

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1875.

## About Retreating.

By G. S. RAILTON.



HAT, retreat! retreat! NEVER! Surely the Christian Mission, at any rate, is not going to learn how to run away. We hope not, we believe not, we trust, by God's grace, we never shall.

But there are worse things than retreating sometimes. The misery of mankind springs more from unwillingness to retreat than from any other cause. A young man, who had wandered from the right way, and was suffering the bitter consequences, was asked one day why he did not at once return to the path of safety and happiness. "Oh," he said, "*It's against my grain to do that!*" Ah, it is always against the grain of human nature, defiled and distorted as it is, to do right, especially when to do right is openly to declare that we have been doing wrong.

1875 is retreating fast. No one can hinder or stop its flight. But everyone can examine their position if they please, and see whether there be anything to which they have been holding which ought to be abandoned, in order to make the next year better than the passing one.

### LET US FLEE FROM SIN.

When the angels gathered round Lot, and with earnest look and gesture urged him at once to escape for his life, the poor man, though fully convinced of the truth of all they said, and of the urgent importance of obedience, "lingered." His wife, convinced against her will, was still of opinion that Sodom was a decidedly comfortable place, and longed to return to it.

Amongst the millions who, gathering round the burned cities and the salt pillar, shake their heads over the sad folly of the wretched pair, how many are practically wiser and more determined to do right than they were?

Here in this country, looking back upon the religious services,



ordinary and extraordinary, of the past year, how many million faces do we see uplifted to the Cross, how many million ears tingling with the voice of entreaty and warning, and yet how few who have really fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel! Pews filled, buildings filled, streets filled with men and women who know that they are living in sin, and ought to flee from it; but who do not, who will not escape. Death is sweeping them off with their eyes open. There they go—oh, God of Calvary!—with hymn-books in their hands, and Bibles under their arms, down amongst the cursing, writhing demons of hell!

Sin—they saw it, they felt it, they groaned and sighed, and sometimes even wept over it; but they would have it, and its hellish fangs are in their souls now for ever. There was a Deliverer; they were close beside Him once, and they trembled as He pityingly looked upon them and prayed them to be saved, but they told Him it would do *some other time*, and they were damned for ever! OH, SINNER, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

But look! here are "believers," who believe they cannot get away from sin; *nay, many, alas! who will not*. They know that sin still has dominion over them, at least sometimes. They have been convinced of it again and again. They have resolved to get away from it, but there they are still lingering. They are in a false position, the guns of hell command them and wound them sorely, every day. They are weak—some of them are bleeding to death; but still they linger rather than *run away from the world and be THE LORD'S ALONE*.

There is a Fortress. They look at it sometimes, and wish they were there. They sing carelessly—

"Safe from the world's temptation,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

But they are less at rest than ever they were since they at first believed, unless it be the growing rest of carnal slumber. Hush! what is that? Behold, the Judge is at the door! And contraband goods inside! God help us, my brethren, we must not be found with any sin about us when the King comes.

Away then, at once, from the sin we know and see and feel within us and about us—*nay, from all that God sees* which does not please Him. Away this moment into the Almighty arms of our perfect Saviour. They say He cannot save us from all sin here below. Let us run to Him like little children, and see. *He will do all we ask Him, whatever they say.*

LET US FLEE FROM SELF-INDULGENCE.

Last Christmas Eve, on his way to his charming family-circle and his glowing fire, a good man passed by and saw a little girl hatless and shoeless, timidly peeping through the chinks of a public-house door, where her "father" was drinking away his last few pence. A few steps further on lay on the pavement a woman, with her

dishevelled hair dragging in the mud. A policeman was jerking her arm, and ordering her to get up; but she could not rise. She spent that night in a cold cell, and "got a week" for being "drunk and incapable."

The good man mused—he resolved. Before he got home that night he had solemnly vowed before God that, from that hour, the cursed cup of ruin should never touch his lips again, but that he would do his uttermost to sweep the hellish traffic away.

But the glasses were on the table when he got home, and it would not do to come down upon the family too suddenly; and then his wife thought it would be shocking to spoil the enjoyment of the young people at that festive season of the year; besides, it would be a great disappointment to some guests already invited if they had to go home without "taking anything."

And so God was disappointed instead, and the good man indulges in "the good creatures" of the brewery, and is still mixed up with the system that is dragging men and women and children into hell. Ah! he will not give up his glass, will he not? Then he will have to give up some of his own children by-and-by, to go away into eternal darkness, because he would not flee from the treacherous refreshment.

There's a soft arm-chair there; half a turn, and it will face the cheery fire, and it will rest you wonderfully. Young man, run away! If you sit down there you will rest so well that you will soon be "really quite unfit" to do any work to-day. Somebody else will soon sit down and begin to talk to you. You will both enjoy yourselves, and the world will have to do without you. If you lay your head back on that cushion you will remember the interesting book you began reading the other day, and you will forget the poor souls that have never begun to seek Christ yet. If you look into that fire awhile the night will soon get too cold for you to go out, and as to standing in the open air on such a night, by the new light of the fire you will see *that* to be absolute folly. In that warm room your throat and voice will soon cease to be "what they once were," and your "engagements" will multiply alarmingly.

Young man, run away! The demon of ease has clasped his hollow, pillowy arms round plenty of the soldiers of the Cross already. The world needs you—God needs you. Run away from everything that means enjoyment to yourself, to the loss of others you might save and help. Let us live, and fight, and suffer, and die with our Jesus, that we may rest and triumph with Him by-and-by. Beware, lest He come and find you enjoying or improving *yourself* instead of watching and doing *His* will!

BEWARE OF ADVANCING BACKWARDS.

There is nothing more common than for people to be spoken of as "getting on," who are getting away from the post of duty, falling



back before the world and the devil, or giving up the sacrifices and labours they once used to engage in for God.

Have you seen the place they have just opened at the corner of Upper Street? I knew the people who go there when they worshipped in a garret. They *were* a people then. Why, they used to be at it outdoors and in every night, every one of them, and all the people round used to feel their power. Nay, it was the power of God they had.

They *have* got on! Only look what a nice building it is! And I'm sure the "minister" is a dear man, and he *can* preach too. None of your rambling talk and experience! Oh, no, he knows how to make a sermon, he does. And then the congregation—why, whom do you think I saw there last Sunday that ever was—why, it was Mr. Goldbag, that keeps the big shop in the High Street. And the offerings were—what do you think?—£—s.—d. They *are* getting on!

Stop! they are not in the open air so much as they once were. And they are quieter too, and certainly I can't say they have so many souls saved as they used to. And many of them never speak or pray in public now. Getting on! they are running away! God help them! The world is as bad as ever, and the Judgment Day is nearer than ever; but they are doing less for it. Getting on! Devils are their engine-drivers then, and the blood of souls stains the track. God save any Mission station of ours from ever *trying* to get on so!

May the words of "How to Reach the Masses"—

"We believe that God has given us a mission to the thousands in the great thoroughfares roaming about on the Sabbath day, and on all other days, thoroughly unconcerned about death, judgment, and eternity. To these we believe He has sent us with the glad tidings of great joy, and to win these multitudes from the gin-palace, the theatre, the concert-hall, and the infidel lecture-room to Christ and usefulness and heaven is our special work"—

ever express the dearest, deepest conviction of every one of us, and be printed in great letters of fact upon all our movements!

Look at the bright glow of gaslight from that man's window? Do you see what splendid furniture he has got? and what nice new clothes his children have on? He has money in the bank, too. Ah! "Godliness is profitable unto all things," you know (only mind you don't quote that disagreeable verse two chapters farther on about being content with food and raiment). Hasn't he got on well!

