

The Christian Mission Magazine.

JULY, 1874.

About Sensationalism.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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THE first great fault of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, in the eyes of their learned observers—the damning sin of every earnest preacher since that period—sensationalism. “He stirreth up the people.” Oh! how very wicked! So universally has the hue and cry been taken up against all who endeavour thoroughly to arouse the insensible hearts and consciences of their hearers, and so violent has always been the abuse of all who pursue such a course, that now we have even “professedly-Christian prints proclaiming, with glowing delight, the excellence of religious services in which there has been “no excitement.”

Which is right—the world and the worldly churches, which condemn and curse sensationalism, or those who use every method they can devise to stir up every fibre of human nature on the subject of religion? We have not a moment's hesitation in pronouncing for the latter, for

I.—SENSATIONALISM IS GOD'S METHOD.

The very first time we find God speaking to man about his soul, it is in a few short words, warning him of *death* the day he should eat of the forbidden fruit. The awful effect of such a pronouncement from the lips of God Himself on those who had never seen the dread reality which has, alas! become so familiar to all men now, can hardly be imagined. Why was no gentle course of mild counsel administered to Adam and Eve? Why were their sensibilities shocked with so sudden and so horrible a declaration? *Because God chose even in the days of man's innocence the most sensational procedure possible for the benefit of his soul.*

Why was not Noah told to build a college, and to train preachers, who should go forth to call sinners to repentance “*without excitement*”? Why were he and his family set to work to build a great ark for their very lives, and to threaten every human being with destruction the moment it was built? Why, why, if not to thrill mankind for ever with the sensation of awe?

Why was Pharaoh raised up? why was his heart hardened? why was a series of the most terrible plagues poured forth upon his land and his people? Was it not for the professed purpose of making every nation tremble and quake before the God of Israel?

Why did the Lord, when He wished to attach a people for ever to Himself, come down amid thunder and lightning on Sinai, and make even the best of them all "exceedingly fear and quake"? What meant the doubled-courted tabernacle and temple, the daily exhibitions of fire and blood, the dark, silent holy of holies, and the tinkling bells of the high priest's robe? What meant the dead bodies of Nadab and Abihu, borne away, in an agony that dared not express itself, by their brethren? What, if not that *the only religion God cared about was one that continually moved the worshippers in the most sensational manner conceivable?*

"Oh, but all these are acts; and God's ways are so high above ours that they cannot be but sensational." Exactly; and those whose religious acts are not sensational are not, as were the priests of Israel, acting in God's way, but in their own.

But what sort of words did God put into the lips of the prophets? Let us just look for a few moments at Isaiah, that "sweet, mild" prophet of beauty and joy, for whom Christians profess such admiration. He begins—"Hear, oh, heavens, and give ear, oh, earth." Oh, that is dreadful! How does he speak to the Lord's own people?

"Hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure, and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it." Can there ever be a more sensational preacher? But after he has used such language, *the Lord sends down an angel to lay a burning coal on his lips.* Has he been too sensational, or is he to be still more so? Hear him—"The Lord will cut off from Israel head and tail, branch and rush, in one day. Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand."

"Oh, but all this is from the former half of the prophecy, not from the evangelical part of it." Very well, then, let us turn to the latter part, beginning "Comfort ye, my people."

"I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shall make the hills as chaff." But this very sensational comfort is comparatively mild.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Thou shalt see and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee; the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." Not satisfied with anything yet attained, he gasps for grander sensation still.

"Oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens, and come down, that the nations may tremble at thy presence."

The prophet was right. His words were blessed, we find at length, so that a band of people were raised up, who "trembled at the

word of God." He concludes by telling these persons of the worm that shall not die, and the fire that shall not be quenched.

"Oh! but this is all from the Old Dispensation," it will be said. "This is all addressed to the rebellious, stiff-necked children of Israel, who could not be moved by anything less sensational."

What then of the "New" Dispensation? Did God change His method in sending forth His Spirit and dealing with the Gentiles? Why could not Jesus talk to those two men on the road to Emmaus without making their hearts burn? Why was not the Church *gradually* endued with power from on high? Why were miracles and tongues poured forth in a wild deluge of blessing all at once? Why were Ananias and Sapphira struck dead, instead of being left alive, like so many of their followers of to-day? Why was not Paul converted by the instrumentality of Nicodemus; and why was not Peter released from prison by means of court influence? Why did the Apostles use language so violent and so piercing that men were pricked to the heart, and that they frequently rushed like madmen at the speakers, determined to kill them? Why has the great work of converting the world been carried on over floods of persecution, and with mighty gales of Divine reviving grace; but that God has still chosen, as a newspaper writer once said of one of us not long ago, "to lead people to heaven in a sensational way." And no wonder that He has so chosen, for

II.—SENSATIONALISM IS THE ONLY RATIONAL METHOD

of dealing with the great realities of eternity.

Men are dead in sin, and none but fools should dream of awakening them without sensation. Millions of sinners have been appealed to for many a long year, and have become so callous and indifferent, that a very earthquake of sensation alone can suffice to arouse them. Millions more have never listened to God's voice at all, and know nothing whatever of the truth. To these the Gospel will appear just what it seems to be to us. If it seems to be to us "nothing extraordinary," they will never take any notice of it. If it stirs all our thoughts and feelings, and if from burning hearts we send forth words of fire, however they may be called "sensational," they will destroy sin.

How can any one be unsensational? Only by shutting his eyes to eternity. As one reads Isaiah, one feels as if he must have seen the desolation and the salvation of Israel with his own eyes before he could speak so. Inspired by God, he *did see it* far more clearly than fleshly eyes could have beheld it. And now the only men who speak like Isaiah are those who speak from a vivid consciousness of the heaven and hell in front of all their hearers. If these men and women to whom God sends us are going to be wrapped in the endless flames of dark damnation for ever and ever unless they believe what we are sent to tell them, how dare any of us speak otherwise than sensationally?

How can any one speak unsensationally? Only by shutting his eyes to the value of men. The power of one man, who shall reckon it? How many thousands—aye, millions—will ascribe their damnation or their salvation to what one man has done! There are men to-day blasting their character, their intellect, and their home in the public-house, who could hold any audience enchained as they told of the love of Jesus, if only they were turned from darkness to light. Who can look on such a man, and seek his salvation without sensation? And the only way to make the most of any man is to sensationalise him. Every man can be sensationalised; every man can be excited to the exertion of his uttermost strength and ability, and only those who know nothing of men's value would leave the great reservoir of energy and skill untapped.

The only sensible way of dealing with men's souls is that sensational one which God has always adopted; for all who do not follow in that good and right path, we would pray—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But this is not all, alas! for

III.—SENSATIONALISM IS THE ONLY TRUE AND SAVING METHOD of dealing with souls.

The Bible—the one great record of truth—is, beyond doubt, the most sensational book in existence. There is no feeling of the human soul which its contents do not call forth into fullest activity whenever they are understood.

Christ—the Truth, the Prince of Peace—was there ever a more sensational personage? Coming into the world in the most sensational manner possible, suddenly bursting upon the godless people with the Divine splendour of holiness and wisdom, crowding His public life with miracle and prophecy, assaulting with fury and satire the most cherished traditions of the people, overturning with irresistible words the teaching of every teacher, and proclaiming a revolution of life and worship in the presence of the very highest authorities of the land, raising with words of life and power the lowliest to the leadership of the people, and crushing in the very dust the greatest among men, darkening the heavens and shaking the earth while He rolled back the hellish tide of damnation and opened the gates of heaven to a perishing world, bursting His tomb, and finally returning to heaven as sensationally as He came from it—they must indeed know little of Jesus who would speak of Him unsensationally. No wonder that He should warn all such away from His service with the tremendous words—"If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me."

Can any one imagine a greater sensation than would be produced were the great and rich who profess to follow Jesus to be seen, cross on back, amidst the busy throng of the world? Did Christ not mean what He said? Did He not mean that His followers must act and speak in such a manner as would display their devotion unto death to His service? For any man to speak with the prospect of

death before him for what he is saying, is for him to speak sensationally.

How God has denounced those who go softly, who prophesy smooth things, and daub with untempered mortar the souls of their dying fellow-men! How He loathes, above all things, the lukewarm professor who has nothing about him to arouse any sensation but that of intense disgust.

A religion without sensation may be refined and beautiful, like statue of Jesus in the most precious marble, but it is equally without life and power—*equally a sham*.

Religious teaching without sensation, and religious movements without excitement, may excel in morality and order, and in everything which men praise, but they are horribly wanting in the power of the Holy Ghost.

There were men in the days of holy Stephen who protested murderously against sensationalism connected with religion. They resisted the first sensational words he spoke to them; and when, from the comparatively small sensation of Gospel truth, he went on to the more overwhelming sensation of his own present vision of Christ, they gnashed upon him with their teeth, and stoned him with stones till he died.

Oh, for such sensational men of God as Stephen to-day! Oh, for such a sensational outpouring of the Holy Ghost as would overwhelm the world with wonder and amazement! Oh, that God may give us grace, in spite of the curses of the world and the frowns of pretended Christians, to go on getting people to heaven, though it is in the most sensational manner, for Christ's sake! Amen.

The Races.



