

The Christian Mission Magazine.

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Kings.

By G. S. RAILTON.



THEY have been discussing, with the greatest gravity, in the House of Commons, what they shall call our Queen; and if they determine to style her "Empress," whether she shall bear that title in England, or in India only!

It is not always the most agreeable thing in the world to be an earthly monarch and to be discussed by everybody.

Thank God! we, who have obtained the glorious rights and heritage of sons of God through faith in Jesus, are raised far above any such discussion, even by the most powerful and dignified of earthly assemblies.

Perhaps the angels will be talking about our titles some day, for "we know not what we shall be;" but our royal rank and power are for ever assured in our glorious charter—"We shall be like Him," the "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

WE ARE KINGS FOR EVER.

It is astonishing to see how easily the greatest human honours and positions can slip away from those who for a time seem secure beyond all fear. What a crowd of personages there are who, within the memory of us all, have had to descend from thrones and become mere citizens! There are enough of these ex-kings, ex-rajahs, ex-princes, ex-presidents, and ex-premiers, living to people an east-end court, and if they all lived in one, they could not be less noticed than they are nowadays.

But the God who alone rules with ever-increasing power has made us His kings for ever; and when all the rest of the earthly potentates have ceased to reign, we shall be sitting upon thrones and wearing crowns that will never pass from us.

Even when they call men kings in these times, some other authority, some cabinet, or parliament, or other council, does nearly all, if not quite all, the governing for them. And the restless tide of popular influence seems every year to make kingship in every land more and more of a name, and less and less of a reality.

But for us God has set forth a plan of constantly increasing activity and power. Placing before us His only Son as our model, He boldly urges us to rise to the grand height of brotherly equality with Him, while He, the Captain of our salvation, holds out to us a loving hand, and promises to lift us up if we will let Him, so that we may sit down with Him on His throne *even as* He has sat down on His Father's throne.

What a calling! To conquer every foe of God and righteousness! To have mastery in all our conflicts for God! To tread down Satan under our feet! To have it all our own way, provided our way is God's way! To triumph over evil instead of being overcome by it! To turn the world upside down with irresistible power, and never to be shaken even in our own throne, but to sit calm and quiet amidst the up-heaving of everything and the downfall of all our foes! To enjoy the splendours of heaven itself even amidst the poverty and affliction of our earthly pilgrimage! To pull down the very strongholds of hell, piercing their defenders to the heart, while they laugh at and persecute us in their helpless spite! To advance through one splendid progress of glory and victory, while angel lords-in-waiting attend us, and shining hosts cheer every fresh achievement, until at length we stand far above all height by God's own side, blazing like the very stars in His own light and glory! That is the life God has planned us.

LET US LIVE LIKE KINGS.

Let us live like the King of kings Himself. Nothing less than this can be consistent with our dignity, possessions, and our prospects.

But, oh! how unworthy of their high calling do God's kings generally behave!

Here's a king all in a splutter, because somebody has said something unkind to him! Poor fellow! he is promised public coronation before the whole world one of these days; but he really cannot endure a few hard words from some little mortal! Does he really believe God has made him king?

Here's another distressed beyond measure because he has just lost ten pounds! He is "coming into" nobody can tell how much a year for ever and ever. Everything God has belongs to him in fact; but oh dear, that ten pounds! What a dreadful loss, to be sure! He can't enjoy himself for a week after that! Can he really believe he is a king?

But just look at this one! He seems the gloomiest of all. Darkness seems to cover him altogether, and he can hardly hold his head up at all. Whatever can be the matter? Well, nothing is exactly the matter just now; but he is full of trouble because he thinks something is going to happen. Did you ever? He is going to dwell with God in the deathless land of triumph, but he "cannot bear the thought" of some little storm that may burst upon him for a few days here! Does he *know* that he is a king of heaven?

There goes a regular crowd of kings; what a hurry they are in, to be sure! Some tremendous battle with hell is surely coming off soon. They "really have not time" to talk to you about that at all. They would prefer to see you on Sunday upon such subjects. Oh, yes, they *are* busy. That king has to make a lot of bricks, and the next one is going to lay some, and that other is off to nail some pieces of wood together, and this queen sews pieces of cloth in different shapes all day, and all those better dressed ones spend their time in handing people little parcels and taking little bits of metal from them in return. They spend as many hours as ever they can in this way, because they want to "get on in the world."

Do they really believe that they are kings?—that they are soon going to leave this world, with all its little affairs, and to have the morning star given them, and to walk on golden streets for ever and ever?

Alas! what degradation! They talk of the dishonour to the crown when a royal personage commits some act of indiscretion; but here are whole lives utterly beneath the holy dignity conferred by God Himself. Oh, shame upon our unbelief, our cowardice, and our worldliness! Such conduct disgraces God and man alike beyond all description.

"Ah, yes," sighs another king, "how dreadfully low the spiritual life of God's people is, and how little progress the cause of Christ, thus degraded and hindered, seems to make in the world! True, royal brother, there is much to dishearten God and us, who seek His glory. But let us at least be kings to Him. Let us not fear nor faint. We are called to the kingdom for such a time as this. There is disorder, and darkness, and sin, and woe, and rebellion, and ruin on every side.

But we are called to reign, and reign we will for all that. The Lord of Hosts proclaims that no weapon formed against us shall prosper, and trusting in His power, we can put things to rights to any extent. Down with every inconsistency—down with every iniquity—down with every opposition to God and righteousness. Reign we must, and reign we will, till everything is subdued to our blessed Jesus.

Remember the mighty change that has taken place in our own condition. We, who used to be the sport of every current of worldliness and sin, and whose hearts groaned beneath the cruel yoke of the devil; we who dare not so much as lift our heads against iniquity, either fashionable or vile, are not merely set free from bondage, but are proclaiming liberty and resisting the wicked one and all his servants daily. God has made us slaves, in fact, the partners of His throne already. What then have we to fear? The same power which has already established this kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in our hearts is with us to accomplish more wondrous marvels still. It is our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom. Enough!

THE STANDING DOUBT.

A Sermon by the Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY, the celebrated American Revivalist.

"Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 THESS. v. 16, 17, 18.



OW, that is a religion worth having. It is the sum and substance of all true religion. It is the religion of the Bible, the religion of Heaven. I again repeat, such a religion as my text describes is a religion worth having; and if a man has it, he will know it. Do you think it is possible for a man to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, and not know it? The religion of the New Testament is the simplest thing in the world. It is as open as the day. It seems to say to me—Read me, criticise me, embrace me, and I will make you happy; and if it makes you happy, will you not know it? You cannot, then, have religion and not know it. Our text contains two ways, two glorious ways, by which the soul ascends to God—prayer and gratitude. It contains three links of Christian experience—joy, prayer, thanksgiving. They all depend one upon the other; you cannot destroy one without destroying the whole. If you stop praying, you will soon stop thanking; and if you stop thanking, you will soon stop rejoicing; cease to rejoice, and the voice of thanksgiving will be hushed, and the spirit of prayer will droop and die. Then we say, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing," &c. We will.

I. SHOW THAT IT IS THE PRIVILEGE OF THE CHRISTIAN TO REJOICE EVERMORE.

II. STATE THE REASON WHY SO MANY PROFESSORS DO NOT ATTAIN TO THIS HAPPY STATE.

First, the privilege.

"Were we called upon to embody and delineate the spirit of the Gospel, we would not dip our pencil in the black dye of melancholy to paint a dark and dismal figure, with cloudy countenance and dismal brow, clothed in sable, and heaving sighs, with a downcast look and a mournful step, as if the world were one wide burial-ground, and her pathway was continually among graves; and the only light that gleamed upon that path was the ghastly light that glimmered in a charnel-house; and the only sound that met her ear was the shriek of the death-struggle, and the chant of the funeral dirge. No; I would dip my pencil in the loveliest hues of heaven, to paint a bright and beautiful spirit from the skies, with the love of God sparkling on her countenance, and the glory of God beaming on her brow; clothed with garments of light, and crowned with a wreath of amaranth; with a smile of such sweet serenity as would tell that all within was peace—the *peace of God*; and an aspect of holy gladness caught from every sight of beauty and every sound of melody; with a buoyant step becoming a traveller to the skies, and an upward look raised rejoicingly to Him who is her hope and happiness, and to that heaven from which she came, and to which she is returning; walking amidst earth's snares with white robes unspotted by its defilements; or descending from her high and holy communings with God, to

minister to man's welfare as heaven's ministering spirit of mercy; entering the abodes of misery, and making the broken heart to sing for joy; visiting the dwellings of rejoicing, and hallowing all their happiness with the smile of God." Religion is from heaven; she walks amidst the murky gloom of earth; she is the true philosopher's stone, converting everything to gold; she is described in our text as imparting perpetual joy—"Rejoice evermore."

