

The Christian Mission Magazine.

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About Beginning Again.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY G. S. RAILTON.

HT has pleased God so to arrange all created things that we must always be making fresh starts. Therefore, we need never be ashamed of beginning again. No one is ashamed to get up in the morning, because no one can do away either with night or exhaustion. And while so intimate a connection exists between our bodies and our souls, we shall find it absolutely necessary for spiritual efficiency to constantly begin again. In climbing a great mountain, you see ever and anon in front of you what seems to be the summit. "Now," one says, "I am almost there; only a few more minutes, and I shall have done." But the height once reached, one sees a greater height still in front, and the climbing operation has to be recommenced. This, too, from no fault of the climber, or of his climbing, but simply from the nature of things. Just so the most devoted man of God must continually be "girding up his loins," and "taking up his cross," and "separating himself to the work," if he is fully to accomplish the mission of his life.

But no one should ever begin again to do wrong. Oh, that earnest self-examination, prayer, and thought, may at this season result in the decision of many, both of the Lord's people and of the ungodly, to break off their sins by righteousness!

I. WE SHOULD ONLY BEGIN AGAIN TO DO RIGHT.

And, thank God! we can know certainly what *is* right. God has so often begun again to show to us the light of His truth, that if we are only willing, we cannot fail speedily to learn how to be obedient. He is not weary yet. He will begin again to-day to enlighten the mind and heart of any one who desires it, if we will look to Him just this moment.

Oh! do let us be *sure* about everything we think and feel and do. God is sure; His testimonies are very sure; His Spirit is a sure and never-failing guide. We can never have any excuse if we ever again repeat a thought, a feeling, an action, which is contrary to our Father's will.

Men of the world are too wise to recommence anything which is not right in their eyes in business—that is to say, anything which does not serve their purpose. The post-office begins its multiplied services again on the 1st of January; but mail-contracts which are not satisfactory to the authorities will not be renewed. The man whose grand investment in New Year's goods last year was unprofitable will not begin the same scheme again. But millions of Christians who admit that their life last year was far from that living, holy, powerful thing it should have been, have begun again just as they did on the 1st of January, 1874. And why, if not because they prefer self and the world to the kingdom of God and His righteousness?

But, alas! many not only do this, but attempt to justify such conduct by saying in the most sanctimonious fashion, "The Lord knows what poor erring creatures we are; I never felt so deeply conscious of my own weakness as I do at the present moment; I can only go back to the point from which I started at the first, and plead the merits of Christ as my only hope." How plausible it all sounds! Who could imagine that such beautiful expressions were invented simply to excuse continuance in more or less of sin?

It is not right to begin again at the beginning. Such an act in itself convicts the new beginner of gross negligence. During the frosty weather the workmen of many trades are necessarily laid off for a time (with what distressing results we East-enders know too well); but what would any one say to the builder who, having left a house half finished, talked of again laying the foundation so soon as the frost was over? Was such a case ever heard of, we wonder? Nay, surely; for men of business build and work, not merely in word, but in deed; so that if forced for a time to relinquish their task, they can begin again, not at the beginning, but where they left off.

Instead of honouring the blood of Christ, to go back to it to be cleansed from our "old sins" is to prove that the sow has been returning to wallow in the mire—is to show that we have not followed Jesus in the way, but have loitered near the gate. Let us be done with this mock humility; let us attain to something ever higher and higher, and let us advance from glory unto glory, never turning back to the beggarly elements of the world, but ever following on to know the Lord.

It is Divine to begin again to do right.

God began again six times to make the world. He began again after the flood to cause it to bring forth, and to cause His creatures to be fruitful, and to multiply, and replenish the earth. He remembered His people Israel, and began again to bless them after the afflictions of Egypt. He remembered His covenant, and began again to lead

them on to victory after the rebellions of the desert. He began again to subdue their enemies before them after the stoning of Achan. He began again to deliver them by saviours from time to time when they had turned aside to idols. He began again to manifest among them His glory when the temple was built. He began again to dwell amongst them after the Babylonish captivity. He began again to instruct them many times by His prophets. He began again to covenant with them in Jesus. He began again to pour out the Spirit upon them at Pentecost. Has He not many a time since begun again to refresh His inheritance when it was weary? Has He not begun again to draw nigh to many of us when we have begun again to draw nigh to Him? Oh, then, let it be the chiefest joy of New Year to us to begin again whatever has been good, excellent, and worthy of God in our living so far. Let us begin again to pray, to watch, to labour, till the Master shall say, "It is enough; come up hither." Till then nothing is absolutely perfect.

II. BEGINNING AGAIN IMPLIES IMPERFECTION.

Imperfection not necessarily in the beginner, but necessarily in his work. While we are told that God's "work is perfect" we are also told that His first covenant with Israel would not have been set aside had it not been imperfect—a simple instance of the fact that work perfect in itself may be imperfect in its effect, and that consequently the worker may have to begin again.

The manufacturers have been extremely busy completing goods for Christmas. The whole of the required quantities produced, their work was perfect; but that work will not suffice for the New Year's consumption. They will have to begin again as soon as the holidays (and the drinking) will allow them. The man who, by many years of toil, has realized an independency has perfected his business career; but he has still much to do to make himself comfortable in his new circumstances, and perhaps his soul has had no attention at all yet.

Is not this the very distinction which is lost sight of by those who furiously assault the doctrine of Christian perfection? A man who says, "My will is entirely resigned to God; I am perfectly set free from sin; my heart is washed white in the blood of Christ," does not assert an impassable perfection, but only the perfect apprehension of that for which he is perfectly apprehended of Christ. It is not saying, "I have reached the top," but, "I have reached the high level." We are commanded to walk with God, and to sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. This must be walking and sitting very high above sin; but we walk to progress, and we sit down to learn. May God help us, leaving the things that are behind, to press on to those that are before.

Let us not be distressed at imperfection in our work. Even if we could have helped it, we cannot help it now. Let us spend all our

time and energy, not in grumbling at the results of the past, but in pushing on to better things in the future. We have not reached every one with the Gospel yet; we have not got all the sinners converted; we have not set every convert to work to the greatest possible extent; we have not done yet, in fact. But never mind! we have begun again, and we shall, by the grace of God, do more in 1875 than in any previous year.

III. TO BEGIN AGAIN IMPLIES NO DESPAIR.

And we ought not to despair of the accomplishment of any task which God has assigned to us. He never lays upon any of His people a burden too heavy to be borne, nor requires of them a day's work beyond the day's grace. With Christ we have all things, and can do all things. Therefore, let us cheerfully take up again the work that seemed so little successful yesterday. If it be the right thing to do, let us go on doing it, beginning again and again until complete success be achieved, as achieved it will be some day.

Within the memory of most of us a strong telegraph cable, thousands of miles long, was very carefully constructed, and, after careful testing, was laid down by skilful hands in the confident expectation of establishing direct telegraphic communication between Europe and America. But, alas! the Atlantic cable was broken, and some very wise people shook their heads, and declared they "never believed in it," and so forth. But the hopes of the originators of the great enterprise were not broken when their cable fell from the stern of the *Great Eastern*. The lost end was picked up, the cable spliced, laid down, and used. Since then the construction of great ocean telegraph cables has become so common as to attract but little notice, and we read in the morning in London the afternoon events of the same day in China.

In trying to transmit to the hearts of men afar off from God by sin and wicked works the glorious truths of the Gospel, we must expect many disappointments, many a cable flaw, many a lost end, many a disturbing influence, rendering communication impossible. But we must not, we may not, despair. Let us begin again where we left off.

The only certain mark of victory is to begin again. Those who begin again are not vanquished; those who give up are. Whenever the result of a battle is disputed, people ask, "What happened the next day?" Those who fell back then must be considered to have been defeated; those who remained in their former positions or advanced must have been victorious. Satan and the world combined can never overcome a man who will not give up doing right. He may suffer, and suffer severely; but by beginning every day, he must conquer some day. The people who leave off—who leave off believing, who leave off praying, who leave off fighting, who leave off working—are and must be beaten.

IV. GOD IS OUR BEGINNING.

All our springs are in Him. To begin again rightly is to receive a fresh baptism of His Spirit. His power alone can send us forth fitted to war a good warfare in His cause. After all the cruel blows struck at us in 1874, only the joy that comes from His bright presence can send us forth with the light-hearted confidence of victors to the struggles of 1875.

GOD AGAIN! Chosen, accepted, submitted to, honoured, praised, witnessed for, followed, and, above all, trusted. In God we shall do valiantly. In God we shall subdue every foe. On, on again in God, till our country be turned upside down by His Word!

Salvation Battle Hymn for 1875.

