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Dealing with Anxious Souls.

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORKERS IN THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

By Mrs. Booth.

(Continued from our last.)

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LET us mind the ORDER OF GOD in our dealing with souls. He makes them, and He knows best how to dissect them. It seems astonishing that any difference of view can have obtained on the point with passages so direct, full, and relevant as Acts xxvi. 18, 20. Surely our glorified Lord understood the constitution of the human soul, and knew best as to the method or order in which His truth and spirit operate upon it.

There are two or three considerations which give this passage special weight. It comes from the lips of our risen Lord. It was given after the Gospel dispensation was opened in all its fulness. It was given to Paul, the principal expounder of the doctrine of justification by faith, and therefore his views of faith could not have been contradictory to its teaching.

It was applied alike to Jews and Gentiles. "To open their eyes"—to awaken and make them realise their danger as sinners, "and to turn the mfrom darkness or evil to light or righteousness"—that is, from the choice or embrace of evil to the choice or embrace of righteousness, and "From the power of Satan unto God"—that is, from being committed to the power of Satan to committal to the power of God. "That they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." Observe here what a deal has to be done in the soul before it *can* receive forgiveness of sins. Its eyes must be opened—to what? Its own sinfulness and danger and misery. Then, under the sight of this, it must be turned right round from the embrace or desire of evil, to the embrace or desire of righteousness (though yet powerless to DO, it must choose and desire righteousness). The attitude of the

WILL MUST CHANGE with respect to evil and good. It must turn round from the one to the other in purpose and desire. Then "it must be turned from committal to the power of Satan unto God." It must abjure Satan as its rightful sovereign, and at least WILL, to put itself under the power of God. And all this *in order* that it may receive forgiveness of sin. This is made an absolute condition of its receiving forgiveness. Now, I maintain that this is the only possible interpretation of this important text, not only of our version but of the original in all its purity; and if so, what becomes of the theory that there are no conditions, and that repentance and forsaking of evil and choosing good is not necessary to saving faith? Further, we see in the 18th verse how literally Paul understood, and how implicitly he followed, this divine order, for he says he "showed unto them of Damascus, and all Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and *turn to God*, and do works meet for repentance."

Now, certainly Paul knew what he preached; and there could not be any contradiction in his mind between these necessary conditions of faith, and faith itself. Therefore, when he speaks of faith only being necessary to a sinner's justification, he must always assume that these conditions are complied with, otherwise he contradicts himself and sets aside the order of this divine commission.

I know that Paul teaches that faith alone is the hand that takes hold of Christ, but of course he assumes that the feet of repentance and submission have brought the soul near enough for this hand to reach Him; in other words, that, by the Spirit's power, he is so convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, as to be willing to forsake every evil way, and to flee for refuge to the hope set before him. It seems difficult to imagine how any idea of pardon and reconciliation can have obtained in the Church which does not presuppose these conditions, seeing that Jesus laid it down again and again as a fundamental principle that no man *could* become His disciple, or follow Him, till he was willing to renounce every *thing* and every *being* antagonistic to His supreme love and dominion in the soul (Luke xiv. 26, 30; Mal. x. 37; Matt. v. 29, 30). We find also that the apostles invariably acted on the assumption that until the soul turned round from evil to God it could not believe (Acts xxiv. 25). I would ask, Why did not Paul press Felix to believe on the Lord Jesus? He trembled, as did the jailor. The reason is evident—he did not submit to God and forsake sin (Acts viii. 22, 23; Acts xx. 21; Luke xxiv. 47; Acts v. 31; Romans i. 18; Romans ii. 3—10). The principle laid down in these texts is recognised by Jesus in His messages to the seven churches: there is no promise of pardon, even to backsliders, without such repentance as leads to the putting away of evil. This, then, is the test of genuine repentance, WILLINGNESS TO PUT AWAY SIN. Until this is attained, let us not dare to attempt to comfort any soul, for in so doing we shall not be workers together

with God, but the tools of Satan, doing exactly what he desires to be done. My dear friends, ponder on these suggestions: they will bear examination. Carefully compare Scripture with Scripture on this point, seeking the light of the Holy Spirit, and you will be saved from healing the health of the Lord's people slightly—from increasing the number of those who have a form of godliness without the power.

The next important step in dealing with anxious souls is to present to them THE PROPER OBJECT OF FAITH, which is CHRIST JESUS HIMSELF, and not merely the divine testimony concerning Him.

There is a vast difference between these two objects of faith. The one ends with the intellect, the other purifies the heart. That method of leading souls into faith which presents the truth as a system, or declaration, on the reception or belief of which the soul is to reckon itself saved, fails to bring the soul into contact with a living, personal Christ, and possesses no living principle by which to graft it into the vine as a living branch.

Truly the Divine testimony concerning Christ must be received and believed; but this is *not* to be the ultimate object of faith, but only the medium through which the soul's trust is to be transferred to the *living person testified of*. Here arises another fatal error of this day, through which, I fear, numbers never realise any other God than the Bible, or any other Saviour than a powerless, intellectual belief in the *letter* of it. They believe the truth *about* Christ, *about* His life and death, His sacrifice and intercession; they believe, as enquirers often tell me they do, that Jesus died for them, and that He intercedes for them; but they do not believe that His sacrifice actually satisfies the Father for their sins, or that His intercession so far prevails with God for them that he does *now* actually pardon and receive them because of it. If they believed this, of course their anxiety would immediately cease, and they would begin to sing the new song of praise and thanksgiving.

The mind is too often occupied with the theory of divine truth instead of the living person whom the truth sets forth. Now, it seems clear to me that the divine testimony concerning Christ may be believed, and frequently *is* believed, without there existing a particle of saving trust in *Him* as a personal Saviour. Here is the secret of so many apparently believing and devout people living in systematic disobedience to God. Their minds are convinced of the truth, and their emotions are frequently stirred by it; but they have no life, no spiritual *power* in them, by which to resist temptation, or live above the world, because their faith does not embrace a living Saviour able to save them to the uttermost, but only the truth *about* Him.

Take an illustration. Suppose you are sick almost unto death. A friend brings you a testimony concerning some wonderful physician who has cured many such cases, and is fully able and willing to undertake yours. Now, you may receive the record of your friend

concerning the skill and success of this physician's treatment, and you may *fully believe* it, and yet there may be some reason why you shrink from putting yourself into his hands and trusting him with your life. You may believe all that is said *about* him, and yet fail so to trust *in his person* as to give yourself up fully into his power. Just so there are numbers who believe God's testimony concerning His Son, that Jesus has atoned for their sin, and that His treatment would cure them of its disease, who do not trust Him to do it for them—no, not for a single moment. Here is the difference between a dead and a living faith; between a faith that lies useless on the shelves of the intellect, or bubbles up on the waves of mere emotion, and that which renews the soul in righteousness, and makes it the abode of an indwelling Christ.

The term faith is used in several different senses in the Scriptures, but when used to designate that act through which the soul is justified before God, and renewed by His spirit, it always signifies trust in, or committal to, a living Saviour. The word used to signify this trust is sometimes rendered "commit," as in John ii. 24: "But Jesus did not commit Himself unto them, because He knew all men." He did not believe in them, or *trust* them with His person—He did not commit Himself into their power. This is just what God requires the sinner to do in order to be saved—to *commit himself* to the faithfulness and power of Jesus. Again, we have the same word in Luke xvi. 11: "If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will 'commit' to your trust the true riches"—who shall give over into your keeping, or power, the true riches.

Now, it is evident that the Scriptural idea of saving faith is that of the absolute committal of the whole being over to the faithfulness and power of Jesus, and not merely a belief, however firm, of the records of certain facts concerning Him. I may believe that He is the Saviour—that He died for me—that He intercedes for me—that He has promised to save me, as thousands do; and yet I may have no trust in Him as now doing all this for me, and consequently draw no sap, no spiritual virtue, from Him.

Saving faith consists in a firm trust in the person of Jesus, and committal of the soul to Him by an unwavering act of confidence in Him for all that the Bible presents Him to be, as the Redeemer and Saviour of men—"For I know *whom* I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have *committed* unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12). As soon as this trust is exercised, the testimony of the Spirit is given to adoption, and the soul *knows* that it has passed from death unto life. Of course this trust is exercised *through* the testimony of God to His Son, but the Son is the *object of trust*, and not the testimony merely. This is most important to bear in mind in our efforts to lead souls into saving faith.

And now it becomes a question of deepest interest—*how best* to

lead truly penitent sinners to exercise this trust. The first thing generally to be done is to present Jesus as *willing* to meet the realised desperateness of the sinner's case, as every true penitent thinks himself the chief of sinners, and his own a peculiarly bad case. We should try to show him that the question of salvation does not hinge on the greatness or smallness of a sinner's guilt, but on the fact of his accepting Jesus as a sufficient atonement for it. We should try to show him how almost all the instances of conversion recorded in the Bible were great sinners, and how Jesus came to seek that which was absolutely lost, and how the depths of His love can only be shown on very bad cases.

When we have succeeded in leading the soul to apprehend the sufficiency of the atonement to cover, and the willingness of Jesus to pardon the past, unbelief will generally fasten on the future, and the enquirer will say, "Ah! but if I were forgiven, I should fall again into sin." Now is the time to bring the soul face to face with a personal, living Saviour. We must present Christ's *ABILITY* to save to the uttermost—of the soul's need and circumstances—*all* them who come unto God by Him. We must get the soul's eyes fixed on Jesus, not only as a *sacrifice* but as a SAVIOUR, a Deliverer, an Almighty Friend, who has promised to dwell and abide with the believer, delivering him out of the hands of all his enemies. We should not give up till, by the help of the Spirit, we can lead the soul to *expect* in Jesus the supply of all its needs. When this is accomplished, we should lead the soul on to claim this Saviour now.

