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Holiness.

AN ADDRESS AT THE CONFERENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.



WANT to speak to-night as briefly as is consistent with the discharge of my duty in relation to this topic, seeing that I am surrounded by brethren whose varied experiences may really be of more practical service to you than any statement I can make.

It seems to me that there is a large amount of uncertainty abroad amongst us on this subject. Many of our people seem to live in what may be called *an indefinite land*; they are all uncertainty and fear. If you ask the question, Have you got a clean heart? has the Lord made, and does He keep you holy? you can get no distinct answer either one way or the other.

Now this is largely the result of misapprehension. People don't know what is intended by a clean heart, or how it is to be got, and how it is to be kept; hence on the one hand it is not sought, or being, as I believe it is in many cases, obtained, people enter into the enjoyment of the blessing; but being in so great ignorance of where they are and how they got there are easily beguiled into unbelief, and so lose it; they are ignorant of the devices of Satan, and so give him an advantage over them.

Now to-night I want, if possible, to state plainly what at least our views are on this theme. In doing so, I may premise that I have no new truth to set forth; the doctrine is as old as the book. May the Holy Spirit enable me to develope and explain it!

Holiness to the Lord is to us a fundamental truth; it stands to the forefront of our doctrines. We write it on our banners. It is in no shape or form an open debatable question as to whether God can sanctify wholly, whether Jesus does save His people *from* their sins. In the estimation of the Christian Mission that is settled for ever, and any Evangelist who did not hold and proclaim the ability of Jesus Christ to save His people to the uttermost from sin and from sinning I should consider out of place amongst us. But—

I. WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY HOLINESS?

Here perhaps the surest way of making ourselves understood will be to begin with the opposite.

1. THAT ALL UNSAVED MEN ARE TOTALLY UNHOLY. We all know that we are born into the world and grow up in it with a sinful nature. At any rate, all of us hold that when man reaches the age of accountability grace finds him with a heart *completely and thoroughly depraved*. Deprived of grace, without God, and under the power and domination of his selfish and sinful appetites. This condition is *thorough—entire*. In his flesh there dwelleth no good thing. We need not quote Scripture; we know that its testimony, no less than our experience and observation, describes and demonstrates the fact that man in his natural state is totally gone away from God, and that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot he is all wounds and bruises and putrifying sores.

2. I WANT TO REMARK THAT HOLINESS, IN ITS BROAD SIGNIFICATION, MEANS SEPARATION FROM ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS AND CONSECRATION TO GOD. Nay, it means that the soul is brought into a state in which it has both the liberty and the ability to serve God as He desires, and that it constantly does so.

3. I REMARK THAT THIS DELIVERANCE CAN BE, AND THAT IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE EXPERIENCE OF MOST CHRISTIANS IT IS, ONLY PARTIAL. That is, while the soul is delivered from the domination and power of sin, and is no longer the slave of sin, still there are the remains of the carnal mind and roots of bitterness left in the heart, which, springing up, trouble the soul and often lead it into sin, and which, if not continually fought against and kept under, grow up, attain their old power, and bring the soul again into bondage.

Nevertheless, in this state, the soul, when faithful, has peace with God, the guidance of the Holy Spirit, power for usefulness, and the witness of the Spirit, which create in the soul that blessed sense of assurance and certainty with regard to salvation which together go to constitute an inward heaven. All this is perfectly compatible with the conscious existence of sin in the soul.

4. THIS DELIVERANCE FROM SIN MAY BE ENTIRE.

Not only can Agag be taken captive, but hewn in pieces. Sin can not only be held in bondage but destroyed.

There are three broad and well-defined relations in which a man can stand towards sin.

He can be (1) UNDER SIN, (2) OVER SIN, (3) WITHOUT SIN.

1. HE CAN BE UNDER SIN. Every man we have seen begins here. He is not only guilty and exposed to that penalty of everlasting damnation which God has in infinite wisdom and benevolence attached to the transgression of the law, and which constitutes the great axis on which the universe whirls, but he is UNDER ITS POWER. He is its SLAVE. Even when enlightened to see its cruel and ruinous character, and yearning for deliverance, he is powerless to free himself from its iron grip. He is a slave to the tyrant. *He is under sin.* But

2. HE CAN BE OVER SIN. It may be that the pride, envy, anger, malice, lust, and all or whatsoever other evils ruled him with a rod of iron before may be there. Bruised and broken and faint they may be, but still they exist; but the Master has taken them from the throne of the soul and given the saint power over them. He is now no longer under sin but under grace. They—that is, the old habits and tempers and tendencies and inclinations—can still make their presence felt; they can whisper and suggest and claim and rise up, but they are no longer the

master; the Philistines are still there, the old proprietors of the land, but they are put under harrows and saws and instruments of iron and held in bondage. *The soul in this state has POWER OVER SIN.*

But there is another state, and that is—

3. WITHOUT SIN. In which the promise of the Holy Ghost in Ezekiel is fulfilled when He says, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you," &c.

Now in this experience this engagement is fulfilled, and Paul's prayer for the Thessalonians, and through them for all saints, is answered. The God of peace sanctifies wholly, and the whole body, soul, and spirit is preserved blameless.

Now I am free to confess that about this state there may be difficulties and perplexities. I simply insist that it is described in the Bible, and that the descriptions of the Bible have been verified by the experience of thousands of saints. It means a clean heart, being cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit—sanctified wholly, being made perfect in every good work, and God working in the soul all the good pleasure of His will.

It implies—

1. Full deliverance from all known sin.

2. The consecration of every power and possession to God and His work.

3. Constant and uniform obedience to all the requirements of God.

Now don't let us get into confusion by mistaking each other. We don't say

Without imperfection both physical and mental. We still suffer as the consequence of the fall from disease, and are liable to mistakes and errors, although I am not going to limit in this respect the power and willingness of the Holy Ghost to guide into truth and keep from error. There are some wonderful promises in the Bible holding out some mighty possibilities in this direction. Who will prove the full extent of the Master's engagement to become unto us wisdom, and who will seek and enjoy to the uttermost that anointing of the Holy Ghost which is to teach us all things?

Not without temptation. If the inside enemies have been cast out there are those without, and they will become in consequence all the more fierce and furious and cunning too, I may say, in their attempts to regain possession.

Nor without the *possibility of falling*. That is, of falling from the state. The angels of heaven who kept not their first estate, and Adam, who unquestionably was sinless in Paradise, fell, and this side the celestial city it is questionable whether any condition can be reached from which we may not fall.

Nor is it merely *without deliberate sin*. There seems to me no state of saintship when a man can *deliberately* sin without losing the favour of God and having to repent and go back to the fountain to regain it. He that is born of God doth not commit sin.

No! it is not without temptation, or trouble, or affliction, or error. It is still a condition of conflict and suffering, and danger, but *without sin*. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and with a heart full of love to God and everybody else, the soul has no consciousness of sin.

Now there is the blessing of holiness, as I understand it, to be taught in the scriptures, and I now want to ask you what you ought to do with it; and to this question I reply,

1. **GET IT.** It must strike every Christian as a pearl of great price. In every renewed soul there is an eye that can admire *purity*, and an appetite that hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and an instinct that unceasingly yearns to be like the king's most admired daughter, all glorious within. You will never rightly understand it till you have it. Like all other problems in religious experience it must be felt to be understood. *Get it.*

Get it; but how? To this question I reply by asking two others, and the first is—

What is it that you want to be made clean and happy and holy? You answer your heart and life, your body, soul, and spirit, and all the activities that flow from them. Good and true! Then your first work is to bring all that you want thus sanctified to God. In other words, you must separate yourselves from all known or even *doubtful* sin, and present all for this very purpose before God. You can test yourself here. Do you want to be a holy man? Holy in *thought, feeling, conversation, business, holy always, Sabbath and week days, holy altogether.* Come along then, my brother, bring your *brain, your heart, your tongue, your business, your family,* your all to God. It is no use crying to God to cleanse you wholly while keeping something back. For a *full* salvation you must bring an *undivided* heart.

Reservation is the secret of the weakness prevalent among God's children, and the cause of three-fourths of the failures in this higher walk of the divine life. It is astonishing to find what trumpery, worthless idols are cherished and clung to by those who are really powerfully exercised on this subject. Let us make a clean sweep, and offer all. And then, my brethren, and then, my sisters, the Lord will say of you, "They have brought Me what I desire, what I have asked for, what I gave my Son's life-blood to buy, what I prize more than the sun and the stars and the world, they have brought me their *hearts.* Now make haste and let us sprinkle them with blood to make them whiter than snow, and let us beautify and adorn and ennoble and dwell in them for ever."

And then, my brother, *who is to accomplish this revolution in your soul,* and finish the new creation already begun? Who is going to make you holy? Your new evangelist, whom you have been informed, enjoys and preaches the blessing? This holiness-meeting we are in for just now? This strong will of yours? That book you are going to read? No, not these things all put together, and, I will add, your faith, and the book of books into the bargain. Let me ask, who saved you? The living God, and He is going to sanctify you. If ever done, He will do it. He will do it all. What follows? Why simply this, that when you have brought yourself to God you have nothing more to do but simply to trust Him. Roll yourself on His promise, plunge in the fountain, honour the blood, but, oh! do it now.

Some of you are old and grey headed, and you have been hearing and reading and talking about this blessing a long, long time, but you are little or no forwarder, and, my brethren, you won't be until you trust the living God, and then it will be done at once.

Oh, how hard we are upon poor sinners that won't have pardon, and,

oh! how hard the angels are upon saints that won't have purity. All that is wanted is the presentation of yourself to God, and the simple trust that He does this moment fully save you. This is easy, and it is hard, my brethren, just because it is so easy. If He had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? Away to Jesus then, and let Him do the work, and do it now.

