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Aggression:

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY

MRS. BOOTH.

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WANT you to note that the great idea in both these texts is that of determined aggression on the territory of Satan. "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" What a commission!! Who has ever yet grasped all that it implies? The vast obligations imposed on the people of God in this command have never yet been more than half realized. *Go ye*, not build temples or churches, and wait for them to come to you, but *go ye*, run after them, seek them out, and preach my Gospel to EVERY creature. Thrust yourselves and your message on the attention of men. The commission to Paul, and through him to us, embodies the same idea, "*Unto whom now I send thee to open their eyes.*" They are indifferent, preoccupied, asleep in their sin and danger. I send thee as my herald to arouse them, shake them, open their eyes, make them think, and realise the verities of eternal things! We are to do this as God's ambassadors, whether men like it or not. We are not to wait for convenient seasons, but in this most urgent business to be instant "*out of season.*" We are not to shrink from pressing the truth on men's attention for fear of giving offence. He who gave the commission has foreseen and provided for this result. "*I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles unto whom now I send thee*" (verse 17).

II. Then it is implied in both these commissions that this aggression will provoke opposition. Of course it will. Who ever heard of aggression on the territory of an enemy without opposition according to the power possessed by that enemy? Such a thing is impossible naturally, and even more so spiritually. "*The whole world lieth in the arms of the wicked one.*" "*The strong man armed keepeth his goods;*" and if we, armed by a stronger than he, take them, we must expect opposition. Our Lord systematically taught His disciples to expect and prepare for persecution. He taught them that their principles, motives, and objects, would be so incompre-

hensible to men of a worldly spirit, whether Pharisees or worldlings, that they would inevitably persecute and oppose them. Such we find was the case wherever the Gospel was introduced. Magistrates, rulers, and mobs, set themselves in array against both the preachers and their truths. I take it as one of the worst signs of the Christianity of this age, that it provokes so little opposition, for it is as true now as it ever was, that if we are not of the world, the world will hate us, and he that is born after the flesh will persecute him who is born after the spirit.

III. I want you to note that the only law laid down in the New Testament for the prosecution of this aggressive warfare is the law of adaptation.

"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some" (1 Cor. chap. ix. v. 22). "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire" (Jude, verses 22 and 23). The Gospel message is laid down with unerring accuracy, in unalterable terms. We are not at liberty to change even the order of it as given from the glorified lips of our risen Lord to Paul. "To open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in me." Here is the Divine order—1st, conviction; 2nd, repentance; 3rd, forgiveness; and woe be to the man who transposes this order. He makes as great a mistake as one would make in putting the key into the lock upside down. He who made man laid down this order, and it fits our mental and spiritual constitution. Let us take care to preserve it intact. Let us keep the message itself unadulterated and the order of it undisturbed; but in our modes of bringing it to bear on men, we are left free as the air and sunlight.

Adaptation, expediency, is our only law. I may convey it in any kind of language so that it carries the true meaning to the mind of the hearer—words are nothing, only as they convey ideas. I may send it through any kind of agent, from the acute and polished intellect of a profound theologian down to the new-born babe in Christ, scarcely able to read a letter in the book. Any man, however common or unclean he may have been, if God hath cleansed him, may be used to open the eyes of his fellow-men, and turn them from darkness to light. *Adaptation* is the great thing we ought to consider. If one method or agent fails, we should try another—God does so. How he tries by various methods and strokes of providence to bring men to Himself! In how many ways did He strive with you, my brother, my sister. He did not try one providence, one sermon, one consideration, one call, but oh, how many, with some of us, before our stubborn hearts yielded to His grace! And as He works, so He calls us to work with Him. In this sense, to become all things to all men, if by any means we may save some; of some making a difference, pulling them out of the fire. That is, adapt ourselves and our measures to the

social and spiritual condition of those whom we seek to benefit. It is here, I conceive, that our churches have fallen into such grievous mistakes with reference to the propagation of the Gospel in our own times. We have stood to our stereotyped forms, refusing to come down from the routine of our forefathers, although this routine has ceased to be attractive to the people, nay, in many instances, the very thing that drives them away.

The most thoughtful writers on education tell us that the first essential in a teacher of youth is to be able to interest his pupils. True. This is equally true of the people—if you would benefit and bless them, you *must* interest them. You must clothe the truth in such garb and convey it by such mediums as will arouse their attention and interest their minds. *In short, we must come down to them.* Whatever has caused it, it is a fact, that the masses of the people have come to associate ideas of stiffness, formality, and uninteresting routine with our church and chapel worship, and if we are to be co-workers with God for them, we must move out of our jog-trot paces and become all things to them in order to win them. If they will not come inside our consecrated buildings we must get at them in unconsecrated ones, or out under the canopy of heaven. And has not Jesus by His blood consecrated every spot of earth to soul-saving purposes? If they will not listen to our college-trained and polished divines, we must send them men of their own stamp, whose habits of thought and modes of expression are familiar and congenial to them, and who, washed and filled with the Holy Ghost, are as well adapted to preach to them as were the fishermen of Galilee to the men of their generation.

Why did not our Lord fit and call the divines of His own times to go to the people? He certainly could have done so! Surely He must have had a sound and philosophical reason for choosing fishermen. He acted on the principle of adaptation. Instead of working a miracle to unteach and set loose the divines for this work, He acted on existing natural law, as He always did when there was no necessity to break it, and chose the best adapted instruments for His purpose; hence He chose men from amongst the people to be workers together with Himself, and sent them out into the bye-ways and hedges, the fields, the market-place, the sea-shore, and the hill-side; in short, He sent them wherever the people were to be got at. Oh! if the Church had steadily adhered to the tactics of our Lord, who can tell whether the kingdoms of this world would not long since have been subjected to His sway?

For our part, at any rate, we cannot hesitate for a moment as to the conduct demanded of us by the teachings of our Master, and of experience, as well as by the exigencies, of a perishing world. We would a thousand times rather err in too readily utilising men and means that are manifestly suitable to the accomplishment of the great end in view than in rejecting any man or any means as "common" or "improper" which may aid us in the gigantic labours which a dying world stands in such terrible need of.

Strong Drink versus Christianity.

By Mrs. BOOTH.



THE USE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS AS A BEVERAGE IS THE CAUSE AND STRENGTH OF A VERY LARGE PROPORTION OF THE WICKEDNESS, CRIME, VICE, AND MISERY, WHICH EXIST AROUND US. With this proposition many of us here are sadly too familiar; it needs neither proof nor illustration; indeed, with some little modification, it is coming to be admitted in almost all quarters, even amongst the greatest enemies of our principles. The time is fast passing in which there has existed a difference of opinion amongst the wise and good as to the real character of these drinks. The baneful harvest of crime and misery which their consumption has entailed on us as a nation has opened the eyes of almost every thinking and patriotic mind to the fact that the drink, not the abuse of it, but the drink itself, is an evil thing, in very truth a "mockery," the product of Satanic art and malice, to be rejected and eschewed by all who have any regard for their own or their neighbour's well-being. We might adduce overwhelming evidence that strong drink is the natural ally of all wickedness. Unquestionable statistics have been produced which show that its stimulus is essential to the plotting and commission of almost every kind of villany. The gambler seeks it to aid him in the craft and cunning by which he lures his victim on to financial ruin. The seducer has recourse to its deceptive power to pave the way for his cruel licentiousness. The burglar braces his courage and hardens his conscience by its exhilarating fumes. The harlot drowns in the intoxicating cup her sense of shame, and from it gathers strength to trample out the deepest, tenderest instincts of womanhood. The murderer is powerless to strike the fatal blow till maddened by its infernal stimulus. In short, all classes and sizes of criminals unite to testify, "By the influence of drink we are what we are," and missionaries, Bible-women, chaplains, jailors, magistrates, and judges, say "Amen" to their testimony.

We have no hesitation in affirming that strong drink is Satan's chief instrumentality for keeping the masses of this country under his power.

If Christians are bound to aggress on the kingdom of Satan, and if strong drink constitutes one of the mightiest forces of that kingdom, then it follows inevitably that TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN AGGRESSIVE EFFORT, CHRISTIANS MUST DEAL WITH THE DRINK. To attempt to make war on the enemy's territory without contemplating this gigantic force, is kindred folly to that of France in going to war with Prussia without having duly estimated the strategic skill of their great general. Such folly must always be followed by failure and defeat. Doubtless, one secret of the Church's failure in nearly all aggressive measures has been her ignoring of the power of this great adversary. Why, even heathen

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chiefs, the heads of savage tribes, have sent us word that "it is of no use to send them the Bible, if at the same time we send them strong drink."

Alas! that Christians have been so slow to learn the power of this mitrailleuse of hell; but, thank God, some of them are beginning to appreciate it at last, and these are crying: What is to be done? How shall we deal with the drink? We answer, in the name of Christ and humanity, deal with it as you do with all other Satan-invented, Christ-dishonouring, soul-ruining abominations. Wash your hands of it at once, and for ever! And give a united and straightforward testimony to the world that you consider it an enemy of all righteousness, and the legitimate offspring of Satan!

This question comes with overwhelming force to those who stand forth as labourers for the spiritual benefit of mankind. At every step the drink difficulty meets them. They can no longer ignore it, it must be met and grappled with. In America, the importance of this question in its bearing on Christianity has been so fully recognised, that almost every Christian minister has become an abstainer; and I venture to affirm, that the religious instinct of Christians in both countries has pronounced this action to be consistent and praiseworthy. If consistent and praiseworthy in America, would it not be equally so in England? God grant that such may soon be the case here!

But I must hasten to point out two or three particulars in which this principle is specially valuable in connexion with religious aggressive effort.

