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Finish!

BY G. S. RAILTON.



 HERE is no mistake about the conclusion of a month or a year. No one will be in any doubt in a few days as to whether we are in the first or last month of a year; everybody knows whether they are living in 1877 or 1878. And yet in this one city there are people who reckon time in four different ways, and whose years commence on four distinct dates. How is it that we are all so positive about the 31st of December, 1877, and the 1st of January, 1878? Simply because we all, with one consent, keep the matter before us, pay attention to it, and remind one another in all sorts of ways of dates and seasons as they pass. You have only to be confined in the sick room, cut off from the receipt of letters and communication with intelligent people to lose all count of time.

By carelessness and thoughtlessness people pass on whole lifetimes without ever noting their real attainments or non-attainments. Where are you spiritually? what state is your soul in? are questions which would startle many a professor of religion let alone worldlings. Another year is almost gone. Have you got into the kingdom of God, or are you still outside? is a query which everyone ought to be able to face and to answer satisfactorily before 1878 dawns. Alas! how many there are who, even beneath the sound of the gospel and with the words of truth passing frequently through their minds and even their lips, utterly forget, from year's end to year's end, once to think of their own position before God! You were born in sin. Have you got out of it yet? You have been led captive by the Devil at his will. Are the chains off yet? You are by nature a child of wrath, however decent and respectable you may be. Have you been born again yet, or are you plunging on into the darkness and tempest of wrath for ever? Oh, look at it all, we entreat you, ere it be too late.

"Thank God, I am converted: I know my sins are all forgiven; I know I am going to heaven," some one says.

Well, then, listen. Where are you? How far have you got on the way? Consider! It may be you have been saying all this for years and years without seeming to get any further. Now do for once ask yourself the question, What progress have I made during the last twelve months? As month after month has been completed and scratched off the calendar, what has really been accomplished in you and by you?

Finish! Finish!! Is there nothing finished about you? You are going on. Very good. "Growing in grace" are you? Can you show no single twig, bud, or fruit that was not there twelve months since?

You walk about a great city and you see all manner of building, re-building, paving, and ornamental work going on. They are always at it somewhere. Scarcely a whole business street is ever perfectly finished on any given date. But they are always getting finished somewhere. They have finished doing business in that shop. The huge bills that said "Coming Down" for many months past, have proved true at last. There it stands empty and deserted. No scaffolding yet. But next door they have finished the hoardings, &c., necessary for pulling down to commence. A few days and through the chinks or the opening gate you may see that they have finished their pulling down, and are digging away at the soft earth. Here, again, they have finished their excavations. Oh, what a depth they have got to! They must mean "Capacious Vaults" there! Up yonder street is a house still unroofed, but the great high walls are all finished, and the huge beams and breast-summers are lying down below. And there, again, where you see the flags flying they have finished putting the roof on. Before this huge building great canvas coverings have hung for weeks. Stay—one more visit. The canvas is all gone. The carving of all the stone facings is finished. Beautiful! superb! A few days ago, when still unfinished, it was *nothing!*

Now, is this not a time to ask ourselves "Has the Great Master Builder completed any one of the operations He desired to perform in my case?"

Before my conversion, my most common sins were so and so. Now have all traces of the old life disappeared? Is the passing away of all the old things finished, or do I now and then "in an unguarded moment" go astray into some of the old paths?

Has the great Saviour ever had my case fully and completely laid before Him? Have I ever gone to Him, not merely expressing my willingness, but earnestly desiring Him to search me and prove me, and see if there be any way of evil in me? Or have I been content with knowing I was His without caring whether, or even caring to know whether I had let Him do all he wished for me, or had only let Him do a part of it?

When I first began to serve God, and some one found fault with something I said or did, or did not say or do, I was "very much

put out" about it. Have I ever let my God tell me my secret faults so that I might be cleansed from them? Has my pride and self-will, and ignorant waywardness been pulled down to the feet of Jesus?

That watchnight when I looked so closely at myself; that time when I was talked to so faithfully; that time when the word of God struck me so in reading it; on that occasion when I was so ill, and thought I should never recover; the day I read about that glorious man of God, I felt deeply how far I had come short of what I ought to be and do. Have I in any one respect come up to the mark?

How do I look in the sight of God? Is there anything finished?

"Ah!" says the devil, assisted by how many more, alas! "You cannot hope to be finished in any respect on earth." Quite right too, in a certain sense. We shall always be capable, thank God, of receiving and being and doing more, not only on earth but in heaven itself. But that is not the question.

Is God able or is He not, to finish His new creation in us as He finished His first creation long ago? Such an outrageous question would surely never be asked in connection with anything but religion, wherein people think it lawful to call every absurd fog of willing uncertainty "reverence," and every senseless refusal of plain daylight "humility!" Let us reduce the matter to the narrowest limits. Is there anything which God wants to do in me, for me, by me, and which He cannot really, completely do? Dare anyone say, "Yes, there is?" Is there anything too hard for the Lord? Is this "That we being delivered out of the hand of all our enemies," (Is that deliverance finished in my case?) "should serve Him," (Am I finished serving anybody else? Do I do all for God alone?) "without fear," (is all fear of man, the world, the devil, consequences, difficulties, clean gone?) "in holiness," (Is the separation of my heart from all but Him finished?) "and righteousness," (am I perfectly right in motive, in purpose, in plan, in action?) "all the days of my life." Am I done with bad days, faulty days, God dishonouring days? Is it finished—the very purpose for which God sent His son to bless me?

If not, oh God, help us to say and mean at length "Thy will be done—DONE—DONE—DONE! Amen."

FATHER ABBOTT.

(Concluded.)

From amongst the few instances of salvation recorded in his life, of which the details are given to us, we select the following cases which seem peculiarly clear:—

A QUAKER'S DAUGHTER SAVED.

In one of our meetings, I observed a Quaker young woman, in the time of meeting, gazing among the slain which lay all around her; perceiving her to be

unconcerned and insensible of her own state, I told her that she ought to pray for her own soul's happiness; looking her right in the face, I began to pray for her with all the power God had given me; and I called upon all in the house to do likewise. I soon perceived that she could not stand the power of prayer; she hung down her head, and made for the door; but the crowd being so great, she could not hastily get out of the house; observing this, I cried to God to pursue her, by the energy of his spirit, through the streets; to pursue her in the parlour, in the kitchen, and in the garden; to pursue her in the silent watches of the night, and to show her the state of the damned in hell: to give her no rest day or night, until she found rest in the wounds of a blessed Redeemer.

Three days after, as she was walking in the garden, God set all her sins in an alarming manner before her eyes; she went into the house and told her mother that she had done enough to condemn her soul for ever: even for disobedience to her, she might be condemned; "but," said she, "I have found a people that serve God, and I am determined to go amongst them." Her mother said before she should go among them, she would break every bone in her skin. "Well," said she, "I am determined to save my soul; but in every other thing to obey you as a child." Upon this, there came in an old friend, and he strove to persuade her to remain among the Friends; but she told him that she was determined to give diligence to save her soul: accordingly she went to a prayer-meeting, where the Lord broke in upon her soul with power; she joined class, and became very bold in the cause of God, bearing the cross of Christ, and praying in meetings appointed for that purpose; and she stands fair for the kingdom of God.

Some time after, she came to see me, and told me how angry she was at me when I prayed for her as above related; "but now," said she, "I thank God that ever I saw thy face, notwithstanding my trials from my friends are very great." I told her that if she was faithful, she might conquer or win them all, and exhorted her to stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ had made her free.

A CHILD SANCTIFIED.

We had at that time twelve children who were converted to God. One of our sisters got deeply convinced that she must be holy in heart; and one night the Spirit of God came upon her, so that she arose out of her bed, went on her knees, and prayed to God to give her a clean heart, and to sanctify her nature. Her mother ran and caught her about the neck and told her to go to bed, for there was no occasion for so much ado about religion. She went to bed, but without the blessing; though her distress was so great that she could not rest. Soon she was upon the floor again, crying earnestly to God; her mother hauled her on the bed again: she then rose again, and entreated her mother to let her alone, and she then forebore. While she continued wrestling with God for the blessing, the power of the Lord came upon her, so that she lost the use of her bodily powers for some time. When she came to again, she knew that God had sanctified her soul. It is about fifteen years since she received this inestimable blessing, and from that time to this, her life and conduct has adorned the gospel. Next evening, at class meeting, she came and rehearsed the matter, and told us that God had sanctified her soul.

The old man went about doing good, and the results of stray words dropped here and there were doubtless abundant. Take the following examples:—

PASSING CALLS.