When arrived at this point, I have sometimes found it very helpful to ask, Well, now, *when* did Jesus pardon and receive the penitents who came to Him in the days of His flesh?—waiting for an answer, thus compelling the mind's attention to the point. The enquirer will generally say, "I suppose when they came to Him." I reply, Of course that was the only time to receive them, when they came, not an hour before or an hour after, but at the moment they came, and it is the same now. He receives returning sinners *when they come*. Now, *you* come, confessing and forsaking all your sins, and willing to follow Him wherever He may lead you. Does He receive *you*? He said He would in no wise cast you out if you came. Does He cast you out? The penitent will generally say, "No, I trust not." Then what does He? He must either take you in or cast you out *just now*, because you come *just now*. Which is it? Sometimes we get the answer, "I *hope* He takes me in." Then we try to show that this is not the place for hope. Only to HOPE that Jesus means what He says is to insult Him and drive Him away. You must trust Him and believe *now* that He takes you in. Oh, what a struggle I have often witnessed just at this point. Satan understands the power of this *committal*, and withstands it with all his subtlety and malice; but if we are firm, and armed with the power of the Spirit, and persistently and relentlessly press the soul up to *present trust*, the result is certain. Condemnation is taken

away, light breaks on the soul, and the new song bursts spontaneously from the lips, even praise and thanksgiving to our God.

In some cases it requires no little sympathy, tact, and firmness to meet the wiles of unbelief and the stratagems of Satan even in dealing with very sincere and truly submissive souls. Fear of being deceived is generally one of the greatest difficulties. In such cases it is well to explain to the penitent that there is no ground for this fear, seeing that this way of salvation is of God's own appointing, and that, although it seems an easy way to be saved, after living so long in sin and rebellion—the ease of it is all on the sinner's side, and not on the side of the Saviour—we should explain at what a terrible cost of sacrifice and suffering to the Son of God this simple, easy way was opened, and how ungrateful it is to put it away, as if it were too good to be true, because God has made it so simple.

It is well to encourage the enquirer to trust by reminding him that every truly saved soul on earth, and every redeemed spirit in heaven, was saved in this way—by simple faith alone. It is often very helpful to get the penitent to use the language of faith with his lips, even before his heart can fully go with it. I have seen many a one rise into faith while repeating after me the text, rendered in the first person, "He was wounded for my transgressions," &c.; or, "Thou hast said, him that cometh to Thee Thou wilt in no wise cast out. Lord, I come; Thou *dost not* cast me out; Thou *takest me in*;" or, "'Tis done—the great transaction done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;" or, "I can believe—I do believe—that Jesus saves me *now*," repeating such passages or stanzas over and over again till the heart follows the tongue and the venture is made.

Of course we cannot give counsels for every individual case; there are great diversities in the temperaments and circumstances of different individuals requiring a wise adaptation of treatment at the moment for which the Spirit alone can endow us. Let us, however, only be clear and faithful on the two momentous points of a TRUE AND THOROUGH REPENTANCE, and an intelligent and implicit TRUST IN A LIVING SAVIOUR, and every minor question will easily be met, and the souls whom the Lord shall honour us to bring into His family will not be stillborn ghosts of a sinewless sentimentalism, but strong, hardy, cross-bearing, Christ-honouring, soul-winning men and women, able to open heaven and shake hell by their faith and zeal and effort in our Redeemer's kingdom.

I LONG to be, as a flame of fire, continually glowing in the divine service, preaching and building up Christ's kingdom to my latest, to my dying hour.—BRAINERD.

Forward!

BY G. S. RAILTON.



FORWARD! word of command, word of battle, and yet word of order. Forward! motto of all who have succeeded, and of all who ever will. Forward! word adopted and realised so well by all the civilised men of the nineteenth century in relation to everything but the service of God. Oh that we may all hear it coming from the lips of God to us, and eagerly obey! But stop—

WHERE MUST WE GO FORWARD TO?

A thousand voices around us cry, "Forward!" It roars from myriad wheels as they pass along the streets. It comes hissing and screaming from the steam-engine. It flashes along a thousand thousand telegraph wires at once, flares before us in startling advertisements, and, as long as man is man, bubbles up from the depths of our own souls continually. Forward! But which voice shall we obey? Whither shall we go?

Oh, let it not be to follow the multitude to do evil! Let it not be to run with the crowd at all, for the crowd is always going the wrong way. Let it not be away from God, for to go forward from Him is to go down quick into hell. Let it not be to seek our own will or our own profit, for we shall only gain shadows and lose our souls. Let it not be to follow the idol which we or others have set up. Let it not be to follow cunningly devised fables or doctrines of men, but only to follow our God.

Forward to Glory! Not the vain glory of self-love; not the tinsel glory of the world; but the glory of God, the real glory to which He calls us; heaven on earth, sins forgiven, peace with God, and then everlasting glory in heaven. Glory that shall never end, but which must begin by new birth of the Holy Spirit. The glory of being made like the glorious God while living amongst men. The glory of being like Jesus, who shows forth in a mortal body all the glory of the Eternal Father. The glory of saving souls from death, of trampling down evil, and exalting right. The glory that pleases God and angels, and before which devils and evil men gnash their teeth and melt away.

Forward to Virtue. Not the "virtue" the philosophers devise and cannot exemplify; but the virtue that God brings forth in the life of those who obey him. The virtue of being tried men—men in Christ Jesus. The virtue, the courage, which enables men to stand up for God against all comers. The virtue that dares to turn the left cheek to him who has struck the other. The virtue that dares do anything but sin. The virtue that can bear with cheerfulness the hardships of a soldier's life, rejoice in tribulation, sing in prison, and

go shouting on to death. The virtue that conquers hatred, that despises shame, and with bleeding hands tears the victims of the devil out of the monster's grasp, and lifts them right up to the Cross.

BUT CAN WE THUS GO FORWARD IN THE STEPS OF JESUS?

It seems sometimes hard enough to struggle with the difficulties of this present life, and to hold one's own amongst men. Can we wrestle, then, successfully with the principalities and powers of darkness? Can we defeat the devil and press on conquering and to conquer?

Certainly not of ourselves. Our best attempts at righteousness will appear but as filthy rags before Him who alone is good. Our feeble efforts, while unconverted, to please God only left us more dark and wretched than we were before. To strive for God against a world in arms for sin would be for man alone a hopeless task indeed. Of ourselves we can do nothing—*with God we can do all things.*

In His hands the weak are mighty and the foolish wise. The hopeless become confident, trusting in His salvation, and the lame take the prey. With Him, the most obscure have often come to the front to strike terror in the hearts of all His foes. By Him the poor sinner-slave, groaning under the yoke of the devil, rises into freedom, and turns with fury upon his old master. With Him the trembling, halting believer becomes a daring champion for Christ. With Him the timid one, who dares scarcely speak a word in public, becomes a holy orator, swaying audiences not with human eloquence or learning, but with divine power. With him no man yet knows what he can do!

Who shall stop our advance?

Shall the sons of darkness, groping on to their own destruction, be a match for the children of light? Can they sever us from the arm of our God, or crush us while we abide in Him. Can all the world and hell, in league together, form a battalion through which the sword of the Spirit cannot clear a road? Ah! why have they not been able to get rid of that hated Bible yet? Why have they not been able to stifle the cry of prayer from the agonised to God? Why have they not been able to turn the oil of joy to mourning, to tear from the believer the garments of praise and put on him the spirit of heaviness they lyingly attribute to him? Because they cannot prevent anyone from following on to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

We can only measure our power to go forward by trial.

"Try, try, try again," is a good old motto. Many a time in the heat and smoke of human warfare bodies of troops have been ordered forward, and have gone forth little dreaming of the terrible odds against which they were being launched. But batteries are captured and prisoners taken, because soldiers, when ordered to advance, do so with all their might until they fall before the foe, or until the victory is won. For us who have immortal life there is no death, there is

no defeat. Let us not be content, then, with meagre advantages, but let us dash on to complete triumph over every foe.

WE CAN ONLY GO FORWARD WITH A RUSH.

Those who desire leisure, and peace, and enjoyment, may saunter along the path of life, plucking flowers and resting every now and then to beguile the time that hangs so languidly upon their hands. Those who are content with their own progress, and are willing to leave the world to its fate, may walk along steadily enough. But to conquer sin both in and around us, to combat with success the forces of the evil one, and to win souls for Christ, we must charge, and charge, and charge again.

Rush is necessary to keep up men's courage.

It is easy to be brave on the cushions of an arm-chair. In the public service or the prayer-meeting, surrounded only by saints, it is easy to sing about conquering every foe, or holding the fort, whatever that may mean. But to ask soldiers to walk forward quietly, with shells bursting over them, and bullets whistling past their ears, would be simply folly. Let them go, let them go with headlong speed, and with a ringing cheer. Let them go and make the utmost of their strength, every man for himself. So shall faith, and courage, and strength, be stretched to their fullest capacity, and every soldier shall be a hero.

If men would stand calmly by while we instructed them in the truth, if Satan's agencies languidly submitted to suppression or arrest, if there were no opposition to truth and holiness in the world, it might be right for us to accept counsels of calmness, and dignified sobriety of movement. But while we are a handful against a world, and while temptations and cares, like a deluge of raging devils, burst upon us daily, let us run with all our might against the forces that oppose us.