1. ABSTINENCE IS VALUABLE TO THOSE WHO ARE CALLED TO MAKE SUCH EFFORT—*1st, as a source of strength.*

No man can deny himself, constrained by Divine love for the good of others, without improving his own moral nature and giving increased scope for the operation of the Divine Spirit within him. "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him."

2. *Abstinence is valuable to the Christian labourer as a safeguard against temptation.* It is well known that a large majority of those who become subjects for church discipline owe their fall directly or indirectly to drink. The man who never uses it can never fall through its influence. He is safe thus far, because he goes not into temptation.

3. *Abstinence is valuable to the labourer, because it helps to beget conviction of his disinterestedness in the minds of those whom he seeks to benefit, which conviction is indispensable to his success.* Doubtless the unwillingness of religious teachers to forego their own indulgence in the use of wine and spirits has greatly diminished their influence, and helped largely to beget that prejudice with which great numbers of the common people regard them. We are satisfied that if the Gospel is to make any great advance on the masses of this country, those who seek to propagate it must abandon the use of drink. As Dr. Guthrie remarks in his preface to "Scriptural Claims of Teetotalism," "I am astonished that so many ministers of the Gospel and Christian people can turn aside from the fight as they do. When I laboured among the lower, and, indeed, lowest classes of society in this city, I was met at every corner by the demon of drink. I found it utterly useless to attempt to evangelise the heathen and raise the lapsed masses without the aid of total abstinence. With all

my trust in the promises of God, and blessings of the Holy Spirit, I felt that I must be able to say to the people not 'Forward,' but 'Follow.' This first induced me to become an abstainer; and I am convinced that it is the duty of every man who would do his utmost for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures, to discountenance by his example the use of intoxicating stimulants."

II. WE REMARK FURTHER THE VALUE OF ABSTINENCE TO THOSE ON WHOM HE HAS TO AGGRESS. *First, it is indispensable as a pioneer in reaching the drunkard.* The motives, arguments, and persuasions of the Gospel are addressed to the reason, conscience, and feelings of men, and, of course, presuppose a sane condition of mind. Everybody knows that it is useless to present these to a man when intoxicated; therefore, in the case of thousands who live in a perpetual state of intoxication, the only chance of salvation is to rescue them from the influence of drink. Drunkenness is a physical, as well as moral disease, and if we would remove it, we must proceed on the same principle as we do with the insane; we must restore the reason before we can sanctify the heart. Some of our Christian friends object to this, and say, "Then it is the Gospel *and* total abstinence." We say emphatically, yes, just in the same sense as in the case of a lunatic or a man raving in a fever, it is the Gospel *and* the physician.

If any of our friends doubt whether so many are thus perpetually under the influence of drink, let them pay us a visit in the East of London; and, alas! we can point them to multitudes of besotted, benighted beings, who are never sufficiently sober to be able intelligently to comprehend the truth, even if they could be got to listen to it. Their mental faculties are so benumbed with the imbruting drink, that a vacant stare is often the only response to the first attempt at arousing and reclaiming them; and all our labourers feel that there is but little hope unless they can by some means be kept from the drink, until reason and conscience have a chance to operate. Thanks be to God, many of this class have been reclaimed and transformed in connection with our mission work; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which the drink has not been entirely abandoned. In our last year's report, "The Masses Reached,"* Mr. Booth has selected one hundred instances, out of hundreds of a similar character, of the power of the Gospel to save the vilest and worst of sinners, and at least eighty of these were drunkards of the most terrible description. Let any friends, sceptical as to the thoroughly imbruting effects of drunkenness, read these instances. It would be difficult to believe that man could fall so low, unless one had indisputable proof.

We would ask those who object to the use of abstinence as an instrumentality in saving the drunkard, what plan they would suggest for his restoration to sense and reason?

The plan hitherto adopted by many of them, we lament to say, has been simply to leave him to his fate. While giving countenance and patronage to the drink which has made him what he is, they have left him in his helplessness and misery to sink into a drunkard's hell! We might ask how it has come to pass that with such a confessedly alarming number of drunkards in our midst, there has not been put in operation one

* "The Masses Reached," Price 2d.; Rev. William Booth, 272, Whitechapel Road.

Christian organisation specially adapted to reach and save them! Has not the felt inconsistency of trying to save the drunkard while patronising the drink, had something to do with this anomaly? It is a significant fact, that we rarely find any who are not abstainers who care for the drunkard. We admit, however, and believe, that the pioneering work to be done in order to reach the drunkard, and bring him under the influence of the Gospel, ought to be done by Christians; but until Christian ministers and people will forego their own indulgence, and undertake the labour of hunting down the drunkard, we say, for pity's sake, let those do it who will, for any man has a better chance of salvation sober than drunk, under any circumstances.

But further, not only is abstinence valuable—nay, indispensable—in order to preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally valuable to prevent others from falling into it. We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure; seeing, then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of declension, inconsistency, and apostasy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced, from touching it? Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbour's mouth, be it ever such a *small* one, or ever such a *genteel* one? God has recorded *His* curse against the man who does this, and thousands of hoary-headed parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children, groan their "amens" to the dreadful sentence! Perchance, there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation, and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God has cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!

But, suppose some people could take these drinks without hurting themselves, *will they dare answer for their children?* Alas! there are thousands of parents to-day in connection with the various churches of our land, whose grey hairs are sinking in sorrow to the grave through the intemperance of sons and daughters, who first acquired a taste for drink by sipping out of their own glasses, *never used but in moderation!* I ask these parents, I ask you, Christians, was not the curse of God on the *liquor* rather than on the *size of the glass which contained it*; and might not these parents have known, if they did not, that if they sowed the east wind they must reap the whirlwind? If time would permit, we might give illustrations here that would almost wring tears from demons, but doubtless you are familiar with too many already. Christian parents, save your children from this moral pestilence; oh! as you value their happiness, their chastity, their godliness in this life, and their felicity in the next, save them from acquiring a taste for drink. *Christian ministers, deacons, elders, members, warn your young people, that they come not within the fatal gaze of this moral basilisk.* Oh! warn them that they enter not the *outermost* circle of this eddying maelstrom of perdition, crimsoned already with the blood of myriads once as fair and pure, as virtuous and true, as they are now.

Oh, Christians! by your peace of conscience on a dying bed; by the eternal destinies of your children; by your concern for the glory of

your God; by your care for never-dying souls; by the love you owe your Saviour, I beseech you BANISH THE DRINK.

THE TIME HAS COME WHEN TO TRIM ON THIS DRINK QUESTION IS THE HIGHEST TREASON TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST, AND THE GROSSEST INHUMANITY TO SUFFERING, PERISHING MILLIONS.

O Christians! look on the multitudes who are led as sheep to the shambles by this great destroyer. Look on thousands, yea, tens of thousands, of your fellow-countrymen, husbands and fathers, robbed at once of their earnings, their manhood, their reason, and turned loose on their hapless wives and children, worse, more unreasonable, tyrannical, and savage, than the wild beasts of the forest. Look upon thousands of poor suffering women, called wives, who have to endure all a drunkard's tyranny and fury, while working for the children's bread, and struggling vainly to keep a home where they may lay their heads. Look on multitudes of our youth, lured from their homes, inspired with contempt of parental counsel, drawn into gay and immoral societies, dragged down from comparative innocence and virtue to idleness, debauchery, and crime!

Look on hosts of helpless, neglected children, ten times more to be pitied than those whom the heathen mother casts into the Ganges or the Nile; look on their half-starved, half-clad bodies, their untaught, benighted minds and souls, and then say how long this moral Juggernath shall roll down your streets unchallenged—this chief of Satan's empire sway his sceptre over this vaunted Christian land!

ARISE, CHRISTIANS, ARISE, AND FIGHT THIS FOE! YOU, AND YOU ALONE, ARE ABLE, FOR YOUR GOD WILL FIGHT FOR YOU! OH, COME UP TO HIS HELP AGAINST THIS MIGHTY CHAMPION OF HELL, AND HE WILL EMPOWER YOU TO LAY HIM LOW, AND TAKE ALL HIS ARMOUR WHEREIN HE TRUSTED.

About Singing.



WOULD any one sing if there were no one to hear? Certainly not. It is an exertion to sing, even when singing seems most inevitable, and no one would be incited to the exertion but for the pleasure of being heard.

But alas! alas! there is so much selfishness in the human heart, that to be heard by one's self is quite sufficient for many. The pleasure of singing—that is, the pleasure of hearing one's self sing—is too often a mere gratifying of the flesh, degrading, like every other self-gratification, the power employed, and injuring the selfish pleasure-seeker.

There are songs which are meant only for the ears of God; songs at times bitter in their plaintiveness, at times charming in their gleeful simplicity; such songs as have been set forth as permanent models in the Psalms; songs with whose construction, method, music, and language, no one

may intermeddle—they always pleased God, and that is enough. No rules can be applied to such songs, no opinions even can safely be ventured upon them. But upon songs designed for human ears, we may properly form and express a judgment. And it seems to us that if song be the expression of anything—

I.—*The best singing must be that which best expresses what is within the singer.*

Of all the secular songs ever composed in our tongue, which are the most thoroughly acceptable to us all? Are not such as—"Home, sweet home"; "I love it, I love it, that old arm-chair"; "Britons never shall be slaves"? And why are these so much loved? Simply because they express, without reserve and without circumlocution, the thoughts and feelings which are deepest and most constant in the minds and hearts of the people.

But if this be the case, then it follows that good spiritual song must be possible only as the Holy Spirit implants and moves in men's hearts and minds those Divine thoughts and feelings which are beyond the range of, and utterly opposed to, the natural earthly thoughts and passions of mankind.

