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Be Something.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

BY THE REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.



BE something in the Church. Have more than a mere name there. I do not mean that you are to be ambitious for office and distinction, but be useful. Do something for God and souls. There are many whose names are in Zion who are of no account in the great battle between right and wrong in constant progress. Their names count in the statistics, and they fill seats at church on the Sabbath, but that is all. They are so much dead weight that the cause of God carries along.

Do something for God. Bring some one to Christ—yea, many to Christ; be at it all the time. Commence at home. A young girl about fifteen years of age was converted two or three years since. Her father and mother and two older sisters were members of the Church, but were not *over-righteous*; we haven't had many of that sort since Solomon's day. She commenced work at home. Her mother was in the habit of buying milk on Sabbath morning, as so many professed Christians are. The Christian daughter lovingly suggested to her mother that it might be got on Saturday night, boiled and kept, so that there might be no ringing of bells or traffic in milk on the Lord's day. The mother yielded in a short time, and that evil ceased. It was the custom, also, in her home, to cook much on the Sabbath—indeed, the Sunday dinner was *the* dinner of the week. Of course mother or some one else had to stay from church to cook it, and the day was one of feasting rather than worship and self-examination.

Prayerfully and lovingly did the daughter address herself to the work of reform here, and in a short time cold dishes were substituted for hot at the Sabbath dinner, and much unnecessary work was avoided.

But her work at home was not yet done. There was no family altar there. Her father had thus far failed in the programme of duty as priest in his own family; and yet could she suggest this

duty to her own *father*, without reproof for his past failure? Not knowing how to approach her father on so delicate a subject, she took the case to her heavenly Father—*He* could understand her—and prayed that the Spirit might move her father to the performance of this important duty. After a few weeks of fervent prayer for this, her father, one Sabbath evening, called his family together, referred to the fact that hitherto the family altar had been neglected, and stated that he would now lead them in devotion, and that, henceforth, he would attend daily to that duty. The young girl's heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. A new spiritual life was thus breathed into those loved hearts there at home, and then she commenced work in the fields beyond. No one is more useful in her neighbourhood than is she to-day.

Young converts, be useful. Stir the world about you. Let his satanic majesty hear your blows falling heavy and fast on the citadel of his power. Give him trouble. Save souls. Pluck them as brands from the fire. Some of them are half-consumed now. Hurry along to the rescue. Do something more than fill a vacant seat. Be felt somewhere else besides in the column of statistics.

BEGIN WELL.

You are beginners—only beginners. Many older Christians may speak to you as if, now that you are in the Church, all is done—you have nothing more to do than to be faithful to the grace already given. In some churches there are no special meetings to help beginners on to perfection. There is the ordinary prayer-meeting, it is true, and you should be there without failure; but most of us need something very specific to stimulate and help us in our sluggishness and ignorance, and some prayer-meetings are so very general and objectless that you can hardly tell what the drift of thought is, if any at all. It is to be hoped that in your prayer-meeting something is aimed at.

But you are beginners. Keep that in mind. You are comparatively ignorant of the Scriptures. Of the deep things of God you have hardly yet a faint conception. You have been forgiven and changed—that is a perfect work; but there is much beyond. Your guilt having been taken away, and the breath of spiritual life breathed into your soul, you are now in a condition to be cleansed from all sin. You could not even conceive the idea of heart-purity until now. Before your conversion God's business with your soul was not to cleanse, but to pardon and give life. Now, it is to cleanse from all sinfulness. There is a house that needs cleaning from cellar to garret, but the doors and window-shutters are shut and fastened. The first work of the cleansers, who have just appeared on the premises, is to get the doors and shutters open and the light and heat in. Now they are ready for the work of cleansing. So God has got into your soul, imparting life; and now the very texture of your soul is to be washed—washed until it is whiter than

snow. Would you have it done? Are you willing? Nay, more, are you anxious? Do you, from your inmost heart, cry out—

“I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee”?

And this cleansing you must definitely seek—seek as definitely as you sought pardon. Beware of those who tell you that, now you are converted, you are only to *grow*. Souls do not *vegetate*, they grow in grace by *addition*, and God adds it in answer to prayer. But cleansing is taking something away—sinfulness away. After that God will fill you.

Those who talk most about growing without definitely seeking present purity, grow the least. Those who know them best, know that they are no farther away than they were years ago; indeed, the most of them have lost the freshness of their first love and are now dry and barren as a field in midsummer a month without rain.

Seek purity *now*, and you will realise a great enlargement of soul immediately.

THE MORNING FOR WORK.

Young convert, look around you. The world has not been brought to Christ. Sin abounds. Consider! The work of salvation is not going on very rapidly. It is almost at a stand-still in the churches. On the other hand, the most corrupting influences are working with fearful rapidity in every circle in society.

Why are these things so?

Christians do not work—at least only a few of them. Look around you in the church. How few professors of religion are active!

A few do the praying in the prayer-meetings. A few only go out into the congregation to persuade souls to come out for Christ. Still less, you will find on inquiry, visit from house to house to exhort souls to flee the wrath to come. Hardly any go out to look after feeble Christians to supply that which is lacking in their faith. Not many are willing to take tracts and go forth in the streets, giving them to sinners in broadcloth and silk as well as to those in rags and squalor.

In a church of three or four hundred, perhaps twenty-five persons do all the active work, and many of these perform their duties so mechanically that little or no good is done.

You have just been converted. You are now taking your position as a *drone* or worker in the great hive of salvation.

If you do nothing for Christ now in the fervour of your first love, you will never do anything for Him.

What have you done thus far? Have you brought any one to Calvary? Have you plucked any soul as a brand from the burning gulf that flames all around you?

There is a wreck on the shore down there. Hark! Hear you not the cry of the perishing? What have you done for Christ since

your conversion? Nothing! Shame! Are you to be added to the long roll of useless professors, useless church-members, useless saints?

Come you into Zion as mere lumber, to be crowded into the already over-full rubbish-room of the Church? The church rejoiced over you when you professed conversion. Is that to be the last time that we hear of you until your funeral, when the pastor will rack his brains to think of some good to say of you?

Go to work without delay. Go to work while your soul is pliable under the dew of your first love. Go to work before chronic formality closes your lips and ties your tongue so that you cannot utter one word for Jesus. If there is no *dash* in the young soldier, there will not be any steadiness in the veteran. If there is no vigour in the morning, you will surely faint in the heat of the day.

Have you no burning, consuming love for souls? Have you sat down in an easy-chair in Zion, glad that you are housed, but having no anxiety for those who are without? Why, you are half back-slidden already. Bow again at the altar; be renewed, and go forth in the love of Christ to save your fellows from ruin and eternal shame.

Wonders of Grace.

BY THE REV. W. H. BOOLE.



THE pamphlet from which we make the following extracts is by a devoted American minister. We read it ourselves with deep interest, and do not doubt but it will equally interest many of our readers. We think it sufficiently important for republication in a separate form, and, meanwhile, present our readers with several of the very important facts it contains.

"The age of miracles is not past. The Gospel is still the 'power of God;' and despite the opposition of all infidelity, and the world's unbelief, Christianity remains boldly set forth, the standing miracle of all ages.

"To him who accepts Christianity as a soul-renewing power, a firm belief in physical miracles as historical, and as possible to God in all ages, is easy and natural. It may be they have lost much of their original value and importance as 'evidences of Christianity.' Doubtless the Church has enough of these without them. Nevertheless they are possible, or—God is not God.

They may appear in individual cases when necessary in promoting a personal work of grace. It is of interest to the Christian labourer, and deserving of the serious consideration of the Church: whether we may not reasonably expect to witness *physical* effects in the operations of Divine grace, in destroying the power of evil habits, desires, appetites, where these

minister to unlawful indulgences, and thus hinder the salvation of the man, or offer formidable obstacles to a true spiritual life. Among these may be classed the love of intoxicating drinks, tobacco, opium, morphine, etc.; we do not mean the *use* of these so much as the *appetite*—the *hunger* and *thirst* for them. Long after persons have ceased to use these stimulants, they have been plagued and tormented with the gnawings of desire, the intense craving for their indulgence; and from this cause alone, despite their repeated resolutions to the contrary, numbers have fallen back into their old ways, and some have died in utter despair, not daring to hope that there could be found any deliverer. Is there power in Christ to meet such cases? Does the salvation of His Gospel include an antidote to this sin-power? Here are important questions: and upon the faithful answer may hang the destinies of many. And in view of the promises of the Bible, the unquestioned power of God, and the unimpeachable facts of human testimony, we are constrained to answer—Yes! there is in Jesus power to save to the uttermost; while the Scriptures reiterate, 'He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think, according to the *power that worketh in us.*'

"We propose to set forth facts as the argument of our answer, and relate a few of the numerous instances which have occurred under our observation bearing directly on this important point, and demonstrating the power of Divine grace in destroying sinful habits and appetites."

TOBACCO CURES.

