were sent for by a man who was very ill. He was unsaved, and as usual, under such circumstances, very anxious about his soul. We began to speak to him, and to try and point out the way to Jesus, and praise the dear Lord, he soon was able to read his bible clear, and burst out, saying, "My Jesus, He is mine just now." This dear man, although very nigh unto death, is now rejoicing in Jesus, and in the knowledge of his sins forgiven, and constantly declaring, "Should God spare him, he will be first in the ranks for God instead of first in the ranks of the Devil." God moves very wonderfully.

I do trust you will pray for us both—that the Lord may send us a great sweeping revival.

Help in the shape of money and tracts will be most thankfully received by,

Yours for Jesus' sake,

SARAH SAYERS.

HENRY EDMONDS.

1, Cedar Cottage, West Street,
Fisherton, Salisbury.

After a flying visit, Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH reports as follows:—

They have got sixty to seventy members, all new converts, with twenty others waiting to come in. They have got twelve or fifteen railway men. I went in at the end of an afternoon

class for those who are on night duty. Fine lot.

I met several in the town—a postman, a carrier, some women, a greengrocer—all about. As I stood looking, a man stepped up, a sinner under conviction, and gave Brother Edmonds something for the work.

At night there were thirty or forty out on the monument in the Market Place. The crowd began to come up at once. At 7.30 the roughs began their pushing. It got worse and worse, and by a little before 8 there was an immense crowd, and some 200 rowdies pushing and shoving frightfully. I spoke and closed with the benediction. Then the mob surged up and swept us away. They broke over everything. My hat went, and I got badly squeezed. I and E. and another kept ourselves up, and in the meantime the women and others had gone by different streets to the greengrocer's shop for the meeting. I went on walking round and round hoping to distribute them; but to no purpose, and they were trying to catch us in a squeeze again. So we went to the Police Station, waited three quarters of an hour, and then went up a back way escorted by two policemen!

Got to the meeting by nine. Imagine fifty or sixty people in two very small rooms, and you have it! But they are a real Mission lot. Sing like Wellingbro'. Laugh and cry. As yet they are shy, and the persecution has been so awful that only some have spoken at the cross. We broke up at 10.30.

Here is surely a case for special prayer, and special Divine and human interposition. The beautiful hall used for Sundays has been sold, and can only be had for a few weeks more. The services in it are often interrupted by the roughs. There seems at present no hope of securing even a week-night hall of any size. Is this grand work to cease? Faith says "NEVER while God sits on the throne, and sinners in the town need salvation." WHAT SAY YOU?

MERTHYR.

THE PEOPLE.

Just a little about the people. They are not a bit like savages. They are better than the people at Whitechapel. They are so nice to talk to. It's really laughable when we go out. The women make curtsies, and the men almost fall

on their face; and if we stand still for one moment a crowd gets round us to see if we are to talk. When we go to see the people we are no sooner in the house than it is full of people. Strong men and women who pass by and see us standing inside will ask if they may come in to hear us pray. Nearly always before we get up off our knees the room is full of people. Oh, hallelujah! it's God that's doing it.

The people are getting quite hot, and those that cannot pray in English pray in Welsh, and it does sound so funny; but they are such warm-hearted people.

The ministers really are grand. They pray for us in their chapels. On Saturday nights several come to the prayer-meeting, and they do pray. They get round us, and tell us how much they love our work; but they are afraid we are working too hard. I told them if they would come and stand with us out in the open air we should not have to do so much.

We went into a court the other day, and got down and prayed. When the people saw us, they came rushing out of their houses, got down on their knees, and cried like little children. The Lord is indeed moving in Merthyr.

THE WORK.

On Sunday there is scarcely standing room in Drill Hall. Week-nights we do not know what to do with the people.

Last Sunday we had a good day. Thirty-one men and women at seven o'clock prayer-meeting. Some of them live a mile and a half from the room. We have had a good week. Tuesday four souls came out for God. Wednesday a crowded room, ten souls. Last night we had open air all the evening as we could not have the room. After singing and speaking to hundreds of people for a long time we invited all to come to the centre of the ring who wanted to seek the Saviour, when a tall, fine man came forward and got on his knees, followed by two others. Oh, praise the Lord for all things!

We have 60 names on the book; 47 present last class night. Others would have been with us, but have to work all night. Most of the converts and members are men, and they seem to love each other so much, and they do not mind letting their friends know they are converted. They go home and tell all in the house about it, and when we call the others are crying because they are

not saved. So they often get down, and we pray with them till Jesus saves them. We have a number of people come to our meetings that have been converted here, and they pray, but have not joined us, some because their friends go somewhere else and they want to go with them, others are considering about it, and some have gone away, as there is no work here.

MEN OF MACEDONIA.

