

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

AUGUST, 1875.

## About Liberty.

By G. S. RAILTON.



PERHAPS no subject has more largely occupied the minds of men, no theme so deeply stirred them, no object been so desperately sought after by them, as *liberty*; and yet, strange to say, the vast majority of mankind have no proper idea of the meaning of liberty. Nay, they believe the extremest bondage to be the height of freedom, and this false notion of liberty in itself so enthralled them as to keep them back from the attainment of that liberty which is true and lasting.

"We never were in bondage to any man," is the proud language of nation after nation, community after community, heart after heart, while all the time dark and cruel bondage covers the earth, and the poor captives boast their helpless way to deeper darkness for ever.

What is liberty? Does it consist in the absence of all constraint? Does it mean that my will shall operate without being in any way hindered or affected by any other will? Ah, this is the ordinary idea of liberty which possesses the human breast; but it is in the most direct opposition to truth. Supposing such a state of existence possible to any created being, what end would be served by the possession of it? What should this solitary one, left all to himself, seek after, or what could he attain? He could not be a God; and what else could he seek after? A being without an object would surely be of all beings most miserable. Ah! no; this would not be liberty; it would be wretchedness of the worst description. Man's highest glory, his most precious inheritance, is the possibility of climbing up to God, and of being made like Him. To be set free from every influence which can hinder his attainment of this heavenly height, that is the truest, the grandest, the fairest liberty. To be free to rise up far above all heights, above all powers and dominions

above all creation, right up into partnership, communion with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ. Ah! that is liberty!

#### I.—THERE CAN ONLY BE LIBERTY BY LAW.

Put a dozen men on board ship absolutely without arrangement or order; let every one be perfectly free from every one else; and what will be the result? Are you not placing every one of the twelve absolutely at the mercy of the other eleven? Nay, are not any five at the mercy of any seven? Who's to determine how they shall treat one another, or what any or all may or may not do? But suppose they do nothing whatever to one another, simply retaining entire independence, then will any of the twelve be able to carry out his wishes as to the course the ship shall take? He may indeed have strength enough alone to unloose all moorings, and to let the ship drift helplessly where the wind or the waves may carry her; but should he do so he must necessarily interfere with the life and prospects of the other eleven, as much as with his own, so that none of the men have liberty, because none of them are under any sort of law.

But suppose the men, having sufficient intelligence to see all this, elect one of their number to command all, and suppose him to choose others to act under his authority for the better government of the rest. Some may object to the arrangement, and may even leave the ship rather than submit to it; but upon those who remain you can now confer liberty. To some has been given liberty to command—to manage the rest, and while in doing so, you have taken away the unbounded liberty of the rest to do as they please, you give them now liberty from every anxiety and responsibility while simply performing the task assigned to each one. They are now perfectly free, not to do as they please, but as their officers please, and should any one attempt to prevent them performing their duty, they can look to the officers to defend them from such an attempt. All can be free, because all are under law. The officers no more possess absolute liberty than the men, for in accepting their position they have taken in hand duties and responsibilities which they must either deal with properly or be blamed for nonfulfilment of hereafter, so that the liberty conferred upon all by the establishment of law is equal—all are free only to do their duty.

Just so in the spiritual world. A soul not subject to God is the plaything of the devil; utterly without freedom, it can neither rise to that which is good, nor prevent itself from falling into that which is evil. It is in fact a captive, and must always remain so until law comes in to make some demand which may set it free. Now bring in the commands of the Almighty; require that soul to separate from evil and to do good, and you at once create a thought of freedom which had no existence before; you have in fact set the mind free already from the darkness in which it was buried; and should the man determine to act upon the advice thus given, the fight for liberty

will at once begin. Now that same voice directs the battle, showing the road from darkness to light, and the soul acting in obedience to command after command, repents, believes, follows, until it is set free. Thus every step to freedom is a step of obedience, and in order to perfect liberty there is no other system.

A sinner pardoned, but yet hampered by weights, troubled with besetting sins; how is he to become perfectly free? Certainly not by saying, "Oh, I am free from all law! I can never come under condemnation now." This is to be content with bondage so far as it still exists; nay, more, to be the advocate of bondage. If, on the other hand, the poor troubled one hearing the command to "crucify the old man with the affections and lusts," in reliance on Christ, resolves to obey, and seeing that there is power in Christ to enable him to fulfil the righteousness of the law, does so, the last remnants of slavery will soon be gone, and he will rejoice in the perfect liberty of the children of God. To be free, it is to bear the yoke of Christ, it is to be the clay in the potter's hand, moulded and fashioned in every particle to his liking.

And just so with the liberty of societies. You sometimes meet with men, whose boast it is that they are perfectly free from every human yoke. They have no connection with anybody; they look with horror upon all combinations of Christian men. All these, according to them, are wrong, and the Divine plan is for every man to follow the Lord singly. The result is, that no society is at liberty to count upon their help; while in every direction the cry for workmen in the vineyard loudly rises, they stand aloof, and the few may continue to struggle on while they maintain their righteous independence; and thus, those who labour are prevented from doing all they wish for want of the help of those who might assist them. On the other hand, those who hold aloof from all organizations lose the privileges and benefits of all such unions. They have not liberty fully to enter into any.

On the other hand, those who combine gain liberty of action in the Master's work, just in proportion as they surrender their individual freedom to act without consulting others. The freedom with which a man can use his body depends upon the amount of control he may have over every part of it. If one tooth aches, or one finger be cut, or one nerve be strained, the whole body is affected and rendered less capable of healthy action; but if every part of the body be perfectly well, it becomes to him comparatively easy to do anything he wishes to do, because he can use each member of his body to do its part.

Just so, any company of the Lord's people gain power by the submission of each one to the general will, and lose in every case where one insists upon having his own way. Healthy, strong co-operation can only be possible to brethren, who in honour prefer one another, and submit themselves one to another with a hearty goodwill. A band of people, each one of whom does as he likes, is a rope of sand.

## II.—LIBERTY IS VERY PRECIOUS.

Liberty is in itself a great blessing. We have no need to enter the prison corridor and hear the clink of bolt and chain; no need to cross the seas and look at the poor jaded dying slave, to learn how precious freedom is. To feel how great a gift true liberty is, we have only to look back, it may be a little while in our own experience, to the time when evil thoughts, companions, words, habits crowded us on in a mad, wretched rush to ruin, and to remember the pangs we felt when the consciousness of our sin came upon us with all the weight of eternity, and we felt as if the very power of God Himself could never set us free.

Praise God for the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free! As our glad hearts rise and, shaking off the long, weary dream of night, look up to the clear light of heaven now shining upon us, and as we mount by faith to the very throne we shall sit upon, can we help joining in the very song we shall soon sing for ever there of glory to our God and to the Lamb? As we wander gaily through the world, they may well stare at us. We ought to be strange beings to all the rest, for while they, with their fancied liberty, are running on in madness and chains, we are the freed men whom this world is not large enough to hold—the Israel of the Lord.

But liberty is more especially precious, because it so multiplies every other blessing. Europeans have often laughed over the great Chinese guns which were found some years ago so securely fixed in the forts they were meant to defend, that they could only be of use against an enemy who would be good enough to station himself directly in front of them. The same guns mounted so as to be freely worked by turning every way, might have done terrible mischief.

Satan knows the greatness of human nature, but can afford to laugh at it while bound in fetters of sin. Free from the yoke of bondage, however, every power and faculty of man's being becomes mighty to destroy evil and do good; the nature feeble to helplessness becomes glorious in its power.

In times of panic one often hears of capital "locked up." The pounds, shillings, and pence, which have been invested in land, buildings, or machinery, or other unsalable property, were of the same value as any other cash; but money not at liberty for use in any direction is money utterly worthless in an emergency. Is it not too true of an immense amount of the Lord's professed property here below, that it is so locked up, so mingled with the affairs of the world, as to be practically useless to the Master who stands in such urgent need of it amidst the extreme difficulties of the great war?

People often talk about laying their all upon the altar; but it is to be feared that a great deal of the time, talent, and possessions, laid upon God's altar, are all the time held by a little string, just as the

performing monkeys one sometimes sees in the streets, and the moment there seems any likelihood of the Lord's really taking the gift offered, it is jerked back. There is the appearance, but only the appearance, of true liberty, for earthly desires and tastes still have a secret hold on the heart.

To our only rightful owner we are only valuable in proportion as we are free from every influence other than His own. We have heard of scoundrels who make a lawless living by systematically selling and re-selling dogs, which are trained to run back to the old kennel at the first chance; and yet is not this what the devil is training thousands, if not millions, of professing Christians to? They answer on Sundays and at prayer-time to the call of God, but run back to the world as soon after as possible, and are all but worthless to Christ, because they are to so slight an extent free from the world.

And if the want of liberty so mars the Lord's interest in us, how much do we lose ourselves? There are many to whom time is rather a nuisance than otherwise: they do not know what to do with themselves—the fact is, they are not truly free.

They appear to be entirely unbound. They are, in truth, held back by hellish influences from yielding themselves up servants to the King of Kings. Once truly His, the King's business requires haste; hours and moments cease to be troublesome, and become of priceless value. A lifetime seems miserably small to do His work, and even Eternity, as finite eyes try to scan it, seems all too little for the mighty gratitude of the free.

We have laughed over the story of the negro slave who took off his hat in a shower of rain to preserve it, gravely remarking that it was his own, while his head belonged to his master: and yet the principle which he so strangely applied was sensible enough. Fathers, mothers, wives, children, lands, possessions, are all mean and contemptible indeed in the eyes of a true-born son of the Great King, as long as they are not His; but once set free for His pleasure, they acquire a thousand times their original value.

The wealth and resources of France have been enormous for many years past, but their value in the eyes of Frenchmen, as well as in the view of the whole world, rose immensely when the war indemnity was paid off, and the foreign legions marched away. Even so shall we be able to rejoice in all the talents, gifts, graces, and privileges God gives us, just in proportion as we are free from every earthly aim and influence, devoted and subjected to our Father in heaven.