If you want this perpetual joy you must *cultivate it*—you must keep breathing towards heaven after it. You, I say, must *cultivate it*; and, like everything else, it will improve by practice. There are within your reach thousands of considerations calculated to increase your joy—considerations from within, without, the past, the present, the future, hell, earth, heaven, and one spot above all others—*Calvary*. Very few seem to understand this happy philosophy—very few learn this blessed art; and, consequently, they are *up* one day and *down* another. Life with them is a chequered scene, full of lights and shadows—sadness, gloom, and despair, mingled with a few gleams of joy. Sorrow, however, extends its dark shadow over the greater part of life, and the sunny spots are few and far between.

You never glorify God by fretting away your little hour, and by murmuring at your lot. If a gentleman turns out his servants thin, lean, meagre, shabbily dressed, and ill-favoured, the people say, "Ah, they have a *poor shop* of it! We don't envy them their lot! Their looks tell what sort of a master they have." But if he turns them out well-clothed, with fine ruddy countenances, robust, strong, and healthy in appearance, "Ah," say the people, "they have rare times; *they* do their master credit; it's worth while being a servant to such a master as that!" It is the happy Christian that honours his religion and his God. The world sees that he has happiness to which they are strangers. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice."

"Do you think," inquires one, "that all Christians have this joy?" I answer, No; I never thought so. If you could follow many of them into the domestic circle—into the scenes of business—could you draw aside the veil and look at them there, would you hear expressions of joy breaking forth from their lips? No; you would hear *grumbling—grumbling—grumbling* at everything. If this gloomy, repining state of mind, in which multitudes of professing Christians indulge, were put into words—if what the heart says—for the heart often says to God what the lips would not for worlds utter; and, remember, God is always listening to the silent but most expressive language of the heart—now, a believer's heart when repining, says to God (oh, may yours never speak it to him!): "God of all my blessings—God of my salvation! I believe that the disposal of all the events of my life is in Thy hands, and that Thou hast promised to make them all work together for my good; but still I am so dissatisfied with the manner in which Thou art arranging those events—there is so much undeserved harshness, unnecessary severity, in Thy dealings with me—that I wish either that Thou wouldst alter Thy mode of treatment, or that the guardianship were taken out of Thy hands!"

Is not this the appalling language of a repining heart! Ought He ever to read it in your heart, believer, who for your everlasting happiness has drained the life-blood of His own? Think, then, how it must wound Him to look into your heart, and see that, after all He has done, *all* He

has suffered for you, He has failed to win for Himself your acquiescence, your confidence, your supreme affection! Well, whatever be the course you pursue, here is God's will about you—"Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Here is the will, signed, sealed, and delivered over to you. "Rejoice evermore."

This is the will of God concerning you—but when? When you come up to heaven? No; I answer, *now!* It is God's will this moment concerning you; and He now holds down to you a bunch of grapes—a bunch with three as fine grapes as ever grew in any part of the sunny world. He bids you gather them and eat. He places them near—within your reach. He offers them freely. He bids you gather, and eat, and live for ever!—continued joy, unceasing prayer, perpetual thanksgiving. Get this joy; it will be to you what the wings are to the bird. The bird does not feel his wings; they carry themselves and him too. The ship does not feel the weight of the sails; the sails carry themselves, and waft on the vessel too. The joy of the Lord, as a heavenly breeze, will waft you onward. God says to you, "Come, and I will show you the length and the breadth of Immanuel's land."

II.—State the reason why so many professors do not attain this happy state of experience.

First. *Many professors in the Christian Church have never been born again.* This is a fact as true as it is painful. Conscience lifts up its warning voice; the Spirit flashes conviction across their minds; or, under some alarming providence or Holy Ghost sermon, they become alarmed—convinced of sin—and, under the influence of these feelings, they connect themselves with the people of God, and suppose that all is right. They are deceived, and they deceive others. 'Tis true there is a great change in them, a change pervading their whole conduct. 'Tis true there is stillness, but it is the stillness of death; there is peace, but it is the *peace of the tomb*. The circle of ceremonies is filled up, but you never hear them say, "O, how I love the *closet!* All hail, sacred hour of devotion!" Were you to listen ever so attentively, you would never hear them exclaiming, "O, precious Sabbath! how calm, how sacred, how holy, thy hands! how my soul revels in the hallowed exercises! When wilt thou arrive?" No; their religion is a religion of fear, and all the hopes they have of heaven are based on their fancied freedom from evil—on reformation—on profession. They are proof against every argument, and every appeal: their profession acts like a lightning conductor. See! see! that old thatched house there in the distance. Look closely at it, and you will see a little black rod running up along the side of it, from the bottom to the very top, and extending itself above the chimney. It is a lightning conductor; it attracts and leads off the burning element. Ah! your profession has many a time acted like the lightning conductor. When God's servants, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, have made the lightnings of Divine truth flash upon you that would have demoralised your refuge of lies, discovered to you your guilty state, and have led you to the blood of Christ, up went your lightning conductor, and every impression was evaded. You know nothing of deep, solid, spiritual joy; you cannot rejoice evermore; and one reason is, you have never been born again: and, until this is the case, you may as well try to unite *fire and water, heaven and hell*, as try to rejoice evermore. Bring together

wind and water, and you will have a storm; bring into contact fire and water, and you will have a commotion; bring the holy principles of Christianity and an unholy heart, and you will have a commotion, a storm, a tempest; they cannot agree, they cannot harmonise; either you must change the religion or change the heart—they cannot unite. I tell you, you may as well try to make the poles meet, stop the winds in their course, roll back the tide, or pluck the sun from the heavens, *as perpetually to rejoice without the new birth.* "Marvel not that I say unto you, Ye must be born again."

Secondly. Another reason why so many professors do not rejoice evermore is, they have a **STANDING DOUBT** of their acceptance with God—a doubt as to whether they are born again; and therefore they cannot rejoice evermore. Now, that is a bit of real mental philosophy. "What do you mean," says one, "by a standing doubt?" I mean that the doubt has something to stand upon; that is, you cannot tell the time and place of your conversion. "Yes," says one, "I can tell the very time and place where God pardoned my sins, but I cannot rejoice evermore." Ah! I know what you are: you are a backslider! The devil could tell you that he was once in heaven—once a son of the morning—once an archangel in glory; that he once sang sweetly amidst the bowers of Eden; that he once raised the high hallelujahs of heaven; but what of that? he is a *devil now*. And what is it that you can tell the time, place, and circumstances of your conversion—you are a backslider now!

A **STANDING DOUBT!** When did you get converted? In what year of our Lord was it? In what month? On what day was it? In what place? In what town did it happen? You know the place of your natural birth. You could point out the place, town, room, hour, and perhaps the very minute; and probably you keep an anniversary of your birthday. Oh, I love to see families do that; I love to hear the voice of joy and melody in their tabernacles, while they commemorate the birthday of one of the happy group. You do this, but then you have no spiritual birthday anniversary.

