

then to our spring garden lane cathedral, and there God saved his precious soul, and now they are walking with God.

"I FIDDLE FOR JESUS NOW," said a dear man who had been a dreadful drunkard. "Do you want to know what religion has done for me? come to my home, once it was a wretched one, now it is a happy home; once we were all miserable together, my little children would run away from me. You would hear the tiny bairn say, 'Is dah drunk?' and if they said 'yes,' he would run and hide; but now you hear the cry, 'Me dah's coming! me dah's coming!' glad to meet me. A very short time ago I was fighting and drinking and singing for the devil, now I'm singing for Jesus."

#### DIFFERENT STAKES.

"I say, W., what horse are you going to back?" said a friend of mine that I used to drink and gamble with. "Oh," I said, "I have done backing horses now." "Oh, have you, what do you back now, then?" "I back Jesus now;" I used to put my money on horse-racing, friends, but now I have put my soul on Jesus, and I know I shall win."

#### FORTY YEARS A BACKSLIDER,

convinced on Good Friday, under conviction, so that he could neither eat nor sleep, came at last and knelt at the feet of Jesus with an exceeding bitter cry, "Have mercy on my poor soul," and as he cried one after another came out for salvation. One poor old man of seventy years of age, crying bitterly "It is too late, it is too late, God can't save me." Just at this juncture of the meeting, the first-named backslider received the forgiveness, and shouted "Glory to God, He saves me, He saves me now!" I said to him, "Tell this dear old man how you got saved." He was crying out bitterly "It is no good, I'm too bad, you don't know what a wretch I have been; I remember how I used to come here as a little boy to Sunday-school, how I sung in this chapel, here on this spot I first gave my heart to God, but the sins of my life, they are like a mountain, God has given me up." "Oh, no," said the one that had just been saved, "Oh, no, God says, oh, Ephraim, how can I give thee up, return unto me thou backsliding children, and I will receive thee, and I know He will, for he has received me just now, after forty years' wandering from Him,

bless His name. I'm just saved, you see. God can save if you will let Him now." "I believe it," he said, and to see these two aged men sobbing out their joy was a grand sight to angels and men. It is the work of God.

#### THE HOLY GHOST IN THE STREET.

Our open-air work is described by many as great excitement. Amen. So it shall be, when it makes people cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" At one of these meetings hundreds were intently listening to our brethren and sisters when the power came down. Two dear women stood and wept piteously, and followed us into the hall. In the after meeting I went to them and said, "You want Jesus, don't you?" "Yes, oh, yes." "Come, then, I want you to come up here." "Not there, sir," said one poor soul, looking up and down at herself, but I said, "Never mind your looks, come away;" they came, and the cry for mercy that went up to God was such as went up long years ago, when one kneeled and washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and glory be to God, the same answer was applied to their hearts, "Daughter, thy sins which were many are all forgiven thee, go and sin no more." And now to hear them pray, and see them weep with their faces all shining with the new found joy, is more than I can express with pen. May God keep them for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Many thanks for help in tracts and money, but much more is needed to carry on this work, especially as we are just thinking of going to Merton, Ryhope, Silksworth, and Seaham Harbour.

Yours in the thick of the fight,

THOMAS BLANDY.

3, Noble-street, Hendon Valley,  
Sunderland.

#### APOLOGY.

We greatly regret that we are compelled again to omit the account of Bro. Price, of Whitechapel, and deeply interesting reports of Poplar, Hastings, St. Leonards, and Ninfield, already in type.

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

JUNE, 1878.

## Riots.



FOURTEEN wounded! How dreadful it sounds! We have been hearing of many thousands of wounded men. But then it was in war. It was far away. They were strangers. To-day it is Englishmen in an English town firing upon their own townsmen—wounding, killing, destroying, rioting in broad daylight. Mills burning, houses wrecked, soldiers marching up and down, cavalry charging upon the crowd, stones flying, terror spreading far and near, terror intense enough to kill the weak and timid—all this in England, amidst one of our most thickly populated, and once most prosperous, industrious, and peaceful districts. What are we coming to? one instinctively asks. Are we going back to the days of violence we have been looking upon as so far left behind? Is this the way in which trade disputes are going to be settled henceforth? Must we expect to see populations to-day peaceful rush to-morrow in infuriated murderous mobs from place to place to injure and even destroy property and life?

#### RIOTING SOULS.

Oh that the thin veil between the seen and the unseen, between the world of bodies and the world of souls, could just be drawn aside for a moment from everybody's eyes, that they might see where lies the secret of all these horrors and dangers, and the far more appalling horrors and dangers which are so common in spiritual things!

Listen! Next Sunday evening from eight to ten there will be riots against God throughout the length and breadth of the country, in which the most respectable of the community will take part with the great mass of the rioters. The fruits of that riot God alone will be able fully to see, and yet even in this world they will be bad enough and numerous enough.

The moment preaching is over, with one united movement, crowds

will rush from every place of worship into the streets, to swell the multitudes already rioting there. Ministers too tired for prayer meetings, praying men who "really cannot stop to-night," all manner of people who are "glad to hear of the good work,"—these will in many cases lead the way, and in a few moments the pathways will be thronged with well-dressed folk who have been for hours in what they call "the house of God;" but who, casting His fear off from them for another week, will show themselves instantly united with all the rest in open hostility to Him whose service they had just been to all appearance engaged in.

Good impressions and resolutions and vows will be shivered like the broken glass of the Lancashire mills by thousands in a moment. Weakly ones who had already all but denied their Lord, will throw off His yoke, and spend the first wretched backslider's Sunday evening. Thousands who have just seen the light of God's truth, will stumble out with aching hearts into the darkness, and never see light again. Violence will be done to the Spirit of grace, and the blood of Christ will be everywhere trampled under the feet of multitudes who have treated it as an unholy thing. The fiends of hell will shout to see the dead that were almost brought to life sink into deeper death and corruption, and the lost that were well nigh found wander farther away than ever.

And where will the authorities be? Here and there you may find a minister with a company of his people on special duty in some well chosen spot, surrounded by some hundreds of rioters, and endeavouring to persuade them to give up their rebellion. Wherever they are in strong enough force The Christian Mission dragoons will be patrolling the streets, heedless whether their coming is looked upon with wondering pleasure or saluted with jeers and stones. But all these put together will be but handfuls amongst the millions who have no fear of God before their eyes.

The newspapers will never mention it at all. They will call it a beautiful, calm Sunday evening, and if any remark is made it will probably be by way of objection to the few loyal subjects of the King of kings who attempt to stay the fearful conflict against His authority. "You should not disturb us," say they. "Do not obstruct our thoroughfares." "Do not make a noise." "Let us alone."

On Monday the ranks of the rioters will be swelled by the arrival of those who the day before had determined to hold aloof from them, and to serve the Lord, but who will give way beneath the pressure of the rest, and trample His commandments under foot. Many who were profuse on the Sunday in professions of loyalty, will be found displaying the basest ingratitude to Him to whom they owe their all, and acting like the rest. Some even of those who were standing as the servants of the Lord on the Sunday, will be seen running to and fro with the reckless mob, regardless of truth and righteousness, and greedy only of their own advantage.

Matters will go on thus, getting worse and worse all through the week, as day after day there will be found fewer and fewer people disposed "to put themselves out of their way" to show any special allegiance to God until Sunday comes again, bringing a momentary lull in the awful tempest only to be followed by more rioting and destruction and misery. Instead of broken windows and furniture, broken laws and pledges and hearts. Instead of bruised and wounded bodies, souls dragged down into the mire of sin and trampled in the dust. Instead of burning property, souls burning in the eternal flames of hell!

Is there any fancy in all this, or is it the sober recital of everyday life such as it is all around us constantly? Our brothers and sisters torn to pieces, slaughtered, destroyed by thousands before our eyes, in our own streets, seized and dragged away to the eternal prison-house one by one into the bargain! It is all only too horribly true. And it is more horrible still to realise how few there are who see and feel all this! Oh what a burden rests on us who do see and feel!

#### WHAT MUST WE DO?

Thank God, we must not despair. If it were a human question merely we should say, "Ah, there is no hope—it is all over." But there is a power that can quell the tumult of the people how great soever it may be.

"We have a shield can quell their rage,  
And drive the alien armies back;  
Pourtrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb.  
We dare believe in Jesu's name."

True, that when we look at the things that are seen the sight is awful beyond all expression. But that is not the place to look. We look at the things unseen. And then we see Jesus, whom they swarmed around and scourged and spit upon and crucified and buried; but who is by the right hand of God, exalted to give repentance and remission of sins to the most hardened and abandoned wretches, and to give strength and power to us His people, that we may stand firm amidst the surging billows, and triumph always everywhere. No, we will not despair.

Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,  
Jesus is our Captain, we rally at His word,  
Fierce will be the conflict with the powers of sin;  
But with such a Captain, we are sure to win.

*We must devote ourselves to death.*

It seems almost an absurdity for us to talk of devotion, when we read of the Apostles, who really had to face death every day, and the prophets who were "slain all the day long" for the witness they bore to the Master. And yet, so far as we are called upon to lay down life and health and strength upon the altar of service, we must deliberately and persistently surrender them. It is no joke to be a soldier or a policeman, when to be on duty is to be in momentary

peril of sudden death. Surely, we can at least be faithful whilst no such danger lies in our path. Surely we will not be found wanting when all that is required of us is that we should give up our all to serve Him whom we love, and that in the outwardly peaceful circumstances in which we are placed, we shall spare no exertion and no sacrifice that we can possibly make to help and glorify Him. And if that comes to death, very well, so much the better for us, as well as for Him. To die is gain.

*We must read the riot act distinctly.*

The people have no idea of the awful consequences they are bringing on themselves. Even when warned they turn aside half doubting, hoping they will come to no serious harm. We cannot too often repeat the truth in their ears. We cannot fire too many volleys in the air, if it be only done so as to carry home to the hearts of the riotous the sense of danger and coming doom. Whatever weaker folks may do, let us at least be plain and outspoken. There is a Judgment Day. There is a Hell. There is a worm that dieth not. There is an unquenchable fire. And all the unbelieving as well as all the violently wicked are going to be cast into the lake of fire for ever. Thunder it out again and again! If people will be damned, make them see it all beforehand. Flash upon their inner eyes the glitter of the great white throne, and let the smoke of the pit and the scorching heat of its quenchless flames and the distant sound of its wailings raise at least a momentary quiver in their hearts ere they go down to be swallowed up with all its terrors through eternity.

