

The Christian Mission Magazine.

JANUARY, 1876.

On!

By G. S. RAILTON.



HY are we spared to commence another year? Is it merely that we may look back with thankfulness to the good times that have been, and talk about them? Surely, if God had wished us to be thus occupied He would have transported us to a world where nothing unholy could break in upon our festivity—nothing unsightly mar our vision.

But here are these poor people shivering in the cold, and the wretched drunkards staggering out of the public-house, and making merriment for the crowd which comes pouring out from the theatre, where they have had three hours' fairy-land. The policemen must find it very cold such a night as this. But what must the poor women feel like, with no huge great-coat, shawl over head, and not even the prospect of a warm bed and a fire in the morning?

And the millions now asleep—how many of them would awake to a bright day of glory if the great cry were to be raised just now, "Behold the bridegroom cometh"? Ah, there is a greater work for us than the contemplation of the past, or the recital of its joys. There is a great work yet to be done. Millions of miserable ones call upon us to come and rescue them from the eternal woe to which they hasten.

We have only begun yet. God has mercifully spared us to go on, and we must press forward as long as He lends us breath, or millions must die, as millions, alas! have died already, only to perish.

A GOOD BASE

is necessary to a safe advance. An army cut off from all its supports, with enemies on every side, and with no other alternative than a surrender at discretion or a wild adventure, may possibly escape, and may even effect some grand achievement; but, as a rule,

the army which succeeds is that which, starting from strong positions, and keeping up constant communication with them as it leaves them behind, goes on from stronghold to stronghold, founding each forward movement upon some safe place of defence.

We are always hearing of people commencing "the struggle or the battle of life;" and yet how few, alas! have any foundation on which to build their life-conflict! And, oh, how hopeless and weary that conflict is without that only sure Refuge, that only foundation worthy of the name, Christ Jesus, the Lord!

Wandering aimlessly along, snared and taken, driven hither and thither, sore, broken, dismayed, and confounded, the poor servants of Satan are far from help and safety, and can only expect destruction to overtake and overwhelm them at the last.

Thank God that so many have found in Him a resting-place during the past twelve months, and have started upon a new career, with the prospect of victory before them!

But how many of those who know that all their springs are in God utterly fail to keep up that constant resting upon Him, and drawing of support and supplies from Him, which are indispensable for anyone who wishes to make solid progress! "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his distresses."

But the Lord does not hear *that* poor man do anything of the kind, and therefore does not deliver him. He goes on through a certain round of services and life, and if you come across him twenty years hence you will find him just where you left him, if not overcome by the world altogether.

Poor fellow! he may have his name inscribed amongst the members of many a good society, and may be made a deacon, or an elder—perhaps even a minister; but as to making any advance not founded upon the power of God, it is out of the question. He will be in 1876 and 1886, if still in the land of the living, just what and where he was in 1875, only with so much more time and opportunity gone.

God wants us to advance, and will never allow us to want anything we need for the purpose if we only fall back upon Him; but if we flap our wings ever so we shall rise no higher by our own exertions. He insists upon bearing His people upwards Himself, and if we want a year of progress, we must have a year of God.

WHITHER SHALL WE ADVANCE?

A question for each one to decide for himself. Is there anyone who has got *all*, and wants nothing? Is there anyone who sees no blessing to obtain, no task to perform, no difficulty to surmount, no benefit to confer on anyone, no one to reach with a message of mercy, no one to lift up, nothing to pull down? Oh, miserable one, you have lived too long!

Our hearts were gladdened but the other day when we heard of a statesman, who seemed to have got to the end of the list of reforms he desired to see accomplished, declaring his intention to attack the monster Drink, and, in spite of all his mighty hosts, to put some limits on his destructive power.

But you, ye kings and priests of God, who have a Divine prompter and a task which no man in his own strength can perform, you who represent God Himself, and upon whose activity the whole world depends for salvation—you who have not an hour, it may be, left to complete your preparation of the Master's way before Him—have you nothing left to do? Will you suffer yourselves to rest in this 1876?

Can any of us console ourselves that our work is all done—that there are no forms of evil, no companies of evil ones, no haunts of vice for us to attack? Ah! it may seem an idle question in this East End; but let us remember, that to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. To see great work for us to do as yet untouched, great enemies to overcome as yet unattacked, and to remain just where we are, to do no more in 1876 than in 1875 will be sin.

Death is advancing everywhere. To-day in the colliery, to-morrow on the seas, whole companies of our fellow-men are snatched away in a moment. Before the end of this year sixty-eight thousand more will be gone into eternity from London alone. We have no time to lose. We must be quick indeed, if we would have a word with thousands, ere they pass away from our reach for ever!

England held its breath while it read of the exploring party underground picking slowly their way along the miners' dark alley amidst the deadly afterdamp, and finding at length, a mile from fresh air and daylight, one poor living body—a man nearly dead, but living still. Oh, how the strong brave men rejoice to bear him back, and what a glow of hope the news inspires as the blackened, mutilated form comes up—only to die.

My brothers, there are millions around us slumbering in Satan's awful embrace. Their souls are poisoned within them. They have been dashed against the unchanging laws of God by a thousand fierce explosions of passion, and they lie dying in the dark. But they are alive yet.

Oh, shall we not rush to help them—to save them if we can? Our Leader, our Hope, our Master, went forth into the deepest darkness. He went on, and on, and on, till the horrid afterdamp of sin overwhelmed Him, and then, flinging us His light with His latest breath, He told us to go on to the very end, giving ourselves to the very death to save the rest. "I will rise again and be with you even to the end," He said. He is risen. He is with us. It is His cheering voice that has encouraged us, and His strong arm that has sustained us to this hour.

Let us push along farther and farther still amongst the masses of ruined men around us, giving ourselves no rest until we have spread

throughout the world the honours of His name who bought us with His blood.

Have we not been too ready to accept some settled order of things, and to go through the same round of work month after month, flattering ourselves that we were really doing a great deal, and "could not be expected to do much more" although we knew all the time that what we had done had not proved sufficient to overturn the kingdom of hell, and bring multitudes to Christ?

"But we have had open-air service every day all through this winter, and there is something doing in our hall every night." Very good. Praise God!

But what about the people around the hall? Are there not streets very near it in which no open-air service has ever been held, because there are better stands elsewhere? Are there not thousands of people within a small distance who have never once heard our voice? Is every day a great day, and every service a great success? We have got a great God. We must never be content with little things. On! on! on!

The country is before us. In many a great population there exists no successful agency such as ours for the salvation of the masses. Town after town, in the terrible wail of sin and misery that goes up from its crowded hives of industry, cries aloud, "Come over and help us!" We must rouse every talent, every voice, to respond to the mighty appeal.

But above all, London lies before us. Its vast throngs utterly eclipse the claims of any other city. Half-a-dozen of our largest manufacturing centres put together cannot match the vast roll of its artisans and labourers. Along these weary miles of streets a nation of poor people are pacing daily to the grave. Here lurk a tribe, they tell us, of 110,000 people of the criminal class, whom an army of 11,000 police watch and prevent from making a general onslaught on the huge stores of wealth which abound more and more every year. Here are hundreds of thousands of people who never bowed the knee to God, who never read or heard His Word, and are as far from Him as any race of men can be. Whatever we may be enabled to do for other cities, the four millions of London must ever claim our first and best attention; for what would a hundred halls and a hundred evangelists be amongst so many?—one for every 40,000; and we cannot imagine that anyone would dispute whether, in addition to all that others do, there was not ample work for one of us amongst such a population.

Oh, how the very thought of the mighty burden lying at our door overcomes us! How can we go on writing about it, or talking about it? We must be off to hold up Jesus before these hundred cities in one. God help us to be faithful to our mighty calling!

