

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

## Henry White.

AN EVANGELIST OF THE MISSION GONE TO GLORY!

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HENRY WHITE, of Canning Town, of Barking, of Kettering, of Stoke Newington, of the Kingdom of God, will never be forgotten. We have laid his once stalwart frame in the West Ham Cemetery, and his soul is gone up to meet many already there as the result of his labours, and to wait for the many who will follow.

He was born in 1826, in Norfolk, and lived for fifteen years and more as he was born—in sin and darkness. Neither his father nor mother had any regard for God; but some good man, taking an interest in the lad, persuaded him to go to a prayer-meeting, where he was surrounded, and prayed for till he yielded his heart to Christ.

Four years later he began to speak in public, and continued, with the exception of two years, during which he wandered back into the world, boldly advocating the cause of Christ wherever he went.

He came to London in 1857, and began to speak in the open air, as well as in the chapels to which he was from time to time appointed. Shortly after the formation of the Christian Mission in Poplar he found out Brother Dowdle and the valiant men who were with him at the East India Dock gates, and at once threw in his lot with these kindred spirits.

Walking one day from Canning Town with a few earnest men who had been converted at the Oriental Theatre, he said, "Why should we not have a branch of the Mission in Canning Town?" and he, with three or four more, called upon Mr. Booth to ask his counsel in the matter.

"Very well," said Mr. Booth; "if you can get a place for the meetings, I will help you all I can."

The public rooms were taken, and services commenced there and in the open air, and from that day Brother White became one of the most valuable and prominent voluntary workers of the Mission. Henceforward, his life story will be best told by one of his companions in labour, who is still an earnest worker in the Mission.

## UNLADING SHIPS WITH GOD'S HELP.

We used to work together, both in the Lord's work, and in our daily labour. Our work in the docks was very hard; but the Lord helped us. We had three miles to walk from Canning Town to the docks, and didn't know whether there would be work for us when we got there or not. However, we used to have a good deal of precious talk together on the road. I remember one night, when we had had nothing to do all day, as we were walking home, talking about heaven, where there would be no more poverty, he cried out all at once, "My heart burns within me!" And no mistake about it, Jesus did talk with us as we walked along.

Of course we had to work often upon very little food when we had nothing to do for a while. One day we had a ha'p'orth of soup and a penn'orth of pudding before we went in, and we were unloading corn-sacks of about 280 lbs. each. We had to carry them 80 to 100 yards over planks, and it was sharp work, for we had to keep turn with some ungodly men, who would have been delighted to upset us, which is easily done if one man gets on before another is off, and makes the plank sway. We were running all day, and felt as if each sack would be our last; but God seemed to give us strength according to the weight of each, and so we found we had got a substantial religion for the body as well as the soul.

I don't know that I ever saw Brother White out of temper or give way to vexation, although we very often had troublesome jobs on hand. Sometimes I would say, "Will this job go?" and he would answer, "Praise the Lord, yes." He always went straightforwardly on with anything he had to do, and when things went contrary, would say, "Praise the Lord, it will all go through!"

One night when we were unloading a mud barge, and wanted to get it out and another in time enough for the tide, he was nearly fagged out; but I asked him to look to God to strengthen his body, and the Lord helped him to get through another hour of the hardest possible work.

## SPEAKING OUT FOR GOD.

We used to talk to the men at the gates of a morning about their souls, and often had hundreds around. Of course we were known to all the lot as praying men, and they used in general to salute us as we went along with a "Hallelujah!" or such like.

One man, a broken-down beerhouse-keeper, shouted after us once, "What's the text this morning?"

"'The wicked shall be turned into hell,' mate. Reckon up that," was the reply, and the fellow did look silly when all the men laughed at him.

They all knew Brother White was a good man. He checked men at times when blaspheming and swearing, and then he would invite them to Christ. I know of one case, at least, in which a man that he reproved like that came to the hall, and found salvation.

I was with him when he fell down a ship's hold in the Millwall Dock and broke three of his ribs. When I went to pick him up, and asked him how he felt, he said—

"Oh, praise the Lord, if it's sudden death, it will be sudden glory!"

When we were carrying him out of the dock a man wanted me to give him a glass of brandy. But we were out-and-out teetotal-men, and I said, "No, his life doesn't consist in a glass of brandy, it hangs upon God." He got better, to all appearance, but the injury he then received internally brought on a cancer, which continued until his death, his strong constitution and iron frame struggling with the disease for over two years.

I knew the man both indoors and out to have a great deal of trial from his family affairs. I have seen him sit and weep, and cry all the service through, and I used to wonder why it was. When I got to know more of him, I learned that his heart was groaning in agony for the salvation of his wife and children. His son, who had been a backslider, was brought back a Sunday or two before I started for heaven.

By-and-by four of us started to hold open-air services on Canning Town Bridge, and we soon got great crowds. He always led the meetings, and used to set us all to speak. It was the second Sunday on the bridge that he called upon me to speak for the first time. My mates were all round, and I trembled from head to foot.

The devil said, "There's that man you was a fighting with in that field a fortnight ago to-day;" and, "You were playing skittles with that man not long ago;" but God helped me, and I told them my experience. That's how he used to set us all on.

He could always accumulate and hold a congregation, and I've seen them stand with tears in their eyes many a time.

One time some infidels came from Stratford to do battle with the Christians, but the navvies would have thrashed them if they hadn't made off.

He was a mighty man in prayer, too, and we used to have grand times in the public rooms. One night when he was leading the meeting, I got so full of glory that I hardly knew where I was. At the end of the meeting he came and found me lying over a form praying, hardly knowing whether I was in the body or not. He shook me, and when I came to a bit, I said, "Oh, I'm in Canning Town still, I can see."

He led the believers' meeting, and we have had to break up the meeting to go in for prayer and praise till we got more blessing than we could bear.

## PREACHING FOR SOULS.

This blessed association was only broken up when, in 1874, Bro. White consented to leave his home for a time, in order to fill up a vacancy amongst the paid workers of the Mission. He went to

Kettering, and there, and afterwards at Stoke Newington, many will have cause to bless God that they ever met him.

It was before this that he went with two or three friends to Barking and held services in the open-air, thus leading the van and breaking up the ground for the work there, which has since been blessed to the salvation of so many.

He was one of the foremost men in the opening of every station of the Mission east of Poplar, and, indeed, ready as he was to walk any distance to preach, there is scarcely a station in the Mission, in or out of London, at which he has not done good service for the Master.

Like most of the Lord's children who are led through a peculiarly rough and thorny road, Bro. White appeared to enjoy a peculiarly deep and rich spiritual experience. He has gone home through much tribulation, and washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. We can never, never forget the great emphasis he constantly laid on prayer, experience, and preaching on the power of Christ to thoroughly cleanse and make us whiter than snow.

Bro. White was no ordinary preacher. The earnestness with which he threw himself into the work in the open air produced an overwhelming impression of the reality of what he said, as his loud, clear tones echoed the plain truth of God in simple language far and wide, and indoors the flood of tears that would burst from his eyes as he besought men to turn from sin and seek the Lord, were by no means the least powerful features of his sermons.

He preached for the last time at Limehouse, on Sunday, the 21st November, his text being, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He said that he had never enjoyed any day of his life so much as that one, and many who had heard him before were deeply impressed with the unusual power which attended the word spoken. Several poor sinners that night accepted the faithful saying so faithfully repeated, and thus closed unexpectedly the public work of this man of God.

#### SUFFERING AND DYING.

On the Thursday following he took to his bed, and the disease which had so long been secretly gnawing at his life, inflicted ceaseless and intense agony for the three weeks ere he was released from suffering and poverty for ever. "It's all right with me," said he to a friend. "If I hadn't have had religion it would have been too late to seek it, for the excruciating pain of body would have been too much for me to attend to anything else. But now I'm going to be with God."

All through the weary days and nights of pain he was never heard to complain. "It's easier," said he, "to do the Lord's will than to bear it." And yet so triumphantly was he enabled to bear it all, that those dear friends who watched by his bedside, deeply grieved

as they were to witness his sufferings, yet said it was "delightful to be there."

For two days Satan made a terrible assault upon his soul, and all present were often entreated to pray for him. "The devil is bringing up and repeating to me all the sins I have committed, and I can't deny that I did them. I tell him that the blood of Jesus has washed them all away; but he won't leave me." At length, however, faith and prayer prevailed, and all present felt suddenly that a blessed change had taken place.