There is a place, Dowlais, about two miles from here. Some of the people come and have been converted at our place; but there is a large hall there, and we have been asked to give a service there, and as they have taken the hall for a Sunday afternoon we have promised to go, one of us, while the other is at the Drill Hall. There are more people in Dowlais than in Merthyr. The hall is sure to be full. The people are mad for us to go.

(N.B.—WE ARE GOING ALTOGETHER! READ "THE MONTH.")

KATE WATTS.
HARRIET PARKIN.

48, Thomas Street,
Merthyr Tydvil.

Mr. Bramwell Booth writes, after an evening spent in Merthyr: "*The open air meeting was good. 30 to 45 of our people. Some wonderful testimonies. Drunkards and all sorts. A procession of 60. British Workman Room, holding 300 well, very full. Good singing and influence. Three cases. Ready to speak, pray, or anything. Mission—will be a fine lot—men. Merthyr is alright. They are outside and in with procession three times on Sunday, and every night except class.*"

COVENTRY.

OPENING OF THE SALVATION FACTORY.

We concluded our last report with the news of our having secured a place for our week-night services. We cannot do better than begin this time by telling what use it has been.

We got some new forms made for the place, and bought a few old ones and some old chairs. Friends gave us some more, and two met me one day with a kind gift of the cost of those we had made.

The opening was a success. The seats we had were quite full, and a great many were standing. Of course it

caused a stir in the street. We had five souls.

The dear Lord is moving the town. I feel sure there will be a great work here soon. Our meetings in the Factory all the week were good. I have only seats for three hundred, and they were all full, and a great many standing. But Saturday night was best of all. About fourteen new converts spoke. I never was in a more powerful meeting in my life. The people seemed to fairly dance for joy.

We had a grand Sunday; the best yet. The people turned out well for the open-air. Theatre very full, all but gallery, afternoon; crowded at night—too full to be comfortable. A heavy shower of rain came down just as we were going to theatre, that seemed to drive the people in. A crowd stopped to the prayer-meeting, and the place was so full that we could not get to speak to the people; but about twenty souls sought the Lord.

With all the crowd our collections were very small all day. Of course the place was so full that the collections could not be made properly. I feel the Lord is trying my faith very much, but I will believe on. I feel it must go and shall go.

God is working here. We have been having souls every night, some blessed cases. Of course we are very much tried with the roughs. They threw bricks last night and cut one man's eye. I hope you do not think I am afraid of the roughs; you know they never frighten me.

I have over sixty names on the book now. This week I must get some more forms from somewhere for Monday. Our Factory is only half full of forms at present, and only a platform of bricks. People have to stand every night. I ask everybody to take pity on me and help me to get a platform and more forms. Love to all, for Jesus' sake,

CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

59, Little Park Street.

SHEFFIELD.

The Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge.

We are very glad to be able to report glorious news of our two months' labour in Sheffield. Grand times of the pre-

sence of God I never witnessed, and souls at nearly every meeting have cried for mercy. Some who have stood by to laugh have come and joined the army of King Jesus, and have been made real soldiers of the Cross.

A DOG RACER.

This dear man came like a little child, and cried for God to save him, and God met the prodigal. He said in his experience, "I have given up dog racing, and have begun to run in the better race, and one day shall receive a prize." He has given up his half-pint, and when offered the other day he refused it, so his friend said "either outside or in." He replied he would have it outside, he did not mind a wet jacket, but that it should never go inside.

A HAPPY HOME.

A dear man and his wife knelt side by side and found the pearl of great price. They tell us that the house that was miserable, by reason of sin, has been made a happy home with Jesus and a family altar.

A BACKSLIDER.

One that found the Lord some years back, when dear Mr. Booth was holding services in Sheffield, and run we'll for a time, but the drink got the master of him, and he fell deeply in sin; but God has again found him out and saved him. His daughter had found Jesus in one of our meetings, and he got no rest till he came to Him again. He has given up his glass and pipe. Glory be to God!

ANOTHER BACKSLIDER.

Hear him: "I was under conviction of sin for some months, and went to hear the Mission that has come to Sheffield, time after time, and under the preaching of Mr. Smith, I made my mind up to give God my heart."

A LIBERATED SLAVE.

We give you his own letter:—

"I was a slave to drink. I had formed resolutions hundreds of times in bed in the morning to refrain from drinking, knowing that it was killing me; but when I got up then I couldn't eat no breakfast, and the appetite was so strong for drink I couldn't resist getting some, and the result was for the last six months I was not sober. I had heard of the Mission band, and I was determined to hear them, and I went there, but I was the worse for drink; but at last the Lord pardoned my sins, and I went home and I was praying three hours, that the Lord take away the appetite for drink,

and the Lord answered my prayer. Bless His holy name for ever. Thank God that I ever heard the Mission band. Glory to God we can sing with all our hearts. We are rising, we are rising, and the foe shall be driven. As warriors brave let us sing, 'We have victory and heaven by the Cross.'"

