


# The Christian Mission Magazine.

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## About Deserters.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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E live in a world almost entirely peopled with deserters; and, in fact, desertion—the worst desertion—the desertion of all that is best and truest and noblest, is so common, that it has even become honourable to be a deserter. Honourable indeed amongst the ranks of dishonour and sin to-day; but alas for the reputation of the honourable deserters of to-day when the great and terrible day of light and truth and wrath shall come!

Amongst the many varieties of deserters we may observe, however, those whose desertion is not so complete in its wrongfulness, or so ruinous in its nature, as that of the main body, although the amount of harm done by the deserters amongst the Lord's own people eternity only can reveal. Sad indeed the thought that from the ranks of Christ's own soldiers desertions, total or partial, should so frequently take place; and that, in the great work of the world's salvation, it should seem so supremely difficult to organize and maintain regular, disciplined forces. But we suppose it always has been so; at any rate, it is so now.

### THERE ARE DESERTERS FROM PERSONS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

Who can look through the many placards displayed in the London police-stations, referring to men who have deserted their families, without an intense feeling of repugnance to the individuals referred to? The parish authorities may be supposed to care for nothing but the financial effect of such desertions; but to the ordinary public, surely the first thought and feeling in such cases must be, that here are men who have no natural affection left.

And the ties existing between individual members of religious societies must be of anything but a true Divine-family character, or they could not be so often and so lightly broken. The Christianity whose professors care so little about one another that they can part company at any time without any grave reason, or any painful regret, is certainly a very different thing from the Christianity whose professors were distinguished by their love for one another.

And how very unworthy are the causes for which the Lord's people frequently separate from one other! We are all ready to laugh at the child who takes the pet, and "won't play," because some little thing is done by a companion which is not agreeable; and yet how many Christians every year leave their church, or break off intercourse with some fellow-labourers, because someone does not bow to them, or because of some equally insignificant offence!

There are many *self-willed* deserters too. These all have, or imagine they have, a peculiar faculty for management or leadership. They must be the head, or they will be nothing, and the moment their opinion or wish is overruled, off they go to benefit some other people with their under-estimated talents.

And then there are a host of *proud* deserters. Once they were quite content to associate with the poorest, humblest labourers in the vineyard; but they have got on in the world, and now, their health, or the claims of their family, or some more remote circumstance, is found to demand their separation from the people they once loved so well, and they move off to some community more respectable.

On the other hand there are many *cowardly* deserters, especially in the early days of any movement that aims high. England has been highly amused at the story of the wild flight of the Fantees the moment they imagined an Ashanti to be in sight. But, alas! there are multitudes of Christian Fantees. If there were no mighty spiritual foes to face, no hard battles to be fought, in order to win souls for Christ, the army of the Lord would soon swell to enormous dimensions; but, as day after day of conflict comes, and as march after march, and watch after watch passes wearily along, and still the war continues, and still our enemies are powerful, and they are strong, and still manifestly hate us with cruel hatred, one after another comes to the conclusion that victory is impossible, or, at any rate, that a larger organization, a stronger battalion, than they are engaged in, can alone hope for success. Shall we never see a Christian "Black Watch," a body of men determined to stand or fall together under all circumstances? These are the only sort of men who win victories. The largest organization mainly composed of men who dare not act alone, or with only a few comrades, would be incapable of fighting. It might look big, and make grand displays, but for practical purposes it would be worthless. But if desertion from persons and organizations is common,

#### DESERTION FROM PRINCIPLES

is carried on wholesale. Masses of men are found ready to embrace and to hail principles they do not understand, or which they have never thought out, and the moment it becomes necessary for these principles to be acted upon,

#### SHALLOW DESERTERS

fly off in all directions. In fact, there are immense bodies of Christian

people organized and existing professedly for the maintenance and propagation of principles which have passed away, with those who propounded them, into darkness, and all but oblivion. Let us understand and make up our minds as to the great truths which are most important to ourselves, and to the world; let us be fully persuaded in our own minds as to the principles upon which we are called to act, and then we shall be prepared for the sacrifices and endurance which the maintenance of right principles always involves. It is not sufficient for us to perform acts of service to God, and to our fellow-men, we must know *why* these things are to be done if we are to persist in doing them in spite of hindrances and difficulties. Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in the Mosaic law than the constant explanations of the reasons why God should be obeyed. It was intended that every child in Israel should serve God with his understanding as well as his heart. Those who merely accept a principle because of some supposed obligation to accept it, or because others accept it, are not likely to stand against the current of popular opinion, which almost invariably flows in the wrong direction. But there are those who desert principles they thoroughly approve. There are

#### WEARY DESERTERS.

It seems so hopeless to convince the world that it is wrong; it seems so hard a struggle to keep up the high standard which conscience demands and approves, while the world protests against it, and the great mass of the Lord's professed people have deserted it. Many a one who, in the days of his first love and zeal, received the simple teachings of the Gospel, and was ready to shout defiance at the world with all its fashions and its customs, gradually sinks down to the level of those who have given up what has seemed to them a vain attempt to be separate from the ungodly. How many individuals and organizations who started well, and were determined to act faithfully to the noble principles of the Gospel, become reconciled to the ordinary routine of church-life as it existed before they began to be. To maintain true and right principles has always been, and will always be, a wearisome, laborious task. It will always be easy to surrender principles at the bidding of our own ease, or our own interests; but alas for us, and alas for others whom we might influence, if we thus grow weary of being true and honest!

Do not let us be discouraged if we find but few willing to accept our principles; nay, do not let us add to the number of deserters, however great that number may become. Do not let us be discouraged because we discover that many who were supposed to be thoroughly in love with our principles prove to have no real comprehension of what they imply. Above all, do not let us be discouraged because we cannot convince everyone at once that our principles are right. To make the body of professing Christians see the necessity for complete separation from the world, and for determined, unhesi-

tating efforts to save souls, is not the work of months or years; lifetimes have been well spent in this worthy cause, and many more are necessary before the Church of God will awake to its duties and its privileges. If we have made up our minds to a life-work, let us not faint because less than a life fails to secure our object. If it seems hard to say, "I will live and die for a *thorough Christianity*," let us say, "I will live another ten years for it, and then see the result."

The more Divine, the more heavenly the principles we advocate, the more supernatural, the more eternal the power, the endurance, the faith, and the hope necessary to sustain us in the work.

But let us on no account be numbered with the idle, the selfish

#### DESERTERS FROM DUTY.

There are many who really believe in our principles, and love as well as admire them, but who leave to others the burden of the strife. There are men and women in our uniform, under our colours, who are always ready to shout in the hour of victory, but who are always on the sick-list, or called away on urgent private affairs, or out of ammunition, when the moment comes for them to do something.

If it be true that our God has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light, if it be true that we are called to be a peculiar people, let us come out before the world, and with out feet upon its pride, its follies, and its fancies, let us march forward under its sneers and frowns alike unmoved. What if a host of deserters, who ought to be with us, half join in the sneer of our foes! let us send back the innocent, joyous laugh of the brave and the true, and follow our Jesus before them all.

If it be true that men and women who do not believe in Jesus go to hell; if it be true that the Lord has called us to warn our fellow-men, and to lead them to our Saviour; if it be true that the eternity of many is dependent upon our efforts, let us lay aside every weight, every doubt, and every fear; let us deny ourselves more and more, as we may have opportunity; let us forget ourselves; let us spend and be spent in this great and holy toil.

There is One who never deserts, who never leaves, who never forsakes, those who trust in Him. He has called this Mission into being. He has contrived, adapted, applied, and blessed the means it uses to the ingathering and salvation of multitudes; He has never suffered it to be overcome even in its severest times of straitness and trial. God is in and with the Mission; for it is no mere sect, but a holy organization for a holy purpose. To that purpose, and to that organization, let us cleave as we cling to our God, and in that day when deserters blush, we shall shout the praises of Him who has called us to glory and to Christian manliness.

## The Ladies' Whisky War.



WE are sure that all who are in favour of resolute and unyielding efforts to overthrow sin and establish righteousness must rejoice in reading the news of the ladies' war upon the liquor traffic in the United States. The mode of warfare is as follows:—

Notice is sent round to all the publicans that they must close their shops by a certain date. If they fail to do so, a band of ladies assemble in a neighbouring church, and after prayer, march in procession, with the church bells ringing, and often with an immense crowd, to the house selected for operations, enter the bar, and kneeling down, commence to pray and sing. If driven from the house, they kneel upon the side-walk, and as a fresh band comes on duty every two hours, prayer and singing are kept up all day long incessantly, until the publican, who finds it impossible to get customers to enter his house while the praying and singing are going on, either within or without, closes his shop, when there is great thanksgiving and rejoicing, and the women proceed to attack another in like manner.

Commenced only a month or two, the movement has already attained such proportions as to attract the attention of the public throughout the whole civilised world. So sudden a seizure and use of power, with such wonderful and immediate results, ought surely to carry lessons highly worthy of attention.

