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The Value of a Moment:

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

By G. S. RAILTON.

ANOTHER year gone! The value of a year is apparent enough, and we hear a good deal of vague talk just now about the value of time, often from people who think little of the value of eternity. How many understand the value of a moment?

To those who are intent upon pleasure, and who regard life itself with heedless selfishness, seeing no object higher than their own gratification, no wonder that moments, hours, days, and months, are nothing. But to warriors—to true soldiers of Christ—*moments are everything.*

How precious are the

MOMENTARY OPPORTUNITIES TO WORK FOR GOD

that constantly present themselves to every one who is watching for them!

There is a moment sometimes when the child is deeply impressed by some Bible story, or by some passing event. An earnest, loving word from a Christian parent just then may enlist a whole life in the service of Christ; but it is bed-time, or the carriage is just ready, or mother has no time—and the chance is gone.

A single customer is in the shop, and he is friendly enough to talk a little off the line of business. A sentence will press home upon him the importance of his soul as he never felt it before; but he may be offended—there is a momentary hesitation, and with another remark he goes out unwarned.

In the railway-carriage with a single passenger, for whose soul you are praying. He looks rather unapproachable; you wonder how to open a conversation; you look around and within for some theme in which he may be interested. While you are calculating, the train rushes on, it slackens speed, it stops; your fellow-passenger rises and leaves, you feeling that you have thrown away the one opportunity you will ever have to lead him to Christ.

The tract distributor on his weekly round is met at one door-step by some one who says, "You had better not leave one this time, for we are moving." A decided loving effort may open a road into the

house, and into that heart, too; but it is getting rather late, or rather dark, or the distributor "does not feel drawn," or "does not feel able," to be so pressing just then—and another soul, for whose salvation prayer and labour have been spent, is allowed to get out of range unsaved.

The preacher is feeling the importance of his subject, and is conscious of the help of God in dealing with the souls of his hearers. Before him sits one who is evidently moved. The subject is peculiarly suited to his case, and a few words specially designed for his benefit, with a look in his direction, may break down his pride, and bring him to the feet of Jesus. But then "it will not do to be personal"—it will not do, in fact, to cope thoroughly with the unbelief of any one heart—so the sermon goes on, and the man goes home undecided.

There is, there must be, a moment for every man when the word of God ceases to be looked upon as a statement merely, and becomes a felt reality—

A MOMENT OF CONVICTION,

whether it be conviction of sin, or of some duty. How easy to repent, how easy to perform the service demanded just at that moment, and how much harder when the moment is gone! How many battles are won and lost in every hour of our existence! How often are those who ought always to conquer, vanquished, just because a moment is lost or misused!

However numerous and varied may be the influences which tend to lead a soul to Christ, there must be

A MOMENT OF SALVATION,

if conversion takes place at all. That moment may possibly be unnoticed, or forgotten; but there must be a first beat of true soul-life, a first sight of Jesus, to every new-born child of God. Alas! that so many dear labourers who are striving to bring souls to Christ should fear to use moments, as they might be used.

There are performers, the charm of whose feats consists in the extremity of the danger to life and limb which they involve. Surely no one could justly condemn the friend who should seize some acrobat upon the stage, and by main force prevent him from continuing his exhibitions. Would it be thought an improper thing if the same effect were produced as suddenly by reasoning, or by the tears of a loving wife? And yet the vast majority of Christian people look upon the work of conversion as one which must be very gradually accomplished, and consider any determined effort to secure a more rapid consummation highly imprudent at the least, if not more likely to do harm than good; and what is the result? Many churches carry on their services, year after year, without the known conversion of a single soul. Rather than confess the existence of so terrible a state of things, vague statements are made without foundation, except such as may be presumed from God's declaration that

His word shall not return to Him void, but shall accomplish that for which He sent it. This one text is used as a universal salve for all consciences, and, thus perverted, doubtless leads to the damnation of many. Horrible indeed that God's gracious proclamation of His loving purpose should actually be used by His servants as an excuse for indifference to the immediate accomplishment of the Divine Will! What a contrast to the readiness of Christians to accept the instantaneous accomplishment of any purpose of their own!

Who objects to the instantaneous signature of a deed, the instantaneous conclusion of a bargain, the instantaneous starting of a train? Why is instantaneous conversion so much objected to? Is it not because the professed people of God, so decided and earnest in all their worldly concerns, are half-hearted and uncertain in their faith and in their devotion to God? Protestants strongly and universally object to the doctrine of purgatory, and yet, while they are unwilling that there should be the slightest delay in their entrance into Paradise, they repudiate the project of bringing souls at once into the kingdom of Christ as being rash and improper! Such inconsistency would scarcely be credible, were it not similar to the conduct generally prevailing amongst the professed servants of God.

It will always be found that, where instantaneous conversion is looked upon as objectionable, there are scarcely ever any conversions at all. And this cannot be wondered at. By every possible type and simile, and by many exhortations, God has set forth the importance and necessity of instant submission to Him, and has expressed His resolution to accept a broken heart the moment it is offered. If the Lord's professed people prefer their own wisdom—their own ideas of propriety—to His, they must expect that, instead of seeing the Lord's work of salvation, they should only see their own performances, their own weakness, and their own failure.

Away with this dread of sudden conversion! If one of us were on the verge of eternity, should we object to being plucked as a brand from the burning? and if we love our neighbour as ourselves, and believe that in the midst of life we are in death, we must be willing—nay, eager—to secure the salvation of all whom God places within our reach.

What is instant conversion more than an immediate answer to prayer? And if prayer cannot be immediately answered, of what use is it amid the wild whirl of human events? If we believe in God at all, we must believe in the sudden answer to petitions granted by Him who has said, "Before ye call I will answer, and while ye are yet speaking I will hear."

But if God is willing in a moment to answer our prayers, it is gloriously possible in a moment to obtain the greatest blessings. God has declared his intention to circumcise the hearts of His own, and to sanctify them wholly. Great as the work is, God will perform it in any heart the moment that heart casts itself entirely upon Him. "He that asketh, receiveth."

WE MUST ALL DIE IN A MOMENT,

no matter whether our end be on the bed of sickness, or amidst the crash of some great catastrophe. Thanks be to God that the moment of death may be a moment of victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. How many who have been kept away from Christ by the vain thought that the one great change necessary could not be effected all at once, sink in a moment into an unlooked-for perdition, the Lord only knows! Oh, let us with our might strive to turn men to God at once. With all eternity hanging on a moment, let us use all diligence, not only for our own salvation, but for that of others.

So shall a glorious entrance be ministered to us in one grand moment into the kingdom of our Lord. Oh, how supremely precious will it be to feel in that moment that life on earth is ended, and life in heaven begun. If such a salvation be our object, let us see to it that our lamps are trimmed and our lights burning, and that in no moment of 1874 we be found with sin upon us.

The Prayer of Faith that Saves the Sick.



UCH interest on this topic has been awakened in many hearts during the last few years. Wonderful stories—and yet not wonderful either to simple believing souls—have reached us from Switzerland and other places—stories that contradict the generally-received notion that the Lord's arm is shortened to save in the distinct and direct manner which men usually call supernatural and miraculous.

We give below several instances of the putting forth of the Lord's power to heal that are ungainsayable as facts, being related by Charles Cullis, an eminent servant of God, in Boston, U.S., and commend them to the prayerful consideration of our readers:—

“At this time I had under my professional care a Christian lady, with a tumour which confined her almost continuously to her bed in severe suffering. All remedies were unavailing, and the only human hope was the knife; but feeling in my own heart the power of the promise, I one morning sat down by her bedside, and taking up the Bible, I read aloud God's promise to His believing children, ‘*And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he hath committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.*’

“I then asked her if she would trust the Lord to remove this tumour and restore her to health, and to her missionary work? She replied, ‘I have no particular faith about it, but am willing to trust the Lord for it.’

“I then knelt, and anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord, asking Him to fulfil His own word. Soon after I left, she got up and walked three miles. From that time the tumour rapidly lessened, until all trace of it at length disappeared.

“Some time afterward this lady gave testimony in a public meeting to the cure wrought in her by the prayer of faith, and a sorrowing wife present, whose husband was sick with consumption, went home and repeated to him the story. At my request he has written out the case as follows:—

“W—, NEAR BOSTON, *March*, 1872.

“I was first confined to my house in November, 1870, with a violent cold. I lost my voice completely, suffered with pain in my lungs, and expectorated almost constantly. I grew worse every day, and in a week called in a physician. On examination, he found my lungs diseased. I also had fever. With all his care my cough grew worse, and night sweats set in. A few weeks later my wife was told by the doctor that my lungs were badly ulcerated, and that, my case being hopeless, it was not worth while for him to attend longer; also that she must not be surprised if I should pass away suddenly. I then tried some highly-recommended patent medicine, which seemed only to increase my disease.

“When I became so weak as to be nearly helpless, Dr. Cullis was called in. He sounded my lungs, and gave the same verdict, saying that my only hope for recovery was in the Lord. My wife pleaded in the name of Jesus for my restoration; but diarrhoea set in, and my feet began to swell. She, however, continued to pray earnestly, urging me to pray for myself. I could not do it, as I had no desire in the matter apart from the will of God, who had dealt with me so graciously in all my sickness, that I delighted in His will. If it was alone of His goodness to me that you desired me to write, I would not know where to end. During the next summer I seemed to gain, but was so dependent on my medicine, that a single day's omission would aggravate my distress. As autumn advanced, I felt that my disease was gaining ground.

“At length my wife heard, at a meeting for Christian holiness at the house of Dr. Cullis, Miss D. narrate her recovery from a tumour by the power of faith. Returning home, she repeated it to me. I knew that my Father in heaven was no respecter of persons, and the more I thought upon it and read the precious promises of God, the more I was convinced that ‘*the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.*’ Believing that He is faithful that promised, I now sent for Dr. Cullis to come and pray with me. Dr. and Mrs. Cullis, with my wife, went with me into an upper room, where we knelt before God. Dr. C. prayed, anointed me with oil, and in the name of the Lord Jesus commanded me to be healed. Instantly my whole being was thrilled with an unknown power, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. From the moment I believed, the work *was done!* My lungs, so long diseased, breathed with new vigour, and I returned thanks to God for the results of faith. Since that memorable night I have taken no medicine, and my health has been constantly improving, so that I am feeling better now than I did before my sickness. To God be all the glory!”

“The son of a medical friend, of earnest Christian character, fell from a shed, and broke one of the bones of his fore-arm so fully, that the edges of the broken bone almost projected through the skin. A brother of the physician set the arm in splints in the usual way. That evening, as the father stood at the child's door, he saw him rise from his bed, and kneel down in prayer. He said, in child-like, unwavering faith—

“Dear Jesus, make my arm all well now, because it aches.”

"He got into bed again, and immediately was in a quiet, sweet sleep. The next morning he came to his father, and said—

"Papa, I want you to take these things off, because my arm is well'—meaning the splints.

"No, my son,' said the father; 'you will have to wait several weeks for the bones to unite.'

"Yes, papa, but I asked Jesus to make it all well, and he has done it. Don't you believe in Jesus, papa?"

The child then turned to his uncle, and begged him to take off the splints, and through the day continued to press the same request.

The next morning he commenced again, and pleaded so earnestly that the father began to feel that there was more in the child's faith than he had supposed; and turning to his brother, he requested him to take them off. The reply was, 'I would not take them off for five hundred dollars.'

The father said, 'Then I am going to do it.'

"You are crazy to think of such a thing," said the uncle.