The Word of God, sealed to a mind enchained by false teaching, becomes a mine of gold to him who reads it free from every prejudice. The Lord's day—a weary idleness to one who is bound to the world—becomes a longed-for delight to the servant of the Lord. Yea, heaven itself will only be of value in proportion to the use made of time in the interests of the kingdom.

The liberty of the sons of God is ours: it is necessary; it is inexpressibly precious. We must have it—must proclaim it, and spread it through the world. The more we value it, the more are we bound by every holy tie to seek to liberate our fellows. May God help us, not merely to be faithful to our glorious birthright, but to labour night and day to extend its glorious benefits everywhere! Amen.

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## The Church's Need.

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**T**HE Apostle Paul says, in writing to one of the Churches, and designed for all, "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing; and in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ concerning you." And this is the state of Christian privilege and enjoyment, which we are bound to seek after, aim at, and maintain; and this state lived in and enjoyed by the Church would shake the slumbering world to its centre.

But where are the signs of this spiritual elevation, this crowning point of Christianity, these mist-dispelling, sin-destroying sunlights of the Church? Granted, here and there, there may be individuals who seem to stand out from the multitude, whose souls seem absorbed in the great work of their Holy Master, and of living out the truth, "Praying without ceasing,"—full of sympathy for a perishing world, and rejoicing only in the Lord of Hosts; some stars of magnitude, some giant minds taking hold of God, denying themselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts, carrying with them the blazing torch, and sword of the Spirit, and slaying sinners by thousands; but why is it not so with the mass of professors? Why? we would ask with all earnestness, with all sincerity and Christian charity, not to give offence, but to stir up the mind to deep reflection.

Is not this becoming too much an age of imitation, rather than of deep religious Bible experience? This, we fear, is the grand secret, the measuring ourselves and our Christianity by human standard, instead of measuring ourselves by the Divine standard. Hence it is, our piety is of such a selfish, dwarf-like character; there is so much to do about respectability, so much of man-seeking, man-pleasing profession in the present day, until the Church has become weak as an infant, and stripped of her real glory. I would ask, what is a sign of her strength and glory? The vastness and increase of her possession, her victory, and her internal holiness. When she is going forth from conquest to conquest. And ought the Church to be satisfied with any state of feeling and exertion that does not produce this desirable and glorious end?

Is this sign, then, I would ask, so marked and distinct as it ought to be, considering the world's woes and the world's wants? Is the state of feeling and exertion anything like commensurate with the magnitude and vastness of the work which is yet to be accomplished? Is the Church living in her primitive glory and strength? Until these questions can be answered in the affirmative, let us not be termed harsh and censorious, but with the spirit, seriousness, and earnestness of Christian men. What is the will of God concerning us as individuals forming a part of the Church? Is it not that we should consecrate body, soul, strength, time, talents, and wealth, in a way that we have not done heretofore? In that way, and nothing short of that, which His blessed laws enjoin, and in that way which He alone will approve of at that day when He shall say, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou shalt be no longer steward."

Are we doing the will of our Father on earth, as His agents, as it is done in heaven by His angels? Are our hearts anything like in keeping with the fired language of the poet?

"Not all heaven's host shall swifter move  
Than we on earth to do Thy will."

Am I living, breathing, praying, agonizing, and wrestling for souls? Am I resting satisfied without this knowledge, that I shall have a single star to bedeck my crown in Paradise above, without being the humble instrument of saving a single soul from death eternal? Am I living with all the great and blazing realities of eternity in view? And are all my words, thoughts, and actions bearing down upon eternity and the salvation of men? What have I been doing? *What am I now doing?* And, am I now ready to be offered up? Can I say, For me to live is Christ, but to die would be gain? How far have I answered the great end of being? Oh, would every professing man and woman examine and ask themselves these plain, serious, yet eternally important questions; would every professor come out of himself, and live in the glory; honour God by a holy life, by strong faith in His promises—His power and willingness to save; by holy earnest supplication, by a lively active and untiring zeal for the prosperity of Zion, and the promotion of the cause of God in the world; then should we soon discover the will of God concerning us, by the manifestation of His glory in the enlarged and increased outpouring of His Holy Spirit—in the diffusion of a more healthy, vigorous, holy, heavenly, happy spirit, over all the powers of the soul. Zion would go forth in her might. Her converts would be many—many as the stars of heaven, and increasing in numbers, strength, and holiness. A tide of salvation would set in upon the world, and would sweep away, overthrow, and cast down every opposing power (and like as the mighty deluge of old swept away the refuge of lies and the abominations of iniquity, and left nothing remaining but the ark of the covenant, floating securely on its mighty billows), so should there be nothing left that would hurt or destroy in all the land; but from mountain top to mountain—from hill and dale, should there be heard the voice of praise and rejoicing, Now is come salvation, and glory, and strength, for the accuser of the brethren is cast down, and God is all in all. Oh, that the long-expected

day might begin to dawn upon these realms of sin and woe! Let us, one and all, pray:—

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come shed abroad the Saviour’s love,  
And that shall kindle ours.”

Oh, for a blessed, melting sight of Calvary! Oh, for a depth of feeling for a perishing world! Something like that which moved the Saviour to endure a life of poverty, scorn and derision and agonizing death, for the salvation of a lost world. There have been individuals who have felt something like this. There are at present some holy, self-denying, devoted souls; but, oh, for more, until the whole Church is deluged with the fire, the love, the zeal, the faith, the holiness of the Fathers in the Church!

## A Worker out of Sight.

“She hath been a succourer of many.”—ROM. xvi. 2.



HERE is a charming book called the “Life of Sarah Martin,”\* which shows *what a woman can do*, out of the sight of the Christian world almost.

There is a very lowly grave at Caistor, on the coast of Norfolk. Many graves contain stately coffins of oak and velvet, and are marked by monumental brasses or marble obelisks; but this is only celebrated for being *precious in the sight of the Lord*. In the day when the graves shall be opened, and the dead shall arise, how joyfully that honoured sleeper, Sarah Martin, the dressmaker, will spring to greet her Lord! Many a tear fell, and many a heart was sore when she died; but soon she shall live again.

She was diligent, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. It was the study of her life to please her heavenly King. She was diligent in her earthly calling. She was a dressmaker at Great Yarmouth; not one praised by the titled and beautiful; not one whose work enfolded graceful forms; nor one of the interesting and oppressed dressmakers commemorated in songs and novels. No; she was only an industrious, well-doing seamstress in a provincial town.

But she had a higher calling in which she diligently laboured; she ministered unto the hungry and the thirsty, the naked, the sick, and the prisoner. She did more than feed the body, and pity fettered limbs: she led many hungry, destitute, captive souls to the cross of Christ; and God gave her saved sinners, young and old, as her hope and crown of rejoicing.

\* Religious Tract Society. Price 1s.

It was a life of self-crucifixion; taking up the cross daily, and following Jesus—pleasing Him, and not pleasing men; for she had no renown, and little praise, yet she could say, “My own path was bright from first to last, in the knowledge of God, and the smile of His favour.”

Every Lord’s day she went to the prison, as well as four or five days in the week besides—reading, praying, exhorting, and teaching. For twenty-three years she endured an amount of fatigue which her delicate frame was little fitted to bear; keeping accounts, cutting out clothes for the unclothed, writing, preparing the prisoners’ copy-books, keeping a watchful eye upon the liberated as well as those still in prison, and labouring with her needle for her own support and the means of administering to others. At last the frail tabernacle began to dissolve, and pain came in violent agonies. In a few moments of ease, she thus writes: “I am so slow a scholar in the school of *love* and *mercy* that my dear Redeemer cannot allow me to go home yet; but He will soon ‘perfect that which concerneth me.’”

The beautiful description of the Christian—“Not one who looks up from earth to heaven, but one who looks down from heaven on earth”—became increasingly descriptive of her state. She shrank more and more from the society of those who did not love Jesus; and wherever she went her proposal was, “Let us read God’s Word together.” The furnace of bodily pain was heated sevenfold, yet she was calm and joyful; and when told that death was just approaching, she said, “Thank God! Thank God!”

How sweet and tender will be the voice which she is yet to hear, “Come, thou blessed of my Father!” Oh, ye many women that live “at ease in Zion,” why are there not more “Yarmouth Dressmakers”? Why are there not more “good and faithful servants”? Why are we not all known by that most honourable appellation given by a poor heathen, “Women of the Book”?

## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

“OUT OF SIGHT.”

## THE KING OF KINGS,

Having observed that his Earthly Subjects are all

WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN

With sin, has made arrangements for relieving them of their burden, and for taking them away from this world, through faith in the Blood of Christ,

TO HIS PALACE.

APPLY TO HIM AT ONCE, ERE IT BE FOR EVER TOO LATE!

N.B.—THE DAY WILL NEVER END.

## FLAMES OF FIRE.

ALEXANDER MATHER.

AMONGST the noble men who stood up for Christ amidst the abounding wickedness of the last century, and who turned many of the ruffianly and lawless to righteousness by the preaching of the Gospel, the name of Alexander Mather deservedly stands high, and he will, we doubt not, shine bright amongst the glorious throng who have come out of much tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Like many of his brethren, Mr. Mather entered into the kingdom of God only with a terrible struggle. He says:—

"My convictions increased day by day till my appetite was gone and my sleep departed from me; my bones were filled as with a sore disease, and my tears were my meat day and night. I have sometimes gone on my knees when I was going to bed, and have continued in that position till two o'clock, when I was called to go to work. Meantime my flesh consumed away like as a moth fretting a garment; and my bones were ready to start through my skin, for I had no rest day or night. But yet I could not believe, though I continued in prayer and supplication day and night, seeking God in sincerity of heart, and carefully departing from evil."

Oh, that men now-a-days were to be seen similarly alarmed and troubled on account of sin! At length, however, on Easter Sunday, 1754, the wretched captive was set free.