Perhaps the strength of this moral earthquake has, to a great extent, lain in *the deep sense of wrong and injury* which is present to the minds of almost the whole population. Homes that have been ruined, men and women who have fallen beneath the monster drink-demon, abound everywhere, and the many thousands who have suffered bitterly, either themselves or in their families, from this horrible curse, have only to give free vent to their wrath in order to produce a tremendous commotion.

Oh! that Christians could feel in some sort the terrible consequences of sin. If drink has slain its thousands, sin, in one form or another, has slain its millions. There is no country, however lovely, where sin has not carried death, desolation, and misery. There is no home, however clean and tidy, but the horrid invasion of sin has passed its threshold, and has left tears and anguish behind. There is no family, however well trained and circumstanced, but must suffer, and suffer severely, from sin in some way or another. Around us on every hand, every day sin is working death, bloodshed, want, and misery of every kind.

Is it not time for us to be enraged at sin? Is it not time for us

to give way to the extremest outbreak of our indignation at the fearful injury inflicted upon us and upon our fellow men? Oh! that we felt more of the sense of wrong.

But the American ladies have not only felt the injury done, but they have *determined to put an entire stop to the system of wrong-doing*. Without stopping to enquire whether they could effect their object, they have assaulted first one public-house and then another, determined not to stop short of the entire suppression of the hateful traffic.

This is the spirit in which Christians ought to set about their work for God. If, instead of wishing, praying, hoping, and, as we say, believing, for the conversion of sinners, and for the other excellent objects we have in view, we were to set ourselves to the accomplishment of some given task, we may be sure that the Kingdom of Heaven would suffer holy violence, and the violent would take it by force.

What do we really mean, after all? What are we about? If men are really going to hell, have we no right to stop them; have we no right to band ourselves together to give certain men no rest until they accept salvation?

Away with all question as to what can be done! for these ladies have given a fresh proof of the old truism that, there is no knowing what you can do until you try.

Can we read such a story of triumph as the following, extracted from the *Times*, conveys, without feeling ashamed of our hesitancy and wavering?

“PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24th.

“The female anti-whisky moral suasion crusade is spreading over the country with extraordinary energy. When I last wrote about it a week ago it was mainly located in Southern Ohio, with some symptoms in Southern Indiana, and at Louisville, in Kentucky. Now, however, it has not only greatly extended its limits in those localities, but it has also appeared in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, the District of Columbia, Iowa, Illinois, and Nebraska. At Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, the women have already held a number of meetings to inaugurate the crusade, and there are premonitory signs of a similar movement in Philadelphia. At Manchester, in Iowa, the praying bands of women have been at work for nearly a week among the saloons, and with considerable success. At Lincoln, Nebraska, a female party of 30 began their pilgrimage on the 17th of February, and at one saloon which they visited the crowd was so great that the floor was broken down and all hands precipitated into the cellar, a number being injured. The women are also at work in Henry county, Illinois, and the Grand Jury of that county have come to their aid by finding indictments against 48 saloon-keepers for selling liquor to minors, in violation of the law. In Indiana the work goes on bravely.

“In Ohio, where the movement began and has won its greatest victories, it still progresses with amazing energy. It has received the strong support of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, who are very numerous in Ohio, and who have passed a resolution, at their meeting at Xenia, endorsing the women's crusade. At Ripley every saloon but one has been closed, and this will soon yield, as 150 women are besieging it. At Athens nine out of 14 saloons had surrendered when I last wrote; now but one is left. It took four assaults to bring one of the most obdurate of the others to terms, but the power of prayer was ultimately shown by the proprietor bringing out his ale and beer kegs and emptying their contents into the road. The only remaining saloonist in Frankfort surrendered on February 18th. The crusade began in McConnellsville on that day, with 140 women in the praying bands, and one innkeeper has already yielded.”

No amount of determination, however, could have brought about such marvellous results, but for *the union of many* for the accomplishment of a set purpose.

How these large bands of ladies were collected and organised, we are not told; but there can be no doubt that those who have united so rapidly and have acted together so harmoniously are by no means of one class, creed, or sect. They are one in the resolution to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks, and they have devoted themselves to this one work until their labours should realise the desired end.

It needs no miraculous gift to foretell similar success for any band of Christian people who will unite in a similar manner, and who will lay aside everything else for a time, in order to gain some simple, definite object.

*This beating the enemy in detail* proves, after all, the shortest as well the surest way to complete victory. For many years the friends of temperance have been praying for the overthrow of the traffic, and the most eloquent orations, and the most enthusiastic demonstrations, have been made by the thousands of old and young teetotalers. And yet the traffic has gone on increasing, and its evils have been undiminished.

But now a few hundred women, visiting the public-houses one by one, and forcing one after another to close, by the violence of holy prayer and song, are annihilating the whole system which so many denunciations have left flourishing.

Just so let us assault individual sinners, arranging so as to have them constantly accosted by fresh individuals, and made the butt, so to speak, of the prayers and efforts of a band of Christians, until they yield, as they very soon will, beneath the concentrated pressure of earnest prayer and labour. Such a course of procedure, we venture to say, would astonish any company who entered upon it, with its speedy success. Not long ago, a few friends, members of a Young Men's Christian Association, united to pray for the conversion of six young men, in connection with some special services just about to be held for a week. Before the end of the week five of the six were saved. God is the same when there are no special services on foot. Let there be the same union of prayer *for an immediate result*, combined with special efforts to move the persons prayed for, and depend upon it, God will honour such practical faith, and will answer the prayers which embody it.

*These ladies have been opposed, and that violently*, as any one will be who is determined to do good. One publican, swinging a large axe over their heads, guarded his door with terrible threatenings. But the praying band, undaunted, persevered till the same axe was used by the publican to stave in his kegs of drink in the presence of an acclaiming multitude, and the man is now going round the country exciting the people everywhere to destroy the trade with which he was so recently identified. A female saloon-keeper prepared a can of boiling water to pour upon the ladies. Some have

flooded the pavements in front of their houses with water, others have covered them with grease, in order to prevent the ladies from kneeling there. In other cases it has been the magistrates and great men who have led the army of sin. But every attempt at opposition has only made the victory of right more manifest. If we *will* have souls for Christ, we shall certainly meet with such opposition and persecution as we have never experienced yet; but depend on it, we shall win the day.

Shall these ladies put us for ever to shame? Nay, surely we who know something of the victory which resolute, united action ensures, inspired by this manifest token of the presence of God in might amongst devoted people, will rise to new and improved efforts, and to such glorious and extended conquests as we have never yet known.

## Plain Speaking.



OUR national "great guns" have done a good deal of firing lately, and we have been furnished with a pretty large vocabulary of the terms which the most educated and distinguished men think "proper" against their opponents under certain circumstances.

Statesmen have been holding one another up to the execration of their fellow-men, and denouncing opinions and practices without mercy. One of the highest judicial authorities in the land has been giving vent, for eighteen days, to his pent-up indignation against a prisoner and his counsel, and has boldly pronounced all who differ from his views "fools and fanatics."

And yet, strange to say, "public opinion" is set against "dogmatism"—religious dogmatism. "Don't attempt to cram religion down people's throats," it is said, whenever truth is emphatically laid down. "There is nothing like moderation, you know. People can be led, but not driven."

Ah, here is a wondrous difference, and a difference very easy of explanation. The world believes in being in earnest about politics—even about local politics. Even a judge may be allowed to speak with heat occasionally; but no one must be in earnest about religion—above all, no one must get excited about it. "Anything but excitement," cry even the multitude of pious onlookers, when an attempt is being made in right good earnest to save men's souls.

And yet good people pray for the conversion of the world. The world will never be even interested in religion until the Lord's people feel earnestly, and pray and speak earnestly, and in unmistakable language, about eternal things.

## Procrastination.



HAVE you heard of the dream in which the sleeper was carried away to the dim court of hell, where Satan sat, with all his host, in solemn council, to deliberate upon the ruin of mankind? The question was proposed, "How can men be ruined in the greatest numbers?" And one spake on this wise, and another on that. One advised that he be sent forth to preach that there was no God. "No," said Satan, "men *cannot* believe that. I have tried that long enough, and it fails." Another proposed to tell them that God was so holy, that none but the holy could reach Him, and thus they might be urged to trust in good works. "No," said Satan, "they soon see through that, and discover the fallacy." "Send *me*," cried another, "and I will tell them that salvation is through Christ, and by His blood, and that all who believe will be saved—but I will whisper, 'time enough!'" "Go," cried the arch-fiend, "and prosper." And men have believed this lie in numbers.

## Swedish Marie.



IN our little home-circle," writes an American lady, "we have a fashion of talking, now and then, about the women of India, and of China, and of the little orphans; while the names of the precious missionaries are household words."

Our Marie, moving noiselessly about, picks up many an idea, but we little know how deep the missionary stories have penetrated her honest Swedish soul. She came into the room one day, her eyes filled with tears, welling up from her overflowing heart.