Nevertheless, the father took the splints off, and the arm which had been broken was found as sound as the other! His brother nearly fainted, and had to hasten to the door for fresh air. This unmistakable interposition of God, in answer to the child's power of faith, was the means of the conversion of the boy's uncle, who had been an infidel.

This narrative we received from the father himself, who is the highly-esteemed medical attendant of many of our Pennsylvania readers.

These narrations are but samples of a large number, to whom the Lord has made good His promise of restoration through faith, under my immediate personal observation and knowledge. 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you' that the Lord should bestow upon His Church in this day the same 'spirit of faith with power,' with which the first communities of Christians were endowed?

It is right to add, that a few instances have occurred in which I seemed to my own consciousness to have the same faith, and yet the healing did not follow. I offer no theory upon this subject. I simply state facts, and leave the rest with God. And yet I can conceive wherefore He who alone knows the end from the beginning decides why some should be saved, and others left to suffer and to die. It is not always that even those who are Christians have used a restoration to health or to life, to their own blessing, and the glory of God."

In Memory of
GEORGE VIGEON,

OF THE WHITECROSS STREET MISSION,
Who died at his post, a martyr to self-consuming zeal in
the cause of his Saviour, and of precious, immortal souls.

On the last evening of his life he had preached with unusual earnestness from the words, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," and was concluding with the words, "Be ye reconciled to God," when he suddenly fell down upon the platform; stretching

out his hand to the people, he said, "It's all right, it's all right," and expired.

Is it too much to say that he died a martyr to the cause of Christ? No bloody inquisition, no royal tyrant demanded his life; yet he gave it up none the less, and, it may be, more nobly even than those who had no alternative but denial of Christ or death. There can be little doubt but that our brother might have lived longer had he been content to live at ease. He is dead because he *would* live. A crowd of half-dead professors always gather round such a grave with regrets, and half-expressed condemnation of excessive zeal and needless self-sacrifice. There are many who sing—

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

And a very beautiful song too; but George Vigeon not only sang it, he lived it, and it has pleased God to allow him so to die.

Bitterly as we mourn the loss of such a man to ourselves, to his family, to God's people, and to the world, we would rather see such an exhibition of true godliness and manliness suddenly brought to an end than feel that the ranks of the army of self-loving disciples, already so numerous, had one more labourer on its roll.

For another soul-winner triumphantly gone to his rest we praise the Lord. Oh, may we triumph so, when all our warfare's past!

War in Mansoul.

PEOPLE are beginning to wonder if Spain will ever be governed again, and if so, by whom? As we read of Carlist, and Republican, and Intransigente, we begin to think that national wretchedness is, in that sad country, about to reach its climax.

And yet the condition of Spain just now is, after all, very similar to that in which most Christians are content to live, and which many affirm is the best form of spiritual existence possible in this life—*one power recognised and enthroned in the heart—the government by right—but the affections and the life contested for by other powers, and contested for with a great measure of success, with the result of endless anarchy, confusion, and every evil work.* The God of peace never intended that such a state of things should exist in any man's heart. Spain may be doomed to anarchy for a season, for want of any one capable of restoring order; but such cannot be the case with people who have a God.

God has the power, He has the will, and He has it *now*, to settle and govern every heart in His fear and love, so that every thought, and every feeling, shall be brought into subjection to the law of Christ. And the only reason why this great work is not accomplished

in every Christian's heart, is that the Lord's people do not, will not, give themselves entirely up to Him. They are so fond of governing themselves well, that the one competent Saviour of individuals, and Saviour of society, is set aside, and then people have the impertinence to lay the consequent inconsistency and insecurity of their spiritual career to the charge of God, by calling it inevitable while they are in the flesh. Let us be done with all this. Let us really be God's people, and then He will really be our God.

Rough Labourers for Rough Work.



ENGLAND the peaceful, England the peacemaker, has commenced a war of something very like extermination on the West Coast of Africa, with the usual object of course—"to establish peace upon a solid and permanent (and bloody) basis."

But the climate of Western Africa is such that there could be very little hope of keeping a force of British soldiers long in fighting condition ashore, so the plan devised for conducting the war successfully is to stir up the Fantees of the coast to march against the Ashantees of the interior, and to reserve the English forces on board ship until there is absolute need of their presence for a few days on the scene of conflict.

A very wise policy, well worthy of imitation by those who wish to accomplish the work of God amongst the moral wilds of our land. To the rich and educated, the life of the poor and ignorant is a strange thing. The men of high degree cannot, however good their intentions may be, make themselves truly at home with the working classes. With a few exceptions, men feel themselves powerless for work amongst those whose social condition differs widely from their own. An orator, a philanthropist, or a clergyman here and there may attract the masses and hold them more or less under his influence; but in the hand-to-hand combat which is necessary in order to subdue men's hearts, how few find success! If working people's hearts and minds are to be reached, it must be by the agency of their fellows in labour and in suffering. A clergyman may labour in his parish for a life-time, to accomplish himself what some working men would do in a few months, supposing there were an equality in spiritual power. This Mission, with its "native regiments," finds it comparatively easy to get at the people in any locality where all the local "respectable" agencies have conspicuously failed to do so. Guided by the Holy Spirit, and subsidised by our respectable allies of nobler birth, we trust by the grace of God to carry war successfully into many new regions ere another year shall be fled. May God help us!

FLAMES OF FIRE.

BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH MINER.

ELEVEN years ago we were led by a mysterious providence into Cornwall, and the ever-willing and Almighty Saviour poured out His Spirit upon the people.

As we moved about among the crowd, whose spiritual perceptions and sympathies were deeply stirred by the scenes transpiring around them, we often heard the name at the head of this paper mentioned with respect, affection, and reverence. It was, indeed, through all the county-side as ointment poured forth. And when, during a temporary absence from home some little time ago, we were detained for a few hours by indisposition from the means of grace and an opportunity for labour, a sketch of the life of Billy Bray was put in our hands; we hailed it with gladness, and read it through at a sitting, deriving from it refreshment, instruction, and stimulus. While making allowances for peculiarities in the man amounting almost to eccentricity, we regard the book as a well-written memoir of a whole-hearted, divinely baptised servant and soldier of the living God, and we propose to cull from it a few choice incidents, believing that they will prove equally interesting and profitable to our readers.

Billy Bray was born in Twelveheads, Cornwall, 1794. His father, who was a pious man, died when Billy was young, and although he was thenceforth cared for under the roof of a grandfather, also a devoted Christian, he was early led away by evil associates, and when only seventeen describes himself as the companion of drunkards, and very near hell. He continued to descend the incline until he reached the lowest depths of evil and misery. Turned away from the mine where he worked, for insolence, he removed to another part of the country, and, as though to make his damnation sure, went to live at a beer-shop. There he gave himself up to the unbridled gratification of his lusts, drinking, fighting, and other sins and crimes too vile to mention. Speaking of himself at this time, he thus describes

A DRUNKARD'S MISERY.

With other drunkards I drank all night long. But I had a sore head and a sick

stomach, and, worse than all, horrors of mind that no tongue can tell. I used to dread to go to sleep, for fear of waking up in hell, and though I made many promises to the Lord to be better, I was soon as bad, or worse than ever.

About this time Billy seems to have married, and after an absence of seven years returned to his native county a wretched drunkard.

But there were better days before him, and this wretched outcast of society was to become not only a useful man, but a prominent leader in the holy warfare raging between the hosts of heaven and hell. It appears that Bunyan's visions of heaven and hell were the means of his awakening. We transcribe the description given of

THE REMARKABLE CHANGE.

Bunyan saw two lost souls in hell cursing each other for being the author of each other's misery, and that they who love one another on earth will hate one another in hell. One of Billy's companions, to whom he was much attached, was also much attached to him. They worked together, and went to the alehouse and got drunk together. The arrow that pierced his soul was the thought, "Shall S. Coad and I, who like each other so much, *torment* each other in hell?" From that time, November, 1823, he had a strong desire to be a better man. His wife had been converted when young, but had gone back from the right way before marriage. The remembrance of what she had enjoyed was very sweet, and yet very bitter. She told her husband that "no tongue could tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord." "Why don't you begin again?" was his pertinent inquiry; adding, "for then I may begin too." He was ashamed to fall on his knees before his wife, "for the devil had such a hold of him;" but he knew it was his duty to pray for mercy. He went to bed without bending his knees in prayer; but about three o'clock he awoke, and thinking that if he waited until his wife was converted that he might never be saved ("though he had begged she would get converted first, and then show him how to be saved, for he thought she was so much less a sinner than himself that she would soon be forgiven"), he jumped out of bed and *got on his knees for the first time*, and forty years afterwards he could joyfully boast that he had never once since been ashamed to pray.

The following day was pay-day, a day usually spent by the miners, forty years ago, in the public-house, among whom "Billy had been hitherto the wildest, most daring and reckless of all the reckless, daring men; on one occasion, so fearful was his blasphemy, that his wicked comrades declared that *his oaths must come from hell, for they smelt of sulphur.*" Billy spent the forenoon of this day in the—to him—strange occupation of pleading for mercy, afterwards joining his companions as usual. The change in him was soon noticed, and one of them swore with reference to it. Billy reproved the blasphemer, which elicited the remark—"Shall we all go to the Bryanter's chapel?" "Better to go there," replied Billy, "than to hell." And when another reproached him for making such a noise, he replied—"You would roar out too, if you felt my load, and roar I will, until I get it off!"

That night, the following Sabbath, and the forenoon of Monday, he spent in prayer, with the bible and hymn-book for his companions; and when in the mine on the Monday afternoon, he says—"While at work, I was crying for mercy." His sad state moved his fellow workmen to pity; he was not like Billy Bray, they said. Why? because he formerly told lies to make them laugh, and now he was determined to serve the Lord. But no relief came, and he went home "asking for mercy all the way."

HOW THE BLESSING CAME.

It was then eleven o'clock at night, but the first thing he did was to go up-stairs and fall upon his knees, and entreat God to have mercy on him. Everything else was forgotten in the intensity of his desire that the Lord would speak peace to his soul. After a while he went to bed, but not to sleep. All the forenoon of the next day he spent in crying for mercy, food being almost untasted, and conversation with his "partner" at the mine in the afternoon nearly ceased. That day passed away, and nearly the whole night he spent upon his knees. The enemy "thrust at me sore," but "I was glad," he says, "that I had begun to seek the Lord, for I felt *I would rather be crying for mercy than living in sin.*"

On the next day he had "almost laid hold of the blessing," but the time came for him to go to the mine (two o'clock in the afternoon). The devil strongly tempted him while at his work that he would never find mercy;

"but I said to him, 'Thou art a liar, devil,' and as soon as I said so, I felt the weight gone from my mind, and I could praise the Lord, but not with that liberty I could afterwards. So I called to my comrades, 'I am not so happy as some, but sooner than I would go back to sin again, I would be burned to death.'" When he got home on former nights he had not cared anything about supper, his anguish of soul being so great, nor did he this night, because a hope had sprung up in his heart, and with it a determination to press right into the kingdom of heaven. To his chamber he again repaired. Beautifully simple and touching are his own words. "I said to the Lord, 'Thou hast said, *They that ask shall receive, they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened, and I have faith to believe it.*' In an instant the Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy. I praised God with my whole heart for what he had done for a poor sinner like me; for I could say, 'The Lord hath pardoned all my sins.'