*We must be pitiful.*

The tender voice that comes from out the darkness and the blood of the riot of Calvary, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," must ever express the all pervading feeling of our hearts. And besides that, we must ever be full of the memory of our own rebellion. "We were by nature the children of wrath even as others." While denouncing with all our might the sin that is committed, and ever speaking out in words of warning that cannot be forgotten, we must prove by all our words and ways that our hearts yearn over them as His does who bought them with His blood, and that we are willing to suffer and to do anything that may help and bless them. The people, even in their wildest moments of frenzy against those whom they look upon as enemies or oppressors, cannot help listening to anyone who seems really to love and care for them.

"Love shall be the conqueror, to bring the glory in."

*We must be violent.*

What can a few do against so many? Nothing at all, unless they act together with energy sufficient to give them the balance of force. People who do not exactly know what to do, who want time to consider, and whose actions are slow and hesitating, are nowhere in a riot. It is the firm, steady, forward tramp of well-drilled feet; it is

the instantaneous, perfect fulfilment of a clear decided order given; it is the bold rush and the fearless blow all at once and all together that fill the mob with panic and make thousands flee at the approach of tens. There are, it is true, a terribly small number of people now-a-days who are positive about religion. But so much the greater the opportunity for those who are.

We know in whom we have believed. We know that He heareth us, and that we shall assure our hearts before Him. We know that we are going to reign for ever. Then let us go forward with boldness, far surpassing even the uttermost boldness of the past. Let us attack high and low alike with the sword of the Spirit, and fight with a fury we have never shown before, until we see, as believing in Him we surely shall see, disorder turned into salvation, and the glory of the Lord our God shall be upon us, and His throne shall be established in righteousness for ever.

#### MR. MOODY ON VISITING.

I REMEMBER one time in Chicago I was asked to take an interest in the children of a saloon-keeper who was a notorious infidel. I took the man's address, and went down and found the old fellow behind the bar. I told him my errand, but I had to get out a great deal quicker than I got in. I thought I would try him the second time, when he might be less under the influence of drink; but he made me get out again. I went the third time. "Well," said he; "look here, young man. You were talking about the Bible. I will read the New Testament if you will read Paine's *Age of Reason*." "Agreed!" said I; but he had the best of the bargain; I had a hard job to get through. I went down to the saloon to find out how he was getting on. All the time he would talk about Paine's *Age of Reason*. One Saturday I tried to get him to go to church on Sunday. "Now," he says, "if you want church, you must have it in my saloon; this is as good a church as any in Chicago. You can have preaching here if you want to." "Well," says I, "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock I'll be here." "Look here, young man; I want to do part of it myself." I said, "Now let us distinctly understand how much you and I will have; suppose you and your friends take the first 45 minutes and I the last fifteen." He agreed to this.

That Sunday morning I took a little boy with me that God had taught how to pray. I remember how weak I felt

going down, and I found when I got around he had gone to a neighbouring saloon, where he had engaged two rooms with folding doors, and had them filled with infidels and deists, and all shades of belief. They first began to ask me questions, but I said, "Now you go on for your 45 minutes, and I shall listen." So they went on, and got wrangling among themselves. When the time was up I said, "Now, my friends, your time is up. We always open our meetings with prayer." After I had prayed, the boy cried to God to have mercy on these men. They got up one by one, one going out by this door and one by another. They were all gone very soon. The old infidel put his hand on my shoulder, and said I might have his children. He has since been one of my best friends in Chicago. It is personal work we want.

#### UNFASHIONABLE TRUTH versus FASHIONABLE LIES.

We have heard with great pleasure that a newspaper is being published called *The Christian Signal*, for the purpose of warning everybody against the attempts that are now being made by numbers of professedly Christian ministers and publications to blind people's eyes to the danger of hell fire. There cannot be too many or too glaring signals of that sort. For a signal there are two absolute requisites—Fire and Blood red colour. Let us all keep to the Fire and the Blood!

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### THE MONTH.

**T**HE small space at disposal for the record of the Opening Services at North and South Shields, Bishop Auckland, Spennymoor, Rotherham, Attercliffe, and Dowlais, as well as in the New Hall at Limehouse, affords us after all, we think, sufficient opportunity to show that the Lord is emphatically with us wherever we go.

We shall be unable to insert this time news of the openings at Manchester, Barnsley, and Blydon-on-Tyne, which with, we trust, similar tidings from other towns also, will appear next month. Suffice it to say that instead of finding ourselves embarrassed by the great efforts made hitherto, we still find difficulty rather in checking than in carrying on the progress of the work.

The numbers who have gone into the work as evangelists, instead of weakening the stations they have left, have, on the contrary, stirred the hearts of many to aspire to the same calling and the same work.

We rejoice again to see marked evidence of the growth of a deeper spirituality amongst our people. Not content with all that has been done before, sisters have been holding meetings at five in the morning, at noon, and in the afternoons, and the very large numbers who have gathered in various places at seven o'clock, on Sunday mornings, prove how deep and intense is the desire on the part of many to follow the Lord more fully than ever. He leads us on, and the extent of our progress can only be measured by the degree to which we yield ourselves up to follow. Oh, that all might catch the flame and all partake to the very fullest degree the bliss of fully devoting themselves to Him.

### OPENING OF THE LIMEHOUSE NEW HALL.

**T**HE long talked of transformation of the tumble-down old gaff into a comfortable Mission hall is at length an accomplished fact. The result is a plain, substantial building, level with the road, capable of accommodating about 500 people, and in as good a position as any in London for the work of salvation. The cost has exceeded the estimate by some £60, and notwithstanding all the efforts made to open free of debt, we are still something like £90 behind, and that without new seats, which are very much needed for comfort and convenience. Surely the Lord's stewards will relieve us of this little trouble, especially when they read the subjoined account of our opening services, and the way in which the Lord has already put His seal of approbation upon the place.

Having made up our minds to have a good opening day, we took possession of the hall, in an unfinished state, on Good Friday morning,

and commenced at seven o'clock with a right royal love-feast, some forty persons bearing testimony to the good they had received from the Lord through The Christian Mission.

Soon after ten o'clock we commenced our open-air campaign, in which we were soon joined by our friends from the surrounding stations, Whitechapel, headed by Bro. Bennett, coming up in mission style just in time to fall in with our procession to the new hall, at the door of which we were met by the General Superintendent, who proceeded forthwith to the Opening Services, in which he was wonderfully helped by the Master of assemblies, and made a great blessing to all present.

At three o'clock we again opened fire at the triangle, where hundreds of pleasure-seekers were informed how and where they might find true pleasures, by those who had found out

"That true pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,  
And whoever has found it, has paradise found."

Afterwards, over 200 sat down to tea, then another open-air service brought in the people, who filled the hall for the evening meeting, over which our worthy general (though very unwell) with his usual vigour and busy tact presided—carrying it on and on as one brother after another spoke, till at length the place was full of the glory of God, and every heart seemed to catch the flame.

On Sunday and Monday we continued the Opening Services, when we were favoured with the services of Miss Booth, and twenty-two souls sought mercy. Praise His name!

Monday brought our friends from Hammersmith, who find a good holiday in coming to help on the Lord's work here. The two open-air services, tea, and after meetings, closed with a goodly number of penitents seeking forgiveness.

Encouraged by this, and stimulated by the very great necessity of the salvation of the people of Limehouse, we prevailed upon Miss Booth to stay with us for a few days. She consented, and every night our expectations were more than realized both as regards numbers and results. Praise the dear Lord! One hundred and five precious souls came boldly to the penitent form, seeking Him who says, "I will in no wise cast out." During the two weeks we were favoured with her services, the following cases from the pen of Miss Booth, will give some sort of idea of the kind of work the Lord has done.

#### A MAN AND HIS WIFE

Came to the services time after time before yielding themselves to God. At length they gave way, and the mother afterwards said "What a silly fool I was not to let my little girl go forward last Monday night. She said to me 'Mother, do let me go and get Jesus.' I knew nothing about it then, but I see it now."

#### GO AWAY, SISSY.

One evening I noticed a tall, fine-looking man who specially attracted my attention by smiling during the first part of the service. He listened, however, most attentively during the

latter part of the time, and seemed to be under deep conviction; but when asked to come to the penitent form he said, "It's no use, I'm lost." He was leaving the hall when a dear brother followed and stopped him near the door. He stood against the wall wiping the perspiration from his brow. When I approached him he cried out, "Go away, Sissy—I can't bear it" so loudly, that all present heard it. So desperate was his state of feeling that when I drew near once more he said with a threatening gesture, "If you come near me!" He afterwards explained that he had had a devoted, godly sister who had often pleaded with him to

turn from his evil ways. He had laughed at all her counsels and rushed recklessly on; and now it seemed as though he saw her once more looking at and pleading with him. For a long time it seemed uncertain which way the terrible struggle would end, but at last he gave way to God, walked to the form, and began to cry for mercy—"I'm lost, I'm lost—there's no hope," he said in his agony. At length, however, he found peace and signed the pledge. He told us that he had never been on his knees before.

#### A SAILOR

Who came up and found the rest he needed seemed strangely bashful, and upon being asked why, said it was on account of the terrible guilt of his past life. "Oh," said he, "if you knew what I have been you wouldn't speak to me." He came, however, to every meeting, and ran into the Sunday morning prayer-meeting just before his departure for sea to say good-bye, and entreat that all would pray for him while far away at sea.

#### TRULY LOST.

A poor wretched looking young woman came into one of the services, and seeing her scared sad face, I asked her if she would not like to be saved. "Oh yes," she said. "You're tired of this life I should think?" "Tired enough," she replied, and, breaking into tears, came and sought mercy. She afterwards arranged for a letter to be written to her mother, who would be glad to see her again she felt sure.

Trusting our friends far and near may be led to help us to finish off the little financial deficiency, and begging an interest in the prayers of the Lord's children that I may be able to carry on this glorious work,

I am, yours in Jesus,

JOB CLARE.

36, Turner's Road, Limehouse, E.

## ROTHERHAM.

**A**BOUT 8 miles from Sheffield, population 40,000, mostly engaged in the iron trade, and mostly, we fear, in the road of folly. In the first instance we engaged the Temperance Hall, holding 600 for Sabbath, and a smaller hall for week-nights, and sent our Brother Bennett from Whitechapel, and Sister Burrell, for a time the colleague of Sister Reynolds at Coventry, to unfurl the banner of the Christian Mission in

#### NINE AFRICANS.

A peculiar feature of the services was the number of coloured men, mostly sailors, who attended them. No less than nine of these sought mercy upon one occasion; and two of them, who came to every service afterwards, cried and prayed with the greatest fervour.

A young man, who went to Mr. Clare's house enquiring what he must do to be saved, was told that he must come out boldly to the penitent form before everyone. He did so the same evening, shrieking for mercy, and soon was enabled to rejoice in the Lord.

