

The Christian Mission Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Death.

BY G. S. RAILTON.



THE end of another year is fast approaching, and nothing but the sudden intervention of the great final day can prevent its speedy conclusion.

We are still alive, and are hoping to enter upon another year; but *how*? That is the great question. Some one, perhaps, is looking upon this page who has almost completed another year without Christ. Are you going to begin another without Him? You intended some time ago to give your heart to God; but something "came in the way." A something always does and always will until death itself comes in the way, and shuts you for ever out of heaven and hope. Oh! let the old things pass away with the old year. This miserable struggle against God, let it die with 1876, and let there be peace and joy and righteousness henceforth for evermore.

Christian, is there nothing about you that you would fain see pass away, as the old year is about to do? Has all within and without been harmony with God during the year, or have there been disputings, disturbances, soul-sicknesses, and ailments that have spoiled your heavenly feast, and blotted the memory of the months again and again? Come, let us have a look round.

I.—THERE ARE SOME THINGS ABOUT ALMOST ALL BELIEVERS WHICH OUGHT TO DIE.

When Israel went over Jordan into the land of promise, there were a number of people living in their new country whose death was a part of the work the people of God were bound to accomplish.

They had made themselves so abominable in the sight of God by their iniquities that in His merciful purpose to mankind, and especially in His glorious aim at producing and preserving a holy people to learn the world, He could only decree for them destruction, sudden and entire.

But Israel had no sooner tasted the sweets of the lovely land, and rested for a moment in its charming bowers, than the soft and cowardly spirit of indulgence stole away their hearts from thorough allegiance to their King—God, and they left the inhabitants of the land still alive, to spread amongst their own tribes the fearful contagion of sin, and speedily to reduce them, too, to the low level of ungodliness, over which the terrible blast of God's indignation continually sweeps.

Worse than that; when Joshua had gathered the people together, and circumcised their bodies, their hearts remained uncircumcised. Gold and silver, and apparel, and sinful pleasure, wine and strong drink, feasting, and human honour and power, were just as attractive to them as to the very Canaanites before them, and in the regular progress of their evil inclinations the senseless idols of the heathen gained their homage, until they were hurried down into a complete and general debasement more appalling and disgusting than that of the very nations whose overthrow had been determined upon that they might live to God.

And yet this was Israel; the people of the Lord God of Hosts; of the seed of Abraham; the children of promise. They had kept together around the tabernacle of God for forty years, amidst trial and sorrow, and death and wanderings. At the command of a man hitherto but insignificant, if not unknown to most of them, they had formed their battalions, and marched into the Jordan valley, relying upon the salvation of God, and determined to fight and conquer all Canaan for Him. They had marched in silence, like so many good little children, round Jericho for six days. On the seventh day they had charged, at the word of command, like trained soldiers. Their religion, so far, was thoroughgoing, Sunday and weekday. And when Achan sinned, and they were driven back from Ai, they humbled themselves before God, put away the evil, and then went up to the battle again. After the victory, every man, woman, and child of them stood up around the altar of God, and listened to His word, and consecrated themselves afresh to Him. Oh! yes; they were the Lord's people, and the Lord was with them, and fought for them too. Well might the sun linger beyond his time to stare at the wondrous sight—a great body of men really in union with God for once, truly devoted to Him, and fully enjoying His favour. There had been nothing like it in the world before. It is a very grave question whether there has even been anything better, grander, more beautiful, since God Himself was delighted. Hell for once stood aghast.

But all the time these people carried about in their own hearts the seeds of rebellion and national desolation. They soon forgot Him, and went after other gods. What a bad lot they were! And yet, were they a fraction worse than the great body of the Lord's people to-day? Let us see.

Here is a man who has been truly converted to God. He loves

God, and is fully resolved to serve Him; but just watch him through one day. He rises, and with only a little bit of prayer and reading of God's word, if any, he hurries off to business. From the moment he leaves the door his mind is as full of earthly cares as that of the man who lives upstairs without God. By-and-by "things go contrary." He is worried, cast down, bothered, and anxious, just like his ungodly neighbour. Another stinging blow, and he loses his temper. The moment he has felt or shown this he feels condemned, and is more downcast than ever. Then he gets into conversation with some nice people. They are unconverted, but he talks and laughs and jokes with the rest. He feels worse after this. His mind is taken right off from God; and as the time draws nigh for him to go home, he feels as little like going to service that night as he well could. On his way home he meets somebody's wife dressed up like a lady, and determines to get just such a bonnet and shawl for his wife. He sees a bill describing an entertainment at St. Judas's schoolroom; singing, recitations, and such like. It is on his class night, but he feels strongly inclined to go. There cannot be any great harm in it, for is it not for a good cause, and is not the Rev. Mr. Pleasall going to be in the chair? True, it will keep him away from a spiritual meeting, but then he cannot *always* be expected to be there.

At tea his wife, who has been converted more recently than him, and is longing to know more of God, finds it difficult to keep him to godly conversation. He keeps turning off to worldly things. Nevertheless, under her influence, he gets off to the open-air service half-an-hour late. If you speak to him, he will tell you he works so late, and has so far to walk home, that he cannot get in time. The fact is, he cannot be there in time unless it is his great object when he leaves his earthly work to get to work for God. Asked to speak, he declines, and then, in his mind, severely criticises the character, appearance, manner or matter, of somebody else. Indoors he is only half awake through the first part of the service. Perhaps he hurries off when the prayer-meeting is barely commenced, having "to get up early in the morning"; that is, having already got down very low in spiritual life. Perhaps, however, he has in the time reflected, repented, and cast himself afresh upon God. Somebody is seeking mercy, and the sight quite wakens him up. He prays for them with all his heart, and goes away so happy that you expect to see him doing wonderfully the next evening. But somebody less godly walks home with him, speaking evil of somebody else. He listens, he feels unkindly, and lies down, after a little bit of an unfeeling prayer, pretty much as he got up.

By-and-by, if he gets no better, he will very likely get much worse. He will leave speaking entirely to those who are "better qualified" than he is. Then he will begin to work overtime and get money, and stay away from week-night services. Then he will get so tired by Saturday night that you will never see him till half-

past eleven on Sunday morning, when he will walk in with his wife and children dressed up with all that overtime money can buy. In the afternoon he will need to rest. In the evening he may perchance be seen in the procession, just to satisfy himself and others that he is really in earnest yet, though you have only to watch his mouth even then to see that his heart is not in the singing as it once was. How much lower he will sink, God only knows. He is going down.

Is not this a fair portrait? Does it not represent a man *superior* to millions of professing Christians? Are not some of its lines properly descriptive of nearly every one you know? Are not the seeds of death still sprouting in the hearts of many of the Lord's people, bringing forth evil which they hate, but cannot avoid, until a more thorough work has been wrought within?

No evil thought, or word, or action can flow from the love of God. It must come from a different source entirely. And if, therefore, any one's life is a mixture of good and evil, there must be within them a corrupt fountain as well as a pure one. This corrupt fountain we must get rid of. It must die. It must be cast out to hell, whence it came, before the believer can be pure in heart, and can live always in accordance with the Divine will.

II.—GOD IS ABLE TO KILL WHAT HE HATES.

He is able at any moment to cast both body and soul into hell. He is able in a moment to smite, to overthrow, to cast out, to destroy any enemy, or any number of enemies. Then He is able in a moment to make an utter end of "the carnal mind" in His people; to cause the instant cessation of the storm within their breasts between the desires of the flesh and of the mind that war against His Spirit; to sweep away every inclination to evil like chaff before the wind.

Look at Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. They would not submit to the authority God had established over them. They really meant having a portion of Canaan if there were any to be had; but they wished to have their own way to a larger extent. "Now," says Moses, "if the Lord make a new thing, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them up, then shall you understand that these men have provoked the Lord." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the three families, tents, goods, and all, sank in a moment with one terrible shriek of agony from the sight of all Israel into darkness and death.

Now, if there be in any of us any unbelief, or pride, or envy, or uncharitable feeling, or ill-temper, or impatience, or covetousness, or indolence, anything which *provokes the Lord*, is He not able "to make a new thing" just this moment, and sink it all out of sight? To be sure He is!