Handing me a five-dollar bill, she said—"Here, missis, I geeve tis for the poor wimmens tat neever know notting 'bout Jesu."

I thought of her loneliness, not a relative in this country—not even an "old friend."

The one family she knew, and with whom she crossed the "big sea," lived in the "North side" before the "Fire"—nothing heard of them since!

I thought of the months she had spent in the hospital—her right arm being disabled by a sad accident; then of the months when, in her helplessness, she was kindly cared for by a Christian family—all months without wages. Yet now, able to earn only medium wages during a few weeks, she brings her offering of five dollars.

"And, missis," she said, "me tinks it petter all new and clean." Marie's life's battle is with the foes to neatness, and she couldn't conceal the satisfaction with which she handled the "greenback" (paper-money), "span new."

"You see, dis will help send dear young ladies (to teach te poor wimmens to read Gott's word."

"Oh, Marie!" said I, as delicately as I could, "one dollar will be a large sum for you to give just now."

"No, no! I geeve tat—youst tat! Gott ees so goot to me; he make me goot friends; he make me goot home; he make me happy many times." And with an impressive look upward, which was full of faith and trust, she said—"He geeve me more, more in my heart!"

Oh! ye who abound in this world's goods, and yet are indifferent to the interests of heathen women, whether living around you or abroad—ye women that are at ease in Zion, can ye stand side by side with Swedish Marie in that day when the "books are opened"?

## The River Whirlpool.



IN a certain far western river of Colorado, I think, there are at times very dangerous swirls that draw in whatever may be on the surface of the water, and bear it down to deeps below.

One day a party of three men were in a boat; they perceived that they were approaching one of those fearful swirls.

One warned the others of the danger, and bade them row with haste to the shore. The others laughed at his fear, and determined to ride through the perilous waters.

There was no time for parley; they had touched the outer waves of the pool. If he did not quit their company he must share their fate.

With all his powers he sprang forward, and leaped into the water. A few strong strokes of his arm, and he had cleared the danger, and was safe on the shore. Then he had time to consider the condition of his comrades. No help could reach them. The boat had been carried to the very centre of the whirling basin, and now stood almost perpendicular in the water, while to its sides clung two despairing men, who fixed their wild eyes upon him, and, with a shriek of despair, went down to a watery grave.

If you find yourself "in the same boat" with careless, wine-drinking companions, you may rest assured you are nearing a fearful doom. The whirlpool will surely swallow you up, unless you quit their company. Induce them to escape with you, if you can; but, if they mock at your fears, leave them, notwithstanding it requires the most powerful effort.

Every instant of delay after you see the danger increases your peril. Let the resolution be taken and acted upon instantly. Burn your cigarette, and shun the wine-cup for ever. Ah! when you "see the wrecks go down"; when you see the despair and ruin which the present course will bring them to, you will never regret the moment of resolution when you broke away from their company.

### THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

A STORY related by Mr. Finney will illustrate the power of the mighty prayer of faith, even when every human aid seems withheld, and nothing remains but the burning, throbbing heart, breathing out its longings, and pouring out its groans and tears before the Lord.

In a certain town there had been no revival for many years, the Church was nearly run out, the youth were all unconverted, and desolation reigned unbroken. There lived in a retired part of the town an aged man, a blacksmith by trade, and of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak. On one Friday, as he was at work in his shop, alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the Church, and of the impenitent. His agony became so great, that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door, and spend the afternoon in prayer.

He prevailed, and on the Lord's Day called on the minister and desired him to appoint a conference meeting. After some hesitation the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening, at a large private house.

The people gathered from far and near, doubtless to the surprise of the unbelieving and faint-hearted. A solemn sense of the presence of God seemed to oppress the assembly, and feelings too deep for speech were welling up in many hearts. All was silent for a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said, if any one could pray, he begged him to pray for *him*. Another followed, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep conviction. And what was remarkable was, that they all dated their conviction *at the hour* when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Thus this old stammering man prevailed, and as a prince had power with God.

### GOD IS LOVE.

LOVE is indigenous to God, it flows spontaneously from His nature; it requires nothing but its own inherent force to bring it into action. We will endeavour to show that it is so. What means the power of the cut finger or the torn arm to heal itself? What means the ability of the broken leg to be self-mending? What means the formation of the tongue, so that food is made

pleasant to the taste? What means the abundant variety and supply of dainties for aliment and beverage? What means the gift of harmonious sounds to enchant and delight us? What mean the sweet perfumes to regale our sense of smell? What mean the beauties of flowers and natural scenery to enchant us? What means the green colour of grass and tree foliage—this being the best adapted to relieve the tension on the powers of the eye? What makes the shining of the sun and the light of the moon to be pleasant to our senses? What means God sending His only begotten Son to die for our sins? What means this saying, "If ye go and pray unto Me, I will harken unto you"? What means His offering to be our Wonderful Counsellor whenever we are in perplexity? What mean all the consoling, assuring, comforting promises, which abound in the Bible? They were not extorted from God by any pressure of circumstances, they came of His own free, loving will; these—which, together with other untold conveniences and sources of enjoyment, He was not obliged to give us—have a voice, they speak something. What truth do they declare?

Let us now look at the opposite displays of the Deity—His righteous judgments, His wrath, His just indignation, and vengeance, and punishments. These, too, have a language; they say we are His strange work, because we are not known, except there is a transpiring of circumstances to draw us unwillingly out. Adam was lovingly blessed in Paradise, not because God was compelled to be thus kind; He chose to be so. Eve was not obliged to eat the apple when tempted; she did it of her own free choice. Adam could have refrained from thus doing if he had been so minded.

To decide the matter at issue, we will summon to our aid, rectitude, honesty, right-judging, fairness, and common sense, as a jury, and we await their answer. They reply—We find that loving-kindness and tender mercy flow out from God by their own expansive power, and that wrath and punishment require the effect of a foreign influence to make them appear; as one flows by its own force, and the other must be drawn forth by outward circumstances, we place the latter of His displays under the former, and deducting the last from the first, we find a quotient to

remain in favour of love. Our verdict therefore is, in His nature and designs—God is love. S.

#### OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

WILLIAM SAVERY, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbour, called John Smith. Next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspaper:—

“Whosoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind.”

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up, he said—

“I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?”

“Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee,” he replied; “then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee.”

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, “Neighbour Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee.”

He turned his back towards her and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said, in a choked voice, “It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children

starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief.”

“Let it be the last, my friend,” replied William Savery. “The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee.”

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, “Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me.” John entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

#### — LOST,

Under very suspicious circumstances, somewhere between God and the world, the sweet peace and joy I once had.

Certain persons having earnestly endeavoured to persuade me that this is entirely a mistake, and that I never had anything but an enthusiastic delusion, I herewith advertise them that they may cease their useless labour, for my conscience tells me that I am poor and miserable, and blind and naked, and I was not always so.

Only spiritual persons can understand my loss, but I will pray as long as I live for any of those who will give me such information as shall lead to the recovery of my lost property.

After this notice, anyone who keeps me from regaining what I have lost by diverting my attention, or daubing me with untempered mortar, will be liable to prosecution at the bar of God for robbing my soul.

A BACKSLIDER IN HEART.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### The Month.



AGAIN it is our joy to record the faithful loving-kindness of the Lord. The past month has been marked with special blessings, and we enter upon another month with songs of praise, and with every prospect of great success.

From many parts of the Mission we have glad tidings. At Limehouse the fire still burns brightly. Sabbath-breakers are closing their shops on the Lord's Day, and signs and wonders continue to be wrought in the name of our Lord.

The gipsies have commenced their labours at Portsmouth, and the report respecting them is most cheering—immense congregations come out to hear them, over 3,000 crowding the Music Hall on the Sabbath evening, and the Lake Road Hall being crowded every night. A friend who writes says that hundreds are under deep conviction, and many have already professed to find peace. All glory to our conquering Lord! At Barking the revival is still in progress. The new converts are maintaining their first love and seeking to bring their old companions into liberty. We shall not soon, if ever, forget meeting with a band of them at Canning Town the other night. They sang as only those can sing whose hearts are on fire with the love of God, and to whom the sentiments of the hymns are realised truths.

We cut out from the Barking report the following, and give it here. We commend it to our readers, and remarking that there are hundreds of the class to whom this man once belonged around us, we ask prayer on his behalf.