#### A USEFUL DREAM.

The evening after Miss Booth's farewell meeting, a man came up to the hall-door before the commencement of the service, and told me he had come to hear Miss Booth. I told him that she had gone home after preaching her farewell sermon, and that we did not expect her there; but that we should be glad to see him nevertheless. "Well, that's strange," said he; but he came in, and we had not been there long before Miss Booth made her appearance. At the close of the service, this man with others, sought and found salvation; and he then told us that during the afternoon he had been asleep, and that the Lord had directed him in a dream to go to our hall, where Miss Booth would tell him what he must do to be saved. This remarkable manifestation of God's co-operation with us in the work, peculiarly cheered our hearts, as it will doubtless those of the readers of the Magazine.

the town. All who have even the slightest acquaintance with Brother Bennett will know that he would not let the grass grow under his feet, and we feel certain that ere many days had passed after his entrance into the town there were not very many people who did not know something of both him and his errand. And yet, notwithstanding the issue of what seemed to us a very attractive bill announcing that William Bennett—commonly known as the Black Prince—and Mrs. Burrell would sing, and speak of God, and a heavy amount of stirring open-air work, the Temperance Hall was by no means full on the first Sabbath; but steady perseverance gradually gained on the people, and on week nights the room was crammed to suffocation, and the Temperance Hall has been exchanged for the Theatre, which will hold some 1,800 people, and which was crowded the first evening. But we will let the Evangelists themselves say something about the movement in the following extracts from letters and report:—

"I do feel a wonder when I think how God is using and blessing both Brother Bennett and myself. I shall never forget the first Friday. We were giving handbills out among the labouring men at the corners of the street. Brother Bennett was so busy talking to the men, that I said to Brother Allison: 'I shall start the meeting'; as it was half-past six. So I gave out the 107th hymn: 'There's a friend that's ever near, never fear.' The police all rushed on to the steps. We were in front of the Police Station, and men and women, mostly men, came so quickly, all looking so eager and surprised at a woman speaking that there were three or four hundred people in a few minutes. When Brother Bennett came up, his face beaming, he was so pleased. He said quietly: 'Go into it; and so I have gone into it ever since. The Lord has indeed given us great liberty, and we are saving souls at every meeting.'

Further on the Sister says: "Last night Brother Bennett went to Attercliffe, so I took the services for the first time. I led a large procession of men singing through the streets; but praise God, I felt quite bold. One dear man, about seventeen stone, when I asked who would be the first to come out for Jesus, jumped up and said 'I will.' They all shouted, 'Glory, glory be to God!' He had his white apron on and said he was going to a sale, but he heard me in the street. The word went home to his heart; he said 'women have led me to misery and almost into hell, but, praise God, to-night a woman has led me to find peace, joy, and the way to heaven.'

Brother Bennett writes—

"SUNDAY, MAY 5th,  
was a mighty day, twenty-three precious souls wept their way to Calvary, and are standing by us in the open air. Some already publicly testifying that they have passed from death unto life. Hallelujah.

#### GOING TO A DANCE.

A young woman was caught in the open air while listening to Mrs. Burrell. She was then going to a dance, but the arrow of conviction had winged its way into her heart and she could get no rest, until she came to the Temperance Hall

the following night, determined to give up all for Christ, and rose from her knees saying, "I do believe that Jesus saves me now," "I am so happy." Her parents said she was not to come to the meetings, but she said "I will come if they kill me." Glory to Jesus. She has since brought her companion to the Saviour, and both have plucked out their feathers and ear-rings, and all for Jesus.

#### A DRUNKEN FIGHTING OSTLER.

A young man well known in the neighbourhood for drinking and fighting, who

was an an ostler at a public-house, said he would go and hear the Black Prince. He came straight from the public-house and the Spirit of God laid hold of him; he fell on his knees too and found salvation, has given up the public-house, seeking other employment, and is doing well, and has been with us in the open air and inside at every meeting, and testifying boldly for Christ.

Sunday May 12th, we opened for the first time the

#### THEATRE ROYAL.

Miss Dunnage came over from Sheffield to sing, it was a mighty day. In the prayer meeting, while she was singing "Welcome, Welcome, dear Redeemer," a poor prodigal who had wandered from the fold, cried out, "Sing that again please," and our sister did sing it too in

the power of the Holy Ghost; and this dear brother with several others, made a rush for the penitent form, and made a full surrender, and Jesus took them in. Bless His name.

#### OVER A HUNDRED

during the first fortnight here, have professed to come over on the Lord's side, and we are going forward in our Master's name, in spite of oppression, darkness, and sin; uplifting the standard of a full salvation to the dying masses around. Tracts and money, which are much needed, will be thankfully received by

Yours in a full salvation,

WILLIAM BENNETT.

63, Eastwood Lane,  
Rotherham.

Or Mrs. Burrell, 74, Nottingham Street.

## DOWLAIS.

**T**HIS town is about two and a half miles from Merthyr, and contains about 25,000 inhabitants, chiefly sustained by its large iron works and some neighbouring collieries. From the first a goodly number of the people attended our meetings in Merthyr, and several got converted, and very soon these and others who could not walk so far, began to plead with our evangelists that they would go and hold some meetings in Dowlais. The Temperance Hall, which we believe holds over 1200 people, it was found could be had for a reasonable sum, and as an experiment it was taken for a Sabbath afternoon, Sister Watts preaching there, while Sister Parkins conducted the service in the Drill Hall at Merthyr. The place was crowded, and the interest deepened, and we were urged to make arrangements for establishing a branch of our work there. We regarded this as an ardent call of divine Providence, and sending two sisters as colleagues, we desired Sister Watts to continue the oversight of Merthyr, appointing Sister Parkins to the direction of the attack on Dowlais.

After spending a Sabbath (elsewhere described) at Merthyr, we went on to Dowlais. A large new Welsh Independent Chapel had been kindly lent for the evening, for which I wish here to express my gratitude. This commodious and beautiful building was crowded in every part by people who hung upon every word. Twice we concluded, and yet, late as the hour was, the people were unwilling to move. Although only three came out seeking mercy, we are sure there were numbers convicted. There will be a harvest reaped there. God will shake that town. He has begun to do so, and He will go forward if we are faithful. That the people are feeling after Him is evidenced by such simple facts as the attendance of 112 persons at the seven o'clock prayer meeting on the previous Sabbath, and the affecting incident of four

colliers coming straight from the mine to a nine o'clock week-day morning prayer meeting, in order to be saved. Some one present said it was nice to see the tears make little lines down their blackened faces. Hallelujah! for our Mission is going to ring out loudly and clearly the chimes of the Gospel, up among those old Welsh hills and valleys. Listen to further news of the chiming of these charming bells from Sister Parkins.

My first thought on entering into this place when I beheld the teeming masses around me on every hand, was: Who is sufficient for these things?

Where is the arm that is long enough and strong enough to lift up these sunken masses?

The first Sunday showed us who was sufficient and that God's arm was not shortened.

This is a grand place for work, men and women perfectly ignorant of the saving power of Christ.

We have met with great success, the members of the Welsh Independent Chapel have very kindly lent us two rooms, each holding about two hundred and fifty, and we have a large hall called the Oddfellows' for Sundays.

Praise the Lord that men and women are falling under the power of the Gospel.

After talking about the sufferings of Christ, one young man fell upon his knees and cried at the very top of his voice, "Lord save me a backslider." He was followed by many more who are now telling of Jesus' power to save.

#### A MIRACLE.

"I have never opened a bible this forty

years, and I never recollect being on my knees, but glory be to God, I can read my bible and pray too, now Jesus has saved me."

#### GOOD-BYE OLD COMPANIONS.

At the believers' meeting, a young man stands up, throws up his arms and says, "Glory to God I am saved, so good-bye old companions, unless you like to come with me." One man got up from his seat and started with him. Let us give God the glory.

We had 112 at our seven o'clock prayer meeting last Sabbath, and a blessed time. Hallelujah!

Crowds flocked to hear the new doctrine, therefore the rooms kindly lent us are not nearly large enough, so we are hoping to build a large Salvation circus, and to do so we shall want money. Who will help?

Donations will be thankfully received by

HARRIET PARKINS,

ELIZA MILNER.

3, Cross Frances Street, Dowlais, South Wales.

## MERTHYR, SOUTH WALES.

**V**ERY tired with wandering about Salisbury seeking for a salvation house, and with a long day's travel—accompanied by Mr. Billips, of Cardiff—we came to Merthyr. As we alighted from the train, Sister Watts met us with her kindly quiet smile, and as we passed out of the station a band of Christian Mission brethren came trooping up to meet us singing, "Hold the Fort," after the most hearty fashion, and escorting us through the crowded streets to the place of meeting for the evening. There we heard a number of testimonies, most gratifying, of what the Lord had been doing for the vilest and worst during the few weeks the mission standard had been planted in the town. After they had spoken a man rose and said, "that until he had heard some present declare that they had been the worst sinners in Merthyr, he thought that he had that

character." That very evening he had left home with the intention of getting drunk, but had been caught in the market square by the singers and brought down there. He was a miserable backslider and he wanted to know if there was any mercy for him. Invited to Christ at once, he fell on his knees and sought the Saviour. Five others sought mercy also. We were gladdened indeed. Fifty-two were at the seven o'clock prayer meeting, and at ten a band, some sixty strong, were singing and preaching in the most neglected part of the town. Indoors at eleven again we had souls, and in the afternoon and evening we had immense congregations in the noble Drill Hall, listening to the tidings of salvation. At the close there must have been some sixteen at the penitent form; but such was the amount of conviction that had not our arrangements compelled us to close the meeting at nine there would have been many more. As it was, we formed in rank, and singing "If the cross we boldly bear, there the crown we shall wear," some hundreds marched right through the town to the Market Square, where we had another address, and broke up praising God that salvation had come in freshness and fulness to multitudes of hearts in Merthyr. Sister Watts thus describes some of the conversions of the past month.

"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him," was the cry of an aged man for years, till he came to our meeting one night, where he found Him to the joy of his soul.

#### COME AT LAST.

"I came to your meeting last Saturday night, and you invited me to the Saviour; but I said, 'Not to night.' I came again on Sunday, you spoke to me again, still I said 'No,' although my heart was heavy, and I had no rest. Sunday night and all day Monday the words kept ringing in my ear, 'Come, come.' So on Monday night I came, tired and weary, with my forty years of sin, and cast myself upon Jesus, who has made me happy ever since."

#### SAVED TO THE UTMOST.

"I was the worst drunkard, and the wickedest man in Merthyr, till I came to your hall, were the Lord convinced me of sin. I came to the penitent form and cried even to the Lord for mercy, and, bless His Name, he has saved me to the utmost."

#### WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

"When you said those words on Sunday night, they went to my heart like a dagger, that kept entering me all day Monday. I could get no rest I was so wicked, and the day seemed so long. At last evening came, and at the meeting Jesus spoke peace to my soul. Now I will live for Him."

#### PAINE AND VOLTAIRE.

"I never believed in God. I used to

go to chapel, but go straight from there to the public-house, and from there home to read Paine and Voltaire. But one Sunday I came to the hall, and God took hold of me, and showed me what a wicked sinner I was, and I thought I was too bad to be saved; but one night I came to Jesus just as I was, and He saved me. And now I will work as hard for God as I did for the devil."

#### A YOUNG MAN

who has been a deal of trouble to his widowed mother for years, was converted the second week we were here. He has been working with us ever since; and has been made the means of bringing many souls to Jesus.

#### MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

A young man, who had lived in open sin for years, although his mother had prayed for him and begged of him to give up, yet his heart was hard; but he came to our meeting one night and the Lord broke it and filled it with His love, and now he gets all his friends to come, and some of them have been saved to praise the Lord.

Friends pray for us. I could write much more. Thanks for tracts.

Yours in Jesus,

KATE WATTS,  
ELIZABETH FRAY.

48, Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydvil,  
South Wales.

## COVENTRY.

MRS. REYNOLDS IN THE POLICE COURT.

WE regret that want of space prevents us from reproducing from the columns of a local newspaper particulars of an event as creditable to the brave woman attacked as discreditable to certain other parties; but which has, under the kind hand of the Lord, done more to forward our work in the town than any previous circumstances. Suffice it to say, that our Sister was summoned for causing an obstruction, and assured by the bench that they had no option but to convict her unless she promised to give up holding open-air services; that she declared her determination to avoid causing any obstruction, but said she could not think of promising to hold no more meetings, and was accordingly fined five shillings and costs, or, in default, seven days' imprisonment; that she refused to pay, and was removed in custody, in which it was fully our Sister's intention to have remained, but the intense sympathy of many friends rendered this impossible. Her account of the Easter and other services following will show a little of the after results of this prosecution.

#### OUR EASTER.

WE began in right good earnest on Sunday morning with our band of people, and four sisters and two brothers from Leicester. Mr. Bramwell Booth preached at night in the theatre. Many sought the Lord.

#### EASTER MONDAY.

At three we commenced on Pool Meadow for our open-air, which proved a great success. Sinners stood and wept, while men and women, who only a few weeks ago were with them in sin, told of the love of Jesus. At half-past four o'clock, a tea was provided in a Mission Hall, kindly lent to us for the occasion. The hall not being large enough to hold all our people, we had to have two sittings, which enabled us to keep the open-air meeting on till seven o'clock; 250 sat down to tea, when we went in procession to the Salvation Factory, singing all the way. The town had been alive all day with Sunday-schools marching with bands and banners, and young women almost dancing through the streets to lively tunes the bands were playing. We thought surely for once we might sing for Jesus through the town. Thank the dear Lord we got to the factory without the police stopping us.

#### OUR PUBLIC MEETING

Was one of great power. Happy George and Happy Sally from Leicester, and other friends spoke, some only a few weeks saved out of their sins, who got

up and said it was the best Easter they had ever spent in their lives. Sister Burrell gave her farewell address, which made many poor sinners fall, and closing our meeting to point poor sinners to Jesus, thus ended our Easter Monday.

#### EASTER TUESDAY.

I announced on Monday that having some provisions left, I should have a free and easy tea meeting in the old factory, for the small charge of fourpence.

Our people seemed thoroughly to enjoy to sit on the forms, or anywhere they could, to get a cup of tea. A heavy shower of rain prevented us from having the open-air meeting we should have liked. We had to leave off speaking in the meeting which followed, and turn it into a prayer meeting, when we saw one poor man coming towards the platform, with his handkerchief up to his face, crying for mercy. His little boy had got him to come to the meeting, and God had so convicted him that he could not rest. His dear wife, too, has since been brought to the Lord.

And so we have been going on ever since we came into Coventry. Women are continually talking about their homes, which were once like little hells, but are now like little heavens. One said she knew there was something in religion, now that she got a whole week's money instead of half. An old man, who had been a great drinker, said

the other night, while sitting in the meeting, "It's beautiful to come here; who would not come?" Another said last night, "The Salvation Factory' was quite a household word in Coventry." Now, this man confessed he had not been in a place of worship for fifteen years, and that was when he was married. Several in the factory where he works have given themselves to God. One, a dear young woman who came to hear us in the theatre, and got so miserable that she could not rest till she came and gave herself to God. She tells me that when she heard me ask the Lord to make poor sinners miserable, she thought it was very unkind of me, for she was miserable enough. The word "who-soever," followed her wherever she went. Her work seemed to say to her, "who-soever," and since her conversion she says everything seems so new that it seems as if the very steam in the factory where she works goes differently.

A man who had a shop, and kept it open on Sundays, got so convicted that he could not rest, so he gave his customers a fortnight's notice that he was going to shut up his shop on Sundays. He says he was afraid during that fortnight the Lord would kill him. But, thank God, He spared him, and he has given himself to God, and will make a very useful worker.

Another man, who heard us singing on Pool Meadow, "Trim your lamps and be ready for the midnight cry," followed us to the theatre, and got so miserable that he could not rest till he gave himself to God. I feel sometimes, when I hear this man tell about what a drunkard's home he had, and what a change there is now, I should like those to hear it who do not believe God can save such sinners. They would never disbelieve it any more.

Christians from other places have come to look at us, and they say, "Is it possible such men are saved?"

Our work is still suffering for want of funds. Any friend who would like to help us in this matter, can send it to

CAROLINE REYNOLDS,  
59, Little Park Street, Coventry, or to  
Mr. Maycock, 17, Butts, Coventry.

#### BISHOP AUCKLAND.

NOWHERE, perhaps, in all the history of the Mission, has a more rapid and blessed success followed the first efforts put forth than in this town. Indeed, the

rapidity and completeness of the success<sup>s</sup> brought upon us unlooked for and what might have proved almost overwhelming difficulty. No sooner was it found that the theatre thrown open to us for week-days as well as Sundays was being crammed with the very roughest of the people, and that the Spirit of the Lord was humbling drunkards and others, than jealousies were aroused, and on more than one occasion our people were informed just before service time that the theatre could not be used on that occasion. The difficulty as to places of meeting seems now to be overcome; the Temperance Hall being secured for Sundays, and a large room for week-nights. But in spite of all these changes the people have been gathered by thousands, and within the past three weeks more than one hundred and twenty have professed to find salvation.

The following extract will show a little of the spirit of the workers, as well as of the nature of the work:

"We are happy to tell you that we had a grand time on Monday night. Twenty-one precious souls came out to be saved, and on Tuesday three found the Lord. The place is all on fire. When we got to the open air the people were waiting for us, and it fills our hearts to see them. We had about six hundred inside, and the power of God is with us. They do not understand the penitent form. It is a new thing to them; but we believe in it. Our all is on the altar. We now have got the fire."

Yours at the Master's feet,

LOUISE AGAR,  
LOTTIE COUTES.

#### SPENNYMOOR.

##### VICTORY OR DEATH.

AFTER much prayer we commenced on Sunday, April 28th, by holding two services in the open air and two in the theatre, each of which was well attended. It was a powerful day all through, closing with a very blessed prayer-meeting, and four precious souls and a lot of lads, more than we counted. Glory be to God! Five nights during the following week we had the loan of the New Connexion Chapel. This was a blessed week. We worked in the daytime with saw, hammer, and chisel, with Brother Lamplough, the converted joiner from Middlesboro'. We had some happy seasons; God often came

and filled us to overflowing. Everything in the place seemed as though God was in it. When we used the tools they seemed to say, "Amen! Hallelujah! Glory be to God!" At the close of each day we went to the open air, and then preached indoors, and every night we had anxious souls.

Sunday, May 5th, was a powerful day; all went well outdoors and in. Glory be to God, we all three spoke in the Hallelujah Band style, finishing up with nine cases.

The next week we worked on in the same way, crowds standing and listening at night as though we had brought them news they had never heard before.

Sunday the 12th, crowd-listened to the word of Life. Many were melted to tears, and seven, wiser than the rest, came and knelt at the Saviour's feet.

We give a few instances of what we have seen of the triumph of God's grace in Spenny Moor.

##### LORD, SAVE ME!

A dear woman, wounded by the Holy Spirit, was a long time before she could do anything but groan. At last she broke through, and, at the top of her voice, she cried, "Lord, save me!" Still she could not get liberty. At her request we sang "The blood of Jesus cleanses me." She sang it; she felt it, and then, her face radiant with glory, she shouted, "I do believe! He does save me!" Then, turning to a woman by her side, who was anxious, she said, "Do trust Him, Mrs. C——. He will save you; He has saved me." Salvation came to her heart also, and they have both been on their knees scrubbing out the chapel since then. God bless them!

##### CHAPEL CLEANING.

Two sisters came one night to look at the old chapel. Seeing its filthy condition they began to clean it in right earnest. They informed us that they used to attend the Sunday-school once kept in it; but we soon found out they were not saved. The other Sunday night, however, they came to the theatre, where God met them, and showed them their hearts all filthy like the chapel. They sought mercy, and very soon God saved them. Thus He paid their wages; they cleaned the chapel, and He rewarded them with a clean heart.

##### DRAWN BY A LOADSTONE POWER.

This was the expression of a man last Saturday night at the opening service of

our Salvation Hall. We opened it with a hallelujah love-feast, which was attended by some 120 people. When 33 had spoken, we observed a big man very uneasy, so we invited him out. He came, and cried for pardon, and very soon after was on his feet. He said, "I was attracted by the singing, and I followed your people. When I got to the door, I said to myself, 'If it is a penny, I will go in; if it is twopence, I will not'; but when I came to the door I seemed to be drawn with a loadstone power, and my whole body began to shake, and now I do know I am born of God by believing in the blood of Jesus." A few more experiences, and then a few more souls for Jesus. Bless the Lord!

##### THREE ATTEMPTS AT SUICIDE.

Sunday morning, while some twenty-five of us met for prayers at seven, I noticed a man come in at the door, and, seeing his miserable appearance, I went to him, and found him unsaved. I told him of a loving mighty Jesus. His heart broke; he wept like a child in a very few minutes; he prayed, and, as he prayed, light came. He exclaimed, "I feel better now." He arose and told us that he was a painter, earning good wages. Drink was his snare. Three times has he attempted to commit suicide. He had been wandering about the country for some time, and been drunk the night before. Had got up, and was in search of some drink that morning when some brother had invited him in there, when he drank, I hope, of the thirst-quenching water of life. Hallelujah!