A few days before his death he said to Mr. Booth—

"I am perfectly satisfied with my medical advisers, and I am perfectly satisfied with the kindness and attention of all my friends, and with all they are doing for me."

"And with the Lord?"

"Yes, and I am perfectly satisfied with the Lord, and with the way He is dealing with me;" and raising his hand, he gasped—

"Clear sky!—clear sky!"

He was extremely grateful to all around him for every little kindness, and his cheerfulness was in pleasing contrast with his pain. But although so happy that he frequently said that "he did not feel like dying at all," the fact that he was approaching the end of his career came home to him more and more as the days passed by.

To one who was going to his favourite open-air stand the Sunday before his death, he said—

"Tell them on the bridge I am going to heaven; but I haven't gone in silver slippers: I have come through floods of trial; but the Lord has brought me through."

"Speak it out," he said, when he heard some whispering that he would soon be gone—"speak it out loud; it doesn't trouble me. It's all right; I am bound for glory."

"You will have to have a jubilee over my release when I am gone," said he to his daughter-in-law.

"Nay, father, we'll have a jubilee if you get better," she replied.

"Oh, no; your little May (a sweet child who died a short time before) will soon be coming skipping over the plains of the Eden above to meet me."

On his last day, a Saturday, he urged his son to get to him as soon as possible when he had finished his work, "for," said he, "this is the last day."

Several brethren who were with him during the morning witnessed the triumph of his soul, as through paroxysms of dreadful suffering he neared the harbour of rest. And when at the last moment his son returned home from work and entered the room, the dying saint beckoned as though to some unseen ones to come to him, and then waving his hands on high, he left without a struggle the world that had been so full of sorrow for him, and was for ever with the Lord.

On the 24th December the hamlet of Forest Gate was blessed with the passage through it of this man's funeral, for his brethren,

as they went by, proclaimed on every side the salvation which he had so delighted to make known; and at funeral services held in several of the London halls, poor sinners passed from death to life. May the life that is over speak on so loudly for ever as to lead to everlasting life many who are yet dead in trespasses and sins!

Thank God, we have no need to point out the lessons of Henry White's blessed career. He was a sinner saved by grace, a soldier here below, more than conqueror against unusually heavy odds, through Him who loved him and gave Himself for him. Let us go on singing and shouting after him all the more gladly, because we have one more witness to the unchanging victory our God has guaranteed us.

G. S. R.

## Four Years' Campaign in India.

By WILLIAM TAYLOR.

(Continued.)

UR readers will, we doubt not, be deeply interested in the examples recorded by Mr. Taylor of the success with which his family-prayer services were attended. Blessed, indeed, are they that sow beside all waters, and to find one, whose natural sphere one would have imagined to be the great congregation, hunting for souls with overwhelming success in the midst of family groups, reminds us forcibly of the days when great apostles delighted not merely in standing up before the multitude for their Master, but in testifying "from house to house."

### HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION

affords a glorious field of usefulness, not merely for the comforting and teaching of believers, but for the salvation of souls—a field long unoccupied, we fear, or but slightly touched. Oh, that the example of Brother Taylor, and the blessing of the Lord which always accompanies such efforts, may induce many to enter upon this sort of work!

Brother Bailey heard to-day that Justice Walker, whom he knew in Lucknow during the Mutiny, was residing in Bareilly, and was a justice of the peace and treasurer of the city.

"I will take Brother Taylor to see Walker," said Bailey; "and we will get him converted to God."

The missionaries laughed at Bailey's new-born zeal, and said, "You can do nothing with Walker. His wife is a Musulmani, and he has a lot of her Mohamedan kindred in his house—he never comes to preaching."

"Oh, I am sure we can get him saved," replied Bailey; and left abruptly, and went to call on his old friend. After reviewing their memories of the Mutiny, he said, "Mr. Walker, I want to introduce Mr. Taylor to you."

"No, Mr. Bailey; if you please, don't bring Mr. Taylor here. He'll be pitching into me about something or other, and I don't want to see him."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Walker; Mr. Taylor is a world-wide traveller, and a kind gentleman. He will interest you on many subjects, and not pitch into you at all."

So Mr. Walker consented, and Bailey came in haste for me to go and get his friend saved.

We went to his office, and after a long talk on various topics, as I was about to leave I said, "Mr. Walker, as I am stopping at Mr. Scott's, near by, and have but a few days to spend in your city, if agreeable to you I shall be glad to come some morning and conduct family worship for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor; but I am a man of business, and have to go early to office daily, and cannot possibly command the time."

"How about Sabbath morning?"

"Well, I have no particular engagement Sabbath morning."

"Suppose, then, you invite a few of your friends, and allow me to come to your house, and we will have family worship together?"

"Very well, Mr. Taylor; come next Sabbath, at eight a.m."

Sabbath, 12th.—Had a service at Mr. Walker's at eight a.m. Eighteen persons present, including his family. At the close, seeing that a good impression was made, I said: "Now, Mr. Walker, if you like I will come again to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and conduct your family worship. We can have a family service from seven to eight, and then you can have from eight to nine for breakfast, and get to office in due time—at ten a.m."

"All right, Mr. Taylor; we shall be glad to see you again to-morrow morning."

Tuesday, 14th.—Preached at Walker's at seven a.m. About thirty present, and deep awakening. At the close Mr. Walker said: "Mr. Taylor, I hope you will come to-morrow morning, and every morning while you remain in the city."

"Thank you, Mr. Walker; I shall (n.v.) do so with much pleasure."

Wednesday, 15th.—At Justice Walker's again at seven a.m. Great awakening. All of them—about twenty souls—went down on their knees as avowed seekers of salvation.

During preaching in the Bungalow in the evening about a dozen of the Walker family came out as seekers, and professed to receive Jesus.

The next morning Mrs. Walker, the ex-Mohamedan, declared her saving faith in Christ, and a meeting was permanently established under their own roof, of which her husband took the lead!

Why should not the same sort of work be done at home, with equally blessed effect? Of course, tact is required to get into the houses of the people and successfully to deal with the families; but why should not anyone be guided like Brother Taylor in every word? Here is a specimen of his family-worship services:—

Saturday, 20th.—Visited Mrs. Captain O—. She has found the Saviour. The colonel's daughter was there in great distress. Just as I was commencing, in family worship, to show her the way to Jesus, Miss P— came in, saying, "I have come for you, Miss A—. Here are two letters from your pa. He is coming in the train, and wants you to meet him at the railway station." She talked like a governess, but I did not yield the floor, and she sat down; then I proceeded with my instructions to the penitent young lady, and sang softly—

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee—

He stands at the door of thy heart:

No friend so forgiving, so gentle as He:

Oh, say, wilt thou let Him depart?

Refrain—

Patently waiting, earnestly pleading,

Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.

- 'The Master has come with blessings for thee :  
Arise, and His message receive ;  
Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is free,  
If thou wilt repent and believe.
- 'The Master is come, and calleth thee now ;  
This moment what joy may be thine !  
How tender the smile that illumines His brow !—  
A pledge of His favour Divine.
- 'He waits for thee still ; then haste with delight—  
Oh, fly to the arms of His love ;  
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light  
Prepared in His kingdom above.'

"The great Teacher here uses the simplest occurrence of every-day life to illustrate the sublimest fact in all history—a knock at the door—a call : ' Behold !'

" ' Who's there ?'

"It is Jesus ! The Redeemer of guilty sinners, the crucified, but risen Saviour, has come. Your father is coming by the train. Jesus has already come. He is knocking now at the door of your heart. He has often knocked before, but you have shut the door against Him, and bolted it from top to bottom. Pride—what a bar !—right across the door ! Fear of man, and shame, and love of the world, and every other habit of sin indulged, bars the door. The Spirit of God has already come into your heart, to show you the situation, and to give you the power to drive back or break these bolts and bars, and admit the Heavenly Guest. Will you do it ? You don't see Jesus any more than you see the air you breathe ; but He is as really present as the atmosphere that surrounds you. Oh, receive Him now !"

We kneeled down and had a season of silent prayer ; and there, upon her knees, Miss A— gave her heart to God, and received the Saviour ; Miss P— also broke down in penitential tears, and soon after, at her own home, professed to find forgiveness of sins.