Is the Lord less sensitive about His family than earthly parents are? Have you never seen a mother provoked with a dirty pinafore or a loose necktie? Have you never seen a father provoked at a

misspelt word or a vulgar expression? Have you not seen such little things put right *instantly*? And is not the Lord our Father so provoked with the slightest dishonour to His family that He would instantly put the wrong entirely right if we would but let Him? Oh, yes; the Lord is fond of making new things, and making all things new within His people; and He will do it at any moment for any one who is willing for the old man suddenly to die and the new kingdom to be perfectly established.

Look, again, at the great army of the great Sennacherib. Was there ever a more splendid body of troops? Was there ever a more skilful or confident general? Had they not marched right up into the land? Had they not the king and people at their mercy? Were they not many enough and strong enough to make an utter end of the country and of everything living in it? But the Lord of Hosts was there, and in one night He breathed death over the camp of the guards, the mighty men of valour, and turned it into a cemetery. No wounded men—no invalids—no prisoners—no fugitives—"they were all dead corpses." It was not done with shells, or breechloaders, or grapeshot, or Gatlings, or mines; the Angel of the Lord came down upon them like dew, and they were no more. That is the way the Lord disposes of His foes when He likes.

Now, if a Christian finds all his life invaded by evil influences, every day and every hour, his very religious services mixed up with sin, and the great devil sneering at him, and telling him he is just like the rest, "prone to wander," and cannot help himself, has he not a right, nay, ought he not to call in this Mighty Deliverer, and have all that made an instant end of?

Is it any exaggeration to say that many a true lover of God feels himself besieged closely with evil inclinations? Every time he walks the streets the sentinels of the devil in his soul, his own old sinful desires, call his attention to the money, and fashions, and affairs of the world, and although he does not surrender, he feels very uncomfortable. It is a struggle. Every time he enters his house the devil's pickets, in the shape of his own old love of self and ease, prompt him to waste time, and keep away from the work of God. He breaks through, perhaps, but it is a struggle. Every time he enters the house of God the devil's cavalry, in the shape of his own old envious feelings, or covetousness, or love of praise, or self-esteem, or fear of man, make a rush in his soul and spoil, in some measure, his enjoyment and devotion. He fires his guns, and stills the tumult for the time; but the cavalry are only behind that little thicket, ready for another rush next time. It is bad enough to be besieged by the devil. The temptations which come whizzing from his guns strike every point of the citadel. It is enough to have to resist all these, without having inner feelings of our own to be always troubling us. Can we not get rid of all these lusts which war against the soul? Is not God able to-day, as yesterday, to slay with the breath of His mouth? Of course He is!

Now, then, before another year begins, why not ask God to make an instant, utter end of anything and everything in us that is at enmity against Him? Nay, why not believe that He does just at this moment breathe death upon all that is offensive to Him, and rise up new—all new—all heavenly in His sight?

What a pity that, when in our baby-days they prayed over us, "Let all carnal affections die in him," we were unable to join in the prayer, and believe that the God of Fire did it just then! But are we never to rise to the accomplishment of that prayer? Ah! surely we will just now lay the only sure foundation of a year of solid peace, and perfect joy and love, by insisting upon the instant and utter destruction of every foe within.

"Behold, now is the accepted time!
Behold, now is the day of salvation!"

AMONG THE PRINCES.

BY I. E. PAGE.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN BRAINARD, PAYSON, BRAMWELL, MCCHEYNE,
AND A TRAVELLER ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.*



TRAVELLER.—We are happily met, good friends; and great will be my joy to talk of Divine things with you who have known them so fully. May I say that you have long been numbered among my friends, though I have not seen you in the flesh. With your history, David Brainard, I have been long familiar, and have read again and again, with burning heart, the story of your work among the Indians. In my younger days I thought your views of life somewhat gloomy, but have learned to stand abased before the example of your purity, self-sacrifice, and labours more abundant. Nor is yours, Dr. Payson, a name unfamiliar to me. The story of your ministry has been a power to influence me; while the account so pathetically told, of the agonising sufferings and triumphant victory with which your life closed, has made my soul melt and glow.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past."

WILLIAM BRAMWELL, man of the fervid spirit and seraphic love, I greet thee, an Elijah of modern days. How have thy words stirred me, brother, and made me fall abased before God! yet encouraged to ask that thy God might fill with power my heart as He did thine; and I shall hail thee, Robert McCheyne, full of the gentleness and tenderness of Jesus, thy example, whose spirit thou didst catch, and like Him early die. Thou art the "beloved disciple" of those I see following Jesus, steeped

* The passages here given are in the precise words of the writers named.

in His love, and breathing his compassion for souls. Very sweet have been thy words to me, McCheyne, and the fragrance of thy life is "like the smell of Lebanon." Followers of Jesus are ye all, and I would follow in your steps, that I may find the secret place of holiest communion. Let me hear, and be stimulated by your words.

BRAMWELL.—I am nearer the throne, and never was so dependent on Jesus. He is my all, bless the Lord! God is working, but we want greater things. This walking with God, this conversation in heaven! Oh! how I am ashamed! I sink in silent love. I wonder how the Lord has ever borne with me so long. I never had such a view of God and myself. I pray that every moment of my life may show forth His praise. Praise Him for ever.

MCCHEYNE.—I am persuaded that I shall obtain the highest amount of present happiness; I shall do most for God's glory and the good of man, and I shall have the fullest reward in eternity; by maintaining a conscience always washed in Christ's blood; by being filled with the holy spirit at all times, and by attaining the most entire likeness to Christ in mind, will, and heart, that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to attain to in this world.

PAYSON.—My gracious God is still loading me with His unmerited goodness. His mercies follow each other as wave follows wave, and the last seems ever the greatest. This morning I seem to enjoy the happiness of heaven.

BRAINARD.—I long for God, and a conformity to His will in inward holiness ten thousand times more than for anything here below.

BRAMWELL.—Then there is no torment, no dread of death, eternity, or judgment. This view makes all calm, and fills the soul with Divine consolation. It is heaven, already heaven.

BRAINARD.—Oh, for sanctification! My very soul pants for the complete restoration to the image of my Saviour, that I may be fit for the blessed enjoyments and employments of the heavenly world.

TRAVELLER.—It is good to the heart to hear words like these. O what a height and depth is holiness! May I have grace to seek it! But it appears that numbers even among the professed people of God are surprisingly indifferent to the whole matter. Why do not all who seek the better country search for this priceless pearl, this meetness for heaven?

MCCHEYNE.—Ah! I fear there is little of this. The most of God's people are contented to be saved from the hell that is *without*. They are not so anxious to be saved from the hell that is *within*. I fear there is little feeling of your need of the indwelling spirit. I fear you do not know the "exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe."

BRAINARD.—I bless God He has for some years given me an abiding conviction that it is impossible for any rational creature to enjoy true happiness without being entirely devoted to Him. Under the influence of this conviction I have in some measure acted. O that I had done more so!

BRAMWELL.—It is astonishing how the devil is cheating us, at the same time filling for a moment our heads and emptying our hearts. What shall we do? How shall we return? I sometimes nearly lose my hope. In all churches till the present time Satan has used outward splendour to darken the inward glory.

McCHEYNE.—Again, what fruit is there of *actual likeness to God* in you? Do you love to be much with God? To climb up near to God (Gen. v. 22); to love, and long, and plead, and wrestle, and stretch after Him? Are you weaned from the world (Ps. cxxx. 1), from its praise, from its hatred, from its scorn? Do you give yourself clean away to God (2 Cor. viii. 5), and all that is yours? Are you willing that your will should be lost in His great will?

PAYSON.—“My Christian friends, has God done all this for you? Has He loved you with an everlasting love? Has he quickened you when you were dead in trespasses and sins? Has He raised you up together, and made you sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus? Need anything, then, be said to convince you that you ought to love Him, to praise Him, to live to Him, and Him only?”

TRAVELLER.—Alas! that these appeals should be needed. Would God there were to-day an uprising of His Church to seek these things. Then would she go forth robed in the beauty of her Lord, inspired with His wisdom, and girded with His power, to accomplish His work. But how many of His people are asleep! And of those who are awake to their need how many grope in darkness, desiring to be holy, but baffled with perplexity, and weary with failure? What shall we, who desire the whole image of Christ, do?

BRAMWELL.—The reason why many who seek to be saved from the remains of the carnal mind do not obtain the blessing is because they have secretly backslidden and forfeited the Divine favour. If they were correctly acquainted with their own state, they would again seek to be justified by faith in Christ.