Miss Davis preached on Monday night, May 13th, to a crowded house. Many smitten, and few saved. Lasting good was done.

Here is a grand field for Mission work. The town and neighbourhood is very poor, owing to the great depression in the coal and iron trade. We have had to go to a considerable expense in fitting up the old chapel, which must be paid for. The poor people are doing their very best, but still we are compelled to look to those who have it in their power to help us.

Money and tracts will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

Yours in an everlasting Saviour,

RUSSELL AND LAWLEY.

113, Craddock Street,  
Spenny Moor, Durham.

## NORTH SHIELDS.

THE commencement of the work here has proved anything but an easy task. The Easter Monday was perhaps a difficult day for opening services. The congregations were small, and the offerings smaller still. But the help of a sister was secured for the next Sunday, and the result was that large congregations were got together and souls saved. Ever since then the Theatre has been well attended on the Sundays, and although our week-night place is a small Mission room, rather out of the way, numbers of souls have been saved there, and a good Mission society already formed, no less than thirty-nine speaking at the believers' meeting. We only regret that we have no materials from which to make a fuller report.

## SOUTH SHIELDS.

THE difficulties which beset us here at the outset were of the most unusual kind. We were published to open in the Alhambra Theatre on Thursday, the 29th April, but on the previous Friday night the Alhambra, a superb building accommodating 4,000 persons, was burnt to the ground. In the emergency the Theatre Royal was secured for a Sunday or two, and as this fact was announced in connection with the newspaper accounts of the fire, perhaps we gained after rather than lost by the sudden change. As the Theatre Royal could not be permanently secured, the Durham Theatre was engaged after a few weeks; and here at length we trust a resting-place has been found where a great and lasting work shall be accomplished.

Our week-night hall on Johnson's Hill is a very satisfactory building, seating 500 people, and admirably situated for our work.

From the very first the work here has been much more encouraging than on the north side of the river, and the following extracts from letters received will show how large and promising the harvest already appears.

"We had a tremendous go on Sunday night in the market. We commenced in one of the broad streets until the whole place was blocked, when the policeman kindly asked us to move, which we did, striking up singing, 'My heart is fixed Eternal God, fixed on thee!' and the whole of the crowd

followed us to the centre of the Market, where I should think a thousand or fifteen hundred people assembled."

While the conjurors with their painted faces were crying 'Walk up, walk up,' we were crying 'Come to Jesus.' Others with guns, swings and shows were trying to attract the people; but they all seemed to flock to us. It was a grand and solemn time. While we spoke the tears ran down the people's faces. Miss Kelly's voice was heard above the din of the drums, organs, and those affairs they usually beat to attract the attention of the public to their tomfoolery. We broke up the meeting by singing 'All hail the power of Jesus's name!' and could scarcely get clear of the people, lots of them promising to come to the Theatre."

These promises were well kept, for very large congregations were found in the theatre on the Sunday, and at night some thirty came out seeking mercy. Many more would have followed but that the place had to be closed at 8.30. A procession was then formed to the Market Place, and after an hour's meeting there, attended by some 3,000 people, the band processioned through some of the main streets to the astonishment of many.

On the Monday we had a fine procession round some of the streets, carrying a lot of people with us to our hall, christened

THE SALVATION HALL, which was filled in the body, people standing round the doors. It was a splendid sight to see in the prayer meeting fifteen souls down on their knees seeking for pardon.

There was one case that was peculiarly interesting. A woman rushed out to the penitent form with the tears streaming down her face, and found pardon. When she got through, she went to her husband and caught hold of him in a somewhat similar manner that a woman goes to her husband in a public, and lugged him out to the penitent form, and he got saved too.

We went to see her yesterday, when she told us all about it. She said her husband heard us in the Market on Saturday, and stopped to listen, and came there again on Sunday morning, also to the services in the Theatre, God's spirit stirring him all the time.

On the Monday evening when he came home from his work, he told his wife to get ready and come to the meeting with

him; but she said her boots were too old and shabby, so she borrowed her daughter's on purpose to come, when she gave her heart to God first. When her husband came home the next day to dinner, he, like a converted man, gave his wife the possibles to get a new pair of boots, which she showed us.

The procession of the next Sunday evening, in which some who had just found Christ in the Theatre took part, brought down some show of opposition. Before we got far, some one threw a quart jug out of a window, and hit one of our folks on the shoulder; but of course we went on singing. Bless the Lord, crowds followed us, and we had a bit of persecution as we stopped at nearly every corner from a few drunken folks, one of whom was moved off by a policeman. We stopped at one place for some time talking in Laygate Lane, opposite Trinity Church. We had a great crowd of people round us, and some one threw a stone, which hit one of our fellows on the head and nearly stunned him. Well we went along and presently I got a crack with a stone. It was what I call a glorious time. We closed up at ten in Green Street, one of the principal streets, surrounded by a lot of people, from whom it was a hard job to get away, as they followed us up without our singing, while we walked quietly.

Thank God for a listening, following people! May thousands be led to the Saviour!

A little financial help will be of especial value just now in the first stages of the work, and may be sent to

E. W. BLANDY, or  
J. B. ROCK.

55, Walpole Street,  
South Shields.

## WHITECHAPEL.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

WE have had a month of good times at this, the oldest station. But we have had to experience some severe trials and tremendous opposition, especially in the open air at our porch meeting, when a lot of half drunken roughs have hooted and yelled, and pushed in such a manner that one would think they were mad. At one of our meetings held on the Mile End Waste on Easter Monday, a rough fellow came up while one of our sisters was speaking, and de-

manded to know by what authority we occupied this ground to preach. He would prevent it, and tried by pushing and making a great noise, but our sister still kept on talking, and at last we got him in the ring. Down on his knees he went. Some of our brothers and sisters prayed with him, but to no purpose, he got up, wanted to fight everybody; but finally he followed us to the hall where we gave him some tea. After which we got him on his knees again and he appeared very anxious, and we hope God gave him salvation.

A poor labourer passing by our porch on his way to a public-house where he had made a wager with some of his mates to

SWEAR THE BIGGEST OATH, was attracted by our singing, stopped to listen until it was over, went away, but God's spirit strove with him so that he had to turn back again, which he did, and gave God his heart. He now says, "Thank God, the 13th of April was a blessing to my soul, I not only gave God my heart, but I signed the pledge, and I mean as long as I live never to taste drink or smoke. God help me."

## AN INFIDEL.

"While passing the hall about three weeks ago, my attention was drawn to the People's Hall, where there was some singing and preaching going on which was foolishness to me. I thought the people were going mad, but, thank God, I was made a partaker of their madness; before I left them that night, I knelt down and gave God my heart and left all my sins there, and now I am rejoicing in that Saviour that I had despised so long. Praise the Lord."

## A POOR GIRL

who had been drawn away only a fortnight before by a scoundrel who had been at work for her father for a long time, and brought her away from her home in the country to this great London, where he had betrayed and left her. She wandered into our hall, gave God her heart, and is now rejoicing in Him. We took her in to prevent her going back to what was worse than death, found her a home, and she is doing well. We have received the following note from her:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am very thankful to you for sending me here. I am very comfortable and happy in the Lord. I have found a friend at last, thank God, in the blood of the Lamb. I hope soon to get a situation where I can attend the

hall. Give my love to the dear friends that took such interest in me. Good-bye, and may God bless you in your good work."

A DEAR OLD MAN came to our meeting on Sunday afternoon with seventy-six years of sin. While our brothers were praying with him and pointing him to the Lamb of God, he rolled it all on Jesus and went away with a light heart.

TWICE ATTEMPTED SELF MURDER. He listened to us, came in as the greatest sinner that ever lived, he had twice attempted to cut his throat, but got over it again. The Lord wanted him for heaven, not for hell, and he is now happy in the Lord.

A PRODIGAL SON followed us up to the hall on Sunday night, stopped at the door, went away, came back again, came in the hall, resolved to leave the shrine and go to his father, which he did. His father threw his arms around his neck and kissed him. Just like God.

Our sister Wilson's singing has been made a blessing at the station. Brethren pray for Whitechapel.

JOHN WILSON,  
W. H. EBDON.

114, Cambridge Road, E.

#### HAMMERSMITH.

PRaise God for the signs of the times. The past few weeks the Lord has been blessing us at this station with the sanctification of believers and salvation of souls, of which I give briefly an instance or two.

SIXTY YEARS OF SIN REMOVED IN FIVE MINUTES.

"Praise God," cried an old woman while on her knees, "the Lord has washed sixty years of sins from my heart, and now I am so happy. Bless the Lord."

"I WANT SALVATION, sir," said a young woman, and fell on her knees and cried for pardon, which she soon found, and began to shout, glory, and is still going on shouting, shouting! "I DID NOT THINK RELIGION WAS LIKE THIS"

cried a big navvy, jumping up from the penitent form with tears in his eyes and the glory shining all over his face, and jumping and shouting out, "Oh, poor Daniel, happy now, no more drink, Daniel's happy, bless the Lord."

GOD CAN SAVE ANYBODY.

"Now I know God can save anybody,"

said a gentlemanly looking man, "for I was the worst wretch on the earth, I was so bad I hardly dare sleep. I only said to my friends just before I came out, I hoped God would let me get out of the house before it fell on me for I knew I should go to hell if I died. Coming up the street I heard your folks singing, and I followed you in, and I am glad I did, for God has saved me. I am a new man, and I feel I should like to tell the people so," which he did, and then sang, "Depths of mercy can there be." Oh, here's another young man (I suppose some of our critics would say he was mad) who got so blessedly saved that he jumped and shouted, "Glory, I do believe I am saved. Glory, I do believe," this he shouted for nearly ten minutes, and there was no stopping him, indeed we did not try.

#### I AM SAVED TO-NIGHT.

"I have got to-night what I never have had before," said a man, "though I have been coming to this hall ever since it was opened, and I could never make it out, but, thank God, I am saved to-night." "So am I," said another man, "and now I want to say, if there is a backslider in this meeting, let me entreat you to come to Jesus for he can save you. I once loved God with all my heart, but I got cold and went back in the world and I was a miserable wretch, and so I know you are, but come to Jesus and He will take you in and make you happy as He has done me." O praise God for such trophies as these for the Master's crown. We are expecting hundreds more.

Thanks for tracts, more are much needed and will be thankfully received, with donations, by yours washed in the blood,

C. HOBDEY.

8, Percy Cottages, Bradmore Park Road, Hammersmith.