#### A NEW MISSION.

The hopelessness of the struggle to gather souls to Christ, leaving them afterwards to mingle with the masses of Christ-dishonouring ones who were already called by His name, had been deeply impressed upon our brother for a long time in connection with his evangelistic labours, and when he saw this great India teeming with millions of heathen to whom Christianity was made more disgusting daily by the conduct of its professors, and to whom no people as yet in existence were witnessing boldly, zealously, and consistently for Jesus, he determined to raise up, by the help of God, "a witnessing church," which might preach Christ faithfully to people of every tongue.

Not that he desired to act as a self-seeking sectarian, forming a church in addition to those which already existed, for, says he, "we attach no importance to the nominal relation of an unconverted man or woman to any church. Persons who have a vital spiritual union with any church, and a field of usefulness therein, we sincerely advise to remain in their own church."

What he desired was to form a society of living men and women, no matter to what class, or sect, or people they might belong—a society of which "every member is expected to be a witness for Christ."

Of course this formation of a new organisation, which has since come under the wing of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, was severely criticised and condemned on all hands. We shall not plead for him otherwise than by showing how the Lord helped him.

He commenced in Bombay, by forming into bands those who were

converted under his ministry, these bands, held in the houses of those who led them, encouraging one another, and watching over new converts, as they were daily added. The first band was formed the 30th December, 1871.

#### PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

Assisted by these bands, Mr. Taylor went on preaching, first of all in small rooms, and then in a theatre, until by March, 1872, he had four preaching places in different parts of Bombay, and six other meeting rooms.

Then these warm, new-born sons of God were led forth to the open air, where, first of all in English, and then in native languages, they began to proclaim Christ, Mr. Taylor not only preaching himself, but training all the people to stand up and declare what great things the Lord had done for them. It had been the custom for any native who professed faith in Christ to be taken to live in a sort of mission enclosure, away from all his family. Of course Mr. Taylor neither could nor would provide any such harbour of refuge from the world. On the contrary, he desired that converted heathen should not be taken out of the world, but should be lights in it ; and although the persecution to which the native converts were often subjected was terrible in the extreme, yet those who passed through the fire naturally became powerful and useful witnesses for Jesus, instead of being weakly nurselings.

The English converts, some of them from the higher, and some from the lower ranks, moreover, stood side by side, in the open air with native brethren, developing daily a religion of love entirely new to all around them, and crushing in the strength of God the English pride and caste, which, far more than any native caste or custom, had barred the progress of soul-saving work.

Brother Taylor, by the power of God, had already raised up a company of real followers of Jesus—converted men and women, and no wonder that the little flame spread with astounding rapidity.

Leaving Bombay for a little change of air for the more healthy city of Poona, Brother Taylor had soon formed a powerful branch there. Then, having found some useful preachers to assist him, he went across the peninsula to extend the movement to the city of Calcutta. Madras was the next centre of operations, and Bangalore was immediately afterwards occupied. Soon after some members of the Mission in Calcutta removed to Agra, and commenced the same blessed work there, and in the meantime various other stations had been opened here and there in connection with the large centres before named.

In the summer of 1875, after the Mission had been commenced *only three years and a half*, Mr. Taylor was able to report that it had about 50 stations, the work at which was carried on by 28 preachers, wholly employed, the whole expense, amounting to more than £2000 per annum, being borne by the people themselves, who moreover gave large sums for the building of halls and the further extension of the work. The total number of members in these workers' bands was 1300, and such labourers cannot stop short of a mighty assault upon the whole of India.

We observe that Bro. Taylor has connected his Mission with the Methodist Episcopal Church. We trust that, in so doing, and in adopting a number of the old ecclesiastical notions of church organisation,

instead of clinging to that simply evangelistic and unsectarian system, which now, as in apostolic days, appears to us to be God's own method of reaching the masses of mankind, our dear brother and his helpers may never find their operations hampered or spoiled by the trammels of formality.

But whatever may be the future of "The Bombay, Bengal, and Madras Mission," it stands to-day a splendid monument of the Divine power to save and use men of all nations and classes, when they abandon sin and the world and give themselves entirely up to Him.

Of course such glorious success has not been achieved without much hard toil. Of Bro. Taylor's own labours we have already spoken. We conclude this notice with a description of the work performed during one month in one district of the Mission. Next month we purpose to insert a few intensely interesting cases of conversion, which have been amongst the fruits of this Mission.

#### A MONTH'S WORK.

Sermons preached by pastor	34
" " helpers	46
Prayer-meetings held	70
Fellowship band-meetings	80
Seekers of Salvation	110

Sermons in Tamil, one of the native languages (besides the above), every day. Two day and five Sunday schools, and 60,000 pages of tracts translated and printed.

The evangelist who superintends all this work says of one three months, "Three evenings this quarter I have not been engaged in religious meetings: on one of these I was occupied with church work; another I spent abroad; and one evening I rested at home."

And this under the scorching sun of India, where they call it a very cold day when the thermometer only shows 62° of heat.

God help us all so to labour for souls!

#### SANCTIFICATION.

DEAR BROTHER,—  
In answer to your letter, requesting my advice respecting the work of God in your soul, I will shortly state what plans I myself pursue. Formerly, when living in a justified state only, there was a double mind in me; an endeavour to meet the wisdom and prudence of the world; a sort of three-quarters way, that they might be gained over with less disgust on their part, and less severity and odium of the Cross, on my part. But now, since God has saved me from self-pride and unbelief, the fear of man is removed, the base, man-pleasing spirit is gone; I have set up for myself, making the Word of God my only rule and guide, as well as the conduct of our Lord and His followers—holy men who

are now living, or who have gone home. "Fools and madmen let us be"—a willingness to this, a losing our good name, as well as health, strength, influence, &c., in living for souls, becoming a man of one business, a soul saver, is the object which you should constantly and firmly aim at.

I have given God my undivided heart; believing that He does accept it, and believing that "the blood of Christ cleanseth me from all sin." Like a stone which the builder takes and puts on the foundation, so do I lie on Christ's blood and God's promises; giving God my soul and body, a living sacrifice, and covenanting with Him, never to doubt more: my language is, sink or swim—lost or saved—I will believe; I will sooner die than doubt. This decision of

mind, attended with a refusal to regard frames and feelings as any criterion of my state—but believing He does save me, whether filled or emptied—raised up or cast down: leaving the quantity of comfort to God's wisdom, knowing I am not saved by feeling, but by faith. It is holiness I want, and have—not *ecstasy*. A solid peace is my birthright; with that I am content. If God give me more, I am thankful; if not, I am content, knowing that the trial of my faith is more precious than uncertain *ecstasies*. I never look at my imperfections and short-comings without believing that His blood does *that moment* wash them all away. One act of faith does more good than twenty years' prayers and duties without it. My prayer is now different from what it was before. I don't ask, expecting an answer at some other time, but I believe *I receive it now, while I am praying*, and the Holy Ghost says, You have it.

I am now praying to be "filled with the Spirit," and have received partial glimpses of the state. It is not an over-flowing with joy; this would unfit us to live in the world; but a state of soul. God Himself dwells in and fills up every part—the length, breadth, depth, and height of the law of love, such as thinking no evil, bearing all things, believing all things, will be looked at with a steadiness and pleasure, knowing that it is done. Love is equal to all demands.

I agonise in believing prayer for the whole of the members of my three classes, that the whole of them may be sanctified throughout, body, soul, and spirit, knowing that while my prayer is being offered up, "faithful is He that hath called them, who also *will do it*." I confess before them my *utmost* salvation, to the very outside of what I enjoy; this honours God, and does not exalt self, as they who are not cleansed from the filth of self and pride say. No blessing can be *held without confession*, I endeavour in the power of the Spirit, to make sharp the knife, and cut up and let out all that is in the inside; the skin is very apt to become tough—spare not—and when thoroughly broken down, then, like a wise physician, who has probed the wound to the bottom, and let out all the bad matter, pour in the balm and the wine.

In preaching to sinners, I endeavour to make sure the breaking-down part first, before any consolation is offered; I then tell them that bad as their case

is, there is hope, if they will be saved on God's terms, viz., to lay down their weapons of rebellion, and come to Christ for pardon. I endeavour to show the difference between *desiring* pardon and *obtaining* it. There is an aptness to trust in their praying; when children ask their parents for bread, it is bread they want, and nothing but bread will satisfy them; they ask, in order that they may get the thing they ask for, and not *merely to perform the duty of asking*.

