

THE
**CHRISTIAN MISSION
 MAGAZINE**

(FORMERLY THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST),

A TREASURY OF REVIVAL LITERATURE,

AND

A RECORD OF EVANGELISTIC WORK AMONG THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great multitude believed
 and turned to the Lord.—Acts ii. 21.

APRIL, 1873.

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AND BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

Under the Superintendence of Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH.

THE NECESSITY FOR THIS MISSION.

THE appalling temporal and spiritual destitution of the East of London, with its population of nearly a million souls, not one in a hundred of the great bulk of whom attend either church or chapel. In the Whitechapel Road, only half-a-mile in length, 18,600 persons may be seen enter the public-houses on the Sabbath; while the most squalid poverty, the most hideous vice, the most dreadful crime, and the most abject misery abound in every direction.

THE OBJECT OF THIS MISSION

Is to evangelise by extraordinary efforts those outlying crowds who are not reached by the existing ordinary instrumentalities.

MEANS EMPLOYED.

PREACHING in the OPEN AIR, in THEATRES, CONCERT HALLS, SHOPS, and ROOMS in prominent situations, or very dark neighbourhoods.
VISITING from house to house.
BIBLE CARRIAGE, for the sale of Bibles, Tracts, and soul-saving literature.
MOTHERS' MEETINGS.
BIBLE CLASSES.
BELIEVERS' MEETINGS.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.
CHILDREN'S MISSION.
BANDS OF HOPE.
TRACT SOCIETIES.
SUNDAY & DAY SCHOOLS.
PENNY BANKS.
RELIEF OF THE DESTITUTE AND SICK POOR, by the distribution of Bread, Meat, and small sums of Money.

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People's Mission Hall, 272, Whitechapel Road.
Ebenezer Hall, Fieldgate Street, Whitechapel.
Temperance Hall, High Street, Poplar.
Mission Hall, Cheval Street, Millwall.
People's Hall, near Bow Bridge, Stratford.
Eastern Alhambra, St. Anne's Place, Limehouse.
Mission Hall, Hare Street, Shoreditch.
Mission Hall, Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green Road.
Mission Hall, River Street, Bow Common.
Market Hall, High Street, Hastings.
Boy's British School Room, Hastings.
Workmen's Hall, Croydon.

Independent Chapel, Swanscombe Street, Caning Town.
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Assembly Rooms, Stoke Newington.
Mission Hall, Loddiges Road, Hackney.
Preaching Room, Bromley, Kent.
Lecture Hall, High Street, Tottenham.
Mission Hall, Tottenham.
Twig Folly Hall, Globe Rd., Mile End Old Town.
Mission Hall, Ninfield, Sussex.
Mission Hall, Battle.
Corn Exchange, Tunbridge Wells.

ACCOMMODATION FOR 10,000 PERSONS

Is provided in these places.

200 SERVICES OUT DOORS AND IN ARE HELD WEEKLY,
At which the Gospel is preached on an average to **OVER 14,000 PEOPLE.**

WORKERS.

Twenty persons are wholly employed in the Mission, and a large band of unpaid helpers.

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This Mission is entirely dependent on the Voluntary Offerings of the Lord's people. Over £50 are required weekly. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. N. J. POWELL, Shortlands, Kent; or by Mr. BOOTH, 3, Gore Rd., Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.; or may be paid into the account of the CHRISTIAN MISSION, at Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill. Small Sums may be sent in Stamps. P.O.O. should be made payable at the London General Post Office.

The Christian Mission Magazine.

APRIL, 1873.

Going On.

BY G. S. RAILTON.

HOW many things have you left off doing, since your conversion? why have you given them up?

Oh well, you know, people's dispositions are not all alike. Some people seem to have gone straight on from their birth without an idea of moving out of the beaten track, while some like variety, and can't bear to be always repeating the same thing.

Ah, my friend! all very true; but it is only the people who keep on doing the same thing who get changes for the better; the others rarely change but for the worse.

Well, I believe there is some truth in that, and I would like to be more steady and plodding; but, somehow, I can't. I begin attending to private prayer and reading the Bible, going to meetings and doing my share of Christian work every now and then; but something always seems to come in the way, or turn me aside, and then I leave off. I only wish I knew how to keep at it.—Well, let us try and show you.

I.—BE SURE THAT GOD REQUIRES YOU TO DO THE THING.

Noah could never have kept at his great work so long if he had not been fully convinced God required him to build the ark, and it is no wonder you are not particular about doing this or that if you do not feel profoundly your obligation before God to do it. Come now, halt for a moment. Close your eyes to every earthly thing. See the Maker of the universe standing alone before you—YOUR GOD—YOUR SAVIOUR. He speaks to you. He says, "Be not weary in well-doing." He directs you to do this and that. Dare you trifle with Him? When the world is gone, you will have to tell Him what you have done, and what you have left undone. He is looking at you when you let the time for prayer, reading, meeting, and service glide by unheeded. It is God who is your Master. Do you treat the work of any other master like His? Surely you should hear His voice more plainly than any voice of earth. If you do not, it is because you are too little in the closet of your heart with the Almighty. His voice is sounding in its power of love so that all the world can hear it, if they will but listen. Listen now. But when you hear the command,—

II.—COUNT THE COST OF OBEDIENCE.

Every Christian almost is a contractor. When you first heard your Master's voice, you jumped and ran to obey; but, perhaps, you never thought what was implied in the order given.

It is possible to reckon up the square yards of earth and rock that must be excavated to make a railway a thousand miles long. It is pos-

sible to calculate to a pound the weight of coal that will be necessary to run an engine over the line. And you can tell, if you please, how many hours of time, how many of your old habits and pleasures and indulgences, how much money, how many inward and outward struggles may cost you to obey any one of God's commands.

Contractors, when about to tender, take care to be on the safe side, and make allowances for what cannot be foreseen. You may do the same. Christians do not often give up because some strange thing has happened to them, but on account of something they had every reason to expect, if they had only kept a good look-out.

Jesus has given you a fair and full specification to tender from. Reckon up what it means:—Tribulation, hatred, persecution, war, self-denial, cross-bearing, prayer, and labour. You can say, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have *me* to do?" You can find out all your duties, and know what the doing of them requires of you. Learn it well, and ask,—

III.—IS THE DOING OF THIS THING WORTH WHAT IT WILL COST?

Children don't mind spending hours in building houses of card or of sand, which the first wind or the first tide will destroy. But you and I have something more serious on hand than they. We should never begin anything that is not worthy of being carried on till the world begins to blaze,—that we do not think worth working at till our latest breath. We have not a minute too many to do our Master's work in, so do not let us begin a practice or a meeting that we are not sure is worthy of keeping up.

Oh! but, if the Lord wills I should do this, that is enough.

Yes; but the Lord wants His servants to be His *friends*; to see and feel *why* this should be done and that left undone. He has taken special care to explain the worth of a soul, so that you might feel the importance of saving one, and might be prepared to spend a life in this great work. God does not want from you a reckless, thoughtless service; He wants thorough devotion, and He wishes you to feel the reasonableness of every act of service you perform. Do you?