#### THE STORY OF AN INFIDEL.

“In compliance with your request, I have endeavoured to give you a short account of God's dealings with my soul in delivering me from the power of darkness, and translating me into the kingdom of His dear Son; but I cannot show where God began with me, without first noticing the very early influences of Satan and his agents on my benighted soul. I was from infancy the subject of religious training, but I am ashamed to say that the teaching I then received was a savour of death unto death. I was always in bondage through fear of death and hell, while the cross of the Blessed Redeemer seemed hid in a mist which no power of my young mind could dispel. At this period of darkness Satan threw in my way that awful book, the ‘Age of Reason,’ by Thos. Paine. I cannot now describe the effect it had upon my mind, but I know that after reading it again and again I stepped into the liberty of a very child of the devil. I threw aside the Bible, shunned the house of prayer, swore, revelled, and drank, till I sank to the lowest possible depth of degradation and misery; and though the strong arm of the law interposed to snatch me from utter ruin, it availed nothing, for I was utterly paralyzed in heart and soul, and had no power to put forth one effort towards self-recovery. I had forsaken God, and it appeared He had forsaken me. In this extremity I turned to the Bible, and in the word of God I saw my own condition

faithfully pictured and the remedy clearly shown in the cross of Jesus; but I seemed unable to stir one step towards my Deliverer. Despair seized me, and I drank still deeper, but I found that the sorrow which worketh death cannot be drowned in the drunkard's cup. I was reeling on the brink of hell. About this time God, Who is rich in mercy, sent the Christian Mission to Barking, and by your plain and faithful preaching, I was enabled, through the love of Jesus and the power of God's Holy Spirit, to cast myself wholly upon 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Thus, after over thirty years' wandering, first in the dark creed of infidelity, then in the foul mire of debauchery and vice, I live to bear testimony to the infinite love of Christ, and to His power and willingness to save to the uttermost, however vile, all who come to Him by faith in His precious blood. My warmest thanks are due, dear brother, for your great kindness in leading me to the cross, and to the dear sister who led me to the form of true repentance and open confession of the name of Jesus."

From Bromley we have received a report that has gratified us much. It has the true Mission ring in it. We spent an evening here a little time back, and hope very soon to spend another. We felt in a minute that we were with men and women who understood spiritual work. That they know how to hold their own in spite of Satan and his poor slaves, in true Mission style, the following letter will show. We take it from a very interesting report which may be found on another page.

"DEAR BROTHER SALT,—For some time the devil has been showing his teeth at us, at our open-air services. But, praise the Lord! he has not devoured us yet; though he has let loose his alien armies, and the fight has been hot and strong, we have stood our ground, and come off more than conquerors through Him Who loveth thus. He has stood by and given strength for the battle, nay, more, He has borne the burden and heat of the day, taking the lead as the great Captain of Israel's host; He never did nor never will a battle lose. Praise His Holy Name!

"The enemy first appeared in the person of a shopkeeper who has kept open shop every Sunday close by our open-air stand; he first attacked us with jeers and scoffing, but finding that this did not move us, he next laid siege with a lot of boys for soldiers and bunches of turnip-tops for shot, by which I was hit in the mouth while praying. But finding we were proof against all this, the next Sunday he tried the police; he would have us moved, that he would, but, praise the Lord! Jesus was before him some time, and stopped the mouth of that lion.

"Our enemy now grew desperate, for he next marshalled all his forces for a grand assault; nevertheless, we took our stand, hoisted our colours, and began the fight with the Sword of the Spirit, and such shot as, 'Oh, wicked man, thou shalt surely die'; the enemy now assaulted us with yells, jeers, rotten apples, stones, bread crusts, and fish-bones, after which we sang our way to the Hall.

"At Campbell Road things are looking up; the enemy has threatened us for some time, but to men in earnest for souls, threats are like plums in pudding—only making it the sweeter, especially to those who know the devil only makes a noise when he is losing ground. Having a good band on Sunday, the 23rd, we made a crusade on this benighted spot. We commenced by singing, and then all got down on our knees. This so enraged the enemy that he could hold back no longer, but began by throwing over

us hot cabbage-liquor and bacon fat, the first dose coming all over my head and face, my coat and hat being wet through. It was so hot too, that it took the colour out of my necktie. Nevertheless, two or three of us prayed, and by this time we were thoroughly drenched. This drew a great flock of people, to whom we preached Christ, and felt that it was good to suffer for His sake. One woman, a vile character, who stood by, said the hymns thrilled through her, and she wished she was as happy as we were. *She has since given her heart to the Lord.*

"The enemy now said he would save all the wash for the week ready for the following Sunday, to drench us with; and I have no doubt he did it, for he made it known on his works and all round the place. But He that delivered us out of the mouth of the lion, and from the paw of the bear, was able to deliver us out of the hand of this Philistine. We took it to the Lord, and by faith we heard Him say, 'Go up and possess the land. I will be with you, to help and deliver you.' When we arrived there, great crowds had assembled to see us have the wash thrown over us. We commenced by singing—

"Sinner, we are sent to bid you  
To the Gospel-feast to-day."

"The foe began to rage, and though they threw up the windows, and got ready for the foul work the devil set them up to do, they could get no further, for our Jesus was there, and the power of our God came down, and they were rivetted to the spot, while our dear Brother Sales, of Croydon, spoke to them with great power and good sense. Many were impressed. Pray for this place! Our cry is, 'We will conquer, if we die.'

"Yours in Jesus,  
"R. M. L."

#### THE WHITECHAPEL HALL,

greatly improved by the new roof and the painting of the interior, has been re-opened. Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, the Rev. Brewin Grant, Mrs. Booth, and Henry Varley, have already taken part, and on the coming Sabbath Brother George Fox is commencing what will, we trust, be a series of successful services. Oh, for hundreds of souls!

### Opening of the New Hall at Bethnal Green.



HE friends here who have toiled so long and so assiduously in connection with the little hall in Hart's Lane had a day of gladness on the 17th March, when Mrs. Booth opened their new hall, under the Railway Arch, near the corner of Bethnal Green Road.

The building is very plain, but very comfortable, and seating, as it does, some 400 people, with vestry and other accommodation, there seems to be every prospect of its being the scene of many a glorious work of grace.



If there were no great ceremony of consecration, it was delightful to observe the large crowd gathered near the entrance at the open-air service held at seven o'clock, and thus, as it were, the little hall was consecrated both inside and out. Soon an eager audience crammed the place, while many crowded round the doors and windows, unable to gain admission, and salvation came to the house in the first prayer-meeting held within its walls.

The sound of the trains passing overhead does not seriously interfere with the comfort of speaker or hearers, and the singing can be heard from within, above even the noise of the great thoroughfare close at hand, so that the building is eminently a success, and with the large space facing the road for open-air services, there can be no question of our having gained one of the best positions in London for our work.

May God still supply men and means to carry on His work, and enable us to make the very best of this splendid opportunity!

#### THE DRUNKARD'S RESCUE SOCIETY.

THE labourers in this branch of the Mission have been steadily gaining ground during the month, visiting, from day to day those whom they have induced to sign the pledge, and seeking out other drunkards also. Several habitual drunkards have been faithful to the pledge, and there is every reason to believe that ere long the small beginning made will be developed into a great and powerful movement.

Knowing that human resolutions are at best but feeble things to resist the stress of temptation, every opportunity has been taken to lead these poor sinners to Christ; and in several cases these efforts seem to have been blessedly successful. On visiting one aged couple, the importance of their immediate decision for Christ was urged upon them. "Well," the wife said, "I would like to be a Christian, I am sure." "But when?" she was asked. "Why, just now, if I could," she replied, and being assured that it could be now, she at once knelt down to seek the Lord.

"WE WILL BEGIN BOTH AT ONCE," said her husband, as he knelt down beside her, and soon both were rejoicing together in God's pardoning love. For *twenty years* this old man had been a drunkard, but at length his formerly wretched home has become a little heaven below. Praise God for such a work as this!

But as anticipated, this drunkard's rescue work is not all sunshine and success, and the following incident, reported by Miss Pollett, will convey some idea

of the arduous nature of the undertaking.

#### PEACE-MAKING.

One of the worst courts in East London, appropriately named after one of the great brewers, is a favourite fishing-pool of ours, for nearly every room is a drunkard's home. Calling one day upon one of our patients here, we found her just on the eve of going out. A glance at her told us that she had relapsed, for the neat, cleanly appearance she had begun to wear since giving up drink was gone. Her hair all in disorder, and with the dirty, untidy look of one who has "given up caring," she was just off to the public-house for some more drink. But how could we wonder? Her husband had been a drunkard as well as herself. Both had given up drink together; but he had soon yielded again to temptation, and his poor wife, after struggling on for several weeks, had at length followed his bad example. We pressed her back into their wretched room, where four poor little children, and a woman also addicted to drinking, were already gathered. We talked and prayed with them, and while thus engaged the husband came home. His eyes first fell upon his wife's companion in sin, and with an angry growl he drove her from the room. Then, turning upon his wife, he began to abuse her in the most violent manner, looking at her all the time, as if he were prepared almost for murder. At length he struck her, and a terrible conflict would doubtless have ensued had we not seized both parties and held them back while remonstrating with them. "Ah," said the wife, "what

was it that set me on to drink at first? You know." "Well, but," said he, "I only drink because people treat me, I don't spend my money on it, and you take the money I give you to keep the house and drink that."

At length their angry passions yielded to our prayers, entreaties, and tears, and when they were a little calmer, I said to the man, "Well, but you do love your wife still, don't you?" "Why, yes," he replied. "I do love her," hanging down his head for shame at the scene we had just witnessed. "Well, then," I said, "you will help her to keep sober, won't you?" "I will," he replied, and before we left the house we had the joy of seeing them shake hands and kiss one another.