On Sabbath day I preached in the morning at the preaching-house, to a number of people; after meeting, my nephew asked me to dine with him, with about a dozen more. When we sat down, I asked God for a blessing, and He poured out His Spirit in such a manner that the tears flowed in abundance. I exhorted them all to fly to Jesus. My soul was so happy, that I could not eat: they then said to me, "Why do you not eat?" I answered, "God has given me meat to eat that ye know not of." Upon this we had a shower of tears, and dinner was laid by. I said, "Let us pray," and we all kneeled down at the table and I prayed; one cried out for mercy.

On my way to my next appointment, I came to a small village, and stopped at a house and asked the man if they had any preaching there, he said, "No." I said,

"I am a preacher, and if you will give notice, I will preach to the people;" but he replied, "They do not want preaching here," and appeared angry. I then told my experience to the man, his wife, and two young women; and the dreadful state man was in by nature: and then pointed out a Saviour. One of the young women began to weep; I was very happy, and asked the man if I might pray; he gave me leave, and I said, "Let us pray." I had no sooner begun, than they wept aloud; after prayer he asked me if I would take dinner, and have my horse fed; I thanked him and told him I had no occasion for any, but if he would feed my horse, I would thank him: he did so, and I left them all in tears. I saw one of the young women some time afterwards, and she told me that she was awakened at that time, and since found the Lord precious to her soul, and joined class.

I set out for quarterly-meeting, and on my way I stopped to get my horse shod, and went to a house where I found an old woman spinning, and asked her for a drink of water, she gave it me; I said to her, you have given me drink to refresh my body, I will strive to give you the waters of life, by persuading you to make application to Jesus. After telling her the terrors of the law, and the promises of the Gospel, I asked leave to pray, which she granted. Three years after, as I was on my way to a quarterly-meeting, I met with about twenty persons who were on their way to the same meeting. As soon as they saw me, a woman from amongst them ran to me and said, "How do you do my father?" I asked her how she came to know me, she answered, "I will soon convince you I have cause to know you: do you not remember asking me for a drink of water, and that you set before me the plan of salvation, and went to prayer with me? You had not been gone half an hour, before I expected to be in hell every moment; I cried to God mightily, without any intermission, until he set my soul at liberty; therefore I call you my spiritual father."

AN AWFUL END.

In the course of such a career there were naturally instances of the fatal consequences of neglecting God no less striking than those of salvation. The following terrible record of a backslider's end gives an awful answer to the question, "Can one who has been truly saved finally fall away and be damned?"

One very wicked woman was arrested by the mighty power of God, and scrambled out at the door and laid hold of a cheese press to prevent herself from falling. After a while she set off for home, and when about half-way she began to conclude that it was only a fright, occasioned by seeing others so agitated. As she was passing through a skirt of wood, she was again arrested by the Spirit of God, which convinced her of omnipotent power; and, trembling, she went home and threw herself on the bed, and there lost the usual power of her body and limbs, and shook to that degree, that the bed on which she lay trembled under her. The alarm ran through the neighbourhood with as great surprise as if one had been murdered.

In the evening I went to see her, where I found about forty neighbours assembled to see what was the matter. She then lay shaking as heretofore in a very strange manner. I then exhorted the people, and told them that this was the wonderful work of God, and that if they would not believe it, they would not believe if God Almighty was to stand by them, as he stood by Moses, in a flame of fire. The people looked as if they were under sentence of death, while an awful terror was stamped on every face. She then broke out in exhortation, exhorting them all not to live as she had done. "You see," she said, "what sin has brought me to." She spake near one hour, and many wept under her exhortation. Whenever an opportunity offered, I threw in a word for Jesus. She continued in this strange posture two days and nights, and then the Lord gave her strength to get out of bed. But as yet she had not found peace. In the evening of the third day, she came to my house to family duty, and the Lord set her soul at liberty. She returned home, rejoicing in God her Saviour, joined society, and continued a faithful member about six months. Her case afterwards was singular. A dispute between her husband and one of our members being left to arbitrators, was decided against him. This gave her such umbrage, that she came no more to meeting. Soon she returned to her old practices again, and became a two-fold

worse child of hell, than at the beginning; cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, in a most horrid manner.

In about eighteen months after, God sent the grim monster death to arrest her. In her sickness she sent for me. I went and exhorted her to try and turn to God, but she said she could not see how God could have mercy on her, as she had sinned so grievously against such light and knowledge. There being several backsliders present, she exhorted them to turn to God before it was eternally too late. I endeavoured to apply all the promises for backsliders from Genesis to Revelations, but without faith. I then called the people together and went to prayer; but it seemed as if my mouth was stopped, and my prayers were without access. I arose from prayer and exhorted her to try to pray. But she replied, "I have no heart or power to pray." "But," said I, "keep begging of God to give you a heart to pray; for the spirit of prayer is the gift of God, and you have your senses, and who knows what God may do for you." So I bid her farewell, and went home. They sent for me again; but I told the messenger that my temporal affairs were in such a situation that I could not then go. In the afternoon, her son came for me again. I told him I could not well go. "Oh! do go," said he, and burst into a flood of tears, "for she frightens us so, that we are afraid to stay in the house." I told him to go by the house and ask my daughter Rebecca (intending to go myself in the evening); he did so, and she went. She found a number of the neighbours gathered, expecting the woman was dying. When she went in, the sick woman was pointing with her hand, saying to the by-standers, "Do you not see the devils there ready to seize my soul and drag it to hell?" Some of them said, "There are no devils here,—she is out of her senses." "But," she replied, "I have my senses as well as ever I had in my life." She then cried out, "I am in hell! I am in hell! I am in hell!" But said they, "You are not in hell, you are out of your senses." She replied, "I am not out of my senses; but I feel as much of the torturing torments of the damned as a mortal can feel in the body!" Her flesh rotted on her bones, and fell from one of her sides so that her entrails might be seen. In this awful, terrible situation, she left this stage of action. Alas! alas! Woe to backsliders! surely if there be one place of greater punishment than another among the torments of the damned, that will be their portion. That God may alarm their guilty fears before iniquity prove their eternal ruin, and their souls are centred among devils and damned ghosts, is the desire of my soul.

A SUICIDE.

One young man sprang from the bench, and cried aloud for mercy, then fell on his knees and prayed fervently; I stopped preaching, and when he was done I went to prayer with him, and after me several others: many wept, some cried aloud for mercy, and others fell to the floor. When I dismissed the people to meet class, I invited the young man in. Here we had a precious season among the dear people of God, and some mourners were set at liberty.

The young man soon after went to his brother-in-law's to make hay; and there arose a thunder storm, and he being under great distress, in the agony of his soul kneeled down and went to prayer, his brother-in-law came to him and beat him with his pitch-fork, and swore he would kill him, if he did not promise he would not go to the Methodist meeting any more; accordingly he promised him that he would not go, and immediately he went into deep despair. His parents soon found that his despair affected his understanding, and they watched him, lest he should make away with himself. His mind was wretched and filled with horror, and his cry was, "that he had committed the unpardonable sin. That he had sinned against the Holy Ghost! in promising not to go to the Methodist meeting any more." In this melancholy desperation, before four weeks were expired, he stole away privately and hanged himself. This was the end of that poor unfortunate young man.

We have already seen how remarkably the dear old man was delivered again and again from his enemies by spiritual power. But it is important to note that while ever confident in God, and determined to die if need be in the execution of his duty, Father Abbott had the same natural feelings under such circumstances which any other man would have had, and was saved from fear, not by his own character, bold and dangerous

as he always was, but by the Spirit of the Lord. In his evil days we are told that he had fought again and again, until he was so steeped in blood, that he had to stay by some brook and wash them ere he dare venture home. He was a brave man, but his bravery for Christ was not human, but Divine, such as the most trembling believer may ask for and get.

"DEATH OR JAIL."

Next day I set out for my appointment, but being a stranger I stopped at a house to inquire the way, and the man told me he was just going to that place, for there was to be a Methodist preacher there that day; and "Our preacher," said he, "is to be there to trap him in his discourse, and if you will wait a few minutes, until a neighbour of mine comes, I will go with you." In a few minutes the man came, who it seems was a constable. So we set off, and they soon fell into conversation about the preacher, having no idea of my being the man, as I never wore black or any kind of garb that indicated my being a preacher, I rode unsuspected.