What is it that has raised religious song under the leadership of such men as Philips and Sankey, in our times, to such a height of excellence and power and value? Is it not this one fact, evident to every one, that these men have sung like the Psalmists and Prophets of the Scriptures—from hearts inspired by the living God? They have sung—not for singing's sake, not for music's sake, not for any one's sake—but because they could only pour forth in sacred melodies the gushing streams of the river of life which were overflowing their souls. Every one goes out wondering to see this strange sight. One after another comes back exclaiming—"Whatever can it be that makes this singing so attractive? I can't see anything so very special about it!" No, there is nothing about it—that is just why it is so good. It is merely the soul of a godly man conveying itself in music to other souls. It is spirit, and it is life—notes, time, harmony, may be there, or may be wanting; no matter—life is there—God is there, and almost every one becomes conscious of this as he hears the true singers of Israel.

II.—*And whenever God enters and fills a human soul, that soul must express itself.*

"Ready to burst, like new bottles," as the Scriptures express it. A very vulgar phrase, perhaps the educated will say, but a true and frank explanation of the reason for all truly holy poetry and singing. The scientific musicians may protest against this unruly, violent sort of melody, and the very churches which are buying up Messrs. Moody and Sankey's songs wholesale to-day would have scorned them as irregular, if not irreverent, but for the Divine power which seems so to possess and sway the authors.

We thought "repeats" had been scouted by every enlightened church some years ago, and now, behold all the Christian churches taking up and repeating continually songs, one of the chief features of which is the repetition of strains and words! Ah, when a man really opens his eyes to any one truth, he is ready to repeat it any number of times, in prose

or verse. Petty criticism and silly particularity about details vanish when people feel compelled to sing. They have got something to sing about, and they must and will sing in some way.

But in order that the desire to give expression to one's self may be turned to the best account, the understanding must exercise due influence. To express to the largest number of persons, in the fullest manner, what we know and feel, it is necessary—

1. To avoid any peculiarity of song, such as would repel those who might otherwise listen, or might prevent our conveying to them our meaning. Discord may be no impediment to the satisfaction and devotion of the singer, but it must act unfavourably on the hearer. Many a street-singer undoes all the influence of his words and tunes by his screeching tones or his absurd time.

On the other hand, excess of art may render the conveyance of any meaning to the heart utterly out of the question, while it attracts to the highest extent the outer ear. See the throng of surpliced singers in their most splendid efforts in our great cathedrals. Their singing, as such, is perfect, but their words, who can distinguish?

But inasmuch as the vast majority of our fellow-men are determined not to hear, and never to receive the truths that should be dearest to our hearts, it is above all necessary—

2. To sing with the utmost combination of force. There is force in love and tenderness, a force which few can resist, and he who can express to the greatest extent these emotions in his song, is likeliest to move the multitude.

But then the masses are so thoroughly resolved not to be influenced by Divine love that, unless the fury of the Lord of Hosts be combined with His love in the work, the sweetest songs will be wasted, and the love they express will be powerless.

How then is the strength and vigour necessary to drive in upon the people the undesired facts of our religion to be compressed into song?

1. By the employment of the very utmost lung power in singing. Whether indoors or out the fastidious are ready enough to complain if we sing loudly; but what of that, if our voice and our words sound out so that none can fail to hear? Let us make up our minds as to our duty. If it be our calling to awaken the people, and to make known our Saviour, then let us be determined to be faithful to our calling whether men smile on us or curse us.

2. By the use of such tunes and such words as strike the ear most forcibly. Why do the military rulers of the people choose the bugle and the clarion as the chiefest of their instruments of music, with the rattle of the drum to accompany them? Why do they prefer the brass instrument to the stringed one, or the sweeter and more pleasant reeds? Why, but that for the most pressing and urgent of human actions there is no other sound so startling, so thrilling, so supreme over the noise of war itself.

If we are in earnest in the great business of summoning a rebel world to submit to our God, if we care about the souls of those to whom we appeal amidst the bustling cares of life on behalf of our Divine Master, then we shall certainly choose such words, such songs, such tunes, as are wildest in their liberty and most startling in their vigour.

Earnest men are not to be put aside by trifles, by theories, or rules of

art. They have a work to do, and they *will* do it. Let us away with every little objection that would cross our path in the great operations in which, by the grace of God, we are engaged.

Above all, let us for ever cast out and contemn *machine singing*.

The singing that is acquired in the singing-class, that savours more of the music-book than of anything else; the singing that means to be, even when it is not, a performance; singing without a heart; singing because it is nice or fashionable or good to sing—never glorified God nor did permanent good to men's souls, and never can.

Such singing, however popular it may be, must always be an abomination in the sight of God, and should always be detested by honest men. Hypocrisy is always hateful; but of all hypocrisy, there is surely none so loathsome or so inexcusable as the hypocrisy of songs not meant. To clothe in lovely music, and in poetic language, thoughts with which the mind and heart are not in thorough sympathy, is the height of miserable deceit. It is the perfection of Satanic subtlety, and yet it is fast becoming the admired and belauded practice of the highest and loveliest circles in the land.

Oh, ye men of truth and honour, awake to the fearful reality! The words, the truths of our God, are sung by the voices of His enemies, and that amid the applause and under the approbation and thanksgiving of His professed friends. Singing, that might be one of the choicest instrumentalities for men's salvation, is made the most complete and refined agency of ruin—an awful spiritual ruin—wrought out under the eyes of the Lord's own servants, in His own houses of prayer, and in His own name.

Oh! let us rescue this precious instrument from the clutches of the devil, and make it, as it may be made, a bright and lovely power for good. May God help us! Amen.

G. S. R.

ROYAL AND NOBLE BLOOD.

WHAT is royal and aristocratic blood—this something on which so many pride themselves, and are therein so ready to make their boast—what is it? Has Omnipotence gone out of His way, and, instead of making of one blood all flesh, has caused purple fluid of a refined and superior quality to flow in royal and aristocratic veins? If subjected to the intensity of microscopic examination, what peculiar excellence or distinction would be discovered in the research? Alas! for royal and noble feelings, the blood in each case is found to be identically the same as that which circulates in the bodies of the peasant and the beggar. Where then is the boasted superiority? Echo answers, Where? What is then the difference between a beggar boasting of riches and the high-minded glorying in noble blood? Verily each are under the influence of mental aberration; this fancied something

exists only in name, and what is an empty name?—Vanity.

There is, however, royal and aristocratic blood, truly so, but it has caused only a single heart to beat, it has flowed from only one side. This is blood in which we may all triumph, of which we cannot too highly think, or too highly prize. So royal is it that it belongs to the King of kings—so high that it can lift the sinner up to heaven—so pure that it can wash the foulest clean. Here then let us only boast, this precious blood let us value beyond all price; to it let us constantly apply for healing, pardon, peace. It gives a royal title to all who are favoured and enriched by its power—"kings and priests unto God."

"May we ever know this blessing,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know."

S.

THE SINGING CARPENTER.

I ONCE lived in a village where spiritual life, except in one instance, seemed almost extinct. The village consisted of a saw-mill, four public-houses, a smithy, a carpenter's shop, the doctor's house, a toll-bar, a bridge, and rows of labourer's cottages. Nobody showed much knowledge of Christ, except the carpenter, Phil Robson, who was better known, however, as the "Singing Carpenter." Phil was of a merry heart. "Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." This did Phil all the day. He sang like the lark. "It does me good, sir, to sing," said Phil to me one day; "it cheers me, sir, and makes life pleasant: just like this day which is so bright and heavenly." And then off started Phil with one of his songs—

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

In a few moments Phil came back, and sat down beside me in the sun. His bronzed face, white shirt, and his throat as bare as a sailor's, made him look very picturesque, and not the less so because he sat under an old cedar, whose branches were overspreading his well-made head.

"You see, sir," said Phil, smiling, "I was converted through singing."

"Indeed, Phil, how was that?"
"I'll tell you, sir. I was always fond of singing. My mother—yonder she is in the garden, with my pet Lily—says I used to sing in my cradle. Anyhow, I remember singing as long as I remember anything at all. Well, sir, when I was younger I used to go to the 'Jolly Farmers,' and drink and sing for hours together. Aye, many a shilling have I spent yonder. Well, I was sitting in the ale-house one summer night, a singing and drinking with a lot more, when we suddenly heard some one outside in the road singing too. So we listened, and couldn't make it out. Then the voice came nearer and nearer, and one of them threw open the window, when all heard the words—

"Canaan, bright Canaan."

"Why," said Joe the miller, "it's Canaan; no less."

"That wasn't his real name, you know. His proper name was John Wilson, a 'Primitive,' who used to go through the village singing.

"So I looked, and there he was. I think I see him now—a plain man, with a coat like a Quaker's, and his broad-brimmed hat in his hand. When he saw us all at the window he gave us a lively sort of look. He had a bit of fun in him, and says he—'I am going to preach on the green, to tell you all of Jesus, and pardon, and happiness, and heaven. Come and hear the good news. Praise the Lord!' And then away he went singing—

"Come, sinners, turn and go with me,
For Jesus waits in Canaan,
With angels bright to welcome thee
To all the joys of Canaan.
Come freely to salvation's streams,
They sweetly flow in Canaan;
There everlasting spring abides
Around His throne in Canaan."