On a subsequent visit we taught the children to sing some of the sweet hymns of Zion, and we shall never give up until we secure our object—the salvation of these poor unhappy fellow-creatures. But it is weary work, and we intreat an interest in the prayers of all our dear fellow-labourers that every difficulty may be overcome and many souls won to Jesus.

C. A. P.

#### HACKNEY.

##### SPECIAL SERVICES.

AGAIN we take the opportunity of recording the loving-kindness of our God at this station. The dear old story of redeeming love has again been blessed to sinners during a fortnight's special services, conducted by Mr. Williams, of Bristol. We were much encouraged to see each service well attended. Open-air meetings were held every night. Maybe it is too early to speak of results; some sixteen, or more, names have been taken; we beg, for the present, to subjoin a few cases that have come under our notice.

#### A PROFITABLE EVENING

was spent by a young servant who came in from the open-air meeting. Mr. Williams had preached from "The most wonderful sight man ever saw;" and as he told, step by step, the story of the crucifixion, many were pricked to the heart, and at the close our young sister was the first at the penitent form. She quickly found peace, and left the hall perfectly radiant with joy. Oh, for more of this *old-fashioned breaking of hearts* at conviction of sin! then should

it be "meet that we should *make merry and be glad.*" She has since joined our believers' class.

The same night a young girl who has long been

#### THE SUBJECT OF MANY PLEADINGS

was broken down, and our hearts rejoiced to see her both seek and find that mercy she had so long slighted and resisted. Also, amongst the seekers, we were glad to find

#### A GIPSY MAN;

and although he has withstood God's grace "even to hoary hairs," he, too, was gathered into the fold. How good is the Lord!

We have also to tell of two servants who were impressed in one of these services. The Spirit of God followed them to their homes, and it only needed a simple question from Bro. Williams to induce them to fall on their knees and, with penitent tears, seek forgiveness.

#### CALVARY AGAIN STREAMED WITH GLORY,

and Jesus' precious blood was proved as efficacious as ever to pardon the sinner, and send him on his way rejoicing. Hallelujah!

These services were brought to a close by a love-feast, when not only a large number told out the Lord's goodness, but, with scarcely an exception, the young converts testified to their new-found peace and happiness. *Pray that they may be kept!* Oh, may our MEMBERS live such pure, such strong spiritual lives, that these "children" shall be trained "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ!"

ELEANOR M. PARRY.

#### HAMMERSMITH.

FOR several months a lady has been carrying on a work amongst the poor of this neighbourhood by visitation from house to house, and services held in a small room. For a time these labours appeared to be successful; but the whole force of the Roman Catholic priesthood was suddenly brought to bear against the movement, and the lady and her indefatigable assistant, the bible woman, were one Sabbath left in the room without any of the people in whom they had taken so warm an interest, and whom they had gathered together.

Instead of relinquishing their design

under these circumstances, however, these two soldiers of Christ urged us to help them, and, uniting with the Christian Mission, it was decided in combination to make still bolder efforts to reach the people.

With this end in view, they took the Town Hall, and invited us to help them.

Accordingly, the gipsies went over on Saturday evening, the 28th February, and, taking their stand in the open air, soon gathered so large a crowd that the police had to interfere, in order to clear the thoroughfare. Thus the services of Sunday were well announced, and after singing through the streets, three most successful meetings were held on the following day. At the close of the evening service six persons professed to find peace through believing.

Application having been made to the inspector of police, he gave permission for services to be held in the Broadway, the very best open-air stand in the whole neighbourhood. Here, then, the next week, very large and useful meetings were held.

The Sunday services, again conducted by the gipsies, were better attended, and were even more impressive than those of the preceding Sabbath. Many were evidently under deep conviction, and nine of these professed to find salvation. A gentleman offered to pay for the use of the Temperance Hall for two evenings in the week for the next two months.

This hall is packed with a congregation, and the Lord is working upon the hearts of many, and we cannot doubt for a moment that the prayers and labours of our friends in this locality are about to result in a great in-gathering of precious souls.

Contributions in aid of the work, or tracts, will be thankfully received by Mrs. SAUNDERS, 1, Slater's Cottages, Brook-Green Place, Hammersmith, W.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

THE past month has been one of great blessing. Praise the Lord! He is doing wonderful things in Limehouse; His people are realizing, as they have not done for some time, the necessity of *working* as well as *believing*, and with the two combined we have had and shall continue to have victory on victory.

On Sunday, March 1st, Mr. Booth paid us a visit, which was greatly

blessed to many souls. In the morning service we seemed to get to Pisgah's heights, and while we looked at the land we rejoiced greatly. In the afternoon about 200 sat down at the Lord's table; and in the evening Mr. Booth preached a powerful sermon to the unconverted. At the close eight souls professed to find the Lord.

#### A FIELD-DAY.

On Sunday, March 8th, we were determined to have a field-day. At seven o'clock about twenty united in earnest prayer, and at nine we were on our knees together again; at ten we advanced into Salmon Lane, where the people, in crowds, were buying and selling as busily as on the Saturday night. For an hour we fired with our field-battery, and though the enemy returned 18-pounders, the Lord our Captain showed us the way to throw heavier shot still. While the butcher opposite our stand was crying out, "Buy, buy my beef," we cried out, "Come and buy, buy wine and milk without money and without price." We attracted by far the largest concourse of people, and the butcher was so disturbed with the Gospel and a guilty conscience, he hardly knew what to do. At last the police came along, and no doubt the devil expected to have the victory, for the butcher, advancing, said, "Am I obliged to put up with this nuisance?" "No," said the police, "you're not." "I thought not," replied the butcher; but here came a weightier shot than ever, for the policeman replied, "If you don't like to hear it, my good man, shut up your shop and go indoors." This made the enemy hang down his head. Praise the Lord for what He is doing in this lane! Three Sunday traders have closed their shops on the Sabbath, and one is converted.

We cannot go through all the ten services of the day. Suffice it to say we finished at half-past ten, with seventeen souls for Jesus. "To God be all the glory!"

We give our readers a few instances:—

#### DRUNKEN JERRY.

This man had gained this title by his bad habits. He had become a pest to the neighbourhood, an outcast from society, and although an engineer, his wages seven or eight shillings per day, he had for years lived at a low lodging-house. One Sabbath evening, one of

our members meeting Jerry in the street with his dirty slop on, invited him to the old gaff, and after a long reasoning Jerry turned in with his friend; and although wind and water were coming through the roof, God was with us, and Jerry's hard heart began to melt beneath the power; and in the prayer meeting, with his load of sin, his dirty slop, his black eyes and broken nose, he came up to the penitent form, inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" He was at once pointed to the Lamb.

#### FINDING JESUS AT THE WASH-TUB.

A dear woman attended all our meetings through a week, and was much striven with by the Holy Spirit, but still she refused to yield. One day, while washing, the memory of the words she had heard came fresh upon her, and the power of God fell upon her soul, until she felt constrained, as she afterwards confessed, to tell both God and the devil she could bear it no longer. So she said, "I stamped my feet on the floor, which was, in my way of thinking, like grinding the devil down, and then falling on my knees, just there by the wash-tub, I cried out, 'Lord, save me or I perish,' and soon, like a flash of lightning, salvation came into my soul. Talk about not knowing of sins forgiven! why, I sprang up and began to shout and praise God for what He had done for me. I hardly knew where I was." And our sister's looks seconded all she said. God has not only made her heart glad, but her face shine. Her husband has since been converted, and her house has been made a happy home. *Praise the Lord!*

"I AM SO UNHAPPY, SIR."

Wemeta man at the door at the Sabbath morning service, with eyes full of tears and a broken heart, and on speaking to him about his soul, he said, "Oh, sir, I am so unhappy, but I am such a bad man. I have been a great drunkard, and behaved so cruelly to my family. Is there mercy for me?—will God forgive me? I can be no worse." We assured him he was just the man for Jesus; he fell on his knees, and soon found the Saviour and peace. Praise the Lord! Many said, Do you think he will stand? Praise the Lord! he does stand in Christ, and the dark hue is removed from his eyes, the wound on his nose is healed up, and, instead of the dirty reefer, he has got a good black coat, and last Monday night we heard him say he never was so happy in all his life. Oh, may he be kept unto the end!

#### A DAUGHTER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

For two years two young women have been pleading with God for the salvation of their parents, but the father, who was very much given to drink, grew worse rather than better, and said, only the Sunday before his conversion, he would never come to the hall any more. But they prayed on, and God answered their prayers. The next Sabbath both father and mother were at the hall, and very much wrought upon; and while their daughter was pleading with God on their behalf, with broken hearts they came to the penitent form and sought and found the Saviour. And depend upon it, both parents and children rejoiced together.