To you, my brethren, as leaders of the Israel of God, I need not say how all important the realisation and enjoyment of holiness is.

1. **IT IS A CONDITION OF HAPPINESS.** I think we may say, without fear of contradiction, that a man's happiness depends upon his **RIGHTNESS.** You are in the train, and suddenly it pulls up, far from any station, in the middle of some tunnel. Your wife gets nervous, you put your head out of the window, you can see nothing; but here comes the guard, you ask the reason, and he replies, "All right." You close the window, and recompose yourself for the continuance of your nap. But had there been some doubt as to something being wrong, a break-down in the engine, or a train on before, or one coming just after, you would have been naturally afraid, and your comfort would have been gone until that fear of something wrong had been removed. No man can be happy while there is a fear in him that something is wrong.

Now here I stand for a few moments on the railroad of existence, with three great interests, each of which infinitely concerns me.

There is **THE PAST.** The dark, sinful, imperfect past, with all its memories crowding in upon me. How do I stand with relation to it?

There is **THE FUTURE,** with its intricate and untrodden maze, its unexplored and unknown sorrows and joys, with the cold river of death and the great white throne just beyond, and close by that throne there are the open gates of heaven and hell. How do I stand in relation to the future?

Then there is **THE PRESENT** clustering with cares and anxieties, and burdens and duties, rising out of personal, family, and worldly relationship. Now, my brethren, you are every one of you face to face with such a past, such a future, and such a present, have you realised such a trust in the living God as brings into your heart the springing happiness which flows from a sense of *rightness* and consequent *safety* in these relations. It is not "Can you say" but "Do you feel" that the past is under the blood, that the future is in the hands of a loving Providence who cannot, will not, err, and that you really have nothing to do but to live the present moment to and for God? Oh, my brethren, none but *holy* men and women have reached this state to be saved from fear and anxiety about past, present and future **THOUGHTFULLY SAVED,** and yet deep and abiding happiness is impossible without this.

2. **FURTHER HOLINESS IS INDISPENSABLE TO YOUR COMPLETEST USEFULNESS.**

My brethren and sisters, you know the way of life and the blessedness of religion. You can tell something of the love of God and the joys of the redeemed. You can pray, and sing, and lead out to battle the armies of our Israel. What else is wanting to complete your qualifications for doing the greatest possible amount of good, but that you shall be able to say to your people that which I publish as attainable of personal peace and joy and communion with God, I enjoy myself. *I am saved, saved inside and out! Saved to the uttermost! Saved now and saved every day!*

Moreover, my brethren, there is something above and beyond the mighty influence which flows from and must ever accompany such a testimony as that I have named, and that is the mighty power that accompanies *the life itself*. A sanctified life means a gentle tender spirit, it means a fearless undaunted zeal, it means the accompanying manifestation of the Holy Ghost. It is the prelude and condition and assurance of the endowment of power; and, my brethren, the realisation of the blessing is

3. THE CONDITION OF THE PERPETUAL INDWELLING OF GOD. You often sing "Abide with me"; and you want Him not for a transient hour, but as an abiding guest. He is so far already the beloved of your soul that His presence makes your paradise, and where He is is heaven. My brethren, if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we shall have fellowship with Him, and He himself has said, "If any Man will keep my words, My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." With Him you have all things and abound, all things for present and future for yourselves and your families and your people. The full equipment and qualification and guarantee of success in the great work of pulling down the kingdom of Satan, and establishing and extending the kingdom of God.

Brethren, be ye holy, but be holy now.

JAMES DOWDLE:

The Converted Railway Guard.

This meeting has struck a chord in my soul. I love to pray, to live in the glory is my rejoicing, nothing can make it clearer or more definite than casting one's entire being into God's hands. Many people are often doing this, but taking themselves away again, instead of believing He saves them fully. Since I launched out into the land of perfect love, I have found it as easy to walk with God as to live, as natural as to eat and drink. We breathe breath after breath, and go on living. And living to God is as easy as breathing. Hallelujah! I live, and to live is Christ, and to die is gain; my life is all summed up in this "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This is a land of love.

Wherever I have preached, I have preached this. When I go into a town a perfect stranger, whether in the streets or in a public building, let a man say that God saves him altogether, and it will make a mark upon the town. There is nothing like holiness to do it.

A lady who has been made very useful to many in Australia and England, was at one of our meetings at Bradford the other day, and she asked the question "How is it?" I stood in the open air, and heard a great number of the young converts rush into the ring and

declare that they were washed from all their sins. There are hundreds in the churches who would have to pray and struggle for a long time to get as far as that."

Let a man go in full sympathy and humble trust in God, and preach this doctrine, and it will produce such converts. I believe this is to be the great moving power of the Christian Mission, the lever to move and save the world. Nothing can be compared to having a living God to trust in to save us from the principle of sin in the soul.

I believe that all sin centres upon the selfishness of the soul, the principal is not removed. But let the power of God come in removing this principal, and let His love flow in every vein and avenue of the soul and flow in every corner of the life, and God will save us, and bless us, and keep us. Let us trust Him to do it, and then give Him all the credit.

This teaching may be opposed, or it may bring enemies, but that matters nothing. I know I am saved all over and all through me. The past is under the blood.

Since we stood here last year, I have been tested as I never was before. On Good Friday we had some special outdoor meetings; I got very excited and caught cold, I then went and slept in a damp bed, and for a long time I couldn't say two words without coughing and spitting blood. I knew my life was in the hands of God, I could scarcely stand. I not only talked about being ill, but I

looked it. I had two stations hanging on my hands or back at the same time. And yet I hadn't one iota of anxiety of anything to make me unhappy. The stations and I were both at the feet of Jesus, and I could say "Lord I only want to live to do Thy will, to do the will of Him that hath saved me from selfishness."

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE:

I must have a minute or two upon this subject. Our President, in his address, has just gone through my experience, and his last sentence has brought back to my mind the time when I got this blessing. I found, indeed, that five minutes' faith was worth more than all the reading I ever did on the question.

I was converted when a lad only fifteen years old. From that hour I had a desire to be holy, to live entirely for God and souls. I saw nothing more in life worthy of attention. But I saw, as I moved about amongst experienced Christians, things that would have floored me and my Christianity if I had looked at them. But I had God about with me, and I believed He watched *all* my actions. My soul sighed and longed and prayed for full salvation. I confess I did not know a man at the time in all the Midland counties—not a minister nor anybody professing to have a clean heart. I heard people pray for holiness, but I never heard it properly explained as a "second blessing," apart from justification.

I read passages out of God's word, such as "An highway shall be there. And no ravenous beast shall be there, &c." "I will dwell in you and walk in you, and ye shall be My people, and I will be your God." I knew I had not got it all: I prayed for it, and bought up all the books I could get on the subject. The first I got was Boardman's "Higher Life," but I was no forwarder after I had read it than I was before. Then I got other books. I bought all I could scrape together, but nothing seemed to give me any clearer light.

I was preaching in a little crowded village chapel in Lincolnshire, and was hearing souls cry for mercy every night. One evening I began the service by giving out that hymn,—

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me."

The devil said to me, "You haven't got that; you don't always feel the blood, and some of your thoughts are as black as the devil." And then I gave out,

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

I shook all over. I would have given a purse full of sovereigns to get out of the pulpit and get alone with God. I sobbed and cried and sat down in the pulpit to cry. But just as I gave out,

"Thy nature gracious Lord impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love."

I saw what I needed, a new nature, with no relish for sin. I knew that my sins were all forgiven. If all the angels had come and denied it, I knew it—I was in Christ. But the old nature was there still; I wanted a new nature.

I pleaded on and on, and I prayed for years. But five minutes' faith was of more use than all that. I threw myself flat on the promise, and He came in and purified me, and made me a new man. It was not my reading that did it, that verse

"I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me."

just expresses my experience.

One day on one of our English coasts, a man was drowning, he was going down close to the pier-head. One of our best swimmers was there, and the cry arose "who'll save him." The poor man went down and came up twice, and still no one moved to save him. But just as he was going down for the third time, the swimmer sprang from the pier-head and dived underneath the drowning man, and brought him safe to land. One of the bystanders afterwards asked the deliverer, "Why did you not plunge in when he sank the first time?"

"I waited till he went down the third time" was the reply, "because I knew if I had dived before, he would have struggled and laid hold of me, and we might both have been drowned together. But I knew I could save him when he had done struggling." And just so when I flung myself helpless on the promises of God, He saved me.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH spoke on Wednesday evening as follows: I am glad to-night that we have this opportunity for the expression of the experiences of so many on this matter, and I am glad also to bear my testimony to the willingness of my Master to cause His people to walk always in the light of His countenance. But this evening I have been especially rejoiced in observing in the various testimonies we have heard that we are at length leaving behind us the position of apologists on this great theme, and I think the time for this has fully arrived. We have apologised for the doctrine of holiness of heart long enough; we have hesitated, I fear, in our utterances only too long, and I hope, nay, I rejoice, in feeling assured that one great result of this blessed gathering will be that, from this time, both as individuals and as a Mission, we shall openly and plainly and unflinchingly make our glory in our God, and our boast in His PERFECT SALVATION.

Perhaps for this more than for anything else this Conference will be remembered. God has visited us. We are *bold* to speak His word. I noticed in reading this morning that when Peter and John had been released by the rulers and elders at Jerusalem, with the warning never again to preach Jesus in their city, that they seem to have held a conference with their company, and they prayed that God would both give them boldness and that signs and wonders might be wrought. My brethren, how did God answer their prayer? Did He strike with sudden destruction their persecutors? Did He perform some wondrous works of terror or speak with the lightning and the storm? No, no, listen; it says that "when they had prayed the place was shaken, where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." Truly, in them the signs and wonders were wrought. They were filled, and then they spake with boldness. Oh, may God in like manner fill you and fill me, and then, brethren and sisters, we also shall speak of God, of Christ, of sin, and of this salvation from sin with holy boldness, which no fear of man nor power of hell can hinder or gainsay.