"This," said Phil, "was too much for me. My heart seemed as though it would break. Up I got, took the brown jug of ale that I had paid for, and emptied it on the highway, placed the jug on the doorstep, and started off after the preacher. I found him under the oak-tree yonder, singing—

"Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day"

"And there I stood all of a tremble. When he had gone through two verses of the hymn, he said, 'Let us pray,' and down he went on his knees, and began to pray for us all. About a score of us were beside him—for people had followed him from the cottages—and most of us knelt down. I know I did, for I couldn't stand. 'Lord,' he said, 'save all these sinners—save all these sinners—save them—save them, Lord!' Just then it began to rain, when the preacher said—

"Will any of you good folks lend me your kitchen to preach in?"

"Nobody answered him. I remember Bob-o'-the-smithy laughed at him. As for me, his prayer had made me feel worse than ever, and I was still all of a tremble; but I managed to say—'You may preach in my shop,' pointing to this shed of mine.

"Thank you, friend," said he, quite lively, 'that will do very well,' and he put his arm through mine and marched me across the green, singing as he went—

"Your friends may desert you and leave you alone,
The joys of salvation will more than atone,
With God for your portion and heaven
for your home,
The angels in glory invite you to come."

"Well, sir, we got into the shed, and the preacher began to preach. His text was, '*Be ye reconciled to God.*' What a sermon it was! He set before us our sins as though he knew us all; and then he exclaimed—'But Jesus died for you—died for you, for you, for you, and for you;' and then he pointed at us with his finger, so that he made us feel as though each of us had been the cause of all the Saviour's woe. I stood beside him all the time listening for my life. So did others; aye, even Bob-o'-the-smithy was broken-hearted, and when we knelt down to pray, Bob said, 'Oh, pray for me.' 'Praise the Lord!' said the preacher. He prayed for Bob, and then he suddenly began to pray for me. Then I prayed for myself; and as I prayed, oh, sir, light, freedom, peace, and joy came to me, and I cried out—'Lord, I am saved,' and from that hour, sir, I have sung the sweet songs of Zion."

"What became of Canaan, Phil?"
"Oh! I took him into my house, sir, and my wife made him welcome. He stayed with us two days, and led all—

myself, my wife, my dear old granny—to the Saviour, and then he went away."

"Did you see him again, Phil?"
"Only once, sir. He took a fever at Merton soon after he left us. I went to see him when he was dying. He knew me, and said 'Good bye.' He then pointed to heaven, and whispered—
"We shall range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

"He died rejoicing in God, sir, and went yonder," said Phil, and he pointed to where the setting sun was spreading its golden light far away up the sky. "Ah, I often think of his bright smile as he lay dying, and of his grave in Merton churchyard. But he is in heaven, sir, in glory and peace, in the heavenly Canaan he loved so well." And then good Phil rose from under the old cedar, and went into his cottage singing—

"Victory, victory, when we gain the victory,
Oh how happy we shall be when we gain the victory!"

E. W. W.

"NOT KNOWING."

I KNOW not what will befall me—God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise:
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the year,
And the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has bitterness less than I think—
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink:
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside the brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I can't repeat.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance, 'tis blessed not to know:
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on "Not Knowing"! I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light—
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than go alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials, which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had one sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back, with the whisper'd words—"He knows."

ANON.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



DURING the past month the Mission may almost be said to have renewed its youth, and to have made a new commencement in its work.

Going forth from the Conference with greatly increased confidence in God and in our Divine calling to this great enterprise, we have all felt during the first few weeks of our new year that the Lord is indeed with us, and that we have nothing to fear.

We mentioned in our last that Bro. Lamb had been left free to enter upon some large town. It has been well said, however, Where can we find larger populations than in the metropolis itself? A very remarkable opening in Soho, fully described in page 230, has demanded our attention; and we have also been importuned to do something for West Brompton, Pimlico, and Lambeth. There has not therefore appeared any course open to us but to allow Bro. Lamb to take up the West End work, with Bro. Ridsdel as his colleague; and there can be no doubt that these brethren, who have laboured together with such harmony and success in Portsmouth, may, under God's blessing, establish a great and most useful work amongst the working classes of the Centre and West of London.

Thus, however, our staff of men is exhausted, and we are therefore for the moment unable to respond to the many calls which come to us from various large towns all over the country.

Men and funds are the only requisites to enable us to multiply our labours abundantly. Oh, that, in answer to earnest prayers, many of our dear people may speedily be fitted to go forth as missionaries to others, and many suitable fellow-helpers be raised up to aid with their lives and their wealth in the salvation of the multitudes of our poor fellow-countrymen, who still lie buried in darkness and sin! *God will help us, and that right early!*

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

of workers and delegates from the stations was a season of great spiritual delight and blessing. On Saturday, the 20th June, General Neal Dow and Mrs. Booth gave thrilling temperance addresses to a large audience, assembled in the Whitechapel Hall; and on Sunday the preaching services everywhere were not only well attended and full of blessed feeling, but were abundantly successful in soul-winning. We met therefore on Monday, the 22nd, full of joy and thanksgiving, and felt, in all our delibera-

tions, the sweetness of heavenly love and the fervour of heavenly zeal. Following the practice of former years, we paused at the end of every hour for the purpose of singing and prayer, and we all felt this to be not merely a great refreshment to our minds and hearts, but again and again difficulties and doubts seemed to fly in a moment under the influence of our devotions, and so much time was saved, as well as much spiritual blessing received.

The Conference was composed of the following persons, viz.:—The Rev. W. and Mrs. Booth. Central Office—G. S. Railton, T. Anthony, W. B. Booth, Miss Billups, and Miss E. A. Pollett.

WHITECHAPEL.—Bros. Tetley and Tindale, and Sisters Wales and Shaw.

SHOREDITCH.—Bros. Heathcock, Geo. White, and J. C. Moore.

POPULAR.—Bros. W. Garner, and W. D. Hipperson. (J. Heigho absent.)

LIMEHOUSE.—Bros. J. Allen, D. Skilton, and J. Pearson.

CROYDON.—Bros. J. M. Salt, R. N. Lane. (A. Branson absent.)

HASTINGS.—Bros. W. Corbridge, J. Smith, and J. Mepham.

PORTSMOUTH.—Brs. A. Lamb, W. Cawse, and J. Warn.

WELLINGBRO'.—Bro. Job Clare, and Mrs. Sears.

KETTERING.—Bros. T. Boggitt, J. Thursfield, and T. Ball.

CHATHAM.—Bros. J. Dowdle, & D. Kidd.

HAMMERSMITH.—Sisters Saunders and Bazett, and Bro. Blandy.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE SUBSTANCE OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED DURING THE CONFERENCE.

1. That, as God has so abundantly blessed the Christian Mission in Portsmouth, Chatham, and elsewhere, it is desirable to effect its extension to the other great towns of the country as rapidly as men and means are provided, and that one or two men be set apart to enter upon evangelistic work in some large town immediately.

2. That it is desirable that every station should have a district mapped out around it, and that the whole of such district should be specially cared for and missioned from end to end at least once a quarter, in such a way as the officers of each district may think best.

3. That this Conference is thankful that a special agency for the rescue of drunkards has been established in connection with the Mission, and desires that some extra effort of the same kind be made at every station of the Mission.

4. That arrangements be made for excursions on Saturday afternoons to outlying districts of London, in order to strengthen and encourage existing stations, and to carry the Gospel into other dark neighbourhoods.

5. That this Conference praises God for the large number of persons whom He has turned from darkness to light by the agency of the Mission, and rejoices in the extent to which the converts have been made use of to carry on the work; but feeling deeply the necessity of millions of the people still lying in the deepest darkness, resolves—

(1) That the use made of the converts hitherto—great and blessed as it has been—has been but small in comparison with that which is possible and necessary, and has left a vast amount of talent and will to labour unemployed.

(2) That it is especially desirable that all our people should be taught to speak publicly to their fellow-men about Christ, and that to this end all our present preachers should be especially careful to urge all the members to the fulfilment of this duty.

(3) That inasmuch as the people are peculiarly amenable to the influence of their own neighbours and acquaintances, it is desirable more than ever to form bands for missioning the streets, for house-to-house visitation, and for tract distribution.

(4) That a special effort for the rescue of drunkards should be organized at each station, into which drunkards who are converted should at once be enlisted.

(5) That the system of collecting from persons outside the Mission ought to be thoroughly established in connection with every station.

(6) That soldiers and sailors in garrison towns converted at our services should be instructed to declare themselves Christian Mission men.

(7) That at each station, when possible, open-air services should be held every Sunday at 12:30 p.m., and that one night of each week at least should be set apart for open-air work.

(8) That it is advisable to hold Hallelujah Band Services, both indoors and out, more than has ever yet been done in the Mission.

(9) That cottage services are a most useful and necessary means of employing our converts and reaching the

people, and should be established a opportunity may serve.

(10) That many of our female converts could be most profitably formed into bands of singers to visit the homes of the people, as well as more publicly to sing of salvation.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

on Monday evening was perhaps the most delightful, and certainly not the least useful, event of the Conference. From every station friends had gathered to tea, and when the tables were cleared we had the most varied and representative assemblage of the Mission people ever gathered at a meeting, while the hearty joy and enthusiasm pervading all present must have struck the most casual visitor. In fact, a professed infidel who was present, observing that these were almost all working people, said, "Well, this is truly a great novelty; it is very remarkable indeed."

The chair was taken by SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., M.P.

We commenced by singing—

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky."

After Brothers Heathcock and Pearson had prayed, we sang—

"His name yields the sweetest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice."

The Chairman said: I have come here on the present occasion rather to listen than to speak. I should like, however, to offer a few words expressive of the interest I feel in the work that is going on.

