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The Forgiveness of Enemies.

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. BOOTH.

—♦♦♦—
“Father, Forgive Them.”



NE would have expected a prayer for vengeance. “Father, requite them, recompense them double for their evil works. *Thou* knowest that for envy and malice they do it. Visit their sin on their own heads.” But no! Much as Jesus hated sin He pitied the sinner.

There was no revenge in His heart. There never will be. He will take vengeance on His enemies, not from any vindictive feeling towards their persons, but from love to righteousness and hatred of iniquity. If these people will repent and be made righteous, He will love them as His own people. It is not them but their characters which He hates.

Here is a very good test for ourselves, by which we may know whether we are entertaining any sinful anger against our enemies. Do we feel any personal animosity, or do we feel that, if they would repent and abandon their sin, we could receive them to our hearts as friends? There is great mistake and confusion as to the love which Christ commends to our enemies. He does not intend that we should love and treat them as friends. *He* did not; His own example will best illustrate His teaching. God loves all men with a love of pity; but not a love of complacency. Jesus loved all so as to taste death for every man; still there were men whose characters He knew and hated, so that He rebuked and condemned them, and did not commit Himself unto them. He loved them with a very different kind of love to that which He felt towards John and Mary and Martha. The spurious charity which treats all alike, which will not be at the trouble to separate between the precious and the vile, that pats on the back the liar, the rogue, the hypocrite, because it has not courage to *rebuke* him for his sin, is the very opposite of true charity. It is the charity of Satan, who would blind and beguile men into thinking they are right when he knows they are all wrong.

True charity is always consistent with honesty of heart; and that cannot be honesty which affects to treat a person differently to what it thinks and knows him to be. There is sadly too much of this kind of charity in this age. We are so charitable nowadays that nobody dares call black black, nobody dares challenge error. We have got such broad views that they admit anybody within the pale of Christianity who does not commit felony, debauchery, or murder. The representatives of the faith for which our forefathers bled and burnt can now shake hands and patronise or court, as the case may be, the emissaries of Antichrist and Rome. Everybody is right and good and Christian who will be quiet and decent, and let the world go its own way. This is the very antipodes of the charity that cometh from above, which is first PURE, then peaceable; which will in no case suffer sin upon its neighbour, but which will rebuke and warn him. Somebody has said the world wants some good haters in these days, and so it does. The charity of Jesus led Him to hate INIQUITY as fervently as He loved righteousness. While we love the sinner and pity him, and are willing to do all in our power to save him, there must be no ungodly palliation of his guilt, no covering up of his sin, no dishonest winking at iniquity, for fear of consequences. We must do as our Lord did—keep a wise reserve and distance from hypocritical men, not commit ourselves to them as to friends. We must rebuke them for their sins, and have no fellowship with their unfruitful works in any way.

I.—WHAT DREADFUL MISTAKES MEN MAKE WHEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF PREJUDICE AND PASSION!

Notwithstanding all the opportunities they had possessed of knowing who He was and of listening to His teaching, the enemies of Jesus allowed prejudice to blind them. His wonderful deportment in the Garden, at Pilate's bar, amongst the soldiers, on the way to the cross, at the cross, &c., failed to convince them of His innocence and divinity, because they were under the dominion of a pre-formed judgment. They had formed an opinion beforehand, without examination or reason, and now they would not go from it.

Prejudice is one of the most terrible enemies to truth and righteousness; it rivets the chains of falsehood and error on the soul, and while it is persevered in truth and freedom are impossible. We should carefully guard against this evil by watching the action of our minds, especially when our feelings are strongly excited in any particular direction. There are some tests by which we may judge whether we are under the influence of prejudice, and to what extent. If we find ourselves unwilling to look at the opposite side of a question, if we have embraced a doctrine or opinion, and some one brings us light on the other side, if we refuse to look at it, refuse to examine it, we are under the influence of prejudice, and shall most likely fall into error. If we have formed an unfavourable opinion of a person, and some one brings us a more favourable view of his conduct

or character, if we feel unwilling to listen, if we prefer in our hearts to cling to our former view, we err. It was thus with these people. No matter what Jesus did or said, they would not listen or examine. They interpreted everything by the opinions they had already formed. If they had been honest-hearted, open to conviction, what they saw and heard would have convinced them, as it did the centurion, that their prisoner was the Son of God. But prejudice is both blind and deaf; it will not see, it will not hear. They were so sure that this man was a deceiver and an impostor that they thought they were doing the best thing in getting rid of him.

And under the influence of this they acted. They thought they were serving their own interests by getting this Christ, this troubler of their conscience, out of their way. What a mistake! What bitter cause of repentance and tears or of certain destruction they were creating! They thought that they were serving the interests of the Jewish nation by getting out of the way this man whom Cæsar and Herod hated, and for whom his disciples claimed kingly honours; but what a mistake! "His blood be upon us," &c., they shouted in their reckless folly; but how little they knew what they said! This prejudice brought on them such destruction as none of them had ever contemplated the possibility of. They were mistaken, judged things differently to what they were, and yet they thought themselves so wise and so prudent. Alas! when men depart from God and refuse to be governed by His law, they fall into darkness and a snare, and He taketh them in their own craftiness. If they had been guided by the Word of God, the Old Testament Scriptures, they would never have fallen into this darkness and crime.

These men, bad as they were, had not come to this pass all at once. There was a time when many of them had listened to His teachings, and felt their consciences approving His words; but His words condemned them, and so they did not like them. He was too true, too honest and searching. Their proud hearts said, "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost *Thou* teach us?" They looked not at the truth He spoke so much as at the humble garb of Him who spoke it, and they were offended at Him; then they began to reject His words, and to charge Him with being in league with the devil. Conscience, silenced and resisted, became seared, and they could now go to any length in their rage and falsehood. Thus it is ever with poor blind prejudiced human nature; it begins by quibblings at the truth, and ends by crucifying it. Mind how you hear, take heed that you do not swerve one step from the path of rectitude, for you never can tell where one step may lead to. "The beginning of strife is as the letting out of water;" so is the beginning of sin, especially the sin of resisting light and stifling conscience. This was just where Pilate got wrong. His conscience pronounced Jesus faultless, a just person; and, if he had taken the straightforward course which justice, integrity, and honour pointed out, instead of being frightened at consequences, he would have saved himself the

terrible crime which he committed, and probably saved his soul; but Satan saw his weak point, he saw the struggle between his conscience and his supposed interests, and he prompted the tongue of the man who said, "If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend." He must be considered Cæsar's friend whatever became of Jesus. He must keep his position at court whether he lost his chance of Heaven or not; so, while weakly protesting to the innocence of his Victim, he gives Him over to be crucified!

II.—WHAT DREADFUL CRIMES MEN COMMIT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF PREJUDICE AND PASSION.

Some of the most terrible acts of cruelty have been done with the idea that they were deserved, because the perpetrators looked through a glass; but time has destroyed the glasses, and now we can see how wicked they were. Some of the best and noblest of our race have been murdered because their murderers thought them deceivers and traitors; but *Time* has cleared away the mists of prejudice, and now we look back upon them as martyrs for truth and righteousness. We love and revere their very names, while the names of their persecutors are odious on the pages of history.

What encouragement this should be to all who suffer for righteousness' sake! Though often God bears long with them, yet will "He avenge His own elect." Some one has said: "God is never in a hurry." No, bless His name! not in the way of justice or vengeance. He bears long even with those who have fitted themselves for destruction—if, perchance, His goodness may lead them to repentance; but, though often slow, justice is sure. It comes at last. And those who have been allowed to distress and persecute God's people have to come bending unto them. He will cause the enemies of those whose hearts are thorough with Him to lick the dust; and those who have shot out the lip shall in the end bow the neck. Let those who suffer *wrongfully* commit their souls unto Him as unto a faithful Creator who is both able and willing to justify their cause, and who, in due time, will do it for His own glory's sake as well as for their honour.

III.—IN WHAT SENSE WERE THESE MEN IGNORANT?

Not absolutely unavoidably, for then it would have been unjust to punish those who never repented, which Jesus prophesied should be done with unprecedented severity; but He meant to say, They "know not" the full import and weight of their sin. They know enough to make them so guilty as to render it necessary for Me to pray especially for them above all the rest of mankind; but still they do not know—they do not *believe*—that I am Thy Son and their Messiah, so, because they are in partial darkness, forgive them. Then Christ might have in His mind the same feeling He expressed to Pilate: "Thou couldst have no power over Me, except it were given thee of God; therefore he that delivered Me to thee hath the greater sin." He has more light and privilege, and knows

better. Or He might partly excuse these His murderers because their rulers, who exceeded the poor people in learning and privilege, ought to have known, if they did not, that He was the Christ, had incensed the common people against Him, and misled and deluded them. Those who deceive and lead others astray are represented all through the Bible as the very worst of men; as slow bellies, evil beasts, traitors, reprobates, and Antichrists. The Lord save us from such deceivers; and if any hearer is in this deceived state—mistaking evil for good, darkness for light—the Lord open His eyes, for this ignorance is not unavoidable, and therefore not excusable. Open your eyes and your ears that you may receive light. The light is shining all around you. Will you have it, sinner? Will *you* have it? You are one of Christ's murderers. Do you hear it? Will you believe it?

Note, that unless they obtained forgiveness they must suffer the penalty of all their sins, the full penalty of the law they were breaking—blood for blood. Jesus recognises this in this prayer. As though He had said: "Oh, Father! I want to save these My murderers as trophies of My grace, and want to be avenged on their and My great adversary, even in this his hour and power, by snatching these out of his very teeth; but there is only one way—'forgiveness.' If they go to judgment with this guilt on them I know there is no hope. Forgive them." This implies bringing them to repentance, for Jesus Christ never set aside His Father's conditions or His own teaching—repentance towards God. When this prayer was answered on the day of Pentecost, we are told that some of these men were pricked to the heart, and cried—repented. No pardon without repentance—no salvation without pardon.