McCHEYNE.—The matter is very plain, brethren, if we had spiritual eyes to see it. If we live a life of faith on the Son of God, then we shall assuredly live a life of holiness. I do not say *we ought to do so*, but I say *we shall* as a matter of necessary consequence. But in so far as we do not lead a life of faith, in so far shall we live a life of unholiness. It is through faith that God purifies the heart, and there is no other way.

PAYSON.—The best means of keeping near to God is the closet. Here the battle is won or lost.

BRAINARD.—The way to enjoy the Divine presence and be fitted for His service is to live a life of great devotion and constant self-dedication to Him, observing the motions and dispositions of our own hearts, whence we may learn the corruptions that lodge there, and our constant need of help from God for the performance of the least duty.

McCHEYNE.—Whoever would live a life of persevering holiness, let him keep his eyes fixed on the Saviour. As long as Peter looked only to the Saviour he walked upon the sea in safety to go to Jesus; but when he looked around and saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, cried, “Lord, save me.” Just so will it be with you. As long as you look believingly to the Saviour, who loved you, and gave Himself for you, so long you may tread the waters of life’s troubled sea, and the soles of your feet shall not be wet; but venture to look around upon the winds and waves that threaten you on every hand, and, like Peter, you begin to sink, and cry, “Lord, save me!” How justly, then, may we address to you the Saviour’s rebuke to Peter, “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?”

PAYSON.—Let your Great Physician heal you in His own way. Only

follow His directions, and take the medicine which He prescribes, and then quietly leave the result with Him.

BRAMWELL.—I am more than ever ashamed of unbelief. O, how it dishonours God and His truth! All is ours, and we shall receive all!

TRAVELLER.—Made holy by Christ, united to Christ by believing, kept by His power through faith; this, then, seems to be God’s way of holiness. This will bring the pilgrim soul into “a goodly land” of peace, and joy, and power, the wealth of which can only be known by those who have gone up, in God’s name, to possess it. Glad should I be to hear your testimonies as to this experience of the Divine mercy and power.

PAYSON.—I have done trying to praise God for His mercies. All we can do falls so far short of what we owe that it seems little better than mockery to thank Him in our feeble language; and I can only stand in stupid astonishment to see how good He will be, notwithstanding all I can do to prevent it.

BRAMWELL.—I am seeking the Lord every day. I am sure I grow in grace. This is my labour—to see God and love Him. I have left all in His hands; I have no care but to please Him; I am dead, and my life is hid with Christ in God. I am more dependent than ever, see myself more and more, and can only say, “Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” O the mind, the sweet mind of Christ! May I follow the Lord every moment!

McCHEYNE.—I declare to you that I had rather be one hour with God than a thousand with the sweetest society on earth or in heaven. All other joys are but streams. God is the fountain.

BRAINARD.—O, it is sweet to be the Lord’s, to be sensibly devoted to Him! What a blessed portion is God! How glorious, how lovely! O how my soul longs to employ my time wholly for God!

PAYSON.—O what a blessed thing it is to lose one’s will; since I have lost my will I have found happiness.

TRAVELLER.—Let the glories of these testimonies be given to God, glorified in His people. But I long to hear more.

McCHEYNE.—I find there are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardour—personal holiness, and the honour of Christ in the salvation of souls.

BRAMWELL.—I want much more of God. I long, I pray, I cannot rest without the fulness of God. We shall soon have done with preparing for glory. We must lay up every day. God grant that we may have a full reward.

BRAINARD.—I have received my all from God. O that I could return my all to God! Surely God is worthy of my highest affection and most devout adoration. He is infinitely worthy that I should make Him my last end, and live for ever to Him. O that I might never more, in any one instance, live to myself!

PAYSON.—I enjoyed a very unusual degree of sweetness and fervour this morning. O how precious did Christ appear to my soul! How I longed to be a pure flame of fire in His service, to be all zeal, and love, and fervour! With what gratitude did I look to Him, saying, “Blessed Saviour, behold how happy I am; and to Thee all my happiness is owing. But for Thee I should now have been lifting up my eyes, being in torment!” O what shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?

TRAVELLER.—Praise God! praise God! And now I must say farewell. May we speak of these things in the city of the blessed!

PAYSON.—I am going, but God will surely be with you.

MCHEYNE.—There is no joy like that of holiness. May Enoch's Companion be yours!

BRAINARD.—O my brother, pursue after holiness; press toward the blessed mark, and let your thirsty soul continually say, "I shall never be satisfied till I awake in Thy likeness."

BRAMWELL.—Farewell, the everlasting God be with you always!

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

LORENZO DOW, THE CRAZY MAN.

—•••••—



WE are not prepared to adopt and endorse all the notions or actions of Lorenzo Dow. That there was in his conduct, and even perhaps in his teaching, or mode of teaching, strange wanderings off the beaten track, eccentricities which in no small degree hindered his usefulness or limited its extent, we have no doubt.

But we wish to cherish the memories of burning zeal and spiritual might and fearless testimony which he has left behind, seeing that we find, in the earlier scenes of his career especially, such singular manifestations of the work of God as we never recollect to have met with elsewhere.

Born in Connecticut, United States, in 1777, a year after the declaration of Independence, Lorenzo Dow preached in every State of the rising Union; in England and Ireland throughout the stormy period when a new English nation was forming itself in spite of the old one, and when revolutions were rending in pieces the old constitutions of the world.

When he was only three years old, while playing with a companion one day he suddenly fell to thinking about God, until his play was entirely forgotten. Upon being called to order by his little playfellow, Lorenzo asked, "Do you say your prayers morning and night?" "No," was the answer. "Then," said Lorenzo, "you are wicked, and I will not play with you," and instantly quitting his company he went home.

EARLY DAYS AND CONVERSION.

At thirteen a strange dream, in which some one seemed to come to him repeatedly and ask him, "Do you pray?" thoroughly aroused him to seek salvation. He began to pray alone, and was entirely separated from all his old companions, who looked upon him as already religious. He had no one, however, who could tell him more fully what he should do to be saved. In his distress he would betake himself to prayer, and then, finding no relief, would conclude there was no hope for him. Several times, feeling certain that he was not one of the elect, and could not be saved, he fully resolved upon suicide, and on one occasion actually went into the woods with his gun, arguing that if he could not be saved he had far better die

before heaping further condemnation upon his soul. But here he was stopped by the thought, "If I kill myself it will be all over with me for ever; but if I live I may find something turn up in my favour."

Something did turn up, in the shape of Hope Hall, an itinerating Methodist preacher, who came into the neighbourhood. Lorenzo, like many more, went wondering to see a Methodist, but, to his surprise, found a human being very like the rest. The preacher, upon coming to his application, pointed his finger straight at the poor lad, and said—

"Sinner, there is a frowning Providence above your head, and a burning hell beneath your feet, and nothing but the brittle thread of life prevents your soul from falling into endless perdition. 'But,' says the sinner, 'what must I do?' 'You must pray.' 'But I can't pray.' 'If you don't pray, then, you'll be damned!'" As he brought out the last expression, he stamped with his foot on the box on which he stood, and smote with his hand upon the Bible, which both together went like a dagger to his young hearer's heart. He almost fell back from his seat; but clutching at a friend next him, held on, not daring for some time to stir, lest he should tumble into hell. From that hour he gave himself no rest in seeking after God, and, by his own request, some days afterwards a meeting of converts was held expressly to pray for him. Still finding no relief, he dared not go home alone, and as they led him along he fell down several times. At home he dared not close his eyes lest he should awake in hell; and when at last his utter exhaustion produced a little sleep, he was awakened by a terrible dream of devils struggling for his soul. At length, however, while wrestling in prayer, the voice of God seemed to breathe into his inmost soul the assurance that his sins were all forgiven; and rising at daybreak, he hurried to tell every one he knew what great things the Lord had done for him.

He very soon felt the cords of God's love sweetly drawing him on to preach the Gospel; but such was the character of the religious life around him that it appears he was seventeen years old before he so much as engaged in prayer in public. Soon after this, however, he gave a brief exhortation. But this was the beginning of troubles. His parents gently reproved him, and with many to hinder it seems he had none to encourage or to help.

By dreams again, however, God came to the rescue. The state of mankind was presented to the sleeping youth in the most terrible manner. Upon one occasion Mercy and Justice seemed to stand beside him, the first saying, "If you will submit, and be willing to go and preach, there is mercy for you;" the second, holding a drawn glittering sword over his head, added, "If you will not submit, you shall be cut down. Now or never!"

