

vinced the Saviour died for sinners, asked for mercy, and obtained it through the blood of the Lamb. He has been the means of me seeking the Saviour, and finding mercy,—also two of his brothers and a sister! and we hope, through the help of God, to be the humble means of bringing many more sinners to know and love the blessed name of the Saviour; for it is a happy life to love and to serve God. We have five young children to bring up: may the Lord help us to bring them up in the way of religion. I HAVE BEEN A WIFE SIXTEEN YEARS, AND NEVER KNEW HAPPINESS TILL MY DEAR HUSBAND WAS CONVERTED. Long may this glorious Mission prosper, is the earnest prayer of

“A CONVERTED DRUNKARD'S WIFE.”

He began speaking in public for Christ one Sunday evening, five months after his conversion, at the corner of Selater Street, when one of his old mates came out of a public-house and offered him a pot of beer. From that time he persevered in the work without flagging.

He used at one time to go every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock to the public-house doors, and distribute the *British Workman* and other publications carefully amongst the men as they went home, conversing with all he could very closely about their souls. He would offer bread to anyone in real want, and would do his uttermost to get hold of every heart.

For years he was the mainstay of the temperance work at Whitechapel, and he always made it his speciality to warn everyone against the drink.

HIS END
was almost tragically sudden. On Monday the 18th February, he was present at the farewell tea of Sisters Reynolds, Sayers, and Burrell at Whitechapel, in his usual health and spirits.

On the following Wednesday he was taken ill at his work, and had to go home. But there was no thought of danger until the next Monday morning.

At five o'clock that morning, he suddenly sprang out of bed, and said to his wife, “I am going home.” He then had all the family of eight children brought to him, and charged them each to meet him in heaven.

After bidding each of the children good-bye, he told them that he should be gone to heaven before they came home from school to dinner. He said repeatedly that he was “trusting in Jesus and going home. All right, all

right. Willie would not expect to see me so soon,” he remarked, thinking of Brother Wheatly his late son-in-law.

When asked by one how it was with his soul, he said, “Triumphant, triumphant, triumphant!” His last words were, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

His poor wife was enabled even to rejoice in the midst of these flames. For some time a dark fear had oppressed her lest her loved one should wander again into sin. His mind had seemed to be far too much engrossed with business. So that now, in the very presence of death, she who loved him with the truest, most unselfish affection, could thank God for his safety, even though purchased at the price of her widowhood.

She could not weep in sight of such a death-bed, for when all power of speech had failed him, he waved his handkerchief around his head with a triumphant look, and so ascended upon high for ever.

He died on the tenth anniversary of his conversion.

How many drunkards shall we get to follow him? How many more drunkards' wives shall be made glad, even in the darkest hour of sorrow? It is for us to determine.

THOMAS WINTERSGILL OF STOCKTON, was converted at 18 years, under Bro. Lane, stationed then in this district. Worked very hard for souls. Always ready to have a word at the Market Cross, or anywhere else. Was a bold champion for his Master. Was a moulder by trade. Took cold, gradually grew worse, went into consumption. Ill thirteen weeks, but all the time was never known to murmur, or wish his sufferings less. Shouted the praises of God till the end, then said to his mother, “Jesus is precious!” and fell asleep on His breast. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him. We laid him in a quiet spot in the cemetery, and, oh! how many shed tears that day as the procession passed along, determined to live a better life, and serve God, as our dear Brother did, aged 21, when God took him home. I improved his death, and many that night were saved, people sobbing all over the theatre. Oh! may his companions, who are left to toil on, prove faithful. We shall then meet in that land where the inhabitants never say “I am sick,” and where hearts will never bleed at the loss of our dear ones.

May God help us to meet our dear Brother there!
ANNIE DAVIS.

The Christian Mission Magazine.

JULY, 1878.

Hell!



EVER discuss its existence with anybody! What good can that do? Of course there is a hell—a lake that burns with fire and brimstone, whose worm dies not, and where the fire is not quenched, an outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and where the smoke of their torment

Ascendeth up for ever and ever.

Everybody who has been converted knows there is a hell, because they have themselves passed from death unto life; they have trembled and groaned and gasped on the brink of the awful gulf, and have been snatched from the jaws of the destroyer by the Almighty hand; they saw the dreadful flames stretching out to grasp them, and heard the roaring of the waves of wrath that were about to dash them to pieces for ever, before they fled for refuge to the only hope, and breathed the first free, happy breath of life on the sure foundation of the Rock. People who have not been born again are dead. It is no use trying to make them see anything by argument. Argument never opened the eyes of one who was born blind. Do not argue, but pray. God can make them see it all, as he made us see it. But what ought we to do who do see?

RUN FROM THE PIT MOUTH.

“A burnt child fears the fire,” they say. Oh! that every child of God were sufficiently afraid of any approach to the paths that lead to destruction! How strange that whereas almost everyone is anxious to avoid even the neighbourhood of outward danger, Christians can go so recklessly to the very edge of the gulf of ruin from which they have made their escape, and rather encourage themselves and others in nearness to it than in the farthest possible separation from its very appearance! Who does not condemn the man who has had half his life blighted with the drink curse, and who still refuses to give up the use of it altogether, but pleads that he will and must keep to “just a little”? And yet there are other things, such as the love of money and dress, not so openly destructive, but just as certain to overthrow the soul, with which the Lord's people continually tamper, to their own misery and danger, often to their own damnation.

You had a besetting sin—one might almost say it had you—before

your conversion. It was your master, and it cost you dear. You have the mastery over it now, as a rule, through the power of God. But have you laid it aside, got rid of it altogether? or does it sometimes overcome and bring you into condemnation still? If it were to gain once more the hold it used to have upon you, that would be hell upon earth, and hell in prospect. Do you trifle with such a danger? Do you say, well I have not lost my hold of God altogether, although I am not doing so well as I used to do? That means I am nearer hell than I used to be! Are you content to remain so? How much nearer still to hell may you not be in another week. Perhaps, then, an extraordinarily severe temptation will come, and then—how will it end? Do you really believe in hell? Oh, awake to righteousness and sin not!

What did it mean when you shrank back from doing what you felt you ought to do yesterday? It meant shrinking back towards hell, nothing less! There are the "faithful unto death," who wear crowns, and all the rest, the "unprofitable servants," who are bound and cast into hell! It is forward—through the lions, over the serpents and scorpions, into the city, or else backward to perdition. How can you ever rest with duty neglected if you believe in hell?

That description of the man who believed in hell, running away with his fingers in his ears, listening to nothing, looking at nobody, crying, "Life! life!"—it is not all fancy, it is all real. That is how people live when they believe in hell. Is that the way you live? or do you run away from hell as like running after money, or a name, or comfort, or position, as makes very little difference? Beware!

SAVE OTHERS FROM HELL.

"If by any means I may save some." Paul evidently thought he could; and if God is no respecter of persons, so may you, if you are only willing to use the "any means" required; if, like Paul, you are willing to be a fool for other peoples' sakes, willing to lay down your life that others may live, instead of going to hell.

"You go to hell!" is the common expression of the ruffian. Alas! it is more. It is the plain English meaning of the lives of multitudes of the Lord's people who do nothing for the salvation of others. "I am going to my place of worship. I am going to get some spiritual food. I am going on my happy way to heaven. Oh, yes, I am sorry to see that so many do not appear to care about religion; but I really do not see what I can do for them." And so you leave them, do you—to go to hell? And you say you believe in hell!

Oh, if it be true that these men and women who are about us to-day are going straight down into that gulf—if it be true that those eyes are going to be piteously lifted up to gaze afar into a beauty they can never attain to—if those tongues are going to be parched in the quenchless flames, and those voices to swell the awful chorus of despairing agony—up, man, and do your uttermost! You heard of the loss of that German man-of-war the other day—of that awful

five minutes, when five hundred men were hanging over the eternal gulf, before the eyes of thousands more—of the desperate rush of boats and steamers to help—of the few minutes of struggle and cries and rescue, and then the awful stillness of the watery grave, that had swallowed half the crew. What should you have done if you had been there? Is there anything within your power that you would not have done, and done without a moment's hesitation, to save those poor drowning men? Do you believe in hell as you believe in the sea? What are you doing to save people from hell?

But then when we do bestir ourselves to do our utmost they say we are "extreme." From one end of the country to another they find fault with our bills, with the names we give to our halls, and with other little things we do to arouse the attention of everybody who is going to hell.

Do you see that man on the railway platform? He is just stepping down to cross the line. He does not see the train that is coming, and that will have torn him to pieces in a few seconds if you do not stop him. Suppose you scream "Murder!" or "Fire!" "But there is no murder, there is no fire; it would be deceiving the man!" Would anybody be so particular as to notice that if you cried out anything that came most readily in such a moment? Perhaps you cannot speak—the awfulness of the danger chokes your utterance; you could not make your mouth send forth a sound if it were to save a thousand lives. There is not time to get at the man and pull him back. Suppose you dash to the ground some costly vessel you are carrying, or suppose you smash with your stick the nearest lamp, to get that poor fellow's attention! It would be the act of a raving maniac. It would be most damaging. It might injure people who were in perfect safety. It might cause a very great deal of trouble. But would anybody blame you if they saw the man's life was saved? Would they begin to describe to you how the same end might have been gained without the use of such extreme measures? Oh, no. People believe in sudden death beneath the engine. Do you believe in sudden damnation into hell?

If you do, then give yourself body and soul, time and strength, to the great task of saving people from going there "by any means." "In season and out of season;" amidst evil report, and good report; whether you feel equal to the effort, or utterly incapable of it—go on in the strength of God to save some. Let all your words and ways tell everybody that you believe in hell. You have so many days in which to save that man—days, nay, perhaps only so many hours, minutes, and then the chance will be gone for ever. Oh, seize it while it lasts! "By any means" save some! Hell is earnest, gaping, blazing, roaring up for ever. People who believe that must not hesitate, and argue, and compromise. They must rush and cry aloud, and wrestle with the principalities and powers, as desperate heroes only can. They must lay down their lives to save some. Will you do that? Do you really believe in hell?

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE work is still extending. The Opening Services at Manchester and at Blaydon have been somewhat smaller and less effective than they should have been, owing to the want of sufficient accommodation. But by way of compensation the opening of Barnsley has, for rapid, overwhelming success, surpassed all our previous experience, the sisters having been eagerly engaged after only three weeks stay in devising means to increase the sittings in the hall used for weeknights, and already holding 600 or 700 people.

The services held by Miss Booth in the Circus, at Leeds, reaching thousands of people every Sunday, have been equivalent to the opening of a new station, and ought to result in the formation and equipment of a new force in the town.

Whilst all these extensions have been going on in the country, London has not been forgotten. We are anxious to do more and more here, and have, during the month, taken halls in Acton and Notting Hill, where we have every prospect, by God's help, of accomplishing a great work.