Four Years' Campaign in India.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

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HERE is a very great contrast between the account of Mr. Taylor's African "adventures" and the record of his work in India. Instead of the great crowds and the hundreds of converts we find mentioned in the former, we find him content and thankful for handfuls of hearers gathered at family prayer, and glad to get converts by ones or twos.

While reading the first few pages of this book, descriptive of his career as an evangelist in Australia, Africa, the West Indies, and Ceylon, where, in connection with his labours, and those which he evidently inaugurated, some thirty thousand souls were actually recorded and returned as members of their societies by the missionaries, one naturally expects to find farther on in the book instances of saving power not less interesting than those which occurred in Africa.

But no. Instead of the eager and hearty welcome accorded to him by ministers of all Dissenting denominations elsewhere, Mr. Taylor seems generally to have been only tolerated at best in India. When he does secure a place for service, a few hundred people are "a great crowd" in comparison with the scores who assemble in some cases, even where a series of special services are announced in some great city. We scarcely ever find that more than a dozen enquirers after salvation come forward to the penitent-form, and seekers return night after night, in many cases, without exercising faith in Christ.

"How is it?" one asks. "Ah," would be the instant reply of a hasty critic, "he is not the man he once was," without waiting to examine evidence. "Is there not the same God in India as elsewhere?" Yes; but the work Mr. Taylor has attempted and accomplished in India has been of an infinitely superior kind to that which he has been the means of realising elsewhere; and thus, although in numbers of converts he may not make so grand a return as before, we think we find evidence that the Master has had more than ever to do with the work.

To our own mind, this book is far more encouraging than the other, for we find a brother establishing in heathen India a Christian Mission—save the name—meeting, combating, and surmounting the very difficulties with which we have to deal, and proving, by his very discouragements and trials, that we have every cause to thank God and take fresh courage for the remainder of our days.

We do not know the secrets of our brother's heart. It may be that his faith was weakened by converse with unbelieving "believers" at the very outset of his career in India, and that this has diminished and delayed his success. He tells, indeed, of an occasion when once amongst an

* "Four Years' Campaign in India," by William Taylor. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

assemblage of missionaries, "so much was said about long sermons, and long after-meetings, and the inability of people in this climate to stand such work, that I partially yielded to the judgment of others, and was also somewhat disconcerted by the general feeling of distrust which seemed to mildew the whole concern."

Poor Brother Taylor! We can fully sympathise with you from heart-felt experience! It is hard to keep believing when those who ought to believe are full of doubt. But, thank God! we know Him who "giveth more grace," as we are sure Brother Taylor does, too.

THE PENITENT-FORM

created a great difficulty from the first; for such a thing as asking seekers of Christ openly to declare themselves was unknown even amongst Mission people, and met with the greatest opposition from almost every-one.

Isa Das, a native preacher, said: "I came to these meetings an unsaved man. I determined to seek salvation; but I thought to go forward as a seeker would disgrace me. One who has been preaching the gospel for years to go forward as a seeker! I could not do it; it was too much for my pride. I went three miles out of town, and kneeled down in the darkness of the night in a mango grove and prayed earnestly to God for the pardon of my sins, but got no relief. But last Wednesday morning I kneeled down there at that rail as a seeker, and received Christ as my Saviour, and got all my sins forgiven."

It pleased God, however, not only in this, but in many notable instances, to demonstrate the value of the penitent-form in bringing men to a thorough, unqualified submission to Christ. Here is one example of the way in which bold champions of hell are thus led to become equally bold witnesses for Christ:—

Brother H— opened his case fully to-day. His complications are too horrible to be penned. When he came forward as a seeker, one of our dear missionaries was horrified, saying, as he passed out of the chapel, "That is the greatest vagabond in the North-West; I have no faith in such a man as that. We are not getting hold of the right sort of stuff at all."

I replied, "He is a large, fine-looking man. He looks like a Scotchman."

"His parents are Scotch, but he is Indian born, and the most hopelessly licentious man I ever saw."

"Well, what could induce such a man to come forward among the seekers, trembling like old Belshazzar, and to struggle there in penitential tears for an hour? God has called the poor fellow by His Spirit, and I'll stick to him and get him saved, if possible."

He came forward many times, and was clearly saved. God afterwards marvelously helped him out of his wicked complications, and he at once became a quiet but earnest worker, speaking personally to all to whom he could get access, and telling them of God's marvellous mercy to him. For example, he met a Scotchman, a stranger to him, at the "Dak Bungalow," and spoke to him about his soul. The Scotchman opened an infidel battery against him; and as with one learned fallacy after another he tried to demolish the strongholds of Christianity, poor H— trembled with apprehension for his cause and for himself. He thought he had "waked up the wrong passenger."

When his turn came to reply, he said, "My dear friend, I see that you are a learned man; I am not. I went to school a few months, but I was such a bad boy they turned me out; and I cannot pretend to meet you in argument at all, but if you will allow me, I will tell you a little of my experience."

He then gave the details of his horrible wickedness in the past, of his awakening, and struggles with sin and its dreadful entanglements, and of his great deliverance by the powerful hand of Jesus, and the great peace and joy that filled his soul from that day.

Brother H— had not the courage to look up till he had done, and then, to his surprise and joy, he saw that the Scotchman was weeping, and heard him exclaim, "Oh, sir, that is just what I need! Will you kindly take me to the place where you got your instructions?" So Brother H— took him to our preaching-hall, and got him saved.

THE GREAT STUMBLING-BLOCK.

But the great difficulty with which Brother Taylor was everywhere beset lay in the fearful ungodliness of the European and other "Christians" resident in the country. He became at last utterly hopeless of effecting any great work amongst the natives until there had been raised up a body of real Christians to show forth the praises of Him who had bought them with His blood. Here is the story of many an intelligent Hindoo's rejection of Christianity no doubt, told by one of them after his conversion:—

"I read the New Testament when quite a young man, and was deeply impressed with its doctrines, and especially with the example of Jesus and of His disciples. I thought, Surely this is God's book, and these were God's people. I studied their characteristics closely, and felt a desire to know whether or not there were any such people now living on the earth. So I met an English gentleman in the street, and said to him, 'I have been reading a very interesting book.'

"What book is that?"

"It is a book called the New Testament."

"Yes; that is indeed a good book."

"I was very much impressed by the example of Jesus and of His disciples, and feel a great desire to know if there are any such people living now."

"Oh, yes; there are many Christians living here in Bombay."

"Indeed! Will you kindly show me one?"

"Oh, yes; come along with me."

"I went with him a little way, and we met a man; and my guide said, pointing to him, 'There is a Christian.' I followed the said Christian straightway, and sought his acquaintance, and became intimate with him and others who were said to be Christians. I studied them as best I could in their social life, religious assemblies, treatment of their servants, and business transactions. I compared their lives with the lives of the apostles, and could not find a single point of correspondence. The example of those Christians paralysed my understanding, and I became an atheist. I remained nominally a Hindoo, but practically an atheist, till I came to Brother Taylor's meetings last year. There I saw scores of the people who passed for Christians stand up publicly, and with flowing tears confess that they were miserable sinners. They went down upon their knees, and were instructed and prayed for, and afterwards testified to the people that they had accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and that He had taken away their sins and given them a new heart. I again read the New Testament, and got a fresh impression of the characteristics of Jesus and of His apostles. I then studied these people who said they had found Jesus. I closely observed their conduct towards their servants, their social life, their business habits, and their religious exercises, and found a complete correspondence. I found in them the same patience, meekness, truthfulness, honesty, love, and sympathy, that I had read about in the lives of Jesus and His disciples; and I came clearly to the conclusion, 'After all, this is God's book, and these are God's people.' Thus I was awakened, and became a Christian."