"My load," he says, "was gone, and I could praise God from the ground of my heart; all my sorrow and fear, and anguish of spirit being changed into a solid peace."

His radiant beaming countenance spoke the delight of his heart ere his tongue could utter a word. It was not so much the ecstasy of joy as a serene heavenliness of feeling, the Spirit attesting his adoption.

Soon after his conversion, he became eager to preach the Gospel to others, but Mr. Wesley, to whom he went for advice, seems to have been anxious to test the strength of his convictions by a little delay, and to lead him to count well the cost before embarking in what was then so serious an enterprise.

And it was well that he was thus warned, for truly the life he was called to was one of no little care and danger.

Constrained by the love of Christ, however, he soon went forth to the work, commencing with a walk of a hundred and fifty miles to his first station.

He had surrendered, not merely in word, but in deed, his all for Christ, and the experience of his soul was proportionately glorious. He thus describes it:—

"What I had experienced in my own soul was an instantaneous deliverance from all those wrong tempers and affections which I had long and sensibly groaned under; an entire disengagement from every creature, with an entire devotedness to God: and from that moment I found an unspeakable pleasure in doing the will of God in all things. I had also a power to do it, and the constant approbation both of my own conscience and of God. I had simplicity of heart, and a single eye to God, at all times and in all places; with such a fervent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls, as swallowed up every other care and consideration. Above all, I had uninterrupted communion with God, whether sleeping or waking."

With such an inner life, it was little wonder that he could go boldly through the greatest dangers and toils without losing, even for a moment, the heavenly calm of his soul. He thus describes one of the terrible scenes through which God's witnesses in those days had so often to pass:—

"In Autumn I was desired to go to Boston. I did so; and preached in a field on a Sunday evening, with tolerable quietness. The next time I went, Mr. Alwood and I judged it would be best to be in the market-place. We began singing, when suddenly a large mob appeared, with a drum beating before them; meantime a great number of squibs were thrown among the people. Finding it was impossible to be heard, we purposed going to a friend's, about a mile from the town. The moment we turned our backs, the dirt and stones flew like hail on every side. On the bridge a man stopped us; but we broke from him, and went on with the mob at our heels, throwing all that came to hand. Their number continually increasing, we thought it would be most advisable to face them, and try to get back to the town, where we had left our horses. My two companions immediately leaped over a wide ditch, which divided the field. But before I could follow them, one of the mob, coming

behind me, struck up my heels, and gave me a violent fall. When I got up, my friends were out of sight, and the mob surrounded me on every side. I knew not which way to go, neither indeed how to go at all, being exceedingly weak and spent, both with the fall and the many blows I had received. Being a little recovered, I tried to go through them, to a foot-bridge that was over the ditch. They forbore throwing till I drew near the bridge, and then all cried out, 'Ditch him, ditch him!' And just on the side of the ditch, one struck up my heels again. Yet he stood by me, and let me rise up, and walk quietly over the bridge. There I was in the middle of the mob, and had a large field to go through, parted from the road by high rails, which had a broad ditch on either side. When I came to the rails, I knew not how to get over, my breath being almost spent; and if I could, I saw no likelihood of escaping the being thrown into the ditch; however, they let me crawl over without much hurt. But as soon as I was on the road, the same person who stopped us on the bridge collared me, to drag me to the horse-pond, while the rest plastered me over afresh with dirt. But just as we came to the pond, a gentleman called out to him that held me, 'Let the man go.' He immediately let go his hold, and I passed by the pond.

"I had still to walk through the whole town, my horse being at the far end of it. When I came into the street, they got the dirt out of the kennels, and threw it in my face. As no door was open to take me in, I was obliged now and then to turn and face them (otherwise they seldom looked me in the face) in order to get breath. When I came into the market-place, there was a general shout for the glorious victory. Before I got to the inn, I was just ready to lie down, when one struck me violently, in order to strike up my heels. But I kept my feet, I know not how; which I looked upon as a great mercy, as such a fall upon the stones might have done me hurt. At the same time one threw a stone, which struck me on the temple. I then concluded I must die in their hands. But, by the mercy of God, I was strangely brought through all the multitude to the inn where I had alighted. *Being sat down, my first thought was, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' Indeed, my mind (Glory be to God!) was kept through*

*the whole in perfect peace.* By this time some of my friends, who had followed at a distance, were come in, and were washing my wound; when the mob came to the door, threatening what they would do to the house, if the landlord did not turn me out. He came in, and said, 'I cannot keep you here, for the mob will pull my house down.' I told him, 'Sir, I am in your house; but while I use it as an inn, it is mine. Turn me out at your peril. If you fear your house, apply to a magistrate for protection.' He went to his landlord, who was a magistrate, and ordered him to take down the names of the chief rioters. After a while, I mounted my horse in the yard, and then, the gates being opened, rode through a shower of stones, and came safe to our friend's house. But I was so bruised, almost from head to foot, that when I was cold I could hardly stir. And it was a full year before I quite recovered the hurts which I then received."

Spared for nearly fifty years of such daring service, during which his bow abode in strength, and God used him to spread the news of this glorious full salvation up and down the land, he reached at length the end of his grand career at the age of sixty-seven. The closing scene of this life, so bright throughout with the glory of God, was equal to the rest.

About two hours before his departure, and nearly the last words he uttered, he was heard to say, "I now know that I have not sought Thee in vain; I have not—I have not—I have not." And then, "O Thou that causedst light to shine out of darkness, shine upon my soul with the light of the knowledge of the Son of God. That name, above every other name, for ever dear, it dispels all my fears. O, proclaim, proclaim Jesus! Tell me, shall I be with Him this night?" On being answered, "Yes, there is no doubt of it," he cried out, "He that I have served for near fifty years will not forsake me now. Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen! amen! amen!"

May God help us all so to repent, so to believe, so to live, so to work for Christ, and so to die!

ONWARD, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war and face the foe;  
Tremble not in danger's hour,  
Trusting in your Captain's power.

FRAGMENTS FROM  
R. PEARSALL SMITH.

CHRIST WANTS ALL.

I HAVE been privately informed that during the late civil war in the United States, Vice-President Stephens, of the Confederate States, was sent with some commissioners to meet President Lincoln in one of the cabins of one of the large Monitors in Hampton Roads. It was a time when there was terrible slaughter going on. President Lincoln was so tender-hearted a man that he never heard a story of private distress without the tears coming into his eyes. They told him they would give up a very large part of what they had been fighting for, if they could have a certain part of the United States independent of the general Government. They pleaded with him for hours, for they knew the tenderness of his heart, but Mr. Lincoln sat silent and thoughtful, and when they had finished their arguments he paused, and then raising his hand slowly, and bringing it down upon the map before him, he said, "Gentlemen, this Government must have it all." He knew that there was a worse alternative than even this terrible slaughter and suffering. He knew that there might be the history of the Mexican republics enacted over again, and that there might be generations of civil war if it was not settled now; and his only words were, "This Government must have it all;" and the Government did have it all.

Oh, my brother, my sister, Christ is King. Christ must have the whole of the kingdom in your heart. Will you compel Him to take possession through agony, sorrow, and shame? Hear Him now wooing you in the tender words, "Give Me thine heart." Will you not yield yourself in complete obedience to the King now?

A FULL LOOK.

A dying Scotchman was asked, "Have you a glimpse of glory now, my brother, that you are dying?" He roused himself from his lethargy at such a question, and raising himself from the agonies of death, said, "I'll hae none o' your glimpses noo that I am dying, since I ha'en had a full look at Him for forty years." We all expect to have that full look at Christ in dying. Let us have it now.

LIVE AS YOU EXPECT TO DIE.

Six thousand miles away from here, on the shores of the Pacific, I met a very devoted Christian, the very expression of whose face and the atmosphere of her life was that of the presence of Christ. I asked her how she came to live so near Christ. She replied that when she was dying, as she supposed, two years before, she had found her soul in perfect harmony with the Lord, but that, unexpectedly recovering, she kept praying to the Lord that as she was when dying she might always be while living, and the Lord answered her prayer. It was, however, thought a very extraordinary thing there in San Francisco that Christians should live as they expected to die, and her pastor said to her, "Dear friend, we shall not keep you long; the Lord has prepared you now to take you to Himself; we need you, but we shall not keep you long. This is what we call dying grace. I often meet it in the dying." "A thousand times, no," said she; "I need it far more for life than death; it is living grace—it is living grace." We need it far more for life than death; let us have it now. May I not rather say we have it if we would recognize it; we have it in Christ—all things are yours in Christ.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

I remember once going down into a cellar in a very degraded part of Philadelphia, and finding there a poor woman lying upon a few scanty straws. Her husband had forsaken her, and she was left there with other poor strangers. When I entered, she looked up, and said, "I never thought I could be so happy as I am now. I am just waiting for my Lord to come: His time is the best time; I will just wait for Him." The same morning I had occasion to visit a wealthy gentleman. What a contrast was his frame of mind to that of the poor woman's! Some little thing had crossed him, and he was wretched and miserable; so much so, indeed, that no one dare approach him. God had poured out everything upon him that money could purchase, and yet he was not happy.

Your gold will waste and wear away,  
Your honours perish in a day;  
My portion never can decay,  
Christ for me!!!

BE DEFINITE.

IN a recent experience meeting a brother, who had just received a glorious baptism, said, "You may call it what you please, but I have just received a precious blessing." He went on to tell how happy he was, and what a victory he had obtained. Yet he was indefinite, and ventured not to say, save in general terms, what God had done for him.