Why should we not rush?

Oh, it is not "proper!" Let everything be done decently and in "order." "Don't run to extremes," and a thousand other things are said whenever earnest men rush into spiritual strife, determined to conquer or die.

Is it "proper," then, to pretend to be a soldier of Christ, and to live in ease and self-indulgence? Is it "decent" to see our Jesus spit upon, and His salvation despised, without putting forth all our might to convince men of sin? Is it doing things in "order" to see a world disordered without striving, with all the energy we can command, to turn it upside down? Is it not the worst extreme, the extreme of sinful folly, to go coolly and quietly to work for the salvation of souls which may any moment be gone for ever from our reach? There has been sadly too much of decent and orderly "religion." The world despises it, and goes on in its sin. It is time for us to arise and fight for God.

God cheers us on to rush.

Our victorious Leader, pointing to the crowns and palms and thrones that we may attain, speaks over and over again of bestowing them all upon "him that overcometh." What are enemies or spectators to us? We are to overcome, and knowing against what desperate odds we are fighting, God would not urge us to overcome if He were not pleased to see us agonising in the battle, loving and serving Him with all our strength of body, as well as of mind and heart.

"Oh, but not too fast!" What is too fast? "So run, that ye may obtain," is the only rule of speed that God gives us. We cannot run so fast as to overleap the bounds of everlasting life; let us run, then, as fast as we can; let us run through troops of men; let us leap over walls of difficulty, caring little as to the method of our service, provided we secure the end in view. Away with all false shame. Away with care about the miserable *grumbings* of petty critics. Let us save our souls, and, so far as in us lies, save the souls of others, plucking them out of the fire if need be, without regard to the opinion they or anyone else may form of us.

So shall we, ere long, rush through the gates of the new Jerusalem, while saints and angels run to welcome us, and cheer us, as in our fiery chariot we dash along the golden street to the palace of the Great King.

Uttermost Salvation.

BY THE REV. S. H. PLATT, A.M.

(Continued from our last.)



F, then, He will thus save—

When will He save?

First, Just when you comply with the terms.

"This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will" (and certainly asking for salvation in compliance with His terms is 'according to His will'), "He heareth us! and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we HAVE the petitions that we desire of Him."—1 John v. 14, 15.

If this be not enough, behold Paul's new setting of that gem of Old Testament assurance—"I have heard thee in the time accepted; in the day of salvation I have succoured thee; behold, now is the time accepted, TO-DAY is the day of salvation."

The sunlight struggling at the closed shutters; the home-sick school-boy waiting the word, "Come home!" the convalescent soldier with a furlough in his hand; the imprisoned convict tear-blinded and trembling at news of executive pardon—these need no prompting! Throw wide the barriers, and the sunlight leaps joyfully to fill every crevice with its

smile; "My boy, come home!" written upon the top of the page, and not even father's letter will be read through before the boy is ready for the start.

So, Jesus Christ waits no second invitation! Hurl away the barriers; call out, "Come in!" and, quicker than the lightning's flash, the God-head's struggling love shall fill, illuminate, and save!

ARE YOU SUBMISSIVE NOW? Haul down the colours of pride, and "Come out from among them and be ye separate."

DO YOU CONSECRATE NOW? It is nothing less than purposed devotion of heart and service to God, from this instant, for evermore. It is the use of every faculty in its rightful functions, for His glory. You have a faith faculty. In the gift of all to Him, have you included this? If so, it must be exercised believingly, THIS MOMENT, for that is its legitimate and most sacred function.

You have given ALL to Him; now, it is the crowning act of consecration—rather, it is the first legitimate act springing from a consecrated state, to believe that He accepts all that you give. It is faith-faculty in consecrated use!

DO YOU THEN—APPROPRIATE just now? God asked the gift. You made it, and now lie unresisting in His hands.

Will He, CAN HE stand holding your guilty, sin-stained soul in the hollow of His palm, looking at it on every side, but DOING NOTHING FOR IT? No! No! A thousand times No! All the instincts of His purity, all the promptings of His love, all the impulses of His truthfulness, impel Him INSTANTLY to plunge beneath the cleansing Blood every polluted soul thus helpless and expectant in His hands. Away, then, with doubt! A soul consciously given to God through all its known powers and susceptibilities IS SAVED THEN AND THERE to the full extent of the consecration itself.

There may be, just then, no sensible change, no manifested evidence, but as surely as its saved state is assumed by faith, without other evidence than the promise of God and its own conscious fulfilment of the conditions of acceptance, so surely will the event justify its confidence.

Secondly, He saves JUST AS LONG as you comply with the terms. Do you now submit and consecrate yourselves? Then let Paul speak for you yet again—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able" (how he rings the changes on God's ability) "to KEEP that which I have COMMITTED unto Him against that day."

ARE YOU APPROPRIATING? Let Isaiah speak once more—"Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an EVERLASTING Salvation, ye shall not be ASHAMED OF CONFOUNDED WORLD WITHOUT END!"—Chap. xlv. 12.

ARE YOU CLINGING? The kingly Prophet has words of cheer. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is STAYED ON THEE, because he TRUSTETH in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord FOR EVER, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."—Isa. xxvi. 3, 4.

"But I am only clinging!" cries a timid one—"That promise is for those who are STAYED on Him!" Granted; but good old Isaiah has not delved in the mines of divine thought so long without finding a promise cut and carved expressly for the clinging. Listen! "Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will *strengthen* thee; yea, I will HELP thee; yea, I will UPHOLD thee with the right hand of my righteousness."—Isa. xli. 10.

What better can the shipwrecked sailor ask, while clinging to the life-boat, than to be STRENGTHENED and UPHELD and HELPED? And the effect of God's upholdings is precisely what your hearts are groaning after. Hear Isaiah once more—"The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever!"—Isa. xxxii. 17.

Here, clinging one, is a resting place, secure and satisfying, for Paul comes around again, declaring—"He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!"—Heb. xiii. 5. And, to make assurance doubly sure, the Psalmist chimes in—"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy GOING OUT, and thy COMING IN, from THIS TIME FORTH, and even FOR EVERMORE!!!"—Psa. cxxi. 7-8.

Now, let us harness submission, consecration, appropriation, and clinging before the chariot of this blood-bought opportunity, and putting the reins in the hands of faith, drive to the skies over the "highway of holiness cast up" (above the mire of earth and the pollutions of sin) "for the ransomed of the Lord." "*His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins!*"

Come ye bruised and mangled ones,—scathed and scorched by the fires of passion, smitten and withered by guilt, and longing after rest. Come to Jesus!

And ye, aspiring ones,—heart-sick with a life so inferior to your ideal,—shrinking from the clammy touch of a pollution that is "flesh of your flesh," and with a great inward void aching with unutterable longings to be filled with God,—come to Jesus! Come one, come ALL, and while your Past rolls under the blood, and your Present clings to the uplifted Christ, spread your Future out broadly upon the divine promises, and, standing beside the Cross, lift up your voices in the supreme confidence of Isaiah's faith when he exclaimed (Chap. I. 7), "The Lord God will help me, therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I KNOW THAT I SHALL NOT BE ASHAMED!"

A LIFE SECRET.

WHEN a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied—

"I have no secret, madam, but *hard work.*"

It would be well if some of the drones in society could learn the painter's secret. It has been said that one-third of the world carries the other two-thirds. Drones are seen everywhere—along every thoroughfare. And Zion is not exempt. We find many here who seem to like the idea of a cabin passage to glory. They don't relish appearing on deck and handling the ropes, especially when the storm howls around the course of the good ship. We need more who are consecrated to "*hard work.*"

A SHARP CURE FOR INFIDELITY.

MR. BRADLAUGH, at the conclusion of a recent lecture, called upon any person to reply to his argument. A paper thus tells what resulted from the invitation. "A collier rose up, and spoke somewhat as follows: 'Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodys, till one of these infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending the prayer-meetings; but one day in the pit a large cob of coal cam' down upon Jim's head. Jim thought he was killed, and, ah! mon, but he did holler and cry to God! Then, turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a knowing look, he said: 'Yongg mon, there's nowt like cobs of coal for knocking the infidelity out of a mon.'"

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

It is said that among the high Alps at certain seasons the traveller is told to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice or the report of a gun may destroy the equilibrium, and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history; trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young lady who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under a conviction of sin, to ask: "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a member of the church by her side, as she passed out of the sanctuary. Her irreverent and worldly spirit cast a repellant shadow on that young lady not far from the kingdom of God. How important we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians!

So let our lives and lips confess,
The holy Gospel we profess.

Rev. T. Stork, D.D.

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE NEVER PRAYED.

THE Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and, having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning in the same place. When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said—

"Good morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for."

"Oh! sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think."

"I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Sir, you are mistaken; it could not have been me. I never saw you in my life before, that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Now, I assure you that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life."

"Oh!" said Mr. Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes and ruin your soul."

The man turned pale, and, trembling, said—

"Do you call that prayer? I did, I did."

"Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this moment to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation, and may God in mercy hear your prayer."

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

THE FIRST SONG IN HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet
have trod,

And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain, [tear
No wasted cheek, where the frequent
Hath roll'd and left its stain.

I've reached the joys of heaven;

I am one of the sainted band;
For my head a crown of life is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I've learned the song they sing,

Whom Jesus has set free, [ring
And the glorious walls of heaven still
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain;

Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, and my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph 's come!

Oh! friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true!

Ye are watching still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? oh, no!