The constable being a very profane man, he swore by all the gods he had, good and bad, that he would lose his right arm from his body, if the Methodist preacher did not go to jail that day. This was the theme of their discourse. My mind was greatly exercised on the occasion, and what added, as it were, double weight, I was a stranger in a strange place, where I knew no one. When we arrived at the place appointed, I saw about two hundred horses hitched. I also hitched mine, and retired into the woods, where I prayed and covenanted with God on my knees that if he stood by me I would be more for him, through grace, than ever I had been. I then arose and went to my horse, with a perfect resignation to the will of God, whether to death or to jail. I took my saddle bags and went to the house. The man took me into a private room and desired I would preach in favour of the war, as I was in a Presbyterian Settlement. I replied, I should preach as God should direct me. He appeared very uneasy and left me, and just before preaching he came in again, and renewed his request that I should preach up for war. I replied as before, and then followed him out among the people, where he made proclamation as follows: "Gentlemen, this house is my own, and no gentleman shall be interrupted in my house in time of his discourse, but after he has done you may do as you please."

Thank God, said I softly, that I have liberty once more to warn sinners before I die. I then took my stand, and the house was much crowded, some hundreds were about the door. I stood about two or three feet from the constable, who had sworn so bitterly; when he saw that I was the man that he had so abused on the way, with so many threats and oaths, his countenance fell and he turned pale. I gave out an hymn, but no one offered to sing, I sung four lines and then kneeled down and prayed. When I arose, I preached with great liberty. I felt such power from God rest upon me, that I was above the fear of either men or devils, not regarding whether death or jail should be my lot. Looking forward I saw a decent looking man trembling, and tears flowed in abundance, which I soon discovered was the case with many others.

After preaching, I told them I expected they wanted to know by what authority I came into that country to preach. I then told them my conviction and conversion,—the place of my nativity, and place of residence; also my call to the ministry, and that seven years I had laboured in God's vineyard; that I spent my own money, and found and wore my own clothes; and that it was the love that I had for their precious souls, for whom Christ died, that had induced me to come among them at the risk of my life; and then exhorted them to fly to Jesus, the ark of safety; that all things were ready; to seek and they should find; to knock and it should be opened unto them. By this time the people were generally melted into tears. I then concluded, and told them that on that day two weeks they might expect preaching again.

I mounted my horse, and set out with a friendly Quaker for a pilot. We had not rode above fifty yards, when I heard one halloing after us. I looked back, and saw about fifty running after us. I then concluded that to jail I must go. We stopped, and when they came up, "I crave your name," said one; I told him, and so we parted. He was a justice of the peace, and was the person I had taken notice of in time of preaching, and observed to be in great anxiety of mind. No

one offered me any violence, but they committed the next preacher, on that day two weeks, to the common jail.

Even from his ministerial brethren this strange man of God had sometimes to endure hard things. Many protested against the extreme noise and violence of the addresses he gave and the prayers he offered, and the scenes in which he continually moved were naturally condemned by feeble folk as "confusion," and so forth. It is interesting to note how the Methodist Conference of New York was Divinely reprov'd for a slight thus put on His servant. The "friends of order" had it all their own way, and God would have little or nothing to do with such a meeting, because the order He is the God of is the order of perfect liberty.

Father Abbott began his work for God at 41, an age when men do not usually display the fire, and dash, and energy of early life. But his continual toils for sixteen years as a local preacher, and then for eight as an itinerant, could scarcely be exceeded for energy and zeal by those of any younger man. Moving daily amongst the spiritual earthquakes we have tried to describe, and labouring constantly until his strength was utterly gone, only death could stay his activity. When his voice was so completely gone that he could only speak in a whisper, he would still hold services, and under whispered exhortations sinners would fall to the ground. And yet it was not until he was sixty-six years of age that he was finally exhausted. Another lesson to little faith upon the enduring character of a thoroughly devoted life.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Compelled by failing strength to relinquish the work of the ministry, Father Abbott passed a few months with various friends whom he had made in the course of his faithful labours. His last few days were days of calm, beautiful triumph.

On Friday, the 12th of August, my brother went to see him, and found him very poorly; to whom he said, "Brother Ffirth, I am going to die; and to-morrow you must go to Philadelphia for brother M'Claskey, to come and preach my funeral sermon." To which my brother replied, "Father Abbott, you may continue for some time yet, as the time of your death is uncertain." "No," said he, "I should die before you would get back from Philadelphia, unless you should travel in the night." My brother replied, "It will not answer to go before your decease." "Why," said he, "I shall die, and I do not wish my body to be kept until it is offensive; you know the weather is warm, and the distance is considerable." "That is true," replied my brother; "but if I were to go to Philadelphia for brother M'Claskey to preach your funeral sermon, and you not dead, the friends would laugh at me, and he would not come." "Ah," said he, "it may be so, I never thought of that; perhaps it will be best to stay until I am dead."

Next day observing a visible alteration in him, my brother concluded to tarry with him until his exit. During the day, he continued in a rack of excruciating pain, which he bore with a Christian patience and resignation. He was happy in God, and rejoiced at his approaching dissolution, and seemed much engaged in his soul with God. He appeared to possess his rational faculties to his last moments; and for some time previous thereunto he was delivered from that excruciating pain, to the joy of his friends; his countenance continued joyful, heavenly, and serene. His last sentence that was intelligibly articulated was, "Glory to God, I see heaven sweetly opened before me!" After this his speech so much failed that he could not be distinctly understood, only now and then a word as, "See!—see!—glory!—glory!" &c. And for my own part, I firmly believe that he saw the angels of God visibly with his own eyes before his exit, who were sent of God to convey his soul to the realms of bliss. That he saw something which he wished the bystanders to see, was evident; for, looking on them, he often cried out, "See!—see!"—pointing with his hand towards the foot of the bed;

and then, "Glory!—glory!—glory!" clapping his hands, and in the greatest raptures or ecstasies of joy imaginable.

Thus he continued until nature was so exhausted, that in attempting to clap his hands, he seldom hit one hand against the other. Through faith he was enabled to shout victory to God and the Lamb. The sting of death was plucked out, and death was as a messenger of peace to him. It was to him only like a gate, through which he had to pass to glory. Thus, in a triumph of faith, and filled with the Holy Ghost, he departed this life without a sigh or a groan, about ten o'clock on Sunday, the 14th August, 1796, aged about sixty-four years.

There is an irresistible weight and sting about such lives. In people who sincerely desire to be all that God can make them, and who thoroughly believe that God is no respecter of persons, they must ever produce a feeling of profound dissatisfaction with any less holy, happy, mighty way of living. Oh, do not let any of us attempt to shuffle away from this clear, plain lesson; but if we are in any way below the line of attainment which God thus sets before us, let us rise up and say with all our hearts,—

"My vehement soul cries out opprest,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed."

DINNER HOUR MEETINGS.

THE question has again and again come before us—Why should Whitechapel stand alone in the matter of noon day meetings? If it be good for our members to meet at noon for the purpose of saving souls, why not do so everywhere? and if the people can be got to listen in one locality during the dinner-hour, why should it not be done in connection with every station.

We are thankful to find that there is a decided movement in the direction of establishing regular noonday meetings in various places. During the winter months it is so much easier to get a crowd to stand in the middle of the day, than in the cold, dark, damp evenings. So that apart altogether from the ordinary advantages of noon-day meetings, there seem to be special reasons for pushing forward earnestly in this direction. That in the neighbourhood of docks, factories, warehouses, workshops, multitudes of operatives can be brought together in the middle of the day with comparatively little labour, is so evident that our only wonder is that the idea of using such opportunities did not strike many of our evangelists long ago.

Great as have always been the signs and wonders witnessed in connection with the Whitechapel meetings, we have never heard more startling stories than have reached us lately as to the results of such labours.

Again and again the patient husbandmen have been sent for to visit the dying in the hospital and home who often "stood and trembled at the porch," without daring to enter in the presence of others to seek mercy. And still, day by day, there is the same rough crowd, the same eager, earnest looks, and the same scenes of turning away from and turning to the Lord. But let us glance at some of the more recently established meetings of this kind.

Standing on the old "Blackwall Stairs" by the river-side, surrounded

by a group of sailors, coalies, and loungers, with the ceaseless traffic of the river gliding past, one seemed all at once carried back to the old Galilee days, and there burst from our hearts the prayer that some of the faces down which the silent tears were coursing, might soon glow with apostolic light and fervour.

But at the East India Dock-gates, where many a thousand stalwart labourers daily pass by to work, much larger companies can with ease be gathered. Commencing after half an hour's prayer-meeting at the hall, which is kept up daily, at half-past twelve o'clock, both dinner hours are utilized, and the meeting continued so that those who return to work at two as well as those whose time is up at one are alike dealt with. The deep, solid, settled attention with which sailors, as well as others, stood by the half-hour or hour to listen, showed how great a work might be done in such noon times, and while blessed news of good fruit gathered cheer us, one solemn incident in connection with this meeting seems worthy of record.