I had not an opportunity of speaking last night or I should have done so. I wanted to say a word or two as to the

advice which is sometimes given to those who are seeking this blessing. My brethren, may I give you a word of caution in dealing with such. Beware how you say, "Only trust for it," "Just let go and trust." How I have been grieved by the sight of many who are clouded and confused through this counsel given too soon—given before they have fully apprehended what God required of them, ere they could require anything of Him.

I know, of course, that the final act of the soul, in order to the receiving of a clean heart, is the act of faith or trusting; but much is required before this. There must be a clear conception of what is to be trusted for; there must be an utter and entire surrender of every faculty of mind and body to God, and the laying upon His altar of every idol and every possession and every hope—a living sacrifice, to be henceforth His and not ours. And then comes the act of faith—and it will come then easily; there will not be that trying or striving to trust, which it seems to me is a never-failing evidence of want of completeness in the sacrifice. Oh, I pray for thorough work, for out and out reality in this matter, and to this end we must have the necessity for surrender to God put along with our call for the exercise of faith in Him for this blessing. May the Holy Spirit of God guide us alike into all truth and into the true ways of laying it before our fellows!

Before me to-night are some who have not this experience. You see—you cannot help but see, and your own inward consciousness bears you witness, that you ought to be delivered, not only from the guilt, but from the power and presence of sin. You are convinced that you ought to be sanctified. What position do you take up? Do you put this matter off? Do you try to shirk the question, content to stay where you are? I implore you be careful. Beware, lest having the light, but refusing fully to walk in it, you lose what you have of the divine favour and the divine life. How can you who being justified, and seeing the further work that ought to be wrought in you, but refuse to seek after it, how can you continue in the favour of God? Are you not in terrible and immediate danger of losing the witness of your justification? I lay this upon you. *It is impossible for you to remain neutral in this matter.* Two, and only two, courses are open. You must go

forward. In the name of my bleeding Master I call upon you to choose, and to choose now, for this is the accepted time, and to-day is the day of salvation.

But there are seekers here, and I want to add one word to you before I sit down. It is astonishing how many people there are who are kept out of the realisation of this blessing by little things (if, indeed, I may call anything little which so nearly concerns the well-being of a soul) they see, and in great measure understand what they are seeking after. God, by His Spirit, has convicted them, they truly hunger and thirst for perfect liberty, but some one thing, which they are not prepared at once to surrender, and which in itself is perhaps exceedingly small, crops up. Immediately the Deceiver suggests "that is not the hindrance, it is so insignificant, so unimportant." But in this small matter a great one is involved. The very existence of this as a difficulty is an evidence of another power behind it, by which so small a thing is able to assert itself, and this power is your will. The supreme power of you being that which directs and rules your life, and is alike responsible for the small and for the great deeds of which it is made up, that which, if it goes over to God, must necessarily take all else over with it, and it is your reserve of that, which is your real hindrance.

Do not think that God cares about your "idols" for their own sakes; it is the spring by which these things receive their power to resist Him that he insists should be given up. They will go with it—your will—I might almost say *you*. He cannot recognise your independence in any thing. He requires that your will be merged into and united with His, that you may be made "one with Him," and that "your joy may be full."

I beg of you look into your hearts to-night. Do you will to have no will? or better, do you just now put your will over on to God's side? My soul says Amen! The will of God and the will of man agreed, united, what a combination! What can withstand it? Everything, hindrances great and small, will vanish when from the centre of your being you can truly say, "Here, Lord, I offer Thee myself, my husband or wife, my family or friends, my time, my reputation, my earthly store, my hopes, my fears, my cares, my hands, my feet, my all. I will them over to Thee, to be Thine, and no longer mine,

for Thy service in this world or the next, only give me this FULLNESS OF THYSELF and I am more than SATISFIED."

J. ROBINSON,

The Converted Miner:

Brothers and sisters, I feel at home; I love to be in a meeting where holiness is spoken about, then I am at perfect liberty. When a fish is out of the water it is out of its element, therefore it cannot live; and when I am out of prayer I am out of my element, and would soon die to holiness and become miserable; but I am like the fish in the water—I am in my element to-night.

I have just been thinking I have had three births—the first when I came into the world, the second when I was regenerated, the third when I realised the blessing of sanctification. Then the spirit of God removed me out of Grumbling Street into Thanksgiving Street, and I got thanksgiving all the day long. But now I have got farther advanced in spiritual things; I get so full I seem to need a fresh body, and I pray God to enlarge the vessel. The Lord has enlarged and developed in me a great, big heart. I struggled, prayed, and agonised for hours to get this blessing. One Mr. Rust came to preach at Shankhouse, and I went to the house where he was staying, and he said to me, "Well, my lad, have you got the blessing of holiness?" I said, "I am seeking it, but I don't know how to get it." He said, "It comes by faith; we cannot do anything ourselves, but God can fill us unutterably full of glory of God." I said "I was determined to have it that night." I went home and prayed nearly all night. The next morning when I went to chapel he said to me, "Brother, do you like the dew falling gently upon you?" I said, "No, I like the rain to come pouring down in buckets-full." I thought when it came like that it would cleanse all the dust and rubbish away. At night when he was preaching I was getting near the pool. Tears were rolling down my cheeks, my heart was melted and broken down in simplicity. When I was standing behind him in the pulpit, as he was giving out a verse—

"Would Jesus have the sinner die,
Why hangs He there on yonder tree?" &c.
as the leader struck the hymn, the power of God came down upon me and knocked me down upon the seat. I shouted,

and praised the Lord. The people laughed, but Mr. Rust said, "He has got his cup full of the Holy Ghost; it is running over."

The next week I began to talk to my class-leader about it; and if ever the devil raged in a man it did in him. "Sanctification," he said, "I don't believe in it, and I'll not lead you if you profess it." I said, "I am willing to be led by you." But he said it was presumption and pride on my part—that there was no such thing as sanctification.

But I heard that the Rev. G. Warner was going to preach sanctification at a place about a mile-and-half from our place. I went to hear him, and he did preach the true doctrine, and on the Saturday night he had an experience-meeting. My class-leader was present when I rose to speak my experience. I told them of the opposition I had, not only from members, but from the class-leader. By that time the tears were trickling down his cheeks; he rose up after me, and informed us that God had blessed him that night, and that he was "determined to get within the gates that night." Glory be to God, and so he did!

I never had many temptations before I had this blessing, because the devil knew pretty well that I would not injure his kingdom much while I continued as I was; but after I realised this it seemed as if all the fiends in hell were let loose upon me. Why? Because the devil knew that I would trample on his ground, and pluck sinners as brands from the eternal burning. Glory be to God! I have heard the devil roar, and thirty souls cry for mercy. But through all his temptations I have stood unmoved, because I loved to get on my knees and pray, and there I derive strength from God. The more I pray, the more I like to pray. This is the power you want. May God baptize every one of you with the Holy Ghost! Oh, hallelujah, I am all the Lord's!

GOOD SINGING.

AN ADDRESS AT THE CONFERENCE BY THE EDITOR.

IN dealing with this subject it will be necessary that I should first show what I mean by good singing, and, secondly, how you can get it. Now good singing, viewed from the standpoint of the Christian Mission, will have three characteristics—three absolute requisites. You may have singing with one or two of these only; but that would not be

When I got fully saved, they put me in as assistant-class-leader, and I commenced to entreat the members to seek the blessing. One night a brother was getting near the pool, the tears were rolling down his face; we left the class-meeting and went to his house, where we had a prayer-meeting; and he was felled like a bullock. He fell right over, and shouted "Glory!" A brother stood by, looking very miserable. I asked him what was the matter. "Oh," he replied, "he's knocked my light out." Glory, hallelujah! I've got a lamp that will never go out. Seek for this blessing, brothers and sisters.

Three old friends came to pray with me before I left for London, one of them has been preaching sanctification for twenty years. I've been with him to preach several times, and as we went along, every now and then we would get down by the roadside to pray, and we always had two rounds before we got up. They prayed that the blessing of God would rest upon me in London. I got so filled I began to jump. I feel the leaping power in me now. The steam makes the engine go; sometimes it gets so strong, if they do not let it out, the boiler would explode, so it is with me when I get filled. I have to shout, and give way to the power of God.

One day old Pettierow asked me if I ever tumbled down when I was preaching, and I said "No; but I have to take hold of the rail to prevent myself from falling, sometimes I feel so much." He said, "I would fall if I were you, it would do you good; and then you can get up again." Glory be to God! I wish I could implant the blessing in every soul here. God's going to come and send the glory on you, and the people will fall beneath his power. Ring God's bell. He'll be glad to supply you. May He send us a teeming revival, and give us thousands of souls throughout England! Amen!

the sort of singing I should admire. To come up to my standard all three must be there.

1. It must be congregational. All the people must sing. I have no sympathy with the singing of a few men fixed up on a shelf, or indeed with anything that approaches a performance. In the United States they carry out that system to the fullest extent; they get together a few people with fine voices by advertisement, and pay them two, three, or four hundred dollars per annum; they have a tenor, a bass, a leader, &c., regular professionals. They do not care where they sing the day before or the day after; they simply go in for sweet sound. What they want is the sound, and not the sense applied by the spirit of God.