"I think this was in November, 1823, but what day of the month I do not know. I remember this, that everything looked new to me, the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. I spent the greater part of my time in praising the Lord. I could say with Isaiah, 'O Lord, I will praise Thee, for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me;' or like David, 'The Lord hath brought me up out of a horrible pit of mire and clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto my God.' I was a new man altogether.

"I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for me. Some said I was mad; and others that they should get me back again next pay-day. But, praise the Lord, it is now more than forty years ago, and they have not got me yet. They said I was a mad-man, but they meant I was a glad-man, and, glory be to God! I have been glad ever since."

No wonder that a man saved after such a fashion should become a soul-winner, and go forth from that chamber

a cheerful, self-denying, and persevering worker for that Saviour who had manifested such unfathomable depths of mercy in rescuing him. To convey to the dark, benighted multitudes around him the tidings of this great salvation became, henceforth, an absolute passion. We never read the life of a man who did more literally

"His every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend."

His first prize was his wife, and then comrade after comrade were seals to his loving, ardent ministry. Here is the way in which he went to work in this blessed business.

PLAIN DEALING.

"There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but did not love the Lord enough to own Him, and us enough to pray with us and tell us we were going to hell. But when I was converted, praise the Lord, He gave me strength to tell all I met with, that I was happy, and that what the Lord had done for me He would do for anybody else that would seek His face. There was nobody that prayed in the mine where I worked; but when the Lord converted my soul He gave me power to pray with the men before we went to our different places to work. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross, but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as from six to ten men down with me, and I have said, 'Now, if you will hearken to me, I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I did not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault.' Some of them would say, 'You pray and we will hear you.' Then I would pray in what people call simple language, but as I hope the Lord would have me. When praying I used to say, 'Lord, if any of us must be killed, or die to-day, let it be me; let not one of these men die, for they are not happy; but I am, and if I die to-day I shall go to heaven.' When I rose from my knees, I should see the tears running down their faces; and soon after some of them became praying men too."

"There was Justin T——, who was with me in Devonshire; we were companions in drunkenness, and came home to Cornwall at the same time. I was converted before he was; and when I told my comrades what danger the wicked were in, and where they would go if they died in sin, they would persecute me, and call me a fool. But J. T. used to say, 'You

shall leave that man alone, and say nothing to him, for I knew him when he was a drunkard, and now he is a good man; I wish I was like him.' *Then my heart went out after J. T.* One day when at work in the field, I knelt down to pray for him. *The Lord spoke to my mind, 'I will save him soon.'* When I next saw him I told him I had good news for him, for while I was out in the field praying for him the Lord told me he should be converted soon. *And so he was.* Shortly after his conversion he was taken ill. I saw him many times in his illness, and he told me he was happy in Jesus, and going to heaven to praise God for ever."

"I worked with a man before I was converted called *William Bray*, and he was, like myself, a very wicked man. Both of us were promoted at the same time, for he was made 'captain' of the mine, and I was adopted into the royal family of heaven, and made a child of God. I had not seen him for a long time, when one Monday evening it was impressed on my mind that if I went to see him he would be saved. And I went, nothing doubting, and found him at home. I prayed with him; told him what the Lord would do for him; and soon he found the Saviour, and was made happy in His love. I saw him many times in his last sickness, and he was very happy and full of faith. Just before he died he sent for me, as he wanted to tell me that *Christ was his.* Then he had a good shout, and said, 'Christ is mine, and I am His.' These were the last words he spoke to me, and soon after he was taken to paradise. Since then, four of his children have gone to meet him, and his wife will no doubt soon, for she too is in the road to heaven."

Billy Bray rejoiced through a long life, not only in sinners being brought to God through his own labours, as who can help doing that has had so great an honour put upon him by his Master, but anywhere and everywhere the tidings of Revivals thrilled him with gladness. This feature in his character is illustrated by the following incident related by the Rev. William Haslam, the successful clergyman evangelist, with which we conclude our extracts for this number.

"I had often heard of Billy Bray at Baldu, from his brother James, and wished very much to see him. One morning, three months after my conversion, I heard some one walking about in the hall of my house, 'praising the Lord.' I rose

from the breakfast table, and opened the door to see who my happy, unceremonious visitor could be—and then for the first time beheld this queer-looking man. I asked him who he was. He replied, with a face beaming with joy—

“I am Billy Bray—be you the ‘passon?’”

“Yes,” I answered.

“Converted, are ye?”

“Yes, thank God.”

“Be the missus converted?”

“Yes.”

“Thank the dear Lord,” said he, coming into the room to make his bow to the said missus. Then he inquired of her if she had any maids in the house.

“Yes, there are three.”

“Are they converted?”

“Yes.”

“Where be they?”

“In the kitchen.” So he proceeded thither, and soon we heard them all praising the Lord in Cornish style with a loud voice.

“After a time Billy joined us again in the dining-room, to take, by invitation, some breakfast, but before he sat down he approached me and suddenly put his arm round me, and took me up, and carried me round the table, and then, setting me down at my chair, rolled on the floor for joy, and said he was as ‘happy as he could live.’ We persuaded him to sit down and get some breakfast, as he had been riding in a slow-going donkey cart since mid-night through the cold night air of January. He said he had heard of our conversion, and had been begging Father to give him leave to visit us. He received permission to do so just as he was getting into bed at half-past eleven. So he put on his clothes again, and ‘hitched in the donkey,’ and came along singing all the way.

“Then he proceeded to tell us why he was so anxious to see us. He said, some years before that time he was walking over the place where the house stands, and the Lord said to him, ‘I will give thee all that dwell on this mountain.’ So he knelt down immediately and prayed for all who lived there, and then proceeded to the various cottages which were situated on that hill, and continued to visit the people in those cottages till they were all brought to the Lord. Then he knelt down and complained that there were ‘only three houses’ there, and received a promise that there should be some more. He never forgot this, but continually mentioned it in his prayers to the Lord till, to his joy, one day he received a letter from his brother James to

say they were planting the hill and going to build a church there, and then his brother wrote to say they were building a house (the Vicarage)—then again another house (the School). Dear Billy redoubled his efforts of prayer and faith, and when the church was opened he came to see and hear for himself, and was disgusted and disappointed to find a ‘Pusey there preaching.’ He went away unhappy, and it came to his mind that he had no business to come to see till Father had bidden. So he departed to the neighbourhood of Bodmin, where he then lived, and remained there. After a few years news reached him of the clergyman’s conversion, and also that there was a great Revival in the place. He then praised God and begged permission to go and see this passon and his missus, and continued to beg till he obtained permission.

“After breakfast he went off to the school-house, and found the schoolmaster and his wife both converted, then to another house where the people were all converted. His joy was unbounded, he jumped and danced, and clapped his hands, he shouted and he sang! The happy man was beside himself, and beyond himself!”

(To be continued in our next.)

TEMPERANCE.

A PARABLE.

A CERTAIN man going up from youth to manhood, fell among beer-shops, where he was stripped of his money, his character, and his friends, and left poor and half dead with disease. And by chance there came down a moderate drinker that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a friend of temperance came where he was, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. But a temperance man, as he journeyed, came to where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and wept over him, and besought him with tears to repent and reform. He gave him his hand and raised him up upon his feet; but the poor man fell down again, and was as bad as ever. Then a Christian Mission man came by. He raised the man up, persuaded him to sit upon his own beast—Total Abstinence—and took him to Jesus, who healed all his wounds, and gave him peace and purity.

Which of these was neighbour to him that fell among beer-shops?

ORIGINAL.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 1.

“And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments to seek his God; he did it with all his heart, and prospered.”—2 Chron. xxxi. 21.

HEREDIAH was a thorough man, capable of being described without reserves.

I. HE WAS A MAN ENTIRELY DEVOTED TO GOD.

1. There was no division in his heart. All there was peace and harmonious worship.

2. There was no hesitation or variation in his judgment. Certain that the Word of God was sure, he took it for his sole guide.

3. There was no inconsistency in his life. With one purpose—the glory of God—he laboured incessantly to realise it.

4. He only sought God—no one can do more. But the search occupied all his life.

II. HE WAS A MAN WHO SOUGHT GOD, IN GOD’S OWN WAY.

1. Having a revelation of God’s will before him, he did not waste any time in waiting for a vague something; but obeyed, believing that in that path he would find all the additional light and help God could give.

2. He made everything bend to God’s law. Not satisfied with doing all he could, under unfavourable circumstances, he altered everything in his kingdom which hindered perfect obedience to God.

3. Instead of leaving God to accomplish His own purposes, he acted as if God’s very presence with His people depended entirely upon himself.

4. He never was weary in well-doing. To say he began, is to say he finished.

III. HE WAS A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

1. He had prosperity in his soul; because he spent his all in labour for the souls of others.

2. He had prosperity in turning an idolatrous nation back to their God; because his heart had no idol.

3. He had prosperity in promoting a revival of true religion; because he aimed at the restoration of right action, as well as of right feeling.

4. He had invariable and perpetual prosperity; because he invariably and perpetually did right in the sight of the Lord.

He was led astray at the last through forgetting God. But the great mass of the Christian world now-a-days have perpetual failure; because, in every particular, they are exactly the reverse of this man.

THOUGHTS ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

THE year has now closed, with its sad tale of mourning and lamentation and woe! Deaths by disease, accident, murder, suicide, battle, and natural decay; insanity, loss of all worldly goods, bodily maimings, sickness, anxieties, troubles, perplexities, sufferings by infirmity and disease—this melancholy catalogue has made the history of the past year, as of all former ones, one of sorrow and grief: as with the past, so with the present year. This will enjoy no immunity from the list of sorrows which has marked the year now closed. Taking our stand-point on the verge of each—on looking back we know the past; on looking forward darkness meets our gaze—the future is hidden from our eyes. Who can tell on whom calamity, in either of the above forms, will assuredly fall? What thoughts should arise in the minds of the two classes which divide mankind, the saved and the unsaved—those who love Jesus, and have given Him their hearts, and those who know and love Him not? The children of God, on looking through the vista of the now-opening year, with the history of the past fresh in their remembrance, do so without fear, dread, or alarm. They know that the awful list of events will be re-written. They can, however, calmly look ahead, and each say—“Though death in any shape meets me, I am ready and waiting to be with my Lord. If it pleases Him to take my reason away, I am safe in my Redeemer’s hands. If I suffer the loss of all things, I have my Jesus left; with bread and water and Christ, I shall be still rich. If He permit accident or suffering to come upon me, I have a precious Jesus to make pain sweet, and in suffering to be my peace. If troubles and perplexities visit me, I have yet the dear Jesus, who says—‘I will send the comforter unto you,’ and who will, with tender love, take my hand in His and lead me along, over and through all difficulties and impediments, and encourage me in my wayside stumblings with His love-smiles, soothing and

delighting me with the kisses of His benignant and tender kindness. Thus fixed on the Rock, and safe in Christ, I stand prepared for every event, and can confidently lie down in the hollow of my Father's hand, for Him to do with me as He will. He says—'All things shall work together for good unto them who love God!' That's enough for me." What can the unsaved say or feel? They go on in the dark, without confidence, or true peace, or good hope. In affliction, they have no God on whom to stay; in troubles, no strong tower to flee to; in perplexity, no Wonderful Counsellor to seek for guidance and direction; in death, naught but blackness of darkness before their eyes. Thy people's cry unto Thee, O Lord, is—"Save poor sinners from going down into the pit, and in mercy show them Thy salvation!"

UNCTION.