This time last year he was in a poor hovel, with a dirty little child on his knee, talking to him and his drunken parents about Jesus. Of course he "hasn't so much time" as he used to have for that sort of thing; and he doesn't attend so many meetings either. He considers he has borne the burden (he used not to call it that at all once) long enough; let others have their turn.

He is getting on! He is running away! With his experience, he ought to be far more active and useful now than ever he was; but he has run away, and is running still. Souls that might have called

him blessed for ever will be damned, and young converts that might have been trained into mighty warriors will become weak as himself and other men through his bad example.

God save us from getting on in the world to the injury of our spiritual life, to the robbery of the great army of salvation, and the neglect of our poor, lost, wretched world! God help us rather to follow Jesus ever downwards as regards this world's good—suffering *not in fancy, but in fact*, like Paul, the loss of all things, that we may win souls and be accounted worthy of the everlasting triumph of our Master.

On to Calvary! On to death for the world! Let us not refuse our back to the smiters, nor our face to them that would pluck off the hair! No halting! No rest! No changing front! On, suffering, sorrowing, weeping, dying for God and men, till the hosts of hell fly from their last defence, and we march on over a burning world into everlasting glory!

## Christian Adventures in South Africa.\*



THE Rev. William Taylor appears to have been raised up specially to demonstrate that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, no matter amongst what nation it is preached. The seven years spent by him in preaching amidst the early settlers in California bore precious fruit in the salvation of some of the most godless of men. Since then he has borne the same plain testimony to Christ before congregations of regular worshippers in this country and elsewhere, before the utterly dark and ignorant peoples of South Africa and the more civilised and intelligent idolators of India; but everywhere the effect is precisely the same.

Men are told their sin, they are pricked to the heart, and cry for mercy. They are then offered a present salvation. They believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are instantly saved, although, perhaps, at the time utterly ignorant of all other scriptural truth than that which they have heard upon that one occasion. They immediately begin to praise and serve God, proving the thoroughness of the work wrought in their hearts by a consistent life.

In spite of the jealousy that ought never to arise, but which, alas! seems always to pursue any unusual, and especially any unusually blessed

\* Christian Adventures in South Africa, by William Taylor. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, Paternoster Row.



form of labour for Christ, we have plenty of evidence that the fruits of this preaching, even amongst the darkest heathens, abide. Of course they do. The results of true Gospel preaching are as real and as lasting as the Word of God itself.

Our readers will, we feel sure, be deeply interested in some of the remarkable instances of salvation which Brother Taylor records, confirming, as they do, our own experience amongst the heathen at home, that the worst sinner may be instantly transformed into a happy saint by the power of the Holy Ghost.

It was no easy work to preach through an interpreter in such a manner as to get at the hearts of the hearers, and Mr. Taylor had almost given up the attempt in despair after a few trials, when he found, at length, in an earnest native preacher, one who could not only translate English into Kafir, but who fully understood salvation-work himself, and could perfectly sympathise and co-operate with the preacher. And the result of the first evening service they had together was marvellous indeed.

They had been preaching to the believers at 4 P.M., and these had evidently understood and greatly profited. After tea a crowded congregation of six hundred listened for over an hour with the intensest interest, and at the close Mr. Taylor sang the hymn so familiar to us—

Sinners hastening down to ruin,  
Why will ye die?

The interpreter, after the first verse, managed to pick up the tune, and sang the remainder, line by line, as given to him, although he had never heard either the hymn or tune before.

When the invitation was given to penitents to come forward, two hundred rushed forward, filling up all the front forms of the place. The prayer-meeting was continued till midnight, and the natives hurried back to recommence praying at sunrise; and at another service, held at ten o'clock, thirty-five more souls professed to find peace through believing in Jesus. When Mr. Taylor left the place, the work went on, so that the local missionary wrote him, a few days after, saying that three hundred souls had been brought to God in less than five days.

The work was real and thorough, as the following examples seem fully to demonstrate:—

A lame man was to be seen hobbling forward to the penitent-form at meeting after meeting. He failed, however, time after time, to accept Christ, and became so exhausted with effort and emotion that he had to be carried home repeatedly. At length, however, he was enabled to grasp the hand of his Saviour, and sitting down amongst the converts, after a few moments of deep meditation he burst into a laugh of joyful surprise, which continued for ten minutes, so was his mouth filled with laughter at his escape from captivity.

#### THE DUMB SPEAKING.

Amongst the converts were two men who were dumb. Unwilling, however, to withhold their testimony to the saving work of Christ, they rose in the experience-meeting held a few days later, and, pointing to the heavens and earth, and laying their hands upon their hearts, they smiled out to the people their consciousness that the God of creation now dwelt within them and made them glad. Oh, what a reproof to people who "really cannot speak"!

The heathen "marvelled greatly," and were at their wit's end to explain this wonderful work. Like others, in the apostles' days, they readily set all the work down to some sort of divination. Said they, "The missionaries invite the people to come forward to the rail, and when they get there they must be converted, for they are sprinkled with

some blood, and they blow into their ears!" An explanation coming far nearer to the truth than many offered by more intelligent people. The clever and thoughtful minds of Natal, enlightened by the teachings of Colenso, gave it as their opinion that Mr. Taylor *mesmerised* the people, an explanation we have heard in England not very long since with regard to similar work.

A singular case of conversion amongst the white settlers gives us valuable light as to the impression the Word of God makes upon

#### A SINCERE SCEPTIC.

This man, though he had had a godly mother, had been very sceptical, no doubt mainly as a result of the fact that he was grossly wicked. At length he was aroused by the conversation of many of his friends, to wonder whether this religion were true, after all. He began to meditate, and the study of his own mind and its powers soon convinced him that there must be a God, and a God too wise to leave His creatures in darkness as to their duty. He began to read the Bible, and found its descriptions of a sinful man exactly pictured in himself. The Saviour there set forth, too, was evidently just the sort of Saviour he needed, and at last, falling down in the woods one evening, he cried, "Oh, Thou God who made me, and redeemed me with the blood of Christ, I surrender my wicked soul to Thee, and I now accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour. If there be any mistake about this thing, it must be in Thy revelation concerning Him; but Thy statements are very clear, they are Thine own words, and I can't doubt them; and I do accept Christ as my Saviour, and entrust my whole soul to Him. I don't believe there can be any mistake or failure in the matter."

Neither was there, although it was three days before the poor man, hanging on with a bare faith, got the enjoyment of the joy unspeakable, which belonged to him as a believer.

#### RESTITUTION.

A native servant girl among the penitents one evening cried out in an agony of soul, "That shawl I bought at Mullett's! That shawl! that shawl!"

"What about it?" she was asked.

"Oh, sir, part of the money for that shawl was stolen. I stole one and three-pence of it from my mistress. I'll pay my mistress, I'll pay her all; I'll pay her double!"

The mistress, though an unconverted woman, would not receive the money, and the poor girl tore the shawl to pieces and burnt it. Then, after a hard struggle, she was made happy in the love of Christ.