I have long been connected in a quiet way with Mr. and Mrs. Booth, the originators of this Mission, and I have taken a deep interest in it, as it has helped, comforted, and, probably, strengthened many hundreds of persons depressed in condition and fighting for existence amidst great difficulties, in the eastern portion of London. I believe in the sincerity of those connected with the Mission; and I am here this evening as a partner in the concern. (Loud cheers. A. Lamb: You'll have a share in the glory!)

I think I may say that there are many present who, since they have been connected with the Mission, have found themselves much better able to fight the hard battle they had to go through than before they were members of this society. The reason for this will be found in the fact that its members believe that the fight will end before long, and that there will be victory for them in the end.

The REV. W. BOOTH said: It is not my duty on this occasion to make a speech, but rather to present something

like a report. I always dread lest, on occasions like this, while we are rejoicing together, and recording the work accomplished and the blessings received, we should in any wise forget our dependence upon God for it all—lest we should begin to feel in any degree as if our own right hand or our own arm had gotten us the victory. I do trust that we shall all be able to-day to ascribe to God all the praise and glory of the work done and the results realized, and that every one will understand us so.

Again and again, from the first, I have offered on the altar of God this Mission, with all its concerns and all its capabilities. I desire again to-night to lay the Mission on the altar, praying God to take it, to mould and fashion it according to His own will, and to use it for His own glory.

The particulars then added by Mr Booth will be found annexed.

Then we sang—

"Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the Lamb."

Mr. RAILTON (one of the Secretaries of the Mission) said: As I sat here, listening to that report, I thought—"Well, we are just as bad as the Jews;" and we have all made up our minds that they were a bad lot. I have sometimes wondered as I have read the story of the wonders in Egypt, and of the passage through the Red Sea—"How could they forget it?" But I think I see it all now. They were so busy getting along through the desert, and wondering where they should get food from, and so on, that they had no time to reflect on the

marvellous deliverances the Lord had wrought for them. And I fear we Mission folks are so busy getting on with the work, and puzzling as to how we are to get men and money to carry it on, that we scarcely ever have time to stop and observe how greatly God has blessed us.

I remember the time when I have paced about a room calmly considering how much wickedness I could commit in the shortest amount of time without detection, and now my thoughts are occupied with plans for the salvation of souls. Talk about miracles! It is a new creation. And, praise God! here are hundreds of us thus saved by grace, and we know that there are hundreds more left behind at all our stations.

People may think us too enthusiastic; but I am certain that we are not half enthusiastic enough. Knowing that God is with us, and that men are perishing, let us press on with the utmost enthusiasm, caring for nothing, and forgetting everything but the one great cause we have in hand.

Suppose I wanted to get to the West End in a great hurry to-night, how should I go about it? Should I not call a Hansom? And why? Simply because I know that the driver will go straight to the point I name, pushing his way through the most crowded streets of the city without regard for the wheels, legs, or arms of any one, and will get by the shortest cut and in the least possible number of minutes to the end. "Oh, but," people will say, "that is very selfish and very inconsiderate of the comfort and safety of other people." And so it is sometimes said of us, perhaps, that we have too much thought of our own work and too little consideration for the ideas and wishes and labours of others. Well, however that may be, I know this, that the way to attain an object is to go right at it, and I believe this is the sort of thing God approves of. Jesus Christ, when He set about the work of our redemption, took no notice of the ideas or wishes of people around Him; but, regardless of the odium and opposition which came upon Him at every step, pushed past every difficulty right on to Calvary. Oh, that we may have grace to follow in His footsteps till we mount right up to the throne of God!

After the hymn had been sung—

"I am a warrior here below,
And have to fight where'er I go,
To glory, to glory,"

J. ALLEN, Evangelist from Limehouse, said—Yes, we believe in fighting. That was, so far as I can make it out, the original design of the Christian Mission—to go out into the enemy's territory, taking from him his strongholds and spoiling his goods; to go where others could not, and, in some cases, dare not go, and to overthrow sin and beat the devil on his own ground.

The Mission was fighting when it fired the shot at a street corner, one week night, that struck me in my vile state. Wandering about, with boots unlaced, and a short pipe in my mouth, I wondered, when I heard the open-air preaching, what it could be, and drawing near I listened. The words took hold of my heart. I followed to the old hall at Poplar, and there sought and found the Saviour, and then I joined the army, and am marching still at Christ's command.

Our ammunition is the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. The Gospel can change the vilest man into the very image of God; it can make the drunkard a sober man, the thief an honest man, the swearer a praying man, and can raise men from the very gate of hell to heaven. I remember well the mighty change it wrought in me. My mind was very dark—as dark as hell; but God said, "Let there be light," and how the light beamed in! The shutters of my soul were taken down, and the light of the Gospel streamed in at once.

I had to put up with a deal of opposition from my old companions in sin, though. One day a man met me coming up from a coal barge, and I had been praising God and thinking of His love till the big tears had run down my cheeks. He said to me, "Why, whatever's the matter with you?" "Oh," I said, "there's plenty the matter, for God has pardoned all my sins, and I'm going to glory. Why, bless you, I'm a king's son." "What! you a king's son," he said, "with a black face?" "Yes," I said, "I am a king's son, praise God, for, though my face is black, my heart is washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and I shall soon be done with the coal-heaving, and go to glory." And then I began to ask him whether he would give his heart to God, and come along with me. And by the grace of God I have been kept unto this day.

We are still warriors, sir; we have not turned aside from the path in which God has led us thus far; and while you are fighting in the House of Commons,

sir, we are fighting the Sunday-traders in Salmon's Lane. A brother takes down his shutters every Sunday morning, and we stand inside the shop, where the police cannot shift us, and shout, "Buy wine and milk, without money and without price," while the butchers opposite are crying, "Buy, buy, buy." We have had Sabbath-breakers stopped and turned to the Lord, and now some of them stand up with us to preach the Gospel on the very spot on which they used to stand with a poker to knock the policeman's brains out.

Sometimes people ask me where I get my sermons from, and how I get them up. I tell them I don't get them up at all, I get them *down* from heaven, steeped in the blood of the Lamb; and I trust that, if ever the Christian Mission gets into a respectable way of doing things, and abandons Christ crucified and the simplicity of the Gospel, may God wipe it out.

The hymn commencing—

"What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?"

was then sung, after which—

Mr. HEATHCOCK, Evangelist of the Shoreditch district, said: A man said to me, the other day, "I have joined you because you are a despised lot of people;" and so we are, though not by every one. There are but few who esteem us, and fewer still who love us, while very many despise us. We can readily understand why some people should despise us. There are those whose gains are made out of the poverty and ruin, temporal and spiritual, of the poor, and whose hopes depend upon the continuance of the sinful and depraved in their evil courses. We cannot be surprised at such people, if they despise and even hate us. But we see no reason why we should be despised. We think that we deserve the sympathy and kindly interest of all who take delight in the salvation of the fallen and the ingathering of the out-cast, for in this blessed work God has made us successful. The cry of the penitent sinner does not startle us, for it has become familiar to our ears, and we trust that the mighty works we have seen wrought in the name of our Jesus are but small compared with what we have yet to see.

Mr. JAMES DOWDLE, of Chatham, said: I am glad to have the privilege of being present at this great meeting to-night, and to hear from the report how great a

blessing has attended the labours of this Mission during the past year. My whole heart goes out in gratitude. We believe in praising God, sir; we are a "praise-the-Lord" kind of people, because He is always blessing us in some way or other, and we are always asking for more blessing, and we get it. Hallelujah!

It has been my lot, during the past year, to labour at Chatham, one of the new stations. Mrs. Booth commenced the work there nine months ago, and laboured on until her health gave way, and I was sent to take it up. I had some fears at first, but I laid my all on the altar, and commenced the work for God and for eternity, determined from my heart to win, or to die on the field; and, glory be to God, He has given me the victory. The prey has been taken from the mighty, and brands have been plucked from everlasting burning. To God be all the glory. For some weeks we had no place for our week-day meetings, save a little cottage, so we took our stand at the corner of the Military Road, right in the centre of the town, where four roads meet, and just between two public-houses, with music-halls attached, and while they drank and blasphemed, and sang the devil's songs, we preached the Gospel and sang the songs of Zion.

Timid people said it was not the right place for religious meetings—that we were likely to have opposition and persecution. But it seemed to me it was the right place, for I believe in bearding the devil in his own den, and taking the bull of hell at once by the horns, and so at once frustrating his purposes; and so, thank God, it has proved, for his infernal power has been paralyzed, and every effort put forth by the publicans and their dupes to stop us has been useless.

We have had opposition from professors of religion. They said we should never do much in Chatham, and the little that was done would soon pass away—like a flash in the pan, it would soon be over; but they are now coming round, and saying the Mission is just the thing for the three towns; and I believe it is.

Some said we should not be able to get the people when summer weather came, but our congregations still increase, and I believe Chatham, with its public-houses, beer-shops, and brothels, and all the other vices and miseries that are to be found in a garrison town, will feel more and more the effect of this Mission.

We have had some of the wickedest men in the town converted, some who have not been in church or chapel for twenty-five years. We have fitted up a good hall at the cost of £50, and are missioning Rochester and Strood, and the Beacon, near Luton. During the nine months we have taken the names of 282 anxious inquirers; 184 have signed the pledge; 70 persons have joined our believers' meetings, and many of our converts have gone to different parts of the world; and I believe that while we keep to our own work—namely, preaching the Gospel, not in the power of man's wisdom, but in the power of the Holy Ghost, looking, praying, expecting, and mightily believing—we shall succeed, and God will help us to carry our Mission banner through the length and breadth of this land. In the name of Jesus our Captain we have given ourselves to this work of saving souls. Brethren and sisters, help us, pray for us, believe for us. The language of my heart is—

"Enter every town and village,
Now go forth at His commands,
He will bless our feeble efforts,
Crown the labours of our hands.
Run, ye heralds,
Spread the Mission through the land!