"A—C— has been for thirty years a member of the Church; for the greater part of this time a leader and trustee. His Christian profession was always marked by correctness of deportment and generous zeal, while his cheerful manners won the esteem of all. But he had been addicted to the constant use of tobacco for forty years, until its daily use had become seemingly necessary to health, if not to life. He had made many efforts to rid himself of the doubtful practice, but always failed because of the inward gnawing which its long-continued use had created, and which forced him to begin the practice again. At last, on a certain occasion, in the presence of the writer, he said, 'I have long been seeking a deeper work of grace: tobacco appears to hinder me; but I had not supposed it possible to be saved from the dreadful power of this habit until now. Never before have I trusted Jesus to save me from the *appetite* as well as the *use* of it; but now I do.' And, suiting the action to the word, he threw far away from him the tobacco he held in his hand. He still lives, and for several years has reiterated this testimony: '*From that hour all desire left me, and I have ever since hated what I once so fondly loved.*'

"— is a prominent member of the M. E. Church in the city of Brooklyn, N.Y. For thirty-five years he has served the church, giving liberally of his abundant means, and generally ready for every good word and work. From the age of ten he had used tobacco, until the habit had become so deeply rooted he could not endure to be without a cigar in his mouth, frequently rising in the night 'to have a good smoke.' During the thirty years of this manner of life, he often felt the bondage of the habit, and resolved against it, but his resolutions invariably failed him. About three years since he became deeply interested in the subject of all salvation, and began diligently seeking for its possession. While ponder-

ing what might be the difficulties in his way, he saw that this very doubtful and slavish habit was a bar to his advancement; but so earnest was he for the prize of a clean heart, that he felt altogether willing to yield up the indulgence—if it were possible. But was it? He had fought against the passion long and well; yet not once had he conquered. *Who* would deliver him from the body of this death? It was a new idea to him that Jesus saves from the appetite and lust of sin as well as from the act; that He gives grace not only to *strive against* but to *destroy* the power of habit. But no sooner did he apprehend this gospel-truth, and read his privilege in the wonderful promise which stands at the head of this tract, than he, when all alone one evening, cast himself on Jesus' word, and trusted Him to do it for him. 'Twas done. Not an hour longer did the desire remain; and his uniform testimony has ever since been, 'Tis strange to me that I ever loved the filthy practice.'

STRONGER THAN STRONG DRINK.

"The habitual use of alcoholic drinks, it is well known, creates at last a thirst intolerable in the highest degree, and which leads on, irresistibly, its victim to certain destruction.

"There is a cure. The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST can save the drunkard and destroy in him all the burning thirst which consumes his life. Whatever may be the modes of treatment adopted in 'Inebriate Asylums' for the cure of the drunkard, we hesitate not to give the crown of superiority to the Gospel method, and say of it, 'And yet show I unto you a more excellent way.'

"It was about seven years ago when, on an afternoon, there came to our residence a man whom we had known for several years. He was of excellent family, had an estimable Christian wife, and his children, now grown to manhood, were intelligent and respectable. But this father was a drunkard. For many years he had been addicted to the cup, and all efforts of friends had failed to produce any lasting effect upon him. Mortification and shame had stricken his family, and, as is usual, not himself alone was the sufferer by his vice, but the innocent were dragged down with him. As he entered the room, on the occasion above referred to, a glance at his face showed signs of deep feeling and dejection of spirit.

'What shall I do, sir? my wife is almost heart-broken; I am a disgrace to my children, and I cannot break away from this dreadful habit of drinking.' These were among his first utterances.

"'Have you tried to break off from drinking?'

"'Tried,' said he, 'tried! I have walked these streets till two o'clock in the morning, many a time, in the agony of my soul, because of my wretched condition. I have resolved against drink a hundred times, yet I cannot pass a liquor-saloon, but I *must* go in and get a drink. What shall I do?' 'Have you prayed for help from God?' 'Yes; I have resolved and prayed, but it is no use; when the appetite comes on I can't resist.' 'What have you prayed for?' 'Why, that God would give me power to overcome the appetite and temptation to drink.' 'Ah, that has been your mistake, to pray to *overcome* the appetite. Have you not thought that God is able to *extinguish* the fiery appetite and thirst for liquor?' This was a new idea to the man, and he looked as if he would have said, 'Tell me that again.' We continued: 'You ought to be able to pass every rum-shop and liquor-saloon as safely and unconcernedly as we do. This

thirst for strong drink is unnatural and sinful. Now, God is able to save to the *uttermost*; and surely your sad case is included in the margin of "*uttermost*." Your resolutions to do better are of no value, because this sinful habit has broken your will-power, and your resolution is born of a weak and enfeebled nature; too weak indeed to contend against your fearfully strong appetite. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that you should longer go fettered and bound in the chains of this slavery. Nor does He desire you should pray to overcome what He is ready and able at once to *destroy*—this craving for a sinful thing. But you must trust in the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and His power to save you *now*—save you most fully and keep you saved. Now, the HOLY SPIRIT will do all this *in* you: He is "*the power that worketh in us*;" and the word of promise is, "He is more willing to *give* the HOLY SPIRIT to them that ask than we are to give good gifts unto our children." Will you accept of His help and yield yourself up to His power? This anxious man seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance: he was in a condition to grasp at any real and substantial support; and as he seriously answered, 'I will; I do,' we knelt to pray. The prayer was very short; for the dear LORD needs no urging when real *need* and *faith* agree to accept His grace. When he rose we said, 'Now, don't avoid the corner shops if your duties call you to walk the streets; you are to walk in liberty, and are *more than* conqueror through Him who is able to keep you from falling. Let Him do it for you; abandon yourself to Him, and wherever we can safely go, you can also go.' This man left the house a saved being in soul and body. He united with the church, and lived a consistent life. 'But did the cure last? Was there no return of the desire, the thirst?'

"Well, four years after this interview, he having in the meantime removed from the neighbourhood, we met him as we walked in one of the avenues. We found that he was engaged in a lawful business, but which required him, however, to associate with drinking men, and spend part of his time in the neighbourhood of liquor-saloons. 'How about your old taste and habit of drinking?' we asked. He smiled and looked happy, as he earnestly replied, 'Oh, I have never from that day tasted a drop, have not had the slightest desire for any, nor temptation to it;' and his face, with both his eyes, verified the statement."

THE OPIUM EATERS.

"The use of opium and morphia is far more pernicious than tobacco or strong drink, and the habit becomes more deeply rooted and difficult of eradication. The will-power is rapidly weakened, and loses its tension and force. Very few of the victims of this horrible slavery ever, without grace, escape from their bondage until death, and the numbers that yield themselves to the daily concealed use of these narcotics and stimulants, in respectable society, both men and women, are far greater than we guess. But there is miraculous power in the Gospel of CHRIST to redeem 'to the *uttermost*' even these. Several instances of this kind we wish to relate."

THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD.

"Mr. Peter Banta is a journeyman shipjoiner employed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and resides in Seventh St., Brooklyn, East District. He is about forty-six years of age. On the 3rd of July, 1860, he was thrown from a waggon, breaking in a dreadful manner his left leg. From this

accident he was confined to his bed forty-nine days, and on crutches seven months. From the beginning of his illness, the pain he suffered was excruciating, for which opium was administered by his physicians, taken in the form of 'Munn's Elixir of Opium,' in the usual doses. Nine pieces of bone were taken from his wounded leg. In consequence of his great pain increasing, his allowance of the 'Elixir' was gradually increased, until it reached an enormous quantity. In course of time his broken limb healed, but a craving for the narcotic had been excited, which now began to assert its power, when he sought to discontinue its use altogether. He yielded to the subtle influence and continued its use, hoping to be able to abate this unnatural longing by diminishing daily the quantity taken. But this would not do; his hankerings and gnawings for larger doses impelled him forward irresistibly until he was compelled to give loose reins to his desires, and drink copiously of this fascinating poison.

"The largest quantity he took at one draught of this peculiar preparation was one (1 ounce) bottle.

"The third and fourth years his weekly allowance was three bottles. At the end of four years from the date of his accident, the 'Elixir of Opium' totally failed of its usual soothing and peculiarly fascinating effects, and he discontinued its use altogether, substituting in its place the more powerful preparation of opium, morphine.

"For a time, morphine seemed to produce the desired effect, taken in unusual doses; yet even these were soon increased to satisfy the irresistible craving now wrought up to the highest degree of excitement, as by large doses he added fuel to the fire. In a short time his daily allowance was increased to one-eighth of a drachm, and this quantity he continued to take for about two years, when he began to add to the doses again until the quantity of morphine he could swallow with utter impunity was enormous. The pernicious influence of the drug upon him was truly fearful. He fairly lived by morphine. Frequently would he work at his occupation as carpenter all day, eating from breakfast to supper only this drug, which he carried with him constantly. On one occasion he swallowed, in the presence of several physicians, nearly *two-thirds of a drachm of morphine*, or about 50 grains! (One grain is considered a deadly dose.)

