

The Christian Mission Magazine.

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Life.

By G. S. RAILTON.



WHAT do people mean when they wish one another a happy New Year? As a rule, we presume they simply mean to be polite or agreeable. But what do godly people, who know what true happiness is, mean when they wish one another a happy New Year? Do they only mean "may your happiness continue another year"? And if so, is it supposed or implied that a godly man can be happy in 1877 with no more cause for happiness than he had in 1876? To those who live "after the flesh" a happy New Year requires merely the same amount of health and strength, the same quantity of bread-and-butter, the same work, the same income, the same "enjoyment" which any of their past "happy" years bore them. But to any one who walks after the Spirit there can never be a happy New Year without happy new enlightenment, happy new progress, happy new fruits, without—in short, conferring upon the Father in heaven and the great elder Brother there a happy New Year of satisfaction in the furtherance of Their designs.

Millions of praying souls on the last night of the old year resolved to secure a great improvement in their spiritual life, for millions are perfectly well aware that their inner life is far from being what it might be; but how many thousands—alas! we fear it would be better to inquire how many hundreds—have now life "more abundantly" than they had it two months since?

Millions, alas! are dead. Millions, too, who even with some degree of thought and deliberation promised God that if spared to commence another year they would live. In this London there are whole neighbourhoods peopled mainly with the dead, whose guilty slumbers are never seriously disturbed. We have sadly paced through such districts, asking ourselves, "Shall we never be strong enough

to carry the Gospel message through all these streets, so that all may hear it? Will nobody ever arise to do this work? Why is it not done?"

And how can we avoid the sad conclusion that the millions in London and throughout the country who lie so placidly in the arms of the wicked one remain dead because the people of God are not sufficiently alive? We read but the other day of a cyclone in India sweeping 215,000 persons in one night into eternity. But quite as remarkable as the story of death was the statement that the living, instead of sitting down in distress, and wailing in anguish, had resumed their usual occupations with such cheerfulness and vigour that very little distress could be found in comparison with what might naturally have been anticipated from the sudden death of one-sixth of the population. The world has been deluged with the terrible cyclone of sin. Death and ruin are everywhere. But "the living"—alas! what are they about? How many of them live not unto themselves, but unto Him who gave Himself for them?

I.—MOST RELIGIOUS PEOPLE ARE CONSCIOUS OF A WANT OF LIFE.

How few of the Lord's people are in the possession of as much religious life to-day as they once enjoyed? Have not the dying embers of the old year brought to many reflections in some such strain as this?—

Oh, the blessed times we used to have in that little cottage! How happy we used to be together in yon vestry! How we used to delight in all the services! How our faces used to beam and our hearts to beat when we just caught sight of one another passing along the street! What a feast we used to get from a few verses of Scripture devoured in a spare minute or two in those days! And how all our nature seemed to be lightened up as with a gleam from heaven when somebody asked us to do something for Christ! It was better than fifty presents that little commission, if it were only to be like a servant of the servants of our Lord's house!

We occupy a far more elevated position now. We are "established in the faith"; so satisfied that all our notions are correct that we never have to go to God or to His word and puzzle and bother as we used to do about things being right or wrong. We are "all right." And we have "a home" amongst the Lord's people. We have been members at ———— for so many years now. We never even wonder whether we could be more useful to God anywhere else. We never "wander about" now (and think very little of anybody who does—"rolling stones gather no moss," you know). We used to get "sick of it" when we saw no souls saved for weeks, and meetings were dull, and used to walk any distance to meet with some life. But we have learnt better than that. We are always "in our place" (gathering moss, you see—just look how thick it is on us!). We are "settled" (on our lees).

"And our place" is much more important than ever it was. We

preach, we lead meetings, we are looked up to by everybody. We attend any number of services both indoors and out. We are always "at our post." But, after all, "it isn't like it used to be." The brightness, the spring, the delight, is gone out of it all. We used to be like children, running and jumping along with a merry laugh that everybody could hear, to do our Father's will and to catch His smiles and halfpennies for doing it. We have "grown in grace," become "matured in our experience," "progressed in the Divine life," till we are like servants who perhaps "get through" a very great deal of work, but who sigh rather than laugh over it, are content to "get through" our duty, assured that "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (we feel very faint indeed most times). The fact is, we are "not so lively" as we used to be—that is to say, we have not so much life.

And as for the inner life—as for fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ—as for "the light of His countenance, brighter than noon"—as for the overpowering influence of His Spirit—well, we *used* to feel all these; but not now—at least, not much or often.

There are some, thank God! whose experience is far in advance of all this, but who still feel that they are far from having the sort of life they want and might have.

Many and many a time in 1876 they rose, as they thought, at any rate, to a height nearly if not quite equal to what they looked for. The sins that easily beset them seemed all left behind. The life they were panting for seemed, like some mountain-breeze, to come breathing into their inmost souls. The prospect was celestial. Oh, what a life they were going to live! They had some "blessed seasons." Their hearts were full to overflowing—at least, tears *did* flow, and oh, what an outflow of love there was going to be! Perhaps they did find life almost as new as when they at first believed for a little while; but, alas! alas! they "got down again." They had to mix with other people, who questioned and doubted, and did not believe this, that, or the other. They found in everyday life all the old trials, and temptations, and worries, and apparently ten times more besides. And then some brother or sister did or said something unkind, and all was over. The beautiful "life" was gone like a charming dream when daylight, and work, and facts came again; and they are even to-day pretty much where they have been for a very long time—"coming up from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their beloved," as they call it, but really, in plain English, "not out of the wood yet"—longing to have life abundantly, but only having it sufficiently to be always uncomfortable because they have no more.

In some cases it is a special difficulty, perfectly well understood and fully recognised, which keeps people out of the full salvation from all sin which they desire. Some idol, temper, "trouble at home" (this generally means husband or wife), weakness, the inevitable

necessity of meeting somebody every now and then, or duty clearly seen, shrunk from, and called "a cross." When anything of this kind exists the sufferer is just like the patient suffering from some disease which can only be cured by means of an operation very painful or peculiar in its effects, who goes on bearing daily perhaps far more than the surgeon would inflict, for want of resolution enough to have the trouble effectually ended.

To such persons the advice of the great Physician is almost painfully simple and brief: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee." Alas! Master, how few of Thy servants are resolute enough for such self-surgery! How many dear good people's prayers, so far as their own experience is concerned, consist largely of the cry, "Oh, my hand! Oh, my foot! Oh, my eye! Lord, save me from my eye!" He whose everlasting word—"Cut it off; pluck it out"—must remain unchanged, to tell us of our duty, will never do for any one what they must do for themselves.

Poor Lot vexed his righteous soul every day for years. It was fully his intention to be righteous—always righteous, perfectly righteous; but he could not make up his mind to part with that splendid pasture and the prospect of providing for his family. Oh, no, that would never do! Any amount of righteousness; but Sodom. Surely he must have had some blessed seasons on a Sunday when he left the wicked world for a while to get his spiritual strength renewed, or he could never have kept in the right way at all. Surely the Lord would not have dragged him out of destruction, and called him a "righteous man," if he had not often prayed to be saved and kept from sin, and declared he would rather suffer anything than give up his God. No doubt he fully consecrated himself and all he had to God every now and then, and had a good time in doing so; but he gave up nothing in reality, and was barely saved by the skin of his teeth at the last minute. What a lot of Lots there are who will end pretty much in the same way, after having struggled and wrestled for many years for deliverance from the effects of their own unwillingness to yield themselves up, not in word, but in deed, to Him who has bought them with a price, and whom they so much love! Poor Lots!

What a contrast is presented by the conduct of Lot's uncle! We presume he was holding one of his conferences with God when he was told to leave his country and his father's house and go he knew not where. It is not easy to imagine his consenting to this without having a most delightful prayer-meeting in doing so; but as to that the Scriptures are silent. All we know is that he went, and that God went with him. Out came the eye; and Abraham saw as few people since then have seen. Whosoever desires to experience that entire salvation from sin which God's word puts before us, and to enjoy that fulness of life which those only can possess who have no element of death about them, must tread in the steps of Abraham. They must not merely express to God their *willingness* to make a

full surrender upon the point, and every point of controversy or difficulty. *They must surrender.*

There are those who feel that their life is very faulty, but who cannot understand how it can ever be better. They always seem to be in a maze upon the whole question. They believe that they have really given their all to God. They live daily in His favour, and the blood of Christ cleanses them from all the sin they daily contract; but yet they feel they should like something more than this, if there be anything more. Their life is already so full of light and blessedness that it is not easy to convince them that the seeds of death still lie within the heart, and that there is in store for them a complete renovation and an increase of energy such as Divine power alone could produce. For such persons there is only one course. They cannot understand any human teaching on the subject. This is never any discredit to any one, and especially in a case where human teachers are so muddled and so contradictory. They "cannot see" that the Scriptures show any defect in their life or any better life attainable, and any one who attempts to show them a more excellent way is met with question after question, and objection after objection, without being able to lead them any further on. The only plan for them is to ask wisdom of Him who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and who alone, after all, is able to let any one know what is that acceptable and perfect will of God. If they ask so as to receive, their joy, and God's joy in them, shall be full.

-CHRIST IS THE ONLY SATISFACTORY LIFE.

"For me to live is Christ." How simple! How grand! How many are there who can thoughtfully, deliberately, truthfully, say all that?