There is still great and blessed growth in the companies gathering at Sunday morning prayer-meetings and in the numbers pressing on to engage entirely in the work. We shall be forced on into many more extensions within a few weeks simply in order to give opportunities to these ardent souls, whom may God multiply a thousandfold.

BARNSLEY.

WHEN we entered this town it was in a great commotion. Some said we had come with another religion, others said we had come in opposition to other societies, and prayed that we might not have success, and that souls might not be saved through our instrumentality. Most of them said we had come to preach without Christ, and to open a new way to Heaven. So we were watched up and down the streets as a cat watches a mouse. But God, knowing our hearts, and seeing our motives were pure for the extension of His Kingdom, encouraged us, in spite of what was said.

We meant *Victory or Death*. So we began in right good earnest on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, May 26th, having three dear brothers from Sheffield to help us. We commenced in the Market-place by singing, "We're travelling home to Heaven above, Will you go?" and in a few moments hundreds came running in every direction, expecting to hear us sing without Christ, and speak without Christ. But their tears and their great attention showed us there was a hungering and thirsting after the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. The interest of the meeting was kept

up for three hours. We then began again at a quarter to two, and sung to the large

GAIETY THEATRE,

Hundreds following. When we entered, to our great surprise, it was empty, but the crowd that followed soon made a good congregation.

We cannot tell our dear friends the feeling that thrilled through us as we stood on the stage for the first time and seeing the crowds flock in. Gazing on their anxious faces, we wondered who was sufficient for these things. We soon saw who was, when at the close we saw three precious souls crying for mercy. When we began at a quarter to six in the Market-place, though such a feeble band, we sang through the streets, and invited the people into the theatre. We had about 1,000 people inside. We did not have much liberty in speaking or singing, and at the prayer meeting, most of them ran out. Of course we were greatly disappointed, expecting to see many saved.

We began open-air at seven o'clock the next night, and got crowds round us, most of them miners, and after talking and singing we invited them into our week-night hall, the small theatre which is called

THE MECHANICS' HALL.

It holds about eight hundred. Sister Smith and I then sang through the streets to the hall. Men, women and children ran from every direction to see two females singing through the streets by themselves. The hall was in no wise full when we entered, but the mob soon filled it. Much liberty in praying, singing and speaking. Our success began from that night. Within the fortnight, we have had 134 professed to be saved, some of them the most interesting cases I ever met with.

One was a young woman, who had been a member of another society for some time, but never knew she was a sinner until she came to our hall. There God met with her, and broke her heart, and bound it up with the cords of His love. She has been with us every night since, and is quite useful to us in speaking, singing, and praying.

A WRETCHED BACKSLIDER,

Who told me he had been saved twenty years ago under Mr. Booth, but had strayed from the fold. He came several nights, and was greatly wrought upon; but when asked to start for heaven, he said, "Not to-night." But giving the invitation again in the middle of the prayer meeting, with tears streaming down his face, he jumped over the gallery, and came forward. After agonising with God some time, the light shone in. He sprang to his feet, and shouted, "Glory be to God." He has since brought his brother, and he has got saved also. They are two ready workers for God, willing to do anything to push on the cause.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE

Came one night to our meeting; when asked to give their hearts to God, they

said they had come for that purpose. Both sprang to their feet, and cried, "Lord save me." Soon He heard and answered.

THREE YOUNG MEN,

Who heard us speaking in the open air, followed us into the hall. When asked if they were saved, they said "Oh, no; but we have come to get saved;" and after much wrestling they were enabled to sing, "Jesus saves me now."

We could tell you of many more interesting cases, but time will not permit.

WHIT-SUNDAY

Was a grand day. Many sought and found Christ. Monday we had a tea for our young converts only; forty met together to take tea with us. Then we went in the open air for two hours; sang through the streets; and invited the people to a *Public Lovefeast*. When we got in, our hall was nearly crowded, and soon there was not standing room. We began, and the power of God seemed to fall on everybody. *Forty of the young converts* got up and testified of Christ's saving power during the fortnight. Many wept, and at the close eight started for heaven. Last night was

a melting time, and fourteen started for heaven! Hallelujah!

In one particular corner of our hall may be seen every night an aged man, with eager and attentive looks, and tears streaming down his face. When asked what he was weeping for, he said, "Praise the Lord, He has heard my prayers. Forty-eight years I have prayed the Lord to send women preachers down in this dark Barnsley, to work entirely amongst the lowest. Glory be to God!

He has answered my prayer by sending you."

We are heartily thankful for the kind help and assistance of the friends in Barnsley. We have still to raise £5 per week. Donations and tracts will be thankfully received. Believe us to be yours, fighting in the army of King Jesus,

ROSA CLAPHAM,
JANE SMITH.

6, Race Comr on Road,
Barnsley.

OPENING OF A STATION AT NOTTING-HILL.

WITH the Victoria Hall, or Bijou Theatre, for Sundays, and two smaller places kindly lent us for weeknights, we have made a commencement, and after about a fortnight's work, heard of a real Mission Society over twenty strong, and of open-air and indoor services, which give every promise of glorious doings ere long. Whereof more next month.

ANNE HADDOCK.

ACTON.

WE got the Lecture Hall for Sundays; but on the opening day, after hours of hard work in the open-air, the people would not come in properly—they clustered round the door, and seemed frightened of us.

Nevertheless, we had good meetings, and the only two sinners who did come, we got saved. Moreover, the impression made upon one gentleman who came to see us was such, that he offered us a weeknight hall free.

The second Sunday, a man somewhat in liquor, struck Brother George Leedham, of Hammersmith, who was helping us in the open-air a violent blow in the face. But this did not prevent our success, and time after time we have captured prisoners and gone on increasing in numbers and strength. It is a very hard tug at present; but we won't be beaten, and so we shall win instead.

If anybody wants to help the needy, send to

CHAS. HOBDEY,

8, Percy Cottages, Hammersmith.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS. THREE NIGHTS OF PRAYER IN THE NORTH.

By W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

I FEEL that some account of these meetings will interest, and I hope they may benefit, the readers of the MAGAZINE. Certainly they will never be forgotten, and as certainly they will mark a future of increased responsibility in the lives of all who were present.

Wednesday Night, May 15th.—At a few minutes after ten o'clock, there were some 160 or 170 people gathered in our Linthorpe Mission Hall, MIDDLESBRO' for the night. There were a few friends

present from Stockton with the Evangelists, Sisters Davis and Jackson, and Brother May, of that town, Brother Marsden from East and Brother Pratt from West Hartlepool, together with Brothers Robinson, Thirlwall, and Trenhail, the Middlesborough commanders. I opened the meeting by giving out hymn 454.

"All things are possible to Him,
That can in Jesus' name believe.
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive.
I can, I do, believe in Thee.
All things are possible to me."

And from that moment the overshadowing presence of Jehovah, Jesus brought everything into subjection, and we would fain believe into harmony with Himself. I can never forget the glorious overwhelming emphasis put into the "Shalls" of that gracious hymn, especially of the verse

"Thy mouth, Oh Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve Thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy and pure, and perfect here,
The servant as His Lord shall be,
All things are possible to me."

It seemed as though we had laid hold of the arm of omnipotence at once, and were talking to God face to face.

Some prayer for searching and revealing power, which was answered then and there, was followed by the reading of Ezek. xxxvi. 25 to 29. Special attention being called to the "new spirit," which shall "cause you to walk in my statutes"—then more prayer, distinct earnest crying for the sanctification of all present, and already some were stepping into the pool—the glory of the Lord fell on us, and several men were prostrate on the floor on their faces. But this did not disturb—did not detract from the attention of the meeting, all seemed intent on receiving a baptism. Brother Robinson here spoke for a few minutes. A mighty influence resting upon the people—every word seemed as *fire*—then we bowed again, and while singing,

"Take my poor heart, and it shall be,
For ever closed to all but Thee."

Several entered into full liberty, and began praising God with a loud voice.

It was now 12:30, and for about half an hour we suspended the service, a little refreshment being handed round (and the arrangements in this respect were faultless)—the holy unction never departed for a moment, and when we resumed at one o'clock every heart was expecting a mighty filling. Miss Davis spoke, dwelling on the glorious deliverance from care included in this life of faith, and Brother Robinson followed. He had hardly commenced speaking before God came down in marvellous power. One dear woman who had been holding something back up to this moment, gave way, and fell shrieking to the floor; others followed. A big man, one of two or three sinners who were saved during the night, ran forward seeking pardon, and then *God seemed to take the meeting into His own hands. We stood weeping for joy. Men and women lay prostrate on every hand.* Shouts of triumph, groans for deliverance, reiterated declarations of trust from those just taking hold

of the blessing, were mingled in one, ascending to the Throne as a cloud of holy incense. At one moment it seemed as if the very building was shaken. Perhaps it was. We dare not say it was not. The one thought, the one realization of that hour was the immediate presence of Almighty God, saving and saving, filling and filling to overflowing with His unutterable glory.

Brother Marsden spoke at the sacrament service, and in the glorious lovefeast which followed we had testimonies which must have equalled the testimonies of some around the Throne. We had seen the King in His beauty. Our mouth was filled with laughter. We shouted with the shout of triumph, and sang a new song unto Him who saves with a full salvation. The closing words

“Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee,”

are still true. Glory be to Jesus.

June 5th, Wednesday Night, 10.30, in the Chapel we use for weeknight work in SUNDERLAND. About forty of our dear converts from Felling (which is some twelve miles distant), and about twenty from North and South Shields, made up with the Sunderland people a company of about one hundred and fifty in all. Of course Sisters R. Agar, Jackson and Cope from Felling, with Bros. E. Blandy, Brock, Coombs and Sales from the two Shields, and Bro. T. Blandy and Sr. Lock were there.

The opening hymn and prayer were followed by a short address on Holiness, specially adapted to young converts, as with a few exceptions the whole of those present were in the service of sin three months ago, and then followed by glorious testimonies from Bro. Coombes, Bro. T. Blandy, Sisters Cope, Jackson, and Agar, all clear and definite as to the separate and distinct blessing of perfect love having been received by them at a given time, and having wrought a wondrous change in their lives. Sister Agar dwelt with almost inspired plainness on the question of renunciation of self and selfish indulgences, urging the necessity of giving up the use of the pipe, and of outward adornment; then we went to prayer. God came down. First one and then another stripped themselves. **Feathers, flowers, then pipes, snuff-boxes, twist, were freely handed up to the stand in front of the speakers. Again and again we could see the perspiration on the brow, and the workings of countenance betokening a terrible struggle; but Jesus was triumphing—self was being crucified, right hands and right eyes were coming away, and full and free offering up of all to the service of the King was going on.** Truly it was a startling scene. But presently the glory of the Lord overshadowed many. The Guest came into the guest chamber. The Lord came into His temple. Light and lightness followed the lightnings. Oh, Hallelujah!