"These statements are capable of being substantiated by abundant testimony of the most reliable Christian witnesses, including several physicians. It is now six years since the subject of this sketch became deeply interested in his own salvation, and was convinced that the habit which he had allowed to obtain such complete mastery over mind and body was, in the sight of God, *sin*. This conviction haunted him until in great distress he sought the counsel of a few Christian friends. Jesus was offered to him as the only and sufficient Redeemer; and he was urged to trust Him for a present and radical cure. Like many others, he *tried* to believe, and depended on his *resolutions* to break off—never touch it again, &c. But all these human inventions failed, as they always do. Once he said within himself, 'I will try and break away from this habit: if I succeed, then I will give my heart to God.'

"And for thirty-six hours he kept to the resolution, until the effects upon his mind and body became alarming, and friends were compelled to call in the help of a number of physicians to allay his extreme excitement and prevent fatal results. These physicians, five in number,

declared it necessary that he should resume the use of the morphine in order to prevent delirium or death. This he did; and he continued its use for a year longer. Being satisfied there was no help in resolutions and human efforts, however well-intended and sincere, he came one day to the parsonage to see us. He was in deep distress of mind; and, as he walked the floor, he exclaimed, 'What shall I do?' It was replied, 'Cease from sin; give up the use of morphine.' 'But I shall die, if I do,' he replied. 'Well, die then; better so than live in sin to die at last unforgiven.' While he continued walking to and fro under deep conviction, sometimes wringing his hands, he was thus accented: 'Why, Mr. Banta, you seem to look upon yourself as some great one, whose difficult case demands a mightier SAVIOUR than the rest of mankind. You need no greater SAVIOUR than GOD has provided for you and all men; and so small a thing is it for Him to do to heal you, that JESUS can save a thousand just such as you, and do it with a word.'

"It was a novel idea to him that CHRIST could save him without effort, do it at once, do it with a word; and the apprehension of this truth evidently affected him favourably, for he became calm and thoughtful.

"The following Sabbath evening he was forward at the altar in the church, earnestly seeking the power of GOD for his salvation. At a suitable time, it was said to him, 'There is one thing hinders you from accepting JESUS: it is your refusal to *trust Him fully*, to save you from the *appetite now*. On your part you must say, "Never will I again touch or taste the evil thing, though I may die: and I will trust in JESUS *alone* to save and keep me."' At this point he hesitated; but only for a moment; it was but a few minutes until he made the full surrender; and then occurred a scene which will never be forgotten by those present. The glory of the LORD shone in His sanctuary; power from on high came upon this wretched soul whom Satan had bound, lo! these many years; his very face was illumined, while he poured forth his praises, exulting in his instantaneous and wonderful deliverance.

"It only remains to be added, that from that glad hour, no desire for his former sin has troubled him, no temptation to its indulgence has visited him; he is greatly improved in physical health, and he has experienced no re-action or ill effects from the sudden disuse of the pernicious drug. We have seen him lately walking at liberty from all desire for opium or morphine.

"We have recorded these instances of the power of grace over confirmed habits of sin, for the encouragement of any sincere ones who may, in error, be fruitlessly fighting against their 'besetments,' and to help the faith of the Church, that her confidence in the Gospel and the Jesus of that Gospel which we preach may be increased. For it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that, 'He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think *according to the power that worketh in us.*'"

Scriptural Holiness.

BY THE REV. J. E. IRVINE.



SCRIP TURAL holiness is that moral purity of heart and life which the Scriptures clearly teach to be our privilege and duty. It implies a full *consecration* to God, and full *cleansing* from all sin, through faith in Christ—such a freedom from the carnal mind—the old man—the evil nature, that we can love God with ALL OUR HEART, and our neighbour as ourself; for it is impossible to love God with ALL our heart while any of the *carnality* or *enmity* to God remains in it; for “the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God (the law of love), neither, indeed, can be;” therefore, because it cannot be subjugated to the law of God, it must be killed outright—thoroughly eradicated. Thus saith the Lord, “Your old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be *destroyed*, that henceforth ye should not serve sin, for he that is dead is FREED FROM SIN.” “DEAD, INDEED, UNTO SIN.” But, as the “body of sin” is no part of our nature, but an appendage or excrescence, its complete destruction does not involve the destruction of anything originally and essentially human. Sin is the *poison*—the *leprosy*—the *depravity* and *corruption* of our nature, thrown in by the devil, from all of which Christ SAVES to the very “UTTERMOST” them that fully believe in Him. Christ being greater than the devil, the cure exceeds the disease.

“In Christ Adam’s sons can boast
More blessings than their father lost.”

In the heart where “sin abounded, grace did much more abound.” His name is JESUS, for He shall save His people *from* their sins, not *in* them. “That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.” Christ says to His disciples, and in them to all that believe in Him, “Ye ARE CLEAN through the word that I have spoken unto you.” He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might *sanctify* and *cleanse* it with the washing of water by the *Word*, that He might present it unto Himself “a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be *holy* and without blemish.” Such was the Christian Church in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and at the house of Cornelius when Peter preached, and the Holy Ghost fell on all that heard the Word. Peter says, “God which knoweth the hearts bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us, PURIFYING THEIR HEARTS BY FAITH.” Hence we understand that the being filled with the Holy Ghost implies entire *purity of heart*; for the heart cannot be filled with the Spirit without being entirely emptied of sin; as a sponge filled with water has no air in it, so the soul filled with the Holy Ghost cannot have sin in it. “If any man be in Christ he is a

new creature, old things are passed away, and, behold, all things are become new.” “They that are in the flesh cannot please God, but ye are not in the flesh but in the spirit, if so be that the spirit of God dwell in you.”

While attending one of our holiness camp meetings in America, a young minister came to me for information about the blessing. He said he did not understand it. I told him his best plan would be to go forward among those who were seeking, and get it for himself, and he would know more about it in one hour’s experience than I could tell him in twenty years. He took my advice, and was soon rejoicing in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace. Reader, do thou likewise. Go to the *Jesus* of the *Scriptures*, who saves His people *from* their sins, consecrate your all to Him, and believe in your heart that His precious blood *cleanseth* you from all sin, and you shall be *clean* through the *Word* He has spoken unto you. “Be ye holy, for I am holy.” “Ye are *saved* by grace through faith.” SAVED NOW.

THE HIGHLANDER’S PRAYER.

A SCOTCH Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major André, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the grey of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which, at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighbourhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man’s defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

“Have you been in the *habit* of spending hours in private prayer?” sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

“Then,” said the other, drawing out his watch, “never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you.”

The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the divine interposition in the threatened danger—the help of Him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose.

“You may go, sir,” said the officer, as he concluded; “you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night.”

“His statement,” he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, “is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill always get on ill at review.”—*Hugh Miller*.

To win a soul is your noblest prize; and the greater number you win, the brighter and richer will be that “crown of rejoicing” which you will wear in the day of the Lord.

THE PENITENT.

SAVIOUR of sinners, lend thine ear—
Accept the mourner's plea;
And listening to my feeble prayer,
Descend and pardon me.
I'm sunk in sin, beset with grief,
Condemned by Thy decree;
Thou, only Thou, can'st give relief—
Oh, Jesus, pardon me.

Oh, the blood of Jesus, the precious blood of Jesus,
Oh, the blood of Jesus, can cleanse and pardon me.

Thy bloody cross, and garments stained,
Augment my misery;
I cry, distressed, by love constrained,
Oh, Jesus, pardon me.
Beneath Thy cross I'll urge my cry,
Until my soul is free;
Both night and day I'll groan and sigh,
Oh, Jesus, pardon me.

Manasseh, Saul, and Magdalen,
Were pardoned, Lord, by Thee;
Saviour of guilty, dying men,
Oh, haste and pardon me.
Remove my load, and break my chain,
Oh, give me liberty;
Oh, ease me of my guilt and pain—
This moment pardon me.

'Tis done, 'tis done, I do believe—
I feel my soul is free;
Thy great salvation I receive—
Yes, Thou hast pardoned me!
And when I reach the realms above,
When I Thy face shall see,
I'll sing of that redeeming love
Which saved and pardoned me.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

ORIGINAL. No. 3.

"I am the Lord thy God which brought you forth out of the land of Egypt, that ye should not be their bondsmen, and I have broken the bonds of your yoke, and made you go upright."—*Leviticus xxvi. 13.*

AFTER all the feelings of utter alienation existing between Jew and Gentile, we must remember that we have at any rate one God. The same Jehovah who brought Israel out of Egypt is our only God and Saviour. And His dealings with His people are in all ages substantially the same. The text refers to

I. A DELIVERANCE.

The children of Israel are constantly referred to their deliverance out of Egypt.

1. *As a positive fact,*

the great distinguishing circumstance of their history. Just so, he who is the Lord's knows certainly that he has been brought out of darkness. But this fact is also

2. *An encouraging memory.*

The Lord, who had brought Israel out in so remarkable a manner, was not likely now to desert them, but might be relied upon to help them in every time of need. So He who has brought out His people from the service of Satan is not likely ever to leave them, but is sure to give them all the help they need ever after. But why does the Lord deliver His people? The text points out

II. A PURPOSE.

It would have been no use bringing Israel out of Egypt if they had still been the slaves of Egypt. Goshen was a very nice country. They might as well have been left there.