But people are almost certain to get tired of work that yields nothing at the time.

IV.—TRY TO MAKE ALL YOU DO PAY.

Very few of the great, long undertakings of our times could be carried out without payments on account, as the work goes on.

Lots of Christians give up the performance of some duty because they get nothing for it at the time, and they grow weary of always sowing. You can't always have harvest-time, and you may not live till the harvest; but you can see yard after yard, and field after field, and day after day of sowing done. *Be thankful.*

You have been praying for some one person, or people, or thing, day after day, and you are about tired of it. Why? Because you have only said the words of prayer. Tell Jesus every day that you are doing it because He is praying every day for you. Catch a smile from Him every day, and that will keep you going.

You have gone to your post of duty regularly for a while, and you seem to accomplish nothing. But trust in the Lord. Nothing pays like believing. Against every token of failure, believe, and you will enjoy failure.

But if, after all, it seems as if you were doomed to suffer loss,—

V.—YOU MUST BE WILLING TO LOSE,

And that never so much as when you seem just about to win. God requires the duty. If its performance brings no return, that is God's affair, not yours. The soldier who has obeyed every order comes back from defeat, as from victory—with honour. If the drunkard you have rescued with such care and labour, goes reeling home to-night; if the convert you led to Jesus, and whom you have watched over so lovingly, is not true to Christ, or goes back into the world, it must not take you by surprise, and confound you. The greater the work you do, the more failures, slips, and blunders are you sure to make. The meeting, the effort, you have toiled so long to establish and keep going, drags and halts and seems ready to perish; but never mind. Once satisfied about your duty, be thankful to God for giving you something worthy of a *man* to do, and work away! The grandest life a man can live is a life spent in fighting unsuccessfully, and fighting on to the last. Not he that succeeds to the end, but he that *endureth* to the end, shall be saved. Let all your efforts, your self-denials, your sacrifices, your life itself, be lost to all appearance; *God has said* you shall reap in due season. Be satisfied.

VI.—KEEP TO YOUR DUTY; GET THE HABIT OF KEEPING AT IT.

How often does a stranger wonder, as he sees some class of work being done for the first time—from the knitting of a stocking to the building of an iron-clad—at the steady persistence of all sorts of work-people in doing the same thing over and over again! How ever *can* they manage to keep on, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, doing the same thing without variation? And yet to them it is no strange thing, and, generally, no drudgery. They have made up their minds to it, and got used to it; and it would cost them more effort to vary their action than it does to continue it.

And, as surely as you keep doing your duty faithfully and incessantly, so surely will it become natural to you, whatever your disposition may be.

Depend upon it, there are "practised hands" at praying, preaching, teaching, tract-distributing, Bible-reading, giving, and every other form of devotion and service; and the practised hands do the most work, and the best. Surely it is worth your while to persevere, when—

VII.—YOU ARE CERTAIN TO SUCCEED IN THE LONG RUN.

When your bones lie mouldering in the grave, the ark of God will go marching on and on till the hour of victory comes. There's a brighter day, a better day, a crowning day coming on. But you can only share it by keeping on till it comes. Pay-day only comes to people who work, and then it's a poor affair for those who are always having Saint Mondays and losing half and quarter days.

If you want a good pay-day, "never stand still till the Master appears," and make as much overtime as you can. You may have a hard job to make ends meet till the pay comes, and you may seem to have nothing to show for all your labour; *but there will be plenty to show for it then.* So go on your way rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Oh, yes! it is all very true; but I am so weak and unsteady; I'm afraid I am incapable of regularity and perseverance.

Do you feel that? Thanks be to God, then! there is hope for you. In this, as in everything else, all your springs are in Him. But, oh! plead with him, hang upon His promises, hang upon your Almighty Saviour, Jesus, till His strength is made perfect in your weakness. May the Lord help you! He will!

"He will give you strength to conquer,
He will keep you to the end.
Hallelujah!"

EVERYTHING MUST BE RENOUNCED

WHICH IS SEEN OR FELT TO BE A HIN-
DRANCE OR EVIL.

We say hindrances as well as evils, because the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews plainly teaches us that "weights" must be laid aside as well as "sins."

It by no means follows that weights are intrinsically evil: they are weights only because they hinder our onward course. "A Christian young woman felt that she was not walking in the full light of God, and on every occasion of special approach to God, she felt that a gold ornament which she wore ought to be laid aside. Instead of at once obeying the Spirit's teaching, she reasoned upon it. 'It was a small thing; it was the gift of a dear friend, now deceased; she had not spent the Lord's money on it,' and so on. There were plenty of reasons for wearing it, but yet again and again the gentle voice of the Spirit whispered to her to put it off, and again she reasoned instead of instantly obeying. Her will, her perfect submission to God, hinged on that ornament. The ornament was nothing; the giving up of the will in its last refuge was, however, everything. At last she yielded, and her obedience became complete." Afterwards, we are told, taking the ornament to a jeweller for sale, to devote the proceeds to the Lord, it was found that her cherished ornament was nearly worthless—"there was almost no gold in it." And then "sorrow and shame filled her soul as she remembered that for *this* she had lost the fulness of communion for five years past."

The illustration is valuable as showing that there must be the abso-

lute renunciation of all and everything—even to the plucking out of our right eye and the cutting off of our right hand or foot—that comes between us and complete submission to God's will. If we cleave to anything not sanctioned or condemned by His Word; if we hesitate to follow any and every path indicated in the Scriptures; if we neglect to obey any one of His known commands; if we enshrine in our affections anything that is not dear to Him, it is impossible that we can have full fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" must be our attitude; and when He speaks in answer to our cry, like Abraham, we must go out, even though, like him, we know not whither we are going. There must be entire separation from evil to the service of God: and this is one of the meanings of sanctification—that meaning which is exactly expressed in the word consecration.—*The Christian*.

POETRY AND THE JAWS OF HELL.

ALTON LOCKE, tailor and poet, having made his first essays in versification, is thus warned by his chief instructor:—

"Mean! why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha' put ye there; and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there, and gi'en ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o't, and I'll gi'e ye anither. Come along wi' me."

"Now look there——"

He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley.

"Look! there's not a soul down

that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or warse. Write anent that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side and the gin palace at the other, twa monstrous deevils, eating up men, and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write anent that."

"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye?"

"They faulding doors o' the gin-shop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than ony red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gog-Magog, wherein thae auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at thae bare-footed, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms roun' the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words. Look at that Irishwoman pouring the gin down the babbie's throat. Look at that rough o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop into the ginshop to buy beer poisoned wi' granes o' paradise and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back, and cam out wi'out ane!"

"You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame. If ye'll be a poet at a', ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation, and mourning, and woe, for the sins o' your people."

"But all this is so unpoetical."

"Hech! Is there no' the heeven above them there, and the hell beneath them; and God frowning, and the deevil grinning? No poetry there! Is no' the verra idea of the classic tragedy defined to be, man conquered by circumstance? Canna ye see it there?"