The greatness of Christ's love lifted Him above all mere personal feelings. He had no revenge, no ill-feeling. He recognised their *sin*, or He would not have pleaded for its forgiveness in this special manner at such an awful hour; but He pitied them. He stood on an altitude which *they could not even see*, and looked down on them groping amongst the darkness and pollution of prejudice, hatred, and rebellion, and He pitied them.

And on this glorious elevation the true love of God shed abroad in the heart sets every one of His children, according to the measure of it which he possesses. Here many of the martyrs stood. We see their calm and benign countenances as their enemies gloated over their sufferings. We hear their prayers for their persecutors, and we ask, Whence comes such fortitude, such patience, such unearthly forbearance and love? It was the love of God, the spirit of Jesus. They indeed stood in heavenly places with Him, their risen Head; they were in a clearer atmosphere, and saw sights and heard sounds which their tormentors did not hear. So of every true Christian. His kingdom is not of this world; he looks not at the things which are seen and temporal, but not seen and eternal; he looks down on mere worldly men as on beings groping in the

dark, and pities and bemoans the blindness which he would fain illumine.

"Father, forgive them." He was set on snatching them, if they would let Him, from the very door of the pit; and, so dyed over with *His own blood*, He presented them to His Father, and asked, as His last prayer, that in honour of His death they might be forgiven. He was just leading captivity captive; and, in honour of His victory, He wanted these to grace His triumphal banquet. For His greatest glory of His matchless love He will save His murderers—no less sinners will do so well. "Father, forgive THEM." Oh, sinner! here is hope, here is comfort for *you*, however bad. "Where sin hath abounded grace did much more abound." Backslider, here is hope for you. Do you say, "Ah, but I am worse than these men were, for I have crucified Him *afresh*"? Be sure, if you *can* be worse, for *that* very reason He wants to save you. He will not have His love outmatched by human guilt. Only do as did some of these, and cry, "What must I do to be saved?" and you shall be forgiven as they were. "Forgive them;" He prays for you in praying for them. Think of the prevalency of such an intercessor, such a mediator. The Son—how familiar and sweet, and pathetic and powerful, was the word "Father" in His mouth. He had a right to use it in all its endearing and persuasive power, for He was that well-beloved Son who did always those things which were pleasing in His sight. Then the request itself was so noble, so benevolent, so pitiful, so congenial to the Father's feelings and purpose towards sinners, even the greatest, that it could not but find a ready and attentive ear. "Father, forgive them." Think you that such a prayer would fall to the ground? No, nothing could prevent it being answered but one thing—the sinner's own obstinacy and impenitence. It is to be feared that *some* of these men despised the riches even of *this* goodness, and perished; but as some repented so might they all; it was not the sin that damned them, for in this they were all alike, but it was impenitence; they *would* not be forgiven; they preferred continued rebellion; they hardened their hearts and perished in their iniquity.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

An Extract from a forthcoming Pamphlet

By MRS. BOOTH.

(CONTINUED.)

ANOTHER important point in training a child in the way it should go is to train it in the practice of TRUTH AND INTEGRITY. Human nature is said to go astray from the birth—speaking lies; and, doubtless, untruthfulness is one of the most easily besetting and prevalent sins of our race. To counteract this tendency, and to establish the soul in habits of truth and

sincerity, must be one of the first objects of right training. In order to do this parents should beware of palliating or excusing the tendency to falsehood in their children. In nothing have I been more amazed than in this. I have actually seen mothers smile at and almost extol the little artifices of their children in their attempts to deceive them and to hide some childish delinquency. No wonder that such parents fail to inspire their offspring with that wholesome dread of falseness which is one of the greatest safeguards to virtue in after-life.

No mother will succeed in begetting in her child a greater antipathy towards any sin than she feels for it herself. Children are the quickest of all analysts, and instinctively detect in a moment all affectation of goodness. They judge not so much from what we say as HOW WE FEEL. They are not influenced so much by our teaching as by our spirit and example. For instance, a mother teaches her child that he is to be truthful, and on no account tell a lie; but what effect will such teaching have if he hears her tell one, or sees her act one, the next day? Parents teach their children to be sincere, and take occasion to point out examples of the meanness and wickedness of deception, but by their own example they very frequently train them in the grossest insincerity. Take an illustration. A person calls to see you whose society your child knows that you neither esteem nor desire, but you are all smiles and compliments, pressing her to come again, and assuring her that her visit has given you very great pleasure. What more effectual lesson could you give your wondering little one in deception and double-dealing than this?

And yet how common is this kind of thing in many households. I once stayed in the house of a lady who had a fine promising boy of about eighteen months old. He used to kick and scream violently when he found that she was going out of the house. This, of course, was the result of previous bad training. But what did she do? Instead of facing the difficulty, and in a calm, firm, and affectionate manner curing her little son of this bad habit, she used to promise every time that she would bring him a pony that he could ride on, and the little fellow believed and believed until he got tired, and then put down his mother, in his baby mind, as a liar. Of course he would not have understood such a definition, but the deception would be burned into his soul never to be eradicated. A child hurts himself against the table: the mother strikes it, and says, "Oh! naughty table! you have hurt baby"; but the child soon learns that the table was not to blame, and at the same time learns to distrust his mother, who said it was.

A mother invites some little friends to spend an afternoon with her children, during which games are played requiring skill and tact in the winner. Her little boy wins several of the games, and although his brother or one of his little friends says that he was not fair—that he cheated—she does not appear to notice it, contenting herself by saying, "Oh, you must be good children, and not quarrel"; thus inflicting an unjust reflection on the child of honour and integrity, while encouraging the other in the meanest and most selfish form of sin—allowing him to rejoice over the victory won through fraud or sleight of hand. Can such a mother wonder if her boy turns out a thief or a gambler? Well, but you say how unpleasant it would be in such a case to go into particular investigation, spoil the enjoyment of the party, and expose your child as

a cheat before them! Certainly it *would* be very unpleasant, and to a mother who is more concerned about her son *appearing* to be a cheat than she is about his *being one* the result would not be worth the fuss; but, to a mother who esteems the honour and integrity of her boy more than all appearances or opinions in the world, such an opportunity of correcting his fault and fortifying him against future temptation is more than the breaking up of a dozen parties. Oh, how many a promising child has been ruined because his mother would not endure the pain and trouble of an investigation! "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." Neither does such a course win the good opinion of others. The children go away feeling that your son is a cheat just the same; and, what is worse, feeling that you are a party to his wickedness.

Again, Charlie is ill, and it is needful for him to take a dose of unpleasant medicine; but he has been so badly trained that his mother knows he will not take it if she tells him it is nasty. So she resorts to stratagem, and tells him that she has got something good, and thus coaxes him to take it into his mouth, but before it is swallowed he detects the cheat, and medicine and mother's veracity are spit out together. In this way thousands of children are taught deception and untruth, and you may labour in vain in after years to make them truthful and sincere—the soil has been ruined by early abuse.

Mother, if you want your child to be truthful and sincere you must not only *teach* it to be so, you must be so yourself, and see that your child *practises* what you teach. You must not wink at or cover up any kind of falseness or deception in him because he is yours. Sin should be the more awful to you because you see it in those so dear and those for whom you are responsible. If you have reason to suspect your child of insincerity or falsehood, do not rest till you have bottomed the matter; never mind what trouble or pain it involves you in, drag it out, even though it should involve for the time exposure and disgrace. This may prove a useful chastisement, and a warning in the future. Anything is preferable to sin covered up, and consequently encouraged. Resolve that you will make your child truthful and sincere, if you can do it no other way, from very despair of being able to hide anything from you. God acts on this principle with adults: why should not we with our children? "Be sure thy sin will find thee out."

I know some children amongst whom it is a common remark, "It is of no use trying to hide anything from mamma, for she is sure to find it out; so it is best to tell her at once." How much misery it would save if it was thus in every family! Mothers, take the trouble to make your children TRUE, and God will enable you to do it. If you work *for Him* with your children, He will work *with you* in them, and you shall have the joy of seeing them grow up into Christ, their living Head in all things.

CURES FOR FITS.

FOR A FIT OF PASSION.—Passionately cast yourself at the feet of your compassionate Saviour, and refuse to go away until He has so completely taken you into His control as not only to still the present storm but to secure

you against any more. If you ask in faith, nothing doubting, He will give you His own peace.

FOR A FIT OF IDLENESS.—Go to the door of the nearest public-house, and through the chinks watch the idlers there, noticing especially the condition

of those who come out. Or converse with one of the lads you find idling about the street. Get to know something about his home and parents. Surely the thought of what needs to be done for these will prevent you being content to do nothing.

FOR A FIT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—Go and stand outside a cook shop, and carefully watch those who look in at the windows, or go to the poorest street you know and visit any one who lies sick.

FOR A FIT OF AMBITION.—Go into the churelyard and read the grave-stones: they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

FOR A FIT OF REPINING.—Find an habitual and inveterate, and see in him a representation of a grumbler. Watch him, listen to him, yourself. You will then see the folly of complaining in such a light that you will feel ashamed ever to complain again.

FOR A FIT OF DESPONDENCY.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

FOR ALL FITS OF DOUBT, PERPLEXITY, AND FEAR.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, He will sustain thee."

HOW TO BELIEVE.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his salvation. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind, and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel, by writing him a note asking him to come and see him at six o'clock, after he left "the works."

He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into the room, his master inquired:—

"Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:—

"The letter; the letter."

"Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir; surely, sir," replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sent to you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper, with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper, and began to read slowly, "Come unto Me all ye that labour," &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket-pocket, grasping his large, red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:—

"Am I just to believe in the same way that I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Christ, and to walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God, when He speaks to you in His Word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honourable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny Himself."—*Selected.*

ALWAYS SEEING THE BRIGHT SIDE.

DURING the late war in the United States, a chaplain in the Northern Army lay in his tent, burning and racked with pain from a terrible fever. Early one morning a dark face peered round the tent. A coloured woman entered, and with ineffable tenderness inquired—

"Massa, does you see de bright side of dis 'ere?"

"No, Nannie," replied the minister, "all seems dark where I am."

"Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"How is this, Nannie? It may be you have not seen any great trouble."

"Mebbe I haben't, massa," she replied.

Then in her broken way she told me that when a slave in Virginia all her children had been sold one at a time and taken down South. Then her husband was sold from an auction block and driven off likewise. Last of all she was sold in a similar manner, and driven off to labour and, as she expressed it, to die in those rice swamps. And now here she was all alone, not having seen one of her relations for years.

"Mebbe I haben't seen any great trouble, massa."

"Well, Nannie, is it always bright with you?"

"Allus, massa, allus."

"How is it, Nannie, that you always see the bright side?"

"Well, when I sees de dark, black cloud risin', and about to come crushin' down upon me," and then she waved her hand, as if she saw the cloud coming down within the tent, "when I sees de dark cloud comin' crushin' down upon me, I just slips round on de udder side, and *dar* I finds Jesus. Den its all bright and clar. It's allus bright, massa, where Jesus is."

"Well, Nannie, if you can do that, I ought to do it."

"It 'pears like you orter to, since you is a minister of Jesus."

Nannie disappeared, and the minister, turning over in his blanket, said—

"The Lord is my Shepherd; and now, come sickness or health, life or death, buried on the wild Bluff or among friends at home, all is well."

With the peace of God he fell asleep, and when he awoke the cloud had lifted from his soul, and the fever had left his body. Nannie's faith had saved him.

A MARTYR'S JOY.

ALGERIUS, who was burned at Rome in the year 1557, wrote a short time before his martyrdom, dating his letter "from the most delightful pleasure garden, the prison called Leonia, the 12th of July, 1557," as follows:—

"I will relate an incredible thing:

that I have found infinite sweetness in the lion's bowels. Who will believe that which I shall relate? Who can believe it? In a dark hole I have found cheerfulness; in a place of bitterness and death, rest and hope of salvation; in the abyss or depth of hell, joy. Where others weep I have found laughter; where others fear I have found strength. Who will ever believe that in a state of misery I have had great pleasure; that in a lonely corner I have had glorious company, and in the hardest bonds perfect repose? All these things, ye my companions in Jesus Christ, the bountiful hand of God has granted me. Behold! He who at first stood far from me is now with me; and Him whom I imperfectly knew I now see clearly; Him whom I formerly saw afar off I now contemplate as present; He for whom I longed now stretches forth His hand; He comforts me; He fills me with joy; He drives bitterness from me, and renews my strength and consolation; He gives me health; He supports me; He helps me up; He makes me strong. Oh, how good the Lord is, who suffers not His servants to be tempted beyond their ability! Oh! how light, pleasant, and sweet is His yoke! Is any like unto God Most High, who supports and refreshes the tempted, who heals the stricken and wounded, and restores them altogether? None is like unto Him. Learn, my most beloved brethren, how gracious the Lord is; how faithful and compassionate is He who visits His servants in their trials; He who humbles Himself, and condescends to stand by us in our huts and mean abodes. He grants us a cheerful mind and a peaceful heart."

A SCEPTIC'S CONVERSION.

A MINISTER had among his congregation an eminent lawyer who was an infidel. He had long desired the salvation of the sceptic, and one day, knowing that he was to be present in the meeting, he prepared a sermon especially for him, hoping and praying that through it he would be converted.

The infidel came. It was an icy winter's day; he listened to the sermon, and went his way, and not long after confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The minister rejoiced, and in conversing with him inquired of him what portion of the sermon it was which

especially affected his mind, and led to such a desirable result.

He answered: "It was not your sermon at all; I did not hear it: I was making a brief all the while you were preaching. But after the meeting closed, as I came out I saw old black Aunt Chloe trying to get down the slippery steps. I stepped forward and helped her down over the ice to the crossing, and as I left her she looked up in my face and said: 'Oh! massa, I wish you loved my dear Jesus.' Those words rung in my ears and I could not get rid of them, until I went to my office and bowed myself on my knees and gave myself to Christ. It was not your sermon, but it was old Aunt Chloe's words that led me to the Saviour."

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, said the Lord of hosts," is the constantly recurring lesson which God teaches us by circumstances like this. Shall we ever appreciate the divine instruction, and learn to make the Lord our confidence and trust, believing that in Him alone is victory and strength?

SING AS IF YOU FELT IT.

"Sing lustily," said John Wesley; and the heartiness of old-time Methodist singing was more like a shout of victory on the field of battle than like the modern artistic mouthings of the "barbarians" (1 Cor. xiv. 11), who fill the churches with dulcet noise, which has in it neither sense nor devotion. Men sung as if they meant it; and tears and sighs and deep convictions for sins gave token of the vital power of sacred song.

It appears that the converted Hindoos have at least some earnestness in their praise. "Noise," Mr. Goggerly says, "is what they best understand; and he that sings loudest is considered to sing best." So far from contenting themselves with listening to the musical performances of others, they praise God for themselves in good earnest, and one missionary who counselled one of the leading converts to "sing softly" found himself speedily silenced in this wise:—

"Sing softly?" he replied. "Is it you, our father, who tells us to sing softly? Did you ever hear us sing the praises of our Hindoo gods—how we threw our heads backward, and with all our might shouted out the praises of those who are no gods? And now do

you tell us to whisper the praises of Jesus? No, sir, we cannot; we must express in loud tones our gratitude to Him who loved us and died for us."

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

"Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told."

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE:

Being the extemporaneous account of his salvation given by Brother CORBRIDGE at his first public appearance.

(See LUKE xix. 37-40.)

The noble Christian's faith is mine,
Ruled by a God of power divine,
Ruled by a God of holy fire,
Who kindles in us warm desire;
And when we *calmly* praise His name,
We're at a *distance* from the flame;
But, when we *raise our voices higher*,
'Tis *then* we catch the sparks of fire!
And when we shout, our hearts have
blazed,
And worldly people stand amazed!
But what of that? We need not fear,
We still will shout *when God is near!*
And when we've done with earth below,
We with the Christians hope to go,
To join the numbers gone before,
And dwell with God to part no more:
And you I trust will then be there,
The noble feast of God to share,
With all the friends at God's right hand,
To join the "Hallelujah Band."

After this a great multitude cried with a loud voice, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying Alleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him.

* See Psalm cxxxii. 16.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

WE have been trying, and, we thank God, with no little success, to break loose more than ever during the past month from all the trammels of custom and propriety which may in any degree have hindered or hampered us in the past. The dreadful tendency to settle down is apparent in connection with all religious work. It must be more than resisted—overcome with a steady resolution never to rest in what has been done already, but to go out more and more boldly without the camp, bearing the reproach. We mean to gain the ear of the people for our Master, and we are more than ever determined that no conformity to any Church forms or ideas shall hinder us in the accomplishment of this great end.

Mr. Bramwell Booth leading hallelujah bands of colliers in the East Hartlepool Theatre, and Brother Dowdle fiddling through the streets of Bradford and gathering thousands of hearers, have perhaps represented as perfectly as possible the progress of our mission away from the commonplace lines of custom to the ears and hearts of those who will not listen to common ministrations. We shall gain more and more the contempt and hatred of men; even a religious contemporary has thought proper to describe our operations at one station as "Pantomimic Missioning," but we shall by the power of the Lord, who so generously helps us, win more and more of those who prefer the pantomime to the ordinary preaching service; and for that we live.

BRADFORD.

OUR readers will remember that for some time our eyes have been directed to this large and prosperous town. Indeed, Brother and Sister Dowdle were set apart for this place at the last Conference, and it was only the remarkable opening that presented itself at Leeds that induced them to tarry by the way and have an innings with the devil there. Having fairly set Leeds on its legs, they now have been constrained to attempt the fulfilment, in the strength of the Lord, of their vows and consecration to this place. After much deliberation and many prayers we have taken

PULLAN'S THEATRE OF VARIETIES,

in which the checktaker says there were on last Saturday evening over 4,300 people. How that may be we cannot at present exactly decide; one thing we do know, and that is, that it is an immense place, capable of holding a vast number of people, and in it we trust thousands of precious souls will be saved.

Brother and Sister Dowdle commenced in it on Sunday, February 11th, and although weather and other things were against them, they had a large number of people, much mighty conviction, and precious souls saved. *Glory be to God!* Will friends pray for Bradford? It will be a heavy lift.

PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!

OUR theatre is just the place for our work; situated in the midst of a dense population of working people, hundreds of whom never enter a place of worship, and living without hope and without God. My own soul was moved with compassion for the masses of the people surrounded on every hand with the flaming gin-palace and low drinking-shops, dancing and singing saloons, smoking and gambling rooms, and on a Saturday night the streets seem filled with men and women cursing, swearing, and smoking, blinded and hardened by the blandishments of the world and the delusions of hell. Oh, for a bold, brave band of men and women with hearts melted and fired by the Spirit of God to mission this neglected town, and rescue the people from moral and spiritual death.

The services in the theatre have rapidly increased in numbers and power from the first. The weather has been against our open-air work; but on Sunday last a large crowd gathered quickly and listened well. The people of Bradford are anxious to hear the gospel in the open air. At present we have no place for regular week-night work, but we are trying and praying for God to open our way to one.

Whilst distributing the bills announcing the theatre services, one man said: "What, come to the theatre to-morrow? What's the play?" I looked into his eyes, and said: "The play to-morrow is 'Raising the Dead, and Casting out Devils by the power of the Holy Ghost.'" The man looked astonished, and walked away.

I am thankful to say there has been a raising of the dead and casting out of devils. As soon as the flag was hoisted we saw the Lord was in our midst, mighty to save. We only took the theatre for a month's trial, but so great has been the blessing that we have now taken it right on, believing the Lord will save thousands of precious souls.

A BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.

He was attracted to the theatre, and on the following Monday evening came out boldly and gave himself again to God. While we sang—

"Here I give myself to Thee;
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore,"

he shouted, "I do give my all to Thee just now," and at once joined in singing,

"I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary,"

and went away a new man, and is still very happy.

ANOTHER BACKSLIDER.