1. *No man can serve two masters.*

Pharaoh thought so, and was determined to prevent Israel from going after any service but his. Pharaoh was quite right there, but God was equally determined that His people should be free for His service. Just so to-day; God wants to separate His people from all foreign rule, that they may live entirely for Him.

2. *God wants servants.*

His purpose in giving deliverance to Israel was from the first declared to be that they might serve Him. God loves us, and wishes to make us blessed and happy. He knows that we can only be happy just in proportion as we serve Him. Thus to serve God is

III. A NEW LIFE.

God broke the yoke of His Israel. The slave became a man of property—the labourer a gentleman. The life of bondage was over.

1. *A life of liberty*

became the portion of every one who faithfully followed God then. Such a life of liberty God now gives to those who entirely give up themselves to Him. But the poor slave, who has been for years accustomed to the yoke, scarcely understands his new position at once. He goes about in fear, half-bent, and still with much of the old airs and habits. From this natural result of long bondage, however, He made them walk upright, and go on as conquerors. How many Christians have never yet acquired

2. *The habit of liberty?*

How many do not even understand that God will now set them completely free from sin to serve Him with all their heart? He is willing and able to make every child of His walk upright; do right at every moment. Do you? G. S. R.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE report for the present month will, we think, be found cheering. If we are not moving at the rapid pace we desire, we are making some progress. But *oh, for the baptism of fire!* A pentecostal outpouring would bring a pentecostal awakening. We cannot be satisfied with the mere maintenance of position by stations. We want the salvation of entire neighbourhoods. Oh, for a month of restless, agonizing prayer for souls! and then we shall be able to report still greater things.

Special Effort at Chatham.



WHAT hath God wrought? It is now twelve months since we first unfurled the Christian Mission Flag in this town of Chatham, and God has graciously blessed our efforts, and put His seal upon this work. Some of the vilest sinners in Chatham, Rochester, and Strood, have been converted, and to-day are walking worthy of the name they profess. *To God be all the Glory!* The past month has been a time of great blessing. The Rev. J. E. Irvine has been holding special services, and the Holy Ghost has been blessedly poured forth. We are determined, by God's help, to do more for poor, perishing souls. This whole neighbourhood is in a terrible state of spiritual destitution, but God is answering prayer and bringing many to the fountain. Some of our worst persecutors have been so deeply convinced of sin as to be compelled to call in some of the brethren to pray for them. May God save them! God is blessing us at Strood, and in all our open-air work. *Pray, pray for us!*

The following letter from Mr. Irvine will be read with interest, we are sure:—

At the request of the Rev. Mr. Booth I consented to extend my campaign into Chatham, and, a little over two weeks ago, commenced, in the public halls used by the "Christian Mission," a series of revival services for the promotion of scriptural holiness among believers, and the conversion of sinners. From the commencement our meetings have been seasons of wonderful spiritual power and blessing. Scores of believers have professed to find the full blessing of sanctification, and scores of sinners pardon and peace with God. Others left our meetings in tears, and, I believe, hundreds have been deeply impressed by the convictions of the Holy Spirit who have not yet yielded their hearts to Christ. The power of evil is so prevalent in this modern Sodom that it requires almost

a miracle of grace to bring a sinner to face the persecutions and temptations consequent upon confessing Christ and espousing His cause. The work among believers has been especially gratifying. At our morning service on last Sabbath I gave a short time for Christian testimonies, and though a number of those who had received the blessing were absent, about forty-five, in less than half an hour, clearly and definitely testified that the blood of Christ had fully cleansed them from all sin. On another occasion I think sixty stood up to signify that they enjoyed the same blessing. It is truly wonderful to find such a noble band of earnest Christians raised up through the instrumentality of the Mission in less than a year in such a town as this. Mr. Dowdle, the missionary, is labouring faithfully—preaching to crowds in the streets nearly every night, besides holding services in the halls, visiting from house to house, looking after the converts, &c. He is also well assisted by the members of the Mission—men and women of God, who stand up for Christ in the streets and in the meetings, strong in faith and in the power of the Spirit. They are praying earnestly for the conversion of the town, and I believe God will answer their fervent, effectual prayer before long in a great revival of religion.

A WARNING TO SCOFFERS.

A remarkable incident occurred on Monday last that has stricken terror into the hearts of some of the persecutors of the Mission, and created quite a sensation in the town. A gang of coal-whippers, who were in the habit of holding mock prayer-meetings, and otherwise mimicking the Mission-workers, went down into the vessel to unload a cargo of coal, and after working awhile, the coal-gas exploded, and burnt four of them so horribly that it was difficult to recognize them. They were taken to the hospital, where Mr. Dowdle visited them, and found them in great pain, but it is hoped they will recover. One of the gang, a member of the Mission, escaped untouched by the fire. He says that just when the explosion was about to take place, he was withheld from getting to his post by some invisible power, which he believes to have been the Lord, and thus miraculously escaped. If he had not been thus withheld, he believes he would have been killed, as he was in a more exposed place than any of the others. "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly."

Donations or tracts will be thankfully received by Captain Tinmouth, Royal Marines, Chatham; by Mr. Heath, Otway Terrace; or by James Dowdle, 4, Alma Terrace, Chatham.

Commencement of a Branch Mission at Cardiff, South Wales.

For some months a few friends deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of the unsaved masses in this important town have been stretching out their hands, and crying, "Come over and help us." For many years religious services specially adapted to meet the need of the working classes have been carried on, and chiefly sustained by a dear Christian lady, whose self-denying toil for Christ has made her name a household word among the friends of evangelistic work throughout the South-west of England, and by an equally devoted Christian brother.

For years these services have been greatly blessed, and there is room to believe beyond a doubt that hundreds of souls were awakened in these meetings. Of late, however, the work has slackened. Providence has not left these dear friends so free to devote their time, and failing health has interfered with their physical capacity to labour; these, with other causes, have doubtless hindered the prosperity for which the Gospel Hall at Cardiff has made itself quite a renown.

In the autumn, when spending a few days in the hospitable home of a dear friend in this town, we were urged to undertake the oversight of a Mission there. We hesitated. There were many difficulties in the way—difficulties at first sight almost insurmountable. But the request was urged so earnestly, and the opening appeared so manifestly of God, and the opportunity for usefulness appeared so promising, that we assented, and left the town, pledged to unfurl the Mission banner in it as soon as arrangements could be made. After a delay that has, we fear, sadly tried the patience of our dear friends on the spot, operations have fairly commenced. Our friends at Limehouse have consented to give up Brother Allen, and on Sunday, November 15th, he opened his commission. We should say here that the Gospel Hall has been fully and freely given for the services of the Mission by the Trustees. It is a good, substantial building, capable of containing some four hundred people, with capital vestry and other accommodation. It is right to the front of one of the most crowded streets—indeed, in the best spot for our work in the whole town. It had recently been purchased for Gospel use by John Cory, Esq., who will be delighted for it to become the birth-place of multitudes of souls. Oh, may it be so! The opening services are thus described by Brother Allen in a letter hurriedly written the day after:—

"You will be glad to hear that we had a good day yesterday. Praise the Lord. The hall was three parts full in the morning. We had a good time, much of the presence of God, and many wept. In the afternoon we had a good fellowship meeting, and at night the hall was crowded to excess—gallery, platform, and all. All stayed to the prayer-meeting, and not one moved for some time. There was a wonderful conviction. After a while a big navvy came out for merey, and then a sailor, and then a young man and woman. These four got through. There ought to have been twenty. But we shall conquer through the blood. Pray for me.

Will our friends and readers, for the next month at least, pray specially for a mighty blessing on Cardiff?

Mrs. Booth's Meetings at Ryde.

THESE meetings terminated just when they ought to have been pushed on. We believe that could they have been continued in a suitable building, that proud, fashionable town would have been mightily shaken by the power of God. Christians seemed to be just waking up to discover the fact that God will hear prayer and bless earnest measures, when the health of Mrs. Booth, and home considerations, made it indispensable that she should return to London. The work has greatly shaken her, and she is still very feeble. Her last Sabbath spent in the Bible Christian's Chapel will not soon be forgotten. At the close fifteen sought Jesus, among whom were a number of young men, and others, over whom not only the angels of heaven, but numbers of the Lord's people on earth rejoiced with unspeakable joy. On Sunday, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Booth commenced preaching in the Baptist Chapel, New Barnet. We hear that the congregation was large, and that five souls professed to find Jesus. All praise to Him!

WHITECHAPEL.

DURING the past month the Lord has been pleased to visit us with showers of blessings. Upwards of fifty souls have been brought to God, and professed faith in Jesus.

At one of the noon porch-meetings a SCOFFER AND INFIDEL

who had ridiculed the meetings came in, got converted, signed the Temperance pledge, and went on his way rejoicing.