Then, after refreshment, we had further testimonies from Sr. Lock, and Bros. Sales and Brock—more prayer—more glory—more rising up in the power and might of a holy heart. But it was round the Lord's table that, perhaps, we most felt His nearness. We did eat and drink in remembrance of His broken Body and shed Blood, and in joyful antici-

pation of the time when the “Lamb's wife having made herself ready, shall go in and eat and drink with Him in the Kingdom of Heaven.” Some had been making themselves ready. Surely we came very near the Marriage Supper joy that early morning in Sunderland. We think so. The love feast which followed was good, though somewhat disturbed by the early departure of the Felling friends.

Judging from that night, certainly Sunderland is a sunny land.

Whit-Tuesday, 1878.

In the STOCKTON Old Theatre 300 people or more came together from Middlesboro, East and West Hartlepool, and a few from Whitby, at 10:30 for the night. The Evangelists present included Sister Davis, Brothers Robinson, Thirlwall, Trenhail, Marsden, Pratt, May, and Stevens. The delay in settling down was perhaps unavoidable, but all felt the importance of the opportunity. Everything was ready, the doors closed, the Lord Jehovah nigh at hand. Every heart beat with expectation—some curious, perhaps one or two inclined to be cavilling strangers looked on from the back. The meeting commenced and after the reading of a part of John xvii., the special request for oneness with God being dwelt upon, Brother Robinson spoke. Then we went to prayer; and, oh, such praying, such desperate, determined calling upon Jesus to manifest His almighty, sanctifying power. It was answered. First one and then another began to praise God,—began to shout, or laugh, or cry; but up to one o'clock, when we broke up for a little season, the main work was enlightenment and conviction.

The goodly number present rendered the delay in getting on again with the meeting a little longer than we liked. But it was turned to good account by some. A dear man who has long been serving God, in conversing with me, was questioning the Divine ability or willingness, I hardly know which, to fully save in this fashion. I spoke plainly to him, and felt that the enemy was rebuked. Before morning he was rejoicing in God's sanctifying presence, with tears of joy chasing one another down his cheeks.

We resumed about 1:45. During the singing of the chorus

“Washed in blood and filled with glory,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast,”

several, both men and women, fell to the ground, overcome with the power of the Holy Ghost. Then we had a testimony and exhortation from Brother Pratt, followed by more prayer. Everyone knelt. We believe every heart was uplifted. Heaven drew near to earth,—nearer and they met—embraced—mingled their shouts of triumph. The glory of God filled the Old Theatre, Stockton, much as He must have filled the Temple at Jerusalem, and many in our company fell, as the priests fell then, on their faces. Others looked on, and shouted, or cried, or laughed. No one seemed to be leading in prayer, and yet all seemed to be praying. The appearance of a white-robed throng would not have startled anyone. We saw, we heard, we felt things not lawful to be uttered. “Stay thy hand, stay thy hand!” we heard a brother near exclaim; while another, down whose face tears of joy followed one another, was shouting, “Lord, enlarge—glory, glory—the vessel.” “Lord, glory, glory!—enlarge—glory, glory!—the vessel.” We think the Lord did it. It's never well to ask Him to stay His hand.

Many burst out praising God for full deliverance, and, oh, the scene of bewildering and enthralling rejoicing surpassed any description. Some were greeting one another with the holy kiss. Some wept in one another's arms. Some sat and some stood, and some seemed as if they were on the verge of an ascending cloud.

Brother Thirlwell addressed us from the table of the Lord. We did eat and drink bread sent down from Heaven, water of life, and light, and liberty that is springing still.

In the Lovefeast we had just 100 testimonies in about 80 minutes.—A dear sister got up and threw her bonnet into the ring, and the finery in it was soon taken out. Truly we had a feast of fat things long to be remembered. The closing words and closing song

"Never more, never more,
Thy temples leave,"

are in our ears, and in our hearts to-day. As we write, the recollection of the overshadowing glory fills us with thanksgiving and praise.

By and by we will see Him as He is, and praise Him continually, and eternity will seem but a day.

MANCHESTER.

We have opened fire upon another of the largest cities of the Kingdom, and although it would have been delightful to have been able to report that in the first few weeks we had already accomplished great wonders, yet we are inclined to be quite as well pleased upon the whole that so great an undertaking has proved a great fight, and that the only hope of victory seems to lie beyond a heavy campaign.

At first all seemed to be fair for gloriously rapid and easy victory. We had secured, as we thought, a large Music-hall in Ancoats, the very place for us. The open-air services were attended night after night by crowds, and on the opening Sunday, Bro. Pearson and the two Sisters Smith, who had accompanied him to the work, succeeded in getting 250 people into the Music-hall in the morning, 500 in the afternoon, and 900 at night, when

THIRTY SOULS

came on to the stage to seek mercy. They had caught others on weeknights previously, so that the prospect seemed bright indeed.

But, alas! the success was too great for the devil and his agents. The next day the owner of the Music-hall declared we could never have it again, as people complained, and it would injure him.

But we did not for a moment despair even of that particular district. We might at once have betaken ourselves to

other parts of Manchester, where larger buildings were obtainable; but we were pledged to Ancoats. We had already got foothold, and we were not to be driven back. After a good deal of hunting, we found a

SALVATION ROOM,

right in the midst of the people, occupying the upper part of five houses facing a great open space, and here, for the time being, we have fixed our headquarters. The staircase is narrow enough to remind all who enter of the strait gate and the narrow way that leads to life. But many a one has already gone down it with a light heart washed in the blood of the Lamb, and it will, we are confident, only serve in some coming day to make it all the clearer that if our entrance into Manchester was not of the grandest we kept climbing until we got to the top.

The following testimony from a stranger will serve to show that our labours are already preciously fruitful.

"Sir,—I feel that I must just send a line testifying of the glorious work that is going on in connection with the Christian Mission in Manchester.

"The Salvation Room is very well attended every night. Souls are saved in every meeting.

"I believe there are some open-air meetings held in the town on Sunday evenings; but the people never heard of open-air preaching every night. Glory be to God." Amen!

Brother Pearson and his helpers needs much sympathy, prayer, and help just now, as they cannot make headway so rapidly as they might with larger buildings at disposal. His address is 33, Tutbury Street, Every Street, Gt. Ancoats, Manchester.

BLAYDON-ON-TYNE.

I ARRIVED here on the 16th of May, conducted by Mr. Crow, of Newcastle, who walked into an ironmonger's and furniture shop, and then walked himself out, and left me to the mercy of God and a Mr. Paxton, who proved to be a real Christian and a good friend.

On Sunday, the 19th, at half-past ten a.m., I hoisted the *Christian Mission* flag, assisted by Sisters Jackson and Cope, from Felling, and Brother Brock, from Shields, and other friends. We had the Hall full. Five souls were saved, and seventeen shillings offering; and God has been with us ever since. Bless His holy name! Some of the worst characters in *Blaydon* have been saved!

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

"If you have only been the means of saving that man (calling him by his nickname), it will have been worth all your trouble in coming to Blaydon."

Said another, a dear woman, "You do not know me, but I know you. I can never thank you enough for the good you have done my family. You know T. F.?" "Yes." "Well, that's my lad. Do try and keep him; there is such a change in him;" but God, alone, the change hath wrought. Both these cases are entering upon the work with all their hearts. Hallelujah!

I hope the Lord's people will help us, as the place is poor, many out of work, and others working half-time. May God forbid that His work should be stopped in the least for the want of money.

T. BORRILL.

21, Cowen Street,

The Hauges,

Blaydon-on-Tyne.

WHITECHAPEL.

"We shall conquer through the Blood."

WE rejoice to know that while God is so wonderfully blessing the labours of our dear brothers and sisters in the country, he is also remembering us. Men and women are being turned to God at pretty nearly every meeting. We still get opposition in our porch meetings. But the

Lord saves souls there as well as in the hall. The past month has been one of good success. We have had as many as thirty-two souls in a week; and the work is still going blessedly onward. We continue to have the presence of the Holy Ghost in every meeting. Our souls have been made glad.

We have had a visit from Miss Booth during the month. The Lord blessed her labours by giving her seventeen souls. The Divine Power was in each service. Many trembled under the Word, and went away. Others came forward to the penitent form—sought and found pardon and peace through the Blood of Jesus.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC

Came to the penitent form—confessed her sins to the Lord, and got absolution from the Great High Priest without paying for it.

AN INFIDEL SAILOR

Who renounced his infidelity is now in full sail for glory. He thanks God because we got him to sign articles and come on board the Gospel Ship sailing for Canaan's shore.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

A dear old woman came to our band meeting, with seventy-four years of sin on her back. She cried for mercy, and God for Christ's sake took it off. She got up off her knees rejoicing, and went to the other side of the hall and brought her husband, who was sixty-nine years of age, and got him on his knees. When he got up, the wife asked him if he was all right. He said, "No." "Down you go again, then," and he did, and God took him in. Hallelujah!

A BACKSLIDING PRODIGAL

Came to the meeting on Sunday with his wife, who was a Catholic. He confessed his wanderings to us, and He that has promised to heal all our backslidings took him, and also absolved the wife from all sin. They joined the class, and are now on the happy way to glory.

OVER EIGHTY SOULS

Have been born for God during the past month. The largest number we have had at one time was seventeen, when Miss Booth preached. We are glad that she came to pay us a visit.

Help in the shape of money or tracts will be gratefully accepted by

JOHN WILSON,

114, Cambridge Road, E.

W. H. EBDON.

33, Buxton Street, Mile End, E.

POPLAR.

THE Lord of hosts is with us. Men and women are feeling the mighty power of God, and many have cried aloud for mercy.

A man was passing our open-air meeting, and stopped to listen. He followed to the hall, and while I was urging all to accept the Saviour, he caught my hand and said that was what he wanted to do, and the Lord saved him. He was on his way to the theatre, but, hearing us, it stopped him. He said, "The beershops and theatres were my delight, but I have given up beer and tobacco, and all the devil's works, and now I go in the open air and sing for Jesus."

A BACKSLIDER IN HEART.

"I came to your hall on Sunday night, and heard you preach on the Prodigal Son, and every word you spoke went deep into my heart. I have been a backslider in heart; but, bless the Lord, I am happy in Jesus now."

JUST IN TIME.

I was called to see an old gentleman and lady that heard me preach. They wanted to be saved, and they had been trying to save themselves. I told them to give over trying, and let Jesus save them. We got down on our knees, and they then and there received the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. A short time after I was called to see him. He was taken suddenly very ill; he is laid on his death-bed now. He took hold of my hand and said, "I am very happy in Jesus. I shall soon be with my Father in heaven." His bedroom is like heaven below. He praises God for ever hearing the Christian Mission people.