#### PLAISTOW.

We are rising, we are rising,  
And the foe, shall be driven by the Cross.  
YES praise God it is a fact we are rising, and it is our intention in the strength of our leader, to continue to do so.

Our Camp meeting on Easter Sunday was a grand success; yes, we had a good start and a good day throughout.

#### EVERYTHING BUT MURDER.

Glory be to God he can save backsliders. This dear woman wept her way to the Cross. At the close of the morning

service, she cried aloud for mercy and God heard her cry and saved her. In thanking God for what he done for her, she said "You know what a bad hell-deserving sinner I am, you know I have tried to drown myself, and everything else I have done but murder; but (glory be to God) he has saved me now. Praise God." She is now to be found taking her stand for Jesus.

We have one young man that was saved at night that had long been prayed for, thank God he has prayed for himself at last, and is still with us.

#### AN ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER

on Friday the 26th. Some twenty-six held on all night pleading with God, and not in vain, for one sister said that God had saved her, and another young man said he had lost all his sins.

It was a grand sight to see after Miss Naylor's faithful warning, six at the penitent form at one time, including two backsliders, a wanderer, and last of all two persecutors, glory! glory be to God! go on my God, I know thou wilt bless thy Holy name.

Miss Cantrell's visit some will never forget; that market gardener wo'nt I'll be bound, did'nt he have to fight? The devil had got him tight, but the Lion of Judah came to his rescue, and broke all his chains, and enabled him to jump upon his feet and sing with all his heart

I am going home to glory  
Where pleasures never die.

Seven others were liberated that night. To God be all the praise.

We still have a lot of persecutors in the Tilbury Road, but the Lord is with us, and it does my heart good to see that our singing and speaking is not in vain, in fact, five have been caught in the gospel net already out of that road, and many more are deeply wounded, and will be saved, we believe, for God is still with us, and so long as God is for us it don't matter who is against us. No, we have pledged ourselves to go on and on till the Master says "Well done."

On Wednesday night we were out in the drenching rain; some said "you won't go, will you? O yes I said we will go and I am sure the Lord will help us." Well, off we go and take a stand, and very soon stones, mud, and other rubbish came upon us; but God was there, he had got right hold of some of them, and praise God they came to our Hall, and three gave God their hearts. O praise God, I feel that I must say, bless the Lord, O my soul.

Many friends know what we have to contend with just now (but the Lord is our tower), and while we thank all friends who have in any way helped us, we would say any help, either in money or tracts, will be thankfully received by

Yours in the army of King Jesus,  
C. BARKER.

4, Stock Street,  
Plaistow, Essex.

#### LEICESTER.

DURING the month we have been battling against sin, offering a full, free, and a just new salvation to everybody. Thank God many have accepted it, and whereas they were unhappy, and living in a state of wretchedness, they are now happy in God, and on their way to heaven. For instance, read the song of the converted infidel, whose case is given in our last number.

#### THE SONG OF THE CONVERTED INFIDEL.

(Tune—Wait for the waggon.)

I am a Christian Mission man,  
I'm not ashamed to tell  
That Jesus Christ he died for me,  
And died for you as well.  
Glory Hallelujah, I'm on my journey home.

He suffered on Mount Calvary,  
From sin to set me free;  
And now I am rejoicing  
In perfect liberty.

I was what they call an infidel,  
A secularist by name,  
And often did deny my God,  
And take His name in vain.

I went to Jesus as I was,  
And Jesus took me in,  
He washed me clean from every stain,  
And pardoned all my sin.

The angels they did all rejoice,  
When I began to pray,  
And so did I when I did get  
My sins all washed away.

He took the burden off my heart,  
Embraced me in His love,  
And now he is preparing me,  
To live with Him above.

Good Friday of 1878 will long be remembered by the Mission people, and by the inhabitants of Leicester; we announced by bills that we should meet in Russell Square, in the morning at six o'clock, to open fire upon the devil's kingdom. At that early hour almost 600 people had assembled, and by half-past six there were some 1500 present, comprised mostly of the class the Mission is seeking to save. It was with the

greatest difficulty that we could get along the streets with our procession, such were the crowds of people to see us pass. We had about 1400 people at our early love-feast in the warehouse, which commenced at 6.30 a.m. and such a meeting we have seldom seen. At 10 the Mission army met again in the Square in strong numbers. At 11, we had a grand Hallelujah Band. In the afternoon about 600 sat down to tea; and at 7 a great public meeting was held. Short Holy Ghost addresses were given by Happy Dick from Leeds, and others.

#### EASTER SUNDAY

was a grand day. We had very large congregations, especially in the evening when the warehouse was crowded. During the day, short addresses were given by Brother Bellhouse from Leeds, and a host of our own converts. We had a converted fighter, a runner, a dog fancier, a railway guard, the Mission giant, two bricklayers, &c., &c.

On Easter Monday and Tuesday teas were provided and public meetings held, and the whole was most successful. At the Monday night meeting we had with us

THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN," who expressed his great satisfaction with the meeting, and Mr. Fegan, of Deptford. We had some saved at this meeting, who stand firm and promising. Our people are all on fire, and many of them during the month have got sanctified fully; thank God this is what I believe in Holiness unto the Lord. We had a flying visit from the General Superintendent. He was with us on Friday night, April 26th. Five sisters spoke, who were candidates for the evangelistic work. Four of these have since been taken in, the fifth to follow in a few days.

On Monday night last we had a grand farewell service; the sisters who were going away the next morning, spoke with power and liberty; we had a good prayer meeting afterwards, souls saved and believers blessed. The next morning we had quite a stir at the railway station, about 100 of our people met to see our sisters off.

On Sunday evening last we had

#### A MIGHTY TIME,

hearts felt the moving, softening, melting power of the Holy Ghost. Speaking having ended we got to our knees, and mighty effectual prayers went up, and sinners came down, saints fell with them thrilled with the mighty power of God, feeling the purging fire, and

quickenings flame, and at the end of the meeting we found about a dozen had found peace, and over twenty sanctified. Glory to Jesus. Thanks for tracts; we shall be glad of more, or money, to help on this good work, which can be sent to Richard Lawrence, 78, High Street, or to

Yours fully saved

W. FAWCETT,  
J. HURRELL.

48, New Bridge Street,  
Leicester.

#### SALISBURY.

THE past month has been a month of trouble and disappointment. We are still without a place for week-night meetings. We have had many places in view, but they seem very mysteriously to have slipped out of our hands. As soon as it becomes known that we are going to have a place, some one gets in our way. The other day we had a soot-hole offered us. When we went to see it we thought it would suit us very nicely indeed, and began to rejoice over it. Went and called on the owner; but alas! he had gone out of his mind, and had been taken to the asylum. We talked over the matter with his wife, and she said we might have it, so we went off at once again, being full of hope and joy at our success, and got an agreement made out, and took it down to the woman to sign; but, in our absence, some man had been, and told her she had better not let us have the place as we make such a noise; so we could not even get a soot-house to worship in. But, leaving all this sort of thing, we have had lots of joy. We can say, "Where sorrow did abound, joy did also much more abound." Hallelujah! we shall gain the victory still.

A young man who could not be got to any place of worship at all, but chose rather to spend his time in some other way, and his money on that which is not bread, previous to coming here, has been attending our meetings very regularly, and who has many a time saved us from getting hurt in the open air, has been saved; and to hear the story of the dealings of God with him is very touching. He has begun to speak in the open-air meetings.

A woman came to our class-meeting the other day, and said she wanted to give her heart to God. Her brother had been saved under us. She there and then went down on her knees, and God

saved her. She told her husband, and he was saved too; so the Lord is doing good things for us as well as for the people. These are only a few of the numerous cases.

We want to know if so many people are to be left to the mercy of the world for the want of a place? Someone will have to come forward and help us with their prayers and money. The people we have here are prepared to do anything for God; they want to be real Christian missionaries, out-and-out, for God. Surely, if you have any interest in "The Blood," you will help us.

Yours, for Jesus' sake,

S. SAYERS,  
H. EDMONDS.

1, Cedar Cottages,  
West Street, Fisherton.

#### STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

ANOTHER month's glorious victories over sin and hell! The past month has not been without sorrow, either, but God has brought us through. Bless Him! there has been

#### A GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

Many have heard the voice of Jesus calling, and their hearts have responded to the call, and have risen to give God the glory. Thousands have been seeking after pleasure, but our people here determined to do something for their fellow-men, and the Easter just passed away will be remembered when the gilt and glitter of this world shall have faded. A nice muster met on

#### GOOD FRIDAY

in South Stockton. Held forth all the afternoon, then at night we occupied the market cross in the north, where immense crowds stood to hear the precious truths. Went inside at eight, when a love-feast was thoroughly enjoyed, and at the close a man sobbed aloud for mercy.

Sunday was a precious time; several penitent. Monday we were determined to have a crowning day, so we met in good time in the open air. Just as we began, singing was heard in another direction, and a nice company of our folks, led by Brother Russell, from the south side, joined us, and a grand time we had of it. The people seemed spell-bound all the time. We were well prepared for a good tea, which the sisters toiled hard to prepare. After tea, outside again, then inside, and

such a meeting that Stockton had seldom seen its equal in the past. So said the ancient people.

#### OVER SEVENTY SPOKE,

besides singing, in less than the hour. At the close souls cried for mercy, and, hallelujah! found it. The Rev. T. Lord spoke at the close very encouragingly, observing that what had been said was better than theory. They were real facts. After we had theorised we must come to facts. Tuesday found us again spending our strength in the open air. A second tea, also, and a second edition of the evening's refreshment. They were jumping up on all sides. Says one, "I have long been a doubter; am now a shouter." And so they went on.

Death has been very busy, as well as us. One dear man, when dying, sent for some one to pray with him. Brother Clark and some others went, and he very soon rejoiced in a Saviour's love.

#### A YOUNG WOMAN

was visited by some of our people and by myself. She got blessedly saved, and has since passed away to her beautiful home. I improved her death, and after the funeral sermon, twenty wept their way to Jesus. And so the work goes on. Yes, but we are in great need of funds to carry it on. Will you help, for Jesus' sake.

ANNIE DAVIS.

8, Sidney Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

#### SOUTH STOCKTON.

At the very outset of her work here, Sister Jackson from Leicester, was run over by a cab, and laid aside for a few days. But the Lord has graciously restored her to carry on the blessed labours, some of the fruits of which, Brother Russell reported last month as follows:

#### GOING FOR A RAMBLE.

A young man gave the following testimony: "I am glad to be with you. I feel very happy. I am free. Jesus has saved me. Last Sunday night I came to the railway gates to meet some more to spend the evening in a ramble. While standing there I heard you singing a hymn, which brought to my mind the days I went to school. The hymn was 'Jesus lover of my Soul.' I resolved to follow you to the meeting indoors. I did so, there God met me, and showed me my sins. I came to Jesus, and He saved me."