The other night a poor man and his wife on the point of starvation through want of employment, through the sympathy of the friends at the hall was helped, and the night after came again and got converted, and proved it better than all else to receive eternal life. To God be all the glory! The Lord our God is with us. Oh, for determined opposition to sin and impurity, and more unflinching effort in this service! Pray that every member may become a mighty champion in this holy warfare.

Yours, &c., J. TETLEY.

DRUNKARDS' RESCUE SOCIETY.

STRANGE how poor fallen humanity hugs the very chains that bind it to dark despair, and with its own finger draws the curtain that for ever shuts out the bright sunbeams of hope!

Never was this more terribly seen than in the case of a young girl, who had already purchased for herself the name of *drunkard*.

A few Saturday evenings since a crowd was seen gathered round the door of a house down one of the courts in Whitechapel; in the midst, in a horrible state of intoxication, was this young girl. Her father, a white-haired, and apparently respectable old man, no sooner became aware of the state of things, than, rushing out into the crowd, seized his daughter, and dragged her indoors, and judging from the screams afterwards heard, beat her severely. Even that mass of hardened humanity seemed for a moment horrified, and one and another expressed pity that a girl so young should be found in such a woful state. The day following I called upon her, and with the greatest difficulty obtained admittance into her room; this accomplished, I sat down by her side, and telling her I knew all about the miserable life she was living, asked her to let me help her to get free. Although a little softened, she did not seem willing at first to allow

any alteration. I asked her where her mother was? She said, "she was dead." I laid my hand upon hers, and told her that I was an orphan, and that I understood it all, and would be her friend if she would let me. While I was speaking the tears filled her eyes, and presently, burying her face in both hands, she sobbed aloud. I went on to assure her that there was a chance of escape. I could get her into a home where she would be kept from temptation. We knelt down by the bedside and asked the dear Saviour, whom she had so long neglected, to forgive and help her. She wept silently, and I knew that there was a soft place still in her heart, though it was hard to reach.

Before leaving, she promised to come to the hall the same evening, but failing to do so, I called at the house; the door of her room was locked, and every time after, till one Sunday, when I found the father at home. I explained to him my reason for calling; he seemed to have no control over his poor child, and when he spoke to her, she answered fiercely, and told him to mind his own business! The old hardness had returned; and nothing could prevail upon her to seek deliverance from the slavery she was in. I left with a heavy heart. I ask your prayers, dear reader, on behalf of this poor wanderer.

Another sad case is that of a man fast losing his reason. Everything has been done to induce him to give up the drink; he keeps sober for a time, and then as surely returns to his old ways, like the "sow that has been washed, to her wallowing in the mire." His wife has been compelled to go to the Union, ill, and only allowed to take the youngest child with her, the other, a curly-headed little fellow of four years, being left to the mercy of the father. Passing the house one day during the mother's absence, I saw the man just going in, and no sooner was the door opened than the child appeared, sobbing as though its heart would break, its little face perfectly disfigured with weeping. I never shall forget that sight. The broken-hearted little one, not merely without the common necessaries of life, there, alone in the desolation of a drunkard's home, and without even the tender hand of a mother to smooth a little the hardness of its path, but in constant terror of its drunken father—and yet I was helpless.

Should any Christian lady while

reading these sorrowful lines feel a desire to assist in this work, I shall only be too glad. It is often weary, disappointing work, still, not without encouragement and blessing.

Yours, for the Master's sake,
AGNES POLLETT,
272, Whitechapel Road.

STOKE NEWINGTON MEETING.

(Continued from page 306.)

R. PATON, Esq., said: I am glad to hear that the burden put upon Mr. Booth's shoulders has been somewhat lightened by Mr. Pearson's exertions. I had thought myself the biggest Radical in London, but I find it is not the case now: Pastor Johnston is prepared to fling the very cushions out of the pews. While our friends were singing and speaking in High Street to-night, I went to several persons standing about, and said, "Let us go and see what these Christian Mission people are going to do," and a number came with me; and I rejoice to see them here now. Now, God has given you this hall, and there is but one fear I have regarding it, and that is, I feel sure it will soon want enlarging. What is wanting now is that every one should go in for the work; this is what the Lord has saved us for—that we may bless others. I know a jolly navy who, after getting good at one of our Mission halls, went home to tell his wife what God had put in his own heart, and then started off to go from house to house in his own neighbourhood, to make known the tidings of salvation. It is not a mere cloak of profession, but the fire of God in the heart, that moves men and women to work for Him. A friend of mine was travelling in Scotland, and, after sitting for a long time in a train that ought to have started, wondered how it was the train did not move off. The carriages were all coupled, and everything was in order and ready to start; still the train would not go. After waiting some time, he put his head out of the window, and asked how it was. The reply given was, "Oh, the water no boils yet!" To keep the work of God here, you must be enthusiastic with the fire of God's Holy Spirit and the love of Christ. If you are all in earnest, God will bless your efforts.

BRO. PEARSON said: I am in a sad fix to-night—I can do with being stroked

up, but not down. While soliciting subscriptions in this neighbourhood, I have had shown to me the greatest courtesy and kindness. I owe my success principally to answers of prayer. I have gone from my knees, and God has opened my way. Doubtless, the good hand of God has been with me; I believe if the Church was more on her knees, there would not be half the trouble to raise the funds required. "The gold and the silver are the Lord's, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." The compliment paid me by Dr. Cooke will not unduly elate me. I have only done my duty. I have often said, and I say it now, mission work is hard work: those who think it is not, had better come and try it. Only think of working sixteen hours per day without overtime. But I am pleased the Lord has made me successful in the work assigned me. I believe God fits the back for the burden. If we die in the conflict, it is better to die in harness than to be branded with cowardice. The man that works is sure to do good. President Lincoln obtained freedom for the slaves of America. He fell, 'tis true, by the assassin's hand, but the work he has done will never be undone. America will ever be proud of the man who sacrificed his life to break the chains of slavery. The memorable day when millions of slaves were set free will never be forgotten. Many wonder at our excitement and exertion. We labour for the people's freedom—freedom from sin, freedom from strong drink, freedom from every vice. The Saviour has purchased freedom, and sent His servants to proclaim it. Thank God all may be free."

REV. W. BOOTH spoke of the modes and operations of the Mission, and rejoiced to see the co-operation of other Christians in the work at this place.

MR. COZENS said: After a Christian life of thirty-four years, I feel still indebted to our worthy chairman for the interest he took in my spiritual welfare when I was very young. Oh, what changes have taken place since then! I have seen the Ethiopian made white, and the leopard's spots changed. We often talk of old and familiar places; I shall never forget my father's old water-butt, for it was against that I wept my way to the Cross. What wonderful things we hear now-a-days! We have heard from Mr. Allen of a blacksmith's shop being turned into a place of wor-

ship, but I should think no one ever heard of a brewery being turned into a chapel before! What a great and good work has been done by this Mission! It must require large sums of money to work it. We used to say, "We don't want your guineas nor your sovereigns," but I find that now the Christian Mission says, "The smallest contributions will be thankfully received." While it is right to be concerned about finance, I believe, with my friend Pearson, that if the Church would pray, the money would be forthcoming. I am pleased to see these flags and evergreens so tastefully arranged. The publican spares neither time nor expense to attract the working-class of our country. Mr. Booth has selected the right sort of men for this kind of labour. I do not think my friend Mr. Pearson would have been a better man for his work if he had been to college. Some think it is only the learned and the rich that can do good. Paul says, while we are poor we can make many rich. If I was rich as Rothschild, I could do no more good than the poorest without God's blessing. I am glad the Christian Mission ever came to Tottenham. While on a Sabbath morn I am sitting comfortably in my pew, I can look round and see many who got their good in this Mission. I am told that sometimes a whole host of smacks leave Ramsgate for fishing, but their owners never grumble at one another. They know there is a wide sea to fish in; so there is plenty of room for every church to work. I think there is one thing I ought to speak about. I am afraid there is not sufficient reading of God's Word. I love the Bible. I have just read the last chapter of Jeremiah. (Mr. Pearson: You will soon be into Lamentations now.) Yes! and although I and Mr. Booth have the faculty to make people laugh sometimes, we have to weep in secret before the Lord. Jeremiah was a good mission man, for he always went where the Lord sent him. If the Lord said, "Go to the court, or go to the temple, or go to the potter's house," he went. Like Jeremiah, the workers of this Mission go where the Lord sends them. Some of the friends here are very poor, yet they may be cheerful.

MR. BAKER said: We have been expecting a good time coming, and it has come at last. Some persons complain of open-air meetings. I want to

know where Jesus preached, if not on the mountains and by the sea-side?

MR. AMORY said: I am glad to find you in this new hall. I have seen a public-house to-night named "Dreadnought." The devil must be a bold fellow to dare to put up such a name. The war-ship that bore it belonged to Nelson's fleet; the men that fought under Nelson feared not even death. Why should not we have "Dreadnought" inscribed on our banners. Jesus is our brave Commander, and we must fight by His side. I get blest the most in the open air; this is my calling. If we get the people into our halls, we shall have to go out and bring them in. When armies go out to battle, skirmishers are sent out. Our open-air workers are spiritual skirmishers sent out to prepare the way for victory.