THE Chief Minister of the British Government has once more moved, and the House of Commons consented, to lay aside the business of the country in honour of—the Derby Day! Again have the streets of the Metropolis been thronged with the giddy multitude hastening to and from that scene of damnation. More young people demoralized, more characters blasted, more young converts borne back by fierce temptation, into the seething, eddying tide of the world around them; more families ruined, more suicides, and yet again the Christians of England have next to nothing to say on the subject.

How long, O Lord! how long? Must gambling become another great national vice, infecting the brain of the people with its wild delirium, until the morals of old and young have been destroyed by its ter-

rible influence; until lying, villany, extortion, murder, and suicide, have become as common results of this system as they are now of our drinking customs?

Is cruelty to horses, done by system and legalized by the patronage of degraded royalty and aristocracy, to be passed over by the community, until all sense of feeling for the brute creation becomes as utterly lost among us as among the "civilized" nations of antiquity?

Above all, are these terrible holocausts of souls to be offered yearly upon the national altars of pleasure, without drawing forth even a protest from the Christian Church?

Oh, Christians, will ye look on this horrible destruction of your fellow-men without an effort to put a stop thereto?

The newspapers teem with betting intelligence, and many are the thousands whose gains are involved in the prosperity of the races: but there are a great many even outside the Church of Christ who look with displeasure, if not with disgust, upon this iniquity. These have only to be aroused in order to make efforts which would tend greatly to bless and preserve the youth of our country from this rising plague.

Shall nothing be done? Speak, ye parents, whose sons have fallen into dishonesty after losing their first heavy bet, and have brought sorrow and disgrace upon you. Speak, ye Christian men and women, whose money is lavished on the reparation of ruin when it has been accomplished.

What can be done? The practice of racing, attending the course, or betting, can be talked against with vigour and scorn. The owners, runners of horses, and all who are known to attend or bet upon races, can be banished as completely from society as were the lovers of the prize ring, where men used to practise cruelty only on those who could return it.

But alas! we feel as if our words were wasted on the air, for we sadly fear that until thousands of English homes have been desolated by this monster system, we shall see no earnest effort to oppose it; and even then, judging by the case of drink, "Christians" will be among the last and stoutest pleaders for this soul-ruining, devil-pleasing custom.

Masks and Faces.

A GERMAN FABLE.

A NOBLEMAN once gave a grand feast to some of his friends. While his visitors were sitting at table, there came into the room a little lady and gentleman, most splendidly dressed, wearing a mask, but no taller than children of five or six years old. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat, trimmed with gold lace; his large, curly wig was powdered so as to look as white as snow, and in his hand he held a cocked hat. The lady had on a dress of brocaded satin, trimmed with silver spangles. She wore a beautiful little hat and feather, and held a fan in her hand. They began dancing very gracefully, and sprang about in such a charming way that everybody was delighted with these pretty, well-behaved children.

An old officer who was dining there suddenly took a rosy apple from the table and threw it between the pretty dancers. Then there did begin a scuffle and a to-do. They fell upon each other, tore each other's clothes, scratching and scrambling, till off fell mask and head-dress, and, instead of two pretty children, two ugly monkeys stood before the company. Everybody was surprised, yet laughed aloud; but the old officer said, "Monkeys and foolish people manage to look well for a short time in fine clothes, but they soon show what they are."

If sense and wisdom are not ours,
In vain we dress as gay as flowers.

FOOLISH DICK; OR, RICHARD HAMPTON, THE PILGRIM PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

In our last number we described the remarkable manner in which God discovered to Richard that he possessed the ability of calling sinners to repentance, and called him to the exercise of the gift. It must have been a remarkable scene, calculated to impress the crowd who, a moment back were mocking the supposed idiot, to see him stand suddenly at bay, and to hear him, in words that thrilled all listening hearts, speak to them of eternity, and call them to a preparation for it. And this work, so remarkably commenced, was continued to very near the close of his life. Through the whole county, and across its boundary into Devonshire, he preached Christ, and was the instrument of bringing hundreds to His feet.

We have no specimens of his preaching exercises narrated in these memoirs, but we can gather some idea of the power he frequently had over his hearers by the following sketch of the first impressions made by his appearance on a minister who had invited and announced him to preach before knowing him, and then of the altered feeling which ensued on hearing him.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"Next day Maaster Henshaw, the superintendant praicher cum to see me; an' when he was cum in, there he kept stannin' glazing at me up and down, an' round, as ef he was misshurin' (measuring) ov me; and there was I, looking at he too. At laast he axed me ef I cud say ovver any vesses (verses) of a hemn. I towld un I cud. 'Well,

says he, 'let me heear 'ee.' So I went ovver some. Then he axed me to repait some passiges of Scripshur, an' I ded so. He went on ever so long axing me vareyus things, and then he went away. I doan't think, from hes looks, that he thoft much of the poor Cornish praicher. Well, I cudn maake myself deffer'nt to what I was, an' I cudn help ut ef he found me deffer'nt to what he had thoft to find. 'Fore he knawed much about me, he had gove out that the Cornish Fool was coming in a few days, and wud praich; and ef he found that I was a fool, sure 'nough what cud I help ut?"

HEAR, AND THEN JUDGE.

"Next hevvening I ex'orted at Stoke, in a smaal room, 'bout haalf a mile from Dock. Maaster Henshaw an' the other praicher hecard me. I had a missure of leberty. Maaster Henshaw went hum weth me, an' was simmin' more plaised like; he towld the congregaashun, 'fore they brok up, that I shud praich next morning in Morice Street Chaapel, at six o'clock—that was Chres'mas Day morning. There was a laarge getherin' sure 'nough. I spok from thaise words, 'For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' The Lord gove me great enlaargement; He was weth us in a wonderful manner. 'The power of the Lord was present,' to wovnd an' 'to heal.' Maaster Henshaw hisself milted like waax afore the fire—he cudn howld out agent ut; an' he took to me like a friend an' brother, an' thraved hes arm 'round me, and laid me hum to hes house, an', simmin', cudn do 'nough for the poor Cornish praicher. He was so full of love an' caare for me now. Aw, when the Sperrit do come, like He ded that Chres'mas mornin', He

"Scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants, the savour of
grace."

In the pulpit or out of it, Richard seems to have possessed a remarkable measure of natural wit. We have many instances recorded in which he displays this faculty. His personal appearance was such as to naturally excite ridicule in the minds of thoughtless people, which was as often thoughtlessly given expression to. But Richard was generally more than a match for such. We give an instance or two which, to us, seems to show him to have been anything but a fool.

ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

"Some thought that I was a braave fool, an' used to loff and try to puzzl' me; but I b'lieve the Lord helped me all'ays, and gove me to aanswer 'fools according to their folly.' Waunce I was goin' to Tuckingmill, and a gen'leman—I s'pose he was—cum up an' says to me, loffing like, 'An' where dedst thou cum from?' 'I cum from the dust,' says I, 'an' am goin' to dust agen, the same as thee art!' Simmee hes faace altered, an' he left me to keep my awn rooad."

THE RIGHT PLACE TO GET NEW CLOTHES.

"In the fust month of 1812 I was caaled to visit Porthleven, an' et was pleasant to laabour among the friends there; an' from Porthleven I went foath an' spok to the people of Gunwallo, an' aall 'round they paarts. Many saws wore convenced, an' joined the people, an' are stiddy members to thes day, bless the Lord! My deear friends of Porthleven gove me a sute o' cloas—not afore 'twas needful nuther. My Heav'nly Faather all'ays sees to ut that I git what's needful in good time. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' I mit a man as I was goin' my roun's in my noo cloas, an' he axed me where I got my noo cloas; says I, 'Where the raav'ns got thear feathers.'"

TALKING GREEK.

"At that time, as well as others, there were some who felt the full importance of their official standing, and who, on principle, sought to follow St. Paul's example, and 'magnify their office.' For such, Dick's shrewdness and native

humour generally made him more than a match. One of these, one day, gave Dick to understand that he ought to know his place, and never to venture before chapel congregations without due recognition and sanction. The response was ready. 'I hope no 'ffence, I'm sure. I dedn know. I wud do all things, ef I cud, "decently and in order." You're a great man, you are, maaster, I know, an' a wise man, I s'pose. Now, maaster, don't 'ee fall out weth a fool, for "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." You are a larned man, too, I reck'n,' he added, with one of those curious glances of his twisted eye which seemed to screw their way into one. 'Can 'ee taalk Greek, maaster, can 'ee? Will 'ee please to say ovver a bit of ut to me?' Dick's squint and the comical turn of his lip made the question unmistakable. The official felt, perhaps, that he was unexpectedly brought to a standard of learning which he would rather not be measured by; and so, wisely taking Dick's advice, he let the 'fool' have his way."

HOW THE FIRST BOAT WAS MADE TO SWIM.

