

OUR WAR CONGRESS.

Mr. Booth invites all Evangelists and others coming to Conference to meet him to tea at the Fieldgate Hall, Whitechapel, between 6 and 8 p.m. on Saturday, the 3rd August. At any time between those hours the Brethren and Sisters arriving from the country will find warm refreshment awaiting them, and there will thus be abundant opportunity for conversation and prayer together.

On Sunday morning, the 4th August, at 7 o'clock, there will be

GREAT LOVEFEASTS

AT

Bethnal Green, for Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Hackney, and Stoke Newington.

Poplar, for Limehouse, Poplar, Canning Town, Millwall, and Plaistow.

AND ALSO AT

Barking and Hammersmith.

Monday, 11 a.m.—“**PENTECOST.**”

2 p.m.—“**WAR MEMORIES.**”

Opportunity being given to Evangelists and others from the Stations to give news of the progress of the work.

Tea, 5 and 6 p.m.—Tickets 9d. each, which will also secure bearer a seat at the evening meeting.

The morning and afternoon meetings will be held in the Spitalfields Wesleyan Chapel, Brick Lane, E. The tea and evening meeting at the People's Hall, Whitechapel Road.

Processions led by a band of musical instruments will march to and from Fieldgate after the morning and afternoon meetings, and before the evening meeting.

The Annual Meeting will commence at 7 p.m.; the Rev. W. Booth in the chair.

TUESDAY.—10. Address by the Rev. W. BOOTH on “**THE PAST.**”

2.30. On “**THE FUTURE.**”

Opportunity will be given during the morning and afternoon for the description of towns and districts not yet Missioned, and appeals for the extension of the work to them, but persons desirous of taking part in this must give notice not later than Friday, the 3rd August, to Mr. Booth.

7 p.m. The Holiness Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, 10.0 and 2.30.—The morning and afternoon will be devoted to testimony as to the spiritual experience of Evangelists and others while engaged in the work.

7.0. A Musical Service.

All who play instruments are requested to bring them, and singing, speaking, and prayer will be mingled.

It is expected that some scores of instruments will be used on this occasion and in the Grand Processions to the Meeting.

The Night of Prayer

Will commence Wednesday, 10.30 p.m., continuing till Thursday 6 a.m.

Dinner and tea will be provided for the members of the Conference free, at Fieldgate Hall. Other friends from a distance will also be able to get dinner and tea for a small charge.

The Christian Mission Magazine.

AUGUST, 1878.

Divine Union.

By W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.



HE Scriptures contain much evident figuration teaching. Some of their most precious truths are set forth with Divine skill by the use of symbols, which, to the most careless reader, are manifestly but symbols.

And may there not be in every declaration, even in every record of the dealings of God, both with individuals and with men as a whole, some hidden under teaching, intended by the Holy Ghost to be discovered and used by those who should seek, or rather “search” for it? We venture to think so. We venture to think that to thousands of readers the Bible is as yet comparatively a great unknown, and just because it is comparatively a great unsought.

But few will question the statement that the strangely simple and yet mysterious union of the man and woman who have taken upon themselves the vows and bonds of husband and wife, are at least a figure, only a human one of course, of that still more wondrous union of the child of God with his Saviour and his Head.

The Divine Spirit has made these mysteries illustrate each other, He has bidden the husband love his wife, “as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it,” and He has spoken of His purpose as being “that He might present it to Himself,” as the “Lamb’s wife,” “without spot or blemish, or any such thing.”

“I will,” He says, “bethroth thee unto Me for ever, yea, I will betroth thee in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies.” Wondrous words, wondrous condescension, far, far more wondrous LOVE.

“He first loved us.” Is not that the key-note of the Bible? Does not that supply the magic charm, before which, all its so-called difficulties vanish as the morning cloud before the noontide sun? And is it not the key by which we can have access to the “hidden things” of the most High, to the hidden treasures of the Heavenly treasury?

“He first loved us”—brethren, we are His first love. “Before

the foundation of the world," while the story of its sin and sorrow was yet all unknown and untold, He had "loved us," and "chosen" us, "to be holy and without blame before Him in love." Set His heart upon us, to make us "His portion" and "His heritage," and "His spouse." But we "turned every one to his own way," and made unto ourselves other Lords, sought out inventions of our own, went about to do without *Him*—"hid as it were our faces from Him, despised and esteemed Him not."

And all this seems only to have made Him love us the more. His very anger at our rebellion and transgression is swallowed up of grief for the terrible consequences to those who refuse to "turn from their wickedness and live." Who can say with what bitter sorrow the heart of Omnipotent Love has looked down for ages on the faithlessness of His loved, and bought, and chosen? The Lord Jesus, just before His death, looking at Jerusalem, wept over it—the contemplation of its past, its present, its coming desolation and doom, overwhelmed the strong "Man of Sorrows" Himself. He weeps for the city, and cries, "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how oft would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing. Oh, Jerusalem! whose children are scattered, whose house is desolate, whose kings are tributaries, whose 'excellency' is turned into shame, if thou would'st but have *known* that it is *I*, and I alone, who am able, and waiting, and yearning with love, that is love the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, to gather thy children, to gather *thee*, under the shadow of *my* wings, and to make myself to be unto thee more than all else beside." Surely over Jerusalem, in the days of its agony and woe, there mourned none so much as He who had chosen Mount Zion as "the joy of the whole earth, and desired it for His habitation," that He might "set His name there for ever and ever."

He "loved us, and gave Himself for us." Ah, my friends, don't you remember when that dawned upon your darkened soul, when you felt in yourself the truth of His words, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me?"

And it is this "I" that draws. It is Himself that draws us to Himself; forgives and forgets our wanderings from Himself; binds us as willing slaves to Himself now; and will by and by "present us to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." It is Himself who hath done this thing from the beginning even unto the end thereof. Unto Him, then, be glory, and honour, world without end. Amen.

And it is worthy of remark that our Heavenly Sutor, though He may be and will be better than His word, has not offered us anything but Himself, and the fulness that in Him dwells. He seems to glory in the fact that *He* will be to us all we need. Not only our "Saviour" and our "Head," but our "Beloved" and our "Friend." He will make Himself the bread of heaven and water of life to our hungering, thirsting souls—a light in darkness, wisdom in per-

plexity, strength in weakness, comfort in hours of sore need and tribulation, riches in poverty, joy in sorrow, yea the constant and ever-present supply of all our need—"always, even unto the end of the world."

And because He first loved us, and "gave Himself for us," "*we love Him.*" Our blind eyes have now been opened to see His comeliness and "His beauty that we should desire Him." Now, indeed, and of a truth, He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely, and we "sit down under His shadow with great delight." Our dull ears have been unstopped at the sound of His voice, and now we hear things not lawful to be uttered, words from His precious lips sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, words that are as a lamp unto our feet, and strength unto our hearts. And having learned to love Him, henceforth we live by loving Him. The aroma of His presence in our heart of hearts, pervades every action of our lives, and all we do and say, and desire, is that He may be honoured, and that we may have this testimony, "that our ways please *Him.*"

But is it not also in a deeper, stronger sense, even than this, that He seeks the heart and hand of His "sister and His spouse"? Is there not a love in return which in the frail language of words from each one of us, must cry, "I love Him, and give myself for Him." "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned." Above and beyond, and before any "substance" which ever was, or ever can be acceptably offered to Him, there must be the offering of the heart, the offering of OURSELVES. The making over to Him as His peculiar possession all that *we are* as well as all that we have,—to "live and move and have our being," by Him, and in Him, and for Him, and not to live or move, or have any being apart from Him.

It is just here where thousands make a disastrous mistake; they do not surrender themselves, they are not prepared with Paul to be "crucified" with Jesus, and, therefore, they never know the blessedness of ceasing to have any life save Christ living in them, they seek to win the Lord of Glory, but will not let the Lord of Glory win them—they want Him, while yet He cannot give Himself to them, because *they* do not give themselves to Him.

In that precious story of the Prodigal there comes out the difference between the love that merely *serves*, and that, which utterly broken hearted at its own worthlessness and nothingness, *surrenders* in deepest humility at its Saviour's feet—the eldest son comes home from his duties in the field, and complains to the father "lo these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments." Very beautiful, very honourable and creditable both to father and to son. But, oh, not half so joyful and so precious to that father's heart as the trembling words of the weary wanderer, "not worthy to be called thy son, *make me* as one of thy hired servants." This is the love wherewith our Lord is seeking that we should love Him; which says, "make me" to be *anything*,

only let me be *thine*—make me to do anything, only let it be near to *thee*, “make me” to rejoice, to suffer, to live, to die, to be counted as the “scum and offscouring of all things,” only “make me” to be *Thine*—body, soul, and spirit—in time and for Eternity—*THINE*.

And as then so still, when the lost sons of men, turn to the Lord with their whole heart—He turns to them, and like the father in this story, only with ten thousand times more tenderness, comes nigh with a very flood of “loving kindness and tender mercies”—the kissing—the robing—the feast—the making merry—only “begin” to go on for ever and ever.

First, then, He loved us and gave Himself for us, and then we loved Him and gave ourselves to Him, that henceforth we may prove the fulfilment of His prayer to the Father, “That they all may be one; as Thou Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, and the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved me.”

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death can bow,
My least desires, unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath, I His by vow,
He's mine by faith, and I am His by love.
He's mine by water, I am His by wine,
Thus, I my best Beloved's am, thus He is mine.

He is my altar, I His holy place,
I am His guest, He is my living food;
I'm His by penitence, He mine by grace,
I'm His by purchase, He is mine by blood.
He's my supporting elm, and I His vine,
Thus, I my best Beloved's am, thus He is mine.