My wife was called the other day to see a lady ninety years old. She went to see her, and told her of the precious love of Jesus. She was very dark as to her salvation, but I do hope that before she left her she got light on the way of salvation.

A woman came to our hall on Sunday night and heard my wife preach in the prayer meeting; she cried and struggled at the penitent form for almost an hour, and said she would not get up till she found peace. The Lord set her at liberty. She has been a member of a society for years, but never knew the pardoning love of Christ till Sunday night. Yours in the battle-field,
7, Flint Street, CAPTAIN WOOD.
Poplar, Bromley, E.

CANNING TOWN.

"The deaf are made to hear, the blind receive their sight,
The dead are raised and devils put to flight."

Yes, praise God, during the past few months many have been saved from the power of sin and the devil, and are on their happy way to heaven. Some of them give their experiences thus:—

No. 1.—"I was a big sinner, but I found a bigger Saviour; it was Jesus; and he has pardoned all my sins, and now I mean to serve Him and get to heaven."

No. 2.—"Well, dear friends, I can say God has saved me. I was a great drunkard and fighter; but my old mother prayed for me many years, and at last her prayers are answered."

No. 3.—"I have been married eleven years; but I and my wife have had more happiness this last two months than all the others put together. I am glad I got converted."

No. 4.—"I was very black with sin, but now the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. I am whiter than snow."

No. 5.—"I had a very hard heart, but God broke it; I have been a rough one, but Jesus took me in and pardoned all my sin."

No. 6.—"I am glad I can stand up and say what God has done for my soul. He has saved it from hell and made it fit for heaven."

Such are the experiences of many others who have lately been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth by the instrumentality of our work here.

Money and tracts are greatly needed to carry on this glorious work, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

ARTHUR WATTS,

4, Spire Terrace,
Barking Road, Canning Town, E.

CHATHAM.

"Lo, I am with you always," said Jesus to his disciples, and thank God we have realized His blessed presence with His blessing in our souls. True we have had a little more opposition than usual, and what can we expect. People don't like to be told that they are going to hell, and yet we must tell them, whether they like it or not. Publicans don't like to hear their gin denounced; the adulterers and adulteresses don't like to have their consciences aroused, and to be told they shall not enter into the

Kingdom of Heaven, and that God sees them. Said one man to me, "Why don't you stay inside, then I would not mind helping you a bit;" but stop inside we cannot, nay, we will not, when God so blesses our open-air services. Let those who object to open-air services read the following:—

While holding an open-air service at the lower end of Clover Street, a man who had been on the spree as they called it, heard us. Drink and the devil had driven him to desperation, and he had fully made up his mind to drown himself, and was then on the way. He stopped and listened, followed to the hall in response to an earnest invitation given. "Sir," he said to me, "I'm miserable, and I want to give my heart to God." He came to the penitent form, wrestled awhile, then said, "I feel I can't get liberty till I've acknowledged;" and he acknowledged the above wicked intention. Thank God, life saved, soul saved, devil defeated, grace exemplified, angels rejoicing, and us shouting. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?

The same night a woman who had heard us before, and knowing the place where we stood, and the night, came to hear us, and followed us into the hall. I asked her if she was converted, she said, "No." "Would you like to give your heart to God?" "Yes." Up she got and wrestled, and prayed till she got into liberty, the same morning having been locked up an hour trying to find peace.

A man upwards of 70 years of age, and who had lately buried his wife, came to the hall, knelt at the penitent form, and found peace. His experience is now, "I feel better in body and soul; I eat better, and sleep better. Indeed it seems as though I was young again. Never felt anything like it, I feel so happy that I can't tell you how I feel." Praise the Lord.

The following note from a young man was placed in my hands one Sunday afternoon. When I had read it, I went to his place to speak to him, but he was not there, he had gone up to the penitent form, and thank God was restored to the joys of His favour.

CHATHAM, Sunday.

"Christian Sir,—Will you excuse the liberty I take in addressing you thus. I would not do so if I thought it not a matter of the greatest importance. I am

a backslider of 4 years, during that time I have not known what peace is. I know well that God says, 'My spirit shall not always strive with man,' I thank God that he has not withdrawn His spirit yet. Oh, that he would slay this heart of mine. I know that he is willing to receive me; I am a sailor by profession, I have travelled and seen a good deal of the world, but since I deserted my God they have not satisfied the longings of my soul. Will you kindly ask those followers of God who assemble here to pray for the restoration of a wanderer from the fold. Sir, I close with the expectant hope that my wishes may be fulfilled to the glory of your Master. Meantime, I remain your humble, W.G."

Many other cases might have been mentioned, but I know that our Magazine is already getting too small for the reports.

Yours, trying to rescue the perishing,
W. WHITFIELD.

Help much needed. Thanks for parcels of tracts received from J. Atkinson, Esq.

COVENTRY.

BROTHER IRONS, of Bradford, who went to help Sister Reynolds a few weeks ago, writes:—

"The past week has been a glorious one. I never was in such powerful meetings in my life. Last Tuesday we had nearly twenty souls, very good cases.

"The dear Lord is blessing us in a wonderful manner, both spiritually and financially. Yesterday we had an extra good day, souls both afternoon and night.

"306

at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting. Offerings all day £4 9s. 8½d. Glory to God."

But alas! no sooner had we thus reached the summit of joyous triumph than sudden and almost overwhelming trouble fell upon us.

The Theatre Royal, from the doors of which many had had to turn away, unable to gain admission the last few Sundays, was all at once condemned by the authorities as an unsafe building, and we were shut out of any place nearly large enough for us just on the eve of the fair, at which we had expected to crowd the theatre week-days as well Sundays, it being quite unused.

But the glorious work cannot, shall not, be cramped. Nay, rather this

event will but compel us either to put up or adapt some large building to contain very large numbers, week-days as well as Sundays.

We regret that, amidst the rush of the marvellous work, our brother and sister have not been able to furnish us with a fitting report of some of the astounding cures which have been brought about; but it will make these cases read all the more delightfully when the present times of special trial have been passed through as triumphantly as we trust in God they shall be. Pray for

CATHERINE REYNOLDS.

59, Little Park Street, Coventry.

SALISBURY.

God has been putting us in the fiery furnace, but we rejoice to say that the darkness of the night has passed away, and we are now beholding the grandeur of the dawning day, thanks to our Saviour and God, for affliction and trouble, although hard to bear, yet have proved to us a blessing. We have been led to say when darkness has apparently veiled the future of the work in Salisbury, "Oh, Lord, we will praise Thee; though thou slay us, yet we will trust Thee." Time and space would fail us to tell of all the blessedness we have enjoyed since we have been shut out of a hall, in seeing those very ones who took a good part in persecuting us brought to the Lord.

A man who was the first to step on Mr. Bramwell's hat when he was in the Market-place, has given God his heart, and has begun to speak. Oh, that the Lord may keep him faithful unto the end.

A young woman who is the sister of one of our friends, has got her sins pardoned after having been for some time in great trouble about her soul. She came to our meetings and was convinced of her need of a Saviour, but would not yield. We told her every time she refused, and went away without Christ, her heart got harder. These words rang in her ears all the week, and she remarked to a friend, "I shall be lost, I shall go to hell;" this friend told her there was mercy with Jesus. Building her hopes on this, her fears vanished away, and she was able to say, "Jesus saves me now."

OPENING OF THE SALVATION STORES.

Sunday, June 9th, was our first Sabbath in the Stores, which will hold more than 300 people. We had a grand day, praise the Lord. Sinners were saved, afternoon and evening. Powerful time in the open air, in spite of the heavy rain which fell nearly all day. A dear man came to us flooded with tears, asking us to forgive him for insulting and offering us beer in the open air, at the same time got on his knees and asked God's forgiveness. He did forgive, bless His name! he said, with tears in his eyes, "No more sin for me."

Monday, June 10th, we had a tea meeting, 200 sat down to tea, after which, we went in a band to the Market-place, when some short addresses were given, and we had a very good time. We sang through the streets, and had a glorious time, and many spoke of the power of Christ's Blood to wash away sin; while they were speaking, the power came down on us all, and one sinner came to Jesus. Bro. Allen, of Portsmouth, and many other friends have worked very hard to get the Stores ready. We do trust you will pray for us, and help us as you can.

Yours for Jesus' sake,

SARAH SAYER.

HENRY EDMONDS.

1, Cedar Cottages,
West Street, Salisbury.

MERTHYR.

"The Lord shall fight for you."

BLESS the Lord, O my soul! He has fought for us, while the devil and wicked men have plotted and planned, written and talked against us. We have held our peace, and the Lord our God has fought for us and worked by us, and when God shall work, who shall hinder. The past month has been a glorious time. June 2nd, Mr. Ridsdel preached our quarterly sermons, and souls found the Saviour. Monday, June 3rd, we had a tea, when the Dowlais friends came down, and a grand time we had. Urns, tables, &c., were kindly lent us by the Baptist friends, to whom many, many thanks.

AFTER TEA

we had a meeting that will never be forgotten. Many souls saved, bless the Lord.

It would take too long to tell of all the interesting cases of conversions we

have had here, still here are a few lately.

NOT TOO LATE.

A dear man whose wife had been praying for him the last ten years, heard us in the open air, and was so convinced of sin that he followed to the room where the Spirit of God still strove with him, and when the meeting was over, he came up to the platform, and said to Sister Fray, "It is too late now;" but she said, "Oh, no, it is not, pray now!" and pray he did, and the Lord very soon took his sins away, and he went home rejoicing in God as the God of his salvation.

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.

"They ask me if I am saved," says another brother. "Bless the Lord I am saved, and my wife and children knows it too. I used to spend my time and money in the public-house, and our house was like a little hell, but now it is like a little heaven."

23 YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

This dear woman's son was converted soon after we came here, and when he went home and told his mother what good meetings we had, she got vexed with him; but at last she was induced to come herself, and the Lord met her, and healed all her backslidings. Her experience is—"I used to feel my work a burden to me. I was always worrying, but now I feel so light, my work is a pleasure. Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord."

OUR FIRST SUNDAY

night at the Drill Hall. The first person at the penitent form was a dear woman whose husband was a drunkard. After finding peace herself, she began to pray for him, and has never ceased till now. He has given up sin, and is helping her for Jesus.

Many thanks for tracts and other things which have been sent towards furnishing our house.

KATE WATTS,

ELIZABETH FRAY.

74, Twynnyrodyn,
Merthyr Tydvil.

BOLTON.

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

DAY by day we are striving to be more God-like, more beautiful, and yet more terrible.