He tells the following amusing story that transpired in connection with his first visit to Plymouth. It appears that the boatmen had been rather tickled with his appearance, so Richard felt it his duty to take one of them, at least, down a little in his own harmless way. Hear him:

"When we wore cum to Tarpoint, I went down to the quay, an' the waatermen got 'round me, singing out—'Want a boat, sir? want a boat, sir?' 'Iss,' I towld 'em, 'I do want a boat weth a tember bottom.' They glazed at me, an' waun ov 'em took me into hes boat. As we wore crossing ovver the Hamoaze, I axed the waaterman, says I, 'S'pose you do know aall about boats, doan't 'ee?' 'Iss,' says he, 's'pose I do.' 'Then,' says I, 'can'ee tell how they made the fust boat swem?' 'I'm sure I caan't tell,' says he. 'Then,' I said to un, 'now s'pose you caan't tell 'fore we git ovver, I do think that you shudn chaarge me anything for my paassage.' 'We'll see 'bout that,' says he. At laast we got to North Corner, and then, says I, 'Can'ee tell yet?' 'No, he cudn,' he said, 'but 'fore you go,' says he, 'you must tell me how et was.' 'Why, my deear man,' says I,

'doan't 'ee know how they maade the fust boat swem? Why, 'pon hes bottom, to be sure.' Aw, how he ded look! He got me out of hes boat as fast as he cud, and stared at me as ef he thoft I was maazed."

A STRANGE SOLUTION OF A THEOLOGICAL DIFFICULTY.

It appears that when in Plymouth, he was invited to tea with two elderly ladies whose notions were rather *high* on the limited atonement question. He thus describes his novel method of getting out of the difficulty, and ending the controversy for that time, at least.

"Well, 'twas like this heere. They axed me to tay, they two owld laadies; an' they wore laadies, nice-looking owld laadies, they wore. An' I went. An' while I was drenken' my tay, howldin' up my eup, like, 'tween the taable an' my mouth, waun looked ovver 'pon 'other, an' then says to me, says sho, 'Maaster Hampton,' she caaled me maaster, tho' I s'pose she thoft I was a fool, an' dedn know nothen' 'bout thear doctren. 'Well,' says sho, 'Maaster Hampton, do 'ee b'lieve that Christ died for all, do 'ee?' I knowed what she was drivin' at; an' so says I to 'em boath, given' ov 'em a look, aich of 'em, says I, 'I do raid, ma'am, that "we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." So I do raid, an' I s'pose, ma'am, that of anybody es left out, et must be the *wemmin*!'"

Like all successful preachers, high or low, and of all churches and opinions, Richard was a man of prayer and a student of the word of God. He had a remarkable knowledge of the Bible, and quoted it with an accuracy that was astonishing, at times almost startling. Take the following instance:—

ONE TEXT FOR ANOTHER.

It was before his preaching days, and he was waiting in the office of an influential firm on business of his master.

"Richard," said one of the gentlemen, 'they say you know a good deal about the Bible; go home and look, and you will find in the fourth chapter of Habakkuk a passage that will do for a text for you: the words are, "Rise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!"' 'No, maaster, I doan't b'lieve that they words

are in the Bible,' he replied, 'an' there es no moare than three chapters in Habakkuk, nuther; but I d' know that in the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation you'll find thaise words, "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."'"

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

"His knowledge of the Old Testament, too, was sufficiently full and certain to enable him sometimes to quote with great readiness, so as to express his humour, or indicate his own wishes, or his notion of what it became other people to do. He had been sent one day on an errand to the 'count-house' of a mine. He arrived just as the dinner was served up for the officials. A roast shoulder of mutton was laid on the table. Dick was tired and hungry. The sight of the dinner sharpened his appetite. But having delivered his message, the captain said to him, 'Sit down, and you shall have some dinner by-and-by.' He sat and watched the privileged staff at their meal, until, prompted by growing desire, he said, 'Cap'n Tom, do 'ee know what Samuel towld the cook to do for Saul?' 'No, Dick; what was it?' 'Why, "Samuel said unto the cook, Bring the portion which I gave thee; and the cook took up the shoulder and that which was upon it, and set it before Saul.'" The hint was good-naturedly taken, and a portion from the shoulder was set before the hungry messenger."

This knowledge was not attained without labour. He thus describes "his study"—

"At the time I was converted noane of my brothers was reledjus, an' I cudn go into my closet in my awn hum and shut the door. But I found a plaace. I went out 'pon the downs, and digged out a caave in the side of a smaal hill like, and there I could git in out of the world weth my Bible and hemn-book, and wait 'pon God in paice and quiet. Iss, there I used to go, and in dead of wenter I wud taake a showl (shovel) and showl away the snaw from the mouth of my little caave, to git into my deear retreat. There I have had sweet uneyon an' communeyon weth my Hevvenly Faather, and there I have renude my strength for the way, and got pow'r an' graace to do my wurk an' to suffer my Saaviour's will."

Again—

"We knew," says a witness, "that he spent a good deal of time somewhere on the common; and now and then a voice of prayer might be heard coming over the hill. But once when wandering over the downs, his earnest tones rose upon my ear from one of the pits. There he was pouring out warm utterances of truth. 'Why, Richard,' said I, 'stepping quickly forward, 'what are you doing?' 'Preaching to myself,' was his reply. 'Well, but you have no singers for your service.' 'Iss, I have; doan't 'ee hear 'em?' said he, pointing upwards; they're up there!'" They were the larks, high up, in full song. Dear old Richard! he had an ear for the music of nature. His heart was in tune with the melodies of God's happy creatures. To his soul nature and grace sang in harmony.

Richard was the same everywhere. It was impossible for him to sustain two characters. In any situation he was the same devoted servant of the Lord. Who can read the following without admiration of the great simplicity of the man? We will call it

PREACHING IN A WAGGON.

He was on his way to Plymouth, riding in the carrier's humble conveyance. One of his fellow travellers thus describes the incident:—

"The waggon was well filled. Dick was soon an object of deep interest and intense curiosity. He sat on a rude seat across the carriage in his usual way, rocking to and fro on his seat, strangely twisting his features, and throwing oddly inquisitive glances from his oblique eye. As he waved, he hummed the tune of a favourite hymn; and now and then, in under-tones, would utter a verse or few words of his song—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here."

"At length, during a short pause, a passenger, who could no longer restrain his inquisitiveness, turned to him and, half in jest, said, 'Are you a tinker, sir?' 'No, hum-m-m,

"Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;"

"Before he could sing out the verse,

another traveller enquired, 'Are you a shoemaker, sir?' 'No!

"I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies."

"A third enquirer now determined, if possible, to be satisfied as to the character and calling of their strange companion, and with somewhat more of a respectful tone, said—'Pray, sir, what may be your occupation?' 'Holiness es my caalling, ma'am!' And then, raising his voice above the creaking and rumbling of the labouring waggon, he sang—

"The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures
I neither have nor want."

"And before his astonished fellow-travellers could recover themselves so far as to pursue their enquiries, he looked around upon them, and with a sort of thundering voice, cried—'My caalling es to caal sinners to repentance!' 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord!'" The word rang through their very souls. There was deep silence, broken only by the tramp of the horses and the rattle of the wheels, until Dick's voice rose again with a repetition of the authoritative cry, 'Repent!' The awe that crept over all held them in continued silence. Dick's 'calling' was manifest in their consciences, and, though dumb, they seemed to agree in allowing the pilgrim preacher to fill up the remaining time of the journey with alternations of hymning, prayers, and exhortations. The songs, and prayers, and repetitions of inspired truths were not fruitless. The result was hallowed to one traveller at least. Dick had happily fulfilled his own calling."

HIS CLOSING EXPERIENCE AND DEATH.

The last record reads thus:—

"My expearyance at thes time es, that I have laately found a grawin' in graace, an' have injoyed braave cumfert ov laate. I have no end in view in goin' 'round, as I do, from plaace to plaace, but the gloary ov God and the good ov sawls. In times paast, I cudn help shaakin' an' trem'lin' when I used to

see anybody cum that I thoft was cum to shaw a bad sperrit, or to loff and gristle, but the Lord have took away the fear ov man from me—I doan't know nothin' 'bout et now, I've ben a stranger to et ever sence, thank the Lord! I do love every Methody 'pon the faces of the earth with a partikler love, but sence time I do raily long an' desire that all mankind shud be saved; God es my wetness, I never looked to preach in laarge chaapels nuther; owld baarns, staables, or any plaace like that; an' I b'lieve the Lord will shaw, in the day of account, how bes poor sarvent have tried to maake the best of the talent that He gove me."

In this spirit he continued to live and labour, until the Master called him home. May we meet him there!

IS THIS OUR REST?

No—not yet; there is no discharge in the war in which we are engaged until the great Captain sends His messenger Death to order us one by one from the battle-field. Oh, may we be found good and faithful soldiers, with sword in hand, wielded by the Spirit's power, cutting down our foes! Then we shall be ushered into the King's presence to hear the soul-enchanting words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, and take the rest of victory."

THE SPIRITUAL DISSOLVING VIEW.

By nature the mind discerns in bold relief the flesh, with all its fascinating colourings, and the world with its numerous pleasing but delusive scenes; Satan finishes up the picture by images earthly, sensual, and devilish. What a sad sight to be unceasingly occupying the natural mental eye! A change is, however, now taking place: the blessed Holy Spirit is working the machinery of the mind; the glaring colours of the world, the portraiture of the flesh, the tempting satanic scenes, begin to lose their deceptive brilliancy; a waning paleness comes over them, they continue receding from view; now other outlines are appearing to "faith's interior eye"; they increase in clearness of vision, a bright form is discernible; it intensifies, throwing all former objects into the shade. What is this increasingly beautiful image? It is the form of the Son

of God standing forth, the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely, the bleeding, slaughtered Lamb, dying that we might live, paying a heavy ransom for us that He might deliver us from the wrath to come, make us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, purchasing for us a glorious estate which can never be taken away. May this delightful view fascinate all our powers, and hold our mental energies in sweet captivity!