A YOUNG man rises in the pulpit. You see nothing engaging in his person, nothing musical in his voice, nothing winning in his manner; he has no reputation for genius, or learning, or wisdom; no illustrious ancestry, or secular sources of influence or authority; he speaks, but when you come to analyze his speech you may find neither logical ability nor rhetorical charms in it; indeed, it may be wanting in connection and void of new thought—yet all listen with eager interest—the giddy is sobered, the worldling feels that he is a fool, the sinner shudders as if brought to the mouth of hell, the saint resolves to live a better life, the minister who had preached for fame turns pale, the whole crowd trembles as in the presence of God. What is the cause? We call it unction. The man has been in his closet, has wrestled with God, and prevailed; he has received his commission anew, has had a fresh anointing from the Holy One. He did not tell you this, but you found it out; you detected the odour of the divine ointment as the smell of a field that the Lord had blessed, and therefore the words went forth into your heart with power as the words of God. Test the discourses of Whitefield, Massillon, Summerfield, by logical or rhetorical re-agents, and you will be at an utter loss to account for their results. As well test the power of the lightning by analyzing the rain-drops that fall from the clouds.

A few weeks since we heard one who has been instrumental in the conversion of more souls, perhaps, than any one of his age in this generation. Men flock around him, and a marvellous power goes forth from him. It was so when we listened to him, and yet how little did he say! Lest we might have been inappreciative, we turned to an aged philosopher and asked him what he thought. "There is not sense enough in his discourse to fill a lady's thimble, but there is devotion enough to float the chariot of Elijah."—*Old Paper.*

PREACHING ON THE BEACH.

By WALTER BRADBURY.

WHILST Vicar of Skerton, it was my custom, during the summer months, to preach about three times a week on the beach at Morecambe, making my quiet little pony my pulpit; whilst some dear converted sailors formed at once my body-guard and my choir, their lusty voices being heard afar, and attracting crowds from the visitors who flock to this watering place during the season, from Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, and other towns of Yorkshire.

It was during this period that Mr. Kirkham paid his annual visit to Lancashire, and according to his custom had an open-air service on Morecambe beach; and it was my privilege to be with him.

A lady passing by on that occasion was arrested by the words of the hymn—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest,"

and was brought under a deep conviction of sin, even to agony, by the address that followed, through the Holy Spirit's application of it. She followed us into a fisherman's cottage, where we prayed with her, and pointed her to Christ; but it seemed as if there was no peace, no pardon for her. However, a fortnight after, in one of the Sabbath services, during the singing of the hymn—

"Not all the blood of beasts,"

the Holy Spirit revealed Jesus to her as the Heavenly Lamb taking all her sins away.

The following year she again visited Morecambe, and I was thankful to find she was happy in Jesus, still trusting in Him for deliverance from condemnation, and having, moreover, learnt to trust in Him for deliverance from sin.

When about to return to her home again, we had a little farewell prayer meeting in a school-room, at which she spoke as follows:—

"Twelve months ago I was a poor dark sinner, wandering on the dark mountains of folly. But ('Oh, to grace how great a debtor!') I was led to hear our dear friend, Mr. Bradbury, speak on the beach, and I saw I was a great sinner, and oh, how astonished I was! Afterwards I found peace, and Christ as my present Saviour. It will be twelve months to-morrow since I was saved. I have had a very happy twelve months, since I learned to say—

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine."

But after I had peace, I found that one thing was lacking—holiness; and that blessing I have since obtained. I saw I was in the promise, 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' I did so for two hours; and then, while engaged in some domestic work, I heard the voice of Jesus a second time, and it said, 'I will; be thou clean;' and I exclaimed, 'It is enough, Lord; I am cleansed from all sin.' No one can tell what joy I experienced. Oh, my eyes dazzled to see the King in His beauty, and my heart with joy overflowed. From that time I have been happy every hour of the day in the midst of trials; and if you had been in Skerton Vicarage last Wednesday, as my dear pastor knows, you would not have been able to speak to me for two hours; I was rapt in the glory."

It was even so; she was spending a few days with us, and I went to fetch her to go to the open-air preaching. But while we went about the King's business, we left her engaged with the King Himself. Afterwards she wrote me a letter, from which this is extracted:—

"MY DEAR SPIRITUAL FATHER—

"Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you, through our Lord Jesus Christ, I thank my God that I can say I am still hungering and thirsting after righteousness;

"My soul for all Thy fulness cries,
For all Thou hast and art."

I find the Lord precious to my soul. My soul has been so filled that I have been almost lost to things below, and I can say, I bless a thousand times the happy day when the first beam of heavenly light broke on my soul, and when the day-star from on high visited me. All else seems

to disappear like clouds before the morning.

"Never was there a heart more obstinate than mine—never was grace more free, and never was there such unconquerable love as the love that hath cancelled all my guilt."

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

AN old American preacher, named Derwell, was a very pious man, but rather eccentric, like many of his brethren in that time and country. In 1812, he went from Tennessee to Kentucky to visit a relative, the Honourable William Bolton. This gentleman made no profession of religion, but as a matter of courtesy he invited his cousin to lead family prayer with them every evening. One day, a judge and his lady arrived from Nashville, to stay the night at Mr. Bolton's. Their host felt embarrassed as the hour for prayer approached; and, in giving the Bible to his cousin, he whispered that he had "better be short, as the judge was not likely to be accustomed to that sort of thing."

"Very well, very well," replied Mr. Derwell.

He read a single verse, then knelt down, and prayed as follows:—

"O Lord, we are poor creatures, we have great needs, and we know that Thou canst succour us; but cousin William says that the judge and his wife, who are come from Nashville, are not used to family worship; and so, though our wants are great, we have not time to pray to Thee! Amen."

The judge was greatly surprised at this prayer, but not more so than cousin William. They both begged the old preacher to conduct the service as he had meant to do in the first instance. He promptly complied with their request, and at once prayed with great fervour and power.

A LETTER FROM MR. CHARLES OWEN,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS SHIPWRECK.

MY DEAR MR. BOOTH—

If you have thought that my long silence may be interpreted by that painful reason, "Out of sight, out of mind," I must beg of you to change your opinion of your old and tried friend, and accept my assurance that you, dear Mrs.

Booth, your family, and beloved Mission, are as dear to me as ever, are seldom out of my thoughts, often form the topic of my conversation, and frequently the subject of my prayers at the throne of grace.

And first let me speak of the most important matter upon which I can address you, and that is, to record the precious fact that I am enjoying, and have long enjoyed, that blessing which you know as the blessing of holiness, and can attest the precious fact that when we thought we had but half-an-hour before we should be called into eternity, I realized before the God whom I so soon expected to meet that the blood of Jesus had cleansed, and had kept me clean. Well is the blood called "precious blood" and faith "like precious faith!" I am deeply happy and blessedly calm, and experience a fulness of joy of which no words can tell. Never can I sufficiently thank God that there is one Mission in my dear old England where "Holiness unto the Lord" stands to the forefront of all teaching. If, dear sir, your *signal halyards* ever get carried away, let one of the *hands* go aloft and *haul* the standard to the mast.

I cannot now enter into details of my voyage. We had generally fine weather; off the Cape, however, we encountered a seriously heavy gale, all skylights and hatches were battened down, but our gracious God brought us through in safety.

I cannot refer with any satisfaction to our work among the emigrants. You could scarcely pick out a lower set of fellows, drinking and swearing being the only order of the day; they were dirty, uneducated, and uncouth. A few professed a change of heart, but I had small confidence in the *profession*. I have very great hope that one poor fellow died in peace; his trust was very simple and clear. The hand of God was against us. Nineteen died and were buried at sea, and four more died when we were at anchor, and we buried them on shore. In quarantine others died. So I have been preserved in the midst of the dying and the dead, for of those who took fever few escaped. It is sad work to bury at sea, and of those who died some were so frightfully ungodly, that I refused to take any part in the service.

I liked Rockhampton; it is thoroughly colonial and pretty. Preached in and

about it a good many times for dear Mr. Hartley—Primitive Methodist Church. The churches in Australia are generally very cold and lifeless.

But to continue. It was on the 18th August we weighed and beat out of Keppel Bay, preparing to sail down coast to Newcastle for coal, and then on to Java—Newcastle is but a few miles from Sydney. Parallel with the coast of Queensland runs a long line of dangerous reefs, rendering the navigation at all times unpleasant, and in bad weather exceedingly dangerous. Well, on the 21st we encountered strong contrary winds with heavy rain, and the night was as dark as pitch. I could not get rid of the impression that we should go on shore that night; and after getting together a few things in the possible event of our having occasion to take to the boats, I entreated the Lord to spare the lives of our unsaved and unprepared crew; but thank God I felt that I was ready for any eventuality. Turned in at night and slept well till midnight, when I was aroused by the heart-stirring cry, "Breakers ahead," succeeded by the necessary command to change the course of the ship; but like the condition of many a sinner who has gone on still in his wickedness, the change came too late, and our noble ship grounded. On the first alarm I sprang from my berth, and was dressed and awaiting the shock like those virgins who look for and are ready for the coming of their Lord.

But, oh! that fearful night. The bumping was fearful beyond all description. Each moment we thought our vessel must part mid-ships. The masts were cut away, but all to no purpose. The seas, as they struck the doomed vessel, broke right over the yards. At each flash of lightning could be seen a long dark line, which was thought to be the land, and three gallant fellows volunteered to put off through the boiling sea to ascertain whether a landing could be effected. For twenty minutes we feared they were lost, their light having disappeared. During this time I got a few of the hands together in the fore-castle, where I had taken refuge from the falling spars, and we had prayers together, and I sang to them—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

I told the men they had often heard me speak of the power of religion, and of the peace it afforded, &c., that they may have been tempted to think that it was all right for fine weather, but that they might now see that it brought peace in the hour when death stared us in the face. Although we might each in half an hour have to appear before our Maker, yet, if a wish could save me, I did not think I had a wish left; that I could leave all with Jesus; that death to me was my greatest gain.

Oh, dear brother! how can I describe the deep, calm, and holy peace I then enjoyed!—I felt a dignity and power which no dangers could disturb.

Soon after, voices were heard calling us to put off in the life-boat, which, after a long delay, a crew of men attempted to launch with success. The boat being hauled back, I was lowered, and another crew took me off, and although a fearful sea was running, and our boat was once or twice in great danger, yet with but a thorough soaking we reached the shore; then it was the masts went over with a terrific crash. The captain and remainder of the crew then landed, the ship sheltering us and breaking the force of the sea.

Nothing could be more trying than that night. It rained continuously, the wind was bitterly cold; all wet through, dark still as pitch. No one cared to wander far for fear of natives, who rejoice in a favourable opportunity to test their skill with a spear. When daylight broke, we gathered spars from the wreck, and made a fire and half cooked ourselves. We were foodless and waterless, and had to wait till two o'clock on Wednesday, before any one could venture to the ship; but we were compelled to venture. The return to the ship was not attempted without great risk, and when on board again, I heartily wished myself on land—the bumping being worse than before. Got some food and some clothes, and books and papers together, but of these I had to leave much behind when we were taken off, because of the surf. The hands got off food, and some water. For two nights I slept under a boat, but on the third tents had been erected, and after we had *shaken ourselves* together, began to feel quite at home like.

The captain and a crew on the third day, at a fearful risk, pulled through the surf, and sailed away to a passing

steamer, and after a long week returned to us, having chartered a steamer to take us to Rockhampton. After attending an enquiry respecting the loss of the ship, I took my passage to Sydney, during which journey we were again placed in much peril.

I had had a wonderful escape from a shark whilst bathing. Why has God so lovingly sheltered me? I would present myself a living sacrifice.

