

The Christian Mission Magazine.

AUGUST, 1876.

Tears.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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PARTING sorrows, so often repeated, and yet felt so keenly, perhaps contribute more largely to the sum total of human tears than any other cause. Tears, the overflow and the relief of sorrow in some, and often the seeds of greater sorrow still in those who see them. There is a magnetic influence in tears which communicates feeling rapidly in all directions; but in addition to this the sight of tears generally leaves behind a deep and lasting impression. This seems to indicate that there is a harmony and a sympathy in human nature still, which can be wrought upon very readily and very effectively. And to us, whose main business it is to move men upon a subject of the first importance, but to which, as a rule, they remain utterly indifferent, it becomes a most interesting question how to shed the most tears, and to make others shed the largest quantity.

Of course there is feeling at times too deep and strong for tears but as a rule, tears are not shed simply because people do not feel sufficiently to shed them. Let us feel more, and we shall make other people feel more too. It is impossible for the truth of God to be released without producing a great deal of feeling, and, in a world where there is so much wrong, to realise the truth must be to feel a great deal of sorrow. No doubt this is one main reason why He who was the Truth, and fully understood the Father, was a man of sorrow and acquainted with griefs.

Why do we not weep at parting with sinners out of doors?

Here is a crowd of poor sinners. Some of them have but just come up, and have scarcely heard anything yet. We grieve to turn

away from them. But those men have stood for more than half an hour. That man and that woman, without bonnet or shawl, were about when we commenced, and have listened eagerly all the time. A city crowd of passing strangers to one another and to us. We must go to our in-door service, for it is time; but oh, what is to become of these people? We have never met them all before, and shall never meet them all again. The last word, the last look, before we meet at the judgment seat! As far as we and our testimony for Jesus is concerned, these men and women are just dying now. Parting for ever! Parting without hope of ever meeting some of them in God's presence above! Oh, why do not tears burst from our eyes ere we turn away to our procession or to walk homewards?

Is it because we do not realise our religion at all? Have we been talking and singing about a heaven and hell, and God and salvation, which we both thought and felt much about some time ago, but which are now only dead facts remembered and repeated over and over again? Oh, to walk in the ever vivid light of living faith, and to speak and look always under the direct influence of the living God!

Is it because we do not feel real brotherly love to these poor souls? We should not like to leave our own brother or sister there in the streets amongst that crowd to live and die like the rest. We should not like our own relatives to stay behind and perish. And yet these men and women are all our brethren, for whom Jesus died, for whom Jesus weeps and pleads still. Oh, to feel it more!

Is it because we are so much occupied with our own work, the service we have held, or are going to hold, that we really do not think just then about others? If so, is not our service, to a large extent, a mere form? We are there expressly to care for others, and yet our minds are so taken up with our own joys, our own labours, our own thoughts, our own needs, our own cares, our own affairs, in fact, that we forget, at any rate, at the solemn parting moment, the very object of our coming. The leader, thanking God for so good an open-air meeting, wondering why so-and-so does not fall into rank better, and why so-and-so does not sing louder, questioning whether he has given out the best hymn, and what will be the best to follow it with, praying for a good time inside, and singing aloud in joyous confidence, and the poor lost sheep he wanted to lead home all behind still at the corner there! His followers, wondering why Brother So-and-so did not come, and why Miss So-and-so did not speak, thanking God for helping them so much, or wishing they had spoken, enjoying and entering into the hymn or wishing they had had another, or at least such and such a tune to it, wondering how many will be inside, and praying for a good time; but their poor brethren and sisters in sin all behind, not daring to follow! All busy, very busy, and with their Master's business too; but too much engaged with their own things after all to look with pitying, melting eyes to the things of others!

Oh, for an overflowing flood of tender love for souls! Oh, for singing choked with sobs and processions broke up through the ungovernable emotion of holy men and women, broken-hearted on account of the sins and sorrows of other people! Do we wonder that so many do not follow us in-doors? Is it any wonder while we feel so little about their staying away? But what about those who do come?

Why do we not weep at parting with sinners in-doors?

They have come amongst us. They have heard all we have to say. They have perhaps felt deeply moved by the Spirit's power, and all but yielded to Him; but they see the lions in the way; and now they are off perhaps before the sermon is over, perhaps during the singing of the first hymn in the prayer-meeting—praying after being ineffectually pressed to come out for Christ.

What are those people doing near the door of the hall? What, talking gaily to one another while souls are hurrying past them to damnation! Discussing their health, and Brother and Sister So-and-so, the open-air service, the meetings of this week or next, the sermon, the preacher, while men and women are going away from light and hope to perish!

And what is the leader of the meeting doing? Busy with the penitent, having a good time up at the top, while poor, burdened souls are fleeing from God. And what are the people of God about? Thanking Him for a thousand blessings, praying for a thousand more, for themselves, their families, the church, and the world at large, but especially for themselves, if praying at all, while precious blood-bought ones are slipping away from the very forms at which they kneel to eternal damnation!

Oh, why does not the awful sight move, and *thoroughly move*, every heart?

Is it because the people look to the preacher, and the preacher to the people, instead of looking to God and yearning, every heart of them, for a blessing on all present? Oh, for a more vivid realisation of the truths we preach!

If we could see some horrid fiend stalk into our midst at the commencement of some prayer-meeting, and seizing some poor sinner, drag him away, screaming for mercy to the door, surely it would arouse our sensibility, and make us care for the loss of a soul! But why should we think less of a destruction which is all the more awful because it is so silently and stealthily brought about?

Who has not read of the poor hearer, whose earnest, steady gaze, ever increasing in intensity as the service proceeded, so attracted the attention of a preacher in the Midland Counties some time since, and who was found stiff and cold in his seat at the conclusion? Not less terribly real is the passage of thousands and millions of our hearers from the hopeful and earnest attention of an awakened conscience to cold, listless, hardened indifference which marks

them for an almost insupportable damnation. And we see it daily, and do not weep!

If we ourselves could but see our dying Saviour, as He draws nigh to many a soul, and turns away sickened and grieved by their continued refusal, if we looked into those eyes that weep still, and saw the heaving of that sad breast that is pierced as ever, so always, with the keenest of sorrows, the sorrow of a thoroughly disinterested sympathy, surely those who come to listen to us would not find it so easy to get away.

Oh, for guardians of our gates less eager to prevent the entrance of the unruly than to stop the departure of the unsaved, begging men and women with flowing eyes not to go down to the pit! Oh, for loving hearts that would almost forget the joy of Israel's triumph, and the gladness of the redeemed, in the bitterness of mourning for the wanderer, and the sighing for the prisoner's release.

Sometimes a mother, a daughter, a wife, may be found at the close of a meeting, sad, because some dear one has not been saved; but, oh! where do we find anyone mourning over a lost stranger? Oh, why do we not feel more about these poor sheep without a shepherd, dying for want of food?

May God send upon us all a deep, all-consuming concern for the souls of our neighbours, that shall rend our hearts, and bow our souls, and make our lives one ceaseless flow of the sweetest, tenderest compassion for the wretched blinded victims of sin, whose looks of horror and anguish before the judgment seat of Christ will otherwise recall to us many a listless, unfeeling prayer, and many a hard, emotionless speech.

HOW TO CATCH SOULS.



HAVE any of you thought that it was most time for us to fold up our energies and cool down our prayers and stop our importunings? Why all this stir about men's souls? Why such hot imploration for Divine mercy? Why this interviewing of men in regard to their eternal interests? There is nothing more silly than for men to run up and down, waving flags and beating drums, when there is no war in the land, and no prospect of war; and why sound the drum of alarm, and why blow the trumpet of the Gospel, when all seems to be so peaceful? There are many who suppose their souls are floating the placid stream just like moving down the Rhine, the shadows of Bingen and Hockheimer reaching clear across the way, vineyards on both sides, castles of beauty here, castles of beauty there, every turn in the river bringing up new enchant-

ments. But as to its being a time of peace, all the forces of light and all the forces of darkness are unlimbering their batteries now in contention as to who shall have the mastery of these immortal natures; and as to floating down a calm river, it is more like the wrathful waters around "Goat Island," as they are just about to take their agonising plunge. So that if there ever was a time to sound the trumpet of alarm, and to beat the drum of warning, and to run up and down telling men to fly from the peril and lay hold of the hopes of the Gospel, now is the time. We simply state what is a plain fact, that there are thousands of souls all around about us that must be eternally discomfited unless the Church, laying aside all coldness, and canting, and conventionality, shall go to work in the spirit of Christ for their rescue. Well, you say, what is there to do? We can tell you one way of influencing the unregenerated which you never have thought of. Have you written letters to your friends inviting them to Jesus? Have you, in a spirit of prayer, taken pen, and ink, and paper, and said: "My dear friend, now is the day of salvation. The Holy Spirit is moving upon the hearts of the people. Come now, and be saved," putting your name at the foot of the paper? Such a letter as that a man cannot get over. He may be entirely worldly; but he will read it 10 times the first day, he will read it 20 times, he will read it, whether he likes it or not, over and over again to see what you really did mean by that epistle, and he will think of it morning, noon, and night, and that letter will be the means of his redemption. Have you ever thought that the grandest use you can possibly put the art of writing to is the use of calling souls to Jesus Christ by your penmanship? Will you employ that means? Will you to-night or to-morrow reach some souls that otherwise you never will be able to affect at all with the mission of the Gospel?