"But, sir," says one, "is that essential to religion?" I answer—Why—no, no, not essential like repentance and faith; but very desirable. I have carefully examined this point; I have had an opportunity of conversing with some thousands on the state of their experience; and I am prepared to affirm that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where they could not tell the time and place of their spiritual birth, I have found them in a very uncertain and doubtful state of experience. I hold that the work of conversion is so momentous, that no man can pass through it and not know it. The Bible speaks of it as a passing from darkness to light; from the devil to Christ; from bondage to liberty; from death to life! You cannot drink the wormwood and the gall, you cannot cry for mercy, you cannot experience the new creation—you cannot pass through all these asleep. Is there a sailor here? I believe there is. Do you remember when your vessel dashed upon a rock, and became a wreck? Plunged in the boiling deep, you struggled through the foaming waves, and reached that rock. There you sat down, drenched, chilled, exhausted; you expected to perish. A vessel hove in sight; you waved your handkerchief; one of the crew saw you; the boat was lowered; the rope was thrown out to you; you tied it round your waist, and sprang into the sea; you were drawn out and saved. Can you forget that deliver-

ance? No—never! never! While memory holds its seat, it will be engraven there. And, I ask the professor, can you forget when you were pardoned? when you were saved from hell? when you obtained a title to heaven? when you underwent the change that determines your destiny? But, ah, you cannot recollect the *time* and *place* of that great event. There is still that *standing doubt*; like Aaron's rod, it swallows up everything. Like Pharaoh's seven lean kine, it devours all; it follows you like your shadow. You retire to your closet to hold communion with God; you confess your failing; you look at the great blessings of salvation; your soul kindles with strong desire; you ask God to bestow these blessings upon you; but up comes the *standing doubt*. You come to the house of God; you hear the messenger of heaven opening up the great privileges of the saints; you see how infinitely superior they are to aught that earth can bestow; and you would rejoice—but there is that *standing doubt*. Then you think of heaven—of that better land—of the society of the blessed—of the employment of the redeemed—of the visions of God—of the eternity of glory—of the fadeless crowns: you would bless God for the prospect, and “break out into a song,” but up comes the *standing doubt*—perhaps I am not a Christian; if not, the heaven is not mine. You think of hell, the fire, the gnawing worm, the burning wrath of God, the society of devils, the cry of despair, the shrieks of the lost, the howlings of the damned, the eternity of death, the universal wail, the groans of boundless woe awakening, echoing, rolling around the world of death. “But, ah!” say you, “I am a professor. I am a Christian; I shall be saved from that hell.” But up comes the *standing doubt*, “Perhaps I am; I think I am; I trust I am, but I don't know.” Well, then, 'tis only “Perhaps I shall escape it; I think I shall escape it; I trust I shall escape it—but I don't know.” Ah! there's the *standing doubt*! You cannot rejoice evermore.

Get this matter settled; get it settled at once. End this controversy with Heaven. Fly, fly to the blood—the blood—the blood of the Lamb. I tell you, if you take not care, this *standing doubt* will get you into hell, after all. Now, you are pardoned, or you are not pardoned; you are condemned, or you are justified. If there was a world where there was neither a God nor a devil—neither sin nor holiness—if there was some middle state, some border land, where you would be asked no questions about your conduct—where there would be no open books, no judgment day—then you might have gone on with this *standing doubt*. But there is no border land. There is, however, a judgment day. There are books to be opened. There is a Judge—an omniscient Judge. And it's all near at hand. O! will you get this *standing doubt* removed? Will you get this great question set at rest?

“I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have;
But Thou, through whom I come to God,
Can'st to the utmost save,
From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul.
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
My faith shall make me whole.”

FLAMES OF FIRE.

REV. JOSEPH SPOOR.

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KEELMAN (“bargee”) of the Tyne, born in 1813, and so brought up that before he was 13 he became an habitual swearer, an expert at cards and dancing, and was constantly mixing in scenes of drunkenness and fighting. Again and again all but drowned, he says, “I ran on, Gallio-like, caring for none of these things, was never easy but when engaged in mischief,” and only went to a place of worship now and then with his bad companions to make sport, create disturbance, or ridicule religious professors.

HIS CONVERSION.

But Hodgson Casson came along, and the lad rushed with the crowd to hear the strange preacher. “The wicked shall be turned into hell,” was the text. The preacher's manner was solemn and stern, his imagery bold and realistic; and as he denounced the wrath of God upon the workers of iniquity in unsparing terms, the congregation stood aghast and trembled. It is a remarkable fact that after such a sermon from such a preacher, only two lads and a girl out of the crowded congregation came to the penitent-form; and young Spoor, after kneeling there a short time, says, “I was in such misery that I took my hat and ran out of the chapel. I went home, but could not rest. I trembled from head to foot. I roared out in the disquietude of my spirit.” He returned to the chapel door, but could not go in. He wandered aimlessly about the neighbourhood, trying all means he could devise to allay the storm in his soul. For a fortnight he struggled in the slough of despond; but at length the day of deliverance came. He says:—

“When God revealed His Son in my heart, I felt raptures most heavenly. I thought my sufferings were all at an end. I went about trying to persuade all I fell in with to come and find what I had found. I told them of my peace, my love, my joy. I feared not earth nor hell. As for temptation, I knew not what it meant; but I soon found it out, though I had months of bliss.”

A METHODY.

His father and mother had been godless enough so far; but the moment their son got converted they found out they were “decent Church people,” and thought his conduct disgraced them. They saw no occasion for anything in religion beyond the routine of Church service. It was outrageous for a lot of young people to be singing, praying, and shouting for joy, reading the Scriptures in all their spare time, travelling for miles round the country to love-feasts and special services, singing as they went.

So thought their unconverted parents, and so, alas! thought many of the old professors of religion connected even then with the Wesleyan Church. Alas! how many “decent Church people” there are! The Lord have mercy on them!

A FIREBRAND.

But young Spoor would not be cramped. So he joined the Primitives,

then in a comparatively uncivilised condition, and found amongst them ample scope for his restless activities and zealous, fiery spirit.

At 17 he was made an exhorter, and was soon after called out as a missionary in the country round Hexham. He found his new berth harder than the one he had left in the river.

It was common for him to sleep under haystacks and hedges, and often enough his meal-time brought him nothing but wild fruit. He speaks of the relish with which he devoured the blackberries and "haws" he found on the road sides. What wonder that he was the subject of fierce temptations; and, what was worse than all, his work failed in his hands. This district has always been a barren region for Methodism. His want of success greatly embittered his lot, and he so far yielded to temptation that he actually took the road to Newcastle to throw up his commission. However, on his flight from this trying field of duty, he sat down by the roadside to reflect upon his hard lot; then the mortifying thought of his cowardice in running away from duty because of its hardship and suffering flashed upon him. He thought that he was even more cowardly than Jonah. Everything appeared dark and dismal. Dense clouds covered the sky, and he became the subject of a thousand tormenting apprehensions. His heart swelled within him, and as he surrendered himself to the tempest of his emotions he wept bitterly. In his distress he turned to God in prayer.

On his knees by the roadside he found Divine power to lift his prostrate soul from the dust, and to invigorate him for the mighty labours and sufferings which marked his career afterwards. So he re-consecrated himself to his work, and returned to his field of labour.

After six months of unproductive toil in this barren region he was taken to the home branch of the Hexham circuit, where he found more sympathy, and where his efforts were crowned with considerable success. By his zeal, earnestness, and faith, he turned many to righteousness. He was mighty in prayer; he won his battles on his knees. He was an importunate pleader. "It was this," says the Rev. W. Dent, "that made his face shine and his words burn, that made him more honourable than many of his brethren, who in some important respects far exceeded him. Prevailing with God in his closet, he prevailed with men in the pulpit. One instance of what characterised his whole life is here given. There had been a little opposition to his being regularly employed as a travelling preacher. About the time, Mr. Coulson, his superintendent, who had contended for him, happened to call at a house in the country where the ministers commonly stayed when in that neighbourhood, not knowing that his young colleague was there. While engaged in conversation with the lady of the house, he heard a noise he could not account for; the upper part of the house and the windows were shaking, and it seemed as if some one was in great agony. He asked what it was. 'Oh,' said the good woman, 'it is only Joseph engaged in his closet.' 'That's the way for a preacher to get on,' said Coulson; 'he'll make his way, I warrant him.'"

An example of his readiness, simplicity, and boldness is seen in the following incident which occurred in the Hexham circuit. On his way to his appointment one afternoon he saw on the other side of the hedge about 16 females at work in a field. An impression seized him that he ought to go and speak to them of Christ. Obeying the impulse, he clambered over the hedge, and ran across the field, and began to shout at the top pitch of his voice, "Well, good people, you are busy with your turnips. I hope you don't forget you have each a soul to save; and if not saved, it must be damned for ever. But Jesus died to save you every one; repent of your sins now every one of you, and believe in Christ, and He will save you and make you happy. If you get religion it will help you in your work. I am a missionary, and am going to preach at C—— to-night. I shall be glad to see you all. God bless you every one. Good afternoon."