Brother C—soon rose, and said, in substance "Call the blessings God gives you by the right names, for He has given names to all the blessings He gives us. He calls one of His blessings 'a clean heart.' If he has given it to you, say so." And how true this is! God calls everything by its appropriate name. He names one phase of the work he does for the soul, "justification," another, "regeneration," another, "clean heart," "perfect love," &c. Now, when we speak of any one of these blessings, had we not better do so under the name that God hath given it. Have we any right to call it what we "please" when God has given it a name descriptive of its nature? And shall we not rather strengthen our own position than otherwise by so doing. Can we invent a better name than God has given it? Can we truthfully call a mountain a valley, or say that white is yellow? Be truthful, clear, and definite in speaking of God's dealings with your soul.—LAWRENCE.

AN INDIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

ONE whose Indian name is "Sunrise," and Christian name, Thomas Dana, gave his testimony in the Tabernacle at Washington, as follows:—

"I am afraid you white Christians put the Great God too high. According to my experience He is not so great nor so high, because he came down and found me in a hollow hemlock tree, in my native home, in the wild forest, when but a boy. I prayed once—twice—and before I prayed the third time I seemed to be tied all around me with cords enclosing a great burden that I could not get away from. I said, I must get this load off or I shall die, and would rather die than give up praying. Something whispered to me that said I must strip myself of all my Indian gods, or idols. The Indians are very fond of ornaments. I had them all over me—my ears were full of them, my hands were full of rings, my clothes were

covered with bells and jewels, my head was covered with ostrich feathers, which the white ladies think so much of, &c. After I stripped them all off, and tied them up together with the string of my bow, I made up my mind to go down on my knees and never rise unless my burden, which bound me so tight, was removed, and till the bad feeling left me I would stay there until I died. The minute I got down on my knees, I felt that the cord broke and the great burden fell off, and my poor Indian heart leaped for joy. The feeling was so strong and new to me that I went down the fourth time to find out what this strange thing was that had come over me, and I saw the heavens parting, a great ball of fire descending towards me, and it left a beautiful narrow road, and this ball of fire stood over me until it bursted on the top of my head, and went clear through me." (At this point of his experience the power fell on all present, and there was one gust of praise filling the Tabernacle.) "Since that time," said he, "I can forgive the white man all the wrongs the poor Indians have suffered from him; with all my heart I gave up my hatred to all my enemies. I buried my tomahawk, the scalping knife, and not only buried my hatchet, but the handle also, and smoothed the ground so nobody could ever find it. I lost my taste for blood, and the Lord has fully sanctified my poor Indian heart. Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

"BRING THEM UP TO IT."

DURING the taking up of a missionary collection in one of the West India Islands, a negro mother, with an infant in her arms, first dropped in her own gift, and then placing a piece of money in the hand of her little child, she guided it to the plate to put on it the offering. This took up a little time, when the collector muttered, "Make haste!" to which the mother replied, "Have patience, broder: me just want to bring de little ting up to it." She was right. It is well to begin early and form the habit of giving to the cause of Christ.

AND I say unto you, Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye die, they may receive you unto everlasting habitations.

## OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse"—LUKE XIV. 18.

## I. LET US POINT OUT THE SPIRITUAL FEAST PROVIDED BY JESUS FOR SINNERS.

The blessings of the Gospel are compared to a great variety of things by the holy penmen. But in the text, to a feast. It may with propriety be compared to a feast.

1. On account of the plenty provided. Behold a table richly spread, with wine and milk, and heavenly bread.

2. At a feast we expect variety. Although perhaps one dish is best for the body. At the Gospel feast, we have wine, milk, marrow, and fat things, etc.

3. Suitable provision. Hundreds of the rich and great provide things injurious. But in the Gospel feast all is suited to the nature and capacities of the soul.

4. At a feast we expect agreeable company.

5. All free—it is free for all.

## II. LET US NOTICE THE PERSONS INVITED.

1. *The young.* 2. *Middle aged.* 3. *Rich.* 4. *Poor.* 5. *Old.* 6. *All.*

"Of all that you meet with, let none stay behind, But bring them to Jesus, the friend of mankind; If the rich will not listen, but carelessly roam, To the poor preach the Gospel, compel them to come."

## III. WE WILL DESCRIBE THE SERVANTS WHO TAKE THE INVITATION.

1. Ministers. 2. Leaders. 3. Parents. 4. Christians in general. 5. *But especially the Holy Spirit and word.*

## IV. THE EXCUSES MADE.

1. One has bought land, and cannot come. Oh, *Earth!* EARTH! EARTH! 2. Oxen ditto. 3. Married a wife. 4. One says I am too young. 5. There are so many religions. 6. *God is merciful.* 7. I shall do as well as others. 8. I am not so bad as many. 9. I cannot turn to God myself. 10. Religion is a hard thing. 11. I am ignorant, and God will not reap where he has not sown. 12. I have so much

business and family trials. 13. I am old. 14. God never made man to damn him, etc.

## V. HERE LET US SHOW THE SAD, SAD CONSEQUENCE OF CONTINUING TO MAKE EXCUSES.

1. God is angry. 2. The heart gets harder. 3. Time flies. 4. Sin and guilt increases. 5. God may swear in His wrath we shall not enter into His rest. 6. Hell will be our portion. \* \* \*

## APPLICATION:—

1. The feast is provided. God has done all infinite compassion can do. 2. You are most earnestly invited, and it is your own fault if you keep away. 3. Some of you have come. 4. Some are still framing excuses. 5. A word to each.

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast; Let every soul be Jesus' guest," &c.

## HOW TO TREAT DELAY.

THE world has been startled, and all proper people shocked, by the wild protest of a noble man, who will not calmly submit to delay in the provision of a legal stoppage to the fearful exposure of human life in rotten or overladen vessels at sea.

But ought not Mr. Plimsoll's fury to startle more signally still the calm of those who can coolly go through service after service and see the hearers of the Gospel still delay submission to God's terms? If the gulf of fire be a reality, and if it be the fact that millions of human beings are plunged therein year after year, simply because they postpone for a little while compliance with the demands of God, then how can we preach, or pray, or work too earnestly?

Talk of moderation when men's souls are gliding on in cold indifference into the eternal darkness! Cavil at violent language, and extreme measures, and enthusiastic manner, when a moment's delay may hurl a soul into endless misery! Away with this unbelieving, cruel half-heartedness!

It is time for every man who believes in God, in Christ, in everlasting life and death, to rise up before a sneering world, and, casting all etiquette and regard for men's opinions for ever away, to strive with apostolic zeal and daring to urge men to instant submission to God.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

## The Month.



MONTH of change. A month in which nearly all our Evangelists have removed to new spheres of labour, and, as the reports show, have betaken themselves with renewed vigour to the war.

The Mission has had to mourn the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, from illness, which still continues; and we trust the appeal for prayer on their behalf, which we have inserted elsewhere, will be generally responded to.

Nevertheless, we are able to rejoice in the midst of our sorrow, as we look around upon the work of God. To see increased congregations and intensified zeal at a season when the people are generally inclined to prefer a walk to attendance at any assembly indoors, is in itself very cheering; but it is, above all, joyous to hear of many sinners, and some of them of the vilest character, turning to the Lord.

Never do we remember hearing from our workers generally stronger impressions of devotion to, and determination to advance in, the work of God, than we have been listening to at one station after another during the past few weeks. That these good words are being, and will increasingly be, embodied in action, and followed by abundant blessing from on high, is our confident hope.

## WHITECHAPEL.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

THIS has been the joyous language of many a heart here during the past few weeks. And God has fed His people well, satisfying the hungry soul with fatness, and especially rejoicing the hearts of eager soul-winners with the ingathering of precious souls.

Sunday the 27th was a time of great blessing. Believers were refreshed and quickened in the morning. The experience-meeting, led by Mr. Ballington Booth in the afternoon, was a good time; and after Miss Booth's sermon in the evening, some fourteen penitents came forward to seek salvation.

One of these was a nurse from the

London Hospital, who found the Great Physician had a more rapid and perfect manner of healing than earthly ones.

## THREE HARD KNOCKS.

A navy was also amongst the sorrowing ones who professed to open their hearts to Him whom they had so long neglected. A few Sundays before he had heard Mr. Bamford preach from "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," but had refused to open. He went into the country, and heard a sermon there upon the same text. Returning impenitent to London, he came to the Whitechapel Hall, where, strange to say, Miss Booth took the same text. Subdued at length, the



stubborn heart gave way, and the man now rejoices to entertain his heavenly guest.

#### MR. AND MRS. NEAL,

from America, have been preaching and singing here for three weeks, and God has used them to the salvation of many.

A few Sunday evenings ago a navy and his wife, both backsliders, hearing us in the open air, were convinced of sin, and followed to the hall, where both sought and found mercy. Since then, both of them have commenced speaking in the open air, as well as at meetings indoors, telling what a dear Saviour they have found.

At porch-meetings, both noon and night, God is with us, and souls are saved. The other evening a man and his wife both signed the pledge, and we have every reason to believe accepted Christ. The man said he had been much knocked about by people of the world, but nobody had ever made him cry so before. Praise God, it is more than human power with us that thus lays hold of the people and overcomes them. May God bind all our hearts together in love, and enable us to push on in this blessed work.

Yours in the Master's name,

ELLEN HALL.

People's Hall,  
Whitechapel Road.

#### HAMMERSMITH.

THANK God, we have had not only a very busy, but a very happy month, and have been permitted to see a few more souls gathered to the Saviour. Oh, may we meet them all in heaven! Not having a hall of our own, and being unable to borrow one in the town, we were compelled to go as far as Notting Hill to hold our

#### WHIT-MONDAY FESTIVAL,

Where Mr. Varley's Tabernacle and School-room were kindly lent us. Notwithstanding the long distance, over 250 came to tea. But the best of all was—Jesus came to the feast, which will not soon be forgotten; after which we formed into line, and sang away home. I verily believe angels rejoiced to see many who twelve months ago were living in almost every form of ungodliness, now, out of full hearts, singing God's praises at the end of a day's real pleasure and spiritual enjoyment, which, as one of them said, only cost him ninepence.

A few recent instances of blessing will be read with thankfulness.