## ALMOST AN INFIDEL.

It was a great struggle for him to come forward; but after many prayers he arose to come forward. Never shall I forget the burst of "glory's," and the power of God which was felt; it was so much that he fell under it. While coming up the aisle the Lord set him free, but to make a good job of it he finished the journey, not only to the penitent form, but to the Cross. Soon he began to thank God for saving his soul. He has been the subject of many prayers.

## OUT FOR A STROLL.

He had no intention whatever of coming to the meeting till he had been strolling about for some time, when he met us singing, and followed us inside, listening attentively to some working men. In the prayer-meeting I spoke to him. I soon found out that he was very deep in sin, very much troubled, very much convinced, with a great desire to be saved. I led him to Jesus, and very soon he was changed from a bondman into a free man, and could sing "The blood of Jesus cleanses me."

ALFRED RUSSELL.

## NORTH ORMESBY.

BROTHER TRENHAIL reports progress here, and notwithstanding the unprecedented depression of trade, and the consequent continuous removal of members to other parts of the country, their numbers are maintained by others being gathered in. We were delighted, when here six weeks ago, by the determined band of workers, equal to anything set before them. They ought to shake the gate of hell and bring heaven and earth together.

Times are very bad in the iron district, Brother Trenhail pleads for a little help. It will be gratefully received. We give his address.

8, Cromwell-street, North Ormesby,  
Middlesbro'.

## BRADFORD.

THE holy fire is burning brightly on the altars of many hearts in Bradford. Our meetings are deluged with conviction and convicting power. The past three Sundays have been complete victories, sinners and backsliders being prostrate together, crying for mercy. The obstacles that have for some time impeded the chariot wheels have been removed, and now there is more sight, life,

and power. Saturday, May 4th, a band of brethren had an all night of prayer, and on the following Saturday a band of our sisters had one also. Many who had not the blessing of holiness obtained it, and a glorious day followed.

Of this day a brother writes:—"We had liberty in singing, liberty in praying, and liberty in speaking, and last, though by no means last, we gave the devil liberty to quit the hearts of some poor sin-sick sinners, and *he had to go*. Hallelujah.

We had commenced the day with a love feast at 7 a.m., and I never was at such a love feast in my life. The Spirit of God was there, and over seventy testified to the saving power of the Blood. One dear old lady said she had got up at two o'clock that morning for fear of sleeping too long.

At 10.30 we met on a piece of waste ground, kindly lent to us by the proprietor, and held a good open-air meeting till twelve. A band of the young converts spoke with power, and we had the pleasure of seeing sinners weep beneath the convictions of God's Spirit.

There was a good meeting in the theatre in the afternoon, addressed by a band of sisters. In the evening a good open-air meeting, then a silent procession to the theatre, where the meeting was addressed by a band of brethren. God's Spirit was there speaking through them, and in the after meeting we had the satisfaction of seeing over twenty poor sinners weep their way to the Blood. Oh, Glory to God for such manifestation of His Almighty power.

## THE CONVERTED BLACKSMITH.

"Dear Mr. Dowdle,—I write to tell you what I was through sin, and now what I am through Grace. For many years I was a professed infidel, a desperate opposer of God's word and His people. But at last I got caught, for which I thank God. When the old converted waggoner used to come to our shop to get his horses shod, I used to try to baffle him out of his belief in Christ, but all my arguments were useless, for he could say that he was saved, he knew it, and felt it in his soul, and that completely floored me. So he invited me to come to the tea meeting on the last day of the old year, 1877, and I did come, praise God for it, and saw how the people enjoyed themselves. It was an experience meeting after tea, and numbers got up and said they were saved from all sin—it made me feel in

## WHITBY.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

queer street then. But the watch night service followed, and I remained to see it out. It was so solemn, every one seemed to be giving themselves to God for the new year, so I could not withstand any longer. After twelve o'clock the meeting closed. The brethren came and spoke to me about my soul, and I felt I must give my heart to God. They began to pray for me, and in the first ten minutes of the new year, 1878, God saved, salvation I obtained, and we shouted Victory through the Blood. Since then my wife has got saved, and we are now hand in hand together on our happy way to Heaven.

Yours, a Sinner saved by Grace,  
EDWARD ECCLES.

"Dear Sir,—I will tell you what God has done for my soul. I was going by the Midland Station when you was holding a meeting there. I was so struck with what was said, I could not sleep for many a night, for I was then living in adultery. So I began to pray to God to make a way for me to be delivered from my sinful ways, and he did do so, bless His holy name. I was almost dead with fright, for I felt I was going down to hell, but now, Glory be to God, my all is at the feet of Jesus, and He saves me. I have stood and wept many times in the open-air meetings, because I was so fast bound; but Sunday, December 9, I was walking down the street, and something said to me, 'Jack, go to the Mission Hall.' So I went and washed myself and come to the hall, and it was the sacrament, so I had to stand back, as I was not fit to take it, and that hurt my mind more than all else. I was so upset I could not get any rest until I come to the love-feast on Christmas night, when the Spirit strove so powerful with me, I could not stand it any longer, so I made up my mind to give up all that was wrong, and give my heart to Jesus, so I jumped over two seats to get to the penitent form with others, and then and there God saved my soul, and now I am living as I ought to live, and will live to God, because I want to get my fellow-men saved. Praise God, he will help me.

Yours truly,  
JOHN TAYLOR."

Help in money greatly needed, and tracts will be gratefully received by  
JAMES DOWDLE,  
31, Burlington Terrace,  
Manningham Lane Bradford.

Our army met in the Town Hall at 7 a.m. with a determination to get a blessing, and to put in a full day for God and souls, and so we did. At 10 a.m., open-air meeting and procession; at 11 a.m., in St. Hilda's Hall; at 1.30 p.m., we commenced a large procession headed by a banner with this inscription:—"War is declared, recruits wanted," and another one, "The Hallelujah Army fighting for God." We sang all through the town and round the Cliff till 3 p.m., then had a love feast in St. Hilda's Hall. At 5.30 p.m., open-air meeting. In the hall at 7; many of the young converts spoke urging their old companions to give their hearts to God. Souls were saved, and crowds kept from the public-house, being fully taken up with our singing through the day.

On Easter Sunday great excitement prevailed, the town being very much alarmed, while two batteries of the Hallelujah artillery were firing truth and salvation into the enemy's camp, declaring the King's commandments and the terms of peace to all rebels. We then sang as real soldiers of the Cross to the centre of the town where the second battery met and joined together; we were then fourteen abreast. We had a shout like Joshua at the walls of Jericho. We then sang "Faith Triumphant makes it Glorious" up to the hall, and glory be to God souls were saved. Many of our enemies said such goings on ought to be stopped, it was more like an election time. I said, that is what it is, we want all to vote for Jesus.

## CAUGHT BY A TALE.

"Thank God that I ever come to hear Cadman, I had heard many things about him, and one was that he was a blackguard. I thought it strange for a preacher to swear, so I went to hear for myself, and thank God got converted and now belong to the army and mean to go to Heaven."

## CAUGHT AT LAST.

A woman that has attended our meetings ever since I have been here. She came to our believers' meeting, the power of God broke her heart, and like the publican she came trembling to the penitent form and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." She was soon set free and went home to tell her husband what the Lord had done for her, and on the following Sunday night he came to

the hall with her and was just going out when I caught him by the hand and invited him to give his heart to God. He said, "I will come again next week," but thank God we got the victory, his wife leading the way up to the penitent form where he cried for mercy, and the Lord soon set him free, and husband and wife went home happy in Jesus, and joined the army.

#### GREAT ALARM.

Soon after the prayer meeting commenced, screams were heard near the door, a woman fell down under the power of God and cried for mercy in such a way that it frightened many and broke the hearts of others. After crying for about ten minutes, the Lord set her free, then she commenced to pray for everybody, and soon came from where she fell to the penitent form where other men and women were seeking pardon. She is very happy now and a member with us and takes part in our meetings.

#### FROM THE COUNTRY.

A man and his wife came to the hall on Sunday night and sat very near the platform during the service with tears in their eyes. As soon as I gave the invitation to come out for salvation, the husband walked to the penitent form, fell down and cried for mercy, which soon brought the wife out; she fell by his side and they wept together till the Lord set them free. They are both members with us now and give their experience in the meetings. All our meetings are well attended, and we have good order.

From yours in the Lord's army,  
CAPTAIN CADMAN.  
J. GOULBURN.

16, Gray Street.

#### BOLTON.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

#### PRECIOUS SOULS

have professed to find peace at every evening service right through the quarter. Three months' hard and heavy firing into the enemy's camp, and somebody wounded in every engagement! Hallelujah!

#### OVER FOUR HUNDRED

men, women, and children have been to the penitent form, and professed to find peace in the various places where we

have held meetings. In the York Street Free Methodist Church, Can Row Mission Room, the Independent Methodists, Fold's Road and Noble Street, Queen Street Mission Room, and Mr. Robertshaw's Mission Room, Hanover Street, and in the Temple Opera House, night after night, 10, 15, 20, 25, and sometimes 30 or 40, have cried for mercy at one time, and God has set them free. Many of them have joined the societies where we have been. Others had belonged to some church or chapel for some time, but did not belong to Christ, and a few are standing by The Christian Mission.

#### OUR WEEK-NIGHT HALL

was opened on Saturday afternoon and evening, May 11th, with very nice congregations, and a gracious influence, and at the close of the evening service

#### FIFTEEN SOULS

came to the penitent form. Some were crying bitterly, others, just stepping into liberty, were rejoicing in Jesus; but we were most attracted by a young woman just behind us, who was praying aloud, "Oh, Lord, 'courage my sister! Oh, Lord, 'courage my sister!" "Oh, Lord, 'courage my sister!" "She wants saying, Lord," "She wants saying to-night, Lord, but she has not courage to come forward." "Oh, Lord, 'courage my sister!" The Lord 'courage her sister. She came forward, and soon found peace. May He give her courage to live a fearless, blameless life!

On Sunday morning we met in the new place, for our first Sunday morning service, and we tried the

#### REAL HALLELUJAH PLAN.

Had eight speakers in one hour, and God came down, all over the meeting, and eight souls professed to find peace before dinner. One was a man with gray hairs, 61 years of age. We had another blessed meeting in this place on Monday night. Sixteen souls at the feet of Jesus, which makes us take hold of God with fresh faith for further victories.