What does it mean? What can it mean short of what the Apostle elsewhere expresses thus: "I live, yet not I; but Christ liveth in me"? For me to live is for Christ to live over again in my flesh. The idea is common enough in connection with many earthly things. "This man is the very image of his father," they tell you, and go on to describe how he follows precisely in his father's footsteps, has his father's manner, tones, habits, tastes, and that, in short, the father seems to live over again in the son. You look at some photograph, and those who know the person or the spot it represents will tell you that it is "perfection"; that, in fact, it reproduces before you the original. And so they say sometimes of the word-pictures of some orator or scribe. All this is wonderfully like the testimony given to Paul's life: "For me to live is Christ." It was Paul, a perfectly distinct being, born not in Nazareth, but in Tarsus—Paul, who used to persecute Jesus of Nazareth; but Paul, spiritually slain and raised up so perfectly new that the only complete way to describe his new life was to say that it was just Christ over again.

And this is nothing more than what God eternally designed to do

for every believer in Jesus. Every one of them was "pre-destinated to be conformed to the image of His Son." This Jesus was not to be a solitary being, differing somewhat from His Father, differing especially in His possession of human nature, separated by a great gap from the angels, the central butt of all hell, and without any proper associate in the universe. Nothing of the kind! He was to be "the first-born of many brethren"—"first-born" with an infinite seniority, first by infinite degrees; but only *first*—not out of the series, not out of the family circle, not out of the same "line of things," or "line of business," if you like—only the first-born of "*brethren*." There was to be the same nature, the same freedom from sin, the same perfect harmony—union in fact, with the Father, the same ceaseless devotion even unto death, the same life, in short in every member of the family.

"Oh, but," it may be objected, "all this may ultimately be accomplished in us; but never while we are in the flesh." This repudiation of God's purpose of love has been all but universal among His children. In one form of words or another the rejection of the stupendous project of the "faithful Creator" comes from the lips of the learned and the ignorant alike again and again, in all times and places. "You may depend upon it," says the doctor of the Gospel, with the profoundest sense of his authority for saying so, "that we can never be perfectly conformed to the will of God while we are in this world." "I cannot see," says the poor way-faring man, "how I can ever be without sin."

(*To be continued.*)

AMONG THE PRINCES.

BY REV. I. E. PAGE.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THOMAS À KEMPIS, GEORGE SWINNOCK, ADOLPHE MONOD, SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, AND A TRAVELLER ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.*

TRAVELLER.—I greet thee with gladness, Thomas à Kempis, as a fellow-pilgrim to Zion. Born in another land, and in an age far distant from ours, thou hast left to God's people, in thy "Christian's Pattern," a heritage of blessing. Connected with a Church which has since thy day sunk into ever-deepening corruption, thou yet wast true to thy light, and God has not suffered the influence of thy devotion to die away. I greet thee in the name of our common Lord, whose eye beholds all hearts,

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

and whose smile is on all, in every age and nation, who choose His ways. We have been in converse before, à Kempis, and thy earnestness most intense, and self-abnegation and whole-souled devotion to our Lord have been to me—as to thousands—a means of spiritual stimulus. And what if we now think that, with clearer light, there would have been in thy meditations less of self-inspection and more of the Saviour; less painful mortification and more of the precious simplicity of faith; less sacrament and more Jesus—yet what are these if thou didst truly and intensely love Him? There would have been more of upspringing joyfulness and less of sadness in thy book hadst thou known Jesus and His ways as many now know Him. But thou hast now for long years dwelt in the perfect sunlight which knows no night. Shall we converse a little on the holy life, that I may be instructed, and catch some tincture of thy fervent spirit?

A'KEMPIS.—My son, thou canst not possess perfect liberty unless thou renounce thyself.

TRAVELLER.—I remember what our Lord said: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

A'KEMPIS.—"The kingdom of God is within you," saith the Lord. "Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord, and forsake this wretched world, and thy soul shall find rest. Christ will come unto thee, and show thee His own consolation, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee."

TRAVELLER.—It is this inward kingdom I seek—Christ dwelling in the heart; for if He set up His throne within, will not this painful unrest be calmed into peace, and this deep heart-yearning, which cries ever for something more, be satisfied?

A'KEMPIS.—Immediately, as soon as thou givest thyself to God from thy whole heart, and seekest not this nor that, according to thy own pleasure or will, but settlest thyself wholly in Him, thou shalt find thyself united and at peace; for nothing can afford so sweet a relish, nothing be so delightful, as the good pleasure of the Divine will.

TRAVELLER.—This is that for which thousands in all ages have sighed and sought; for this many have left the joys and activities of life, and sought in cells and painful austerity the things which were within the reach of prayer and faith. Yet all search is vain without sincerity of purpose. "If thine eye be single," saith the Saviour, "thy whole body shall be full of light."

A'KEMPIS.—He to whom all things are one, he who reduceth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy a quiet mind, and remain peaceable in God. O God, who art the truth, make me one with Thee!

TRAVELLER.—See! We may have the companionship of another pilgrim. Yonder comes George Swinnock, a man faithful in his generation, a sufferer for Christ, and a helper of many by his words and wisdom. We welcome thee to our company, brother, for we were conversing of what is dear to thy heart—the subject of thy discourses on "The Christian Man's Calling." We shall be glad to have thy counsel as we walk and talk by the way.

SWINNOCK.—Make sure that thy heart be thoroughly changed. That building that reacheth up to heaven must have a strong and sure foundation.

A'KEMPIS.—O, if Jesus crucified could come into our hearts, how quickly and fully should we be instructed in all truth.

SWINNOCK.—A Christian's first care must be about his own spiritual welfare. Religion commands us to be mindful of and helpful to our neighbours and relations; the sun rayeth out his refreshing beams, and the spring bubbleth up her purling streams for the good of others. Fire in the chimney warmeth the whole room; but it is burning hot on the hearth. Grace in a saint will make him useful to sinners; but chiefly, though not solely, to his own soul.

TRAVELLER.—This is surely true. The first question for every man must be his own salvation; but when the Saviour is fully received into the heart, may not the question of personal safety be left, as it were, behind, and the whole energies of the soul be gathered up into the one desire to do the whole will of God?

A'KEMPIS.—When a man cometh to that estate that he seeketh not his comfort from any creature, then doth he begin perfectly to relish God. Then shall he be contented with whatsoever doth befall him in this world. Then shall he neither rejoice in greater matters nor be sorrowful for small; but entirely and confidently commit himself to God, who shall be to him all in all—to whom nothing doth perish nor die, but all things do live unto Him and serve Him at a beck without delay.

SWINNOCK.—Whether a Christian be eating or drinking, or buying or selling, or ploughing or sowing, or riding or walking, whatever he be doing or wherever he be going, he must always be in the fear of the Lord. Godliness must be his guide, his measure, and his end; as the salt, it must be sprinkled on every dish to make it savoury. Thy life, O Christian, must be so led that it may be a continued serving of God.

A'KEMPIS.—O sweet and delightful service of God, by which a man is made truly free and holy!

TRAVELLER.—Shall we speak of the means by which we advance in this life of holiness? We are here but for a time; it is sad to spend years in speculating how to live, or in mistaken and fruitless endeavours. We are forgiven and made holy by faith; but faith does not take the place of wise endeavour. How shall a man who has received Christ advance in the holy life?

SWINNOCK.—Be much with God in religious duties. Secret praying, reading, and meditating are great helps to piety. The bottom of a Christian's building is underground, out of the world's sight. The greatest part of that trade which a saint drives with God is unseen, and his returns are unknown to the world. Jacob met with the blessing when he had parted with his company, and wrestled singly with the angel of the covenant. Bread eaten in secret, how sweet it is!

A'KEMPIS.—This is that which most of all hindereth heavenly consolation—that thou art too slow in turning thyself unto prayer.

TRAVELLER.—Another pilgrim! Do I indeed recognise thee, Adolphe Monod, whose deathbed counsels have stirred so many hearts, and drawn them into closer sympathy with Jesus and the heavenly life? Thy dying utterances have not been lost, but have been as seeds to grow into holy principles and purposes. We welcome thee to our fellowship, brother. Our converse is on the holy life, and we were speaking of prayer as an excellent means of progress.

MONOD.—Lord, teach me to pray! Ah, if I were to return to life, I

would with the help of God and in distrust of myself, give much more time to prayer than I have hitherto done, reckoning much more upon the effect of that than on my own labour; which, however, it is our duty never to neglect, but which has no strength but in so far as it is animated by prayer.

SWINNOCK.—Prayer is the humble lifting up of the heart, or pouring out of the soul to God in the name of Christ; it is a crying, ABBA, FATHER! As Scripture is God's letter, wherein He openeth His mind to man, so prayer is man's letter, wherein he openeth his mind to God. It is fitly resembled to Jacob's ladder, the bottom of which was on the earth, but the top reached to heaven. A thought can fly speedily to the uttermost part of the earth, so can prayer in a moment mount to the highest heavens.

MONOD.—It is by prayer that we maintain that communion with Jesus Christ which will render us capable of doing what He did, and being what He was; but it is by the prayer of faith—persevering, ardent prayer, which takes no refusal, but will enjoy all that the Father has promised in His word, and will not be silent—by prayer upon our knees, which wrestles on through blood and tears till it has obtained what it asked.