But this union brings with it its own responsibilities and its own, shall I say, duties, or better, its own *pleasures*, for the magic working power of this love of loves transforms even pain and sorrow into ease and joy. “That the world may know that Thou hast sent me.” That speaks for itself. He came to seek a bride for Himself, and to His bride is left the honour, the priceless privilege of showing to the world that though “He came into His own, and His own received him not;” yet to us who did receive Him, He has given power to become His sons and His daughters. We are His epistle. We are His manifested presence. We are the living, working, speaking declaration of our absent Lord. It is to us, even if we be the least of all, that this grace is given, that we may show forth “what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of His inheritance in the saints.” The supreme consequence of love is the growing into the resemblance of the loved, and perhaps the most exalted word laid down concerning us by the Divine Spirit, is that spoken by John, when he says, “As He is, so are we in this world.” Oh! virgin daughter of Jerusalem, this is thy calling among the daughters

of thy people. Oh! Church of the Living God, this is thy mission, amidst the midnight darkness of this heathen world. To be as He is. In word, in deed, in thought, in unwearying seeking, in unwavering loving, as He is. And He could not have set us a more joyful task, to weep for those we love turns weeping into song, and mourning into laughter, and sorrow into joy; and to weep or toil, to live or die for “Him whom our soul loveth,” is all alike if we have but the consciousness of His presence and His smile.

Not that we can ever fully exhibit the beauty of the Lord Jesus, for He is the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, He is altogether lovely; but we may do a great deal, and we may do it even where it might not be done, if all the dazzling splendour of His person were shown forth without the drawback of these earthen vessels.

And at least we may, and we *must*, refuse to have any association, or truce, or affinity with our Lord's enemies—at least the Lamb's wife shall be washed and made white in the Lamb's blood—at least the partner of His kingdom and His throne shall be as He is, in that every trace of spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, shall be taken away, and taken away for ever. Let that wicked lie of hell, that sin is as much a necessity as righteousness in the life of a saint of God, be for ever branded as a lie, and never let it be heard again. The spirit of the Eternal God has said that as He is so shall we be in this world.

And to some who are undoubtedly His, but are followers afar off, or are dissatisfied with their portion, and almost ready to sell their birthright—who are among “the broken-hearted and the captives, the bound, and them that mourn in Zion,” to these He is waiting “to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;” (and, oh, what a *weary* spirit the spirit of heaviness is; how fruitless are all attempts to resist it, making us slow in our approach to him—slow in our running for Him—slow to trust in Him,) “that they might be called trees of righteousness—the planting of the Lord that He might be glorified.”

Deep down in our inmost souls we have come to know that “my beloved is mine, and I am His.” And is not that what we want the world to know? Don't we want to say to the poor famishing throng, and to say it so that it will be felt and understood, that the things which are not seen are eternal, and that we know this because we have been made nigh; that the reason they fall, and faint, and famish is because they seek to make the things which pass away to stand them in the stead of those which abide for ever; that they are seeking other beloveds, other friends, other helpers, other *Gods*, while we *know* the only true Christ, and have tasted and seen that the Lord is good—have *proved* the words which He spake, and henceforth can feel a holy carelessness, and fearlessness, and recklessness about everything, but the Name and kingdom of our Coming King.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

OPENING AT SEAHAM HARBOUR.

ONLY six miles from Sunderland, where our mighty host of blood-washed warriors are eager to rush upon the foe, this little town seemed to offer us a ready prey, and the brief extracts from reports to hand will show how well our expectations of an easy and complete capture have been realised.

"You could not have opened a better place for the Mission work. It is a grand place; plenty of sin and devilment. But we shall have a grand work here, I do believe," says one of the sisters appointed.

"At two o'clock on the first Sunday afternoon a force of some thirty men and women arrived from Sunderland, and, with the 'Hallelujah Lassies,' who had charge of the work, stormed the place, getting the theatre half full in the afternoon, and filled at night. At the close, eighteen souls came out crying for mercy."

As the week went on the work improved daily. Says one of the sisters:—

"I preached one night about Zaccheus being up the tree, and I told them that they were up a tree, so eighteen came down that night, and received Him joyfully.

"The next night I preached upon 'Seek the Lord while He may be found,' and they ran out in all directions. We could scarcely count them.

"On Sunday thirty souls came out crying for mercy.

"We can't get the meetings closed. They want to stay all night. Some of the biggest roughs have been compelled to confess all to the Saviour, and we believe that God is going to do more.

"We cannot conclude better than with the remark of the local paper: 'I wonder what next! This week the walls and all conspicuous places have been well placarded with the important announcement that the 'Hallelujah Lassies' would conduct divine services at the Theatre Royal, and shall I say other places of worship? They have had the inhabitants in a perfect fever. I have both seen and heard them; but I will say no more.'"

Yours, ADA BREWER and LOUISA LOCK.

22, William Street, Seaham Harbour.

MR. BOOTH AT ROTHERHAM & BARNESLEY.

ROTHERHAM.

WE had long promised ourselves the pleasure of having a field day with our Brother Bennet and Sister Burrel, and this wish was fulfilled on Sunday, July 7th. Perhaps in no enterprise undertaken by our army has the resistance been greater than in this town, and although all has not been accomplished that we have desired, or nearly so, still, positions have been carried which, if vigorously held and improved, must lead to great and glorious triumphs.

The street work was good, morning and afternoon and at night, both

before and after the theatre service. A good force was out, who sang and marched, and stood the fire of the opposition well.

The "Salvation Factory," standing out prominently, right in the centre of the town, with a large placard on its front, commands the notice of multitudes. And the theatre is a large and useful building.

True, the respectable and proper people of Rotherham have stood aloof from us, on account of our vulgar measures, and the cruelly false and filthy slanders that have been so freely banded about concerning our Evangelists; but meanwhile some of the *Heathen*, of whom there are not a few in the town and vicinity, have gone into the Kingdom of God with loud hallelujahs and unutterable gratitude. These, formerly in deed and truth the scum and offscourings of society, must be heard and known and seen at home and in the coal pit and at the forge and elsewhere to be appreciated. The Monday evening we spent with them will never be forgotten. When we heard those who a few weeks ago were *revelling* in all that's most revolting in vice and sin speak and sing as though inspired by the Holy Ghost, we rejoiced. We *shouted*, and re-resolved to go forward, minding the same end and keeping the same prize in view. Our friends must keep at it on the same "level." The seam they are working will pay, and pay well. The quality of the results is good—cannot very well be better—and we are certain to have a considerable increase in the quantity.

BARNESLEY.

After a flying visit to Leeds I came in the evening to Barnsley. I had felt some anxiety during the day respecting our infant cause here. Our Evangelists, Rose Clapham and Jane Smith, had been summoned before the magistrates for obstructing the thoroughfare. They were young and inexperienced, and, consequently, a little nervous, but, withal, determined to stand up for the privilege of proclaiming to dying men salvation through the blood of the Lamb. As we stepped out of the train, we saw in the faces of the brethren who had come to meet us that victory was on Israel's side. And a real triumph it had been!

We soon learned that the Court was densely crowded. After a trial lasting over an hour, the magistrates dismissed the charge, assuring the Evangelists of his sympathy with their work, but urging upon them the selection of such open spaces as would prevent any obstruction of traffic.

Our friends left the Court in triumph, processioned the town, held a larger open-air meeting than ever at night in the Market-place, and I preached to over 800 people, crammed into the old Theatre, occupied by the Mission for week night meetings. The service was mighty! The truth went flashing home to the hearts of hundreds. Oh! there was a shaking among the dry bones. In the prayer meeting they fell in all directions. Between 20 and 30 got up through the crowd to the place of healing (called the penitent-form), and there, amidst shouts and song, found salvation.

I was delighted with everything. Scores are under conviction. Some of the biggest sinners in the town have been saved, and other sinners quite as big and quite as black are on the edge of the cleansing flood. But this is only the beginning. It must go deeper and wider, and deeper still. AND SO IT WILL. Go on, dear sisters! You have worked hard, and God has answered and blessed your work right early.

OUR HALLELUJAH EXCURSION.

Not the first of London which has deserved the name, thank God, though the first to which it has been applied. We seem to breathe a freer air about the names we give things lately somehow, an increase of the liberty wherewith He sets us free.

A splendid morning, calm and beautiful even at Fenchurch Street, where the railway company kept us waiting twenty-five minutes behind time, and where everybody rejoiced, and praised the Lord accordingly.

The Barking company, unable to endure all the consequent delay, got leave to travel by a train which had been sent in front of ours, and so had time to form up and hold a good open-air meeting outside the Southend Station ready for our arrival.

The usual singing in the train, all the way down, produced the usual results, both on the hearts of saints and sinners.

"Oh, what a noise you do make!" said a poor woman. "You do make my head ache!" A sister by her side, whose husband, after a long life of sin, has at last surrendered to God on a sick bed, soon began to attend to her, and found it was her heart after all which ached most. The tears began to flow, and before the train reached its destination the burden of that heart was left far behind. Little did she think that before the week was over her kind instructor, Sister Berry, would have passed away more rapidly still to her heavenly home.

The procession to the Cliffs was one of the best ever seen in Southend. Many ranks of stalwart men filled up the front, whilst a still larger host of women marched behind. The experience meeting which followed was kept up for nearly two hours with the greatest zest, three and four frequently stepping into the huge ring at once for the next turn.

The meetings held from two to seven without intermission were of the same description, scarcely anyone speaking twice, and few more than two or three minutes, so that there must have been from two to three hundred different speakers, very many more having no opportunity at all to speak. The real, sparkling, blazing, heavenly fire never flagged throughout the day, and, best of all, sinners came near enough to be

scorched, and melted at the Master's feet.

Again and again at seasons of prayer, poor guilty ones fell on the ground and found mercy there.

Chatham was represented by a good force, and every London station had members there.

The conclusion of the meetings on the Cliff was hastened a little by a heavy shower; but time was thus gained for several halts in the course of the march to the station, whilst hundreds who would not otherwise have heard us listened from pavement, roadway, carriages, and balconies.

The climax of this final march was reached when a West-end fellow-labourer, coming on to a balcony in the High Street, addressed the troops halted below, who sent up a great volley of Amen's as he spoke of our desire for the salvation of hundreds of souls.