DEATH.

Oh, my soul, what a precious privilege is it to be permitted to look Death boldly in the face, and view him only as the friendly porter who is to open the door and let thee into the temple where the Lamb is the light thereof, to serve Him day and night there, and of which thou art to be a pillar to go out no more! Take care to have the lamp right for the time of need. The Master says, "Watch and pray"; take good heed to His warning voice, and it will be well with thee.

TO CONQUER SIN AND SATAN.

TUNE—"Drive Back Pharaoh's Army."

I'm enlisted in the army,
And I'm fighting for King Jesus,
To conquer sin and Satan.

Once the devil led me captive,
But Jesus gave me freedom
To conquer sin and Satan.

Now my sins are all forgiven,
My heart is all a-blazing
To conquer sin and Satan.

Oh, you'd better come to Jesus,
For He will give you power
To conquer sin and Satan.

If you want to be converted
You had better be a-praying,
And conquer sin and Satan.

If you never are converted,
You'll never get to heaven
And conquer sin and Satan.

Oh, I've brethren gone to heaven,
Wash'd in the blood of Jesus:
They conquer'd sin and Satan.

Will you leave your sinful pleasures
To meet your friends in glory
And conquer sin and Satan?

Come along and we will help you
To get your souls converted
And conquer sin and Satan.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



WHILE the summer has been opening out, and the pleasure-seeking world has been rushing wildly after its mad enjoyments, we have been rejoicing in the continually increasing sunlight of Jesus, and have been gladdened by the abounding fruits of righteousness.

Joy and gladness are bursting forth everywhere, for we hear day after day from one station or another of souls gathered into the kingdom, and of increasing attendance and increasing power in the services.

It was our pleasing duty to record the opening of a new station at Penge last month, and now we find that the first few services have resulted in so large an ingathering of souls as to make quite a strong station there already. We asked a brother the other day, "What about Penge?" "Why," said he, "there is as strong a band of workers there now as you could wish for." To God be all the glory!

Where must we go next? many will be inclined to ask. May God direct us aright! There are no lack of openings, were men and funds sufficient at our disposal. From Bermondsey, Leeds, from Southampton, from Norwich, from Hertfordshire, from Sittingbourne, from Chepstow, from Hull, from Cambridge, and from Devonshire, we hear the cry, "Come over and help us." Oh, that the Lord may open the way!

The Conference announced in our last number has been a glorious and blessed success. The Monday evening meeting was a time of especial power and rejoicing. The interest and value of the addresses delivered, and the astonishing amount of success set forth in the Report of the year's progress, deeply impressed all present. We are obliged to defer the report of these meetings till August.

Good News from Chatham.



SINCE I last wrote it has pleased the Lord in answer to the prayer of faith, to pour out His Holy Spirit upon us at this station, and we can sing from our very hearts,

"Many have in Christ believed,
And His pardoning love received—
Praise ye the Lord."

The enemy has not been asleep, however—the conflict has been fierce; his

strongholds have been attacked, and in the open air and in the halls he has been defeated. Glory be to God!

A SKIRMISH WITH BALLAD-SINGERS.

One Saturday, as we came up to the Military Road, we found our usual stand occupied by some ballad-singers, who were giving forth some filthy songs of the devil to a great crowd. We looked on for a moment, and then drawing off a little, commenced our meeting with prayer in the usual way. This done, we found the enemy still in possession of the people, many of whom seemed greatly to relish the amusement provided for them, especially the publicans round, and the half-drunken fuddlers, who had come out to a feast so in keeping with their depraved taste. However, I gave out a hymn, and commenced with my violin; the brethren with me joined in, and in a few minutes we left the ballad-mongers almost alone. This did not by any means suit the opposition, so a half-drunken man was sent out from one of the public-houses to see what he could do. First he offered me a penny—this I refused; then he tried by force to stop my playing; in this he was hindered by my brethren; then he tried to sing a song, but we drowned his voice with our hymn; then he tried to dance, while the crowd shouted shame, and very soon a number of soldiers in the crowd, losing their patience, bonneted him! and, finally, he made his retreat, while a mob of boys, who had hitherto backed him up, pushed and pulled him so desperately about that he was very glad to get into the public-house for shelter, leaving us with an immense congregation, attracted by the scrimmage, to whom we preached the everlasting Gospel.

GOSPEL PREFERABLE TO LAW.

While I have been away on several occasions lately, preaching at Rochester, the Beacon, and elsewhere, our friends have been so terribly annoyed with the dreadfully wretched people who live round the People's Hall, that one of them licensed the place and declared he would summons the transgressors if these annoyances were continued. I thought one day, however, that we would see if the Gospel could not do something more for them, bad and provoking as they were, before we had recourse to the law. So we hit upon the plan of a free tea for the bitterest persecutors we had. I laid my plan before Captain Timmouth, our Treasurer, and Mr. Wheeler, of the Society of Friends, who at once entered heartily into the scheme, and promised their help in the undertaking. We therefore made our arrangements and issued our invitations; and as the result, 160 of the worst people I could find in Chatham sat down to tea. What a picture did that gathering present! There were men and women emaciated and blotched with drunkenness and every form of vice and crime that could be named. But there they sat and listened through the night to earnest, solemn addresses. Many wept, and twelve came out at the close of the meeting pleading for mercy at the feet of Jesus. Oh, it was one of the most precious meetings I ever was in.

During the month we have had a

VISIT OF THE GIPSIES,

and crowds have heard the simple story of salvation through the blood of

the Lamb at their lips. In the streets, every day, we have preached Christ, at the noon-day meetings souls have been saved, while the People's Hall on week-nights, and the large Lecture Hall on Sabbaths, have been packed to hear them. We had

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ROCHESTER,

for two nights. Many working men came, and souls came on to the stage seeking the Saviour. During the visit of the gipsies, seventy have professed to find mercy, some of whom have been among the very worst sinners in the neighbourhood.

A NEW WIFE.

Our readers will perhaps remember the case of a dear man related in our last number, who had been a notorious Sabbath-breaker. I am happy to report that his wife and son have joined him on the heavenly road. So powerfully was she wrought upon one evening, that she came to the conclusion that if there was salvation for her, she would have it that night. She could not stop at the meeting, but went away asking us to come to her house as soon as the meeting was over. Accordingly we went, and as soon as we got there, down she went on her knees in the shop, praying, "Oh, Lord! save my poor soul this very night." We talked and prayed with her some time, and then she cried out, "Thou art saving me. Thou dost save me," and leaping from her knees, she said, "I'm a new woman now." Then we sang—

"I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb."

When her husband came in, she took him by the hand and said, "Now, my dear, God has given you a new wife to-night. Hallelujah! And we will now go to heaven together." Since then the son has got converted—so it is a new family born for glory.

VERY DEEP IN THE MIRE.

One man told me he had a good suit of clothes, but he had not seen it for five years. After he found the Lord he soon found his clothes, getting them out of the pawn-shop; he has them on now every Sunday, and may be seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. Another man had not been in a place of worship for fifteen years, but he came to Jesus, and He did not refuse him. He is at all our meetings.

If our friends can help us with a few old clothes, books, and tracts, we shall be glad. The people here are very, very poor, and our rent and gas are due. Will the Lord's people help us to glorify God in preaching the Gospel to the poor? Pray for us, and help us. Donations will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, Treasurer, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham; Mr. G. Heath, Secretary, 14, Otway Terrace, or

JAMES DOWDLE,

15, Colegate Terrace.

N.B.—Our dear Brother Dowdle has gone back to Chatham, trusting to be enabled by God's grace not merely to consolidate the work there, but to open branches ere long in Rochester, Stroud, &c., &c. Let us all remember him in prayer.—Ed.

WHITECHAPEL.

My first month here has been crowded with blessing and praise. In porch-meetings, on the Mile End Waste, and in the Hall, alike, God has refreshed and quickened His people, and has saved many, many souls.

WHIT-MONDAY

was a day never to be forgotten here. For the first time Whitechapel kept festival with the Shoreditch Circuit alone on that occasion, and yet in spite of storm and rain a good tea and a large public meeting were held, and when, after some hearty speaking, the prayer-meeting was begun, twelve precious souls were found seeking salvation. Amongst the number was a little girl, who turned round as soon as she felt the joy of salvation herself, saying, with tears in her eyes—

"Please will you pray for my father now; for I want him to love Jesus."

We have had sinners of all sorts and sizes on their knees seeking mercy. A poor old man,

EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE,

came into the porch-meeting one day. He could scarcely believe at first that God would pardon such a dreadful sinner as himself; but at length he was able to cry "Abba, Father," by the Holy Spirit given to him.

A PASSER-BY CONVICTED.

One day, as a poor woman was passing the hall at noon-day, she heard a sister declaring that everyone ought to be "ready to meet God." This she knew was not the case with her. She went away to Windsor; but got no rest day or night, till at length, going out into a field, she sought and found salvation. Soon after this she took an opportunity to come and tell us what the Lord had done for her soul. Oh, may she be preserved in her country home from wandering from God!