"Well," said they, when he was gone, "that's a strange man." One said, "What a bonnie-looking young man." "Ah," said another, "how earnest he looked, and how earnestly he spoke; we'll go and hear him, however." To this they all agreed. The result was that most of them were brought to God. He convinced these women in the field that he meant and felt what he said. His words were not born on his lips, but came from a soul all aflame with a Saviour's love. It was a frequent thing with him on meeting people on the road to draw

them into conversation about their souls, and then get them to kneel down in the road or field and pray with them.

Labouring on in this spirit of devotion, Mr. Spoor naturally had many very bright days as well as some dark ones. We append an account of some of the most blessed scenes of saving power we ever remember to have heard of:—

At the outset of the Appleton revival a remarkable scene transpired on this wise. At the close of a Sunday night's service a respectable young woman and a devoted Christian spoke to Mr. Spoor about her solicitude for the conversion of her parents and brothers; and asked him to come to breakfast next morning, in hope that he might have an opportunity of doing them good. Having inquired into the case, he agreed to go, on the proviso that she would spend an hour that night wrestling with God for them, as he would. The condition was readily acceded to, and they both pleaded for the salvation of this family, as a thing touching Christ's kingdom. At breakfast next morning a Divine influence rested upon them. At family prayer, Mr. Spoor wrestled like another Jacob in holy desperation, crying, "I will not let thee go;" and to employ the words and figure of the prophet, he "laid hold upon the Most High." "While I was pleading," says Mr. Spoor, "I felt something heavy fall upon my feet, and heard bitter and loud cries for mercy. I looked and saw it was the mother. I went on, keeping hold of mighty faith in prayer; and in a few minutes the father fell upon the floor, roaring aloud for salvation." The eldest son, who was in the weaving shop adjoining the house, hearing the noise, opened the door, looked in, when Mr. Spoor commenced to pray for him, and he literally fell into the room prostrate, and along with the others cried to God for mercy. The noise was now increased, so that the other brother came to the door to see what it all meant, when the Divine power seized him, and he also fell down and joined his parents and brother, shouting aloud under poignant conviction of sin.

The neighbours were attracted by the strange noises, and they first came to the window; then opening the door, some came in and looked upon the extraordinary scene, and were smitten to the floor by the power of God, and their plaints and cries mingled with the cries of others. Some of the neighbours ran through the village, telling of the wonderful things that were transpiring in this house, and many of the villagers flocked into the house, others stood awe-stricken and wondering around the door. All who came in were instantly over-mastered by the mighty influence, and fell to the floor under its power. The cottage presented a scene which beggars all description. All this time Mr. Spoor continued praying with different persons, men and women, leading them unto a believing view of Christ, and unto the liberty of God's children. Some were exulting in their virgin love; some were weeping the tears of penitence on account of their sins; some were shouting and wrestling as with a powerful foe. There they were, old and young, rejoicing and crying, and shouting aloud.

Towards noon Mr. Spoor's strength failed him, and no one but a man of great resource could have laboured so long and so earnestly as he did. Now, however, it was absolutely needful for him to have help, that the victory might be completed. So a messenger ran off to Mr. Walker, who, like a true soldier of the Cross, threw down his hedging gloves, left his tools and men, and hastened to this strange scene of spiritual conflict. With this reinforcement, the battle went on gloriously. As the afternoon advanced, and the foe was routed, and as Mr. Spoor had an appointment at another place in the evening, hostilities were suspended. After a hasty tea, he set off to his evening's work, accompanied by the band of recruits enlisted that morning. As they went along they made the welkin ring with their songs, and had many short prayer-meetings on the road. Mr. Spoor spoke to a man, whom they met, about his soul's salvation; and though at first he treated it lightly, yet under the urgent and burning words of the preacher he became impressed. They then formed a ring round him for a prayer-meeting, and there they prayed, and the man also began to pray, till he, in the open roadway, found the Pearl of great price, and they shouted together for joy. This road-side convert became an intelligent and efficient local preacher for many years. As it might be expected, they carried the fire of the Lord into the place whither Mr. Spoor was going to preach. A revival broke out there, too, and many of the inhabitants partook of the "glorious bliss."

FEMALE MINISTRY.



HEY say it is quite improper for women to preach the Gospel. What is it proper for women to do? Is it proper for them to stand before the public for many hours daily in a shop? The universal practice says it is. We are thankful to find that "Mr. Frederick Smith, of Leeston, Weston-super-Mare," and other excellent people with him, are urging upon the public attention that these poor shopwomen should at least have seats to sit upon when not waiting upon their customers. We wish the agitators every success, and cannot imagine any real objection to it.

But has woman no better destiny than to stand or sit in waiting upon man's bodily needs? Will any one find out a reason why women should not stand before the public to offer them the bread of life, the wine and milk of the Gospel, and the robes of righteousness?

Thank God, our columns bear witness monthly to the fact that God has poured out His Spirit in these days upon His handmaids as well as upon His sons, and that women, guided and supported by His hand, can accomplish every thing in spiritual work that man can do.

THE REST OF FAITH.

In the endeavour to make clear this controverted question of the present day, we will suppose some man of property wishes to spend a considerable time abroad. He is, however, in no small perplexity and trouble as to what he shall do with his title deeds and plate; he feels it dangerous to leave them in the house, shut up as it will be. A friend comes along, and suggests that he apply to his bankers (the Bank of England), and ask them to secure his property in one of their fire-and-thief-proof cellars; they very cordially assent to this request. He now departs, leaving his valuables behind—easy is he now, and at peace within. What causes this change in his feelings? Simply because he has now gained the "rest of faith," by the confidence he has in the security afforded by the cellar of the bank. Now, my Christian brother or sister, have you the enjoyment of the "rest of faith"? If not, why not? Go and do thou with thy soul as did the man of wealth with his choice belongings. Go to Jesus, and deposit with Him all your spiritual title deeds and plate, in the shape of volition of will, feelings, thoughts, words, ways, and all heart-workings, for Him to lock them up in the secure

strong-room of His wounds; then, by constant watching unto prayer, and looking continually unto Him, whenever any foe, of whatever kind he may be, approaches to assail and take possession of your best treasure, Jesus will appear and fight the battle for you, and bring you off more than conqueror through His blood. He will resist and overcome for you infinitely better than you can possibly do it for yourself, while you may (in spirit) calmly look on and witness the conquering power in full play for your deliverance; how beautiful is this precious boon, this "rest of faith"! How comparatively easy, and more certain do victories become when we thus trust wholly to our "more than Brother Friend," to do that effectually for us which we, only in the most imperfect manner, can do for ourselves! Thus abiding in Him, we may have marked out for us by our great Captain an unhindered course of victory. The poet says—

Lo! the tall sons of Anak rise—
Who can the sons of Anak meet?
Captain, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
And, lo! they fall beneath my feet.

When, therefore, the "Anak" evils of our nature stir at any time, or are put into motion by circumstances, let us

cast a believing look at the Crucified One, and He has engaged to lift up a standard against the foe—which means for us a certain victory in each hour of every day. If we thus unceasingly abandon ourselves to Christ, great will be our triumphs and peace.

S.

THE WRONG SIDE OF FIFTY.

MR. VENN, in one of his preaching excursions, while riding on the road, fell into company with a person who had the appearance of a clergyman. After riding together for some time, conversing on different subjects, the stranger, looking in his face, said—

"Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of 50?"

"On the wrong side of 50!" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir, I am on the right side of 50."

"Surely," the clergyman replied, "you must be turned 50?"

"Yes, sir," added Mr. Venn, "but I am on the right side of 50, for every year I live I am nearer my crown of glory."

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

MRS. SELINA GWENNELL, OF STRATFORD.

ONE of the first fruits of our labours in Stratford has gone up to the New Jerusalem, to remind our dear friends there that even in that rugged soil we are not labouring in vain, and we cannot doubt to enlist fresh sympathy for the dear old spot, amongst martyrs, prophets, apostles, kings, and angels.

Her eldest son first came to hear us in an old wooden shed near her house. Bricks and stones were freely hurled at it, and the hooting and shouting was such as to compel the preacher to stop. Nevertheless, the young man was converted, along with many more, and, of course, began at once to pray for his parents' salvation. But it was no wonder that it took some time, and no little persuasion, to induce any woman to enter such a place.