But then there is the work of personal interview—have you attempted that? "Oh," you say, "the proprieties of life, the conventionalities of society, the coldness of men's hearts, forbid this." It seems to us infinitely absurd for men to stand upon such matters when there is the salvation of an immortal soul at stake. One of the Cunard steamers, on its last trip from Liverpool to Boston, lost a man overboard in the midst of a great storm, and the question was whether a boat could live a moment in such a sea; but the first officer had the boat lowered, and he cried out to the crew who were standing around, "Are any of you willing to go with me?" and the cry came from eight or ten, "Aye, aye, sir! aye, aye, sir!" and they plunged into the boat, and then rowed to where the man went down. Alas! it was too late. But when they lowered the boat, and when they started, did any man ask himself the question, "I wonder whether it is right? I wonder if the man will appreciate our work and get into the boat if we go to him? I wonder if he is of a different nationality? I wonder if, without an introduction, we have a right to accost him in mid-Atlantic?" No such questions as these. There was the drowning man, and here was the life-boat. Now if there are souls perishing, and by the grace of God you are safe in the life-boat, had you not better pull away for their rescue, not asking whether it is polite or not, not asking whether it is courteous or not, or according to the rules of critical society or not, but saying, "O Lord God, I am an immortal soul saved by Thy grace, and yonder there is an immortal soul going down to death. Help me in the attempt to rescue that immortal."

There may be sitting beside you next Sabbath a stranger, beside whom you will never sit again until the throne is lifted and the books are open. It will be known in heaven just where you sit, and it will be known in heaven who it is that sits beside you. You may live 40 years, and that person sitting next to you may live 40 years; but that will be your last chance.

What shall we say to those of our readers who, notwithstanding all the means employed for their rescue, are still away from God, and no more prepared for heaven than if they had been born and lived in Central Africa, and never seen a missionary, or heard that there was a heaven or a Christ? You have been summoned by gracious influences. You are the centre to a circumference of Divine benefaction. God has touched you at every point with His blessing, with His invitation, with his warning. "What more can He do for His vineyard that He hath not done in it?" Are you satisfied with this world as a portion? Oh, no. You have lived long enough in it to know that it is a cheating world, an unsatisfying world, a dying world. There is down in the depths of your soul a spirit of unrest and an inquiry for something better; and though your life may be silent, God knows you are not happy. Are you willing to risk any more on this world as a portion? Are you satisfied with it as an investment? A few nights ago, at Burling slip, New York, there came a horse and waggon that had evidently been in the hands of robbers, who had been committing their outrages. They got aboard this waggon, and drove this horse to Burling slip, and left him loose almost whipped to death and exhausted. And when we read that in the morning paper, we thought, How like the world with a man's soul! It drives him, goads him, whips him almost to death, then leaves him in the blackness or darkness for ever. Now, what is your prospect for eternity? With some the prospect is very good. With others the prospect seems to be very sad and ominous. Look out over your own case; stand aloof, as it were, and judge of your own experience. We are all naturally disposed to think well of our prospects, and we give the doubt on our side, if there be any doubt at all about the future. We guess brightly for our soul rather than guess darkly; but suppose you saw a man who was plied with religious influences for 10 years and yielded not to those influences; suppose he heard hundreds of Gospel sermons; suppose he had three or four Bibles in his house; suppose the Holy Spirit had often striven with his heart; suppose that he had lived through great outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and all these influences combined had not brought him to Jesus; suppose that had been going on for 10 or 20 years—what would you say was that man's prospect for heaven? Why, you say, if you judge independently, and as of another, "Very poor prospect indeed." Now, just put your own soul in that scale. Oh, wandering, impenitent heart, you have had all these advantages. Perhaps God will never strive any more mightily with your soul than He has striven. You know all the Bible arguments drawn from the Cross, and from heaven and hell, and the immortality of your own soul, and are you not startled at the thought that, notwithstanding all these opportunities and advantages, you have not yet taken one step heavenward?—*Christian at Work.*

THE REV. JAMES CAUGHEY ON PRAYER.



PRAYER must be *sincere*. Jacob said to his mother, "If I dissemble, my father will find me out, and I shall receive a curse instead of a blessing." It is written in the 78th Psalm that backslidden Israel "flattered God with their mouth, and lied unto Him with their tongues," and no doubt made many long and *eloquent prayers*. But it is said in the 145th Psalm, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him; to all that call upon Him in truth." I was told the other day of a good man, in a certain place, who was kneeling beside an individual in a prayer-meeting. The latter began to pray by addressing a long list of elegant compliments to the Almighty. At length, giving the coat of the praying brother a sharp twitch, the good man said, "Ask Him for something, brother!"

War must be declared in the heart against all sin, though dear and necessary as a right eye, or foot, or hand (Matt. v. 29, 30), or the Lord will not answer prayer. Hence the cautionary reflection of the psalmist, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

Prayer must be *ardent*. "Prayer without a heart," says one, "is like a body without a soul; what a deformed, loathsome thing is a body without a soul! Truly, so is thy prayer without a heart." And it must be *persevering*. Instance that remarkable prayer of Daniel, ninth chapter; how *earnest* the following words: "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken, and do; defer not for Thine own sake, oh, my God; for Thy city and Thy people are called by Thy name." I have read of one Paulus Æmilius, who, on the eve of a battle with the Macedonians, would not give over sacrificing to his god, Hercules, until he imagined there were signs of victory. What a lesson is here for Christians! "Every good prayer," said Bishop Hall, "knocketh at heaven for a blessing; but an *importunate* prayer pierceth it, and makes way into the ears of God."

I have listened before now to the clock when striking; how actively and nimbly the wheels within seem to be going! It is even thus with the converted heart, and even with the true penitent—there is a stir within.

"Prayer ardent" draws out the whole soul after the blessing sought. When this is continued some time, for any special object, it is then supplication. Both terms are used in Ephesians vi. 18; but they are not synonymous. Prayer is the simple desire of the heart expressed in words, and may be immediately answered—or may gradually subside, in the same hour, into a silent and patient submission to the will of God, accompanied with the comforting promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Supplication is prayer continued; it follows God up and down, as it were, day and night, begging, crying, entreating, and will give Him no rest—will not let Him go, until He says, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The great and good Mr. Cecil used to say, when one of his children cried, he would remain in his study thinking that some toy or other might probably satisfy it; but when it continued to cry, and nothing

would do but his presence, then he came to the child immediately. This is supplication.

You may probably remember the anecdote of Demosthenes and the client. One came to him in a court of law, where an important case was pending, and whispered in his ear that, unless he undertook his cause, he feared he should lose his suit. "I am already beaten," said the client. The orator replied, "I don't believe you." At last the man cried out in great distress. "Ay! now I *feel* your cause," said Demosthenes. He only whispered before, and the statesmen could not believe his cause was so desperate, and consequently had no feeling for him; but when he "cried," the effects were of quite a different character. Have you never observed the motions of a mother towards her child? When it whimpers and whines a little, she will not run to it immediately, although she may cast many an anxious look in that direction; but when it cries outright, she drops all, and is with it in a moment. We lose much for want of earnestness (James v. 16). "A low voice," says one, "does not cause a loud echo; neither doth a lazy prayer procure a *liberal answer*. Sleepy requests cause but dreams—mere *fancied* returns. When there is a cushion under the knees, and a pillow of idleness under the elbows, there is little work to be done. A lazy prayer tires before it goes half way to heaven. When Daniel was fervent all day, an angel was sent at night with the answer." Prayer must be according to the charter in 1 John v. 14; nor need we desire a larger: "*If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us,*" &c. Prayer, like a building in course of erection, must keep on the foundation of the word and promise of God, else the whole fabric must come to the ground. The psalmist understood this when he said, "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." "God," in the language of another, "like a wise father, denies us liberty to cry for the candle that would burn us, and the thorns that would prick our fingers;" though the *hedges* are in the bloom of spring, and *every thorn* has its flower; "but He gives us liberty, nay, commands us, to besiege and storm heaven; day and night to give Him no rest—to be instant, urgent, fervent, that our persons may be justified, our natures sanctified, and our souls and bodies glorified eternally."

DIRECTIONS FOR SPIRITUAL HEALTH.



FIRST. You must take *exercise*; and I recommend that you *walk* daily in the paradise of God's word, that you *work* in the vineyard of God's church, that you *bathe* in the fountain of redeeming blood, that you keep up *fellowship* with lively Christians, and that you *exercise all the graces* of the Spirit. Attend particularly to these points, for it is for your health.

Second. Pay attention to your *diet*; let your *food* be the best; the bread of life and the living waters of salvation are recommended; they satisfy and sanctify; they make healthy, and keep healthy; be sure you take *sufficient*; a little will preserve life, but much is necessary to health

take your food *regularly*, for regularity is important. You cannot prosper and be in health unless you live upon Christ, and live upon Him every day.

Third. As to your *medicine*: it is made up of the bitter herbs of disappointment, losses, crosses, grievous bereavements, troubles, and trials of various sorts; it is very unpleasant, but very profitable; unless taken, and taken pretty freely, you will be laid up with idleness, carelessness, anxiety, pride, or selfishness; but this medicine is intended to prevent or remove these evils. Your Heavenly Father will *prepare* it; Divine Providence will *present* it. You are to *beg* the Divine blessing upon it; take it, and expect benefit from it. Do not despise your medicine, for it is for your health.

Fourth. We prescribe *tranquillity*. You cannot be healthy unless you preserve tranquillity of mind; in order to which *live at peace with God*, as a loving child, with a kind and tender Father; cast all your cares upon Him; daily confess your sins before Him, and get a renewed manifestation of His pardoning love. Be content with your lot; it is appointed by your Physician, who knows what is best for you in every respect. Nothing in it will harm you but worry.

Fifth. We strongly urge the importance of *change of air*. Confined within the narrow circle of your own dwelling, you will soon become weak and sickly. A visit to those who are poorer than yourself, or who are in affliction, distress, or dying circumstances, will greatly improve your own condition, and nothing will more tend to refresh your body and soul than frequent visits to the house of God, and to the services held in the open air.