TRAVELLER.—Lord, increase our faith! He doubtless will, if we use what we have, even though our whole stock be but as a grain of mustard seed! But here is Samuel Rutherford, ready to join us, full, we are sure to find him, of his Saviour's love and peace. We rejoice to greet thee, brother in Christ, for well we know thy sufferings for thy Lord, thy zeal for His glory, thy patience and hope. We travellers will talk of nothing else but Jesus, now Rutherford is here—Jesus the source of our soul's life, its centre and power—Jesus all and in all. In such company we can sing—

“How pleasant and sweet, in His name when we meet,
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here, on angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.”

RUTHERFORD.—Now, who is like to that Royal King, crowned in Zion? Where shall I get a seat for royal majesty to set Him on? If I could set Him as far above the heaven as thousands, thousands of heights devised by men and angels, I would think Him but too low. I pray you help me to praise! His love hath neither brim nor bottom: His love is like Himself, it passeth all natural understanding. I go to fathom it with my arms, but it is as if a child would take the globe of sea and land in his two short arms.

MONOD.—I wish you to know, and I confess that I see in Jesus Christ, my God—before whom, with Thomas, I prostrate myself, saying, “My Lord and my God”; and to whom, with St. John, I bear witness, that “this is the true God and eternal life”; or with St. Paul, that “He is our all, God blessed for ever.” I honour Him as I honour the Father, and I know that the Father, so jealous of His glory, far from being jealous of the glory I give to Jesus Christ, approves it as a glory given to Himself, because He wills that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father; and I strive to live in the communion of Jesus Christ, in the peace of Jesus Christ, praying to Him, waiting for Him, speaking to Him, hearing Him, and in a word constantly bearing witness to Him day and night, all which would be idolatry if He were not God,

and God in the highest sense of the word, the highest that the human mind is capable of giving to that sublime name.

SWINNOCK.—The blessed Saviour is a precious and deep mine, but faith is the instrument whereby we dig the gold out of it. As the Spanish ambassador said of his master's treasury, in comparison of that treasury of St. Mark in Venice: "In this, among other things, my master's treasury differeth from yours, in that my master's treasury (alluding to his Indian mines) hath no bottom, as I see yours to have;" for thy comfort, know that the riches in Christ are inexhaustible, and His bags are bottomless. He can "supply all thy needs."

A'KEMPIS.—To be without Jesus is a grievous hell, and to be with Jesus is a sweet paradise.

RUTHERFORD.—O that heaven within and without were paper, and all the rivers, seas, and fountains were ink, and I able to write all the paper within and without full of His praises and love and excellency, to be read by man and angel! Nay, this is little; I owe my heaven for Christ!

MONOD.—His love is the mainspring of our deliverance and of our complete redemption; such is the Saviour. It was with this idea that we began, and it is with this that we must finish. We came to His cross, we sit down under His cross, and no earthly thing shall tear us from this spot; here we will live, and here will we die.

A'KEMPIS.—Above all things, and in all things, O my soul, thou shalt rest in the Lord alway, for He Himself is the everlasting Rest of the saints.

TRAVELLER.—O let us join with one voice to praise Him! There is none in heaven or earth to compare with Jesus. He has loved us! He has died for us! He has saved us! He lives to pray for us! He has given us life, given us heaven, given us Himself!

"Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord."

A'KEMPIS.—Keep close to Jesus, both in life and death, and commit thyself unto His trust, who when all fail can alone help thee.

SWINNOCK.—Speak to me while you will, no words can satisfy except you mention Christ; write to me what you will, it will not satisfy except in your letters I may read Christ. O that in no sermon I might be contented till I hear Christ, and that in no chapter I might be pleased till I read Christ.

MONOD.—I have a Saviour who has freely saved me by His shed blood, and I wish it to be known that I rest entirely upon His blood shed for me. . . . And I know, I know that He will enter and I with Him; and that we are so closely united that He could never enter and leave me without.

A'KEMPIS.—If thou seekest Jesus in all things thou shalt surely find Jesus.

RUTHERFORD.—O that I may die waiting and looking for Christ!

TRAVELLER.—Amen!

"Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

CLAIM YOUR LEGACY.

A LARGE legacy has been left to the Church by its Saviour, consisting of New Jerusalem Stock; but the greater part of it remains unclaimed. It has not been applied for; though repeated notices of it have been published throughout the world. Heirs will not come forward. The wonder is that it has not been already appropriated to other purposes. Through the long-suffering and forbearance of God, it may still be obtained, if application be made in a proper way. You must seek with all your heart, believing that it may be had. When you have been once at the bank, go again; go repeatedly; for the legacy is paid by instalments. It is very large; even riches of glory.

Now, I think I see some of you coming to the door of the bank of heaven, where dividends are paid, and you knock.

"Who is there?" cries *Justice*, seated on one side of the entrance.

"A sinner."

"What do you want?"

"My lord, I have seen it announced in an old publication, called the Gospel Herald, which was edited in heaven, and first published in Jerusalem, that a legacy was left me by my Kinsman, which has not yet been paid."

"Not paid!" exclaims *Justice*; "we always pay on demand."

"Yes, my lord; but I did not apply for it sooner, when I ought. Yet I am told that it is still payable. The Herald is still in circulation, and the announcement has not been withdrawn."

"Well," demands *Justice*, "what is your present claim upon us?"

"If my lord will look at the will, he will see that part of it reads as follows: 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; 'Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins'; 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you'; and other clauses of like import. This is what I wish to receive. I am weary of sin. I tremble under the frown of God. My heart is troubled and distressed beyond measure. I want pardon and peace.'

"*Mercy*," says *Justice*, addressing his sister, who is seated on the opposite side of the entrance, "what dost thou say to this demand?"

"It is perfectly right," answers *Mercy*. "I have long had a pardon for this sinner lying by me, and I wonder that he did not apply for it sooner. Here it is, friend; you are welcome to it: take it, in the name of Jesus."

While the sinner is in the act of seizing the gift, *Justice* takes it from the hand of *Mercy*, stamps it, and with a smile gives it to the sinner. He reads, 'Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee'; and at once breaks out into a song of joy, 'O Lord, I will praise Thee!'

"Hark ye!" observes *Mercy*, with a smile of earnest kindness; "remember to tell your friends and neighbours that I have more pardons waiting for application."

(*Another Knock*.) "Who is there?" asks *Justice*.

"A sinner saved by grace."

"What is your business?"

"I have come, my lord, for another instalment of the legacy left by my Saviour. Yesterday our minister told us that it was now due."

"What is the amount asked?" said *Justice*, "for we are very precise in keeping to the letter of the will."

"If my lord will glance at the paper, he will find it written thus: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you; a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.' And in another place it is said that God is faithful and just, not only to forgive us our sins, but to cleanse us from all unrighteousness; for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"Sister *Mercy*, what do you say to this application?"

"It is quite correct," saith *Mercy*; "he wants a clean heart, pure from sin. I have had it here, ever since he first came for his legacy. I wish our brethren on earth would come and take their own. We do not need their property; we have plenty and to spare, while they are starving for want. Here it is, friend; take it in Jesus' name, and get it stamped. And tell your class-mates that I have more clean hearts; they may all make their robes white in the blood of the Lamb."

Now I see a crowd of persons running to the door, singing and shouting. I asked, Why such joyous haste? They tell me they have large bundles of promissory notes of great value, which they are going to get cashed. "Take care," says Mr. *Straitened*, "lest you make a run upon the bank." "That is what we are going to do," is the reply, "but it will not break." No! it will be a happy day for this world when men shall try to break the bank above. Be quick in your applications. The time passes on, and banking hours will close. If *Mercy* leaves her place at the door, you will knock in vain for *Justice* to open.

(*Another Knock.*) "Who is there?" cries *Justice*.

"A dying Christian," is the reply.

"What brings you here?"

"My lord, I have just received a message from my Saviour by the hand of Death—a rough grim messenger he, but he brings good tidings—to come here for the last instalment of my legacy."

"How much is it?"

"If my lord will please to read the will, he will find, amongst other items, 'In my Father's house there are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.' Now I am leaving the body, I want a congenial place for my immortal spirit, a rest with God. Again, it is written, 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' I cannot boast of my fidelity, yet I have loved my Lord, I have kept the faith. I have not wickedly departed from His ways. O, if one so feeble might be so exalted, I would praise His infinite bounty for ever and ever."

"The will does bequeath glory, and honour, and immortality," replies *Justice*; "but what shall we do, Sister *Mercy*, for we do not send glory out of heaven?"

"It is written," saith *Mercy*, "'Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am'; and, 'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' The King, therefore, evidently intends to admit this Christian into heaven. Doubtless, it was for this purpose that He sent me a message that He would be here to-day, and to get ready a convoy of angels. They are here waiting, for the hour is come. I wonder He has not arrived, for He is very punctual. Hark! the clock strikes, E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty. See brother, He comes; throw the gates wide open, and let the Heir of glory in."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

By MRS. MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

THE Church and the World walked far apart,

On the changing shore of time,
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,

"And walk with me this way;"

But the good Church hid her snowy hands,

And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hands at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way to endless death,
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World, with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny, and rough, and rude,

And mine is broad and plain;
My road is strewn with flowers and dews,
And yours with tears and pain;
The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil, I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad fair one,
And my gate is high and wide,
There is room enough for you and for me,
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,

And gave him her hand of snow.
The old World grasped it and walked along,

Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,

I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,

And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"

Said the Church, with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away.