He came to the theatre and was deeply troubled. He wept, but still resisted, and went away refusing mercy. On the following Sunday afternoon he heard Mrs. Dowdle, and the Spirit knocked again. He went home and said to his wife, "Now, my lass, is thee going to heaven or hell, for I mean to start for heaven to-night?" The wife was amazed, and wondered what would be the result. At night, however, he was the first on the stage seeking salvation in earnest; and very soon, with both arms above his head, he was shouting, "I do believe it's through the blood." He gave his experience on Monday night, which told mightily upon the people. This town seems to teem with backsliders. Oh, for power to stem the swelling tide of iniquity!

JAMES DOWDLE.

LEEDS.

OUR orders from headquarters are still Fight the good fight of faith—lay hold on eternal life. We have had two months' hard fighting, and are still fully engaged in the great conflict between God and Satan. I have never seen such hellish power brought out in opposition to the work of God as in this town, called the metropolis of Yorkshire, but which seems to be the great centre of lukewarm profession and carelessness. We have attacked the enemy's ranks furiously, and have had a desperate resistance; but the victory must come. The dark clouds of opposition are already breaking, and several of the leaders of this opposition are hanging their heads in shame. Bands of sceptical young men and lads, never seen in any

place of worship, continue to come every night, and we are confident ere long of a glorious victory. On Friday, after a sermon on holiness, four men and one woman yielded their hearts to Him who casteth out none that come with contrite hearts.

The following letter was sent to me the other day:—

“DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN CHRIST,— It is with feelings of great thankfulness to Almighty God that I bear my humble testimony to the saving power of Jesus Christ's blood that was spilt for me, one of the vilest of sinners. Praise the Lord! For the encouragement of those that think they are too bad to be saved, I may say that for sixteen years I served the devil by being a professional runner, and all the sins connected with running, except drinking, as for the last twelve years of that time I have been a total abstainer; but I lived without God and without hope in the world. My conversion came about this way: Being a member of the Leeds Rifles in July, we went under canvas at Pontefract for a few days' military training. On the 12th of July I left my home of canvas and came home to Leeds. Hearing of the mission tent services, and thinking it was as romantic as the home I had left two hours only before, I went and stood at the open-air meeting, and God sent an arrow home to my heart. Brother Dowdle saw me in my uniform in the crowd, and called out, “I say, soldier, are you a soldier of the Cross?” That went home, and all that week I was very unhappy; but on Sunday, the 16th of July, 1876, I gave my heart to God, and now I am happy in the love of Jesus, and I pray that He may ever keep me humble and willing to run for Christ to my life's end, and at last bring us all to heaven.

Yours in Christ,

“ALFRED WHITAKER, Garforth.”
Bradford and Leeds contributions for this work may be sent to E. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street, treasurer; J. Broadbent, Esq., secretary, Covered Market; or

JAMES DOWDLE.

16, Trafalgar Street, Leeds.

LEICESTER.

God is still wonderfully blessing us here. At nearly every service some souls find peace, and go home happy. Hallelujah!

THE LATEST NOVELTY

is the salvation warehouse which we opened February 18th. The folks say, “We have shoe warehouses, hosiery warehouses, furniture warehouses, and all sorts of warehouses; why should we not have a salvation warehouse?” However, we have got one, and we believe we are in for a wholesale business in it. Some laugh, some jeer, some say What next? Some call us fools and fanatics, and say we are bringing religion into ridicule; but we find pious, praying, earnest Christians are willing to help us. Church people, Chapel people, and real Christians of every sect are praying for us and helping us with their presence and money, but, best of all, God is with us. He has inclined the people to attend. Some of the folks who live near say we get all the drunkards and thieves and harlots in Leicester. We say Hallelujah! those are the folks we are after. The warehouse is the right place, we feel we are the right men, and God is sending us the right people. One of the first speakers, in one of our meetings for believers, said, “I have been

FORTY-THREE YEARS A SINNER.

I have been a swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, and everything that is bad, but a fortnight ago I came to this warehouse and the Lord convinced me I was a sinner. I went up to the penitent-form and found peace. I went home happy, and I am happy now. I shall bless God for ever that the mission took the warehouse.”

PROPERTY RESTORED.

One man who was very anxious about his soul had robbed his employer, and every time he said “Lord save me” the Holy Ghost said, “Take your stolen property back.” The man did so, his employer forgave him, and then God forgave him. He and his wife are both saved, and both consistent members of the Mission, and, in answer to prayer, God has saved some of their friends. Another man said, “The Lord and the Christian Mission fetched me

OUT OF THE GUTTER.

I was a drunkard and blasphemer, but I came to look at Mr. Booth, Brothers Corbridge and Russell, and the band of dare devils, and they fetched me out of myself, and now I feel Jesus precious. Hallelujah!” Another said, “My shop-mates tell me I belong to the ‘dare devils,’ but I don't mind that. I am happy. I was

PARDONED IN THIS CHAPEL”

(meaning the warehouse). “About a fortnight ago I came here with a heart as hard as a stone, but I had not been here long before I began to melt; my hard heart began to soften, and I am praying God to soften many more.”

THE PREACHING I NEEDED.

One woman said, “The Christian Mission was sent here by God, and they bring the right message. For a long time I wanted full salvation, and when Mrs. Booth came she told us how to live without sin, and that was what I wanted. I found out there was a higher life for me, and now I have a fulness I cannot describe. I enjoy God, I can sing at all times, I often sing before breakfast, and I do pray God to prosper the Christian Mission in Leicester.”

AN INFIDEL LANDLADY.

One Sunday, while in the open air, a woman with tears in her eyes invited us to visit the landlady of a public-house close by who was dying. We sent a brother, and promised to come ourselves when we were free from the meeting. We found her at the point of death. Both she and her husband had been infidels, but as she lay on her dying-bed she had heard us in the open air, and that morning God had shown her as a vision her coffin, her shroud, the deep damp grave, the resurrection morn, heaven and hell, and then she saw Jesus. We prayed with her, pointed her to an uttermost Saviour, and have every reason to believe she was converted, and died happy in Him during the following week. The infidel landlord wept as we pointed his dying wife to Christ. His praying mother and the praying mother of the dying woman were both in the room, and begged us to pray on until God saved him and made him fit to meet his wife in heaven.

SAVED IN THE STREET.

One man had been to the meetings night after night under conviction, but could get no peace. He left the meetings again and again resisting the Spirit, but one night he ventured his all on Jesus in Belgrave Gate, and determined, sink or swim, he would believe. Faith triumphed, and now he feels he has passed from death unto life.

JUMPING FOR JESUS.

One man in speaking his experience said, “I went to Crafton Street (before we had the warehouse), intending to

upset the meeting. And when they asked me if I was saved, I said Yes. I told them a lie, but I did not mind one or two then, but I would not tell half a lie now I am saved. I am so happy, I have to dance it down sometimes. And why shouldn't I? I used to jump and bump about for the devil and disturb the meetings; and now I feel I can jump for Jesus. Hallelujah!”

CLOTHES TOO BAD.

When we asked one big, tall man to come to Jesus, he said, “Sir, I should have come last night only my clothes are so bad. I am ashamed to come up there.” We said, “Is your heart as bad as your clothes?” He said, “Yes, sir, its badder.” “Well, will you bring it to Jesus? He can heal your heart and clothe your body.” He came at once, and very soon shouted out, “I do believe Jesus does save me now. Glory be to God.”

FULL SALVATION.

Besides the converting work, we have set apart every Friday night for those seeking to know more of God. A number of our friends are anxiously seeking the “indwelling of God” or “perfect love.” On Friday evening, March 9th, five came forward and professed to obtain the fulness of the Spirit. We hope to be a living, saving, praying, pure people. Leicester is before us; God is in us; and all heaven is on our side.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

Will all readers of this Magazine please send us help? We have fitted up the warehouse with comfortable seats for 1,200 people, a large platform to seat thirty more, gas-fitting, a small vestibule and partitions, costing nearly £100 in all. And to carry on the work we need at least £6 weekly. Will those who are able send cheques or post-office orders, and those who are poor send their mites in stamps? Don't be afraid to send small amounts. We cannot give you any idea of the work unless you saw it for yourselves. Infidels, Roman Catholics, drunkards, swearers, thieves, and harlots have all professed to find peace. Three gipsies have been made happy; and we have in Leicester a real soul-saving Christian Mission. Help may be sent in money or tracts to

CORBRIDGE & RUSSELL,
Sharrard Street, St. Saviour's Road,
Leicester.

WHITECHAPEL.

"DURING the week, Whitechapel," says the *East London Observer*, "or, at any rate, one portion of it, has been experiencing a sensation. We refer to the

"SALVATION FAIR,"

conducted at the People's Mission Hall. The promoters of the fair have not scrupled to enter the camp of the enemy and appropriate all that might be regarded as attractive, and in their announcements have so closely copied the music-hall as to even deceive *habitués* of such establishments."

We should almost be inclined to join the editor in adding, "We shall not attempt a description of what takes place at this hall. Let any one who desires to know pay it a visit," were it not that so many of our readers cannot enjoy that pleasure. It is singular that in the very next leader to that in which our unscrupulous methods of attracting the people are found fault with, the state of morals amongst the masses of the people are aptly described by the statement that if the statute imposing a fine for every oath was enforced "in the metropolis, some parts of London, notably where people most do congregate, would more nearly resemble a Quakers' meeting than the Babel they now are."

That we are making another attempt, more desperate than ever, to attract these godless masses to listen, at least for once, to the truth of God, we readily confess; and we cannot better explain the length to which we have gone than by describing the announcements we have made. A handbill in the shape of a bill of fare was issued, setting forth a long list of speakers, with their trades attached to their names. The list was reproduced on larger bills outside the gates, with still larger announcements of the "Great Salvation Fair."

Once commenced, we issued a handbill, as follows:—

THE GREAT SALVATION FAIR

AT THE
PEOPLE'S MARKET,
272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD.