It is a common temptation of the devil that your exhausted condition in the evening, or on the Lord's day, renders it imperative that you should remain quietly at home. If this delusion be accepted, you will certainly feel still greater weariness at the end of the day and the succeeding one. But the effort to secure the necessary change will in itself be extremely beneficial, and you will return home much healthier and stronger yourself, leaving others behind you the better for your help also.

Above all, be careful to *walk in the light*. The depressing effect of cloud or darkness is beyond all description. It eats away the very essence of your life, for you are a child of the light. Be sure, therefore, instantly to see to the removal of anything which produces the slightest shadow on your soul: Better lose all else and get the light you need than possess everything and be in darkness for an hour. The moment you perceive the very approach of darkness cry to God, and give Him no rest until you enjoy the full light of His countenance.

They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them: for He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall He guide them.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

THE REV. C. G. FINNEY, THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST.

(Continued.)

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HE remarkable outpouring of Divine power experienced by Mr. Finney at the time of his conversion, immediately produced most glorious and unusual results in the salvation of many with whom he came in contact directly afterwards. Yielding without any vestige of pride, reserve, or regard for the ordinary rules of propriety, to the Divine Spirit's impulses, he soon had the apostolic seal of signs and wonders following his words.

BEGINNING OF HIS WORK.

This morning (the morning after his conversion) I went down into the office, and there I was having the renewal of these mighty waves of love and salvation flowing over me, when Squire W— came into the office. I said a few words to him on the subject of his salvation. He looked at me with astonishment, but made no reply whatever, that I recollect. He dropped his head, and after standing a few minutes, left the office. I thought no more of it then, but afterward found that the remark I made pierced him like a sword; and he did not recover from it till he was converted.

Soon after Mr. W— had left the office, Deacon B— came into the office, and said to me, "Mr. Finney, do you recollect that my cause is to be tried at ten o'clock this morning? I suppose you are ready?" I had been retained to attend this suit as his attorney. I replied to him, "Deacon B—, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause, and I cannot plead yours." He looked at me with astonishment, and said, "What do you mean?" I told him, in a few words, that I had enlisted in the cause of Christ; and then repeated that I had a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause, and that he must go and get somebody else to attend his law-suit; I could not do it. He dropped his head, and without making any reply, went out. A few moments later, in passing the window, I observed that Deacon B— was standing in the road, seemingly lost in deep meditation. He went away, as I afterwards learned, and immediately settled his suit. He then

betook himself to prayer, and soon got into a much higher religious state than he had ever been in before.

GIVING UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

I soon sallied forth from the office to converse with those whom I should meet about their souls. I had the impression, which has never left my mind, that God wanted me to preach the Gospel, and that I must begin immediately. I somehow seemed to know it. If you ask me how I knew it, I cannot tell how I knew it, any more than I can tell how I knew that that was the love of God and the baptism of the Holy Ghost which I had received. I did somehow know it with a certainty that was past all possibility of doubt. And so I seemed to know that the Lord commissioned me to preach the Gospel.

When I was first convicted, the thought had occurred to my mind that if I was ever converted I should be obliged to leave my profession, of which I was very fond, and go to preaching the Gospel. This at first stumbled me. I thought I had taken too much pains, and spent too much time and study in my profession to think now of becoming a Christian, if by doing so I should be obliged to preach the Gospel. However, I at last came to the conclusion to submit that question to God; that I had never commenced the study of law from any regard to God, and that I had no right to make any conditions with Him; and I therefore had laid aside the thought of becoming a minister, until it was sprung in my mind, as I have related, on my way from my place of prayer in the woods.

But now, after receiving these

baptisms of the Spirit, I was quite willing to preach the Gospel. Nay, I found that I was unwilling to do anything else. I had no longer any desire to practise law. Everything in that direction was shut up, and had no longer any attractions for me at all. I had no disposition to make money. I had no hungering and thirsting after worldly pleasures and amusements in any direction. My whole mind was taken up with Jesus and His salvation; and the whole world seemed to me of very little consequence. Nothing, it seemed to me, could be put in competition with the worth of souls; and no labour, I thought, could be so sweet, and no employment so exalted, as that of holding up Christ to a dying world.

With this impression, as I said, I sallied forth to converse with any with whom I might meet. I first dropped in at the shop of a shoemaker, who was a pious man, and one of the most praying Christians, as I thought, in the church. I found him in conversation with a son of one of the elders of the church; and this young man was defending Universalism. Mr. W—, the shoemaker, turned to me, and said, "Mr. Finney, what do you think of the argument of this young man?" and he then stated what he had been saying in defence of Universalism. The answer appeared to me so ready in a moment that I was enabled to blow his argument to the wind. The young man saw at once that his argument was gone; and he rose up without making any reply, and went suddenly out. But soon I observed, as I stood in the middle of the room, that the young man, instead of going along the street, had passed around the shop, had climbed over the fence, and was steering straight across the fields towards the woods. I thought no more of it until evening, when the young man came out, and appeared to be a bright convert, giving a relation of his experience. He went into the woods, and there, as he said, gave his heart to God.

I spoke with many persons that day, and I believe the Spirit of God made lasting impressions upon every one of them. I cannot remember one whom I spoke with, who was not soon after converted. Just at evening I called at the house of a friend, where a young man lived who was employed in distilling whiskey. The family had heard that I had become a Christian; and as they

were about to sit down to tea, they urged me to sit down and take tea with them. The man of the house and his wife were both professors of religion. But a sister of the lady, who was present, was an unconverted girl; and this young man of whom I have spoken, a distant relative of the family, was a professed Universalist. He was rather an outspoken and talkative Universalist, and a young man of a good deal of energy of character.

"ASKING A BLESSING."

I sat down with them to tea, and they requested me to ask a blessing. It was what I had never done; but I did not hesitate a moment, but commenced to ask the blessing of God as we sat around the table. I had scarcely more than begun before the state of these young people rose before my mind, and excited so much compassion that I burst into weeping, and was unable to proceed. Every one around the table sat speechless for a short time, while I continued to weep. Directly, the young man moved back from the table and rushed out of the room. He fled to his room, and locked himself in, and was not seen again till the next morning, when he came out expressing a blessed hope in Christ. He has been for many years an able minister of the Gospel.

In the course of the day, a good deal of excitement was created in the village by its being reported what the Lord had done for my soul. Some thought one thing, and some another. At evening, without any appointment having been made that I could learn, I observed that the people were going to the place where they usually held their conference and prayer-meetings. My conversion had created a good deal of astonishment in the village. I afterward learned that some time before this some members of the church had proposed, in a church meeting, to make me a particular subject of prayer, and that Mr. Gale had discouraged them, saying that he did not believe I ever would be converted; that from conversing with me he had found that I was very much enlightened upon the subject of religion, and very much hardened. And furthermore, he said, he was almost discouraged; that I led the choir, and taught the young people sacred music; and that they were so much under my influence that he did not believe that, while I remained in Adams, they would ever be converted.

I found after I was converted, that some of the wicked men in the place had hid behind me. One man in particular, a Mr. C—, who had a pious wife, had repeatedly said to her, "If religion is true, why don't you convert Finney? If you Christians can convert Finney, I will believe in religion."

An old lawyer by the name of M—, living in Adams, when he heard it rumoured that day that I was converted, said that it was all a hoax; that I was simply trying to see what I could make Christian people believe.

HIS FIRST PUBLIC ADDRESS.

However, with one consent, the people seemed to rush to the place of worship. I went there myself. The minister was there, and nearly all the principal people in the village. No one seemed ready to open the meeting; but the house was packed to its utmost capacity. I did not wait for anybody, but arose, and began by saying that I knew that religion was from God. I went on, and told such parts of my experience as it seemed important for me to tell. This Mr. C—, who had promised his wife that if I was converted he would believe in religion, was present. Mr. M—, the old lawyer, was also present. What the Lord enabled me to say seemed to take a wonderful hold upon the people. Mr. C— got up, pressed through the crowd, and went home, leaving his hat. Mr. M— also left, and went home, saying I was crazy. "He is in earnest," said he, "there is no mistake; but he is deranged, that is clear."

As soon as I had done speaking, Mr. Gale, the minister, arose and made a confession. He said he believed he had been in the way of the church; and then confessed that he had discouraged the church when they had proposed to pray for me. He said also that, when he had heard that day that I was converted he had promptly said that he did not believe it. He said he had no faith. He spoke in a very humble manner.

I had never made a prayer in public. But soon after Mr. Gale was through speaking, he called on me to pray. I did so, and think I had a good deal of enlargement and liberty in prayer. We had a wonderful meeting that evening; and, from that day, we had a meeting every evening for a long time. The work spread on every side.

As I had been a leader among the

young people, I immediately appointed a meeting for them, which they all attended—that is, all of the class with which I was acquainted. I gave up my time to labour for their conversion; and the Lord blessed every effort that was made in a very wonderful manner. They were converted one after another with great rapidity; and the work continued among them, until but one of their number was left unconverted.

The work spread among all classes; and extended itself, not only through the village, but out of the village in every direction. My heart was so full, that, for more than a week, I did not feel at all inclined to sleep or eat. I seemed literally to have meat to eat that the world knew nothing of. I did not feel the need of food, or of sleep. My mind was full of the love of God to overflowing. I went on in this way for a good many days, until I found that I must rest and sleep, or I should become insane. From that point I was more cautious in my labours; and ate regularly, and slept as much as I could.

The word of God had wonderful power; and I was every day surprised to find that a few words, spoken to an individual, would stick in his heart like an arrow.

SEEKING HIS OWN RELATIONS.

After a short time I went down to Henderson, where my father lived, and visited him. He was an unconverted man; and only one of the family, my youngest brother, had ever made a profession of religion. My father met me at the gate, and said, "How do you do, Charles?" I replied, "I am well, father, body and soul. But, father, you are an old man; all your children are grown up and have left your house; and I never heard a prayer in my father's house." Father dropped his head, and burst into tears, and replied, "I know it, Charles; come in and pray yourself."