MR. WHITE said: Some object to our work because of the noise attending it. A lady went to hear a celebrated preacher. After hearing the sermon, she expressed her pleasure, but said the preacher had made her head ache. He replied, "Ah, madam, I aimed at your heart, but I find I have only hit your head." The first time I came to Stoke Newington, Brother Allen was here. I saw the Assembly Rooms, and thought them too fine for the Christian Mission. Sandford Lane, I suppose, was not fine enough. Now, I think, we have got into the right place. Let us try to use it right. The Christian Mission is the right place for me; and, my dear friends, we will not shut you out. We have not got cushioned seats nor pealing organs; but we have got this hall built for the poor of this neighbourhood. If you will but attend, we will do our best to lead you to the Saviour.

HAMMERSMITH.

"If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part He is evil spoken of, but on your part He is glorified."

MANY of the Lord's people at this station have, during the past few weeks, derived much consolation from this precious portion of God's Word, for we have indeed been reproached for the name of Christ, and so determined has been the opposition of some to the work, that they have laboured for two months, and unfortunately have at last succeeded (aided by the publicans), in getting us removed

from our open-air stand in the Broadway, where many who are now converted were first convinced of sin; but although driven hither and thither, we realize that the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon us, and we are enabled in His strength to continue our holy warfare against the powers of darkness. But we rejoice most in being able to tell of many precious souls brought to the Saviour—several of them having been champions in the service of the devil.

One man, who has been a terrible drunkard and blasphemer, and persecuting his wife for coming to the meetings, was after a time induced to attend them himself. Convinced of the error of his ways, for some weeks he was most wretched, until at last he resolved to conquer the demon drink. But finding himself almost powerless to walk,

HE CRAWLED TO THE PENITENT-FORM.

But praise God, he can run now. "For the Lord," he says, "has made him as light as a feather."

Another man, who, to use his own words, "was leading a dreadful life, which must soon have ended in hell," was attracted by the open-air meetings, but for weeks he used to rush out of the hall, and afterwards walk up and down the streets, weeping like a child, until one night he was found seeking for peace, which he soon found, and since that time has been rejoicing in the God of his salvation, and doing his very utmost to arrest his fellows.

Another dear brother, attracted to the Town Hall by the street preaching, since his conversion, about six weeks ago, has spoken in the open air, the following being his first public testimony—

PRaise GOD FOR PREACHING IN THE BROADWAY!

I had not been inside a place of worship for years, but I was often in the public-house, and very often left nearly the whole of my wages there, which caused much strife at home; but while listening to these dear people in the Broadway, my poor heart was broken, and after some time of sorrowful seeking, the Lord graciously spoke peace to my soul, and since then my dear wife has found peace, and now I have one of the happiest homes in Hammersmith, thank God."

These three men all work in the same gang. May God use them to bring hundreds to Jesus!

We will not rest until thousands who are now in darkness shall see a great

light, and we sincerely pray that ere long we shall be enabled to offer the Word of Life to the people in a place of our own. Will our friends help us in this matter? God bless you all.

Yours, at Jesus' feet,
ABRAHAM LAMB,

12, Hetton Street,
Hammersmith, W.

Tracts and books have been gratefully received from—A Friend at Brighton, the Editors of the *Christian*, Mr. George Muller, and Jonathan Grubb, Esq.

CROYDON.

IN the name of the great Head of the Church we have been proclaiming a full salvation to the chief of sinners in the hall and in the highway. We have seen the "common people receive the Word gladly," and many hearts have been affected while the tale of God's love has been told out in simple, earnest words. Praise ye the Lord! our people are seeking higher attainment in the divine life, and God has indeed lifted us up. Sinners have been saved during the month. The visit of the General Superintendent on Sunday, the 8th, was a season of much blessing. The word spoken in the morning was made a blessing to many; at night two backsliders returned again to their Father's embrace, and found that His heart was as loving as ever.

May they "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free"!

About 150 sat down to tea on Wednesday last, the 11th inst., at our second free tea to the poor, and we thank God for the opportunity and the power to speak to them of the freeness of God's love. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Cobet, Holme, Wilson, and Sales, and was a very solemn time; we believe that many a hard-hearted sinner will not forget the meeting, and we pray that many may be led to seek pardon through the blood of Jesus.

Yours in the Gospel,
JOSEPH HEATHCOCK,
86, Waddon New Road, Croydon.

BROMLEY.

SUNDAY, 1st, was a time of refreshing at the Lord's table. In the afternoon, the Master drew near, and all felt it good to be there; at night one precious soul

wept its way to Calvary, and found peace through the blood of the Lamb. Monday night was a time of power. Truly, the Holy Ghost moved both speaker and hearers! Several friends consecrated themselves afresh to God at this service, and a young man and his wife were converted. Praise the Lord! May they be kept faithful, walking in the way of all His commandments.

Our cottage-meetings are reviving. The Spirit has been poured out from on high. On Wednesday, the 11th, we had the joy of hearing the cry from a penitent heart, "God be merciful to me!" The cry was heard, and God glorified through His Son Jesus, to whom be blessing and glory, might and dominion, for ever and ever!

Yours in Jesus,

R. LANE.

PENGE.

On October 22nd I came down here to hold special services, and the Lord has lovingly crowned our labours with success. Souls have been saved, and backsliders have been restored.

We have had a good deal of opposition in the open air. The publicans have given men drink to come and disturb our meetings with a concertina and a bugle, baskets of fish and lobsters, and the most hideous noises.

Two cab-drivers were also bribed with drink by the publicans to come and drive up and down through our ranks, while the roughs threw beer, mud, and stones at us.

The most disgraceful of all the opposition was displayed on Sunday, November 8th, when one of the opposers came with a bundle of low, trashy novels, and distributed them amongst the children in order to get them to cheer and shout.

But the Lord has been with us through it all, and much good has been done; letters have been received from some who have been convinced and converted through the singing of the hymns and the preaching of the Gospel in the streets. Hallelujah!

At the close of one service a young woman was leaving the hall, apparently in deep anxiety. When I spoke to her she wept bitterly, telling me that she was a miserable backslider, and too bad to be saved. I invited her to remain, and we prayed with her until she realised that the blood of Jesus cleansed her

from all sin, and thus the wandering sheep was brought back to the fold. Praise the Lord!

One young man, late

A MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN,

who has been in nearly all parts of the world, and who has not attended a place of worship for a considerable time, came to the open-air services, and on Sunday, November 8th, he came into the hall, when the Spirit of God so wrought upon him, that he was led to cry for mercy. In a short time light dawned upon his soul, and he was set at liberty.

I have seen him several times since, and he is getting on well in the service of his new Master; he has signed the pledge, given up smoking, and promises well to become a useful worker in the Lord's cause.

There is a band of workers here who are determined to fight on amidst the storms of persecution, pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan, and building up the Church of Christ.

Our chief opposer has attended the meeting in the hall on the last two Sabbath evenings, and, to all appearance, is labouring under deep conviction. May God grant that he will soon see the error of his ways, and turn and serve Him who has died to redeem him!

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror."

Yours, in Him,

JAMES HENRY.

PORTSMOUTH.

THIS month has been to us the beginning of months. God's stewards have graciously come forward and helped us to lift a burden which hung like a millstone round the neck of this circuit, and I am happy to say that the £50 debt, mentioned in my last, is paid off; though, like the patient who has had a severe struggle with disease, we are still very weak—that is, financially, but our trust is in that loving God, who has said, "Abide in Me," and we prove daily that we have union with Christ, and through Him with the Father. We have pledged ourselves to go forward, for God is with us, and that of a truth, as the following facts will show:—

In the first place I wish to intro-

duce a group of six souls anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. Could you but have seen the earnestness they manifested, and the tears they shed while their past life seemed to pass before them, you would have realized what an awful thing sin is. We pointed them to Jesus, and after a sharp conflict with the powers of darkness, they were enabled to cast their all on the atonement of Christ; and oh! the joy of our hearts while one after another stepped into liberty. And now they can sing—

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad.
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Our next scene of rejoicing was that of five broken-hearted sinners returning to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. The blessing they sought was obtained, and the wounded were healed.

The next victory gained over the enemy was one never to be forgotten. While preaching from "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life," the Word was with power, piercing the hearts of three precious blood-bought souls. Two of these were bowed down beneath the weight of years. One of them had been

A PROFESSING CHRISTIAN FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

Oh, how he prayed for forgiveness! After he realised his acceptance, he stood up, and said: "Friends, if any of you are resting in anything short of salvation, come to Jesus now, for no one knows what I have suffered. This morning, when I left home to go to my duties in the Sabbath-school in which I have been engaged for twenty-four years, I felt I was a guilty sinner, and the bitterness of my soul I cannot describe. I have filled all the official positions in the church, but, alas, alas! I had never been converted until tonight; but now, friends, I can rejoice in the God of my salvation. Praise the Lord! Do come to Jesus, and come tonight!"