#### ANOTHER PENTECOST.

Imagine a chapel accommodating eight hundred people, with about a thousand wedged into it, only a score of them whites, the rest Kafirs. After preaching his sermon in the vestry to the young interpreter, whilst a marriage ceremony was being performed in the chapel, Mr. Taylor comes before the people, and he, with his interpreter standing by his side, preaches to the people, who sit in the deepest stillness, only broken now and then by the sobs of the guilty. At last the prayer-meeting begins, and the invitation is given to those who want salvation to come forward. With one wild rush of desperation, three hundred men, women, and children, come tearing to the upper end of the chapel, all of them praying aloud, together wetting the floor with their tears; and soon the noise is so great that "none seems to be screaming louder than his neighbours." Missionary and believers, bewildered for the moment, look on, hardly knowing what to say or do. But by-and-by the excitement somewhat subsides, and they are able to speak to the seekers one by one, until all have been disposed of. And as one after another enters,



into liberty, they leap to their feet, praising God: "Satan is conquered, Satan is conquered." An old woman, lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, cries for five or ten minutes, "He is holy! He is holy! He is holy!" An old man exclaims, "My Father has set me free! My Father has set me free!"

The service lasted four hours—and a similar one was held two days later, when a hundred and seventy names of converts were taken after careful examination by the Missionary. But how many of those who pray for "a mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost" would be willing to have their place of worship "disgraced" by such a sight?

#### THREE TONGUES AT ONCE.

A still more singular scene was presented at another spot, where part of the population spoke Dutch, part Kafir, and a few English. The local place of worship could not contain the large congregation which gathered in the court-yard of the Mission premises.

Here Mr. Taylor, standing between two interpreters, preached in English, while the others followed him in the other languages. The word went home to every heart, and at the close white and black together, by the score, went down upon their knees crying for mercy; and amidst the confused jargon of three languages the very God of Peace drew nigh and saved the people. While this strange scene was passing without, Mr. Taylor was called into the house to speak to a lady who was in despair about her soul, thinking that her day of grace was gone, and that nothing remained for her but the blackness of darkness for ever. She was indeed in bitter anguish, but at length she became a little composed, and was persuaded that she ought to accept Christ there and then as her Saviour. At last she began to say, "I accept Christ, I accept Him," until her heart felt it, and she rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

#### A PRODIGAL SON.

A dear mother in Israel, who was blind, had two grown-up sons, both unconverted, but one of them so wild that she almost despaired of ever having him brought back to God. He had almost broken her heart.

At one of the meetings a brother went and said to her—

"Your son is among the seekers, and wants you to come and talk to him."

She burst into tears, saying—

"Oh! I thank God that my dear George is coming to Jesus; but my poor prodigal, I'm afraid he'll never be saved!"

She was led to the penitent-form, and kneeling down beside her boy, said the blind mother—

"Oh, George, my dear son, I'm glad to find you here; but poor Edward! Would to God he were here too!"

"Mother," cried the young man, "it is not George. I am indeed your prodigal son, and I want you to forgive me, and pray to God to forgive me."

And that night the poor prodigal was clad in the best of robes, and filled with the King's own joy. A week later the moral brother sought the Lord at a service twenty miles away, and again the poor old widow's heart rejoiced as she went off to join in praising God with him also.

Pray on, mothers God is a deal better to us than we think.

#### HIGH PRESSURE.

Another crowded congregation of mingled peoples. This time Hot tentots and Fingoes—some of the most debased heathens—in their native

paint, press in amongst the "Christian" inhabitants of the Mission station. The sermon is to believers, descriptive of God's method of saving souls. All faces are upturned—smiles, tears, distorted features, trembling limbs—but not a sound. Suddenly a man near the door turns and rushes outwards. He falls, but creeps outside through the packed mass of people, and runs away where he can roar out the disquiet of his soul. In the afternoon, after a sermon to sinners, the mighty torrent of feeling bursts forth, and over two hundred at once are on the ground groaning, sobbing, and crying for mercy.

#### SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS.

There's a heathen doctor amongst the seekers, decorated with strings of beads, shells, and all sorts of trinkets and charms. Feeling that these things hinder his coming to Christ, he scatters them on every side. Nothing has been said about such things in the sermon; but he knows that in these they had trusted for health, good crops, good luck in hunting, deliverance from enemies, and the supply of every want. Women tear open the brass bands on their arms, and cast what are, to them, precious ornaments away. God is at hand, and His work is thorough.

#### ONE OF THE WORST SINNERS.

"Oh," says a Kafir, "I never knew that I was such a sinner till the Holy Ghost shined into me. Then I saw that I was one of the worst sinners in the world. Oh! I cried to God, gave my wicked heart to Him, and received Christ. Glory to Jesus! He has pardoned all my sins."

#### WALKING FORTY-SIX MILES.

There is a Kafir woman well dressed in English costume. She could not get to the meetings held in her own town, and has walked forty-six miles to get here. She believed the account her friends there gave her of salvation; but she has now found a greater than Solomon, and says the half had not been told her.

The Kafirs seem to be all natural orators. Yonder is one with earnest and graceful action, declaring, "I was going on in my sins, and did not know that I was in danger till to-day; but to-day the Holy Ghost shone on my path. I saw hell open just close before me, and I was rushing into it; but I turned to God and laid hold on Christ, and He has saved my soul from hell."

#### TELL EVERYBODY ABOUT JESUS.

An old woman is fairly dancing up and down the aisle. Nobody can tell how old she is, but she has a son seventy-five years of age. She looks like a crazy person, indeed, but she has only just come to her right mind. In a transport of new-found joy, she is exhorting the people to go on and tell everybody about Jesus. Poor heathen, she had never come to hear of Him herself before that day.

#### PERSECUTION.

It could not be expected that such a mighty work should be accomplished without arousing the fierce animosity of devils and bad men. Many of the converts were driven from their homes, some were severely beaten, others were tied to the pole of the house, and watched, to prevent their even going out to the woods to pray. Yet amidst these angry scenes the peace of believers flowed on like a river, and they became more and more determined to serve Christ.

The revival transformed many a place of worship where cold and powerless services had been held for years into a real house of mercy, and brought upon it the same odium which falls upon every scene of



genuine salvation-work. After Mr. Taylor's departure a missionary writes, "It has not been uncommon to see some rush out of the house of God during divine service, afterwards confessing that they felt if they remained longer, they should have been obliged to give up their heathenism and their sins, which they were determined not to do."

"Where are you going?" said a heathen woman to her husband, as he began to put on his European clothes.

"To the service!" he replied.

"Put them off! put them off!" she cried. "Do you not know that all who go there are caught?"

#### SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

The idols of the Europeans naturally suffered as utter destruction, as those of the other heathens. Merchants and gentlemen who would not have entered a black man's house a few days before, after they were converted sat down at table with black brethren and sisters in the Lord, and lodged in the houses of the poor with gladness and singleness of heart.

#### A GLORIOUS OPEN-AIR SERVICE.

The pulpit a large stone. The congregation some two hundred people, gathered out of a small scattered population. But after listening to two sermons, one hundred and forty out of the number go down upon the grass crying for mercy. Amongst them a well-dressed and very influential chief. Three hours of weeping and wailing, and entering into joy and peace. Thirty of these seekers stand up in a meeting at night, and give such an account of their conversion as to convince the most incredulous of the genuineness of the change wrought in their hearts.

A poor heathen, shining in his red paint, after finding Christ at another such service, was asked what had happened to him.

"I have been the greatest scoundrel in the world," he said; "but the preacher says that Jesus came to save the very worst sinners, and I have taken Him, and He has pardoned my sins, and I feel Him now in my heart."