For memory's golden chain
Shall bind *my* heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright:

And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glitt'ring sky?

Do you weep when the raging voice of
war,

Or the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
Your hearts be sorely riven,

For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.

THE Lord is with us indeed, and, of a truth," has been the conviction which has sustained us in many an hour of difficulty; but which has been renewed with mighty power amidst the scenes of blessing witnessed at most of our stations during the past month. While endeavouring to renew our practical devotion to the Master's service in the salvation of souls, and to correct any rising spirit of ease or departure from our original purpose, we have been met with wonderful manifestations of the power of God, and from station after station we have heard of larger numbers attending the open-air services and professing to find the Lord.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY

have commenced their labours in London with the promise of immense blessing. The Agricultural Hall, capable of containing over 20,000 people, has been crowded at almost every evening service, and numbers have been found at the close of each meeting in the enquiry rooms. We request all our friends and readers to pray that the movement may mightily promote the spiritual wellbeing of this great city.

MRS. BOOTH IN THE NORTH.

Mrs. BOOTH has just been spending a fortnight in Stockton and Middlesbrough, for the purpose of strengthening the work and of laying before the Christians of those towns the importance of the Mission work among the masses. The Sunday services were held in the theatres, where many thousands flocked to hear, and on week nights she preached in various chapels, in the Friends' Meeting-house, Middlesbrough, and in the Exchange, Stockton, each meeting being largely attended. The Lord greatly prospered her journey. Many sought salvation, and Christians, on each occasion, knelt side by side with these to consecrate themselves afresh to the Lord.

On her second Saturday evening at Stockton she met a company of gentlemen of various denominations, when a Finance Committee was formed, and the utmost determination shown to support the work in every way.

The reports which follow describe more fully the general effect of her visit; and she returned home praising God for all that He had done by her, and more confident than ever of the ultimate success of the work in both places.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

I PRAISE the Lord I am able to report a mighty shaking among the dry bones of Middlesbrough. Life-giving power has been in every service held. Since my last report, above eighty have professed conversion, and many have entered on the life of entire consecration. The young converts are bringing their families and friends to the sinners' Saviour. Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, and children, are getting converted. Our congregations are increasing in number and in power. On the Sabbath we have an open-air service at eleven. Hundreds of men are usually walking about at this hour who never think of going to any place of worship. In the afternoon, at 2.30, we have a preaching service at the theatre, where about 1,000 people attend. At six o'clock we have an open-air meeting, processioning to the theatre, where we have an average congregation of 2,500 people.

We want a hall for our week-night work, to hold about 600 people. If any rich friend in Middlesbrough will give us a piece of ground, I think we can soon get the money to put it up. May the Lord clear our way. We have at present the Wilberforce Hall for Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, and that is already too strait.

A few incidents in the past month's work will be interesting, I have no doubt.

A NOVEL READER.

She came and heard Mrs. Dowdle preach, and gave herself to Jesus. The next day Satan said, "What about the novel? It comes out to-day; and after it is read, it is lent to a neighbour;" but she said, "I will not read it again, and Mrs. — shall not have it either. I'll lend her the CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE." The Lord blessed this effort. Her husband has got saved since, and they are together travelling to heaven.

"THERE'S MY HINDRANCE."

A man who had had praying parents came to our meetings. The Spirit of the Lord convicted him, but he felt he was tied by an old habit. He at last determined on victory, and he came out with his pipe and tobacco box, and laid them down, saying, "There's my hindrance." He then, upon his knees, cried, "Oh Lord, save me!" and, glory be to God! He saved him at once.

WILL YOU GO WITH ME TO HEAVEN?

A woman came to the meeting, and gave her heart to Jesus, and went away rejoicing in the new life. When she got home, her husband was gone to bed. She went to him, and said, "Are you going with me?" He said, "Where to?" She replied, "To heaven; for I've given myself to Jesus, and He saves me. Hallelujah!" The man then said, "I will be converted, too;" and they wept and prayed together. He came to the meeting, and was still more deeply convicted; and at the theatre, the following Sunday, he came on to the stage and obtained salvation. He bids fair to be a useful man.

GETTING A BENEFIT.

A man said to me the other day, "I used to go to the theatre, especially to the benefits; but I came there to hear you preach, and I got a real benefit. The Lord saved me. Glory be to God! And I have been happy ever since. Many will have to praise the Lord for the Christian Mission's coming to Middlesbrough."

MRS. BOOTH'S VISIT.

On Thursday evening she preached in the Friends' Meeting New House on "Aggressive Christianity." The House was crammed, and the Lord was with us. Sixteen came out, consecrating their whole being to His service. It was a grand time.

Mrs. Booth preached at the Theatre Royal, Sunday morning, March 14th; 1,200 present. In the afternoon we had a large experience meeting at the theatre, when seventy gave their testimony; 1,300 present. One gave his experience who was saved in the tent at the commencement of the mission in London, showing how the converts stand. In the evening the place was packed—3,500 present—and many were unable to get in. The sermon was very powerful, and thirty souls came on to the stage and sought salvation. Many more were deeply impressed all over the theatre. May God spread this wave of blessing through the town, so that hundreds of souls may be converted to God!

Dear Sir,—I will just give you an outline of myself, feeling sure you will not weary in perusing it. I must confess, first of all, that I was like the Pharisee of old—did not think myself so bad as others. I could

and have boasted of having attended my church for thirty years, and don't remember missing more than two services in all that time. I was early taught music, and, at ten years of age, was admitted as a chorister in a fine church not many miles from Chelsea, which you know well. When my voice broke, I found myself in a fashionable church choir (arrayed in white surplice) in a royal borough, and right well could I endorse every word you expressed last night in Wilberforce Hall respecting singing to the praise and glory of SELF instead of God. Upon meeting friends at the close of service, the first enquiry was, "How did you like the anthem?" My ambition led me to aspire to the position of organist, which position I filled for about twenty years. During all those years I never had the real conviction that I was a sinner. Now, for the other side of the case. I went to the theatre to hear Mrs. Dowdle preach—(praise God for it); her text was, "I stand at the door and knock." I found she knocked repeatedly at the door of my heart, but, alas! it was shut. Nothing daunted, she once more gave a very gentle tap, and in went the thin end of the wedge (if I may be allowed the expression). The devil tried to pluck it out; but, thank God, it was fast. The same evening I heard you discourse about the "Prodigal Son," and you had a turn at the wedge, but you drove it in deeper, and held me fast till you broke my heart in pieces, and of course I looked to you, as the instrument in God's hands, to repair it. On Saturday night last my son, only ten years of age, went with me to the Throne of Grace, and there the Physician was waiting to bind up the broken heart. The child and I wept and rejoiced together—praise the Lord! Last night his mother and sister found salvation upon the same spot. Hallelujah! C. D.

The Lord has blessed your labours here in Middlesbrough. We have felt it. On Wednesday evening we went to the Gospel Hall to hear Mrs. Dowdle, my husband, and brother, and sister, and a young man, a sailor, that stops with us. Before we went my mother said, "Go, and expect to get it; for you are the children of many prayers." We went, trusting that God would, for Christ's sake, pardon our sins. When dear Mrs. Dowdle began to preach, every word sank deep. Oh, the feelings of that night will never be forgotten by

us. We went up to the penitent form, got our sins washed all away in the blood of Christ, came home full of the love of God, went straight to mother, told her we had got it, got the forgiveness of our sins. My dear mother wept and prayed for us to keep faithful unto death, for it is them that to the end endure the cross shall wear the crown. It is all our desires to work for Christ, to help the Mission all we can, to try to bring others to feel the happiness that we feel, praying that God will be with you and bless your labour. We are willing to be anything or nothing for Christ.

J. & M. K.

FROM A SAILOR.

Dear Mr. Dowdle,—I wish you good-bye. I have sailed for Spain. I have an interest in your prayers that God will be with me, and send me safe back to praise Him, for I do love Him, because He loves me. I thank you for coming to Middlesbrough to preach Christ. I shall ever remember the Gospel Hall where I heard Mrs. Dowdle, and where God set my soul at liberty. Praise Him for what He has done for me.

Dover, Kent.

S. L. G.

Donations for this work will be thankfully received by R. Ward, Esq., 17, Corporation Road; and James Dowdle, 31, Dundas Street, Middlesbrough. Pray for us.

STOCKTON.

"LORD, SAVE ME! OR I SHALL BE DAMNED."

So said a poor woman one night after hearing of the good fight of faith; being deeply convinced of sin, she was invited to the penitent form; but for some time would not yield, though shaking from head to foot under the power of the blessed Spirit. At last, yielding to the Lord, she came and fell on her knees, crying out, "O, my God! save me, save me, or I shall be damned!" Soon she did say with joy and gladness, "The Lord has saved—He does save me." God save her husband, who is also deeply convinced of sin.

COMING TO SCOFF, BUT STAYING TO PRAY.

Three young men came into our class-meeting one night, as they thought to

make fun. But instead of making fun, while our dear brethren were speaking, the Spirit of God took hold of them, and at the close I asked them if the Lord had done anything for them. One who had been to our service on the Sunday night before, at once said, "I should like him to." I assured them that the Lord was as willing to save them as to save us, if they too would seek Him at once, which they began to do in good earnest. They soon found Him, and are still walking in wisdom's ways. One has become a very earnest worker for his Master. Praise the Lord!