A sailor of the *Avalanche*, whose sudden destruction by collision in the Channel must be fresh in the memory of all our readers, passed by this meeting only a few days before the vessel sailed. With a horrid oath he cried, "That woman ought to be dipped in the water." Alas, he little thought in how few days he would be dipped in the water to rise no more till the great day when those who have rejected mercy shall find it clean gone for ever.

At Hackney, hard by the walls of a large factory, large companies of young women have been got together, and we have heard of times of weeping, when scarcely any face in the company was dry.

But at the Triangle the crowds assembling time after time have, we think, surpassed in their variety of composition anything we can recollect. The well-dressed gentleman was there. Even young ladies ventured to linger for a moment on the outskirts of the strange crowd. Women who were evidently out shopping; women who were bearing heavy burdens of work to or from the workshops; women below the level of either shopping or work; the farrier in his leathern apron; the clever artizan; the butcher; the navy; the travelling tinker with his irons; the waggoner watering his horses at the trough hard by, and lingering to hear all he could in a few minutes; the rough; the broken-down drunkard—all were there, and all listened with unbroken attention.

But this splendid stand was not won without trouble. Upon one occasion the sisters, upon arriving to commence operations, found a man seated in a chair, who was fully prepared for mischief. When they began to give out a hymn, he gave out the words of a familiar comic song. A larking crowd was ready to hand, and amidst cheers and laughter prolonged and repeated, it became impossible for the preachers to be heard.

"Well, friends," said one of them, quietly, "I am happy to say I have no engagement until eight o'clock this evening, when I have an in-door meeting. I came here to deliver a message from God, and by His help I shall wait till it is heard." The general confusion and hubbub was stilled at last, and the disturbers gave up once for all the attempt to upset the services.

Outside the gates of H.M. Dockyard at Portsmouth a great company of the men soon gathered round the little firing party of the Christian

Mission; and we trust we shall be able to say ere long that not only here, but in every place where mission preachers can find a stand, and around which congregations can be assembled, a noon-day service is daily held.

PAPERS ON SPIRITUAL LIFE.—No. 4.

LIFE.

IT is not enough to demand that there shall be a great difference between life and death. A soul "risen indeed" with Christ must, of course, possess an experience altogether new and unmistakable. The old life of unbelief and sin has become utterly distasteful, and the new life of love and obedience to God has become the constant natural outcome of a new heart and a right spirit.

But that is not all. Any life must needs include in itself a force and a strength to endure, to resist, to act, to overcome, to increase. Whenever a child is born there comes into existence a being which must, so long as life lasts, have a place and a surrounding of its own in the world. It is a new power—a power which may be hemmed in, controlled, limited, almost neutralized by circumstances, but a power none the less, which may, on the other hand, be developed to an utterly incalculable grandeur.

Just look at this little prince—this king's son. It is quite true that rough men may seize the child, bear it away from palace and daylight, and confine its life to some dungeon cave. But, on the other hand, some loyal man may rescue and preserve the infant until he steps forth one day to revolutionize and transform his country. Even in the former case, while life lasts, there must be management and warders, and a marvel of endurance. But in the latter case we shall see life at its very best—bursting barriers, defying opposition, overturning difficulty, and reproducing itself on every side.

But a child of God! It is not enough to say that he must feel that a marvellous change has passed over him since he was a groaning captive in the dark; of course he must. He has got away from prison life into a new sort of existence altogether. But he almost forgets the relief and comfort he himself feels in the great enterprise which his very birth lays upon him. No sooner does "Our Father" spring from his joyful lips than the eager desire that the great name he bears may be honoured and the great will—that is now his own—be done, fills his soul. As long as he is alive he must needs be longing, striving, wrestling, believing, labouring to set up a kingdom that shall never be overthrown. He cannot help it. It is his nature, for he was born a king.

He can only cease to be a power in the world when enemies' hands have bound him, or when he himself has turned traitor. Like so many kings that have been before him, he may give up the great life he was born to live, and sinking down into self-indulgence and sin, "to please the people," may speedily be weighed and found wanting—lose his kingdom, his life, his hope, for ever.

But let us be clear about this, that where spiritual life is, there must be a power seen and felt and undeniable. When that power goes, though there may be the form of life, it is but a skeleton, and unless speedily reinvigorated will soon be only a corpse.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

HOW shall we finish the year? Surely with shouts of thanksgiving. As we look round the stations and contrast the present condition of some with their state at the commencement of the year, we cannot but rejoice with great joy. There are few dark spots. Now, certainly, there is Canning Town, where at present we have no one stationed, Brother Pargeter's ill-health having rendered his removal absolutely necessary; but then he is at work at West Hartlepool, where we have already a good society and ten times as large a congregation as we ever had at Canning Town.

There is every reason to believe that before the old year passes away, the new hall at North Ormesby will be opened, and the rebuilding of the Limehouse hall commenced. And let us trust that long before another year ends, there will be nothing left about the Mission with even the appearance of being small or tumbledown. Let us say it shall be so!

WEST HARTLEPOOL.

SUNDAY morning, November 11th.—Very wet, but a good prayer meeting at seven o'clock.

At eleven we turned out into the streets and took our stand opposite the Royal Hotel. They opened the windows and listened. We commenced with about twenty and soon had some forty in our ring, most of them having been converted during the month previous. The wind was awfully cold; but some of the converts, especially the women, spoke well. The crowd kept increasing, and at twelve we had a very large number, who remained with us remarkably well, although it rained at intervals and came on rather fast at noon. Many wept, and we recognised one man, who seemed specially smitten, at the penitent form in the evening.

In the afternoon Miss Booth spoke with unusual power, and a blessed influence was felt by the congregation, which comfortably filled the pit and first gallery.

At night, although it was fearfully stormy, the Theatre was crammed, not less than fifty or sixty people standing about the pit and stage. Miss Booth preached on "The righteous hath hope in his death," more than half the audience were in tears. While she sang,

"Oh, the rocks and the mountains
Shall all flee away,
And you shall find a new
Hiding place that day."

it seemed to us as though every sinner in the place must have fled for refuge at once.

There were soon three long rows of penitents seeking mercy. One man, in his anxiety to be saved, jumped out of the pit on to the stage, instead of going round by the regular steps, and was soon ready to jump for joy.

Some of the seekers were persuaded to pray aloud for themselves, and when others heard their cries for mercy, they, too, came forward to seek the Lord.

About a hundred of us finished up together on the stage with tears of joy and shouts of triumph, singing—

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His."

Miss Booth gave a farewell address to saints and sinners on the Monday, when eleven more sought salvation. The next evening the members turned out thirty strong, and we had a good open-air meeting and procession, although the police moved us. Brother Pargeter was present, and I hardly know on which side his introduction to the people caused the greatest satisfaction.

W. B. B.

WHITBY.

ELIJAH'S FLIGHT FROM LEICESTER.

In answer to the prayers of a poor man, that has been praying for God to open a branch of the Christian Mission, I arrived here September 28th, after hearing a sad story from a man riding in the same carriage with me. He said there was plenty of churches and chapels, but the people were all dead. I said, by the help of God, I am going to wake them up.

Brother Wood met me at the station, caught hold of my hand and said you are Mr. Cadman; I answered yes. He said I knew it was, I saw you in my dream, and his heart leaped for joy. He took me to see his wife, and we had prayer together and God blessed us; we then had a cup of tea and it being 7 p.m., went out and viewed the city. God promised to give me the victory, Hallelujah! We then had a prayer-meeting in a cottage. The next night I preached on the pier after being about all day inviting the people to come. By this time the news had spread and many people came to hear me. One man had been a Christian for two years, but had gone to sleep; he got so woke up that he could not eat or sleep for several days—he has been with me ever since. I then invited the people into a house close by, it was soon full, the power of God come on us. Two women began to cry for mercy. I was near the fire-place, so we had the fender for a penitent form.

The Sunday services were announced by the Bellman. I held three

open-air meetings, and three in St. Hilda's Music Hall; seven souls at night.

I have taken the Old Town Hall for week-night meetings, but it is not large enough. We hold open-air meetings every night and have a procession. Many people that follow cannot get in. The announcement that I then got out by bills was this,

WAR! WAR! IN WHITBY. 2,000 MEN AND WOMEN

Wanted at once to join the Hallelujah Army,

That is making an attack on the Devil's Kingdom every Sunday in

ST. HILDA'S HALL at 11 a.m., 3 and 6'30 p.m.

And every week night in the Old Town Hall at 7'30.

To be led by CAPTAIN CADMAN from London, Evangelist of the Christian Mission.