At length, however, she came, and the word of God laid hold of her heart with mighty power. She went home unsaved; but could not rest, for even when she slept, dreams of eternity crowded upon her. One night she dreamt she was in hell, and awoke full of its awful horrors; the next, she

thought herself amidst the blest in glory with two of her children, who had passed away, and awoke to find herself still separated from them, not only by death, but by unpardoned sin. This dreadful state of mind continued for weeks. Fully convinced of sin, she still felt unwilling to give up to Christ. But at last she was persuaded to come out and seek mercy, and then at once she was enabled to shout aloud—

"I AM SAVED!"

Her husband, alas! was a poor drunkard, and it was no easy matter for her to attend the services. Three men would often have to stand at the door of the hall to keep the peace; but while her husband and his companions used to enjoy the sport, Mrs. Gwennell came night after night, did her utmost to prevent the crowd from interfering with us, and stood with us in the open-air services, amidst many of the stormiest scenes even the Christian Mission has ever had to pass through.

When we removed to our present hall, the persecution increased. Everyone who attended the place was marked and hooted at wherever they went all the week. The man who had charge of the work never went home to his meals without being hooted and pelted. Sometimes the jute factory girls would tie their shawls together, and wind them round the "King of the Ranters," and spit upon him, while he prayed for them. Publicans used to fill carts and waggons with lads, armed with stones and tin kettles, while we preached in the streets. Our windows were broken, and whenever the preacher had a new hat, it was spoilt the first day. In the midst of these storms, and the threats of a drinking husband, this dear old sister never wavered or flinched for a moment.

In our open-air meetings we were compelled to form two rings (owing to the persecution). The preacher stood upon a chair, the women formed an inside circle, and the men joined arms around the outside, and thus prevented the roughs seizing the preacher. During this time our dear sister would stand and pray with her eyes shut, and if she opened them, it was only to find out who was leading the opposition, and for that man she specially prayed. One man, notorious for wickedness, who had often threatened my life, was specially marked by her for prayer. After a time, she told him that God would

punish him: soon after, this man, when intoxicated, walked into a lime kiln and lay down to sleep, but the kiln being very hot, he was found in the morning dead.

Knowing how bitterly I was opposed by the wicked, she seldom failed to stand at the door when I left the factory, and wave her hand with "God bless you!" as I passed by.

But for persevering prayer her husband would have taken her life; but instead of this, after four weary years of trial and faith, she was able to rejoice over his salvation ere he passed into eternity. Several other members of her family likewise fell at the feet of Jesus beneath the power of her prayers and her holy life.

Through all the chequered history of the Mission at Stratford Mrs. Gwennell remained unshaken, firm, and fixed for God to live and die: one of God's own gems, scarcely noticed by the world, or even by the Lord's people, and yet one of the most faithful servants of the Most High we ever knew.

The last 12 months of her pilgrimage was spent in great weakness and pain, and for the last 12 weeks of it she was confined to bed.

As she lay suffering she kept praying that God would preserve her from murmuring, and blessing Him for His kindness and goodness towards her. At times she would remain for a while unconscious; but her first returning thoughts were sure to be bright and heavenly.

"Do you know where you are?" asked her eldest son one day.

"I am on the borders of eternity," she replied, "with my feet in the river of death. I shall soon be at home over there."

"Can you leave all your children willingly?"

"Yes."

"And whose care will you leave us all in?"

"In the care of Jesus. What better friend could I leave you with?"

Two days before she died Mr. Booth called upon her. Awaking from unconsciousness, and seeing him by her bedside, she exclaimed—

"God bless the Mission!"

On the evening of her death she sent word to the hall—

"Tell them I'm almost home," and in less than an hour later her journey

was ended, and she landed in the glorious land where there are no more storms.

Oh, for many more such soldiers of the Lord to fight and win the field for Jesus!

A. LAMB.

THE FURNACE FOR GOLD.

THE ore lay in the goldsmith's shop rude and unrefined. How the costly vessels, pure and polished, glittered before it!

"Ah, that I were such as you!" cried the ore. "I am gold, even as you are; but where is my beauty, where is my glory?"

"Wait awhile," said the shining vessels; "your time will come. But if you would really be as we are—a lot to which you are destined—remember not to flinch from the process that awaits you."

So the ore was cast into the furnace, and it mourned and bewailed the fierceness of the flame.

"You were not satisfied when buried in natural dress; you are not satisfied now, while being forced to part from it," said the shining vessels. "But when you come forth from that furnace without blemish, ready to be wrought into a king's crown, and take your place by us, you will forget the flame that scorched and purified you, and love the refiner, who loved you too well to keep you in the furnace one moment less than was necessary."

WANTED!

ON

EASTER MONDAY

THOUSANDS

OF

VOLUNTEERS

to warn the multitudes, who will that day be hurrying about in search of pleasure, to

SEEK GOD FIRST.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE month, which has been marked by the visit of Her Majesty the Queen to Whitechapel, has been more blessedly signalised by the presence of our King at the gatherings of the poor in our various spiritual hospitals. From some of even our smallest stations we hear of extraordinary manifestations of saving power; and even where no unusually interesting occurrences bring forth report, the hard, plodding toil of daily service is steadily maintained, and souls are dragged with an immeasurable amount of labour from amongst the most ungodly companionships and associations into the fold of Christ. Eagerly and sadly our workers listen while penitents tell how they shall "catch it" when they get home, or how their mates are accustomed to treat religion and religious people, and sometimes faith barely gets the victory over fear that the new recruits will not be able to show their colours; but, thank God! we are gladdened continually to find them not merely acknowledging Christ amongst their own acquaintance, but swelling the ranks of those who unfurl the glorious banner before the whole world. Thus the work perpetually grows and must grow.

MRS. BOOTH AT LEICESTER.

Although Mrs. Booth's health has been such as to render any public effort eminently difficult, she has been marvellously sustained so as to undertake and to carry on thus far, with wonderful success, services this large, prosperous, and growing town.

Great numbers have assembled in the Temperance Hall, where the Sunday services have been held, and the spiritual good received has been testified to by the fact that the various denominations have vied with one another in offering their chapels for week-night services.

The theatre, a building far superior to the Temperance Hall for the purpose we have in view, has at length been secured for Sundays, and we look forward to being able next month to report the commencement of a great work amongst the masses of the people.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

"Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! I do think the world must be coming to an end, for there is such a to-do about religion, the whole town is in an uproar. Go to whatever part of the town you may, some one talks to you about religion." So said a poor woman to one of our members who had called to invite her to the services; and I do thank God that there is a great stir in

this town, and nearly every society is going in most earnestly for Christian mission work. Six services a day are being held at the churches, at some of which precious souls are being saved. The Methodists, praise God! are moving, and, glory be to God! the Mission is in full blast. Services are being held continually in the street, whether the snow is on the ground or not. On Sunday last the bands were

out until they were wet through, and sinners were willing to listen.

We held preaching services every night packed to the door. God's spirit was poured out, and numbers of the worst sinners have been converted, nearly all of whom have signed the temperance pledge. I may say that every anxious inquirer at our meetings is asked to sign the pledge on their knees now, and not 10 per cent. refuse. This is a drunken town, most of the workpeople are slaves to drink, and, by God's help, we mean to make a deadly war against it.

During the past month amongst those brought to the Lord are the following—

CONVICTED IN THE STREET.

A poor man was deeply convicted in the street, and wept bitterly, deeply lamenting his past life, and the sorrow he had brought upon his family, and more especially upon his broken-hearted father. He was exhorted to seek the Saviour, and was led to the hall and to the feet of Jesus, and while there, his tears and sobs moved many to weep. But joy soon came to this poor prodigal's heart, causing joy in heaven and also on earth. May he remain faithful!

ANOTHER TROPHY

from the open air work was a poor wanderer who had left his pious parents for years without so much as knowing his whereabouts, utterly disregarding every appeal made to him to reform, and insulting not a few of those who proffered them. He had been in gaol several times, and when we first saw him he had not long been out; but since his coming out he had felt a strong desire to come to Stockton, and the first day he spent here God, for Christ's sake, saved his poor soul. He is very grateful to God, and very anxious about his dear parents. We hope by this time his presence and altered life has gladdened their hearts.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE

were both deeply convicted during the preaching the other night, but both ran out as soon as they could. Before reaching home, however, the man returned and threw himself at the Saviour's feet and found mercy, after which he ran home and sent his wife back, and she, too, found peace. This couple makes the fifth converted during the month.