The struggles of a soul convicted of sin, but refusing to yield are vividly set forth in the following letter sent to Mrs. Goddard.

O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice;
And tell its raptures all abroad.

"As I write you my soul bounds with gratitude to Almighty God for His love to me; but for the Christian Mission, I should not have the assurance of God's favour. Five weeks ago I went to the Temperance Hall, being led there by the Spirit of God, and heard you preach, and I was so attracted that I could not help going to all the services that day, although two of my old companions called on me to have our Sunday walk in the country as we had been in the habit of doing.

"As Miss Dunnage sang, 'At the Cross, there's room,' I thought of where I had sat for years and gladly caught the healing stream; yet there I was, a miserable backslider. The sweetness of the singing, and the words had a powerful effect on me, and after listening to you preach I resolved to give up my drinking, and I went to the temperance meeting along with my wife and eldest son and signed the pledge, for drink had been my curse.

"The week following I went to three services, and felt the strivings of God's Spirit. On the Sunday following, my feelings were intense while you preached on the offering of Isaac, the arrow of conviction went to my soul, and thank God it stuck there as a nail fastened in a sure place, and caused me many uneasy hours. But although so deeply convicted, I allowed the devil to have the victory. At the evening service my heart throbbled as Miss Dunnage sang, 'Almost persuaded, almost but lost.' Lost, lost, rang in my ears for some days before I came to the services. I felt I ought to give my heart to God. I was partly resolved to go to the penitent form if you or brother Smith should speak to me, but not being spoken to, I thought no man cared for my soul.

"As the hymn 'Behold, behold the Lamb of God!' was being sung, my Saviour's sufferings passed vividly before me. During all this time I kept praying the Lord to have mercy on me, yet I did not give up all for Him.

"With the thought of living under the wrath of God, as I knew I was, I was ready to despair. I seemed to have lost all control over myself. I thought I must sink into hell, yea, I seemed to be hanging as a brand withered by sin, ready to be burnt up. Just as I felt in that peril with eternity before me, that beautiful hymn was given out by Bro. Smith:

Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

"Fresh hope sprung up in my soul, and I began to pray, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and I resolved to have salvation. Stayed at the prayer meeting to the close, but no one spoke to me. As the meeting was being closed, a brother asked me if I was saved. He would have led me to the penitent form, and stayed and pointed me to the Saviour. But I would not, though I knew that God was calling me. The devil said, 'Not to-night; it's no use. Look, you have two pounds on the Easter handicap, how can you be a Christian, and have to do with betting? And then you have something on the City and Suburban, how shall you go on with that? Wait until they are over, and then you can get religion.' I thought on that passage of Scripture, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'

"The next day was one of deep thought. My whole life passed before me. I prayed for direction, and if He would spare me until night, I would give Him my heart. I came to the class meeting, and after listening to those who had just given God their hearts, I felt both grieved and ashamed that I who had bowed the knee at the family altar up to manhood, had been led by a father's and mother's hand to the house of God, been trained in the Sunday-school, been a teacher and Assistant-Superintendent in the Sabbath-school, and held forth the Word with the Primitive Methodists.

"I was a sinner exposed to hell, yet these things availed me nothing. Then I saw myself utterly helpless, and ventured my all on Jesus, and

As soon as my all I ventured on the atoning blood, The Holy Spirit entered, and I was born of God.

"And now I can sing,

Now I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain.

"Oh, bless the Lord, though He was once angry with me, now His anger is turned away, and behold He comforts me. Yes, my all is on the altar. I have given up all for Him.

"I feel very happy. I enjoy my religion both at my work and at home. I feel it no cross to confess Christ before men. I have again built up the family altar, and God refreshes my soul thereat. The world has no attractions for me, and God has added to my joy by converting my partner. Pray for me.

J. M."

We are pleased to tell you that our people are giving up their idols. At our last class meeting I read the rules of the Christian Mission, and was delighted with the way in which they give up to me their old dirty pipes and cigar-holders. Pray for us at Sheffield, that God may still go on to work, and by His help we shall overcome every foe.

Many thanks for tracts received—more needed.

I remain, yours in the battle-field,
MARY M. GODDARD.
GIPSY SMITH.

SUNDERLAND.

I HAVE to report again this month the prosperity of the Lord's work. We have not had a day since we commenced without hearing the cry for mercy, and pointing some poor soul to Christ. Oh, hallelujah! this sets my heart all in a flame! Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!

The 17th of March was a day of power and blessing.

MR. BOOTH conducted the services, preached in afternoon and evening. At night the Holy Ghost came down and fifty precious souls came out for salvation. On the Monday we held our opening tea, with a very impressive public meeting after.