Our people, inspired by the many blessings and conquests recently realized, are gathering together in greater numbers and making more strenuous efforts than at any recent period of their history, and scarcely a meeting passes, either at noon or night, without some professing to realize their interest in the blood of Christ. Oh, that we may be kept faithful till we all arrive at home! Amen.

J. TETLEY.

THE WHIT-MONDAY CONFERENCE.

For a long time we have felt the desirability of holding meetings in which practical questions connected with our work might be discussed, and on Whit-Monday, while the terrible storm was raging without, the first meeting of this kind yet held by us assembled in the Fieldgate Hall.

We were greatly gratified, not merely at the large attendance of genuine workers from all the stations, but at the intelligence and ability displayed by all who took part in the discussions.

The subjects were—

1. How to conduct a prayer-meeting effectively.
2. How to deal with anxious souls.
3. The necessity of being filled with the Spirit in order to succeed in Christian work.
4. The universal obligation of speaking in public for Christ.

We were thankful to hear the many useful practical suggestions made in these discussions, and still more so to observe the very stirring, spiritual, and, therefore, interesting character of the proceedings, giving promise not merely of immediate benefit, but of attracting a much larger attendance still to future conferences.

It is our purpose to hold such conferences from time to time as opportunities may present themselves, feeling assured that by this means sound views may be most effectually diffused and strengthened throughout the Mission, and Christians who love our work may come more clearly to understand our measures and the reasons for using them. We are just now looking forward with the keenest interest to discussions of the question—"How better to use the gifts and energies of our converts," in connection with the Annual Conference of the Mission; and we also anticipate great pleasure and benefit at the Quarterly Conference of the Evangelistic Mission Union, to be held at Aldersgate Street, on Saturday, the 4th July, when the subjects for consideration are—"The use of singing as an evangelistic agency," and "How to deal with anxious souls."

True conferences of persons who are qualified to speak on practical matters are sure to be productive of great and lasting benefit to all parties. God speed them!

DRUNKARDS' RESCUE SOCIETY.

SLOWLY and surely the work is progressing. At the commencement of our Society a man was pointed out to me as a fit object for my attention, as he was hardly ever sober. If a crowd was seen near the street in which he lived, it was always expected that he was in the middle displaying his pugilistic powers (which were very considerable when he had been drinking). Being a furniture-polisher by trade, and having spirits of wine in use for his work, he would drink quantities of it when he had nothing else. His wife drank also, though not to the same excess, and I have no doubt it was only because he did. I have visited them ever since our Society commenced, and twice he signed the pledge, but broke it again. The last time he did so, he came round to the hall, one evening, when I was holding a meeting, and, falling on his knees at my feet, told me what he had done, and asked in the most despairing way what he should do. After talking to him for a short time (for he was intoxicated then), I persuaded him to go home and to bed; which he did. I called the next day; he was out; and I think I shall not soon forget the scene which met my eyes. The poor woman came to the door in tears, and, taking me into the room, said, "Just look, miss; this is what he did last night before he came to you." Upon the floor of the miserable room lay fragments of broken cups, saucers, and plates; the tea-pot was lying with its lid broken off, and all the contents spilt on the floor; a bunch of withered watereresses, and the kettle with a large hole in the side. It appeared that the poor wife, expecting him home to tea, had everything in readiness to make him comfortable, but, alas!—instead of a reasonable husband making his appearance, a madman came, and soon all her preparations for his comfort were strewn upon the floor, and he, rushing out of the house, came (as before mentioned) round to the hall.

It would do some of our brethren and sisters good (who not only indulge in the unclean thing themselves, but give it to others, with the *false* idea that they are conferring a kindness) to see a few such scenes as these. Methinks their consciences would cause them some slight uneasiness. But to continue—

I took the first opportunity of urging upon him the necessity of making another start, and I am thankful to say

that he has not broken since. They both attend the hall, and I trust a good work is really begun in their souls. The gratitude of the poor fellow is unbounded.

Prayer is earnestly entreated for a continued blessing upon the work.

All glory be to Jesus!

E. A. POLLETT,
272, Whitechapel Road.

FIGHTING CONTINUED AT
LIMEHOUSE.

WE are still in the field of battle, and praising God for the measure of strength and courage given.

THE SIEGE OF SALMON'S LANE

still goes forward. The Sunday traders are amazed that we have not grown weary; but while the devil can get them, at the risk of losing their never-dying souls, to take down their shutters and open their shops for the sale of their commodities on the Lord's Day, we are determined to take down the shutters and throw open our Gospel shop, to bear witness for the Lord our God, and to proclaim the message of mercy to these openly defiant neglecters of salvation. While the butchers and greengrocers, and others, are crying loudly "Buy! buy! buy!" we cry to numbers of working people who stop to listen, "Buy, buy our wine and milk, and that without money and without price!"

ANOTHER TROPHY OF GRACE.

He had been led by the accursed drink into the lowest depths of vice. His face was such a disfigured mass as is seldom seen. Oh, how cruel is Satan! and oh, how wretched are his ways! He heard the Gospel in the midst of the Sabbath morning market from the fishmonger's shop, and was brought by our people to the hall. He was there again at night; and oh, how rejoiced were those who knew his previous history to see him kneeling like a little child at the penitent-form! He says Jesus has forgiven him. He has signed the pledge, and fills our souls with gladness when we see his changed manner of life. All who see this remark, "Oh, if God can save such an one, He can save any." And so He can, bless His holy name!

THE RIGHT WAY TO COMMENCE LIFE.

A young couple, just married, hearing our people preaching in the open air,

were sufficiently interested by the singing and what was said, to come into the hall to hear something more. Here the Holy Spirit still more powerfully applied the Word, and they gave themselves to Jesus. They are both pressing onwards and upwards, rejoicing.

A SUNDAY STROLL.

A backslider seven years, out for a walk on the Sabbath, heard our people singing in the open air, and was so forcibly reminded thereby of the peaceful hours and precious joys he once experienced, that he was induced to follow to the after-service in the hall. Here he came to himself, arose, and went to his Father, and was restored to the joy of salvation.

NO REST OUT OF CHRIST.

A woman came regularly to our meetings, but everything that was said and done failed to bring her to decision. We prayed on, and one evening the Spirit strove with her more than ordinarily; nevertheless, she tore herself away from the place. All that she had heard, however, went home with her, and again and again the words rang in her ears. At length she was unable to hold out longer, and falling on her knees in her own chamber, she cast herself on the mercy of God, obtained salvation, and on the following Sabbath brought her husband, who also believed, to the saving of his soul. Oh, how happy they both were!

OUR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS

are a great source of power. We have a large attendance. Many drunkards have been rescued during this year. One hundred and fifty persons have signed the pledge, some of whom have been the worst and most depraved in Limehouse.

JOHN ALLEN.

POPLAR.

PRAISE God we have had some precious proof of the power of Jesus' blood to save here, lately!

A YOUNG BACKSLIDER

was found in the prayer-meeting after one week-night service, and to the question, "Have you given your heart to God?" he indignantly replied, "No." A little kind converse softened him a little,

however, and he said, by-and-by, "I know all about it, sir; but not to-night." He was told that "*not to-night*" had been the cry of thousands who are now in hell. Upon this he rose and left the hall; but shortly afterwards, to our surprise, he returned, and rushing past all the people, dropped down at the penitent-form, saying, while tears streamed down his face, "Oh, sir, this may be my last night, and I am not saved! What shall I do?" He was at once pointed to the Lamb of God; but said, "I have been once before. I am afraid He won't listen to me now. I have turned my back upon Him. I feel ashamed to ask Him any more; and yet I cannot leave the place. Oh! what shall I do?" He was assured that the Lord would take him in if he would ask Him. He wept, and prayed, and trembled; but at last believed, and found that the Lord did take him in. He rose from his knees, praising God, and saying, "I feel the Lord has forgiven me; but I can never forgive myself."

BETHNAL GREEN.

WHEN we proposed the conversion of a railway arch into a hall, at the corner of the Bethnal Green Road, we anticipated that it would prove one of the best positions ever occupied for mission work; and we think a Sunday spent with our dear friends there could not fail to convince any one that our anticipations were correct.

PROCESSIONING.

On the 26th April we met near the post office, in the Bethnal Green Road, at ten o'clock, and, singing up the road, we stopped a few moments near every open shop; and, although some were dreadfully indignant at our frankness, many were evidently impressed by the loving warnings addressed to them.

Seeing a long body of militia-men, headed by a band, marching towards us, we turned aside into a small street opening into the road, hoping to catch the crowd at the rear of the soldiery, as we sang—

"Come, enlist, and with me sing:
I a soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity."

An inspector of police, however, who was there to attend the military disturbers of the peace, assured us that we

were quite out of order in singing in a public thoroughfare. Although we knew the absurdity of such a monstrous theory of law, we thought it best to "move on"; and in front of some butchers' shops we sounded the alarm afresh. We cannot get up influential deputations to Government against Sunday trading, but we can appeal directly to the Sabbath-breakers, and then we can lay our petition before the Divine Government on their behalf. This we did in

OUR BEAUTIFUL ARCH HALL,

one of the most comfortable, though, perhaps, one of the plainest and cheapest buildings ever constructed for Divine worship.