#### ISIKUNISIKUTAYO.

In the autumn all Kafir-land is covered with a thick growth of brown grass, from one to two feet in height. As spring approaches the natives set all this on fire with a burning stick, in order to make way for a new crop. This stick the natives called Isikunisikutayo, which signified, the burning fire-stick, and this name the people applied to Mr. Taylor, after they had seen something of the wonderful work God accomplished by him. Said one—

"I always hated the Mission stations, and all the people who went to them. Often when I have seen them going to chapel, I got so angry, I wanted to kill them. But I heard that the burning fire-stick was coming, and I came to see what was to be done. I stood outside the chapel last Sunday, and laughed and mocked; on Monday night I came in, and the burning fire-stick set me on fire, and I felt that I was sinking into hell. I left as quick as I could and started home; but my sins were such a load on me that I could not run, but fell down and thought I was going to die. The next morning I felt very glad that I was not in hell. I came to the meeting that day and received Jesus, and now my soul is full of glory."

#### PRICKED TO THE HEART.

An old heathen, who had in the same marvellously rapid manner been enlightened and saved, after telling how much he had been prejudiced against missionaries and Mission stations, concluded thus—

"My heart was as tough as the hide of a rhinoceros, but last night the Spirit's sword cut right through it and let in the light of God. I received Jesus Christ, and He gave me a tender heart filled with His love."

The numbers converted during Mr. Taylor's stay were more than doubled after his departure; one society alone gathered in several thousand new members as a result of his labours. Native beer was abandoned by many who had previously professed to be the Lord's for years, and thus a great curse was removed. Above all, the invariable and inevitable success of direct, earnest Gospel appeals to men's hearts and consciences was demonstrated amidst the most trying circumstances.

We hope at some future time to glance in a similar manner at Mr. Taylor's experiences in India, where he subsequently carried the banner of the Cross. God bless him! May he be spared to see the desire of his heart realized, in the raising up of a host of devoted native preachers who shall follow his apostolic footsteps, and carry the Gospel sword into the dark regions beyond the present range of Mission effort!

"He did it not to Me."

BY C. P.

MATT. XXV. 45.



are permitted by the esteemed authoress, Mrs. Pennefather, of Mildmay Park, to place before our readers the following verses. We feel sure that they will be perused with great pleasure, and we hope that not a few will be quick to discern what their Lord would have *them* to do:—

I SAT and gazed upon my sunny home;  
 All pleasant things were there—  
 Bright things to look at, and sweet, soothing sounds  
 That came and went upon the perfumed air.  
 The sunbeam glanced and quivered  
 Through the many-coloured pane,  
 And the marble floor at the open door  
 Mirrored it back again.  
 The flowers blushed in beauty,  
 The birds sang forth their glee:  
 I looked and listened, and I thanked my Father  
 That 'twas all for me.  
 And then I thought of One who had been here  
 In days of yore,  
 Wearily walking on the world He made—  
 The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God,  
 Despised and poor!



I thought of Him when first His infant form  
 Needed a resting-place, and there was none :  
 The King of Heaven was waiting to be housed—  
     Earth's dwellings had no room!

I thought of Him upon the mountain-side,  
     When all night long  
 The silent stars looked down upon his loneliness ;  
     For JESUS had no home.

I thought and thought, until my gushing heart  
 Groaned forth its longings—  
 "Oh! had I been there,  
 What tender ministry, what fostering care  
     Wouldst Thou have known,  
     Thou blessed One!  
     What kindly words!  
 What thoughts and deeds of love!"  
 The hot tears gathered fast ;  
 I laid me down and wept.

Was it a breeze that stole into the room,  
     So like a voice?  
 That came quite close—close to my burning brow,  
     And whispered, "*Why not now?*"  
 It came again; I brushed the tears away,  
 And as I bent my head down very low,  
     I thought I heard HIM say,  
     "*But why not now?*"—

"There is a doorway in a narrow street,  
 And close beside that door a broken stair,  
     And then a low, dark room.  
     The room is bare ;  
     But in a corner lies  
 A worn-out form upon a hard straw bed,  
 No pillow underneath his aching head—  
 A face grown wan with suffering, and a hand  
 Scarce strong enough to reach the small, dry crust  
     That lies upon the chair ;  
     Go in—for I am there!

I have been waiting wearily in that cold room,  
     Waiting long, lonely hours,  
     Waiting for thee to come.

"There's a low, quiet corner in a green churchyard,  
     Where deep, sad shadows lie,  
 And sound of passing feet goes seldom by ;  
     I want thee there :  
 In that still place, beside a new-made grave,  
 A woman has been weeping all day long.  
     None marked her where she sate,  
     And now 'tis getting late,

And stars are coming out—  
 Beautiful stars! *My* stars  
     That used to gaze on Me at Olivet.  
 The chill night-dews are creeping through her frame,  
 She dares not venture back from whence she came ;  
     She needs a home!  
     I called for thee, and waited,  
     But thou didst not come.  
 I want thy pitying tears that fell just now  
 Upon the jewelled slab to fall upon her cheek :  
     For tears can speak.  
 Lay thy warm hand upon the fainting one,  
 And leave Me not to watch and weep alone.

"There is one seated near an open door,  
 Where to and fro, all through the busy day,  
     The sorrowing and the poor  
     Have found their way,  
     And now, for very weariness,  
     His eyes are closed—  
 Kind, earnest eyes, that have looked lovingly  
 On many a ghastly spectacle of woe—  
 Looked into depths where loathsome miseries lie,  
 And never wept mere idle sympathy.  
 The heavy hand has fallen by his side,  
     The strong, brave hand  
     That waited My command,  
 And then did deadly battle with the foe ;  
     That never flinched from any task  
     To which I called :  
     Were the way smooth or rough,  
     My bidding was enough.

Go in and look :  
 For tears have dropped upon the open book!  
     That heart is burdened,  
     Burdened for My sake :  
 Thou, in thy thoughtless ease, wilt let it break  
 'Twas on a summer's day, long years ago,  
 I called *two* willing servants to My feet ;  
 I took them by the hand, and said to each,  
     'I shed My blood for thee ;  
     Lovest thou Me?'  
 And then I gave *him* work,  
 Large work within My fold.  
 He had no earthly store  
 Wherewith to feed My poor :  
 It mattered not, I'd given *thee* My gold.  
 Where is it now? Look at that pallid brow,  
     Sunk in its weary sleep:  
     The furrows are too deep ;



They tell the tale of many an anxious grief—  
 Not *his*, but *Mine*!  
 Whence comes the wasting of that haggard cheek?  
 The guilt is thine.  
 He gave Me all his time, and strength, and health  
 I took it, and then asked thee for thy wealth—  
 Thy *given* wealth! asked that it might be free,  
 Held in thine open hand for him and Me.  
 Then came the years of conflict and of toil,  
 The days of labour and the nights of prayer;  
 Souls perishing in sin,  
 Few hands to fetch them in;  
 The hungry to be fed,  
 The naked to be clothed,  
 The outcast and the poor  
 Gathering about My door.  
 I wanted money, and I wanted bread,  
 I wanted all that willing hands could do;  
 I wanted the quick ear and ready eye—  
 Ay, and the deep, true soul of sympathy;  
 I wanted help, and then I called for thee—  
 I called and waited, and then called again:  
 Oh! could it be that I should call in vain?  
 I called and waited,  
 And thou didst not come!”  
 I tried to hold my breath, and hear Him speak;  
 But 'twas as though my throbbing heart must break:  
 I could not lift my head,  
 I could not sigh;  
 The crimson shame had burnt into my cheek:  
 I had no tears; the very fount was dry.  
 Oh! it was long, I cannot tell how long,  
 That strange, cold stillness;  
 But I *felt* that He was waiting there,  
 Waiting for me to speak.  
 I knelt upon the floor and breathed His name,  
 Then, struggling, one by one the faint words came—  
 “Jesus, I *thought* I loved Thee:  
 I remember well  
 That day when Thou didst hold  
 My trembling fingers in Thy piercèd hand  
 And take me for Thine own.  
 And I *did* love Thee—  
 This poor heart beat true;  
 It was no fancied echo, when the voice  
 That spoke Thee mine  
 Responded, I am Thine!  
 But oh! my Master, can I dare to tell  
 Thy faithless child has loved *Thy gifts* too well!  
 I looked on all things beautiful and rare—  
 Looked on earth's flowers,