He did submit, and after buffetings and tossings of mind for more than another year, during which he seems still to have shrunk back from the work, and ever to have been urged on to it by the most terrible dreams, he went out as an exhorter to the nearest preaching-places. While speaking upon one of these first occasions he was taken suddenly ill, so as to lose sight and strength for the time; and, to add to all his discouragements, those preachers who first heard him unanimously recommended him to return home. Persevering, however, he was allowed to labour in a circuit for three months, at the end of which time he received the following most interesting dismissal:—

"We have had brother Lorenzo Dow, the bearer hereof, travelling in Warren circuit these three months last past. In several places he was liked by a great many people; at other places he was not liked so well, and at a few places they were not willing he should preach at all. We have therefore thought it necessary to advise him to return home for a season, until a further recommendation can be obtained from the society and preachers of that circuit."

But the poor men were too late. God had spoken to His prophet, who went forth, not by the will of man, nor by the will of the flesh, and having received his commission from on high, the young evangelist was not to be stopped by the comments of feeble, half-hearted professors,

who thought more, doubtless, of outward appearance and words than of heart-work and spiritual power.

Without a friend, without even a certificate of any kind, until after a time he received one as to his moral character, without funds, scarcely having had three months' practice even in preaching, the lad of eighteen went forth to carry the Gospel where and as he might. He was at the time in a very weakly state, and suffered from asthma so much as to be only able to sleep upon the bare floor. Preaching wherever he could get a congregation, and yet but rarely seeing souls brought to Christ, he went on struggling against a world of internal as well as external discouragements with ever-increasing courage and confidence, notwithstanding the chilling remarks of professional preachers, who disapproved of the wandering, restless, daring "friend to mankind," as he called himself when denied any Church name.

HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN.

He thus sums up the events of his first travels:—

"I returned home to my parents, after an absence of eight months, having travelled more than four thousand miles, through heat in the valleys, the scorching sun beating down upon me, and through cold upon the mountains, and frequently, whilst sleeping with a blanket on the floor, where I could look up and see the stars through the bark roof, the frost nipping me, so that I lost the skin from my nose, hands, and feet, and from my ears it peeled three times; travelling through storms of rain and snow—this frequently drifted into banks, so that I had no path for miles together, and was obliged at times to alight and stamp a way for my horse for some rods; at other times, being engaged for the welfare of souls, after preaching in the dark evening, would travel the chief part or the whole of the night journeys from twenty to forty miles, to get on to my next day's appointment; preaching from ten to fifteen times a week, and oftentimes no stranger to hunger and thirst, in these new countries; and though my trials were great, the Lord was still precious to my soul and supported me through."

Can one read such a record of the labours of a lad of nineteen without a melancholy feeling that a race of spiritual giants is gone, leaving only a very diminutive offspring behind?

The Lord now began to favour him with more marked success, and that very much in connection with house-to-house visitation, a duty from which he shrank, like many more, but which, unlike most preachers, he nevertheless went forward with in the strength of God. "In the space of twenty-two days I travelled three hundred and fifty miles and preached seventy-six times, besides visiting some from house to house, and speaking to hundreds in class meetings."

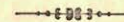
That such extraordinary labours were not accomplished without many a soul-conflict any one may well imagine, but Lorenzo knew how to renew his strength, and here is a charming example of it:—

"But now arose a difficulty from another quarter; I had lost my greatcoat on the road while travelling, and my coat was so worn out that I was forced to borrow one; my shoes were unfit for further service, and I had not a farthing of money to help myself with, and no particular friends to look to for assistance. Thus, one day, whilst riding along, facing a hard, cold, north-east storm, very much chilled, I came to a wood; and alighting from my horse and falling on my knees on the wet grass, I lifted up my voice and wept, and besought God either to release me from travelling and preaching, or else to raise me up friends. My soul was refreshed; my confidence was strengthened, and I did believe that God would do one or the other; and true it was. People a few days after this, of their own accord, supplied all my necessities, and gave me a few shillings to bear my expenses."

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.



The Month.



THE month just past, though perhaps not marked specially by any very striking external operation in the Mission, has, we trust, been made for ever memorable to many, from the mighty spiritual blessings they have received.

The last night of October, and the morning of the first of November, were spent in prayer at Whitechapel, by a large number of friends from all London stations, with some from Chatham and Stockton. The power of God fell so overwhelmingly in many hearts that that night will, we trust, produce such devotion and labour as no previous winter has seen; and the appetite for nights of prayer which has received so great an impulse will, we have no doubt, grow so as to produce still more marvellous results in time to come.

In the midst of the desperate struggle in which we are engaged against a world in arms to resist God, we must ever be mindful of the glorious truth that power "belongeth unto God," who is able instantly to transform individuals, communities, and nations, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself. His power, through faith, is our power, and therefore we can no more know discouragement than defeat. This month Alexinatz was abandoned to the Turks, because it was isolated, and apparently incapable of further resistance. Had it been held two days longer, which all admit could have been done, the armistice, imposed by a mightier power than that of Servia, would have saved it. Truly, our world seems just now more than ever to lie in the arms of the wicked one. The absence of spiritual life, even amongst the Lord's people, is lamentable enough. But let us wait on the Lord; and if we patiently wait, and valiantly hold our ground, He will come to our help in the moment of extremity, and turn difficulty in a moment into glory.

WHITECHAPEL.

Two men stood together in one of our porch-meetings the other day. One was a destitute sailor who had been admitted into the Sailors' Home; the other, a strong young man, who declared he had never broken his fast for two days. The little bread he had got he had given to his wife and two children. While unable to do much temporarily, thank God we can and do offer the

poorest the Bread of Life, of which there is no scarcity, for unto the poor the Gospel is preached.

"IT TOUCHED MY HEART, SIR,"

said a poor hard-working man, who had followed us when processioning to our hall. His wife had often tried to induce him to attend some place of worship. Hearing our singing he came out to see what was the matter, just when

an invitation was given for the worst to come and hear about Jesus. His wife pressed him to come. He came, and the Word reached his heart. "Yes," he said, "the Word touched my heart, sir," and as he looked up, I saw the tears running down his face. When he had found the Saviour, he said, "I'll go and tell my wife. Oh, won't she be glad! This is what she has long wanted me to do."

"I'VE GOT IT,"

said a dear man who was kneeling by the side of his wife, when both were struggling for liberty. We were singing—

"There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee."

Light came to his soul. The way of salvation by faith was plain; then he shouted, "I've got it!" May the Lord help him to keep it!

PRAYER AND PROVIDENCE.

Gratitude flows from our hearts for the return of Mr. Booth with health so far restored to labour again amongst us. A happy Sabbath was spent, and good was done. On that day a dear sister's prayer was answered, in the salvation of her husband. In believers' meetings and in private prayer brethren and sisters had borne this case specially before the Lord. The truth that night was fastened like a nail in a sure place. Conviction brought him to his knees at his own fireside, where he erected the family altar he had long since cast down. While praying for mercy, the Lord blessedly entered his soul and filled him with joy and peace through believing. His business had ceased to prosper, and his wife had often said, "I know we are going wrong because he will not yield, but I do not care if I am brought to a crust if it will only lead to the salvation of his soul." Praise God! the Lord has now restored him to His favour.

THE ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER,

conducted by Mr. Booth, was a time of wonderful blessing; God Himself passed by in mighty and overwhelming power. The result at this station has been very blessed. Many are rejoicing in health and strength received that night. We look for another.

Thanks to dear friends for tracts.

More are still needed. We are also in great need of funds to carry on the Lord's work. Can be forwarded to

Yours, in Jesus,
W. J. PEARSON.
2, Queen Street,
Cambridge Heath Road, E.

LIMEHOUSE.

MISS DAVIS preached our quarterly sermons. Good time all day. Hall near full at night. Three souls came out for God. Another went away home, and got saved before sleeping that night. Tea and public meeting on Monday. Short earnest addresses, with prayer, and more came on board. On Thursday, after holding an open-air meeting, we invited the anxious to come with us to class. Three others sought and found salvation. One was a widow who had been under conviction a fortnight. "Not a minute's peace, sir, have I had since a fortnight ago to-night, when I first came here." But she has peace now, praise the Lord! Glad to report that we have reduced the debt of £20, mentioned in September's Magazine, to £6 14s. 6d. Many thanks for little parcels of tracts received, only more needed; please to help us.