#### A BANJO-PLAYER.

Five years ago this young man left his parents' house, wandering from place to place, with blackened face and his charming instrument, the banjo, associating with the lowest company he could find. Mere curiosity brought him to the old Gaff, and God met with him there. Soon tears rolled down his cheeks as the prayers and love of his dear old mother were brought to his mind. And at the close of the sermon he was seen on his knees seeking mercy. On the following Tuesday he parted with his banjo, and, after five years of a prodigal's life, he returned home. When the mother saw him, she exclaimed, "The Lord bless you, my boy;" the reply was, "He does, mother; He has converted my soul, and I am so happy. I have sold my banjo, and 'old things have passed away, and all things become new.'" The mother, in a flood of tears, fell on his neck, and kissed him, praising and blessing the Lord.

#### A PLEASING SIGHT.

One evening a dear man and his wife were found at the penitent form seeking the Lord. After a long struggle light broke in upon their minds, and Christ appeared as their own Saviour, and in the ecstasy of their new-found joy they embraced each other, while the people sang and wept around. They are destined to train their little ones in the paths of peace and righteousness.

#### DELIVERED FROM DESPAIR.

When we spoke to this dear man about his soul, he said, "I have a father and a mother in heaven, I am sure of that." We entreated him at once to prepare to meet them. "No," was the reply, "I

have made up my mind to go to hell." We reasoned with him, spoke of eternal separation from a loving mother who had nursed and watched over him in childhood; this seemed to move him, and then we asked if he could bear the thought of being separated for ever, and in tears he cried out, "Oh no," and at once came forward, and sought and found the Saviour.

Two more of the family named in our last report have found the Lord.

Space will not allow us to go on adding to this list. All we can say is, Bless the Lord for all His goodness! Over fifty persons have professed to find the Lord, and many signed the pledge this past four weeks.

#### OUR TEMPERANCE TEA MEETING.

Over two hundred sat down to tea, and the hall was filled to excess at the public meeting.

The old Gaff is too strait for us on Sunday evening; both wind and water came in at the roof. Our friends, though poor, are all on the stir for a larger and better place. One gentleman who came to see us remarked that it was not so good as a stable; if it was we should be glad. Many wonder how it is that from four to five hundred people gather into such a place; but it is so, and if it held a thousand it would be filled on Sunday nights.

In the name of the Lord, we ask our friends to help us.

Donations for this object will be thankfully received by the EDITOR, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E. Or, by JOHN ALLEN, District Superintendent, 49, Thomas Street, Upper North Street, Poplar, London, E.

#### STRATFORD.

HERE the Lord's work is on the move. Some hopeful conversions have taken place. Praise the Lord!

A brother and his wife who had fallen through drink came to the hall, were convicted, and there and then fell at the feet of Jesus, and He restored unto them the joys of His salvation. The man said the other day, "I thought I could not work in the sugar refinery without beer, but now, by the help of the Lord, I can do better without it than I could before with it."

#### BRINGING HIS WORK-MATE.

A man who had for a long time been

bound by the demon drink, and who had found deliverance in Jesus, brought his work-mate with him, and the other Sabbath evening he also professed to find the Lord. Unto our God be all the glory!

#### MILLWALL.

HERE the people are in earnest for their fellow men, but our place is so small for mission work. Sister Mathieson has commenced special service here. Will our dear readers pray for her?

J. ALLEN.

#### BARKING.

As my last report for Barking did not reach you, I think it best now to let a few of the young converts speak for themselves, in their own language. The first person converted in the movement writes:—"The last few weeks I have been like another creature. I came to the first meeting you held in the 'Seamen's Bethel,' and heard them sing—

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

and I felt the Spirit of God come into my heart, and I went to the penitent form crying—

"O Lamb of God, I come,"

and there and then I felt the love of God come into my heart. I felt that He had pardoned all my sins. Hallelujah! to the Lamb. Since then I have been trusting in Jesus."

Another writes:—"I gave my heart to the Lord at the Sunday school, but I soon run back to the world, till the 27th December, when I made a fresh start in the Bethel, and I feel His love now, thank God. I have much temptation, but I sing—

"My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell;  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;  
Let me go."

Another writes:—"I am glad to tell you I found the Lord. While you was preaching about the 'pale horse' the Spirit of the Lord convinced me I was a sinner, and I went home so unhappy, and I came again on Monday night, and while they was singing—

"Come to the Saviour,  
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man,"

I felt as though I could not refuse; and while I was at the penitent form I found peace in Jesus, and now I have got the witness within I am so happy."

Another writes:—"I went up to the Bethel with the intention to make game, but when the dear minister gave out that hymn about 'My Jesus, I love Thee,' that made me long for mercy; and I do bless God that it did so; I do feel He had mercy on me, and pardoned all my sins."

Another says:—"I praise the Lord I am able to write this to you to tell you that I feel my sins are forgiven. I went to the Bethel the last Sunday in the old year, 1873, but I would not give my heart to God. I went again on Monday night to have a bit of fun, but the Lord broke my heart—Hallelujah!—and I went to the penitent form, and when they began to sing—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free,"

I felt it was for me; and the Lord saved me. Glory to Jesus! May the Lord keep me faithful while I live!"

Another writes:—"I am very happy to tell you that I have found the Lord, to the joy of my soul. I came to the Hall the night you was preaching about the 'pale horse,' and the Spirit convinced me of sin. I went away very unhappy; I could not get any rest, so I came the next night, and while they were singing—

"I do believe it, I do believe it,  
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb,"

I felt as though I must get saved, and I went to the penitent form, and saw Jesus on the cross, and believed it was for me; and as soon as I believed it I was saved through the blood of the Lamb—Hallelujah! And now I am so happy."

Another writes:—"I have great pleasure in writing a few lines to you to inform you of my feelings this last few weeks. Ever since Watch-night I have been like another creature. The first time I was at the Bethel was on Watch-night. I, with several others, came with the intention of laughing and mocking, but when we got inside they were singing 'Come to the Saviour,' &c., and something seemed to say to me, 'Won't you come to the Saviour? you are like the Prodigal, you are lost—you have sinned against man, you have sinned against your parents, and you have sinned against God;' and it seemed to say, 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. If you come to the Saviour He will not turn against you; He is standing with outstretched arms to receive you;' and then I longed

for mercy, and the Lord heard my prayer, and a new light seemed to shine through my heart. I felt that the Lord had pardoned all my sins, and I went away rejoicing." Hallelujah!

For another precious testimony we refer our readers to page 105. Others might be given; these will suffice to show the character of the movement. Praise the Lord! We trust it will spread. Oh! that we had a place in which the people could gather. If we had, numbers more would, we doubt not, be gathered in.

The work is still going on. One of the young converts was speaking her experience the other day at Woolwich, and she said, "When I was converted we counted six or seven converts who worked in the factory, and now we can count over sixty." Hallelujah!

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the taunt of an Edomite to a Jewish watchman when he asked, "What of the night, watchman, what of the night?" the answer came,—"The night cometh, and also the morning," as though he had said, "I see before me a long night of Jewish captivity, but beyond that I see the grey streaks of the morning of liberty."

We have had our night of darkness here, caused by the black sins of the people, by cruel prejudice, and by persistent opposition, during which time modern Edomites have been ever ready with their taunts; but, Glory be to God! the answer given them is now proved to demonstration to have been a correct one. The faint streaks of morning light have already appeared, and will as surely scatter the darkness as the rising tide covers first one pebble then another, surmounting every sandhill, climbing every rock, never staying in its onward, upward course until it has, in spite of all opposition, touched high-water mark.

The tide of spiritual life is rising. Many of our people are panting after God in fulness, and all must have been struck with the fact that the morning of spiritual life had come, as they attended

#### THE SERVICES RECENTLY CONDUCTED BY MRS. BOOTH.

Mrs. Booth's name is as ointment poured forth in many parts of this town. Crowds of people assembled to listen to

her eloquent and forcible arguments, and while some trembled as she thundered forth God's law, saints were stirred up to take hold afresh on God and to seek the fulness of His Spirit. The morning cometh — hallelujah! Saints thirsting for "the fulness;" sinners crying for mercy; backsliders returning to the fold. Glory to God on high!

Mrs. Booth's visit had been long and anxiously anticipated, and although the weather was somewhat against us, we had a blessed and successful meeting. On the Sabbath Mrs. Booth preached twice in the Music Hall. At night the immense building was crowded in every part, and the doors had to be locked to keep out the besieging throng. On Monday we had a large tea, at which Mrs. Booth spoke one hour and thirty minutes. On the Wednesday she addressed the Society; on Thursday preached at the Portland Hall, Southsea; and on Friday at our Buckland Hall.

Among those brought to God during the past month are several very interesting cases. I select a few.