A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

This dear man was moved to come and hear Mrs. Booth by reading the article in the Magazine on "Dealing with Anxious Souls." Then hearing that Mrs. Booth was to preach the next day, he came, and the Lord met him. When I asked him to come forward and yield himself to Christ, he said, "I have great need to"; he went down on his knees, he prayed as only those who realise they are on the brink of hell can pray. Jesus heard his cry, pardoned his sin, set his soul at liberty, and now he is determined for God and souls. Hallelujah.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty, as one interested in the spread of religion and temperance, to testify to the adaptation of the work of the Christian Mission to the wants and spiritual condition of the people of Stockton. Notwithstanding the adverse influences against which Brother Lane has had to work, his visit to our town has been attended with great good. We have had both a spiritual and intellectual treat in the visit of Mrs. Booth. Her discourses have been highly appreciated, and attended with much unction from the Holy One. In moving up and down as I do, I am, perhaps, more able to judge of general impressions than most. She has left an impression for good in behalf of the Christian Mission here; I find most people speak well of it.

A newspaper, called the *Daily Exchange*, passed a very high eulogium upon the preaching of Mrs. Booth. We give the following extract from the article:—"Mrs. Booth is a true woman, a refined lady, and, more, a Christian, with a profound sense of her duties and responsibilities. The ministrations of such a woman among the outcasts of our land must be like angels' visits, carrying

light, love, and happiness into the homes of misery and sin. Such a woman must be a powerful means for good, and every right-minded Christian who hears her will wish her God speed in her noble errand of divine love. . . . The branch has been placed upon a basis that is likely to ensure its permanent success."

On Friday evening, March 12th, a conversational meeting on holiness was held, and it certainly was a blessed time. We met at five o'clock to tea, and it was nearly eleven o'clock before we broke up. Mrs. Booth laboured hard to bring all present up to that higher life which St. John calls "perfect love," which "casteth out fear."

We must not omit to mention the fact that Brother Bamford has commenced his labours and at once got hold of the public mind.

J. TAYLOR,

Temperance Missionary,
4, Cobden Street, Stockton.

CARDIFF.

THE soul-saving work goes blessedly forward with us here. Never did I see a movement that had in it more satisfactory evidences that it was of God, and would endure. Our great difficulty consists in the smallness of our hall for Sabbath evenings. I verily believe that we could fill a hall that would contain 2,000 people if we had it. We are looking to the Lord to open our way speedily to a larger place. Friends, pray for us. We had

A HIGH DAY

on Feb. 28th. In the morning God was with us in the open air. Many stood and wept; and in the hall a backslider was restored. The afternoon was a blessed season, but the night crowned all. As we spoke from "Never man spake like this man," the power fell on the people, and the GREAT ORATOR spoke to many hearts. At the close twelve came forward seeking mercy. Among them were

TWO BACKSLIDERS.

While everything seemed to urge them to trust Him then and there, one of them said, "I don't quite see it." The other burst out, "*I do, Lord; Thou hast restored me. Though I have trampled under foot the blood of thy dear Son, Thou hast received me back.*" The other broke down at this, and soon saw Jesus as his Saviour too. Praise the Lord!

CARRYING THE LOAD HOME.

This dear man was heartbroken, but he thought he would go home and find the Lord in his bedroom. As he reached the door, the thought came in his mind, "I have no one to teach me the way, and suppose I don't find the Lord, and die before morning, I shall be lost for ever. I will go back and give God my heart at once." He came in just as we were closing, fell on his knees, and the Lord soon set him free.

TOO BAD TO BE SAVED.

One Sunday evening, when speaking to the anxious, a man said, "Is there mercy for me? I am such a great sinner, the worst man in the world; I have killed my wife through drink. Will the Lord pardon me?" We assured him that Jesus is a great Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. He said then, "I'll try Him," and, with tears in his eyes, fell on his knees, and very soon was very blessedly happy.

ANOTHER PRODIGAL SAILOR.

He heard us singing and speaking in the open air, and his heart was touched. Whereupon he said he would see what sort of preacher it was at the hall. To his surprise, it was the same as outside, and again the Holy Ghost spoke to his heart. He told us he had a mother and father and sister in heaven. He said, "I have been shipwrecked three times, once three days and nights before being picked up, yet was unconcerned about my soul, and to-night I was out for a spree when I heard you singing at the corner of the street, and now I am made happy. I know my sins are pardoned, and shall meet my father and mother in heaven."

THE WEARY FOUND REST.

A woman attended our meeting for some little time, and was deeply convicted, but would not yield. On leaving the hall one Sunday night, I said to her, "God will not always plead with you; beware." These words followed her all the week; she had no rest day or night. The next Sunday night she was the first to come out. She said, "I've had enough of this. O Lord, pardon me." She soon found rest in Jesus.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

For many years this man had lived in a wicked, backsliding state. He felt he had wandered into the swine fields, if not farther. One day he was led to

come to the Gospel Hall; and the first time coming his heart was broke by the Holy Ghost, and he surrendered there and then, went home, and told his dear wife the good news, urging her to surrender likewise. She came, gave up all for Jesus, and husband and wife embraced each other, both new creatures in Christ Jesus.

On Sunday, March 14, Miss Billups took the service in the morning. Truly it was a time of refreshing. In the evening the hall was crowded to the door, and at the close nine precious souls decided for Jesus.

HAMMERSMITH.

All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindred of the nations shall worship before Thee.

We rejoice to know that while God is so wonderfully blessing the labours of dear brethren Messrs. Moody and Sankey, He is also remembering us. Men and women are not only being turned to God, but are labouring day and night to bring their fellows to the Saviour's feet.

The opposition of the police to our open-air work is still continued. We were amused the other day with a question of one of the converts, formerly a very rough customer, put to the policeman who ordered us away from the corner of a street almost as soon as we commenced speaking. Said he, "Not long ago I fought at the corner of this very street for half an hour, and no policemen could be found; but now, as soon as I begin fighting for Jesus, you come to drive us off. How is it?" This was a real poser, and unanswerable.

Through the liberality of our friend J. T. Campbell, Esq., we have been enabled to give a free tea to a few poor people every week, closing with meetings, which God has blessed to the conversion of some of the most abandoned sinners in the neighbourhood.

During the month Miss Kate Booth spent a Sabbath with us, preaching twice with great acceptance. A large audience was deeply impressed, and some, we trust, were truly converted to God.

We give the following incidents for the information of our friends, and ask them to unite with us in praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness:—

THE FIRST.

A woman had for years neglected all

that concerned her precious soul. Received Christ while the sermon was being preached. She sent a letter to this effect to the preacher, and is now rejoicing among the Lord's people.

THE SECOND.

A young woman, who had godly relations, was induced to attend the meetings. The word was with power. She was invited into an ante-room with the anxious, but refused, and went home, but not to sleep. In an agony she said, "Oh, mother! if I had gone into that room, I should have been converted, for the Spirit told me so." She suffered much for a week; then she came again, yielded herself to Christ, went into the despised room, and found peace through believing. Oh! what a glorious change. The joy of the maiden and her friends knows no bounds.

THE THIRD.

An old woman of seventy, who had been anxious for many years, at last found what her soul longed for, *pardon*, and went home, exclaiming, "Oh! what a blessed tea meeting for me; shall I ever forget it? No, never, never!"

THE FOURTH.

A man, who had been for some time under deep concern about his soul, but was too proud to come out to the penitent form and kneel by the side of other sinners, at last yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit, sprang to his feet, and came from the far end of the hall to the preacher, and said with great emotion, as large drops of sweat fell from his brow, "Sir, I have come here seeking for salvation. *Pray for me.*" Oh! for more such decided characters; then conversion would take place as suddenly as it did in the heart of this dear man, who is now as happy as an angel, and continually praising God.

THE FIFTH.

Another man, who was impressed the first time he came to the services, had the same difficulty—that of coming to the penitents' rail and humbling himself before God—so he tried his own way for a bit, commenced saying prayers and knocking off a few of his worst sins, and attended the meetings, but of course got no peace. But one night he was determined to have it, if possible; so, springing to his feet, and rushing up to a fellow-workman (who, like himself, was under conviction), he said, "Come along with me; we have sinned together,

now let us seek the Lord together;" and, to the joy of angels and men, they were soon kneeling side by side praying for mercy, with a grey-headed father and other friends weeping over them, but in a short time all were rejoicing together.

THE SIXTH.

A man, well known as a notorious sinner, was induced to attend a meeting, when God's Spirit strove mightily with him, and the whole of his past life was arrayed before him, which so worked upon him that he rushed out of the place, and was hastening home, when he was compelled to stop, and, at the Spirit's bidding, return, which he did, and forced his way into the meeting, looking as pale as a ghost, when the following dialogue passed:—

Man, seek the Lord now.

Q. But I am such a large sinner.

A. Well, Christ is a large Saviour.

Q. Oh! but I am so vile.

A. The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin.

Q. But oh! my guilt!

A. But pardon is offered to the guilty.

Q. Is that true?

A. It is.

Q. Well, that must mean me.

A. It does, my friend.

And with a joyous face he clapped his hands, and said, "Lord, I believe it." A man standing by said, "Why, here is a man whom I have drank barrels of beer with." He answered, "You will never drink any more, for, God helping me, I will never more touch the cursed stuff." *God will help him. May he obey.*

And now, dear readers, 20,000 tracts, or small books, are *much wanted*, that a warning may be carried to every house in Hammersmith. Also, we desire your prayers for God's continued blessing.

ABRAHAM LAMB.

12, Hetton Street, Hammersmith.

STRATFORD.

THE opposition to our open-air work here is still continued. Hell is fighting more fierce than ever against the Lord's Hosts; but, praise God! souls are being saved here nearly every night.