- 1 A BRIGHTER day is coming, than was ever known before,
That will make the nations wonder, as it sounds from shore to shore:
'Twill be the old, old story, that is spreading more and more—
Salvation's flowing on.
CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Salvation's flowing on.
- 2 We have heard the prayer of faith for the coming of the Lord,
For the earnest of the Spirit to be widely shed abroad,
That the thirst for full salvation may on all the Church be poured.
Salvation's flowing on.—CHORUS.
- 3 We have seen some glorious triumphs in the Mission all around,
We have heard the shout of victory with a mighty rushing sound,
And the precious name of Jesus flames with all the glory crowned.
Salvation's flowing on.—CHORUS.
- 4 Now let the battle-cry go up, with each succeeding day,
Lord, send us down the power that will ever with us stay,
Until our mighty Jesus has the universal sway.
Salvation's flowing on.—CHORUS.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH, LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE.

How I Entered into Rest.

BY A BAPTIST MINISTER.



Every much regret that our space will not allow us to give the following experience entire, as it fell from the lips of the preacher with thrilling effect on an immense audience. We, however, condense the preliminary utterances, and give what follows in the speaker's own words.

The child of pious parents, convicted in childhood, and converted when only thirteen, he was called to the ministry, and ordained pastor in his twenty-first year. For twenty-four years he was a successful preacher, seeing hundreds of souls converted, and continuously presiding over prosperous churches. In 1868, in surveying the spiritual need of his church, he became deeply convinced of the barrenness of his own soul; so much so, that he groaned under the yoke of inbred sin, feeling that it weakened his moral powers, grieved the Holy Spirit, interrupted his communion with God, and impaired his usefulness. About this time some services conducted by an evangelist in an adjacent church affected him deeply. Deliverance from sin was distinctly taught, many present testifying to the actual realization of this blessed experience. With respect to these testimonies, he remarks:—

"At first I became deeply interested, and then my heart began to melt. I said, 'These Christians are certainly in possession of a secret of wonderful power and sweetness. What can it be? Is it justification? No; it cannot be that. I have experienced the blessing of justification: by it I have been absolved from all my past sins, and every privilege of a child of God, and every grace of the blessed Spirit, has been secured to me; but I do not realize that it has destroyed the power of inbred sin, or ended the "war in my members," or brought to me complete rest of soul. I have peace, but it is often broken by "fear" which "hath torment." I am conscious of loving God; but my love is a sickly, flickering flame. I have joy; but, like a shallow brook, the drought exhausts it. I have faith; but it is such a poor, weak thing that I am sometimes in doubt whether it is faith at all. "I hate vain thoughts," and yet they continue to come, and seem at home in my mind. I believe that Jesus saves from sin; and yet I sin from day to day, and the dark stains are everywhere visible. Prayer is inestimably sweet; but alas! to offer it often demands an effort. To work for Christ is felt to be a great privilege; but it frequently wearies me, or degenerates into mere routine. The ordinances of religion yield comfort and strength; but I find as often that all spirituality and power have retreated from them, leaving their channels dry. I sometimes get glimpses of "Him Whom my soul loveth;" but O, how soon the bright vision fades, and "He hideth Himself" is again the deep complaint of my heart! Now, these believers have an experience altogether different from mine. Once, it is true, they felt as I feel, and mourned as I mourn over broken vows, sinful tempers, intermittent devotions, and repeated failures. But a

wonderful change is now manifest: they are "rooted and grounded in love." "Being made free from sin," they now bring forth "fruit unto holiness." Having purged themselves "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," they have become "vessels unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

"My desires were kindled. An insatiable hunger seized my soul. To be saved from sin, to be cleansed from all iniquity, to have a 'pure heart' and a 'right spirit,' to be 'dead indeed unto sin' and 'alive unto God,' to be made perfect in love, and this not occasionally, but continually, even to the end of life, seemed too good to be true; and yet I saw it to be precisely that moral condition which the salvation of Christ implies, and for which my heart thirsted as the hunted roe 'panteth after the water-brooks.'"

When these meetings closed, it was arranged that the same evangelist should conduct services in his own church, and here we will allow him to speak for himself:—

"The first day of our meeting came, and the church was well filled. I introduced Mr. Purdy as a brother who had been much blessed in promoting revivals of religion among the churches, and expressed the hope that his coming would be made a blessing to us. I had many misgivings, and a secret desire in my heart that he would say nothing about sanctification, but bend all his efforts to the conversion of sinners. This, however, was not his way. Like a wise master-builder, he commenced to lay the foundation broad and deep, urging us by many convincing arguments and persuasive appeals to accept the doctrine of *Sanctification by faith*. After the sermon a number of persons bore testimony to the fulness and completeness of their present salvation. They represented several evangelical denominations—the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Friends, the Baptist; and there was a beautiful harmony in all they said. I had no reason to doubt the truthfulness of their statements. I might question, I thought, their logic, find fault with their theories, and criticise their phraseology; but how could I dispose of their *experience*? My heart was melted; my judgment was assailed as it had never been before. After the meeting I returned to my study, fell upon the floor, and poured out my soul before God. I did not pray for pardon, but for *purity*. I did not seek clearer evidence of my acceptance, but to be 'made free from sin;' and that not in a judicial or theological sense, but by a *real, conscious, inward holiness*.

"That night I was unable to sleep. I was completely broken down in heart before God. The vision of Isaiah seemed reproduced: 'I saw also the Lord, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. . . . Then said I, Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.' The morning at length dawned, and on every ray I seemed to read, 'Walk in the light, as He is in the light.' 'Holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts,' as chanted by the seraphim, seemed floating through all the air. My justified soul was in love with this attribute of Jehovah. It appeared to me the most beautiful thing in the universe. As I thought of God, it was not so much His power, or wisdom, or justice, or mercy that attracted my attention, as *His infinite, spotless holiness*.

"That day, Friday, March 9th, 1871, was observed by the Church as a

special season of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. My soul was in great agony. A sense of loneliness and abandonment stole over my mind, and it appeared as if all the powers of hell assaulted my soul. The enemy brought before me with tremendous force my life-long prejudices, my theological training, my professional standing, my denominational pride. It was suggested that I must leave everything behind me if I went a step farther in this direction. The dread of being misunderstood, of having my motives questioned, of being called unsound in doctrine, of being slighted by my ministerial brethren, and treated with suspicion and coldness, filled my heart with unspeakable anguish. Everything seemed to be sliding from under my feet. My sight grew dim, my strength departed, and faintness like unto death came upon me. This mental conflict, however, soon subsided. The storm-clouds passed away, and light began to stream in. I bade farewell to theorizing, to philosophical doubts and vain speculations. The struggle was over, and I cared no longer for the opinions of men. I was willing to be a fool for Christ, and to suffer the loss of all things. I was like a little child, and cried out, 'Teach me Thy way, O Lord! and lead me in a plain path.' Just then the fountain of cleansing was revealed. Angel hands seemed beckoning me to enter it. Jesus stood before me with His bleeding wounds, saying, 'Come in! come in!'

"I turned to my congregation and said, 'I stand before you to-day a poor, weak, helpless sinner. I have tried to find the way of holiness by every possible means. All my efforts, my struggles, my prayers, my fasting, and my round of duties, have proved miserable failures. God is making a wonderful revelation to my long-darkened understanding. I am confident now that it is not to be secured by effort, or by works of any kind, for then would our salvation be of works, and not of grace. "If we confess our sins, *He* is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." *It is the blood that must cleanse and keep us clean.* "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." That day has come. There flows the fountain of my Saviour's blood. It was opened for me, even me.'

"I fell upon my knees, and bowed my face to the floor. For a moment I felt as though I were sinking in a great sea, and that all its waves were going over me. But they did not seem to be the waters of death. The Spirit of God whispered to my heart those precious words, 'If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' It does now, *this instant*, cleanse! My faith laid hold of this wonderful truth. A strange peace filled my soul, and I exclaimed within myself, 'I am free! My heart, my soul, my mind, my body, are washed in the blood of the Lamb!' It was all so strange, so new, so unlike anything I had ever experienced before, that I could not utter a word, and then the only sentiment of my heart was, 'Lord, it is done!'

"When the meeting ended, I repaired immediately to the parsonage. I experienced great physical exhaustion, like Jacob, who never was so weak as when he had just prevailed with the angel. I threw myself into a chair, and at once the blessed baptism came. I seemed filled with all the fulness of God. I wept for joy. All night long I wept. All the next day—at the family altar, in the street, and in the sanctuary—tears

continued to flow. The fountains of my being seemed broken up, and my heart was dissolved in gratitude and praise. My soul seemed filled with pulses, each one thrilling and throbbing with love and rapture, so that I thought I must die from excess of life. At once I had a new and wonderful sense of *the presence of Christ*. Those words of Jesus were made real to me, 'Abide in Me, and I in you.' I had now an abiding Christ.

"*The sovereign will of God* seemed at once so sweet and blessed that I felt lost in the thought that God ruled over and in me. I found myself praising Him for every trial, sorrow, disappointment, and loss. All my ransomed passions came rushing from their secret places to do homage to His holy and adorable will.