Opens WEEK-DAYS at 1 and 8. SUNDAYS at
7 and 11 a.m.; 3 and 7 p.m.

And is attended by all the TRADES and PROFESSIONS
of the METROPOLIS. SONGS and ORATIONS by all the
BEST AVAILABLE TALENT, received with IMMENSE
ENTHUSIASM.

ALL FREE. BEST REFRESHMENT. COME EARLY.

The Lord has been pleased most blessedly to use the novel expedient to attain the old object hitherto, as, we think, will be perfectly clear from a description of one Sunday:—

At seven o'clock in the morning a happy company gathered to a love-feast. The testimony of a [German woman, recently converted—"The Lord did not wash me in the blood; He did drown me in it"—just

expressed the overwhelming sense of the goodness of God, which all alike felt. At ten o'clock the first procession of the day started from the end of Sclater Street, facing Shoreditch, and as it passed through the throng of dog and bird fanciers just gathering for their Sunday market many a sinner was made to feel, as well as to know, that our fair was the best.

"The last time I came along here on a Sunday morning," said one of the speakers, "I was a poor drunken pleasure-seeker; but the satisfaction I never got with dogs and rabbits, thank God, I have found in Christ."

To walk for an hour through the streets where the reign of sin unto death seems supreme is enough to give any one a hearty appetite for the things of the kingdom of heaven, and the testimonies of sinners of the blackest dye to the mighty saving power of Christ were just what we wanted after such a sight, and just what we heard at the hall.

When an ex-thief told how he used to be like the little birds looking out through their prison bars, but how Jesus had given him perfect liberty; when an ex-poacher declared that, as it used to be, when he went out in the dark nights for success or death, so now it was victory or death for Christ; when a young man, who had been brought low by drink, but had risen to a new life in Christ, told how unspeakably happy the new life was; and when an old dog-trainer told how the grace of God had made a new man of him, and turned his dog-room into a converting shop, every heart must have felt something of the Spirit's power.

The Mission giant whose huge presence graced the platform, and two sisters who sang solos, added in no slight degree to the general effect, which was well pointed out by a speaker who said, "There's a fine lot of reverend ladies and gentlemen picked out of the gutter, and set upon the rock of ages."

The morning service ended with souls seeking mercy, and consequently left every one more and more encouraged to push on the fair.

The morning procession through a neighbourhood where its coming was unexpected had been received chiefly with wonder. That in the afternoon, through some of the back streets between the Whitechapel and Commercial Roads was expected, and met with opposition which once or twice threatened to become serious. A gang of men fresh from the public-houses seemed desirous of scattering the Mission people altogether, but the ranks were speedily re-formed, and the company went singing on their way to the hall. Many of the very roughest followed as soon as the public-houses were closed against them. The peculiar adaptation of the service to the wants of these men was manifest, not merely from the fact of their attendance, but from the eager attention with which they listened while one or another rose to make a five minutes' appeal to them, or while the whole company, or a gifted sister alone, was singing some thrilling words of life and light. And no wonder either, for most of the speakers could look back upon times when they were all but shoeless and shirtless themselves, when they dreaded the policeman's knock, and experienced in all its bitterness the hardness of the way of transgressors.

The number of persons utterly unaccustomed to the sound of the gospel who felt its mighty power in connection with this service alone it would be hard to estimate. There was one poor fellow whose fine intellectual head and forlorn condition especially attracted our attention. The frequency with which his hand was passed over his face, and the manner

in which he looked up through the dome from time to time told how he felt; but, alas! how many brought so far draw back into the darkness again. Oh, the sad tale of sinful bondage which we hear from one after another of those who are fully satisfied that all they hear is true, but that it is hopeless for them to attempt "to be religious."

At night in the open-air services along the Whitechapel Road, and in the procession, we utilised as banners the boards carried by men throughout the East-end on Saturday, and which bore in type, that every passer by on pavement or conveyance might read:

S A V E
YOUR
SOUL.
SALVATION FAIR,
272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD,
Opens at 11, 3, and 7.

The crowd which followed was enormous, and when, during the service indoors, a speaker asked all present who knew their sins forgiven to hold up their hands, the great mass of the audience remained silent witnesses to their own unpardoned guilt.

The day wound up with glorious after meetings, twenty-six persons having professed salvation. All glory to the Lord!

SHOREDITCH.

OUR appeal for help in our last report has brought many friends to our side. Hallelujah! The devil always outwits himself. He sharpens knives to cut himself. No weapon formed against us shall prosper.

MR. BOOTH'S VISIT

for two nights will not soon be forgotten. Seldom have we seen and felt the power of God more thoroughly at work upon a congregation. At the close a group was seen at the penitent-form that we feel sure moved and interested heaven and hell. Among them was a rough burly fighting man, weeping and praying for mercy like a little child, and a poor dear woman who admitted she was on the way to drown herself. We did rejoice together.

A GAS SPOKER.

"I have been to all the doctors," he said, "and they turned me out incurable, but now I have found a Doctor that cures both body and soul. I am stronger and better every way since I served God." He was tempted to leave and go elsewhere, but he told us he could not do it until he had asked God about it. So taking his Bible in his hand he went to his knees. "Now, Lord," he said, "show me what to do."

As he opened the book his eye fell on this passage, "Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens." "What did I want more than that?" he said, and so he has been willing to do everything in the Master's vineyard—ever willing to testify the blood of Jesus cleanses and keeps him clean.

"I AM SO HAPPY."

Another dear sister living just by the hall was induced to come in and give herself to the Lord. "Oh! I do bless God," she is often heard to say, "that ever such a place as this was opened here. I should never have gone in anywhere else. I am so happy, dear friends; so happy I cannot tell you." She is always making presents to the Lord as far as her means will allow.

Mr. Railton's visit was made a great blessing to us all. The Lord sent him to tell us He would show us the path of life. The message came to us very sweet, as we have so many to tell us we are wrong, because we aim to be the living among the dead, shouting "Jesus, power to save," as we throw off the grave-clothes of ceremony and Pharisaical decorum.

Mrs. Colingridge preached our quarterly sermons. We had a good day.

The still small voice did its work as Sister Colingridge's voice rang through the place "What wilt thou do in the end thereof?" On the following Monday eighty sat down to tea. Our after meeting was a grand and glorious success. The place was more than packed, and, better than all, God was with us in a wonderful manner. Mr. Paton was with us, and gave us a very stirring address. Praise God we are steadily rising.

JANE WOODCOCK.

BETHNAL GREEN.

GLORIOUS success; the shout of a king in the camp. God has been doing wonders this past month in making men and women new. He has sent many forth jumping, leaping, and praising His dear name. To hear those that have lately been snatched from the enemy's grasp shouting His power to save would warm and make glad anybody's heart. "Glory be to God for ever," said a young man, "for bringing me to this hall. My father said, when I left home, 'Now all hope is gone, he is going to that dreadful London, where so many have been ruined by its sinful enticements.' The dear old man didn't know of the *enticing* mission halls that are open to catch these dear ones." It was touching to hear him tell of the father's groans and prayers, and how he had chosen the ale-house in the village in preference to the chapel; but, thank God, he is saved now, and is putting forth every effort to get others saved. Another says: "Oh, this blessed religion, it does make me happy all day; then when night comes I can hardly sleep. I look forward all day for the time to come when the hall will be opened, and every meeting seems the best." Says another: "I have got

"THE RIGHT THING AT LAST."

And he means to let people know it too. He sees nothing but the right thing can make people happy. All profession and form are contemptible when compared to it. A dear sister says: "I have been seeking long, but at last, praise God, I have found

"THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE, and feel willing to part with all I possess to keep this priceless treasure."

Our ninth anniversary has just passed away, and with such blessed results as eternity only can reveal. It has been

AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.
lory be to God for all His goodness.

MISS DUNNAGE

and I went forth trusting in the living God; and God honoured his weak and trusting children by giving us twenty precious souls in two days. Monday night found us at *past midnight* down before the Lord, the seekers and those pointing them to the loving Saviour not regarding the time: there came upon us streams of glory. We cried out, "Lord, enlarge the vessel." Oh, what a time we had of it! Never shall I forget hearing those young men, with broken hearts, crying out at the top of their voices, "Lord, I won't leave this place till Thou hast taken me into Thy loving heart." Did He let them go without salvation? No! Bless Him. He delighteth in mercy. We got home in the early morning, oh, so happy that God had gathered the wanderer in, though torn and bleeding, sick and sore. We have got a large piece of ground, and feel that a large tent erected would be a great blessing to thousands; but we want some money. Who will help

POOR CROWDED, DESOLATE BETHNAL
GREEN?

The smallest contributions will be thankfully received, and carefully used for the glory of God.

Yours, in the gospel,

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,
Mile End, New Town, E.,

Or by Mr. Booth, specially marked for this branch.

LIMEHOUSE.

THE Spirit of the Lord is still working among the people, convincing and saving and sanctifying souls at this station.

THE RIGHT KIND OF CONVICTION.

Among several others a sister came boldly to the front, and, after weeping and praying some time, the devil told her the Lord would have no more to do with her because she was a backslider. She believed it, and went away unsaved, but she came again on Monday night and went down before the Lord, again and again bursting into tears lamenting that she had ever gone away from God. But soon light and liberty came, and she felt and sang "Jesus saves me now."

A young man, aged 21, sought and found salvation the same night. He has already commenced talking and working for God.

"I HAVE NO FEAR NOW."

An old tar, after weeping under the Word, nearly the whole of the service,

became very restless, and at the close got down before the Lord and cried again and again, "Lord have mercy on my soul." Then the temptation came that he was too bad to be saved, and he got up, went out; but he could not get away from the place and so came back, and down he went again before the Lord, confessing the depths of vice and sin into which he had fallen many a time. When nearly wrecked he had prayed and promised God that he would serve Him if he would only spare him, but the promise had always been broken. Now he gave up all, trusted in Jesus, and went away saved and rejoicing, saying, "I shall never be afraid of being shipwrecked again."

Our young people are working for souls in many ways. Will our friends please to help us with some tracts?