On Saturday, June 1st, in an expe-

rience meeting, our young converts seemed full of God, and ready to face the devil. We just asked for sharp-shooting, and half-minute speeches, and we had

EIGHTY TESTIMONIES IN ONE HOUR. At the close, over 20 souls professed to find Jesus, and went home happy in His love.

The next morning, Sunday, we agreed to meet at six o'clock, and make a full day for Jesus. Many of our friends think if they can go to work for an earthly master at six every morning in the week, it is only fair that God should have them at six on Sunday. After a few minutes on our knees we started with 100 new converts in procession, and sang through

THIRTY STREETS

before seven o'clock. By this time our numbers were very much more than doubled, as we had been gleaming all the way, and behind us were

A STRING OF SINNERS,

drunkards, swearers, and blackguards of every description, and several of them followed us into the meeting. Men and women who could not possibly be got into a place of worship at any other time, or in any other way.

IN THE LOVE-FEAST,

which commenced at seven, we noticed a dog-fancier, with his dog in his arms, another man in his shirt sleeves; women with no bonnets or shawls, some in rags. The Holy Ghost fell on us, and rough raw folks felt themselves sinners before God. Sixty-five believers testified for Jesus in forty-five minutes, and five precious souls fell at the feet of Jesus, and professed conversion before eight o'clock. Hallelujah!

This early work did not prevent our usual work in the day. We had three services in the open air; at 10 a.m., at 2.15, and 5.45 p.m., followed by three blessed meetings, and over twenty souls sought the Saviour at the close of the evening service.

WHIT-SUNDAY

we had the same number of meetings, and realised, indeed, the presence of the Holy Ghost.

I just give the following snatches to show the class we work amongst:

One man said, "I used to walk Bolton streets fearless of man and regardless of God, and I was almost an infidel; but God met me in the Opera House, and saved me."

Another said, "I was two years from

home—a prodigal. Came home penniless, with only rags, and half-starved; but Jesus took me in, and made me happy.”

Another said, “God smote me in the Opera House. I came to laugh; but they cast the net, and I got drawn in.”

One night a gentleman pointed out a young woman who was speaking to someone by her side about Jesus, and said how it amazed him to see her. I said, “Do you know that that girl is a saved prostitute, has been on the town five years, and only saved three days ago. What can you expect?”

One night a man told us he had not been into a place of worship of any sort for thirty years. He said, “Three of my children came to your six o'clock meeting, and one of them offered me sixpence if I would go to the Opera House on Sunday, but I would not go, but to-night I could not stay away. I was obliged to come to this meeting.”

Mr. W. Abbott is our honorary treasurer, and he will be glad to receive money to carry on this work.

Yours in Jesus,

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
RODNEY SMITH.

4, Birmingham Street,
Bolton.

ROTHERHAM.

“A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up His enemies round about.”

THERE are hosts of determined, persistent, and bitter enemies of the Cross in this town. But now, as ever, God can and does, and we believe He will, deliver us out of their hands again and again.

During the past month we have experienced the opposition of hell, but, glory be to Jesus! many have ground their arms of rebellion, and joined the rapidly-increasing forces of God and the Christian Mission in Rotherham. Hallelujah! to God and the Lamb.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

This man had been a backslider 20 years, but was attracted by the open-air work to our services, came and felt and cried for mercy. God soon saved him, and now he is at every meeting, to the front of the fight, ready to tell what God has done for his soul.

LOST AND FOUND.

“I am lost!” said a dear man, 64 years of age, in the Theatre, when spoken to about his soul. “I am lost!” But we told him of Jesus, who came to seek

and save the lost, and he tried, and proved His boundless love. Next day there was a grand gala in Rotherham, and while he was singing with us in the open air some of his old mates came up and said, “Aint yur going to sup with us?” and we shall not soon forget his happy smile and firm reply, as he shouted, “No; I got saved last night.” Hallelujah!

SON AND MOTHER.

This young man came and was blessedly saved. Went home and told his mother, and led her to Jesus. Now they are helping one another, and helping us in this war.

Some of the worst characters in the town have been saved, and are running well, standing their ground amidst bitter and trying opposition.

Whit-Sunday was a grand day. Mrs. Goddard was over from Sheffield, and preached in the Theatre. Nine souls professed to find peace.

On Whit-Monday the Sheffield friends came over to our help. We processioned the town, headed by a banner given for the occasion, and led by Mrs. Goddard, Father Clay, of London, Bro. Allison, Bro. Skidmore, and others. The place was roused. Then we went to tea in our

SALVATION WAREHOUSE.

The after meeting was filled to excess. Many could not get in. Hallelujah! We have taken this building, which holds about 700 people for weeknight work, and have already seen sinners crying aloud for mercy in it, six, and eight, and twelve in a service.

Help us if you can with funds, which are *much* needed.

Yours in the fulness,

WILLIAM BENNETT,
63, Eastwood Street,
HONOR BURRELL,
37, Tustmore Street, Rotherham.

ATTERCLIFFE.

OPENING OF THE SALVATION MILL.

I AM glad to tell you the winds are blowing, and our mill is going. Hallelujah!

While we were cleaning it on Tuesday, a man came in who had been with us the night previous at Rotherham and God laid hold of him. The Spirit had wrought hard with this man, and the Lord had taken two of his dear children to heaven lately. Though they cannot come to him, he is going to mee

them. May God keep him faithful. Thus we had salvation wrought in the mill before it was fairly set going.

At night we had a good open-air meeting, processioned to the mill, had every seat full. Sister Goddard preached, Sister Dummage sang, and at the close nine precious souls came out for Jesus. Hallelujah! Looking for more.

As for myself, I am under the doctor's hands. Bear us upon the bosom of your prayers, that God may strengthen me in body and soul that we may get the lever of the Gospel under Attercliffe, and turn it upside down. God can do it. Hallelujah!

J. SKIDMORE,

9, High Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield.

LEEDS.

THE CIRCUS.

ONCE more we are to the front in Leeds. The Circus having been obtained for Sabbath services, Miss Booth came down to conduct the first month's meetings. Already thousands have heard the word of life, and many precious souls have stepped into life and liberty.

We take the following from Miss Booth's notes of interesting cases of conversion which have come under her notice.

“SALVATION.”

On Sunday night, after the invitation had been given, a man jumped over the front seats (his wife following) to the penitent form, and in a few minutes sung “I've got salvation, I've got salvation,” and he began to praise God aloud.

“Catch hold of my soul! Catch hold of my soul!” cried a man with his head bowed to the ground in an agony of spirit. “I'm a wretched backslider. Give me back the salvation I've lost! Give it me back, Lord, give it me back!” and louder and louder his cries became.

“Catch hold of my soul,” and the Lord did take hold of it, and filled it with Himself, and he began to glorify God at once, and shouted for joy, while we sang—

“The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.”

“HEART AND SOUL.”

On shaking hands with a man who was full of joy, having passed from “death unto life,” I said, “Now you must work for God.” “Yes, heart and

soul,” he replied. “And you will go into the open air and be a *true* Mission man?” I added. “Yes, body, soul, and spirit,” he answered.

Mr. Roberts tells me he has since spoken in the Hallelujah Meeting, telling the people he was saved in the Circus, and *these* have been his *happiest* days. He means to work for God all his life. Lord give us more such.

“COME NOW,”

I said to a big man with two younger men by his side. They went forward seeking pardon, and have since attended the meetings. One, I am told, in giving his experience at class, said how he had attended St. James's Hall for six weeks before, but Monday night the arrow went home to his heart, and he got saved.

“I'M A BAD UN.”

Towards the close of the meeting one night when most of the penitents had found pardon, a tall woman was led forward from the back of the hall, and she dropped on her knees, and burying her face in her hands, rocked to and fro in anguish of soul. I spoke to her for a minute, when she began to beat the form with her hands, and shrieked out in agony of spirit, “I'm a backslider! A backslider! A backslider! Once I loved Thee, and met with Thy people; but I have wandered away—away—away! I'm a prodigal. A prodigal.” “But you have come back home again,” I said, “and He will take you in.” Then fixing her eyes on me with a look of despair, she said, “But I've been such a bad un, such a bad un;” and again rocking herself, she cried, “A backslider! Two years a backslider!” At length the burden became too heavy to carry, so it rolled away at the feet of Jesus; and the people, who were much broken down, sang, “Oh, depth of mercy, can there be mercy still reserved for me.”

“ARE YOU HAPPY?”

said one of our brethren, to a man whom he had noticed listening very attentively during the service. “I'm anything but *that*,” replied he. “I'm wretched.” “But you want to become happy,” added the speaker. “Ah! you don't know what a character I've been. Its all through the drink. I'm separated from wife and children.” “Well, will you give your heart to God?” interrupted our brother. “I will,” and off he started to One who proved to be his best friend.

"OH! HAVE MERCY!" groaned a man who was down before God. "Have mercy! have mercy! I'm such a sinner! Such a sinner!" and his whole frame shook from head to foot. As he pleaded louder than ever, "Have mercy!" "He will!" responded our brethren. "He says He will!" and so He did, and set that trembling sinner free.

A BACKSLIDER.

"I've been a miserable wretched backslider," said a woman, "but a month next Sunday night I went to the Circus, where I saw I might be restored again. I gave my heart to God, and this has been the happiest month in my life." She is now a member with us.

"NO USE."

"Come and give your heart to God," to-night," I said to a miserable-looking sinner. "No use," he said. "Should begin *cussing* and *swearing* first thing to-morrow morning. I live with a wicked brother. No use." "But it *is* use, my friend, if you get the *real thing*," I replied. "Come and tell the Lord all about it." He did, and Jesus listened to the story that poured forth from not only his, but many a burdened heart, that night, and stretched out His hand and saved the sinking soul.

Oh! may He, who knows what temptation is, keep them in the midst of it all, until safely landed where "Rocks and storms we'll fear no more."

Pray for us. The interest is increasing. Conviction is spreading, and we hope for a mighty break down all over the town.

Yours,

JOHN ROBERTS.

12, Reeves Street, Little London,
Leeds.

SPENNYMOOR.

PRAISE God we are still on the winning side! The battle has been severe; but with Jesus at the head we have had no need to fear. Oh, hallelujah! we can truly say, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The following cases will show that we have not laboured in vain:—

GREATEST SINNER IN SPENNYMOOR.

This man said the other night, "Hallelujah! I am saved from all sin!" He told us he had been the greatest sinner in Spenny Moor; he was such a drunkard that his own parents would not own

him; he was the greatest swearer in this town; could scarcely speak without some filthy language. One week he said he took all his week's wages, and with two of his brothers, went off with it, bought a concertina, and got drunk; the next morning he found himself lying in a ditch wet through, with the concertina torn in pieces. He would play at any parties for beer; he has been before the magistrates for thrashing a policeman and fined 17s. 6d. Thus he went on till one Sunday morning he heard us singing in the street, when the spirit of God took hold of him and showed him what he was. Thus he remained some time, till one night he came to the People's Hall and heard Mr. Bramwell Booth preach from the words, "The time is short." This made him think that he might be in hell before morning, so he got up and came out for pardon; he had not been out long before he got up and shouted, and he *did* shout, "I am saved, hallelujah!" The next day while we were visiting we came to his house; the woman said that her husband was at our meeting the night before, and had got converted, and she was coming that night to give her heart to the Lord; we urged her to do it then. After prayers and singing she got liberty. Thus the Lord has made another happy home, hallelujah!