I cannot tell you how disappointed I was on arriving here to learn that Miss Short left the city on the very hour we arrived. Her brother, a dear fellow, tells me that it was of the Lord's ordering, since she is much too weak to endure the gratification of hearing all that I could tell her of our beloved Mission.

Have written the whole day; shall be at work till midnight; can only just hold my pen, so must say farewell.

May the fullest and richest blessings rest upon you and your dearest family! So interested in hearing of dear Mrs. Booth's happy success in Portsmouth.

My affectionate remembrances to the dear friends all, and members too. Do bear me in your hearts on Friday mornings. You, one and all, occupy a warm corner in my heart. God bless you all!

Yours affectionately, &c.,
CHARLES OWEN.
SYDNEY, OCTOBER 6TH, 1873.

Say not ye, there are four months, and then cometh harvest. Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.
—John iv. 35, 36.

ALL that is true comes from God; what is not true, from the creature.

Make no Christian living your standard of what is right in faith and practice, however high his name, his rank, or his learning. Let your creed be the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, and your example Christ, and nothing short of Him.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

To Our Readers and Friends.

THIS month we present our readers with the Magazine almost doubled in size, and we hope greatly improved in other respects. May we be excused indulging the hope that they will respond by an effort to increase its circulation? Like every other branch of our Mission work, the Magazine is consecrated entirely to God, and His glory is its sole design; yet, as in every other case, so in this, we are confident that God never intends us to sow without reaping, or to burden the Mission with an effort incapable of self-support. Thankful for all the service rendered to our work by means of this print, we are yet dissatisfied until the Magazine becomes financially successful.

Certain that the Magazine, like the Mission it represents, has a sphere and a work of its own, we are using means which we trust God will bless to the extension of its circulation, so it may awaken the Lord's people, through the length and breadth of this land, to holiness and earnest labour for the salvation of the people.

Surely all our readers will gladly co-operate with us in this matter. The Magazine, we confidently assert, is worth much more than the price it is sold at, and will be bought wherever it is introduced.

THE CHRISTIAN'S INCENTIVES TO LABOUR.

(1.) Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies. (2.) Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss. (3.) He sends me to proclaim His ability and love. I want no fourth idea! Every fourth idea is contemptible! Every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!—*Cecil.*

WHITECHAPEL.

OH! the goodness of God! Through the past month the Lord has made bare His mighty arm in our midst in the salvation of precious souls at our mid-day meetings. Many have turned in with us for a few minutes, the Word has laid hold of them, and they have fallen at the feet of Jesus and sought mercy.

SAVED FROM THE STREETS.

One dear young woman turned in with us, and as she sat and listened the word of God forced her to tears. I went to her and began to talk to her about

her soul, but I could not get a word out of her for some time. At length she spoke, and as she told me her tale of sorrow I could not help but weep, too. She said, "Oh! sir, you don't know what a bad young woman I am. For some years I have led a wretched life on the streets of this city, and what I have passed through no tongue can tell. I was respectably brought up, and sent to service. I stayed there for some time, until I got into the company of some gay young girls, and went on with them from bad to worse, till I left my place. I lived on my money till it was all gone;

then I could not get another situation, and then I gave myself up to the life I am leading now. I have not done it because I like that life. God knows I don't, for I have often had to go and get a strong glass of spirits before I can go on as I am, and if some kind friend would help me to get away from this dreadful, wicked life, oh! how thankful I would be!" I begged her to give her heart to God, and to make a fresh start in life; but she said, "I cannot give my heart to God and then go back to the wretched life I am leading now." She sank down in tears, buried her face in her shawl, and cried out, "Lord, what shall I do?" Bro.—pleaded with God for her salvation, and she cast her sin-stricken soul on the precious Atonement, and believed that God for Christ's sake did forgive all her sins. "And now," she said, "I will lie down and die before I will go back to my former life." We procured a lodging for her that night, and afterwards a home with a dear, Christian lady at the West End. We have had good tidings respecting her since, and praise God that she continues to make manifest the genuineness of her repentance. Oh! may the Lord keep her, for His name's sake, and rescue some hundreds more of the poor fallen women of our great city!

HACKNEY.

"I hold, and am held."

IN the midst of many difficulties, we are *holding on*, singing, "There's a better day coming, Hallelujah!"

Eight or nine persons have professed to find Jesus since last month's report. A young girl who came in

JUST FOR A LARK

one Saturday night was drawn by the Spirit to leave her companions the next night, and come to our hall. She was laughing during the service, but we soon found it was only to hide her feelings, and in the prayer-meeting she sought and found mercy. Another case was that of a widow who

PROMISED TO GIVE HER HEART TO GOD TWO YEARS AGO

in the tent on London Fields. I remember warning her to do so there. She remained unsaved—a witness against parleying with the Spirit—until she came in a few nights back, saying she

wanted then and there to give her heart to Jesus; and we thank God that the wayward sheep was folded at last. May it teach us more than ever to insist upon a present decision for God! The open-air meetings are well attended. We get good congregations, and an interest is manifested which is highly encouraging; a great many come on to the hall at the close of each service. In the temperance society a valuable work is being carried on in the rescue of drunkards.

The Lord continues also to bless the Children's Mission, and we feel deeply thankful to see so earnest a band holding on, and have cause to believe the work of grace in their hearts is deepening. Praise God! Every day we find fresh need for

A NEW HALL.

We get the present building packed on Sundays, and have no accommodation for our classes or Sunday school. Shall the Lord's work here be hindered or cramped? Nearly all our members are collecting, but we need more than we can hope to gather in our own neighbourhood. May God incline the hearts of his people all over the country to help us, and to help at once!

E. M. P.

POPLAR

is rising, and since we last wrote, several precious souls have been blessedly converted, and are joyously singing—

"Tis religion that can give,
In the light,
Sweetest pleasures while we live
In the light of God."

A YOUNG MAN AND HIS MOTHER.

This dear friend followed us to the hall, from an open-air meeting. He was deeply convinced of sin, and at the prayer-meeting, when the writer spoke to him, he acknowledged that he felt the Holy Spirit was striving, working with him, and falling on his knees, he commenced pleading with the Lord for mercy. Light broke in upon his mind, joy and peace filled his soul, and he sang—

"Praise God for what He's done for me."

When he reached home, he told his aged, widowed mother what the Lord had done for his soul, and entreated her to accompany him to the hall, assuring her that what Jesus had done for him, He was willing to do for her. She came,

sought and found mercy, and now both widow and son may, each Sabbath, and at the week-day services, be seen sitting side by side in the hall, singing and praising God.

"WHAT I'VE LOST!"

said a dear sister to the writer the other day, when speaking of the joy which religion affords. She was converted two months since, and since then her cup has run over.

"Oh," she says, with deep emotion, "I do feel Christ so very, very precious. He fills my soul; but what I've lost! When I look back at the years I spent in mere formality, I feel as if I can't forgive myself for not seeking Jesus years since. Oh, brother, I never dreamed religion could make a person so happy. It sweetens life, and makes everything appear new. Now I see God in everything, and all things tell me of His love and goodness. Thank the Lord I ever heard you preach in the hall!"

GANNING TOWN.

DURING the past month Mrs. Mathieson and Miss Funnell have conducted a series of special services at this station. During the day they visited from house to house, taking whole streets in a line, gaining an entrance where they could, dealing personally with the inmates about their souls' welfare, and praying with them. The result has been the conversion of precious souls, and the quickening of the Lord's people.

ANOTHER GIPSY SAVED!

He had been prevailed on by some of our converted gipsy friends to attend the above services. The word was applied with Divine power, and when one of our friends spoke to him about his soul, he replied, with deep emotion, "I've been a very bad un." On being told that Jesus came to save bad ones, he said—"Then I hope he'll save I." And falling on his knees, he began to cry aloud for mercy. A friend, kneeling by him, said—"Lord, save him!" when he caught the petition, and said—"Lord, save me, a great sinner!" His feelings became more intense, as he continued to cry—"Lord, save me, a great sinner!" and then he wrestled until he was enabled to say—

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

In that moment peace filled his soul, and he rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

SALVATION OR DAMNATION?

At one of these meetings, also, an agricultural labourer was powerfully wrought upon; and in the prayer-meeting a friend said to him—"Now, my friend, which is it to be, Salvation or Damnation?" "Oh," he said, "I deserve damnation, for I am a great sinner." On being told that the Lord did not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance, he immediately sprang to his feet, ran to the penitent form, and began to pray very earnestly for pardon. He had not wrestled long before he was enabled to venture his all for Jesus; and rising from his knees he joined most heartily in singing—

"My God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine!"

The joys of salvation so filled his soul, that returning to his home he told his friends how great things the Lord had done for him. He entreated his daughter to seek religion, and prevailed upon her to go with him to the hall, when she too became concerned for her soul, sought and found Jesus. A person lodges with them, whom they knew to be unconverted. They immediately began to tell him that religion's ways were ways of pleasantness, and he too was induced to go to the hall, when he resolved if this happiness was to be obtained he would get it. Nor did he seek in vain; for now, father, daughter, and lodger are all rejoicing in the Lord, and blessing the day when they heard our sisters in the hall.

PLAISTOW.

At this station many sinners are professing to find the pearl of great price. The hall fills, and there is every prospect of enlarged success. The opposition and violent persecution we have referred to on former occasions has in part abated; but still the old enmity exists, and ever and anon a desperate effort is made to put a stop to our open-air services. A few Sabbaths since, when Brother Torroce, of Poplar, was preaching, one of the old persecutors pressed into the middle of the company, and seizing our brother by the coat-collar, he shook him violently while on his knees. This not having the desired effect, he shouted lustily in the praying

brother's ears, declaring he would stop it. When a brother standing by remonstrated, he replied, as tears stood in his eyes, "*Well, I know I am wrong; but something so prompts me. I can't help it, and I won't.*" We believe the time is at hand when all these persecutors will be caught in the gospel net. Friends, pray for it.

THE TEA MEETING.

About three weeks since we held our tea meeting, at which a large number were present. A public meeting was held afterwards, when our friend, Mr. Fuller, occupied the chair, and gave a most appropriate and encouraging address, expressing his delight and pleasure that we had purchased the hall, and his belief that Mr. Littler and himself had been divinely directed in conveying to us the freehold. He said we were doing the work that was so much needed in Plaistow, which was, in reaching the most vicious and depraved—the work others had failed to do, and he believed we should have still greater success. We might depend on his sympathy and hearty co-operation. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Littler, who said we were doing a great work, and were the right people in the right place. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Booth, myself, and others, and altogether it was the most blessed meeting our friends remember. The influence of it is still felt, and our friends determined to be united in victory, and are singing—

"We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
And the foe shall be driven,
And we ne'er will retreat though we die,
Till the victory we've won by the cross."

CUBITT TOWN.

FOGGY WEATHER.

AND it has indeed been foggy weather of late; but thank God the fog has not put our light out; for although it got into our eyes and down our throats, the heart has been kept clear, and despite the cold weather, our friends keep up their open-air services, and the result has been the conversion of precious souls. A few Sabbaths since a man heard the word in this way at a street corner, and was attracted to the hall, who afterwards said he was so miserable that when he heard the open-air speaker first he was on his way to

commit suicide. A few Sabbaths since Brother Railton spent the Sabbath with our friends—had a blessed day, large out-door meetings, and at night precious souls professed to find the pearl of great price.

THE PUBLICAN AND HIS HORN.