This may suit "cultivated ears"; it may be perfect as a performance; but it is not what I understand by good singing. It may be clever, melodious, and harmonious; but to have good singing *all* the people must make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

2. It must be HEARTY—that is, it must not be merely lip service—not a mincing, proper set of sounds given forth from a mere sense of duty and even pleasure. But it should be the crying out in desire or gladness, as the case may be, of the souls of the people. What matters to me, or to the angels, or to God, how pretty or high-sounding the songs of a church or chapel or our mission-hall gathering may be if it have little or nothing to do with the soul? Give me the singing which is the crying out of the heart.

3. It must be USEFUL.

1st. To the singing saints—carrying them onward to the blood and upward to the throne.

2nd. To the outsiders—sinners, breaking them down before the Lord.

Now how are we to get it?

Yes, that is the question, and I reply, speaking with all confidence, my brethren,

1. Not by buying a musical machine and getting some half-taught school-girl or ungodly musician to play it.

Understand me, I do not say that, under no circumstances, is it desirable to make use of an instrument; but it is extremely unusual to find a man or woman whose hearts are in their music, and who have sufficient skill to take up the strain and go on or leave off as may be desired and to repeat again and again according to the somewhat strange but useful usages of the Christian Mission, and to do all this without in any way interfering with the perfect freedom of the leader of the meeting. We have here at Whitechapel a musician who has occupied a first-class position in society, but whom we picked up and led to trust to Jesus in our porch-meeting, and who understands taking hold of the harmonium and going along with our music without interfering with our liberty or being offended if we run away from him. When I pitch a tune he can catch me up, or wait till I have done. He can *play* what Brother Dowdle would call playing. In a red-hot service there are 999 chances out of 1,000 that a musical instrument does more harm than good. There is just one chance.

2. You won't get good singing by selecting a few people, converted or unconverted, and bringing them to the front to lead the congregation, just because they happen accidentally to have melodious voices. I have

seen choirs tried under almost all circumstances, and I have invariably found them to fail. Merely professional music is always a curse, and should you ever find a choir in connection with any hall in this mission, I give you my authority to take a besom and sweep it out, premising that you do it as lovingly as possible.

I think your experience, my brethren who have had any knowledge of the working of choirs, will fully agree with my own, and I have ever found choirs to be possessed of three devils, awkward, ugly, and impossible to cast out, without destroying the choir itself. That is the quarrelling devil, the dressing devil, and the courting devil, and the last is the worst of the three. We don't want, my brethren, and we are all agreed not, at any price, to have choirs.

But how are we to secure good singing? Well, there are five indispensable conditions. Comply with them, and you shall have good singing.

1st. **YOU MUST HAVE GOOD PEOPLE.** Out of the heart alone proceed the melody and the joyful noise which constitutes good singing. A hearty song is a felt song. The secret of cold, icy, fishy singing is heartless formality. Fishy hearts can only make fishy music. But when you have got people who are consciously saved, with the fire of divine love burning in their hearts, and full of burning zeal to see poor sinners pulled out of the fire, you will have no difficulty in stirring them up and drawing them out until they complain one voice is not sufficient to give expression to the pent-up fires in their hearts, but want a thousand tongues to sing of the big joys within them. You complain, my brother, of the singing in your station. You have often complained to the people; but here, hold hard! before you invest in an harmonium or call the people together to learn new tunes, or any other scheme, give me the wrist of your society—let me feel its pulse. Oh, here is the secret—low and slow and intermittent. Dear me! No wonder they sing slowly and poorly and without spirit. The wonder is they should sing at all. There is hardly any soul in them, little love, less joy, full of doubts and fears. Instead of a singing class or a musical machine you want a penitent-form, a hurricane of grace, a baptism of fire that should wake them up, humble them in the dust, send them to the blood for re-forgiveness and consecration, and then with renewed vigour and life they will wake up all the country side with the songs and rejoicing.

2nd. **YOU MUST HAVE GOOD SONGS.**

I am very dissatisfied with ours, but at the same time I am compelled to say there are none better. The other day I wanted a few other hymns to put to some music, and I looked through some 3,000 or 4,000 others scattered through popular hymn-books, but I could find only a very few indeed that seemed likely to be of any use to us in addition to those we already possess.

You must sing hymns with salvation in them—that say, “There is something”; “I want it”; “I'm getting it”; “I've got it”; “I want something more.” I am sick of singing sentimental rubbish that has no connection with the soul's immediate interests. It won't do a man good to set him for ever and ever singing about the bright and beautiful streets and stars and streams of Paradise—the grassy banks and wings and flowers of which the songs sung now-a-days are so largely made up. They remind me of the effort a good brother I knew years ago made to

describe the joys of heaven; he said it would be like lying on a bed of roses with your feet in a tub of butter. You can't get a man into ecstasies with material descriptions merely.

Sing of the themes that are dearest to the soul, sing them over and over until you wake the soul up, and it *will* wake up as ideas and thoughts come bumping against it; and sing on when it is awake of the blood that cleanses, the spirit that empowers, the arms that girdle, the forces that protect, the love that provides, the victories and triumphs and glories that await it just on before. Such themes as these will kindle enthusiasm, and transport the soul in imagination to the plains of light, and bid it join the strains and harmonies of the blood-washed throng before the throne.

3rd. **YOU MUST SING GOOD TUNES.** Let it be a good *tune* to begin with. I don't care much whether you call it secular or sacred. I rather enjoy robbing the devil of his choice tunes, and, after his subjects themselves, music is about the best commodity he possesses. It is like taking the enemy's guns and turning them against him. However, come it whence it may, let us have a real tune, that is, a melody with some distinct air in it, that one can take hold of, which people can learn, nay, which makes them learn it, which takes hold of them and goes on humming in the mind until they have mastered it. That is the sort of a tune to help you; it will preach for you, and bring you believers and converts. When I was preaching in Cornwall some years ago, I introduced the “Lion of Judah,” and both tune and words took with the people immensely, and were very popular. Multitudes came to our meetings out of sheer curiosity, and among others there was a woman who went away apparently in no way impressed with sermon, prayer-meeting, hymns, or anything that had transpired; but she got hold of the tune, and went home singing it to herself over and over again. The next morning she rose very early, as is the usage among the Cornish housewives, to wash and to get it out of the way before the family was astir. As she settled to her washing she began, all but unconsciously, to sing this song, and over and over it went until thought began to stir, and she asked herself the question, “What does it mean? ‘The Lion of Judah!’ Who is that?” This she soon settled to be the Saviour, and chains she soon came to the conclusion meant her habits of temper and sin; and then arose the wish, “Oh that He would break my chains and pardon my sins!” and as she mused on the Spirit wrought on her heart, and before she well knew what she was doing she had wiped the suds from her hands, and along side her washing-tub she fell, and began to cry for mercy in real Cornish fashion. The sleepers upstairs were soon aroused, and came down to see what was the matter. There were none of them converted, but they had neighbours who were; these were fetched in, and before breakfast that woman and others of her family were happily saved.

Now that was a *tune*, and a tune which pleased and took with the woman; but as to the ordinary church and chapel tunes I confess to you I could not learn them. It may be my fault, perhaps it is, but it is all I can do to distinguish them one from another. I used to live next door to a Congregational church, and I could not help hearing them sing, and they did the proper thing, mind, with a practised and accomplished choir, but they seemed to me to have mostly one tune, with a stave or two more or less, as required to suit the different metres. If it was a

common metre they seemed to take a couple of staves off the alternate lines; if it was a long metre they added a couple, and when they came to a six lines eight they added two more lines of the same thing. It seemed to be a sort of music made in lengths all much of a muchness, like the tape the women folks use to be cut off anywhere you like.

Now we want good tunes. Some, perhaps, will call my taste vulgar, but mind I am a utilitarian; I go in, not for the ornamental, but the useful, and I must have tunes that can be grasped and learnt, and that without much trouble or science. To sing a tune heartily it must be known. You can't get HEARTY enthusiastic singing when people have to keep looking at their music books to see where they are or what comes next. And such lively melodies as I prefer can, as I have shown, be easily mastered, and once mastered there is no more thought or anxiety needed about the tune, but with closed eyes and full hearts they can open their mouths and help their souls with their believing song.

Now I may just say here that it is a great snare of Satan, and a very common hindrance to the usefulness of singing to get and keep people occupied with the tune rather than the sentiment of the song. Hence the importance of, as a rule in all important services, keeping to tunes that are well known; and, moreover, it is important that you should frequently call off the attention of the people to the substance of the song. It is an easy matter to thrill your congregations by a word or two judiciously spoken, which throws their hearts and minds back on to the truth they are singing.

4th. TO HAVE GOOD SINGING WE MUST HAVE A GOOD PITCH. Tunes must not be pitched too high, where they can only be reached with a scream, or they will set the people thinking about their throats; neither must they be too low, a dreary, drawling grumble, or they will send the people to sleep. If you have got a bad pitch, whether high or low, don't be ashamed to confess it, and try to get the right one.

How often have I heard people go screaming through with a tune and do their throats up at the beginning of a service. Especially have I seen this in the open air. Now instead of this, how much better to stop short and say, "We have got this tune a little too high; let's try and have it a little lower." And if you fear you cannot alter it yourself, ask some one else to start it, or talk a bit about the first verse, or make an announcement, and so get the old pitch out of your head, and then you can do the right one. That is a great deal better than screaming through with no feeling or power.