I endeavour to make the atonement of Christ as being a substitute, and His having died in my stead, as plain as possible to a consciously lost sinner; and there is not much difficulty in doing this, when the heart is broken for sin, and from sin. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is spoken with mighty power to a character in this state. The act of believing is the penitent's: the same as it is the act of a man who jumps into the water when intending to bathe himself; the power is from heaven, and is free as the air, full as the ocean, and present this moment.

*Sanctification* is the glory of the Gospel. Pardon brings us to an acquaintance with God, all past things being forgiven and done away, and the outward reign of sin over the body and actions having come to an end. But the enemies within, namely, self-will, self-preference, anger, peevishness, a puffing up at times, half-heartedness, desires after other things besides God, enmity against God's ways in saving souls, self-opinion, a wisdom arising from long standing or consistent walking in the church for a long time, and a self-commendation on that account, an unlikeness to the genuine Christian, a love of pre-eminence, envy, uncharitableness, a judging spirit—these must be destroyed. But we cannot cast them out ourselves, either by prayer, self-denial, fasting, &c.; the exercise of these duties, important and valuable as they are in themselves, will not subdue them; none but God can speak "the second time, Be clean." Then when God has done it, the whole heart, body, spirit, and soul, are given to Him, and God is loved supremely. Preaching this doctrine, with the simple way of obtaining it, namely, by faith, will be rendered a great blessing. As Christ died for a full salvation, and as God promises a full salvation, and commands us to be

holy as He is holy, we cannot please Him without it. God can and will save us when we believe: only believe, and it shall be done. If we believe and rely on His promise, it shall be according to our faith. We are not to wait God's time as some say; it is unscriptural. NOW is God's time; we are not to wait for power to believe; this is a dangerous snare of the enemy. If we must wait for power, we cannot believe without it; and consequently, all that do not believe are lost because God did not give the power.

But if on God I dare rely,  
The FAITH shall bring the power.

Faith comes by hearing; it is the gift of God (and a measure of it is given to every man); but believing is man's act. The key is provided for me when I repent and forsake, but it is by my strength of hand and wrist that I turn the lock with it. You will find many twenty years' professors opposed to the simple plan of salvation by faith, without the deeds of the law. The condition is "repent and believe," all the way through. Always preach it, press it, make all your powers of mind and body, of faith and prayer, to bend towards it. Don't look at the hardness, and prejudice, and unbelief of the people, but at the promise of God, that His blessing may attend your labours. *Believe* He does it, and He does it.

Oh, live for souls! Consider how many souls are gone to hell who might now have been in heaven had we been faithful.

I am, your brother in Christ.

#### HE LEADS HIS OWN.

"I will lead them in paths they have not known."—*Isaiah* xlii. 16.

How few, who from their youthful day  
Look on to what their life may be,  
Painting the visions of the way

In colours, soft, and bright, and free—

How few, who to such paths have brought

The hopes and dreams of early thought!  
For God, thro' ways they have not known,

Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,  
Who pant to toil for God and man,  
And view with eyes of keen desire  
The upland way of toil and pain—

Almost with scorn they think of rest,  
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast—  
But God, thro' ways they have not known,

Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,  
With love to make the labour light;  
And there their beauty they must shed  
On quiet homes, and lost to sight.

Changed are their visions, high and fair;  
Yet calm and still they labour there;  
For God, thro' ways they have not known,

Will lead His own.

The gentle heart, that thinks with pain  
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil,  
And if it dared its life to scan

Would ask but pathway low and still—

Often such lowly heart is brought  
To act with power beyond its thought;  
For God, thro' ways they have not known,

Will lead His own.

And they, the bright, who long to prove,

In joyous path, in cloudless lot,  
How fresh from earth their grateful love

Can spring, without a stain or spot—  
Often such youthful heart is given  
The path of grief to walk to heaven;  
For God, thro' ways they have not known,

Will lead His own.

What matter where the path may be?  
The end is clear, and bright to view.  
We know that we a strength shall see,  
Whate'er the day may bring to do;  
We see the end, the house of God,  
But not the path to that abode;  
For God, thro' ways they have not known,

Will lead His own.

#### WORKING IN THE LORD.

A FRIEND one day inquired of a young lady to whom he had just been introduced, whether she was *resting in the Lord*; hoping to learn, by her affirmative answer, that she was truly trusting in the Lord Jesus for salvation. Her prompt and decided reply in the negative at first startled him—supposing that she was not only destitute of genuine trust in the Lord, but desperately hardened in rebellion. His mind was, however, at once relieved and his heart greatly rejoiced, when she immediately added, "*I am working in Him.*"

#### NEWS FROM THE GIPSIES.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I thought I should like to write to you and let you know how God is working, for He is saving many precious souls here. A young man was very much impressed in our meeting, and resisted the Spirit, but on going home the Word of God took hold of him faster. When he entered the house he cried out, "Oh, mother, fetch the missionary; if I ain't saved to-night I shall be damned for ever." The missionary came, and they knelt down together, and God, for Christ's sake, saved his precious soul.

Praise His name for ever! sinners are being saved right and left, and God's name is being glorified. We went to a village and held a week's services. The church was in a poor state. The members were scattered so that they had not met for months. We got the hal-lalujah fiddle, sang, and played the music, and brought hundreds together. God blessed us in a miraculous manner, and His children were brought together and laid their all on the altar, praying that they may never be scattered any more; and as the result of those meetings 21 souls gave their hearts to Jesus. So you see, my dear brothers, it is Love that shall be the conqueror.

One dear man had come four miles to hear us, and, the best of all, he was anxious about his soul. We prayed, and he sought and found Christ.

Entering into a house in the day, I said, "Is there any deserters here, for we are

"A PRESS-GANG FROM THE LORD?"

The woman at once said she was a poor miserable backslider. I said to her, "Are you going to bring these children up for the devil?" Tears trickled down her cheeks as she thought, "How shall I escape if I neglect Christ?" She knelt down at once, and sought and found the Saviour.

Praise His dear name for ever for His wonderful love towards us! Sometimes my soul gets so full of glory that I don't know whether I am in the body or out of the body. My dear brothers and me are laid out full stretch for the kingdom, and mean, by God's grace, to be spent for His glory. God grant that we may be emptied of all selfishness, and all worldliness, and everything that looks like the appearance of evil, and filled with the glory of God; and then,

when God call upon us to do anything for His people, we shan't say we can't do it, but we shall say we can't help it, because the love of Christ constraineth us to do His will. God grant that we may so labour, that we may hear Him say, "Well done, for Jesus' sake!"  
Yours in Christ,

CORNELIUS SMITH AND BROTHERS.  
Cambridge.

"YE OUGHT TO BE TEACHERS."

HEBREWS v. 12.

"*Ye ought to be teachers.*" What a simple statement of the privilege and duty of every believer! How naturally it comes in! The words are not addressed to a specially appointed ministry, necessary as this is; but to the whole body of the believers.

This should be the definite aim of every true Christian. The most advanced Christians are the best "teachers."

It will be found the best plan at once to be a teacher, in one way or another. The youngest believer has got something to teach. He knows how to seek and find the forgiveness of sins, and peace with God. He will soon find some one to whom he may explain the simple way of salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. And as he advances in Christian life, his sphere of usefulness will increase.

Endless opportunities will open out to those who are alive to this blessed responsibility and privilege. The Lord has plenty of work for willing hearts. He wants human instruments: and all His people "ought to be teachers." All have not the same abilities and talents; but whatever abilities and talents we have, we must devote them to the Master's service, or we evidence a very unhealthy condition of soul.

We believe, moreover, that being "teachers" is not only an evidence of spiritual advancement, but also a great help to Christian progress. We who water are "watered also" ourselves. As we work or speak for Christ, our faith grows, and our love burns brighter.

There is a glorious prospect for "teachers." "They that be wise (margin, *teachers*) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. xii. 3). Surely, dear friends, "*ye ought to be teachers.*"

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### The Month.