And the World gave in their place

Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses, and gems, and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,

Crisped in a thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,

"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house,

Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,

Gleaming in purple and gold.
And Fairs and shows in her halls were held,

And the World and his children were there,
And laughter, and music, and feast were heard

In the place that was meant for prayer.
She has cushioned pews for the rich and great,

To sit in their pomp and pride;
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sit meekly down outside.

The angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
Then the Church looked back with a sigh, and longed

To gather her children in.
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,

And some were drinking in gay saloons,
So she quickly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in INNOCENT SPORTS;"

So she leant on his proffered arm,
And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers,

As she walked along with the World,
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible gulf were hurld.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"

Said the gay World, with a sneer;
"They frighten your children with dreadful tales,

Which I like not for them to hear;
They talk of brimstone, and fire, and pain,

And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place which should not be mentioned to ears polite.

I will send you some of another stamp,
Brilliant, and gay, and fast,

Who will tell them that people may live
as they list,

And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great, and good,
Tender, and true, and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to
heaven

And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted, and great, and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the
cross

Were out of her pulpits turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said
the World,

"Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter, and food, and
clothes,

Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls, and jewels, and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the
ways

That they are walking in."

Then the Church held tightly the strings
of her purse,

And gracefully lowered her head,
And simper'd, "I've given too much
away,

I'll do, sir, as you have said."
So the poor were turned from her door
in scorn,

And she heard not the orphan's cry,
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by;
And the sons of the World and the sons
of the Church

Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master who knoweth all
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease
and said,

"I am rich, and in goods increased,
I have need of nothing and nought to do,
But to laugh, and dance, and feast;"
And the sly World heard her and
laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful
Church,

And her shame is her boast and pride."
The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture
hushed

And covered their heads with shame.

And a voice came down through the hush
of heaven

From Him who sat on the throne:
"I know thy works, and how thou hast
said,

'I am rich,' and hast not known
That thou art naked, and poor, and blind,
And wretched before My face;

Therefore from My presence I cast thee
out,

And blot thy name from its place."—
Divine Life.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

I REMEMBER how a band of men in my
dear father's parish, in Cornwall, where
I was brought up, during a time of great
spiritual agitation, were the main centres
of resistance to the work of the Holy
Spirit. These young men were one day
having a "jolly time of it," as they would
have called it, in one of the Penzance
hotels. Amongst them was one who was
a doctor, and another who was the prin-
cipal mine-agent in the parish. The
latter was a man of great influence, a
large employer of labour, and was looked
upon as one of the most influential men
in the parish. His Christian name was
James, but he always went by the name
of "Captain Jem." They were sitting
round the table, and the conversation
turned upon the spiritual work which
was just beginning. The doctor turned
round to Captain Jem, and said: "When
you are converted, I shall begin to think
there's something in it."

He little thought he was preaching a
more powerful sermon than the clergy-
man they had been speaking of. The
man thus addressed suddenly sprang to
his feet, and left the room. They won-
dered what was the matter, and whether
the remark of the doctor had offended
him, followed, as it had been, by a roar
of laughter from all present. He went
into the yard, and walked about for
some considerable time, and as he did so,
this was the thought that came into his
mind: "O God! has it come to this, that
ungodly men point to me as the most un-
likely to become converted? Are the
probabilities against my soul's salvation
so strong that he can talk of me in that
way, and that all my companions can
afford to laugh at what he says? Is it
a fact that I am a lost soul?" As the
thought took a more and more powerful
hold upon him, he shouted out that his
horse might be brought, and, springing
into the saddle, he rode straight home

as fast as he could ride. He did not stop
for any tea, but, to the great astonish-
ment of his wife, said—"If I don't come
home early, I shall be at the meeting,"
and off he went.

The meeting was just commencing,
and my beloved father was leading it.
Suddenly, to the astonishment of us all
—perhaps it was the last thing we ever
expected—we saw him come right up
to the front form. His moral cowardice
was a thing of the past; he had trampled
it under his feet. My father gave out
the first hymn, which he read over be-
fore they began to sing—

"Is there a soul that knows Me not,
Nor feels his want of Me;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain."

As my father uttered these words, Cap-
tain Jem fell on his knees, crying:—
"Good God, be merciful to me!" A
thrill went through the whole meeting.
Here was one of the most respectable
men in the parish confessing himself to
be a guilty, lost sinner. That man went
home rejoicing, because he had found
help in One who was *mighty to save*.

If you are in a similar condition to
that man, so bound by the chains of
your sin that nothing seems more im-
probable than giving your heart to God,
let me assure you there is a power that
can break your heavy chains, and cause
old things to pass away and all things
to become new, for God is mighty to
save.

W. H. M. H. Aitken.

GROWING IN GRACE— BACKWARD.

A TRUE STORY.

WHILE in conversation with an elder of
a certain church on the subject of the
the "Higher Christian Life," I asked
some questions and received answers
about as follows:

"How long is it since your conver-
sion?"

"About thirty years."

"You were a happy man then?"

"Oh yes, I lived for a long time in a
kind of heaven. All the day long was
my Jesus my song."

"You were devoted to Christ's work
then?"

"Yes, I was lifted above the world
and lived for Jesus only."

"Are you as happy now as you were
the first few months after your conver-
sion?"

"Oh no!" he said, in a sad tone, "I
have little comfort now. Sometimes
Christ visits me and I am able to rejoice
greatly in Him. But these visits are
few and far between."

"Are you as devoted to the Lord's
work as you once were?"

"Oh no! I must confess with shame
I am more worldly."

"Do you think you have been grow-
ing in grace during these thirty years of
your Christian life?"

"I think I have."

"In what respect?"

"I think I have been growing in
knowledge."

"But you are not so happy as you
once were?"

"Oh no!"

"And not so devoted?"

"No, not so devoted."

"But you know more than what you
once did; you understand the plan of
salvation better; you know more of the
privileges and responsibilities?"

"Yes, I have grown in knowledge."

"It seems to me that what you say
amounts to this: you know more than
you once did, but do not so well?"

"Well, yes, I guess that it is about
the way of it."

"And you call that growing in
grace?"

"Well, yes."

"If thirty years in the Christian life
has brought you where you are, how
long will it take at the same rate to get
ready for heaven?"

"Oh!" he added tenderly. "I must
confess that instead of growing in grace
I am a backslider. I am sure now you
are right: there is something more for
me to do than to wait to grow in grace.
I should repent and do my first works,
give myself up to God, and seek to be
filled with the Holy Ghost. There is a
higher Christian life!"

"If ye know these things, happy are
ye if ye do them."—*Christian Giver.*

There is a great deal of theology in
an idea of the little girl who wished
she could be good without obeying
her grandmother. She said it was easy
enough to read good books and pray, but
it was pretty hard to mind grandmother.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE opening of the New Hall at Hammersmith is perhaps the most notable fact in the external part of the history of our Mission during the past month, and yet how insignificant any outward event seems when we dwell upon the great realities of eternity, and reflect that all "these things" of earth shall be dissolved!

We trust that at every station something far more important than the erection of a place of worship has been accomplished every day during the month—the overthrow of the dominion of sin in men's souls, the transformation of their natures by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, the engagement of all their untold powers in the service of Jesus.

OPENING OF THE NEW HALL AT HAMMERSMITH.

SQUEEZING into the corner of a strip of land, which has just been covered with superior artisans' dwellings, the Mission has got a little home of its own in Hammersmith at last. And a very nice home it is. Not in the finest of thoroughfares—the street in fact being scarcely made as yet—but in the very midst of a large working-class population. Not with a lofty spire, or even an imposing front; but with a nice little porch on the ground-floor, and a doorway just on the pavement, into which we trust many a poor sinner will quietly slink, unseen by any one but some loving watcher, who shall at once make him feel he is welcome.

Not a large building is this Hammersmith Hall, for it is not into religious edifices, but into places of public amusement and resort that the Mission hopes to gather its largest congregations, and the Town Hall is still, and we trust will always continue to be, our Sunday meeting-house. But we have now accommodation for some 300 persons every night of the week in one central spot; and when this is insufficient the Lord will open our way as he has done hitherto to find room elsewhere for more.

Mrs. Booth, though very far from well, preached the opening sermon on Thursday evening, and although she had a fresh and severe attack of illness on her way home, she left behind nearly a houseful of rejoicing

saints and the first couple of penitent sinners whose cries have gone up to heaven from our latest erection.

On the next Monday evening was held a sort of house-warming, when the little hall, packed full of Mission people and evangelists from all the London stations, was the scene of one of those spiritual feasts which make hearts overflow with joy, and which seem to give the life of every partaker a new impetus almost like a new beginning.

The Hammersmith Hall is opened! May it never be closed a day while souls are dying, to whom we may preach Christ in time to save them from eternal ruin.

WHITECHAPEL.

STORMS and floods are sweeping through our land, bringing destruction and misery to thousands. Yet wicked London will not learn righteousness.

Our open-air services have been fairly sustained, considering the incessant rains.

BOXING DAY.

The conference on Holiness held in Fieldgate Hall was made a great blessing, not only to our station, but also to others. Dr. Mahan, Mr. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and other friends, spoke on the blessing of entire consecration with power. The meeting in the People's Hall at night was a blessed time. Dr. Mahan's address was greatly used, and many from all parts of this mission received light and blessing. The love-feast on Christmas-day morning was crowned with salvation.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS-BOX

was given to one of our dear brothers, who had been under conviction for eight years. He had long been closely watching the conduct of a new convert, who he knew used to go drinking with him, but now had power to pass the public-house. This seemed to hurt his feelings, and help to convince him that it was wrong to go to such places. Still he went, saying, "I cannot do without my beer."