A REAL CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

A man got saved, and at once became anxious about his wife, who was then unable to leave home; but he prayed on, and the first Sunday she could get out he led her to the theatre, which was very crowded; so, pushing her into the pit, he mounted to the top gallery, and the next he saw of his wife was that she was being led on to the stage weeping, and so great was his joy that he had to be restrained from jumping over the rails. At last he pushed his way through the people, took the baby, and loudly praised God with his now happy wife.

Hallelujah to the Lamb!

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

A poor woman, a cripple, sought salvation, and found it, to her very great joy. She at once showed her gratitude to God by setting to work to bring others. God blessed the efforts of this poor crippled woman, and several are now rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven who were by her brought under the sound of the Gospel. Oh, what a rebuke to many who have no need of a stick or crutch! God grant that the day is not far distant when all the followers of Jesus will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Having taken up so much space in the *Magazine* last month, I will not lengthen this report further than to call for prayer and praise, and ask my Christian sisters to help me to get another maternal bag; we have as yet got but one, which is insufficient.

Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His name!
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won,
Sing His great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb!

Yours at His feet,

ABRAHAM LAMB.

Cecil Street, Park Field,
Stockton-on-Tees.

MIDDLESBRO'.

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

SINCE our last report we have been extending our borders. The Lord has opened our way to another hall, well suited for our work, holding about 200 people, about 100 yards from the market-place. It is in the most neglected part of the town, right among

the working-classes. We opened it on Sunday morning, March 5th, at 7 a.m., with a prayer-meeting, and the Lord has already put His seal upon it, with the salvation of precious souls. The glorious work of saving souls and sanctifying believers is nightly progressing at this station. To God be all the glory!

The following letters which I have received describe instances of the results:

"Dear Sir,—I bless God that, after being 12 years a backslider, I have again found my way to the fold of Christ; I trust never to leave it, until God shall call me to dwell with Him. Twelve years since I left my home; I was brought up with pious people, and I took a wandering thought in my head, and, being a determined character, I resolved to see the country, which I did, to my sorrow. I have travelled through England and Scotland seeking after the pleasures of this world, trampling under foot the blood of Christ. God has continually warned me to turn from my evil ways and live. I have been in three colliery explosions, and seen my fellow-workmen killed by my side, and still I am spared. I was walking out one night to get my beer as usual, when I was touched on the shoulder by a man, inviting me to hear Miss Harris. I shall never forget that night; I pass that place daily, and I always feel my heart leap for joy. Mr. Dowdle addressed the meeting after, and I thought all his words were to me, for he talked to backsliders, prayed for backsliders, and God heard his prayer. Although I did not give my heart to God then, I could not rest until I did. That word backslider tingled in my ears day and night. On New Year's eve I entered a public-house, paid for two glasses of ale for myself and my mate. I lifted mine, but never drank it. I arose from the seat of the devil with a determination to drink of the cup of salvation, and that very night I found my way to the Wilberforce Hall, fell on my knees, sought salvation, and found it. I have served the devil very faithfully; I spared no expense. May God help me to be doubly faithful to Him, and to spare nothing for this great salvation of souls!—S."

"I am writing for my husband as well as myself—for he cannot write. I do bless God that ever he went to the theatre. He went three or four times

before it took any hold of him. At last he stayed to the prayer-meeting, and came home with his eyes swollen with crying. He could not rest, and on Monday night he went to the penitential form. I thank the Lord, he came home a saved man. He gave up drink, but he thought he could never give up smoking; but he has overcome that evil as well. On my birthday I went to hear Mr. Railton at the theatre, and it was a double birthday, for I was born again in Christ on that day, bless His holy name! May the Lord keep me and my husband, and may He give us wisdom! We desire to have a hand in saving souls.—J."

"Dear Mr. Dowdle,—I praise God for sending you to Middlesbro'. It has been the means of bringing one of the most wretched young men to the Cross. I have regularly attended your meetings, and been very much worked upon at them, but hardened my heart against religion. I was a great gambler, fighter, swearer, and liar, and, worst of all, a backslider. I was in a very miserable condition for many weeks. Six weeks ago I was so full of the devil that I could not agree with myself, and had a very desperate fight with a man that I licked, but was very much bruised. A day or two after that I was gambling with some of the devil's party, and bet all my week's wages, and lost it. During all this time my friends were praying for me, especially my grandmother, where I stay. I used to go home to bed in this dangerous condition, and, when in bed, my grandmother would come to the bedside and kneel down and pray for me. I used always to curse her, and tell her to get away, and not to make such a row by my bedside, but all the time I was trembling in every limb. On the Sunday after the fight I came to the theatre with my mate, with my eyes and nose swelled up, and heard Mr. Hunter preach, and at the close of the meeting was very much wrought upon, and asked my mate to go out of it. We went out, but dare not go away, so I asked him to come back, telling him I felt very queer. We came in again, and I went to the stage, gave myself up to God, and He saved me fully. I had no sooner felt the glorious change, than I went and asked my mate to come, and up we came together again, and the Lord saved

him. We are now both free, washed from every stain of sin, and it has been the happiest six weeks I ever enjoyed. Instead of gambling, and fighting, and cursing God's children, I am on His side, enlisted as a soldier, and am going to battle to the end. May the Lord help me!—M."

The cases of conversion related in these letters will show clearly how God is blessing His word, and saving husbands and wives, and whole families. Oh, praise the Lord for the past, and believe for the future! We have plenty more such cases as these, which may be given in coming *Magazines*.

Thanks for tracts received, but we should be glad to receive more. Donations for this work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by our secretary, Mr. William Hutchinson, 93, Russell Street; William Huggins, Esq., 17, Newport Road, treasurer; or

JAMES DOWDLE.

22, Clarence Street,
Middlesbro'.

Will the readers of the *Magazine* pray for us?

POPLAR.

"The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly."—Psalm cxviii. 15.

I CAN say (with all honour to Jehovah) a more real, constant, permanent work among the people I never witnessed, than is to be found at this station. I praise God that I have a band of workers here, saved through the Mission, who are ready to go into any conflict to rescue the perishing, and it is a conflict sometimes! Talk about a civilized country—let some of our legislators come with us on a Sunday into some of the streets of Poplar, and they will see men and women more like infuriated cannibals than civilized Englishmen. Only last Sunday a man rushed out of his house like a madman, without hat, coat, or boots, and tried to drive us away, while drunken men blasphemed and gnashed their teeth. The man, failing in his purpose, ran off to the police-station, and brought two police-officers, which (shame to a Christian Government!) seem to favour drunkards and publicans before the humble servants of the Lord, for these, almost with equal insults, ordered us to go, or they would take us to the station. But, notwithstanding the fiercest opposition, we send out now

two bands into the field, instead of one, and hold eight open-air services instead of four. Hallelujah! "Through storms and flames, if Jesus lead, we'll follow where He goes."

A TROPHY FROM THE GLASS HOUSE.

This young man was recently awakened at one of our meetings; his distress at first was very great, but he cried to the Lord, and salvation came. Glory to the Lamb! He at once took his stand for God, and said to his work-mates, "Look here, I have given my heart to God, and intend to live a different life. I don't intend to go with you to hell." He has begun to publish in the open air the blessed Gospel that brought him peace.

A WOMAN FROM THE BATHS

was convinced of sin, and, like the Syrophenician woman, came to Jesus, saying, "Lord, help me!" and, bless His name, He did help her, out of sin into salvation, out of darkness into light, out of sorrow into joy. She also has begun to tell to others what great things God has done for her.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR.

This young man was attracted by the open-air services, and, when an invitation was given, came to the hall, and was found at the Master's feet. He has shown his love for the Lord's people, by boldly standing with us in the open air, and his great regret is that he has to leave with his ship for some other port.

Seven others sought the Saviour at the same time, and it was very delightful to see a husband and wife seeking together the forgiveness of sins. May the dear Lord keep them!

JOHN P. GRAY.

CUBITT TOWN.

WE have been obliged to leave our old hall, but we have opened another, although far too small, just in the most needy spot, in the centre of 4000 working people, out of which there are not more than 300 attending any place of worship. The only way to reach them is to carry the Gospel to their very doors.

At the opening services several souls were saved, and others have been added nearly every service since. These new converts have joined the open-air workers, and are now telling others about salvation. By our services the

BARKING.

THE work of God is increasing here. Meetings are crowded; Christians are growing, and sinners are coming to the Saviour.