"*My sense of unworthiness* was greatly increased. I felt so small, so weak, so utterly nothing, that I could no longer pray in the sanctuary, as had been my custom, in a standing position. I wanted to keep sinking lower and lower, and this desire brought with it a strange pleasure.

"I felt a *sweet spirit of forgiveness* in my heart. It was easy to pray for those who had injured me. Persons who had become repulsive to me, appeared, all at once, as possessing many excellences. I saw so much more to admire, and so much less to condemn, in the people of God, that it seemed as though God had 'made all things new.'

"*My love for the brethren* was much enlarged. Denominational distinctions disappeared, and my heart flowed out in tender affection for all those that 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.'

"*Answers to prayer* were continually occurring. The promise was made good, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you.' I no sooner asked for a boon than it was granted. One out of many instances of this nature I wish to relate. During two or three weeks I had scarcely slept at all, first from excess of sorrow, and then from excess of joy. Mind and body began to show signs of great nervous exhaustion, which only increased the tendency to wakefulness. One night, after retiring, it occurred to me, 'Now ask Jesus.' At once I raised my heart in prayer, saying, 'Blessed Jesus! I need sleep. Effort will not bring it. I now seek it from Thee. Let me go to sleep.' Immediately I fell asleep, and continued to sleep soundly all that night and every night since.

"My mind became solemnly impressed with *the personality of the devil*. For several days, it is true, he was not permitted to attack my soul in the slightest manner. But this exemption was only for a time. One afternoon, just as I took my seat in the pulpit, Satan stood at my side in dread personality. To my mental sight he appeared, as never before, fearfully and maliciously real. He suggested such thoughts as these: 'Your present experience is very satisfactory, but will it continue? What will you do when these meetings shall end, and all these Christians are gone to their several churches, and you shall be alone?' Words utterly fail to convey the malignant force of these Satanic utterances. But with humble boldness I answered, 'I can do without the creature, but not without the Creator. Human sympathy and Christian fellowship are inexpressibly sweet, but they are not indispensable to my happiness or safety. Possessing Christ I have all.' (See Zech. iii. 1—4.)

"*The personality and work of the Holy Spirit* were revealed to my spiritual perceptions as they had never been before. And O, what a Comforter He became to me! He seemed to regard me as a little, weak,

convalescent child that needed to be carried in the arms and comforted. He had before been my Reprover, but now he sweetly whispered, 'No more reproof; no more wounding. I am come to comfort, to heal, to sanctify, and to abide with you for ever.'

"That which was before either impossible or very difficult, I now find to be natural and easy. I do not find this life, as in my ignorance I once regarded it, to be one of mysticism, indolence, and self-gratulation, but a *life of ceaseless activity amidst undisturbed repose*, of complete absence of all weariness amidst perpetual employment. Neither do I find it a condition of stagnation. All life involves growth, and there are no limits to the possibilities of growth in the life of faith. The more the soul receives, the more it is capable of receiving, and the more it yearns to receive. Because it has got some glimpses of its boundless wealth in Christ, it is ever crying, 'Give me more,' and nothing satisfies it save an experience of development which is the result of an inward and Divine life."

Ten Minutes for Jesus.

An Address at the Anniversary of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meeting, New York, Sept. 23rd, 1874.

BY DR. BOTTOME.



AM reminded by the circular that I have only ten minutes in which to speak on this remarkable occasion. I am instructed "what thou doest do quickly." Well, I have ten minutes for Jesus. It took less time than that for Judas to betray his Master, and for Peter to deny his Lord. It took less than ten minutes for Jesus to preach His great sermon on regeneration to His single auditor by night; less than ten minutes for the poor woman to elbow her way through the pressing crowd to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, and bring healing virtue out of Him to her poor diseased body and soul; less than ten minutes for the Canaanitish mother to turn the points of the Saviour's arguments against her into most conclusive appeals in her own behalf, and to drive the demons from her home and child, by the exhibition of a faith which put all Israel to the blush, and drew forth that wondering exclamation of the Saviour, which has gilded her name as foremost in the annals of conquering faith; less than ten minutes for Bartimeus to spring to his feet, as he heard the heavy tramp of the approaching crowd, and cry, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" and to receive the direct response to the ready prayer, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" "Receive thy sight!" and to leap into the light of day; less than ten minutes for the Master to drive out the legion of devils from the poor demoniac into a herd of swine, and down into the engulfing waters of the sea below; less than ten minutes for the penitent thief to feel and acknowledge the justness of his sentence, and to turn his dying head towards the bosom of his dying Lord, and in

answer to his contrite prayer receive the blessed assurance of instant paradise.

It took less than ten minutes to smite the red-handed Saul, of Tarsus, with the blinding rays of the most excellent glory, and to change the malice-spurred murderer into an humble suppliant at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth, whom he persecuted; less than ten minutes for Paul and Silas to quiet the fears of the alarmed jailor, and lead him to such a faith in Jesus as sent him instantly, leaping and praising God, to his family and home, telling what great things God had done for him.

It is not length of time, but earnestness of purpose that insures success. And it is remarkable how the prayers of the Bible seem modelled after this idea. Many of the most effective prayers of Bible record are put into single sentences. The Lord's Prayer—that model prayer—what precise elocutionist could possibly pull that into a length of two minutes? Look at the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Could anything be more comprehensive? And it has this Divine commendation, that he who breathed it, "went down to his house justified." The psalmist's prayer of five words, "I am thine; save me!" how compact, and how simple! Could more meaning be put into it if twenty times multiplied?

"Cut off your prayers at both ends," is a frequent injunction of one of our own great leaders in prayer. Indeed, it is remarkable how much is gained by this method of directness and condensation. Business men understand this. They know the difference between the customer who comes before them with no special end, and one who comes directly to the point.

"I have just ten minutes," said a business man, as he walked leisurely to the desk of the salesman, in one of our large houses, the other day, taking his watch in his hand, "please take my order." "Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply of the clerk, and in less than five minutes the order was entered, covering an invoice of many thousand dollars, and plenty of time was left for pleasant courtesies. When you know what you want it does not take long to ask for it. It is only when we have so little to say that it takes so long to say it. If you want a thing badly, you will be likely to ask for it very directly and very earnestly. It is just so with all work for Jesus. When you are really impressed with a mission, and are straitened to its accomplishment, you will set about it in the very readiest manner.

While stationed in a certain city some years ago, the celebrated Mr. Moody came into the city late one Saturday evening. He immediately found the house of a deacon of one of the churches, and at once introduced himself as Mr. Moody, of Chicago, saying that he would have to stay over Sabbath in the city, and wanted to hold a prayer-meeting in the morning in one of the churches at 8 o'clock. "But how will you get the people?" was the astonished response. "Can I have the church?" he replied. "Yes, I suppose you can." "Very well, it is now (looking at his watch) fifteen minutes to 9 o'clock; come with me, and we will go into Main St., and you go on one side the street, and I will go on the other, and advertise the meeting in every store." It was done, and sharp on the mark next morning, there gathered such a company as had seldom collected at so early an hour for prayers in that place, and in a few hours the whole city was in a revival flame.

Said a devoted lady at the close of one of our camp-meeting services, to a poor trembling sinner, as he stood outside the circle of prayer, "Are you ready to give yourself to the Lord Jesus?" "I haven't time," said he, "my train leaves in fifteen minutes." "But," said she, "it will take you less time than that to die, and it need not take you so long to believe on Christ. Get down on your knees where you are, and call upon God for mercy." The poor man did so, and in five minutes' time he was on his way to the train, praising and shouting aloud the salvation of God.

A poor soldier in one of the Washington hospitals was visited by a minister, who saw that life was ebbing fast. "Young man," said he, "you are soon to die, are you saved?" "No, sir," was the earnest reply, "what shall I do?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Say that again," demanded the soldier. It was repeated. Steadily and earnestly looking at the minister, the young man rejoined, "Is that all?" "Yes, that's all, I can say nothing more; there *is* nothing more." Closing his eyes for a few moments, the youth at length opened them again, and raising his right hand, palm upwards, as if taking the oath of allegiance, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, I surrender!" Instantly his face shone, as it had been the face of an angel. And in a few days, the new-born soul went home to God.

Ten minutes' work for Jesus! Ten minutes with God in prayer! O, who can estimate the results? Ten minutes with an earthly potentate, and it is the pride and remembrance of a lifetime. But ten minutes with God! Ten minutes at the throne of grace! Ten minutes in fellowship with Jesus, and in communion with His saints! A privilege unspeakable! O grace unmerited, but free! "For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst."

And the history of this noon-day prayer-meeting is just this: precious brevities, gathered fragments, wise use of spare moments at midday, by business men, on the most important business of life—intercourse with God.

Memoriam.

MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

An Extract from a Sermon by T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of New York.