The Spirit had often reminded him of a praying father's advice; and at one time he was near being saved. He took to reading the Bible, but soon threw it aside again, thinking that he had only been temporarily frightened by the cholera, which was then spreading around him. For a long time he tried hard to be an Atheist; but this only

plunged him into deeper sin, and led him to despair. Such was his misery that he contemplated taking away his life. By kind and persevering invitations he came to our hall, and on Christmas-day morning prayed and struggled until Bethlehem's Babe and the world's Redeemer came into his heart and made him gloriously happy. Since then his wife has made her way to the same Saviour, and both are now happy in Jesus.

WATCH NIGHT.

A VERY good service was held, conducted by Mr. Booth. The Lord had been powerfully present during the last Sabbath of the old year. Three souls came out for Jesus in the afternoon, and three more at night.

In the watch-night service, which was very solemn and powerful, many of God's people consecrated themselves afresh to God. A big strong man, who said he was a hawker, gave his heart to God; and another dear sister, who was unable to get away, stayed behind and obtained the pearl of great price, which was to her a new-year's gift indeed.

THE COVENANT SERVICE

on the first Sabbath of the new year was also conducted by Mr. Booth. The services throughout the day were good; many were blessed, and three souls found their way to the Cross.

Thanks for tracts—more needed. Our friends need great help. We are praying that God will touch the hearts of His stewards, and we believe prayer will be answered.

Yours in Jesus,

W. J. PARSON.

2, Queen Street, Cambridge
Road, Mile End.

HACKNEY.

"I have called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man hath regarded. Therefore, I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

TWO YOUNG MEN SENT TO PRISON.

ONE of these was the leader of a gang of ruffians who often interrupted our meetings; many times two or three friends have had to stand by to keep him quiet. The other, his companion, had many times shed tears on his knees at our services, and had given some evidence of reformation. He seemed willing to work, and I saw a friend, who procured him employment, in which he gave satisfaction. On the Friday before his arrest he was in the hall, and I said, "Brother H—, give your heart to God to-night," and warned him against his old companions. By this time he had saved a little money, and intended on the morrow getting some clothes; but, alas! the tempter came with the sparkling glass, and once again with his old companions he commenced quarrelling; they were then turned out by the publican into the street, and a policeman was soon on the spot ordering them off: but they struck him to the ground, and another policeman coming up shared the same fate. Then the other portion of their gang came out of a court determined to rescue these two from the policemen, and would have succeeded had not four other officers arrived and secured them.

They were charged at Worship Street police-court on the following Monday, and sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment with hard labour. I have since received a message from H—, and he says he is very miserable, and wishes he had taken notice of what I have said from time to time. His sister has since given her heart to Jesus.

On Sunday, December 10th, whilst missioning the streets I came through the court where this affair happened, and a big ruffian came running at me, knocking me about till he, with others, jostled me into the main street. Two policemen standing there, I at once asked for protection, which they refused. I then went on singing "My soul is now united," when these two policemen caught hold of me and demanded my name and address, which I at once gave; and on again we went singing, when the policemen followed, kicking

me upon the legs and trying to push me over. I then walked backwards before my band, the police still jumping upon my feet and kicking my shins, till we arrived at the hall, where the gate-keeper, keeping the rough boys out, was pushed down the steps by these policemen, and one of the teachers coming up at the time was served in the same manner. As soon as I commenced the service in the hall a note was put into my hands, stating that two converted policemen would preach for me on the next Sunday. Hallelujah!

In the following week we made a complaint to the superintendent of police for the district through our solicitor, and the matter was settled by an apology, protection being promised for the future. Praise the Lord!

On Sunday, December 17th, two policemen preached, and quite a number of the force had come to see and hear their comrades, who did not use the common staff, but the sword of the Spirit, which knocked sinners down right and left. We then carried them with bleeding hearts to the feet of Jesus. One, a great big policeman, who had come to see and thank God, was made to feel as well, and with others went away rejoicing in the Lord.

On Sunday, December 24th, Mr. Witter, from Rugby, was with us. While in the open air in the afternoon, passing "The Green Dragon," the publican came out and blackguarded us. He then sent out half a dozen drunken fellows, some of them six feet high, who commenced knocking me about; and one of them, laying hold of me, ripped my trousers very nearly in two; another one knocking my hat off and kicking it in double. Thank God my head was not in it. At night we had a glorious time of it, and sinners weeping came to Jesus. We are often pelted with dead cats and rats whilst processioning the streets.

On Boxing-day we had two open-air meetings, with a tea and public meeting, and souls were blessed. The voluntary offerings were over £4.

On Sunday, December 31st, our open-air services were well attended. Whilst in a back street a butcher ran out at me, and, with clenched fist, drew his arm back as if he would have knocked me to the ground, but, with the assistance of his neighbours and friends, he was taken back again; while, at the same time, Brother King received a blow

on the back of the head from a youth who was the worse for liquor. But in the midst of it all we can say that none of these things move us. We had good services in the hall, and souls were saved. At half-past nine we had refreshments, and at 10 o'clock commenced the watch-night service, and the power of God was with us. Sinners were weeping on account of sin, and believers were receiving the Holy Ghost with power. Whilst they renewed their covenant with God, one young woman, who had been on her knees some time, just at the death of the old year began to live, and at three minutes to twelve rejoiced in the God of her salvation, and went home to tell her friends of this New Year's gift.

Tracts much needed.

E. CADMAN.

3, Havelock Road,
Well Street, Hackney.

POPLAR.

"Oh! the glory of the grace
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above,
God is light, and God is love."

PRaise the Lord, Jesus does not appear as a root out of a dry ground to all the sinners in this place! During the past few weeks God has been making the place of His feet very glorious, souls have been saved, and believers quickened. One night while holding our open-air service at the corner of Cotton Street, a labourer about 30 years of age heard us, came to our hall, when I preached on "Life and Death," and in the prayer-meeting he got down on his knees, and realised life in his soul and death to all his sins.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

we had a love-feast, and it was a melting time; the testimonies given were good. I insert a few. Sister H. told how for 20 years she never entered a place of worship. How she frequented theatres, music-halls, and dancing-saloons, and the bars of the gin-palaces. But one day she heard a brother speaking in the open air about "Friends in Heaven"; it went home to her heart, and she came and found the Saviour. She hopes her boy may become a preacher. Brother S. (an excavator) said, "A short time ago I was an agent of the devil, but the Lord found me out in my sins,

and to-day I am on my way to heaven." Sister D. commenced by singing:

"Praise God for what He's done for me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see," &c.

I feel that Jesus has done all things well. Last Christmas I was indeed in bad company, but to-day I am very happy in the love of Jesus." Sister P.: "It was through the death of my father I was brought to Christ." Brother G.: "I was one of the worst of characters. I remember the time when I have woke up of a morning on a country-road after my drunkenness and have found my hair frozen to the ground, and have had to cut it away. I have been up to all kinds of wickedness, but to day I am on my way to glory. Hallelujah."

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

we had a tea-meeting, and afterwards two open-air services were held, and at 7:30 a public-meeting, Rev. W. Booth in the chair. The subject most prominent with the speakers was "A Holy Life, Full Consecration," and our people were much blessed. Praise the Lord!

On Wednesday January 3rd, after preaching on the "Broken Hedge," two young men came and found the Saviour, and on the following night they were seen bringing two more with them. On Thursday, January 4th, Brother Roberts preached.

GOOD NEWS FOR 1877,

when a poor backslider came and heard good news, and returned to the Saviour, and immediately commenced to pray for his sister at his side. His prayer was at once answered, she being saved on the spot.

On Sunday, January 7th, we had a visit from Miss Davis, and at night in the prayer-meeting several professed to find peace. Thus, dear friends, the work is going on. Pray for Poplar!

GEO. MACE.

8, Kirbey Street,
East India Road.

MILLWALL.

THE God of Abraham is still with His people here, leading us on to victory, and sinners are compelled to cry out for salvation.

One dear woman, on returning from the baptism of her child, came into our hall. After hearing that *the blood* cleanseth

from all sin, she plunged into it by faith and proved the word true, and has since with her husband become a member with us.

NO REST.

Another, a young man, attracted by an open-air service, came to the hall, was convinced of sin, but went away unsaved; the next night went to a concert, but no rest; again the following evening a theatre, but no rest till he came again to the mission hall, and then he found the peace that he wanted. Praise God!

Several precious souls have been brought in through the cottage prayer-meetings, which are held one night in the week, and every day at 1 o'clock.

THREE SAILORS.

After preaching from Joshua xxiii. 14, "And behold this day I am going the way of all the earth," three big sailors sought the Lord in tears, and found Him, to the joy of their souls. When one of them was asked if he knew Jesus, the answer was "We rough sailor men do know Jesus; we want to be good;" and, with great big tears rolling down his face, he said, "Jesus had made him good," and all three rejoiced together. Hallelujah! May each be kept faithful to the end.

Yours in the bleeding Lamb,
F. LEWINGTON.

CROYDON.