Yours, in Jesus,
FREDERICK LEWINGTON.
10, Clemence Street,
Burdett Road, Limehouse.

BETHNAL GREEN.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

BLESS His name! This past month has been one of great blessing. Notwithstanding the fogs and wet, our meetings have been well attended both inside and out; and many precious souls have been gathered in. After preaching from the "Lost Sheep," the first who came forward as seekers were

TWO YOUNG MEN.

They very soon got into the light. While telling the Lord how bad they had been one said, "Lord, I not only want to be saved from hell, but I want to live in the light of Thy countenance." Glory to God! One is now an earnest worker with us; the other is some distance away, but writes to say how happy he is in still trusting in Christ.

"OH, THIS BLESSED JESUS!"

said a sister the other day, "I wish I had but known about Him and made His acquaintance sooner. It seems," she says, "as if I have been to sleep, and just woke up in a new world." My answer was, "Yes, that's like people feel that are born again—all things become new." And the work, she says, doesn't seem half so hard as before, and her troubles seem melted away. Praise God! He saves to the uttermost.

A band of converted policemen, led by Brother Flawn, gave us a Sunday evening, and a blessed season we had. They took a few souls into custody for Jesus. One old lady that got saved, while on her knees looked into my face with the tears streaming from her eyes, saying, "Is it possible for God to save me? can he take in such a wretch as me?" She very soon found He could and would take her in, and putting her hand to her head, she said:

"SEVENTY YEARS OF SIN GONE!"

Oh! hallelujah to the Lamb! He takes in the blackest." Our people here are in working order, and we are looking for still greater things. We have been cleaning our hall; the brethren and sisters have been following John Smith's example, and have worked hard. And now with a clean hall and, better far, clean hearts, we expect a great in-gathering of precious souls. God is for us, who shall be against us? Tracts much needed.

Yours, at the Master's feet,
ANNIE DAVIS.
11, Waterloo Terrace,
Arundel Street,
Mile End, E.

HAMMERSMITH.

IN labours more abundant we realise that the grace of God is sufficient, and we see and feel the importance more and more of "working while it is day."

Our Harvest Thanksgiving festival was a season of great blessing and rejoicing, a time of thanksgiving and consecration of ourselves to God, with a liberal thank-offering to the Lord's treasury, closing up with pointing five broken-hearted sinners to the cross.

Bro. Lamb's visit was made a great blessing. He preached with remarkable power three times on the Sunday, and

some eight or ten came out seeking the Lord.

Among those who have of late been saved is a man who has been a terrible drunkard, but now, with his wife, is savingly happy, and taking up the cross daily.

Last Sabbath it was very delightful to see a father lead his daughter to the penitent-form, and a sister a profligate brother, for whom she has been praying for many a day; and then followed an intelligent-looking young man, who with great earnestness sought the pearl of great price. Some of these have joined the society, and taken their stand in the open air; and it is delightful to hear them, with their hearts brimful of heavenly joy, tell what God has done and is doing for their souls.

SAVED JUST IN TIME.

One young man (I think a navvy) who recently came to Jesus one Saturday night, in the Temperance Hall, was taken ill with small-pox the week following. One of the brethren called to see him just before they removed him to the hospital. He said, "Bless the Lord! I am glad that ever I saw you. I am glad I went to the Temperance Hall. I am going to the hospital, but it's all right."

"Oh! I scarcely knew how to sit there. I thought I must have cried out for mercy," said a woman who came weeping to the penitent-form one evening. And the Lord saved her, and she is walking in the light.

It is very desirable to open our new hall, which is progressing, free of debt. Will you help us in this matter? About £250 is still required. Contributions will be received by Miss Bazett, or by

Yours,
J. P. GRAY.
8, Percy Cottages, Bradmore Park Road,
Hammersmith.

LEICESTER.

ALTHOUGH, sad to relate, many have passed away unforgiven, and huge masses are yet careless about their eternal interests, yet we have rejoiced at many of our meetings to see sinners weeping at the feet of Jesus; and we feel sure that our Christian readers will rejoice too, when they hear that God so graciously blesses our efforts. In the fair, although the noise and din were indescribable, and the poor drunken

scoffers only too numerous, yet God helped us, and on we went. The singing laid hold of a man (I may say that the singing that night we shall never forget) who was engaged in taking likenesses in the fair. He listened, he wept, heard our announcements, went away; but on Sunday was at the evening service powerfully convicted, but did not yield. The words of the preacher ringing in his ears—"Some one is resisting the Holy Ghost. *Take care!*" he had no sleep that night; on Monday he came to the tent, again resisted, but went and lay on his face before God until three o'clock next morning, when pardon, peace, and joy came. Glory be to Jesus! He wanted to come at once to my house, in order to praise God with me, but his wife said no.

He soon showed which side he was on. At night he stood with us in the fair, sang and cried and induced a man who was exhibiting himself as

A LIVING SKELETON

to come and sign the pledge. This man was once a Christian, but fell through drink, which has cost him hundreds of pounds since. But that night he signed the pledge, and the friends prayed with him. He then fetched his wife out of the show, who at once signed the pledge also, and they have since sought and found Jesus.

The history of the first man is a remarkable one. For a long time he was an active member of the Sheffield Hallelujah Band, an account of which has often set my heart in a glow. He had also a dear praying mother, who always went at 7.30 a.m. to plead with God for her son, but he sunk to the lowest possible depths of sin. But even then, every morning the thought that his mother was praying haunted him.

"Oh, the joy, sir, when I met her that first morning in spirit at the Throne of Grace."

May this man, his dear mother, and "The Living Skeleton" meet us all in heaven, for Christ's sake!

SURRENDER AND SALVATION.

A man who had been under conviction for many months, unable to rest day or night, being told that God demanded the full surrender of his heart and will, said with great determination, "I hereby make a full surrender of my heart and will to God, and desire only

to be guided by Him through time and eternity." We hardly need say that soon this man's voice was heard loudly praising God for his wonderful salvation.

A DELIGHTFUL SCENE.

This sight was witnessed at the close of one of our love-feasts: It was seen that God's Spirit was striving mightily with a dear mother and daughter, but the mother coming over a little faint, the enemy only too quickly used this as a reason why both should go out. A few Christians, however, who knew some of the devil's tricks, just led her to the seat near the door and stood by praying for her; before many minutes had elapsed they both sprang up, came out and threw themselves at Jesus' feet, where the mother soon obtained liberty and was heard praising God. On this the daughter cried out, "Oh, Lord, Thou hast saved my mother, do save me!" We could not help weeping with her. But soon came the welcome victory, and then they embraced and kissed each other, while saints and angels rejoiced, sinners wondered, and the devil was defeated, and Jesus saw of the travail of His soul and was satisfied. The following Sunday the son was brought to Jesus.

ALL GLORY BE TO HIM.

Another man has found Christ who for a long time has been under conviction, and who, many times in years gone by, used to accompany his father to his preaching appointments; but when he was left to himself, he ran into terrible sin. He told me that on one occasion he had earned on the river, at one job which lasted eight days, £18 10s.; going straight into a public-house, he never left its boundary-wall until it was all gone. But, praise God, he is saved, together with his wife who shared so much sorrow with him, and now their eldest daughter is added to the happy band.

SAVED AND DETERMINED.

A poor fallen girl has been reached by the glorious Gospel; attracted by our open-air meetings she came and listened, memory carried her back to bygone days when, as a virtuous maiden, she enjoyed the happiness of home, and now she had strong desires to return to Christ; the enemy, ever busy, put an awful alternative before her, but she threw herself at Jesus' feet, and while

weeping there a loving sister spoke to her; she exclaimed, "You do not know me, Mrs. L.—, nor yet what a sinner I have been," and then came the relation of an awful tale of woe; but, *praise the Lord*, she obtained pardon. The cruel usage the poor creature received at her lodgings would have subdued a less determined woman. She came to all the meetings, and often at the open-air meetings she would receive some rough handling; once her hair-net with some of its contents was torn from her head, but she held on her way and is now in a home where she has already proved herself to be a useful and a happy Christian.

There are several more interesting cases which we will reserve for some future time.

But we would not close our Report without again asking all God's people to pray for us and the work here, also for the young converts who have to suffer a great deal from their sceptical fellow-workmen.