And thought them very fair.  
 I hid me from the rude and vulgar throng,  
 And hoped it was Thy will  
 That I might turn away from common men,  
 And love Thee still.  
 I dwelt among the pleasant sounds of life;  
 I did not like the turmoil and the strife  
 To come too near:  
 And Thou wast in the thickest battle-tide  
 When Thou didst call Thy servant to Thy side;  
 But I was too far off,  
 And so I did not hear.  
 “My Lord! I will come nearer. I will take my seat  
 Close to Thy feet.  
 I will come down where the grey shadows lie,  
 And there I'll listen—listen every day  
 To hear Thy voice!  
 It may be I must take a lower place;  
 But let me have the shining of Thy face.  
 It may be I must seek a humbler home;  
 Let it be one where Thou wilt often come:  
 Its door shall be upon the latch for Thee,  
 And for the needy ones who claim  
 An interest in Thy name;  
 And I will stand, and watch, and wait, to greet  
 The first faint echoes of Thy coming feet.”

#### “A NEW HEART.”

TEDYNSCUNG was a celebrated chief among the Delaware Indians of North America, in the latter part of the last century. The efforts of Christian missionaries, after many disappointments, trials, and failures, had been the means of diffusing a considerable amount of spiritual knowledge among the people of the tribe, and the doctrines which had been promulgated were frequently the subject of conversation and general discussion. One evening Tedynscung was sitting by the fireside of an English friend, who mentioned to him the golden rule of the Saviour as very excellent—“That one man should do unto another as he would the other should do to him.” “That is impossible; it cannot be done,” said the Indian chief. After smoking his pipe and musing for about a quarter of an hour, Tedynscung again gave his opinion, and said, “Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you have told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a ‘*new heart*,’ he could do as you say, but not else.”

This is just what God has promised to do. “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart from out your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.” (Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26.)

#### “RUN, SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.”

Run, for the shadows lengthen;  
 The night is drawing on,  
 In which for souls, or Jesus,  
 No working may be done.  
 Run, for his feet are nearing  
 The dreadful river's brink;  
 Haste, ere his hand is lifted,  
 The poisoned cup to drink.

THE same God who is a consuming fire to His enemies is a wall of fire around His people to protect them, a fire of love in their heart to comfort them.



# CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

## The Month.

**I**N "a time of much rain" we have been enabled, by the grace of God, "to stand without," warning and entreating a guilty people to "make confession" of their sins to God, seek His mercy, and "do His pleasure," and many have trembled because of this matter, and for the great rain. But there has been a gracious and delightful rain indoors, wherewith God has not only refreshed such of His inheritance amongst us as were weary, but made the strong more faithful.

The best news of the month is that Mrs. Booth has preached once more at Cardiff, although at the greatest risk of relapse. Still in a very weak and precarious state, she needs our prayers, in answer to which we trust she will soon be able regularly to resume her loved employ. Her preaching, and that of Miss Booth, who accompanied her, has been blessed to the salvation of scores of their hearers.

Portsmouth breaks forth into song again, and even amidst the general stoppage of the iron-trade in Stockton and Middlesbro', we hear of crowds of penitents seeking to engage themselves to a Heavenly Master.

After a little over a year's earnest labour in Soho, a most cheering anniversary meeting has been held, at which it was demonstrated that the Mission had succeeded in that very outpost of hell as marvellously as ever in its history. The local treasurer was able to say that he knew of seventy-five persons truly converted during the year, and now walking consistently. Such results are not to be accomplished in such a neighbourhood without an immensity of effort. More than a thousand services have been held indoors and out, which, probably, not less than an aggregate of 65,000 people have attended. Alas! alas! how little have all the efforts yet put forth amongst the teeming millions of our country accomplished! We must pray and labour on with all our might.

### LIMEHOUSE.

THE Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. We have had some very interesting cases. Among those who have come forward inquiring after the Lord recently, were

#### A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

He came into the hall the other Thurs-

day evening to sign the pledge, and was induced to stay to the class-meeting; here he gave himself to God, and on the following Sunday night he was seen leading his wife down to the communion-rails, to give her heart to Jesus and, with him, join the people of God. May we meet them in the skies!

On Sunday, November 7th, Mr. Booth

paid us a visit, and at night several precious souls were set at liberty. Among them were a man and his wife, for whom much prayer has been offered, and in whom Bro. Allen was much interested when at this station. Praise the Lord! He has heard and answered, and they have been caught in the Gospel net. The open-air services continue to be owned of God. The other night a fish-monger followed us to the Hall, and was caught in the Gospel net. Hallelujah! The Lord make him a fisher of men!

Many of our members are seeking after a fuller manifestation of God, and some are rejoicing in a full salvation. On Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock, Mr. Booth led a meeting specially for believers; a nice company, and a blessed meeting.

Our Band of Hope and temperance meetings are well attended, and are proving a means of doing much good here. Oh, may God save the poor drunkards of Limehouse! The lease of our present hall (formerly a penny gaff) is drawing near the end of its term, and we shall have to go elsewhere. At present we are thinking of purchasing a piece of land on which to erect a plain building suitable for our work. But we ask our readers to pray with us for guidance in this matter, and if any of them feel drawn to help us in any way, they will please communicate with Mr. Booth or myself. A local fund has been started, and already our friends have a small sum in hand. At

### MILLWALL

the work of God goes on. Amid difficulties and opposition souls are saved and the name of Jesus glorified. Oh, may we see much more! Pray for Millwall! Tracts or small books thankfully received by

J. TETLEY.

10, Clarence Street,  
Burdett Road, E.

### SOHO.

HERE we have had some hard fighting, but, thank God! we have come off more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. Souls have been weeping their way to Calvary, angels have rejoiced, and the devil has been defeated. Hallelujah!

"I AM SO HAPPY!"

"I am so happy," said a man, as he got up in one of our meetings, "and I hardly know how to commence; but I

felt I must come and tell you that a few weeks ago I came into this hall an unsaved man, though going to a place of worship, and here I was saved; and now I am going to join a church in the neighbourhood, and I intend to try and win souls for Jesus."

### WHAT THE SHAVINGS SAY.

Another who has lately come among us said, the other night, "I have never been so happy and full of joy as I have since I came among your people. My mates in the shop notice the difference, and as I am working at the plane, the very shavings seem to say—

"More and more, more and more,  
Always more to follow;

Oh, His matchless, boundless love,  
Still there's more to follow."

A poor man who had sunk low in sin was led to come and hear me preach on Sunday afternoon; he was deeply impressed, and found peace in the evening. Praise the Lord! The same night a young woman, a

### ROMAN CATHOLIC,

came to the penitent-form, confessed her sins to the Lord, and got absolution from the great High Priest.

Sunday, 31st, was a good day. In the evening I preached on "Laying up treasure in heaven," and three men and one lad found Jesus. On the following Tuesday, in the believers'-meeting, one of the men said, "I thank God that I came into this hall last Sunday night; before that I was always talking about doctrines, but when I heard the preacher upon 'laying up treasure in heaven,' I saw that with all my talking I had not laid up any treasure; but I can now, praise God!"