#### THIRTY YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

An old lady, who for nearly thirty years had been a backslider, seemed at my first visit to be surrounded by a darkness almost impenetrable. She was induced to attend our meetings, and through her coming, her daughter, with her husband, attended likewise. But nothing appeared to move her until, under the mighty influence of God's Holy Spirit, her children came out seeking Christ, at the sight of which she was deeply affected, not being able to endure the thought of her children going to heaven and herself being shut out, so, rushing to the penitent form, she cast her guilty soul on Jesus, who in mercy blotted out from the book of His remembrance the sins of thirty years of awful backsliding, and once more implanted upon her cheek the kiss of reconciliation. At the same time her children received pardon, and all three are now united with us in fellowship, and rejoicing in Christ.

#### THREE YOUNG MEN.

During Mrs. Booth's service at the Music Hall three young men were deeply affected. Evidently they had all been well trained. We urged them to decide at once for Christ; two of them appeared most willing to do so, but the other held

back for a time. His influence had an evil effect upon his companions; but, praise God! the Spirit was at work upon them, and one of them, throwing aside his hat and stick, rushed out; one of the others followed, leaving the other one behind. After a hard struggle with the powers of darkness, the two friends obtained pardon, and joined most heartily in praising God for their deliverance. The third followed me to my home, asking what he must do. He complied with the advice given, and never rested until he was converted. They attend all our meetings and help in the open-air work, where they are very useful, seeing they are capital singers.

Among a number of penitents one might name three young girls, one of whom, since her conversion, has been much persecuted at home; but continuing to realize much joy in her soul, she was not only enabled to endure it, but prayed most earnestly for the salvation of her parents, who, noticing the altered life of their daughter, were led to attend our meetings out of curiosity, but no sooner were they there than they felt that they were wrong. The father sought pardon the first night, and the mother went on very unhappy, but refused to yield. One night, however, being unable to endure it any longer, she rushed to the penitent form, where, after a severe struggle with the powers of darkness, she obtained deliverance through faith in the blood of the Lamb, and raising her hands, she cried out in a manner which deeply affected the people, "I have got it." May she hold fast that which she has, that no man take her crown!

Since that time this young Christian girl has brought another to Jesus, thereby proving how much real work can be done by Christians.

One of our brethren has been much blessed in bringing his neighbours to our meetings. Several of them have been converted. Seeing one, a woman, at the penitent form in great agony of soul, he shook his head, and said, "No wonder, poor soul, seeing what a bad un you have at home (meaning her husband). If you get a blessing he will knock it out of you." Prayer was suggested for the salvation of the poor woman and her husband, and, glory be to Jesus! not only was the woman saved, but a fortnight afterwards the very man was kneeling on the very spot where the wife had knelt. He obtained pardon, and

the two are now happily holding on their way.

#### CHILDREN'S MISSION.

We are gathering in from the streets a large number of the very poorest children on the Sabbath. Will those friends who can help us by sending us a few bibles and books suitable for them, do it for Jesus' sake?

Pray for Portsmouth.

ABRAHAM LAMB,  
92, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

#### SOUTHSEA.

Who has not heard of fashionable Southsea, with its ever-changing population, and its notoriety as the healthiest spot in England?—and yet in it is to be found large numbers of very poor people, many of whom are never seen inside a place of worship.

It is in the midst of such a population as the above that an old school-room was found and converted into a Mission hall, or, as a gentleman described it the other day, a *salvation hall*.

Here the Mission unfurled its flag, and, with Bro. Ridsdale in charge, has laboured with good results. Several most interesting cases of conversion have taken place, and many of the neighbours hitherto totally indifferent about salvation have begun regularly to attend.

I will mention one or two instances of conversion.

#### NOT TOO BAD TO BE SAVED.

During Mrs. Booth's first visit a consecration service was held, the people, by invitation, standing up; but among those who did not do so was a woman who, at that moment, was deeply convicted, and became most wretched. To satisfy her awakened conscience she closed her shop, hitherto open on the Sabbath.

But this gave no relief. She still, however, followed up the meetings, and appeared sometimes to be almost driven to despair, and at others her cries for relief attracted the attention of the whole congregation.

Many who knew her previous history concluded that it was almost impossible for her to be saved. But, glory be to Jesus! He came to seek and to save them which were lost, and, bless His name, He has found this dear woman. Her chief business was on the Sabbath—now all is given up for Jesus, and through

grace she is enabled to endure great persecution and heavy trials for Jesus.

#### A SAILOR.

His mind was as dark as night concerning eternal things. This man was led to attend one of our meetings, and at once, to use his own words, was led to feel he was lost. But he resisted the Saviour, and went home wretched.

Sleep he had none that night, and the struggle went on all the next day, and being unable to endure it any longer, he came, at night, to the meeting, where he threw himself at the feet of Jesus, crying for mercy, and, oh, precious Jesus! he soon found it, and ever since he has continued praising God. He is much opposed on board ship. *Pray for him, Christians.*

This is the kind of work the Lord is carrying on by us in the midst of a pleasure-seeking people, who seldom or never give us a look of sympathy.

I sincerely thank those two friends who have kindly responded to my appeal for old clothing, and hope that others will follow their example, and thus enable us to help a few very poor people.

Parcels have been gratefully received from Mr. WALKER and Mrs. WINTERBANK.

The dear brother recently converted from Roman Catholicism has lost nearly all his work, the priest doing his utmost to prevent the poor man getting on. But I believe grace will triumph, and, much as I dislike begging, I should like to receive a little help for him.

ABRAHAM LAMB,

92, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

#### RUDMORE.

THIS new station, lately opened, described by one of our missionaries, who knows the worst parts of London, as the "worst place he ever knew," is already flourishing under the blessing of God.

At the first open-air service our friends took their stand opposite the house of an old man who was busily engaged in his garden, regardless of the Lord's Day. The old man left his work, and coming to the gate, listened. Soon after this he was induced to attend a meeting, at the close of which several sinners came out for salvation. After resisting for some time the strivings of the Spirit, the poor man rose to leave

the room; he was stopped at the door, and urged to return and give his heart to God. He slowly walked back, and fell down by the side of the rest at the penitent form, where he was soon enabled to rejoice in God. The next night he came to the believers' meeting, and said the day just ending had been the happiest day he had spent for many years. *For twenty years he had never entered a place of worship!*

Upon the same occasion another old man, nearly sixty years of age, also found the pearl of great price. He said, "I have been in all parts of the world, but I never was in a meeting like this in my life. I have waited for a long time for some one to take me by the hand, and now I have found some one."

The services are well attended, and we are expecting to see this wicked place shaken from end to end.

W. R.

#### BROMLEY.

SINCE I last wrote you this society has passed through much persecution in the open air. Yet, amidst all this, souls have been saved. Nine persons have given in their names; one of these, a dear man, said the other night that he would rather lose his life than go back again into the world. This man and his wife need our prayers. They have but lately known what it is to suffer for the Master's sake. They are persecuted by their neighbours, the husband has lost his work, and his wife and children are in great need, yet they are fully persuaded to remain faithful to their God. They both say that they mean to fight the battle and win the well-fought day. May God keep them!

Bro. Williams, of London, spent a very happy day with the friends here. He spoke to them very lovingly about holiness, and, with a little child in the midst, showed the necessity of humility. It was a melting season. Hearts were softened by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit; tears flowed copiously.

#### QUITE ANOTHER MAN.

At the close of the service one who had long been under conviction sought and found peace through the blood of the Lamb. This man, first wounded in the open air, carried his burden backward and forward to a place of worship in the neighbourhood for some time, not liking to come to our meetings, but on

this occasion he yielded to the entreaties of his wife, and now he praises God that ever he heard the despised people in the street, and entered our Mission Hall. His wife says he is "quite another man"—so loving and kind to her and the children. Praise the Lord! the religion of Jesus Christ makes loving husbands—turning the lion into the lamb.

#### MR. BOOTH'S VISIT

to this station was the means of stimulating the members and building them up in their most holy faith, and one soul found peace and is still rejoicing in God.

#### COTTAGE MEETINGS AND RESULTS.

These continue to be attended with the Divine blessing. One night, while opening the service, and praying God to give us souls, a dear woman, a servant in a respectable family, but whose besetment is strong drink, came in and cried out—"Here's one; I want to be saved!" How true it is—"Before they call I will hear, and while they are yet speaking I will answer"! She left, professing to have found the pearl of greatest price.

Another one, who had been mixed up in all sorts of vice and sin, has thought for a long time that she was given up to be lost, but while listening to the simple truths of the Gospel, her hard heart gave way, hope sprang up in her soul, and the precious blood of Christ washed her sins away. Hallelujah!

It caused our hearts to rejoice, the other night, at a believers' meeting, to hear her simple story of the Cross, and telling out of a full heart what Jesus had done for her soul. She said she had often gone by the room, and "wished I were as happy as you." Pray for this poor woman! Her husband has met with an accident and broken his leg, and she has to suffer much persecution from her old associates. Oh, that she may remain faithful unto death, and win the crown of life!

I cannot do better than finish up by giving you the contents of a letter received from one of our people at this place (see page 106). J. M. SALT.

#### CROYDON.

DURING the month God has been with His people, and the word of the Lord has proved effectual to the salvation of many souls.

Sunday, the 22nd, proved a day of jubilee to many. In the morning Bro.