DESPERATE OPPOSITION.

At times, when I have been speaking in the open air, some of the people have rushed up and spit in my face and mouth, pelted me with mud, &c. One night, while I was speaking, I observed

a man sharpening a knife on the kerbstone opposite me. I continued speaking, and, at the close, the man rushed after me to the hall door with the knife in his hand, but did not do me any injury, and the man standing by jumped forward and took the knife away, and then the two began to fight; but others interposed and separated them.

TWENTY PRAYERLESS YEARS.

The work is still going on. The other night a man stepped in who told me that for the last twenty years he had never prayed to God, and at the time he entered the hall, he told me he was thinking of going home to murder his wife, and then to put an end to his own existence, as he was in great distress of mind, having been out of employment for some time. But the Lord graciously changed his heart, and he is now rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. He says he has reasons to bless God for ever being invited into the People's Hall at Bow Bridge, and is willing to spend and be spent for the glory of Him who has redeemed him.

GODLESS PROFESSORS.

Amongst many others who have found the Saviour was a young woman residing some little distance from the hall, who, when she realised the great fact that Jesus had saved her, rushed home and told her fellow servant, who was a professor of religion, holding Christ in one hand and the world in the other. She was astounded at the great difference in her companion when she came home, felt very uncomfortable, and on the first opportunity that presented itself came and gave her whole heart to the Saviour. Glory!

Another case was that of a professor who was a member of a Christian Church in the neighbourhood. She said that she had long tried good works, but it all failed her. She tells me now that she is rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and asks our prayers to be kept faithful. Hallelujah!

A HORSE-RACING BACKSLIDER.

A gentleman from Suffolk was up here on business the other night, and was attracted by the singing and preaching. The Holy Ghost strove mightily with him, and, with tears fast flowing down his cheeks, he asked me to pray for him. We came in from the

open air into the vestry, and there I poured out my soul to God for him. He prayed next, and was enabled by the grace of God to step into liberty, and cried, "He does save! He does save!" He then stood up, and told us that he meant to be a soldier of the Cross. The Lord help him! These, dear Christian reader, are a few cases out of sixty-six that have been pointed to the Lamb of God during the past five weeks. We are in great need of Money help for general work, also of Illustrated Tracts. Reader, will you help?

H. G. WATERS.

25, High Street, Stratford.

SOHO.

WE believe in success, King Jesus is our Captain, so we are sure that (although only a little band) He will lead us on to victory.

Some very precious cases of conversion have taken place since our last report.

The first Sunday Miss Pollett preached. A man who had been

MISERABLE TWENTY YEARS,

on account of his sins, found the Saviour; he said, "I believe Jesus saves me just now, though my heart feels as hard as a stone, and He can save me from the public-house." He then asked me to speak to his friend, I told him to do so, and laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion, he said, "Let us both start for heaven to-night, Jesus has saved me, and will do the same for you, if you will ask Him;" but the other would not take the advice, and could only be prevailed upon to sign the pledge. This man has regularly attended the hall ever since, and bids fair to be a useful worker.

JUST WHAT I WANT.

The same night, during the open-air service, a woman, in a very respectable position in life, was attracted by the singing, and listened eagerly to the words which were being uttered; she said to her husband, "Oh, this is just what I want! I shall go to the hall," which she did, and no sooner was the invitation given to come out for Jesus than she came forward, and soon was able to trust Him for salvation. Upon being asked to tell the people what the Lord had done for her, she rose from her knees and exclaimed, "Oh, friends! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved!"

"Do come to Jesus!" She has attended regularly ever since, and will shortly be one in our band of female preachers.

FOUR FROM ONE HOUSE.

A few weeks ago, two servants from an eating-house close by stood listening at the open-air service, and were much impressed; not being able to get out for long, they just came and bought two of our hymn-books, from which they sang while about their work. The Sunday following they came to the hall, and both sought and found the Lord. They said, "We must sing to-night when we get home." The next Sunday another fellow servant came and gave herself to Jesus; since then a fourth has also been led to Christ. They are trying to get the remaining one to decide. They take great interest in the Magazine, and have sent several copies to their friends in the country. May our Father's best blessing rest upon these dear girls.

Last Sunday was a crowning day. Brother Solway from Whitechapel preached in the morning, and a brother present was completely broken down. He wept like a little child, and cried to the Lord to save him. In the afternoon another soul found peace. In the evening Brother Hedly led a Hallelujah Band composed of Brothers Amory, Sisters Shepherd and Reynolds. Five sought and found the Lord. One, a young man, is already actively working with us. On the Monday evening, Sister Mackenzie preached a farewell sermon, and three came to Jesus. May the dear Lord keep them faithful, and make them soul winners.

E. A. P.

BARKING.

WILL our dear friends join me in praising God for what He is doing? Nearly every night since I have been down here, souls have been saved. We have a great deal of opposition, but, praise God, we shall conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

LAYING ASIDE WEIGHTS.

A young woman was deeply convinced of sin, and she, coming out to the penitent-form for salvation, at once took out of her ears a pair of earrings, and a ring off her finger. She soon found the Saviour. She is so happy now, praising God.

AN OPEN-AIR TROPHY.

A middle-aged man got up in one of our experience meetings and said:—

"Well, dear brothers and sisters, I am very glad to tell you what God has done for me. Last Friday week I listened to the preaching in the Broadway, and I thought to myself they do seem earnest and happy people; why can't I be as happy? I went away, and came on the following Friday evening. I went away again from the meeting, lifting up my heart to God, asking Him to make me happy. When I got home, I fell on my knees, and the tears flowed down my cheeks as I cried unto God to save me. I could not then find peace, so I came to the hall on the Sunday night, and in the prayer-meeting found the Saviour. I know my sins are all forgiven, and if I die, heaven is my home."

GIVING UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

A young man said, "I came to the hall to laugh at the people, but when I got inside, instead of laughing, the Lord met me, and I was soon crying. I felt I was a sinner, and that I was going to hell, but, praise the Lord, I went to the penitent-form, and there I found Jesus. I never was so happy as I am now. I know my sins are all forgiven, and that I am on my way to heaven. When I went home that night, I took out of the pocket of a coat hanging up, my pipe, tobacco, and box, and threw them on to the fire." He is now so happy; the change is truly wonderful.

G. MACE.

6, Church Road, Barking, Essex.

NORTH WOOLWICH.

PRAISE GOD,—He has begun to work here. Sinners have been converted, and although men and devils are trying to hinder the work, they never will. Infidels stand up and tell the people that religion is a delusion, and I stand up and tell them it is a glorious reality.

Passing a publican the other day, after preaching in the open air, he said, loud enough for me to hear him, "This fellow means to do something in Woolwich with his *Bell*." Knowing it to be the truth, I shouted with all my heart, "Amen."

SOMETHING DONE ALREADY.

A poor drunkard came to the hall one evening and said to me, "I have spent a fortune in the public-house, and now the landlord says he does not want me there; so I have just come here, and I shan't go to the public-house any more." He was then rather the worse for liquor, but he signed the pledge, and,

coming again the next night, gave his heart to God. He now stands by me in the open air, and seems much in earnest for others.

Oh! the publicans may well hate the "Christian Mission."

SCOFFERS SAVED.

On Sunday, 7th March, we had a good time. In the evening I preached from "Everybody's Wish." Many came out of curiosity to the hall, and others, as they said, "for a lark." We had a solemn time, and at the close four young men that came to laugh remained behind to seek the Lord. Hallelujah! Brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course run and be glorified.

CHAS. PANTER.

86, Albert Road, North Woolwich.

PORTSMOUTH.

PRAISE the Lord for the signs of the times. Never did I see such earnest efforts put forth for the salvation of the lost as I have seen these last few weeks, and God has graciously heard and answered prayer in the salvation of many precious souls. One of these was

A DOUBLE DESERTER,

a soldier, who had many times cheered the hearts of the Lord's people by the story of his conversion in answer to his dear departed mother's prayers; but, alas! when his regiment was ordered for foreign service, he deserted not only his regiment, but also his God. After suffering the military punishment, he came to the hall, and gave himself up as a deserter from the faith, and, falling down, cried for mercy. Soon the King of kings granted him a free pardon, and restored him to the ranks of the army of the living God.

NO USE WITHOUT GIVING UP ALL.

One Sabbath morning a woman came forward, saying, "I have been trying to serve the Lord, but find I cannot until I give up all for Him. This morning I lay all on the altar, and ask Him to receive a poor, broken-hearted sinner." She was soon filled with joy and peace through believing.

AN INTERESTING SCENE.

In the evening fourteen conscience-stricken penitents knelt side by side. There was the hoary-headed sinner and the child of tender years. Such a sight called forth great rejoicings, and acted as a stimulus to us all to continue the

fight. One after another they stepped into liberty, and joined in the song of deliverance.

At the next service two others pressed into the kingdom. One of these, a young man, said, "I am fully persuaded to live for God, and to be useful." The Spirit of God had been striving with him for some time, but he had put on a *bold front*, and withstood every invitation. God, however, thundered the terrors of the law, and the vivid lighting of God's wrath played around the walls of that sin-blighted heart, until, in an agony of grief and a flood of tears, he opened the gates and yielded up all to Jesus. Immediately a blessed calm filled his soul.

At our next engagement six others came over from the enemy's camp, laid down the weapons of their rebellion at the foot of the cross, and took up arms against their former prince, the Devil. Oh! that they may fight the good fight.

On the following Sabbath five others came out from the world. One of these cried out, "Jesus does save me—He does; I believe it—I have got it. Yes, He does take me in—I know it; I do believe it. Bless His name."