And then we marched on to the train, in which, as we ran homeward, one poor sister was terribly troubled with fits, and another was gloriously delivered from sin. Back to London for more fighting, and praising the Lord.

HALLELUJAH!

COVENTRY.

FRIENDS said to me, after reading the report for June, I did not do justice to Coventry by so short a report; but it would be impossible to put down on paper what great things the Lord has done for Coventry. Only eternity will reveal; and although the past month has been one of great trial, Jesus has gone on [with His work of saving souls. Not being able to get a larger place as yet for Sunday services, we have been compelled to go on with the old factory. God has in a wonderful manner poured out His spirit on the town, and everywhere I go I hear people thanking God that ever the Christian Mission came to Coventry.

One Christian man, the manager of a works, said the other day that, *for the first time*, their boiler was cleaned out without hearing a man swear. Another, an unconverted man, who keeps a shop, told one of our people that since the Christian Mission had been in the town, *the people paid him their debts better*, and it was a lot in his pocket, and that *he should send us something towards the work*. One day as I was walking with another sister up a street, where the

stones were very rough, I remarked to her how bad they were to walk on. "Yes," said an old woman, who was sitting on a doorstep, "*I wish you could alter them, Misses, like you are doing everything else in Coventry.*" I say this because I know there has been a great alteration in Coventry. Some of the blackest of sinners have been picked up by Jesus.

Our open-air services are most interesting; so marvellously has God given us the hearts of the people, that they send for us all over the town. Just as I am leaving an open-air meeting to go to the factory, I am pulled by the arm, or touched by some one on the shoulder, and then they say, "Please will you come into our court, the neighbours all want you to come;" and then another will say, "When are you coming into our court again? You have not been for so long." We cannot go to the different places fast enough.

While all this has been going on among poor sinners, our own people have been seeking for a deeper work of grace in their hearts; many have come out for a clean heart. The Spirit of God has been showing some of our brethren that the pipe was wrong, and, thank God, they have given it up, as well as the drink. *The police, too, are now helping us in our work*, and the authorities wish us God-speed, and tell us we have got hold of men with whom they could do nothing.

The cases are far too many to mention. One, a dear

WOMAN with HER TWO DAUGHTERS found the Lord. This woman living just outside of the town used to have her beer in in barrels; after she was saved she got a barrow and took the barrels back to the publican, told him she did not want any more of his beer, and with her beer money bought some new boots. Her little girl, about eight years of age, said to her one day, "Mother, when you served that naughty man Satan, you never had any thing to put on of a Sunday. Ah, mother, never serve him any more; if you ever see him coming again, shut the door."

Another man came to our factory just to see what was going on, the spirit of God took hold of him, and when spoken to he came out for the Lord; he has been a great betting man. After he had been saved a few days, one of his old companions came to him and said, "David, what horse is going to win this

next big race?" "I don't know, I am sure, what is going to win your race, Jesus Christ will win the next big one." "Is there a horse that name?" said the man. "Yes," said David. "You can put me two shillings on that one, then." "But," said David, "You must put your soul on him, the same as I have done." Of course the man knew what was meant, and has not troubled David any more. The following letter from this brother will show what a miracle of grace he is:—

"Coventry, June 17th, 1878.

"Dear Sister in the Lord,—I am glad I ever came to the Factory. If there was a bad one in Coventry it was me, for I had used to swear, drink, and take my heavenly Father's name in vain, and ask Him to cut me down. But His loving kindness, and His great love has spared me till now. Bless His name! I used to swear, drink, gamble, till the very devil danced before me. I am seen the time when I drank liquors till I am been mad. Dear Sister Reynolds, since I came to the Factory, that is about thirteen weeks, when you first spoke to me about my soul, and I wept my way to Calvary, but it was a hard fight for me, for I told the devil, when I was kneeling at the feet of Jesus, that he need not fear, for the Lord would not have anything to do with me. But the Spirit of God fought against him, and through Him I came off more than conqueror. Glory! since that time all desire for drink or swearing is left me. Ever since Jesus took possession of my soul I am had no desire for gambling. Instead of betting on horses I put my soul on the Lord Jesus. After all this, what did I give my blessed Redeemer? Why, I brought Him my burden of sins, and He took them all away, for I was almost crushed into hell with them; when on the sea I fell overboard drunk, but some one fetched me out. Another time I fell down stairs, out of a weaver's top shop, drunk, express speed. But, bless the Lord! I am here to-day, and going to work for Him. I worked for the devil long enough. I used to serve him seven days a week, and twenty hours a day, and I am proved him to be a hard master and a bad payer. But there is a change. I serve Jesus seven days a week, and twenty hours a day, but I must confess he pays well, for he set my soul free, and pardoned me. He

wrote it on my heart, bless His name. I could tell you a good lot, but if I was to write twenty sheets I could only say, 'Jesus saves me now.' Dear Sister Reynolds and Brother Irons, I hope by the help of God, you may lead many scamps like me to the foot of the Cross. —Yours in Jesus,

"D. W."

Another, a young woman, who came to the theatre, heard Bro. Irons and gave herself to Jesus. Now to hear her speak for Jesus does one's heart good. Bro. Irons has received the following letter from her:

"Coventry.

"My Dear Brother and Sister in Christ,—I am thankful that ever the Lord put the desire in my heart to come and hear you in the 'Old Factory.' I came to hear you and Sister Reynolds, and through hearing you I found peace with the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have been happy ever since. For,

'My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.'

Is not God kind, after I have served sin and Satan for twenty-two years, to forgive me all, and to wash me in His precious blood? When I heard you speak of your praying mother, it went to my heart, for I had a good mother. I went home, but could not rest, so I knelt down and asked God to pardon me, and I prayed and wept until I found peace with God.

'O! bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunged in the crimson tide
Opened for me!
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hands.'

"May God ever help and bless you, and give you many poor souls, is the prayer of yours, a sinner saved by grace,
"E. J. W."

COVENTRY FAIR

Was a time of great power. Being shut out of the theatre we got the use of a stage in front of a travelling theatre; at 10 o'clock we commenced with a large band of our people. I don't think I ever saw such open-air meetings in my life. In the afternoon we were there again, another great crowd; sinners felt the power of the Word; at night in the Old Factory sinners sought the Lord. On Monday, being the great day

of the fair, about 300 of us went to Kenilworth. We processioned through the little town to the castle, our people being mostly young converts. It was some little trouble to keep them in mission order; but we had some good meetings. Before leaving Kenilworth we had a consecration meeting on a beautiful green bank, and I am sure many will never forget it. Some 30 sought the blessing of a clean heart. One young woman said some one asked her what she had been to Kenilworth for, she replied, "To be drowned in the blood." Yes, I am sure many felt the cleansing power of the blood as they have never felt it before.

Our tea meetings, Tuesday and Wednesday, might have been larger, but thank God we had blessed times. All went well, and we raised up the standard against the enemy in this his great attack upon the town.

OUR FIRST CONVERT IN HEAVEN.

Samuel Harrow came to the Salvation Factory, when we first opened; he came several nights, at last yielding to the power of the spirit, and gave his heart to Jesus; he was then very ill, and got worse till he was laid on his dying bed. We visited him. He spoke of his being ready to die, but said to a friend, "If the Christian Mission had not come to Coventry, I should have been found dying in my sins." His friends consented to let us have a Mission funeral, and accordingly we buried him on Saturday. I announced that I should conduct the service at the funeral, which was met with some surprise, and soon went like fire through the town. Saturday was a beautiful day, and the novelty of the thing brought thousands of people to see. Many expected to see me forbidden to officiate. The crowd was so great that the chapel was full, and crowds outside. Brother Irons and myself spoke over the grave, and people wept in all directions. The impression made upon Coventry at that open grave will never be forgotten. We gave out that we would improve his death on Sunday evening, and the people came again in crowds. When we got to the Factory with our procession we found it full. Brother Irons had to turn back with a great crowd of people, and I had to go on with the service inside.

Bro. Irons and Bro. Harris talked to a crowd of 1,200 people, while myself and Bro. Maycock went on in the building. Over twenty souls sought the Lord.

We have just heard of a man taken before the magistrates for drunkenness. They told him they would put the case off for a month, and if he would come to our meetings for that month, they would let him off without a fine; if he did not come, then they would fine him. Oh, Hallelujah! we can only add with the Queen of Sheba, "the half has not been told."

CAROLINE REYNOLDS,
EDWARD IRONS.

59, Little Park Street,
Coventry.

BRADFORD.

"The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly."

SINCE our last we have had some heavy trials, but with the trials came the power to say, Thy will, oh, God! be done. Several of our friends have been in the furnace of affliction, and some have been called away to the land where sickness never comes. Two others are standing now on the river's brink, waiting for the angels to come and bear them over. Our brother Taylor, whose case is in the June Magazine, has met with an accident, and had his arm and elbow crushed, and is now lying in the infirmary, witnessing for Jesus there, that God can save from all sin and the fear of man; and I have every reason to believe that God will use him and bless his testimony to the patients.

WHITSUNTIDE

was a time of Pentecostal power and great blessing. Monday especially was a grand day. After tea in the evening, we had an open meeting. One brother, whilst speaking, fell beneath the power of God, which came upon us like a mighty flood, sweeping all before it. He lay on the floor like a dead man for some time, then began shouting, "Glory be to God;" another reeled round on his heel, and fell upon the seat. This did not injure the meeting. Whilst others were shouting God's praises, some, bathed in tears, in silence wept to see the glory of God so powerfully displayed; others said they never saw it in this fashion before, and will never forget the sight. Tuesday was very similar. Heaven seemed to smile, and our hearts greatly rejoiced. Oh, for more power to fit God's people for the work, and break down hardened sinners and more of them than ever.

ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER.