#### A PERSECUTOR OVERCOME.

One young woman, whose two sisters, as well as other relatives, were brought to the Lord in the early days of the Mission at Portsmouth, and who so bitterly opposed them on that account as to often absent herself from home, eventually found her way to Hammersmith, where God in mercy directed her footsteps to the Town Hall, and when there to Calvary; since which time her joy has known no bounds, and although living with Roman Catholics, she has openly confessed Christ to them, and taken other means to let the world know that she is a Christian.

#### SUBMISSION AND SALVATION.

A woman attended our meetings for months, frequently being deeply convicted, but she always refused to remain at the after-meetings, Satan suggesting that she had no time to pray. One evening, impressed that she was deceiving herself, and getting every day farther from God, she determined that, let consequences be what they might, she would stay that night and praise God. She had not been long at the penitent form before she found kneeling by her side, weeping bitterly, her fellow-servant, who had come to the hall that night for the first time. They both found the Lord, and are now very happy.

#### SEEKING THE LOST.

A young woman, who had been praying for three years for a brother who was very wild, had an impression that if she brought him to the Town Hall, he would get converted. She acted upon her impressions, and started off some distance to find him; overcame all his scruples as to the journey, and, thank God, he came and was one of the first at the penitent-form, where mercy was sought and found; and to see the brother and sister rejoicing together at the close of the meeting was a scene worth travelling a few miles to behold.

#### FAMILY JOY.

Some months ago a young woman was converted to God, and became so deeply impressed with the sad spiritual state of her parents and brothers, that night and day she earnestly besought the Lord to have mercy on them, and used every means in her power to induce them to

come and hear the Gospel for themselves. She at last succeeded in persuading her mother and three brothers to come to the Town Hall, where all of them were deeply convicted. The first to come out as a seeker was the eldest brother, which so deeply affected the mother that, handing her infant over to the care of a sister, she was soon by his side, and was quickly followed by her two younger lads. I am quite unable to describe the scene that followed when, locked in each other's arms, they all united (surrounded by angels and saints) in praising the God of Sovereign Grace, who, in infinite mercy, had saved nearly the whole family. On the following Monday morning the mother ran to her daughter, who was in service in the town, and told her she was so happy she was compelled to come and get her to praise God with her. The mistress, being a Christian, invited her in, and all three praised God on their knees, and sought help for the future.

Do pray for them, dear Christians, and may the father soon join the happy company on their heavenly journey!

Although removed to another part of the vineyard, I beg, on behalf of Bro. Garner and the dear friends at Hammersmith, your continued prayers and help of any and every kind. And, praising God for the year's mercies, remain

Faithfully in the battle-field,  
ABRAHAM LAMB.

#### HACKNEY.

"Lo! the droppings of a shower come already from above;  
But the Lord will shortly pour all the spirit of His love."

We came here about a fortnight ago, and started to work. Already we realize the Master has set His seal to our efforts. Our open-air meetings have been attended with a Divine unction: sinners have stood and wept while we have told the story of redeeming love. One of whom we know has found the Saviour. Hallelujah! In the hall likewise, the Lord has been with us at every service. One man, that had come 200 miles to do six weeks' work, came to our temperance meeting, was spoken to about his soul, came the next night, cast himself at Jesus' feet, and, we believe, received Salvation. Others have also sought the Saviour.

On Sunday, 11th, four souls went home rejoicing in Jesus. In visiting

some of the back streets here, from house to house, we find that, even in apparently respectable Hackney, there are very many in wretched and dark abodes, and worse by far, with the darkness of sin upon their souls, perishing for lack of knowledge. At one house a poor man, 73 years of age, confessed to me that he had never prayed in all his life, nor had he any love for anything or anyone, not even for himself or children. In this very street there are scores hastening to everlasting ruin. Tracts and small books are much needed, and may be sent, with contributions for this work, to Mr. John Amory, Barford Street, Hackney, or to

R. M. LANE.

1, Paragon Road,  
Hackney.

#### STOKE-NEWINGTON.

BROTHER TRENHAIL, who has just come into our midst, has arrived here, the sphere to which he was appointed by the Conference. Already we are rejoiced to hear that the Lord has manifested Himself, and that tokens of coming blessing have been given. On the 3rd July, Brother T.'s first Sabbath, one soul sought and found Jesus. He writes us:—"At our open-air meetings crowds are listening attentively to the Word; our friends are rallying for the war, and we are resolved to publish the glad tidings to the inhabitants of this place. The God of Heaven, He will prosper us." *Tracts, which are greatly needed, both for the work here and at Tottenham, may be sent to*

J. TRENHAIL,

5 White Hart Court, High Street,  
Stoke-Newington.

#### CHATHAM.

I AM glad to inform you that the Lord's work is going on in Chatham. The flag has been unfurled; portrayed it bears the Lamb for sinners slain, and "holiness to the Lord" is written around it; and having our loins girded about with the truth, and in our hand the sword of the Spirit, we dare to stand with Christ in the battle; and though publicans oppose, professors as well as worldlings frown, and devils rage, the Lord continues to bless our labours, and old and young, bless God, have wept their way to Calvary, and found the Saviour there.

## SAVED IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Last Sunday night, just as I was ascending the platform of the lecture-hall, a man came up with a note requesting me to go and pray with his wife; he said that the scripture-reader from the church and a visiting lady had been, but she wanted some one else to pray for her. I went as soon as possible, and when I entered the door my whole heart and soul were moved with love and sympathy. I looked around; there was no furniture—only two chairs, one without a back, the other without a bottom; an old table, and an earthenware pan in one corner, and the emaciated form of a woman in the other. I spoke to her, and found she was in utter darkness. I got on my knees and wept, and prayed that God by His Holy Spirit would shine upon her dark soul; and praise Him He did. I pointed her again to the blood; she found salvation, and testified before I left, that if God called her then she should "go to heaven through the blood of the Lamb." The following night she sent for me again; I prayed that she might have complete victory over the powers of darkness, and that she might be resigned to leave her husband and the three poor little children, who the while were huddled together in a corner on some straw; and there amid the darkness of that desolate abode, the Master by His own presence brought joy and comfort to the dying mother; and while she rejoiced, her husband wept and promised he would give his heart to God and meet her in the skies. Pray for us here!

C. HOBDDAY.

4, Alma Terrace, Chatham.

## CROYDON.

ON Sunday, May 9th, Bro. R. Lane preached here. On the 23rd of May we opened the day with an open-air service in Surrey Street, and it was a blessed time; again in the evening at the same place. A young lady was attracted by our singing and exhortations to flee from the wrath to come. She followed to the hall, and was the first to come out for Christ, and, with another dear sister, was enabled to trust on Jesus; and they are now living in the enjoyment of His presence.

On the afternoon of Sunday the 30th, we held an open-air meeting on Duppas Hill—a place much frequented in fine weather by the people of Croydon.

Hundreds stood and listened to the Word with great attention, and, as a result of this day's labour, two precious souls came out for Jesus, and, finding the pearl of greatest price, went home rejoicing.

## SOHO.

I CAME OVER on Monday, June 27th, for the farewell tea to Bro. Tebbatts. After tea we had a service in front of the hall, when a great crowd gathered, and a little after eight the public meeting commenced—Bro. Hedley in the chair. Several friends spoke, Bro. Tebbatts acknowledging the gift of a Bible from the members. It was a happy time.

I commenced work on Thursday evening, July 1st. When I had finished preaching I asked any anxious about their souls to come forward, when a woman, who had been a wanderer from the fold twelve months, came at once and found the Saviour. She is now rejoicing in the Lord.

On Sunday afternoon, July 4th, while I was speaking, a young woman was saved. On the following Tuesday night she came and told us what God had done for her.

The same evening a young woman, who appeared quite destitute, came out and found salvation. I learnt that she had once loved Jesus, but had fallen through reading the works of Tom Paine and Voltaire. She had come from Leicester, but was without home or friends here in, I think, the most wicked part of wicked London. We got her into a Home, and I have since heard that she is going on well. Praise the Lord!

On Tuesday, July 6th, after the class-meeting we stayed for prayer with two men; one of them was deeply convinced on the Sunday evening previous, and was compelled to come again and seek the Lord. He wept bitterly on account of sin, and with the other soon found Jesus. Now he is happy as the day is long; helps in the open air. Pray that he may be enabled to witness a good confession amid the eighty ungodly men with whom he works.

We are greatly in need of tracts for visiting from house to house with invitations to the services. Kindly send to yours, for the sake of Jesus,

GEORGE MACE.

35, Gloucester Street,  
Queen's Square, W.C.

## BARKING.

PRaise God for what He is doing here! We have been blowing our rams'-horns, and some of the devil's strongholds have been forced to give way. On the 26th June Brother Mace had his farewell tea. It was a melting time. Short, earnest addresses were delivered. Our own people were blessed, and sinners were pricked to the heart, and cried aloud on account of sin.

My first Sunday in Barking was a blessed day. In the morning believers were quickened and encouraged, and at night God's power was manifest, and five precious souls wept their way to Calvary. Among them was an old woman,

## OVER SIXTY,

who was so tightly bound down by sin that, as she said, "for the turn of a straw she would have committed suicide." Praise God! she found that He willeth not the death of a sinner. On Monday I preached from the Blind Beggar, and two men received sight at the hands of the Great Physician. Our people here are in working order, and we intend, by God's help, to slay the man of sin in Barking. Thankful for the help we have received, we again ask those who can, to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

ANNIE DAVIS,

11, Hart Street, Barking, Essex.

P.S.—We are much in need of tracts for visitation and general distribution.

## SHOREDITCH.

"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred . . . unto a land that I will show thee."—GEN. xii. 1.

THIS, dear Christian reader, is what I, in a sense, have realised, for last Sunday morning I walked through a few of the streets immediately joining our hall, and witnessed the ruin and degradation which sin had wrought—the hundreds buying and selling their wares with as much unconcern as they would on Saturday night. I indeed realised that I was in a country away from my kindred and friends, and in a strangers' land that knew not the God of Israel; and, with a heart bleeding on account of the sins of this people, I returned to the hall, determined to devote my time, my talents, and my life to God, for the salvation of immortal souls.