But some one may say, "What has the pitch to do with the power?" Why, just this, that while the people are occupied with the tune, their minds are not free to go out after the meaning of what they are singing. The end of every hymn sung is to get the people away from the world and worldly influence. Specially ought we to aim at accomplishing this in the first hymn of the service, to get everybody woke up and melted down before the Lord ere we go any further. Most of your congregation come in befogged and weighted and saddened with their worldly anxieties and cares. Now you want as soon as possible to draw them off from these things, to get their thoughts and hearts away to God and salvation. You want that mother to forget the baby she has left at home; that husband to forget his shop. You want that business man to forget the bill that has just been dishonoured, and the wife to forget the

unkind words her husband said while she was dressing that morning. We want to get the people under the influence of tender, mouldable feelings, like wax into a pliable state to receive the divine impress, make the iron hot before you begin to strike it with the hammer of the word. Now I say this can be done by singing, and by nothing so effectually as by singing. Your first hymn should melt, and mix, and soften, and make all hearts flow together, and flow out towards the preacher, and specially flow out towards God and His wishes and feelings towards them.

5th. LASTLY, WE MUST HAVE GOOD TIME—that is, the tunes must be sung at a proper speed. Now there are two extremes, either a drawl or a gabble. Avoid both. It is difficult to give any instruction that will be understood on this topic. I may, however, say that very frequently the lively tunes are sung too quickly, and the ordinary tunes too slowly. As a rule let your singing be *spirited*. The ordinary tunes should, so far as my observation goes throughout the Mission, be sung much quicker than they are. We really don't want any very slow and solemn tunes, unless we are called to bury unconverted people, which I presume is not very frequently the case, for when we bury saints, the right kind of saints, we want the liveliest tunes in the book. So that, as a rule, our singing, whatever the tune may be, should be with life and spirit, calculated to wake up an audience and keep it awake.

Still, again, it should not be so quick as to make it difficult for our audiences, large or small, to keep up with it, and to grasp the words and ideas we are singing. It is a great mistake to sing as quick time in a large congregation, or in the streets as in a small audience, or at an indoor service. You must not sing so quickly as to render it impossible for the people to accompany you. Go ahead, but give every one a chance of joining you. I have heard some of our people sing when it seems like a race as to who shall be first at the beginning of the next line. This not only destroys all melody and harmony, but defeats the end of all singing, which is that not only the mind but the heart shall keep pace with the music.

You may vary the time with good effect in the same hymn, now fast and now slow, now loud and now soft. I have often known a soft slow song, in private meetings particularly, useful in getting the people away from everything else to their own hearts. It favours solemn thought and prostration of soul before the throne of God. A solemn silence, too, between the verses of a hymn is often extremely useful: variety is always good and welcome.

But an improvement in this question of *time* is specially wanted amongst us. I always look upon slow singing as a sign of a low, backsliding spiritual condition in a society, and I have found it so with very few exceptions. Spirited lively singing must therefore be helpful in the contrary direction. Nevertheless there is need for a caution in the opposite line: let us be careful not to make our lively songs into mere jaunty jigs, and so prevent people joining in with us. Let us act wisely and thoughtfully.

And now one or two hints to wind up with.

You may certainly help your singing by selecting, not your best singers, but your best people and bringing them to the front, and they will always sing, and set other people singing too. They will always be willing for you to lead them, or to stand on one side and let you go on without them.

If you are to have any one to help you in LEADING the singing, have a godly man who can sing *anything*, and who can go on when you are done up. I am always proud to find any one who can sing, pray, or preach better and more usefully than I can myself, and glad to stand on one side and let them do it; and when I find a brother who is a better hand at singing I am always delighted to use him to the utmost.

You may greatly help the singing of large congregations by KEEPING TIME WITH YOUR HANDS. To make people sing with all their might as we have already shown, they want to feel confidence and this not only as to the tune but as to the time, and if they can see where they are by your hands they will go on with confidence, and then this will keep everybody well together, and prevent that tendency to drag and drawl which there is in all large congregations. You can hurry the people up and keep the singing sharp and together by the free use of your hands and to save your voice when you are exhausted, or have a heavy service before you.

I must say a word about SOLO SINGING. It has been much in fashion of late, and has been made, I have no doubt, very useful. The other day we tried it here and, while we found it very effective when the song came up swelling and living from loving and inspired hearts, it proved itself an intolerable bore, killing the springing influence that was already on the audience, when done as a performance. Like all other work for the Lord it should only be done by good Godly people, and that when their hearts are free and led to it. My son Bramwell and some other of our brethren have tried it, I believe with good effect, in the streets. In this, as in every other exercise, let all be done to please God and save souls.

I want also to urge my brethren to be more careful in singing—to *give expression to the words*. After preaching, there is no part of our work so important as singing; in fact, singing may, and should be, preaching; but this will not be the case unless we carefully *enunciate the words*. Some people whom I know have a way of singing like a bumble bee in a porringer; they can get on as well without a hymn-book as with one, for they won't be at the trouble to look at it, and they go on and off mumbling the tune and buzzing about in a way which is very distasteful and destructive, I think, of devotion.

Mr. Sankey's singing, many thought, was rendered remarkably effective by the simple fact that he so carefully enunciated every word; in fact, he preached in song. People will sometimes listen, and apprehend, and remember truth sung to them, which they would not care to notice when merely preached. Solo singing without this enunciation is all but useless. We should therefore take care to make singing another form of preaching.

In conclusion, my brethren, we want at every station a *body of red-hot people* to sing the songs of salvation. The world has not yet seen what might be done by the singing of a people whose hearts were full of the spirit of God.

I remember once hearing of a converted working man who worked amongst a set of Bradlaughites, who persecuted him terribly. They used to attack him with the most awful infidel sophistries, and propound the most puzzling questions they could conceive. One day they said, "It says in your gospels that on a certain occasion Jesus Christ cast out of a man a number of devils, and sent them into a herd of swine, and that

these pigs ran into the sea and were choked. Now," added the infidels, "this must be a palpable falsehood, seeing that the sea was a hundred miles away." The poor man was at the outset much puzzled for a reply, for he did not observe the infidel trickery of confounding the Mediterranean Sea, 100 miles away, with the Sea of Galilee, close to which the swine were feeding; but he replied—

"Well, pigs, you see, any pigs, can run a long way, especially those gaunt long-legged pigs." "But then this is such a distance," the infidels rejoined. "True," he replied, "but if in an ordinary condition a pig can run such a long way, who can tell how far he might travel if he had a devil in him?" This rejoinder turned the laugh on the sceptics, and gave the brother a temporary deliverance from their cavils. Now music and singing have been, and still are, a mighty power in the world. All peoples and nations are moved and thrilled by it; but the devil claims it as his own peculiar property. He only allows us the crumbs that fall from his table, such as the old hundred, and a few more funereal ditties. Of the soul and citadel of music and song he has taken possession, and whether sacred or profane he alike presses it all into his service, and with it he charms and chains and sways the world.

Now, my brethren, if sensual worldly-satanic music wields such a power, what might it not do when songs and hearts and voices were inspired and directed by the Holy Ghost and accompanied by the mighty power of God? That is a problem, my brethren, that has yet to be solved. No solution is within our reach. We read how that on one occasion Israel in olden time, by the direct command of Jehovah, went forth to do battle with her enemies, not with arrow and sword and spear, nor yet with lamps and pitchers, nor even with rams' horns and shouting, but simply with banners and music and song. Now, my brethren, let us go up, few and feeble though we be, at the command of that same sovereign Jehovah, not with song alone, for we must more carefully and bravely than ever wield the sword of the Spirit; but while we hold that sword in our right hand ready for the foe, let us swell louder and louder our triumphant songs, and to the sound of that victorious music let us go up to the conquest of the world for Jesus.

JOB CLARE:

I am a singer, and am very much interested in the question of singing. I make no bones of saying that I can sing. If *you* don't think I can, *I* do. I think I know how to lead singing and how to manage a procession. I have had a little experience in the matter, and know something about the effect and result of singing.

I was a singer before I came to the Christian Mission, and there are some points which I have been disappointed not to hear touched upon as yet to day.

We should be very particular to get the right words to the right tune, and not to have wrong words or tunes, or else we must inevitably spoil the effect. I have seen the effect of a meeting completely crushed out by some blunder in not adapting tunes to words.

And we ought to give full expression to the sentiment of whatever we sing, so as to take hold of the hearts of the people. A man said to me the other day, "You Mission Hall people make such a dreadful noise. You have no regard to any one's feeling." I replied, "Sir, we shut our eyes and forget everything but what we are singing about, and feel for ourselves. Shut your eyes and go in for the same plan, and you will find it quite different."

I have had some trouble in getting a ring in the open-air, especially amongst our Cardiff folks. I do like to see people stand shoulder to shoulder. I have a difficulty sometimes in getting people to give expression to the words instead of the notes.

Years ago I used to sing a great deal when I was a local preacher. They

wouldn't have me because I always sang some time during the sermon; but I always did it, because I have found as much good done by singing as by preaching.

I remember preaching my trial sermon with some preachers all in a row in front of me with paper and pencil. When I got half way through, I thought, "This won't do; I am preaching to suit you," so I tore up my notes and went in, and in about three minutes I found myself singing. The parsons sat disgusted, but the people cried, and I think I sang three times in the course of that trial sermon. Just as I was finishing, a great big serjeant of artillery began to cry for mercy, and I believe we had fourteen souls that night. The superintendent of the circuit said "Hallelujah!" And all through my early career I think I scarcely ever got through a sermon without singing, and the power of God used to break in with the singing. And when I saw that anybody had got into tears, I used to give an extra turn or two with the singing, until he would shout out, "God save me."

WILLIAM GARNER:

I cannot sing solos, but I thoroughly believe in good singing: whether solos or otherwise, good singing is one of the most powerful weapons put in the hands of the Church for the evangelising of the world. It is wonderful how the singing of even ungodly men can move an audience. I was told by a friend that was present at the Great Festival held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, that when Sims Reeves sang the "Messiah" nearly the whole of that great assembly was moved to tears, so that apart from all spiritual power there is a peculiar influence accompanying good singing.