On Saturday, June 15, we commenced

with a members' tea at six o'clock; at seven in the open air until nine o'clock, then had our usual prayer meeting until ten. Then commenced the all night meeting, and it was a night never to be forgotten. Our subjects for prayer were (1st) The sanctification of God's people; (2nd) For the salvation of souls—greater awakening amongst the unconverted; (3rd) That God would deliver us from debt. Oh! what a sight we had of ourselves, and with what earnestness we consecrated all that we had afresh to God and His services for ever. Then the Holy Ghost fell upon us. We were face to face with God. The cleansing blood was applied, and we felt that it cleansed from all sin, and we could sing with our faces shining with joy, and the glory of God all over us.

He laid His hand on me, and healed me,
And made me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came filling my soul.
The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood.

Then, oh! how our hearts went out after sinners as we pleaded for their salvation. And as we prayed for deliverance from debt, a brother came out and said, "I cannot pray until I have given up all," and he emptied his pockets out on the table, containing £1 8s. 9d., then he said, "Now I can pray with a clear conscience, and he went at it in good earnest. We received the promise, "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Other monies were given to the amount in all to £1 16s. 8d. We continued in prayer until seven o'clock, then commenced our usual Lovefeast, and such a time we never had before. The experiences were clear as a sunbeam, definite and firm; some sixty-five spoke, and a good day followed. Prayer answered, praise God. He delighteth to answer.

MR. JOSHUA DAWSON'S VISIT has been much blessed to us both in the sanctification of believers and salvation of sinners. The power of God accompanied his words. He was with us on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Saints and sinners yielded to the mighty power of God—the former for purity, the latter for pardon, and many obtained it, proving Christ able to supply all their wants. Mr. Woolley from Leeds was with us on Tuesday night, and the word spoken was in demonstration of the Holy Ghost. We had a complete victory that night.

At the close of the meeting, after numbers had entered into liberty, and were shouting and singing God's praises, we were led to pray especially, for a man who had been coming to our services for some time, and was under deep conviction, weeping and pleading at the feet of Jesus. As we waited upon God by believing prayer, he leaped upon his feet with his face wet with tears, and shining all over, and shouted, "I have got it, He do save me just now," shook hands all round with those who had been praying for him, then fell down upon his knees again and began praying for his wife, who got saved last Sunday. Hallelujah. So they are now both travelling on to heaven together. After he had gone away, he returned and said, "I must now act on conviction, so here is £5 for the work as a thank offering." Hallelujah.

Many thanks to friends who have helped us financially in the past; but we require £34 from the end of June to get us clear from the old debt. I should like to leave Bradford clear for my successor. Will our friends kindly help us to do this for the work's sake.

Yours in the land of perfect love,
JAMES DOWDLE,
31, Burlington Terrace,
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

SHEFFIELD.

AGAIN we are glad to write of the past month, which has been one of mighty power and salvation. We have had some grand times, and we have now a band of men and women who fear neither men nor devils. Glory be to God for the power, and wisdom, and strength He has given to lead them on. The work is still going on; men and women of the deepest dye are getting saved and sanctified. We have had some blessed answers to prayer during the last month, and we still mean to ask and have glory, glory.

One blessed answer to prayer was the case of a dear woman, whose husband had been blessedly saved. He commenced to pray for his wife at once. She found salvation; and she said, "I had been a Sunday-school teacher for seventeen years, and then I got amongst company that lead me away from school, and then I went from bad to worse, got married, and my husband was not good to me, and it caused me to go headlong into sin. But I thank the Lord for the Christian Mission coming to Sheffield, for they have made my home a happy

home, for it has been the means of converting me and my husband, and I thank the Lord for it. I was converted at the Hall of Science, on the 17th of June, 1878, and I shall always remember the day. "S. E."

CONVICTED IN THE NEXT HOUSE.

A young man who had been saved at our meetings, and who was a member with us, commenced to pray and sing when he got home at night; and a dear woman, who lived next door, and who was anxious to be saved, but had not tried the blood, heard him. She became miserable on account of sin, but did not know what to do; so she came to the meeting and wept over her past life of sin, and went away unsaved. But the following Sunday she came and fell down at the fountain, and, after about an hour's hard fighting with the enemy, light streamed in, and she shouted, "It's done! I do believe. I believe He saves me now. I feel the power;" and she fell back as though she was dead. But it was something of the power they felt at Pentecost. She then told us her husband had threatened to kill her when she returned, if she attended the meeting that night; but she said, "If he does it's all right." She asked us to pray: we promised we would, and the next night, at the love feast, her testimony was grand and with power. Her husband has since then seen the change in her, and has given her permission to attend. Oh, that God may save him, is our earnest prayer. Praise the Lord. He can send the Spirit's power through the walls.

"THE WORST MAN IN SHEFFIELD."

Another man, who, to use his own words, was "the worst man in Sheffield," on the last day of the old year laid a wager, in a beershop, that he would swear the most, and did swear until he was afraid to go any farther. The poor wife at home, night after night, waiting the return of her drunken husband. One day he found his way into the Temperance Hall. God laid hold of him, and he cried aloud for mercy, and he soon went home a happy man.

HIS WIFE.

Since then his broken-hearted wife has laid her burden down at the foot of the Cross; and it does our hearts good to hear them now tell what God has done for them. The wife used to put out the fire, from fear that her husband might set fire to the house; but now they can sit and sing the praises of God. We

could give you a long list of cases of this kind that have been blessedly saved.

At our class, the other night, it seemed as if the heavens were brass, no one would get up to talk. So I said, "Friends, we will get on our knees and see what is the matter." Some of my brethren and sisters with myself got the victory; and we stood up, singing, "There is a land of pure delight." We felt a moving power, and continued singing the chorus several times; and, when I tried to stop it, to our great joy we heard a sinner crying for mercy. He had come in unnoticed by us, but in answer to the prayers of the brother who was praying, and believing, for him, but who did not know he was there, the Lord saved him, and he signed the pledge. He had been a poor backslider and knew something of the love of God. He sends the following letter:—"Dear Sister in Christ,—I write to inform you that I have for six weeks attended your meetings, and the means of my conviction were the words, 'I will pray for you.' I am very sorry to say that I have for five years been a backslider, and have cursed God to all eternity, and have trampled under foot the blood of the ever-blessed Covenant; and it has been all through strong drink that I have neglected my home and starved my children; but, thank God, to day I know I have passed from death unto life. After six weeks attending the Hall I went to a class-meeting, when I cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and He heard my cries, and has saved me from death and hell; and to-day I am rejoicing in the God of my salvation. I conclude by saying that my earnest prayers are that God will bless the Christian Mission, and will save precious and immortal souls. Amen."

A SONG SINGER.

Another one says (we give his own words): "I shall have to bless God that ever this Christian Mission came to Sheffield. I well remember the first night that I came to the Hall of Science. I was going up Rockingham Street on my way to a singing room when I heard you singing 'Rock of ages cleft for me,' I came in, and the Spirit of God took hold of me; I went away. I had a praying father and mother, and their prayers rang in my ears. I came night after night for ten weeks; you know how many times I was asked to give God my heart, yet I would not yield to the strivings of God's Spirit. I was one

of the most miserable men in Sheffield until one night, as I sat in the hall, I made up my mind to start for heaven, and now I am happy in the blood of Jesus. I know that I have passed from death unto life, for the things that I once hated now I love, and the things that I once loved now I hate. Hundreds of songs have I sung for Satan, but now I am singing for Jesus. It is my earnest prayer that God may keep me in the good old way."

Praise the Lord for such grand testimonies as these. Pray that God will keep them faithful; and I feel that I need the prayers of all who love the Lord. Many thanks for tracts.

Yours in the battle-field,
MELINDA GODDARD.
FRED ALLESON.

43, Mount Pleasant Road,
High Sheffield.

LEICESTER.

Our work is still mightily owned of God here. Souls have been saved and believers entirely sanctified. Hallelujah!

Our holiness meeting on Friday night is a mighty power. Members of the Churches of the town come to that meeting, and get baptized with the Holy Ghost, and carry the living fire back with them. Many more of our own people are yearning to be freed from all sin. The last three Friday nights we have had over 150 seeking the blessing of entire holiness. Amen! I feel my soul is running over with holy joy as I am writing. Glory be to God!

Last Sunday night we had an experience meeting for fifteen minutes, during which time we sang four times, and 79 spoke. Hallelujah! Sharp shooting. We had as many as ten up at a time waiting to get a turn. Truly it was good to be there. Hallelujah!

"But you are so outrageous," said a gentleman to me the other day. "You see the way you go on is not, well, certainly, not very respectable." I said, "Well, sir, you see we are doing a great work, and we cannot come down. I hope, if I live, to be more outrageous for God and souls by a hundred times than ever I have been before."

"ALL FOR ME"

Said a man, the other night. "I came to the Salvation Warehouse, got right at the far end. Everything that was said seemed to be for me. I wondered who had been telling all the speakers about me. I got up to go out but the Holy

Spirit took faster hold of me. I could not get out. I then went about half-way down, and I felt worse than ever. A brother asked me if I was happy; I said, anything but that. He asked me to come to the form. I could not stand it any longer, so down I went, and thank God He met me there and I am saved to-night." May God keep him. We might give many more cases if space would allow.

We have had a little opposition in the open air through the drink and tobacco. Last night when we were in Russell Square, six young men got together with their tobacco pipes, and poured a volume of smoke upon me such as I had not seen for a long time. Thank God I stood my ground; I said, "Puff away, I can stand the smoke better than you will be able to stand the fire by-and-by." May God save them.

Thanks for tracts, more needed.

These or donations for the work in this town may be sent to Mr. R. LAWRENCE, 80, High Street, our Treasurer, or Yours fully saved,

W. FAWCETT.

48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

WHITBY.

NEWS FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

Yes, I can say it has been real field fighting these last few weeks, for the soldiers of the devil have sought refuge by the seaside; but we have followed, and poured into their ranks some real hallelujah shot, night after night, until crowds have been drawn to hear the word of God, and conditions of peace, heaven and hell has been opened before them. Many have trembled under the power of God, and wept their way to Jesus. This is the result of hard fighting, which I feel to be my duty to lead on the children of God, waving the glittering sword of the Spirit in the midst of the dark armies of hell, offering salvation and heaven to all that will repent and believe.