On Saturday night last, instead of the usual temperance-meeting, I proposed to the people that we should form ourselves into bands, and

## VISIT EVERY PUBLIC-HOUSE

in the neighbourhood, with small bills, announcing the service to come off on the following night; and having first committed ourselves to Him who should guide us in this matter, we found ourselves in a very few moments amid the smoke, blasphemy, and din of the public-house and tap-room. Having first given a bill to the landlord at the bar, with the remark that we were sure he would not object to such a bill being given in his house, we proceeded to the tap-room, and there terrible scenes of sin and misery presented themselves. Some at cards, others at bagatelle, and others again sitting smoking and drinking, amid oaths of blasphemy; and, as we gave the bills, some said, "Moody and Sankey," "Fiddler Joss," &c., to which we replied, "No; a converted jockey in the chair at the Apollo to-morrow night," and with a "be sure and come," and "I shall look for you," we made our escape, some wondering at the "cheek," as they called it, and others cursing us; but on the whole we got on well.

Amongst those who have found the Saviour, during my short stay, is a man about thirty, a carman, who says, "that now he has found the Saviour, him and his cattle (horses) get along like turtle doves together, and that when he is in the docks, &c., with his van being loaded with heavy bales, if he is in any difficulty, he has only to say, 'Lord, help me!' and it is done." Praise the Lord!

We are, dear reader, greatly in need of a little practical sympathy, as we want to give the pigeon-fanciers and carmen a free tea. Will you help us? if so, write at once to

Yours, for Jesus' sake,

G. WATERS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,  
Arundel Street,  
Mile End New Town.

## HASTINGS DISTRICT.

ON Sunday, June 27, we had

SEVEN SOULS

weeping side by side, on account of sin; some of them had terrible struggles with the Evil One. The devils seemed, indeed, to cry out, as of old, "Art thou

come hither to torment us before the time?" but our Jesus is the Deliverer still, and soon all were praising God for victory through the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

On Sunday, July 11th, I preached

#### FAREWELL SERMONS

in the Market Hall, previous to leaving for the Wellingboro' District. God was solemnly present in all the services, and at night seven souls professed to find Jesus. Amongst the number was a *black woman*, a sort of tramp, who said, "Sir, I heard it was your farewell, and I am so glad I came; I have got my soul saved, and I feel

#### "TWICE THE WOMAN

I have ever felt before, and I will meet you in heaven." The Lord grant it!

Then there was

#### A THEATRICAL PERFORMER,

A young woman, I suppose a little over twenty years of age. As I was on my way to the meeting in the afternoon, I saw her sitting on a stone step, and felt I ought to speak to her, but did not. When I returned she was still there. I spoke to her about her soul, and she promised to attend the meeting in the evening. On my way to the hall, I found her in the same place again, waiting to accompany us. At the close, she came to the penitential-form, and ventured her all on Jesus. Sister T. then took her home, and the next day accompanied her to a Home in London. She told our friends the following history: "I was apprenticed to a theatrical performer (when but five years old), at the Market Hall, Hastings (*the very place where God saved her*). Since that time I have been a performer. Lately, I have been engaged in a theatre at Brighton, where there are fifty young women all living in sin. I left the theatre, and came over to Hastings, and now God has saved me." Hallelujah! Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?

On Tuesday, July 13th, we had a farewell

#### TEA AT THE LECTURE HALL,

which was attended with much of the Divine presence, and

#### THREE BACKSLIDERS

found their way back to Jesus. May we meet them with many, many others, given us in the Gospel in this town, amongst the host which surrounds the

Throne of God and of the Lamb, when sorrow shall have passed away, and time shall be no more. Amen.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,

Hastings.

#### STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

BEING appointed by God and the Christian Mission to this district, I, in due time arrived, and, it being my first visit to this town, I was naturally anxious to see the class of people amongst whom I expect to labour during the coming year; and never shall I forget my first introduction and impressions. Crowds of rough working-men—such as only the North of England can produce—were loitering in the market-place. Some were listening to orators, who were saying the most atrocious things against the Government and against the total abstinents; groups of "pudblers" were discussing the probable reduction in wages, and this in language which I may not repeat here. Enough was seen and heard to cause me to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" At the same time I never realized so forcibly the need of a work like ours, and I am assured that this branch of the Mission will not be arrested in its efforts for the want of money, if only the large employers of labour, and others can be brought to see the unspeakable advantage of such an agency in their midst.

As my friends may imagine, after taking stock of the enemy and his strongholds, I was not long in sounding the rally-call, and, thank God, a good few presented themselves at the prayer-meeting—mostly young workmen. There was gracious influence.

The following night our numbers were more than doubled, so that when the attack commenced on Sunday, our forces (all sorts) numbered between 60 and 70; and never shall I forget the first five minutes on the steps of The Cross on that Sunday evening. Hat in hand, I commenced with a well-known hymn, and one of the largest crowds I have ever seen gathered in the same time stood before us, prepared to listen to the Gospel. A large number followed to the Star Theatre, where the Lord made bare His holy arm. While reading the parable of the Prodigal Son, one poor wanderer was deeply convicted, and at once started to retrace his steps, and although he arrived at his Father's

house, footsore and weary, thank God, he found a royal welcome awaiting him, but to use his own words, "Oh, sir, I had to leave all the swine and troughs behind, husks and all."

He now helps in the street work. Another prodigal came to our meeting under the influence of drink, for the

#### PURPOSE OF SCOFFING.

and causing a disturbance, but as he said, "I was told how I had left home and the few Christian friends in yonder village, and how I had wandered into sin of every kind, until I was found here by God's spirit on the brink of hell; and oh! when I cried to that God, whom I had offended, I found there was mercy for a half-drunken sinner, and that night I found salvation, and the following day I signed the pledge."

This dear man also works in the open air with us, and has been much persecuted, but grace has triumphed, and he has now not the slightest desire to retaliate. Praise God for ever!

Side by side with him knelt a grey-headed sinner, who, for some time past, had been a

#### TERRIBLE DRUNKARD.

This dear man has a praying son and wife, and has often been warned to seek the Lord, but nothing seemed to move him until the day before his conversion, when a man was killed by his side. It was most affecting to hear him describe the incident, with tears streaming down his face, and repeatedly exclaiming, "But for God's mercy it would have been me." Marvellous to relate, a very sad accident overtook this very man the next day, but being sober, he escaped with slight injuries, and I join him in gratitude to God for thus dealing with him in mercy.

Being called to pray with a poor motherless young man, since dead, I was enabled to say a word to all present, and found that in that room there were three prodigals. Thank God they have all found Jesus in our Hall since then, and one of them bids fair to become a useful worker. Heaven grant it!

Perhaps I had better give the following experience as told by our brother himself:—

"DEAR FRIENDS,—I am thankful to God for where I am to-night; but for this Mission I should have been rolling about the streets drunk, or in the kitty (police

station). For eighteen years I have been a

#### "CORN PORTER

on the Quay, but was induced to go to the Star Theatre, and there led to Jesus. At that time I had neither shirt nor waistcoat, having on the previous night spent three pounds in drink, but now, thank God, I am happy in my soul, and have money in my pocket, and shall ever praise God for sending the dear man here that led me to Jesus. I went to see my sister to-day, and found her awfully drunk, and in a terrible condition. I had to close the shutters to prevent the passers-by from seeing her. May God help her, too, to give up the drink! Amen."

The Lord grant it!

This, my dear friends, is the class of people amidst which we labour; they are to be found in any numbers, both here and at South Stockton, where we have commenced in the streets, the rain wetting the leaves of our books through; but the people stood, and, at the close, one poor man (a Scotch prodigal) knelt down in the mud and signed the pledge, a brother's knee answering for a desk.

Dear Christian, your prayers and help are asked for this place; also tracts and small books would be very acceptable, as the people have little or nothing to read. They can be sent to

Yours, at the Master's feet,

ABRAHAM LAMB.

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

#### MIDDLESBROUGH.

"When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself, for then shall the Lord go out before thee to smite the host of the Philistines."—2 SAMUEL, v. 24.

THERE has been the sound of a going. The Lord has gone out before us, and the victory has been proclaimed on Israel's side.

The Sunday services are, notwithstanding the warm weather and open park, with band and many attractions, well attended. To God be all the glory! The theatre is still the place of convincing of sin, of righteousness and judgment to come, and the salvation of precious souls.

Since my last God has been very powerful amongst us. Mr. W. Stevens,

of London, has been with us for a fortnight, and many precious souls have found the Saviour.

Since my return from Conference we have enlarged our borders in the open air: we have commenced at

NORTH ORMSBY,

right in the midst of the working classes. God has put His seal upon this effort: the people have listened to the name of Jesus and His Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. Our friends of the Wesleyan Reform Union have kindly offered us their preaching-room if it should be wet, so by God's help we are expecting to see great things at North Ormsby. *Pray for this neighbourhood.*

We have been invited to

LINTHORPE,

about a mile from Middlesbrough, near the Albert Park. A hall has been offered us by paying the gas and cleaning, and we commenced there on Thursday evening with an open-air meeting, when the people listened with good attention. Pray that God may bless us here.

The following are among many instances of God's manifested saving power. A brother writes:—

"DEAR MR. DOWDLE,—I am now happy in the Lord, for though my past life has been one of great wickedness, now I know that, through the blood of His dear Son, I am cleansed from all my sins. My wife was the first to go to the meetings, although I tried all that I could to prevent her, which caused much trouble and vexation in our home; but at last she got me to come to the theatre, although against my will. The next Sunday I would not go, but went away amongst my wicked companions, who were making game of me for going the once. I, however, was against them, and tried to advocate street-preaching, and religious services in the theatre, although a very weak believer in it. This took place in a public-house, and the publican, happening to come in from church at the time, took part against me, and began to speak ill of you for preaching and singing in the streets, at the same time taking off his coat and serving out his death and destruction from behind the bar. Thank the Lord, this opened my eyes a little more. I immediately left them, and then began to go regularly with my wife to the meetings; and

one day she told me that a dear brother in the Lord had been praying for me all the week, which brought me to see what a great sinner I was. I then had no peace until Whit-Monday night at the Wilberforce Hall, when I found relief in Jesus. My dear wife followed me in a few minutes to the penitential-form, and also got salvation. I am happy to say we now know whence come true peace and joy.—Yours in Jesus, D. D."