HE bitter cold and snow have brought sorrowful, even painful, days and nights to many an East-end home. We have been saddened to find out the straits to which many of the Lord's faithful ones have been reduced, whose happy faces and active service would have led one to imagine their circumstances in life to be far from uncomfortable. To help even in the smallest degree to soothe these sufferings has been no mean privilege. Oh, that we could do more!

But we have been especially cheered to hear from one station after another how these poor brethren of Jesus, instead of cowering and cringing before the piercing blast and the pitiless snow, have increased the number of their open-air services, and toiled more vigorously than ever to bring poor sinners home.

Whitechapel has raised its Sunday evening services out of doors from three to six; Stockton reports six every Sunday instead of three; Stoke Newington has five week-night open-air services instead of three; Soho two every evening instead of one; Bromley nine weekly instead of five, as last reported; and thus, by the help of God, we are advancing to greater efficiency and more widespread usefulness, and we trust we shall, moreover, be enabled to chase away that ruinous theory of an open-air "season," which is made the plea in all directions for neglecting the perishing souls of the multitude during the colder half of the year.

#### Mrs. BOOTH AT PORTSMOUTH.

Mrs. Booth, thank God! is preaching again at Portsmouth. The South of England Music Hall filled the first Sunday evening, and although feeling very far from well, Mrs. Booth hopes to continue preaching on Sunday evenings, and occasional week-nights, for the future. God help her!

The visit of Mr. Bramwell and Miss Booth to Hastings has been made a great blessing, and the marvellous progress made there during the past six months has raised the Mission to a position of spiritual and financial prosperity unknown for years, most cheering and stimulating to all its friends.

The opening of a new hall at Shoreditch, in the midst of one of the most painful scenes of sin and sorrow which even London can display, has given us another point of vantage in the great crusade against iniquity, which, by God's grace, we are determined to prosecute more vigorously than ever everywhere. And we shall conquer.

#### SHOREDITCH.

Of all the dark, benighted, wretched, degraded places, I should think this stands the most prominent.

Passing through several streets on the first Sabbath of the New Year, I suddenly stopped to ask myself if I had not made a mistake, for to all outward appearance there were no signs of the Lord's Day. The place wore a wretched aspect; the people, ten thousand times worse: savage-looking, sin-blighted men; poor women looking dejected, careworn, and haggard, hurrying on to a never-ending eternity.

Oh! is there nothing we can do to alleviate and sweeten life's bitter cup for these blood-bought souls? Praise God! there is. If we go forward in His name, He will bless our every effort, and make us the honoured instruments of pulling these brethren and sisters out of the gutter of sin and misery.

I had only one Sunday in

#### THE APOLLO HALL,

the scene of so many triumphs, and the birth-place of so many souls, for the ownership of it having changed, we have suddenly to get a new place for our services. A publican in the neighbourhood, they tell me, was heard to say he would have us out if it cost him £1000. The property was bought, and sure enough we were got out of it; but, alas! for the sin-mongers, the Lord had a place all ready for us in Brick Lane itself, just in the middle of the Sunday market. A coffee-shop, which was just closing at the very time our need arose, was immediately got for us, and

#### OUR NEW HALL

will be one of the most useful the Mission has ever had.

The shop and hall behind it thrown into one will seat 250 people, and when the front has been altered, so as to open entirely on to the street, we shall have a battery no way inferior to Whitechapel Poreh, for attacking the strongholds of Sabbath-breaking opposite; and already, preaching merely through the wide-open door, great crowds gather to listen, and we get the very people we want inside every night.

Oh, what a commotion there was when they saw my name up outside in letters a foot long! There was talk of a petition from all the inhabitants around to prevent our coming right amongst them. But if they allow the

butchers to stand in their shops, and on the pavement, all the Sabbath morning, crying, "Buy! buy! Meat, fourpence halfpenny a pound!" why may we not stand and offer salvation cheaper still? And so we will while God lends us breath.

#### THE CONSECRATION

of our new hall by Almighty God has been overwhelmingly and unspeakably glorious. In the first two weeks forty-seven poor sinners came sobbing out to the penitent-form.

But, oh, what a dreadfully hard battle the people have to fight for Christ, at home and amongst their fellow-workmen, here!

"I have such a bad man, you know," said a poor woman, as the scalding tears fell from her eyes, while she told us of her earnest desire to be saved, and her slender hope of being able to live aright with such a husband.

"I have to work every day with the worst men on earth," said a poor man; "what's the use of me going up?" and poor women, after rushing to the penitent-form, crying for mercy, and professing to find peace, have begged me, as they hastened away, not to come to their houses, "for I have just run in here without my husband knowing. I don't know what he'd do to me if he knew I was come here." God help them, poor things!

Our people speak in a very loving way to me, and to all the strangers who come, and the best of all is, God speaks to all our hearts. The alterations of our hall, now nearly finished, will cost a good deal, and I do hope the Lord's people will help the Mission in this time of need.

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,  
Arundel Street,  
Mile End, E.

#### BETHNAL GREEN.

THE Lord is with us. Believers are being quickened, and are living in the enjoyment of a full salvation, and, praise God, sinners have been saved. The Gospel plough has been struck in; the hard and rocky soil has been broken up; the seed has been sown in the streets, courts, and gardens, and we are expecting the Lord will gather in a harvest of souls.

## THE LONG-BOUGHT.

There was a man that attended our meetings, but always left as soon as the preaching was over. I often spoke to him about his soul, and he seemed in great distress of mind. On the Sunday Miss Booth preached he came again, but left, as usual, before the prayer-meeting. I met him at the door, and said, "Stop, and give your heart to God." He said, "Not to-night." He was deeply impressed, and trembled from head to foot. I said, "Come on Wednesday night." He said he would, and came according to promise, fell on his knees, cried aloud for mercy, and got up, saying, "I have found what I have been months seeking for."

On the following Sunday he brought his wife with him. She was a moral woman, and thought herself good enough; but after she had attended our meetings a few times, she was brought to see herself a sinner in the sight of God, and on a Sunday night, when those who were seeking the Lord were invited to come out, she was the first to respond, and she found the Saviour, and now husband and wife are on their way to heaven.

## ALIVE FROM THE DEAD.

I was asked to go and see a woman that was dying. Not being able to go myself I sent some sisters, and they went, and pointed her to Jesus. After lingering for some weeks, she died a triumphant death. Meanwhile her visitors did not forget to speak to and pray for her husband, and God blessed their efforts. He came to the hall, and there found the Saviour; and he is now on his way, determined, by God's help, to meet his wife in heaven.

A man who had been seventeen years a backslider was invited by his mate (one of our brothers) to attend our meetings. He came, and the Word went home to his heart; and for two or three weeks he went about, wretched and miserable, and thought himself too bad to be saved. After resisting the strivings of the Spirit so long, praise God! on the Sunday night that Bros. Railton and Ballington Booth preached, the Spirit strove more mightily than ever, and after a hard conflict with the enemy, he burst out singing—

"I do believe, I can believe,  
That Jesus died for me."

And it now does our hearts good to hear him tell of the great things the Lord has done for him. Several others of late have stepped into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and are going on their way rejoicing.

G. WHITE.

## HACKNEY.

AFTER much hesitation and prayer, understanding the awful responsibility of those who undertook the generalship of the Lord's army, having received the call, and not daring to refuse it, I went into the battle-field in the open air at Well Street, Hackney, on the last night in the old year. After a slight attack upon the enemy, we marched off with a victorious shout to our hall, and there, praise the dear Lord! He came and abundantly filled our souls with His love, while we all with one accord gave ourselves to His service for the New Year and for all our future lives.

The first Sunday was a blessed one. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, we had some grand open-air work; the dear people came up manfully to the help of the Lord, and at night the Lord came down upon us with a flood of converting glory. Hallelujah to His precious name!

## A TOKEN FOR GOOD.

We had scarcely commenced our service before a young man arose from his seat and came and fell down before the Lord, and before the close of the meeting he praised the Lord with a loud voice, saying, "I came here burdened and heavy laden, but the Lord has taken all the burden away. Glory be to His Holy Name!" And, praise the Lord! he has been witnessing for Him since in the open air.

As I walk about and see the thousands of poor people, apparently uncared for by any one, my soul yearns, and my tears come, and I groan the prayer to my Heavenly Father—"Give us power to preach the Gospel to these blood-bought souls!"

THOS. BLANDY.

3, Havelock Road,  
Well Street, Hackney.