J. M. SALT.

92, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

BUCKLAND.

WE have been sounding the Gospel trumpet during the past month in the streets and lanes, and have not done so in vain. Some have spoken against us, others have cursed us, yet, glory to Jesus, we have had His smile, and the work has gone on, and souls have been rescued.

A SOLDIER ON FURLOUGH

came to the hall. The Lord gave him to feel that he was a sinner, and at the feet of Jesus he obtained forgiveness. He attended our meetings regularly during his stay. He has now returned to his regiment in Chester, and publicly declared himself on the Lord's side. He writes, saying, "I am happy in Jesus; I kneel to pray in my barrack-room, and am going to join the people of God." This is just as it should be. The Lord keep him faithful.

A SEVENTY YEARS' SINNER.

An old lady, over seventy years of age, came to me, saying, "I have lived in sin long enough. I want to know that my sins are forgiven. I want to give myself to Jesus. Is there salvation for such as

I?" We pointed her to the Saviour, and she said, "I will trust Him, I will trust Him."

OUR VISITS TO THE POOR

have been blessed.

Case No. 1. An old person, very infirm, but very anxious about her safety. She said, "I am very ignorant, I am no scholar, but I want to know Jesus. I am not happy, but I want to be." I pointed her to the Lamb of God, and prayed, leaving her full of hope.

Case No. 2. Two widows living under one roof hailed my visit with joy, and received the Word with gladness of heart. They wept as we spoke, and prayed about the love of Jesus.

Case No. 3. A young man in consumption, not far from eternity, I found, alas! not very much concerned about his soul. I told him of the awful future if he repented not, and of God's willingness to save him. He was slightly aroused, but not saved.

Contributions will be thankfully acknowledged by

J. P. GRAY.

7, Winchester Road,
Buckland, Portsmouth.

HASTINGS.

THE past month has been one of good success, but as we have a long report in another part of the Magazine, viz., "Our Friends in Heaven," we only give a few words here.

The following is from the *Hastings and St. Leonards Observer*, of February 27th:—"Thanks to the liberality of Mr. Bainbridge (Newcastle-on-Tyne) and one or two other gentlemen, about 150 of the Hastings fishermen were entertained to tea, under the auspices of the Christian Mission, at the Market Hall, on Friday evening. The arrangements were ably carried out under the superintendence of the local evangelist, Mr. Corbridge. The fishermen seemed to enjoy the meal provided for them. A more orderly or decorous assemblage than this meeting of the hardy toilers of the sea it would be difficult to find. After tea addresses were delivered by the Evangelist, and the Rev. Coleman, the Rev. Jackson, and other gentlemen. The speakers sought to impress upon their auditory the advisability of giving up Sunday work in the fishery trade, and suggested that some of those present should form themselves into a small committee with a view of at once commencing the work. It was

also further observed that every moral suasion should be brought to bear upon the owners to induce them to give up Sunday work, and if this was not found expedient, then, as Mr. Corbridge recommended, they should appeal to the public for means to purchase some 'religious boats'—boats that should only be used six days in the week—and thus compel the owners who hold out to ultimately yield. Before the meeting broke up, some five names of fishermen present were given in as a nucleus of a future association."

On Good Friday we hope to give at least 150 fishermen tea. Will friends hold us up at the throne of grace?

MOTHERS' MEETING.

We commenced a mothers' meeting September 3rd, 1873, for the very poor, and started with the sum of fivepence, a box of matches, a candle, two reels of cotton, and a pennyworth of pins, strong in faith, and realising God with us, to meet seven mothers. God has owned our feeble efforts. At our second meeting one mother found Jesus. Two also are gone to glory, and seven little ones. Our present number on the books is seventy. Our object is to win their souls for Jesus, and help them to help themselves. We have started a penny savings-bank in connection with this meeting, which the mothers appreciate, and several fishermen have also commenced to save. We ask for your sympathy, prayers, and help, as God would have. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Material, clothing, or donations for this work will be thankfully received by—Mrs. Thorpe, 17, Alexandra Street, St. Leonards; Miss Jones, 34, North Street, ditto; Miss Butler, Weston House, London Road, ditto.

CHATHAM.

THE LORD is still working at Chatham, and sinners are crying for mercy. Some of the worst characters in the town have professed salvation. God is working among the soldiers, and sailors, and harlots, and other classes. Another man-o'-war's man has been among the penitents.

I had a good time in visiting the other day. I went to see an old woman who was ill. When I got there, she sent for her neighbour, an old woman eighty-seven years old. She said she had been to church, and the parson had been to see her, but she was not happy.

So we got on our knees and prayed with them, and led the poor old woman to Jesus. She looked to Him, and I really believe she was enabled to rest her soul upon Him. As we got off our knees, she sang with us, very heartily—

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

Just as we had done singing, her grand-daughter came in; I asked her if she was happy, she said, "No." I said, "Do you believe God is willing to save you?" She said, "Yes!" When she said "How?" I said, "Praise the Lord!" I said, "Let us pray," and down we went again on our knees. She broke down, and began to weep and pray for herself; and, in a little time, both old and young were rejoicing together. They said they had never had such a meeting in their house before, and we must have a tea-meeting, so the kettle was put on, and we had tea, and a happy time it was. I called two days afterwards, and the old lady was very happy, and her grand-daughter seems to be going on delightfully. Praise the Lord! Pray for Chatham.

The following letter is from

A MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN,

referred to in a former report:—

My dear Brethren,—While I was on leave one Saturday night, I was in company with some riotous companions spending my money. I passed the night in a house of bad repute. On Sunday I stood and listened to the Mission people at the corner of the Military Road. I was impressed to go to the Lecture Hall and hear Mr. Hobday preach, and I thank God for it; the Word came home to me with power, and I had to stop to the prayer-meeting, which made me feel I was a great sinner, and was going to hell fast; and no doubt I should have soon been there, but, praise the Lord! I came out and gave God my heart, and He washed it in His precious blood; and now I am on my way to heaven, and mean, by God's help, to take up the cross, and follow Christ for evermore. The Lord has blessed my soul. I was a very wicked young man; since He has saved me, He can save anybody, for I was worse than any. Come to my Jesus and try Him. Dear brethren, pray for me, as I am about to leave Sheerness in about a month for India in the ship "Undaunted," with troops. May I meet

thousands of my brethren in heaven. Amen! God bless you all.

Donations and tracts will be thankfully received by Captain Tinnmouth, R.M.; or by CHARLES HOBDAY, 4, Alma Terrace, High St., Chatham.

WHITECHAPEL.

MR. BAMFORD, long known to us as an earnest, devoted, and successful evangelist, spent a few days with us during the month at this station. We were delighted to meet our brother again, and especially to find him still the same devoted, self-denying soul winner as when we met him years ago. His preaching delighted our people, and pricked sinners to the heart; and we believe that, had he gone on, many would have been sent to Christ. We content ourselves, however, with the expectation of seeing Mr. Bamford in Whitechapel again. Meanwhile, our friends gave him up to supply the need of Stockton, where we pray that he may see hundreds converted and bound together in a holy league for the salvation of thousands more.

OUR MISSION SPIRIT

is as strong as ever in the breasts of our workers here. We had occasion to note this specially the other Sabbath, when, notwithstanding the cold north-east wind which was sweeping down in the spacious Whitechapel Road, not less than eight open-air meetings were held during the day, and well sustained too. We were at four of them ourselves, and were delighted with the men and women, none of them too warmly clad, who stood for an hour, and some for two hours, singing, praying, and preaching to the crowds of working-men who were evidently glad to listen.

DRUNKARDS' RESCUE.

A dear sister here devotes herself to the visitation of the gin-palaces and public-houses with which the neighbourhood abounds. She says she is received quite kindly. This is the more gratifying, seeing that our sister does not confine herself to giving a tract, but always speaks a word, and tries to get into conversation with the people. One landlady gave her some money to buy tracts, and she took her back a book, and is praying that it may be blest to her.

CROYDON.

THANK God, for the power of His spirit that has been manifested during the past

month. We were favoured with a visit from Mrs. Booth, which proved a blessing to us.

TWO SISTERS.

We had a hall full of people in the evening, and at the close of the sermon a young woman sobbed her way to the penitent-rail to seek salvation. She wrestled and prayed for some time till light beamed into her soul; and then her sister came, and, kneeling by her side, sought Jesus. Both went home with cheerful faces.

REJOICING IN GOD.

At the believers' meeting a dear woman told how she had been a backslider for many years, but, coming to hear Mrs. Booth on Sunday, she returned to her Heavenly Father. Bless God, He made her happy in His pardoning love.

The next Sunday Miss Billups was with us, a good feeling pervaded the meetings, and at night two precious souls stepped out of darkness into light; one, a poor woman who three weeks ago lost her husband very suddenly. She attends our meetings, rejoicing in God her Saviour.

March 7th. Brother Tebbutts was with us. We had a good day, and wound up with one soul, a miserable backslider. He had a hard struggle, but faith prevailed. We got around him and prayed for him, until at length, he said, "I am trusting. Praise God!"

Looking forward to better days, we praise God and take courage.

A. BRANSON.

BROMLEY.

WE have had some good meetings here conducted by Sister Mathieson, and are preparing and hoping for greater things.