The next was a beautiful picture. Eight young and middle-aged women, with one accord, pleaded with God that He would, for Christ's sake, pardon all their sins; and He that gave His Son to die for them bade them go in peace, and sin no more.

Although we have lost our old stand in the open air, thank God we are not discouraged! We have gone to another. In the afternoon we held a large open-air meeting in Lion Gate Road. The friends came up in good force, and after several short, stirring addresses, we sang our way through the streets, halting at the crossings, and giving an invitation. Hundreds of people were attracted by the singing. Glory to God! "There be more that be for us than against us." The hall was well filled, and four souls sought forgiveness, three of whom found peace with God. One was a young man,

A PRODIGAL,

who had left his home and country for the gold diggings, some few years ago. Through riotous living he had lost all, and gained nothing but wretchedness and misery. He returned to England a few weeks since, and walked from London to Portsmouth in search of his parents, whom he had forsaken. He was touched by a word spoken in the open air, came to the hall, and sought pardon at the feet of Jesus.

Another was a brawny sailor, who heard us singing in the street, came to see what it was about, the arrow entered his soul, and fearing he should not get a seat in the hall, "Zacchæus-like," he ran before, and secured one, and at the close decided for Christ; and now he can sing—

"Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
Each sailor ply his oar;
Though storms and tempests may arise,
We soon shall reach the shore."

A NIGHT OF POWER.

And now comes the winding-up scene, which exceeds anything I have mentioned. After speaking from "I am the door," praise the Lord! upwards of

SEVENTY SOULS

came forward, some seeking the forgiveness of sin, and others the blessing of a full salvation. This sight filled our hearts with holy gratitude, and we all poured out our souls in prayer, and the glory came streaming down upon us. If ever I saw a *modern Pentecost*, this was one; the Holy Ghost filled the place, and our hearts overflowed with joy, while our tongues sang forth His praise. And so closed our month's work at Lake Road. Hallelujah! Amen. Pray for us.

J. M. SALT.

BUCKLAND.

"I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."

PRaise the Lord! we are looking for the fulfilment of this glorious promise. During the month we have had some droppings. Hallelujah! But we are waiting for the shower. "Lord, increase our faith." Seven or eight precious souls have found the "pearl of great price." One of those who found peace was a

FURNITURE MAN,

who came to hear the new preacher. The Lord applied the Word with power to his heart: he saw himself as a sinner, came to Jesus, found pardon, joined our pilgrim band, and is now walking in the fear of God. The Lord keep him faithful! Another is a woman who has been a professed Christian for seven years, but never knew the peace of God. The arrow of conviction entered her heart, and for days she had no rest. She told me of her state; we prayed, and while singing

He writes the password on my heart, she found peace. "Glory be to God!"

Thank God, backsliders are being reclaimed, believers quickened, and our people are yearning for holiness of heart. On the 27th we held a tea and public meeting to welcome Brother Gray into our midst, which was well attended. Soul-stirring addresses were delivered by Brothers Cawse, Wann, Biles, Benham, Vosper, Burrows, Gray, and myself. The Lord our God was with us, and the shout of a king was in the camp, Hallelujah! The Lord is honouring His Word. We are grasping the promise, "Showers of blessing."

Yours in Jesus,
J. M. SALT.

SOUTHSEA.

THE work of soul-saving is still going on, and some six or seven have started for heaven. Many of our members at this place are seeking purity of heart. There is a marked change for the better. The people are working together, and the power of a personal, though unseen, Christ is felt, and, what is better still, the fruit is seen; and the cry is—

"Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spirit
Into every longing breast,
And begin in this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh."

Will some one of the Lord's stewards help an old disciple of the Lord Jesus to a few warm things for the winter? she is over ninety-nine years of age, without a friend in the world except her God and the Mission.

We purpose giving a dinner to our poor members on Christmas Day; will you kindly forward subscriptions for the same to

Yours in Jesus,
J. M. SALT,

92, Lake Road,
Landport, Portsmouth.

HASTINGS.

DURING the past month we have had an unction from the Holy One. The private meetings have been specially attended with Divine power. This we find a special lever to our work. If we have God with us in private, we shall have more power in public. The grand old promise is yet true, they that "pray in secret shall be rewarded openly."

THE MARKET HALL

is still the birth-place of souls, congregations increase, and nearly every Sunday souls seek Jesus. Last Sabbath three professed to find peace. The previous Sunday two, and the one before that four ventured their all on Jesus.

Besides the ordinary services, on the last Sunday in October and the first in September, we engaged a

TRAVELLING THEATRE

on Boxhill Common, and held services each Sabbath. Boxhill is a large parish of more than a thousand inhabitants. During the summer we held open-air services on the Common, and secured good congregations of working men; but in winter we have to give up, because we have no place. We thought the theatre a good opportunity for a special effort. One young man professed to find pardon, and many others appeared deeply affected. One woman, in connection with the theatre wept much, but said for her to seek Jesus was to give up her bread.

DISTRIBUTION OF TRACTS.

The fishermen receive them thankfully. In the courts and alleys people are glad to see us. One of our friends is frequently in the train, and sometimes has thrown out a little book as he passes. The other day he received the following letter from one who had been blessed.

"Dear Sir,—I have sent this mite for the Mission. I have prayed so to see you to give it to you, but the Lord has willed it otherwise. I thank you in His name for the two books you were so kind as to throw from the train. The first one was made a blessing to me that morning."

Yours in the Lord,
W. CORBRIDGE,

Plynlmmon Road,
West Hill, Hastings.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

The heavenly wind is blowing,
The living waters flowing,
Our hearts with love are glowing—
To make an end of sin.
The Cross we still keep viewing,
Believers are renewing,
Though faint, we keep pursuing—
To make an end of sin.

THE past has been a glorious month with us. The hand of the Lord has been reached out towards us, and we have taken the blessings from above, and wondered at His boundless love. Many of our members have sought and obtained the blessing of holiness, in which we were not a little helped by a visit from our dear Sister Billups. For some time the cry has been going up, "Lord make us holy," and now the answer came. Though it was only an ordinary meeting (our dear sister not being able to give us more than the one night), yet great things were accomplished by the Captain of our Salvation; believers gave up all for Christ, and in return received that peace the world can neither give nor take away; backsliders returned to find a pardoning God, and sinners were so moved that they fled from the meeting.

A loud anthem of praise
To our Jesus we'll raise,
Who for all on the Cross did expire,
Who, though tortured and slain,
Lives in glory again,
And baptizes His people with fire.

Wellingborough Feast was another high day. Every public place being engaged for the devil's service, we had to content ourselves with an upper room kindly lent by our friends the Independents, where some seventy of our people sat down to tea, after which we had an open-air meeting, and we were not long before the Lord came down in power. Some twelve or fourteen sought and obtained forgiveness, among them several who ran away from the meeting

mentioned above, and who had tried to stifle the striving of the Spirit by drinking; but, praise God! they were not able, and now they are happy in Jesus, having received remission of sins through His blood.

Hundreds come to the Market Square to listen to the Word of life, and many are the testimonies we receive to gladden our hearts of the good resulting from our open-air work. Our hall is always crowded on Sabbath nights, and many go away for want of room. Hallelujah! Amidst it all God is taking hold of some of the vilest and most depraved sinners in Wellingborough. A young man who has been seeking happiness in the world, and in order to obtain the desire of his heart has not shrunk from going into all kinds of sin (twice he has crossed the ocean, only to come back a worse sinner than when he went away), now says, "I do praise God that ever I heard you in the open air; I can testify that the

BEST THING EVER I DID

in my life, was that Sunday night when I gave my heart to God; for weeks I came and listened to you in the open air before I dare come to the hall, and every word seemed like an arrow piercing my heart. No one can tell what I suffered; I was afraid to go to sleep at night lest I should die before morning, for I felt that if I had died in my sins, I must have gone to hell; but now, praise the Lord!

"My sins are all forgiven,
I feel his blood applied,
And I mean to go to heaven,
Since Christ for me hath died."

A young woman who, having left her situation, had returned home for a holiday, thought it would be a good piece of fun to go to the "ranters." So, she says, "I came to the hall, but not feeling very comfortable, I ran out; but next time I was induced to accompany some other young women to the open air meeting;" and here we noticed her, and making our way to her side, we asked her about her soul's welfare. As we spoke of the love of our precious Saviour her tears began to flow, and a few of us lifted up our hearts and voices in prayer as we walked along, and never shall I forget that

WALKING PRAYER-MEETING.

She said, "Oh, how the Spirit of the Lord did strive with me! I went home, but not to sleep much; my heart was

troubled, and glad I was that the next day was Sunday. I was in good time for the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, and there and then the dear Lord pardoned all my sins. Oh! how happy his love makes me!"

Another young man, known as the

GREATEST SWEARER IN HIS PIT,

gives his testimony in something like the following manner: "Nine weeks ago I was away in the world, steeped in sin, and fit for nothing but to be cast into hell; I was attracted by the singing in the open air, and followed to the hall, and if ever I felt wretched it was that night. But when I came out for Jesus, He very soon made me happy; and, praise God, I have been happy ever since; it's the happiest nine weeks of my life. May the Lord keep me!"