Believe us, yours
in the army of King Jesus,
LAMB AND RUSSELL.

Evington Street,
Leicester.

LEEDS.

THE Lord is still blessing us here. We have large congregations, good open-air meetings, profligate sinners are being saved, and believers sanctified, and we are fully expecting such a winter's campaign as we have never seen before. The following are some of the first fruits of the Tent services.

A BLACKSMITH AND HIS WIFE.

We give his first open-air address. "I thank God I ever went to the Mission Tent, for it was there I found out that I was a great sinner, and if I had died, then I should have gone straight down to hell. But, praise God! I found out Jesus came into this world to save me, for I was one of the worst of sinners. And me and my wife went to Christ together, and He saved us both, and we are a fortnight old to-day, and if you want to be safe for eternity and happy while on this earth, come to the Tent and give yourselves to Jesus tonight, and you will get more happiness in one five minutes than ye have ever had in your lives, or ever can have while in your sins."

A GAMBLER AND WIFE-BEATER.

This man was a very desperate character. He had gone down into the lowest depths of sin and misery, but at Leeds fair on the Tuesday, he was attracted by the singing in the open air, and came down to the entrance of the Tent, and stood and listened. Conviction seized him, and went to his heart like an arrow. He came every night during the week, and on the following Sunday could stand it no longer. He came out like a man, gave up his gambling companions, *except one who came out with him*, and got saved. He was just the man we wanted for a door-keeper, and he suited it well. May God make him useful in that important sphere of labour! He has now a happy home, and his wife's prayers are answered.

"TOO BAD."

An old man came night after night, but no one could get a word out of him. One night, however, he was much broken down, and some of the friends came to one of our helpers and said, "Will you speak to this old man; he says he is too bad to be saved." Our brother went and sat down quietly by his side, and something like the following ensued:—

"Well, my brother, would you like to be saved, that is, if God would save you?"

"Yes, I would."

"But you think you're too bad?"

"Oh, yes, I am."

"You have been in the way before, I fancy?"

"Yes, a long while ago."

"And you have got far astray?"

"Yes, very far."

"And you think there is no hope?"

"No hope."

"Well, I will tell you what I would do. Go up to the penitent-form every night for six months, and then in the judgment day you can say, 'I made a fair trial,' and I fancy you won't feel half so ashamed as many will."

"But," said the old man, brightening up, "I should not have to go all that time before God saved me?"

"Then," said our friend, "start at once. You remember, I dare say, the old hymn—

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I shall for ever die."

"I will," and up he went, and I believe God saved him that night.

THANK-OFFERINGS.

Last Monday night at the close of the meeting a man who got saved the night before came to say good-bye; he was leaving the town for Rotherham. He said, "I am very happy in my soul, I'm saved, and I know it. I want to give you a thank-offering to God for His mercy to me." He handed me 10s., and left us rejoicing.

The same night I received letters from a brother and his wife who had been saved at the Tent, with a thank-offering of £1 for the work.

Any help will be gratefully received by our Treasurer, E. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street, or by the Secretary, J. Broadbent, Esq., Covered Market, or by

JAMES DOWDLE.

16, Trafalgar Street,
Leeds.

MIDDLESBRO'.

WE have never yet cried "Halt!" on a Sabbath evening in this town without the Church Militant joining with the Church Triumphant in a grand shout of victory such as never yet went up from blood-stained battle-field, a shout that has made the castle-gates of hell to tremble, and the rescued have rejoiced to feel their freedom.

A man said in one of our meetings the other day, "Oh! thank God! I never thought religion was like this. I have often grinned and sneered at these men and women as they have gone up and down our street, and thought the best place for them would have been the police-station. But, oh! God bless you all! I am glad I ever followed you to this place, for I never thought religion could ever do for a man what it has done for me. I shall join you in the streets next Sunday. God bless you!"

"MOTHERS, PRAY ON!"

Another man, whose mother had prayed for him for years, has got at last into the fold, and with a joyous countenance said, at one of our mid-day meetings, "I have written a letter to my dear mother, and told her that her prayers were answered, her son was converted; and I have got a letter back—" But tears checked him; he

could not tell us the gladness that had burst from that mother's heart.

Another said, "Friends, I am a backslider. I got away from the fold, and a more miserable wretch never lived. I have been tempted to do all sorts of things, but, oh! thank God! I am out of hell, and the Lord has saved me. To-night I am going home to do my first works again. I am pardoned! I am free once more! Glory be to God!"

A woman said, "I

"DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS

that I came here to-night. I did not mean to come, but I thought I would just turn in to see what sort of people you were. I had heard a lot about you, and I did not come with any kind feelings towards you, I am sure, for I have always thought you were a queer lot. But while you was preaching I fell to a-trembling, and I did wish I was out. I tried to get up, but my legs seemed too weak to support my body, and I thought I should fall off the seat; and I said if I could get out they should never catch me there again; but I could not get out. And then you said, 'There's a woman in that pit that is resisting the Spirit of God,' and you looked straight in my face. I could have screeched, but my tongue seemed too big for my mouth. I did not know what to do until that dear woman came to me and asked me to come forward and give my heart to God, and oh! sir," she said, as she heartily shook my hand, "I am going home a new woman. I feel I am saved. I know I am saved!"

Another sister, rising from her knees, said, "Will you come home and see my poor old mother? she is unsaved. Oh! how shall I get my dear mother to come to Jesus? I do love Him now, and I must get my mother to Him. Will you help me? I am going home to tell her all about it. Pray for me."

I might give you many more interesting cases. God is with us here indeed, and of a truth.

Yours in the battle-field,

WILLIAM GARNER.
No. 4, Lennox Street, Middlesbro'.

NORTH ORMSBY.

THANK God for a month of success. All our meetings have been sustained in a blessed and united spirit. The workshop that Bro. Matthews has so kindly

fitted up for us as a Mission Hall has become far too small for Sunday afternoon and week-night services; it is crowded almost to suffocation, and we are heartily crying, like Jabas, "Oh, Lord, enlarge my coast."

We use the Church Institute for Sunday and Friday evenings, and that is becoming too strait also.

Best of all, sinners, and not a few, are getting converted; men and women, who a few months ago were lying in the arms of the wicked one, are now turned to the Lord.

A PIGEON-FLYER.

A young man, that used to be very fond of this game, has, since his conversion, made a clean sweep of the lot, and his father, speaking of him, said, "If ever there was a true Christian, it is our Tom," he being an ungodly man.

KEEP SINGING.

Another young man, who lodged with one of our mission men, one morning as he lay in bed, heard him singing a hymn, and got up and said to the landlady, "What's up with our mate? He must be going mad; and I wish he was out on it." Again, at the works, a young man, who had just given his heart to God, broke out by his side, singing one of the new mission songs he had just heard. Turning to him, he said indignantly, "What, have you joined these folks too?" He said, "Yes; and you would make a good soldier." He said, "No, never!" Since then he has given his heart to God, and in the class he said, "I am now a soldier of the cross. Hallelujah!"

Another man, a poor backslider, at the Tuesday night-class sat and wept the whole of the meeting, as he heard the glorious testimony from the men and women whom he knew had recently found the Lord. On being asked if he would be the Lord's, he said, "My heart is broken. I am willing to do anything or be anything to be saved." He ventured then and there upon the blood, and his wife has since given herself to the Lord also; and when at the penitent form seeking the Lord, a man said to me, "If God can save that woman, He can save anybody out of hell," he soon found out He could. At the first believers' meeting she said, "I have had more real happiness in the last three days than I have seen for twenty years. Glory be to Jesus!"

Pray for us, that the word of God may run like fire through this place.

Yours, washed in the blood,
C. H. PANTER.
23, Hymar Street, North Ormsby.

HASTINGS.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PRaise God! the fire is burning. The past month has been one of progress and victory. God is in our midst, and that to bless and save. All glory to the Lamb! Here is a young man, with three others, down at that wonderful penitent-form. I wonder what he wants there? Well, these are his words, while tears are running from his eyes, and the power of God is shaking him from head to foot, "Lord, have mercy on me, and save me! O God, wash away my sins!" On hearing this, we sang on our knees—

"He left His throne above
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin."

I then asked him if he had got the pardon and the witness. In broken accents, he said, "No, sir;" but then we sang on—

"Plunge in the fountain, the fountain that
cleanses the soul,"

and then he clapped his hands together, and sang the chorus—

"I do believe it, I do believe it,
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb,
My happy soul is free, for the Lord hath
pardoned me,

Hallelujah to Jesus' name!"