We went in, and engaged in prayer. My father and mother were greatly moved; and in a very short time thereafter they were both hopefully converted. I do not know, but my mother had had a secret hope before; but if so, none of the family, I believe, ever knew it.

I remained in that neighbourhood, I think, for two or three days, and conversed more or less with such people as I could meet with. I believe it was the next Monday night, they had a

monthly concert of prayer in that town. There was there a Baptist church that had a minister, and a small Congregational church without a minister. The town was very much of a moral waste, however; and at this time religion was at a very low ebb.

My youngest brother attended this monthly concert of which I have spoken, and afterward gave me an account of it. The Baptists and the Congregationalists were in the habit of holding a union monthly concert. But few attended, and therefore it was held at a private house. On this occasion they met, as usual, in the parlour of a private house. A few of the members of the Baptist church, and a few Congregationalists, were present.

The deacon of the Congregational church was a spare, feeble old man, by the name of M—. He was quiet in his ways, and had a good reputation for piety; but seldom said much upon the subject. He was a good specimen of a New England Deacon. He was present, and they called upon him to lead the meeting. He read a passage of Scripture, according to their custom. They then sang a hymn, and Deacon M— stood up behind his chair, and led in prayer. The other persons present, all of them professors of religion, and younger people, knelt down around the room.

My brother said that Deacon M— began as usual in his prayer, in a low, feeble voice; but soon began to wax warm and to raise his voice, which became tremulous with emotion. He proceeded to pray with more and more earnestness, till soon he began to rise upon his toes and come down upon his heels; and then to rise upon his toes and drop upon his heels again, so that they could feel the jar in the room. He continued to raise his voice, and to rise upon his toes, and come down upon his heels more emphatically. And as the spirit of prayer led him onward, he began to raise his chair together with his heels, and bring that down upon the floor; and soon he raised it a little higher, and brought it down with still more emphasis. He continued to do this, and grew more and more engaged, till he would bring the chair down as if he would break it to pieces.

In the meantime the brethren and sisters that were on their knees, began to groan, and sigh, and weep, and agonize in prayer. The deacon continued to struggle until he was about

exhausted; and when he ceased, my brother said that no one in the room could get off from his knees. They could only weep and confess, and all melt down before the Lord. From this meeting the work of the Lord spread forth in every direction all over the town. And thus it spread at that time from Adams as a centre, throughout nearly all the towns in the county.

AN OBSTINATE SQUIRE HUMBLED.

I have spoken of the conviction of Squire W—, in whose office I studied law. I have also said that when I was converted, it was in a grove where I went to pray. Very soon after my conversion, several other cases of conversion occurred that were reported to have taken place under similar circumstances; that is, persons went up into the grove to pray, and there made their peace with God.

When Squire W— heard them tell their experience, one after the other, in our meetings, he thought that he had a parlour to pray in; and that he was not going up in the woods, to have the same story to tell that had been so often told. To this, it appeared, he strongly committed himself. Although this was a thing entirely immaterial in itself, yet it was a point on which his pride had become committed, and therefore he could not get into the kingdom of God.

I have found in my ministerial experience a great many cases of this kind; where, upon some question, perhaps immaterial in itself, a sinner's pride of heart would commit him. In all such cases the dispute must be yielded, or the sinner never will get into the kingdom of God. I have known persons to remain for weeks in great tribulation of mind, pressed by the Spirit; but they could make no progress till the point upon which they were committed was yielded. Mr. W— was the first case of the kind that had ever come to my notice.

After he was converted, he said, the question had frequently come up when he was in prayer; and that he had been made to see that it was pride that made him take that stand, and that kept him out of the kingdom of God. But still, he was not willing to admit this, even to himself. He tried in every way to make himself believe, and to make God believe, that he was not proud. One night, he said, he prayed all night in

his parlour that God would have mercy on him; but in the morning he felt more distressed than ever. He finally became enraged that God did not hear his prayer, and was tempted to kill himself. He was so tempted to use his penknife for that purpose, that he actually threw it as far as he could, that it might be lost, so that this temptation should not prevail. He said that, one night, on returning from meeting, he was so pressed with a sense of his pride, and with the fact that it prevented his going into the woods to pray, that he was determined to make himself believe, and to make God believe, that he was not proud; and he sought around for a mud puddle in which to kneel down, that he might demonstrate that it was not pride which kept him from going into the woods. Thus he continued to struggle for several weeks.

But one afternoon I was sitting in our office, and two of the elders of the church with me, when the young man that I had met at the shoemaker's shop, came hastily into the office, and exclaimed as he came, "Squire W— is converted!" and proceeded to say: "I went up into the woods to pray, and heard some one over in the valley shouting very loud. I went up to the brow of the hill, where I could look down, and I saw Squire W— pacing to and fro, and singing as loud as he could sing; and every few moments he would stop and clap his hands with his full strength, and shout, 'I will rejoice in the God of my salvation!' Then he would march and sing again; and then stop, and shout, and clap his hands." While the young man was telling us this, behold, Squire W— appeared in sight coming over the hill. As he came down to the foot of the hill we observed that he met Father T—, as we called him, an aged Methodist brother. He rushed up to him, and took him right up in his arms. After setting him down, and conversing a moment, he came rapidly toward the office. When he came in, he was in a profuse perspiration—he was a heavy man—and he cried out, "I've got it! I've got it!" clapped his hands with all his might, and fell upon his knees, and began to give thanks to God. He then gave us an account of what had been passing in his mind, and why he had not obtained a hope before. He said as soon as he gave up that point and went into the

woods, his mind was relieved; and when he knelt down to pray, the Spirit of God came upon him, and filled him with such unspeakable joy that it resulted in the scene which the young man witnessed. Of course, from that time, Squire W— took a decided stand for God.

A PRAYER.

OH that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each deed, and word, and
thought,

Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.

THOMAS ELWOOD, A. D. 1693.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

Who'LL be the next to follow Jesus,
Who'll be the next the cross to bear?
Someone is ready, someone is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next? who'll be the
next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Follow Jesus now.

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His
name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemp-
tion?
Sing Hallelujah, praise the Lamb.

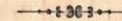
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down through the Jordan's rolling
tide?

Who'll be the next to join with the
ransomed
Singing upon the other side?

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.



The Month.



THE month just passed is likely to be reckoned in time to come amongst the foremost in brightness amongst all in the annals of the Mission.

The remarkable opening for our work suddenly presented in Leeds has been heartily and successfully entered into, as the report shows, and we have thus the hope of seeing strong and widely influential branches of the Mission commenced in two large towns of the West Riding instead of one.

The not less remarkable difficulties which have beset our path in Leicester are being surmounted steadily and resolutely, and the certain, invariable success of the Gospel, preached in the power of the Holy Ghost, assures us a glorious triumph in due time, in spite of prejudice and infidelity.

Finding it impossible with our present staff of labourers to carry on the work at all the stations, with that thorough and ceaseless vigour which we find always necessary to ensure success, we have been reluctantly compelled to relinquish, for the time being, the efforts made at some of the small outlying stations, in order that all our strength might be utilised to the best advantage in larger movements.

By this means the work done on the old ground has already been largely increased, and we hope to be able to show on the 7th of August evidence of a great advance in activity throughout the whole Mission.

With a new year, and fresh opportunities, evangelists and people alike giving themselves to God, we may, and ought to look for a mighty reawakening all round, to which thousands of souls shall owe their salvation.

OPENING OF NEW STATIONS AT LEEDS AND LEICESTER.

LEEDS.

PRAISE God! the Christian Mission ship is fairly launched in Leeds at last. After much concern for the unevangelised masses, and much prayer that God would open our way, a great and effectual door has been opened by Divine Providence for the preaching of the Gospel.

A tent has been purchased and erected on a piece of ground near New Briggate, in the very centre of the town. In front we have one of the best open-

air stands in Leeds, and we mean to use it.

Thousands pass on their way to Rounday Park on Sunday, large numbers of whom have already stopped and heard the Gospel.

THE TENT CONSECRATED.

The tent was fixed on Saturday, July 1st, and in the evening Canon Jackson offered up prayer that God would bless the work, and the presence of God was felt in the first prayer-meeting.

On Sunday we had service at 7, 11, 2:30, and 6:30 in the tent, and at 12, 2, and 6 outside, with good attendances at every service.

During the week-night meetings every seat has been occupied, and many have had to stand; and we get the right sort of folks. The infidels come in large numbers, and look daggers at us, and even the Jews can't let us alone. An awfully hardened lot come in to the back of the tent and look on. I don't know how many we have offended; but the thing is melting down beautifully. One chap gave me 10 shillings last night, and pulled out a cigar, tore it up, and said he would give up smoking.

Best of all, God has been with us, and between 20 and 30 have professed to find Jesus. Particulars of some of these cases may be given next month.

LEEDS FAIR.

Held open-air meeting at 2; then in the tent at 3. Some of my Middlesbro' people were over with an excursion; so they showed them how to speak and pray, and form a ring, and some took the hint. At 7:30 open air again; a mission meeting. Procession to the tent. I preached. I was determined to make something break or bend that night. We had a good time. Tent full; much of God; and six or seven came forward to seek salvation. To God be all the glory!

We ask the prayers of all our friends; and shall be glad if any feel drawn to help us with the balance of £15 16s. 9d. still owing for the tent. Any help will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, E. Miller, Providence House, Bath Street, or by the Secretary, J. Broadbent, Covered Market, or by the Evangelist,

JAS. DOWDLE.

16, Trafalgar Street,
Leeds.

LEICESTER.