INSIDE AND OUT.

ALAS, how many there are inside the various associations of God's people who are quite ignorant of saving grace, and who are encouraged by their connection with God's people to

continue in sin, without any determined effort to break from it and trust in the Saviour.

At —, where I went to break bread with the Lord's people some time ago, I knew there were several of this class. As we gathered round the table, I said,

"Now we are about to testify to two things as we partake of these emblems of our Saviour's death. 1. That the blood of Jesus has been shed to atone for sin. 2. That it avails for us, cleansing our consciences now. You who cannot witness this good confession, separate yourselves from us, for we will not encourage you to drink to your own damnation."

Two or three at once went and sat apart from us. After we believers in Jesus had feasted on His love together, and felt his Spirit's power, I said to the poor excluded unsaved ones. "Now it is your turn. I know we have been hard upon you; but Jesus can save you *now*, Oh, come to him." "James," I added to one of our brethren; "I know they'll come; bring chairs for them to kneel at;" and come they did. They sought the Lord earnestly and found him to the joy of their souls.

One of them, in the first joy of God's pardoning love, fell on the neck of one of our sisters weeping, and said, "Oh —, you have been my friend, and helped me many a time when I had no other friend; but I have found another now, I have found Jesus."

"GOING-GONE!"

"He is going-gone," quietly said the physician, as he felt the pulse of a dying man, and then let a cold, lifeless hand, drop upon the coverlid. They were simple words, and quickly said, but they shot through me like an arrow.

Going—*whence?* From the business, pleasures, toil of earth. From the charmed circle of home, where love reigns, from all earthly friendships, and from all that has occupied the thoughts, secured the affections, or excited the hopes of a life-time. All are less than dust now. Another breath and they are gone!

Going—*whither?* Down to the

shades of death. "It is appointed unto men once to die." The struggle must come. The shroud, coffin, and silent tomb, must come. All that remains of man will soon be a handful of dust. Going—gone in a never-ceasing procession the hosts of the living, down to the abodes of the dead. Reader,—you and I are going—going fast.

Going—*whither then?* I hear God speak! "After death, the judgment." "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." All! Mark it, ye strong, ye young, ye gay, ye almost-persuaded, ye trifling, ye worldly—all before the judgment-seat of Christ. There is no escape now. Ye are going; another pulse-beat, and ye are gone. What a solemn moment, that of going thither.

Going *whither—whither then?* Who shall answer us? The parched lips are, perhaps, too weak to speak. The wealth of earth, extent of worldly honours, or usefulness and honesty of life, are nothing compared to this. Men make them much, but before God they are as nothing. The question comes back: *Whither? whither then?* Let God speak—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him." The great test in his judgment will be simple. It will be Christ or no Christ. So it is the test now,—now, dying man, as your pulse is failing, or your eyes growing dim. It is the question for you, reader. Have you Christ or not? Have you believed or not? Are you a friend or foe? Are you born again or not? This is all that concerns you. To the dying, a single whisper from Jesus' voice, saying, "Peace," is sweeter than all the flatteries the world ever poured into his ear. Going! oh may it be with the name of Jesus upon his lips, and His grace in the soul.

"Going—gone." An instant only between the two words, but what a change has come! Death, judgment, eternity, are realised! Mysteries are cleared up. "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." And all this in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

To be *in Christ*, and living well, is to prepare to die. *Going*—it is true of all of us; *Gone*—it will be soon as true. But *whither? WHITHER? WHITHER?*

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care;
Safe from the world's temptation,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

AN ATHEIST'S PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"THE churchyard of Tewin, in Hertfordshire, is a spot of some interest to the curious, from the fact of its being the resting-place of the mortal remains of Lady Anne Grimstone. The 'old wife's tale' of the neighbourhood is to the effect that the said Lady Anne Grimstone was an Atheist, without a shadow of belief in the Deity; and that, so firm was her belief in the non-existence of God, that at her death-bed her last words were to the effect that, if God existed, seven elm-trees would grow out of her tombstone. Whether such words were used, and in such a manner, it is impossible to determine; but, whether the tale be correct or not, seven elm-trees have sprung up through the solid tomb, and have broken away the solid masonry in all directions, making the reading of the in-

scription a difficult and almost impossible feat. The iron railings that surrounded the monument are in many places firmly imbedded in the trunks of the trees. The numerous names carved in all available parts of the trunks attest the number of visitors curiosity has drawn to the spot. The trees are each distinct and separate, and notwithstanding the strangeness of the locality, appear to thrive well. Many suppositions to account for their growth have been started, but some are of so improbable a nature that the country people still cling to their favourite old story of Lady Anne's Atheism."

Correspondence.

AN AFFLICTED WORKER.

THE following letter is from a dear sister who has long laboured in and deeply loved the Mission, but who is now laid aside by heavy affliction.

We ask from all who read the letter earnest prayer on her behalf.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I thank you most sincerely for your precious letter, it did me real good. I like the paper in the magazine, entitled "Pinney's First Baptism," much.

It would be nice to see you again if you do run down. I am still here; I think you will come and see me. I have so much to tell you of the goodness of my loving, merciful Father.—Oh, He is good! He has done such great things for me; I know not how to tell; language fails me. My cup does run over. When I think what I was, and what I am now, I am overpowered with His love: thoroughly melted down; I am perfectly amazed; Jesus did it all: all to him I owe. It is sweet to me to know that I am indebted to Him for everything. All the choice blessings my Father bestows on me, come to me through my adorable Redeemer. Oh, that my every breath may be praise.

I took cold last evening I went to the Hall to speak a word for my Master. The next day, erysipelas showed itself in my face: it fell heavily in my eyes, which have often been so closed that not a ray of light could penetrate; but, bless God, all the time the Sun of Righteousness shone brightly into my soul; no cloud, no dimness was permitted to come there. No, within, all was light and peace, and joy,—yes, joy; a holy joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

You may imagine how frightfully busy the enemy of my soul has been,—in one way and another, he has tried me sorely—especially when I was blind; but I

have been kept by the Almighty power of God sweetly calm, resting moment by moment on my precious Jesus; who has been my constant companion: coming so sweetly near, I could almost imagine I felt His touch,—talking with me as a friend talketh with a friend. In reply to your kind hope that God continues to reveal Himself unto me, meeting my every want, and enabling me to rejoice continually, I can truly say, yes, bless Him; He does in a marvellous manner. I am learning more and more of God, as I am continually enabled to cast my all upon Him.

I told you just now, how the devil tempted me about my eyes; but bless God, He enabled me to give up my eyes, my life, my *all*: yes, I could from my heart say, Father, if it be Thy will that I no more open my eyes,—"Thy will be done." He has so sweetly taught me that all He does is love, that I can give up all anxiety about the future.