The 24th was a day of power and blessing. Mrs. Brown preached with unusual power, afternoon and evening, and 21 souls came forward; and all over that vast theatre the people were sobbing and crying for mercy. On the

25th we had 20 souls; 26th, 8; 27th, 18; 28th, 6; 29th, 1; 30th, 6.

31st, Sunday, we had very severe weather. Heavy snowstorm all day, but could not keep the people indoors; got outside, held a wonderful open-air meeting, and wound up with 27 precious souls.

I will mention a few cases of special interest. A man jumped up, crying out, "I

CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER.

(Mrs. Brown was speaking of praying mothers.) I had a praying mother who prayed for me. She is in heaven now, and I promised to meet her there. I've been to sea, and drank, and swore, and was only fit for hell, and I believe I should have gone there if I hadn't come up here and gave my heart to God; but I have, and He has saved me, and I'll never go wrong any more." He is still holding on, and speaking in the street. Praise God!

A MIRACLE OF GRACE,

near 70 years old. She stood in the open air on Sunday, and as one, then another spoke, she just rushed into the ring, and said, "I can't hold any longer. There's none of you have the reason to praise God that I have. I was brought up by pious parents, but I went astray, and have been a wandering vagabond all my life, just stopping in common lodging-houses, and doing all wrong; but, glory be to God, I went to the Mission Chapel, and there I fell at the feet of Jesus, and my burden of sin rolled away; and now I am in a comfortable home, and have three companions, the Father to help me, the Holy Ghost to comfort me, and Jesus, my elder Brother, to take care of me while I live, and I am so happy." Oh, come, and let Him make you happy too!

"I am the

WICKEDEST MAN IN THE WORLD,"
said a poor fellow, as he fell down before God. "I've gone into the public-house, and spent all my wages, and then sold my clothes off my back, and then I have gone to what I called my home, and swore at my wife, and smashed the things all up because I couldn't get money. Now, when I go home, my wife says, 'What is the matter with you now? you never swear.' No, I am not going to swear, or get drunk any more. Instead of swearing, I takes my two little boys, and kneels down, and we have a little prayer-meeting at

home." Oh, may God keep him! His face speaks the joy he feels.

A NOVEL READER

said, "I once gave all my time to reading any fresh tale I could find. The best I ever read was Jesus' love to the world, and especially to me. Once I loved novels, now I love the Bible, and I am going to continue to read that till I die."

A THEATRE GOER

said, "I always liked to see a good piece played at the theatre; but I never saw such a piece as was played last Sunday night. Jesus Christ was set forth as the Saviour of mankind, and, what was more, I played a part. It was the best piece I ever saw played; it saved my soul, and I thought that was a reality." Hallelujah!

AN OPEN AIR VICTORY.

Said a man: "I was going to do a strange thing to gain a strange end, but I heard you singing in the street, and followed you in here. I have known what it is to enjoy religion, but I fell foully into great depths of sin. I came here a deep-dyed sinner, but God took hold of me, and now I am reclaimed. He has restored unto me the joy of His salvation. Oh, I do not know how to praise Him sufficiently! May He keep me faithful. Amen." And we all said Amen, you may be sure.

Our open-air work, dear sir, is grand. Our dear people are praying and working with a will. They mean Sunderland for Jesus.

Many thanks to friends for help, both in tracts and money. Much more is needed to carry on this great work, and will be thankfully received by our treasurer, Mr. J. Flintoff, 175, High Street; or by

Yours, in the thick of the fight,
THOS. BLANDY.

3, Noble Street,
Hendon Valley, Sunderland.

WHITECHAPEL.

It is very natural that the question should be asked when the many stations of the Mission are mentioned and their wonderful successes recounted, how is old Whitechapel getting on? Let facts reply.

A SHOE-BLACK

was attracted by the open-air services, came to the hall, found the Saviour, went away and brought one of his mates

to the Saviour, where he found a hearty reception. They are both doing well and asking every one who come to have their boots cleaned, if they are going to heaven too.

TWO SISTERS CAUGHT.

They were invited to our services by some others, who had learned that the secrets of the Lord are with them that fear Him. The change in their life was soon seen by their dress, for they destroyed their flowers and feathers, and are standing out boldly for God. Hallelujah.

A GERMAN ROMANIST.

This sister was induced by some other German sisters to come to the hall, where she was broken down and said, "I never saw it in this way before." She has to contend with a husband who comes home under the influence of drink, and has attempted to throw her out of the window, but she says whatever comes it will be all right. Glory be to God. Absent from the body, present with the Lord.

ON AGAIN.

A brother, who once loved the Lord with all his heart, was caught at one of our porch meetings, came inside, and as we spoke to him about his sins and the coming judgment, he shook from head to foot, fell upon his knees, and arose singing, "Jesus saves me now." "Lord save thousands more in this dark benighted Whitechapel," is the cry arising from every heart. Amen. Pray for us.

WILSON.