This dear man is exasperated with our open-air meetings, and has many times tried to interrupt them, because, as he says, they injure his trade, and if continued will ruin his house. A few services since, hearing our friends singing in the distance, he caught hold of a large horn, and running towards our friends, commenced blowing his horn most furiously, declaring he would once for all end their singing and praying. The noise of his horn soon brought a large crowd together, when one of our friends fell on his knees in the midst of the crowd, and in front of the publican, cried aloud—"Lord, convert the publican. Lord, convert the publican." Soon the horn ceased its noise, and the landlord cried, "Oh, I can't stand that!" and at once beat a retreat, leaving our friends with a large congregation, to whom they preached Jesus as a Saviour from all sin.

H. MARGETTS.

MILLWALL.

ALTHOUGH our hall at this place is but small, and in a corner, God is with us and saving souls. Glory to His name!

FOUND AT LAST.

A dear man, who had very much reduced himself through drink and gambling, heard our friends in the open air, came to the hall, and the word was again given with great power to his soul. In the prayer meeting he sobbed aloud for mercy. God heard his cry, set him free, and made him a new man in Christ Jesus. Praise His name!

STRATFORD.

THE clouds are breaking here, we hope, and the answer to many prayers is being received. Some hopeful conversions this past month have cheered our hearts, and given us fresh courage to keep on boring and blasting this very hard rock. On Sunday, the 14th, there were three souls for Jesus. Praise the Lord! Friends, pray for Stratford.

LIMEHOUSE.

THE Lord's work is on the move here, though not so fast as we should like to see. Our congregations increase; all we want is more of the Holy Ghost.

On Sunday, Nov. 30th, God revealed Himself. The word was with power, and three souls sought mercy. On the following Monday night a poor backslider came weeping to Jesus. He healed his backsliding, and made him whole; and then he shouted—"I will serve the Lord!"

On Sunday, December 7th, our friends commenced operations against the enemy at four o'clock in the morning, and continued till eight in fervent prayer; again from ten till eleven. In the preaching service that followed, the hallowed presence was more than tongue can tell. Again, in the afternoon, God was with us, and in the evening the word seemed to go right to the hearts of the people; many were in tears, and left, weeping, five professing to find the Saviour. Praise the Lord!

BLIND EYES OPENED.

One dear woman, when she stepped into liberty, shouted, "Oh! I didn't think religion was like this, or I would have had it before." We think many are in a delusion on this point. Oh! may the Lord open their eyes.

J. ALLEN.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW HALL AT BETHNAL GREEN.

LAYING OF THE MEMORIAL STONE.

ON Tuesday, December 16th, the commencement of this building was publicly recognized, and the friends met together to praise God and rejoice in the event.

Prayer and praise were first offered, and a portion of Scripture was read. Mr. Booth then briefly explained the nature and purpose of the Mission, and the stone was laid, amid the earnest prayers of those present that the house about to be erected might prove to be the birthplace of very many souls.

Mr. W. J. Lewis then stepped forward, and spoke a few heart-ringing words of cheer. He referred to the difficulties he had for years been battling with in a similar kind of work in the lowest quarter of Spitalfields. He urged the friends to disregard the opposition which was manifested by a neighbouring gin-palace, even while engaged in that in-

teresting ceremony, and compared the hall about to be built to a lighthouse, predicting that it would guide many a poor mariner, tossed on the ocean of life, into the haven of a Saviour's love. After many of the friends present, from all parts of the Mission, had laid bricks over the stone and placed their offerings thereon, a tea meeting was held in the school-room of the Rev. H. Ollerenshaw's church opposite, kindly lent for the occasion.

After tea an open-air meeting was held with such success that it was feared the police would interfere, to disperse the immense crowd which gathered.

An enthusiastic meeting followed in the school-room, at which Mr. Margetts explained that the hall to be built would hold 350 people. It would cost £200, towards which sum £30 had been promised and collected by the people, and urged the people to bestir themselves, so that the building might be opened free of debt, and reminded them that when the place was occupied, their work would only be begun.

Mr. Clare said that the Mission had come into the neighbourhood, not in a spirit of rivalry with any religious denomination, but in a spirit of determined opposition to the devil and all his emissaries; and although our agents were only unlettered working men, they were able to say that their sins were pardoned, and, with the joy of the Lord for their strength, they would overcome every foe.

Mr. W. B. Booth said that they had reason for gladness that night, for they might look upon the stone laid that afternoon, not only as a memento of all the wonderful ways in which God had led that branch of the Mission in the past, but as a fresh declaration of war with the enemy, war to the knife—with sin and Satan, war for ever.

Mr. Booth referred to the past history of the Bethnal Green branch, and said that, though they had few friends and many enemies, God had been with them from the first, and with His presence all would be well. He then proceeded in his own fervent and forcible manner to urge the claims of the multitudes of poor drunkards with which that neighbourhood abounded upon the attention and sympathy of all present. That this appeal made a powerful impression was easily seen in the rapt attention, tearful eyes, and hearty responses of almost all present.

RE-OPENING OF THE GLOBE ROAD HALL.

MOST of our readers will remember the closing of this place last winter, owing to the ruinous condition of the building.

Since that time some of the friends have clung together, holding meetings for many months in a cottage, and labouring on in the open air, in hope of the glory of God. The whole neighbourhood had been searched again and again for some place in which we might hold services, but in vain.

At length, however, God has graciously restored to us the old building, in which such glorious scenes of salvation were enacted. The owner has sufficiently repaired the roof, we trust, to make it weather-proof; and though we could hardly use a plainer, lowlier building, yet we rejoice exceedingly to have any room in which the people can be gathered, and souls saved.

As we took our stand at the corner of the road, at ten o'clock on Sunday, the 7th inst., to commence our open-air service, preparatory to the first in-door one, we saw at once abundant evidence of the necessity for our work. Scarcely a shop in the road, or in any of the streets within sight, was closed. Between the hall and the top of Globe Road, a distance of about 100 yards, we counted seventeen shops open. Men and women in every-day clothes crowded past, tradesmen cried their wares, and scarcely a sign of respect for the Lord's Day was visible anywhere.

Scarcely had our little band of working-men commenced the service, however, before the Lord appeared amongst us to give the invariable blessing. Groups of eager listeners gathered round us; tears flowed, and shopkeepers, with a surly shout of dissatisfaction, retreated to the back of their shops as earnest and straightforward words of warning were heard.

A goodly company of our people, with several strangers, rejoiced together in the hall in the morning, and in the evening the place was filled with a congregation who listened attentively to the stirring testimonies of a band of converted gipsies.

Services have been held every evening since with steady and increasing success, and there is every prospect of regaining our old influence in the neighbourhood.

G. S. R.

After a few words of thanks to the friends from Messrs. Railton, Moore, and Heathcock, the meeting closed in the ordinary way.

PRAYER REQUESTED.

BROTHER BOGGETS has been seriously ill the last fortnight. A part of this time his life has been in danger. Although very much better, he is still in a very precarious condition. And we desire for him the prayers of all our dear friends, not only that his life may be prolonged, and his health fully re-established, but that he may be restored to the work of preaching Christ, with a soul hallowed and baptized with more glorious power of the Holy Spirit than ever, that so he may profit by the fires of affliction.

TO OUR LADY READERS.

CHEAP OR CAST-OFF CLOTHING.

OUR blessed Lord commanded His disciples to care not only for the souls, but the *bodies* of those who needed help. Keeping this in view, we are anxious to do what we can to alleviate the distresses and sorrows of the poor mothers in the vicinity of our halls. Many a mother, weary and cast down with the cares of her family, has come into our afternoon meeting, and there met with Jesus, and gone away refreshed.

But we want help. The work cannot be carried on without money. Articles of clothing, which could be sold cheap to the poor mothers, or cast-off garments, which could be *given* to some of the still poorer ones, would be thankfully accepted. Our object is not to make these mothers' meetings a system of charity, but to help the mothers to help themselves. Four meetings in London are already in operation, and we are anxious to commence others, as, by this means, hundreds are brought to hear the Gospel who would not otherwise attend a place of worship. Contributions of any kind would be thankfully received by ELEANOR M. PARRY, 272, Whitechapel Road, E.

SMALL THINGS TEST MEN.—In small things lie the crucibles and the touchstones. Any hypocrite will come to the Sabbath worship, but it is not every hypocrite that will attend prayer meetings, or read the Bible in secret, or speak privately of the things of God to the saints.

OPENING OF A BRANCH IN BARKING.

THIS is a town of some 7,000 inhabitants, two miles east of Plaistow. A large jute factory employs nearly two thousand persons, many of them boys and girls. This mixture is naturally fearfully demoralizing, and the working people throughout the town are perhaps as low sunk in gross darkness as any can be. Some of our Canning Town preachers had acquaintances in the town, however, who gave them an invitation to come and preach in the open air. Once the work was begun, and the fearful need for it demonstrated, we had no peace until we consented, formally, to assault this stronghold of Satan.

Bros. Railton and Bird went to hold the opening services on Sunday, the 30th November. The forenoon was spent in proclaiming the Gospel in every street; but so callous were the people that they would scarcely open a door or a window to hear the word of God. In the afternoon, four of our people came from Canning Town to assist, and a small congregation was gathered in the Seamen's Bethel. Here the story of God's wonderful dealings with the Mission, and with the souls of the Mission members present, was so applied to the hearts of the people, that all present were deeply impressed. One poor sinner fell trembling on his knees, sought and found mercy, ere the conclusion of the meeting.

There was no friend in the place to offer even a cup of tea, but nothing daunted, our people went out into the street immediately after the conclusion of the afternoon prayer-meeting, and, after singing down the main street, had just commenced an open-air service, when a poor man, touched with sympathy for the sisters, who had walked four miles, sent his daughter to invite them to tea. After this very timely refreshment, they returned to the stand, and soon a large congregation gathered round. Not many, however, were willing to enter the hall; but again God was powerfully at work there. One big man trembled so that he shook the form on which he sat. A poor woman, in every-day dress and smelling of dirt, knelt, with a baby at her breast, to seek the Saviour, and went home rejoicing in His pardoning love.

Since the above date Bros. Corbridge and Sales have laboured in the place,

and the Lord has brought other souls to Himself.

The following report from Bro. Corbridge is just to hand.

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—

I came to Barking the first week in December, and commenced in the open air to preach Jesus, and was listened to with marked attention. On Friday, December 5th, two friends from Hastings, with myself, commenced services in the "Seamen's Bethel." I took as a text Gen. 35 1—"Arise, go up to Bethel: and dwell there." God gave us one soul. Hallelujah! Since then I have had a brother from Croydon to help me, and we have visited from house to house, right through the town, and both public and private houses. We have been cordially received; at night, we have held services in the Broadway, and in the Bethel; out of doors, we get crowds to listen with very little opposition; in-doors, a few souls have professed to find peace. Amongst the number are

TWO BROTHERS.

The eldest had been a backslider three years, but one night he came to the meeting, drawn by a tract that had been left at his house during the day. He was pricked to the heart, and while I was praying for him in the prayer meeting, he cried with a loud voice—"Lord, save me." The Lord saved him, and he went home happy. Next night he brought his brother, and the Lord took hold of him, and he came forward and found peace in the same way. The two are now banded together with us in prayer for the whole family. Lord, save them! Another case was

A DEAR OLD MAN OVER SIXTY,

who had retired from business on account of his health. While in the meeting, the Holy Spirit showed him his sins, and he came to the penitent form, cried for mercy, and, I believe, found it.

Many others are deeply moved; we are looking forward for a great revival. Friends, pray for us. Help to carry on this work, in money or tracts, may be sent to my address—WILLIAM CORBRIDGE, 1, King's Road, Barking New Town.