For some months past, the Holy Spirit has been teaching me some precious lessons; more precious each time I have been laid aside. One of these is submission; that has been a hard lesson, but I do praise Him for His long-suffering patience with me. He has taken such pains, such trouble. He doeth all things well. I do believe all things are working together for my good, and that it is in love He chastens me. By the grace of God, I am what I am. I can praise Him for every sorrow, every suffering, every conflict even. And He knows I have had some severe ones; they have served to strengthen my confidence in Him. But for these trials, I had not known what a mighty Deliverer I have. L. D.

MEMBERS AT A DISTANCE.

A VERY pleasing feature of the love existing amongst the members of the Mission is the warm affection felt for us by those who have removed to a distance. From a dear sister living on the outskirts of London, we have received a letter, part of which we subjoin:—

"I am still marching on in the good old way, and Jesus is very precious to my soul; increasingly so of late. I do indeed love Him with all my feeble powers, and can sing, with all my heart,

"Oh! happy day that fixed my choice

On Thee, my Saviour and my God"

"I want to work for Jesus! I must bear fruit; and yet how can I? My weakness and ignorance and unworthiness I feel more than ever; but, bless His dear name! He very sweetly reminds me Who is strength and wisdom, and anything else my poor soul needs.

"I am always thinking of you and our dear Mission. I never forget to pray for you, though not permitted to meet with you. I do hope you will establish a Mission here. We need it very much. I

really do love all of you, and wish I could in any way show it. If you get a Mission Hall down here, I could keep it clean; you should have a meeting once a week at my house, and any one from the Mission

shall always be welcome to share what I have.

"God bless you again and again, a thousand times, and continue to smile on 'the Mission!'" "A. T."

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

MR. OWEN AT SEA.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Owen has commenced his labours on board ship, amidst circumstances of great encouragement.

From a letter posted to Mrs. Owen at Weymouth, we learn that, though the wind had not been favourable, they had had a pleasant passage down Channel, and Mr. Owen's health was already improved.

The emigrants are of a superior class,—for the most part, Wesleyans or Primitive Methodists,—with twelve class-leaders on board, who are anything but idle.

Mr. Owen is holding services and Bible-classes to his heart's content.

We are sure our friends will not forget him and his fellow-passengers in prayer.

WHITECHAPEL.

We still maintain our position. Fresh reinforcements have arrived, and the enemy suffers loss in every attack. The slain of the Lord are many. The sword of the Spirit and the arrows shot from the Gospel bow still cause sinners to cry out, in agony of soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and "What must I do to be saved?"

On the 17th Mr. Booth preached, from "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men." At the close two came out seeking Jesus.

On Sunday, the 23rd, myself and a "Hallelujah band" took the service at night, when eight souls came over to our side, promising for God to live and die. To God be all the glory!

On the 28th we had an all-night prayer-meeting, to plead for a revival of God's work in our midst, which proved a great blessing to all present. Several made a full surrender of themselves to God and received a rich blessing. Since then we have seen the answer to our united prayers. During the last twelve days many have given in their names as having received the pardon of their sins.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature in connection with our work here during the month has been the awakening amongst us of an earnest spirit of inquiry on the subject of holiness.

There has also been, we have every reason to believe, a large ingathering of souls to Christ.

I give in brief statements made by a few who have found the Saviour. One said:

"I have been a miserable backslider for more than two years. I never thought I should be restored, but, bless God! I feel my sins have all been forgiven to-night. For eight years I loved Christ: four years I was a local preacher. I have come all the way from Camberwell this evening. When crossing London Bridge, I felt that God had a purpose in bringing me here; and I was so convinced of this, that I felt happy. Now I understand His purpose. No one knows the agony of mind I have endured the past two years. I have undergone several surgical operations, and have suffered terribly; but these sufferings were nothing in comparison to the gnawings of my guilty conscience. Bless the Lord! now my load of guilt is gone. Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!"

Another dear brother, who had been associated with us for a long time, but who had of late grown cold and indifferent, wept his way to Calvary, and was enabled through grace once more to realise the pardoning love of a crucified Redeemer. Standing up, he said, "Friends, I want you to understand that I have once more come out for the Lord, and he has taken me in." His walk warrants us in believing that he enjoys a realisation of sins forgiven. Jesus saves!

A SEA-FARING MAN

was brought by his wife "to be converted." She asked me to speak to him. I did so, and found that he was desirous of becoming a child of God, but he was quite dark. I then gave him an account of my own conversion, and whilst doing so noticed the tears flowing. Again I invited him to close in with God's mercy. He decided to come out, and after a little while said, "I am saved; I see the way of salvation." It would have caused hearts to rejoice to have seen husband and wife, locked in each other's arms, praising God for His goodness. Brethren, pray for us!

A SHOWMAN.

A man who for several years has been exhibiting through the country came with his wife. God's Spirit arrested them, convincing them that they were sinners. They knelt together at the throne of mercy, and were, we trust, enabled by faith to take to themselves the promises of a covenant-keeping God. They continue to attend the meetings. We have visited them at their home, and are pleased to observe the marked change in their lives.

They are waiting on the Lord, for Him to open up a way that they may obtain a honest livelihood. Will our friends join in requesting God's help?

These are but a few of the many instances we have met with during the past month. In the next number I hope (D.V.) to give several others. Yours in Jesus,

J. M. SALT.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. AND MRS. REED, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

SOME time ago, there was a very general wish, on the part of our people, to give expression to their gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Reed for the kindness they had manifested towards them in various ways.

Accordingly, a subscription, limited to small sums, was set on foot, and very generally responded to. After some little delay, the following address, very beautifully illuminated and neatly framed, was prepared, and, during the last month, forwarded to Dunorlan:—

"The members and friends of the Christian Mission desire hereby to express their gratitude to Henry Reed, Esq., for the many acts of kindness, and the sympathy he has manifested with the evangelistic work in which they are engaged.

"In doing this, they wish especially to note the generous help extended to them in securing their present commodious Hall in Whitechapel, and in the assistance given from time to time in sustaining the varied operations of the Mission. They would also acknowledge his kindness in largely defraying the cost of various excursions of poor people from the East of London to Tunbridge Wells, and in opening to them the beautiful grounds of Dunorlan, the enjoyment of which will never be forgotten by those privileged to be present.

"They also wish to give expression to their earnest appreciation of the manner in which he and Mrs. Reed have mingled with them in their religious gatherings, entered into the spirit of their organisation, and counselled them with respect to their temporal and eternal interests. And they pray that their lives may long be spared, and that the Divine blessing, in all its fulness, may rest upon them and their family."

Upon receipt of this, Mr. Reed wrote us as follows:—

"Dunorlan, 17th March, 1873.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I duly received the beautiful memorial from your dear people. I never received anything that I valued so much. I believe it comes from loving hearts.

"When I am laid low, my children will look upon it and, I trust, love, pray for, and feel a deep interest in the Christian Mission, so long as that Mission has for its motto

"JESUS ONLY,"
and lives accordingly.

"O that I may meet every one who gave a loving penny towards this offering of love at the Master's right hand. Time is flying. We shall soon be at home. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.' I believe it with my whole heart; and the Eternal Spirit says, 'Be it done unto thee according to thy faith.' May you and your dear wife and people be filled with the Spirit, and you will see greater things than ever you have witnessed."