Sunday, November 7th, was the first anniversary of the Mission in Soho. Mr. Neal preached morning and evening; two men professed to find peace. On the following Monday we had a tea and public meeting, Mr. Bramwell Booth in the chair. About one hundred persons sat down to tea; after which Mr. Railton held an open-air meeting, and we then adjourned to the hall, where a meeting was held, at the close of which two souls were set at liberty.

Many thanks for tracts sent; but we are still in need of more, with texts of scripture for the poor people's homes, which will be thankfully received by

GEORGE MACE.

17, Hunter Street,  
Brunswick Square.



## STOKE NEWINGTON.

WE are rejoicing together over what God is doing here, and although the people are hard, and the devil is strongly encamped among them, we are thankful to say that souls are being saved.

One dear woman, a backslider for four years, heard us speaking in the open air, and went away miserable, finding no rest for her soul. At last she resolved to be saved, and was found at our open-air stand before the time for service. She followed us to the hall, and while we were singing, came out boldly for Jesus, and sought and found forgiveness.

A young man who came to the service one night commenced to laugh; but while we were praying the Spirit of God broke his heart, and, coming forward, his tears of bitterness were soon turned into tears of joy. Hallelujah! He may now be found speaking for Jesus.

Pray for the work at this station.

Tracts and small books will be thankfully received by

J. TRENHAIL.

21, Neville Road,  
Stoke Newington.

## BARKING.

WE rejoice to report that the work goes on here. Our members are seeking more of God, and giving themselves fully to Jesus; and while, in His goodness, believers have been quickened, many precious souls have been saved and added to our number.

One is that of a dear woman, the wife of one of our people who has found the narrow path a very difficult one to tread, in consequence of her being still in the service of sin. But at last his consistent walk, and earnest prayers for her salvation, caused her to feel that his religion was a reality. She came to the hall, and that night she was the first out seeking salvation. Her sister soon followed, and together they found the Saviour. Ah! that house now is a happy home.

## A NEW FATHER.

A dear man, the father of a large family, whose daughter has long prayed for his salvation, came at length to the Hall, and was soon on his knees seeking for Jesus. Hallelujah! Every one of us was touched as he rose, and embracing his weeping daughter, told her not to

cry, for she had now "a new father." Glory be to Jesus! And this is not the only family to whom a new father has come home during the past month. May God keep them all faithful! is our earnest prayer.

ANNIE DAVIS.

1, Arthur Cottages, Barking.

## HAMMERSMITH.

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped us, for in His name have we set up our banners, and under its sacred furl we are still fighting against sin and Satan; and, thank God! we do not fail to accomplish the purpose of our great Captain, for on the right hand and on the left we are constantly taking prisoners from the ranks of the enemy, who are at once enlisted for our King; and thus His forces are daily increasing at this station. Hallelujah! the armies of hell are put to flight. To our Jesus be all the glory.

## SALVATION INSTEAD OF SUICIDE.

One Sunday evening I noticed, not far from the platform, a firm-built man, six feet high, whose intelligent-looking face had been sadly marred by the cursed drink. As the speaker proceeded the power of God fell upon the people, and among others that man felt its searching influence, and his trembling limbs and quivering tongue soon told what was the matter. He gladly came forward and rolled his burden at the foot of the Cross. Then he rose and took my hand, and with tears rolling down his face, said, "Oh, I thank God I am not in hell; I should have been, if one of the dear men had not invited me in, and stopped and brought me with him; for I had prepared the razor to take my life, and made up my mind to do it!" And he caught hold of the brother referred to and embraced him. It was an affecting scene. The Lord keep our dear brother to the end!

Another dear man had trembled at the Word often, but would not yield, till about a month ago, while one of our brethren was praying for him his chains fell off, and he rose and followed Jesus, and now he says,

"HE SAVED ME OUT AND OUT."

Many, many other instances of God's power have we seen at this station. Glory be to God! Friends, praise Him with us, for the mighty work we are enabled to do in this place for eternity,

and pray that yet more may be accomplished, in the name of our Jesus.

WILLIAM GARNER.

Hope Cottage,  
Windmill Street,  
Turnham Green, W.

## NORTH WOOLWICH.

"There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many, or by few."

OUR friends will remember mention being made in our last report of a woman who had lately found the Lord, and was praying for her drunken husband. He was induced to come to the hall by his little boy (a child of four years old), saying, "Father, take me to that chapel

"TO SEE JESUS."

He brought the little one in his arms, and promised that he would sign the pledge the following Saturday. He came to the temperance-meeting quite intoxicated, slept the whole time, but before leaving insisted on fulfilling his promise. He was much afraid he would not keep it, but on the following Thursday came with a friend to hear Bro. Burton, from Whitechapel, preach. Before the meeting closed, they both sought and found the Lord. His joy over his friend seemed to exceed what he felt on his own account. Oh! we did praise God that night! These men were two of the worst characters in North Woolwich, and the dear Lord has indeed got glory to His own name in their salvation.

A few weeks ago a lad of about eight years of age said to me, in the prayer-meeting, "Miss Pollett, I want to be converted." "Well," I said, "Jesus can save little children too; come and ask Him." He did so, and went home very happy. His experience has since been wonderfully dear. He says, "I thank God, because He has taken away my bad heart, and given me a new one." We all feel this is the root of the matter. One Sunday he brought his mother, and during the prayer-meeting he stood with his arms round her neck, begging her to come to Jesus—it was a sight to touch the hardest heart. Let our friends pray for this dear woman.

One kind friend has promised us £5 towards the new hall.

When, after holding an open-air meeting, we see groups of men (that might be hearing the Word inside as well as out) turn away when the invitation is

given for the service, we feel more than ever the necessity of having a hall near to them, and cannot rest until our object is accomplished.

The privilege of helping to build a house for the Lord is offered. Who will accept of it?

E. A. POLLETT.

86, Albert Road,  
North Woolwich.

Tracts will be thankfully received.

## CHATHAM.

GOD is still working with us here, and during the past month many who have cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," have received the glorious command to "Go in peace, and sin no more."

Sunday, October 14th, was a good day; seven precious souls were found seeking the Saviour.

The female band took the service on October 21st, in the afternoon, and four persons professed to find Jesus; at night six others obtained the pardon of their sins.

October 31st, Miss Pollett was with us. At night the hall was crowded, and many had to go away, not able to get in. We had a blessed day from the Lord, and at the close of both services souls were seeking His face.

## NEW BROMPTON.

ALTHOUGH the devil has used every means in his power to prevent it, the work has broken out gloriously here. On the afternoon of October 21st I preached, and four sought and found Jesus. On the 28th we had a mighty time—the Spirit of God took hold of the people, and nineteen wept their way to Calvary. Hallelujah! The following Sabbath several others were seeking mercy, and on Wednesday, 4th, Miss Pollett preached, when eight others declared for Jesus. Amongst these was a dear lad, whose mother pulled him out of the hall by the collar and declared she would kill him if he went again to the "Shakers." But, praise the Lord! he holds on his way, rejoicing in God, and praying for the salvation of his parents. The Lord bless these lads! There are eighteen of them that are meeting with us, who, not very long ago, used to pelt us in the open air with mud and fireworks; but now they are to be found singing and praying in those very streets. All glory be to Jesus!

Friends, pray for this district. Dona-



tions and tracts will be thankfully received by Captain Tinnmouth, R.M. Barracks; or by

CHARLES HOBBDAY.

4, Alma Terrace,  
High Street, Chatham.