A dear man came into our meeting in a state of intoxication; he was turned out of the public-house, and when asked to have another pint, said he was going to the first chapel he came to. We persuaded him to sign the pledge; but he would not yield to the Spirit that night. He came again the next night, however, and gave himself entirely to the Lord; and now this former terror to his wife and family and all around has become changed into a lamb. All glory be to God!

"I am just one week old," exclaimed a brother, when giving his experience; "I have tried a great many times to get good, but failed; but I have the real thing now. Praise the Lord!"

It was while I was preaching the funeral sermon of Brother Valentine that this brother, with a number of others, came forward, sought and found the Lord. He got up, exclaiming, "I have got it!"

"What will father and mother say when they know I have got converted?" said a dear sister to the hall-keeper. She came forward in the meeting to the penitent-form a miserable sinner; but she arose rejoicing in God her Saviour. Her father and mother are pious people, who had been praying for her for a number of years. When she went home, and they heard she was saved, there was a burst of joy on earth, and a crash of celestial harmony in heaven. Praise God, He can save to the uttermost!

They told me that one who found the Saviour recently in our midst had been a wretched woman; but, thank God! He saved her, and she is now clothed with the garment of salvation.

Our people continue to work heartily day by day, and other friends have been raised up to help us also.

We are longing for a larger hall, for it is really stifling, on Sunday evenings especially, in our little Bethel, with the staircase, as well as the floor, crowded with people.

E. W. BLANDY.

2, Wakering Road,
Barking.

neighbourhood has been roused, and numbers are asking for the bread of life. We can't invite any more to our present hall, for it is crammed already, and many shut outside. We badly want a hall to seat 400, and only about £500 is required to do it. Who will help?

JOHN P. GRAY.

HACKNEY.

THIS has been a month of hard fighting; but, glory be to God! we have gained the victory.

A dear man said to me after a service, "You have

"HIT ME VERY HARD."

I could not get him to say what it was at the time, but the next Sabbath afternoon he said, "Glory be to God! it is all gone. I have had no beer this week, and I chucked the bacca and all in the fire, and I have done with all that, bless the Lord!"

A young woman has been held in thrall by

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS

for a long time. Before her marriage she was on the point of going into a nunnery. She has, however, been won for Jesus. No sooner did she come right out for the Lord, than her husband came forward also and found pardon. They are both rejoicing in the Saviour.

A POOR BACKSLIDER

came to the hall, attracted by our singing in the street, and at the close of the service sought the Lord, whom she had forsaken, weeping bitterly. Exclaimed she—"How cruel I have been to grieve my Lord, who has done so much for me! Do you think there is mercy?" A dear sister pointed her to the prodigal's Father with open arms; and after some time of agonising prayer, light burst into her soul, and she exclaimed, "I have found Him again! Praise the Lord, O my soul!" And by-and-by there was a burst of praise and prayer to be kept from falling again.

So the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the fulness of His love.

Hackney for Jesus!

THOS. BLANDY.

3, Havelock Road,
Wells Street, Hackney.

CANNING TOWN.

THANK God for all that has been accomplished during the last two months here. Not only have our numbers been increased by the ingathering of many precious souls, but all our people have been aroused to active service in the vineyard, so that we have not merely been able to maintain our Sunday services both in the open-air and indoors; but on week nights we have gone about from street to street arousing the whole neighbourhood.

And although publicans and sinners have occasionally bellowed like wild bulls at us, the general impression made upon the masses was, no doubt, well expressed by a wretched-looking woman the other night, who, after listening to a sister speaking, said to a poor woman by her side—

"It's all thrue, and we know it's thrue, just what the lady says, Poll."

"Hi, an' it is thrue," was the reply.

Thank God! many have found this blessed Gospel true to the salvation of their souls. But we find we must defer till next month the particulars of several of these instances of conversion.

W. RIDSDALE.

8, Victoria Road,
Plaistow.

CROYDON.

DURING the past month, amid rain and snow, wind and storm, we have been going out into the highways and hedges to compel the people to come to be saved, and at nearly every meeting we have had sinners to point to the Lamb of God.

We had a visit from Brother Railton on January 20. We had a good meeting, and one poor soul who heard the word of life in the street was led to the Saviour. It was the prodigal returning to his father's house after five years' absence. He is now on his way to heaven rejoicing.

About eight weeks ago a poor, careworn-looking woman came to the mission hall. After the sermon I invited her to Jesus. She said, "Jesus cannot save me; I am lost." I said, "Praise God! Jesus came to save the lost." She said, "He cannot save me." I said, "He can." She said, "I have not a friend in the world." I said, "Jesus is your friend. If you are in earnest to be saved, come to the Saviour now." She said, "God knows I am in earnest."

She has told me since, if the Spirit had not laid hold on her that night she should have been driven to commit suicide. For the past eight months she has been seeking salvation, sometimes staying up and praying whole nights, but with no result, until, at a service the other night, she gave up all and took Christ in all His fulness, and in that moment she was saved; and we all know it, for the hall seemed filled with the Divine glory while we all sang Praise God for the victory!

We are in great need of money to help forward the work. Donations may be sent to I. Cobet, Esq., 2, Clarence Road, Croydon, S.; or to Mr. Jones, 86, Waddon New Road, Croydon, S.

PENGE.

WE are on the move here.

January 16th.—We had a glorious meeting in the open air, and one soul found peace. We had a free tea and a visit from Mr. B. Booth, February 1st, and some of the worst sinners in Penge heard the Gospel.

Bro. Branson preached here February 6th, and two came out for Jesus.

BROMLEY, KENT.

OH, what a victory the devil thought he had achieved when he put it into the hearts of some of his agents to secure

OUR EXPULSION FROM OUR LITTLE HALL,

the birthplace of so many precious souls. But if ever he was mistaken, it was in this respect, for the very means used to stop the preaching of the Gospel has been the cause of its being more widely spread; for while in the hall we could only preach to a few, now we are turned out we preach nightly to hundreds. Thank God! we have a people who have a mind to work. A short time since these men were to be seen standing around the public-houses, smoking short pipes, or ridiculing God's people. But that is changed; now they are to be heard warning their old companions of their danger, and inviting them to the Saviour; and although we suffer keenly with the cold and rain, yet, thank God! we stand it for His sake who suffered worse ills for us. Our religion is not a blaze of straw, but, like that fire which was kindled on the Jewish altar by the breath of God, it burns night and day.

CHATHAM.

THE past month has been one of sharp battling; but God has given us victory. We have divided ourselves into bands, and are determined that every man and woman in this place shall hear the Gospel. They pelt us with eggs and stones, and the like, but in vain. Publicans and quack doctors have combined to turn us out of our stand in the Military Road, but have been defeated.

One night, after speaking from "Who-soever shall fall on this stone shall be broken," &c., six souls came and fell right on Jesus. The first to come was

A WOMAN WITH A BABY

in her arms. Giving it up to one of our sisters, she knelt at the penitent-form and got on the stone at once, and found delightful peace. She then said,

"GO AND GET MY HUSBAND."

He was sitting in the middle of the hall, and, with a very little persuading, out he came, and joined his wife. Both are going on well.

A SOLDIER

was the next to get on the stone. When he got in the barracks, the devil tried to knock him off, but, praise God, *he stuck on with his knees*, while they threw shoes and other things at him, and then got up and exhorted them. Praise God for double-armed soldiers!

BROKEN AT LAST.

A woman who has been coming to our meetings for some time broke down one evening, and got gloriously saved. As she rose from her knees, she said, "I never had such a struggle in my life." Praise God, she struggled through the strait-gate, and is now happy in Jesus.

C. HOBDDAY.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street.

HASTINGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severity of the weather, we have kept at our work in the fish market. In the market hall our congregations steadily increase, and a few have been saved.

We have been favoured with a visit from Mr. Booth, and his counsels will, we trust, prove a blessing.

ST. LEONARDS.

DURING the last seven weeks nine young men have sought the Saviour, seven of whom have joined us.

"Oh," say the shopkeepers, "there are

"THOSE NOISY PEOPLE AGAIN.