There is a great deal in realising what we sing. I was conducting a holiness meeting a short time ago at Middlesbro', and in giving out that well-known hymn—

"I feel like singing all the time,"

I said, "Stop, and let us think. Do we feel like singing all the time? don't sing it for somebody else; let us realise it for ourselves." One and another began to respond, "I do," and another "I do, the Lord has cleansed me from every stain, and I will praise him while I have any being." They sang it again and again, the influence rose and spread like a flame, and God came down upon us in

such a manner as I have scarcely ever felt.

I don't believe in two or three people standing under a publican's window and singing some peculiar tune, and neither singing nor breaking down, but doing just enough of them both to be the subjects of ridicule and contempt. We have no harmonium or fiddle to lead us, nor do we even know how to sing by music, but we go into it by notches, and kick up a tremendous noise, so that if anybody is finding fault outside we don't hear them and so go on.

I like to hear godly men and women sometimes strike up a verse alone in a prayer-meeting: if they have got a sweet voice, so much the better. I have seen in meetings several that have been led to seek the Saviour as the result of it. I remember a sister rising once in a prayer-meeting and singing in a soft sweet voice—

"Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

and I found it a great help to those that were seeking. The singing of a simple verse full of salvation is a great help. You may talk till doomsday and invite until your throat is sore, but often a greater effect can be made by the singing of a simple verse.

We have some useful hints thrown out in reference to leading the singing. There is nobody can lead the singing like the preacher; if he can sing so as to make his voice heard above the rest, as a rule the people are always willing to go with him. I never had but one leader of the singing that would not let me lead when I had a tune I knew the people would like; and if I happened to run in before him with it, he would put a face on that would almost turn milk sour. We must have singers like-minded with ourselves, that are willing either to lead or go in the shafts, or else go out altogether and let us alone. But it is a very great help to have some one who can say, "When your lungs are torn, you stand aside a minute or two and let me help you," and can dash in where you have left off and carry the meeting on without letting it drop. There are some tunes which we murder with singing too fast. A quick tune has often fired my soul, but there are some which we can hardly sing too slow: it is possible to sing for everybody to be disgusted. What we want is to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also.

JAMES DOWDLE:

My experience shows me that if we sing in the spirit, we hardly know yet what can be done by singing. I don't believe in rant; but I do believe in singing lively and heartily, both as to time and tune. Rant I am disgusted with, but mission singing I love, and I have never known it fail to get a congregation in the open air.

When I was at Middlesbro', a Mr. Weeks, a great religious solo singer, whose voice, they say, is better than Sankey's, came to the Wesleyan Chapel to sing for them. He is a regular professional. He came to the theatre and heard me and my wife sing alone—

"Oh! I am going to wear a crown."

He sat at the back, and he as well as many more were completely broken down while we sang. He came on to the stage and said to me, "For years I have been about singing the gospel all over the United States, but I never saw such an effect produced by a solo before. It isn't the time or the tune, it's something else that got into my soul and broke me up. I can sing better than you, but I haven't that that takes hold of the people. This is what I want to do, and I would give the world to have this power."

The next Sunday he was singing in the Wesleyan Chapel, and on the Monday he met me and asked me what sort of a day I had had. I told him a good one, but that some of our folks had gone to hear him. "Did it interfere with your offerings?" he asked, and when I said it had he handed me £1., and said, "Whenever I meet with your mission I'll gladly come and sing for you tell Mr. Booth. I will come and sing for them anywhere: I want to get the spirit you have got."

In holiness meetings, when people have been down seeking God, I have found it very useful to sing.—

"Here I give ray all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Thine alone for evermore."

By singing it softly and giving expression to the words, I have seen it take hold of people's hearts, and while we have been singing they have laid claim to the blessing by faith. Another verse which we have found very useful in the same way is this:—

"My body, soul, and spirit,
Here, Lord, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine, ever Thine, to be."

There is a time to shout, and there is a time to wait quietly on God and get a great blessing.

On Monday I was remarking how Mr. Booth sang with hands, head, eyes, and mouth. This is the sort of thing to take effect with the people if done in connection with heartfelt experience. George Leybourne has been in Bradford drawing crowds of people, and it is his action that produces so much effect: he says the words and acts them.

When I was up in London at our last Conference but one, I went to hear Sankey sing, and I heard him sing the "Ninety-and-Nine." But I had expected more than I heard. I did not think very much of his singing, but I saw where his power lay—he sang the words, and the people caught them and got blest. I heard him sing, "I left it all with Jesus," and I thought, that's our old friend "Woodman spare that tree" with a Yankee twist, and we can sing the same." I have never seen it fail to catch attention anywhere.

I remember some years ago being a member of one of the most fashionable choirs at the West-end, for I was respectable outside, and used to go to chapel. But one day I had a small hand bill given to me, saying that some man was going to preach and sing. I went to hear him, and he sang—

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you."

That singing knocked me all out of time; he was a rough, heavy man, but while he sang that hymn God convinced me of sin.

I heard Richard Weaver when he was fresh from the colliery sing in Regent's Park, with thousands of people round him, such things as—

"Ther'll be no more sorrow there,"

and he repeated the verses until the whole crowd swayed with him, like a field of corn. I heard him preach, and at the end of an anecdote he would start singing some simple thing with marvellous effect.

The first time I saw Mr. Booth, he sang—

"Oh! how I love Jesus"

to the tune of "So early in the morning." I liked the song tune, and it did me good. There's a man they call Birch, who plays the banjo, and such words as—

"O sinner, won't you love Him,"

to that tune till he sings it down the peoples throats. I am strongly inclined to go in for banjo playing without a black face, or anything of the kind, that will touch people's hearts. Wherever I go I announce that I and my wife will preach and sing, and the singing attracts hundreds. We often go in for singing on our knees. At Bradford there is a band of singers belonging to the teetotal party, with bones, banjo, and all the rest of it. When they heard me singing they wept like rain, and offered to sing for us. I told them we would have them if they would all get converted. Let us sing with the heart and understanding also, and God will put His seal upon it.

JAMES BROADBENT, of Leeds:

About three weeks ago I was in a

little country village, and dropped at night into a little country chapel. They were wanting a preacher, and as, I suppose, I looked like a parson, I was asked to supply. Just when I had got into the pulpit, I was politely told that I could not have a prayer-meeting, as the choir wanted to practise for the anniversary on the following Sunday. I happened to get to that anniversary, and heard that singing, and it struck me as one of the most godless things I ever listened to in a chapel. We were entertained by a musical performance and some preaching fireworks, and yet although that was the only time in the year when the chapel was crammed full of people, there was no attempt at soul-saving, or even a prayer-meeting. As to solo-singing, I dare not attempt it, unless God comes on my soul and makes me do it. I remember singing a solo at a place where I could get no one to help to sing, and it took well. We can only do what we can. I haven't got a very good voice, and I dare not attempt solo-singing unless I am specially led to do it.

THE STATE OF THE WORK OF GOD.

THE figures of the returns presented to Conference shows more or less correctly the relative value of the various stations, the amount of work done at each, and the progress made by the Mission during the year. But we wish to call attention to some of the most important features of these returns.

We have reason to complain of the returns made last year. The past, however, we accept as the past, and we should gain nothing by raking it up; but we must say with all emphasis, "Let us have fair returns in future." We had better state the number of members under than over the mark. Let us have the truth. Last year when brethren had gone into their new stations and looked through them, whether with reason or not, we had letters complaining bitterly that in some cases members reported could not be found. It is very "hard lines" for a man go to a station and find a state of things materially differing from what he has been led to expect. "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Stick to the rule, and only report members who meet in class when they are able, and then you can say, "There are others, genuine folks, who are not down."

On the 7th August I hope brethren will let us have an exact return of what they find then. The evangelists who have just entered upon new stations will be likely to put the figures low enough. Let us have a fair return.

The returns show that the *average attendance at class weekly* varies considerably. At Leeds, Bradford, and Leicester the attendance of strangers

is reported, and makes it impossible to compare the returns with those of other stations. Elsewhere, the general average weekly attendance throughout the Missions being seven in ten, the Middlesbro' Prince's Society has the highest—nine in ten; the average is three out of four, or higher, at Limehouse, Soho, Bethnal Green, Wellingboro'; St. Leonards, Millwall, Chatham, North Ormesby, Middlesbro' Oddfellows, and the other stations range below this mark, until we reach the lowest level—that of Croydon and Cardiff, where the attendance is only one in three, owing possibly in part to special circumstances.

The returns as to *speakers* are, we fear, very irregular, every one who speaks occasionally being reported in some cases. We think no one should be put in the returns as a speaker who does not speak *regularly* outside at any rate. The returns in some cases seem enormous, and would lead one to suppose that all the Lord's people are prophets. At a new station there are naturally very few speakers, whereas there may be more life and work than in older stations, where a larger number of speakers are returned. The new chickens have not learnt to chirp, whereas at our older stations, which have been sat upon for years, there ought not only to be many more chickens brought forth, but there should be a larger number of full-grown cocks able to crow anywhere.

The average proportion of speakers to our entire membership is one in four. The best proportion is shown at Barking and Millwall, where half the members are speakers, while Whitechapel, Hammersmith, and Wellingboro' show one in three. The rest of the stations range between this and the lowest which is Cardiff, showing one in twelve, but I believe the standard of speakership in Cardiff is unusually high.

There is not nearly a sufficient number of female *speakers*. All who are coming in amongst us as evangelists will, I trust, give special attention to this matter.

The number of anxious inquirers reported is very great. Where are they all gone to? We have no business to report persons unless we really believe them to have been converted.