Then we sang—

"Hark, listen to the trumpeters—
They call for volunteers."

Mr. CORBRIDGE, Evangelist from Hastings, said: The first hymn we sang to-night struck all the bells of my heart, and the chimes are playing now; may Heaven keep them playing the same tune! Something has been said since then about "our measures." We have none, sir, only what were expressed in that hymn—

"We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me."

Yes, sir, He died for me. I shall never forget the time when I first felt He died for me! I heard that He, by the grace of God, had tasted death for every man; I stopped to gaze at His marred visage! I gazed at Him in the manger, in Gethsemane, at Pilate's bar, on his way to Calvary! I gazed at Him on the Cross, at His wounded feet, at the holes in His hands, at His thorn-crowned brow! I heard Him cry, "I thirst!" I saw the vinegar; I gazed while heaven wept, while earth was

darkened, while hell howled! I gazed while men railed and spat at Him, wagging their heads! I heard the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I gazed at the mob as they said, "He saved others—himself he cannot save!" I fancied I heard the thunder throb at the throne-side—saw the red, lurid lightnings play before the face of the Almighty in vengeance; but I heard Him cry, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!"

"My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there."

I cried out, "Lord save me!" and He saved me all over, and I am saved now, sir! Hallelujah! I am going to heaven! I believe I shall get there! Since that day my language has ever been—

"Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity—
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the Cross."

That's the story I tell, sir, anywhere and everywhere. I tell it by the fire-side, in the thoroughfare, in the market, in the court, in the alley, in the circus, in the Mission Hall. I find that's the story that saves people, and it saves all classes of people. If a man has been educated as a Romish priest, I would tell him that story; if he has been brought up in a Chatham beer-shop, I would tell him the same—nay, sir, I would tell it to the worst man in London, in the worst position, the nearest hell; let me find him down the darkest alley, in the worst court, on a straw bed, without a rag, without a penny, without a friend, without one ray of hope, with all hell in the room, with destruction in his bones, with every nook and corner of the chamber full of devils, waiting to drag him away, with damnation stamped on his brow, and in his eyes the wild glare of a damned soul—as I plough my way through the devils that surround him, and as his fiery eye meets mine, I will say to him—"Brother, unto you is the word of this salvation sent, and He that sent me shall show His wounds"; and as he gazes at the slaughtered Lamb of God, I will say, "He is able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." And as the man gazes

at Jesus, methinks his heart will melt—the precious blood shall be applied, and his soul shall be saved. Devils shall be disappointed, angels descend, and from a bed of death, and from a room of devils, he shall ascend to a palm, a crown, a throne. Hallelujah! The Lord help me to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. Amen.”

The next hymn began—

“Of Him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking.”

MISS BILLUPS said: Mr. Chairman—my dear Friends, I cannot express the pleasure I feel in being back amongst you. It is now, sir, some seven years since I was first brought in contact with the Christian Mission. During my residence at that time with its founders, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, I was led from a dead, cold, careless professorship of religion, to real, practical, living faith in Christ. I have since learnt in its midst how to render back some of these blessings given, in working for Him who has done so much for me—in working, I trust, for souls for heaven and for eternity. I have been on the sick list. Until really laid aside from active labour, I did not know how inexpressibly dear the work that has so evidently been given to me by God is to my heart. I may say the Lord has been with me during my absence, and has been showing me that with my returning physical strength He is also giving to me increased blessing and power. During the last eight weeks I have been enabled to hold over forty services amongst people of varied denominations, conducting meetings in Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist Chapels. One of the lessons I have learned, sir, is to go *anywhere* the Lord calls me. Between two and three hundred people have sought the Lord.

In returning to your midst, dear brethren and sisters, I have but one wish—that whatever the Lord has given me, as it has been through the instrumentality of the Christian Mission, shall be rendered back to His honour and glory, in labouring as one amongst you in this blessed work. My earnest prayer is, that we may continuously go forward, hand in hand and heart to heart, through the difficulties, home-wards—heavenwards—Godwards—and, at last, may together experience eternal joy at His right hand.

J. E. BILLUPS, Esq., of Cardiff, said: I have seen a great deal of my dear

friends, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, behind the scenes. I have seen them again and again in perplexity and in tears, and I know something of the burden they have had to bear and the toils they have had to undergo in carrying on this work; and I, therefore, rejoice greatly to be present here to-night.

I remember the old tent and the early struggles of the Mission in White-chapel, and our dear brother over there (pointing to Mr. Lamb)—God bless him—and I trust that this great and good work will spread, under the blessing of God, yet more and more.

One thing I would say to you, dear friends: if you want to succeed in your work, remember that everything must be done *in love*. I have had a great deal to do with working people, and I have found that there was nothing like love to win men's hearts and gain an entrance for the Gospel. If you want to save a drunkard, don't scold him, but be kind to him. If you want to get hold of a navvy, “cuddle” him. Let all your words and actions be steeped in love, and then you will find ready access to the worst of men, and will be able to lead them to Jesus.

R. PATON, Esq.: I cannot exactly tell what my position in regard to this Mission is to be. I do not fully understand all its measures, and yet I see that it is doing a very great and blessed work, which I trust will go on and increase abundantly. I sometimes think my work in the Mission will be something like filling the office of ballast. The ships get along beautifully before the wind; but they would run a great risk without ballast, and I fancy that when our friends are a little in danger of being carried away by their zeal, I may be a little use to ballast them a trifle; but I do feel this—that the Mission represents the great and true principle which ought more fully to influence all Christian people, that every converted man is bound to extend the kingdom of Christ. If we felt the love of Christ burning in our hearts, it would constrain us to carry forward the blessed Gospel till every people partook of its blessings.

N. J. POWELL, Esq., the Treasurer of the Mission, expressed the great pleasure and satisfaction that the results of our labours as a Mission gave to us, and his earnest desire for the blessing of God upon all such labours everywhere. He said that it fell to his lot to preach

sometimes, especially at Bromley, and it was a delightful work to be engaged in.

The Chairman, in concluding, said: I have been deeply interested in all that I have heard, and am not in any hurry to leave, still, as it is time for all who believe in “early closing” to go home, we will conclude. I have heard of a minister who used to preach long sermons, that it was said of him that he drove the nail home, but then hit it on the head, again and again, till he knocked the head off. After so much that has been said—and so well said too—I feel I ought not to say any more.

I do not profess to have much ability in reading countenances, but of this I am thoroughly satisfied, that many, if not nearly all here, have throughout this meeting heartily rejoiced in the addresses delivered. The manifest earnestness and sincerity of those who have spoken prove that they are men well adapted for the work, and I have heard enough to satisfy me that this Mission is (to an extent of which I had no idea) solving the question how to get at the people. As an Englishman, as a Patriot, and as a Christian, I wish you every success in this good work, and pray that God may speed you yet more and more.

We greatly regret our inability to produce the speeches of Bro. Lamb, the Evangelist from Portsmouth, Bro. R. Lane, the converted tinker, of Bromley, Bro. C. Smith, a converted gipsy, and Bro. J. Sales, a converted navvy, from Croydon, and it would have taxed the powers of a shorthand writer to have given a fair representation of the simple, free, and colloquial expressions which fell from all the speakers, so full of life and power that they can never be forgotten, though their form cannot be recalled.

BEWARE OF YOUR APPETITES.—The devil is the death of men, as men are of rats and mice—by means of their appetites.

NOTHING TO DO.—Lady Holland was frequently lamenting that she had nothing to do, that she did not know what to be at or how to employ her time. “I recommended her,” said the poet Rogers, “something new—to try and do a little good.” That is a cure—all to laziness and listlessness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR SIR,—On the 21st of June I conducted a camp-meeting in this town. I gave the closing address in the morning; seeing some sailors standing by, I was led to relate the substance of

A MAN-O'-WARS-MAN'S LETTER

in your June number, which had been put into my hand only a few days before. During the address I observed a seaman wiping the tears away from his eyes with his sleeve, and I of course thought the words were taking effect, little thinking what was to follow, to give confirmation to the story. As soon as I had pronounced the benediction, the man I allude to came over and grasped my hand, calling me “dear brother,” saying: “I am the man of whom you have been speaking.” Surely, I thought, the Spirit of God is in this matter. As we walked, he told me more than I had previously known. So ere we parted I said, “Could you tell the people that by-and-by, if we gave you an opportunity?” “Oh, yes,” he replied—“anything for Jesus.”

He continued with us all day—his home is just behind our chapel—and in the evening he gave an address, in which he related his experience, and how the Lord Jesus delivered him from *all* his sins, which includes the *drink*.

Many a tear was shed, for few could resist the overcoming influence that accompanied his words. In the prayer-meeting too, he set an example worthy of imitation by many older Christians. His ship has since left this port.

I think it good just to let you know this seeming strange coincidence, and wish you God-speed in your great work—this is genuine at least.

I have been interested, profited, and stimulated by your periodical, and heartily thank God that you are in existence.

Believe me,

Yours in Jesus,

J. F. THOMSON.

Primitive Methodist Preacher,
42, Granby Street, Devonport.

PRAYER.

WITH God is perfection in answering, in His own sovereign way, the prayers of faith. With us is imperfection in putting up these requests. God is, therefore, at all times more ready to give than we are to ask. S.

**THE REPORTS FROM THE DISTRICTS
FOR THE YEAR ENDING THE 31ST MARCH, 1874,**

Disclosed the following very cheering facts.