114, Cambridge Road.

BETHNAL GREEN.

The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

PRAISE GOD this is the language of a host of men and women at this station. Thanks be to God most all our members are like white hot firebrands ready for anything that promotes the glory of God in the salvation of dying souls.

A LITTLE WOMAN WITH A GREAT HEART

has never stopped since her conversion to go in for all God had to give her, and her full soul has found an outlet in constant services, in season and out of season, hailing men and women to the meetings, preaching Christ to them on the way, and very many are the stars that will deck the Redeemer's crown through

her whole souled work; ten or twelve of her own relations being amongst the number.

AN ATHEIST FOR FIVE YEARS, but now a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He said: "I studied Charles Bradlaugh's works till I denied the Being of a God, and Jesus Christ, and the Bible, and thought Christians fools; but God showed me I was the fool. I will try and regain the lost time I have wasted." Hallelujah. And God has saved the infidel's wife too.

A DRUNKARD AND HIS WIFE.

"I was the greatest drunkard in Bethnal Green, but thanks be unto God he has made me the happiest man in the whole parish; I used to go home and knock my wife about, and break up my home, and no one dared to interfere; like the man in the tombs no one could tame me; but I came to Jesus as I was and he has made another man of me." The desolate and ruined home, the habitation of demons before, is now like the home at Bethany where Jesus is the honoured and welcome guest. Both man and wife are now sitting at the Master's feet.

HAUNTED BY A SERMON.

"I could not sleep all night I was so troubled by the sermon you preached, it haunted me; I could not rest; I got up and walked about the room like some one mad. I was glad when the morning came, and how I looked for three o'clock (class meeting); when I ran to the hall I was tempted to make away with myself, but God has washed me in His blood. I do pray for my husband, I know he will be saved." Praise God, who says "My word shall not return unto Me void." Several young men who have been coming to the hall on purpose to disturb us, God has disturbed them, and brought them to Himself; instead of persecuting they are now preaching Christ.

Thanks for tracts.

Yours in the army,

E. W. BLANDY.

214, Cambridge Heath Road,
Bethnal Green.

MILLWALL.

THE Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. One dear aged man, who has spent many years in the devil's service, has joined our army. He is one of the most wonderful trophies of

divine grace I ever witnessed. Backsliders have been brought back, and are now determined to fight to the end.

Young men and women, who had just began to enjoy life as they call it, have been led by the power of the Holy Spirit to come to Jesus, and have gone away rejoicing, and are doing their best to tell to others round what a Saviour they have found. Our open-air meetings are increasing in power and interest. Praise the Lord. But we want a larger hall; in our present one we are constantly in danger of being suffocated, crowded as it constantly is. Who will help us?

M. A. WESSON,

5, Tobacco Street,
West Ferry Road.

CHATHAM.

THANK God, we have the pleasure of hearing many young converts speaking for Jesus day by day. I will give you two or three testimonies given just lately.

No. 1. "Thank God, friends, that ever I came to the Mission and got converted, for I have had more happiness in an hour than I had in my whole life before. I think I was the worst man that ever lived, drinking and fighting and causing a miserable home. I don't know what it would have come to—possibly to Maidstone (jail) or the gallows. The devil still tempts me sorely sometimes, but I ask the Lord to help me, and sing a verse of one of our beautiful hymns, and I conquer. Praise the Lord."

No. 2. "I was one of the biggest drunkards that ever lived, sometimes taking even my shirt off my back to sell to get drink. As for speaking without swearing, I could not. Every word was an oath. But, thank God, I am a sober man now, and these lips that blasphemed His name, now praise Him for all His mercies."

No. 3. "A converted Romanist. I cannot say, like my brother who has just spoken, that I was a drunkard, for I don't think I ever was drunk in my life, or a swearer either, but I was worse than him, for I was corrupted with Romanism, and filled with superstition. But, thank God, that is all taken away now—old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new, and I am happy in Jesus. My prayer is that God may bless the Mission."

This dear man went through the last Russian war and the Indian Mutiny, and now has joined the army of King Jesus, to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. We shall win.

The following extract from a local paper will show what outsiders think of us now-a-days:—

"THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.—The members of the Christian Mission carried on at Chatham under the superintendence of the Rev. W. Booth, have this week held a series of special gatherings, which have been of a very successful character. On Sunday morning and afternoon there were Divine services at the People's Hall, Brook, in which locality the Mission finds an important and fruitful field for its toils. The Rev. W. Whitfield (resident evangelist) preached in the morning, but in the afternoon the Rev. J. Smith, Baptist minister, delivered the customary homily. In the evening there was a public "love feast" in the Lecture Hall. A numerous party assembled at the People's Hall on Monday evening when a public tea meeting was held. The tea was followed by addresses, to which increased numbers listened, soldiers and seamen forming considerable elements of the audience, while the most hearty and devout interest appeared to be taken by all in what was said. The High Constable of Chatham (A. Stigant, Esq.,) had undertaken to preside, and he was introduced to the audience, amidst considerable applause, by Mr. W. Whitfield, who expressed his gratitude that the work of the Mission had attracted the favourable attention of the principal functionary of the town. The chairman's introductory remarks were expressive of high appreciation of the *modus operandi* and objects of the Mission. He said he believed it was somewhat unusual for a High Constable of Chatham to preside at a meeting of that kind, but he had great sympathy with the Christian Mission, and he thought perhaps his presence there might do good in the way of giving some little countenance and support to the Mission. But far beyond anything connected with his office as High Constable, his chief title to be there he took to be that he was a Christian man, sympathising in all the aims and hopes of the Mission. The Mission occupied a very peculiar position, inasmuch as its members went out into the highways and preached salvation to those who, but for their action, it was likely would hear

nothing at all of the great blessing of Jesus Christ. They were not used to standing in Cathedrals, or to high rituals and all that sensuous part of religion which did so much to gratify the taste of educated people; but they had the highest sanction for what they did, for they knew that when the Christian dispensation first came into the world it was directed that the gospel should be preached to the poor; and they had the still higher sanction of the example of Jesus Christ, who went out into the highways, as the members of the Mission did, preaching to the poor the "un-searchable riches of Christ," which should make them "wise unto salvation." He had certainly taken an interest in the Mission. It has been his lot, in his public capacity, to say a word for its members when others, irritated by their presence in the streets, had thought to put a stop to them. He took that not so much as a matter of pride as of public duty, and he should always advocate for his fellow townsmen who stood in the highways and preached the gospel equal rights with those who stood there to commit sin. He valued the Mission because it was doing a work no other Christian community was doing or could do. He believed that if ever the time was to come when no man would have to say "Know the Lord," it would be through some more popular religious movement than mere church membership. He believed the time would come when in the shop, in the mart, and in the public highway it would be a matter of the utmost interest to each man that his brother should be partaking of that salvation which he himself held. He believed that such a state of things could only be brought about by such societies as that promulgating the truth among the masses of our townspeople. Many cases in which the Mission had done special good had come to his notice. He had known drunkards to be reclaimed and become good citizens, and good servants of our Lord Jesus Christ. Men and women living in adultery had been brought to acknowledge their social and moral obligations. Many young girls had been raised from the paths of vice and ruin to those of virtue and peace in this life, and to hope for a blissful immortality. He hoped to continue his interest in the Mission, and he was glad to be there, and to see so many soldiers and sailors present. It would be a great triumph to the Mission if, through the

means of our soldiers and seamen, it could sow broadcast the seed of life among the masses of our land. No greater blessing could any society confer upon the community. The Chairman was followed by the Rev. J. Smith, the Rev. C. Moir, and other speakers, and the meeting concluded with singing and prayer."

The prayers of all readers of our Magazine are requested that God may pour out His Holy Spirit upon this town. It is true great things have been accomplished through the agency of the Christian Mission, but we feel we hardly dare mention it, when we remember what is still to be done. To carry on this good work we need very much helping sympathy. All subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours in the Gospel,
W. WHITFIELD.
4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.
Thanks for parcel of tracts.

HASTINGS.

OUR hearts have been gladdened with repeated tokens of the Lord's blessing since we reported last. Thank God, saints are giving clear and blessed testimony to the power of Christ to save from all sin, and sinners have been led to forsake the way of transgressors, and to fall at the feet of Jesus.

A man heard us one night in the open-air; the Lord touched his heart, showed him his sin, he came to the hall, prayed earnestly for God to pardon his guilty soul, and the Lord did so. Hallelujah. He was a poor dejected looking man; had found to his bitter experience "The way of transgressors is hard"; but since his conversion his face shines with holy delight, and his heart speaks forth the praises of the Lord. He has since brought his wife to the feet of Jesus, and they are on their way to heaven together. They have not only left the service of the devil, but their miserable lodgings, and it is very cheering to hear them testify for Jesus. The station is on the rise.

The sermon on "The wreck of the *Eurydice*," was a time of power. Many of the fishermen came to hear, and God moved their strong hearts, and many wept. Many visitors bear testimony to

the great blessing they receive through our services.

The following is from a young soldier who found Jesus last summer at the Market Hall.

"Bermuda, West Indies.
March 3, 1878.

"Dear _____,

"I am glad to say I am still happy in Jesus, looking up and pressing forward to the prize of my high calling, and by His help I mean to continue. I have brought three young men to Jesus, but I am sorry to say one has fell back, and he will not listen to me now; but I do hope that by the help of God I shall be able to bring him back. May the Lord enable me to work in His vineyard, for the harvest is great and the labourers are few. Do pray for me. I cannot explain my mind as I would, but I do really believe in Jesus more since I have been out here, than I ever did in England.