OUR SICK POOR.

"THESE blessed Missions! To think that I have lived so many years, and never knew anything about them!" was the expression of a dear sister, whom the Lord had unexpectedly thrown in our way, and who had been invited to one of our Mothers' Meetings. "But, oh, what wretchedness! Is it all true?"

The following had, in one way and another, been repeated in her hearing. We relate it to our readers, feeling sure they will sympathise with the painful scenes of which we have been eye-witnesses.

A dear woman, living in a neighbourhood abounding with the vilest characters, with a selfish, drunken husband, six children under nine years of age, and supported chiefly by her own labour, has, for the past three years, been striving to live aright. Alas! often has the tempter proved victorious, and her faith given way amidst the pressure of outward care; but the Lord, who "doeth all things well," has chosen yet further to lay His afflicting hand upon her, doubtless to draw her to Himself. She is now laid down with severe erysipelas, no one to lend a helping hand, and without the most pressing necessities. In her darkest hour she is sweetly resting on God; and as she pressed our hand, and told of her reliance upon the Saviour, we felt sure He would not let His child die from want.

Another child of God, whose husband has been out of work for weeks past, who, from her peculiar position, could not work herself, had had to bear the intense pain of seeing her children, morning after morning, go to school without food, though always with the assurance that the Lord would send a loaf by the time they came back. This has so often proved correct, that the youngest child goes daily to the cupboard to look for the loaf the Lord has sent. A few days since, a little babe was born; but the mother has not a garment for the little one when our maternal bag shall be returned.

Will our friends, who have time and wealth at their disposal, help this work among the sick and needy? We are sadly in want of clothes of every description. It is so hard to see the mothers with nothing for their children. A little self-denial, a little labour, would clothe many a poor babe.

One lady has greatly helped us by making up under-clothing of various descriptions, and selling it to our women at half-price. This has been of untold value to many, who cannot find time, when labouring in various ways, to sew for their families.

We shall be happy to correspond with any lady who feels an interest in our work, or would assist in any way.

M. C. BILLUPS.

272, Whitechapel Road.

GLOBE ROAD.

ALTHOUGH, like the Israelites, we have been wandering for some time past without a permanent resting-place, the Lord our God is still with us in our meetings.

Brother Pressy has lent us a room to meet in for the present, and although but small, even there we have seen the penitent tear and heard the cry for mercy, for which we bless God and hope on for the future.

One brother, who was a backslider in heart, if not in name, has been brought again to the Saviour since he left Globe Road, and is now a member with us.

Our services, under existing circumstances, have been fair. On the 3rd of March we held a tea-meeting, which was quite a success. We had a meeting afterwards, when the room and the passage were crowded, while others were standing outside the door. Brothers Totman, Chase, England, Barnes, and Sisters Cole and Totman, addressed the people.

In conclusion, we intend to hold on, endeavouring to extend our Master's kingdom, feeling confident that all things shall work together for our good, though dark be our way. We ask the members of the Mission to stand by us while under the cloud.

R. A.

SHOREDITCH.

ELECTION DIFFICULTIES.

Just after I reached the Hall, at Shoreditch, a young man came in. "Can I speak to you, sir?" "Yes." "I'm in trouble." "Oh! you want to find the Lord, I suppose? Well, what's your difficulty?" "Why, election." "Indeed, I guess you want to know if you're elected to be saved." "Yes; I find the Bible says, 'No man can come to Me except the Father draw him.'" "Well, and no man can say that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Spirit of God. Do you think the Father is drawing you?" "I don't know." "Can you have any good desires except from God?" "No." "Is it not the Spirit's work to convince of sin?" "Yes." "Well, in the first place, you are already convinced of sin. Don't you see yourself a sinner?" "Yes." "And are you not seeking the light?" "I wish to, sir." "Then get on your knees and give God your heart." With tear-bedimmed eyes, he sought salvation, and

our blessed Jesus took him in. Hallelujah! Soul-saving is precious work!

A quarterly wind-up is not at all a bad plan, either for societies or individuals: take stock and begin again. Our courageous little band at Bethnal Green had theirs on Monday, March 10th. Well, whatever else we are, I vote we're happy. Praise the Lord! By the time dear Mr. Booth and Brother Railton came we were about full; a few more were squeezed in afterwards. People will bear squeezing when they are joyous and glad, singing, smiling, shaking hands. Hallelujah! Religion is, after all, a wonderful leveller. Talk about the Chartists, they were nowhere. The tea over, Mr. Booth called us to prayer, and prayed that we might be able to blow our rams'-horns in the open-air meeting. Not content with this, he came to us and took his stand in the crowd. We all thanked God for his presence, and I was stupid. Well, tears of joy are always in place. A man came up cursing and opposing us bitterly. I went to him: "Now, old chap, hold on till we have done." "I shan't while that fellow is ranting there." We then sang a hymn. I have heard that snakes are pleased with music: our song evidently quieted him for a season. In the Hall we had a crowded meeting; God's presence was with us;—a real mission meeting, and some fervent prayer at the close.

AFFLICTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.

One of my Hackney visitors, a real sister of mercy, writes: "In my visitation I called on Brother W., and found him coughing and spitting blood. I said, 'Why have you not a coat on this cold morning?' He looked, but could not speak. His poor wife said, with tears, 'He made me take his coat to get bread and a little fire.' I asked him how his soul was in all this distress. 'Jesus is with us,' said he, 'and my dear wife and I feel that God will never forsake us.'

"One morning I answered a knock at my door, and a boy of eight years stood there. 'Will you come and see my mother, please?' 'Yes.' On entering the room, I found the poor woman very ill. The husband was out seeking work; the children were naked, crying, and dirty. The mother had been confined just three weeks, and is not able to rise. It would have melted the stoutest heart. The husband has been brought to Christ in one of our cottage meetings. Lord help them! How precious the privilege to be able to minister in some small degree to the temporal wants of the Lord's suffering ones!"

HAPPINESS AT THE PENITENT FORM.

Hallelujah! Souls are being saved. At last night's service, in the prayer-meeting, my attention was drawn to a young man, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I found him trembling from head to foot. I took him by the hand and led him to the penitent form in a flood of tears. He

sought the Saviour. Glory be to Jesus! He saves sinners still! Bless Him! We sang,

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve."

Well, if ever we Christian Mission folks are happy, it is at the penitent form. He soon was able to sing,

"'Tis done: the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine."

In conversation with him afterwards, he said, "As you were preaching, all my sins rose up against me; but I am now trusting in Jesus." Bless God! Oh! the mighty power of the all-cleansing blood! No excuse for failure! Victory through the blood!

ARTHUR BEABLE.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

THE question has been asked, How are they going on at Stoke Newington since they lost the British School? We say to such, Come and see. Much opposition has been shown by those from whom we least expected it. But we mean to hold fast, God helping us.

NOT TO HURT, BUT TO HELP.