Another:—

LEAVE IT TO HIM.

"DEAR MR. DOWDLE,—I am most thankful for the day that the Lord sent you to Middlesbrough, for He not only sent you and your dear wife, but a shower of blessings with you. Glory be to God, we feel those blessings now, you having been the means of pointing us both to the Saviour. I heard a mate of mine talking about the converted railway-guard and his violin, so I went to the theatre on the Sunday to hear him, and there I was convinced of being a sinner. I went to the Wilberforce Hall on the Monday night, and took my wife with me; and the Lord told her that she was a sinner as well as me; but we came away without getting pardon; but He gave us no rest till we did get it. Glory be to His name! We went again on the Tuesday night to the believers'-meeting, and as I sat listening to the converts one after another, telling what the Lord had done for *their* souls, I wondered when it would be my turn. Before the meeting was over, I took my wife by the hand, and I said, 'Let's go [at once];' and out we came; and the moment we ventured our all, that moment we felt the witness within. Before I got home, the devil said to me, 'You are not saved;' and I momentarily lost my faith. When home I went to bed, and I said to my wife, 'I am not saved;' and she said, 'Bless the Lord, I am.' I said, 'I can do no more; I will leave it to Him.' I fell asleep; but, glory be to God, He woke me up. At four the next morning I was singing—

"My Jesus, I love thee;  
I feel Thou art mine."

and we are happy to say that we feel that He is ours yet. All praises to His name!—Yours, R. A. F."

And thus our God continues to bless our efforts. Friends, pray for Middlesbrough. With the all-prevailing prayer of

the righteous, pray for this godless town; and then our Master shall be owned and worshipped by the yet thousands of wanderers from His fold.

We want a suitable hall for our week-night services to hold about 600 people; will some of our rich friends help us in this matter? The Wilberforce Hall, which we have for three nights a week only, is already become too strait.

Donations for this and our general work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. George Chapman, Treasurer, 151, Stockton Street; Mr. W. Hutchinson, Secretary, 82, Milton Street; and by

JAMES DOWDLE.

31, Dundas Street, Middlesbrough.

#### A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

THE home of war, with its outlying forts and its huge Government storehouses, barracks, and hospitals, presents no very winning aspect to Mission eyes. And as I walked about amongst the many portions of the borough, which always seem to be "about two miles away" from one another, I felt no little sympathy for the evangelist who has to hunt so wide a district for souls.

But the crowds of hardy artisans, sprinkled everywhere with representatives of the army and navy, continually cheered one's heart with the feeling that amongst such masses it must always be possible to save some with comparatively little labour.

I had heard a great deal of Lake Road, and certainly never saw a hall better situated, or suited in every way, for reaching the masses. Truly God's hand was upon our Mission for good in opening such a door for us at our very commencement in the town, and we may take this as a sure evidence that He will not suffer our foot to be moved.

But in Buckland I had a most delightful surprise. I had somehow got the notion that the district was scattered, and had only a small population, who were rather above our level. But as I accompanied Bros. Clare and Gray, and a noble band of open-air speakers, round many of the streets, one Sunday afternoon, Bro. C. and myself were equally delighted with the locality, which seemed so perfectly suited for our work.

We were welcomed, too, at one street-corner by a poor fellow, somewhat the worse for liquor, who, after hearing two or three addresses at several spots,

hurried home and returned with a beautiful rose, which he most respectfully presented to one of the speakers. God grant that the drunkards of Buckland generally may have to praise Him for the renewal of our attack upon the place!

When I heard, a few days later, that at Buckland bricks and stones had been thrown at the brethren there while speaking in the open air, I thought, "That will do. People who throw bricks at us are just the sort God can use us to kill with love, and make alive by His Spirit." The numbers present the first day the hall was re-opened astonished me, and the accounts since received from Bro. Clare have only strengthened my confidence in the prospect there.

"Coronation Day" is, I fear, almost as little noticed by most of the loyal inhabitants of the British Isles as the saints' days. But Portsmouth observes royal occasions with all the honours of holiday devotion. Amongst the festive groups I noticed a large company of Druids, with flowing white beards (whether natural or otherwise I cannot say) but, owing perhaps to military restrictions, long beards seem to be unusually appreciated in the borough.

I was more interested, however, in a large company of Mission folks, who were spending their afternoon in Mission style on Portsdown Hill. As I listened to their hearty songs and prayers, I praised God for the results of our labours in the past, and took fresh courage for the future, and although from the prayers of several, I gathered that they felt they had enemies, oppositions, and difficulties to encounter, yet I rejoiced that He who had so manifestly been with us in the past, would never leave nor forsake us, but would give Bro. Clare and his dear fellow-labourers greater blessings and triumphs than ever.

I had heard of Portsmouth open-air services, but my highest expectations were more than fulfilled by what I saw. Coming one evening to the junction of several large thoroughfares, I saw a great crowd assembled, under the shadow of a tree. One had only to look at the stalwart forms and listen to the strong voices of the brethren to know that they had been trained in the Christian Mission school.

I was especially pleased to hear one sister, who had begged to be allowed

for the first time in the open air to speak for Christ. After giving an account of her conversion, in connection with Mrs. Booth's services, she gave a most urgent invitation to any poor sinner who wanted salvation to come at once into the middle of the ring and seek the Lord. What was our delight to see a poor wanderer grasp her outstretched hand, and kneel down upon the ground at her feet! Truly a good beginning in this form of labour!

I cannot conclude without a tribute to the kindness of the people, who not merely cheered me with many a warm grasp of the hand and loving word, but vied with one another in ministering to my comfort. I look joyously forward to the future of the Mission in the town, for remembering the many lies it has already lived down, and difficulties it has surmounted in times past, I cannot doubt that God will enable Bro. Clare to achieve greater victories than we have ever yet had to praise God for.

G. S. R.

#### CARDIFF.

THE work of God goes on here, and although the enemies of the Cross have been trying to upset us in the open air, we have stood our ground. Sinners have cried aloud for mercy, and found salvation. The powers of darkness have been defeated, and victory has been ours, "by the Cross."

We cull the following from one of our local papers:—

"Time was when the worshippers, or rather, shall we say, visitors, at the Gospel Hall were few in number, the services monotonous and lifeless, and the objects of the promoters unattained. We well remember a Sunday morning service there about a year ago, and our great disappointment that the labours of all who were then interested in the work of evangelising the lower classes of the town should be, as it seemed, almost in vain. It was thus with a feeling of surprise and gratification that we entered the Hall on Sunday morning. We had been told that a change had taken place in the work and its results; that a large and seemingly earnest congregation had been gathered together by the efforts of the new missionary, John Allen, the converted navy. It has become a practice among a certain class, far too common, we fear, to look with distrust

upon converted clowns, converted thieves, or converted soldiers, or converts of any description, who, stricken with a desire to help others out of the mire whence they have themselves emerged, go forth into the world and proclaim the glorious tidings of salvation to the ignorant and wretched denizens of our crowded lanes, courts, and alleys. The atheist may scoff, and the wicked may sneer at, the worldly may be indifferent to, and even the Christian may regard with suspicion, the work of such men as Mr. Allen; but none who have heard him can for a moment doubt his earnestness. His powerful voice is often heard in the most crowded parts of Cardiff, at street corners, and in some of the most degraded and neglected bye-ways of the town; and though often interrupted, mocked, jeered at, and occasionally insulted, nothing daunts the spirit or quenches the zeal of this soldier of the Cross. Mr. Allen is doing a good work in Cardiff, and Christians of every denomination may do well to take a leaf out of his book. Instant in season and out of season; wherever he may be, or in whatever company, this ere-while prize-fighter now shows that he is neither ashamed nor afraid to confess the Captain of his salvation, to carry His colours and fight His battle against drunkenness, immorality, and the hundred other sins which abound in Cardiff. The success of a minister is generally gauged by the number of his hearers; and if we are to take this as a standard, Mr. Allen has succeeded at the Gospel Hall. It is his earnest wish to make the services at the Hall self-supporting, and it is to be hoped that he will succeed."

Friends, pray for Cardiff, that the God of all power may grant unto us His servants mighty conquests amidst the darkness and superstition of this town.

16, James Street, JOHN ALLEN.  
Castle Road, Cardiff.

#### LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

A DESPERATE attempt to induce the magistrates to put a stop to the open-air services is being made.

#### PRAYER IS REQUESTED,

that this device may be brought to nought, and the work greatly increased.

#### BROTHER CAMERON.

MANY of our readers still remember with feelings of deep affection our dear brother, and will read, we are sure, with gratification the following interesting letter from him. Let us pray that his health may be fully restored and his labours increasingly blessed:—

"Hobart Town, April 7th, 1875.

"REV. W. BOOTH,

"Dearest Christian Brother,—Your very kind and deeply interesting letter came two mails back; but I could not find opportunity to answer it, as it was important to give you the right answer.

"I cannot express the longing of my soul to re-enter the Mission, but I feel convinced I could not long continue in it, for while there is such wonderful opportunities of doing good presented, I could not refrain from embracing them to the utmost of my ability; then the end would soon come. And this I could welcome, even to-day, only for the thought my work is not done.

"Although it is nineteen months since I bade farewell to the happy shores of England, yet, while I am writing this letter, my chest is very painful. I think it will never more be free from pain. Talking in public or private is a trouble to me, and yet I will keep to it, even when I know I am suffering.