Crowds of fishermen and jet workers came to the services on Sunday, October 7th, and soon there were 30 down at the penitent form; 25 got up and professed to have found peace with God. This so alarmed the people that they came from other places of worship to see what it was like, and thank God some of them caught the fire and cried aloud for a clean heart.

We have a holiness meeting every Friday, and many Christians look to it as a feast time, and many have obtained sanctification.

A SAILOR'S CONFESSION.

"You will think it strange that I am come here. I am a wretched drunkard. I came into Whitby the other day with our vessel, and I heard this man speaking in the street, and I followed him to this place." We then got on our knees, and pleaded with God for his soul; he was soon set at liberty, signed the pledge on his knees, went away rejoicing, saying, "I shall never forget you, sir."

SIXTY YEARS IN SIN.

"I have been in business for many years. I had a good wife to help. She strove hard to keep things together, but I was a heavy drinker, and often away from home; and if I had a pocket full of money it all went. A short time ago my wife died, and I was drunk that day because I would not see her die." He told me this with a broken heart, while tears ran down his face. He is very happy now, going about the town telling people of our meetings and the love of God while he is selling mission books and giving away tracts.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN.

It is said she was the biggest sinner in Whitby. Drink was her besetment. She had a pious husband, but would often get the poker to him. If he did not give her money she would sell the things out of the house; but, hallelujah, she is saved, and speaks at our meeting.

A SEAFARING MAN.

"O, sir, I have been a big sinner all my life; have spent 44 years on the sea. I have been in several shipwrecks, seen men sink beneath the waves, and have despaired of my own life, but promised God I would do better many a time, but never made a start till now. God has pardoned all my sins, and I am happy in the gospel ship that will never sink."

Whitby is a small town, but there are many drunkards in it, and ragged children with no shoes or stockings in the coldest of weather.

Our hall is filled every night with men and women that never attended a place of worship till I came, and now there is such a crush to hear the gospel that they carry each other into the hall.

On the 5th of November, while in an open-air meeting, and hundreds listening to us, a shower of fireworks came into the ring, frightening many of the people, and set fire to a woman's shawl. Many of the squibs came into our faces while marching in the procession to the hall; our members stood "like the brave with there faces to the foe." One night a man got on his knees behind me to throw me on my back while leading the procession, but another seeing him, kicked him into the gutter. When I first came, a gentleman that I was introduced to, said we had made a mistake in coming to Whitby, but thank God in six weeks seventy-five have professed to be saved, and many Christians are thanking God for the Mission fire.

Reader, will you help in this great work?—money and tracts much needed.

I remain, yours in Jesus,

16, Gray Street, Whitby.

ELIJAH CADMAN.

PLAISTOW.

For the sight of real hard, determined fighting amidst the greatest possible disadvantages, commend us to Plaistow. To see a great ring of earnest people stand out on a bleak damp common in a fog, with no lamplight near, with no house door thrown open, with nothing outward to cheer or encourage them in the work; no visible auditory save a few troublesome lads, would be in itself a wonder. But to hear them sing and speak and pray with even greater heartiness and vigour than one is accustomed to hear amidst the busy crush of an open-air meeting near some great thoroughfare—to see them march with light step and ringing song through the muddy, silent streets, where no passengers seem to pass by, no door, no window to open, except when now and again some violent man rushes out to interrupt and threaten—is to feel something of the powers of the world to come.

And yet these people do not fight as one that beateth the air for ever and anon; the fruit of all this toil in the darkness springs up to view. "I heard you in the open-air," the dying lips of some poor sinner explains when the evangelist stands by his side, and thousands whose faces are never seen undoubtedly hear every word spoken or sung beside their houses. The precious results of these labours already appearing may rejoice the hearts of the workers; but we trust what has been already gathered is only the earnest and first fruits of a glorious harvest.

A BARGEMAN.

A bargeman, for whom prayer had been made without ceasing for some time, came out at length for God the other Sunday evening. He said he had not been able to rest since Sister Goddard had so set upon him and prayed for him. He writes:

"My father was a Peculiar, and said I should not stay under his roof if I did not follow his faith. I was then ten years of age. I spurned God's love and went away as cabin boy, and never knew what it was to lay upon a bed for the whole winter, and many a time wished I was at home, my parents not knowing where I was away for six months; and then I found my way back just to see them, then

wandered away again seaward for nine years. In that time I happened to fall in with a Christian captain, whose name was Captain Lang, of Whitby, whose exhortations never left me till I found the Lord under Sister Goddard on the 28th of October."

None of those who saw his earnest, resolute decision for God, and heard a few minutes later his clear testimony as to what God had done for his soul, will forget it.

A HEROINE FOR JESUS.

A dear sister, after seeking and wishing for a long time to be a real Christian, came one Sunday morning to hear Miss Goddard. God sent the arrow with power to her heart, and she went home happy in the Lord. A week after found her in the open-air, while the servants of the devil threw fireworks into the ring, and tried to stop the meeting.

Another sister, after promising to meet some loved one in heaven, came to our meetings, and on being asked if she would come to Jesus, said, "I came on purpose." She soon found the pearl of great price. A fortnight after she was standing in the open-air, warning sinners to come to her loving Master.

Another, who had stood up for Jesus, had gone into sin and folly, but came into one of our meetings and got blessedly saved. She also is now a bold champion of the cross. May God keep her faithful!

The same night a gipsy and his wife came to the friend of sinners, and are travelling home to heaven.

May God ever cheer and strengthen and help Sister Goddard at the Plaistow battery.
G. S. R.

WHITECHAPEL.

"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."—PSALM cxviii. 23.

MANY times we have been led to make this exclamation during the past month. It has been a month of signs and wonders—sudden deaths, sickness, spiritual births, friends taking leave of earth and taking possession of their heavenly mansion; sinners wending their way to the cross and losing their sins in its crimson tide.

Sunday, October 14th, was marked as a wonderful day by an awfully

SUDDEN DEATH.

A man, to all appearance in the best of health, came into the service in the morning. Upon his going out a little before the service was concluded, he was struck down in a fit in the porch. Medical aid was obtained, and every attention was paid him. He lingered till eight o'clock, when death put an end to his sufferings.

Being desirous of using this time of warning to others, I went to a young man who was a backslider, and exhorted him to give up his heart wanderings and come back to his Father's home. He said, "As soon as I can alter my position I will do so." I then proceeded to show him the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and said, "Harry, don't let it be too long. You may lose

your soul and fall into hell." He went home undecided. On the Tuesday following he was taken suddenly ill at 8'15 at night, was taken to the London Hospital, and was found dead in his bed at five o'clock on Wednesday morning.

A PORCH PERSECUTOR SAVED.

This man came one Wednesday night and cursed and swore, wishing some of the most dreadful things might happen the brethren and sisters who were pointing sinners to Jesus. The Lord took him in hand, laid an affliction upon him, and he was taken to the London Hospital, where he was placed under our dear Sister R.'s care. A day or two after he had been there he called her to his bedside and said, "I think I know you. I have seen your face somewhere. Do you know the Mission Hall down the road?" "Yes," she replied; "I attend there." "Ah! I saw you there," he said; "and last Wednesday night I cursed and I swore at you, and God is now punishing me for it. Please ask God to forgive me, and ask the friends to forgive me and pray for me." Our sister then showed him the need of pardon, and believing that Jesus was able and willing to save all that came unto Him, he ventured all on Christ. He promised to become a member of the Christian Mission at Whitechapel; but God has ordered it otherwise. He has

gone to be one of the redeemed in heaven.

We had a grand field day on the 21st. Our dear superintendent, Rev. W. Booth, was with us the whole of the day. Morning was a very blessed time. Afternoon—powerful experience meeting; six souls found the pearl of great price. Night—Brother Robinson, of Glasgow, took part, when six more sought and obtained mercy.

Again, on Sunday 28th, after an address by Brother Thomas on "A Cry from the Pit," eleven souls found the Lord Jesus to be a Saviour from all sin, and with gladness we say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Brothers Dilks and Bellinger have gone home to heaven leaving grand testimonies behind. More about these next month.

We heartily thank the friends whose names are in the list for donations received and promised for general work and new stoves for the hall, which are greatly needed. I sincerely hope our friends won't fail to make up the amount required. Books and tracts are greatly needed, and will be thankfully acknowledged by

Yours, washed in the blood,
W. G. THOMAS.

114, Cambridge Road,
Mile End, London, E.
W. BENNETT and C. REYNOLDS,
33, Burton Street,
Mile End, London, E.

MILLWALL.

At this station the brethren and sisters are more than ever determined to go in for God and a mighty harvest.