At half-past twelve, when we took our stand in the yard without, a crowd of hundreds of people speedily gathered, and the character of the men present was made sufficiently clear by the fact that most of them had clay-pipes in their mouths. They listened most attentively, however, few stirring until the conclusion of the service, at half-past one. Returning at half-past two, we continued in the yard until a little after four o'clock. The Lord was with us, and stout hearts bowed before Him. I noticed, particularly, one young man who came up with the insolent look of incredulity so familiar in London open-air services. Softened beneath the shadow of the Cross, however, his eyes grew dim; he took his pipe out of his mouth, and by-and-by sharply reproved an intruder who sought to divert his attention. On the walls of the adjoining public-house, as well as in the space before us, there were attentive listeners; and when we returned into the hall it was to pray in confident faith that the Word which had pierced many hearts might never be forgotten.

At six o'clock again the yard filled, and after having heard, perhaps, in many cases, the first religious address they had listened to for years, many strangers thronged to the entrance of the hall. The Word came with power to many, and, although at the commencement of the prayer-meeting we had a hard struggle with the devil, at the end, seven souls professed to step into the liberty of God's dear children.

The Mission has, perhaps, no station more hopeful than Bethnal Green. Let us pray for it!
G. S. R.

HACKNEY.

"God is our refuge and strength."

ON the 26th we were glad to have a visit from an old friend and member, Brother Heath, and with him had a good day, more particularly in the open air.

Lately we have been able to gain admittance to some fresh homes through the medium of

A MOTHERS' WORKING CLUB,

when some friends assemble and make up garments, either new or old, giving them to the poor, and, in some cases, selling them at cost of material, mostly taking the money weekly, and thus assisting many a struggling family. Cast-off clothes or materials will be gladly received.

A woman, who was converted some months back, is starting to-day, with her children, to rejoin her husband in Canada. She is going out in the strength of the Lord, determined to win him to Jesus. May the Lord help her! Another dear woman, this last month, has been wonderfully sustained during the sickness and death of her husband. Her deep trust in God has amazed us; but God wonderfully opened her way with her fatherless children, still proving Himself the "husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless." I might mention more cases to show many of our converts *do stand*, and it is a cause of deep thankfulness, as I go from home to home, to find *religion is still alive*, and men, women, and children, are living for God. Hallelujah!

But while we thus rejoice, we have to mourn over many—many, who for a time, did run well; but, to-day, alas! are led captive by Satan at his will. For some time now we have had to fight closely with the devil, for he never yet saw an abode of love, power, and joy, but his malignant wrath was set against it, and a million-fold Eden enacted again. So we feel he has entered our home, with his deadly night; nevertheless, some of us are looking to God through the clouds. Our faith shall pierce the darkness, and patient labour shall yet triumph and sing—

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss."

Friends of Hackney, be not deluded!
God is on our side! after we are tried,
we shall come forth as gold.

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

Last Sabbath we were encouraged by seeing six precious souls seeking liberty, and at the close, rejoicing in pardon and peace. Backsliders were also quickened.

At our

CLASS TEA MEETING,

a feeling of sympathy and love prevailed. God was with us, and unitedly we sought fresh power in our midst.

MORE PRAYER! MORE PRAYER!!
MORE PRAYER!!!

More Endurance—Union—Holiness, and Prayer!

"Christians, rouse thee! war is raging,
God and fiends are battle waging;
Every ransomed power engaging,
Break the tempter's spell."

MABEL PARRY.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

A REAL MISSION DAY.

ARE the Stoke Newington people worth building a hall for? is a question that will naturally arise in the minds of many both inside and outside the Mission, now that the Brewery alteration comes within a reasonable calculation of completion; and I am thankful to be able to answer from my own personal knowledge,

"THEY ARE WORTHY."

We all know to how many and how severe trials the society here has been exposed, driven about as they have been from place to place, and having no available centre of operations; and it is not a very uncommon practice to give people up when they are sorely afflicted; but to my mind there are few more delightful proofs of the Divine character of the Mission than the apparent impossibility of extinguishing it where once it has got hold of the material which it engulfs.

I might well have desponded as I stood up in the open air there one Sunday morning with one solitary helper; but what is the use of repining? It was a brother I had not found so prominently engaged before, and knowing that many would gladly have been there if they could have got out at that time of the

day, I praised God for one and began. In answer to my companion's prayer, God came down. I never saw so many people at once listening at their doors and windows in the streets where we stood; and as I spoke I felt that God would yet save many of these poor people by the agency of the Mission.

Though but a few gathered in the Ragged School that morning, there were more than when I was last at Newington. In the afternoon we met at

THE BREWERY.

I had no need to ask if it was well situated for our work, for I saw at a glance low courts close beside it, and streets of working people's houses opening into the High Street, opposite to it.

As soon as we began to sing a crowd formed round the gateway, and among them were some of the lowest fellows I ever spoke to, evidently crying loudly for our work; and as one and another, even of those who had never spoken in the open air before, told what they knew of Jesus, I felt that there were splendid reserves capable of being drawn on for the extra work now opening before us in the place.

By-and-by we retired into the old tap-room of the "Edinbro' Castle," and oh, how our hearts burned as each one in turn told how the Lord was blessing them!

We met opposite the

CEMETERY GATES

at six o'clock, one and another coming up till we mustered nearly thirty strong. The Spirit of the Lord was upon us, and as our testimonies were borne upon the wind, our crowd swelled and swelled until it far exceeded anything I ever saw in the neighbourhood. How to conclude was the difficulty, for so many were around me both able and willing to speak, that I was loth to leave the large congregation here for what I supposed would be a much smaller one indoors. Passing down Sandford Lane to the little Ragged School, however, I was surprised to find a congregation already waiting for us, as large as I had been led to expect, altogether; and, after preaching, three souls decided for Jesus—one of them a poor backslider, of whom one said to me, "Oh, she has got so cold and indifferent, nothing seems to move her." Praise God she was moved that night!

There seemed to be no more work for us to do, and the prayer-meeting was concluded, but the friends did not want to go. We sat together singing for very gladness hymn after hymn, and there seemed to be no thought of parting, and a score, at least, remained, when one dear brother, who cares especially for the finances of the place, suggested the propriety of turning off the gas for economy's sake. And well he might, for the people are very poor. I missed one who has long been an earnest worker here, and on going to his home, he said to me—"Well, you see, the fact is, I haven't got decent things to come out in, and I have always tried to clothe myself properly; but it's all right, thank God, and I shall have a new suit by next Sunday." I pointed out to him that if he would come just as he was, he might encourage some poor outcast to follow us; but I felt, as I turned away, that I would not like to be exposed to such a trial myself.

I returned home rejoicing to feel that there was as fine a band of workers at Stoke Newington as any man could wish to lead, and that God had opened their way to a position in which their zeal could be developed and made gloriously productive of blessing and salvation to the people.

Oh, that the hearts of all around may be opened to sympathise with and help the long-tried society, so that the hall may be opened free of debt, and the work abundantly supported!

G. S. R.

TOTTENHAM.

I spent two days in visiting here a little time back, welcomed on all hands by the kind-hearted members, and some folks round about, and by God's grace "strengthening the weak hands, and confirming the feeble knees," exhorting all to be "be faithful unto death"; in the evenings was cheered by the deep influence of the spirit of love and union which pervaded our meetings. "God resides among His own!"

The following will give an idea of our Sabbaths—

Last Sabbath, in the morning, we held an open-air service, when we were able to reach many on the Green who never attend a place of worship, but from whom, nevertheless, we have fruit in our midst. In the afternoon, while the Rev. Mr. Cook held a united meeting

in the hall, Sister Oxley and I went to about a hundred houses, close at hand, giving tracts and extending invitations to the hall. While a few declined to open their doors, and two gave us a cool reception, the majority received us kindly, and in most instances we found opportunity to sow the Word of the kingdom; and to many congregated in groups, who, while they lounged about, yet assured us *working men had no time for religion*. Several listened to our appeals with tears in their eyes. I could not mourn over the varied excuses the devil put in their way, while he allowed them to fully acknowledge the service of God was right!

At six we held an open-air service at Park Lane, and at the close the doctor from the hospital, with two ministers, inquired what we were doing, and on being invited to come and see, did so, remaining to the hall service, seeming very pleased with us; but our hearts had more joy to see some poor strangers *pleased with our message*, and even in tears, as we talked to them of a Saviour, who not only died for the guilty, but wept over the impenitent.

A convert said to me a few weeks back, who had just been converted at the Lecture Hall,

"I FEEL LIKE ANOTHER MAN."

A dear sister, in prayer, thanked God that Bro. Thomas had ever brought her to the hall and urged her to give her heart to God, for ever since she had been

"RUNNING OVER WITH HAPPINESS."

Another sister in the meeting was in tears because she would be away from the Mission a few weeks. A brother said, "I can't speak out much, but I bless God I ever set foot in the Christian Mission." A young woman has lately found peace, who has long been opposed to the Christian Mission, but through the influence, doubtless, of her two fellow servants, who are members with us, and the prayers of God's people at the hall, she has been unhappy in her soul; and when the Lord sent sickness, she grew anxious. Brother Thomas visited her, and as he unfolded the love of Jesus, the burden rolled off, and she has seemed ever since anointed with the oil of gladness!

* * * * *
Since writing the above, we have continued each week going from house

to house with the Saviour's message, and have also gained access to a

LODGING HOUSE FOR TRAMPS.