We have many glorious cases of conversion. One, a fisherman,

A NOTED CHARACTER,

and a great drunkard, has beaten his parents, and has been often in prison. We have had to turn him out of our hall many times; but now he is saved, and earnestly working for God.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Two desperate characters, well known in the town, came to our hall. The

power of God laid hold of them while they sat in their seats. They were soon at the penitent-form crying for mercy, thinking they were too great sinners to be saved; but God soon set them free, and now they are very happy, and often give their experience.

The town was all astir on seeing a bill, the contents of which I give you:—

"WE ARE RUSHING INTO WAR."

"The battle is begun; thousands killed and wounded; a few have been saved from death. It is a field of blood already; but what will it be?"

"Another powerful attack will be made at Whitby, on Monday, July 8th, 1878.

"Captain Cadman will lead his army into the field of battle, and will throw some hot shell into the devil's kingdom. A reinforcement of

"THE MIDDLESBRO' ARTILLERY is to arrive at 9'30 a.m., with their big guns. After the morning conflict, a public ham-sandwich tea will be provided in the Congress Hall, at 3 o'clock. Tickets 9d. each. At 4'30, a

"HALLELUJAH LOVE-FEAST in the hall. At 6'30 the army will muster again on the Pier, and after a short fight will march to the Congress Hall, which is the

"HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED, and all who want to be healed from sin, and freed from the devil, come in crowds."

On the day named, our reinforcement arrived in good spirits, with a determination to help us to push the battle to the gate. We then sang to the hall, after which the friends had a look at Whitby. At one o'clock we commenced in real earnest to throw shot and shell into the devil's camp at one end of the town, then marched in procession. The power of God with us; the singing was glorious, drawing the people after us to the seaside. We formed a large ring; the Holy Ghost was with us. Brother Robinson called my attention to many weeping, and, after two hours' hard fighting, we then marched to the hall for tea. After, we had the love-feast, and many spoke of the victories they had gained, and of their determination to go on to the end, which brought a mighty wave of glory on all our souls, causing many to shout and jump for joy. By this time we were well prepared for another field fight, marching sixteen abreast through the town, singing soldiers fighting round the cross to the pier. By this time

thousands of people had got together. We then held a meeting in the midst of them; but the time soon arrived for our friends to leave, they went away in good spirits at 7.0 p.m. We then processioned to the hall for the evening meeting, and several brothers and sisters spoke with power, and broken-hearted sinners came weeping to the penitent-form. One, a big man, in the deepest agony of soul, cried out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." For some time he thought he was too great a sinner for God to save him, but very soon he took hold of my hand and gave me a tight grip, and at the same time God saved him. He then clapped his hands, and we both wept for joy.

Over 80 sat down

To SUPPER,

which was the winding-up of the day. Our army is strong in the Lord, being clothed with salvation so bright, and at the word of command they will go and stand up for God and the right. I remain,

Yours in the Lord's army,
Gray Street, CAPTAIN CADMAN.
Whitby.

DOWLAIS.

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth."

Well, praise the Lord, so it is; at any rate they are beginning to know it in Dowlais. "Oh, dear me, whatever does this all mean? Go to whatever part of the town you may someone talks to you about being saved or about the Christian Mission," so said a dear man to me when I invited him to come to our meetings, and I do thank God that there is a great stir in this town; nearly every society seems on the move; they are coming out in the streets, and having early morning prayer meetings, and I am sure they thank God that we came here. Hallelujah!

Not this only, but I can say with all honour to the Saviour that the work of God is increasing. Christians are growing stronger, and many poor sinners are coming to that loving God who says "whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

After preaching at half-past seven on Thursday morning four men cried out like the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and the Lord heard them and saved them. The meeting was over about half-past ten, when they with

many more sang round the fields the well-known hymn in Dowlais:

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine;
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine,"

till my heart was well nigh broken with joy, and I sat on the hills and cried for joy. I had not sat there long before I heard the people in the houses on the hill start the fourth verse:

"My Jesus to know and to feel His blood flow;
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

And indeed it was like heaven below to hear them singing. I never heard such singing before. Oh, may God ride on through this place.

"O, ARGELWYDD, ACHUB FL."

Never shall I forget those words. I could not make out what it meant, but, seeing the dear man fall upon his knees, I asked what he said. I was at once informed by one of our members that he was Welsh, and that his cry was, "Oh, Lord, save me." Glory to God, He is no respecter of persons, or language, or tongue. We have proved His willingness to save Welsh men and women as well as English.

"I FEEL SO HAPPY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

Before Miss Parkins came here I used to wait about on Sunday mornings for the beer inn to open, but now I hate the very look of the place. I wait about for the meetings to commence now; the fact is, I am saved, saved." Oh, praise the Lord!

"But I HAVE BEEN AN ACTRESS, and am so wicked," said a young woman, after being invited to the Saviour. She sat still, wringing her hands, and letting the tears fall upon the ground, she cried, "Oh, oh, what shall I do?" "Why," said one of the members, "I was quite as bad as you, and the Lord saved me, and I am certain if you will let Him, He will save you." She fell on her knees at once, and plunged in the fountain of Christ's precious blood, and proved its power to change the black into whiter than snow.

"The Lord bless the Christian Mission, and those two little women. I don't know where I should have been had it not been for them; and, oh, that time, when Miss Parkins spoke about crushing the crown of thorns into the Master's brow. I don't know how I felt; I tried to get up and go home,

but I could not. The prayer-meeting commenced; Miss Milner came to me and said, 'Are you saved, my brother?' Those words were stale to me; I had heard them over and over again in the works (from our people), but *then* they went to my heart. 'Are you saved?' Thought I to myself, 'No, I am not'; and I did feel wretched, and while they sang 'Can a poor sinner come to Jesus,' I got up, cried aloud for pardon, and received it. Bless the Lord!"

Many thanks for stamps, should be glad to receive more. Donations for this work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours, through boundless mercy,
HARRIETT PARKINS.
ELIZA MILNER.

16, Mary Anne Street,
Dowlais, S. Wales.

MRS. SAYERS AND THE MAYOR OF SALISBURY.

On the 14th of June, three young men were brought before the Salisbury magistrates charged with disturbing the service in the Salvation Stores. They were convicted, and fined two shillings and sixpence each. We need not give a full report of the case, but we cannot refrain from reprinting from the *Salisbury Times* the following extracts from what passed between our Sister Sayers, who was giving evidence, and the Mayor, who was on that bench to elicit the truth and administer the law of England.

Mrs. Sayers was the first witness called, and deposed: I reside at 1, Cedar Cottage, West Street, Fisherton. I am a widow.

The Clerk (Mr. Powning): Are you the preacher at a place registered as the Christian Mission Hall?

Mrs. Sayers: I exhort. I am not a preacher.

The Clerk: What?

The Mayor: An exhortor.

Mrs. Sayers: I exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come (loud laughter).

The Clerk: Have you the license registering the building?

Mr. Edmonds: We have not got it here, sir, but we will bring it.

The Mayor: I wish you would, and we will assume that it can be brought, and will go on with the evidence.

After some further evidence, the licence was brought into court and handed to the Mayor.

The Mayor (reading): "Sarah Sayers, female minister,"—I don't know what that means, whether—

Mrs. Sayers: It's what the law of the Lord God Almighty calls me (laughter).

The Mayor: Oh, nonsense! (loud laughter).

Mrs. Sayers: I minister to precious souls, and—

The Mayor: You are not licensed to preach here though (roars of laughter).

But it is hardly safe to say we Christian Mission people will not preach *anywhere*, licensed or not. The case proceeded, and speaking of another of the defendants, (we are quoting from the same report) Mrs. Sayers said—"He is a young man that I am sorry for.

The Mayor: Yes.

Mrs. Sayers: We have many here who were confirmed drunkards when we first came to the city, and who now have altered their ways, and given themselves to God, and are quite different; and you ought to be glad to see that they have altered. As a proof of this only look at their homes.

The Mayor: That is your "experience" (laughter). You had better confine yourself to the matter before the Court.

Mrs. Sayers: The Lord bless you my lord, and save your precious soul! (loud laughter). I hope and pray you will be saved and be converted to God! (renewed laughter). The Lord bless you, and save your soul; God bids me warn you to flee from the wrath to come! Lord help you and save your blessed soul! Lord help you! (loud laughter).—This last sentence was uttered in an undertone Mrs. Sayers having evidently exhausted herself.

After the excitement had abated the Mayor (laughingly) said: You really must not, Mrs. Sayers. You are creating a disturbance yourself.

Mrs. Sayers (fervently): Lord help you, sir! Lord help you!

Amen and amen! May God help all who are still outside the only shelter which can find them safety in the day when they must stand before the Judge of the whole earth.

SALISBURY.

VICTORY or death has been our motto, and with this determination both in the streets and in the halls we bless the Lord we have had the victory, and we shall have it until the land is conquered

LEEDS.

MISS BOOTH IN THE CIRCUS.

A GLORIOUS month. Hard-hearted sinners broken down. Best of all, our own people have been getting blessedly new to God. Sunday morning—love-feasts from nine to ten—have indeed been feasts with the King of kings. Very often I have the question asked, "Well, how are you getting on at the Circus; and do you intend keeping it going?" The second question is answered in the affirmative, and the first in the following words:

"His work's reviving all around,
And many have the Saviour found;
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hallelujah to His name,
And all around they spread the fame."

And that is how we are getting on, and God helping us, that is how we intend going on. We have the Lord God of Heaven on our side; and He has been revealing His mighty power of late, and proving Himself to be our friend.

Speaking to a man the other day about the work in general, he said to me, "Well, I have been connected with the Christian Mission almost since its commencement in this town, and I have never seen it in the same spiritual condition as it is in to-day, and if you continue going forward, God Almighty will break in upon you in such mighty power as shall cause an awakening through the whole town."