YES, it is a fact that I am at Leicester, amongst the hosiers, elastic web, boot, shoe, and glove makers. This was once a stronghold of the Chartists, and now many know more of politics than of religion. Many are not ashamed to tell you that they are atheists, that they do not believe in the Bible, that they have their club and discussion rooms, and are content—that is, so they say.

"And what are you here for, Mr _____," is the question asked by more than one. My reply is, "I am here in the name of the Lord, to point hundreds of souls to Christ, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light," &c. "Aha! aha! a good many before you have tried to do that here, but have been taken in. You don't know Leicester." "True, friend; but God does; and in His name we shall succeed, and very many shall be saved; and when they are saved, we will ascribe all the glory to Him."

At this many shake their heads, and are only waiting to see us shut up, and be off. Others pass by on the other side; but, praise God, a few devoted Christians have gladly welcomed us into their midst, and most willingly help us; altogether, our short stay has convinced us of a few things, namely, 1st, The great need there is for a real spiritual work among the masses. 2nd, That there are a few devoted Christians who are living and believing for a revival. 3rd, That there are a good many who are not, and would gladly consign us to limbo (if they could). 4th, That God will in mercy hear prayer, and save hundreds of precious souls.

At present we have seen but little. At each of our indoor services some have accepted Christ, this we regard as the beginning of a good work. Our rally call has only brought a few Christians to the standard yet, but God has enabled us to use this few to attack the enemy's strongholds upon the Race-course, in Russell Square, in the back streets, in the Theatre Royal, in Christ Church schoolroom (kindly lent us); and now, praise God, in

A TENT

erected on the secularists' ground. Before the tent was half up, a publican came and offered the landlord just double the ground rent if he would only turn us out. But our God, who saw our need, came to our help, and, thank God, the tent is still up, and precious souls have been blessed in it. We have bought the tent in faith, and the friends who sold it to us are willing to wait for the money. If our Christian friends will bear this in mind, and come to our help, we shall be very grateful, and, praise God, I hope in our next to give further particulars of our work; and in the meantime, implore our friends to remember us in prayer, for never in

our lives did we feel more in need of Divine help.

LAMB AND RUSSELL.

Humberstone Cottage,
Asylum Lane, Leicester.

WHITECHAPEL.

Not by might nor power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord.

OUR first month's labours at this station have met with great blessing and encouragement. About 50 souls have sought the Saviour, and still the work is going on.

A FEMALE ATHEIST

has been led to believe in the true God. She was once a Sabbath School scholar, but had imbibed infidel principles. She wept bitterly while telling what a great sinner she had been. Praise the Lord, Jesus has healed her broken heart.

"I'm going home again," said a man who had just made his peace with God. He had left home with the intention of never returning. His wife was a Christian, and he had disliked home on that account. But the Lord graciously subdued his restless spirit, and sent him home to his grief-stricken wife to join her in prayer and praise.

COULD NOT GET AWAY.

A woman, clad in mourning, was so keenly pierced by the arrow of conviction that she found it an impossibility to leave the hall unsaved. The sins of 50 years crowded upon her. A dear sister, seeing her weeping and trembling, spoke to her about her soul, pointed her to Jesus, and soon her burden rolled away. Hallelujah!

Our porch-meetings are constantly and successfully worked. Souls are saved at every service. The most wretched outcasts are laid hold of by God's spirit, and in some cases are fully rescued.

Artizans, costermongers, dockyard-labourers, and many others, mix up with the unemployed and homeless, while seeking the salvation of their souls. The good done at our porch-meetings will only be known in eternity. Men of Israel, help.

FAIRLOP FAIR.

After holding two hours' service in the porch, we took advantage of this opportunity, and for three hours we stood facing the brewery in Whitechapel

Road, for the purpose of warning the people of the folly of sinful pleasure. Our people stood fire well, especially the women. We had two bands, both of which worked well. While the boats passed by us we sang of a better boat, telling the people in song that "she was both mighty and safe." The worldly-minded had all the coloured lights, and union-jacks, and frivolities; but we had the light of truth, and God's spirit, the flag of Calvary, and the blessing of Heaven, which is worth more than all the pleasures of earth.

For the sake of annoyance, some silly girls kept screaming, and some roughs tried hard to upset the chair on which the speakers stood. One or two threatened to set fire to us; but all the harm they did was in altering our complexions by the different coloured lights they were burning.

The friends have given Sister Woodcock and myself a hearty reception, and there is every prospect of a glorious work being done.

W. J. PEARSON.

2, Queen Street, Cambridge Road,
Mile End Old Town.

SHOREDITCH.

Though our enemies be strong,

We'll go on;

Though our hearts dissolve with fear,

Yet Sinia's God is near;

Where the fiery pillar moves,

We'll go on.

THANK God! this is our song in Brick Lane. The butchers have been trying to stop us again by bringing out their knives and chopping with them upon their blocks, and rattling their irons, while men and boys have shouted and rowed until the noise has been deafening, in order to drown our voices; and the scene upon such occasions is enough to make our hearts ache. Men and women, with sin stamped upon their countenances, oaths and curses issuing forth from their lips; little children, dirty and neglected, with tear-stained faces—and talk about standing still while men and women are rushing unwarned to hell!

By God's help we will go on imitating the example of our Divine Master, who endured the Cross, despising the shame, until we follow Him to the crown. And glory to Jesus, we are not without encouragement, for the Gospel has won its way to many a heart during the past month.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Speaking to a man the other day about his soul, he said, "It is the drink that has made me what I am. If I thought I could give up the drink I would give my heart to God." We explained that Jesus was not only able to pardon past sin, but to save from the power and dominion of sin. He fell upon his knees, and amid sobs and tears confessed his sins, and sought forgiveness; and, praise God! he did not seek in vain, but was soon set at liberty, and with joy beaming from his countenance asked for a pledge-book, and then and there signed it. May God keep him faithful! We found upon inquiry that he had been a respectable tradesman, but had imbibed a love for strong drink, which dragged him down step by step until, three years since, he left his wife and family, came to London, and when we met him was a poor, degraded drunkard. We found that one of our brethren had singled this man out a twelvemonth since, and presented him continually at the throne of grace. He has now returned, like the prodigal, to his family.

LONDON HEATHEN.

Another man to whom we spoke, seemed in so dark and benighted a condition as to remind me of the heathen in foreign lands. He knew nothing of his state as a sinner, nor of the death of Christ. We asked him to go home and read John iii., and ask God to show him what it meant. He did so, and soon became very anxious about his soul; sought the Lord, and obtained mercy; and now, amid terrible persecution from his fellow lodgers, he holds on his way. Often, he tells me, that while on his knees praying, boots are thrown at him from all parts of the room. Still he is rejoicing in Jesus his Saviour.

We could give other instances of God's presence with us here did space permit. We close, however, by asking our fellow Christians to pray that God may own and bless our labours more abundantly in this place; and should this meet the eye of any who look upon drink as one of God's good creatures, we invite them to spend a Sunday in Brick Lane, where they will see what this good creature has done for thousands here. May God help us as Christians never to touch the cursed stuff which is ruining our fellow-

creatures, and dragging them down to hell!

Yours in Jesus,
EMMA STRIDE.
28, Hawkins Street, Jubilee Street,
Mile End, E.

LIMEHOUSE.

JULY 9th, we felt cheered and stirred as we neared the hall to find our friends outside with a goodly company of hearers. This meeting, we understood, prior to morning service, was an experiment, and its success must have encouraged them to hold on. As it closed, part of the brethren filed off to the service in the Sunday-morning market close by, and others accompanied me into the hall, where the Lord blessed our souls. At the close of this meeting we joined our friends in the market, and gave a hand at the finish up of the preaching in Brother Pearson's fish shop. The market was by this time well nigh over, but the preachers kept on to a crowd, mostly made up of rough men in their working clothes, who attentively listened, and seemed impressed. God must bless such services.

In the afternoon service, all hearts were drawn together, while at night, both out doors and in, the Word was as lightning running among the people. One woman fell under its power, and was blessedly saved. I shall be very much disappointed if she does not prove a true and valiant soldier. As the services closed, we rallied outside, and had a blessed hour. Nothing could exceed the solemn attention of the people. So closed the day at Limehouse, full of promise, we thought, of days that should rival, if not surpass, any thing experienced in the past.

BETHNAL GREEN.

THE work of God is prospering here. The services are increasing in interest and power. We have realised some blessed manifestations of God's power to save. My first Sunday here was a blessed day. God, our Father, showing He was no respecter of persons, but was pleased to use the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and crowning our labours with six precious souls; and since we have scarcely held a service without souls inquiring their way to the better country. Hallelujah to His name!

After preaching from—"Behold I stand at the door and knock," seven came boldly out for the Lord, all weeping together, and went away with faces radiant with heavenly glory.

SAVED AND SAFE.

Among those that have been saved is a man engaged in work of a dangerous character. While down before the Lord, he said, on the morrow he had to be on some high scaffolding, and he knew if he fell he should drop into hell with groans and tears. He found Him whom his soul longed for, and is now to be seen praising God night after night, no longer afraid to climb the scaffolding.

Another is a woman, a poor backslider, who has been trying to find rest and peace to her soul in the world; but failing in the attempt, at last returned to God, and is pressing on towards the kingdom. God help her!

Our open-air services have been attended with very great blessings. Hundreds stand night after night to hear the Word of life, and—

Off the big, unbidden tears,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Tell in eloquence sincere,
Words of woe they could not speak.

We are looking forward to a great harvest of souls. Scattering the seed broadcast, we know not which shall prosper, and He that has given us such a burning, yearning desire for souls will not disappoint us.

Yours, for Christ's sake,
ANNIE DAVIS.
11, Waterloo Terrace, Arundel
Street, Mile End.

HACKNEY.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave;
Weep o'er the erring ones, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

THE devil does not like this sort of business here, but by the help of God we intend to do it. The Lord is wonderfully blessing our labours, both in the open air and in the hall.