## POPLAR.

SINCE our last report the dear Lord has manifested to us here His love and

power. We have, indeed, seen His power, both in the open air and the sanctuary. Large congregations have continued to press into the hall to hear the word of salvation. Many have been pricked to the heart, and some have yielded themselves up to the Lord Jesus. Glory to His blessed name! There are many interesting cases of conversion which I have met with, both in the hall and in my visits among the people, which I must reserve till another time. Will the Lord's people who read this pray that God will save the perishing thousands in this large parish?

I must add a word for our open-air work. Amid the pernicious festivities of the season, our open-air workers have persevered with the work, although drunken men and women have cursed, and sometimes raged almost like mad dogs; yet many a poor sinner has heard the Word, and wept and trembled on account of sin; and who shall say where it shall end?

JNO. P. GRAY.

## CUBITT TOWN.

THE Lord is carrying on His work at this station. Miss Pollett has preached for us, and

## A FATHER AND SON

were at the Master's feet, seeking pardon. When the father found peace his joy was unbounded, and he praised God aloud.

January 2nd, Bros. Warren, Curl, and Sinnock held very profitable services. At the close a young woman found salvation. I was there the following Sabbath. We turned into the open air, and a noble band of men and women joined us; and although the weather was piercingly cold, yet they sang and spoke with glowing interest of that Love which many waters cannot quench, nor much cold wind blow away.

I was very much delighted with an address of one dear brother—

## A RECENT CONVERT.

After strongly and lovingly recommending the religion of the Bible, he said, "You all know what I once was when I kept my shop open Sundays—how I delighted in sin; but now I am happy in Jesus, and if you want to know more about the change which has taken place, just come down to my place"—giving name and address—"and ask my wife and family."

At the close a backslider was reclaimed. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

The blessed work on this island is hindered for want of a better place. It is impossible to remain in the present one much longer, as we are afraid of it coming down, and yet we cannot bear the idea of relinquishing such a promising field of labour. There are thousands of working-men perishing for the lack of knowledge. Would that some of our wealthy friends would aid us! Three hundred pounds is all that is wanted to put up an iron structure in which to tell of Jesus' love. Who will help?

J. P. GRAY.

15, Ivy Cottages,  
Bath Street,  
Poplar, E.

## CANNING TOWN.

BROTHERS TETLEY AND GARNER have paid us a visit at this station, and their visits were made a great blessing to us, both spiritually and financially. Souls were brought to Christ, and God's people cheered and blessed.

Miss Booth has also been here. At the close of the service three women wept their way to the Cross.

## FAREWELL.

The Sunday evening prior to my removal to Kettering was a time of great blessing not quickly forgotten; although the power of God was present to convince, yet none would yield. Blessed be God! however, the reaping-time did come. Many of us felt sure that there would be blessed results of that service, and on the Tuesday following, at the meeting which brought my labours to a close at Canning Town, six precious souls came out for Christ. And then we did have a shout of triumph, for we had something to shout for. May they keep close to the Saviour! The station has just suffered a most severe loss in the death of our dear Brother White; but on reviewing the year we, like Paul, were led to thank God and take courage. We commenced the year, as a station, very little more than half supporting ourselves; but during the last two months we were entirely independent of the parent Mission; and after spending some ten pounds on the improvement of our hall, were then left with a small balance in hand. Many thanks to the

many dear Christian friends who have so kindly helped us with money and tracts.

JOHN WATTS.

#### SOHO.

A DENSELY crowded neighbourhood: drunkenness, destitution, misery, and, in fact, sin, in all its frightfully hideous grades and forms, stalking the streets—demoralising, brutalising, and damning thousands of souls; but in the midst of all this dissipation, poverty, and crime, there are a few who, in God's strength, are endeavouring to stem the horrid torrent, and rescue their perishing brethren around them, and who, in almost total disregard to the bitter cold, piercing winds of inclement January, stand night after night, and three times on the Sabbath, and implore the passers-by to abandon sin, and accept Christ.

And these endeavours are not made in vain, for almost nightly some poor wanderer follows us into the hall, and accepts Christ. On a Sunday afternoon or two ago three working-men followed us into the hall from the public-house near which we were speaking, and where apparently they had been spending their time in drunken debauchery, as their grimy faces, unshaven beards, and dirty working apparel abundantly testified. We had hardly got through the singing of the first hymn, when I noticed the big tears of repentance filling the eyes of the tallest of them. I at once asked if those that would accept Christ would come forward, and he came forward, knelt, and cried for mercy. In a very few moments he was off his knees a pardoned man; and whilst the tears were streaming from his eyes, and big sobs filling his throat, he implored his companions to accept Christ, too. They also came to the front, fell on their knees, and accepted the mercy of God in Christ. We found, upon inquiry, that these were three fellow-workmen, passing through this poor neighbourhood in search of work. We may never see them again on earth; but we trust we shall see them in heaven. And thus, dear reader, our work is still going on.

We are greatly in need of funds at this station, for our people are very, very poor; but the Lord, who helps us otherwise, will help us in this likewise, we cannot—will not—doubt.

G. WATERS.

1, Tottenham Court Road, W.

#### PLAISTOW.

PERHAPS some of our readers are ready to say we don't seem to be doing anything, because not much has been said about it. Well, praise God! if there hasn't been much said, there has been more felt. Hallelujah!

The past year has been one of opposition, but, praise God! victory is on our side; therefore, in spite of hell and the world, we intend to go forward. Notable amongst our recent triumphs has been the

#### CONVERSION OF A JEWESS.

This woman heard us first in the open air; she told us the other day—"When I first heard you I thought you were foolish people to stand out there for people to laugh at; but I felt something I never felt before. I could get no rest. I thought I would go into the hall; so I went, but got no peace. I thought you were a lot of mad people. I went home, and in the night I dreamt that I was down in a pit, trying to get out. Everywhere I tried I fell back. After awhile there appeared one at the top like Jesus, saying, 'Take my hand; I will lift you out.' Upon this I took his hand, and he lifted me up. When I got up I looked down, and oh, what a horrible pit! I then awoke, and since then I have felt better than ever I did. I believe the Lord has pardoned all my sins." And from what we have seen and heard since, we have no doubt of it either. May God keep her faithful unto death, and save many more, for Jesus' sake!

Since Sister Hall commenced her labours the Lord has wrought gloriously with her. The congregations steadily increase, and both indoors and out we go on conquering and to conquer through Him that hath loved us.

A. RUSSELL.

#### STOCKTON.

WITH much rejoicing the young converts here have entered upon the New Year—to them new indeed, for they are now living a new life; and with the dawn of the new year came new determinations and plans for future work, which, we trust, under God's blessing, will result in a blessed extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The work for the last three months has far exceeded our largest expectations. On the Sunday evenings the

people squeeze themselves in between the scenery of the theatre, or anywhere else where the sound of the preacher's voice can be heard, while at the week-night preaching services we seldom see a vacant seat, although a more unsightly place can hardly be imagined than our hall, thus proving what mighty power there is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

To the surprise of many, our open-air efforts have not diminished this winter; if anything, they are now more extensive than ever. Keen north winds, frost, and snow, do not daunt our brave soldiers. The women stand with their shawls over their heads, and the men with knitted mufflers round their necks, and their hearts all on fire, fully prepared to face the coldest winds that can blow, or the strongest opposition that men or devils can raise.

Another blessed feature in connection with this work is the great love many of the converts have for their bibles, which they do not scruple to use at all times, to the great discomfort of many. But the *superintendent of police* (who of course can see a wonderful change in them) said, in my presence, the other day, when speaking of the Mission men, "*I wish there were more of them.*"

Among those lately saved we select the following:—

At the

#### CHRISTMAS MORNING LOVE-FEAST

a man with a strong foreign accent sprang to his feet, and with much earnestness said, "I have been over many lands and seas, but never got any good for my poor soul. Oh! my poor soul was starved when I came to Stockton, and I looked round me, but saw nothing for my soul until I came here and heard that Jesus could save my poor soul, which, bless His holy name! He did; and ever since then my soul has been feeding on Christ." At every public meeting this man's voice is raised in pleading tones for God to save other poor lost souls.