A GOOD CHRISTIAN.

At a meeting held in Bombay, a missionary said to Mr. Taylor—

"Go and speak to that gentleman. He is Mr. George Miles, a very good Christian man, but he seems to be in some distress."

Poor man! he had need to be in distress, for he knew nothing of Christ. Some time after, he had another conversation with Mr. Taylor, when he told him—

"Since you spoke to me that night in the American chapel, I have not played a single game of billiards, nor taken a glass of brandy."

The amount of drinking thought compatible with the life of a good Christian in India may be judged from the fact that a certain major, after his conversion, told Mr. Taylor he could easily support two missionaries now, for it would cost no more than he had saved by banishing drink from his table!

Brother Taylor has found out, like others, that to invite people to accept Christ as a Saviour is an invitation which may be rapidly responded to by thousands; but to get people really to abandon the world, and become crucified with Christ, is another affair—a slow, and tedious, and trying work, especially amongst a number of professedly Christian people.

The work, so easy elsewhere, has been one of gigantic toil and struggle throughout; indeed, one of the most prominent features of Brother Taylor's present volume is the

LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT

to which it testifies. The climate is supposed to make it quite impossible for Europeans to endure much exertion; but we find Brother Taylor preaching very generally twice, and often three times, every day, besides spending hour after hour in smaller meetings. At one time he was occupied daily from 5.30 to 9.30 a.m. in going round to hold family prayer at a number of houses. The hour and minute when he was to commence at each being settled, everyone was in their places on his arrival, and no time was lost.

(To be continued.)

DIFFICULTIES CONCERNING FAITH.

By H. W. S.

Your idea of faith, I suppose, has been something like this. You have looked upon it as in some way a sort of *thing*, either a religious exercise of soul, or an inward gracious disposition of heart, something tangible, in fact, which, when you have got, you can look at and rejoice over, and use as a passport to God's favour, or a coin with which to purchase His gifts. And you have been praying for faith, expecting all the while to get something like this, and never having received any such thing, you are insisting upon it that you have no faith. Now faith, in fact, is not in the least this sort of thing. It is nothing at all tangible. It is simply believing God, and, like sight, it is nothing apart from its object. You might as well shut your eyes and look inside, and see whether you have sight, as to look inside to discover whether you have faith. You see

something, and thus know that you have sight; you believe something, and thus know that you have faith. For as sight is only seeing, so faith is only believing. And as the only necessary thing about seeing is, that you see the thing as it is, so the only necessary thing about believing is, that you believe the thing as it is. The virtue does not lie in your believing, but in the thing you believe. If you believe the truth you are saved; if you believe a lie you are lost. The believing in both cases is the same; the things believed in are exactly opposite, and it is this which makes the mighty difference. Your salvation comes, not because your faith saves you, but because it links you on to the Saviour who saves; and your believing is really nothing but the link.

I do beg of you to recognise, then, the extreme simplicity of faith, that it is nothing more nor less than just believing God when He says He either has done something for us, or will do it; and then trusting Him to do it. It is so simple

that it is hard to explain. If anyone asks me what it means to trust another to do a piece of work for me, I can only answer that it means letting that other one do it, and feeling it perfectly unnecessary for me to do it myself. Every one of us has trusted very important pieces of work to others in this way, and has felt perfect rest in thus trusting, because of the confidence we have had in those who have undertaken to do it. How constantly do mothers trust their most precious infants to the care of nurses, and feel no shadow of anxiety! How continually we are all of us trusting our health and our lives, without a thought of fear, to cooks and coachmen, engine-drivers, railway conductors, and all sorts of paid servants, who have us completely at their mercy, and could plunge us into misery or death in a moment, if they chose to do so, or even if they failed in the necessary carefulness! All this we do and make no fuss about it. Upon the slightest acquaintance, often, we thus put our trust in people, requiring only the general knowledge of human nature, and the common rules of human intercourse; and we never feel as if we were doing anything in the least remarkable.

You have done all this yourself, dear reader, and are doing it continually. You would not be able to live in this world and go through the customary routine of life a single day, if you could not trust your fellow-men. And it never enters into your head to say you cannot.

But yet you do not hesitate to say, continually, that you cannot trust your God!

I wish you would just now try to imagine yourself acting in your human relations as you do in your spiritual relations. Suppose you should begin to-morrow with the notion in your head that you could not trust anybody, because you had no faith. When you sat down to breakfast you would say, "I cannot eat anything on this table, for I have no faith, and I cannot believe the cook has not put poison in the coffee, or that the butcher has not sent home a diseased ham." So you would go starving away. Then when you went out to your daily avocations, you would say, "I cannot ride in the railway train, for I have no faith, and therefore I cannot trust the engineer, nor the conductor, nor the builders of the carriages, nor the managers of the road." So you

would be compelled to walk everywhere, and grow unutterably weary in the effort, besides being actually unable to reach many of the places you could have reached in the train. Then, when your friends met you with any statements, or your business agent with any accounts, you would say, "I am very sorry that I cannot believe you, but I have no faith, and never can believe anybody." If you opened a newspaper you would be forced to lay it down again, saying, "I really cannot believe a word this paper says, for I have no faith; I do not believe there is any such person as the Queen, for I never saw her; nor any such country as Ireland, for I was never there. And I have no faith, so of course I cannot believe anything that I have not actually felt and touched myself. It is a great trial, but I cannot help it, for I have no faith."

Just picture such a day as this, and see how disastrous it would be to yourself, and what utter folly it would appear to any one who should watch you through the whole of it. Realise how your friends would feel insulted, and how your servants would refuse to serve you another day. And then ask yourself the question, if this want of faith in your follow-men would be so dreadful, and such utter folly, what must it be when you tell God that you have no power to trust Him nor to believe His word; that it is a great trial, but you cannot help it, for you have no faith?

Is it possible that you can trust your fellow-men and cannot trust your God? That you can receive the "witness of men," and cannot receive the "witness of God"? That you can believe man's record, and cannot believe God's record? That you can commit your dearest earthly interests to your weak, failing fellow-creatures without a fear, and are afraid to commit your spiritual interests to the blessed Saviour who shed His blood for the very purpose of saving you, and who is declared to be "able to save you to the uttermost"?

MR. MOODY'S RULE OF LIFE.—I have a rule that has helped me wonderfully, and I will give it you here. That is, I won't allow a day to pass without speaking to some one about their eternal interest. I have had that rule for a great many years, and if I have been blessed to others through it I cannot do better than recommend it to you.

OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

COME all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain,
Come view your home beyond the
tide!

Hear now the voices of your loved ones,
What they sing on the other side.
Some are singing of bright crowns of
glory,

Some of dear ones who stand near the
shore!

For the fond heart must ever be cling-
ing

To the faithful we love evermore.

CHORUS.

O the prospect! it is so transporting,
And no danger I fear from the tide;
Let me go to the home of the Christian,
Let me stand robed in white by their
side.

There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.

Soon my conflicts and toils will be
ended;

I shall join those who have passed on
before;

For my loved ones, O how I do miss
them!

I must press on and meet them once
more.

Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There, there the Saviour reigns for ever,
And He'll welcome the faithful home.

Would you sit by the banks of the river,
With the friends you have loved by
your side?

Would you join in the song of the
angels?

Then be ready to follow your guide.

THE BAPTISM OF POWER.

BY M. E. CARMICHAEL.