A missionary called the other day to see one of our people. When she told him she belonged to the Christian Mission, he said, "They have no business in Newington. If they go into the High Street, they hurt the Wesleyans; if they go into Rectory Road, they hurt the West Hackney Church; or if they go into Church Street, they hurt the Congregationalists;" and he wished we were somewhere else. If our friends only knew how many hundreds of perishing, destitute souls there are in this place, they would not think thus. He might as well have said we were not needed in London, because St. Paul's was there. Our work is not to hurt, but to help. This is only one among the many, who, instead of helping and blessing us, as we think they ought, oppose us to the uttermost.

On Thursday evening Mr. Booth addressed the society on "The Mission and its Work."

THE EVANGELIST IN THE POLICE STATION.

Our members had made up their minds for a fresh start. On Sunday, March 9th, I preached in the morning, and the Lord was with us. In the afternoon a large congregation met, and after speaking on "Meetings: what they are and what they might be," some twenty persons testified for Christ. In the evening, at six o'clock, we commenced our usual open-air meeting, against a public-house called the Coach and Horses. After a hymn or two had been sung, the people gathered fast. Two of the brethren had spoken, and a sister had commenced, when a policeman, who had just come out of the public-house, told us

to move on. I stopped the sister, cleared the path, and then I began to talk. Before this the policemen have often listened to us, and wept while they listened, and bade us God speed. But on this occasion it was altogether different. While exhorting the people to come to Christ, the policeman took hold of me by the cuff and took me off to the police station. Some hundreds of people walked in procession. The policeman and I conducted them. We sang with a will, as we went down the street,

"With a sorrow for sin
Let repentance begin,
Then conversion, of course, will draw nigh;
But till washed in the blood
Of a crucified Lord,
We shall never be ready to die."

On arriving at the station, I asked the friends to return and go to the service, but many remained, and while I was praying inside, they held a prayer-meeting outside. Several friends offered bail, but God gave me favour with the police, and they discharged me. Before I left, I prayed for God's blessing upon them. I got back to the service. When I got there, the Hall was full to excess. It had been arranged for a love-feast, but they continued praying for me in prison. As I entered the place, singing,

"We'll be heroes,
We'll be heroes,
When the battle is fierce;
When the raging storm louder grows,
Shall our courage increase,
By the cross, by the cross,"

they all rose to welcome me, and it was a meeting never to be forgotten. Afterwards I should think nearly fifty persons told the story of the cross. Pray for us at this station. We are much in need of help. We are willing to do the work. Will friends pray for us and help us?

WILLIAM WARDLE.

7, Sisters' Cottage, Brook Street,
Clapton.

TOTTENHAM.

"Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above."

SINCE our last report of this branch, a few souls have been gathered in. Praise the Lord!

YOUNG WOMEN

came to our meetings on purpose to disturb us. During the sermon they would crack nuts, throw the shells about, talk, laugh, and often answer the preacher when spoken to. This continued for some time. I tried them all ways, but at last I invited them to class; several of them gave themselves to Jesus and are members with us to-day. "Love shall be the conqueror!"

A POTMAN AND HIS WIFE

came to hear one of our preachers at the Lecture Hall. The word went home with power, and when the preacher invited

them to Christ, they both came out, cried for mercy, and went home happy in the Lord.

On Sunday, February 23rd, I spent the day with these friends. God was with us. In the evening I preached on "The lost and their Saviour." At the close a man and his wife told me they were lost, unless Christ would save them. They came out crying for mercy, and soon rejoiced in a Saviour's love. Bless His name!

Miss Annie Sutton is holding special services at this station at present. Pray for us!

WILLIAM WARDLE.

POPLAR.

Our congregations here continue so to crowd the old place as to make us look forward eagerly to the opening of the new Hall next week. But although we are looking for glorious things in the new house, we have not forgotten to seek for God's salvation to come to the old one; nor have we sought in vain.

A man who heard Sister Sutton preach at Bethnal Green was deeply convinced of sin, went home and there sought and found the Saviour. He came and joined us here, and has since brought his wife, who has also found redemption through the blood of the Lamb, and joined our ranks.

CANNING TOWN.

Our new Hall here is already too small for our congregation. Since it was opened the number of our members has been doubled. On Sunday, the 9th March, Mr. Grattan Guinness preached in the evening, and great blessing was experienced by all present.

NORTH WOOLWICH.

Our congregations have been exceedingly good. Before the magazine reaches our readers we expect to have opened our new Hall.

CROYDON.

MRS. MATHISON has been holding special services here for the last fortnight, and the word of the Lord has been blessed to the salvation of souls.

On Sunday morning, March 9th, at our open-air service, was a man who afterwards told us, "I heard some one

'SPOUTING OUT SOMETHING,'

and thought I would go and hear what it was. While listening, I felt ashamed of myself, and would have run away, but could not. At the close, the man invited all to come to the Mission Hall in Tamworth Road, to hear a lady preach; so I followed in."

When the service was over and the congregation had dispersed, we noticed that the man stood outside, as if he had nowhere to go for dinner; so we took him home with us.

Over the dinner-table we inquired as to his past history, and he said, "I have for three years lived a horrible life, lounging about and wandering from one place to another, telling lies to get a living. I have associated with London thieves in Kent Street. There," he exclaimed, "I have been everything that is bad! I am the worst man living!"

After listening to the sad story, and praying for the Spirit's aid, we said, "You must come out of this evil life at once." "I can't," said he, "for I get my living by it, and how am I to live?"

"Well," we replied, "unless you do give it up, and give God your heart, hell awaits you."

"Oh!" he cried, in the bitterness of his soul, "pray don't talk so again!"

"You need not be lost," we said; "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, loves you and died for you that you might escape the bitter pains of hell and live with Him in heaven."

"Is it possible," said he, "that the Son of God became man, to suffer and die for a wretch like me? I can't believe that."

We read the story of the cross to him from God's Word, and after prayer he left us, promising to attend the evening service in the Hall.

In accordance with his promise, he came in good time, and at the close of the service he came forward at once to the penitents' rail. We never shall forget his agony. He wept and groaned, and at length cried out, for a whole quarter of an hour, "Oh! Christ, save me! Oh! Jesus, have mercy on me! I shall drop into hell! Do save me!"

His cries alarmed other sinners in the place, who hurried out weeping.

At length the light of the Gospel dawned on his mind; he seemed to hear the whisper, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," and sang,

"My happy soul is free,
For the Lord hath pardoned me."

His face beamed with joy, and he declares he would rather die, than go back to his old life. Will our brethren pray specially for him?

AN INTENDING EMIGRANT

to Tasmania, whose wife had long prayed for him, was induced to attend our Hall upon his last Sunday here. He had been a drunkard and very cruel to his wife. After the service we reasoned with him about the awful danger of being without God. He trembled, and said, "I have been such a wicked sinner." We assured him that Jesus was a great Saviour, and when parting from them, we urged upon his wife the duty of continued prayer for his salvation. He then fell on his knees, and our people at once pleaded with God on his behalf. What was our joy and that of his wife when he professed to find the Saviour. He came next day and signed the pledge, on his knees beseeching God to

save him from falling. Oh! may we meet them both on a happier shore!