F. LEWINGTON.

10, Clemence Street,
Burdett Road, E.

HACKNEY.

"Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries."

THIS is music that maddens devils, and fills believers with joy and gladness.

Sunday, February 4th, was a good day. In the morning, while in the street, a woman baptised us with water; but, thank God! we had the baptism of the Holy Ghost at night in the hall, and sinners came to Jesus. One woman was so glad that she was saved that she at once gave 2s. 6d. to help on the work.

On Tuesday, February 6th, about one hundred were with us, and at our quarterly tea. After tea we had a hallelujah meeting led by Mr. Booth. An old man and his wife, between fifty and sixty years of age, cried for mercy, found salvation, went home happy, and have been so ever since.

On Sunday, February 11th, a young man brought up in infidelity by his parents came to our hall, was convinced of sin, came to the penitent-form, gave his heart to Jesus, and is now a member with us. This has been

A MONTH OF PERSECUTION.

At our open-air services, publicans, policemen, butchers, and quite a number of "lewd fellows of the baser sort" have combined to drive us from the field; but we dare not and will not fly. We have had many a trial from an organ-grinder paid by our opponents to

drown our voices. One night they had two, but they did not succeed. The organs soon lost their power and died with a groan, and could scarcely be heard, while we had a great crowd drawn together to whom we delighted to preach the word of eternal life.

Sunday, February 18th, eight souls were at the penitent-form. Two of them were servants of our opponents, who had hired the organ-grinders and helped to organise the opposition.

On February 21st we were set upon by a band of ruffians shouting, howling, and pulling us about. Some of the sisters were very roughly handled indeed. One man was knocked down, and left with a black eye, but we stood our ground. They pelted us with all sorts of things, and flour in abundance. I was as white as a miller. We had a good meeting, and one man professed to be saved.

God loves a cheerful giver, and so do I. Money and tracts are much needed. Friends, help us.

ELIJAH CADMAN.

3, Havelock Road,
Well Street, Hackney.

POPLAR.

We have been blowing the gospel trumpet with some success during the past month in the courts, alleys, and back streets of our neighbourhood, and some of the people have come to our gospel lighthouse and seen the Light of the World.

Feb. 11th: After preaching from "Young man, I say unto thee arise," a woman rushed up to the front and knelt down at that wonderful penitent-form. She had been brought up in a good position, but through drink had been ruined. She is now back with her husband, and her life is changed.

Afterwards Bro. Taylor preached, and two young women found Jesus.

After our quarterly tea, a young man, a poor backslider, came to the backsliders' Saviour. Hallelujah! And then a young woman came to Jesus.

Feb. 5th: I preached on the keys of death and hell, and a young woman was so deeply convinced of sin that she made the seat wet with her tears; soon the Lord bound up the broken heart. She is now a member with us.

And the young woman saved on Feb. 26th brought her mother, and she got

out of Doubting Castle and realised she was really saved.

The labourer who got saved last Feb. writes from Suffolk to me to say he is holding on and serving God.

Friends, pray for Poplar. Help in money and tracts is urgently needed, and may be sent to Mr. Reynolds, 23, Dee Street, or to

GEORGE MACE.

5, Paris Terrace,
Gough Street, Poplar.

CANNING TOWN.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

THIS is just what is taking place at this station. We are having a visit from Miss Stride, and the dear Lord is owning her labours in a remarkable manner. She is preaching every night to crowded congregations, conducting midday prayer-meetings attended by Christians of all denominations, by new converts, and anxious inquirers who go away happy in the Lord. Our sister is also preaching to working men and women in the open air after the midday prayer-meeting, after which we procession back again to the hall, and point the troubled souls to Jesus. Already eighty-two persons have professed; salvation through the precious blood.

A GREAT DRUNKARD AND SKITTLE-PLAYER.

He was the son of praying parents, but grew up to be (as he himself declares) one of the blackest of sinners. He had heard that Miss Stride was coming "to preach the devil away," but of course scorned the idea, and stayed away. In less than a week, however, he heard that the devil had been expelled from many hearts, and he came to hear for himself; and at the very commencement of the prayer-meeting came out crying for mercy. This was on Friday. On the following Monday night he was on the platform telling the people how God had saved him, concluding by saying: "If I only say as much for my new Master as I have said for the old, I shall be the means of leading many to heaven; if I am as successful in knocking down sinners into the precious blood as I was in knocking down skittles, I shall be able to do a little good now, and my mother's

prayers will be answered." Amen. May God help him!

We are looking back upon the primitive Church, and getting the young converts to copy the example of the Apostle Paul; and, glory to Jesus! they are making a good start; and if they go on as they have begun, we cannot doubt they will make just as good a finish. We have also had

AN ENTIRE FAMILY

of brothers and sisters-in-law saved during the fortnight, all of whom are striving to bring others into the fold; but we cannot go on giving the cases in detail, so will give the experiences of some of

THE YOUNG CONVERTS

at the love-feast on Sunday afternoon.

No. 1. "I came in here last week, and while the preaching was going on I felt so miserable. I was asked to come to Jesus. At first I refused; but after some persuasion I yielded. At first it was so hard to believe; but at last light broke in, and now I am trusting in Jesus. I know He has cleansed me from all sin."

2. "On Sunday something told me I must go to Fox Street Hall. I said, 'So I will;' and came as soon as I had finished tea. During the service I began to feel what a dreadful sinner I was; but when the prayer-meeting commenced I came out and cried for mercy, and, hallelujah! I found Jesus was a great Saviour, and now I want to serve Him all the days of my life."

3. "This is the happiest week I have ever known."

4. "Oh, friends, I am so happy! I hardly know how to contain myself. I came to Jesus last week, and He has pardoned all my sins."

5. "Friends, if you only knew how happy I am, you would come to Jesus too, and try this blessed religion for yourselves."

So we might go on relating experiences, but one must have sat and looked into their faces all aglow with love to Christ fully to understand how happy they were. One young girl who had just found peace said to me: "Oh, sir, do come and see my mother to-morrow. I do want her to have this, *it is so good*." Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are coming to the Saviour, and are bringing their friends and relatives, and they in turn meet with Jesus, get saved, and go on their way rejoicing. Yet while this

is going on, there are thousands around us perishing, and we are longing to get to them with the offer of salvation, free and full for *all*. To do this we want to erect a much larger hall, and we appeal to our numerous readers to help us.

Any kind of help will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

J. BORRILL.

3, Cambridge Terrace,
Fisher Street,
Barking Road,
Canning Town.

HAMMERSMITH.

THE number of witnesses for Jesus is increasing at this station. We have had a precious month. Many a time have we said with David, "My cup runneth over." The various services have been marked with the presence of the blessed Spirit. Many sinners have felt it, and said, "We will go with you." And, thank God, they have gone with us to the cross, and have got their sins washed away, and are now going with us to the conflict to testify for Jesus, to the harvest-field to gather sheaves for His garner, to heaven to wear the crown and sing the song of everlasting triumph.

During the month some twenty persons have been rescued, and have declared themselves "on the Lord's side;" and still we are crying—

"I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known."

One woman said, "Oh, sir, I got my impressions when you buried Mr. Hitchcock, when you gave that address at the grave-side; I have not been happy since. But, bless the Lord, I am happy now."

Mrs. Goddard preached the quarterly sermons, and stayed for the Monday tea and meeting; spoke with effect, and souls sought salvation at each service. We heartily thank God and take courage.

J. P. G.

CHATHAM.

WE are going ahead here; but I am not content, and every day I live I have a deeper desire to see souls saved. Oh for a mighty sweep! We have drops, precious seasons, backsliders come home,

and a steady stream of sinners seeking mercy; but I want a flood, a deluge of grace. Take one or two instances of mercy.

A dear woman heard us in the open air; invited by a sister she came to the hall, was broken in pieces by the hammer of the Word, and bound up again by the healing ointment of the cross. Home she went, as happy as she could be, let her husband know the great change that had come over her, and told him he must come to the lecture-hall and be converted too. At this he laughed, and answered, "No; not I!" But she prayed and persuaded, and of course succeeded in bringing him on the following Sunday. He had not been long there before God laid hold of him, and down he fell crying for mercy; and that very night the Lord saved him. A day or two afterwards he said, "I know which is the best side now; I never felt like this before. Since God saved us our home has become like another place. We are singing all the day long."

A STRUGGLE AND A VICTORY.

He had been many a time to the lecture-hall, but gone away stealing his heart against the truth. However, the other Sunday night God dealt a heavy blow at his conscience, and all at once there was a fearful awakening. Oh how he trembled and shook, as though seized with an ague fit; and then, going up to the form, he fell with cries for mercy that were piteous to hear, and that made the place ring again. Again and again he cried, "Jesus save me; I have been such a great sinner; do save me." And then he wept and cried out again. But oh, how he seemed changed when he got a sight of the cleansing blood! Springing to his feet and clapping his hands, he cried, with a heart full of glorious joy, "Jesus has saved me, and I have got it. I do believe it. From my heart the burden has rolled away. Jesus just now cleanses me." Glory! glory! glory! It was good to see Jesus save that man. The same night his wife followed his example, and found the same Saviour; and on the Monday his daughter was saved too. Oh, may they all be kept unto eternal life!

Oh, the PRECIOUS SOULS OF MEN—thousands are passing away into the spirit land without hope. What can be done to snatch them from ruin? Will our Chatham friends pray, believe,

labour yet more abundantly, that God may send us a host of souls? Pray, pray for souls!

W. RIDSDDEL.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

HASTINGS.

OUR open-air meetings are well attended. Crowds of all sorts hear the Word, and big rough fishermen are seen wiping the tears away with the sleeves of their smocks. The other day I was stopped in the street by one, who said, "I was harkening to you folks in the fish-market last Sunday morning, and I was convinced that I was on the road to hell; I have been miserable ever since. When I was a boy I recited a piece about the Judgment Day," and with tears he said, "May God save me ere that day come."