We are still urging on our pilgrim way here, and souls are being saved, although we feel the loss of Bro. Lane, and have no superintendent. Still we are determined, by God's help, to do what we can, and can even now see the clouds breaking. God is at hand, and is helping the almost helpless during the last week or so. Sister Mathieson has been staying with us, and believers have been awakened to a sense of living unto God; and although we have not seen so many brought in as we should like, still God is working. Tuesday, February 9th, we had a tea-meeting such as we have not seen at Bromley for some time. After the tea we had a good meeting, presided

over by Bro. Bray, of Penge, who gave a stirring address. Oh, may God help us to urge on our Christian course to the end! is the earnest prayer of yours, &c., in Jesus,
HENRY C. HILL.
81, High Street, Croydon.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

BROTHER CLARE writes in excellent spirits. New Hall packed on Sunday evenings, and from twelve to sixteen anxious enquirers every Sabbath evening. Praise the Lord! Greater things will yet be registered from this town. Will our friends hold Brother Clare up before the throne?

CANTON.

TRULY, the hand of the Lord is with us at this place. From the first service the divine blessing has rested upon us, and many precious souls have been born again.

A GREAT CHANGE.

A man and his wife were present who had lived in sin for a long time. While I was preaching, they felt as though they would drop into hell at the close. I spoke to the woman, and at once she gave up to Jesus. I then asked the man if he had peace. He said, "That is what I want. I am as miserable as I can be, to be out of hell." He then knelt down beside his wife, and soon shouted, "I've got it." Glory to God!

A BLACK HEART MADE WHITE.

This woman for three weeks was deeply convicted, but thought that she was too bad to be saved. She had been so violent in sin that many doubted whether her concern was real when she came forward; but to hear her cry for mercy was enough to move the hardest heart. After a fearful struggle with the powers of darkness God gave her victory, and pardon and peace. Her husband had heard me at the Gospel Hall, and for four weeks had been miserable. The next week she brought him with her. To hear her pray for the salvation of his soul was the most moving sight I ever saw. She put her arms round his neck and cried, "O Lord, save my husband! O Lord, save him!" Now, at last, it broke him down, and he began to ask the Lord himself, and soon the work was done, and husband and wife are now happy in Jesus.

Friends, pray for us. Here is a field for labour. Tracts are much needed,

and will be thankfully received by J. ALLEN, Gospel Hall, 280, Bute Street, Cardiff. Thanks for a parcel of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons from Maidenhead.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.
BROTHER NAAMAN PARKES, OF
HASTINGS.

ON the 18th of February, 1875, our brother finished his course at ten minutes past ten o'clock. He was converted on the 10th of November, 1862, and from that time adorned his profession. He was always bold to declare what God had done for his soul. Six weeks after his conversion he opened his house for preaching. This caused his landlord and employer to turn their backs upon him, and he had to lose his work and leave his house at a week's notice. Another house was offered, and this was, like the former, opened to God and his people. This again brought down opposition, and our brother, with his wife, had to leave their home on this occasion. This time they had to take refuge in a public-house attic, and sometimes, while they were at prayer, singing and dancing were going on underneath; but God was with them, and saved souls. Twenty-four became members of one of the churches in the village through their instrumentality.

When the mission commenced in Hastings, they became members and preachers. During his last illness many of our friends visited him, and all testified to his happy state of mind. He often talked to his unconverted relatives and friends about their souls. For some time he had enjoyed the blessing of "perfect love;" his will was lost in God's. One night, when his wife was reading in the 26th chapter of Matthew, about Jesus praying three times, "Father, . . . Thy will be done," he said, "Oh! that is nice. I feel I am folded up in His arms, doing His will on earth. Praise the Lord! I only want to do His will." He often repeated his favourite hymn—

I've found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy,
And sing I must, a Christ I have;
Oh! what a Christ have I, &c. &c.

He said once to me, when I called, "The sky is quite clear. Tell the friends I have not a doubt, not a fear. All is calm and peaceful." He said, "I may have an attack from the enemy before I die, but He will sustain me." At the last his pain was very intense. Shortly after the conflict commenced, he said to

his wife, "How long do you think I shall be before I get home?" She said, "Not long." Then he said, "Won't it be nice to get home?" The last hour was very affecting. The presence of God was so remarkably felt, the room appeared to be so lit up with Divine glory, that his dear wife was enabled to rejoice in the painful trial, and the countenance of the dying man was illumined with the inward joy as he passed away to his heavenly home.

Both at his funeral and on the occasion of his funeral sermon souls sought the Saviour. May they meet Him before the throne!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following letter, received by one of our friends, has been sent to us as being likely to interest our readers:—

HOW I WAS SAVED.

Stanely House.

My very dear Friend, — You have often asked me to tell you how I was first led to choose a pilgrim's life, or, in other words, to yield myself, body, soul, and spirit, a willing sacrifice to God my Saviour, both for time and eternity.

Well, as a child I was serious, and it was one of my delights to get away from all my companions, to seek some solitary spot, and to be alone with God. I remember a little book that I was particularly fond of, and the delight with which I used to get away into the green fields to read it; and one verse I can still remember, and still 'tis applicable to my soul—

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
But I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

But although I loved good books and the society of Christian people, I was not a Christian, had never been born again, was still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity; I was clothed in my own righteousness, as the hymn says—

I knew the truth, was deeply read,
And Bible doctrines filled my head;
But, oh! my heart was cold and dead,
I could not feel.

But time rested not. A few years passed away. I was about to enter a lady's service, for the first time, but the Sabbath before I left my happy childhood's home, I went to a Methodist

chapel, and as I sat listening to the preacher's description of the love and beauty of Christ, it seemed to me that I had never heard of the Lord before. The preacher urged us continually to believe, and at last I said, within myself—Well, I do believe that Jesus died for all the world; that He can save to the uttermost—and I felt within my soul that I did love Him; and, oh! then my heart gave such a bound as it never did before. And so on I went for a few more years; sometimes my walk was very uneven. You see, I was not quite right yet. I felt that Christ died for all, that He died for me, but that knowledge did not fill me with joy. I knew that He could save me, was not sure that He would. I knew that I loved Him, but did not believe that the Lord would accept my love. Oh, how could I have doubted Him so long! Years rolled on, and I grew weary, and the language of my soul soon began to be—Oh, that I knew where I might find Him. And so I went on like this, getting more and more cast down, until, bless God, I came to Newington to live; and while walking down the street, I heard the dear members of the Mission singing this happy song—

Happy day, oh, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

I thought—That's what I want to feel, I must go there on Sunday. I went, and came out more miserable than I went in, for everybody looked so happy, and such a number spoke of having got the witness within; that they were born of God. And time after time I went to the services, and often sat apart, leaning my head upon my hand, while the tears fell through my fingers. But no one ever spoke to me, and I did not like to ask advice of any. But the Lord in His love and mercy would not leave me thus.

It was an experience meeting one Sabbath afternoon. A large number got up and testified for Jesus. Among them was our dear Brother F. He spoke of the peace and joy that he had in believing, and I think I see him as he stood in the midst of the hall and looked around upon us all, saying, with quivering lip and beaming eye, "I've got it; I've got it. My ticket's safe. I'm all right—ready. Packed up. And, oh, dearly beloved friends, have you obtained peace? If you have not, never rest short of it; for I can assure you that you will never be really happy

till you have yielded yourself and all you have to Him." Well, those words sank deep down into my heart. But I was proud; I was stubborn.

At last I could stand it no longer. I went home into the country. It was a lovely summer's day; the birds were singing sweetly, the flowers were blooming, and all nature was smiling on every hand. But I was sad. I looked upward, and the scalding tears came thickly. I thought, Oh, now I do so wish that I was sure that God had pardoned me, that I was accepted in the Beloved. Something said—Why not be sure to-day? why not make sure now, why not this very moment? Kneel down and ask for your assurance; you can have it for asking for as well as Brother F. But I could not kneel in the road. Dear friend, you will smile, I know, but when a soul is in reality seeking after Jesus, it will do anything to find Him. Well, there was a field of wheat close by. Something said, Get in among the wheat. I did so, and fell upon my knees, while the corn was waving and rustling above and around, and if I never prayed in all my life before, I did then. I told the Lord that I would not rise from my knees nor leave that spot until He gave me the sense of sin forgiven, my ticket for glory, my title clear. And, oh! bless the Lord, oh! my soul, I had not knelt there long before the Saviour showed His lovely face. Promise after promise came into my mind. I heard, by faith, the words, Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace. I will love thee with an everlasting love; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine, and many others. And, oh! the peace and joy that filled my soul. I felt that I had received the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Glory to His name. I was happy, my soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and ever after that I could shout and sing of redeeming love, and never tire of praising my Lord and King.

And thus it was, dear friend, I got my assurance, and now, oh, surely, there cannot be a happier girl than I am, for my heart bounds and rebounds at the thought of all the love and mercy which the Lord has caused to pass before me. I am not worthy of His love, I know, but now I fear no condemnation, for my Father's wrath is over. Glory to God, my chains are broken, and I am free.

B. F.

Music for the Million.

— 103 —

THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD ON HIGH.

There is a beau - tiful world, Where saints and angels sing; A world where peace

and pleasure reigns, And heav'nly praises ring. We'll be there, We'll be there, Palms of

vict'ry, crowns of glo - ry we shall wear In that beau - ti - ful land on high.

2. There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrows never come;
A world where tears shall never fall,
In sighing for our home.
3. There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;

- And darkness never enters there,
That world is fair and bright.
4. There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love;
Oh, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above!

OH REMEMBER CALVARY.

HYMN 211.

Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, 7.6.

Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And take my sins a - way.

2. I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
3. Speak and let the lost be found,
And let the dying live;

4. Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
5. Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.