We regret to have again to bring forward the matter of our Hall debt of £75, which presses heavily upon us. Will our friends bear this want up in their prayers for us, and help us to get the balance paid off before another month passes?

Donations will be thankfully received by the Rev. W. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road; N. J. Powell, Esq., General Treasurer, Shortlands, Kent; H. Holme, Esq., 3, Clarence Road, Croydon; or Ivo Cobet, Esq., Hon. Sec., 2, Clarence-Road, Croydon. J. ALLEN.

A VISIT TO HASTINGS.

It has been my privilege, during the past month, to spend a few days at Hastings, and a few recollections of that short respite from London labour may be acceptable.

On the Sabbath morning we had a precious season; indeed, we rarely visit or labour among this dear people without spiritual benefit. It is peculiarly refreshing, when telling of Christ's power to save to the uttermost, to hear, on every hand, murmured and heartfelt approval of every sentiment.

Again in the afternoon we mingled our praises in short but bright testimonies of past and present mercies, and of future hopes and anticipations.

During the evening service tearful eyes and earnest solemn faces told that the word went home. At its close, six persons sought the pardon of past sins, side by side with others who came forward to give up all, yea, feathers and flowers, for the Lord.

One of the greatest pleasures afforded was a visit, on the Monday morning, to dear Sister D—. Sweetly has the Lord enabled her to lay her all upon the altar. Although sorely afflicted in body, she is resting, as she says, in the finished work of her Redeemer, and is content with the Lord's will.

Monday evening, it was again my privilege to preach to this people. Deep conviction was there. One woman came out boldly, saying that God had been striving with her all day, and she had promised, if she lived to come to the Hall, she would start for heaven that night. The Lord met with her; and, while rejoicing in the pardon given, we could hear her pleading for her husband, yet unsaved.

We did not forget to pray for Brother Ritchie, who was to preach on the following Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. We have since heard of the answer to those prayers. Many came to hear, blessing followed his preaching, backsliders were restored, and souls were born for heaven.

May God remain with this people! may they ever retain the simplicity of their first love!

MARY COURTIS BILLUPS.

NINFIELD.

At this place we are doing well. "Holiness to the Lord" is our motto. We have commenced "select meetings for holiness;" this we find a lever to our work. In this meeting believers get filled, and go away fired with love for God and souls. At

BATTLE

it is hard fighting, but we have inscribed on our banner, "Victory or death." At each place we greatly need help for the relief of sick and needy poor and general work. Help may be sent to Mr. C. J. Womersley, Harold Place, or to

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

17, Middle Street, Hastings.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

We are thankful to report that the work of God here is still making progress. During the past month several have been led to Jesus, and many precious seasons of grace have been experienced by us.

Sunday, February 16th.—The morning service was conducted by myself. The Lord was with us, and it was a time of refreshing for believers. In the afternoon we felt it good to wait upon God, and many who came in scoffing went away serious. In the evening the place was closely packed. Three working men brought to God in this work gave short addresses. One expressed his joy in seeing so many of his old drunken, blaspheming companions present, and said, "We are not in the public-house now, rioting and ruining ourselves." Another, referring to his past life, said: "You all know what I have been, but I have given it all up, my drinking and swearing; and oh! the peace and comfort I feel in my heart, and the joy there is at home." Another said he had been a great sinner, but he had found the great salvation, and told us how God had used him in the salvation of others. And as these men, in their simple, earnest manner, told of God's goodness to them, it was evident from the countenances of the most careless that God was at work. They knew there was a change, a great change in the speakers, and it showed them what they were and what they might become. Many were kept from deciding for God by their evil companions, but they will not soon forget the Spirit's strivings that night.

Wednesday, 19th.—We were privileged to have Mr. Booth with us. In the evening we held an open-air service, and then went to the Hall, which was nearly full. The Lord was with us, and gave our dear superintendent a word in season to many present. As soon as the invitation was given for any to come out for Jesus, a woman pushed her way through the people with her little baby in her arms and came right up to the front. She had not been there long before she found the Saviour she came seeking, and now her husband and children too are going on their way rejoicing.

Thursday, 20th.—Mr. Booth accompanied me to one or two homes, and was much blest as he saw the faith and peace of these happy people, who are utterly destitute of many of the comforts of life, but are heirs to God's eternal glory through faith in Jesus Christ. In the evening we held an open-air service, and sang to the Hall, which was soon filled. Surely God was in the place. The solemnity of that meeting will not be easily forgotten. Many were deeply convinced of sin, and one young woman came out seeking pardon.

On Sunday, March 2nd, the services were attended with power from on high. In the afternoon we held an open-air service, and sang to the Hall, which was crowded. The Lord came down amongst us, and blessed His people as they testified of His goodness. In the evening we held another out-door service, and the people crowded the Hall again. The service was very interesting. Brothers D., L., S., and myself gave short addresses. Throughout the meeting it was evident, from the conduct of some, that God was at work; for the careless, indifferent scoffer became an earnest hearer of the word, and went away much concerned. One poor old man left with the tears running down his wrinkled face. Oh that Satan's bands were broken, and these captive souls set free!

On Tuesday, the 4th, we gave a

FREE TEA

to about seventy of the members and friends, in the Hall. The place was filled before the time, and during the repast every one seemed heartily to enjoy themselves. What a privilege for those poor people, many of whom can scarcely get bread to eat at this season, to enjoy each others' company and a cup of tea, and then listen to the Gospel, and have it without money! So they seemed to think. They listened to a short address, in which we exhorted them to leave their cares and troubles in God's hand, and trust Him for daily bread, and urged those who were yet without God to give themselves to Him at once. All went home feeling better for the meeting. Praise God!

Sunday, 9th.—Brother Margetts, from Poplar, spent a happy day with us. The Lord used him in the morning as a means of quickening to his people. In the afternoon we had a precious time, about twenty-two persons speaking of the love of God to their souls. In the evening the place was so crowded that there was no means of getting amongst the people. One poor man knelt down where he was, close to the door, and professed to find the Lord. His wife told us the next day that he had told her of it when he came home. There were others who would not yield.

We are now straightened in our efforts for the salvation of souls. The greater portion of our congregation are believers, and the Sabbath services are so crowded that there is no room to deal with

the anxious. Many have come to the door that could not get in; others have expressed their desire to come, but they are afraid. The roof is made of thin tiles, several of which have been broken during service. Often when the blessed Spirit is at work, and a deep solemnity pervades the meeting, a huge stone, hurled against the building, will make every one start from the seat. There is not another room in the neighbourhood that we could get to preach to those poor people, who are too ill-clad and humble to attend the Church, the only place of worship in the neighbourhood. Surely the Lord's people will not suffer this glorious work for God and souls to stand still for want of a larger and better place to worship in. Our dear brethren are very poor, and have to come to the Hall on Sunday in their working clothes. Any old clothes would be thankfully received for them by myself.