There is only a small attendance according to our returns at the Sunday morning seven o'clock prayer-meetings; but I fancy some churches would not consider one in nine a small attendance. Still, let us do better. Leeds musters one in four, Middlesbro' Oddfellows, North Ormesby and Leicester, one in five of the members.

We should like to see an increase in the number of week-night services, and it would only be fair, it seems to me, to report only half a service in the open air when the service only lasts half an hour.

In some cases no public experience-meetings are held now. This has arisen, in some cases, from the fact that all the time used to be taken up by some twelve or fifteen members of the society saying pretty nearly the same thing over and over again. But the experience meetings are of enormous importance.

There is one matter demanding our attention in order to increase the number of our services. In some cases halls are occupied on several nights with little bits of private believers' meetings, which prevent the place from being opened to the people, and so block the way of our work. We must get such meetings out of our way. We cannot have our halls taken up with them.

We are far from being satisfied with the number of magazines sold.

We have battled and struggled to get the magazine out of the rut of other periodicals until we are almost worn out. But I am sure it is possible very largely to increase its sale, if brethren will all take hold of it and do their best. It is a little bit better than it was, but there is much room for improvement yet.

And let me here say that brethren really must not order magazines which they don't sell. We cannot take back large numbers of magazines. Brethren must not let magazines come which they cannot sell. They must reduce their order. Brother Clare has a hint to give us on this subject.

BRO. CLARE: "I had a number of back numbers, and I got some good tracts and said, 'Now, we'll sell a magazine and pamphlet at half price—one penny for the two.' By that means I got rid of all the back numbers."

BRO. DOWDLE: "It is a great help if a tune is put in the magazine. When I was at Chatham I have sung a hymn out of the magazine, and sold as many as four or five dozen at one meeting."

We are always trying to find things for the magazine that will hit. Will you look out for such things and send them to us? Don't be offended if we don't put them in. You send us admirable reports, but better is better; and if you were to march about a room and talk to somebody and let them write for you, you would send us reports in a much more free and easy style. When I come to see you you tell me stories that make me laugh and cry, and feel as if I were in heaven; but when you put them in writing they seem stiff and awkward.

In many of our old stations we appear, from the returns, to have had something very like *stagnation* during the year. We have only got a net increase of 200 members. If a man finds 100 members and only leaves 100, perhaps he will say the first was a bad return, or else what has he been about all the year? I should conclude that I was out of my place if I spent twelve months at a place and did not leave it tangibly, unmistakably, visibly better than I found it.

Thank God, the facts reported in "The Month" following prove that already there has been a very considerable advance upon this state of things. May a year of constant progress deliver us from the possibility of such reflections at any future time!

OPEN-AIR WORK.

We regret that it has been found impossible even now to print the addresses on Open-air Work delivered at the Conference, feeling it necessary to revert at least in part to our usual programme, and to give at least a little intelligence as to the later progress of the work. We shall undoubtedly find occasion to set forth our ideas as to open-air work many times in the future as in the past. Suffice it to add to-day that every member of the Conference was heartily and earnestly in favour of our doing a great deal more open-air work than we have ever done before, and that all wished to see the work done with greater wisdom, and above all with more of the demonstration of the Spirit.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE beginning of months must necessarily be a particularly interesting time to us everywhere. The month when eager labourers rush into new harvest fields hoping to find a body of ready hearty fellow-labourers there and to do a much greater work than they even did before. The month when ears and eyes are widely opened to see and hear how the new trumpeter will sound the battle call and lead the new advance. We are glad to be able to look around the whole Mission and report, notwithstanding every drawback, a really good month's work.

In one point we think we may safely say that every brother and sister are in perfect unison; everyone is confident of doing much better than the brother or sister who preceded them in their new sphere of labour. We have omitted printing the returns sent us up to the 7th May as we hope next month to be able to furnish later information to the 7th August. But although we have heard groans and sighs after a better state of things here and there, we are very thankful to have so much good news to give.

At WHITECHAPEL the amount of improvement which has taken place during the past few weeks is marvellous. We have found the porch repeatedly, at noon meetings, full of our dear people, squeezing an hour's leisure out of the day somehow to help to pull sinners out of the fire. The large hall is now being used for week-night services, and congregations both Sundays and week-nights are very much improved, while we are assured that the spiritual life of the society is very greatly increased.

BETHNAL GREEN mustered 24 strong at a half-past six love-feast last Sunday morning, and this indicates the manner in which they are rallying round Brother Ernest Blandy at all the services which he is holding while waiting for the moment of departure for Hartlepool.

HACKNEY has rallied to the call of Sister Stride who, in spite of extreme weakness, has not only held the ordinary services with constantly increasing attendance and success, but has commenced preaching at noon on week-days out of doors to large audiences of working-men.

Poor STÖKE NEWINGTON, the deserted of last year until it had become almost the forsaken, has begun to awake to the fact that an earnest man and woman have come, and are persistently working on night after night almost alone in the open air in hope of gathering congregations inside in proportion to the considerably increased Sunday ones by-and-bye. Pray for Brother and Sister Watts!

Poor little STRATFORD says, "I hope and trust in the name of the Lord He will send someone to Stratford so as the work will go on." Amen!

At PLAISTOW larger numbers of people are gathered in the open air near the West Ham Park gates and in the streets than we ever remember seeing there before, and many hearts are united to pray and labour for souls.

At BARKING it has been found no easy matter to follow a brother stationed in the same place and acquiring great experience during eighteen months; but we had a blessed watch-night service on the 25-6th when a great number of those present testified that they had received more good than they ever remembered to have got in any meeting before. May the fruit abundantly appear.

CANNING TOWN lamented bitterly over the loss of the evangelist leaving them until the coming in and success of the new one won every heart, and many souls have been saved since then.

The congregations at POPLAR have very greatly increased and souls have found the Saviour, some of whom are already witnessing for Him in the open air.

The friends at LIMEHOUSE are doing their utmost to get financial help towards the rebuilding of the Gaff, but are rejoicing with their MILLWALL brethren over new-born souls also.

SOHO has had a trying time of it. Brother Toft had to be dragged out of a raging mob by three policemen. He is now helping Brother Allen at Hammersmith, and Soho is waiting and longing for Brother Brock of Chatham, who is coming up as soon as possible to open a new campaign.

HAMMERSMITH is already enormously in advance of its position a month since, and God has now opened to us, through the kind intervention of Mr. Robert Baxter, an open air space facing the Broadway, where we shall at least have the privilege, we trust, of standing unmolested to preach the Gospel to the masses.

One of the first reports from CROYDON said: "A few strangers last night. They would hardly leave the hall; but I could not get them to pray. If there were as much prayer as there is pride I could do."

But reinforced by Brother Fisher, a navy from Canning Town who has thrown his life into the Master's service, Brother Borrill wrote a fortnight later, "Things look better. We got them to pray. God came down and set them on fire. Good open air."

From PORTSMOUTH, where Miss Booth has just been preaching to crowded congregations, we hear of harmony, confidence, and activity, far surpassing all recent experience.

From CARDIFF we are told of streets blocked up with processions, good congregations, souls saved, and holiness-meetings going on wonderfully well.

Brother Cadman's letter, at page 220, will, we think, convey a pretty fair idea of the lively state of things at LEICESTER. But there remains still a debt of £25 to be cleared off before we can call the fittings of the Salvation Warehouse really our own.

We commend to the earnest attention of our friends the letter of Brother Robinson, from LEEDS, and we leave Brother Hurrell's letter to explain the mighty deeds of the Lord at BRADFORD, and Brother Russell's to show how at STOCKTON by His power cloud is breaking into sunshine.

From MIDDLESBRO', where we have now three independent thriving

Missions, we have had quite a treasury of good news. In the centre, Brother Blandy, in spite of his own ill-health, has rejoiced over many souls born for glory. Brother Roberts has been able, since the entire separation of NORTH ORMESBY from Middlesbro', to commence several new services, and goes on his way rejoicing, while at THE PRINCE'S they have had such glorious times that Brother Ridsdel is arranging for the immediate enlargement of the week-night place to double its present size. They have commenced a Sunday morning prayer-meeting, and had 50 present, and are about to hold noon-day prayer-meetings on week-days.

From EAST HARTLEPOOL, where Brother Garner had some difficulty at the outset, we have now the joyous intelligence that Mrs. Garner has begun to preach, that congregations are fast growing, souls being saved, and the work shaping for a grand success. The sudden death of one of Br. Garner's children, and serious illness of another, has thrown dark shadows over the beautiful scene; but God will sustain and cheer our dear brother and sister still.

On Wednesday, the 18th, we had a NIGHT OF PRAYER at Whitechapel, when a great number of our people gathered from all the London stations, drew nigh unto God, and many testified to His power to save His people from all sin, with a clearness we have never heard excelled. But this solemn, blessed night of prayer, and faith, and salvation, is only, we are sure, the first of a series of such nights and watch-nights which will, we trust, be quite frequent at every station in future. It is only in the night that our people can find opportunity to spend several consecutive hours in pleading with God together for the fulness of His power which they all need in this great work, and such nights will assuredly bring us out into a morning brighter far than we have yet experienced.

Barking was the first to follow the good example set at Whitechapel, and now from Stockton we hear of a night of prayer in which the Middlesbro' friends take part.

Trusting in the living God, and looking at the signs of the times, we do not hesitate for a moment to say that we have commenced the grandest year of the Mission's history.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN BESIKA BAY.

The following letter from a Mission convert near the seat of war will be appreciated just now.

Dear Brother Miles in the Lord Jesus.

You, my dear Brother, will, no doubt, be rather surprised to hear from me after so long a time; but when our ship was in England, great to my surprise was that instead of our paying off as we expected, we was ordered away again to the Mediterranean, on the account of this war. I can assure you I was greatly disappointed to think that I could not have the opportunity of meeting you at Chatham as I thought I should; but it is not as I will, but God's will be done, and I thank God to-day, I am able to

say that I have not had to regret my leaving.