And while we praise our God for these droppings on Wellingboro', we are earnestly and expectantly looking for the flood of blessing that may come right early. Friends, pray still for Wellingboro'!

A FAMILY MADE HAPPY.

The mother of a young man came to one of our meetings, and said, with the tears streaming down her face, "I feel that I must come to thank God for having saved my son. Often have I prayed for him, but though for some time I have been in a cold, backsliding state, the Lord has answered my poor prayer, and now I will give myself afresh to Jesus." The following week she brought her husband, a poor backslider also, and that scene will never be forgotten, the mother praising God for answering her prayer; the son entreating God to bless and save father, while the father, with broken heart, was asking the dear Saviour to reinstate him in His favour. Oh, it is blessed to see whole families going to heaven! Angels rejoiced over that scene, and that home was full of joy that night, and now, as we have no meeting-place on Monday nights, the father has invited us to hold a meeting at his house; so we have taken possession, and some blessed meetings we have in that home.

Will our friends please pray for us? You see ours is a very peculiar work, and in order to lead these young soldiers on and keep them in marching order, we need special grace: though in our Captain we are confident, yet we re-

member that the prayer of the righteous availeth much.

We hope to give a full account of the opening of our new hall in next month's Magazine. We trust we shall be able to open the first Sunday in December. Will our dear friends, who have so generously promised us: one a door mat; another, a handsome bible; another, half-a-dozen chairs; another, the necessary fittings of our platform, please accept our best thanks; and may I say we are still wanting crockery and tables for tea meeting, also a clock. Who will help us in this matter?

Yours in Jesus,

JOB CLARE,

4, Havelock Street,
Wellingboro'.

SHOREDITCH

Is struggling with much difficulty yet. We are being greatly blessed. Congregations are slightly improving, and the friends are expecting a revival. Many are still being laid hold of in the open air at the corner of King Street. A poor drunken backslider and a woman who had been sitting on a doorstep all night (because she had been drinking heavily and dare not go home) were so affected at one of our out-door services that they could not leave. The friends succeeded in getting them to the Apollo Hall. Both wept bitterly and cried to God for mercy, and soon they were blessed with pardon and peace. Several others have been brought to the Saviour, amongst whom was a man who experienced a wonderful manifestation of the Saviour.

BETHNAL GREEN.

DURING the last four weeks the Lord has given us nearly thirty souls. Praise the Lamb! At the quarterly festival tea meeting six came out, wept their way to the Cross, and found peace through believing. A sergeant belonging to the militia has just joined the ranks of Immanuel, and is now fighting for King Jesus. The friends are now holding a week's services of special prayer, to get ready for a fortnight's revival services. May the slain of the Lord be many!

HACKNEY.

BUILDING operations having commenced the friends are anxious to do all they can. Six hundred pounds will be required by the time the new hall is com-

pleted. At this station the work of God is still progressing. Believers are being quickened, and a few souls saved. Praise the Lord!

SINCE the opening services at

STOKE NEWINGTON,

the congregations have been good. We are now settling down to work, and looking out for brighter days. A few sinners have been converted in the new hall, and doubtless we shall soon have a harvest of souls. A brother at this station has given a magazine to a gentleman; I understand he was so pleased with its contents that he has ordered six per month. Will our dear friends follow this example, and so increase the sale of our magazine?

Our friends at

TOTTENHAM

are still working. God is blessing the meetings on the Green. Bro. French and his band have been made a blessing at this place, and four or five souls have been brought to Jesus through their instrumentality.

W. J. PEARSON.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER WILLIAM MILLS, OF LANDPORT,
PORTSMOUTH.

THE Lord has seen fit to take another of our beloved elders from his stewardship on earth to his reward in glory.

He was convinced of sin in the year 1870, among the Wesleyans, and found peace on the following night in his own room. He said he was determined not to close his eyes that night until he had found peace with God, through Christ. He used to say it was a happy night. Again and again he cried aloud—

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine;
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine;
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

He joined the Wesleyan Society, and walked consistently with them, until "Mrs. Booth came to Portsmouth," when he was attracted to the services in the Music Hall. He was so much cheered and blessed under Mrs. Booth's teaching that he felt he would like to join the Christian Mission, assigning as his reason, that there was a great work to be done in this town, and he felt he ought help to in the struggle.

At this period he felt the importance of fully consecrating himself to God, and never rested until he gained the blessing of perfect love, which was visible in his every-day walk.

He now commenced in earnest to preach Christ at the corner of the streets, and in all weathers he might be seen urging men and women to flee from the wrath to come.

He also conducted a large class of young people, by whom his example and instruction will never be forgotten. His meek, loving, forgiving spirit won the confidence of all around. Even the men he worked with in the dockyard, who neither regarded God nor His Word, said one to another, if there is anything in religion and the Bible he has got it; and his sudden death has made a lasting impression.

During his illness, which lasted only a short time, he manifested the fullest confidence in Christ, and rejoiced in the full assurance of soon being with Him, and precious were the seasons enjoyed by those who visited him during his severe affliction. It could, indeed, often be said—

"God came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy-seat."

His last day on earth was spent in prayer for God to pour out upon this Mission a baptism of power, and for the members of his class to be kept faithful to the end.

Towards evening it became visible to all that he was fast passing away, and with the deepest earnestness he sang—

"Cease, cease to weep, my friends, for me—
All is well,
My sins are pardoned, I am free—All is well;
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, and fill my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home—All is well."

He again urged all to remain faithful until death,

"That they might greet each other again on the eternal shore,
And sing of redeeming love for ever more."

At twenty-five minutes past nine o'clock he passed away, crying, "Salvation's free," and "Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanseth me." Oh, may we all triumph so! Let us be ready.

J. M. SALT.

BROTHER INGS, OF BUCKLAND,
PORTSMOUTH.

THE Lord has, in His wise providence, seen fit to remove one of our brethren from his place on earth to a seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Our dear Brother Ings died on Saturday, October 3rd.

He was converted to God at the Buckland Mission Hall early in the present year, after a sermon by Brother Lamb. He became a member, and evidenced by his conduct that his conversion was genuine. I made his acquaintance a little before his death, when he spoke confidently of his acceptance with God, and his interest in Christ. His love for the Mission was great, and his attachment to the people of God unflinching. The night previous to his death he conversed with his friends as usual, and there appeared nothing to alarm. He spoke of the goodness of the Lord, and earnestly prayed that if it was His will he might soon be relieved of his excruciating pain. He slept pretty well, and on the following morning got out of bed, took his medicine, and then laid down again, and without a word or a struggle his spirit took its flight to the better land.

"Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he has sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind."

JOHN PRICE GRAY.

NEWS FROM THE "GIPSIES."

A LETTER FROM CORNELIUS SMITH.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST—I send these few lines to you, hoping to find you quite well, as it leaves us at present. We are still working for Jesus, and the Lord is saving on every hand. Praise his dear name for ever, for what He is doing. We were at a meeting last night, and the Lord made bare his arm, and eight precious souls wept their way to the Cross. Oh! that the Lord may keep us humble at the feet of Jesus, for Christ's sake!

My dear brother, me and my dear brothers, with the hallelujah fiddle, and Christ at our side have been playing and preaching the word of Christ, and sinners have fallen and found pardon through believing in Him. May the

Son of God reign in us, and with us, and bless us!

We went to a meeting the other day, and a dear woman said that if ever she saw her husband in the chapel she would make the town ring for joy. We played the violin, and sung through the streets, and attracted the people; and the Lord brought hundreds together, and among the number was this man; and at the close of the meeting we formed a penitent-form, and the dear Lord came down in our midst, and drew eight precious souls there to Himself. And when this dear man was down on his knees crying for mercy, his wife turned her face to the wall, and cried at the tip-top of her voice, "Lord, if ever thou saved, save now; now you have got him down, keep him down." And the Lord answered her prayer, and washed his soul in the blood of His Son. May the Lord bless him and us, with you, for the Redeemer's sake.

Dear sir, pray for us, and we will pray for you. Good bye, and God bless you. I hope you will send me an answer how you are all getting on in the good work.

CORNELIUS SMITH.

TRIBULATION AND PEACE.

WHEN the world could afford me nothing but tempest and disorder, with Thee I have found repose and tranquillity. Thou hast been my long-experienced refuge, my unflinching confidence, and I steadfastly depend on Thee for my future conduct. I cannot err when guided by infinite wisdom. I must be safe in the arms of eternal love, to which I humbly resign myself. Let me have riches or poverty, honour or contempt—whatever comes from Thy hand shall be thankfully received. I would hear no voice but Thine, nor make a step but where I am following Thee. If Thou would'st leave me to choose for myself, I would resign the choice again to Thee. I dread nothing more than the guidance of my own blind desires—I tremble at the thought of such a fatal liberty—stop, gracious God, that destructive freedom. Thou foreseest all events, and at one single view, dost look through eternal consequences; therefore, do Thou determine my circumstances, not to gratify my own wild desires, but to advance Thy glory.