May he prove faithful to the end!

There is another, a young woman, who, trembling all over, was smitten with the same complaint, and, praise God! at the same fountain, drinking the same living water, given by the same Physician—His name is Jesus still—soon she said with joy, "My sins are all gone! I am washed in the blood!"

NINFIELD.

PRaise the Lord! at this station there is the sound of coming rain in abundance. God is saving sinners and bringing up His own people to walk in the light.

Our friends here are very anxious at once to clear off the debt on the hall.

Will any who read this help us in the matter? Contributions to the Ninfield Hall Fund may be sent to Mr. Booth, or to Mr. Thorpe as below.

Tracts are much needed, and donations for the work at Hastings will be thankfully acknowledged by G. Bristow, 15, London Road; S. Thorpe, 17, Alexandra Street, St. Leonards; or by
C. HOBDAV,
Beulah House, Plymlymmon Road,
Hastings.

ST. LEONARDS.

"Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

We rejoice to report answer to prayer. Though He tarried we have waited. The Lord has set before us an open door, and against mighty opposition we took possession in the name of the great I AM, and commenced again to do battle against the powers of darkness,

"And though our enemies be strong,
We'll go on."

We commenced an attack on the enemy on new ground, and were met by shouts of derision, and oaths and curses from a poor drunkard. On the third Sunday, while our brother was speaking, he brought his horse into the street and endeavoured to disperse us by cleaning it and attempting to make it perform, &c. But, like Balaam's ass, it showed more sense than its owner, and, refusing to obey, ran away, followed by him and the rabble. The next we hear he offers to give five pounds to the hospital if we would not go into that street again, but before the return of Sabbath he is laid on a bed of affliction, and to-day his mortal remains are numbered with the clods of the valley. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" But, praise the Lord! it has not been all opposition; we are rejoicing over precious souls brought into submission to His will. One,

A YOUNG BUTCHER,

who had attended the meetings, was under deep conviction of sin, and, fearing lest our service should be over if he waited for the train, walked six miles to the hall, entering it panting for breath, and his long drover's stick in his hand, unconscious of those around him, intent only on finding rest to his troubled soul. At the close of the service, on asking him if he knew the joy of sin forgiven,

he replied, "That's what I want." We pointed him to the great Sin-bearer, and he believed on Him to the saving of his soul, and went home rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

A YOUNG POTMAN

has also been brought out of darkness, and amidst great persecution he is holding fast his confidence, firm, and rejoicing in the liberty of the children of God.

Brethren, pray for us that the word of God may have free course, and be glorified in the salvation of many precious souls in St. Leonards.

Yours, in the Master's service,
S. S. THORPE.

CARDIFF.

SIN and misery abound in every conceivable form around us, and at times one would think the devil reigns supreme. But, thank God, Jesus still leads on our mission-band, and though the Roman Catholics are very much concerned about us, and, in order that we may not be heard, come to our services to curse and howl, and a few poor deluded drunkards, instigated by the powers of hell, sometimes try to upset us; yet amidst all God is glorified in the conversion of sinners, and not a week passeth without many visible tokens of His saving power.

At our various cottage-meetings, held after open-air services in the outlying districts, sinners have been born again. The Sunday-evening service for the children has also been owned of God, and a few of the lambs have been gathered into the fold, while our Temperance Society and our Band of Hope are still waging war. Our Sunday-evening services in the large hall are as well attended as ever, and, all glory be to Jesus, our labours are owned on every side by the Great Captain of our salvation.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

A young man, brought by his shopmate to one of our cottage-meetings, was deeply wrought upon, and went away extremely miserable on account of sin. came the following Sunday evening to the hall, and for some time would not yield, though the Spirit was striving mightily with him. Presently, as his shopmate knelt by his side and began pleading with God on his behalf, he made a leap clean over the back of the

seat that stood in front, and scrambled his way up to the penitent-form, where Jesus very soon applied the balm of Gilead, and sent him home rejoicing. His first desire was that his dear wife might be saved also. Very soon he brought her to the cottage-meetings, and, praise the Lord, the second time she came she made a full surrender, and Jesus took her in. Husband and wife are now on their happy way to heaven. At our experience-meeting the other evening he said, "I never thought religion was like this. Jesus does indeed make me happy, giving me as He does to know that my name and my wife's name are written in the Lamb's book of life."

"I came from Rotherhithe," was the answer to our inquiry from a dear man who, attracted by our open-air service, had followed us to the hall, where, after a hard struggle with self and Satan, by the help of the Holy Spirit he had just stepped into liberty; "I came from Rotherhithe, where I served the Lord for three years faithfully, until one day in an unguarded moment the devil got the mastery, and ever since I have been going further in sin and getting further from God, until this evening, while listening, I was afraid the Holy Spirit had taken His departure from me altogether: but, bless His holy name! it's not so bad. I do feel that He has forgiven me, and healed all my backslidings, and now by His help I will never sin against Him any more."

Another dear fellow at our experience-meeting the other evening, said, in broken English, "Three weeks last Sunday I was coming up the street when you were singing. I stopped to listen, and came up with the procession to the Stuart Hall, and as I sat there I felt that I was wrong. All my sins came up before me, and I had to cry to God for mercy; and Jesus came and forgave me all; and now I am His, and He is mine. To-morrow I go on a long voyage, but I have Jesus in my heart, and He will go with me. Please pray for me, and if I never see you here again, may we meet in heaven!"

Will our dear friends please pray that these and many other similar cases we could give may be kept faithful?

Though our people are poor we manage to pay our current expenses; but we are in debt for furniture for the Evangelists' Home, and our friends are very anxious that this amount should be paid. One gentleman has promised to give

£20 if the remainder is forthcoming at once. We are doing what we can, and have succeeded in getting a few pounds. Will every reader of this help us? Stamps or Post Office Orders may be sent to our treasurer, J. E. Billups, Esq., Tredegarville, Cardiff, or to

Yours in Jesus,
JOB CLARE.

16, James Street,
Roath, Cardiff.

STOCKTON.

OUR Captain is leading us on to certain victory. Although the weather has been very severe we have held the fort at the Market Cross, many have listened to the Word, followed us to the theatres, and found life and liberty in Christ. Our opening tea at the old theatre was a grand success; about a thousand sat down to tea,* after which we held a grand open-air meeting at the Market Cross. At seven o'clock J. Bowron, Esq., took the chair of one of the best meetings ever held in Stockton; the place was packed, and the power of God rested upon us.

Friends, pray for this town: the Lord has been greatly blessing us during the past month, many sinners have been saved, but still thousands are on the rapids of time down to eternal despair. Pray for

Yours, in the Gospel,

J. ALLEN.

35, William Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

PORTSMOUTH.

CONFLICT and victory, persecution and blessing, fighting and winning, have been the order of things here this month. We have had fighting without and fears within, but the Lord has saved precious souls. Our open-air work was very good. The brethren and sisters are standing shoulder to shoulder in this work.

After the service one night the preacher said, "Is there any one here who will give up his sins and come to Jesus?" A man stood up immediately, and cried out,

"I'm HERE!"

and came out, fell down before God, and cried aloud for mercy, and soon, with five others, was set free. At the close

* The number was stated last month, by a printer's error, to be 2,000 instead of 1,000.

of the meeting he signed the pledge, gave me his pipe, and said, "There, I have given up all for Jesus!" A fortnight after, with a beaming face, he said, "Oh, praise the Lord! I do love Jesus!" His mate was standing by his side, and the following Sunday he came, and gave himself to the Lord, saying, "I don't know anything about it. I can't read, but I feel altogether different." And he looks it too. To God be all the glory!

Many thanks to the dear friends who have helped us so nobly; the Lord will repay them. I desire especially your prayers for this town—this work for myself.

THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Ivo L. COBET, OF CROYDON.

"Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen."

Ivo L. COBET, late of 2, Clarence Road, Croydon, was, by birth, a Belgian. His father was once a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in England, but became a merchant, and went to live in Belgium, where Ivo was born. When Ivo was thirteen years of age, his father died, and he was left to fight the battle of life alone.