It would be impossible to give even an outline of the various and glorious cases of conversion that have come under our notice through the month which is past. For truly Christ has been bringing to His fold rich and poor, young and old.

"BREAK MY IRON HEART."

On Tuesday, July 9, as I was walking past a dear woman in the aisle, she jumped from her seat, took my hand, saying, "Oh, I do want to go to heaven." I led her to the penitent-form, where she knelt and cried bitterly, asking God to save her, and as we listened, we could hear her saying, "Oh, Lord, break my iron heart. Do Lord, do Lord. Here I am; I give myself to thee. Oh, do receive me; cleanse my heart from all its sin, and fill it with thy Holy Spirit. Oh, do, do, do come Lord and have mercy on me. Thou didst die for me; Lord save me," and thus she kept on for some time, until presently it seemed just as though we saw the burden fall

and taken for Jesus, whose it is. But our victory has not come by anything short of hard fighting, not only with the devil, but with hisimps. I have lost my colleague, Bro. Edmonds having gone to London; but the dear Lord has been showing me more than ever that it is not by man so much as by His own spirit that His work is to be done. Trusting in this never failing power I have been over in the Market-place among the rough crowd, still to get the victory. The devil has raised a good many reasons to some of our people why they should not come to the Market-place, but he always gets the worst of it. The Lord, who is for us, is more than all that can be against us.

Sunday last was a good day. The Lord was with us, and sinners were pricked to the heart. One old man, a real

HARDENED SINNER

has been melted down and saved, and made a new creature. *Praise God!* He has taken up his cross, and is working for Jesus day by day; often shuts his shop to come out in the Market-place and do what he can. His wife says that she has felt wonderfully blessed since he has been bringing her to our Stores.

Another man, about three weeks ago, got up from his seat and shouted out at the top of his voice—

"My old companions fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell," &c.

and went forward and began to pray for himself; and God set his soul at liberty. Since that his wife has got saved; and he has spoken in the open air, and bids fair to be a fine fellow. To God be all the glory. We continue to have the drops but want the showers. And we shall have them.

Oh! may the Lord pour out His spirit on Salisbury. Some of our young men begin to speak and work for Jesus, although in a very weak way; yet it has proved to be powerful enough to wound the hearts of many. Please pray for Salisbury, that the Lord might show us much more wonderful things than ever He has yet. Help of any kind will be thankfully received by

Yours for Jesus' sake,

SARAH SAYERS.

Cedar Cottage, West Street,
Fisherton, Salisbury.

as her countenance changed, and she immediately said, "Oh, it's done. Thou hast broken it. Thou hast broken it. Jesus takes me in. Jesus saves me now. Now Lord help me to work for Thee as long as I live, and by Thy help I will."

The following are some notes on interesting cases by Miss Booth.

Just before starting for the afternoon service at the Circus, I heard the front door bell ring, and in another minute the servant (who has given her heart to God) told me a lady wished to see me. Directly she entered, and the door was shut, she broke down, and wept as if her heart would break, and then burst forth with such a story of anguish that I shall never forget. I can hear it yet. She told me that she had been to the Circus the preceding Sunday evening was there convicted, and that week she had scarcely been able to eat or sleep. She had dreadful thoughts of putting an end to her life. "Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do?" she gasped. "Come to the Lord Jesus," I urged. "I am afraid my case is hopeless, hopeless. Oh, Miss Booth, my heart is so fearfully wicked." "Just as you are," I said, "accept the invitation to-night." And she did, after sitting with a look of despair on her face the whole time. I looked at her as I said, "Now is the time," and just as if she had been drowning, and I had brought a boat close to her, she jumped up and fell on her knees at the penitent-form. Oh, how earnestly she pleaded with tearful eyes and clenched hands for the Lord to save her. And He heard and met with her. And religion *does* make a difference in faces—it did on hers—in the place of that worn troubled look, a peaceful light shone only, showing something of the wonderful change that had been wrought. Friday night at the holiness meeting she tore out her feathers there and then, saying as she did so, "Oh, I don't care how many feathers I tear out, if the Lord will only keep sin out of my heart." She has since spoken and joined us. Her experience, Sunday morning, was short but grand—"I am under the blood."

A young woman, who got saved in the Circus, some two or three weeks ago, stopped me on Sunday evening as I was going in, saying that what I had said in the afternoon had quite decided her; and she, with the consent of her parents, was going to offer herself to go out as a missionary to China.

A PRETTY SIGHT.

I noticed during the prayer-meeting an intelligent-looking child, sitting about four seats back. She appeared to have been weeping, and looked troubled; no one spoke to her. Well, "she was a child," only thirteen! I was saying a few words to those who were still halting, when, summoning up all her courage, she rose from her seat, stepped over one seat after another, until reaching the chairs she put her head on her arm, and gave way to the sorrow which was crushing her heart. Her two brothers followed her example, and hers was amongst the clearest testimonies to salvation we had that night.

In the Circus, Sunday evening, sat a big man, who was sceptical, and had been persuaded to come to the meeting *on condition* that no one spoke to him; but one of the brethren, who was not aware of this, noticed that he was impressed, and urged him to decision at once; he had not said many words when he broke down, and rose from his seat, the tears running down his face like rain, and with groans bursting from his burdened heart, he came to Jesus, his wife following, and the Lord pardoned both.

"I'M A BACKSLIDER."

One night in the Circus a brother asked me to speak to a woman who seemed very hard and yet deeply convicted of sin. I went, and had said two or three words to her, when she said, "Stop! I have something to tell you." (As if that would be enough to send me away at once.) "What is it?" I asked. "Oh," she whispered, "I am a backslider," and when I assured her that I sympathised with her all the more on that account, she completely broke down, and came with her husband, who was weeping by her side, to seek and find salvation. May God keep them.

Yours in this war,

JOHN ROBERTS.

12, Reeves Street,
Little London, Leeds.

SPENNYMOOR.

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the Saviour of His knowledge by us in every place." Thank God, we are still progressing. The past month has been one of great spiritual prosperity. Oh, hallelujah!

we have abundant cause to be joyful: we have learnt to serve the Lord with gladness, every month, yea, week, day, and hour, glory be to God.

Blessed be God, what crowds have flocked to hear the word of life that have not been inside a place of worship for years. The power of God has come down, hearts have been softened, the eye has filled to overflowing with tears, the hard and stony heart has been changed into a heart of flesh, and to day many who a month ago were singing the devil's songs are singing

"New songs do now my lips employ,
And dances my glad heart for joy."

Glory, glory, glory be to God for ever and ever.

Those who have been saved are giving up everything of a worldly nature. Several have laid down the pipe, and are now worshipping the Lord with clean lips as well as a clean heart, praise God. A few cases will give some idea of the work, but it is better seen than read about.

1. This is

A BIG MAN,

who came to the meetings only a few times before God laid hold of him and showed him his lost condition. He says, "I have found peace with the Lord all through the Christian Mission coming to Spennymoor. One night two brothers asked me if I should like to go to heaven, and I said, yes, but the Devil said not to-night; but, thanks be to God, after striving for a time I felt as if my chains broke asunder. I went and knelt at the foot of the Cross, and asked God to forgive me my sins. He did, glory to His name. Now I am on my way to the better land. The devil has fired many shots at me, he has tried me much, but I always overcome him by telling him the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." His wife is saved, and on her way to heaven to meet her four little ones who have gone before. She was a deep-dyed sinner, but the blood has taken the stains out for ever.

2. A young woman who has recently been saved, says, "I am saved. I have been at the fountain drinking, and I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb. I once took a great delight in reading the *Family Reader*, *London Journal*, and *Bow Bells*, and all such dirty old novels. But now, thank God, I am reading my Bible instead, and am determined by the help of God, to do

whatever the Lord tells me to do." She had a severe struggle, but the Lord came to her help and saved her out and out. Hallelujah!

3. "BACCA AND ALL."—Some few Sundays back, a woman, who had got saved at the meetings, brought her husband; when he came into the theatre he neither believed in heaven nor hell, God nor devil. During the first part of the prayer meeting he appeared very indifferent. At last we were determined that he should be saved, or quit the place. So we surrounded him, and prayed him to the Cross, and into the fountain, and on to the Rock of Ages. He went home happy. He had been a great lover of tobacco, but he says, "Since God has saved me and my wife we have got such a happy home. So much comfort, 'tis a little heaven below. We have given up everything for the Lord. I used to be a lover of bacca, it was first in the morning and last at night: but now, praise the Lord, my Bible and prayer is the first and last thing. I can sing 'My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me.' Hallelujah to Jesus' name!"

4. HAPPY ALTOGETHER.—A sister said the other night, "I am thankful I have given my heart to the Lord. He has made me happy, my home happy, my husband happy. I never felt better than I do now. The very first time I came here the Lord saved me." Both she and her husband have newly been born again. Glory to God! Their experience is clear. She says she used to wonder when she was a child what the Gospel ship was, but since "I have received salvation to my soul I am on the ship for glory."

Others as bad, and some worse, have brought all and laid it down at the Saviour's feet. May they with us be kept faithful till in heaven we, as a mission host, shall meet to sing and shout for ever. Help is needed.

Yours fully saved,

RUSSELL & LAWLEY.

113, Craddock Street,
Spennymoor, Durham.

—
BOLTON.

WE never met with more difficulties in any town than in Bolton, and in a way we cannot describe, God has helped us to meet those difficulties. Again and again our faith has been tried as never

before. In the services both indoors and in the open air, it has seemed as though all hell was laughing at us, and the devil has said, you won't have any souls saved; but our faith has mounted up above the mist and down came the glory, and souls have cried for mercy. We have received the following letters from friends who have been saved.

SEVENTEEN YEARS A PROFESSOR.

"TO MR. AND MRS. CORBRIDGE.—I am thankful that I was led to the Opera House to hear you, as I have found a great blessing. I have been a member of society seventeen or eighteen years, and thought I was a true Christian till I came to your meetings and to Hanover Street. I was brought to see myself as God sees me, and now I can say my sins are all forgiven. I am washed in His Blood. I am His child and I mean to work for Him.—A. E."

"DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I have been brought as a backsliding child of God, back to the feet of Jesus, through coming to the Temple Opera House Services. I thank you kindly for the love you have shown to my soul, and I thank all God's children that attend the Opera House for helping me in my soul. May the Lord bless you.—W. H. B."

"SOUTHPORT, June 26.

"DEAR MRS. CORBRIDGE,—I feel very grateful for the privilege to write to such a faithful spiritual adviser. I feel truly thankful that ever you came to Bolton. I am sure you thought me very tiresome. Many times I stayed in my seat until I dare not stay any longer. Thank God I did venture my all on Jesus, and now I do feel happy in the Lord, in the God of my salvation. I do pray that I may be rooted and grounded in love to God and my fellow man, that my feet may be firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages, that I may daily and hourly drink of the living stream of bliss, that I may be clothed with humility and the spirit of prayer. I feel the loss of your services very much indeed, the chapel I have attended is about as formal as the one I used to attend. I shall be very glad to get back to Bolton.

"Yours in Christ Jesus,
"E. W."

"SEVEN WEEK'S CONVICTION"

Another woman says:—"Seven weeks ago I came with my husband to the Temple Opera House, and Mrs. Corbridge

was speaking about the Lord God being a sun and shield, and it convinced me that I was a sinner and in the wrong way, and I went home under conviction. I was permitted to come again and the power of God shook my frame until I could not hold my book, and trembling I came to the penitent-form and pleaded for mercy, but found none for seven weeks, until I went to Mrs. Corbridge's house, and there I found peace to my soul; there was something I could not give up, but the spirit of God said, if thou wilt give up, I will; be thou clean. And I said, I will, Lord; and I have been happy ever since, and in my very soul—

"I'll praise Him while He sends me breath,"
&c.

OLDHAM BLACKIE

Says: "I have been a champion wrestler and carried the belt in all England. I did not care for any man in the wrestling ring, but now I am in the ring for Jesus. I have signed the pledge, have given up my old companions. I know my sins are forgiven and I mean to tell others what God has done for my soul. Since I came to your meeting in Higher Bridge Street, I have been a better man."

Mr. William Abbott is the Honourary Treasurer of the Bolton Branch, and will be glad to receive money to carry on the work. Small books or tracts or any help may be sent to

Yours in Jesus,

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
GIPSY SMITH.

4, Birmingham Lane,
Bolton, Lancashire.

NORTH SHIELDS.

"Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

THE past has been a month of victory all the while, although at the commencement of the work here it was a hard pull, yet I am glad to say that, through faith in an Almighty God, we have got the turn of the tide, and almost every night we hear the cry, "Lord, save me." Already 350 men, women, and children have professed to find peace through believing in Jesus since we came to North Shields. I just give a few cases.

One was a dear man who had his name on the class-book for ten months, but was not saved. He came to our meetings, and was wrought upon by the Spirit of God, and, like sinking Peter,

cried, "Lord, save me," and Jesus came to his relief, set him at liberty, and now he is on his way rejoicing, knowing that his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

SAVED FROM SIN AND THE DOCTOR.

This dear man had spent a fortune in the service of the devil; he heard us in the open air, and followed to the meetings, and in the prayer-meeting, which I invited those who wanted to be saved to hold up their hand, he put his hand up, and came out to the penitent-form, and sweetly found peace. While visiting his wife the other day, who has since been saved, she told me that before he was converted he was always under the doctor, but since he had joined the Christian Mission he has not had one. Hallelujah!

Another was that of

A HORSE DEALER,

who was a great sinner, and who had been the subject of many prayers. He, like many more, followed us up to the theatre, to see what we were like, and while there God sent the word home with power, and in the prayer meeting we found him with some others seeking forgiveness, and after pointing him to Jesus, who alone can forgive, we had the pleasure of hearing him singing, "I do believe that Jesus saves me now." He is now an earnest worker, and we trust will be a useful man.

FOUR SISTERS,

who had been serving the devil. Of these one had her name on a class-book three years, but did not know her sins were forgiven. She came to Jesus, and found Him the joy of her soul. Another had come home with the intention of getting married. She came to our meetings, and fell in love with Jesus; she has since made a full surrender, and now she is rejoicing in the God of her salvation. The other two, who had been the subject of many prayers, came and fell at the feet of Jesus, and now they are all on their happy way to glory. Hallelujah!

We have

A NAVY,

who had been a drunkard and a swearer. He heard us in the open air, and followed to the theatre, and there, with nine more, he ventured his all on Jesus, and now, instead of getting drunk, you will find him every night in the open air, telling his mates what God has done for him. While speaking the other day, he told the people how that

he had bought a suit which cost him three pounds, and, through drink, sold the waistcoat for twopence, the trousers for one shilling and sixpence, the coat for one shilling, and the shoes, which cost eighteen shillings, for five shillings; but now, he said, I have given God my heart, and he invited them to do the same. Since then his wife has been converted. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?

We have received the following letter from one of the dear black men who have been saved, and who were mentioned last month:—

"SUNDERLAND.

"DEAR BROTHER COOMBS,—I am writing you this few lines for to let you know that I am very happy to tell you the Lord Jesus watch over me alway, for I feel my heart renew in the Lord. I know now religion is the best thing. I do feel happy in the Lord because all my sins is washed away. Yes; my Saviour died for to clear my heart; nailed to the tree to save me. I am very happy to come back to hear you again. If can't meet you there, I meet you in my father's house, because I know you belong to His house. The crown of God is waiting for you there. Glory be to God. I on my way for His house, because I believe in Jesus. I am save. Tell my brothers and sisters don't lose their way because His road is very narrow and straight for to go to the Father house. His house is full of glory, full of peace, full of joy. Remember me greatly to Brother Sale, and all my sister. I never gone away like I go now: happiness all over me, because I walk in the Lord. Glory be to God! Remember me in prayer, and please God bless all of you for ever. Amen. "My steamer, name . . . bound to Constantinople.

"Good-bye, dear brother. God will watch over you for ever. Amen. Amen.

"Your good Brother,

"ADOLPH D—."

We are looking for greater victories. Tracts and money will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours, enjoying a full salvation,

T. COOMBS,
W. F. SALES.

79, Howard Street,
North Shields.

SAVED FROM A BACKSLIDER'S HELL.

A dear brother said, "About forty years ago I started for heaven, but since that there has been a great space of thirty years spent in sin, till one night I heard some singing in the open air, and I went to see what it was. I found that it was the Mission people. And I followed them to the hall. God was striving with me. A sister came to me and asked me to start for heaven, and I told her no, not to-night. She left me, and told me she would pray for me, and I thank God she did. Her prayers followed me, I had no rest till I came and cried out for mercy; and bless the Lord, He saved me. I mean to go on by God's help."

ANOTHER GO IN FOR GOD.

We commenced our meeting in the open air on Saturday evening at a quarter past five o'clock. We had a large company gathered round us while we were holding the meeting and pointing sinners to Jesus. A dear brother got saved while we were singing. He came to our prayer meeting at seven o'clock on the Sunday morning, rejoicing in the Lord.

Oh, Hallelujah! the Lord is still working with us. Up to the present time four hundred and ten persons have professed to find the Lord. Oh, Hallelujah! we are all on fire.

Yours in the battle-field,

LOUISE AGAR.

ELIZABETH JACKSON.

16, Southgate Street,
Bishop Auckland.

SUNDERLAND.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

To us this month has been a time of the singing of birds, a time of coming again with rejoicing, of victory and conquest, and increase, all glory be to Jesus our conquering Saviour.

Mr. JOSHUA DAWSON

has paid us a visit. The Sunday was a powerful time, and on the Monday, though our dear brother was shaken in body, the spirit of God came on him and on us all in overwhelming power, and there were SIXTY precious souls seeking either pardon or purity. Oh,

Hallelujah! Truly it was a night never to be forgotten.

But I must speak more particularly of some of those monuments of God's saving power; here are one or two.

THE VALUE OF PRAYING PARENTS.

"My father prayed for me for many years," said a prodigal, "and now he is in heaven, and his prayer is answered, and I shall meet my father and mother there."

THE CURIOUS CAUGHT.

What is this all about—a woman preaching in the theatre? Well, I will go and see this, anyhow. And I did go, and I am glad I did. I never had a praying father, I was brought up in the height of wickedness. I am glad I heard Mrs. Brown, for ever since I heard her I could not keep away. I've no father or mother in heaven, but I have a baby gone there, and I mean to meet her. I never went to chapel in my life until I came here. And my neighbours say, "I hear you go to happy Tom's?" Yes, I do, and he has made me happy too. And if you will come he will tell you how to get happy. Oh, Hallelujah! this is happy work, making others happy. "All the way along it is Jesus."

A DRUNKARD SAVED.

Oh, I'm so happy! I cannot express my joy—such a change. You may talk about drunkards, *I was the worst drunkard in Sunderland*, and a horse racer. I had a miserable home, but it is a happy home now. And I was a great gambler, but God, through Jesus has saved me, and saves me now.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

My first night's lodging in this town, dear friends, was the workhouse. I came into the town on Saturday, and as I was walking, not knowing where to go, or what to do, I heard the Christian Mission Band, led by this good man, and I thought what earnest folks these are, and someone put into my hand a card with "Admit to the Queen's Theatre, to hear Happy Tom and his Hallelujah Band." I had intended to leave Sunderland that night but I am glad I did not. The next day I found you and the Spirit of God took hold of me, and when the invitation was given to come out, thank God, I embraced the opportunity. I have gone from town to town, and the accursed drink has led me down, down, down, till it has brought me into gaol after gaol, until I thought there was not any hope left for me. But, oh, praise God!

when cast out by man as too vile a wanderer and a vagabond, Jesus took me in and washed me, and put the robe on me, and found me friends. Oh, what shall I do to thank you my friends, and my God for pardoning my sins? Oh, may he help me to do something by which I may prove to you my sincerity, and to Him my everlasting gratitude, for Jesu's sake—Amen.