I FEEL a wondrous need of power
In my life-work, Lord, this hour—
A power to wrestle strong in prayer,
A power to give up earthly care,
A power to win the sinner's soul
From Satan's terrible control—

Bestow it, Lord.

A power blazing through my life,
That in my heart shall kill all strife
Of wills opposing—God's and mine,
That I shall say, "Not mine, but Thine."
This is the power I long to feel,
As at Thy feet I humbly kneel—

Bestow it, Lord.

A power that, when I sinners tell
Of heaven or of awful hell,
Will make them feel I mean it all,
That my own soul was in sin's thrall,
But that the Lord hath washed it white,
And made it pure in His pure sight—
Bestow it, Lord.

A power that when sharp words are said,
Shall hush my lips as though were dead
All angry passions in my heart,
From which the ugly answers start;
And turns the humble cheek aside
In patient prayer that slays all pride—
Bestow it, Lord.

Dear Father, send in might that power,
Not in a slight, but copious shower;
I need it, oh, so much each day,
As my feet tread the narrow way,
That I may work with power for Thee,
Who giv'st the wondrous power to me—
Bestow it, Lord.

A SHARP REBUKE.

IN a certain village in Scotland the
minister was one Sabbath day catechis-
ing the congregation, and put to a
woman, singular for two rare qualities
of zeal and earnestness, the following
question—

"How many persons are there in the
Godhead?"

To the amazement of all assembled,
she answered—

"There are two persons in the God-
head, the Father and the Son."

Once more the minister put the ques-
tion, and this time he prompted her.
The same answer, however, was given.

"See," cried the clergyman, turning
arrogantly to his brethren in office, and
glancing severely upon the people, "see
the lamentable result of highflown zeal
and ignorant assurance. This woman
would fain teach others, while she her-
self is more ignorant than a child.
What gross darkness! Don't you know,
woman, that there are three persons in
the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Ghost?"

"Yes, sir," replied the woman; "I
know well that the Bible says so, but
which am I to believe, the Bible or you?
We hear you name the Father, and
sometimes, but not so often, you make
mention of the Son; but whoever heard
you speak about the Holy Ghost, let
alone the sinner's need of His grace!"

The minister stood rebuked, while the
people went home to discuss and think.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE year has ended well. We regret that more space is not available for reports from various stations; but we are sure the general statements of the services held, and so forth, on pages 18 and 19, will prove interesting to all our readers. We trust, moreover, that these statements will provoke to love and good works those who produce the smallest figures, so that we may be able to rejoice three months hence over greatly increased activity.

Distress, sickness, and death, have been appallingly busy during the month amongst the people all around us. It has been a delight to see the triumph of Divine life gleaming from sunken eyes and pale faces, and to hear burning testimonies from the lips of saints on the margin of the river; yet we would to God we could do more—temporarily as well as spiritually—to alleviate the sad lot of many who toil hard, both for God and man, and yet are unable to provide themselves according to their wintry needs, or to meet the demands of hungry, half-clad little ones, as they fain would do. But the last year will soon be ended, and we shall have good times then, thank God!

A Visit to the North.

BY THE EDITOR.



AT last I have had the opportunity, so long desired, of paying a visit to our new stations on the Tees; and, having seen them, I can only repeat the remark so commonly made by strangers visiting any part of the Mission, "the half had not been told me."

Stockton and Middlesboro'—and indeed the whole district around them—strike one at once as the homes of working men. The smoke, and blaze, and roar of "the black country," are there mingled with surroundings of natural beauty, as yet undestroyed, which make Cleveland more interesting than the southern iron district.

But I saw the whole under most disadvantageous circumstances. Rain, sleet, and snow divided the days of my stay between themselves, and the muddy streets were anything but inviting to anyone. The general stoppage of work in the iron-trade, and the consequent distress, moreover spoiled the general aspect of the towns, although I noticed that some blast furnaces were in course of erection, and the present sad condition of things still leaves plenty of room for hope as to the future.

I found no sign of despondency in Bros. Lamb and Dowdle—on the contrary they seemed to be in the highest spirits, looking forward to see far greater things done yet in the Saviour's name. And from my first introduction to the work, I could not wonder at anyone's high spirits.

As I entered the Star Theatre on the Sunday afternoon, I found the pit, dress-circle, boxes, and stage, filled with working people singing with all the energy of strong lungs—

“ We have no other argument,
We want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.”

And the mere sight of the mass of people in this and the still larger theatre at Middlesboro' was enough to fill anyone with joy. Two-thirds of the audiences appeared to be men, and the deep, solemn, intelligent attention of all to everything that was said, was most encouraging. They listen to the gospel as though it were a play, and no wonder that as a result of such attention, so many have found in these theatres the pearl of great price.

The simplicity and hearty earnestness of the prayers offered in the prayer-meetings were very striking, and one could not wonder at the large number who stayed to the very end, the after-meeting being by no means the least interesting part of the service.

Our Stockton and Middlesboro' branches are not likely to be much troubled with half-hearted converts, for the ordeal through which anyone has to pass, in coming out for Christ at either of the theatres, is too severe to be popular.

At Stockton a sort of gangway has been made, leading from the pit to the stage. Penitents have to face this narrow way, and cross what looks like the captain's bridge of a river steamboat, ere they can reach the stage, where prayer is wont to be made for them.

At Middlesboro' they have to be led round by various passages and staircases, and then suddenly to come out on to the stage, which, being lit from the top, displays them to the whole house as they kneel down before the Lord.

If, after such an open avowal of Christ, the converts were not to be bold soldiers of the cross, it would be a wonder.

Through the rain and the mud they went out into the open air each week evening I spent in either town, and their hearty singing and speaking under the trying circumstances gladdened my heart, especially when I saw the large crowds who listened to them.

The general effect of the Mission on each town was manifest in the daily prayer-meetings held at noon. It was delightful indeed to hear the poor drunkard praising God that he was out of hell, and another and

another testifying to the great salvation they had received as a result of the services, and pouring forth fervent supplication for others.

One of these men, they told me, when earning £5 a week, was, a little while before his conversion, spending so much in drink that he had no table at home to eat his food from, and a few bricks lay round the fire-place for a fender.

That signs and wonders have been wrought by the power of God, and that these marvels of grace are of daily occurrence in connection with the work, no one can question.

In conversation with gentlemen in the towns and the district, I found only one opinion amongst those who were acquainted with our operations, that the methods adopted were admirably adapted to secure the end in view, and had been attended with very much success. The great employers of labour show willingness to help financially, and, altogether, I can scarcely conceive of missions more thoroughly successful, and more likely permanently to exercise a great and holy influence all around, than these at Stockton and Middlesboro'.

And when we remember that these are yet barely twelve months old, we may well exclaim—

“ What hath God wrought ! ”

OUR SECOND YEAR IN CHATHAM.

I REMEMBER being told, on my first visit to this town some four months after the Mission had been established there by a friend who knew the town well—“ A lot of people are waiting to see whether the Mission is going to last or not, for many think it will be all over in a few months.”

Such critics have surely had enough time in the past two years to form an opinion, and opportunity to test the depth and permanent character of the work, had they the inclination to do so. I was thankful for the privilege of witnessing myself the second anniversary of the station, and of seeing a little of what we have got as a result of two years' labour.

One of the first facts that struck me on entering the People's Hall, in the Brook, on the Saturday evening, was that in two years we have *not* got a stove. The place was cold enough for buttoned great-coats, and yet in this cold, damp building, in a back street, the Christian Mission, Chatham, is passing its third winter triumphantly. We are poor and have not had enough money to buy luxuries; but, perhaps someone will say—“ More to the credit

of your piety than your sense.” Well, I hope the Mission will always be as much distinguished for the preponderance of one over the other. (I wish some of the rich and sensible saints in Chatham would spend an evening in that Hall though, and then send a stove along.)