CROYDON.

THE work of soul-saving still goes on at this station. Our members are cultivating a closer union with God—keeping the world under their feet, Christ in the heart, and heaven in view.

MR. BOOTH'S VISIT

on the 30th November proved a great blessing to many. In the morning he counselled the children of God in their great work—the salvation of souls, throwing out many remarks which stimulated and built up the believers in Christ.

In the evening he preached a powerful sermon from, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called Christ?" The Holy Spirit applied the word to the hearts of the people, and two precious souls were enabled by faith to trust in Him for salvation. One of these, a middle-aged woman, said, "I must tell you, sir, that Jesus has saved me while you were preaching." Her face, which beamed with the new-found joy of salvation, attested the truthfulness of what she said. At the close of the service on the 5th a young woman wept, and cried aloud for mercy, and soon rejoiced in a knowledge of sins forgiven. And oh! how our hearts were rejoiced when a few days afterwards she came to the hall and informed us that she had joined a Christian church, and was happy in Jesus! Truly the Mission is a nursery for other churches. To God be all the glory!

On the 15th I preached in the evening, and we had a very blessed time. Two souls found peace, and each bore testimony to the change. One, a young woman visiting in Croydon for a few weeks, said, "I would just like to say, friends, that I have been a member of a Christian church for over three years, for which I am truly ashamed, for I never experienced a change of heart until to-night; but, praise God, I have the witness of the Holy Spirit that I am saved through the precious, all-atoning blood of the Lamb."

J. M. SALT.

BROMLEY.

THANK God, at this station there is plenty of work, and delightful work, too.

On the 6th Bro. Lane spoke with much liberty, and God honoured His servant's labours with two precious souls. One of these, a church-goer, said he came in out of curiosity; the power of God's spirit laid hold of him, and he found pardon. Hallelujah!

A dear woman who had been listening to the word one Sabbath morning, in the open air at New Bromley, with

tears in her eyes, said, "You will conquer them (meaning the people around) if you keep on." I said, "How is it with your own soul?" She confessed she was unsaved. I told her of the cleansing blood, and said, "Let us have a word of prayer." She said, "If you come into my house the neighbours will persecute me so." But we prayed, and before we came away we had the joy of hearing her thank and praise God for the peace He had given her.

In the evening Bros. Branson and Hill conducted service in the iron room, and two souls found the Saviour. One was a poor backslider, who returned to his father's house and found him ready to receive him. The other was

A "DEAF MAN,"

but the Lord made him hear sufficient to convince him that he was a sinner, and stood in need of a Saviour. He cried unto Him that can unstop deaf ears, melt hard hearts, and give remission of sins. They left, praising their Deliverer.

THE RIGHT SORT OF COTTAGE MEETINGS.

Since we have been holding services here the householder, his wife, a son and a daughter, with several others, have professed to be brought to God. This man holds on his way bravely, amid much persecution. In walking down one of the worst streets in Bromley you will often hear some one call out, "*Oh! this is the house where you can get your souls saved!*" Hallelujah! Many step in and prove it true. "When they persecute me," says the man, "I only smiles and passes on, because I knows that I am right now, whereas I was all wrong before." It does our hearts good to see his happy face and to hear his simple but earnest prayer for God to save others. He says, "O Lord, Thee hast saved me, and Thee canst save them. Glory! I believes it."

J. M. SALT.

HASTINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has been our privilege and joy once more to greet our friend and brother Beable, after three months' separation, and to spend two days with him at this station; and it has been a greater joy still, to find, by the common consent of the people, and, so far as we could judge, from the aspect of the station itself, that

the Lord's work is prospering in his hands.

The Sabbath services were good, and the congregations, afternoon and evening, were large; and at night six souls sought mercy. Praise the Lord!

The next day was the quarterly meeting, and we greeted with thanksgiving many dear friends from Ninfield, and were glad to hear that God was blessing them there, and at several villages round about. The general testimony to the spiritual dearth and destitution of these villages made us generally desire to mission every village in Sussex. After a careful discussion of the subject, it was decided to accept what appeared a very providential call to commence mission services at Rye. At night a tea and public meeting was held in the Market Hall, a good number were present, and an enthusiastic and useful meeting followed. Christ and His cause on the earth was the theme of the speakers, and souls sought His great salvation at the close. Thank God for anxious souls at a tea meeting!

CHATHAM.

I AM glad to say God has been blessing us every day since we raised the Christian Mission flag in this town. All our open-air meetings have been well attended. Great crowds have listened to the story of the Cross from the lips of some of our brethren, myself, and wife. We have mercifully been favoured with fine weather, so that we have been able to hold four open-air meetings during the week, besides three every Sunday, and we have had evidence of much good being done and many sinners awakened; at every meeting men and women, some of them of the lowest order, spell-bound while we spoke. On two nights persons have followed me on my way home, to ask me what they must do to be saved.

GREY-HEADED BUT UNCONVERTED.

One man came to the door, and wept like a child as he told me how his two sons came to our meetings and got converted. He, himself, has been to chapel for years, but is now grey-headed but *unconverted*, like a great number in this wicked town. O Lord, send deep conviction, so that they cannot eat, drink, work, or sleep, until their souls are saved!

On Wednesday, one of the new con-

verts, a fighting man, played the concertina in the street that he used to play in the tap-room, and it attracted great crowds, emptying the two public-houses at the end of the Military Road, where we hold our open-air meeting. A greater testimony we could not have than some of the new converts standing by us, whom the people knew to have been such notoriously wicked characters. The cross-roads were filled for two hours; there was no interruption, all stood as quiet as if in chapel.

We have cottage prayer meetings on Tuesday evening, and blessed times we have; the unction of the Spirit rests upon us; we want to pray and prevail. If we prevail with God, we shall prevail with men and sinners. The people are beginning to feel the effect of this meeting in that street.

Thursday, a believers' class meeting. We have now twenty members, all, I believe, consistently walking in the way of life. These meetings are seasons of joy; as the converts tell their experiences, we cannot but praise the Lord with them, for what he has done for their souls. Hallelujah!

Sunday, November 30, was a good day—the first mission Sunday; 2:30, I preached to a good company from, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin*. 6:30, the meeting was addressed by Brother Moore, of Shoreditch, and myself and wife; the Lord was with us, three new converts, several anxious.

TWIN BROTHERS SEEKING MERCY.

Two brothers got their sins pardoned, and went home happy, and told their parents what God had done for them, and wept for joy and praised God. The mother prayed with them as she is accustomed, but the father was so alarmed that he went to fetch a Christian friend, to ask him what he thought of it—whether it was real or madness; but they said, "We have been to the Lecture Hall, and got converted." The father has since told me he thanks God that his two sons are saved; but he is still unconverted. One son is in London, and goes to one of our halls there; the other brother has joined the mission here, and is rejoicing and preaching Jesus behind the counter, and as he sells the tea and sugar, he tells the customers they can have salvation without money and without price. *Hallelujah to the Lamb!*

A HALLELUJAH DAY.

Sunday, December 7th, at 2:30, Mrs. Dowdle preached from, *Lord, help me*, to 300 people, and exhorted all to pray that short prayer. Many wept, both saints and sinners, several under conviction. At 6:30 I preached to about 700 people, on, *The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost*; and bless the Lord, He was seeking in the Lecture Hall, and He found some. Praise the Lord, ten souls professed to find Him, to the joy of their hearts.

A WINKLE-SELLER AND HIS WIFE.

A man out on his Sabbath-breaking business listened in the open air in the morning; the Spirit of the Lord took hold of him, and he made up his mind to come to the hall at night. He came, and brought his wife with him; they sat at the back of the gallery, but in the prayer meeting they came down, and went publicly and boldly to the penitent form, and oh! they did tremble and shake. However, the man began to pray—"O God, save my soul." It would have done you good to have heard him simply tell the Lord what a great sinner he was, and confess his sins; and, glory be to God, He set him free, and saved his soul. How happy he looked, his wife weeping at his side! He said, "Believe, believe, in Jesus, mate, and he'll save your poor soul;" and Hallelujah! we had the victory; God saved the old winkle-seller, that he said—"I would not part from the happiness I feel in my poor soul if any body was to offer me ten thousand pounds; He has saved my poor soul, praise the Lord!" It was a *real mission victory*. They are still happy, attending every meeting. May God keep him to the end! He told the people in the street, the other night, instead of shouting—"Winkles penny half-a-pint," I can shout—"Jesus has saved my soul."

On Sunday, December 14th, 1873, I went out believing for a good time. It was very cold for open-air work, but God was with us. At 2:30 Mrs. Dowdle preached with spiritual power. Many broke into tears, several went away weeping. Hallelujah! Jesus knocked so hard at one woman's heart, that she was constrained to come to our house to see us, to pray and point her to Jesus, which we did; and she was enabled to sing—*The blood of Jesus cleanseth me, Hallelujah!* At 6:30 we processioned to

the hall. I preached on, *God so loved the world*; felt very hard at first, but after a while the Lord gave me liberty. I saw eyes filling with tears, and could not help weeping; the Spirit came down upon the people, and *eight surrendered to Jesus and professed conversion*. One man ran away: he felt himself going, as he called it. A woman was leaving under conviction and fell down the gallery stairs, but came and got converted, and went away rejoicing in Jesus; but many wept and felt that God was there.

A SOLDIER OF THE ROYAL MARINES

came out for Jesus and was made gloriously happy; he came and joined the class. He says, "*he has been every thing that is bad—a thief, a whoremonger, and housebreaker*, but God broke his heart and healed it again." He told me that his heart was as hard as a stone, but now it is as soft as a kid glove, Hallelujah! Jesus can break the hardest heart, can kill and make alive; bless His name! Pray, pray for us at Chatham. Another regiment came yesterday. I hope the time is coming when Chatham may be as noted for piety as it is for vice.

We are fitting up a good hall for services every night in the week; it will cost us something like £40. Will our friends help us in this matter? Our friends are, nearly to a man, working people. We hope our friends will send us a little money. Contributions will be received by Captain Tinnmouth, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, Treasurer; Mr. George Heath, 14, Otway Terrace, Secretary; or by James Dowdle, 15, Colegate Terrace, Evangelist.

PORTSMOUTH.

We are still pushing forward in this wicked town. On the 30th November we had a large audience, and a night of much power in the Music Hall, and, taking pity on the dear fellows about to embark on the following Wednesday for the Ashantee war, we gave, the next night, a

FAREWELL TEA

TO THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN men of the above regiment accepted an invitation to tea at the Lake Road Hall, before their departure for the Gold Coast.

As none of the religious bodies in the town had arranged for any such meeting, great interest was manifested in the proceedings, both the local newspapers being represented on the occasion. Plentiful provision had been made for the tea, which was evidently enjoyed by the men.

But the question raised was, How will you do when the tea is over? Who can keep three hundred soldiers to listen to the Gospel on their last evening out of barracks in England? Our trust was in God, and so wonderfully did He assist us that although the men were spoken to about their souls with the utmost frankness, yet not only did they remain, with three or four exceptions, to the end, but they listened with eager attention to every speaker.

Captain Cockburn, an old officer of the regiment, said he was thankful for such an opportunity to address a few farewell words to the men. He trusted they would not only maintain the honour of the Queen, but of God, wherever they went, and the fear of God would save them from all other fear.