#### HASTINGS DISTRICT.

THE Lord is still enabling His people to face and conquer the foe. At St. Leonards our open-air work is still going on. Our warmest thanks are due to the mayor and magistrate, for the interest they have taken; also to Mr. Superintendent Glenister, for the public testimony he has given of the good done by our services in the open air.

Although late in the season, we have taken "two trips"—one to Ninfield, the other to Rye. A goodly number went to both places; both journeys were pleasant. The meetings, indoor and outdoor, were excellent. At Ninfield two souls found the Saviour.

At Hastings the Lord's work is progressing; crowds flock into the fish-market, and the congregations in the Market Hall are steadily improving.

"I'M AFRAID FATHER'S DYING; and he is unsaved," said one of our workers, as she ran into my house to ask me to make haste and see him. I immediately went, and found he had met with a serious accident, and that his life was despaired of. Upon inquiring the state of his soul, with tears he told me what a great sinner he had been; how he had resisted God's good Spirit; and that he felt sure this had occurred to bring him to his senses. After reading a suitable portion of God's Word, I fervently prayed that the Lord would take away his sins. His cries for mercy were heartrending. I was determined not to get off my knees until his soul was set free. At length the blessing came, and he was filled with joy through believing.

"I COULD NOT GET OVER IT," said a fisherman's wife, when spoken to in the market; "I tried hard to shake it off, but could not do so. Six weeks ago you let out a few words that sank deep into my heart—I have had no rest since. While you have been preaching to-night I have given my heart to Jesus. I feel the load is gone; I am happy now." The following week I visited her, and found her rejoicing. She said, "I have caused my husband great trouble, and brought distress on my home, by my wicked

conduct; but I will never do it again." At the same service a fisherman sought and found the Saviour.

#### MORE FRUIT

from our open-air work has been discovered, in the case of a dying young woman, a daughter of one of the members of our mothers'-meeting. To one of our sisters she remarked, "You do not know, but I must tell you, how I was first wrought upon. I once passed through the fish-market while your people were singing, 'There's life for a look at the Crucified One.' I thought my heart would have broken; I have had no rest since; I want to find the Saviour." Being at once pointed to Jesus, she sweetly embraced Him as her salvation. Her soul was filled with raptures; the Divine presence was overpowering, while she earnestly entreated others to give up all for Christ. She spoke as with a voice from the grave: she has not long to stay on earth; the angels will soon carry her happy spirit home.

"WHO'LL BE TWO SHILLINGS TO MINE?" said a publican at the close of one of our open-air meetings. "A poor woman has just lost her husband, and I want to help her. It's very well to rant, but I believe in helping." "So do we," I replied; "and we'll accept your challenge." Six shillings were soon obtained and handed over. The publican, who had thought we only looked after our own welfare, said, "There, I believe in you now,

"You may stand facing my House when you like."

This little circumstance has made a good impression in our favour. The Lord save this dear man!

#### ST. LEONARDS

is still a hot-bed of persecution. By the kind protection of the police, the roughs have been checked in their daring and violent conduct. These men would make brave warriors for Jesus; the ringleader has professed to be saved. It has been remarked by a neighbour, that if the Christian Mission did but keep this man out of the public-house for one half-hour, it would do a great work. In drink he is a madman, and before his conversion he could not speak without swearing. More than sixty persons have been packed into Brother Thorpe's house at one meeting. Many of the worst in the neighbourhood came to hear the Gospel. The

#### MIDDLESBROUGH.

At this time black clouds seem to be hanging over the town. Through the great depression in the iron-trade, many of the men are already out of employment, and notices have been given that the largest works in the town are to close on Saturday next; other large iron-firms are shortening hands, and hundreds of men will be thrown out of work. Though sickness is amongst the people, some of the Lord's children who are heavily afflicted are enabled to rejoice and say, "Not my will, but Thine be done;" while some have gone home, in triumph, to where sickness and death can never come. Amidst general gloom and anxiety as to temporal things, the Spirit of God is mightily at work, and sinners are continually coming to Jesus, and backsliders are returning home. Glory be to God! Will our readers pray for Middlesbrough, that God may bless and save the people. On Sunday, October 24th, we had

#### A DAY'S HARD FIGHTING.

At the 7 A.M. Prayer-meeting the Lord was with us.

At 10 A.M. we missioned the streets, and invited the people to the services.

At 11 A.M. Open-air meeting in the market-place. I read and expounded the parable of the Prodigal Son. Several of our brethren gave short addresses. Large crowd, that listened well.

At 2:30 P.M. I preached in the theatre from the three things that were lost—The Lost Sheep, The Lost Coin, The Lost Son. Good congregation; the Master present; many felt their true condition before God.

At 6 P.M. Open-air meeting. Our friends mustered well; good attention; procession to the theatre; very good audience, and gracious influence; eleven souls came on the stage seeking mercy, and, blessed be God! not in vain: all found peace through believing in Jesus.

The following Sunday Bro. Fawcett, Evangelist, from Leeds, preached at the theatre, afternoon and evening, to large congregations. He felt much at home with us, and preached again on Monday and Wednesday evenings. God blessed his labours, and saved souls. Bless and praise God for a helping hand!

#### A CONVERTED SAILOR IN FULL SAIL FOR GLORY.

"I thank God," says our brother, in a letter, "that I ever signed articles, and come on board this Gospel ship. This

house not being large enough, many have to stand in the passage or sit on the stairs. Sometimes we are disturbed, but we are patiently bearing it all, remembering that Jesus came to seek and to save the lost.

#### NINFIELD

is extending its borders. Better services are being held, and the quickening flame is spreading.

#### "OH! WHAT POWER

I did feel," said a woman; "I was obliged to give in; I could hold out no longer. When the friends sang, 'Plenteous grace with Thee is found,' I believed His grace covered my sins, and I was set free in a moment."

#### RYE

is suffering for the want of an evangelist on the spot. The congregations are good on Sabbath evenings; the strand is a capital open-air stand, and the place itself is a rich field for mission labour; by experience I find it cannot be successfully worked unless more efficient help be obtained. The place constantly requires some one to look after its interests.

#### A VISIT TO MAYFIELD.

At the request of Brother Gillard, who formerly was a member of our Mission, and who is now a missionary in the neighbourhood, I paid a visit to this place for the purpose of helping on the work of God, and to strengthen the hands of a brother employed in work akin to our own. I was gratified to find a beautiful Hall, which was well attended, and a good work being done. As Christmas is coming, it will be well to remind subscribers, and other friends, that we are desirous, as heretofore, to help and make happy some of the poor of this district on Christmas Day.

Subscriptions for this object, or for general work, will be thankfully received by J. C. Wormsley, Esq., Harold Place, Hastings; E. Strickland, Esq., Preston, Hastings; or by

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House,  
Plynlmmon Road, Hastings.

OUR fair morning is at hand; the day-star is near rising, and we are not many miles from home; what matter, then, of ill entertainment in the smoky inns of this worthless world! We are not to stay here, and we shall be dearly welcome to Him to whom we are going.—*Rutherford.*



vessel is the best I've ever sailed in; she has a happy crew aboard, all bound for Canaan's shores. They never get discharged, but get paid off when landed in heaven, where they will never sail more. February last I thought I would go and hear the converted railway-guard preach; so I kept my word, and came and heard the Word of Life, and the Lord told me I was a lost sinner, which made me very unhappy. I knew I was

#### ONE OF THE DEVIL'S HARD-WORKING MEN.

But I thank God I came again, and on October 3rd I went on the stage and gave up all for Jesus, and He took me in and saved me. The Lord helped me to go home that night and tell my wife all about it, and that she must go with me to heaven. And on Monday night she came with me, and we both went together to Jesus, and, bless His name! He saved her; and now we are on our voyage to heaven together. I have been a great swearer and drunkard; but, glory be to God! He has pardoned all my sins now." The Lord bless these dear children of His, and keep them faithful to the end!