The prayer-meeting was warm enough, however, and a young man took advantage of it to seek the Lord, and went away on fire of love!

The next morning at seven o'clock, and at ten too, the voice of prayer was heard, and the Lord was there refreshing our souls.

After the morning service at the Brook, we went off as usual to the Military Road open-air stand.

“ This is a cold spot,” said brother Hobday; and so it is, for whichever way the wind may blow it comes down the two main thoroughfares of the town, which cut each other at this corner, and in winter tests the metal of the people in no small degree.

But there were the lines of Mission men and women, standing in the mud, with the cold, piercing wind and sleet playing upon them with just as little

effect as if they had all been ironclads. Praise God there has been something done in Chatham, and there is something doing still! And in weather when one has heard folk whine about not being "able to get the people to stand," navvies, and soldiers, and sailors, crowded around as usual to hear people who were determined to be heard. I could not see more than the opening of this service, for I had to be off to

NEW BROMPTON,
a station recently opened by Chatham labourers, in a sort of suburb of a few thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are working people.

Crossing "the lines," a fortified hill where the troops are drilled, we met a detachment of soldiers returning from church. Their band was playing a merry tune, and the careless demeanour of the men brought out in vivid and painful prominence before us the blasphemous farce of honour to God thus weekly enacted. "And yet," I mused, "is this really any worse than the performance through which the masses of civilian attendants upon public worship go through? True, their organs do not play so cheerily as that band, and they do not look so sprightly and full of fun as these men; but have the most of them any more inclination to serve God?" And then I praised Him who has raised up a people whose Cathedral is the open-air, and whose hearts burn within them, while He talks with them by the way, and in their stoveless hall.

Young men who have walked over to this hamlet, some three miles from Chatham, night after night, in the winter, even before there was any place for indoor meetings, and have stood bravely battling against the opposition of old and young, missioned the streets with me, and the deep silence in which the people listened impressed me with the solemn importance of our Mission to the thousands who evidently had no thought of spending the Lord's day for the Lord.

The beautiful hall, situated just in the very midst of the people, reminded me of the saloon of a steamer, with its low ceiling, freshly-painted panelling, and skylights. It was soon nicely filled, and on its back seats sat a body of some fifty young men—as promising-looking young fellows as I ever saw—yet one and all in a manifestly trifling mood.

But how could I doubt, with the front forms full of others—like these first not long ago, but now happy in the Lord?

We did not doubt, and God did not disappoint us. Earnest heed was given outwardly, at any rate, to all I said, and in the prayer-meeting I found several who were only restrained by the mockers around them from giving way to Christ.

A SCOFFER CAUGHT.

One, by God's help, gave way, in spite of them all, and falling on his knees, when his tears would allow him speech, said—

"Oh, Lord, do forgive me! I have been a wicked sinner! I have stood at the corners of the streets and mocked them when they have been preaching! But, oh, forgive me!"

Need I say that he left us with a smiling face, declaring that God had heard and answered his penitent cry?

Brother Hobday, with a valiant band, was at the hall that night, and other poor sinners came to Christ, and went away rejoicing. Praise God for New Brompton!

THE PROPER PLACE FOR RELIGION.

The Lord was with us at the corner of the Military Road, Chatham, again in the evening, where we had a strong muster of Missioners; and when we marched away to the Lecture Hall, it seemed to me that the amount of commotion created in the High Street was greater than ever I had seen there before. Some of the tradesmen, it seems, have got tired of these open-air demonstrations.

"We don't mind the open-air meetings," said one; "nor should I object even to your singing through the streets. But it's these boys shouting, and whistling, and shoving about, before and behind your procession."

"I very much dislike them myself," said Brother Hobday, "and shall be greatly obliged if you'll keep them quiet; but we are going on with our work."

"Oh, but Mr. So-and-so would give you a subscription, and so would several people, if you would only stop this dreadful disturbance."

"We can manage to do without their money; but we can't do without our work, and we shall go on singing."

"What is the proper place for

religion?" cried another objector to open-air services.

"In your heart, my brother," replied Brother Hobday. "May you get it, and God help you to keep it, and it'll teach you better sense!"

Thank God there is an army of the Lord in Chatham that will not surrender!

The congregation in the Lecture Hall appeared to me to comprise a larger number of soldiers and a larger proportion of unconverted people than any I had seen there before. Praise God! our work is not exhausted, and our services continue fresh as ever in their attractiveness to the people we want to reach. And some of them that night, as usual, not merely heard, but felt and obeyed with the heart unto righteousness. Happy people, singing along the street homeward, completed Sabbath's scenes.

SHEERNESS.

On Monday morning I went over to Sheerness—a town of some 7000 inhabitants, whither the Durrant family had removed from Chatham, and where they had already commenced holding services.

I found that the local paper had been describing these new arrivals as persons just escaped from a lunatic asylum, owing to their disturbance of the place by open-air services.

"That's where they say we ought to be," said young Brother Durrant, laughingly, as we passed the police-station. But instead of abandoning the open-air services when they found that the town was without any mission-like agency, these "madmen" took a hall for six months, and are striving hard, amidst one of the vilest populations conceivable, to turn the people to Christ. A wooden shed, behind a public-house, seating perhaps 300 people, and fitted with those broad, guarded ledges for pots of drink, which are to be found on the backs of music-hall seats, where book-boards should be, is the Mission Hall of Sheerness. This is storming the devil's kingdom on his own ground, and no mistake; yet no question as to whether they should succeed ever seems to have entered into our brethren's heads. God speed them in their daring, God-honouring effort!

The waves, lashed into fury by the gale, were dashing over the sea wall, and flooding the meadows, as I walked

about the town, and I thought of righteousness covering the earth by-and-by like the waves of the sea by this simple process of the resistless overflowing of loving, bursting hearts. Praise God, it shall be!

THE ANNUAL MEETING

on Monday evening at Chatham was preceded by one of the happiest and most effective open-air demonstrations I ever saw.

After a round of prayer on our knees at the corner of the Military Road, and a few words of invitation, we formed in lines broad enough to fill all the available space of the roadway, and went singing away for half a mile, or thereabouts, up the High Street to the head of the Brook, down the whole length of which we passed, back to the hall.

We went at a pace more suited to the cold weather than to weak lungs, giving each public-house a hint of our meaning as we passed along. The boys, of course, assembled, as boys always will, and always should, "to see what was up," and we had frequently to change our tune to prevent their howling it after us.

A poor drunkard followed amongst the rest to the hall, and said, in the prayer-meeting—

"I have spent a lot of money with the publicans; but I heard your people singing in the street. I saw some boys pelting you, so I went and clouted their heads, and sent them off, and I said to myself, 'I will go with these people, and be as happy as they are;' and now, sir, I believe the Blood has washed away all my sins, for I feel happy in my soul. I know Jesus is my Saviour—bless His name! and I shall bring my wife and children here too."

The meeting was a time of great rejoicing. Captain Tinmouth, R.M., our treasurer, was able to tell us that the expenses of the year had been met within a few shillings, £177 having been received and expended in that period. Then the people were left free to give brief testimonies to the salvation of God.

A big man, mounting on the form to secure a turn at the start, told us how he had been brought to God at one of the first services in Chatham, and how he was going on from strength to strength.

A young soldier, from the country, told us in a few charming words, how

the Lord had met with him in mercy only three weeks before.

Between these two examples of the earliest and most recent trophies of the work we might cite many more, won at various periods extending over our two years' Chatham history, who testified in a few glowing words to the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

SALVATION.