THE DEVIL'S PLAN FRUSTRATED.

"I was planning this night fortnight," said a man, "to go to Newcastle Races; but a week to-night I ran to Jesus, and He took me in and saved my soul, and now I am running a race myself on the heavenly course. Oh, may God help me to continue faithful and save my wife, for Jesus' sake," and we all said, Amen.

A PROFESSOR UNDECEIVED.

"Oh, my friends, what a mistake I have been making. I was a member of a chapel for years, and really thought I was right; and if any one asked me if I was saved, I said, why, I hoped so; but when I came here, the duties and feelings and pleasures of Christianity was so plainly put before me that I found I was all wrong, and was led so to examine myself that I got no rest till I came a guilty sinner to Jesus' feet, to seek and find what these people speak of. I sought and found, and oh, I cannot cease talking about it to everybody. My persecutions are very great, but my joy is greater. I'll speak of His love as long as I live."

Feeling sure that all praise God with us here for His continued blessing I bring our report to a close this month by publicly thanking Mr. Longstaff for his co-operation with us in this great work, by lending the Lord the Chapel in Spring Garden Lane, and Mr. Robinson for so nicely cleaning it outside and helping with the inside, and the brethren and sisters for their help. After we had been bringing souls to Jesus to wash their sins away, we stayed behind to wash the ceiling and walls of our Salvation Chapel. Oh, Hallelujah! it is grand work.

Many thanks for pecuniary help this month; it has come when very much needed. We have extended our borders to Seaham Harbour. All donations given by the Lord's stewards will be thankfully received and acknowledged in the *Magazine*, by yours labouring for

the glory of God and the salvation of perishing men,

THOS. BLANDY.

3, Noble Street,
Hendon, Sunderland.

MANCHESTER.

If we have had to pass through great difficulty the Lord has more than made it up to us in the salvation of precious souls. Still we believe that had we been in a more central position or public thoroughfare we should have been able to have got in more people and gathered more abundant fruit. The following testimonies for Jesus will show a little of what the Lord is doing in our midst. At an experience meeting Bro. W., a converted

STONE MASON,

said, "I am thankful the Christian Mission ever came to Manchester. I know it has been a good thing for me in every respect. I was a great card player and a heavy drinker. At the last Manchester races I lost by betting and drinking about £30 which will take me a long time to make up again. My work mates have found out that I have turned the other way. The other day they tried to ruffle my temper by stealing my dinner. They stared when I showed them seven and sixpence, and told them I could buy another without subbing. The more I come to these meetings the better I like them. I have only missed one since I was saved. I mean to hold fast and keep going on by the Lord's help, and I hope all you who are here to-night will do as I have done—give up sin and come to Jesus."

Sister D. said, "Since the Mission came here I have been greatly blessed. One of my daughters soon remarked, 'I think mother must have got good, nothing seems to put her about now.' Yes, I have got good, and not only so, but since then my son and two daughters have found the Saviour. I know it has made a great difference at our house. My son was very wild, but the Lord has changed his heart. Thank God for it."

Bro. J. D., the young man referred to by his mother, said, "Thank God, I am saved. It was in this room I found peace. Things go pleasanter with me now. I used to think myself very big. I took delight in playing all sorts of

tricks upon people, I ran about like somebody wild. I am changed now, and we have a happy home.

A SHOEMAKER.

Brother J. H., the happy shoemaker, told the meeting that he was ashamed to say that he once had known the Saviour, but lost his peace through drink. Five nights out of six he had lain drunk on the house floor. He says, "Since these friends have come to mission this neighbourhood, I have given up the drink altogether, and my sins are all forgiven. I do not mean to be afraid of speaking for Jesus. I did feel a bit shy at first, because I knew I was well known all over Manchester. A man said to me the other day, 'Don't you think it is very low to go singing through the streets with those folks?' I told him I thought it a high honour. I am sure I get stronger every time I go out. When I began, my wife said, 'I must start now you have.' Thank God she has done so, and we are both going on this way now."

A CATHOLIC.

Sister B. said, "I know the Lord has wrought a great change in me. I was so bad, my friends had to turn me out, and they would not look at me. I have been a Catholic; and I am now a servant at a public-house, but I am determined to come out of it. Now I am saved I shall go to different work." Since then this sister has left her place.

Brother D., after hearing his sister tell of the happiness she felt, jumped up rather hurriedly, and said, "I must get up now." Then, bursting into tears, being heart full, he had great difficulty to tell us that he had never spoken before; but now his sister had borne her testimony, he must make a beginning. When at the ragged-schools, the heart-melting appeals made by the Sisters Smith had led him to seek the Saviour. He knew now that his sins were forgiven, and praised God for it.

Sister L. said, "I am glad I ever came to this room. I could not have thought that such a change could have taken place. I never was so happy in my life. I am determined to help these friends to bring others to the Saviour."

Brother and Sister H., teetotallers, never tried until the Mission came how well religion and temperance works together; now they are saved they find two good things are better than one. Brother H. is a temperance advocate,

and says he will now use his all for Christ as well.

Other cases could be given, but these will suffice to show that the Lord is blessing our work.

Thank God, the work is still rolling on. The roughs now and then disturb us a little, still the meetings are very good upon the whole. The majority of the people listen well, both inside and out. Our out-door band is not as yet very strong. Some of the converts are very brave, and others will help as the work advances. Hitherto we have been able to sustain the open-air work every night, wet or dry, and hundreds thereby have listened well while told of sin and its cure. Our greatest want is a place in a public thoroughfare, where larger numbers might be gathered in from the passers-by who do not go anywhere. May the Lord lead us to the right spot.

On account of bad trade, and consequent poverty, our financial position is very trying. We should be glad if kind friends would give us their sympathy and help.

W. J. PEARSON.
CARRIE SMITH.
MIRIAM SMITH.

36, Tutbury Street,
Every Street,
Gt. Ancoats Street, Manchester.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER TOOMER, OF PORTSMOUTH.

Before conversion, she was a steady and obedient daughter, but without Christ and hope of heaven until she saw a bill announcing Miss Booth to preach in the Lake Road Mission Hall, and went and heard for herself. The Holy Spirit accompanied the Word and she yielded there and then to His strivings, gave herself up to God without reserve, and He accepted her and made her a new creature, and every one knew it. Using her parent's own words, when father and mother, who were still unsaved, would disagree—she would sing the devil out of the house. So she lived, letting her light shine and being a bright example to all around until, since November last it pleased our Heavenly Father to permit her to suffer very severely, but she leaned on the arm of her God. Our first visit we shall never

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A NOVEL experience in connection with our work has just occurred at Felling, where a Mission convert was falsely accused of highway robbery at a time when he was at our service. He was triumphantly acquitted by the evidence of other converts, from several of whom the counsel for the prosecution drew the interesting confession that they had themselves been convicted of various offences in the past. His reception at Felling, upon his return home, is thus described in *The Felling Star*:--

"We cannot wonder at the ovation accorded Charles Simpson on his return from Durham on Thursday night, after having undergone a minute and searching trial before one of the recognised judges of the land. An enlightened jury of his countrymen declared that he was 'not guilty' of the charge preferred against him, and the warm congratulations that greeted his arrival at Felling induce us to believe that the opinion of the jury was thoroughly endorsed by the inhabitants generally. Never in the recollection of 'the oldest inhabitant' has there been such a gathering of people. Indeed, royalty itself could not have commanded such an enthusiastic congregation, there being about 5,000 people in the vicinity of the station, and the different approaches to it. On the arrival of the train from Durham, at 11 o'clock, a rush was at once made to the north entrance, and, on being recognised, 'Charley' was very speedily hoisted upon the shoulders of ardent sympathisers, and carried amid the cheers of the crowd to Victoria Square. Here a hymn, 'Welcome Home,' was sung by the members and friends of the Christian Mission, after which in a few appropriate remarks, the hero of the occasion addressed the crowd, thanking them for the sympathies they had extended towards him, and the reception they had given him on his arrival in their midst, as an INNOCENT man."

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170 NEW HYMNS,

READY FOR DELIVERY, AUGUST.

forget a pale-looking young woman breathing very short, indeed; we asked her if all was right for heaven. She assured us it was. We visited her from time to time, talking and praying with her. At our last visit, before her death, she felt her time was short and that she would soon see the King in His beauty, and be free from pain and sorrow. As soon as I came to the bedside, she took me by the hand and thanked me for my visits, and said, "We shall meet no more on earth, but you will meet me in heaven." Her face seemed to brighten up, her eyes seemed to sparkle, and she seemed to take hold of my hand tighter than ever, and said, "I shall soon be there. You will come, too, won't you?" And I looked at her again, without speaking a word; and again she said, "You will meet me in heaven, won't you, Mr. Allen." I assured her I would by the grace of God; and she said, "Oh, how beautiful to be there." I said to her, "Then all is right." "Oh, yes," she said, "I have a clear sky, there are no clouds. I have no fear, I have no doubts; I am ready. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Bless the Lord, O my soul. As far as the east is from the west, so far has He removed my transgressions from me. I am ready; I am waiting for my Master. All is well. Tell the dear people that I have complete victory over death through the Blood of the Lamb." After a little prayer I again shook hands, and saying good-bye for the last time, she said, "I have light in the valley—we shall meet in heaven;" and the next morning, without a word—the friends that sat with her hardly knew she was gone—without a word or sigh, she passed away to that bright home prepared for all that love and serve her God.

The winter of distress is passed,
She has gained the peaceful happy shore.
The storm has spent its rage at last,
And suffering she will know no more.

On Good Friday last, we buried the body, when about seven hundred people gathered round the grave. Many sobbed aloud while we spoke a few words and we hope that all will live to meet our sister in heaven.

There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.

May it be so with every reader of the
Magazine. J. ALLEN.