T. W. CAMERON.

21, Stone Street, Camden Road.

MRS. BOOTH AT PORTSMOUTH.

Mrs. Booth commenced services in the Portland Hall, Southsea, on Sunday, the 2nd of March.

From the first service the congregations were large and the results very gratifying, the Hall, which will hold nearly one thousand people, being filled every Sunday evening.

There have been, we are happy to relate, some most precious and hopeful conversions; ten and twelve persons on one Sunday evening having openly confessed their need of a Saviour and found peace through believing in Him.

Not only has this been the case, but, what is equally important and still more gratifying, there has been awakened amongst the Lord's people a widespread inquiry after a higher and more spiritual life.

The following extracts from letters received by Mrs. Booth we think will interest our readers.

"DEAR SISTER.—I feel that, glory be to God! these services have opened my eyes to see what I never saw before—that the Christian must give Jesus all, and that it is absolutely necessary to give the Saviour our undivided attention. I bless God for this as to myself. I feel deeply the necessity of working more for God.

"I met last night a young man, son of a brother, who was present at the Sunday evening service. He said (D.V.) he should come next Sabbath evening. Upon his soul I endeavoured to press home the necessity of the new birth. Last night, for the first time, I endeavoured, with God's help, to press home the same truth to my dear brother, your remarks of Sunday morning last having come home to my own soul! Oh that I might give Jesus all!

"I long to see established in Portsmouth something of the same mission as you have at Whitechapel. Of one thing I am convinced, that when once established, there will be many willing to work together for God's glory. May the Lord guide you in all your labour of love! To Him be all the praise. Amen." J. W.

Another writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Booth.—From my very soul do I thank God. I can say He has begun His work afresh in my soul.

"On Monday morning I had revealed by God what the stumbling-block was that kept me for so long at so great a distance from Him. Some seven years since I disobeyed God by refusing to do His work in what I felt sure He wished, because I fancied I was not equal to it, instead of throwing my whole dependence on Him for support and for the supply of all my need. From that day to last Monday morning I scarce have ever known what it was to enjoy God's presence, until my soul was become so dead that sin sometimes seemed not to be sinful, and your prayer-meetings seemed rather a burden than what they ought to be—the very delight of my soul.

"The enemy is very active among the good people of Southsea, in trying to persuade them that your services would be far better if you closed your sermon with the benediction, and gave an invitation for those impressed to meet you quietly for conversation; it would be the more respectable way of doing it. This proves to me very clearly that this is what the devil is afraid of,—the prayers of God's people,—so that he is trying his utmost to make prayer as obnoxious as he can. I do hope and trust and pray that we may be led, in the all-wise providence and mercy of God, to lay hold of our only strength, and cast all our weakness to the winds." J. H.

A dear sister writes:—

"My dear Mrs. Booth.—I can no longer refrain from writing. I want you to know how thankful I am that you ever came to Portsmouth. I, amongst many others, have received from your lips that which, by the grace of God, will enable us to be more in earnest for our own souls and those around us.

"I am one of those whom you addressed last Sunday morning. With me it has been, as with many others, following Christ afar off. About twenty years ago, I became more deeply impressed than I had hitherto been under the preaching of a dear man of God, a Mr. Booth. I fancy it must be your dear husband. It was at a chapel at Castle Green, Bristol. I went up to a penitent form, and from that time I have striven to follow my dear Saviour. I was then about fifteen years old.

"Since I have been married, we have lived in the country, where we have been starved in spiritual blessings. Last summer we came to Portsmouth, and, seeing a bill in a window announcing your preach-

ing, and loving the name of Booth, I came to hear you, and, by grace from on high, will try and be worthy of the name of a Christian.

"My dear Mrs. Booth, do not for a moment suppose that those that go up to the penitent form are the *only* ones that you have been a blessing to. Oh, no! you will not know until that day when Christ reckons up His jewels. I and my dear husband will never forget your visit to Portsmouth.

"I am so anxious about my servant. She is about seventeen years old, but has been a very hardened girl. The second Sunday you preached, I brought her to the Hall, and she has regularly been to every evening service since. Now she seems to me quite different. May God, in His infinite love, have mercy upon her!"

We well remember the services at Castle Green, alluded to in the last letter, as "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and rejoice greatly to find fruit remaining after many days.

Will our friends add Portsmouth to their special list for sympathy and prayer and faith?

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES.

We are glad to report that the work goes forward in Ohio.

We have received a very interesting letter from Brother Jerny, from which we extract the following:—

"The reason of our delay in writing is that our hands are so full. We have opened two stations, and converting work is going on gloriously.

"An Englishman, who used to be a Primitive Methodist local preacher when in England, told me that he came to New York a saved man. A 'shark' met him in a dark place, presenting a pistol at his face. He, in a moment of anger, knocked the man down, and the devil knocked him down too. For two years he has been a wicked backslider. I knew him before we had a Mission, and, glory be to Jesus! his salvation lay near my heart. Last week the dear Lord restored his soul, and made him happy; and on Sunday last he came, with what is called in this country

A METHODIST LOAD

—a waggon full of brethren—to the three o'clock experience meeting. A dear brother came five miles to this meeting, full of God. All spoke of holiness.

"There are many seeking the Lord, and believers seeking sanctification. Pray for us!

"I spent a few hours, the other day, with Brother Faedler, in house to house visitation, praying in each house. We found several old country people and many backsliders. Canada and America are full of backsliders. The churches are

NOTICES.

Contributions may be forwarded by cheque, post-office orders, or postage stamps, to the Editor, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.; or to N. J. Powell, Esq., Shortlands, Kent; or may be paid in to the account of the Christian Mission, at Dimsdale, Fowler, & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill.

All offerings of 5s. and above will be acknowledged per return of post, and all, of every amount, will be inserted in the following number of the CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

Our Poor People are sadly in need of Clothing. Any parcels of Old Clothes will therefore be peculiarly acceptable.

WANTED.

Persons having Numbers of the Magazine for January of the present year to spare, will oblige by returning them.

BRIGHTON. SEA VIEW.

A Lady who has Two Little Girls and Two Little Boys to Educate, would like One or Two more to Study with them. Terms moderate. Mrs. Mills, 12, Bloomsbury Place, Brighton.

CHILDREN'S TEA ON GOOD-FRIDAY.

It is our intention as usual to provide a FREE TEA for 1000 Children on Good-Friday. We need a few pounds to enable us to do this without incurring debt, and are sure our friends will help us.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION HYMN BOOK. Compiled by William Booth. Containing 531 Hymns adapted for *Revival and Congregational Services*.

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A Sketch of the Origin, History, and present Position of the Christian Mission. Containing a description of the means and instrumentalities employed in the East of London and elsewhere, together with some of the results which have followed in the remarkable conversion of numbers of the common people, including infidels, thieves, drunkards, &c. With Engravings. By WILLIAM BOOTH. With a Preface by the Editor of "The Christian."

Any of the above may be had from Mr. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E., on receipt of the price and postage in stamps.