SOME of our people have engaged to visit 25 families, and leave a tract at every house weekly; some have engaged to visit 50 houses, some 100; and by this means we shall be able to always visit at least 400 houses weekly. Our cry is, "Souls." On Sunday, December 17th, 1876, we had

FOUR CONVERTED SWEEPS

to preach Jesus. God was with us, and at the close two came forward, crying, "What must I do to be saved?" We pointed them to the old-fashioned remedy—repentance and faith, and God met them. On Christmas Eve we were favoured with a visit from

MRS. BOOTH.

This was a time of special blessing to God's own children, and an awakening to sinners. The text was, "Quench not the Spirit." Some quailed under the influence, some ran out under conviction; but we believe the seed sown shall spring up and bring forth fruit.

The last day in the old year a young man came to the hall, who had been convinced of sin three weeks before. The Spirit was still at work. We invited him home to tea; and, down on his knees at the tea-table, he sought, and professed to find, peace in Jesus. The watch-night service was attended with more than usual power; and all the new-year gatherings have been good meetings.

THE FREE TEAS

were a blessing to many. We give one case—a man, his wife, and three children: The man had been out of work five weeks; the poor woman had only been confined a fortnight; and we found out that on the wet, cold, snowy Saturday before Christmas they had neither food nor fire, until some friend hearing of the case late in the evening took them some bread and a little coal, and but for the free tea on the Monday they must have been again without food.

POLICEMEN'S TEA.

Monday and Tuesday, January 9th, a sick lady (whom the Lord loveth) enabled us to invite to tea the policemen and their wives; and a goodly number accepted the invitation, and during the evening were presented with a copy of the "Friendly Visitor," a pocket Testament, and a book called "Happy John, the Dying Policeman." The women and children received a copy of several little books. All seemed grateful, and stayed for the after-meetings, addressed by Mr. Booth and others. Many were moved to tears, and will not soon forget the impressions made.

Tracts, books, or any help may be sent to H. Holme, Esq., 3, Clarence Road; or,

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
86, Waddon New Road,
Croydon.

CHATHAM.

Lo, the promise of a shower drops already from above. During the past few weeks we have had much of the presence and power of God.

Praise the Lord! He has made bare His mighty arm in our midst, in the salvation of precious souls. Among those lately saved we select the following cases:

A SOLDIER FROM INDIA.

This dear man was a miserable backslider through drink; he was so wretched that he was almost at his wits' end, but, praise God, while he was passing our hall he was attracted by the singing, and came inside, and, while listening to the story of the cross, thought of the happy times he had had in India. He said to himself, "If the Lord spares me until to-night, I shall go to the lecture hall." Thank God, he came, and was saved that night. I saw him on the Monday, and he said, "It was a hard struggle last night at the lecture hall, to give up all. The devil told me there was plenty of time, but, praise to my Jesus! as soon as I came to Him I found a free pardon of all my past offences."

A GIPSY.

"I never knew my father to enter a place of worship," said his son, who was converted in the Mission some time ago, "and I thought if I could get him to come to the hall and hear that band of working-men, they might say something that might lead to his conversion." Praise God, they did, for as soon as he was invited he came out, and, falling on his knees, began to pray for mercy: "Lord, save me." He prayed and wrestled until he was enabled to testify, "He does save me, and He saves me now: for I feel the burden of sin is all gone." And he went home happy in Jesus.

The Lord can save gipsies as well as any one else.

ANOTHER GIPSY

came to the lecture hall, and here the Lord saved him. The next day one of our brethren met him and said, "Well, how do you feel to-day?" "Bless God, I feel happy: I never was so happy in my life as I am now. I feel it here," putting his hand to his heart. He is still trusting in the precious blood.

A SAILOR.

"I have been out in many storms, and the Spirit of God has often striven with me at sea, until I have become so miserable as to leave my work and go somewhere, quietly by myself, and pray. But I did not find rest to my sin-burdened soul until the close of last year, when I came to the hall, and there I met with Jesus. Bless His name! My dear wife has prayed for me for twenty-five years, that I might be saved, and her prayer is answered at last, bless God!"

Will our readers pray for Chatham, that God will save hundreds of precious souls this year? Our people are living and working for the salvation of sinners. Thanks to Mr. Atkinson, London Bridge, for tracts—more are needed.

Yours, in the Gospel,
W. RIDSDALE.

4, Alma Terrace,
High Street, Chatham.

HASTINGS.

"And I will send them, and they shall rise and go through the land."

PRaise God! the past month has been one of success. Our dear Sister Stride has spent three weeks with us here, and the God of Jacob has been in our midst. Our God is doing wonders; His right arm doeth valiantly.

The following is from a dear brother, who has lately been saved after

TWENTY YEARS OF TWIDDLE-TWADDLE.

"Dear Sir,—I came into Hastings a stranger, not only to the people, but to God. On December 3rd I wandered into your hall, and stood against the door, there being asked by the preacher if I was saved. I made up my mind to tell him to mind his own business; but my heart failed me. He asked me again if I knew my sins were forgiven, and, to get rid of him, I said, 'Long ago.' I turned out, and went home; but all that next week these words rolled over and over in my mind, 'Are you saved? Do you know your sins are forgiven?'"

"December 10th found myself in the hall in the morning, when Miss Stride preached. God bless her! I went away miserable, determined not to come again; but night found me there again. I know not how I got there. And while Miss Stride was preaching I wished I had never come in; but get out I could not. She entreated me to give my heart to God, but I refused, and went away home. As I went, it seemed as though all hell was let loose, and laughed at me. I wept till I thought my heart would break. 'What is the reason of all this?' I thought. 'Why I have heard of these so-called Christians for twenty years, and my wife has often spoken to me of the subject of religion, but I told her it was only old woman's twiddle-twaddle.'

"Monday morning, 6 o'clock, December 11th, I wrote a letter to Sister Stride, with a trembling hand, and scalding tears, and aching heart. Monday night I resolved to come to the meeting; but the devil said, 'Now, then, Harry, don't make a fool of yourself.' Tuesday night the same. Oh! what agonies of soul! Oh, that God would save me!

"Wednesday night I got to the hall-door in All Saints Street, but the devil led me back again. Going through the street I met the young man, the door-keeper, who invited me back. When I got to the door I nearly dropped; but I got inside, and at the close of that service, thank God, I dropped on my knees, and while the friends were praying and singing—

'There are angels hovering round,

glory to God, my chains fell off, the blood cleansed me, and angels waited the news through heaven. The dead is alive, the lost is found. Praise God!

"Yours at the feet of Jesus, J. H. S."

Thanks for tracts and books. We still need them.

Donations for the work here, and at St. Leonards, concerning which Miss Stride is writing, will be acknowledged by Mr. Thorpe, 17, Alexander Street; by Mr. Bristowe, 15, London Road, St. Leonards; or by

Yours, in the kingdom,
C. HOBDEY.

Beulah House, Plynlmmon Road,
Hastings.

ST. LEONARDS.

WE cull the following from a report received from Miss Stride, who has been holding services here:

The congregations have consisted chiefly of men, and though most of them determined servants of the devil, we have been enabled not only to keep their attention, but many have been pricked to the heart by the mighty power of God. Again and again have we seen the trembling frame and heard the cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

CHRISTMAS DAY

was a marvellous season.

We commenced in the morning at 6.30 with a love-feast; it was such an

one as I never attended even in the Christian Mission. The opening hymn was grand, and while we sang—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King"—

they were singing in glory—

"The dead's alive,
The lost is found."

The experiences were short and telling, especially those of the young converts. One said—

"You all know me; I have lived among you for years; and I intend you shall still know me, but as a different man. I will be out and out for Jesus."

Another—

"I have now found what I have been seeking in vain for three years. I heard Miss Stride speaking to a man the other night in the prayer-meeting—laying before him the plan of salvation. I thought, 'If that is the way, I'll be saved.' I left the hall, went home, fell on my knees by my bedside, and very soon was filled with joy and peace in believing."

Thus the meeting continued until twenty minutes to ten. God visited us by fire.

I preached at eleven to a good congregation; a melting time; saints wept, and from their hearts exclaimed—

"Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
And never hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love."

The watch-night service, conducted by Bro. Thorpe, was also a season of great spiritual good.

At the

MOTHERS' MEETING

I have spoken several times.

On the second Wednesday their annual tea was provided, when Bro. Hobday, Sister Thorpe, and myself took part in the service. It was a very blessed time. One of the mothers set out for heaven.

The last time I was there our dear sisters distributed the New Year's gift, which, together with the tea-meeting and packet of tea they each received at Christmas, was the gift of a lady who loves the Lord Jesus. I did wish she had been present to have seen their dear faces brighten, and have heard their hearty "*Ah, that He will,*" as Sister Butler prayed, "God bless the dear lady who has assisted in making these hearts

glad." But I know that by-and-by, when these sisters return with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them, this dear lady will have a share of the joy, for the Master will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

At the two previous gatherings I had noticed one woman with thin, pale cheeks, and a hollow cough, with a little cripple by her side; but I missed her this time, and on inquiry found that she was unable to leave her room, and had sent for Sister Butler to visit her, who went immediately, and the following conversation took place:—

Mother.—"I am so glad you have come, miss. I may go off at any moment, and I wanted to tell you that I have made my peace with God."

Sister B.—"Then you think it is all right?"

Mother.—"Think? I am past thinking now. I know I am saved."

Sister B.—"And when did you receive these impressions?"