"I have been doing something of the same kind of work as the Mission during the last four months, and my success has been marked. I can number over thirty souls that have professed to receive Christ, and I could double that number with the anxious. I have spent four months in riding, visiting, preaching, and praying, and scarcely a day's rest has intervened.

"I feel I am losing ground. I have no time for preparation, and am not satisfied with the results when compared with the amount of effort. I would like to work upon neighbourhoods as in the Lew, at Tunbridge Wells, where I could repeatedly visit and look after the souls of individuals. A very promising sphere opens at present in the Hobart Town City Mission.

"I have yet two months of missionary meetings to plead the bush cause, and after that, if my application is accepted, I will commence to work in this town in that capacity. I am very thankful my health improves, and if after a few years in this colony I get strong in my chest, you may yet see me

in the 'Christian Mission,' for I still love it and its people, and its preachers, and, above all, I love Him who has made it what it is, and caused His glory to rest upon it. There are no hymns that put such spiritual life and feeling into the souls of people as Mission hymns. You should hear us in the log cabins singing as lustily as you do in Whitechapel Road, 'Oh! you must be a lover of the Lord,' and 'Oh! how I love Jesus!' You would find the same blessed spirit in the bush that there is amongst the dear people of the Mission. I trust I shall never lose the spirit and energy with which your Mission inspired me while I live. Many say you work too hard; I say it is a blessed thing somebody works hard, too many work easy. Many people feel our City Mission wants working in a different way, and they must put up with strange things if the Lord leads me there. Mr. Reed is about to open a new mission hall, and purposes inviting me to join in the services.

"Miss C. Foster\* is in Brisbane Home, and seems to enjoy the blessing. She has repeatedly written very precious letters, full of the life of faith. I see by the CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE that you have been holding meetings for the promotion of this grace amongst your people. I have no doubt great good will be accomplished, and your people will be brought nearer to God. Oh! what a privilege to enjoy liberty and peace!

"I must now conclude this poor scribble, hoping to send you some day something more interesting. Will you kindly remember me to dear Mrs. Booth—the mere thought of her inspires new life; also to your sons William B. and B.; also to dear Miss Billups. I often think of and pray for her. Also the brethren who labour with you and all your happy people. Jesus bless you all, and give you great showers of power and spiritual influence and thousands of souls!

"I am yours, though unworthy,

"Very faithfully,

"THOS. W. CAMERON."

From the accounts of Bro. C.'s work in local papers sent us, it is evident that there are English heathen in Tasmania urgently in need of Christian Mission work.

\* A former member of the Mission.

## OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BRO. DAVIS, OF POPLAR.

TAKEN in his early prime, and yet at the right time, we cannot doubt Bro. Davis has gone to join that part of our host which has crossed the flood.

Previous to his conversion he formed one of the large class of "quiet sort" of people who run to no great excess of riot, but simply live without God. He and his wife used to spend their Sundays in pleasure-seeking, scarcely ever entering a place of worship, until he was awakened to serious concern about his soul. It was in the London Hospital, where he had gone suffering from a severe tumour, that he became alarmed about the future, when told that his life was in danger.

The Lord, who is rich in mercy, however, so far restored him in a fortnight's time that he was able to return home, where, however, he remained unable to work for four months. It was during this period of slow recovery that he began to attend the Poplar Hall. Walking past the door one Sunday evening, he remarked to his wife, "How they do sing! Let's go inside." They went in, and continued to attend the services regularly from that time.

He did not decide for Christ, however, until some months after first entering the hall, when at length he was induced to attend the believers' meeting led by Bro. Heigho. Here the influence brought to bear upon him was such that he was forced to yield himself there and then to God.

When he got home his joy was at once explained to his wife, who did not care to hear his glowing descriptions of the love of Christ. But a fortnight's earnest prayer and labour on her behalf resulted in her conversion, and then their home was happy indeed.

The simple, earnest faith and joy of our brother were manifested to all men, and never seemed to alter under any circumstances. Ever on the alert to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, he was in the habit of "telling people straight" what he thought of Jesus. Since his death ungodly "mates" of his have wept over the memory of unheeded exhortations, and have testified that he used to plead with them in tears like a brother to give up sin and seek the Lord.

His wife writes:—"A dear brother in the Lord told him that his strong faith

would have to be tried. And so the Lord tried it with a severe illness. He stayed home from his work the 12th of January, 1875, with an abscess on his side, and this dear brother came to see him, and said something—told him that his illness would be unto death. But my dear husband said he could not say anything to that, but he was willing to bear with patience all the Lord saw fit to lay upon him, and he said, 'What are my sufferings to what Jesus has suffered for me?' When I told him I did not think he would ever get well again, he said, 'Never mind. This I know—that to be absent from my body would be to be present with the Lord, which would be far better.' All through his illness he was very happy; I never heard him murmur once. I noticed him in particular the last fortnight before his death. It seemed like heaven upon earth to be where he was. In his last experience in the believers' meeting, April 27th, he said he felt so happy he hardly felt the ground he walked on; and he so prayed that the place would heal, that he might see his father and mother again. God answered his prayer, for the place healed a fortnight before his death; so he went into the country the 3rd of May, and I went the 4th. We had been out walking most of the day, and we kept sitting down going round the wood, and he said, 'The little birds are praising God, and let us praise Him too.' So we kept on singing some of Mr. Sankey's hymns, particularly the seventeenth—

"When He cometh to make up His jewels,  
They shall shine in their beauty,  
Bright gems for His crown."

Towards the evening we went home, and he sat and read the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel to his father and mother, and then we sang a favourite hymn of his—

"Now I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

That was the last hymn he sang on earth. Two hours later he was taken worse, and he died about ten the next morning, May 6th. He was taken very suddenly at last. His brother and I sat beside him; he prayed beautifully, and then asked me if there was a sinner there. 'If so, God sent His only begotten Son into the world to die for them. He died for me; I am

all right.' Then I asked him if he could see Jesus, and his face shone so bright while he said, 'Yes; He is going through the streets of Jerusalem with His banner—victory! victory!' Then he wanted me to sing a hymn. I wished there had been someone there that could have sung, for I could not. Then he kept on praying as long as he had his speech. He could not talk after midnight; his last word was 'Amen.'"

A goodly finish to such a life and death!

Shall we not go on to add our "amens" to our brother's by seizing every opportunity to tell poor sinners of the love of Christ?

May God help us! Amen.

## SISTER WARD, OF CROYDON.

Was born in the year 1844, and brought up in strict conformity to the Established Church, and, like most young persons, began the battle of life without God and without hope in the world. But about 1870 she came to one of our services, then held in the Workman's Hall, and heard our dear Bro. Richard Eason. The power of God took hold of her, and there and then she yielded her heart to Christ, and realized that Jesus said to her, "Daughter, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace, and sin no more."

The first time I saw Sister Ward I asked her about her soul's welfare, and she told me she was on the "Rock of Ages," that the "past was under the blood," and that her will was the will of her Lord.

On the 24th of May she was taken ill, and on the 29th she told her husband she felt she was going to die, and asked him to meet her in heaven.

On June 1st I called to see her; but she was quite unconscious, and did not recognize me at all; but when I asked her if she knew "the Lord Jesus," pointing with her hand, she said, "He is there, looking at me all the while." I was satisfied: though she knew no earthly friend, He was recognized, and loved, and trusted. During a short interval of consciousness, very near the end, she sang a part of the hymn which begins, "Come to the Saviour, do not delay," &c., and the chorus—

"Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,  
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,  
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,  
In our eternal home."

On the 6th June, after thirteen days of great suffering, she fell asleep in Jesus.

May we meet her in the land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!

WM. JONES.

Croydon.

## BROMLEY.

HERE we are rising, and, amid much difficulty, souls are set at liberty, hell is defeated, and victory is ours.

## PENGE.

WE have been passing through a time of trial here, but the clouds are breaking, and the fire is cooling, and we hope to come out as gold "seven times purified." The friends are determined more than ever not to rest till God has shaken Penge.

The whole district is awaking and crying to God for a revival. Will brethren and sisters in the Lord, everywhere, join with us in praise for the past, and pray that God will pour out His spirit upon us, that hundreds of souls may be saved, and His name glorified?

Yours in Christ,

WM. JONES.

86, Waddon New Road,  
Croydon.

## NOTICE.

NEXT month's Magazine will contain accounts of the excursions to Fairmead Lodge on the 26th July, and to Gravesend on the 10th August.

## A HINT.

GREAT good might be done, and the sale of the Magazine greatly increased, if it were hawked on Saturday evenings, and at other times when the crowds are thronging the streets. A hawker's licence is not costly, nor is a hawker's work, we trust, too costly to our pride if we can do good by undertaking it.

We see hundreds of men nightly engaging for hours the attention of the passers by with far less interesting wares than this. Two persons with a table before them might, any Saturday evening, call the attention of thousands of people to the salvation of their souls by this simple plan. Let us try it.

# Music for the Million.

50

The Cleansing Wave. C.M.

H. Hymn 47.

1st time. 2nd time.

Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide:  
Je- sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side. The

1st time. 2nd time.

cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh! it cleanseth me,  
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,  
I hear the speaking blood;  
It speaks! polluted nature dies!  
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world and sin,

With heart made pure, and garments  
And Christ enthroned within. [white.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
To feel the blood applied,  
And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
My Jesus crucified.

51

We'll Camp Awhile. C.M.

Hymn 103.

CHORUS.

Our souls are in God's mighty hand, We're precious in His sight,  
And you and I shall surely stand With Him in glory bright. } We'll camp a-while in the

1st time. 2nd time.

wilderness, We'll camp awhile in the wil-der-ness, And then we're go- ing home.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like His shall shine;  
Oh what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

3 Oh what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed;  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

4 When we've been there ten thousand  
Bright shining as the sun, [years,  
We'll have no less to sing His praise,  
Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through:  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.