SAVED ON HIS SEAT.

This man came the next night and heard Mr. B. Booth preach from "Who-soever will, let him take the water of life freely." The spirit of God strove mightily with him; he felt his need of the water of life; he saw clearly that it was for him; the word "who-soever" rang in his ears, sank into his heart, and while he was sitting on his seat, all at once the spirit of God descended on him. He prayed while the service was going on; the Lord answered his prayers before leaving his seat, he felt the Lord had pardoned all his sin; he is now going on his happy way to heaven; his wife also has given her heart to God; they are both in the hallelujah army, living for God and souls! Glory to Jesus!

A MOCKER CAUGHT.

A young man got up the other night and said he had been two days a Christian, but had been a notorious sinner. He said he was a noted gambler and a drunkard, and followed the vices of the world and the devil, until the other Sunday night when he went to the theatre

not to get good, but on purpose to mock "the hallelujah men," when God met him and stopped him in his mad career; he had been card playing all the afternoon. Now, from that night, cards, gambling, drink, and everything that is bad he has thrown overboard. Hallelujah!

TWO AGED SINNERS.

One Sunday night we observed two aged women sitting together. We spoke to them, and found them under conviction. We prayed for them; but all was dark for some time, till they both knelt together, and one began to cry, "Lord save me! Lord save me! Lord save me!" He heard that cry, and in a few minutes the cry was changed. She shouted, "Glory be to God, I do believe! Glory be to God, I do believe! Glory be to God, I do believe!" loud and earnest enough to make devils fly, angels rejoice, God's people shout. In a few minutes the other broke out in similar words. They both found liberty, and left happy in Jesus. One is 65, the other 71.

A HALLELUJAH TRIP.

During the month we have had to appear before the magistrates at Bishop Auckland for street preaching. This was to us a very pleasant journey. God gave us grace and power for the occasion. The journey, though four miles, was a happy one, being surrounded by some forty of God's people, many of them young converts, who were determined to go with us even to death. We arrived about eleven. We were not detained long before we had our sentence passed, and we were passed downstairs among the shining buttons. We soon knew what we had to pay; but it happened to be on one of the mornings when neither of us had money to pay with, so we were politely asked to "Walk this way" by a gentleman with some keys rattling in his hand. Of course, we were ready, and were obliged to be willing, when just starting, down came one of the Lord's good and generous ones, who believed in the Hallelujah men—queer fellows as they appear. He asked if we had money? We assured him, "No." The officers said it was a pity for us to be locked up. He laid down the money, and we were again at liberty, having seen the keys of a prison cell, but not the inside. Oh, Hallelujah! In a little time we were in the street, praising God that we were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. Once

outside, we were met by Sisters Agar and Coates with the Bishop Auckland Band, when we sung to the Marketplace, held an open-air service, made a collection, and got 4s. 10d. in hand after all was paid. Hallelujah! We then sang back home, and let everybody know when we got there; held an open-air service at night; preached indoors; large company; nine souls, praise God! Thus the Lord is true to His word. All things work together for good to them that love God!

WHITSUNTIDE.

We have had some heavenly meetings. Saturday, June 8, we had the first tea. The Hallelujah army paraded the town in the afternoon. At five some two hundred came together for tea, which proved a great success. Notwithstanding the rain at night, which came down in torrents, the meeting was well attended—good time. One man started for glory. Sunday was a day of power. Brother Lawley, converted fighter from Bradford and Leedham—converted dog-fancier from Leicester, were with us all day; theatre was packed at night. Thirteen souls came and knelt at the Saviour's feet. Glory to God in the highest! Monday afternoon, did some missioning. Evening, held an open-air service; crowds listened; many were smitten. At nine we sang to the Hall to a Hallelujah coffee supper. It was well attended. A young man was saved while we were having supper. To God be the glory! Money is needed. We owe something on the hall fittings. Please send donations to

Yours as ever,

RUSSELL and LAWLEY.

113, Craddock Street, Spenny Moor.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

Some say she is a good woman, others say she deceiveth the people, and with such like reports friends have come from far and near to get the truth for themselves, and very many have gone away rejoicing in a precious Saviour who can save also from the care of one's own reputation. Glory be to God!

All ages and some of the worst of characters have got saved during the month.

"I FEEL AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER," says an old man, just bordering on seventy years. It was a melting scene one Sunday night to see him with his wife crowding on to the stage; and to

hear him cry for pardon made the tears gush from many eyes. And how he shouted when amidst several seekers his voice could be heard; his poor thin hands crossed together, his face shone with heavenly brightness, "Bless the Lord, I am saved, I know."

TEN YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

One afternoon, to the great joy of all present, a man leaped upon the stage while the hymn was being sung, and groaned aloud for mercy. He very soon found out God was love, and we finished up with a shout over this dear man, who was, to use his own words, "Plucked as a brand."

Time would fail to tell of all that has been done.

WHITSUNTIME

just past will not be forgotten by very many. On Monday we met in full force and battle array. Processioned to NORTON, a village some three or four miles out, announcing all the way there what we intended doing. The friends who had invited us were delighted at such a force, provided us with a wagon and seats, the grass being wet. We commenced firing at twelve. The crowds gathered from all round, and by changing the leaders we were enabled to keep at it without ceasing till 5:30. Had the most profound attention. We then wound up by having a real mission prayer-meeting on the grass, the rain gently falling upon us. Water first, then came the fire, and down went three precious souls, sobbing aloud for mercy on

UNCONSECRATED GROUND, and all around were signs of conviction. The friends who had asked us to come stood beholding the things that were done with their hearts and eyes overflowing, saying "This is good." It was good, too, of those friends to provide us with such a nice tea free of charge. We did get the good things of the land.

THE LORD BLESS THEM.

Our time being up, we processioned back to Stockton, preaching all the way home, some hundreds of our people right mad with joy. We took the town before us, blocked up the streets with people, held forth at the Market-cross for an hour, then a glorious lovefeast, more salvation dispensed, and so ended the day. Tuesday, Captain Cadman and his

ARMY FROM WHITBY were expected by ten, but a most ex-

traordinary thing happened, for once the Captain got stuck in the mud; however, they came all jolly enough a little later on, and in capital spirits in spite of the rain coming down in torrents. We had a glorious lovefeast before they left at night.

AN ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER, conducted by Mr. Bramwell Booth, will not be forgotten for some time to come, I trust never. Oh, how near God drew to us, and what a work was wrought that night. Then came a stripping time: one sister threw off her bonnet, others their feathers, one his pipe. "Oh, glory hallelujah!" we did shout as several were prostrated by the power of God. We heard His voice that night, telling us to go forward, and so we will, won't we, brethren and sisters?

ANNIE DAVIS.

8, Sydney Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

SUNDERLAND.

Humble and thankful I sit down to write Of God's mercies in the month that is gone. The rock has been rent, the water has flowed, To refresh us while passing along.

THIS has been the month of months in my evangelistic history. Hundreds of souls have trembled and cried, and a goodly number of them have joined the army of King Jesus.

Mr. Bramwell Booth paid us a flying visit, and many in Sunderland will remember it for ever. The Saturday night and Sunday, 1st and 2nd of June, were times of especial power and blessing, many souls sought and found the Saviour, and the

ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER, on the following Wednesday night, at which friends from Felling, and North and South Shields were present, was the time of such a baptism of the Holy Ghost, that many of us hardly knew whether we were on earth or heaven. Such a giving up of self; such a laying down of earth with all its fashion and trifles; such a taking hold of God. Oh, Hallelujah! the very thought of it sets my heart all of a glow, and fills my soul with joy.

Pipes and tobacco, feathers, flowers, gold and silver and brass pins, alberts, and broaches, were put away, and a determinate decision come to be adorned for the future with a meek and

quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price.

I could give you very many cases of conversion if space would permit, but just a few must suffice.

TWO SISTERS.

One heard us at the corner of the street, and while listening to our singing, she said: "I thought my heart would break; I thought of my Saviour dying; I thought of my sinful life; I determined to do better." She went home and said to her sister: "Let us go to the Mission." "No," said the other, "indeed, I shan't, I'm going for a walk; I am not going with that lot." Her sister left her, came to the meeting and gave herself to God and was saved; in the meantime, a companion had called to see the sister and talk about a new dress she had, which so upset the poor thing that she was very sad, when another ran in and told her, "Your sister has found Christ. She is weeping in Spring Garden Lane Chapel." "Oh, dear," she cried, "there will be no more fun now, all our pleasure is gone for ever, we shall never be happy any more." But her sister came home with her face beaming with joy, and told her how happy she was and urged upon her to come to Jesus. She came the night Miss Kelly was to give her farewell address. She asked her to promise to meet her in heaven. The promise was made, and she got no rest until she started for heaven, and then to see them night after night speaking and singing for Jesus, it would have done your heart good. She said afterwards, "but this is real joy—this is true pleasure. I thought I should have lost, but I have gained. I don't want anything now but more of Jesus." O may God keep them.

HIGHER GAME THAN PIGEON-FLYING.

"What a change there is in me," said one; "my whole mind was set on pigeon-flying and dominoes and gambling on Sunday. I always spent half my money in the public house; but now I have turned it all up, and instead of looking up at pigeons flying in the air, why I look right up to Jesus, and I'm so happy I cannot tell you how happy I am."

WHIT-MONDAY.

Just a word about our Hallelujah trip. Some of the folks here do not like the way we expressed ourselves about it; but they were bound to confess they never saw one go out of Sunderland

like it. Hundreds wanted to go with us on the morning of the day, but we could not sell tickets, as our boat was full. We started at seven to the tick: a grand journey; not an unpleasant word. Our singing mixed with faith brought God down with us, and a very precious feeling pervaded the company, glory to God! After three hours' sail we arrived at Middlesbro', where we were met by about 500 of our Middlesbro' people. A procession was formed, with the Sunderland banner leading, with "Holiness unto the Lord" in bold letters, telling all the people our motto. Hallelujah! And such a sight I never saw. The road was lined for a quarter of a mile with thousands of people, and the power of God was down on us as we sang to our Linthorp Hall, where a good lunch was provided for our friends, after which we formed up, marched to the Market, and held a monster open-air meeting, led by Mr. Bramwell Booth, where we met with some opposition from those who were against our Lord. But we had a mighty time. Tears flowed freely, and doubtless much everlasting good was done. To God be all the glory! We processioned to the Oddfellows' Hall, where a substantial tea was provided, and started homewards at 4.30, got on board without trouble, set off amidst thunders of song from the host of God on the shore, and answered by us on the boat; and, what was best of all, while we were coming home, we sang and prayed until eight unconverted changed masters, and joined the Hallelujah folks, to do their Hallelujah work, and go to their Hallelujah home at last. Hallelujah!