Mother.—"It was all through going to school" (this is what they call the mothers' meeting). "I there learnt to see myself a sinner and Christ a Saviour; and now, whenever I go, or however long I stay, I can trust Jesus. I can even leave my little Pollie in His hands. Jesus doeth all things well."

And so He does!

By the Lord's goodness I am sure there is a blessed year in store for this station. May He grant it!

Yours, at the feet of Jesus,
EMMA M. E. STRIDE.

BARKING.

"There is none like unto our God in all the earth. If God be for us who can be against us?"

WE are still going ahead, and have had a continuation of the Master's presence, enabling us to blow our rams'-horns around the walls of sin. Our hall being overcrowded on Sundays, we took the

TEMPERANCE HALL,

and had afternoon and evening services at both places, which have been very successful.

A PARISH CLERK

and his wife came to our hall a few weeks ago, and at the close of the sermon the power of God took hold of the wife and she fell at Jesus' feet and found

salvation. Then the Lord smote the husband, and brought him as well into the liberty of the children of God, and now, praise the Lord, he can say, "Amen," with a full heart. His son, a fine young man, was at the penitential week or two after, and the Lord sent him also on his way rejoicing. The same night five or six others were crying for mercy.

"HEAVEN BEGUN UPON EARTH."

A woman who had been seeking peace for some time came to hear Miss Agar, when the Holy Spirit convinced her of the need of immediate decision. She found Jesus, and at once confessed Him. When I called to see her, I found her full to overflowing. She continued exclaiming, "It's heaven begun upon earth." I enquired whether she had been impressed before, and she said, "Yes, it was your prayers. Oh, what a shame to turn away a man of God for praying" (I had lived next door to this woman six months ago and received notice to leave the house because my praying annoyed the neighbours)! "but your prayers followed me, and, blessed be God, now I can sing

"Jesus, with all, is mine, is mine."

On Saturday, 30th, we held a temperance meeting in the

TOWN HALL.

Mrs. Hayward, of Wandsworth, presided, and addresses were given by various friends—a good meeting.

On the 31st Mrs. Hayward preached all day. Good services. At night the husband of one of our sisters mentioned in last number found pardon. The last hour of the year was a blessed time, and we continued in prayer all night. Next day we were ready for the tea and meeting at Mr. Glenny's school-room (kindly lent), and a glorious meeting it was.

We have established a noon-day prayer-meeting at the Bethel, and so far it has proved a time of refreshing. To God be all the praise!

Yours, in His service,
E. W. BLANDY.

Axe Street, Barking.

WELLINGBORO'.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry" (2 Tim. iv. 5).

The Lord has been blessing us here with His presence and power in a remarkable manner. Bless His holy name.

At class, a while ago, two sisters were present with their babes, and upon speaking with them I found they were not saved. Immediately upon the close of the meeting some of us gathered round in prayer on their behalf, and soon both were able to rejoice in the God of their salvation; they are now members of the Mission.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

I found in her home a woman in extreme want through the illness of her husband, and the first thing to be done was to obtain some temporal help for her, and then to recommend Jesus. I soon found out that years ago she had known the Lord, and after some prayer and exhortation she again ventured on the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

On the last Sunday of the year I preached the funeral sermon of our sister Eden; it was a solemn time, and we followed it up with a blessed watch-night service.

Mr. Bell, of Woolaston, was with us on the 7th; good day. Blessed meetings both inside and out, and at night four seeking the Lord.

Mr. Cooksey, of London, has also given us a day; the Lord came with him.

BETTER THAN PEACE AT HOME.

A dear sister who was under deep conviction for a fortnight, at last found Jesus, and she told us at the meeting one night she was afraid that her husband would be angry about her coming to the services. She prayed about it, and when she got home he said, "If you are going out at night like this you shall have no peace." "Well, never mind," she said; "if I can't have peace at home I have peace with Jesus, for I have made my peace with Him," and her husband burst into tears. Praise the Lord; 'tis better on before.

Thanks for tracts received from Mr. Atkinson and other friends. Others will be acceptable with subscriptions, which may be sent to Mr. Sears, Park Cottage, or to

Yours, in God's service,

WILLIAM WHITFIELD.

4, Havelock Street,
Wellingboro'.

LEEDS.

"How are we getting on at Leeds?"

Well, bless God! He is mightily with us at our meetings, and night after night the power of the Holy Ghost is felt in our midst. "Do you get the folks?" Yes; place about full Sunday afternoons and evenings: week-nights, generally from 200 to 300, a very large proportion of them young men from 17 to 24, and many of them tough and hard as any of your Whitechapel roughs, but they have got souls somewhere about 'em and that is enough for us.

"Do we do them any good?"

They are there night after night, and we give them both law and Gospel as plain and straight as we can. From talks with them it is very plain that God is dealing with them, but they go in gangs and hold one another back. Some of them appear to know as much about God and Eternity as an average Hottentot.

"Do we get any of them saved?"

An odd one now and then. We had four down last night and four the night before, but not the general smash that we are looking, praying and believing for. It must come; and then we hope to have such a lot as would start a small militia regiment. May God give a victory soon! Amen and Amen.

"How did the converts stand Christmas?"

Well, a few got overtaken, who have since come forward and regained pardon and peace.

As a counter-attraction we had on Christmas Day a prayer-meeting at 6 in the morning: 41 present—a glorious time; preaching at 11; love-feast at 2:30, and holiness-meeting at 6:30, besides open-air meetings—one of the happiest days I ever spent, and three saved at night.

"Do the people come four times on Sunday? Don't they get tired of so many meetings?"

Not when their hearts are in it. We had five services inside on December 31st, and as many out. We had a very well attended open-air meeting from 10 to 10:30 before the watch-night. The truth took hold of the people and many came in to the service. A friend counted 300 people inside, and, best of all, God was with us. It was a melting time, and many resolutions were made in the strength of the Lord that 1877 should be a year of victory over sin and consecration to God.

"How are the people getting on in their souls?"

I give the watch-night experience:—

1. Friends, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2. The last ten weeks have been the happiest of my life.

3. I mean to live better next year than ever I did in my life.

4. I want two things during the coming year: I want to feel every second the cleansing blood on me and the Spirit of God dwelling within. I feel the blood is on me now, cleansing from all sin, and that God is within, giving me the victory.

5. I promised God and Brother Dowdle last watch-night that I would speak to some one about their souls every day during the year, and, bless God! I have, and I have the names of 40 of them who have been converted.

6. I am saved outside and in.

7. This has been a memorable year in my history. On the 16th of July I asked God to pardon my sins, and He did it. Last Sunday He saved my wife, and, bless God, I can now say:

"Here I give my all to Thee,
Time and friends and earthly store," &c.

I heard the passing-bell tolling this morning for some one who had died very suddenly, and I said if that had been me I should have gone straight to heaven.

8. Thank God, though I have been a great sinner I have found a great Saviour. I've been a rough un. I could punch and box a bit, but now I fight for Jesus, for He has washed away all my sins.

9. My feet are on the rock. I have been trying to work for Jesus. I am unworthy, but God help me!

10. He has saved me and saved my wife, and we are going on to Heaven together.

11. I'm a soldier for Jesus, and am winning victories over self.

12. By the grace of God I am saved.

13. This has been a month of weakness, but I think I have lived nearer to God.

14. I am happy, and my wife is happy. I love the Lord Jesus, He makes me happy. I had a good old father I promised to meet in heaven, and now I am on the way.

15. I am fully saved and happy in God.

16. And, thank God, I'm saved and

washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am going on.

17. I am saved.

18. I am clinging to the cross.

19. I can truly say:

"Nothing on earth do I desire
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

20. I am glad I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

"Can you get the people to stand and listen in the open air all through the cold winter months?"

Yes, our meetings outside are attended about as well in winter as in summer, and we seem to have much better attention, as out-door meetings in winter are a great novelty here, except, of course, at election times, when some Christian people will stand about in such a way as would give them cold if it were at a salvation meeting.

"How are you getting on for funds?"

Lately we have had extra expense with the new place, and want some £15 for seats, painting, stone, and a platform, else our ordinary out-go is almost met by the offerings of the people themselves. Any contribution will be thankfully received, and may be sent to the treasurer, E. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street, or to the secretary, J. Broadbent, Covered Market, or to

JAMES DOWDLE.

16, Trafalgar Street, Leeds.

STOCKTON.

OUR WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

was a good time; solemn and yet joyful. The first five minutes of the new year three souls found Jesus. All glory to His name.

SAVED AT LAST.

This dear sister has been under conviction for some months, but the other Sunday night, the power of God was mightily at work among the people, and she said at last, I can but perish if I go; I will try. So she did, and the blessed Lord soon set her free.

THE ENEMY BEATEN.

A number of young men have come to our services ever since we have been in the town to laugh and scoff. Many times we have had to speak pointedly to them, but at last the Lord by His Spirit

touched their hearts more powerfully than ever, and already three have professed to find peace. Pray that all the others may be saved.

ELECTRICITY.

"What's the matter, what's the matter?" asked an employer of his workman, so great was the change that had come about. His work-mate shouted out "Tell him, till him." The dear man said, "I was converted last night; God for Christ's sake has pardoned my sins." The Master said, "The change is so great it's like an electric shock."

Brother Lamb has given us a visit since our last, which was greatly blessed, not only to the salvation of souls, but the blessing of believers. Many professed to obtain a clean heart. Praise the Lord.