One night, as Brother Bateman was giving out a hymn, a man tried to set fire to his hymn-book; and then a cabman kept driving his horse around the crowd; but God was with us, and the man found it no use, so he drove off in

a rage. Another night I was giving out the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and a man rushed in front of me, and with his fists in my face, he cried out, "It's a lie! it's a lie!" But, praise God, I knew it was a glorious reality; so we kept singing till the enemy retreated, leaving us conquerors through Him who loved us.

A young woman, who was attracted by our singing in the open air, came to the hall, and found the Saviour.

We had a visit from Mrs. Booth on Sunday evening, July 9th, which was made a great blessing to all. Four persons professed to find peace. Tracts are greatly needed.

Your servant in the Lord,
GEORGE MACE.
3, Havelock Road, Well Street,
South Hackney.

POPLAR.

Thou renewest the face of the earth.

PRaise God for sending us here! As we have gone about through street after street amongst the miles and miles of working people's houses within our district, and seen the multitudes thronging past on every hand, we have felt daily more and more what a great work there was to do.

"If we only had our Stockton lot at our heels to follow us through all these streets!"

"Well, we have them to get. The Lord will help us. Here's one that would just make a capital man for us," turning to a strong man walking along in his white slop. "If he were converted he would just be the sort to go about telling everybody what a Saviour Jesus is."

"Ah, but I shouldn't go about the streets with you. If I had any religion I'd keep it quiet."

"God bless you, you don't know what it's like. If you got your sins washed away, you couldn't keep it quiet; you'd want to let everybody know. Come to our place, and hear more about it."

We fear, however, many about here who have known what true religion is, have forgotten the enjoyment of blazing abroad the fame of Jesus, unless to this be added the pleasure of being somebody—number one, or at least, number two; and as to open-air service every night of the week, oh, dear! oh, dear!

WEEK-NIGHT OPEN-AIR WORK.

We were told that we could not expect to be allowed to stand in the streets on week-nights; but we have never yet got turned away, either from main thoroughfare or side street any evening. The first Monday night we went trembling to face Crisp Street, perhaps the most crowded street in Poplar. We had just got a big crowd, when a tradesman, some distance behind us, came, and said that he did not wish to disturb us, but that, really, we were taking away his living. So, at the conclusion of our service, we advertised the man's wares and our in-door meetings. He has declared he will not object to our standing there any night his goods are not actually spread out in the street, and we have found other corners facing Crisp Street, which we occupy two evenings of every week, with a public-house at one corner in each case, and no objection has been made to the assembling of the large crowd it is always so easy to gather there. *And thus we have learnt again that people don't know what they can do until they try.*

And oh, what crowds! The Lord always seems to give us the hearts of most of them, in spite of the gibbering drunkard and the shallow scoffer, who occasionally attempt to divert attention. They listen as for their lives, and believe in our love for them, poor sheep without a shepherd. Who can help but love them, and long to bring them to Jesus?

Thank God we have got some already! From the farthest point in the district where we have held service, as well as from nearer spots, they have followed us to the hall, irresistibly drawn to the Crucified One. At the end of a prayer-meeting one night, a poor woman was found sobbing on the steps of the hall. She had seen no light, and was too timid to push the door open, though she had followed all the way to get saved. She gladly accepted the offer to go in again with her, and went home rejoicing in God.

The first Sunday evening we had two; the second, five; and others on various week-nights, nearly all of whom are coming as often as they can to the services, and helping us with all their might. We shall know, and perhaps say more of some of them next time.

The devil has made a dead set at us, and serve us right, for we will upset

his kingdom here as sure as the Lord liveth. Our souls have been greatly blessed while labouring here, and the Lord has so refreshed, strengthened, and encouraged us continually amidst conflicts, that we have had to say to one another very often, "Well, we *must* believe in Him more after this."

Tracts we will thankfully acknowledge, though we have cheek enough to go to anybody without one; but cash and prayer we really need very much.

RAILTON AND BORRILL,
15, Ivy Cottages, Bath Street,
Poplar.

BARKING.

There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky.

BLESSED be God, we do get in the wedge sometimes, and, assisted by the Spirit, drive it home. It was a pleasant sight to see two or three hundred men and women listening attentively one evening in the open air, while I was addressing them upon the temperance question.

A GAS STOKER AND HIS WIFE

Were in the crowd, and when I had done, the man came forward, and we had a very interesting conversation; but, it being very late, he asked me to come and see him in his home. I, very pleased with the opportunity, called upon them, and they both signed the pledge. I then preached unto them Jesus, showing plainly there was no salvation in the pledge-book. The presence of the Holy Ghost was most powerfully felt, convincing of sin; they were both led to see themselves sinners, sought and found pardon through the merits of a crucified Redeemer, and were enabled to rejoice together at their own fireside. Praise the Lord!

A FISHERMAN CAUGHT.

He came to a Sunday afternoon experience-meeting, and was seriously impressed; he was urged to decide at once, but was unable to realize his acceptance with God. He came in the evening, and was caught in the Gospel-net, and God has made him a fisher of men. His chief delight is to work for Jesus. Hallelujah!

A BACKSLIDER.

This man was seen coming from the public-house opposite, with a quart of beer in his hand, and forcing his

HAMMERSMITH.

SUNDAY, June 25th, was our first day at this station, and it was one that we shall never forget. The Lord's people gave us a unanimous welcome, and we felt at once—God is with this people. A large congregation pressed into the hall to hear the new preacher. The power of God came down. Mrs. Gray and myself spoke. The Lord's people wept and shouted for joy, and four souls accepted salvation. Hallelujah! We sang—

"Lo! the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above."

The "Friends' Meeting House" was nearly filled on the Monday following, and two more sought salvation. The Lord blessed us all the week through, and on Sunday, July 2nd, Mr. Booth came to our help, and preached with remarkable power. The people wept and trembled whilst he thundered forth the truths of the Gospel. Two souls decided for Heaven, and hundreds went away deeply impressed, some of whom came out the week following.

Sunday, the 9th, was the most blessed day I ever saw. The Spirit manifested His power. Everyone seemed spell-bound, whilst the Lord moved upon the people. So great was the power, I thought everybody must be saved. Six came to Jesus. Some very interesting cases. A woman, like Andrew of old, had found the Messiah, and brought her own sister to Jesus. She said, weeping, "I have been praying for her for some time, and now she has come." And it was delightful to see them hail each other after she had found peace. I can't stay to say more this time, but will my old friends pray for me?

JNO. P. GRAY.

Hammersmith, W.

HASTINGS.

THE morning service was small, but devout and attentive. The Word evidently went home. The afternoon attendance was the smallest we ever saw in Hastings. The intense heat might, and probably did, keep many away. We could not help feeling depressed, but at night the services in the fish market came to the rescue, and we saw that, however low in spirit and enterprise the people might have sunk, that grand sphere, earnestly worked, would bring deliverance. Here was a

way through the crowd, scoffing and trying to create a disturbance, but, attracted by the singing, came with us into the tent, and in the love-feast, while I was describing the glorious possibility of that night in the tent, forging the first link in the chain that should connect us with those who had gone before, he broke into tears, exclaiming, "My poor wife!" and at once came out and found that God could heal his backsliding, and love him freely.

A PLATELAYER ON THE (HEAVENLY) LINE.

I was conducting a holiness-meeting, and took for a text, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," pressing home the necessity of each one being clean in heart and life, when the man walked out of the tent, and went behind, bursting into tears, said, "I have been regarding iniquity in my heart; I am a wretched drunkard, and want to be saved." I went out to him, and he came in again and went up to the penitent-form, and gave up all for Christ.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS DISTURBED.

A woman came to our meeting who said she had been very much disturbed in her mind by a cry in the street at an unusual hour of the evening, eleven P.M., "Time is short. Death is certain. Eternity is at hand. Prepare to meet Thy God," which had been so fastened upon her mind that all self-righteousness had vanished, and that she was a poor undone sinner. She came for counsel, was taken to Calvary, and found Jesus. To God be all the glory!

A VISIT FROM MISS BOOTH

Was made a great blessing to the whole society. Powerful sermons were preached morning and evening, and eleven precious souls came out seeking mercy. The services were the means in God's hand of uniting a husband and wife, and made lasting impressions upon the younger sisters in reference to

SUPERFLUOUS DRESS.

Thanks to Mr. Atkinson, London Bridge, for books and cards. A few more small books for children, or *British Workman*, would be thankfully received. Bibles and testaments for Sunday Schools.

Bifrons Lodge,
Barking.

E. W. B.

mine of boundless wealth. A crowd, being a mixture of all classes, was soon on the ground, and we felt very reluctant to leave them when the time came for the indoor meeting.

THE MARKET HALL

was far from full. Heat again was suggested as the hindrance. More spiritual heat would have been, so we thought, a wonderfully successful counteraction. However, the Lord was with us, and sinners were wounded in every direction; some professed salvation, and saints were much blessed. We made the prayer-meeting sharp and short, and rallied again to the fish market. Here the devil raised up a smart opposition; but we held on, tired the enemy out, prayed the power down, and finished up with two men on their knees at the capstan pleading for mercy. May we not expect God to save people in the open air? Can anybody object, save devils and wicked men? God does not, I am sure. He wills that men should pray everywhere. Oh, let us have faith, and may He give us daring spirits that will take us anywhere to save souls from the burning destruction that waits for them!

Monday we had a tea, which we closed with a prayer-meeting. Some again professed salvation; God's people were blessed; and I left Hastings, predicting that a very long period would not pass before hearing very good news from Hastings, and we still think so, and recommend our readers to look out for good news next month.

CROYDON.

And they that shall be of Thee shall build the old waste places; Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and Thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.—Isaiah lviii. 12.

THE first Sunday we spent in Croydon God used us in leading one poor soul to Jesus.