Many thanks to our friends who have helped us in the past. There is much more to be done, and therefore much needed to do it; and although our spiritual work has moved every one all around in every direction, I am sorry our finances have not been healthy. Donations to carry on the glorious work are very much needed just now, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by yours labouring for souls.

JAMES FLINTOFF, Treasurer,
175, High Street,

JOHN WRIGHT, Secretary,
Old Pilot Office; and

THOS. BLANDY, Evangelist,
3, Noble Street, Hendon Valley,
Sunderland.

WHIT-MONDAY AT BISHOP
AUCKLAND.

I HARDLY know how to begin about the day we had here yesterday. We commenced our meeting at ten o'clock, in the Market. There were about one hundred people around us. We then had a good procession down to a field, the street all in an uproar. Before we had been long in the field there were three hundred people round us. The power of God came down and filled our souls, and we carried the meeting on till very near five. The hallelujah glory went through the people. Many said they never were in such a meeting. We closed with "Hallelujah."

We went out again at six, and, when I got there, crowds of people were waiting for us; and we went into it right and left. One dear old man almost fell to the ground while speaking, the power of God was so mightily felt. I hardly knew what to do with the people, the throng was so great. We processed with about two hundred men and women, singing,

"Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary."

to the Temperance Hall, others thronging on behind. The people ran in and out of the shop doors to see what was the matter. They were shouting all along the street, "Glory be to God!" The power was so great. I felt I was little to lead such a band of men and women, but Jesus and I conquered.

We got to the Temperance Hall, and, in a few moments, the place was full. We hardly knew what to do with the people. I commenced the meeting with singing, then the brethren prayed short, and then we sang,

"Be present at our love feast, Lord."
and it was a feast of love. Over eighty men and women got up and testified; some of them wept while they spoke. While we were singing

"The Jews they crucified Him,
But He rose."

the power was so great, a stout woman got up on to the platform and put her arms round me, and cried for mercy. I was obliged to turn it into a prayer meeting, and precious souls got salvation. We had £1 4s. 2d. collection. It was a day filled with Christ, and made a mark on Bishop Auckland.

Yours in the soul-saving work,
LOUISE AGAR,
ELIZABETH JACKSON.
16, Southgate Street.

NORTH SHIELDS.

WE are again without any report from this station. But we hear of good times of opposition, of salvation; of increasing forces, and rising expectations. Hallelujah!

We make one or two extracts from the letters of Bros. Coombes and Sales.

THE OPEN-AIR WORK.

"We held an open-air meeting on Sunday morning, on the New Quay, and there were about 300 men stood and listened for an hour. They seemed riveted to the spot. Oh, glory to God! A lot of the new converts spoke. One dear man said, 'Last Sunday morning my wife asked me to get up and make her a cup of tea; but I swore at her and the child, and came out with the intention of getting drunk; but I met you, and heard the singing on the Quay, and, instead of going to Sam Brown's (pointing to the house), I went to the theatre, and on Monday I went to the Mission-room, when I gave my heart to God; and I feel I must tell you. You know what a drunkard I have been.' Several spoke in the same style."

"We had good meeting. It was raining at all three open-air services, but the people stood and the congregations were grand."

"Blessed time in the open air on Monday. About forty of our people. Grand procession. Glory to God. Hall packed. Hallelujah!"

"We had a good open-air meeting on Wednesday and procession down to the new place, and there were so many people in it that we could not see the end. The Irish began to yell and push, and they hit two of the women, carried on frightfully, kicked the door and threw mud at the window. Had to have two policemen to see us out. Glory to God! not a hair of our heads was hurt."

"WEEKNIGHT WORK.

"Last night, Tuesday, was a time of power. Oh, Glory! forty-two spoke. One man said, 'Last Saturday night I was in the theatre, laughing at the foolery there; but on Sunday night in the same place I gave God my heart and He has made me happy.' At the close, eight precious souls came for pardon. We are going to hold an afternoon meeting to-day and another to-morrow. We are rising."

"On Friday night we held our Holiness Meeting, and, Glory to God! over thirty came out for the blessing of a clean heart. We had a giving up time,

and I have nine pipes, and four feathers, and five lots of tobacco twist. Hallelujah!

"We had a good time last night. Four souls were saved—two of them black men, and while one was praying I thought I was going up to heaven. Praise the Lord for ever!"

"On Saturday night we had it good, outside and in. We had a 'Come and See' Meeting, and three precious souls came out for Jesus. One man cried out, 'Lord save me!—save me!' and while we were pointing him to Jesus, he began to shout, 'I do believe it! Jesus saves me now!' Another—a woman—came and fell at the penitent form like a lump of lead, and cried, 'Oh, Lord, I am such a sinner! Do save me!' We prayed for her, and she soon began to sing, 'Now I do feel happy in the Lord!'"

"SUNDAY SERVICES.

"We commenced in the Salvation Hall on Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, with a prayer meeting, and astonished the natives. Oh, hallelujah! we had fifty-three present, and twenty-three prayed. Bro. Sales spoke. We sang, and shouted, and shut up in an hour."

"We were out again at ten o'clock, and at a quarter to eleven we sang down to the hall. The Irish yelled; but, glory to God! we gained the victory. Good time inside."

"Good congregation in the afternoon, and about 1100 at night. It was a hard pull until just as we were going to close the meeting, and God fell on us, and fourteen came out for salvation and found peace. Glory! Collection, £1 17s. Yours, pulling down the devil's kingdom."

"THE FIRST TEA.

"Our tea was a blessed success. About 500 sat down. But the best of all was the meeting at night. Miss Agar was in the chair; and I think I should not say too many if I say there were 900 to 1000 people. The Odd-fellows' Hall was packed, and at the prayer meeting Thirty-four came out for God, and got blessedly saved. Oh, Hallelujah!"

God bless our brethren,

COOMBES AND SALES.

79, Howard Street,
North Shields.

N.B.—It seems a pity, though it speaks volumes for the earnestness of the people, that out of a weeknight congregation of from 200 to 300 each

evening, all but the women should have to sit on the floor, for want of seats. But it is so. If you can send Coombes a form or two, do.

W. B. B.

SOUTH SHIELDS.

THE past month has been one of unceasing warfare, in which we have been encouraged by victory, though the fighting has been hard. Upwards of 200 have professed to find the Saviour in our meetings during the past few weeks, many of them dark and hardened sinners, serving Satan might and main; but now they are blessedly changed, and their homes, instead of being scenes of riot and drunkenness, are abodes of righteousness, little palaces of the King of kings. We give a few instances.

A WRETCHED BACKSLIDER.

This man had been in a good position in life. Had property and servants, and more than this, had loved and served God, holding a position of trust in the Church of Christ, but through the cursed drink had lost his hold of God, and lost his all, and was reduced to penury and abject misery, when he heard us singing in the streets,

"My Saviour suffered on the tree, glory to the bleeding Lamb."

He followed to the Durham Theatre, and sat for a long time listening, until I gave out the hymn,

"Behold! behold the Lamb of God, On the Cross!"

His eyes filled with tears, and his heart was broken. As I was going round seeking penitents, he stopped me, and said, "Oh, Mr. Blandy, it was the old story of the Cross. I know all about it. When asking him whether he was saved, he said, "I was once." I pressed upon him the necessity of yielding his whole heart to God. He there and then closed with the offers of mercy, and his constant song now is

"I do believe it, I do believe it;
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb.
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord hath pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus's name!"

THE HAPPY PAIR.

First, the wife was brought to our Hall one night by a neighbour, who is one of our members, to return thanks for God's mercy to her in past illness. In the prayer meeting she came out to the penitent form, under deep conviction, with several others, but she did

not there obtain the Spirit's witness. Brother Brock called upon her the next day, and found her still earnestly seeking, and willing to do anything that she might obtain the blessed witness of sins forgiven, so he advised her to get on her knees and not get off them till she could realise she was saved, which she did, and very soon she rejoiced in the consciousness of cancelled guilt, and there and then urged upon her husband to decide. He came to the class at night, and when the invitation was given for penitents, he came out boldly and gave himself to Christ, and now they are earnest workers for Him.

ANOTHER MAN AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Were led to hear us out of curiosity, but God laid hold of the mother, then the father and the daughter, and blessedly saved them. They are now members, and doing what they can to save souls.

A BIG MAN,

In one of our Saturday evening prayer meetings, at the call for volunteers to enlist in the army of King Jesus, literally *rushed out* from his seat to the penitent form, where, with five others, Christ gave him His bounteous love in his heart, and he now bids fair to be a useful man.

ANOTHER MAN AND HIS WIFE.

After hearing a lot about the Hallelujah Men, this man states he wanted to see and hear them for himself, and he followed the procession one Sunday afternoon to the Theatre Royal. As one and another of the brethren spoke of God's power to save the worst of sinners, his heart melted within him, and he instantly made a full surrender of his all to God. He has since been led to give up outward adornments, in the shape of a large gold guard, and determined to do all in his power by example, as well as other means, to bring souls to Jesus. When visiting this man, we found that his wife was unconverted, and of course we hit the iron while it was hot, and got on our knees, when she cried to God to save her, and in a very few moments the Spirit of God bore witness with her spirit to her acceptance. These two are now amongst our most useful members. To God be all the glory!

THREE IN ONE FAMILY.

In describing these cases we have placed them alphabetically.

A. came to the Theatre Royal, God took hold of him and made him

wretched; he came again to our hall the next night, and at the invitation for sinners to come to Christ, he came and plunged in the fountain and got blessedly saved.

B. we call the happy young pitman who was melted down under a hymn sung in one of our services, and came out boldly on to the stage of the Durham Theatre, and got set at liberty; he has since had to suffer untold persecution from his workmates down the pit. Before this young man gave his heart to Christ, he was addicted to swearing. He states since he has been saved he has been tempted by his workmates and the devil to curse and swear, but instead of yielding he gets over them in a better way, for he runs into a retreat of his own and gets strength from God by prayer. He never misses a service.

C., the sister of these two, came with her brothers to the meeting, and has since found peace.

We trust shortly to have the whole of this family. The Lord grant it.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

A dear woman came to our meetings night after night, at last yielded to the strivings of God's spirit, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus. So manifest is the change that her little ones cannot understand how it is mother does not swear like she used to. The testimony of this woman herself is that her house is turned from a little hell to a little heaven. Oh, may there be more little heavens on earth for Jesus' sake.