A poor fallen woman, attracted by our singing, came up the steps and peeped through the door; it was at the close of our prayer-meeting. One of our sisters invited her in. She said, "It's nearly over." "Never mind," said the sister, "if it is; they will begin again for you." She came straight to the penitent-form and confessed that her life had been one of badness. God met her in mercy, and sent her away in peace. She is walking in the narrow way.

C. HOBDAV.

Plynlimmon Road, Hastings.

ST. LEONARDS.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

God's Spirit and power are still with us. Many of our members are seeking a higher life—more and more of God. Brother Morgan's two visits have been a boon, and souls are being rescued from sin and Satan's power.

A visit from Brother Hobday on Sunday, the 25th of February, proved a blessing. A good time and attention in the open air, and at the indoor service God's Spirit moved upon the people. Backsliders wept, and souls were smitten. A young man, a carpenter,

SETTLED THE GREAT QUESTION, came to Calvary, and found peace in believing.

Another young man, rushing to the door, exclaimed, "I'm a prodigal. I've never entered a place of worship for nine years." The Lord save him and hundreds like him.

On the previous Sunday

A CAB-DRIVER,

who has attended the services at the hall on several occasions, was convinced of his need of a Saviour. We brought him to Jesus. He still testifies to the power of God to keep as well as save.

A PUBLIC-HOUSE IN DARKNESS.

On the 28th of February Brother Hobday was with us, and, while entreating his fellow-travellers to eternity to leave the paths of sin, the police took his name and reported us at the station. We are not surprised at this after what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard, *for we saw that the public-house opposite our hall was in the market*, and on the following Sunday, when we took our stand opposite another, it was *in darkness also*. There were no lights to allure men to drown their senses with the deadly drink.

Blessed Jesus, Thou art able to quench the volumes of fire. The demon drink is fire, and is sending the people—men, women, and children—down to the pit. Can we hold our peace? No. This is our work—we are living for it.

"Jesus is our Captain,

And we shall conquer sin."

We want to give a free tea, and we ask, in the Master's name, your sympathy and prayers.

Yours, in hope of an immortal crown,
S. S. THORPE.

17, Alexander Street,
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

PORTSMOUTH.

I AM pleased to report a good work in progress here. Our people have willingly given themselves up to work for God and souls. The open-air bands are moving forward, determined to push the battle to the gate. We are outside six nights out of seven, and men and women are being pulled out of the fire. Fifty precious souls have in the past month come to the feet of Jesus, and many of that number are witnessing for God both indoors and out. All glory be to Jesus.

Miss Stride gave us a week here, and that week will be long remembered; saints were quickened and precious souls saved. Our superintendent was also with us on Sunday and Monday, 4th and 5th of March, and, though devils raged and men opposed, saints rejoiced and precious souls cried for mercy.

"YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT A WRETCH I AM," said a man sitting at the back of Monday night meeting. He came just as the preaching was over, and I said, "you would like to be happy, would you not?" "Oh, I would give all the world." "Well," said, "come then." And, crying aloud, "God have mercy on me," he rushed up to the front, and fell down before God. There was a quarter of an hour's pleading, groaning, and crying for mercy, and then oh! such a change in his countenance as he shouted, "I have found the Lord!" Is not this a brand plucked from the burning? May he be kept faithful. Another said—

"I CAN GO TO SEA NOW WITHOUT FEAR.

"I have signed articles in the gospel ship, Jesus for my captain." His wife joined the same ship the same night. He has gone to sea with the full determination of preaching Jesus to his messmates, and his wife is praying that he may be kept. We had the mother of the young woman the next night; and the father the following. Oh, glory! All the family seem to have been in answer given to the prayers of a younger daughter who had been brought to God at the death of her husband. May they all be found at the last day at the right hand of the Judge.

"I THOUGHT I WAS GOOD until I came into your hall," said a middle-aged woman, "but I feel miserable and wretched now. What shall I do?" We all knelt down and prayed, and the Holy Ghost's power came down; we stopped praying, and commenced to sing—

"I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love."
We just got through once, when she jumped on her feet saying, "Oh, this is glory! I have been to church all my life, but I never felt like this. I am saved, I am converted. I always said I hoped to be, but I know I am now," and she knows it to-day.

"THIS IS ANOTHER WORLD. All things are changed: the birds sing better, the flowers are prettier, the grass seems greener, all seems beautiful," said a young soldier as he stood in our experience-meeting, after he had received the blessing; and it will be better and better if he goes on.

"OH I AM SO HAPPY!
I hope God will save my father and mother," said a young woman. Oh, if

runkards, I knew what conversion was! This was thought it was like this; I mean and was." And, praise God, she is going tallit growing in grace.

"WHAT NOISY WRETCHES these Ranters are!" said a woman as she passed our hall, not once but many times. But once she said, "They sing well. Ill just go in and see what they do there." But she caught the fever, and now she is singing and praying too. Pray for us. We want to go on in the name of the Lord. It is His work, but we are His willing people. May God help us. Amen.

Many thanks to kind friends for tracts and help in this work for God.

Yours, doing business for eternity,
THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport, Portsmouth.
Donation received by Mr. Haydon, 10s.

CARDIFF.

THE past month has been one of victory. Night after night, Sundays and week-days, indoors and out, we have been cheered by seeing the powers of hell defeated, and our blessed Master conquering with His blood.

TWO SHIPS' CREWS AWAKENED.

Among many blessed cases I just give the following: A mate of a vessel lying in docks, who was a backslider, came, heard the Word, went away broken down, came again the next night with some others of the crew, and before the close cried aloud for forgiveness, and, bless God, soon got it. Three of his mates found Christ then and there, and before a week the whole of the crew, and through their exertion the crew of another vessel also, all except one man, found forgiveness and went away full of joy.

FOUR YOUNG MEN,

brought in by a good brother anxious for their salvation, all fell down on their knees under the power of the Holy Ghost at the close of a week-night service, and before they got up, praise God, they all went home full of the glory.

A GROUP OF POOR HARLOTS.

While conducting an open-air service in one of the worst streets in the town one Sunday evening, a number of poor harlots, who came out to hear us, wept bitterly. One followed to the hall, where she confessed her sins and found a Saviour. The next night we held a meeting especially for their benefit.

Some twenty came, and, inscribed, wish that some of our readers might the power to help had been brought Twelve of those present were sobbing and crying for forgiveness, asking to be saved from their wretched lives. All that we could do for want of more accommodation was to take the three first and lodge them for the night, and the next morning, after some little trouble, we succeeded in getting them in the temporary home at Llandaff; but, for the rest, poor things! we could do no more than commend them to God's mercy and a cold world, trusting that He who saves to the very uttermost will save each and all of them.

Friends, pray for us that we may still go on to conquer sin and Satan.

Yours in Jesus,
JOB CLARE.

16, James Street, Roath,
Cardiff.

MIDDLESBRO'

PRINCE OF WALES' PALACE.

HALLELUJAH! we are extending our borders in this town. The first time we saw this beautiful palace, and the great need of the mission in this neighbourhood, we longed to be at work in it in real mission style.

Brother Garner and I made it a matter of prayer whether we ought to run another great building like this, and we got the answer: "Yes. Go in, and break up the fallow ground, and let soul-saving be your business."

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

We complied, and God at once graciously commenced working with us. Brother Roberts, late of Portsmouth, was appointed to take charge of the work at North Ormesby, and myself directed to make this neighbourhood my special sphere of labour, and I resolved, with the blessing of God, to make a real mission station of it. I trust I shall succeed. About 60 members came from the other societies to help me, and one of the first meetings instituted was a holiness meeting, and then and there our people came out and gave themselves wholly up to God. I wish I could give you their experiences.

At our first public prayer-meeting souls were saved, souls who are now working with us in the open air and in our other meetings.

After a sermon by Brother Garner one Sunday afternoon two sinners cried for

mercy, and in the evening six more were saved, while one man was so deeply convicted that to end his misery the next day he tried to hang himself. On Sunday, March 4, we praised God for three souls in the morning prayer-meeting, and ever the Holy Ghost came upon us in our work it was in our open-air meeting that day, and hundreds heard the Word of Life. I preached in the palace, and we went home with eight souls for Jesus at night. Glory, glory, glory! On the following Monday after the preaching we had four more

SOULS AT EVERY SERVICE.

This we have had, and this we mean by the grace of God. Oh! to keep myself and people on the altar; oh! to know more of soul-saving, this is my earnest prayer.

OUR WEEK-NIGHT HALL

is a beauty; we can sing it full of people, and then we can preach, and if we see any people who we think want to be saved, but who the devil wants to take off, we can keep them in till they are saved, and the devil prayed right off.

I think I may give a word or two concerning some who have been brought to Jesus with us.

A FISHMONGER,

who had led a low life, and kept company with low and wicked characters, came to our preaching service in the palace. The word went to his heart, and he sought Christ; he is now very earnest in the open air.

Another young man came who had never been to chapel, and while we were having a prayer-meeting he gave his heart to God.

HIS MATE,

a young man, about six feet, who had gone far into sin, came with him to the hall, and gave his heart to God also; the next night he was with us in the open air.

TWO BROTHERS SEEKING JESUS.

Both these were gay and careless young men, but they had a sister a member with us, whose prayers and piety had made them feel the reality of religion, and one night they found their way to Jesus, and they are fully saved. May God keep them.

A woman who has spent half her days in the service of the devil came out weeping bitterly for salvation. She was saved, and the next night she was among penitents, saying, "Oh, my friends, I was only saved last night! But I am happy. Religion is a reality."

A MUSICIAN SAVED.

This man some time ago bought one of our music books, and has learnt to play the tunes that are set therein. He came to hear me preach, and Christ has set him in tune by saving his soul. He speaks in the open air, and also plays for us when we desire him to do so. Hallelujah!

THE MUSICIAN'S BROTHER, a fine young fellow, has given his heart to God, and has already begun to work for his Saviour. These men speak with power to the unsaved, with whom they work day by day.

A FRENCH POLISHER came out the other night and gave his heart to Christ. May he become a polished shaft in the hand of God.

WAS LOST, NOW FOUND.