Sunday, July 9th, we commenced special services, to continue every night for two months. Brother Panter and myself are going from door to door in the daytime, praying with the people, inviting them to the meetings, and leaving tracts and handbills.

THE FIRST NIGHT

we commenced giving handbills among the market folks and public-houses we

distributed about 1000. We met with much opposition; but God was with us, and we rushed along doing our work. One man said, "Is it a ticket for soup?" We said, "Yes. Hallelujah soup! be in time." Another said, "Bill of fare, sir?" We said, "Yes; fare you don't usually get. Come and partake of it." And so we went along, giving everybody a kind word and an invitation. The next morning, just as we were starting, we

BEGAN TO REAP.

The first man we met had one of the little bills in his hand, and he said to us, "Mister, where's this (meaning the hall)? I've bin looking for it." We said, "Just round the corner here. We are going now; come with us." He followed to the open air, and soon tears streamed down his cheeks. We kindly invited him into the hall, and at the close of the morning service he came to Jesus, and was made happy. He had been staying at a public-house, so we took him home with us to dinner. He then told us how he had left his wife in a rage; was more than 40 miles from his home; how he had spent sleepless nights; he had felt himself as filthy as an old drain. But now God had washed him out, and he was a new man. He then sent a letter to his wife, of which the following is a part: "My dear wife, I was very sorry to leave you that morning like that, so cross with each other. I hope when we do meet, we shall meet better friends than we parted. My dear, I got up this morning and went to chapel, and I fell in with some good friends, who took me with them. By God's blessing, I gave my heart to God, and signed the pledge, and mean to stick to it. Please God, I live to come home, I shall never go away so long again. Please write by return if you can. Your affectionate husband, R. S."

The afternoon services we held in the hall yard, and had a nice few folks, and a rich time of refreshing.

In the evening service we had blessed feeling; Brother Panter, Mrs. Thorpe, my wife, and myself took part at the close.

A UNITARIAN

was the first to come to Jesus. The Sunday before he was in the hall; but he did not believe what we said about Jesus, and when I spoke to him about his soul, and getting saved, he said, "I

STOCKTON.

BROTHER ALLEN writes, at various dates—

OPENING SUNDAY.

Yesterday the hall was crowded in the morning, and they opened the large doors, and the road was full. Good time. One backslider and about 50 remained for consecration.

Afternoon, about 1,200 in theatre. At night, pit was crowded, first gallery, stage, and a good number up top. Wonderful power in preaching. The people were moved all over the place. Eight came boldly out.

We had a good day. I like the look of the folks.

THE SECOND.

Glad to tell you we had a good day yesterday: 22 meetings—15 open-air, and seven indoors. Large congregations in theatre. Largest yet. Packed in boxes and pit, and more in top than before. But I was disappointed at the close. Only four or five came out; but it was very hot. There was a wonderful influence while talking, but the people were glad to get some fresh air. Pray for me. Love to all. We mean to rout the devil.

THE THIRD.

Glad to tell you we had a good day, bless the Lord! It was wonderfully hot. I never felt it so before. We had wonderful congregations. The morning, many stood in the street. Night, women fainted, and men, too. I believe we have lost 100 souls through the heat this last two Sundays. Still, we got 10 in the net yesterday—volunteers. Two big men ran up, asking us to pray with them. To God be all the glory! I do not want it to be, glory be to Allen. My prayer is more than ever, since I have been here, to be saved from that. My body is very weak, head is very bad indeed; I can't sleep. Pray for me. I have no fear with God that all will come right.

I am still

JOHN ALLEN in Christ,
Living for souls.

The following report has just come in—

AN AGED MAN AND HIS WIFE, who, for many years, have been living in sin, and neglecting their poor souls, until they heard the Gospel at the Market Cross, followed to the hall, and found mercy.

don't believe you can know your sins forgiven; and I don't think like you. I only believe in one God." I said, "Don't you believe in Jesus?" He said, "No." I said, "Do you believe in God the Father?" He said, "I believe in one God Almighty." Then I said, "Come to Him." But he laughed at the idea of coming to Jesus." But the Third Person in the Trinity brought him, and we shall never forget how the poor man wept before God. He took hold of us by the hand, and said,

"IS IT TRUE, SIR, IS IT TRUE?"

We said, "Yes, quite true. Jesus Christ did taste death for every man; and He will receive you, He will wash you, He will save you." And again he cried out, "Is it true?" And then, with clenched hands and streaming eyes, he said, "You see, I know too much, sir. It is so hard for me to believe." We said, "Never mind; stick to it. You will get through." We then sang on our knees—

"The precious blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow."

Then we saw the man's countenance change as we sang—

"I believe it, I believe it,
Just now."

Then he shouted, "I believe it." And then we sang—

"I am happy,
Just now."

The man prayed, thanked God for bringing him up out of the miry clay and placing him on a rock—and that rock was Christ, a sure Foundation.

A young woman from Chatham came forward, rolled her burden on Jesus, and the services came to a close, some leaving with broken wings. May the Lord save them!

Friends, pray for Croydon. Our Brother Cobet is very ill, needs our prayers; has been obliged to resign his office as Hon. Sec., and the financial as well as spiritual work is thrown upon us. £15 is due for ground rent of hall, and other bills nearly due. For the sake of souls, and for the sake of Jesus, please send us help. Mr. Cobet or Mr. Holme will still be glad to receive money for us. Tracts or books for distribution, or help of any kind, may be sent to

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
86, Waddon New Road,
Croydon.

N. B.—All receipts will be acknowledged in this *Magazine*.

A NEW MAN.

This was our subject. A poor, forlorn-looking man came into the Star Theatre to hear for himself. Drink and bad company had brought him to disgrace. Brought up by pious parents, his mother has wept and prayed over him many times, until he left his home and came to this town, heard us singing in the street, and followed to the theatre. The Word was with power to his soul, and, at the close, he said, "I want to be a new man. I want to live a new life. Can I be saved?" We assured him he could; prayer was offered, and he began to pray for himself. Soon God answered his prayer, and he was made a new man in Christ.

A MISERABLE BACKSLIDER.

This man for years has been living in a miserable state. Drink has been his ruin. As he listened to the simple story in the open air, he thought of his father's house, where there was bread enough, and to spare, and said within himself, "I will arise, and go to my father." He followed to the theatre, and again cast his guilty soul at the feet of Jesus, and found liberty, and he signed the pledge on his knees, praying God to help him.

YIELDING AT LAST.

First, a child, then the husband, has been taken away from an aged sister by the cold hand of Death. As she followed them to the grave, promise after promise to serve God had been made, but never performed. One evening she came to our hall, where the Spirit of God made another offer of salvation. She yielded, cried for mercy, and the Lord soon delivered her from sin and death.

STRIKING WHEN THE IRON IS HOT.

One Sunday afternoon the Lord filled the theatre with His power. Many wept, and, at the close, two men came on the stage, asking us to pray for them. The Holy Ghost had broken their hearts, and soon liberty was found in Christ. One of them said, after he had found peace, he thought it was best to strike while the iron was hot.

Dear friends, so the Lord is blessing His work here. We have a Sabbath school of near a hundred children, some with no shoes. We are in great need of funds to carry on our work. Tracts and contributions will be thankfully

received by Mr. Ward, The Balconies, Yarm Lane; G. Bennington, Silver Lane; George Lazenby; or by

J. ALLEN.

28, Prince Regent Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE Lord is with us here. Sabbath after Sabbath we have souls crying for mercy. As I entered the town, and saw the multitudes hurrying to destruction, my soul yearned over them, and my heart went out to God for help that I may have strength and wisdom to save them.

We have had several glorious cases of conversion. One dear old lady,

BORDERING ON SEVENTY,

Came to the penitent-form, crying bitterly, and after much wrestling with the enemy of souls, found peace in believing. The change was soon apparent; she stood up in the class, with both hands up, and streaming eyes, and said, "I never knewed Jesus before; I didn't think it was like this. Oh, glory! glory! I'm so happy!" She is going on her way rejoicing.

A POOR FELLOW,

Convinced under Mrs. Colonel Urmston, who had been seeking a long time, fell down on Thursday night, and cried bitterly. He did not get through that night, and came to my house a day or two afterwards, and, by the grace of God, I was enabled to show him the way. He trusts Jesus, and now testifies to God, relating the many hair-breadth escapes he has had during his life, and the goodness of God in saving him at last. May he be a faithful witness of Him!

A SECOND ENLISTMENT.

Two soldiers came out for God—joined the army of King Jesus; they are almost at every meeting, and fighting under the standard of the Cross. May they war a good warfare!

I want to visit every house in the neighbourhood, and a few tracts or leaflets will very greatly help me in this work.

THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport.

WELLINGBRO'.

I THINK I may say that we are really improving. Sunday, June 25th, we had three souls. July 2nd, we had three more, and one last Monday evening. I feel confident that the first four are all right, as they have shown their colours very well since. I mean to be determined not only to save souls, but to try to keep them afterwards.

Our open-air services are a complete success. Yesterday the whole place seemed to be in a move. The people have rallied round me well. We had a good open-air service in a back alley on Friday night, and intend to keep it up.

I commenced an open-air meeting on Saturday night in the market square. It was surprising to see the quantity of people come round us.

On Monday night we had a powerful meeting, and two souls were saved. One,

AN ATHEIST,

having been brought up an Atheist, came rushing up to the front, went down on his knees, and asked the Lord to pardon him. He came to my class on Tuesday night, and prayed that God would send a heavenly messenger to his parents, as they are Atheists.

The other, a young woman, a backslider, is a real, genuine case, and our friends had to acknowledge that never were they in a meeting where they felt the power of God so strong. I have been believing for it, and praying for it, and surely we have felt it in our midst.