#### CHATHAM.

PRAISE the Lord, I am able to report progress at this branch. The work is deepening in many hearts, and souls are getting saved every week. Many who looked on at first and said, "We hope it will stand, are beginning to believe it is from God. Many have been converted, made sober, happy, and ready to die and fit to live. We have converts praising God in many places in these three towns—some in the dockyard, others in the Army and Navy, many on the barges on the Medway river, among the coal shippers, and on nearly all the public works round the neighbourhood; and some have joined other societies in the town, and we are praying and believing for many more.

#### ANOTHER FAMILY CONVERTED.

A woman was passing the Military Road as we were holding an open-air meeting. We were singing, and she stopped to listen. I gave out that verse—

"Come on board and ship for glory,  
Be in haste, make up your mind;  
For our vessel's weighing anchor,  
You will soon be left behind."

She then came near to hear what I had to say, and the Spirit was in the word. All that was said seemed to be for her, and carried her mind back to the past. She thought of friends in heaven, and knew if she were to die as she was, she could not meet them.

When I closed the meeting I spoke to her about her soul. She went home, but could not rest, went to bed, but could not sleep. Next morning she made up her mind to come on board the Gospel ship. She got down on her knees and cried to God to have mercy upon her, and told him how she would never leave her bedroom until her sins were all forgiven. And the Lord set her soul at liberty, and she went down and told her neighbour, who has since been brought to know the Lord. She came to the meeting the next evening, brought one of her sons—he got converted. Now the father began to oppose her going to the meetings; she went down upon her knees and prayed for him; but he shouted and said she should not come. The son, a sailor, cried, "Mother shall go to heaven and I'll go too." Since then the father has been converted, and now attends all the meetings. A daughter has since been converted, and her husband is under deep conviction, and another son, a sailor, has been converted.

Branson spoke with much sweetness, from the "Ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs," &c.

In the afternoon Brother Howell chose for his theme "The Humility of Christ," and exhorted all to live holy lives. In the evening my subject was "Salvation to the uttermost." Many were convicted, and two precious souls were enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God.

Brother Eason spent a blessed day with us, speaking in his usual fatherly manner, which proved the means of winning four precious souls. Jesus saves!

Brother Wilson came on the following Sunday, and warned men and women, with tears and entreaties, until the whole congregation were melted together, and I have since learned that many were deeply impressed.

In the afternoon we held one of our happy experience meetings, when many, out of a full heart, told of what Jesus had done for them. A gentleman said to me at the close of the service—"The testimonies of those three men is something grand. If the Mission in this place had alone been blessed of God to the salvation of their souls, it had done a great work; but when I hear one after another speak of the blessings they have received, it causes my heart to rejoice." I may say that the men referred to were once drunkards and blasphemers of the worst kind; but today they are preachers of righteousness, and are sowing the word of life beside all waters.

In the evening I spoke from "Christ's Conversation with Nicodemus."

#### A PRODIGAL SON.

There were several anxious souls, one of these a backslider, who had gone far into the depths of sin. At the close he came forward and cried aloud for mercy, saying, "O Lord, Thou art my mother's God, Thou saved her and hath taken her right up to glory; she is in heaven; O Lord, save her prodigal son. I know Thou wilt—I do believe—Lord, save me." With sorrow he cried and wrestled until his frame shook again, and then light broke in upon his soul, and with a shout of joy he cried, "He saves me, He does—hallelujah! Lord, save my poor wife, do save her and my children, for Jesus' sake."

J. M. SALT.

A grandson is happy, and on Thursday the oldest daughter yielded her heart to Jesus, and obtained peace in believing. Now we have mother and father, two sons, two daughters, and grandson, and we shall have the daughters' husbands by-and-by. One is already deeply convicted. We are praying for them.

Feb. 22.—A good Sabbath; five souls, eight at night.

March 1st.—Such a service in commemorating the death of our Lord as some of us never remember. God came down in overwhelming power.

March 8th.—Some of the brethren spent the previous night in prayer. Open-air service much blessed. Twenty-eight spoke in a red-hot experience meeting in the afternoon, and four souls for Jesus at night.

#### A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

HE had been to several meetings, and our friends had conversed with him. His mate had taken him to a public-house, but he ran away and came to the Lecture Hall. As I spoke to him personally, he trembled and confessed that he was a backslider. I left him to decide, but the meeting was closed, and he was still in his sins with his head on the rail of the seat in front of him. We then gathered round him, and resolved to pray and believe until the devil were cast out of him and he had liberty though the blood; and praise God! the Heavenly Victor took the kingdom by force, for he fell upon his knees and cried, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" After some twenty minutes had passed, with raised arms and streaming eyes he shouted as only sailors can shout, "Praise the Lord! He does save, too." He is very happy, and on his way to heaven. All glory to Jesus!—Amen and Amen.

15, Colgate Terrace. J. DOWDLE.

#### HASTINGS.

DURING the past month services have been conducted by Brother Fox in the Market Hall, and the Memorial Chapel, which was specially engaged for the occasion.

The services have been well attended, and some forty persons have professed to find salvation in connection with them. Brother Salt, who has been kindly given up for a season by the Croydon friends, is gone to help forward the work, and will, we trust, have the hearty co-operation of our Hastings friends.

#### RYE.

THE Mission opened here a few weeks ago continues blessedly to prosper. The people come in crowds, and many souls have been brought to Jesus. We are hoping some friends, who have the means, will engage the Market Hall for us, and help us to seat it. What a privilege it is to be able to open a house for God, and especially where there is every promise of its being filled with people, and with the glory of the Lord! Who will accept this challenge? We believe about £12 10s. per annum will pay the hire for Sabbath, and £10 would obtain a good many seats.

#### NINFIELD.

AT this station we intend to work for God, and bring souls to Christ. The Lord help us!

#### EVERYTHING FOR JESUS.

On one occasion, not long since, we had in our Sunday evening service six at once, seeking mercy. Two of them came from a distance, on purpose to get salvation; and they did get it, praise God—they were both sobbing together most violently. One, on being asked if she could give up all for Jesus, said, "Oh, yes, everything for salvation." A brother asked if she could give up her flowers. She said, "Yes, I could stamp them under my feet." The Lord soon set her free. When she rose to her feet, exclaiming, "I do feel so light now," the other cried, "Lord, save my backsliding husband." It was very touching to see them embrace each other, and rejoice in a sin-pardoning God.

#### A PERSECUTOR CONQUERED.

One young man, whose wife had been recently converted, very bitterly persecuted her, declaring she should not go any more to that place. She was no more converted, he said, than his old boot; but on Sunday he was found at the hall in great distress about his soul. The Lord had taken hold of him. Another young man leapt over two forms, and threw himself down, and cried, "Lord, save me!" After a short time he was enabled to believe on Jesus. They are now both walking together in wisdom's ways. Hallelujah! we shall see greater things than these if we only believe.

GEORGE SERGENT.

#### BOREHAM.

WE are still seeing the arm of the Lord made bare in this dark village. The other night several of the brethren and sisters went forth to mission the streets; it was a beautiful moonlight night. As soon as we began to sing—

"Jesus, the name high over all,"

the enemies of the cross began to make a terrible noise with an old concertina and a tambourine; but our friends went on with the service, at the conclusion of which several were found to be deeply concerned about their souls; and our cry still is, "Lord, save Boreham!"

G. S.

#### KETTERING.

ALTHOUGH not reported upon, the work here has been steadily maintained with good congregations. Sinners have been saved, and Christians greatly quickened and blessed in connection with the believers' meetings, as well as under the preaching.

Brother Boggitt, whom the Lord has restored in a remarkable manner to health and strength again, has recently taken up his abode here, and already the Lord has made him the instrument of saving souls; and the operations of the Mission are being re-organized, so that we trust we shall be able shortly to accomplish a largely increased amount of work, both in the open air and indoors.

## Saviour, Come In.

*Allegretto.*

My Sa - viour stands wait - ing and knocks at the door, Has  
O Sa - viour! my ran - som, Re - deem - er and Friend, The

knocked and is knocking a - gain, I hear His kind voice, I'll re - ject Him no  
life and the truth and the way, On Thy precious me - rit a - lone I de -

more, Nor let Him stand pleading in vain. In in - fin - ite mer - cy He  
- pend, Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath opened the

came from a - bove, To ransom, to cleanse me from sin, I'll yield to the  
door of my heart, 'Tis open-ed in welcome to Thee, Come in, bles-sed

voice of His in - fi - nite love, And let my dear Sa-viour come in.  
Sa-viour, and ne-ver de - part, Come in with thy mer - cy to me.

CHORUS. *rall.* *a tempo.*

Saviour come in, Cleanse me from sin, Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in,

*rall.* *a tempo.*

En - ter the door, Wait - ing no more, Saviour, dear Saviour come in.

## ADVERTISEMENT.]

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lies in wait to deceive all who do not believe the Gospel, and all who do  
not apply as above will be disappointed and

DAMNED FOR EVER!