DISTRICT.	Total No. of Preachers and Exhorters.	Outdoor Services held.	Indoor Preaching Services held.	Anxious Inquirers Recorded.	Amount contributed by the people towards the support of the work.
					£ s. d.
Whitechapel	55	1040	780	612	307 10 4
Shoreditch	56	832	1040	424	172 13 9
Limehouse	36	312	676	350	165 3 11 $\frac{3}{4}$
Poplar	24	1093	988	400	169 18 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Croydon	17	520	520	280	157 3 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hastings	38	364	572	150	390 2 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Portsmouth (9 months)	19	546	676	650	73 17 0 $\frac{3}{4}$
Wellingboro' "	4	156	156	120	
Kettering "	8	116	232	80	
Chatham (3 months)	8	91	104	154	46 13 9
Totals	265	5070	5744	3220	£1483 3 0

During the twelve months halls have been built or purchased and opened at Plaistow, Portsmouth, and Bethnal Green the Whitechapel Hall has had a new roof put over it, and new stations have been established at Mile End, Plaistow, Barking, North Woolwich, Cubitt Town, Chatham, Rye, Wellingboro', Kettering, Portsmouth, Buckland, and Southsea.

N.B.—If a quarter be added to the statements of Portsmouth and Wellingboro', and three-quarters to Chatham, and if £300 be added for Hastings and Kettering, whose returns were not complete enough to publish, it will be seen that the contributions of the Mission people towards the cost of the work are at the rate of over £2000 per annum.

Laying the Memorial Stone

OF THE

Stoke Newington Hall.



THE Brewery is almost entirely demolished, and the new hall is rapidly rising in its place. On Sabbath, the 12th July, the friends—under the leadership of Bro. Pearson, the newly-arrived Evangelist of the district—held a camp meeting on the common. Scarcely had they commenced when a big, rough fellow, poorly clad, joined the crowd. Soon the Word laid hold of his heart, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks. He was in distress about his soul, and out there under the open sky he fell upon his knees and sought salvation. We hope he found it. In the evening Mrs. Booth preached in the Assembly Rooms, and it was exceedingly cheering to her after the conclusion of the service, to have one after another come forward to assure her that they were still walking in the good way into which they were led during her services in 1870.

The laying of the Memorial Stone next day was, however, the great event looked forward to with most interest, not only by the Stoke Newington friends, but by many at the various stations. A large company gathered from various stations opposite the Cemetery gates in the High Street, about four o'clock, and marched along to the site of the hall, singing—

"Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above,"

as they swept under the gateway, where mission flags were silently waving similar declarations to the swelling crowd, which rushed from neighbouring courts, and in many cases evidently from houses that sadly needed our labours.

After prayer, praise, and reading from the 60th chapter of Isaiah, Mr. Booth gave a statement of the origin and progress of the work in Stoke Newington, which may be fitly represented by the following extracts from the declaration placed under the Memorial Stone:—

THE HALL,

in course of erection on this site, will, as soon after completion as possible, be secured on trust for the use of the Christian Mission for ever.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION

is an organization of converted working men for the special purpose of going out to seek and to save the thousands of our fellow-countrymen, who not only never enter a place of worship, but who look with aversion, prejudice, and disdain, on everything connected with religion.

The Lord has been pleased to make the Mission gloriously successful amongst those classes during the few years which have elapsed since its establishment in 1865. The preaching of the Gospel in the open air, in theatres, music-halls, and other places of public resort, by plain, unlettered men—most of them converted by the instrumentality of the Mission—has been owned of God in the conversion of thousands of precious souls, and in the establishment of mission stations in more than thirty different localities.

THE STOKE NEWINGTON BRANCH was commenced in July, 1870, as a result of services held by Mrs. Booth, in the Assembly Rooms. For two years the work went on with great success, the principal centre of operations being the British Schools.

In June, 1872, however, these were required by the congregation of a Dissenting church, then undergoing alteration, and our people had to retire to the Mission stronghold—the open air.

For six weeks every service was held on the common, not one being omitted. Then the Assembly Room was secured for a time, but not proving suitable or properly situated for our work, was given up. The little Ragged School in Sandford Lane was at length taken, and is even now our only in-door accommodation.

In the winter of 1873 the zealous missionary stationed here was suddenly taken ill during the Sunday evening service, and since then the Mission has not been able to place a man at this station.

Yet notwithstanding these trials and difficulties, we are able to record to-day, to the glory of our Master, that our battery has never been silenced, and that a band of fifty men and women are ready to respond to the call of the missionary who will direct the operations in connection with the new building.

The lease of the brewery premises has been purchased at a cost of £225. The new hall, which is to seat 450 people, together with necessary alterations in the remainder of the building, will cost, it is estimated, £550. Of the total amount, £675, some £411 are in hand, or promised from the parent Mission and a few friends, including £5 received to-day from C. Hanbury, Esq., who is unable to be present. The remaining £264 we trust will be contributed before the completion of the building, so that it may be opened free of debt. A part of the premises will be sub-let, and will, it is hoped, produce the amount of the ground rent.

Mr. Booth then called upon Miss M. C. Billups to lay the stone, upon which were inscribed the following words—

THIS STONE WAS LAID,
TO THE HONOUR AND GLORY OF GOD,
BY MISS MARY COUTT'S BILLUPS,
ON MONDAY, THE 13TH JULY, 1874.

GOD WITH US.

After performing the ceremony, Miss Billups said: My dear friends, I am very, very glad to be thus permitted to take part in the work—may I term it the action?—of to-day, not alone because of the honour my Mission friends have laid upon me in asking me to lay the stone of their new building, not merely because this is to be a place of worship—not even that it shall be a Mission Hall—but because, from my inmost soul, I heartily appreciate, and thoroughly coincide with, the motive and principles of the Christian Mission.

Our aim, so far as we are conscious, is the glory of God and the welfare of souls. A brother, in our midst, frequently sums up our principles in the expressive terms—A Saviour for every man, and a Saviour from every sin. Such a Saviour, I trust and expect, will ever be preached within these future walls, and I pray that "Ichabod" may never be written here.

To my Mission friends I would say, God speed you in your heaven-born labour; and to those who have come to look on I would suggest, that if you have time or talent to devote to the Lord, it will be well spent in this cause—that it will aid your devoted use and happiness here, and will be remembered to your eternal joy. Should you feel disposed to send your money, it shall be carefully spent for the welfare of perishing souls.

The Rev. J. McKENNY, Wesleyan Minister, expressed his regret that in his absence our application for the use of the Wesleyan schoolroom for the tea had been refused. If he had the £250 he would gladly write a cheque for the amount, but as he had not, the friends must take the will for the deed. He believed that the Mission preached the Gospel fully and truly, and that our coming into the vicinity of the Wesleyan Chapel would be the means of stirring up their people to love and good works. He was sure that our coming would be a blessing to the neighbourhood, for drunkenness, crime, misery, and iniquity would be lessened; and he trusted our utmost hopes and expectations would be realized in the salvation of many souls.

After a few words from Dr. Cook, the Local Treasurer, and R. PATON, Esq., the Hon. Sec. of the Mission, the work of bricklaying commenced, friends from various stations pressing forward to lay

down their offerings, and to perform a little amusing amateur labour.

THE TEA.

The beautiful schoolroom of the Abney Park Congregational Church now became the general resort, and after a hearty tea, we adjourned to the chapel, which, with the schoolroom, had been very kindly placed at our disposal for the occasion.

The chair was taken at seven o'clock by Mr. PATON, who said that while he did not see eye to eye with all the views and opinions of the Mission, yet he had found, upon inspection, that a great and deep work was being done by it, and that he felt bound for that reason to give it his heartiest support. While all its sayings and doings might not exactly suit the taste of those who were accustomed to sit in such beautiful places of worship as they were now assembled in, it was manifestly adapted to the classes to whom it ministered, and for whom it was designed. And no matter how outrageous the operations might appear to outsiders which attained the desired result, the Mission must keep on its course, and if one measure failed it must take up another, and so on until the people were got at and saved.

After Mr. BOOTH had given a brief account of the work in Stoke Newington, and of the new building in course of erection,

The Rev. J. SPENSELEY, Minister of the Abney Park Congregational Church, said that instead of feeling that they conferred any honour upon the Mission by allowing them the use of their church on this occasion, it was the church which was honoured. The work which the Mission did was such as many of them did not feel themselves at all qualified for, and such as they could not hope to succeed in; but they would be exceedingly glad if while they give to the Mission their friendship and assistance, it could give them some hints which might be useful in enabling them to do more for the masses of the people themselves.

Mrs. BOOTH said, that although Mr. Paton was rather fond of telling us that he did not approve of our measures altogether, he never spoke without enforcing our principles, and if any one really adopted our principles they would certainly come to adopt the measures which embodied them.

The great need of the Mission was to keep to its work, utterly regardless of everything but the work itself, for the great hindrance to the success of the Church lay in its slowness to give up their old methods, in every particular, or to adapt themselves to the varied circumstances of the people. If we were to succeed in accomplishing the work of God amongst the masses of our fellow countrymen, we must be more and more determined to give up every preconceived notion and to take up *new* measures.

It was not likely that the Mission should be willing to abandon its old and successful methods until it saw its way to something better; but if there were any new methods which were evidently good and useful, we must gladly adopt them at once. Mr. Spenseley had been telling her of a court in that neighbourhood, in which he was deeply interested, where he had found nine out of twelve women drunkards.