Yours in Jesus,
C. W., 19th Regiment."
JOHN P. GRAY.

Beulah House.

WELLINGBORO'.

During the past month many of the worst have been gathered into the Saviour's fold. Our Mission was never spoken against by the world more than now. Sending out six bands as earnest workers every Sunday, into the open air, is too strong a dose for our opponents. The question is being asked, "What next! these mission folks are preaching all over the town. They never let us have any peace." Our answer is, "Nor shall we, while sin reigns so rampant in our midst."

Our work is aggression. Our foes spiritual. Our warfare life long. Our war cry, victory or death. Our success certain.

Lots of people make more fuss about a little noise than about the good that is done, but the world's cold water will never put out the Mission fire.

"YOU ALL KNOW

What I've been," said a young man who, though young, had gone into the depths of sin. "I used to go all lengths for the devil, but I will go all lengths for Jesus now. I used to drink and swear, and many other wicked things, but thank God, I have given all up."

THE GREATEST SINNER.

"I have been the greatest sinner in

Wellingbro'," said a dear brother, "but I am saved, and am a happy man now. I used to be nearly always drunk, and hardly ever spoke without using bad language. My old companions sadly want me back again, but I have made my mind up to stick to it, and stick to it I will."

THE NOVEL READER.

Brother A. N. used to spend nearly all his spare time in reading novels, but now the Bible is his daily delight. This brother was led to Jesus by the entreaties of his brother. Both brothers now, thank God, are rejoicing in the Saviour, and are praying for the salvation of the rest of their family.

AN ALL NIGHT

prayer meeting has just been held. Nearly fifty spent the whole night in pleading with God, to ask God for souls, and money wherewith to enlarge the hall, which is too straight for us. According to impressions and convictions which were universal, everyone believes that the Lord will touch the hearts of his stewards, and send the money required.

Oh, what a night of blessing we had, from eight on Monday night, to four on Tuesday morning. We had continued showers of spiritual power and assurance. Wave after wave of Divine unction rolled over us. "If this is an all night meeting," said they, "we should like them often."

The greatest blessing fell between one and two a.m., when the brothers and sisters were fully baptized with the Holy Ghost. "Where God and the angels live" was sung for at least half an hour with increasing power. Many found the blessing, and two poor notorious sinners were snatched from the paths of sin.

W. J. PEARSON.

26, Havelock Street,
Wellingboro'.

LEICESTER.

THE past month has been one of great spiritual blessing both to saint and sinner; our people as a rule, as far as we can judge, are doing well, they are bound together to do battle for God; and we have had unmistakable evidence that the Three in One has been in our midst. Many of our people have felt their need of being fully and entirely sanctified to God, and great numbers of

them have now the witness that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth them from all sin. We make the doctrine of holiness very prominent at all our meetings, but especially that on Friday evening. God has saved souls at very nearly every meeting during the month. Hallelujah.

Sunday evening, March 24th, was a blessed time and will long be remembered by many. I announced that we would have an experience meeting for fifteen minutes, and that I wanted thirty to speak in that time; but the hot fire of God's love burnt in their soul's with such intensity that the people would speak, and instead of thirty speaking sixty spoke within the time; and then Mrs. Fawcett, Bro. Hurrell, and myself, followed on for fifteen minutes each, the Holy Ghost speaking through us. In the Prayer Meeting came the mighty smash, twenty-five poor wretched sinners came and fell at the feet of bleeding mercy and obtained salvation. Hallelujah.

One man came out who had been converted, as he thought; he said: "When I came to the Warehouse the devil had a hit at me because I had not been out and made public confession as many was then doing. I could not stand it so I makes way to the penitent form and told Jesus all about it, and He saved me and I am now happy, and that's how I defeated the devil." He is doing well. The Spirit of God is working among

THE MILITIA MEN

who are now up for training. Many of them come to our meetings. We have had three of them down at the feet of Jesus crying for mercy, and two of their wives. One is a sergeant who felt his sins a burden, but he came and rolled them all on Jesus; he is with us almost every night and his wife too. Another a private, a great big fellow 6 feet 2 in. high, measured well at the penitent form; his wife came down at the same time. May the Holy Spirit of God take hold of the whole regiment. We are still believing and expecting to see greater things.

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.

A man who attended the meetings in the Warehouse, and whom I had spoken to many times about his soul, and with whom the Spirit of God was evidently striving, came out the other night and made a full surrender to God and got

blessedly saved; he gave his experience the other night, and said: "Thank God he has saved a poor infidel, and I am on my way to heaven." He seems to be doing well.