Here, in a large room, we found congregated men and women of all ranks in this peculiar style of vending; men and women with

CHARACTERS BEING FORMED FOR ETERNITY;

yet many without a thought of God, but to blaspheme. One, more of a Pharisee, who kept aloof from the rest, assured us she was once "religious," and used to read ten chapters night and morning; but, alas! she too, was without God. Through the medium of some "British Workmans," we were enabled to speak of Jesus. One picture was about "Footmarks left in the Snow," and the tear stood in many eyes as I spoke to them of the imprint their lives were marking day by day, for their little ones to walk in. On leaving, I was asked on all sides to come again.

Again, I must repeat, there is every opening for a good work in this neighbourhood. Hundreds of new houses, and much encouragement for open-air work.

Friends, pray for Tottenham and Brother Thomas.

"Tolling in weakness, and trying to bring Souls to the standard of Jesus, their King."
MABEL PARRY.

HAMMERSMITH.

UNDER the blessing of God the work here is developing most beautifully.

The services in the Town Hall have been greatly blessed during the month, souls having sought mercy at each Sunday evening service.

Mr. Tindale was with us on the 31st May, when we had a special time of power from on High. At the morning service two poor sinners sought salvation. One of these, an infidel, filled with delight on experiencing the pardoning love of God, jumped to his feet, crying—

"OH, IF I HAD EVER KNOWN

it was as good as this!" At the evening service four others professed to step into liberty.

We are now holding services every night of the week, for in addition to the little room in the Rookery and the Town

Hall which we rent, the Friends' Meeting-house is at our disposal, and the Rev. H. Blythe, rector of the parish, has been so pleased with the open-air services in the Broadway that he has offered us the use of a large school-room hard by.

The open-air services held near the Meeting-house have been made useful to the population of that low neighbourhood, many of whom are thus drawn to attend the in-door services.

A POOR MAN AND HIS WIFE

both came out sobbing for mercy after one of these services, and among the congregation, some of whom had entered the place unwashed, just as they had come home from work, we noticed several others under deep conviction.

The Lord has been so very good to us in opening these doors for week-night work free of cost, that we are hoping that if no cheaper place can be got for Sunday services, the means for defraying the heavy rental of the Town Hall—30s. weekly—will speedily be provided.

Contributions in aid of these expenses will be thankfully received by Miss Bazelt, 25, Richmond Gardens, Uxbridge Road, W.

CROYDON.

WE are still fighting the great battle. God is with us, and souls are being snatched as "brands from the burning."

On the 17th we had a day's special services with our gipsy brethren, in right good earnest, and God revealed Himself and filled the place with holy power. Before it ended eight hell-bound sinners were liberated, and boldly, yet lovingly, stood up and told those present that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned their sins.

On the following evening, while speaking from "What think ye of Christ?" the arrow of conviction entered the heart of three precious souls, and they also sought Jesus.

On Whit-Sunday we had a band of working men, while Bro. Tibbutts at intervals sang some gospel hymns. A deep impression seemed to be made on the minds of many, and one soul sought forgiveness.

Brother Allen has paid us a visit, which, by the direction of the ever blessed Spirit, proved a great day of rejoicing. Souls were blessed, believers

strengthened, and some that were ready to halt made a fresh start. O Lord, keep the holy fire burning!

We shall conquer—in spite of hell.
J. M. SALT.

BROMLEY.

At this station the blood-stained banner of the Cross is kept flying, and the Lord has been blessing us. Some of our friends have got into the right place—they are walking in the light of God, dwelling in Hallelujah Square, about the middle of Thy-will-be-done Street, on the top of Overcoming Hill. They have nailed their colours to the mast, and are determined never to yield, let men exclaim or fiends repine.

May 17th N. J. Powell, Esq., preached in his usual loving way; believers were blessed, and one soul came out seeking mercy.

Our believers' meetings are seasons of great blessing; only those who experience it can know the wonderful and gracious way in which God manifests himself to His people. At one of these meetings three precious souls came forward seeking the pearl of great price; one of these was a dear old woman,

OVER SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE, and so helpless, that it was with great effort she knelt down; but on being told it was best if she could do so, she came out as a penitent, and said, "Now, Lord, I renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, and I want to get right into the train; Lord, take me in." And the Lord did take her in, and she can say to others—

"Come now, poor sinners, now's your time;
At any station on the line,
If you'll repent, and turn from sin,
This train will stop and take you in."

Our tea-meeting was a success; we had a good tea, nice cake, happy people, charming singing, first-rate speaking, and, best of all, God with us. Sinners were convinced, believers blessed, and two souls found peace. To God be all the glory!

J. M. SALT.

A BLESSED AWAKENING AT PENGE.

OUR Heavenly Father has heard and answered prayer in behalf of this station.

The people are saying, "We never

saw it after this fashion." We have seen wonderful things this month; Christians are being stirred up, souls are being saved, and the young converts are working hard to bring others to Jesus. Praise the Lord!

Since I wrote you last, thirty-seven souls have professed peace, through believing in Jesus as their Saviour.

On the 17th Bro. Hart preached, and the Holy Spirit applied the Word to the hearts of the people, and five precious souls sought pardon. Hallelujah!

On the following Sabbath Bros. Wilson and Lane took the service, and two souls were taken into the favour of God.

On the Monday night following six others, who had been awakened, decided for God.

Our dear Bro. Hill, who is now working with a will, followed up this service, earnestly exhorting believers to continue the fight, until further and still greater victories should be given; and praise the Lord, one penitent found peace in Jesus; while many others left under conviction.

Then came Bro. Lane,

THE CONVERTED TINKER,

who missioned the streets, preaching to the people in the open air, and then inviting them into the hall, which was soon filled; God graciously manifested His presence; the sermon went right home to the hearts of the people, and

TWENTY-FOUR SOULS CAME OUT FOR JESUS.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. There were some of all sorts; from the hardened drunkard, to the child of seven or eight years old. During the prayer-meeting some from the churches round about came in, who did not believe any one could know their sins forgiven. Some of these in turn were affected, and anxious to have the peace and assurance and joy they saw in the new converts; they came to the penitent's form, seeking the blessing at the Saviour's hands, and left, *knowing* they were accepted in the beloved.

It caused our hearts to burn within us, to hear one after another stand up and testify what the Lord had done for them. One of these, a poor man who had long been held by the demon Drink in his galling chains, had caused us a deal of trouble in the open air, through his persecution, and by inciting a lot of boys to do the same. This man was

enabled to testify that the Lord had pardoned all his sins. Oh, that he may remain faithful!

Another young woman, with a heart full of gladness and assurance, began there and then to exhort others to come to the Saviour, Who had just washed her in His own precious blood.

Then up jumped a young man, who told us that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all his sins—yes, all his sins. He, too, soon began to serve his blessed Master, by inviting his brother to yield himself to God. Oh, that they may remain steadfast!

The young converts are met every Friday evening, and prayed with and counselled in the way to heaven.

The work should be visited, to see the good that has been done in the name of our dear and loving God.

J. M. SALT,

86, Waddow New Road,
Croydon, Surrey.

PORTSMOUTH.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

WE think we are justified at this our first anniversary to give thanks for all the blessings of the past year. We have been enabled during this time to distribute many thousands of tracts, visit numbers of the sick and dying, carrying to them in their helplessness the words of eternal life. Hundreds of meetings have been held indoors, and as many out, at which the Gospel has been preached to tens of thousands; hundreds have testified that at these services they have received the pardon of their sins; and the best of all is, their altered lives bear out the truth of their assertion; and when we remember that at the beginning of the year many prophesied that we should not live many months, and that, notwithstanding much opposition, we to-day are living and moving onwards in the great and saving work, we thank God, and take courage.

The past month has been specially remarkable for the new onslaught we have made on the enemies' positions by

THE OPENING OF A NEW BATTERY OF ARTILLERY ON SOUTHSEA COMMON

on Sabbath afternoons. This being the stronghold of the enemy at that particular time, we gave ourselves to God, marshalled our forces, planted our men

and music, and opened fire; and some of the enemy's best men were wounded the first day of the attack.

The following Sunday we received a reinforcement, and commenced the engagement on our knees; and so successfully was it carried on, that we ended it in like manner, pointing one dear sinner to Jesus on the greensward, who found Him, to her very great joy.

On the following Sunday we received additional reinforcements: for the enemy was on the alert and very angry; so, placing our blessed Captain, Jesus, in the front, we charged in terrible earnestness, and at the close of the engagement two prisoners surrendered on the grass to our Captain, who pardoned them both. Many who have been watching spiritual engagements in this town for many years, said that they had never seen such a scene before in the open air. The fight is, however, only just beginning; so with increased confidence we again rally our forces, and sing through the streets on to the battle-ground, where the battle is renewed, and with most blessed success—the next who surrenders being in scarlet uniform, and our Captain, who is no respecter of persons, sets him free, and we sing

"Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad."