HIS honoured and useful evangelist, after a painful illness of some weeks, was taken home on the second of last November. She will indeed be missed. Her visit to this country some 13 years ago was made a blessing to thousands, and by her labours and writings she has done more to advance the cause of holiness than any man or woman of this century. Tens of thousands in heaven and on earth have felt her influence and reaped the fruit of her ministrations and prayers. We rejoiced greatly to meet

with the following eloquent tribute to the value of her personal service to the cause of Christ, and to the importance of the special theme of her ministry, which was ever Holiness to the Lord.

"No grief can turn that day to night,
The darkness of that land is light!"

I WISH to speak of one who went out amongst us, a Christian woman known all the world over. She has just entered into that glorious world, where Christ is. Among the CHARLOTTE ELIZABETHS, and the MRS. FLETCHERS, PHEBE PALMER has taken her place, radiant as any of them—perhaps more radiant than them all. It seems to me she must have had a very easy entrance. She did not have to crowd through. When half-and-half Christians come up to the gate of heaven methinks they have to squeeze in, that the gate grazes them on both sides or closes behind them, catching the skirts of their garment. Not so with her. An abundant entrance was administered unto her. I think a mandate went forth: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let her come through." Oh, I should have liked to have stood somewhere near the gate, to have heard the multitudinous shout that greeted her from all the armies of the saved.

I cannot, as a minister of the most high God, allow such a life to be passed and such a death to be witnessed without, as far as I may, prolonging the echo.

COLUMBUS did not create this new world; he only pointed it out. PHEBE PALMER did not create "the higher life;" she only exhibited it. She showed to the Church of God that there were

MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF CHRISTIAN SATISFACTION

that it had never attained, and created in the souls of us who have not reached that elevation a longing for the glorious ascent. For thirty-seven years, longer than the life, perhaps, of the majority of people present to-day—every Tuesday she had a meeting, the sole object of which was the elevation of the standard of Christian holiness; and there were hundreds of Christian ministers who came in and sat down at her feet and got her blessing, and went out stronger for Christian combat. It was no rare thing, in her evangelistic meetings in the United States and Europe, to have ministers of the Presbyterian Church and the Baptist Church and the Methodist Church and the Episcopal Church,

and all the churches, coming and kneeling down at the altar, bemoaning their unbelief and their coldness, and then rising up, saying: "I have got it—the blessing." Some caricatured and said there was no such thing as "a higher life" of peace and Christian satisfaction; but she lived long enough to see the whole Christian Church waking up to this doctrine, and thousands and tens of thousands coming on the high table-land where once she stood, she herself having passed on now, higher up, that she may still beckon us on, crying: "Up this way! Up this way!" Glorious soul of PHEBE PALMER! Synonym of holiness unto the Lord!

I am also amazed at the number of conversions under her ministry. She went out to serve Christ, and she wanted no higher right than this, the grandest right ever given to man or woman—the right to commend the Lord Jesus to a dying world. Modestly and in Christian consecration she went forth to serve God. It will take eternal ages to tell the story of her evangelistic labours. Newcastle, Sunderland, Penrith, Macclesfield, Darlington, Isle of Wight, still feel

HER OVERMASTERING INFLUENCE.

In her Christian meetings a young man rose up and said: "Why, I have got a new nature;" and the timid woman exclaimed: "Do you think Christ will have me?" and the evangelist put her arms around her neck, and said: "Yes, Jesus will have you." And another cried out: "Oh, what a fool I have been all my days to reject Christ!" And the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S blind soldier, seventy years of age, both eyes put out in battle, was led by a little child to the communion rail, and while prayer was being offered, on his blasted vision eternal light broke in. And the soldier in the Queen's employ, drafted for India, stood up in the meeting, in the red jacket uniform, and said: "Pray for me wherever I go, that I may be faithful. You look at my red jacket, but if you could see under it you would see a white and bloodwashed robe." At Windsor the musicians of the Queen's band, instruments under arm, stopped and looked, and listened, and then and there heard the voice of Christ from this

woman's lips, and took Christ with them back to the palace. And the police that stood at the door, too, listening, even they surrendered themselves to the Lord who bought them. Places of iniquity covered before her. At North Shields, a man who kept intoxicating liquors for sale, said: "I don't know why Dr. and Mrs. PALMER came here to bother me. Before they came to this place, I used to draw off half a barrel of beer every night for my customers. Now I scarcely draw off a quart." Twenty-five thousand souls saved under the instrumentality of PHEBE PALMER! What a record for earth and heaven! What an array for the judgment day! What a doxology for the one hundred and forty and four thousand! What a mountain of coronets flung down at the feet of Jesus! I am amazed also at her POWER OF PRAYER. We dabble in it once in a while, but do not know much about the art. PHEBE PALMER got what she asked for, because she knew how to ask. Sailing up towards Liverpool, with her husband, she prays God that some one may meet them on the beach, and welcome them to England. Coming up by the shore there is a man in the garb of a minister, standing. She says, "There is the man who has come to welcome us to England." The boat strikes the dock, and the minister steps on board and says, "Is this Dr. and Mrs. PALMER? Welcome to the shores of old England!" Worn out physically with her Christian exertions, she asks for strength.

GOD GIVES IT TO HER.

Labouring in some place amid great obstacles, she asks that that night a great multitude may be saved; and a multitude press into the side room, repenting, praying, believing, rejoicing. On the way home from England a man falls overboard. She sees him floating almost a mile away. She cries mightily unto God for that man's rescue, saying, "Save him, and I will point him to Christ, and I will try to have him become a Christian." And she prayed in an agony that he might be saved, and by what seemed a miraculous effort, he was saved and brought on deck, and the evangelist did her work with him. Starting with the safe promise that the Lord never lies, she found out the secret of all-prevailing and all-conquering prayer. Oh, Thou, who hearest prayer, teach us how to pray!

But the shepherdess, crook in hand,

has gone home to rest by the still waters. The loving wife, the gentle sister, the Christian mother, the flaming evangelist, is dead. One would have supposed that, after so useful a life, the Lord would have allowed her to pass off easily. No. Ten weeks of great anguish, a complication of diseases adding pang to pang, it seemed as if Christ had said: "Now, in this death-bed, I will demonstrate that my grace is sufficient for everything, and can bear up under everything." It seemed as if Christ had said: "Now here is a royal gem for a royal place. I have been fifty years with it, polishing it and polishing it, and now only a few more cuttings of the chisel and a few more raspings of the file, and it will be as rare a gem as was ever prepared in all the centuries. Ten weeks of pain are nothing before an eternity of jubilation!" At half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of November 2nd, God put up His tools, and said: "The work of polishing is done. *Let her go now.*"

I open to you to-day another classic. There is no need of your going back any more to saintly death-beds in the last century, when we have had such an exit here. It seems as if the clouds were only now parting. I hear the rumbling of the vanishing wheels. We stand in the light of the opening of the King's gate as she went in. Hear the story of her dying raptures. It seems to have all the quietness of a pastoral, and yet to be bloodstirring as a battle-march. Her life was a song; her death a "Hallelujah chorus." In her last sickness she said: "I am fully saved. I have not a single doubt. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! I am within speaking distance of my home in Paradise. You have been the kindest of husbands to me, and our love has been abiding, and it shall abide for ever." And when blindness came, and she could not see at all, she said: "Oh, what sweet nurses I have! Jesus was left all alone." When they read to her the promises, she said: "Put my name in those promises." And ever after that, when the promises were read, it was with the name of PHEBE PALMER attached to them. She said: "Allelujah: Precious Jesus! I pass through the valley, but without the shadow, trusting in Christ. Oh, so weary! How I should like to go! but Thy will, not mine, be done. I thought before this the light of eternal day would dawn upon me, but it has not yet

dawned." When a daughter said: "Do you see me, ma?" she said, "I see no one but Jesus, but I shall soon

SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

Glory be to the Father! Glory be to the Son! Glory be to the Holy Ghost!" When they bathed her fevered hands she said: "I shall soon bathe my hands in the life-giving waters. On the last morning, as she woke up, she said: "I thought I saw the chariot! So glorious! glorious! 'Oh, death! where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'" Then she pronounced the apostolic benediction, a benediction for her husband, for her children, for the Church universal, and for the world whose redemption she had tried to hasten: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the love of the Holy Ghost, be with you all for ever. Amen." And PHEBE PALMER was dead!

No, no, no; not dead. She lives! she lives! It seems to me as if I could almost see her standing this morning on the battlements of heaven, waving the triumph, calling down to us through this sweet Sabbath air; and I wave back to her. Hail! ransomed spirit. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Oh, that the name of PHEBE PALMER might be one of the watchwords to rouse up the Church universal! The Methodist Church cannot monopolize her name. She belonged to that Church, she lived in it, she died in it, she loved it; but you cannot build any denominational wall high enough to shut out that light from our souls. She is mine. She is yours. She belongs to all earth and all heaven. Eternal God! let the story of her life and death thrill all nations.

Then when our hands get hot with the last fever, may we go up to cool them in the fountains; and when our physical eyesight fails in death, may we see "the King in His beauty;" and when it is our time to go, let there be a chariot to fetch us home!