We have open-air meetings every night but Tuesday; I attend them all. I believe in getting to the seven o'clock prayer-meeting on a Sunday morning. My only desire is to spend, and be spent, for the good of my fellowmen, and to glorify God by a holy life; and may I no longer live than I live to please God.

Yours in the Lord,

W. WHITFIELD.

4, Havelock Street,
Wellingbro'.

KETTERING.

You will be glad to hear that we had a very good day yesterday. We held seven services, and in the evening the hall was so crowded that some had to stand, and several were unable to get in. We had two souls and two backsliders restored.

The people turned out well into the open air, and we had a singing procession up to the hall at the close of each service. We constantly parade the streets, sisters in front and brothers behind.

I know you will still continue to pray for me, that I may have wisdom to win souls and lead the people on.

E. A. POLLET.

Care of Mrs. COOK,
Havelock Street, Kettering.

CARDIFF.

IN sending this first report from Cardiff, I should like to revert to my previous station, Portsmouth. The last Sabbath was a day of great power. Believers were quickened, hard hearts were softened, the Devil was defeated, sinners trembled, and heaven rejoiced as penitents trusted in the precious Saviour; and we all sung, "We have victory and heaven by the Cross." Our conviction is, that under the leadership of our dear Brother Blandy, Portsmouth will see a great revival, and many sinners saved.

Our way into this new field having been very lovingly smoothed by my dear Brother Allen, we were received with a song of welcome from a goodly number of brethren and sisters who came to greet us upon our arrival, and we rejoice to find ourselves in the midst of a loving people willing and able to work. Our first sight of the population convinced us of the necessity for the Mission. Oh that the Lord may give us much power! We opened our campaign with a good open-air meeting, at which hundreds gathered round; and while we spoke, the tears were seen in many eyes. Many followed to the hall, and three came out seeking forgiveness. The first Sunday commenced with a good prayer-meeting at seven o'clock; at ten, about thirty brethren met us for an open-air meeting—sung and spoke in five different streets. Eleven o'clock, preaching service in the hall; well attended, and a blessed time. Afternoon, 2:30, a camp meeting on the ten acre field, where the people from all parts of the town came in hundreds to hear the Word of Life. At 5:30, another large open-air meeting, at which we had a little interruption from some Roman Catholics, which in the end did us good. Processioned to the hall, followed by hun-

dreds attracted by our singing. Preached to a large congregation, many now under deep convictions, and five got blessedly saved. Monday and Tuesday good congregations. On Wednesday, a recognition tea, at which over a hundred sat down, and a very good soul-stirring time it was afterwards. On Thursday we conducted our first believers' meeting, and the testimonies given showed how highly the Lord had honoured our dear Brother Allen, by making him the means of bringing so many out of gross darkness into His marvellous light. On Friday, a good Temperance Meeting; and on Saturday, good meetings both indoors and out.

Thus we have started upon what we pray may be a very successful year. Already we have been encouraged by seeing old drunkards—one who for this offence has been often in prison, respectable sinners, young men and women, one poor harlot, and one dear child, with husband and wife—all sorts and kinds weeping their way to Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners.

Will my friends please help me by their prayers, and in other ways, as the Lord may lead them, to carry on this great work.

Yours in Jesus,

JOB CLARE.

16, James Street,
Roath, Cardiff.

MIDDLESBRO'.

We cull the following extracts from Brother Garner's letters:

We arrived on Friday night about half-past ten. We were all very tired with our journey. About forty people were at the station waiting for us.

I made my first appearance in the market-place on Saturday night. The Lord opened my mouth, and I let go. Got hold of the people; such a crowd I never saw in my life before. Prayed with them. The Holy Ghost fell upon the people. We invited them to the prayer-meeting. The room was soon crowded.

HOW TO CAST OUT DEVILS.

A mighty influence was felt, until the Devil sent two infidels in to upset us. I charged upon them at once; pointed them out before the whole meeting, and then jumped from the platform, and went with some of the rest to surround

them. One got up, and ran for his life, as though he thought I was going to eat him. The other said I was the meanest scoundrel he had ever met with, and swore he would never come near us any more.

MY FIRST SUNDAY.

A mighty day yesterday. West Street Hall was full, and there were hundreds in the market-place. I led the procession down the main street; blocked the way; thousands of people followed us. The members were like a lot of bees swarming all over the place. We made a desperate attack on the town yesterday. A good do in the theatre in the afternoon; a grand lot at night.

I had blessed liberty. The Word went home with power. I have not a shadow of a doubt if we had kept on until ten o'clock we should have had fifty souls; we had eleven as it was—all big ones. The people were smitten down all over the pit. At night, no sooner out of the theatre, than they were at it again in the street, right and left.

MY FIRST WEEK.

We have had a blessed week. On Monday night I preached in the Wilberforce—packed to suffocation. Three good cases. Met class on Tuesday. A blessed meeting. Nearly went mad. Eleven fresh ones joined the class. Went with my wife last night, started her with the women; she had a good time. Then I went to North Ormsby. Held an open-air meeting. Hundreds listened for two hours. A very blessed meeting. Praise the Lord! Pray for me. I will meet you at the throne to-morrow.

MY SECOND.

We have had a blessed week. Wilberforce Hall crammed up on Monday night. Seven souls. Tuesday night had over 200 at my class, when several joined themselves to us. Met Brother Huggins' class last night. Four fresh ones joined him. Grand open-air meeting last night at North Ormsby. Mrs. Garner had a blessed go among the women. Praise the Lord! Pray for me, that God may shake this town, and I believe He will.

Mr. Bramwell Booth delighted the people on Sunday. Bless his heart. I pray the Lord will bless him, and make him strong. There is a mighty man in him.

A HIGH DAY.

A blessed day yesterday, the best yet. Praise the Lord! Grand procession in the morning; good company in afternoon; crammed in pit and boxes at night, and a good company in top gallery. Eleven good cases, and a mighty moving among the members. Hallelujah! God is with us, and we shall conquer through the blood. Wife is better. Love to all. Hoping to remain, Yours faithfully in the blood of the Lamb,

WILLIAM GARNER.

22, Clarence Street,
Middlesbro'.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER LEE, OF BETHNAL GREEN.

SEVEN years ago, at the early age of 16, at the George Street Mission Hall, then under the superintendence of Brother Clare, our dear sister found the Saviour.

At times she has been weak in faith, but was never known to lose her hold of Christ. Her sufferings have been very great for three years; never free from pain, for the last eight months she was entirely laid up; yet during all that time she was never heard to murmur or wish her sufferings less. Her greatest delight was to talk about her heavenly home to all who came within sound of her voice, and while speaking of that name her eyes would glisten, and her whole countenance be lit up with heavenly glory.

The world had no charms for her. For six months she was entirely deprived of sleep, and during the night seasons she would sing the sweet hymns her soul delighted in, and often exclaim, "Blessed Jesus, oh, come quickly." All fear of death was gone; her talk was continually of home; it was home to her. So many dear ones had gone before. She could see them beckoning her thither. She could converse with Jesus as friend to friend. Implicit, childlike trust was hers; therefore she continually realised that peace which is as calm as a river.

A little before her death the doctor, who is a Christian man, came to see if any more could be done. Her dear face lit up with heavenly light, she exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor Lane, I am so happy!" He answering, "I don't doubt it, my dear," she exclaimed again, "I am so happy!" The doctor, turning to the sister that tended her, said, "She is just on the banks of the

river, waiting to be steered through the valley of the shadows." Her friends, wishing to know if all were right at the last, requested her to hold up her hand, if too weak to speak, and her sister, finding mortification had set in, drew nigh and whispered, "Is all well, dear? Is Jesus precious?" She raised her hand and passed away.

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks a gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

She has exchanged poverty for riches, death for life, pain for ease, sorrow for joy, lost weeping friends below to join the blood-besprinkled band on Zion's snow-white hill, and is now shining before God's sapphire throne.

ANNIE DAVIS.

TIDINGS FROM HENRY REED, ESQ.,

LATE OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS, NOW OF LANCASTER, TASMANIA.

SINCE our last, we have received a letter from this sincere friend of the Mission, from which we give the following extract. We are sure many of our readers will read it with pleasure, and unite with us in prayer for every temporal and spiritual blessing on the writer and his family.

"We often talk about you and your work, and rejoice when we hear glad tidings of you.

"Go on winning souls for Christ, and preaching to believers holiness, both of heart and life—they must go together. Do not be so anxious about numbers, as about *reality*. Preach fully the law—on this side you will not err in our day. A superficial, sentimental religion of 'Only believe,' without the Cross, and the duty of self-denial, and daily conflict of a real follower of Christ, with much prayer and fasting, and many tears, will not do, my dear brother. The real thing is sterner stuff than this.

"I adore our loving God that we have a work at last broke out at the Westward.

"I am very feeble; pray for us, and ask your people to pray that God may truly convert all my children. He has given us another of them. . . . I shall not be long here. I shall look out for your coming.

Yours in Christ,
HENRY REED."

288

Only Trust Him. C.M.

Come, ev' - ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust - ing in His word. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,
He will save you, He will save you,

1st time. 2nd time. 3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.
4 Come then, and join this holy
And on to glory go, [band,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

Second Chorus.
Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

289

Star of Peace.

Fa-ther, Thou art great and ho - ly, Hear us when we bend the knee,

1st time. 2nd time.
Make us hum-ble, meek, and low-ly, Guide us to Thee.
Make us hum-ble, meek, and low-ly, Guide us to Thee.

2 Saints and angels fall before Thee,
Where the soul is ever free,
Humbly still we would adore Thee,
Guide us to Thee.

Fill our hearts with holy pleasure,
Guide us to Thee.

3 All Thy precepts may we treasure,
And from every evil flee,

4 By Thy love and power defended,
May we ever faithful be,
And when life's short day is ended
Guide us to Thee.