Mr. Railton warned the men that they might have to fall in a moment in Africa, and entreated them to see that whenever their last moment came, they might be able to say, "It's all right." God forbid that he should speak to them as if he thought they were all saints! He knew better; and while he thanked God for as many of them as were Soldiers of Christ, he was sure some of them were conscious that they had been neglecting God and serving the devil all their lives. Yet, thank God, a way had been opened by Jesus Christ for the salvation of all—even the worst there. Only let them beware of the delusion that, because Christ had died they might all make sure of God's mercy—no matter how they lived. They must repent and believe the Gospel, or go to hell for ever.

Miss Robinson, who has devoted herself to work amongst soldiers, said she was very thankful to find that now there was a people in Portsmouth who cared for the soldiers. It was not always so. She reminded the men that, though they had to leave many friends behind, one Friend would abide with them for ever, if they would have Him for their own.

Mr. John Warn urged them to remember that religion was a personal matter. Each one must give an account

of himself to God; and while they might, like Naaman the Syrian, have outward prosperity, there might, after all, be a terrible secret—God against them—a guilty conscience, and an eternity of wrath to come. But, thank God, there was a fountain opened where each one might be cleansed from every stain.

Mr. Ridsdell explained the way of salvation, through faith in the Lamb of God, slain to take away our sins.

Mr. Lamb told how, when he was a careless, reckless sinner, God found him out, made him miserable on account of his sins, and then spoke peace to his troubled soul. Certain that no one there present could be worse than he had been, he entreated all present to accept salvation then and there. Having engaged to let the men go at eight o'clock, it was impossible to hold a prayer meeting; but he asked those who were determined to give up sin and live for God, to hold up a hand for Jesus. Five did so; and after several of the friends had engaged in prayer, the meeting broke up, the men giving three cheers for their entertainers, and receiving a copy of our Magazine, and of several periodicals sent down by T. B. Smithies, Esq. The men had scarcely left the hall, when a request was sent back from several of them for Mr. Lamb to pay them a visit in their barracks the next day.

The Mission members, however, seemed no way disposed to leave the place, which many of them regard as their real home. Singing and praising God, they lingered till the lights were put out, and then went home to pray for the continued blessing of God on this remarkable service. G. S. R.

SOUTHSEA.

WE held our first quarterly festival on Sunday, Nov. 16, and following Monday. Mr. Lamb preached. The congregations were large, and souls were won to Christ. 160 persons came to tea, and everybody in the neighbourhood were surprised with the success. One man said—"All the years I have lived here, I never saw anything like this before. You are just the people that are wanted here."

FRUIT FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

Amongst others who have been brought to God during the month is a poor

woman, who heard the word of life at the lips of Bro. Lamb, in London, six years ago. She saw an announcement for him to preach at Southsea, and wondering whether it was the same Mr. Lamb she had heard so long ago, she resolved to gratify her curiosity by coming to hear him. She came, found it was the same man proclaiming the same Message, and she sought and found the old-fashioned salvation.

Another interesting case is that of a young girl who, left at home to mind the house, could not rest, but followed her parents—only recently saved themselves—to the meeting. During the service she was completely broken down, and rushing into her mother's arms, exclaimed—"The Lord has used Mr. Lamb to break my heart." She was led at once to the penitent form, and then found mercy; and as her father embraced his new-born child, he said—"Sir, six months ago, I would have dared her to come here to-night, but the grace of God can change any man's heart, and can turn the lion into a lamb." Praise the Lord! Brethren, pray for Southsea.

W. RIDSDSELL.

PURCHASE OF A GOOD CHAPEL, SCHOOL-ROOM, AND VESTRIES, FOR A CHRISTIAN MISSION STATION AT BUCKLAND.

THIS is a suburb of Portsmouth, with a population of nearly 20,000 souls, rapidly increasing day by day, belonging mostly to the working classes. A good many people from the neighbourhood came to hear Mrs. Booth, and after she left the town, they came to the meetings of the Mission. Some of these were converted, and identified themselves with our people, and frequently urged us to unfurl the Mission flag in Buckland. Fronting the main road, there had been to let for some time an old Independent chapel. We say old, because it had been vacated for a new one, more in keeping with the taste and culture of the age, and the empty one was commended to us as being well suited every way for our work. We looked at it, and found it a substantial structure, capable of seating 600 people, with a good school-room, large enough for 200 children, and three vestries. After much prayer and deliberation, we agreed to purchase it for £430. The premises are 100 feet deep, and 45 feet

wide, and are freehold. After some few alterations and a thorough cleaning it was opened on Sunday, December 7th, when Mr. Booth preached in the morning a sermon that will not soon be forgotten in Buckland. In the afternoon the friends gathered round the Lord's table, and at night Mr. Booth again preached, this time to a crowded house.

Before each service we processioned the streets, and large numbers followed us to the hall. At the close of a powerful sermon five souls testified that they had found mercy. One, a grey-headed woman, said she had

NOT BEEN IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP FOR TWENTY YEARS.

How merciful God is to bear so long with such sinners!

Another was an old man 77 years old. He was broken down in the meeting, and was led to the penitent stool, where, after a severe struggle, he ventured his all on Christ, and while kneeling, he said—"For years I attended this old chapel, but now, after all these years, the Lord has had mercy upon me and brought me to Himself. Pray for my wife, she is 80 years old."

The following night Mr. Booth preached again, and during the prayer, after the service, a poor backslider cried out aloud, in the bitterness of her soul, and left the place; but she could not get far, and falling on the gallery stairs, confessed her sins and was restored to the precious favour of her Lord.

Almost every night since souls have sought the way.

Mr. Morgan, of the *Christian*, has since spent a Sabbath with us, and our people were much refreshed.

Mrs. Matheson is preaching every night. Pray for us. Tracts and books much needed. ABM. LAMB,

92, Alma Terrace,
Lake Road, Portsmouth.

BATH.

THOUGH not formally identified with "The Christian Mission," we are one with it in spirit, using its hymn book, and taking in its magazines. There is a reviving amongst us, accompanied with awakenings and conversions.

We had a full hall on the evening of December 14th. Subject—"Christ, the Lord," *Romans* xiv. 9. Free to all. Underneath us, a "Christadelphian," *alias* Materialist, was lecturing at the

same time. Subject—"The Devil." Admission one penny. Full. By the lobby gas we hung the large poster—"Where wilt thou spend eternity?" Some of the lecturer's hearers, on retiring, exclaimed—"That is good after the other, isn't it?"

The same room being let on the 16th for a cheap nigger entertainment, we, up-stairs, had a Revival meeting. The account of "Billy Bray's" conversion was read. Several were bowed down, seeking mercy.

Friends of the Mission, pray for us!

THOS. ANTHONY.

KETTERING.

WE mean to conquer here, and come off victorious. The Lord has done much for us, whereof we are glad; but we want to see greater works than we have yet seen. Last Wednesday night, while I was praying, the Lord told me to go to Rothwell, a village about four miles from Kettering. I and three brethren made it a matter of earnest prayer, and God sent us forth. We pitched our stand in the street, and began to sing to the praise and glory of God: and we hardly got in full swing with the songs of Zion, when thirty or forty doors were thrown open, and men and women came

and stood at them, to hear of the Saviour's dying love.

After we had spoken a time, and gone round from house to house, giving a tract and a warning word, we sang up the streets, and stopped in front of a farmer's house, with shops on one side, and good-looking houses on the other. Here we lifted up the standard of the cross; the people came and stood out all the time we sang and spoke and prayed, and the Lord blessed us with liberty. Here we had a crowd of hardened young sinners, some of them so-called infidels; but whilst we talked to them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, the Lord worked, and there was great silence. Before we got much further on our way, we had the offer of the British school. We returned and sang, and gave out that we should hold a meeting at five o'clock, and preaching at six. We had a full prayer-meeting, and about 200 to hear the story of the cross; and such was their reception of us, and their attention to the word of warning, that I hope God will save sinners and quicken cold and dead believers. We visited some persons who were ill, and many were the tears that flowed, both of men and women; and eternity will only tell what God has done by us in the hearts of the disobedient at Rothwell.

O. T.

HAIL, IMMANUEL!

[Rule Britannia.]

WHEN Jesus from the tomb arose,
And broke the chains of death and hell,
With might he scattered all our foes,
And Satan's horrid kingdom fell.

Chorus—Hail, Immanuel, Immanuel we'll
adore,
And shout his praise for ever-
more.

When 'neath the tempter's fatal power
Our souls in bondage groaning lay,
Then came our Jesus in that hour,
And turned our midnight into day.

When round the throne of God most High,
All white our blood-washed spirits soar.
Then "To our Saviour," we will cry,
"Honour and glory evermore."

When fleshly passions in our souls
'Gainst right in deadly combat fought,
He who the raging sea controls,
Drove sin out from the hearts He bought.

When men and fiends around us flock,
Resolved our heavenly life to end,
We'll stand like heroes by our Rock,
And Jesus will our souls defend.

When our weak flesh and heart shall fail,
And death at last shall on us glare,
Jesus Eternal shall prevail,
And give us glorious victory there.

For Music, see next page.

HAIL, IMMANUEL.

When Je - sus from the tomb a - rose, And

broke the chains of death . . . and hell, And

broke the chains of death and hell, With might he scattered, he

scattered all our foes, And Sa-tan's hor - rid kingdom fell.

Chorus.

Hail, Immanuel, Immanuel we'll adore, And shout his praise for ev - er - more.

Halls for the Working Classes.

THE great hindrance to success in bringing souls to Christ in this Mission is the want of suitable halls in public thoroughfares, that do not crush us down with the burden of a heavy rental. The following openings are now before us, by which commodious and admirably situated buildings can be obtained at a remarkably small outlay.

WHO WILL HELP ?

The Conversion of a Brewery and Beerhouse into a Mission Hall, Schools, &c., Stoke Newington.

The lease of these large premises, covering an area of about 4000 square feet, fronting the High-street, and surrounded by thousands of working people, has been purchased for the small sum of £175. Here we can make a substantial Hall, capable of seating 400 people, with schools and class-rooms attached, and leaving a good space open in front for out-door services. The purchase and alterations will cost about £500, and the ground-rent will be met by the rental received from two houses, which we need not at present include in our own building.

New Hall for Hackney.

We have obtained a site for this Hall in the midst of a large working class population. An earnest band, at present meeting in a most uncomfortable place, are waiting to labour in the new premises, which will, we have no doubt, be crowded from the opening. With school and class-rooms the Hall will cost about £950.

To make a Railway Arch into a Mission Hall, Bethnal Green:

At the end of the Bethnal Green Road, right opposite the large gin-palace known as the "Salmon and Ball," and next door to another, we have taken a piece of ground, together with a railway arch which we propose to lengthen, erecting two class-rooms besides. One side of the addition to the arch we propose to make removable, so that in the winter we can accommodate 400 people, while in the summer we can, by removing the partition and annexing a tent, make room for 1000 persons. It is calculated that the effort, without providing for the tent, will cost £200.

Whitechapel, People's Hall.

The work in this commodious Hall, capable of seating some 2000 people, has, for some time, been seriously interfered with by the defective glass roof. With other faults, it leaks so terribly that, in a heavy shower, the rain comes pouring in in every direction. Finding it impossible permanently to rectify this evil, we have decided to replace the roof with a flat ceiling and two glass domes. This will cost at least £200.

The buildings will be settled on trust when completed, and secured for evangelistic work among the masses for ever.

To complete these four efforts, £1,850 at least are required. Towards this sum we have £1,100 in hand and promised, and £100 more are promised conditionally upon the remainder being raised, thus leaving £650 still to be contributed. This is not a large sum, considering what we propose to accomplish.