A CARMAN.

"I was surprised but glad to see W. with you last Sunday," said a companion of this young man to me the other day. "He's been a bad lad. Why, it was only last week we were out on the drink together. He was as bad as I am, and I am a bad 'un, aint I?" said he, turning to another man standing by, who answered in the affirmative; "there aint any kind of wickedness but what I am into."

From this you can judge of the young man's character. We are praying that he, too, may be as bold for God and souls as he has been for the devil.

We held our

FIRST TEA

on Whit-Tuesday, which was a decided success. There was between four and five hundred present.

At the free meeting afterwards, there were a great number of our own converts spoke. Some saved seven weeks,

some six, some five, some but a week, and in one case but an hour.

In the prayer meeting twenty souls stepped into liberty. We appeal to all who sympathise with our work to aid us financially, as our expenses are very heavy.

Donations may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Thompson, 139, Campbell Street; to the Treasurer, Mr. Newham, 47, Havelock Street;

Or yours in the war,

E. W. BLANDY,
T. R. BROCK,

55, Walpole Street, South Shields.

WEST HARTLEPOOL.

As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings, and hides them
there.

PRaise GOD many have thus been brought in during the last month, and are now under the shadow of the Master's wings.

A CONVERTED SWEEP.

I am a sweep, and while I am sweeping the peoples' chimneys, I pray for the Lord to sweep sin out of the hearts of the people. He has swept the sin out of my heart, and now I am on the way for heaven. May I meet you in glory.

A DOG FIGHTER.

"I can thank God for what He has done for me, instead of going dog fighting and dog racing. I glory in coming to hear the Mission people speak and sing for Jesus, for He has washed me in His blood; and now I mean fighting for Jesus, and let my old companions see what the Lord has done for me."

TWO MORE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

A dear brother, who was greatly loved by all around, has been called by the Great Shepherd and Bishop of his soul to cross over Jordan, and as the valley appeared in view, he sang with a calm and a clear voice—

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resigned;
My Gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

And thus he passed away, entreating all his friends to be faithful unto the end; and when he had said this he fell asleep.

A dear sister, after a short illness, was called by God to her eternal rest; and as I stood by her bed and spoke to her of Jesus, she assured me that her peace

was made with God. Five that were present, when they heard the words of their dying sister, were pricked in the heart. I trust her death will prove their life.

"Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blessed;
They've fought the fight—the victory won,
And entered into rest."

The work of God is going on in our town. A grand meeting on the sands on Sunday. While singing "Come sinners to Jesus, no longer delay," a dear woman came out in the ring, and got the Blood applied to her soul, and went away rejoicing.

Our holiness meetings of this last month have been very powerful; while we have been praying and beseeching God to pour out His spirit on the hearts of the people, the Power has been so great, we have been carried away, and now many are living next door to heaven. Praise God, we mean victory through the Blood of the Lamb.

Tracts will be thankfully received by yours in the thick of the fight.

G. PRATT,
W. STEVENS.

2, York Street,
West Hartlepool.

FELLING.

WE might easily produce from the interesting records of the work here most extraordinarily pleasing accounts of the wonderful way in which, morning, noon, and night, sinners have been arrested by the power of the Holy Ghost, and men and women of all sorts made happy in the love of God.

Nothing could more strikingly demonstrate the state of things produced in the place than that one. Coming when a choice company of artistes had come to hold a concert, they found themselves without an audience, while the Mission people, by the kindness of the owner of the Lecture Hall, were able, a few minutes later, to fill the place with hearers of the Word, out of whose numbers about a score that night fell at the feet of Jesus.

But we prefer to any testimony from within, the following extract from a Newcastle paper:—

"WITH THE HALLELUJAH LASSIES."
"There are those who persistently believe in that which they have seen. There are also those who persistently believe in that which they have not

seen. There is as little faith in the lives of the former, as there is justice in the verdict of the latter. In no groove of thought do the two classes more frequently come in contact than in matters of religion. We are aware that we are sailing (apparently) very close to the coast-line of newspaper-land when drifting into the broken water of religious differences. Our only plea is that these differences when presented in exceptional forms, become fit food for general criticism, and are not to be passed over because of their religious character. What are popularly known as 'revival' services come under this category, and are variously condemned or defended (as the case may be) by the two classes of critics which we have indicated. Until recently, we are free to confess that we belonged (as far as the 'Hallelujah Lassies' were concerned) to the second class of critics. We disbelieved in that which we had not seen. We are now raised into the higher sphere of believing in what we have seen. We were with the 'Hallelujah Lassies' on Sunday night last, at the Felling Lecture Hall. Rumour, with her idle tongue, had kept us among 'the disbelievers of the unknown.' We determined to take higher ground—to judge for ourselves. Hence our presence. We found a large and miscellaneous audience—a strong contingent of the working-class, its wives and its children being prominent features of the 'revival' gathering. On almost every face there sat the expectancy of something 'out of the common.' Expectancy was not mistaken. The opening hymn was 'out of the common.' The opening prayer was in unison—fevered and rough, broken into patches of sincerity by 'Hallelujah,' 'Praise the Lord,' 'I believe it,' from the sympathetic throats of scores of *bona-fide* worshippers. Then came the 'sermon'—if so it may be called. The preacher was a collier, aged in years, yet young in the work of preaching. He called himself 'Tommy Welch,' and we have no desire to call him anything else. His text was taken from the Acts of the Apostles, and his 'sermon' evidently came from an honest heart, and was intended to benefit those to whom

'The future was the myth of the unknown.'

Tommy's rhetoric was not of the finest. It was of that rough-and-ready type

which seems to have the power of conveying great truths through rugged channels—which, incapable of anything like polish, carries with it the efficacy of genuine belief. 'Tommy' made the most of his subject, and succeeded in arresting the attention of his audience by example, illustration, and argument, as some of the 'higher mould' would have failed to do. The 'Hallelujah Lassies' did not come 'to the front' during the opening services. It was during the after-meeting that their presence and influence became most apparent. There was nothing particular in their appearance. There were only two; but distinctive in appearance and character. The first was, if anything, next door neighbour to the masculine. She had, at the first glimpse, a harshness of feature which repelled rather than invited. You had only to note 'the gradual melting of the face's mood' to become convinced of the mistake into which first impressions had led you. The second was more distinctive in feature, and certainly more attractive in manner. Where her companion gave you the idea of arguing, she gave the hope of kindness and almost the foretaste of sympathy. Why they should be called the 'Hallelujah Lassies' we cannot say. Though they have stolen a Scotchism in their title, neither can claim kindred with 'the land o' cakes.' Both are southern in accent as in manner. But apart from these traits of character and appearance, the 'lassies' carry in them and with them the comeliness of sincerity. The whole service was a proof of how necessary it is *not* to disbelieve that which we have not seen. The 'lassies' and their work are not to be condemned for the eccentricities which surround them. They represent a work special in itself, and requiring special machinery. They have addressed themselves to an arduous task. They have consecrated themselves to heterodoxy. They have sacrificed themselves to the sneers and scandal of those who do not or will not understand the purity of their purpose or the high aim of their mission. We are now convinced that 'the Christian Mission,' as represented by the 'Hallelujah Lassies,' is performing a work and exercising an influence which the Church has either neglected to perform, does not possess, or does not care to exercise. A movement that can reach the masses—that can work such

practical and satisfactory changes as are perceptible as the fruits of the 'Christian Mission'—is not, whatever may be its questionable features, a subject to ridicule. It is a means to an end. The end is good, and the means ought to be welcomed having such an end in view."

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

JOHN PRICE.

SUDDENLY there has passed away from Whitechapel one of the oldest and best known of our brethren there.

John Price was born in 1830 in Buckinghamshire. His mother died when he was young. He had no religious training. His father loved drink, and he grew up a drunkard. The story of his wretched life and of his conversion could not be better told than in his own words which follow:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have reason to bless the hour that God put the thought into your head to open the Mission at the East End of London, for it has been the means of making me and my family happy in the love of Christ: it has turned me from a drunkard, blasphemer, and liar, to a true believing Christian.

"At the age of thirteen, I went as a pot-boy, and remained so until I was sixteen. Here I got the flavour of drink, and I never lost it until I was converted to God, through the blessed words of Bro. L— and Bro. W— spoken in the open air. When I look back and think how I have beaten my poor wife—it was through the drink—it makes me ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blow, but sometimes the blow first. After I got sober, sometimes it would make me ashamed to look at her black eyes; but I do thank God there is no fear of black eyes now; for we are very happy together.

"I wonder I have never had an explosion, for I have been drunk for a week at a time. I am a stoker and engine driver. Half my wages went for drink, and my wife was afraid to speak to me, and the poor children would get anywhere out of my way. I was reckoned a regular "lushington." I lost place after place, and was out of work several weeks at a time; for they did not care to employ a drunkard. Still I would have beer somehow, I did not care how, so that I did get it. I have given one and sixpence for a loan of a shilling, and though there was not

a bit of bread at home, the shilling would go for beer.

"I have often had the police called in for ill-using my wife. On one occasion she ran down to her mother's with her face bleeding, but I went to bed. When I awoke, I saw my wife was not there, so I went out and got drunk. I came home, and got a large carving-knife, put it up my sleeve, went down to her mother's, with the intention of killing her; but they saw the knife. The police were called in, and I was taken to Spitalfields station; but no one coming to press the charge, I got off.

"For some months before I was converted I could not sleep at night unless I was drunk; very seldom going to bed without cursing and swearing until I went to sleep, and woke up the same in the morning—waking everybody in the house with my cursing and swearing, sometimes in the middle of the night.

"Eight years ago God thought fit to lay me on a bed of sickness for thirteen weeks, and I was given up by all the doctors. When I got better, people thought I would alter my life, and become a steady man; but no, I was as bad as ever. While I was at work, another time, drunk, I lost one of my eyes by an accident; but that did not make me a sober man, nor make me leave off swearing and cursing. I was, in general, drunk two or three times on Sundays. The Sunday that I was convinced I was a sinner I had been drunk twice.

"I did not think there was so much happiness for me; but I do thank God for what he has done for me. He has changed my heart, He has filled me full of the love of Christ; my greatest desire is to tell sinners what a dear Saviour I have found, and to tell them how I found Him.

"FROM A CONVERTED DRUNKARD, BLASPHEMER AND LIAR."

As companion to the above we insert the following letter from:—

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

"DEAR SIR,—It was a happy day for me and my children when my dear husband was converted to God through Brothers L— and W— preaching at the corner of Sclater Street. Seven months ago, on a certain Sunday, he was standing at the door, when the singing attracted him. He went to listen, when a brother came and spoke to him, and induced him to go with them to the Apo'lo Music Hall, where he was con-