A big man, who had been listening in the open air, followed us inside, and while at prayer in the commencement of the meeting, sought and found Jesus, and is going on his way rejoicing.

A sailor heard the singing in the open air, came to the hall, found Jesus, went on board the ship happy, and with the intention of telling his mates God had converted him. God grant him power over them, and at last may he meet us on the banks of the river.

THE COTTAGE MEETINGS.

A ship's steward had signed to go out in a ship that got sunk, but was stopped somehow or other. A day or two afterwards, while passing us in the open air, God sent the Word home to his

heart. His past life came up before him. The thought of his early days, and how, when only a lad of twelve years, he used to walk three and four miles into the woods to get alone with God, and the prayers of his pious old mother, together with the memory of his sins, were more than he could bear. He went with our friends from the open air to the cottage meeting; there wept and groaned over the past, and got washed with the blood. He brought his wife two days afterwards, and, thank God, she got into the same fountain, and they are now walking to heaven together. He is now working for Jesus.

Donations, which are much needed with tracts, will be thankfully received by

Yours at the Master's feet,
C. HOBDDAY.
36, Turner's Road, Limehouse.

POPLAR.

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty."

Yes, bless His name, our work has been steadily progressing during the past month. God has shown Himself mighty by saving some of the worst sinners.

DOCK GATES.

Two young men were so powerfully wrought upon by God's spirit, that they were enabled to embrace the truth in the open air. They came to the hall and testified to the saving power of God, they have connected themselves with us, and have already been made instrumental in saving one of their companions.

THE "AVALANCHE."

A dear old man who had been employed on this ship hearing I was going to preach, my subject being the wreck, came and got powerfully impressed; he did not, however, decide that night, but came on the following Tuesday night and sat down at the bottom of the hall just as miserable as he possibly could be. We invited him forward, and when asked how he was in his soul, he dropped on his knees and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He is now an earnest working Christian, takes a prominent part in all our meetings, and he has since that brought his daughter to the hall, and she has got blessedly saved.

A STEWARD,
being a companion of one of our mem-

bers on board of one of the Calcutta ships, was brought to our hall by him. I shall never forget the night; he threw his hat on the floor and roared out, while the tears were streaming down his face, "Oh! will not any one pray for me?" With that he fell on his knees and said he would do anything or go anywhere to get his peace made with God. He knocked the form, kicked and jumped, as I never saw a man before, and then he got up and fairly laughed with joy, his face beaming with delight, gave his experience, and asked us to sing, "The Lion of Judah has broke every chain." Oh! how we all shouted and praised the Lord for His goodness. He came to the hall as long as his ship remained in port. I have since received a letter from him; he is as happy as he well can be.

Two of

THE WORST SINNERS

in Poplar were rescued from the *Jaws of Hell* one night after a sermon by Brother Edmonds. One of them came in from the open air, paid strict attention whilst the speaking was going on, and when the prayer-meeting began, fell on his knees and tried to quench the spirit, but he could not do it, Glory to Jesus. The other wanted to be saved, but did not want to do it to-night. He sat and cried bitterly. Just as Brother Edmonds was closing, he burst out beseeching the Lord to have mercy upon his soul and went away rejoicing.

Yours at the Master's feet,

ANNIE DAVIS.

1, Shaw's Cottage,
Kerby Street, Poplar, E.

CROYDON.

"Praise God for what He has done for us, He has turned our hearts to praise Him thus,
And now He cries, go on, go on, I'll crown you when your work is done."

AND by God's help we will go on; nay, we are going on; folks said we never should go on, and our members said the same, and I, J. B., was almost as bad, and the devil hoped it was all true, but the Lord has deceived us all, for He is both saving sinners and quickening believers; we give a few cases.

A GOOD MISTAKE.

A young woman asked one of our sisters the other Sunday night, while standing at the open air meeting, if they was going to Church; the reply was yes, we are going to our Church in Tamworth

Road, and we should be glad to take you with us; and she did come, but was surprised when she got in to find it was a Mission Hall. I suppose she missed the inside show, but God showed her something better than the inside of a Church. He showed her a dying Saviour and an open fountain, and by faith she stepped in and was cleansed from her sin and made so happy that she had to run home and tell her mistress. But her mistress was one of Job's comforters, and told her it was not right to be so happy. A poor young man knocked about by the world and the devil, and almost driven to despair, was led into our hall by one of the sisters, and the Word went to his heart, and after some days' struggle he got liberty, and whenever there is a meeting either inside or out, you see brother S. there. The change is so great that he scarcely knows what is the matter with him. Since then, we have got his wife and his mate. A young woman who had been led away by drunken friends, was attracted by our singing in the open air, and with two young men followed us to the hall. The Lord fastened the Word on their hearts and they were there again in the evening, and all three gave their hearts to God. The young woman had a fearful struggle, but at last out came a gin bottle from her pocket on to the penitent form, then out came the devil out of her heart and in went Christ, and then her crying was turned into singing, "I am washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Sunday, November 11th, was a good day, our people giving themselves fully to God. All present were determined to go in for souls. One says, I am going in with you for God and souls. Another says, I am sick of a half-and-half religion, I am determined to have a full heart. Oh, may God keep them to their promises.

I do pray for more help to get us out of debt. We are back in our rent. Friends do help us.

J. BORRILL.

86, Waddon New Road,
West Croydon.

CHATHAM.

DURING the past month we have had some encouraging cases. One very wet Monday we went into the hall, saw a young woman, and asked her about her soul, when she came out and gave her heart to Jesus. The weather cleared up,

we went outside, had a good open-air meeting, after which, Brother Watts speaking inside, another came out for Jesus.

One Saturday evening we had three soldiers seeking peace, two of them fresh recruits, while the other had deserted. Two of them have since then given blessed evidence of a change of life. We have now a band of soldiers to take indoor services. At our believer's meeting one Tuesday a man and his wife came out and gave their hearts to God, and another young woman, all of them just the sort we wish to get hold of.

A DRUNKARD AND HIS WIFE.

A poor fellow, whose besetting sin was drink, came to hear Brother Cooksey. The spirit of the mighty God laid hold of him, but he went out without giving his heart to God, thinking however that he would come again on Tuesday night, but he said the devil would not allow him to come. However, he came into the Hall on the Wednesday night, when the speaking so laid hold of him and made him miserable, that he went out. A brother asked him to go in again, when he said he was so miserable he could not stop. The next excuse was that he was waiting for his wife. Both were invited in, the excuse being then that she must go home with a bag of vegetables she had; but the good brother, nothing daunted, promised to take care of them, when they both came in, and oh, how our hearts rejoiced to see them both come to the penitent form and find peace through believing; they signed the pledge on their knees, giving each their age at fifty-nine last birth-day. May they be kept faithful.

Monday, Nov. 5, the Rev. Mr. Moir, Presbyterian minister, preached, when a man and woman came to ask the Lord to loose their bonds, the old man flooding the penitent form with tears, the woman exclaiming, "It's time there was a change in our house, for it's being a sad going on."

Many others have professed to find peace. Some who step into our hall are travellers; we never see them again, but we do pray that we may meet them in heaven.

To carry on this grand work, we need the sympathy of our richer brethren. Who will help us? To carry on this work we require £3 a week. Surely we shall never let it stand still when we remember that such large sums are wasted in that which profiteth no man anything.

Help us—help us every way you can, by tracts or money. Thanks for a packet of tracts by post. Contributions in small sums received in stamps or by order, and can be sent to

W. WHITFIELD.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

PORTSMOUTH.

"WELL, and what do you think of Portsmouth?" we asked Bro. Broadbent, of Leeds, on his return from a visit he kindly volunteered to pay to the place.

"Oh, I was very much pleased with it. I had one disappointment; I'll tell you what it was directly.

"There was a good prayer meeting on Saturday night, and the folks came up well on Sunday—I have not seen such a fine lot of big folks for some time.

"But they seemed dreadfully put about with my interference in the open-air. A butcher, who was half drunk, came and took me round the waist outside on Sunday afternoon. He and a lot of his mates followed us into the hall, and he walked straight on to the platform, and got the hymn-book in his hand. I got him to sit down, and we began to pray for him, while he gaped in astonishment.

"When we began to speak, I was exceedingly pleased with the way that several of the folks tackled him. One brother walked right up to him and said, 'Thou know me vary well, we have drunk many a time at the ——— together.' After a little parley, the poor drunkard seemed fully to recollect, and then his old mate talked to him very earnestly about his soul.

"Before the meeting was over he was thoroughly sobered, and promised to come again. He came at night, no longer in his blouse but dressed up carefully. He seemed to me deeply impressed, but my disappointment was, that he did not come out for Christ. 'How can I be a Christian,' he said, 'when I have to kill beef on Sundays for the troopships?'

"Alas! alas! he went away very sorrowful.

"We had a good time at night—a good many people in the gallery as well as downstairs.

"On Monday, too, we got on well, especially while in the open-air in the

back streets. I thought the men spoke well."

"Any women?"

"I heard one."

"Oh! God bless the women and men at Portsmouth! And God bless and help Bro.

J. TRENHAIL,
21, Nelson Street,
Landport."
G. S. R.

HASTINGS.

OUR friends will be glad to know that the Lord's work is still being carried on in this district. First of all we thank God that we have at last a most suitable place for our week-night services.

THE NEW HALL

has already proved a great help to our mission work. The opening services were attended with much of the Lord's blessing. Our Ninfield friends came up in good force, and the Lord put His seal to our efforts by bringing two sinners to Jesus. Glory to His blessed name. The following are a few cases of interest brought to the Lord in this district since our last report.

A soldier was deeply convinced of sin in the market hall, came to Jesus, and found pardon. Since his return to his regiment, he writes as follows:

"I am still happy, and trusting in Jesus; and to-day, Saturday, while on guard, I have felt so overpowered that I have almost cried to think what a saviour I have found, and I do hope to ever follow in His path all the way through this sinful world. Do not forget me in your prayers, I will not forget you and your work in mine."

Another said, "I can't go on like this, I am a great sinner, Jesus save me!" and very soon he could sing, "Jesus saves me now."

Two young people came out for salvation, and another man said, "I was very miserable Sunday night, I have a heavy load on my heart;" we told him of the great burden bearer, and he said, "I do trust Him, I do, I will believe."

Another, pointing to a fellow workman, said, "I thank God that you invited me to these meetings, I have been happy ever since I found Jesus." Thank God we are thus plodding on amid many difficulties, winning some dear souls for Jesus, and are still believing for more.

ST. LEONARDS.

THANK God we have had some good times here lately, we have had quite a new start. The Lord has manifested His power in saving souls. The following are a few cases. An aged woman heard us preach in the open-air, was convinced of sin, and so deep was her distress, she could not rest. She said, "What shall I do, I am such a great sinner?" We visited her and prayed with her, and preached Jesus as a present almighty Saviour, and left her with some slight hope of salvation. But what a mistake to put salvation off until the evening of life.

In connection with this station, we have preached once a week at Hollington in the open air, and then gone to a cottage for a prayer-meeting. By these meetings, several young men have been savingly converted to God, and greatly recruited our St. Leonards society. A young man was brought to God after a sermon by Mr. Paton, of London; after his conversion he felt concerned for his parents, who were unsaved. One day he walked four or five miles to see them, to tell them what God had done for his soul, and warned them to flee from the wrath to come. Since then they have both started for Heaven. A sister also is in distress, may Jesus save the whole family. Five or six more young men have been brought to God, and the following are a few of their experiences at our first society tea-meeting.

1. "I am glad I am saved, I know I am saved."
2. "I can say with a clear conscience that all my sins are pardoned, I have had six weeks of it, bless the Lord."
3. "I feel I am nearer to God than ever I was before."
4. "Well, I praise God that I know my sins are forgiven, I have been saved a week."
5. "I am so glad Jesus saves me now, it's the best week I ever had."
6. "Jesus has done so much for me, I must speak."
7. "It is impossible to tell how much joy I have."

May the Lord greatly multiply these witnesses for Jesus.

Ninfield was never in a more prosperous condition. The Lord is giving "times of refreshing" glory to His blessed name. The hall is frequently crowded, and above all, souls are being savingly brought to know the Lord; among others a husband and wife

found Jesus, to the joy of their souls, and have boldly put on the Lord Jesus. We are still believing for a winter of continuous soul saving.

HASTINGS MOTHER'S MEETINGS.

On Wednesday, November 14th, through the kindness of an invalid lady, we were able to give our announced free tea to the mothers and wives of fishermen and others; between sixty and seventy were present. The meeting after was a most interesting and precious time.

Mrs. Thorpe, Miss Butler, Mrs. Gray with myself, addressed the meeting. The word was with power, many wept, and at the close four gave themselves to the Lord. Hallelujah!

Many an earnest prayer went up to the Lord for His blessing to rest upon the kind donor of the tea.

Eternity alone will reveal the good resulting from this mother's meeting. The meeting will be carried on (D.V.) every Wednesday afternoon during the winter.

We shall need some help. Donations in money or clothing of any kind will be thankfully received by Mrs. Thorpe, 6, Kenilworth Road, St. Leonards, or yours &c.,

J. P. GRAY.

Beulah House, Hastings.

P.S.—Thanks for two parcels of tracts—just what we wanted.

J. P. G.

WELLINGBORO'.

THE longer I remain in Wellingboro' the more I see the need of a Mission like ours. Some of those who do not care to hear either of a Saviour's love or a sinner's doom would, if they could, put an end to our bold attempts when trying, by every means, to rescue souls from sin and its fearful consequences.

The Lord's bold champions dare go even into a fair to speak of joys unknown by the mere world king. There are two fair days at Wellingboro', and on each we did our best to keep our young friends from being swallowed up by worldly pleasures. By noon-day prayer meetings, processions, and meetings near the fair, we succeeded in gathering around us a listening crowd, some of whom were melted into tears while we were telling the story of the cross.

We are still having good meetings, and souls are being saved. The only drawback to our work is the need of a

larger hall; seats have to be put down the aisles until we are literally packed.

A FURNACEMAN.

Many interesting cases of conversion have come under our notice, but the most striking is that of a dear man who is a foreman at one of the departments of an iron furnace. Soon as God had saved him he told me that he had been prayed for twenty-eight years: that all were saved in the family excepting himself. This statement he had repeated more than once in his prayer when crying for mercy. "Oh, God!" he said, "they are all saved but me. I'm lost. Save me! Do save me!" The Lord wounded him while I was delivering God's message on the Sunday night, and he had to come on the Wednesday following to get the arrow extracted and the wound healed up. Thank God, both him and his dear wife are now going together to Heaven.

Thanks for tracts. More needed; may be sent to

W. J. PEARSON.

26, Havelock St.
Wellingboro'.

LEICESTER.

It is impossible in a short space to give any idea of the work in Leicester. We cordially invite all who can to come and see for themselves. Night and day prayers are going up to heaven that God may make bare his arm, and nearly every day somebody turns to Christ with full purpose of heart.

Our congregations for two or three Sunday nights have been larger than ever—packed to suffocation, some fainting and going into fits with the heat, others quailing under the influence of the Holy Ghost and coming to Jesus. On Sunday, October 28th, we had an unexpected visit from

MR. BOOTH.

He stepped into the Warehouse on Saturday night just as we were beginning the meeting, after spending the day in papering and whitewashing the Warehouse. Many of our friends were very tired, but we had a good meeting, and we never had a better feeling in the Warehouse and in the open air than on the following Sunday. Mr. Booth was filled with more than ordinary power, and although the excessive heat and crowd of people, with one man having a dreadful fit and two women fainting, made very much against the evening

service the word went home to many hearts, and at the close a long row of penitents fell at the feet of Jesus. Mr. Booth stayed with us on Monday night, and gave some special counsel to believers; this was made a great blessing to many hearts.

A short time ago we printed a railway ticket as an advertisement. Some of our enemies printed an opposition ticket.

This led me on the 4th to preach a sermon on "The Up Line Hallelujah Railway, Leicester to Heaven, and the Down Line Humbug Railway, Leicester to Hell." This brought an immense congregation, and at the close a few booked for glory. One dear man as he came up the aisle, held up his arms with his hat in his hand, and cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He fell down at the feet of Jesus and cried, "I want my ticket! I want my ticket!" He soon ventured by faith, got his ticket, the witness of the spirit, and shouted for joy.

Mr. T. Cooksey paid us a visit on Sunday, November 11th, and this was also a time of special blessing. The day was very wet, rain came down in torrents, but crowds came to the Warehouse. The word went with the power, and fourteen or fifteen souls came to Jesus. Hallelujah!

We intend to print the sermon on the "Up and Down Line," with the quarter's balance-sheet. Send stamped address to Mr. Lawrence, 78, High Street, or

Yours in Jesus,

W. CORBRIDGE.

48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

LEEDS.

HALLELUJAH! the last month has been a hard one, the battle keen and severe; but, bless God, we have been enabled, by God's spirit, to shift the devil and bring some of the worst characters to the foot of the cross.

A SINNER OF SEVENTY-TWO, who had spent his life in the service of the devil, by following bull-baiting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and all the fiendish sports hell could invent; but, hallelujah! that devilish nature has been thoroughly destroyed through the blood of the Lamb, and he is now rejoicing in a full salvation.

A STORY OF HORRORS.

A poor drunkard, who came to the

feet of Jesus in our place about a month since, has told me one of the most fearfully-interesting stories of the effects of drink I think I ever heard.

He took to drink in his very boyhood, going home drunk at fourteen. He went steadily on from bad to worse, and the following circumstance shows how completely he had become addicted to drinking. Riding on a heavy waggon, partly intoxicated, he fell down between the horse and the wheels, which, however, only touched his clothes. When the driver rushed back to pick up what he no doubt feared would prove only his dead body, he rose up, saying, "I have a sup with me. Never mind. Let's have a sup."

A brother of nineteen joined a regiment of cavalry, and being drunk on parade one morning fell off his horse, and was killed. The news of this drove his mother into fits, to cure which some one advised her to take beer. She did so, and took so much that the fits left her, but she died the death of a drunkard.

Another brother, while engaged putting something up outside a public-house, being the worse for drink, fell from the ladder, split his skull on the edge of the pavement, and died. But, worst of all, his sister, having been left by her husband, met our brother one Christmas eve, and asked him for something to drink. They drank together (although his wife and three children were at home starving, having to go to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon to keep the children from crying for bread) until eleven o'clock, when he left her, telling her to go home. He went home and got up early next morning to find more drink, when he met his father. This he thought strange, and on asking what was the matter, he was told his sister had been burned nearly to death; she had been taken to the infirmary. He daren't go near her; but his wife went, and she says she should not like to see such a fearful sight again. She raved and swore fearfully. Her language was so shocking that the doctors stood with their fingers in their ears. She declared the "flames of hell were surrounding her," and so she died. He drank on as before, though he had so many warnings; had been sent to gaol for neglecting his wife and family. Three times they had been turned out into the streets, and their furniture sold for rent. Many a time his wife has

been thrashed and turned into the streets for going into a place of worship. He had made thousands of resolutions, but always broke them.

The Sunday evening he first entered our hall with his wife, he rushed to the penitent form the moment the prayer-meeting was announced, cried out for mercy, and the Lord saved him. He then jumped up, saying, "My wife is here. I must go and get her too." She was only too glad to see him in earnest for good, came down, and sought for mercy, her husband praying earnestly for her.

The morning after, their eldest son came to his mother, and said, "Mother, I think father is mending on it, for he knelt down and said his prayers this morning before he went to work."

May the Lord bless him, his wife, family, and all of us, and make us more useful in reclaiming the drunkard and bringing poor sinners to Christ.

Funds are needed here owing to the slackness of trade; the smallest donation will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

JAMES ROBINSON.

34, Stamford Street,
Leeds.

BRADFORD.

AGAIN we are able to report that God has given us success in winning souls. All honour to His holy name! Our open-air meetings, Sunday and week-nights, have been signally owned in bringing sinners to the feet of Jesus. Notwithstanding the cold winds and rain crowds have listened to the truth, and followed us indoors. Our theatre services are becoming a mighty power in this town, and the congregations are still increasing. Last Sunday I preached in the afternoon; subject—*Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it that He might sanctify and cleanse it, and to present it to Himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish.* The Lord was with us, and His saving, cleansing power was felt by many. In the evening a band of converts spoke with remarkable power, and eighteen souls professed salvation. Many more were wounded, and nine more gave themselves to God the following night. Our Friday night holiness meeting has been made a great blessing, and I am expecting it to prove the backbone of our work here. Some

have written me from afar who have obtained a full salvation, and others of our own brothers and sisters have got into this region of light and power, and are living in complete victory over all sin.

FULLY SAVED.

A sister, who has had to pass through severe affliction in family matters, had been persuaded to take a single glass of beer for supper before her two boys. She writes: "The eldest was an abstainer, the younger one seemed to be fond of tasting beer; the older boy asked me to give it up for his brother's sake and example, and of late I have felt rather uncomfortable about it. Frequently, when I went to the throne of grace, I have been asking for a full salvation—giving up myself to God more fully—the Spirit has whispered, 'You do not give up all'; and in the house of prayer I have often said, 'I give up all for Thee'; but the Spirit has whispered again, 'But not the beer,' and I have come away unblessed. I tried to persuade myself it was Satan's suggestion, but the more I prayed the louder it spoke, 'Give up all, He gave up all for you.' Still I tried to quiet it, until Sunday, July 8th, I came to hear you preach at the theatre, during which time you said that all idols and everything must be given up to God without reserve for this full salvation. You told about a man after trying for many years could not get the blessing of holiness until he had given up his idol, which was tobacco; when he gave it up, light broke in upon him. So I found it out by God's Spirit that this was my experience, and God only knows how plainly it was shown to me that this one thing was keeping me out of full communion with God. After the sermon we sang the 73rd hymn upon our knees. 'Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,' &c., but when we got to the second verse, 'Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,' oh, what a struggle I had with self before I could sing from my heart, 'To get this blest washing, I all things forego'; but the power came down, and I gave it all up, there and then, and could sing, I am 'every whit made whole.' Light did break in upon my soul, and I am still walking in the light, and the blood cleanseth me from all sin and keeps me clean. The appetite for beer and all that is unlike Jesus is clean gone.—Your sister in Jesus, 'FULLY SAVED.'"

Our Sunday morning SEVEN O'CLOCK LOVEFEAST is a precious season. On an average forty give their experience every Sunday morning, besides a good deal of singing and prayer, and it inspires us for the day. Before long I expect we shall fill our hall at seven o'clock with this meeting. Will our readers pray for us at Bradford? There is great depression in trade, and money is very hard to get. Will our readers pray that God may help us financially?

Yours, full of love for souls,
JAMES DOWDLE.

47, Burlington Terrace,
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER TREMBLETT, THE FIRST FROM LEEDS.

HER CONVERSION took place on Sunday, April 11th, 1875, in the theatre services at Middlesborough. Our sister joined Mrs. Dowdle's female class and was a great help to her in dealing with the penitents, and was always full of love and sympathy for those who were cast down. She was a very willing worker, always ready to do what she could, especially in pointing the broken-hearted to Jesus on the stage of the theatre. This seemed to be her chief joy, and this she continued to do to the last meeting she attended. She felt very keenly parting with my wife. When we left that station for Leeds, she expressed a strong desire to go with us to help us, and God gave her her desire. Her husband who was soon out of work, came to Leeds to seek employment, and succeeded in getting work, so that they removed from Middlesborough to Leeds where she at once came to our help and became very useful in that new station; she worked with all her might until the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher."

Her last illness was short, but very severe. She was very patient in suffering, and prayed very earnestly for her husband, who is unconverted. She was dreadfully tempted by the devil, when her pain was most acute, and her strength of body was fast failing; but friends visited her, and prayed and encouraged her, and she got a complete victory, and rested perfectly in Jesus, and shouted victory through the blood of the Lamb.

A GLORIOUS DEATH BED.

Brother Hurrell and I visited her on the Friday before she passed away on the Sunday morning, and I never heard a more clear, definite testimony than she gave to having a full salvation. She was perfectly resigned, and could say in the fullest sense, "Thy will be done." She had no desire whatever as to the past, present, or future, only that her husband should be converted. She said, "Tell all my brothers and sisters that I am going home, and will look out for them, and welcome them on that happy shore." I never felt so near heaven in my life as when we knelt and prayed beside her dying bed. She responded, "Praise the Lord, I am going home! Shall soon be there, washed in the blood of the Lamb." She said, "This is not a dark valley, but it's all light: it's rising higher and higher." So she remained until Sunday morning, September 23rd, 1877, when she fell asleep in Jesus, and her end was perfect peace, for she lived to die. Numbers of the Mission people attended her funeral, and sang over her, and Mr. Robinson gave an address, which was listened to with wrapt attention, which we trust was blessed by God to souls.

JAMES DOWDLE.

THE HOLY FIRE.

O SAVIOUR, grant us this request,
Fulfil this one desire;
Inflame our every waiting breast
With Thy celestial fire!

What are our sermons, prayers, and
songs?

How soon our spirits tire!
The sounds flow languid o'er our
tongues,
Unless we feel the fire.

Enlarge and bless each panting heart,
Each soul with love inspire;
Light, life, and liberty impart,
And send the holy fire.

Then will we pray and never cease,
And sing and never tire;
Enjoy Thy uncreated peace,
Add the reviving fire.

Men may our life and zeal despise,
But we will still rise higher;
Aspiring to the lofty skies,
Fill'd with the heavenly fire!

R. JUKES.