Only think of it! Nine women out of twelve drunkards! Think of their homes, of their husbands and their poor little children. Surely it is enough to make our hearts bleed to think of such a state of things, especially remembering that there are hundreds and thousands of places all over the land where similar horrors are to be seen. And I must confess, under these circumstances, I cannot sympathise with much that is said by Christians as to their want of adaptation for the work of rescuing their poor degraded neighbours. I do think that in the vast majority of cases where people say, "I am not fitted for the work," it is simply because they have never tried to do it. Why, I was thirty years of age before I attempted to speak in public. How was I to know that I had a faculty for that branch of labour? How could I possibly have known if I had not tried? Oh, that there were the will on the part of all of us to do whatever our Lord shall give us to do! Then the performance of our duty and the salvation of our fellow-men would become easy enough.

R. H. COOKE, Esq., the local treasurer, said that he had had great pleasure in assisting the London City Mission in that neighbourhood, and that he felt that the new Mission was certain to do a great and blessed work, and, therefore, he was glad to take it up. He had had occasion to address a num-

ber of clergymen, some time ago, in connection with the ten days' Mission in London, and he had felt bound to tell them that, he believed, God had always chosen, when extending His work, to put the new wine into new bottles—new instrumentalities were raised up, and new converts were formed into new organisations. He believed that this was just what the Lord was doing with the Christian Mission, and he rejoiced in such a movement, and trusted that the treasure now in his hands would soon be increased to a very large amount.

Mr. HENRY VOLCKMAN, Deacon of the Independent Church, said: I am glad and thankful that I have been here this evening, and was pleased especially to hear Mr. Paton's testimony to the value of the Mission. I know sufficient of

the religious denominations and missions already in existence to have a pretty correct idea, I think, of the difference between a reality and a sham, a success and a failure. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Mission myself to speak of it from my own personal knowledge, but I feel sure that when a gentleman who comes from a country so far north as Mr. Paton, says what he has said to-day—that he has examined the Mission, and found that its work is genuine, and well done—I feel sure that we may safely accept the testimony, and I, for one, will be glad to recommend it to all whom I know.

After addresses from Bros. TETLEY and RIDSDAL the meeting was concluded, the collections of the day, including £20 laid on the stone by Miss BILLUPS, amounting to over £30.

The Rescue of Grafton Hall, Soho,

FROM HOME-RULE AND INFIDELITY, AND ITS
CONVERSION INTO A CENTRE FOR
CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.



HIS hall was originally built, and for many years used, as a Baptist chapel. A few years ago it rendered good service as a mission-hall; but during the last two or three years it has been occupied by the party devoted to Home-Rule and Infidelity. Here, on the Sabbath, those sentiments have been disseminated, while funds have been raised on week nights by comic songs and loose dances, varied with occasional boxing-matches and semi-prize-fights, and other performances of a similar character.

Some earnest workers, living close by, had long looked at the place with the deepest interest, and besought us to do something for the dark neighbourhood around it. Two or three weeks ago they brought us the intelligence that the building was to let, and entreated us at once to step in and commence our work. Upon inquiry we found the opening a most important one, offering a sphere of immense promise, and although the rent was high and the exchequer almost empty, we could not refuse it; we therefore accepted the offer, and after having the hall cleaned and seated, we are hoping to open on Sunday, the 2nd of August.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF SOHO.

THE better to satisfy ourselves as to the need for our entering upon a district in which others have laboured, and are still labouring, with great success, we visited Soho at ten o'clock the other evening.

A few minutes were sufficient to convince any one that whatever might have been done, there remained yet abundant work for us, and work for which the Mission is peculiarly fitted. All the streets for half a mile round were full of people, most of them evidently very poor. Public-houses and gin-palaces blazing with light, and crowded in most cases with wretched customers, stood at every corner.

Hundreds of little children from the very tenderest age were playing around the public-house doors, or lying about, some of them asleep on the pavements. In one street an organ-grinder was performing the part of the orchestra, while some fifty young people, ranging in age from five to twenty, were dancing in the roadway.

A young mother, with a baby in her arms, tripped jauntily backwards and forwards in front of the entrance to a dirty court, describing with animation to half a dozen dirty, wretched-looking men and women some recent occurrence, made sufficiently clear to us by the words, "*fourteen days, and a guinea for the solicitor,*" which caught our ears as we passed by.

Hard by this place, we found a French eating-house, where a roaring trade in fried fish and potatoes was going on—the shop being crowded by scores of people, whose pale, haggard faces told plainly of the terrible struggle for a bare living which these poor creatures have to wage, while many others, a degree lower still, stared eagerly through the windows.

Lounging about in every direction were men and women, whose character could not be described as "doubtful." Sin and misery were written in the darkest colours everywhere.

One shout of victory would be quite sufficient to gather an open-air congregation here at any time—indeed, the only question which arose in our mind was how the immense crowd of people, evidently within reach, could be satisfactorily dealt with by a handful of preachers, however earnest and laborious they might be. Here is a loud cry of agony from thousands of poor perishing

ones. Oh, that we may be enabled faithfully to respond to it!

HAMMERSMITH.

BROTHER LAMB writes in very good spirits from his new sphere of labour. Congregations are larger, souls are being saved, and the brethren are in excellent hope and spirit for a great work in the future. Bro. Lamb asks for tracts, and specially desires the sympathy and prayers of all his friends for this enterprise. His address is—12, Hetton Street, Dartmouth Road, Hammersmith.

THE FIRST SOD OF THE HACKNEY HALL SITE

was cut on Monday, the 20th July, by Mr. G. S. Railton, in presence of a number of the Hackney members, and of friends from various other stations. After the ceremony we marched in procession to the Loddiges Road Hall, where a tea and public meeting followed.

The open-air meeting held previous to the in-door one at night was a great success—in fact, not only did foot-passengers gather around us in considerable numbers, but the drivers of vehicles passing by stopped to listen, until the police had to show themselves, in order to prevent a complete blockage of all the roadways. Such services on week-nights have, however, become common enough in Hackney, though the handful of diligent labourers who devote whole evenings to this work have said very little about it.

We trust that the erection of the new hall will mark a new era in the history of our Hackney work, and that the earnest prayers and labours of many years past will bear abundant fruit.

THE FIRST MISSION EXCURSION AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE first excursion of the Mission took place on Tuesday, July 21st, to Portchester Castle. Over three hundred went by special train at 1:30, and spent a really happy and useful day amidst these hoary ruins. The processions to and from the stations, and the meetings during the day, were in true Mission style. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, Bro. Salt, the new superintendent of the station, with Bros. Lamb and Ridsdal, from London, and other friends, were present.

All were delighted, and we trust many were blessed. We can report that the brethren and friends have received Bro. Salt very heartily, and that he is looking forward to a very useful year. Oh, may hundreds be saved!

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN

FIRST FRUITS FROM THE MOTHER'S MEETING, HASTINGS.

DEAR Sister Willis has gone to heaven. She was an early member of our mothers' meeting. At first she only scoffed, afterwards she prayed, and then we used to hear *her* "amen" above all others. She was better known in Hastings by the name of Charlotte Smith, and had led an immoral life. When ill, she told our friends that she found peace in bed during an illness, through impressions received at the mothers' meeting, and said she had the "fullest assurance" that she should go to heaven. A week before she died, she said to one of our friends, "I'm going to heaven." Sister T. asked, "Will you trust Jesus in the valley?" She paused, and said, "Yes, for He'll be with me." The mothers wept while we urged on them, by her example, to be ready to meet God. We believe lasting impressions were made. We trust we shall save many souls out of this meeting.

Yours in Jesus,
E. C.

ARTHUR BRIDGES,

THE FIRST FRUITS OF CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, which has seen some of the most marvellous miracles of grace since the establishment of the Mission there, has now been the scene of the first Christian Mission death-bed—one of the most triumphant deaths we ever heard of.

In the flower of his youth, this lad was struck down with the illness which was speedily to finish his career, and ere long it was evident to every one that his days and hours were numbered. To him, however, the immediate prospect of death brought no thoughts of melancholy. It was all brightness and joy, as far as he was concerned, and all his thoughts were bent upon the salvation of his relations and friends. He made every one about him, including the doctor, promise to meet him in heaven, and entreated Mr. Dowdle to do all he

could to get his father and mother converted. He prayed for each member of the family by name constantly, and had the unspeakable joy of receiving the answer to his prayers for one sister before he passed away.

When she ran home from the service in the Lecture Hall one Sunday evening, full of the newly-found joy, he shouted, "Hallelujah!" and sang hymn after hymn so loud that he was heard through the open window by persons in the next street. He made every one in the room sing, and many stood in the street to listen, as the songs of triumph and salvation rang out from the sick-chamber. Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle describe their last visit to the dying saint as follows—

"When we got there some of the friends were up-stairs praying with him, and as we stopped down-stairs to talk to the family, we could hear him praising God and responding to the prayers of the others. We went up-stairs, and found him with his face lit up with the glory of God. Calling his sisters, he bade them each good bye, and then prayed for God to bless us all. We could not but weep with the others as he sang with an angelic voice—

"Cease, cease, to weep, my friends, for me,
All is well!
My sins are pardoned, I am free,
All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I'm going to mount the upper skies,
All is well!"

"He sang this several times, and then exclaimed, 'It is beautiful—beautiful! I shall soon be there. My feet are in the river now; but I fear no evil; nothing can harm me; Jesus is here; angels are my companions, and heaven is my home.' When his strength was almost exhausted, he had a severe struggle with the enemy; but his faith and joy grew stronger and stronger, and at the last, he sang the beautiful hymn, commencing—

"One by one, they're passing over,
and shouted—

"I have the victory!
Glory, hallelujah!"

"His triumphant death, his testimony, and his singing, have been blessed to the salvation of many."

"Happy if, with our latest breath,
We may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold, the Lamb!'"