They are a perfect nuisance; we can neither serve our customers, make out our bills, or do anything else. They were always bad enough; but since that woman has been here they are ten times worse than ever." As we have no desire to stop any trade save that which is dragging precious souls down to hell, we leave these nervous shopkeepers, and march off singing to some of the back streets, where we again unfurl the blood-stained banner of the Cross; but scarcely have we commenced than a window from above is opened, and a pail of water descends just at our feet, while our little band sing softly and sweetly—

Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free for all mankind;
Blessings sweet on all bestowing,
All a welcome find.
All the world may come and prove Him,
Every doubt will Christ dispel,
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.

Oh, hallelujah! Many waters cannot quench love; our religion is not to be washed away with a few pails of water.

The converting work continues. While we are a nuisance to some we are made a blessing to many, both in the open air and in

THE TOWN HALL,

which we have taken for Sunday services.

We feel sure there are many who have the ability, and are only waiting for the opportunity to advance the cause of Christ. Should this meet the eye of such, we would say that there is a splendid opportunity in Bromley—plenty of land lying waste—hundreds of poor perishing sinners who will not go to other places of worship, but are longing to be gathered together to hear us preach the Gospel in our simple, straightforward way. Oh! that we had a plain, substantial building of our own, into which we might gather these people without a fear of being turned out. Who will help us? Friends, pray for Bromley.

Help for carrying on this important work will be thankfully received by Mr. Booth, or by yours for the Master's sake,

EMMA STRIDE.
5, Freeland's Grove,
Bromley, Kent.

"WHAT'S THIS ROW ABOUT?"

said an employer to one of our young converts and his work-mates. "Why, sir, he has joined the Ranters," was the reply. "So I have, sir," he said. "That's right," said his master; "I am pleased you have." Seeing the master was on his side, the scales were turned, and they have since let him alone.

A FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

"O God, I thank Thee for saving me to-night. You know what I want to say, but I cannot say more, for Christ's sake. Amen."

This was the prayer of a tall young man who came into our Sunday service drunk. On the Wednesday following he was broken down, and Jesus heard his simple, earnest cries, and saved him.

NINFIELD.

ONE has just been saved for whom the friends have long been praying. Oh, for more holy power!

RYE.

THE friends are holding meetings, and the little band is doing its best.

NEW ROMNEY

HAS had a gracious baptism. A goodly number have been brought to the Saviour, and the good work is still going on. Persecution is beginning to rage in the open air, but our friends are determined to push the battle to the gate.

W. J. PEARSON.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

"In that day sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."—Isaiah xxvii. 2-3.

THIS little vineyard never flourished more than at the present time. Our friends have been richly baptised with the Holy Ghost. Oh, hallelujah for this fulness! A full fountain, full pardon, full peace, full joy, full hope, full heaven on earth; this fulness has made us full of prayer, full of faith, full of zeal, and sends us into the

OPEN AIR,

after undying, perishing souls. We have through the winter scoured the highways, courts, and alleys of this town. There is very little opposition, the authorities are in our favour; the people have an ear to hear, and follow us

from street to street. There are few vehicles in the streets here on the Sabbath, so that we can pitch our stand, form a ring, and preach Jesus in any part without obstruction. Church people, Methodists, Independents, Baptists, and others, listen to our words, and join in our songs, as well as drunkards, sabbath-breakers, infidels, swearers, and the lowest men and women in the town. We often have 500, and from that to a 1000, people in our procession, filling our halls, and sometimes being obliged to send large numbers away unable to gain admittance. We could easily fill a hall twice the size.

There have been nearly two hundred

ANXIOUS SOULS.]

Some of the most degraded have been rescued from a life of sin, and are now open-air speakers. Brother P. said, last Sunday, "I have tried religion six months now, and I like it better than ever. I am nearer Jesus, and have more of His love; I have been in

"THREE REGIMENTS,

but I like this best. I have been in the black regiment for the devil, the red regiment for the Queen, and I am now in the Mission regiment for Jesus. Hallelujah! I get present pay now; I am full of joy; I used to be tempted to believe I was not converted right; now I know I am; and I am not only saved, I believe I am sanctified. I am a new man, with new feelings, and new desires. I mean to go into the open air, and warn men to flee from the wrath to come. The Lord help me."

A BREWER'S COACHMAN

heard us in the streets, came to our hall, and was then and there convinced of sin, but would not yield; he came night after night; conviction was deepened; he got no rest; he tried to resist the Spirit, but God broke him down, and he cried aloud for mercy; he was soon made happy, and now adorns his profession, and speaks for Christ. Since then, in answer to prayer, his wife, her sister, and her daughter, have all been led to the feet of Jesus.

MR. BOOTH'S VISIT

was made a great blessing to us. Many will never forget the influences of the day; at night the hall was overflowing full, many were deeply convicted, and three professed conversion. The following Sunday one of them

said, "I have been coming to this place a long time, and have often made game of the people; but last Sunday the sermon was about damned souls, and I felt if I went out of this place without Jesus I should be damned. I went up there and found peace, and now I mean to go to heaven."

AN ENGINE DRIVER

has been coming to our hall a long time, and has been very anxious to be saved; was deeply moved under Mr. Booth, but on Sunday, March 12th, he came to the penitent-form, cried to God for mercy, and earnest prayer and strong faith brought the blessing. His face beamed with joy as he went home to tell his friends what God had done for him.

AN ENGINE CLEANER.

When this man went into the railway company's service he told a lie to get in, saying he was older than he really was. After this he got converted, and the Spirit told him plainly he must confess the falsehood. This was a great trial, and he was told if he did so he would not be promoted, and this would involve a loss of three shillings per week (or more) in wages; but the man prayed about the matter, and the more he prayed, the more he was convinced it was right, and he felt sure if he lost three shillings per week in wages, he should have

THREE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF PEACE.

The time came; he went to pass his examination; told the officers at Derby how he had deceived them, and came home happy. Hallelujah! The other day, when talking to me, he said, "I have done right, sir, and they told me at Derby I was right, though it would be twenty pounds out of my pocket; I shall have twenty pound's worth of joy, and a lot more at the end." Thank God for this religion!

MONEY STORM.

On Monday, March 13th, we made a special effort to clear off the debt on house-furnishing, new tea-tables, crockery for hall, gas-fittings, coconut matting for the aisles, alteration of platform, &c. We arranged a service of sacred song by Mr. R. Sears and singers, with readings by Miss Jenkinson. A number of friends gave donations; a collection was made, and we then told the congregation how we had been pelted at various times with stones, eggs, flour, and filth of every

kind, and that once we had been pelted with money, but we had been enabled to stand proof against all; and if they liked to try us with the latter, we would give them a proof of our earnestness. They should pelt us with money as long as they liked, only mind the clock, do not break its face, and we would risk our own.

SHARP SHOOTING

commenced at once, and from all parts of the hall pence and half-pence were hurled at the men on the platform. One brother received a shot in the ear, which kept his ear warm for some time, but all felt like singing,

"We'll be heroes,
We'll be heroes,
When the battle is fierce."

A few white shots were fired, but nothing very yellow. The storm lasted a considerable time; a few promises of further help were received; the brave soldiers came from the field unhurt, and there was a great calm; the profits of the day were a little over ten pounds.

We greatly need tracts for distribution, and money to carry on this work. Friends, help us.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

4, Havelock Street,
Wellingborough.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

HAMMERSMITH.

AN awful day of persecution yesterday, such as we never had before. The whole town was in a complete uproar. Hundreds of roughs were before us and behind us.

I believe if the devil himself had been there he could not have stopped us last night. God only knows what it is going to end in. I do not care. I feel more and more it is the work of God, and I am ready for prison and death for Him. We had a blessed day inside. Yours truly in Christ Jesus,

W. GARNER.

WHITECHAPEL PORCH.

WE had a blessed meeting here yesterday at noon, which encouraged us all. Two poor women who were passing by came in the prayer-meeting, and professed to find peace. One of them was hunting for her husband to get him out of the public-house, when she heard our voices, and thus unexpectedly found Him of whom Moses and the prophets spake.

J. HARDY.

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Coming to the Cross.

H. Hymn 37.

I am coming to the Cross, I am poor and weak and blind, I shall full salva-tion find.
 I am counting all but dross, I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Je-sus saves me, saves me now.
Chorus. Humbly at thy Cross I bow,

480

The Ninety and Nine.

There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold. A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
 passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
 torn?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
 Are they not enough for Thee?"
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
 Has wandered away from me;
 And although the road be rough and steep
 I go to the desert to find my sheep."