#### A JOYFUL REUNION.

A man and his wife, notorious for wickedness, and who had for some time lived apart, not even knowing each other's whereabouts, were brought to Christ in a most remarkable way. The man was working with one of our most useful members who was continually exhorting him to seek Christ; but, as may be imagined, he got but a

poor reception. Having to speak one night, he again invited this poor man to come and hear him tell what God had done for him. He came, and was deeply impressed, so much so that he was almost frantic, continuing to seek Christ until three o'clock in the morning, when God in great mercy set him at liberty. He at once saw it to be his duty to seek out his wife, resolving that if she would not live with him again to speak faithfully to her about her soul. He found her, and she was so surprised at the change that she could not be persuaded that he was not only a "teetotal" but a Christian, really fearing that he was out of his mind. She promised, however, to come to the Star Theatre when assured that they would not turn her out. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, she slipped in with the crowd. The power of God fell on her, and she at once sought salvation. During this time the husband was nearly beside himself with delight, telling numbers of people that his wife was seeking Christ. She obtained mercy, and they have since renewed their vows to each other, and, under God's blessing, hope to spend a happy and useful life.

A rough, dirty lad was led weeping to the penitent-form, and continued there for a long time without getting relief. A good brother exhorted him to give up all for Christ, when he asked—

"MUST I GIVE UP MY BACCY?"

Of course the answer was "Yes"; but it was a hard struggle, for the boy at that early age could drink, swear, fight, and smoke as well as some of his seniors. But, praise God! he did give it up, and got sweetly saved, and is now clean. He is very regular at the meetings, and can live without his "baccy."

#### TWO YOUNG MOTHERS,

each with an infant in her arms, were seeking Christ together. They had been impressed by our labours in the streets, while they were out drinking (they were both dreadful toppers). In addition to their having to give up their drink, one was a Roman Catholic, and when asked, "Do you believe Christ can save you?" answered, "I want to believe that," and being further exhorted and prayed with, threw everything overboard, and accepted Christ, since which time they have been frightfully persecuted by the Papists and their old pot companions. But, thank

God! they stand fire well, and their altered appearance goes to prove what a marvellous change God's grace has wrought in them. Praise Him!

#### STILL AT HOME.

A young man who had joined himself with bad companions resolved to leave home. His poor old Christian mother, frantic with grief, besought him to remain with her, but all in vain. So, after tying up his things, he thought he would take a stroll, and leave the town at night. As he passed the Market Cross he heard singing which charmed him. He followed the procession to the hall, where the preacher seemed to speak only of him. His heart was broken. He sought and found mercy, and was soon confessing his many faults to his dear mother. His bundle was unpacked, and he is still at home. May he never stray from the fold of Christ, or wander from home!

And now I forbear adding more, otherwise than to ask your lady readers to help us to get two or three

#### MATERNAL BAGS,

to assist some of the poor dear mothers here. Our work is to the masses, and we feel bound to look after our poor suffering saints a little. Any help will be gratefully received by Mrs. Lamb, or Mrs. Lazenby, Wellington Street, Stockton.

ABRAHAM LAMB.

Cecil Street, Parkfield,  
Stockton-on-Tees.

#### MIDDLESBROUGH.

THE past year has been the most holy, happy, and useful year of our lives; therefore we take courage, and trust in the Lord for the future. Since our last we have been favoured by a visit from Mr. Wm. Stevens and Miss M. Harriss, of London. Our large theatre was packed—many being unable to get in. Many looked forward to a very dull Christmas—so many being out of employment; but it was not so for the Mission people, for numbers who last year were spending their Christmas in drunkenness and sin were rejoicing on their way to heaven. We had three services on Christmas Day; at 11, preaching service—a very blessed time; 2.30, a public love-feast, when between sixty and seventy bore their testimony to the saving grace of God. Many said

this was the happiest Christmas they ever had. At 6.30, Mr. Hoare preached on Holiness. The hall was packed, and the Master was with us. One dear old man, many years a professor of religion, came out and sought full salvation. While struggling for the blessing he was told he must make a full surrender, and give up all—even the dear idol of his heart, the *pipe*, as he was an old smoker. After using the obnoxious weed for about fifty years he gave it up, and got the victory. He says that he has enjoyed more of God since than he ever did before.

Thanks for tracts. Donations for Middlesbrough will be acknowledged by our Secretary, Wm. Hutchenson, 93, Russell Street; Wm. Huggins, Esq., Newport Road, Treasurer; or

JAMES DOWDLE.

22, Clarence Street,  
Middlesbrough.

#### CHATHAM.

PRaise God! we are still going ahead. God, our Captain, is with us, and though the hosts of hell should engage against us, we are able to overcome, through Him who has loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own precious blood.

#### OUR WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

was a blessed time. We had tea at ten, and after addressing the meeting I invited saints to start afresh, and sinners to turn to God. Soon after we commenced the meeting a soldier came in, and asked a brother at the door what he should do to get saved. He brought him inside, and he came to the penitential form, and was followed by some more, praise the Lord!

One woman said, "I have wanted to come a long time, but pride kept me back; but now Jesus has taken it all away."

#### PICKING UP THE WOUNDED.

"I received this shot ten weeks ago," said a marine soldier, on Sunday night, at the Military Road, "and I have come to-night to get it extracted." Hallelujah! so he did, and went away praising God, promising to bring his wife. Said he, "I know she will get saved, for she has always been a good un to me; but I have been a devil to her."

Praise God, our Jesus turns the lion into a lamb!

At both our stations, all through the

cold and mud, which is half-way up our shoes, we are marching along. Every Sunday afternoon, in the Brook, hundreds of half-clad, miserable men and women rush to hear the singing and see the happy people who are to march through a land of muddy streets to a city paved with gold.

Donations and tracts, which are much needed, will be thankfully received by Captain Tinmouth, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham; or by

C. HOBDAV.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,  
Chatham.

#### HASTINGS DISTRICT.

THE past month has been one of great blessing. In the severest weather our friends have been at their post in the open air. The meetings in the halls have been remarkably good.

The visit of

MISS AND MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH

has very much increased the interest of our work, and proved a great success, both financially and spiritually. The sight of seven anxious souls on the Sunday, and fifteen on the Monday, fired our people to renewed courage and power.

The kindness of friends enabled us to give a free tea to over four hundred poor people, thus inducing many to come to the Saviour.

#### WHAT A FREE TEA TICKET WILL DO.

A young woman came to me, and said, "You gave me a tea ticket, sir. It has proved a blessing to me. I should not have come to the hall had you not done so. I heard Miss Booth speak; I could not leave the hall, and had to give myself to Jesus." She attends the meetings; she has been a great sinner, but the Saviour has taken her in.

#### COULD NOT GET AWAY.

A young woman, who sat weeping nearly all the time the prayer-meeting was held, was determined to throw off conviction, if possible. When spoken to, she would not answer, and at length got up to leave the hall. When she got to the door, she could not go further, and had to return. In a few minutes she was kneeling at the foot of the Cross, where Jesus revealed Himself to her as the sinners' Friend.

#### TWO MOTHERS WITH FOUR CHILDREN.

Many a tear was shed while we were listening to the pleadings of two of our

dear sisters, for the conversion of their children. While praying, the answer came. Two brothers were seeking Christ together, while at another spot a brother and sister were weeping bitterly. Praise God, the Lord sent all four home happy!

#### CHRISTMAS DAY

was a happy one to our people. The day was spent well. Two love-feasts and a hallelujah-meeting was the programme for the day. One soul found peace, and another the blessing of a clean heart.

#### WORKERS' TEA AND WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.

To encourage our workers, tea was provided on New Year's Eve. Conversation how best to promote the Lord's work, interspersed with singing and prayer, was joyfully indulged in. Many of the friends adjourned to the watch-night service, which was a time of renewed consecration.

#### A NUISANCE TO THE TOWN.

While Brother S. was giving tracts away at the railway station, and speaking to people about their souls, a man turned upon him, and said, "You are a nuisance to the town, sir." "And so I wish to be," said Brother S.; "if trying to do good will make me a nuisance, I will gladly remain one."

#### OUR MOTHERS' MEETING

is doing well. During the presentation of some Christmas gifts, given kindly by a lady friend, I spoke to the mothers, grounding my remarks upon the thought of Jesus having a mother, and showing His love for mothers, by the love He manifested towards His own mother. Nearly all were bathed in tears. Many of the mothers have given themselves to Jesus, and many others are becoming very serious. The Lord has unexpectedly taken another mother away. Sudden death was sudden glory.