Help in funds or tracts for the work here will be gladly received by Mr. Ward, Yarm Lane; Mr. Bennington, Silver Lane; or by yours in the Gospel,

JOHN ALLEN.

35, William Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

NORTH ORMESBY.

"But now being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."
—Rom. vi. 22.

"WAIT," said worldly men, "till Christmas comes, and we shall have some of your people at the pantomime: they were there last year, and they cannot miss it this." But, thank God, these newly-converted men had what I call

A HALLELUJAH PANTOMIME

in the Mission Hall, and the world can plainly see that in these hearts where sin did abound grace does much more abound; and now the very men and women who twelve months ago were the willing servants of sin are earnest workers for God. Many of our people are enjoying the blessing of entire sanctification—yes, and here lies the strength of the Church.

A WORD SPOKEN IN SEASON, HOW GOOD IT IS!

At a Sunday-morning prayer-meeting twelve months ago the Holy Ghost fell upon those assembled for prayer, and, with hearts full of the Holy Spirit, they went forth to work for Jesus. A brother

met a man going to work in his garden, and accosted him thus: "How are you getting on in your soul, and for eternity?" The word was left, and it haunted the poor man for twelve months; and the other night, through those very words, he gave his heart to God. May the Lord keep him faithfully!

"Send for the Christian Mission preacher," said a poor man to his wife, "and let him point me to the way of salvation." I went to see him, and found him in great distress about his soul. "Mr. Panter," said he, "I have gone as far as I dare go without salvation, and from this moment I commence to live for Christ. I have been a champion for the devil, and now I will be a champion of the cross." May God help the man! Many more we could mention who have given themselves to Christ of late, but space will not permit.

THE PUBLICAN AND THE PREACHER.

"Ah," said the poor man whose customers we have taken of late, "I wish you and some of your people were in *hell*. Why don't you practise what you preach, and let others get a living as well as yourself. You are spoiling our trade, and I will drown you if you come up this way preaching on Sunday afternoon." "The Lord have mercy on you," said I, and went on.

OUR MEN HAVE BEEN THREATENED, but with Christ in our hearts we mean going on till hundreds are born of God. May He help us! May we do our duty and never mind the publicans!

More and more we need a place for 1,000 people. We have £13 in hand, and we hope some of the Lord's people will help these dear people who try to help themselves.

Yours, a lover of souls,

C. H. PANTER.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE past month has been one of spiritual power and blessing. The persecution from without has not abated; the people are determined not to have Jesus, and the police help them in every possible way to drive God's missionaries from their doors and the precious Holy Spirit from their hearts. May God have mercy on them!

We are trying in every way to get at them; various friends enabled us to give a Christmas dinner to 170 poor; we sent 50 of them out to the bedridden and sick who could not attend. On

Boxing Day we gave also a tea to about 80 children and 100 adults, so we are caring for the bodies of the people as well as their souls, our brethren and sisters giving up their own comfort for the sake of their neighbours. Hallelujah!

Mrs. Col. Urmiston preached for us on the 17th, and the power of God was there to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive.

RUNNING AWAY FROM CHRIST.

A young man sat the whole of the sermon through and became very uneasy towards the close; he ran home and sat down to supper, but the first piece of food he took seemed to remind him of something he had heard. He put it down, ran to the front door of the house, came back again, sat down, again got up and became so wretched on account of his sin, that his friends were frightened. They could not get him on his knees to pray, and at 11 o'clock they came to me and said, "Mr. Blandy, you must come." I did go, and, praise God! he knelt, he prayed, he believed; and since that he has given up the intoxicating cup, and is trying to do something for Jesus. Hallelujah! May God keep him!

"I AM TOO BAD,"

said a young man who sat at the back of the hall—the preacher had been speaking of the danger of delay—but, praise God! he came forward, fell down before God with bitter cryings for mercy, and, although he struggled for more than a week, the light at last broke in; he saw he must simply lay himself, his sins, his all, at the feet of Jesus. Then he said, "I am happy now." He is often preaching Christ to his mates, and one week-night, while listening to the word, was convinced about his pipe. He shewed me a beautiful pipe, and I said, "Throw it down; break it up before the Lord." He made answer, "I won't smoke any more." May he be kept faithfully for Jesus' sake!

"I AM SUCH A WRETCHED SINNER,"

said a poor young woman, as she threw herself at the feet of Jesus, crying and praying for pardon. She found it very soon, and praised God with a loud voice, saying, "Oh, Jesus, I will praise Thee; I am saved! Oh, keep me, Lord; keep me." She is coming out boldly for Jesus; all glory to His hallowed name!

Lord Radstock paid us a visit on the

24th. The Lord Jesus came with him, and we had a time of refreshing; sou's were awakened and saved.

Pray for us here, dear friends; pray for me. There seems to be a cloud of blessing hanging right over our heads. We get a drop now and then; oh, pray that the cloud may break! Thousands of souls are perishing; we must reach them. Help us, by sending tracts, to visit their homes, and we need money to relieve their wants. Every one has the privilege of doing something for Jesus in this way.

Help for the work of God here would be gladly received by Mr. J. Body, secretary, 66, Princes Street, Landport, or by

THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport, Portsmouth.

EAST HARTLEPOOL.

WHEN this new station was suddenly thrown upon our hands we scarcely knew how the services were to be kept up, having no evangelist available to occupy the ground. The Lord, however, just in the nick of time, directed us to a brother who was willing at once to proceed to the work, and who, under Bro. Allen's superintendence, has already made no little progress there; and from his letters, and a note or two from others, we cull the following extracts:—

"Through God's mercy I arrived safely here on Wednesday. At night two souls came out for Jesus, both of them elderly men. Another, a young man, was also under deep conviction. We wept and prayed for his unbelief to be removed, but he could not get through. He went home miserable, and yesterday (Thursday), while at his work, God spoke peace to his soul."

VISITATION.

"I have devoted much of my time to visiting those who have been brought through, and also the sick. Some of the places I have been into are not fit for beasts to live in. Filth, misery, wretchedness, and wickedness, all seem allied to each other. I am only surprised that fever and small-pox are not more prevalent. The awful stench I found in two houses I have not got the better of yet. The poor people seem very glad of a visit, and I believe I shall, by God's grace, win many of them for Jesus.

"One case I think will be very interesting. The family consisted of a grey-headed old man, the father of two sons dying of rapid consumption—one in one room and another in the other—and a little granddaughter. We sang, read, and prayed with them, and exhorted them all to look to Jesus. The younger son went to heaven last Thursday week. He seemed to be nothing but a skeleton. A good brother prayed that God would give this young man his speech and his senses (for he had lost both for a day or two), that he might leave us a testimony that he was happy. The prayer was answered, and this was his experience—

"Oh, Jesus, Thou art precious, Thou art mine. I have heaven in my heart now, and with Jesus in my arms I am going to heaven."

"And he passed away. The other brother is happy in Christ, and waiting the call, 'Come up higher.'"

FIRST EXPERIENCE-MEETING.

"A navvy who has been brought through at the theatre said, 'I thank God I am a sinner saved by grace. I have been a great drunkard and swearer. You know *that*, a great many of you that are here; but, thank God! He has saved me, and I am happier now than ever I was.'

"He was lodging with some Roman Catholics, and through his singing and praying they have turned him out.

"We have another brother, a butcher, who has been one of the worst characters in the town; and now the navvy and the butcher sing and pray with us in the open air, and sinners are surprised."

"December 31st.—Dreadful stormy weather. Held three open-air meetings notwithstanding. Woman under deep conviction; was afraid to give up because her husband had threatened to murder her for attending the services.

"Had a blessed watch-night service. A goodly number, about 150. Five or six brethren spoke, and many gave themselves entirely to God.

"January 7th.—A blessed day. Sister Ward preached afternoon and night. Congregation in afternoon about 700 or 800; night, about 1,500 people. Thirteen precious souls came boldly out to the penitent-form, and at the close of the prayer-meeting they all stood up before the meeting witnessing for Christ.

GEORGE THOMAS.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER ANN EDEN, OF WELLINGBORO'.

OUR sister was born at Milecombe, in Oxfordshire, and was the subject of a Christian father's earnest prayers. Some months ago, while on a short visit to her sister in this town, who is a member of the Mission, she called, in company with several others, at my house, and while there one of our sisters fell into a fit, which lasted some time; but at intervals she broke out singing:

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

And then—

"Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?"

This made a great impression on Sister Eden, and she went away that night a convicted woman. However, her visit came to an end, and she left Wellingboro' unsaved.

But some weeks ago her sister was laid aside, and she came to nurse her, and attended some of the services held by Miss Stride, and sought and found forgiveness.

I shall never forget that struggle. She was keeping company at that time with a young man who was an infidel, and he had to be given up before she was saved.

Soon after this our sister returned home to rejoice her parents with the tidings of her salvation; but her stay here was a very short one. One week after her departure she was smitten with fever, and at once declared that she had no desire but to be with Jesus. The few remaining days were spent in singing, and prayer, and exhortation of her unsaved friends. "Mother, mother," she said, "I shall soon be at home,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

At one time, when in great pain, she said—

"There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest."

And again—

"I will soon be at rest on Jesu's breast,"

and never spoke again. She lingered awhile, and at the last waved her hands, smiled, and passed away to be with Jesus.

Thank God for our other trophy safe at His right hand for evermore!

WILLIAM WHITEFIELD.
Wellingboro'.