But the speaking had soon to be cut short, for there were sinners present, and we were determined not to let the meeting be a mere enjoyment to ourselves. In answer to the fervent prayer of the people, the poor drunkard before mentioned, and three others, came out to seek the Lord. One young woman was so wrought upon that her friends had to take her to the door in a fainting condition, but after the cold air had refreshed her a little, they led her in again to seek and find, we trust, a more enduring life.

And thus, amidst a blaze of glory, the Mission ended its second year's existence in Chatham. The rough-and-ready parting salute of one may be taken as expressing the spirit of all with regard to the future—

"Hit the devil hard, mate!"

Contributions of money or tracts will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, Royal Marine Barracks; or by C. Hobday, 4, Alma Terrace, High Street. Please don't forget about the stove!

G. S. R.

POPLAR.

THE dear Lord has been displaying His love and power in blessing His own people here, and leading sinners to embrace salvation. We have had blessed seasons in the open air, although the weather has been severe. Amidst snow-storms and wind we have told to perishing, polluted men and women of the blood that washes whiter than snow; and we have not preached in vain.

Mr. Booth was with us on November 14th, which proved a great blessing to the Lord's people. Thank God there are a few here who realise that "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." Oh, hallelujah! may God increase the number!

Miss Booth and her brother Bramwell were with us on the 28th, and two

following nights, and preached with great acceptance and success to large congregations. The Word was with power, for at the close of each service sinners were inquiring, "What shall we do to be saved?"

One young man, when he found peace, was asked, how he knew that Jesus saved him? Said he, "Because I feel my heart white as snow."

A young woman who found wisdom, ran home and said to a friend, "Oh, Mrs. —, I am so happy; I have found peace."

May Jesus keep them all faithful unto death!

Nor were these direct signs all the good that resulted, for I found in my visits among the people some wounded by the Spirit's sword. One said, "I find I can't go on like this, I must lead a new life." Another, "If Miss Booth had sung another verse of that hymn, I must have cried aloud; I find it won't do to go on as I have been going." Our prayer is that God will continue to bless and strengthen His young servants, and use them more and more for His glory. We are looking for yet brighter days, and are earnestly pleading for the salvation of the perishing thousands around us.

JOHN P. GRAY.

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

NORTH WOOLWICH.

WE are looking forward to a happy New Year, more especially because we expect it to be marked by the erection of a new hall here.

The ground is ready, the plan is ready, the wet weather, in which we could not have built, is past, and we only await the necessary funds to commence the work at once.

The owner of our present hall wishes to dispose of it and build upon the land it occupies, so that it is time for us to be moving. After all our efforts there are thousands around us still too indifferent to walk from the centre of the place to our meetings at one end of the town. It is time we had a hall closer to our open-air stand, "where the people most do congregate," in order to gather the outcasts in, and save "from sin and Satan's power." Our new hall will be close to the Gardens, where so many, alas! are enticed to ruin.

The building we purpose erecting will

be, of course, as plainly and cheaply constructed as possible. It is to seat 300, and to cost £400.

The following amounts have already been promised us—

Jas. Duncan, Esq.	£25
W. W. Perry, Esq.	10
F. Wells, Esq.	5
Mrs. Gaze	5
Mrs. A. May	1
A Friend	1

Who will help to complete the needed sum, and so make a happy New Year for us in North Woolwich?

AGNES POLLETT.

BARKING.

WE cannot say that Jesus reigns in every heart here, but He reigns in a good many. Among the number are

TWO YOUNG WOMEN

that a sister took a great interest in, got them to come to our hall, and with very little persuasion got them on their knees, and our Praying Band around them. They were very soon telling God how bad they had been, and how far they had wandered from the fold; but —Hallelujah!—light dawned, and they are now adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

One Sunday evening, the first penitents were two young women and a man, seeking the pardon of their sins.

"Oh," said the man, "if I had only known the blessedness of religion, I would have had it long ago. Oh, if they did but know what I feel—glory to God, it's beyond expression!"

He is a consistent follower of the Lord.

TWO YOUNG MEN

that had been prayed for for months past, and who said they could no longer resist the strivings of God's Spirit, sought God with all their hearts, and soon realised that the blood washed them whiter than snow.

Our friends have suffered much from the late heavy floods, but, praise God, it has not washed their religion away, though it has some of their earthly comforts. When the sinners were filled with fear, and were taking refuge in the upper parts of the houses, our people could sing it was better higher up; and so it was—they have got a God that will hold up their heads in the swelling of Jordan.

We praise God for the victories won, but are looking for greater triumphs in the coming year. May God favour us with His smile, then it will be a "Happy New Year to us all!"

ANNIE DAVIS.

1, Arthur Cottage,
Barking.

CROYDON.

DURING the past month the Lord has been making known His power to save. In the open air and in the hall it has been a time of special power; sinners have been saved, and believers quickened.

A YOUNG MAN

came two miles one night on purpose to give his heart to God. When he bent at the penitent-form, I asked him if he wanted salvation, and he cried "Lord have mercy on me!" He said he had a terrible load of guilt on his heart. I told him to roll it on Jesus who bore our sins in His body on the tree; and after a few minutes' struggles between light and darkness he ventured his all on the atoning blood, and cried, "I have got it; the load is all gone," and he rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God, and is now night after night praising God at the meetings.

BROMLEY.

THE Lord is blessing us here. We get extraordinary meetings in the open air. On my last visit two big, stout-hearted sinners came out for Jesus, and went away rejoicing. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

PENGE.

WE had an extraordinary meeting in the open air here on November 14th, though the weather was bitterly cold. Many listened to the Word of Life, spoken by Bro. Sales and myself. Inside we had a melting time. Some were crying for mercy; some were rejoicing because they had found it. Again, on the following Tuesday, another dear soul was healed who had been wounded on the Sunday, and the glorious work seems to be going on. What we have already experienced is only, we trust, the droppings of a mighty shower.

Donations and tracts will be thankfully received by Mr. I. Cobet, 2, Clarence Road, Croydon, Hon. Sec.; or by

W. JONES.

86, Waddon New Road,
Croydon.

SUMMARY OF THE WORK AND

For the Quarter ending

STATION.	Public Speakers.	Out-door Services held per Week.	In-door Preaching Services held per Week.
WHITECHAPEL	28	14	6
SHOREDITCH	9	10	9
BETHNAL GREEN	18	6	4
HACKNEY	8	7	9
STOKE NEWINGTON	6	6	4
*TOTTENHAM	2	4	4
STRATFORD	5	5	5
†LIMEHOUSE	27	3	4
†MILLWALL	8	4	3
POPLAR	13	4	4
CUBITT TOWN	5	1	3
CANNING TOWN	11	4	4
NORTH WOOLWICH	3	4	4
BARKING	23	10	10
PLAISTOW	5	6	4
*HAMMERSMITH	19	6	4
SOHO	17	8	8
*CROYDON	10	5	5
*BROMLEY	4	5	5
*PENGE	2	2	3
HASTINGS	24	10	10
NINFIELD	6	4	3
RYE	3	5	5
PORTSMOUTH	5	9	6
WELLINGBORO'	19	6	4
*KETTERING	7	3	5
CHATHAM	17	10	10
*STOCKTON	10	6	5
MIDDLESBRO'	10	5	5
CARDIFF	9	4	10
TOTALS	333	176	165

N.B.—We have been compelled at the last moment to insert returns from some stations as made up to the 31st March (marked thus *), or made up to the 7th August (marked thus †), the returns to the 7th November not having reached us. The totals, therefore, do not represent accurately the quarter ending 7th November.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE STATIONS,

the 7th November, 1875.

Sitting Accommodation provided.	Average Weekly Attendances In-doors.	Anxious Enquirers recorded.	Average Weekly Sabbath Offerings.	Total Amount contributed during the Quarter.	
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
2,000	1,400	100	2 10 0	53 0 8	
300	240	100	0 5 6	8 9 11	
400	450	30	0 13 6	17 1 2	
600	300	5	0 10 0	4 10 3	
400	200	20	0 8 0	11 3 6	
100	90	15	
250	100	30	0 6 0	6 11 9	
600	800	24	1 3 5½	28 2 0	
120	80	29	5 6	5 15 2	
500	500	15	0 17 6	33 16 7	
100	80	5	0 3 5½	5 1 8	
300	250	9 6	14 2 3	
200	200	20	0 3 0	7 10 3	
200	400	49	0 10 6	12 17 6	
400	120	12	0 5 0	5 7 11	
800	1,000	2 5 0	
300	300	97	0 10 0	11 9 4	
500	500	12	10 0	25 0 0	
300	150	12	2 6	7 15 3	
100	120	16	2 8	2 16 4½	
600	450	20	0 15 4	42 0 6½	
100	280	7	0 6 10	8 10 2½	
200	150	6	0 3 2	2 15 1	
1,300	350	41	0 16 4	15 6 4	
500	1,000	98	1 4 6	27 5 5	
200	600	15 4	18 16 11	
1,500	1,200	81	1 9 7	49 3 10	
2,600	3,000	3 10 0	70 0 0	
3,400	3,000	170	3 15 0	73 12 3	
1,700	1,600	60	0 18 0	27 6 0	
TOTALS	20,570	18,910	1,074	25 15 2	595 8 1½

The number of public speakers reported from each station includes only those who regularly engage in the work, and would therefore be more than doubled, in some cases, if all who have spoken were included.

STOCKTON.

THE last six weeks will live long in our memories. The depression in the iron trade, and the strikes in the ship-yards, have thrown many out of work, for which few had made any provision; hence they may be seen flocking to the pawnbroker's and the soup kitchen; others are having their furniture sold by auction in the Market Place, thus leaving them free to migrate. Already the distress is very sad, but if the men will only learn how to keep their earnings in the future it will be more a blessing to them and their families.

But the chief reason is the wonderful manifestations of Divine power in our meetings. Large congregations have assembled in the cold, draughty theatre, and been held spellbound, many weeping, and at the close of the service seeking Christ, and some of whom have been most notorious sinners. On the 21st of November, and following week, we were favoured with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Booth. On account of Mrs. Booth's feeble health she was only able to give one lecture; but if her teaching in that lecture is only followed out by those who heard it, the good which will result from it can never be measured here.

Mr. Booth, although still weak and lame, preached six times during the week. On each occasion believers were exhorted to seek a full salvation, and, from what we have since heard from the people themselves, we know that God's own blessing rested upon these services. Twelve sinners sought Christ on the Sunday night. Many prayers are being offered up to God for the complete restoration of Mr. and Mrs. Booth to health. May they soon be answered!

A GOOD HOUR'S WORK.

We held our first love-feast on the 5th, to enable the young converts to testify publicly for Jesus, and it will give some idea of the state of the society, when I say that sixty-six men and women spoke; we sang ten times; one man had a fit; one woman fainted; and the benediction was pronounced in sixty-seven minutes; after which we went home praising God.

THE PRODIGAL COMING HOME.

Among those recently converted is a man who has been a prodigal. Blessed

with a pious father and mother, specially mentioned at the family altar, prayed for hundreds of times since then, wept over when remembered by his mother—all was of no avail.

He wandered into sin, and into this town, and into our Mission Hall, where God's truth took hold of him, and he sat as if he were dead. He would not speak a word, or open his eyes. The preacher, as a last word, said: "Get upon your knees, man, and praise God you are out of hell!" He sprang up, and then knelt down; then up again, and then to the penitent-form, where he remained shouting and praising God until the very end of the meeting. He at once commenced to pray at home, to the surprise of wife and children, and gave up Sunday work. We pray that he may labour many a Sabbath for Jesus!

A CURE FOR BODY AND SOUL.

A woman was for several weeks so deeply impressed about her soul's salvation that she became quite ill, being scarcely able to eat or sleep. A friend who knew her state told her if she would accept Christ as her Saviour she would be cured, body and soul. Accordingly, leaving her bread in the oven, she came to the hall, and was the first at the penitent-form, where, after a frightful struggle with the powers of darkness, she obtained a glorious victory; and although her bread was a bit damaged, her soul got saved, and she is now one of the happiest women in this town. All glory be to Jesus!

While the hall was ringing with the shouts of the saints a man was led to the front weeping, who for a long time had been a very great annoyance to us in our open-air work; in fact, I hardly ever remember being so put about by any opposer as I have been by this young man. He always had an answer for you, and could always stare you out of countenance. He was one of Satan's chief men here. But oh, so gracious is Jesus, and so powerful is the Gospel, that it saves the vilest. This dear man sought salvation with strong crying and tears; but at last victory came—oh, blessed, sweet victory!—peace, and joy, and then praises ascended to God. He now stands out with us to sing for Jesus, to whom we ascribe all the glory for such a brand plucked from the burning.

AN ENGINEER,

the son of a praying father, had been under impression for a long time; but his pride of heart kept him from the penitent-form, where all sorts went. At last he came and implored admission to a believers' meeting, pleading as an excuse his great distress of mind. He was soon on his knees, praying and weeping, and so fearful was the conflict that it took two men to hold him. But Jesus spoke peace, and from that time to this he has been noted for his calm, serene manner. What wonders Grace can do for rebellious men!

A man who, some years ago, had been an ornament to the Church, and noted for his piety, fell into sin. His state was seven times worse than before, for he threw the reins upon the neck of his passions, and there was hardly a devil's den in the town that he was not familiar with. At last he was induced to attend the meetings, where his appetite for sin was soon spoiled—the Spirit of God striving mightily with him; but, resisting it, he continually rushed out of the meetings. But at last he was glad to return, where he sought and found mercy. A tradesman is so rejoiced at the change of this man, that he tells me he will ever pray for God's blessing to rest upon this Mission.

Which, dear readers, I implore you to do, and for me; for I never stood by the side of so many dying people in my life in the same time as I am doing now. Oh! for a heart overflowing with love, and true and faithful words for every one, and that a wave of mercy may roll over this wicked town.

A YOUNG MAN, NOW

LIVING DEAD,

a month ago was a scoffing backslider; but his widowed mother and all her class-mates wrestled with God on his behalf every day. At last, yielding to the strivings of God's Spirit, and the pleadings and tears of many friends, he yielded himself up to God. It was just in time, for he was taken ill, and never recovered. While visiting him the Lord gave me unusual liberty, and he lay praising God shortly after my last visit. He appeared to rally, and would get out of bed to pray, and, while on his knees, he prayed for this Mission, and that God would in mercy save Stockton; and then earnestly requesting his weeping mother to beg of me to faithfully warn all young men,

he soon after passed away to be with Jesus. Truly, his end was peace. He died praying for others' salvation. He was the main support of his widowed mother, and his death is, of course, an irreparable loss to her; but I verily believe that so great is her joy over his salvation, that she says, "Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done."

ABRAHAM LAMB.

Cecil Street, Park Fields,
Stockton-on-Tees.

CARDIFF.

SINCE my last we have had many conflicts with the powers of darkness; but eternal praise be unto our King! He has brought us off "more than conqueror." Through His goodness I have been restored from great bodily weakness, and permitted again to resume my labours in our great and triumphant cause. All praise be to His name! Our

OPEN-AIR WORK

goes on. The enemies of the Cross are silenced, and we can preach the glorious Gospel unhindered in any of the streets of Cardiff.

Amidst storms and difficulty, the soul-saving work rolls on. I will instance one or two cases. One poor man led captive by the demon strong drink, and so sunk in sin that even his friends looked on him, to use his own words, as

A SCABBY SHEEP.

But praise God he heard us in the open air, and then and there found salvation. Another dear man who used to spend his Sunday mornings in going from one public-house to another, until he could walk no further, woke up one Sabbath evening after one of his drinking rounds and came to the hall, and the Word took hold of him, and though

DRUNK THAT MORNING

he got saved that night. Praise the dear Lord, none are too bad for Him!

A miserable backslider who heard our singing in the open air, followed to the hall and was deeply convinced of sin, but would not yield; the next Sunday he came again and sought the Lord. Oh, what an agony this dear man was in! but soon the Lord heard his cry and restored unto him the joys of his salvation.

MRS. AND MISS BOOTH

have visited us here, and large congregations have listened to the Truth, and, bless God, many have been pricked to the heart. Some of these we may mention in our next.

Tracts very much needed for our bands when visiting the streets and alleys. They will be thankfully received, also contributions to general fund, by J. E. Billups, Esq., Tredegarville; G. Smart, Esq., 7, Brighton Terrace, Routh; or by

JOHN ALLEN.

16, James Street,
Castle Road, Routh,
Cardiff.

HASTINGS DISTRICT.

THE destructive gale of November 14th, together with the heavy rains and deep snows, have somewhat interfered with our open-air services; nevertheless, the services have been fairly attended, and precious souls have been saved.

THE EAST HILL.

After a very good open-air meeting, two young women came to the service held at Tanner's Room, and it was soon discovered that the Word had reached their hearts. Before leaving they were enabled to accept the sinner's Friend as their Saviour.

"I'M A GREAT SINNER!"

This was said in sorrow by a man who had come three miles to the Market Hall. Seeing he was under deep conviction, I spoke to him of the willingness of Christ to save. I said: "If you are in earnest about your soul's salvation, come out boldly for Christ." By a little persuasion, he was induced to surrender: he came out weeping, and dropping on his knees, he was soon singing—

"I do believe it!
I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb."

The Lord made him so happy in his love, that I believe he would, if possible, have remained all night to praise Him.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

With shouts of gladness the discovery was made of another man who had been deeply wrought upon during the service. Hitherto he had been able to shake off his convictions, but at last his stubborn heart was broken, and he could not get away. Falling on his knees, he sued

for mercy, and by faith laid hold of the Crucified One. After obtaining pardon, he came to the front to let the people see that he was now on the Lord's side.

WHO IS TO WIN,

Jesus or Satan?
Our work at

ST. LEONARDS

Is being narrowly watched. Uncharitable criticisms are indulged in. Some who ought to help in pushing the battle to the gate are waiting till God sends some David to cut off the head of this great Goliath.

It seems much hard fighting will have to be done before we can break down this strong fortification of wickedness. It bristles with the guns of heathenism, infidelity, and sin. By Divine aid this Jericho must be taken; prayer and faith will bring it down.

Unable to drive us from our open-air work, Satan has been for some time trying to upset our indoor services by sending young men to scoff and mock at us.

At one of the Sunday afternoon services the Lord enabled me to rivet the attention of

ONE HUNDRED YOUNG MEN.

For twenty minutes God made them serious and quiet, and doubtless the Word will produce some fruit.

THE YOUNG MAN AND BASKET.

A young man stepped in to one of our meetings. Scarcely had he put down his basket of tools, before one of our sisters began to speak to him about his soul. He instantly replied, "I am saved. I gave my heart to the Lord one Saturday night in this very room, and I have stuck to it ever since."

"BUT MY UNCLE JESSE CAN."

So said a young woman just converted. Hearing of her conversion and abstinence from strong drink, her master declared that nobody could be good and strong without taking a little. This argument she at once refuted, by saying, "But my Uncle Jesse can; I know he is good and strong, and he does without it, and so will I."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Our Ninfield friends have had a visit from Bro. Morgan.

A special meeting was held for the promotion of holiness, and great blessing was realised.

I have just had three very good services there, at which the power of God was present to heal. I returned home with my soul full of glory.

Subscriptions to enable us to help the poor, or for general work, will be thankfully received by J. C. Womersley, Esq., Harold Place, Hastings; E. Strickland, Esq., Preston House, Hastings; or by

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House,
Flynlimmon Road,
Hastings.

SHOREDITCH.

How is it that after the past ten or twenty years' parliamentary agitation on behalf of the working classes, with school boards, temperance societies, working men's clubs, and "revivals," the working classes of this East End of London are in so degraded, sin-blighted, poverty-stricken a condition? To every registered place of public worship, there are no less than thirty drinking houses!

A WHISKEY WAR.

"Those that would move the world, must first move themselves," and happily our friends at Shoreditch realised this, for on a Saturday night or two ago, after having laid the subject of the public-houses before them, these Christ-loving sisters called forth from the ease and comfort of the warm and cheerful fireside into the cold and wet of the muddy streets, determined to do something to interfere with the horrid traffic which has already ruined so many souls. Opposite a public-house, at the corner of the nearest street, they started the soul-stirring hymn, "Trim your lamps and be ready," and prayed, and then went inside. So great was the astonishment created, that the inquiry was at once made, "Has Wainwright been reprimed?" Taking but little notice,

however, of what was said, our sisters pressed the matter of eternal salvation home to them, gave them tracts, bills, &c., and left them with the Lord, many having promised to come on the following night to the Hall. Two other public-houses were treated in a similar manner. Many promised to come to the Hall, whilst three women promised never to touch the cursed cup again. Christ help them!

One of these determined sisters had been a regular attendant at church for the last twelve years, but had never realised a change of heart. She heard us in the open air a short time ago, came to the Hall, found Jesus, and is now an earnest worker:

G. WATERS.

STATIONS OF THE EVANGELISTS.

THE younger Evangelists employed in the Mission have been stationed for the next six months as follows:—

WHITECHAPEL - Bro. Russell.
SHOREDITCH - - Sister Davis.
SOHO - - - - Bro. Waters.
STRAATFORD - - Supply.
PLAISTOW - - - Sister Hall.
BARKING - - - Bro. Ernest Blandy.
CANNING TOWN - Bro. Ridsdel.
NORTH WOOLWICH - Sister Pollett.
HACKNEY - - - Bro. T. Blandy.
BETHNAL GREEN - Bro. Watts.
KETERING - - - Bro. Mace.
BROMLEY - - - Sister Stride.

A FUNERAL SERMON.—I was called to preach at a funeral once, and I thought I would try to preach as nearly as I could as Christ used to preach. So I searched the record, but I found that *Jesus Christ never preached a funeral sermon*: for when *He* went to a funeral, *the dead body always arose and lived*. He has taken the sting from death for all people. Mr. MOODY.

SALE AT HACKNEY.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the above sale on the covers, and shall be glad if any of them can help our friends at Hackney in this way, to meet the cost of furniture required for the Hall and the Evangelist's Home.

152 Shall we know each other? 8s & 7s.

1st time.

When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing -

2nd time.

ing Glad - ly bid us welcome home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the

spirit knows no care, In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each o - ther there?

CHORUS. *Repeat ad lib.*

Shall we know each o - ther? Shall we know each

o - ther? Shall we know each o - ther? Shall we know each o - ther there?

- 2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band;
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?
- 3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,

- That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.
- 4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and tossed,
Droop not, faint not by the way:
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day?
Harp strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet songs linger,
We shall know each other there.