#### ST. LEONARDS

is not yet out of trouble. Faith is put to its severest test. The devil is doing his utmost to upset the work already done. There seems to be a lull in the storm, but it is only for a short time. Tempests will roar, but God will be in them, so we will not fear what man can do unto us.

## NINFIELD.

A few have been brought to the Saviour. Some of our young friends have made a start. Our old friends, Brother Morgan and Sister Martin, have been holding services for the promotion of holiness, and many have been blessed.

"AT THE FAMILY ALTAR, SIR!"

So said the little daughter of one of our members, when I asked her where she found Jesus. The Lord has given this girl of eleven years a remarkable gift in prayer, and her brother has joined her in the service of Immanuel.

## RYE

is still suffering for the want of an evangelist.

No place needs the Mission more than this. The people are poor; many are given to the worst habits, especially to drunkenness. We have had much fruit, which has been lost through the want of someone to look continually after the new converts.

## NEW ROMNEY

is now ripe for Mission work. Bro. Agate has already paid this place a visit, and two sisters are about to go, and we believe the Mission flame will soon spread.

## LYDD

has also had a visit from Brother Agate. A powerful service was held in the open air, and the people heard the Word gladly. A good work is breaking out in this place among the fishermen.

If an evangelist could be put down at Rye, Lydd and New Romney might be worked with that station to advantage and profit.

## MY SECOND VISIT TO MAYFIELD.

I have been invited a second time to this place. Bro. Gillard is doing a good work. A goodly number came to hear me preach. In the afternoon a tea-meeting was held, after which addresses were delivered. A man gave his heart to God during the service, and the Lord's people were specially blessed.

Many thanks to kind friends who have so generously helped us in the work of God, and have given towards the free tea. Further help may still be sent to C. J. Wombwell, Esq., Harold Place, Hastings; E. Strickland, Esq., Preston House, Hastings; or to

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House,  
Plynlmmon Road, Hastings.

## PORTSMOUTH.

WE could scarcely express our present experience and programme better than in that burning verse:

We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
Let trembling cowards fly,  
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,  
For God to live and die.

## PETTY PERSECUTION.

We have been a good deal opposed in the open air lately. One night a publican sent out a poor man half intoxicated, offering us a jug of beer. After in vain trying to persuade us to drink, the poor man raised the jug to the lips of one speaker and attempted to pour the stuff down his throat. But, of course, the only effect of all this was to get us a large congregation, to whom we were able to preach and sing with no small effect.

One Sunday evening two drunken women came up and began dancing to the tune we were singing, attracting of course a good deal of attention. One of the poor creatures, however, being known to one of our little band, was spoken to until she burst into tears, and we were again left unmolested to resume our work.

## NOT EASILY DAUNTED.

While one brother knelt amongst the snow praying one evening, a shopkeeper came out, and, standing over him with a big stick, said, "If you don't leave off praying I'll knock your brains out." "Oh, you can't hurt me," said our brother, "the Lord will take care of me;" and he continued to plead with God for the salvation of all around.

Meanwhile the shopkeeper sent out a lad with a shovel, who heaped the snow and mud on the praying man, while a policeman stood by, saying that if we would not move when people wanted us we must take the consequences, which, thank God, we are perfectly happy to do either in a large way or a small one, as the case may be.

And praise God we are

## NOT LABOURING IN VAIN,

or spending our strength for nought, for souls are being saved, and our prosperity steadily advances. Amongst the recent cases of conversion a very interesting one was that of a sailor who heard us in the open air and followed to the hall. When we pressed him in the

prayer-meeting to seek an immediate salvation, he said—

"I CAN'T SEE WITH YOU

about that;" but at length he was persuaded to come to the Great Healer of the blind, and after earnestly seeking and finding mercy, he rose praising God, and saying, "Now I see with different eyes."

We have been enabled by the kind assistance of many friends to give a free dinner and a free tea to a number of poor and needy ones, and have still a balance of a few pounds to relieve the bodily wants of those who are suffering severely in this inclement season. Thus the Lord is helping us to do more and more for His glory, and we are looking forward to a bright and blessed New Year.

JOB CLARE.

12, Nelson Street, Landport.

## OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER VALENTINE, OF BARKING.

A POOR backslider when we first knew him, he heard us in the open air repeatedly, and then followed to the Bethel. After attending the services there for about a fortnight, one Thursday evening we had the joy of welcoming him back to Christ.

Several of his children had died, and seeing him present I spoke specially of the dear little ones in heaven, earnestly praying that God would bless the words to him. I was not disappointed, for he came, thoroughly broken-hearted, to the penitent-form, and was soon enabled to rejoice in the cleansing blood.

He was only in time, for he had but two months after this to live. A quiet, humble follower of the Lamb, he stood by us in the open air, and one evening he preached in the hall on "Home," dwelling almost exclusively on the heaven that was so soon to receive him.

In the last week of December, whilst working in a guano factory, disease suddenly seized upon him. To a mate who led him home, he said, "I have received my death-blow." But, thank God, death brought no alarm, but only made him more radiant than ever with the joy unspeakable and full of glory that filled his breast.

He lay for a few days, happily look-

ing forward to the bright recompense of reward. "Jesus is precious! There's not a cloud," he said, as cheerily as he had been accustomed to say it in experience meetings while amongst us, and a few hours before his death he sent the message to me that he was

Sweeping through the gates,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The last time he was able to speak, he raised his hand and said, "I am going to heaven, shouting, Victory, through the blood of the Lamb, trampling the enemy under my feet."

Now, thank God, he has passed through to join his dear little ones again, where the Lamb shall ever lead them to fountains of living waters.

At his funeral, by the kind permission of the vicar, the Mission people sang over his grave in the parish churchyard,

"This world was not his home,"

amidst a great crowd, who were deeply impressed.

The hymn had received a peculiar illustration in the very grave itself which was to have received our brother's coffin. The message came to the mourners in the church, "You will have to wait awhile, for the grave has fallen in." It seems that in this old churchyard so many interments have already taken place, that it is difficult to keep the earth at any grave-side from falling in before the funeral.

And we thought how truly it might be said of our brother as of Jesus Himself, "The grave it could not hold him." They dug out the earth again sufficiently to make burial possible; but it is only for a little while, and He that shall come will come, and the tombs and the sea will have to deliver up, and we shall all be together again in the land where there will be no more parting.

As the procession marched down to the Bethel, singing—

"Shall we gather at the river,"

another poor backslider went sobbing by their side, and that night he gave his wretched wanderings o'er, and again rejoiced, while other poor sinners, too, came to the Saviour.

After the funeral sermon, preached by brother Ernest Blandy the next Sunday evening, eleven souls sought the Lord.

ANNIE DAVIS.

**440 A Land without a Storm. 8s & 7s. Hymn 99.**

Traveller, whi - ther art thou go - ing, Heed-less of the clouds that form?  
Nought to me the wind's rough blowing, Mine's a land with-out a storm.  
D.C. For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing. To that land that has no storms.

CHORUS.

D.C.

For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To a land that has no storms,

2 Traveller, art thou here a stranger,  
Not to fear the tempest's power?  
I have not a thought of danger,  
Though the sky more darkly lower.

3 Traveller, now a moment linger,  
Soon the darkness will be o'er:

No! I see a beckoning finger,  
Pointing to a far off shore.

4 Traveller, yonder narrow portal  
Opens to receive thy form:  
Yes, but I shall be immortal  
In that land without a storm.

**441 Royal Way of the Cross. 8s & 7s.**

We may spread our couch with ros - es, And sleep thro' the sum - mer day;  
But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es, Is not in the nar - row way.  
D.C. For the roy - al way to hea - ven. Is the roy - al way of the cross,

If we fol - low the chart that is gi - ven, We need not be at a loss;

2 To one who is reared in splendour,  
The cross is a heavy load,  
And the feet that are soft and tender  
Will shrink from the thorny road;  
But the chains of the soul must be riven  
And wealth must be as dross,  
For the royal way to heaven  
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow  
The path we refuse to-day,  
And still with our lukewarm sorrow  
We shrink from the narrow way.  
What heeded the chosen eleven  
How the fortunes of life might toss,  
As they follow'd their Master to heaven  
By the royal way of the cross?

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