Since I have been gone, the Lord has blessed me more abundantly this time than ever He did before; praise His dear name for ever. He has added many a precious soul to our number, and he has also added a great number to our temperance cause. There is one signed the pledge now, since I commenced to write to you. He took up one of my tracts, entitled "Buy your own Cherries," and as soon as he had read it through, he came and signed the pledge. May God keep him faithful to the end! God is working gloriously and mysteriously on board of our ship, he has so many ways, praise his dear name for ever, to bring us poor sinners to him.

A few weeks back the Lord gave me

an opportunity of going to Philippi, where Paul and Silas was locked up in prison, and as soon as I got inside of the walls of the old city, I wept for joy, to think God had brought me to the very place where that glorious reply was given to the Philippian gaoler "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I saw the supposed remains of the prison where Paul and Silas were cast into the inner prison. After examining the old ruins, I went out to the river, where Paul said that prayer was wont to be made. You may imagine, dear Brother, what joy it caused to my heart, when I knelt down and drank out of the river, and also lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and asked him to keep me as faithful as Paul and Silas was, and use me as an instrument in his hands of bringing many a thousand of precious souls to his love; and since that, I have been with the Corinthians, Galatians, and Ephesians, and lots more of the places where Paul had been and preached the Gospel.

Last Sunday I held a prayer meeting on Mars Hill. There was a great many there, but I was speaking to them in an unknown tongue, but Jesus knew my heart. I have promised to be there again on Sunday next, God being willing. So you can see now, my dear Brother, how that I have not lost anything by coming away this time.

God has not only lifted me up in heavenly things, but in earthly things. He has lifted me up two steps above in rank since I saw you last, so you can see, my dear Brother, that God has blessed me on every side, praise his dear name for ever and ever. I trust, my dear Brother, that before long, we shall be back to England again, trusting that I shall see you. I trust that God is still blessing you at Chatham. I often pray for you and all the Christian Mission people at Chatham. God bless you all, and if it is the Lord's will we shall not meet in the flesh on earth, I am bound to meet you in heaven. W. W.

BRADFORD.

Dear Brother,—

This morning I am fully saved. O the blood most precious. I feel its soft melting, fervent, holy influence in my whole being, causing me to have a continual victory over sin and the world, and over the strongest of devils, even the prince of hell. Glory to God. It

has been very sharp and keen with me and the devil this last week, but with a persistent, holy, unflinching courage, I probed his bruised head, and shouted victory through the blood of the Lamb. O this prevailing power, let us have it my Lord, for thy sake.

A good meeting on Saturday night outside. We had the people and their attention. God came down and moved with a melting power upon the obdurate hearts and stubborn wills, the victory was glorious outside and in. Some gave way to the saving power of God, and sweetly sung,

"The past is under the blood."

We had a good day on Sunday, such a one as we never saw. We commenced our open-air morning meeting, in Canal Road, at eleven. I never saw people stand so amazed at what was said by those who had recently resigned the polluted service of the devil. They stood in the rain as it fell, catching every sentence and drinking it, and drawing it into their parched up souls, as the thirsty earth absorbs the rain.

Our afternoon work was good and glorious; we had six or seven little blood-washed lads, speaking of the mighty change wrought in their hearts, which moved the people to a deep solemnity of mind; and others, tailors and shoemakers, and fighting men. God saves all kinds of characters, and all sizes. Sprats are brought in the net with great big jacks, and they are all made meet for the master's use, praise his name.

Our experience meeting in the Hall was greatly blest; sixty-two stood up and made the assertion that the blood washed them. One fellow could not stand it any longer, he arose up in the body of the Hall, and said I want salvation; I have travelled about to races and fairs, and all over, and now I want salvation. Him and another volunteered right on to the stage, and God set them right. We wound up with God's seal upon the meeting.

Godwin Street at night. The power of God was upon us there. The march to Brunswick Place was very solemn. I proclaimed silence, and waiting upon God for a short space, my soul was moved; we felt the work was to be done for God, and for eternity. The people flocked in with us, and we dealt with them in the name of God; and God smashed them up, and laid them on the ground crying for mercy. One said it

had been hard, but he won. Others rolled over and got the victory through the blood. Seventeen names given in. More of the heavenly, holy unction I want.

So do all—Lord let us have it.

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
F. HURRELL, Clean.

LEEDS.

I WRITE these few lines to inform you of the success which we have had during the week. The Lord has been with us, and baptising us with the Holy Ghost.

On Monday, while praying outside, a man fell under the power of God, and we carried him into the tabernacle, and the Lord saved him. Amen! On Tuesday we had nine saved and washed in the blood of the Lamb. Wednesday we had two saved. That is the way to slay them! Amen! Friday the Lord gave us one soul; we were content. The Lord help us! On Saturday there was a respectable man that has never been in the tabernacle before, and while giving the invitation he came running down and cried for mercy, and the Lord saved him, and I got him up to speak and tell the people what the Lord had done for him; he spoke well.

On Sunday we had a blessed time all the way through until prayer-meeting, and it was hard; but the Lord gave us four souls, and there was a good number wounded. The Lord will give us them. The place was about full; but the devil sent a lot of young vagabonds to interrupt the meeting; but I gave them hell and damnation. The Atheists oppose us outside, but I give them an invitation to my house; but they will not come. If I got them I would get down on my knees and pray for the Lord to save them. I have commenced the hallelujah meetings, and they run well. I am determined to go as the Spirit leads me; I want as many saved as I possibly can get. The Lord help me! I spoke in the morning on prayer to the people and got them fired up. My soul is getting full of glory now. Amen!

Yours in Christ faithfully I am,
J. ROBINSON.

FROM A SOLDIER.

DEAR sir and brother in Christ,—
I thank my God that He brought me to the lecture hall to hear you speak and

pray. The words seemed to go straight through my very heart and brought me to the throne of grace and washed me in the blood of the Lamb, and, praise God! the Sabbath after my sister and brother came to the throne of grace, and two Sundays after hearing Brother Booth, my wife and her brother and his wife gave their hearts to God, praise His holy name! One of my sisters and a brother were in the Mission before, and good workers for Christ they are. I have been a marine this last 21 years, and I have seen a great many violent deaths both afloat and ashore; but, praise the Lord! He has brought me through all rocks and shoals. So now I mean to moor alongside of Christ and serve Him more faithful than I have the devil, and I am sorry to say that I served him very faithful this last 22 years.

Yours in the Spirit,
W. F.

STOCKTON.

HALLELUJAH! I have perfect health, spiritually. Praise God! I am glad to say things are still looking up, yet I am not at all satisfied, and never shall be, I suppose, till I get home.

I do hope the time will soon be here when I shall blow the Gospel trumpet in South Stockton. There is a large field there; we had a pretty good week last; a very good Sunday; good company of people. Last night Mrs. Sanderson preached. A good time; three souls bought the pearl of great price. Great goes in the open air; four bands out last night; this will advertise our services, and do good.

There are a lot of fellows ready for anything; if we will only give them work they will do it.

As regards myself I am still in the light, praying in the light, working in the light, living in the light. The blood flows through my heart. I am clean by that blood; I am free and without fear.

"Careful without a care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by His smile,
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His services my reward,
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord."

I am sincerely praying and believing for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on

this town. We have an all-night prayer-meeting after the holiness-meeting on Friday, which I trust will result in the conversion of hundreds of souls. There is nothing very great moving, if we only let the Lord move on us. By the moving of the Holy Spirit these sinners will move—the devil will move. Oh! I am longing for more power. I will have it. Nay, I will trust, I do trust, and I have more power just now. Hallelujah! Jesus comes, He fills my soul. Oh, may God baptise the whole Mission, and send prosperity for Jesus' sake! Amen!
Love.

Yours as ever,
ALFRED RUSSELL.

LEICESTER.

ON Monday night we commenced to pray the debt off. We were soon all on fire, had a shout, then came the money. One man had a shilling, he could not hold it, so he brought it, and put it into my hand. Then I said, "It is coming." Another shout. Many cried, "Glory be to God!" Then more money.

A woman came to us, dropped down at our feet, cried for mercy, was not long before she got it, then gave two shillings and sixpence. We had another shout; then came more money.

At the close of the meeting received and promised seven pounds three shillings. I should like to get this debt off; it will then set us at liberty to throw our arms round Leicester, and bring thousands to the blood that cleanseth from sin.

Yours in Jesus,
ELIJAH CADMAN.

WE regret to have been compelled for want of space to defer the memoirs of Sister Atkins and Sherwood, Bros. Weakly and Webb, some of which, if not all, will appear in our next.

NOTICE.

WE expect to have very extraordinary good news to publish from every Station next month. Pray God to supply the matter!

AWFUL ATROCITIES!

OLD MEN

Are being dragged down in anguish to the grave by godless children.

WOMEN

Utterly disgraced, debased, ruined, bruised, with dishevelled locks and torn clothing, are rolling about the streets of every large town.

LITTLE CHILDREN

Are not merely being starved, crushed, and beaten to death, but many of them are being polluted with bad language and every sort of infamy.

Against all this, the energetic protests of God and His saints for ages have been unheeded.

SONS OF GOD

Arise to drive back the hellish armies which perpetuate daily these horrors. For God and home and country arise! Arise! and let your deadliest assaults be continually directed against the Prince of the power of the air, and against the Chief of his Staff,

INTOXICATING DRINK.

The long looked for day of

VENGEANCE!

Is at hand. Mercy and grace, long suffering and abundant goodness, are all but exhausted.

READER, BEWARE!

Lest the Judge coming find you in any degree in fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness!