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About Quickness.

BY G. S. RAILTON.



WE believe in God. We believe in religion. We believe in spiritual life, and we always define the difference between the righteous and the wicked as between those who are dead in trespasses and sins and those who have been raised to life by the Son of Man. If true religion be life from the dead, then just in proportion to the amount of religion a man has must be the amount of life he possesses. A man may be alive and yet appear as though he were dead. It is God's will that we should not only be alive, but "look alive." Perhaps the old Saxon word "quick," used in Scripture to express "living," may assist us in trying to find out the characteristics of such life as God desires us to manifest.

I.—QUICKNESS IS THE REVERSE OF SLOTHFULNESS.

Who cares to employ a "sleepy-head"? Does not modern life demand more and more of activity and rapidity every day? Quick boys, quick men, quick processes, quick work, quick trains, quick passages, are in demand everywhere. And is our religion really "behind the times"? Certainly not! We have a quick word that darts into men's inmost souls with all the rapidity of lightning, and strengthens the feeble with all the speed of magnetism. We have a God ready to pardon and near at hand. We ought not to be sleepy if we believe in Him. As children of the light and of the day it behoves us to be all alive all the year round.

II.—QUICKNESS IMPLIES CONSCIOUSNESS.

A man might as well be asleep as be unconscious while awake. The great difference between the useful and the useless in all positions and employments is, that the latter do not notice matters demanding their attention, while the former are ever on the look

out. The servant who has to be called again and again, whenever required, is not the one that anyone would recommend.

God has a great deal of trouble with His servants in this way. Instead of being on the alert to do their duty, they are only half-conscious of their obligations, and have to be forced to attend to His voice before they give any heed to it. The sleepy condition of many results from their having grown weary in well-doing. Once they were quick enough—they “ran well,” but now they can scarcely be got to move at all.

III.—THE WEARY CANNOT BE QUICK.

The moment a horse or a man begins to go slowly, the first suggestion any one makes is, “He is getting tired,” and the thought is founded upon a very patent fact. Weariness, where there is an inclination still to go on, generally slackens the speed first. In order to keep up the fullest activity, there must therefore be a refreshment of the frame continually, proportioned to the exhaustion caused by the exertions put forth.

No wonder that Christians should become sluggish in their movements if the joy of first love is not supplemented by greater joys from time to time. To fight the world, the flesh, and the devil, is very tiring, and only the strength of God, constantly obtained by faith in Him, can enable His servants to renew their youth, to “run and not be weary,” to “walk and not be faint.” Quickness, vitality, can only be maintained and increased in this desert world by perpetual draughts of the water of life. God help us ever to draw a fresh supply! But, alas! many get weary and rest in their weariness, content with the fact that they have been converted, and indifferent to the equally certain fact that they have lost their first love, and are not now serving God with their might.

IV.—QUICKNESS AND HARDNESS CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

There is a great difference between quick flesh and hard skin. There is an equal difference between a quick, tender conscience and a seared one. The exposed nerves feel the slightest touch, and cause the sufferer to quiver with pain, while the spear and sword are broken helplessly upon the side of leviathan. There is always tenderness of feeling where there is association with God, for His presence makes the very mountains quake. Just in proportion as people are unconscious of the influence of Divine things might it be concluded that they are far from God.

Therefore, to be truly alive, to be quick, is to be living near to God. To be hard, to pass day after day, week after week, month after month, without one Divine sensation, is to be as nearly as possible dead. And yet is not this precisely the condition of many, very many of the Lord's people? They pray, but they ask for nothing and get nothing; they worship, but they do not see the King; they listen to and read His word, but they have no more light when they finish than before

they began. They go on in the round of duty but they make no progress. They are spiritual machines. Once set in order they went on; but they have long since ceased to be propelled by spiritual steam, and they are motionless and cold. Oh, for the quickening of the Holy Ghost! Oh, that they would yield again to the influence that seeks to bring them back to God! Then all would speedily be changed. They would feel the presence of God, and would quiver with the emotions of His joy, His sorrow, His wrath, and His love.

V.—THE HALTING CANNOT BE QUICK.

The old fable of the race between the hare and the tortoise only conveys the fact so manifest to everyone, that those who tarry by the way must be less rapid in their progress than even the slowest. Those who stop are left behind by the slowest of those who still go on. How much more, therefore, does quickness demand that there shall be no hesitation or stoppage whatever!

Why do people linger by the way? Is it not generally because they are not sufficiently confident to push on? Either they are not quite certain about the right way, or they fancy that a lion is there, by which they may be overcome. Christians often are not quite sure of their duty, and that very generally because *they do not want to be quite sure*. To say “they did not know,” seems the easiest of all excuses, and they prefer to remain in a sufficient undecided state upon the disputed point so as to retain the choice excuse.

There is no need for us to be in uncertainty, for God has explained our duty, and has promised the Holy Spirit to those who ask it, so that we may have the fullest and clearest guidance in all things. And we have no time to lose, so that to linger or halt is criminal. God is with us. We have nothing to fear. Therefore let us push onward, and hurry with unwavering decision after Him who has called us to glory and virtue. “Oh!” says some one, “I would gladly hasten if it were not for”—Ah!

VI.—THE BURDENED CANNOT BE QUICK.

No matter how powerful the engines in front, the luggage train stands no chance in a race with the mail. And very many Christians belong to the luggage-train class. While following Christ at a distance, they bear such a load of care and grief that their “soul” cleaveth to the “dust.” They have so much to do to sustain this present life that they can hardly spare time or thought for the affairs of eternity. Before they can begin to live, it is necessary for them to cast all their care upon Him who careth for them. To trust in Jesus and to walk by faith is to live and to go fast.

Jesus came to give us life and immortality; life such as the immortals have; life full of freshness and power; life without decay; the life of God. This life is in His Son. It is there for us. Let us have it. Let us enjoy it. Let us manifest it henceforth, now and for ever.

Wait for God!

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

If you wish to see God sweeping through your congregation with power, pray and wait. Be not in a hurry to close your revival effort. Do not insist that your meeting shall close at nine o'clock, *sharp*, in the evening. Some people, who think nothing of continuing a social party until twelve o'clock, get very economical of time at a religious meeting. Very improper to stay longer than nine o'clock to work for God!

Pray and wait, if you would see God do wonders among you. For six weeks had the meeting in which the writer was converted been protracted, and yet only two or three persons, and they weak-minded and illiterate, had been to the altar. But the man who was responsible for the meeting would pray, work, and wait. The critics thought it folly to hold on any longer. Though you cannot find many to help you hold a meeting, you will find many critics to tell you how you ought to do it. Some laughed at this man, and some, with the gravity of owls, advised him to stop. But he prayed and waited, and God came. The Spirit swept through the community like a mighty wind; awakenings were general. One hundred and fifty were brought to Christ; and one of them, at least, is facing Zionward to-day.

Wait for God to come. Put your hand in your pocket, pay for light and fuel, and wait for God.

When Jonathan Edwards preached on "Their Feet shall slide," the people caught hold of the pillars of the church to keep from sliding down into hell. God wonderfully helped the preacher. But then many of his people had been up the whole night before, praying for God's blessings on him.

John Livingstone preached a single sermon in Scotland that brought five hundred souls to Christ. But some of his people had been in prayer the whole night before. If you want to see God do wonders among you, pray and wait.

Seed-time and harvest are not more certain—*hardly* so certain—as that God will come in answer to continued and faithful prayer. A general outpouring of the Spirit will cost you much in money, time, effort, but it will be worth a hundred times as much as it will cost you.

Don't listen to dead professors, of which every church has far too many, for they are careful about many things, especially their own ease and bodily comfort; but taking counsel of God and His word, hold on, and pray and wait.

If all the churches in this land would pray and wait, the Church would soon be in a blaze of love and spiritual fervour.

Mother!

ARE you a Christian mother? How significant that phrase—a Christian mother!

To Christian mothers the nation looks for salvation from the incoming tide of infidelity and vice that is sweeping across the sea from the Old World. From the Christian home, which cannot exist without the Christian mother, there must flow forth a pure stream of virtue that shall refresh and renew in the verdure of holiness the arid desert of sin that stretches out all around to the far-off horizon.

Mother, how are your children to be saved unless you are a Christian? What will become of your son when he gets out there in the fearfully corrupt world, unless the very roots of his soul have been nourished in the pure sympathies of a Christian mother's love? When he comes in from the world, there should be such a heavenly charm about you, and so much of heaven in your home, as to break whatever infernal spell the sorceries of the wicked may have thrown about him.

And your daughter, what is to become of her in these fearful times, unless the charm of a godly mother's influence be upon her heart wherever she goes?

Skilful libertines walk the streets. A life of shame is made brilliant by gorgeous dress and costly ornaments. There is a drift towards the voluptuous and licentious in most of the current fashionable literature of the day. The old-fashioned modesty that kept unprincipled villains off at a good, safe distance, has been laughed out of society, and an immodest boldness has come in vogue that opens the way for the satyr to the side of his unsuspecting victim. Do you, godless mother, think that your daughter, whose soul has not been strengthened and purified, and confirmed in purity by the life-giving atmosphere of a Christian home, is likely to withstand these unholy and insinuating influences? Young girls as good as yours have been enticed into the most shameless dens or induced to live a life of gilded infamy, without pretence to the sanctity of marriage, or have been murdered and packed in a trunk, or sunk in the river that could not hide their shame. On what ground do you hope for better things for your children? Many who are carefully reared are ruined every year; what is to become of those who are left to drift with the tide of sin?

Mother, for the sake of your children, you should be the holiest of women, the loveliest of women, the tenderest of women. You should be such a saint, and so impress your children's minds, that away in the years to come, when you are in your grave, they may remember you as an angel of purity and love—remember you as one who always controlled temper and spoke in the accents of kindness, whose prayers were so sweet and confiding, and whose home was a very heaven on earth. Some mothers are thus remembered by their children, and some are not.

I sometimes hear one in an experience-meeting, in the midst of falling tears, say, "I shall never forget my mother; to her, under God, I owe my salvation! Her advice, her prayers, her love, led me to Jesus." Then I have heard another say, "My parents were not religious people; I had no one to help me at home." "No help at home." Poor soul! A thousand devils, and bad men and women, tugging at his soul, trying to drag him down to hell, and no help at home!

Oh, mother, can your son or daughter bring against you this fearful accusation, "No help at home"? From the depths of sin and misery, may a child of yours look up and say, "My mother did not help me to resist the tempter"?

What wilt thou say in the day of judgment to such charges as these? What canst thou say to thy conscience this day? Come to Christ now, and get Him to help you rear your children for purity and heaven.

God and You!



WHAT may you not accomplish?

God and Moses go down to the Red Sea, and immediately the old ocean flings aside its imperious waves, leaving a path wide enough for a nation to travel.

God and you! The priests, with the ark and God, go down to the freshet-swollen Jordan, and at once a way opens for all the hosts of Israel; nor dare those waters come back again until God and those priests had come up out of the river, but stood up in heaps, waiting for leave to flow on.

God and you! Nor did Jordan, in all the years of sin that followed, forget Almighty God; for when Elijah and God, centuries afterwards, went to its brim, Elijah, waving his strange mantle, the sullen waters fell apart once more, and Elijah and the awe-struck Elisha went over dry-shod to the other shore.

God and you! There is no battalion of devils out of hell to-day that can defeat you! There is no mob of bad men that can stop your way! No dead, inert church can keep you back! No iron-clad soul can altogether resist your words—God and you! The world is yours! Go, and take it.

Never say "cannot" again when urged to work for Jesus. The Almighty Holy Ghost has come all the way from heaven to help you. With such an ally, you are invincible. You may be nothing, but your Helper is everything. Go forth, then, remembering that to God and you nothing is impossible. Unslung your battle-axe, and hew down the sons of Agag! Clear away the rubbish, and sow the seed-corn of the kingdom.

A few thousand men and women, relying upon God, as they should, can subdue this devil-infested world for Jesus in a few years!

Let Go, and Trust.

By REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D.



IT is an inspiring thought that we are addressing a multitude of readers who would know more of Christ. A languid desire is not sufficient. You must desire Jesus with an intensity which will make your soul a glowing furnace. You must reach the point where you will be willing to sell all, or hold all else cheap in comparison with the fulness of love to Christ. There are but two steps down into the pool which makes whole—consecration and trust. Difficulties attend both steps. Some are in doubt whether they surrender all to the disposal of Christ. To such we say, Consecrate all you know, and then all you do not know. This includes all your assets. God asks no more than this. At this point many fail, through fear that they are to become paupers, when God means to endow them with untold wealth. What, let Christ become my Lord indeed! Is it safe to give Him complete control over my heart, to be the sovereign of my will, the owner of all my property, while I sink down to a mere stewardship under Him! Will He not take some cruel advantage of me? Will He not command me to hard service? Will not reproaches be heaped upon me, if I avow before men and angels that I am wholly Christ's? Very likely He will honour you by entrusting to you some difficult labour. If you go into partnership with Him, you must share all the reproach which comes upon the firm. You are advised beforehand that Jesus is an unpopular character in what is called the best society.

"If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" "The world will hate you, because it hateth Me; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Hence there can be no perfect consecration without an accompanying perfect trust.

Some teach that consecration must be a perfect and distinct act, preceding faith as a distinct act. But we can never surrender to a person whom we do not trust. So that faith, simple faith, lies at the bottom of every step Godward. We have recently seen a beautiful illustration of the need of trust in order to complete consecration. A glass-worker makes a beautiful, yet exceedingly frail ornament, and brings it to his friend as a gift. He says, "This is yours; it is very delicate, and must be touched with the greatest care."

"But," says the friend, whose hand has been outstretched for several minutes, "why do you not let go your grasp and give it to me?"

"Oh, because I am afraid that you will take hold of it so strongly as to break it, and all my labour will be lost," replies the giver.

"But you say that it is mine; let it go, then, and if it is shattered in the transfer, the loss will be mine and not yours." If your gift of yourself to Christ is in good faith, let yourself go; and if you break all to pieces, you have lost nothing; it is His loss. Perhaps He can make a

better use of you, thus shattered, than He could with your wholeness. In His service a broken heart is a thousand times more efficient for good than a whole one.

"But," says one, "I cannot see God's hand; how then can I know that He accepts the offering of my heart?" You are not required to know, but to believe.

"But how can I believe, when I feel no change?" The ground of your faith must not be your feelings, but the Word of God. When you make a legal tender of yourself to Him, it is your duty to believe that He accepts you, according to His promise. This is simple faith. When it pleases God, He will give to your soul a joyful demonstration of your acceptance. This is knowledge. The divine order, both in nature and in grace, is faith, the stepping-stone to knowledge.

Prof. Morse believed it possible to communicate intelligence by electro-magnetism, before he knew the fact. His faith led to his knowledge. You must believe Jesus Christ is able to save unto the uttermost, before you can "know the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe." If you attempt to reverse the process, you will grope in Egyptian darkness evermore.

If the blessing of conscious completeness in Christ, and the abiding Comforter and Sanctifier, is by faith only, why not now? To-day is the day of salvation. Full salvation surrounds you like a shoreless ocean—appropriate to your utmost capacity to-day. You will gain nothing by waiting. There is no lack for God to supplement, and there is no particular in which you can improve yourself, and make yourself more acceptable to Him.

Neither sanctification nor justification are by works. Works involve the element of time; but faith says, "Now, this instant, Thou, O God, dost receive my offering."

"But," says doubt, "suppose that I feel just the same after I thus believe, what then?"

Keep on believing the promise, and insisting that God is true. He may delay for days and weeks the declaration of your complete acceptance, in order to develope and test your faith. The longer the delay, if you trust unwaveringly, the more marvellous the manifestation of Christ to your soul, as your complete Saviour, when the Comforter takes the things of Christ and shows them unto you. The Syro-phœnician woman lost nothing by pressing her suit against chilling discouragements. Faint not. Just here thousands have failed. They did not grasp the prize, because they did not persistently believe.

Others fail through a subtle legality. They trust in their consecration, and not in Jesus only. They take a commercial view of the matter, and present the offering of their hearts as the meritorious ground of receiving the fulness of the Spirit. This is a piece of folly and presumption, which finds its parallel in the way-side beggar, who insists that the act of stretching out his upturned palm earns the alms which the passer-by may give. After you have laid your gift upon the altar, look away from the gift, that is now God's, towards the skies, whence the fire shall come down to consume your sacrifice in token of its acceptance. Thus, in all our approaches to God, there are three requisitions—Faith, Faith, Faith. "For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

Others fail because of their seeking the gift and not the Giver. You must desire Jesus only. You must pray this prayer, "Lord Jesus, glorify Thyself in me." When you are seeking for some delicious ecstacy, you are not seeking to glorify Christ to the utmost of your ability. There must be an absolute resignation of self and selfish desires in order to be a perfect believer. You must come to the point where the poet's words will be the honest expression of your soul—

To do, or not to do; to have,
Or not to have, I leave to Thee:
To be or not to be, I leave;
Thy only will be done in me!
All my requests are lost in one—
"Father, Thy only will be done."

Welcome alike the crown or cross,
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil nor rest, nor gain nor loss,
Nor joy nor grief, nor pain nor ease,
Nor life nor death, but ever groan,
"Father, Thy only will be done!"

Men Wanted.

BY REV. S. H. PLATT.

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MEN wanted! Men of bone and sinew, brain and nerve; men who have souls, and are not afraid to pledge them to the right.

Men who can look vice in the eye without blinking, and dare the devil in his lair without a tremor; men with a backbone like an iron's haft, and a will like the decrees of fate.

Men with heart enough to side with the helpless, chivalry enough to defend the defenceless, combativeness enough to fight wrong in private life or public sentiment, and destructiveness enough to cudgel the strength out of iniquity, wherever it may be found.

Men wanted! Not weak-kneed, watery-eyed, nerveless-armed, and tremulous invalids, nor crouching sycophants, nor pandering compromisers, nor shaking cowards, but *men*—men whose blood is the double-distilled extract of energy, whose grip is with hooks of steel, whose tread is as the march of the storm king upon the mountains, whose eyes are like the flashes of tropic lightning, and whose spirits gird themselves with the majesty of right!

Such men are wanted.

Where?

In every school district in the land; in every temperance organization; in every benevolent and literary institution; in every business firm; in

every political position; in every church; in every pulpit; in every publishing house; in every editorium—*everywhere*, where the battle is waged between right and wrong. Such men are wanted.

For what?

To plant themselves in the pathway of the rushing avalanche of public corruption. To lift the warning watch-light over the social breakers that hunger after wrecks. To grope in the hell-holes that line our streets, after the unwary who have been decoyed to the very verge of the pit. To thread dark and filthy alleys, and climb crazy stairways to find the home of the drunkard, and chase the gloom from the souls of his desolate ones; to lead the bleary-eyed unfortunate out into the soul-light of life's glorious possibilities of betterment, right past the rendezvous, death; then turn and smite the victimizers as God's wrath smites the hosts of sin.

To stand up straight and tall between the tempters and the tempted, and with one hand minister to the needs of the exposed, and with the other strike down the leeches who suck their lives dry of all joy, and blast their hopes with the mildew of disgrace. To ride on the topmost crest of human progress, and dash themselves with the resistless momentum which truth's ocean gives against the solid masonry of superstition and worldliness, and crumble it to fragments. To stand amid the treacherous alliances of sin, and with a constancy that defies temptation, hurl into the face of unblushing wantonness the mighty principle—responsibility to God! To yield themselves as tempered blades of steel to the wieldings of God's providence, and thrust home through every door of opportunity, until giants reel, and foes submit to Christ. To speak from the pulpit winning words of love that shall fall as the soft lullaby of childhood upon men's vitiated natures, or thunder dread monitions of coming doom that shall shake their sin-stained souls as with the ague of remorse. To enrol the militant hosts of God in a general campaign of conquest, whose only rules of strategy shall be: Find the enemy; fight him; keep fighting him!

Such men are wanted. Would you be one? Then kneel with Jesus in Gethsemane until your soul is penetrated with His sympathies; lash yourself to His cross till you feel His deadness to the world; lie with Him in His garden tomb till the predestined hour shall strike. Then, with the stirrings of an undying life, rise to a sublimer life than worldliness knows, and you may be *the wanted man*.

"FULL OF SPANGLES."

THE wife of an officer who was placed in charge of a large body of Freedmen in America, at the era of Emancipation, relates the following:—

"While sitting on the piazza, I saw an old coloured woman, bent with age and rheumatism, coming up the path slowly and painfully, leaning on her stick. After I had exchanged the customary 'How d'ys,' I asked if she wanted some breakfast. 'No, missus,' she replied; 'I had a bit 'fore I comed out. What I wants is some old dress to go to

meetin' in. My days is drawin' to a close, and 'pears I do want to enjoy de meetin' 'for' I'm cl'ar gone. I ain't got no close but dese, and dey ain't decent for a meetin'.' She had an old dress made of coarse bagging, which reached only to her knees. A dress was soon found for her; but, as it needed some alterations, she sat on the piazza to wait. At length she turned round and said, 'I knows you's a Christian!' 'I don't know, auntie,' was the reply. 'Some hours are cold and dark and the world is so strong!' 'Ah, honey,' she said,

looking up earnestly, 'does you hang on to de world, or let it go? I tell you, chile, *you must let it go*. It ain't worth hangin' to. I never got peace in my soul till I let go of it.'

"I looked at her, in her rags and poverty, and wondered what the world could have been to her. 'Yes,' she continued; 'de Lord is fightin' in de right side of your heart; and de world and de devil in de left side; and which will you let have de victory? And about dem dark hours—don't mind 'em. Press straight on to Jesus, and He'll come to your heavy heart; and when He goes away, the path He leaves behind will be *full of spangles!*' Then, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of joy whose sincerity could not be doubted, she exclaimed in broken tones, 'Ah! what a lovin' Jesus He is! His father says to Him, "Go down, Jesus, to de poor sinners in de world, and all de strugglin', wounded souls you find on de way, bring 'em to Me." Den dis lovin' Jesus comes down from Glory, picks up de poor souls dat's clean lived out, puts 'em in His bosom, and carries 'em to His Father's Throne.' Here she seemed transported with the thought, and rocked her body to and fro, her rapture and joy being too manifest in the old wrinkled face to be mistaken. I gave her the dress, and told her when she was hungry or cold to come to me again. 'No, missus,' she replied, with a delicacy one often sees in this coloured chivalry, 'no, missus, I couldn't run a free horse to death.'

"When she had walked away a few steps, she returned and said, 'About dem dark hours; don't let 'em make you doubt. Dey's given to try our faith.' She then walked as far as the gate; but, seeming to be impressed that she still had a message for me which had not all been delivered, she hobbled back again, and, pointing upwards with her stick, said earnestly, '*Press on, press on to Jesus, and don't be afraid of dem dark hours!*'"

Who has done so much for the species as Jesus? Quench the light which Jesus throws upon the race, and it would be rolled back to *barbaric desolation*. Infidels, philosophers, statesmen, *savans*—stand back before THE NAZARENE. He is the light of the world. And he is chaining literature, science, art, commerce—aye, all the material and intellectual forces to His chariot wheel.

"THE BEST JOB I EVER DONE IN MY LIFE."

THE following striking letter is taken from a publication called the *Christian Weekly*, which vouches for the truth of the narrative in every particular, and states that the letter is a genuine one, written by a man who had been in a State prison in America to a fellow-prisoner who was still an inmate. The names have been changed to avoid the possibility of a recognition of the parties.

"FRIEND TOM—if i may call you so, i know you are surprized to get a letter from me, but i hope you wont be mad at my writing to you. I want to tell you my thanks for the way you talked to me when i was in prison; it has led me to be a better man. I guess you thought i did not cair for what you said, & at the first go off i didn't, but i need you was a man who had don big work with good men, want no sucker, nor want gasing, and all the boys knod it.

I used to think at nite of what you said, and for it, i knocked off swearing 5 months before my time was up, for I saw it want no good no how—the day my time was up you told me if i would shake the cross [quit stealing] and live on the square for three months it would be the best job i ever done in my life. The State agent gave me a ticket to here, & on the car i thought more of what you last said to me, but didn't make up my mind. When we got to Y— on the cars from there to here i pulled off an old woman's leather [robbed her of her pocket book] i hadn't no more than got it off when i wished i hadn't done it; for a while before i made up my mind to be a square bloke for 3 months on your word, but forgot it when I saw the leather was a gif [easy to get] but i kept close to her, and when she got out of the cars at a way place, i said, mam, have you lost anything, & she tumbled her leather was off [found her purse was gone], is this it, says i, giving it to her. Well, says she, if you arn't honest, but I hadn't got cheek enough to stand that sort of talk, so i left her in a hurry.

When i got here i had 1 dollar & 25 cents left, and i didnt get no work for 3 days, as i aint strong enough for a roust about [deck hand] on a steam bote. The afternoon of the 3d day i spent my last 10 cents for two moons [large round sea biscuit] and cheese, & was thinking i should have to go on the

dip again [picking pockets], when i thought of what you once said, about a fellow's calling on the Lord when he was in hard luck, & i thought i would try it once anyhow, but when i tried it, i got stuck on the start, and all i could get off was, Lord give a poor fellow a chance to square it for 3 months, for Christ's sake, Amen, and i kept a thinking of it over and over as i went along. About an hour after that i was in 4th Street, & this is what happened, & is the cause of my being where i am now, & about which i will tell you before i get done writing. As I was walking along I herd a big noise & saw a horse running away with a carriage with 2 children in it, i grabbed up a peice of box cover from the sidewalk & run in the middle of the street, & when the horse came up i smashed him over the head as hard as I could drive, the bord split to peeces & the horse checked up a little & i grabbed the reins and pulled his head down until he stopped. The gentleman what owned him came running up, and as soon as he saw the children were all rite, he shook hands with me, and gave me a 50 dollar greenback, and my asking the Lord to help me came into my head, & i was so thunderstruck, i couldn't drop the reins nor say nothing, he saw something was up, & coming back to me said, my boy are you hurt? and the thought come into my head just then to ask him for work, and i asked him to take back the bill and give me a job, says he jump in here and lets talk about it, but keep the money. He asked me if I could take care of horses, and i said yes, for I used to hang round livery stables, & often would help clean and drive horses, he told me he wanted a man for that work, & would give me 16 dollars a month and bord me. You bet i took that chance at once, that nite in my little room over the stable i sat a long time thinking over my past life & of what had just hapened, and i just got down on my nees and thanked the Lord for the job, & to help me to square it, & to bless you for putting me up to it, & the next morning i done it again and got me some new togs [clothes] & a bible, for i made up my mind, after what the Lord had done for me, i would read a little every nite and morning, & ask him to keep an eye on me.

"When I had been there about a week, Mr. Z— (thats his name) came in my room one nite, and saw me reading the bible. He asked me if I was a Christian,

and I told him no—he asked me how it was i read the Bible instead of papers and books. Well, Tom, I thought I had better give him a square deal on the start, so I told him all about my being in prison and about you, & how i had almost done give up looking for work, & how the Lord got me the job, when i asked him, & the only way i had to pay him back was to read the Bible and square it, & i asked him to give me a chance for three months. He talked to me like a father for a long time, & told me i could stay, & then i felt better than ever I had done in my life, for i had given Mr. Z— a fair start with me, & now i didnt fear no one giving me a black cap [exposing his past life] & running me off the job. The next morning he called me into the library & gave me another square talk and advised me to study some every day, & he would help me one or two hours every nite, and he gave me a arithmetic, a spelling-book, a geography, and a writing-book, and he hers me every nite. He lets me come into the house to prayers every morning & got me put in a Bible-class in the Sunday-school, which I likes very much, for it helps me to understand my Bible better.

"Now, Tom, the 3 months on the square are up 2 months ago, & as you said, it is the best job i ever did in my life, & i commenced another of the same sort right away, only it is, God helping me, to last a life time Tom. I wrote this letter to tell you I do think God has forgiven my sins, and herd your prayers, for you told me you should pray for me, i no i love to read his word & tell him all my troubles, & he helps me I know for i have plenty of chances to steal, but I don't feel to as I once did, & now i take more pleasure in going to church than to the theatre, & that wasn't so once. Our minister & others often talk with me & a month ago they wanted me to join the church, but i said no, not now, i may be mistaken in my feelings, i will wait awhile. But now i feel that God has called me, & on the first Sunday in July i will join the church—dear friend i wish i could write to you as i feel, but i can't do it yet."

We often wish convets were able more clearly to express what they mean at once. Here is a man undoubtedly led, not merely to thought, prayer, and reformation, but to seek the pardon of his sins, rejoicing to feel the guilty load removed, and experiencing a thorough change of heart, though unable as yet

to relate his conversion in such terms as we should have liked.

But here also is an example of the wonderful manner in which God uses such men, and such imperfect language coming from a true heart to the salvation of others. The writer of the letter while in prison had thus been urged to start for heaven by a fellow convict, who had himself been led to Christ by a little girl. The young disciple having heard of the successful efforts of the mission to female prisoners, determined to go all alone to the men's side of the prison, and many who would not have listened to older advisers heard, and heard obediently, the exhortations of the little preacher—another voice calling loudly to every converted person who has not yet carried to others the glad tidings of salvation, to go at once, old or young, learned or ignorant, in the name of the Lord and win souls for Him.

The Song of the Drink.

[After the model of the "Song of the Shirt," and by an Irish lady.]

WITH a voice that was hoarse and low,
Then shrill as the night wind's shriek,
A woman, weary with want and woe,
Wan, and worn, and weak,
A woman sang this song: [sink!
Oh, that into men's hearts it would
This song of anguish, and ruin, and
wrong,
She sang this song of the Drink.
A skeleton hung with rags,
In the glare of the gin-shop's light,
She sat on the city's pitiless flags,
In the cold of the winter's night;
She sat with his head in her lap,
Of what a man once had been,
That with her poor tatters she tried to
wrap,
To cover, and hide, and screen.
A thing in muddy rags clad,
That lay dead drunk in the sink.
She sang—I think she was mad—
She sang this song of the drink:
Drink, drink, drink,
While there's a penny to spend;
Drink, drink, drink,
While pawnshops a penny will lend.
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Till the eyes are blind, and the tongue
is dumb,
And the heart is rotten within.

Oh, men, with souls to be saved,
Oh, men, drawing living breath,
It is not liquor you're pouring out,
But misery, ruin, and death.

Drink, drink, drink,
Oh, drinksellers, out you dole,
With hands that won't shrink while ever
coins clink,

Destruction to body and soul;
Destruction—but why do I talk
To you and the like? I think [walk,
If the devil would there to your counter
You'd still go on selling drink.

He'd look so like yourselves,
We'd hardly know which was which,
With your plate-glass, and gas, and
mahogany shelves, [rich.
And souls damned that you may be
Drink, drink, drink,
He is always drinking now, [have
And I must slave, for the price he'll
Of the drink, no matter how.

And I must famish and starve,
Must beg, or steal, or worse,
Though I am his wife, for he'd have my
life,

If I hadn't the price of the curse.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Until I am ready to sink,
With weary feet, and with nothing to eat,
And all to get money for drink.

Rum, and whisky, and gin,
Gin, and whisky, and rum,
No bread, no bed, no roof to my head,
And I wish the end was come;
And oh! that the drink is cheap,
And so cruel and easy to find;
And oh! is there no way men to keep
From what drives them out of their
mind?

From what drives them raging mad,
And makes them devils, not men;
For when he's sober he's not that bad,
And he swears he'll not drink again;
And oh! for the days gone by,
Before he took to the drink,
When he was happy, and so was I—
'Twas just like heaven, I think.

I think so now at least,
For then we had food and clothes—
Now look at him lying there like a beast,
And I'm black and blue from his
blows.

Blows, and curses, and kicks,
Kicks, and curses, and blows,
A curse to drink sticks, with it's devilish
tricks,
And how it will end God knows.

I think he will have my life—
 'Tis often he says he will—
 And I'm tired of the labour, and hunger,
 and strife:
 There's not much of me left to kill;
 For oh! drink killed the best
 Of me, body, heart, and soul,
 When it killed the innocent babe at my
 breast,
 And my brain was a burning coal.

When I think of my baby child,
 Her eyes, her laugh, her smiles,
 Again I go raving wild,
 Again my brain madly whirls;
 I never, oh! never will
 Forget the blow, the oath—
 I see it all still, till I think I could kill
 Him, or myself, or both.

But 'tis thankful I ought to be, glad
 That she's safe with the Lord in
 heaven,
 For she'd only be wretched like me, or
 bad,
 To sin by suffering driven:
 Driven by hunger to sell
 Body and soul for bread.
 There's nothing so well as drink helps
 to hell;
 Thank God, my baby is dead.

Sin, and sorrow, and shame,
 Shame, and sorrow, and sin,
 And the cause and the blame is ever the
 same,
 Whisky, and brandy, and gin.
 The devil's best work is done
 For ever, and evermore,
 Of all the places under the sun,
 Inside of the dramshop's door.

Drudge, drudge, drudge,
 Toil, and labour, and slave,
 If money for drink it would fetch, he'd
 grudge
 The clay that will cover my grave;
 The clay that will cover me soon,
 In the union coffin and shroud,
 Just one more life worn out by the strife,
 Just one more out of the crowd.

But I hear the policeman's tramp,
 He's coming this way, I think—
 "Oh, sir, his head came against the
 lamp."
 "Aye, I see, the old story—drink."
 "Oh, please, sir, don't be rough—
 He'll go quiet—now won't you,
 Fred?"
 "Oh, aye, no doubt he will, quiet
 enough—
 Why, woman, the man is dead!"

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

ORIGINAL. No. 5.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."
 —John iii. 30.

THE true theory of earnest, successful
 ministry, understood by John the Baptist
 and so few others.

I. JESUS IS TO INCREASE.

Else why preach at all? Extension,
 aggression upon the Kingdom of Dark-
 ness, lies at the root of all our work.

1. *In fame.*

The amount of good done by any
 physician must be just in proportion to
 the number of people who hear of, and
 resort to, him.

2. *In glory.*

Every fresh act of one who does all
 things well must increase people's
 confidence in Him; and the more
 people think of Him the more will they
 do for Him.

3. *In influence.*

Alas! how little He seems to have as
 yet with the professed followers, and
 with the world, who set Him at nought!

4. *In dominion.*

The amount of good He does to and by
 His people just depends upon the extent
 to which they submit to Him. And the
 amount of happiness in the world
 depends entirely upon the number of
 His subjects.

II. PREACHERS SHOULD DECREASE.

Not in number, for, alas! there are
 but few for a world, but

1. *In their own esteem.*

The greatest preachers God has had
 have thought least of themselves both as
 men and as speakers.

2. *In men's esteem.*

How careful John was to prevent any
 one from thinking too highly of him.
 And he was so successful that they put
 him in prison and cut his head off. But
 he still speaks.

3. *In influence.*

John saw with delight people passing
 him and going to Jesus. This proved
 that John was exercising great Divine
 influence. It is a very bad sign when
 people prefer listening to a preacher to
 working for Christ.

4. *In authority.*

Preachers are powerful for God just in
 proportion as they say nothing of them-
 selves, but as all comes from the All-wise.

Preacher, choose whether you will
 aim at the exaltation of Christ or of
 yourself; and if the latter, for pity's
 sake keep away from any of our services
 —out-door or in!

G. S. R.

AN EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD.

NOTICE.



Having, in the course of the Christmas festivities,

LOST JEWELS

Of unspeakable value, which have been missing
 since "kind" friends took them to various parties,
 balls, concerts, theatres, &c., promises the above
 reward to any one who will bring any such back
 to their rightful Owner.

*N.B.—All communications to the Agents or Workers
 of this Mission as to any of the said jewels, will be
 treated as strictly confidential; our object being the
 recovery of our Master's property, and no injury to
 anyone.*

CONSECRATION.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always only for my King.
 Take my silver and my gold,

Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my will, and make it Thine—
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own—
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour,
 At Thy feet its heavenly store.
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever ONLY ALL for Thee.

MISS HAVERGAL.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE year 1875 has opened with bright and glowing promise of blessing; while the Old Year was passing away, and the New One was coming in, souls were seeking mercy at the Watch-Night Services, and the first Sunday was a time of refreshing, the influence of which will, we trust, abide all through the year.*

The success so suddenly crowning our labours in Stockton, as reported last month, demanded that we should follow up the advantage gained with vigour. We scarcely knew where to turn for a suitable man for Middlesbro', as there seemed to be no possibility of our getting one without taking a missionary from one of the stations. It was no small request to make, but it afforded to Bro. Dowdle, and our friends at Chatham, an opportunity of manifesting a mission zeal worthy of apostolic days. Thus set free, Bro. Dowdle left for Middlesbro' on the 23rd, and reports over 2,000 people present at his services on Sunday. Thus, we are moving on, trusting in God for greater victory this year than we have ever yet attained.

Opening of the New Hall at Wellingborough.



WE wound up our services in the old Sunday place, the theatre, with a "praise-meeting," in which one big man after another, with men of less stature, and some of the gentler sex, rose to testify to what God had done for their souls through the instrumentality of the Mission. Rapidly as these testimonies were given, time would not allow all to speak who wished to do so, and we adjourned the meeting till six o'clock on the morning of the next Sunday in the new hall, some fifty or more in the two meetings declaring what God had done for their souls.

For a description of the hall itself, which God at length has given us, and of the opening services, I can hardly do better than append the following, from the *Wellingborough Weekly News*:—

"On Sunday last the new Christian Mission Hall, St. John Street, was opened for public worship, and judging from appearances, we should say a more unique building for the purpose could not be found: a comfortable, plain, substantial building, capable of seating 450 persons upon the ground floor, with vestry or class-room accommodation for eighty more, well lighted, warmed and ventilated, and fitted with every convenience necessary for carrying on the kind of work for which it is designed. The first meeting—a meeting of praise—was held at six a.m., and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the early hour, it was well attended, and very interestingly sustained till eight o'clock. At eleven o'clock, a public prayer-meeting, at which some 150 persons were present, was conducted by Mr. J. Clare, the resident Evangelist, and at half-past two the hall was full of persons anxious to hear Mrs. Booth, who had come from London for the occasion. After the preliminary services of singing and prayer, the lady proceeded to read several portions of Scripture, ultimately selecting four texts, from which she preached an eloquent sermon upon the necessity of carrying the Gospel to the masses, and how the work was to be accomplished. In the evening, at six o'clock, the hall was packed to hear Mrs. Booth again. This time she chose for her subject the analogy between sowing and reaping, grounding her remarks upon the text, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' On Monday, at five o'clock, about 200 sat down to tea, which was served in the hall, after which a public meeting was held, N. P. Sharman, Esq., occupying the chair. He spoke of the good that had already been done through the instrumentality of the Mission, and urged upon all present, who were identified with the same, the absolute necessity of living what they professed. The meeting was subsequently addressed by W. Woolston, Esq., a gentleman whose name we could not catch, but who said he was connected with the Established Church, Mrs. Booth, Miss Jenkinson, and Mr. Panter."

The services of the week and of the next Sunday, when Brother Lamb preached, were greatly blessed, many souls being brought to Christ, whole families together seeking the Lord.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE,
who were present on the opening Sunday,

refusing to yield to Christ, went home under deep conviction. For a long time the man could not sleep; but when at length he did so it was only to be awakened by a terrible dream. He got out of bed in the middle of the night to pray, and coming to the hall again, found salvation.

A MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER

were to be seen kneeling together at the penitent-form amongst others on Sunday evening. Upon remarking this fact audibly, a man, who was also there, raised his head and replied, "Yes, and here's the father, and the Lord has just pardoned his sins!"

LIMEHOUSE.

THANK God, we have not laboured in vain during the last month. At nearly every service God has made bare His arm, and souls have been awakened.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A dear woman, who has been in and out of our hall for four years, and a great part of that time under deep conviction of sin, but too proud to come and speak publicly for Jesus, until a few evenings past, yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit, took up her cross, came unto the penitent-form, and there pleaded with God to save her. He heard her cry, and then she said, "I never thought that my proud spirit would have let me come to this form; but, thank God, I came at last, for I feel my sins are all forgiven." At home she did not want any supper, for she says, "I felt like singing all the time."

A SWEDISH SAILOR.

This young man, who had been invited to our Boxing-day festival by a mate who had found peace the Sunday night before, came, and was deeply impressed; and though he did not get right that night, he found peace the next day. Praise God! they have both joined the believers' meeting, and are walking as becometh the Gospel.

Pray that these two sailors may be brought at last to the heavenly harbour.

HAMMERSMITH.

What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards us?

FOR notwithstanding that the closing chapter of the year 1874 is stained with a list of terrible calamities, entailing sorrow, and woe, and desolation through-

out our land, and the carrying hundreds of precious souls into eternity without the voice of warning; yet in the midst of it all we have been preserved, and the only "crashes" we have had at this station have been of hard hearts, false hopes, empty professions, and unholy alliances—all glory be to Bozrah's conqueror! May He continue to ride on prosperously through this sin-blighted Hammersmith!

Our second Quarterly Tea-meeting on Boxing-night was indeed a success; many were astonished at the large numbers present, and the manifestation of Divine power in our midst; and some who before that time had stood aloof from us have since offered help; so we thank God, and take courage. The chair at the public meeting was taken by J. T. Campbell, Esq., who, with others, helped us to provide for 100 poor people. The Lord reward them!

From among the many interesting cases of conversion which have taken place during the past month we select the following:—

A man who for some time has been the subject of special prayer by a faithful, loving wife, and others of his relatives, was induced to attend the meetings; to the surprise and joy of many, it was soon seen that the Spirit of God was working with the man, who at last was heard crying for mercy, and soon found it, to the joy of his soul. Praise the Lord! Notwithstanding this man was known by many as a light-hearted, jolly fellow, yet he declared that often he has been so wretched that he

COULD NOT SLEEP,

and once, when afflicted, he thought every hour he would drop into hell. He and his wife now know what real happiness is. May it increase!

It is the opinion of many that the punishments we award to our law-breakers is far from beneficial, in a moral sense tending often to brutalise the man; but thank God there are some exceptions to that rule. A young man who had for some time been living in a way which too clearly foreshadowed the end, at last found himself in gaol, with plenty of time for meditation. He there resolved to mend his ways—but how? he knew not. During his imprisonment his landlord had been converted at the Town Hall, so instead of shutting his door against him he took him in, and tried to convince the poor fellow that

God loved him—which seemed at first a thing impossible. He came, however, to a meeting to hear what the preacher would say, and he heard again that God loved him, which glorious truth, when fully realized, completely broke his heart, and he cried, "Oh, my poor heart! my poor heart! it will break to think that

"GOD LOVES SUCH A SINNER AS ME!"

We wept and prayed together, and oh, precious truth, the love of God binds up again the broken heart!

Oh, the stupendous love of God to guilty rebels who will stop to contemplate it—who can exhaust

THE GLORIOUS THEME?

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
And were the whole earth of parchment made,
And every blade of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God to man
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though spread from sky to sky.

One of the

STOUTEST-HEARTED SINNERS

I ever knew has at last succumbed: for months this man has been under deep conviction, but continued to resist the striving of God's Spirit, and would often fly to strong drink. But his wife and a few others held on, and continued to importune God on his behalf. Soon, with his blood poisoned, his soul in darkness, eternity near, the terrors of a broken law over him, hell yawning beneath him, opportunities wasted, offers of mercy despised, bitter anguish tearing his heart—"Oh, my God! have mercy!" he cried. God did show mercy to him by nearly bringing him to death to get him to yield, which, praise the Lord, he has done, and is now proving to an astonished people that God can save the vilest; in fact, he *lives, a miracle of grace!*

I could tell of precious meetings at Fulham, at St. Paul's Schoolroom, at St. Matthew's, and at the room in the "Rookery."

Oh, brethren and sisters, pray for us! We want Hammersmith for Jesus! Those who can send us help—that help which you know to be essential to carrying on a work of this kind—do so, and God shall bless you with us.

ABRAHAM LAMB,
12, Hetton Street, Hammersmith.

SHOREDITCH.

BRO. FLAWN writes me to say that the work of God is progressing at Shoreditch. Sinners are being converted, and believers are receiving the blessing of a clean heart.

United prayer has been offered for the conversion of Sister Berry's brother, herself converted through the instrumentality of this Mission, who has been

A GREAT DRUNKARD,

possessed of murderous intentions, carrying a pistol about with him for the purpose of shooting Sister Berry and other members of the family.

On one occasion she had to get out of his way, as he was carrying a knife to kill her, and for a long time she was afraid to speak to him about his soul.

Alas! sin and drink have done its work. He is now in a dying state!

About nine days ago she went to his bed-side and said, "Jim, may I pray with you?" To her joyful surprise, he answered, "Yes, my dear." Thank God! he has since received Christ as his salvation. Some friends who visited him the other day told him they thought he was dying. He answered, "The arms of Jesus are about me!" Here is indeed a brand plucked from the fire.

A young woman, a servant at a low public-house near the Apollo Hall, came to our meetings and found the Saviour. She could not stop at her place, as they required her to work on the Sabbath. She at once left, choosing rather to suffer than enjoy the pleasures of sin. The Lord has graciously opened her way to a livelihood.

A young man who a few weeks ago was led to Jesus through hearing the Word of God at the open-air service in Brick Lane, is pressing on through much opposition in the way of life. He has been greatly persecuted by his work-mates, but has stood fire well. He said, "The other evening my mates threw beer and coffee over me because I am a Christian. But I only feel love towards them, and pray the Lord to save them."

W. J. PEARSON.

MILLWALL.

SINCE the beginning of the New Year God has been blessing us at this station; believers have been quickened, and sinners brought to Jesus. Amongst the number is a dear old man, who is

OVER SEVENTY YEARS

of age. While he was weeping on account of sin, I said to him, "You would like the Saviour to pardon all your sins?" "Yes," he said, "I should, and I know He can forgive me, though I have been such a great sinner. Lord, save me!" And soon he was able to trust in Jesus. Glory to the Lamb! May he be kept unto the end.

Friends, pray for us at these stations.

W. RIDSELL,

15, Henry Street,
Burdett Road, Limehouse.

CROYDON.

THIS circuit has had recently two severe trials—one being the rather unexpectedly sudden removal of Bro. Heathcock, the other the departure of Bro. Lane, of Bromley, to Stockton; but the friends have no intention to allow the work to stand still. They are earnestly praying that God will send the right man to superintend the stations, and are gathering together resolved that they "will not retreat though they die, till the conquest they've won" of their various neighbourhoods for Jesus.

THE BOXING-NIGHT FESTIVAL

at Croydon was a season of great spiritual joy and profiting, the numbers present comparing favourably with those of former years, and the presence of the Master being felt in no little degree. The chair was taken by B. Barry Wake, Esq., who evidently understood the spirit of the Mission, and led the way in exhorting sinners to repent and believe the Gospel.

Mr. Searle followed with an address on "Purpose," urging all present to live for the one object of glorifying God.

Mr. Bramwell Booth after recounting some of the marvellous dealings of the Lord with the Mission in various stations, solemnly exhorted all Christ's servants present fully to realize their great salvation and the importance of their work, and entreated sinners at once to come to Jesus.

Miss Booth then spoke upon the duty of "long and sustained effort against sin," demonstrating the necessity for such labour in relation to our own souls and those of others, in so clear and concise a manner, as to impress all present.

Bro. Ireson, one of the early converts at Croydon, then deeply interested us with an account of the manner in which the work in Wellingbro' commenced by him, had grown and become at length a mighty power in the town and neighbourhood.

Mr. Cobet, who took the chair in the place of Mr. Wake, who had to leave early, expressed the earnest desire of the Croydon friends after a more prosperous state of things. May a brighter and better day than we have ever known in Croydon speedily come! We believe it will. Amen.

HASTINGS.

"God is bringing to His fold,
Rich and poor, young and old."

This is our experience. We have seen souls of all classes coming to Jesus; we give one or two cases. The first was a poor

FALLEN GIRL

In the Hastings Workhouse. Taken ill and having no home (her father dying in another workhouse near), she was compelled to go into this. We went to see her, talked to her of salvation, and by the help of a few kind friends, we were enabled to send her to a home in London. The girl was very anxious, and we believe she will be brought to Jesus.

A man and woman had lived together thirteen years, unmarried. We visited them a month or six weeks ago, they and their three children in one small room, furniture worth about ten shillings. They came to the meetings, the Spirit shone into their hearts, they saw their sins, and became very anxious to get married and reform. We made all arrangements, and on Monday, Jan. 11th, we went through the ceremony, and pronounced them man and wife. The woman has given her heart to Jesus. The Lord bless them.

Mr. and Miss Booth both preached at Hastings on Sunday, January 10th, Ninfield Monday, and Rye Tuesday. All services were with much power, believers were greatly blessed, and precious souls came to Jesus.

On Friday, Jan. 15th, a man called to see us, who had been

A SAILOR FOR 17 YEARS.

On returning to Hastings he had been

invited to tea by one of our friends, and afterwards to hear Mr. Booth last Sunday. He was very anxious about his soul; we took him by faith to Calvary, and in the kitchen he sought and found the Saviour. Hallelujah!

The days fixed for the free teas are Jan. 19th and 20th. We are very grateful to all friends who have helped us in any way. Further assistance may be sent to

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
Beulah House, Plympton
Road, Hastings.

STOCKTON.

SINCE I came down here, as you know, we have had seven services per week indoors, open-air services nearly every night, and twice on Sunday, resulting in the salvation of souls every day.

Dec. 20th.—Service at two o'clock in the open air; sang our way down to the theatre, where we had a large experience-meeting. The Lord blessedly manifested Himself, and filled our hearts with joy, while the speakers, old and young, travellers in the way to Zion, told with beaming countenances what the Lord had done for their souls. Mr. Moore, the Baptist minister of this town, being on the platform with us, said he felt quite at home. We came away saying it was good to be there. About half-past five we were out again, *all in the snow*, at the market cross, and soon had a large congregation, to whom we preached the word of life; sang to the large theatre, where nearly 2,000 listened to the glorious Gospel of Christ, nor did they only listen, but many decided for God that night. The Spirit of the Lord is working among the people.

I preached on Christmas night from the words, "There was no room for them in the inn." But though there was no room in the inn, seven or eight persons gave their whole hearts to Jesus that night. Hallelujah!

On Sunday, the 27th, Mr. B. Anderson, of Darlington, was with us at the afternoon service of praise. Many sang with full hearts the praises of our God. At night the message was with power, and about a dozen gave their hearts to Jesus. Praise the Lord!

Monday, 28th.—Experience-meeting for the young converts. A good time, and eight souls for Jesus. Hallelujah!

Thursday.—A converts' tea. About

100 present, sixty or seventy of whom have been lately converted.

After partaking of the abundance provided we conducted a short experience-meeting, and at ten o'clock commenced the watch-night service. As the year rolled away three souls gave themselves to Christ. We came away determined to live for Him who died for us.

The first Sunday of the year I preached in the large theatre. It was a day of much blessing. Hallelujah!

January 6th.—Held our first band-meeting; four young converts addressed the large numbers who had come to hear them. They spake with power of what the Lord had done for them; seven came out for Christ, some almost broken-hearted on account of sin. Praise the Lord!

Sunday, 18th.—The Lord was blessedly with us at 11 o'clock, when we invited those who seemed in anxiety about their souls to come with us to the prayer-meeting. Three rough men, about as dirty and deplorable as could well be imagined, followed, and before they left could say, "The Lord has accepted me!" May they be kept faithful!

W. Scroggie, the Scotch Evangelist, commenced services in the large theatre. The place was well filled in the afternoon, and crammed at night. Several souls stepped into liberty at both meetings.

Many are the wonderful testimonies to the saving power of our Jesus manifested in these services.

Hear this man:—"I do thank God for these services; God has revived my own soul in them; He has saved my nephew and niece; first one son, and now another." Since then I have visited these friends, and the wife, who had wandered away from her Lord, returned to His loving arms, and now they are together on their way to heaven. Hallelujah!

Another man says:—"I was the biggest sinner in Stockton, through the drink; but now the Lord has pardoned all my sins." This man's looks would prove his statement. Praise His name!

Another says:—"I was the

"BIGGEST PROFLIGATE IN STOCKTON.

I used to spend most of my money in drink. I have tried to be a teetotaler for a month, but the devil would not let me. I have been to London four times, but as I never

saved money enough to ride, I always walked. I have been in this old place a great many times when it was in the service of the devil. I heard there was a woman going to preach here, and thought I would hear her. I then resolved to be better, but I only got worse. Then I went and heard Mr. Lane preach about the Prodigal. I was brought to my knees that night, but did not get right. A night or two after I came out to the penitent-form; my heart was hard before, but then it felt as if a 'fifty-sixer' had been taken off it. Praise the Lord!" In various ways does this dear brother testify to the change that has taken place.

Another man, who has been a great

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

Says:—"When I was speaking I always felt like a one-armed man—there was a deficiency. I could speak of the blessings that could be and had been obtained through total abstinence, but never a word for Christ. Now, praise the Lord, I can take temperance in my hand and Christ in my heart, and I can offer them both to the people!" Praise the Lord!

'A SAILOR,

who has been to many parts of the globe, and was once six days without food on the mighty deep, says he now knows the difference between natural hunger and hungering after righteousness. This dear man is with us in most of the meetings, speaking in-doors and out. We trust and pray that he may be filled indeed.

W., whose wife has also found Jesus, has to suffer great persecution from his shopmates. They saw him, a day or so back, carrying our banner, on which is inscribed the words—

"STOCKTON FOR JESUS."

While they were ridiculing him he quietly said, "We wish you well, and want you to be saved too." Oh, that he may thus be kept humble at the Master's feet, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.

In prayer, another dear brother said: "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast saved my soul; I feel Thou hast pardoned my sins. If I had died Three weeks ago I should have been in hell. I was then on a sick bed, and I promised that if Thou spared my life I would give Thee my heart. But if it had not been for my friend (converted about a fortnight)

I should have forgotten my promise. But now Thou hast saved me!" Hallelujah!

Another, like the Publican of old, with both hands pressed on his breast, cried out—"Lord, pardon me!"

We could give many more if space would permit. Will friends continue to pray for Stockton, also to remember that a Mission Hall is sadly needed in this wicked town, where thousands are perishing for want of spiritual life? Already God has wonderfully blessed us, and we ask His stewards, Shall the work stop for want of a hall?

Donations for this object will be thankfully received by Mr. Ward, 91, High Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

Our friends will please write—"Contributions for the NEW HALL FUND."

R. M. LANE,
Victoria Terrace, Stockton.

CARDIFF.

WE praise the Lord our coming here has not been in vain. The hall has been well filled every Sabbath night, and souls have been brought to the Saviour. We have not passed a Sunday without some being hopefully converted to God. The last Sabbath of the old year the hall was filled in every part, and as we spoke from "Let him alone this year also," many hearts were broken; big men trembled and wept; many said, "Not to-night;" but, praise the Lord! seven accepted Jesus as their Saviour.

Picking up the wounded on Monday, seven more found peace. Glory to God and the Lamb for ever!

Watch Night—We had a melting time, about 160 being present, addresses by several friends. The Lord was with us. The first Sabbath in the New Year was a blessed day. At the close eight ventured on Jesus, two of them past sixty years of age. Glory to God! One dear old man that found the Lord on the Sunday, met with an accident on the Monday, and seriously hurt himself. I met him going to the doctor's, and said, "What a mercy it is no worse!" "Yes," he replied, "but if I had broke my neck it was all right. I have Jesus, bless the Lord!" I could not help shouting in the street.

Sunday, the 10th, was a hallelujah-day. Although wet in the streets, the Gospel banner was unfurled with boldness. The afternoon meeting was the

best we have had; at night the hall was filled to overflowing. Many could not get in. The blessed Lord was present. I spoke from "The Wreck of the *Cospatrick*." Tears flowed all over the hall, and at the close, fifteen rejoiced in the pardoning love of Jesus. To our God be all the glory.

In all, sixty-four professed to find the Saviour in fifty-one days. Praise ye the Lord! all ye people of His.

Will our readers remember Cardiff in their prayers?

J. ALLEN.

We are in great want of tracts and small books. We have work on board ship. The sailors are pleased with a tract, and read them for pastime. We are quite without. Will friends help us? Parcels will be thankfully received by John Allen, People's Hall, 280, Bute Street, Cardiff.

CHATHAM.

THIS station is in a state of siege, and we are praying, believing, and expecting it to surrender to King Jesus, so that we may crown Him Lord of all. This last quarter, notwithstanding the cold and wet weather, we have been missioning the town in separate districts, singing and exhorting the people to repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and by this effort hundreds have heard the Gospel who are otherwise unreached, many have been induced to come to the services, and some have given their hearts to God. All glory to the Lamb! This extra effort has brought down upon us great opposition. The devil has been stirred up to defend his strongholds in this dark town, but God has put His seal upon this self-denying work.

Saturday evening, January 9th.—The infidels of the three towns collected their party at the Military Road to oppose and drive us into the hall, but we do not believe in retreating, and we commenced our meeting by prayer and singing. The Bible-deniers commenced to contradict and oppose us by wanting a discussion, but we went on with our work. They found that way did not succeed, and began throwing mud and rotten potatoes, and rallying the boys and rowdies to shout and yell, and pushing us about; but we kept our ground, believing in our God to give us the victory. One half-drunken soldier struck me on the head with a stick, and

then ran away. When our time was up we processioned to the People's Hall, Brook, followed by hundreds of rowdies throwing mud and stones—anything they could get. One of the infidels threw a part of a brick, which struck me, cutting a hole in my hat and head. I reeled, but did not fall, as some of our brothers caught me. We rested awhile, and then marched to the hall singing—

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy."

We were covered with mud. My hat and coat are spoiled, but my head has not ached since.

Sunday was a glorious day: good congregations, and twenty souls entered into life. Hallelujah!

On the Monday evening four souls for Jesus, crowds in the open air, not a word since.

Friends, pray for Chatham! Donations will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, Royal Marine Barracks; or by

JAMES DOWDLE,

4, Alma Terrace.

PORTSMOUTH.

ON Christmas-day morning, at 6:30, we held a "come-and-see" meeting, which proved a love-feast of the right sort. A goodly number spake with joy of blessings received through this Mission, and of the union that now existed between them and their Saviour. We were enabled, by the kindness of friends, to give to upwards of 100 poor people a GOOD DINNER, consisting of roast beef, vegetables, and plum pudding, and about 50 dinners were supplied at their homes to those unable to attend through sickness.

Our

BOXING-DAY FESTIVAL

passed off well. After tea we held a public meeting. The Rev. R. Foster Jeffrey occupied the chair, and in an earnest speech urged on all present the importance of holiness of heart and life. Several stirring addresses were given; a selection of hymns were sung by the "hallelujah band," and we passed a very happy evening. One gentleman remarked that it was the only place in the town on that night, except the public-house, where so many could be found assembled together.

On the following Monday we gave

A TWOPENNY TEA

to some 200 poor people, and their

countenances beamed with joy while they sang the praises of God from hearts filled with His love. After tea short addresses were given by a band of converted men and women; the thrilling accounts of their conversions rivetted the attention of the people; many wept tears of joy and praised God aloud for His goodness, while others made a start for the kingdom. Hallelujah! Jesus saves!

On the last night of the year I conducted the watch-night service. Satan troubled us in the shape of three drunken men inside, and some hundreds of roughs assembled without; but we kept them at bay, and the Lord graciously blessed us. We thanked God, and took courage, that amidst all the persecutions of 1874 we could enter 1875 in the assurance of His might who said, "My presence shall go with you, and I will give you rest."

Our New Year's Sabbath was a day of great rejoicing. In the afternoon the covenant-service was attended with much of the power of God, and gathering round the table of the Lord, all present consecrated themselves to Him.

In the evening I preached from the unspeakable gift, which proved "*a New Year's gift*" to ten precious souls who received the pardon of their sins. One of these, a "fighting-man," said he intended now to fight for God and souls. Oh, that he may endure to the end!

Our Friday night meetings for the promotion of scriptural holiness are not only owned of God, in the sanctification of Believers, but by sinners being converted. Hallelujah! On Friday evening one aged sinner wept with several younger ones, and sought forgiveness at the hand of God, while others gave up all for Jesus.

The following Sunday "Bro. Gray" followed up in good earnest, and after speaking from "the axe, the trees, the fire," six came forward for Jesus. Two stalwart men bowed like children before the Lord, and earnestly sought for mercy, and two young men who said they had been recently *confirmed* by a *bishop* saw the necessity of a change of heart, and came inquiring the way of salvation. Jesus received them, and confirmed it by His Spirit bearing witness with their spirit. "To God be all the glory."

The next Sabbath four penitent, weeping sinners inquired what they

must do to be saved. Among the number might be seen the husband and wife, side by side, seeking pardon. After the husband had found peace he urged all present to decide for God. The other seeking one had a severe struggle with the powers of darkness. He said, "I have sailed to all parts of the globe, and have told people I am a Christian; but I knew at the time I was not; my ways and actions did not accord with my profession. Oh, what can I do, Jesus? Do save me! do save me!" After showing him the way of salvation, and all present engaging in silent prayer on his behalf, the light shone in upon his dark and sin-stained soul, and Jesus set him free.

So closed the first month of 1875. Pray for us.

J. M. SALT.

92, Lake Road, Landport,
Portsmouth.

BUCKLAND.

"The people had a mind to work."—
NEH. iv, 6.

THANK God, we have some of this class at Buckland. The generality of our people are poor, (but,) hallelujah to the Lamb! they have a mind to work, and with God on our side we shall conquer.

Since my last report we have had some good times. On December 20th we held a Love Feast, and it was a time of blessing. It was gladdening to hear many praise God for dear Mrs. Booth's visit to Portsmouth, and others testified to the faithful labours of Brother Lamb, and the gipsies' visit. About sixty could say,

"I know my sins are all forgiven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."

The 27th was a day of power. After a sermon by Brother Salt, two precious souls came out for Jesus, and several for purity of heart. One of those seeking pardon was a young man from London,

AN EXCURSIONIST.

He came to the hall and there saw the importance of a change of heart, and after a severe struggle he stepped into liberty. The conflict was sharp, but glory be to God! the victory was all the more signal. The angels must have rejoiced with us as he said, "I do believe; hallelujah! I have the victory!" May God keep him faithful! Thus we closed the old year, with souls for Jesus.

Sunday, 3rd, was a good day. In the evening I spoke from "A Journey through Seventy-four." The Spirit sealed the word, and, praise God! three souls came out for Jesus—one a sailor, who by faith embarked for glory. May God keep him faithful! Many were pricked to the heart. One young woman was so deeply wrought upon that she rushed from the hall, as if to escape the convictions of the Spirit. But a few days after she came to me and said, "I have not had any rest, sir, since I heard you preach. Every word pierced my heart. I cannot rest by day or sleep at night." We prayed and sang, and directed her to the Saviour, "who sets the sinner free." Praise God, we have His smile—and that is life.

J. P. GRAY.

SOUTHSEA.

WE have had times of refreshing at this station, and many are saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," because the Lord hath forgiven their iniquities, and healed their spiritual diseases.

After preaching one Sunday from "Closing with Christ," a young woman came out for Jesus, and wept her way to the cross. Also a young man, who had been long "halting," said, "I'll halt no longer—all for Jesus."

The watch-night service was a solemn time: the God of Jacob was with us. About thirty pledged themselves afresh to be the Lord's, and when the new year dawned, we heartily sang,

"Come let us anew, our journey pursue."

We held our New Year's Festival on January 4th. The *Southsea Observer* says:—

"A New Year's Festival, in connection with the Portsmouth circuit of the Christian Mission, was held in Florence Road, Southsea, on the evening of Monday last. The event in every respect proved a success. A goodly number partook of tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. James Hollier, who made a few stirring remarks, in the course of which he spoke of the good work already effected, the existence of the large and sin-stained masses, and the importance of all who had experienced the Saviour's love, at once offering the prayer, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' and then proceeding with the determination to do the work indicated. Mr. T. Bowles, who

a veteran local preacher of the neighbourhood, followed, remarking on the great barren field of labour in which all Christian organizations could, with profit, engage. Mr. Lark reviewed the progress of the past; and, having acknowledged the indebtedness of the Southsea branch for the valuable assistance rendered by the friends from Lake Road, said he thought the cheering effect of this anniversary would betray itself in increased activity and consequent usefulness in the year just commenced. Mr. W. Cawse thought that a review of the past warranted them in thanking God, and taking courage; for although they had to mourn the loss of two or three of their number by death, yet their sorrow was turned into gladness when they thought that the departed were now at peace in heaven. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. J. M. Salt (superintendent) and Mr. John P. Gray, circuit evangelists. Several appropriate hymns were sung by the 'Hallelujah Band' at intervals; and a vote of thanks to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close."

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER SPAIN, OF CHATHAM.

OUR dear brother fell asleep in Jesus December 31st, 1874. He was in the Royal Marines, and went to the Ashantee War. His own words were, "If I had died in Ashantee, I should have gone to hell; but if I die now, heaven is my home;" and so it has proved. His illness was short, but very severe. He was taken suddenly ill on Sunday, December 21st, while in the morning service. The following Tuesday he went into the Marine Hospital, where he bore his sufferings very patiently, with a bright hope of glory in his soul. When his dear wife began to weep he said to her, "Do not weep, for I am ready to die—I've no fear of death—and so are you ready to meet me in heaven." His converted comrades visited him, and he told them he was going to heaven.

The last day of the old year he died, leaving a bright testimony that he had joined the blood-washed throng. Those near him when dying said, "Spain is dying." He answered, "Yes, but I'm not afraid;" and his happy spirit took its flight.

He was converted at the Lecture Hall, with his wife, [Sunday, Sept 6th, 1874,

and lived a consistent life, adorning the doctrines of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. October 25th, at a holiness meeting, he gave himself entirely to the Lord, abandoning the use of tobacco, and God there and then delivered him from the appetite for it, and gave him complete power over his temper. His experience the last time I spoke to him was, "the Blood cleanseth me from all sin." He lived in the light of God, and was useful in bringing others, especially his comrades, to Jesus. His widow is pressing forward, looking unto Jesus, determined to join him in the land where death and parting never come.

THE FUNERAL.

On Monday, January 4th, about a hundred of our people met the funeral coming out of the hospital gates, fell in, and followed the mourning-coach before the company; several of his own comrades walked with us. As we marched along the Military Road, crossing High Street, hundreds of people had congregated to see what they called the "Shaker's funeral." It was a very solemn sight. There was a crowd of people at the cemetery. After the chaplain of the garrison ended the burial service we commenced singing the hymn:—

Though often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above;
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
Oh, let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil, and care, and pain.

I gave a short exhortation to the people, which was listened to with deep attention, many weeping who came only to make sport. The Lord was with us. I prayed that God would save his friends and relatives, and his comrades: when the crowd pressed forward to look at the coffin, the sorrowing widow, looking down in the open grave, said, "He's not there, but up yonder; and I'll meet him by-and-by." His brother said, "I hope Thomas is gone to heaven." "Ah," she said, "I do not hope—I know he's there!" The following Sunday night I preached a funeral sermon at the Lecture Hall, when about 20 souls sought mercy, and, glory be to God, they found it in the Saviour.

JAMES DOWDLE.

Thus may everyone of us learn to surrender our body, soul, and spirit to

God. Thus may we learn to die, not in the cold, cruel bravery of the human warrior, but in the calm triumph of the saint-soldier. Thus may we learn to stand over the grave of our dead comrades, proclaiming the life of Christ! Thus may we learn to cover the graves of our dear ones with wreaths of immortal souls, pushing all the more eagerly in the fray, as one and another falls and rises into eternal glory! [Ed.]

BROTHER BOLLARD, OF KETTERING.

BROTHER FREDERICK BOLLARD was born at Kettering, March 5, 1849, and quitted this world of trial and death, December 11, 1874.

Though in boyhood he was of a kind and gentle disposition, he remained without salvation until he was twenty-four years of age. In April last he came to our hall, stayed to the prayer-meeting, and there and then gave his heart to God. His life since his conversion has left behind a more noble testimony than we can give. His experience was always distinct and clear. He esteemed himself of little account, but always spoke of his Almighty Saviour with deep feelings of gratitude.

Our dear brother had been a great sufferer, but manifested to the end the meakness and patience of a true follower of Jesus.

A day or two before he died, as his friends were standing around his bed, he said, "Give me the Mission hymn-book." One of them handed it to him, saying, "You cannot sing." But with his faltering breath he began the verse—

"With steady pace the pilgrim moves towards that blissful shore,"

and seeing he could not sing further, with joy on every feature, he said,

"Tis better on before."

His faith was strong and unshaken. Looking at his weeping wife and her sweet babe, he said, "Yes, I can leave you. *The Lord will provide.*"

Our dear brother passed away without a struggle. From a servant he is now exalted to rulership in the kingdom of that Master whom he loved so truly and served so well.

On Sunday evening, December 20th, I preached the funeral sermon of our dear brother, from the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," and at the close fourteen precious souls came out for Christ, and went on their way rejoicing.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

CHAS. PANTER,
3, Newland Street, Kettering.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.—A city never built with mortal hands, nor hoary with the years of time, a city whose inhabitants no census has numbered, a city through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb, a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings, a city which glories in having Jesus for its King, angels for its guards, saints for its citizens, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.—*Guthrie.*

OF all gossiping, religious gossiping is the worst. It adds hypocrisy to uncharitableness, and effectually does the work of the devil in the name of the Lord.

THE TRUMPETERS.

(Continued from next page.)

- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist—gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band,
Who will their colours fly;
But call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.
- 3 The armies now are on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.

They follow their brave general,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stained with His own blood,
King Jesus is His name.

- 4 The trumpet sounds, the armies meet,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms,
The great Immanuel!
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

THE TRUMPETERS.

Hymn 366.

In true time.

C. M.

Hark, lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers, They sound for vol - un - teers,

With spirit.

On Zi - on's bright and flow'ry mount, and flow'ry mount, and flow'ry mount, On

Zi - on's bright and flow'ry mount, Be - hold! the of - fi - cers. Their

hor - ses white, their garments bright, with shield and bow they stand, En -

- list - ing sol - diers for the fight, To march to Ca - naan's land.

FIELD DAYS OF THE RESERVE.

ALL who wish to give themselves entirely to the Lord's work in the Mission, are recommended to be present at the following Saturday afternoon demonstrations, to be conducted by Mr Railton.

The programme on each occasion will be as follows:—Service in the hall at half-past four o'clock, and address by Mr. Railton. Tea at 5.30; price 4d. Open-air Meeting at 6, and Hallelujah Temperance Meeting in the Hall at 7.30.

The Meetings in February will be as under—

- Feb. 6th, STRATFORD.—Text, "The Word of the Lord is Right."
 „ 13th, SOHO.—Text, "There is one God."
 „ 20th, BARKING.—Text, "There are Three that bear record
 in Heaven."
 „ 27th, NORTH WOOLWICH.—Text, "Thou art [the Christ,
 the Son of the living God."

URGENT.

WANTED, CLOTHING FOR THE POOR!

SOME of the most industrious, unable to obtain employment at this season, are compelled to sell one article after another, until they feel utterly unfit to appear out of doors on the Lord's day, and in many cases sickness and death are the result.

We should be delighted to send for any parcel offered us in London, on receipt of a post-card stating address and best time to call; or to pay carriage from any part of London or the country.

We are sure that large quantities of left-off clothing are lying in the wardrobes of Christians, who would be as eager as ourselves to hand them over to the poor did they but see the thousands of pinched, half-starved creatures around us.

HOLINESS MEETINGS.

EVERY Wednesday afternoon at 3, and every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, Mr. Booth conducts meetings for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness, at the People's Hall, Whitechapel. These gatherings have been greatly blessed, and Christians are earnestly invited to attend.

THE Report of the Mission for 1874, printed on one sheet, in almanack form, containing balance-sheet, and summary of the year's events, may be had from the office. Price One Penny.

FRIENDS wishing to make our work known can have copies of the appeal published in the *Christian*, containing statement of the work of 1874, our programme for 1875, and the Mission War Song, with music, for free distribution, at 6d. per dozen, or 3s. per hundred.