#### CAUGHT WHILE HAVING A DRUNKEN LARK.

"It was on the 21st of August, 1875, that God, for Christ's sake, saved my soul and set me free. I left Tottenham, London, and came down to Middlesbro' on a drunken spree. After being here three days I became very unhappy, but was drinking all the time. My dear wife's prayers went up to God for me. I wandered into Marton Road and heard some singing in the Wilberforce Hall, so I stopped and listened at the door, when one of the brethren asked me to come in; I thank God I did go in, and went to Christ with my load of sins, and He saved me and made me happy in His love. He made a good job of me, for He saved me from drinking and smoking, and my awful temper, and all that was bad. My wife has left Tottenham and come to Middlesbro', so we are now on our way to heaven together, and have a happy home."

#### A RAILWAY-GUARD,

the child of praying parents—"I have to praise God you ever came to Middlesbro', as it was through your preaching and prayers that I gave my heart to Him. And He makes me happy now. Praise the Lord! a week after I gave up

all for Jesus my wife came with me to the theatre and found salvation. Now we can rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. Hallelujah!"

This brother had been to the theatre services several times, and received deep impressions, but, still undecided, became afraid and sensible of his danger. At last he came to our house and prayed in such agony of soul as we seldom see. His cry was, "Lord, save my soul; there's nothing I want in this world but Jesus. Lord, save my soul!" Myself and wife were pleading with God and believing for him, when he exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, I cannot help but believe Thou dost save me this moment." He got upon his feet and said, "This is not excitement; I feel He saves me now," and his face confirmed it. God is still saving the railway men. To Him be all the glory, now and for ever. Amen.

Will our readers pray for us, especially at this trying season. We are furnishing a home for the evangelist here; donations for this and our general work will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. W. Hutchenson, Secretary, 82, Milton Street; G. Chapman, Esq., Treasurer, 151, Stockton Street; or by

JAMES DOWDLE.

22, Clarence Street,  
Middlesbro'.

P.S. Thankful to acknowledge "British Workman," and tracts and other leaflets, received for distribution.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

We shall conquer  
Through the blood of the Lamb,  
And we ne'er will retreat tho' we die,  
Till the conquest we've won,  
By the Cross.

DURING the past month we have felt the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in every meeting, and our souls have been flooded with light and glory, so that our youth has been renewed like the eagle's; and scarcely a public service has been held but what the tears of penitence have been seen, and the forgiving love of Jesus has been realized; and so our hearts have been made glad while our eyes have seen some of the worst of sinners savingly converted.

We have had a visit from

MISS BOOTH,

with her brother, Mr. Bramwell, and again the dear Lord blessed their labours in this town. Each service was fraught

with Divine power; many trembled under the Word, and anxious ones came forward, seeking forgiveness of sin, until penitent-rail and vestry were filled with those who, in bitterness of soul, sought and obtained pardon and peace through Jesus.

#### PARENTS, PRAY ON.

At the close of the Monday-night meeting, seeing a man, with tears in his eyes, pushing his way up to the front, we asked if he wanted a Saviour. "Praise God!" he said, "I am saved, but you have my daughter there." Just at this moment the young woman, who, with her companion, had just found peace, with joy beaming through her eyes, methers loving father, whose many prayers were now answered. I am sure it would have done anybody good to have seen them as they embraced each other with the first gush of this new-felt joy in each heart.

#### MRS. COLONEL URMSTONE

kindly gave us an evening, which was marked with much power. The Lord, who has so graciously owned this lady's labours in India and elsewhere, was with her in Lake Road Mission Hall. Her illustrations, given from personal observation, were very telling, and at the close the dear Lord put His seal to her labours by giving her souls. Our sympathies were much drawn out towards a poor, half-drunken woman, who cried and sobbed bitterly. Said she, "My husband has gone to the Arctic regions; ever since he went away I have given myself up to drink; but I am disgusted with myself, and disgusted with the drink, and I won't have any more. I want to be saved. Oh, Jesus, do save me! I must be saved." And, after pleading in this way for some time, she made a solemn promise that she would serve the Lord. She then signed the pledge and left, followed by our most earnest prayers that she, with the others who professed to have obtained forgiveness, might be kept unto the end.

#### MISS POLLETT

has also been with us, preaching on Sunday and Monday with much acceptance; the dear Lord crowning her labours on each evening with precious souls. And thus the prayers of our friends are being answered: God is glorified, sinners are saved, and our own souls cheered. Hallelujah! The following, from among the cases that stand out prominently, we should like our friends to know. A few

weeks since we were sent for to pray with

#### A DYING WOMAN.

My dear wife went, and found a widow with eleven children. She was in the last stage of consumption—a wretched, miserable sinner, having given herself up to drunkenness and blasphemy. At first there seemed but little hope, but after the third visit light began to break in upon the poor creature; gradually she came to see her true condition, and so to commence in earnest to seek salvation; and He who said, "I will in no wise cast out," took her in, and, though she had not all that joy which might have been her portion, yet she had that calm and peaceful assurance which dispelled all her fears and gave peace in her last moments. She fell asleep on the evening of the 11th ult. May we meet her, and each of the orphans thus left, in the better country!

#### A MAN OF COLOUR,

who has been brought up and educated in France, after attending a few of our meetings saw his true condition and felt his need of a Saviour. Coming forward at the close of our evening service, he cried for mercy, and, praise the Lord! he was not kept long before he obtained the forgiveness of sins. "Many a time," says the man, "the priest has tried to persuade me to go to the confessional; but, somehow, I never could see that that was the right way; now, praise the Lord! I have found out that Jesus is the Way, that He is the only Priest I need; and now I have confessed to Him, He not only forgives me, but makes me very happy."

We are very much in need of a little practical sympathy, and should feel very thankful if the Lord's stewards would help us in this matter; also, we very much want tracts, suitable to take as we visit from house to house. We feel assured our friends will help us in this matter also.

JOB CLARE.

12, Nelson Street,  
Landport, Portsmouth.

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We regret that we cannot insert this month a statement of the returns made by the districts to the 7th November. This may be looked for, with the annual balance sheet of the Mission, in the January number.



1st time.

My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's la-men-ta-tion.  
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn

2nd time.

That hails a new cre-a-tion. Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the mu-sic

ring-ing; It finds an e-cho in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die?  
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;  
What though the darkness gather round?  
Songs in the night He giveth.  
No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
While to that refuge clinging;  
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin,  
I see the blue above it;  
And day by day this pathway smoothes,  
Since first I learned to love it.  
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
A fountain ever springing;  
All things are mine since I am His—  
How can I keep from singing?

Be-yond the bounds of time and space, We have a home in glo-ry.  
Look for-ward to that heavenly place, We have a home in glo-ry.  
D.C. There's room e-nough in Pa-ra-dise, For all a home in glo-ry.

D.C.

O glo-ry, O glo-ry!

2 Jesus has bought us with His blood;  
Come walk with me along this road.  
3 The living water, oh, how sweet!  
Do come and drink, I oft repeat.  
4 The path though narrow leads to life,  
And soon will end this mortal strife.  
5 Yes, hark! I hear the angels call,  
Farewell to earth, farewell to all.