Until then, departed spirit, farewell! We can afford to wait for such a grand reunion. Farewell! Farewell! And now may the God who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you faithful in every good work to do His will.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

ORIGINAL. No. 4.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh (or beareth) away the sin of the world!"—*John i. 29.*

THE world is so dark, and so busy with sin, that it would never have seen Christ if He had not been pointed out. We ought not to expect any of our generation to meet us in heaven, except such as we point to Christ. The text sets forth

I. THE LAMB OF GOD.

As His character is of vital importance to all, He is described simply enough to be understood by all. Preachers should always describe Him and His work with equal plainness.

1. Chosen of God,

just as the lamb was chosen for the Passover. No one but God can choose what will satisfy Him.

2. Provided by God,

once for all, so that the poorest may without any delay take part in the sacrifice. There is therefore no excuse for delay.

3. The One sacrifice.

No other can ever be required. Any other is therefore an insult to Christ and to God, besides being a folly.

4. Required of God.

With Him we may be perfectly confident, seeing that God requires no more. Without Him we ought to fear; because we cannot satisfy God, and are not prepared to meet Him.

II. WHAT HE DOES.

All the world has sinned, from Adam downwards, and no one can get rid of his own sin. Unless some outside party takes the sin away, it must remain.

1. Only one work.

All great lives are made so by devotion to a single purpose. No man has time to do two things.

2. Dealing only with sin.

Where all curse and misery proceeds from sin, the purest and holiest work is to put sin away. The loftiest, Divinest work is the meanest.

3. To take sin away.

The only proper way to deal with it. No one who does not want to be done with sin can agree with Christ, the great sin destroyer. All who cleave to sin reject Christ.

4. He does take sin away

from all those who allow Him to do so.

He takes it away from between us and God, so that with His blood we can draw nigh. He takes it away from the conscience, so that we can rejoice, having peace with God. He takes it away from heart and life, so that we can be holy. If He has not taken your sin away, it is still upon you. G. S. R.

SANCTIFICATION.

By W. J. PEARSON.

Tune—"Hark! hark! hear the glad tidings."

HARK! hark! saints are rejoicing;

Glad, glad more holy to be;

Lord, Lord, I am believing

Thy Spirit doth sanctify me.

Yes, yes; oh! yes,

Thy Spirit doth sanctify me.

Seal, seal my heart with thy Spirit;

Now, now the witness bestow;

Peace, peace, my soul doth inherit;

Thy Blood makes me whiter than snow.

Yes, yes; oh! yes,

Thy Blood makes me whiter than snow.

Bright, bright as walls built of jasper;

Pure, pure as streets paved with gold;

Soft, soft as angelic whispers,

Thy Spirit doth dwell in my soul.

Yes, yes; oh! yes,

Thy Spirit doth dwell in my soul.

This, this is a glorious salvation;

Full, full as the ocean of love;

True, true Divine consecration,

The fire that comes down from above.

Yes, yes; oh! yes,

The fire that comes down from above.

Lord, Lord, keep my soul spotless,

Still, still more perfect to be;

Change, change me into Thy likeness,

Then shall I be wholly like Thee.

Yes, yes; oh! yes,

Then I shall be wholly like Thee.

Crumbs for the Fittle People.

BIRDS AND BAD THOUGHTS.

If a bird should alight on your head,

In a merry and frolicsome way,

You would not be blamed for the trouble she made,

If you did not invite her to stay.

If a thought from the tempter should come

And touch for a moment the mind,

It might not be wrong if you gave it no home,

But drove it away on the wind.

If a bird should alight on your crown,
And you should welcome her there,
You would be to blame if you let her sit
down

And make her a nest in your hair.

If a troublesome thought comes along,
Returning again and again,

It will be quite wrong if you sing it a
song,

And ask it to lodge in your brain.

Then drive away every bad thought,

In your mind let it never have rest;

Or, let it be caught, and plainly be taught
That it can't have your head for a nest.

BAD WAGES.

"I HAVE left my place, mother," said a poor boy one day when he returned from his work.

"Why have you left?" said the mother; "was your master unkind to you?"

"No, mother, he was kind enough," said the boy.

"Didn't you like the work?" asked the mother.

"It was the wages I didn't like," said the boy solemnly. "My master wanted me to sin, and the wages of sin is death."

His master had expected him to lie about the goods, and deceive and cheat the customers; but the boy said:

"No, sir, I can't do such things; I will leave your service first." And he did leave it, and he was right about it, too. Such boys will make mothers' hearts glad, and will find that the Lord takes care of those who trust in Him and will not work for Satan, nor earn the wages of sin.

Such trials do the faithful good. It may seem hard to suffer because we will not sin; but the rough sea makes the best sailor, the hot furnace makes the pure gold, the strongest faith comes from the hardest trials, and they who suffer for Christ's and for conscience' sake, shall be blessed here, and crowned with joy hereafter.

READ this question and answer:

"Cannot infidelity reason away Christianity?"

"Not while Christians meet the world face to face, with their hands on their hearts, saying, 'We know.'"

Ah! it is a blessed privilege to know, and say, "I know."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

JESUS CHRIST

Having by the grace of God tasted death, and having ascended up on high—even to the great Metropolis of Worlds—to receive

GIFTS FOR MEN,

Calls attention to this rare and unparalleled assortment, which may be inspected and secured by the public at any time.

FAITH,

TEMPERANCE,

BROTHERLY

VIRTUE,

PATIENCE,

KINDNESS,

KNOWLEDGE,

GODLINESS,

CHARITY.

Suits of Armour, consisting of—

The Girdle of Truth,

The Breastplate of Righteousness,

The Sandals of Preparation of the Gospel of Peace,

The Shield of Faith,

The Helmet of Salvation,

The Sword of the Spirit.

PROPHECY,

or the Gift of Speech to Men about their Souls and Eternity.

COVET EARNESTLY THE BEST GIFTS, BUT SPECIALLY
THAT YE MAY PROPHECY.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE last month of 1874 has been lit up with a blaze of glory such as to gladden all our hearts and to compel us to enter the New Year full of high expectation.

In Cardiff, difficulties which there seemed good reason to expect, have only appeared sufficiently to make it possible to see their immediate disappearance under the genial influence of the Saviour's love. Brother Allen enters upon the New Year with scarcely a cloud to dim the prospect of a great victory.

In Stockton victory so sudden and so great has come upon us as almost to cause embarrassment, for with insufficient forces for our present work, we can hardly help dreading any demand for further help. The whole town appears to have been stirred at the very outset, and we are looking to God for unprecedented blessing there.

In Wellingboro' the Lord's provision of a hall for us has left us nothing to do but praise Him and conquer. The opening services, which will be reported next month, have been full of blessing so far.

Our eyes are up unto the Lord who hath given us counsel and strength in all the past and who will be sufficient for us in the future. Oh, that we may all be found faithful to the opportunities of 1875!

Opening of a Branch Mission at Stockton-on-Tees.



OUR friends will remember a reference in the Magazine of Nov. 1874, to Mr. Railton's visit to Stockton, and to the services which were being held on Sundays in the old theatre, a dilapidated building which had become a penny gaff of the worst description. The result of the intercourse between Mr. R. and our friends at Stockton was an earnest appeal to us for help to carry on the services. The theatre was secured entirely for mission work, and opened as "The People's Hall" on Sunday, the 22nd Nov., and a fortnight later Bro. Lane, whose labours and trials at Bromley have endeared him to all our hearts, went to open his commission as our evangelist in the town. The Lord was with him, and from his first service he held has confirmed the word with signs following. But let him speak for himself:—

I commenced services here on Sunday, the 6th; the theatre was crammed full, and hundreds were unable to get in. God gave me blessed power and liberty. The words "What shall the end be?" went straight home to the people's hearts; many went home deeply convinced of sin, while seven or eight sought and found the Saviour. God's people likewise were greatly blessed. Praise ye the Lord!

On the Monday night two professed to find peace, and on Tuesday night six—the majority of whom were young men of the sort the Mission likes—gave themselves to Christ. Every night during the week souls were brought to Christ. Praise the Lord!

On Sunday, the 13th, owing to the crowd that could not obtain admittance at the People's Hall, we had taken a larger theatre in Yarm Lane, which will seat between two and three thousand people. I preached in the afternoon: it was a time of refreshing; a great number of people were present. God's Spirit was manifestly at work while the words "Lovest thou Me?" searched the hearts of God's children, and we came away saying it was good to be there.

And now came the time I had looked for with something like wondering expectation, yet strong in the strength that God supplies through His Eternal Son; and truly His strength is made perfect in our weakness. The people thronged into the building till a quarter to seven, when 2,500 people filled the place. The sight was grand to see the vast multitude, the greater part of whom never go to a place of worship, stand up and sing the songs of Zion!