We have had over fifty sign the temperance pledge during the month. We always keep the pledge book on the platform. Thanks for tracts; we should be very thankful for more as we have many willing workers to distribute them. Contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. Richard Lawrence, 78, and 80, High Street, or by,

Yours at the feet of Jesus,

W. FAWCETT.

J. HURRELL.

48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

LEEDS.

We are not able to report ourselves clear financially as we had hoped to do this month. But our trust is still in Him who says, "The silver and the gold are mine," and we believe that He will move loving hearts to help us out of this difficulty.

We have had much of the Master's presence this last month. Jehovah is melting hard hearts, subduing stubborn wills, setting at liberty those that are bound, and bringing to life those who have been dead in trespasses and sins. Glory be to God!

Sunday, March 31st, Mrs. Dowdle preached two powerful sermons. Believers were blessed, and sinners saved. Last Sunday was I think the best Sabbath we have had since I came. Good meeting all day outdoors and in.

Amongst others seeking salvation in the evening was a man who had listened to the Gospel many times before, but had never seen himself a sinner. Being now convinced, he decided for God, confessed his sins, and soon received forgiveness. Bro. Shaw said to him, "Now, my brother, if asked on your way home what you are, what answer would you give?" He replied at once, "I would tell them I am a *pardoned sinner*." Oh, that hundreds more in this town may speedily realise the same experience!

Funds are greatly needed to carry on this glorious work. Will some of our readers help us, and *help us at once*? Contributions will be gratefully received

by E. Miller, Esq., Providence House,
North Street, or by

Yours fighting the Lord's battle,

JOHN ROBERTS.

12, Reeves Street,
Little London, Leeds.

BRADFORD.

OVER twelve months have passed away since we first hoisted the Christian Mission flag in this great town; and many a poor perishing soul has been healed during that time.

THE THEATRE.

We have steadily gone on increasing in congregations and power from the first. Not a Sunday evening has passed without souls crying for mercy, and some passing from death unto life, for which we heartily thank God and take courage. Some of the vilest characters in the town have been saved. Over 600 have given in their names as getting converted, such as gamblers, drunkards, infidels, blasphemers, adulterers, theatre and music-hall goers, comic singers, clowns, stage players—some who had played and sang upon the very stage where they got converted. Our Sunday evening congregation consists of a class of people who do not go to church or chapel, but will come to a public place like the theatre, where they often go on a week night.

OUR OPEN-AIR WORK

has been remarkably owned of God. The most of the male converts have been arrested in the open air. Although moved about by the police from street to street, and fiercely opposed by Romanists and publicans, we shall conquer. As soon as this Mission is known by the Christian gentlemen that belong to the town authorities, they will not only protect, but sympathise with such a soul-saving movement.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. Booth was with us, preaching with his usual force and power.

Morning 6.45, met and processioned.

Love-feast at 7. Over 50 spoke their experiences. It was a real feast of love.

10.30, sacrament conducted by Mr. Booth. Was a blessed mellowing time.

2 p.m., open air and processioned.

Theatre, good congregation. Mr. Booth.

5.45, two open air meetings and processions. The great theatre was comfortably full. The meeting seemed

hard, but we had the victory. A cry for mercy was heard, and souls saved. All glory be to God!

Monday, open air and procession to the Salvation Hall, where four candidates for Mission evangelists spoke.

Tuesday, anniversary tea. Mr. Booth conducted the after meeting, which was addressed by Bros. Broadbent, Roberts, Lawley, Irons, and myself, Sister Haddoek, and my wife. It was a lively, fiery, happy meeting. Financially, our tea was not a success. Through the great depression in trade many of our members are out of work, or only on short time, and we suffer in consequence. We are behind in our balance. We were sick at the beginning of the year, and the work suffered, and we have never recovered the loss. Then we had to furnish a house for the evangelist, and a week-night hall. In short, we are in debt, and want to pay it off. It is a burden on our hearts night and day. We have had some substantial help from head-quarters, and we can't and won't ask for more. Will our friends help us, and God will bless them, and we will thank them with all our hearts?

Donations will be thankfully received by our treasurer, Mr. J. Webster, 36, Westgate; or to

Yours in the Lord,

JAMES DOWDLE.

47, Burlington Terrace,
Mannigham Lane, Bradford.

MIDDLESBRO'.

ODDFELLOWS' HALL.

HALLELUJAH! this has been a blessed month to my soul; it has been one of victory and power, God has displayed his matchless saving power here. On Sunday, while preaching on the Judgment Day, God's Spirit was working. After I had finished and given the invitation to seekers after God, a man who has been a very heavy drunkard sprang to his feet, and there he stood in the aisle crying for mercy, with both hands lifted up. He tried to make his way to the penitents' form, but God had such a hold of him that he trembled like an aspen leaf, and was about to fall, when a man caught hold of him. He then made another desperate struggle to go forward, and fell at the form like a dead man; he lay there for a few minutes, when suddenly up he sprang, and away off to nearly the back of the