#### THE SUNDAY SERVICES

are always times of refreshing, and some blessed cases of conversion are witnessed. One woman, that had been a backslider for 16 years, fell at the penitent form, and cried aloud, until a crowd had gathered round her to hear her cry. She stepped into liberty, and so great was her joy, she walked about with her arms above her head, praising God. Another, just finding peace, and

looking round, said, "Where am I?" "Where am I?" And as a smile played upon her face, she said, "Oh, I'm in this Hell hole; but its Heaven to me to-night."

Friends wishing to see quarterly report and balance sheet of the work, should send stamped address to

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE and  
RODNEY SMITH,  
4, Birmingham Street, Bolton,  
Lancashire.

#### SHEFFIELD.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad."

WE are again glad to be able to report victory.

April the 7th was a powerful day, we had a break down, and a cry was heard all around, "What must I do to be saved?"

#### A PRODIGAL.

A dear young man who had left his father's house, and the God of his early days. He came to our meeting, was asked to give God his heart, but always made excuses. Brother Smith often entreated him to get saved, he was on his knees with him one night almost an hour, but he went home undecided. One night, however, he made a full surrender, and while he groaned and wrestled the power came down, he tore his hair, and wept just as I like to see men do; but still it seemed to him as though the heavens were brass, until he and Brother Smith, locked in each others arms, sang—

"There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shews his wounds, and spreads his hand;  
God is love, I know I feel,  
Jesus lives and loves me still."  
and then God came down and set him at liberty, and he was enabled to shout, "He does love me." He now often cheers our heart, when we hear him tell what the Lord has done for him.

#### GOOD FRIDAY

we had a public love feast, sixty-eight spoke, and several wept their way to Calvary. On the following Sunday, we had a grand day in the open-air; in the evening. Brother Smith preached his farewell sermon to a hall full of people, and many sought salvation.

On Easter Monday, we had our first tea meeting in the Temperance Hall, 537 sat down to tea. Mr. George Hovey

took the chair; the meeting was addressed by Mr. George Hovey, Mr. Thomas Fenton, the Rev. Mr. Calvert, and several other friends. All were greatly cheered and encouraged by the presence of Mr. Bramwell Booth, who exhorted them to be real holy men and women, and many were led from that address to seek and find the blessing of a clean heart. Glory be to God.

On the following night, Mr. Booth led the meeting in the Hall of Science, it was crowded with saints and sinners; at the close twenty wept their way to the Cross while we sang,

"I feel the glorious liberty,  
This moment I believe."

The power came down, and infidels trembled on their seats.

Wednesday night was again a precious time. Mr. Booth again led the people right up to the top, where all is joy; he stayed with us a week, and it was a week of great gladness and power.

On the following Sunday, we had the General Superintendent, who gave us a powerful address in the morning on holiness; preached in the afternoon and evening, and at the close we counted forty-four precious souls who had sought salvation on that day.

On Monday Mr. Booth led the meeting at the Hall of Science, the power of God again overshadowed us, and seventeen souls came to the penitent form. Amongst these were

#### A MAN AND HIS WIFE,

both were backsliders. On asking the sister to give up, she said "I will but I want my partner to go as well." One of his old companions who had lately found the Lord, got him to decide, and out they came together; he had not been on his knees long, before he began to shout "He saves me now! He saves me now! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory!" we sang

"He sets my soul at liberty,  
This moment I believe,"

when he jumped on his feet still shouting, and Mr. Booth at the same time shouting in his old style, and thank God he is shouting still. Both he and his wife are going on well, and we are looking for him to help us shake the town. Many thanks for tracts.

Yours in the battle field,

MARY GODDARD.

43, Mount Pleasant Road,  
High Fields, Sheffield.

### OPENING OF A SECOND STATION AT SHEFFIELD.

ATTERCLIFFE.

THE glorious success which has attended the services held in the Temperance Hall and Hall of Science, encouraged us to extend the work to another district of the town. The Vestry Hall, Attercliffe, was to be got we learned on easy terms and would accommodate some 800 people. So we arranged for Brother Skidmore to take charge of the work with this hall as his head quarters, Good week-night accommodation was secured, and the results of the two or three weeks' work may be judged of from the following account of the last Sunday.

"I AM GLAD TO TELL YOU that we are moving here. Praise the Lord. Though it is a very hard place, for the people can stand and laugh at us with all our entreaties to save them. It is astonishing. The Lord help us!

"Yesterday we commenced with a 7 o'clock prayer meeting. Good time outdoors at 9.40; in-doors at 10.40; out-doors at 1.50; in 2.30; out-doors again 5.30; in-doors 6.30. Our company larger than last Sunday night. We had a blessed time, six or eight came out for Jesus. Thank Him! Looking for more. The Lord grant it. Amen. Before I commenced to speak I thought my voice was going, for it was quite hoarse, what with the open air and in doors, but the Lord was better to me than my doubts and fears. I nearly forgot we had another open-air meeting at 4.10 till nearly 5 o'clock. After our night service we formed a band, and not a small one, and sang up to the main street, and then held a good meeting. Glory be to God. Then we sang, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' The people joined in with us, and it was grand. I prayed and concluded, but they would sing back again to where I lodge. A good company gathered around us, and I could not leave them very well, so we had another blessed time, and then bid them good night.

"J. SKIDMORE.

"9, Leigh Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield."

FELLING.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." THANK God, we are making headway at this station. I shall never forget when I left my home and my friends behind me. I remember when leaving King's

Cross Station I had the cross of Christ in view, and fastening some blue ribbon to a white handkerchief, I waved it, and said I would be

TRUE BLUE

to God and the Mission, and, thank God, He has helped me to be so.

I shall never forget one night, after I had done speaking, I was inviting them to come out and give themselves to the Lord, when a great, big man came tumbling over the forms, and cried out for mercy. God did have mercy upon him, and set him at liberty; and now he stands speaking in the open air in front of his old companions.

We seldom have a meeting but what souls begin to cry out for mercy. We have had one

ALL-NIGHT PRAYER MEETING

on a new scheme without breaking up to feed our bodies, and we found that the Holy Ghost was with us, and we found that it went down better than bread and butter and tea.

We have had prayer meetings at five o'clock in the morning of a week-day, and it is grand to see the dear brethren as they are going to their work coming in at so early a meeting to get spiritual food for the day, and when they have done their work they make haste to the open-air meeting at night.

One dear brother said he knew he was saved, because while at his work he had a hard job to do, so that he asked the Lord to help him and he done it nicely.

Another said, "I am a sinner saved by grace. I used to attend the gambling school, but now I attend the hall instead."

Another said, "I am a sinner saved by grace. I used to attend the billiard table. I hope my old companions will come with us to heaven."

One brother said when he was working in the pit, his companions said, "I hear you fellows is carrying Jesus away in your hats"; but I said, "No; we are carrying him away in our hearts."

Time and space will not allow us to give all the dear brethren and sisters' testimonies, but we are very thankful to say that God has saved about 180 precious souls. Believers have been quickened. They tell us we have brought some of the London fire; but it is not us, it is God, the Holy Ghost. We held our first holiness meeting on May 10th. We get the hall crowded every night, and we get from fifty to sixty brethren and sisters to help us for

an hour and a half in the open air on Sunday morning.

On Good Friday about 400 sat down to tea. We had a blessed meeting afterwards, when men gave up their pipes and women gave up their flowers, and precious souls cried out for mercy.

Oh, bless the Lord! Hallelujah! We mean fighting, and ours is the victory through the blood of the Lamb.

Yours in the battle-field,

RACHEL AGAR,  
ELLEN COPE,  
ELIZABETH JACKSON.

Wesley Terrace, Felling,  
Gateshead-on-Tyne.

### WEST HARTLEPOOL.

THE whole town is on fire this week. Nine of us have been before the bar of justice for preaching in the streets, and were fined eleven and sixpence each. But thank God we are eleven and six better men. They cannot do away with the singing through the streets. So we all left the court and sang to the theatre. We met again at 2.30, and sang all round the town. It was grand, hundreds following us.

At half-past seven we began the meeting. Twenty-nine spoke, six prayed. Many were wounded.

The theatre was filled on Sunday night. We sang at the close:

"Hell is darkness deep and awful,  
Turn poor sinner, turn and flee,"

while two came out and fell at the Master's feet. They are now on their way to heaven. Praise God! The offerings on Sunday were £2. Trade is very bad in the town. Seventy at class. £1 offerings. We shall conquer through the Blood.

GEORGE PRATT.

2, York Street,  
West Hartlepool.

### SUNDERLAND.

Another month has rolled away,

And still we are in the field,  
The foe surrounds on every side,  
But our war-cry is never yield.

We take the Sword—the Word of God,  
The Shield our conquering faith,  
And following Jesus Christ our Lord,  
He never fails to save.

I am my brother's keeper  
Is a truth we all endorse,  
And therefore go to courts and lanes,  
Of these the very worst.

Of drunkards, liars, harlots,  
And swearers not a few,  
And of some of the worst of gamblers  
We have formed our happy crew.

'Tis Jesus makes us happy,  
Not we who have deserved,  
He washed us in His precious blood,  
And now we love His Word.

His service now is our delight,  
We'll never quit His ranks,  
And the remainder of our lives  
We'll spend in giving thanks.

### THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Good Friday was a Holy Ghost day; two souls saved in the morning at the commemoration of the dying love of Jesus. In the afternoon a mighty open-air service and procession; about thirty spoke, and many sinners were convicted. Evening open-air and love feast, a time never to be forgotten by hundreds. Eight precious souls came to Jesus. Easter Sunday, a time of power and blessing. Easter Monday—such a day Sunderland never witnessed; a band of about 150 met in High-street, marched to Tunstall Hill, making the air ring with glad songs of praise, and thousands of people all around asking, "Who are these? Where are they going?" and they received the answer, "Oh, these are the happy crew of The Christian Mission with

HAPPY TOM

for their leader, on their way to the Happy Land. Sinners, you may all go with us! Praise ye the Lord!" Halting at Tunstall Rock, we formed a ring, and held such an open-air meeting that the people heard us singing about three miles away, and told us what it was. Upwards of one thousand people stood speechless with tears. Oh, hallelujah! God was there, and some of that congregation followed and found peace in that Saviour whom we preached.

To give you an idea of the mighty work that God is doing here, I will give a few cases of the many that have cheered our hearts this month.

### SUNDAY TRADING STOPPED.

First the son, a lad of about twelve, then mother got saved, and then they put the question to father, "Cannot we do without opening the shop on Sundays?" The father said "Yes," and I very soon got two large bills with "No business done here on Sunday," and when they were put in the window. The Christian Mission shouted "glory!" Of course now the father had not to serve on Sunday he came to the theatre, and