During the preaching it was easy to see that God was at work. The spirit of conviction was very deep. Many, seeing their state as poor prodigals, and wanderers from a loving God, were led to say in their hearts, "I will arise, and go to my Father." Of course, we shall not be able to tell the result of that service till eternity reveals it. But, praise the Lord, when the invitation was given to those that were anxious, many came from other parts of the building into the pit, to be spoken to and prayed with. Nor is that all! A dozen at least went away happy in a Saviour's love.

There are some very interesting cases. One man, who, as he himself said, had

NOT PRAYED FOR THIRTY YEARS, was found on his knees, beseeching the Lord to have mercy on his soul. His great desire now is to live as becometh the Gospel. Hallelujah!

Another, a dear woman I went to, was looking

VERY ANXIOUS.

I said, "What do you want?" She said, "I want to find Jesus." I said, "Kneel down, then, and seek Him." She did so, and was very soon rejoicing in His forgiving love. Hallelujah!

Another who, as one dear brother said, hardly knew whether he was standing, sitting, or kneeling, cried out, "Lord,

I GIVE UP ALL

to Thee. I give myself to Thee." He then ventured his all on the atoning blood, and was enabled to rejoice in God. Glory be to Jesus!

SAVED ALL OVER.

After I had been speaking in the open air one night, as I was going to the hall a tall man called after me, "Mr. Lane, you don't know me now." I looked round, and recognized the features of one I knew when a lad. I caught hold of his arm and said, "Yes I do; how is it with your soul and God?" "Well," he replied, "the Lord has saved my body from being killed this winter; as for my soul, I hardly know." "Well," I said, "come along, the Lord will save your soul now." In the prayer-meeting I said to him, "How is it with you now?" "I think He saves me," he said. "Seek Him again," I answered; and after awhile I said again, "How is it now?" "He saves me." "Does He save your soul as well as your body?" The answer came, "Yes, Richard, He saves me all over." Praise the Lord! May he be kept saved all over.

TWO JOLLY WATERMEN.

These two dear men were deeply convinced of sin. I said to them when asking them to decide, "The Spirit of God might leave you to-night." "Oh, no He won't," said one, "it has not left us since you have been here; we have been here every night; but it is right we should decide at once." And together they sought on their knees the mercy they needed, and found it in a crucified Lord.

THE BLOOD CLEANSSES.

Believers likewise are being quickened.

One dear man I found kneeling among the penitents, when I asked what he wanted, said, "What you have been talking about—sanctification." And he said, "I have been a Christian a great many years; but there is one word you have said a great many times comes to my heart with such power—that is, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'—*all sin*. Praise the Lord! So it does! May it cleanse thousands

more speedily, for Jesus Christ's sake.

THE MINISTERS
of the various churches here are in sympathy with the movement, and express themselves in warm terms. I am to preach at Middlesborough on Wednesday. Some of them were here yesterday. They got a taste, and want a drink. Hallelujah!

R. LANE.

91, High Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

Laying the Memorial Stone of the Hackney New Hall.



HE day so long looked forward to, and hailed with such pleasure by our Hackney friends, will long be remembered, for although the rain, which poured down almost incessantly all the day, completely defeated all the arrangements made for arresting public attention, we encouraged ourselves in the Lord our God, and rejoiced together.

At three o'clock we were surprised at the large number of people already gathered together. After singing and prayer, the Rev. W. BOOTH explained that the purpose for which the Christian Mission had been established, and for which the hall was about to be built, was the proclamation of the Gospel to those who lay outside every religious agency, and who would never hear the Gospel at all unless it were almost forced upon them. Every seat in the new hall would be free, and the poorest would be the most welcome there.

N. J. POWELL, Esq., then stepped forward and laid the memorial stone, after which he spoke as follows: This hall is to be used for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ—that Gospel which is so beautifully summed up in the words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I have every confidence in the intentions of the friends connected with this Christian Mission. They seek to spread the knowledge of Christ amongst the people. I feel that I ought not to keep you standing here in the rain; but there will be a meeting to-night in the Cambridge Heath Congregational Church, when, I am sure, those who are present will be gratified and benefited by the addresses delivered. I, therefore, would urge you all to attend that meeting.

Mr. JOHN EASON, who for some six years conducted the services in the tent on the London Fields, out of which the Christian Mission in Hackney has grown, then laid a stone "In memory of the tent services." He said: I have looked forward with great desire to this day. I am glad to be with

you here, and I trust that the services held in this hall when completed will be much more glorious than any we have known in the past.

Mrs. E. CLAPP, a worker at Hackney, and one of the oldest and best-tried friends there, then laid a stone, and spoke as follows: My dear friends, I am thankful to be here to-day. The hall is to be built for your benefit, and I trust when it is completed you will come into it, and get your souls saved.

Mr. FLAWN, one of our principal workers in the Shoreditch district, laid another stone, and said: I rejoice to be here to-day, and that more especially because I was once a rough stone—such as the rough stones which have been polished and built up in this Christian Mission; and God can polish any one here through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

After several friends had laid bricks, we repaired to the schoolroom of the Congregational Church (kindly placed at our disposal), where a comfortable tea awaited us.

THE PUBLIC MEETING.

After tea the chair was taken by R. PATON, Esq., who said: I am glad to be with you, though feeling so unwell as to be unfit for such work altogether. I was quite laid up the other day, and that set me thinking whether our life as Christian men is not too much public. We are always about in this busy world, and seem to have so little time for study of the Word of God and prayer, that really it seems necessary for our Father sometimes to lay us aside in order to give us opportunity to think and pray more. I have often thought what a delusion the word "church accommodation" is. We are not sent to preach the Gospel to so many pews, but to all the world; and oh! how many never enter a place of worship! I trust the Mission will ever be able to adapt itself to the necessities of the people, and thus to win and hold them for Christ. The Mission cannot come into antagonism with anybody. Men converted in the Mission will go and join the churches all around. Be glad of it, and persevere, and God will bless and help you.

The Rev. W. BOOTH said that he thought it best to give an outline of the position of the New Hall Fund. The original estimate for the building had been far below what the actual cost would be, for it was now pretty evident that the whole could not be completed, including the fitting up of the lower part of the building, for less than £1,400. It was true, arrangements had been made for the completion of the Hall, leaving the schoolroom, &c., unfinished; but he had commenced the building trusting in God, and he trusted their Father would enable them entirely to

finish it without stoppage. The grant of the Parent Mission towards the cost was to be £600; £105, including the proceeds of that day, had been contributed by the Hackney friends, or collected by them; and the remaining £695 must be got by some means within the next three months. The scheme had been so long in hand that he had been told no one would believe in the hall being built till the stone was laid. Having at length got thus far, he hoped the friends would get to work, and canvas the whole neighbourhood till the balance of the money was obtained.

The Rev. W. MARSHALL, minister of the Congregational church at which the meeting was held, said: I do not feel able to speak, but I was anxious to come and say how very much sympathy I feel with the Mission. Though a Congregational minister, I am a Christian Mission man, and feel as heartily with you as though I were of no denomination, or of any other. The great question before the poor is how to get bread. The knowledge they crave for, therefore, is of the lowest kind, and all their surroundings tend to keep them in ignorance. Hence the supreme importance and the arduous task of taking to them the highest knowledge, and teaching them what they ought to know of God and duty. Such is the object of your Mission. The spirit of your Mission is the spirit of Divine philanthropy. It seeks to help the prisoner in the house of bondage, and to bind up the broken-hearted. Having such an opinion of your work, I rejoice to wish you God speed, and to tell you that I am one with you in the tenderest Christian fellowship. The

Christian Church is dying of dignity. All the life of Christ was the fullest and freest outflow of Divine love, and that chiefly to the publicans and sinners. Such should be the life of His people now. Let the Christians, rich and poor, of all denominations get close together, and close to Christ, and then, like a fire whose embers are put close together, the Christian community would become warm and powerful.

Addresses were also delivered by Bros. Railton, Lamb, Pearson, and White, of Soho, and the meeting was concluded in confidence that God would abundantly bless our efforts in Hackney for His glory and the salvation of souls.

CARDIFF.

WE regret that Bro. Allen's report has miscarried; but we are happy to say that letters received from him and others testify to the continued success attending the services. Let us keep praying that our brother may still have all the physical and spiritual health and strength required fully to take advantage of the opening in this town.

WHITECHAPEL.

AMIDST the lengthened and interesting accounts of work in new stations, the older ones, including the centre, seem almost lost sight of; but this is not by any means an indication of decrepitude. On the contrary, we are thankful to say that at Whitechapel and at our other London stations the old work is being done and glorious results achieved week after week, seldom being a service held without souls seeking Christ. Plodding on amidst the dense masses of the wretched and godless in the East End, our brethren rejoice in grace given as needed to bear and to labour, and above all because "God is with us."

HAMMERSMITH.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."

WITH gratification we look around us on many who, a short time ago, were sitting in the darkness of the valley and shadow of death, but who have seen a great light in the face of Jesus Christ, and are now rejoicing in God.

A LION.

A woman said, the other day, if ever a lion was turned into a lamb, that man

R—is the one. When drunk, he would count it a small matter to kick his wife and children into the streets, and once when, more brutal than usual, his landlady interfered, he, without any ceremony, sent her into the street, with his foot, as well. This man is now converted, and neither drinks nor smokes. *Hallelujah!*

A SHOPKEEPER

said to me, "What an alteration, to be sure, there is in Mr. and Mrs. L.! He was nearly always drunk, and his wife very often quarrelling in the street, as well as at home. I am thankful," he added, "that they and some others of my customers are changed."

The man and woman referred to are now earnestly praying for the salvation of Hammersmith. *May the answer soon come.*

A CHANGED CHRISTMAS.

A family here well known to many in the neighbourhood as earnest devotees at the shrine of pleasure, and many of them most bitterly opposed to this mission, and to some who attended our meetings, have been arrested by the power of the Gospel, and so mightily has the work of God been in their midst, that twelve men and women, including their lodgers, have been hopefully converted to God. They had, for some years past, been in the habit of having round about family dancing parties during Christmas, and were planning them for this year when arrested by the Gospel. Thank God we have caught them—musicians and all—causing one of the most blessed revolutions of modern times, for, instead of having dancing parties they have meetings for prayer, and often keep them on until midnight.

DRIVEN MAD!

A shopkeeper, notorious for his unbelieving principles, and for his desecration of the Sabbath, attended the Town Hall. He resolved to mend his ways, and astonished his customers the following Sunday by telling them never to come there again on Sunday, for he had resolved to do business no more on that day. One woman was so surprised, that she could not rest until she had found out the cause, and when informed, said, "Oh! then it is all up with him, poor fellow; they will soon drive him mad." But, praise God! since then he has been seen at the penitent-form with hand uplifted, and, we trust, will evermore be found at the Master's feet.

A RIGHT MIND.

By the side of this man knelt a butcher, who soon obtained pardon, and astonished his wife upon his return home by his wonderful story of the Lord's dealings. The wife had known something of religious influences, having had a praying mother. The husband urged upon her the importance of her own salvation, and wrestled with God on her behalf until one o'clock in the morning, when our heavenly Father heard his cries, and set her precious soul at liberty. Oh! help us to praise the Lord for these and other wonderful changes.

KETTERING.

"Then they said one to another, We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace. If we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us; now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."

PRAISE God! during the past month God has wonderfully blessed His own people in Kettering, and many have been led to see that they did not well in holding their peace, and allowing sinners to go on in their wickedness uncare for. A spirit of earnestness has taken hold of the Christians, and they are determined to work while it is called to-day, for the night is at hand; and we are determined, waiting for nothing, to lead men to the Lamb, and cry, "Behold the way to God!"

Brother Clare preached here on Sunday, the 15th, at the close of which two sought and found the Lord.

CAUGHT AT LAST!

For a long time we have been deeply concerned about a young man who has attended the hall, and during service would sit and laugh. Many are the prayers that have ascended on his behalf. On the evening of the 22nd, he was there. We asked the Lord to help us to cast the net on the right side, and, glory be to God! He did, for at the close the one long prayed for, with seven others, decided for Christ. *Hallelujah!* Among the above were two sisters on a visit to this town. They were induced to come to the hall, and the Word was with power. They cried for mercy, and God saved them. One has since gone home. Before leaving she came to see me, and, with tears in her eyes, said, "Good-bye; I came here a sinner, but I am going home a new creature in Christ

Jesus. May the Lord bless the Mission!" Miss Billups' visit was made a great blessing. Brethren, pray for us.

CHAS. PANTER,
3, Newland Street, Kettering.

HASTINGS.

WE are glad to tell our friends that the Mission has not been in a better state for work for some time than at the present. *Hallelujah!*

On Sunday, November 22nd, we had a good day. In the evening seven souls came forward to seek "the old paths." The Lord was with us in all our stations. At Ninfield all were baptized afresh, and a dear brother who had been speaking at Rye said, "We had three souls out for Jesus!"

TWO POOR UNFORTUNATE GIRLS,

and a precious soul who had been anxious for months, and who had sometimes ran out of the meeting rather than yield, that night was broken up, and made a start for glory. The Lord help them to press forward!

On Sunday, November 29th, we opened a

NEW PREACHING STATION AT HALTON. This is a small village not quite a mile from Hastings.

We have got a room lately occupied by the Mormons, just in the centre of the poor people. On Sunday morning we got eight people inside, and one professed to get a clean heart. *Hallelujah!* In the afternoon 16 were present, and about 40 in the evening. Five came forward and sought and found the Saviour. Since Sabbath several others have found Jesus. Beside singing and short addresses in the open air, and indoor services every night (except Saturday), sister Jones, accompanied by other sisters, has visited from door to door. The following are specimens of the result of their visitation as given to me from their journal:—

Case A.—A woman aged 77, found in a room which daylight never enters, rejoicing in God's pardoning love, said "To have that is to have more than all the riches that could ever be found. And when I lay my head on my pillow at night I feel, if I should not wake again, the Lord would take my soul to Himself."

Case B.—A young girl, on being asked to give the bloom of her life to God, replied, "I have. I went to hear Mrs.

Booth preach at the music hall, and while there gave God my heart, Nov. 13th, 1872, and I have been happy in Jesus ever since. I have buried my father, and had many troubles, but I have kept trusting in Jesus."

Case D was a great contrast to case A. Age, and the fruits of sin, sickness, disease, pallor, dirt, and total spiritual darkness burst upon our sight. A mother, 89, bent, shrivelled, and exceedingly deaf, just on the border of the grave. She "was hoping to get to heaven." We asked on what she built her hope? With tears she said, "I have been a hard-working woman, a good mother, never done no harm to any one, and I hope the Lord will think on me at the last." We felt no language too strong to use, and assured her no goodness, no good works could merit heaven, and that nothing but the blood of Jesus could wash sin away and serve in a dying hour.

These volunteers visited sixty-four houses during the week, and thus we are trying, by one means or another, to get at the people and lead them to Jesus.

Money, for carrying on the above work, cast off clothing (for distribution among the poor), tracts, and small books, &c., will be thankfully received and acknowledged in this magazine, by

W. M. CORBRIDGE,

Beulah House, Plympton Road,
West Hill, Hastings.

CHATHAM.

SPECIAL blessing has attended our efforts during the past month. Our dear superintendent paid us a visit on Sunday, November 15th, and the blessing of the Lord rested upon us. Mr. Booth preached at 10.30 a.m. Several were led out of their doubts and fears into perfect light and liberty. At the afternoon (2.30) experience meeting, a good number testified that the Blood cleanseth from all sin. Hallelujah to Jesus! In the evening Mr. Booth preached, and at the after meeting two souls sought salvation. A backslider came forward, and cried for forgiveness of her backslidings, and was soon enabled to rejoice. All glory be to God!

Sunday, November 22nd, Mr. Railton was with us, and we had a blessed day. At night, at the Lecture Hall, Mr. Railton preached. The Word was with power, and the Spirit of the

Lord was present to heal. Three souls professed to obtain the blessing of pardon; four backsliders came weeping their way to Jesus, who healed their backslidings, and sent them home rejoicing. Praise the Lord!

Sunday, November 29th, we had good congregations all day. In the evening, at the Lecture Hall, the Lord came down in mighty power. I preached from "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." The Word went home to the hearts of the people, convincing them of sin. In the after meeting, fourteen sinners came out weeping and seeking pardon, and they obtained it, and could sing, with joy beaming in their countenances,

"I know my sins are all forgiven."

Glory to the bleeding Lamb! To God be all the glory!

EXPERIENCE OF A CORPORAL.

A corporal in the Royal Marines says: "I was a backslider, having been converted at Gillingham about six years ago, but I have been going deeper into sin year after year. During that time my conscience has often troubled me. On one occasion I was at field drill on Chatham Lines, and such a feeling came over me that I thought I was going to drop dead on the spot. I cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and then promised God that I would give him my heart if he should spare my life; but I did not keep my promise. In the meantime my wife was persuaded to go to the People's Hall, on the Brook, and, glory be to God! she found peace; and as soon as she saw me she told me that she was converted, and I said, 'Oh! I am very glad to hear it, and I hope you will stick to it.' After this God troubled me very much, and one Sunday night I woke my wife up, and told her that I was going to lead a better life, and she there and then thanked God for answering her prayers. On the Monday, I said, 'I am going to the People's Hall to-night,' and I asked her to come too, and, glory be to God! we did go, and heard Mr. Irvine tell of a crucified Saviour, and I found peace with God, and my wife came out to the penitent-form with me, and got washed again in the precious Blood. But after this the devil came to me, and told me I was not converted, and I said if I am not, *I will be*, and on the next Sunday I went to the Lecture Hall, and I got fresh washed in the blood of the Lamb, and I feel that it is a glorious thing to serve the Lord. I now know what *real*

happiness is, and I thank God for sending the Christian Mission to Chatham.—R. B., Corporal."

LIBERATED.

A dear man, thirteen years in the service of the devil in Chatham, says, "You ask me why I did not go to any place of worship. Why, the devil had me bound so tight, that I thought nothing about it; but on Sunday morning I was on my way to a public-house, when I met one of my fellow-workmen, and I watched him go into the hall, on the Brook, and I went in after him. While I was there the Spirit of God took hold of me, and showed me I was a sinner; but, glory be to God! I found pardon for all my sins that night at the Lecture Hall. I do bless God for the Christian Mission." This brother has witnessed a good profession for some six months. May he be kept unto the end!

STROOD.

THIS place seemed to be the very seat of Satan by the fierce opposition we received, but now, praise the Lord! our meetings are well attended, and we get good attention; the people hear us gladly. I am proposing to make some special effort for this town—a fortnight's services for the salvation of the people.

THE OPEN-AIR MEETINGS are well attended and sustained, notwithstanding the wet, foggy, and cold weather. Our batteries are still firing upon the enemy's camp, and not without some success. To God be all the glory! Pray for us at Chatham and Strood.

Parcels of tracts or small books for distribution, or donations for our general work, will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, Royal Marine Barracks, Treasurer; or Mr. W. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace, Chatham; or

JAMES DOWDLE,

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

P.S.—We propose giving a free tea to the bargemen, coalheavers, and their wives, at Strood. We shall preach the Gospel to them, and endeavour to win them to Christ. *Will our friends help us?* Contributions will be thankfully received as above.

OPENING OF A BRANCH STATION AT FULHAM.

FOR some time past, we have been hard pressed to do something at Fulham by friends who have attended our services at Hammersmith, but our difficulty was

a place. At last a schoolroom has been obtained in the heart of the place, and surrounded by railway men and navvies—just the very class we are anxious to reach. Having no money to spend on printing, assisted by a band of our converts from Hammersmith, we sang and preached through the streets, tramping bravely through mud and water, scoffs and jeers, and plenty of abuse. We kept *God's glory* and the *salvation* of precious souls in view, and we rejoiced to find inside the schoolroom a large congregation. But the best sight of all was six men at the close seeking salvation, and we rejoice to be able to add, that at every service some have sought, and, we trust, found, peace through believing. Many are under conviction. Will our friends pray for Fulham? Will our friends pray for them, and us, and this work? and will those who can, help us? A little practical sympathy is a wonderful encouragement.

ABRAHAM LAMB,

12, Hetton Street,
Hammersmith, W.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

WILLIAM ABERCROMBIE, WHITECHAPEL.

OUR dear departed brother joined the mission on the 22nd of October, 1873, and in March, 1874, after a sermon by Mr. Booth, on Holiness, he was enabled, by the Holy Spirit, to lay his all upon the altar. From that time until he died he walked in the enjoyment of the blessing of perfect love. He was attacked with low fever on the 5th of November, and continued to get worse until the 5th of December, when his agony was extreme. Early in the morning of that day, after a short sleep, opening his eyes, he exclaimed, "Come again, Jesus! Oh, come again, blessed Jesus!" and in a moment his happy spirit went to be for ever with that Jesus whom he loved with all his heart. T. A.

RACHEL LEMAS, OF WHITECHAPEL.

OUR sister was converted on the 7th of May, 1873, and from that time her walk was consistent, adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. She was seized with erysipelas early in September, 1874, and died trusting in Jesus on the 18th. When asked if she was afraid to die, she answered, with a heavenly smile, "No; I am going to Jesus," and her happy spirit winged its flight to the realms of eternal glory. T. A.

Latest Intelligence.

PORTSMOUTH.

WE are going forward, and the hand of the Lord is with us. During the month many of our members have been pressing into full salvation, and, as a result, we have had most precious meetings.

On the 15th we had a night of power, and closed with seven souls for Jesus. We followed up this service in good earnest, and on the Friday evening, praise the Lord, fourteen others started afresh for the kingdom. This new manifestation of God's goodness caused us to push on the battle with renewed vigour, and God gave us ten more. This service we followed up with one of our old-fashioned love-feasts, and, at the close, oh, glory be to God! fourteen others made the full consecration of all to Jesus. In the evening, God received three others—one a prodigal, and two poor broken-hearted sinners came home to their heavenly Father.

I closed up on Sabbath last with four others, who came to the Saviour. Oh! how my heart yearns to describe more fully these blessed meetings; but I must forbear, for I am busy making preparations for the poor at Christmas.

BUCKLAND.

BRO. GREY writes: We are moving on at this station. Our Sunday evening congregations have nearly doubled, and sinners are being saved. One is a young woman, to whom I spoke about her soul; she yielded; we prayed, and the angels rejoiced over her. Another is a woman who heard me preach from "The white-robed multitude." She saw and felt the necessity of being washed in the blood of the Lamb; her heart yearned for pardon; by faith she ventured, and is now happy. We held a society tea-meeting on the 22nd; the Lord blessed us. To our God be all the glory!

Contributions much needed, will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. W. Cawse, 43, Arundel Street, Landport.

J. M. SALT,
92, Lake Road, Landport, Portsmouth.

SOHO.

FIRST QUARTERLY FESTIVAL.

THE wetness of our festival Sunday gave opportunity to test the earnestness of our people, and proved the readiness of the little band of male and female workers to stand for hours under the drizzling rain telling others what a dear Saviour they had found.

On turning out for the morning open-air service some one proposed that we should take our stand near a large group of wretched-looking women who were crowding round a heap of dirty second-hand clothing which a woman was offering for sale. "No," said another, "we must not attempt that, for the women will only set upon us; we cannot have a meeting: we can only have a row;" and the appearance of the women and the experience of the friends amply justified the conclusion. We, therefore, took our stand at another point opposite several open shops, and there urged the people to accept Christ.

The afternoon hallelujah meeting in Newport Market was one of the most delightful open-air services I ever attended. The rain prevented audiences from standing for long at a time; but as soon as one passed on we got another, each one listening for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; so that during the afternoon we had the opportunity of pointing hundreds to the Saviour; and as speaker after speaker stood forth we felt our souls greatly blessed, and many of the hearers were in tears.

In the evening a congregation which was to me exceedingly pleasing assembled in the hall. The Word was with power, and we were gladdened at the close by the sight of souls seeking mercy.

On the Monday evening, however, we were all taken by surprise. Diligent preparation had indeed been made for tea, but no one expected to have as many as seventy tickets paid for, and the attendance at the meeting was such as to put members of older stations to the blush. W. H. Crispin, Esq., had kindly consented to preside, and the meeting was altogether extremely gratifying.

Not the least interesting part of the evening's proceedings were the addresses of Miss and Mr. Ballington Booth, who, in speeches replete with incisive truth and vigour, encouraged us all. G. S. R.

THE JOY OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

Hymn 291.

8s. Fine.

How taste-less and tedious the hours, When Je-sus no longer I see,
Sweet prospects sweet birds and sweet flow'rs Have lost all their sweetness to me.

D.C. But when I am hap-py in Him, December's as pleasant as May. D.C.

The midsummer sunshines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice,
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
3. Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Could make any change in my mind.

- While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Then take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and storms are no more.

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

Hymn 467.

8s. Fine.

Thou Shepherd of Is-rael and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart,
For clo-ser com-mun-ion I pine, I long to reside where Thou art.

Are fed on Thy bo-som re-clined, And screened from the heat of the day.

D.C.

The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd o-bey,

2. Ah, show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

BALANCE SHEET
OF THE
CHATHAM BRANCH OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,
From November, 1873, to 1st December, 1874.

Dr.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.
To Offerings at Lecture Hall	90 6 1½	By Rent of Lecture Hall	43 16 8
" People's Hall	7 13 6	" Stationery and Printing	3 13 3
" Believers' Offerings	19 1 4	" Rent, Gas, and Cleaning of People's Hall	22 8 0
" Donations and Cards	88 12 10	" Seats, and Fittings for same	45 16 0½
" Proceeds of Tea Meetings	8 0 8	" Missionary's Salary and Incidentals	105 2 6
" Grants from Parent Mission	45 0 0	" Furnishing Preacher's House	40 8 10
" Incidentals	3 9 11	" Balance in hand	0 19 1
	£262 4 4½		£262 4 4½

WM. HEATH, *Secretary.*

CAPT. TINMOUTH, R.M., *Treasurer,*
Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham.

We print the above as a remarkable example of economical Mission work. A powerful Mission has been thoroughly established in a large town, with Mission Hall and Missionary's House well fitted up, and has in twelve months become all but self-supporting; the cost of the first twelve months to our funds being only forty-five pounds!

U R G E N T.

WANTED, CLOTHING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS FOR THE POOR!

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

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

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

HOLINESS MEETINGS.

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