A woman who has drunk as few women have done, has been changed and saved. A publican said of her the other day: "*That woman has spent seven and eight shillings many a Sunday, but she is saved, and it is no joke for these Mission folks to take custom away like that.*" May God bless the woman!

Friends, pray for this station, and let us remember nothing will succeed without holiness. Oh! that all may enjoy what we carry on our banner, "Holiness to the Lord."

C. H. PANTER.

STOCKTON.

(From the *Stockton Critic*.)

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

CHRISTIAN MISSION! that's the name, it means work—work for Christ; they work hard, work earnestly, and work in bands; and if they don't intend to turn the world upside down, they mean to turn Stockton upside down. A preacher once took for his text the following words: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." He divided his subject thus: 1st, the world is the wrong side up; 2nd, the world must be put right side up; 3rd, we are the chaps to do it. Now, if ever the world, morally, is turned "upside down," it will (there is no doubt) have to be done by such people as constitute the Christian Mission. They are the chaps to do it. Their moral and spiritual machinery consists in religious services in the open air, and in halls, theatres, tents, circuses, and the like; temperance meetings; bands of hope; visitation of the sick and dying;

drunkards' rescue society; tracts, &c. This work is carried on mainly by men and women rescued by the instrumentality of the Mission from the lowest depths of wickedness, and is sustained entirely by voluntary contributions.

The Christian Mission in Stockton meet in the Green Dragon yard, where they hold services on Sunday mornings and during the week-night evenings. On Sunday afternoon and evening they hold service in the Exchange Hall—a spacious building in High Street. On Sunday evening, March 4th, 1877, I visited this place, and heard Mr. Allen, their present appointed preacher. It was his third time of holding forth that day, and, from the way he works, I should think he would feel rather Mondayish the following day. He certainly preached till his throat was sore. His special virtue seems to be working hard and preaching earnestly. He conducted the singing as well as the general service. When this people sing, every nerve is engaged; they can make their hands and feet sing "Hallelujah."

"The great and the small, in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of their body seems free from delight;
They can't keep their feet still, they are so full of glee,
The music stirs in them like wind through a tree."

Mr. Allen stated that evening that a Secularist had been sending him a letter on Dives and Lazarus. It appears, said the Secularist, that "Lazarus was taken to heaven for no other virtue than being poor, and the rich man was sent to hell for no other crime than being rich." It might appear so to a man of limited capacity; but a man of limited mental endowment would see that this parable was not to teach that riches were criminal, and that poverty was a virtue, but that they who possessed riches and shut up their bowels of compassion against a poor man, "full of sores," that even the dogs showed more compassion—that such possessions would add to their condemnation and sin, so that the poor man should be "comforted," and the rich man "tormented." The parable is designed to teach rich men their duty towards the poor—the very thing that Secularists are always complaining about respecting the rich men of our day. The Secularist is satisfied with nothing contained in the Bible, be it ever so good.

The Christian Mission has taken great hold in Stockton, and has inscribed on its banner, "Stockton for Jesus;" and the sooner the people are brought under this banner, the better it will be for them. It is far better than living under the black flag of the devil. They have already polished some of the roughest stones taken out of the moral quarry at Stockton. They have been subjected to a divine sculptury, polished after the similitude of a palace, and placed as living stones in the temple of God. Literally, bad men have become good; drunken men, sober; brutal and cruel men have become kind, affectionate, and loving; the lion has been turned into a lamb; indeed, they are the best lion-tamers I know of. The nature of their work is all-important. The art of converting souls is a divine art, and man here, more than in anything else, is like God. Men may rave, scoff, and scold the Christian Mission workers, but they are doing more to uplift humanity than any half-dozen sects in the town. Some say it is religion gone mad; but they are (from what we have already said) doing the most sensible work ever performed by mortal man. Some say it is Methodism run to seed; well, let us hope it will bring forth thirty-, sixty-, or a hundred-fold. Some say they are too noisy, they sing, shout, glory, hallelujah, &c., in the streets; they had better do that than sing the drunkard's song, and damn one another's eyes at the public-house. "They are a nuisance to the town," say some; only in the same sense as they are a nuisance to the devil. "They are always at it," said one; yes, and so is the devil; he never rests, and why should they? "At it, all at it, always at it," was John Wesley's rule. But, say some, "they are an ignorant people;" but they are wise to win souls. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. xii. 3). "They have," says another, "some bad ones amongst them;" that may be so, but it speaks well for the Christian Mission nevertheless. Judas was amongst the twelve apostles, and bad people like to put on a good cloak, but good people never like to put on a bad appearance; there would be no counterfeit sovereigns if there never were any good ones. "They quarrel amongst themselves," said a man one day; yes, but this is because

they are human, and no human organization ever did without. "They are always begging and making collections," it is said; yes, and it is a shame they have to beg so hard for so little, when it is to bless humanity and do good. The publicans, whose business it is to curse, do not beg, and some of them can go to the bank on a Monday morning and deposit a hundred pounds. While some men will grumble to give pence to Jesus, they will give pounds to Bacchus, and tell you with shameless effrontery they are Christians. Some object to the Christian Mission because "it is composed," say they, "of a low class"; but, low as they are, if some objectors do not mind, they will by perseverance get as high as heaven, and leave them far behind. I have heard it said "they have no great men amongst them"; true, but great men are not always the best men; and it was said of Jesus, "Have any of the rulers believed on Him?" It has been remarked that "their views on religious matters are erroneous"; but who is the infallible judge to declare it? The Mission clings to Jesus, regards Him All-in-all. The nearer Jesus the nearer the truth, for "He is the way, the truth, and the life." "Their preachers," it is said, "are uneducated men"; but they are only like the fishermen of old, and yet they can show the way of salvation. Some men may be very well educated, and be acquainted with science and literature, business and politics, men and things, and yet be ignorant of the saving grace of God. A boatman was once ferrying over a great extent of water a learned man, who asked the ferryman if he knew anything of astronomy? He replied, No. Then a quarter of your life is gone. Do you know anything of botany? No. Then a half of your life is gone. Do you know anything of geology? No. Then three-fourths of your life is gone. A storm arose, the boat was in danger of being capsized; the boatman asked his learned friend if he could swim? He replied he could not. Then said the boatman, "All your life is gone." It is better to know how to swim to heaven, in the river of Jesus' love, than go down to hell with your heads full of geology, astronomy, botany, &c. Their preachers may not have studied English grammar (a most excellent branch of study), and yet they can teach important truths from the Bible. Once when the Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath, was going by coach

to Bristol, inquisitive travellers were anxious to learn from the coachman whose seat was this, whose park was that. The coachman could not tell them; he did not know. At last one of the passengers testily asked him, "What do you know?" "I know," said he, "how to drive you from Bath to Bristol." The poet has said—

"Without a knowledge of thy Maker's will,
Obtain all knowledge, thou art foolish still."

CRITICUS.

EAST HARTLEPOOL.

"Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory."

THE Lord has been blessing us here during the past month. Every meeting has been very precious. Sunday, January 14th, I preached in the theatre three times, and at night eight precious souls found peace through believing. Glory be to God, we have good open air meetings with the Mission bands!

Our converts are at work in earnest, and God is blessing their efforts. One of them who was brought in at the theatre said: "I once tried to be

AN INFIDEL,

and professed to believe there was no God. I had a praying mother. And when she used to get her Bible to read, I used to dance upon the table to hinder her; and when she used to pray, I used to mock her and shout at her; and when she died I did not trouble about her soul, as I did not believe she had one, *but I did feel her loss*. Thank God, He has taken me in. And now I see what an unkind son I have been. I hope now to meet her in heaven. I have been guilty of everything but murder; but Jesus has washed me in His precious blood. Oh! I can't say any more, 'I feel my heart will break.' He could not, his heart was melted, and so was all in the meeting. Glory! Glory!

Sunday, January 28th, was another glorious day. Sister Ward preached (afternoon) on Christian Purity. There was a blessed influence, and many determined to seek after the best of all blessings—holiness of heart. About 1,500 present at night, and eight souls came out and declared for Jesus. Praise His blessed name!

A GAOL BIRD.

"I was what they call a gaol bird. I have been in prison; but, thanks be to God, now I am a sinner saved by grace.

The devil and those that serve him tell me I should not shout and make such a noise, but I mean to shout. I have something good to shout about. Once I had no clothes to my back nor shoes to my feet, but now, praise the Lord, I have both, and the grace of God in my heart. And I have brought my sister by prayer to Christ. Hallelujah! I mean to shout and pray until the Lord takes me to heaven, and then I will praise Him for ever." This man's sister was brought in at the theatre, and is now a member of the Christian Mission.

"I AM SINGING ALL DAY," said a man who has found the Saviour. "I used to sing the devil's songs. The Lord has taken them away, and put new songs into my mouth, and I am happy. I do thank God He brought me back to the theatre that wet night to hear our brother Allen. I started to go home three times, but God's Spirit said you must go to the theatre, and, with my coat wet through, I came back, and God spoke peace to my soul."

"I WANT CHRIST,"

said a young man after Sunday night's sermon. "Very well," I said, "my brother, and Jesus wants you. Get on your knees and make a full surrender. Take God at His word." He did, and he obtained pardon.

"I am happy," said a dear man who gave the Saviour his heart. "I have been as happy as a king all this day." "Of course," I said, "you are a King's son; belong to the royal blood of heaven."

A young man came in as a spy, and the Lord broke his heart, and Jesus bound it up. Just served him right.

FINANCES.

Through the rough weather and depression of trade we are behind in our finances. The people do give to the utmost of their power; but, seeing a great number are fishermen, iron-workers, and seafaring men, their means just now are very scanty. Some good Christian friends are about putting forth efforts to remove this difficulty; if a thousand of the dear Lord's people would give us one shilling each the thing will be done. Who will give one shilling towards rescuing the perishing?

Further donations and tracts will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. Stones, Baltic Street, treasurer; Mr. Hedley, Northgate, secretary, or

GEORGE THOMAS.

35, Bond Street, East Hartlepool.