HE CAME TO ENGLAND,

and entered the office of a ship-broker as a boy, in which he afterwards became a partner, and remained in partnership until a very short time before his death. He was brought up

A ROMAN CATHOLIC,

but, in London, God led him to join a class of the Young Men's Christian Association, which met to study the Bible. His object in joining the class was to perfect himself in the English language; but God had another language to teach him. In reading the word of God his eyes were opened to see he only needed the one great High Priest as mediator between God and man. He left the Roman Catholics, and became a member of the Church of England. When he came to Croydon he joined a Bible Class with the Young Men's Christian Association; was very earnest about religious work, zealous in attending church services and prayer meetings; was very fond of knotty points of

theology. He knew the theory of salvation without feeling he had any real hold of Christ as his Saviour. The Spirit had already kindled a desire to be saved; but at this time he was trying to save money to lean upon in a rainy day. The devil wanted him to lean upon anything but Jesus. To gain money he toiled hard until, to use his own words, "the pile of wealth seemed like a mountain between him and his Saviour;" but God, in mercy, took the pile down. He felt it was the hand of God that had taken his wealth; but the devil said God was a hard God to take his money, and suggested to him he could not trust a God like that. A further work was needed to bring about

HIS CONVERSION.

Eight years ago God afflicted him; he was brought face to face with death; the resurrection morning, the judgment day, and eternity, all opened to his gaze. Doctors said he must die; but our Brother Holme, of the Bible Class, and a few praying friends, said he must live. They pleaded with God for the salvation of body and soul. God heard their prayers; light streamed into the penitent's heart; he believed in Jesus, and felt heaven was his home. At that moment he felt he would like to cross the river, and dwell with God and the Lamb; and he has since told those who prayed for him that they prayed him back from his home on high; but they had prayed him into life in Christ, and now he had commenced a new existence. From the timid retiring professor, he became an earnest, bold, outspoken witness for Christ. Everywhere—in his home, in his business, in the train, or in the church—he was a burning and a shining light; he was always ready to speak for the Master, and the Master soon gave him

SPECIAL WORK

in the vineyard. In the spring of the year 1869 Mrs. Booth held a series of services in the Public Hall, Croydon, in which many souls were brought to Jesus. On the 29th of June, these services were closed with a public tea, at which the Rev. W. Booth presided. At that meeting, Mr. Cobet, Mr. H. Holme, and a few others banded themselves together to form a branch of The Christian Mission in Croydon. Mr. Cobet was appointed honorary secretary,

and held that position until the spring of this year, when his feeble health compelled him to resign. The office was faithfully fulfilled. Mr. Cobet was the main instrument in raising the money to carry on the work. In the year 1871 a site was obtained for the purpose of building a hall among the poor people. For this object our brother toiled, prayed, and believed, until £874 9s. had been raised and the top stone was brought on the Croydon Hall, "with shouting." Nearly the whole of the time the hall was building Mr. Cobet was in a very delicate state of health; but, amid the heat of summer and the storms of winter, he laboured on, feeling he had a work to do, and only a little time to do it in.

He was always about his Master's work, and very often was physically unfit, but on he went, praying, talking, walking, and writing. Very often in the train to and from the City he would be at work, distributing tracts, speaking to people about their souls, or soliciting aid for the new hall. When he reached his home, he would have just half a meal, and away to the rich people's houses, knocking at doors until they were closed against him, and then, when other folks had gone to rest, he would go home and enter his receipts. Many a journey he took in the wet and cold, without obtaining a penny, but with a smile, he would say, "Our Father knows," and go on with his work. Very frequently he would be balancing his accounts and writing letters until a very late hour, and then go to bed with the whirl of work on his brain, rising early and at it again. In addition to the incessant toil as secretary, our brother was ever willing to help in preaching or taking part in the services, and for the last few years he and our dear brother Holme met together every Sabbath to pray for a blessing on the entire work. One of his favourite expressions was, "I don't want only just to creep inside; I want to be near the throne."

THE LAST FEW WEEKS

he kept his bed. Just before this he withdrew himself from the firm in which he had been a partner. He then said, "I have a few more business matters to settle, and then I shall say, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

The last time I saw him he had received £1 1s. from an old subscriber and £5 from a dear brother in Christ, who had come from London to see him and offer any help he needed. He assured his friend that he had all he wanted. His friend said, "Then let me give to something for your sake?" Mr. Cobet said, "Here is The Christian Mission. *Help that.* Nothing is nearer my heart than this work. God has used me in that; and nothing would cheer me like feeling that you would stand by it and support it when I am gone." The gentleman sent a cheque for £5, and never shall I forget receiving it at the hands of my much-loved brother. He then told me what a lift spiritually he had received at the hands of his friend, as well as the money, by saying, "*You know you are not going among strangers; you will go through avenues of welcomes to Jesus.*" He said, "Won't that be nice?" Then he told me how good God was in sending help for the Mission. "You know," he said, "that is a proof that God will support it; and He is so good to let me feel He will supply all your need." We then thanked God for His goodness, and he said, "Before you leave, I must give you a

"PARTING WORD."

He then found 1 Cor. xv. 58, and said, "I will say it and read it to you, and you say it to the people; tell them it was my parting word. 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'" Then he said, "Tell the people to stand by the work. Tell them to look at the memorial-stone in the front of the hall. It was not laid to the glory of The Christian Mission, not to my glory, but to the glory of God." He then told me what a blessing the 9th and 10th verses of the 5th chapter of 1 Thessalonians had been to him. He said, "You see God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with Him." He said, "You see it will be life, not death. Wake or sleep, it is life. We shall live with Him."

THE LAST SABBATH

he seemed to realise his end to be near, and all his business matters being settled, as far as he could take any part,

he said, "I think I shall go about Wednesday." Up to the time of his death he was a great sufferer, and he would say to friends who saw him, "Still here; not gone yet." Waiting sometimes seemed a little trial, and during

THE LAST DAY

the devil came at him with all his hellish malice. For a short time he felt sinking in the deep river. He felt truly the last enemy to be destroyed is death. He fought in death as he had fought in life. His faithful feet felt the Rock; the Lamp of Life shone in the valley; the last billow went over his head; and as he went through the pearly gates, he sprang up from the pillows on which he was propped and cried out, "It's all praise now! it's all praise now!" Thus commenced the song of the redeemed as the eternal glory of God and the Lamb burst on the astonished gaze of our dear departing Brother Cobet.

"How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun with cloudless ray
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!
Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith endued from heaven with
power
Sustains and cheers his languid breast."

On Tuesday, September 26th, he was interred in the Lower Norwood Cemetery, followed by a good number of relatives, subscribers, and friends of the Mission, as well as business gentlemen. We could not help saying as they did of Stephen, "And devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

On Sunday evening, October 1st, Mr. H. Holme preached his

FUNERAL SERMON

in the Mission Hall, Tamworth Road, to a good congregation. The text was from Rev. xiv. 13: "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The service was a blessing to many present.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

SISTER LAINSON, OF PORTSMOUTH,

was found a miserable wanderer from the God of her youth by the Mission services in the Music Hall near three years ago, and led to see her wretched condition under the preaching of Brother Lamb, turned to the Lord, and sought and found the full assurance of His pardoning love.

For 18 months before her death our dear sister was greatly afflicted, and the last five she was quite blind; but the presence of her sick-chamber was as the threshold of a better country; the voice of praise and thanksgiving was always heard mingling with earnest testimony of Jesus' power and willingness to save to the uttermost.

I visited her immediately on hearing that the end was very near. I spoke in a few words of the country to which she journeyed. "Oh, yes, Mr. Blandy, it is almost more than I can bear to think of; but what am I that this glory should be for me? But it is *all* through my Jesus, *my* Jesus!"

We sang together the hymn—

"We speak of the realms of the blest,"

and when we finished she broke out sweetly—

"Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Then we had some prayer for her, the children, her husband; and she prayed herself, and every one in the room was melted down. Sister Bendell sat up with her that night, and still she lingered for some days, but at length the change came. They sent for me. I said, "Now, dear sister, your feet are in the river—is Jesus precious *now*?" "Oh, *so* precious—precious! It is all light—glorious—light. Heaven is opened!" I exclaimed in the fulness of my soul "Hallelujah!" when she stopped me, sang herself—

"Hallelujah! hallelujah! praise ye the Lord,"

fell back, and rested from her labours in the King's own presence. "Let me die the death of the righteous!"

Mrs. Col. Urmston preached her funeral sermon on 17th September to a crowded hall, and several came seeking our sister's Saviour.

THOS. BLANDY.