While this blessed work has been progressing on the Common, the work has still gone forward in the halls, and many precious cases of conversion have transpired during the month. We give a few—

A PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A soldier, who had been blessed with a godly father, a preacher of the Gospel, had wandered from home, entered freely into sin, and who in despair enlisted, was passing one of our open-air services, when a chord was struck in his heart by the earnestness manifested for his soul's salvation, while he himself was so careless and indifferent. Remembering the tears and prayers of his dear old father, he determined to come to the hall instead of walking off with his female companion. Both came in, and there heard the Father of mercies inviting the prodigals to return, and with deep humiliation and many tears he set out on his homeward journey; although he had a fearful struggle, as our readers may imagine, the result was a kind and

loving reception. As he rose to praise God for his deliverance, his eye rested upon his companion, who was praying aloud for mercy. This added intensely to his joy, and the result was a scene I cannot describe. They now attend the services regularly, and are very happy. May Heaven keep them!

SAVED ALL AT ONCE.

For some time a man has attended our services, who is a member of a church in the neighbourhood, but who had no internal evidence that he was a Christian. Although trained in a school where instantaneous conversion is scarcely credited, yet he continued to attend the meetings, and at last became quite wretched. One night, while the preacher was delivering his message, which was accompanied by a Divine influence almost enough to save a world, this dear man accepted Christ as a present, personal Saviour, and consequently realized the joy of it, just where he sat, and he is not ashamed to confess it to all with whom he comes in contact. He has stopped several besides the preacher, and with tears of joy running down his face, exclaimed, "The Lord saved me all at once."

"IT IS TOO HOT FOR ME."

A well-dressed man dropped into one of the meetings out of curiosity, but while there, the word being with power, troubled him so much that he jumped up and ran out, exclaiming, "It is too hot for me;" and that the preacher brought all his past up before him. The arrow, however, had struck home, and it was no use for him to seek rest anywhere save in Jesus. So the following night he was there again, and was soon seen to tremble so violently that many thought he would have a fit. His cry now was, "I am too great a sinner; I shall be lost! lost!! lost!!!" But he was assured that he was just the man Jesus came to save, and was led to the mourners' bench crying for mercy. Here he soon changed the tune, when faith began to work, and clapping his hands, he cried with vehemence, "Lord, I have got it! I do believe—I do believe." May that be his cry every day that he is this side of Jordan! and then we shall meet again where, dear readers, I hope to meet you.

So throwing ourselves upon the Lord and his stewards, we hope to go on winning hundreds of precious souls for Christ. Will you, dear Christians, pray

that it may be so, and that we may all meet where we may cast our crowns at His feet; where we shall adore Him who not only redeemed us, but condescended to use us to do a little for those for whom he died?

ABRAHAM LAMB,

92, Lake Road,
Portsmouth.

HASTINGS AND RYE.

MONDAY, 8th June, will be remembered in the Mission at Hastings as one of the most enjoyable days ever spent beneath the sun.

It was a field day. The regiment, under General C—, presented itself in most correct style. All unnecessary appendages, usually called "impedimenta," or "baggage," were abandoned, and the accoutrements were of the most approved manufacture. At 3.55 punctually, sixty valiant soldiers went off at railroad speed to the music of—

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?"

Arrived at Rye, we fell in, and marched off to Bridge Place, singing, to the astonishment of the enemy—

"Sinners, enlist for Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood."

Forming a ring, two brethren thanked God for our safe arrival, and prayed that the enemy might surrender and fight no more against the Captain of our salvation. Some spoke of refreshments, but General C—, believing this would give the enemy time to collect his scattered forces, pressed on and entered the citadel before they could let down the portcullis. This strategy was most effective, and struck a panic in the enemy's horse, who seemed disposed to fly, but rather stood still, while we fired off with—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins."

The peaceful citizens finding the shot would not hurt them bodily, turned out in numbers to behold and learn the art of bloodless warfare.

We again addressed them on the folly of remaining under the power and influence of the arch impostor, and proclaimed the readiness of our great Captain to pardon all who would escape from his

thralldom. The word "forward" was given, and we speedily arrived at the strand where many pitched battles had been fought. Here the conditions of peace were explained, and the mild rule of our beneficent Prince enforced. Some of our forces directed their attention to the children, who were eager to listen, and sweetly invited them to "escape for their life."

Prayed again, re-formed, and marched forward to the place of rendezvous, singing—

"Hail to the saints of God, lift up your voices."

Tea was now served. One of the enemy's men being somewhat hoist with his own petard—we understood this to be a certain vile potion universally partaken of in their councils and war-feasts—was restored to a normal condition by imbibing the refreshing beverage. He remained with us during the evening.

The testimony of our brethren of the time when they entered the ranks, and of joy in the services of their Commander, the Lord of Hosts, was truly solemn and affecting.

The young converts spoke of abiding peace in Jesus, and testified of His power to save them from their sins. The songs of Zion were sung from the heart, and indicated a mind at peace with God and oneness in the Spirit.

Surely Rye will blossom and bear fruit, and our brethren there will reap yet more abundantly. The ordering of the tea was most creditable to our sisters Young and Haward, in whose hands the arrangements were placed.

Tracts, books, or contributions, for this district, may be sent, and will be thankfully received by W. Corbridge, 17, Alexander Street, St. Leonards.

E. A.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

Our meetings, both indoors and out, are well attended; a spirit of earnestness is taking hold of many of our friends, and the churches are following our example in turning out to invite poor sinners to Christ.

The following will serve as an illustration of what our blessed Master is doing among us.

THE MISSION OR A SITUATION—WHICH?

A young woman, hearing us in the open air, was deeply impressed, and came on several occasions to our indoor

services. At length she became so miserable that her mistress enquired what was the matter, and, on hearing the cause, forbade her coming any more to our meetings. One Sunday night, however, she found it impossible to stay away, and when we invited the anxious to seek the Saviour, she was the first to come forward, and with tears she sought and found forgiveness. "Oh! what shall I do?" she inquired, when the first burst of joy was over; "my mistress strictly forbade me coming here; but now I have come and found Jesus, I'm so happy; but they will be sure to find it out!" At our suggestion she returned home, and told her mistress all what the Lord had done for her. The following week happened to be her holiday, and she went, as was her custom, to her home for the annual feast; but instead of joining in all the foolish frivolities around her, she went about telling her old companions what the Lord had done for her soul; and while she sang our beautiful hymns, and exhorted them to come to Christ, their hearts were moved, and tears fell down their cheeks like rain. On her return home, notwithstanding they could not deny the great change for the better that had taken place in the girl, her master and mistress insisted that she should give up either the Mission or her situation. She has bravely chosen the latter, and God will find her another. Bless His name!

ALL THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

A young man, employed at the ironstone quarries, was awakened in the open air, followed us to the hall, where Jesus met and blessedly saved him. He works with a most ungodly lot of men, and it is no light cross for him to witness a good confession before the mockers and blasphemers around him. But God has hitherto helped him, and he says, though all hell should oppose him, he means, in the strength of God, to go all the way to Heaven!

CUTTING OFF THE RIGHT HAND.

For several weeks our attention was drawn to a young woman, who was evidently under deep conviction, but who nevertheless withstood all our entreaties. At length she seemed to yield, and came out for salvation. Still there was a great struggle, and all she said was that she was a wicked backslider, whom God would not forgive

We prayed with her, and told her all we knew of the love of God, of His willingness to receive those who came to Him. But we seemed to make no progress. At last, with an evident resolution we shall not soon forget, she tore her glove off her hand, and removed an engagement ring from her finger, and the secret came out that she was engaged to a young man who had led her away from Christ, and as soon as she gave him up, Jesus in mercy healed her poor backsliding heart.

"NOBODY SPOKE TO ME."

After a very impressive service, conducted by our dear sister Jenkinson, of Kettering, in which some four or five sinners sought and found the Saviour, just as we were going away, a lad came to me, his eyes streaming with tears, and said, "What shall I do, sir? I am such a sinner." We asked him why he had not come out when we gave out the invitation. He said, "I didn't like; but if somebody had come and spoke to me, I would have done." So we went on our knees with the dear lad, and before we got up the Lord set him at liberty!

LAYING ASIDE WEIGHTS.

Several young folks, who have been the cause of much anxiety to us, have been taken hold of by the power of the Holy Ghost, and are become new creatures in Christ Jesus. The other evening we held a consecration service, and while we were laying our whole souls upon the altar that sanctifieth both the giver and the gift, most of those present took the artificial flowers from their hats, and the beads and trinkets from their necks; fancy pins and tobacco-pouches were laid on the pile until we had quite a heap of such rubbish. And now we have this as another distinctive mark that we are the only people ever known in Wellingborough to go without such adornments. Our prayer is that we may be adorned with all the graces of His Holy Spirit.

We have had to close

OUR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS

For the season, in consequence of our friends preferring the open air to indoor meetings this beautiful weather. Forty have signed the pledge since we commenced, and some of the worst drunkards have been reclaimed. The last person that signed the pledge was

the father of a little lad who joined the Band of Hope some time ago. Said he, "I think it's time to make an alteration when one's own child takes to teach you what's right."

May I say a word about

OUR NEW HALL?

I know many of our dear friends are doing their utmost to help on our good work. We have just been served with notice not to use the British School-room again; we are, therefore, driven entirely into the open air on the Monday evenings, not that we by any means object to this, so long as the weather holds fine. But we do want a place of our own for God's glory, where we can pray with poor, perishing souls, and point them to Calvary. A lady and her son have given us a freehold site, upon which we can erect a building to accommodate 400 people, at a cost of about £500. Towards that sum about £165 are promised. And now, in the name of Him who has said 'A cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall not go unrewarded,' we ask Who will help us in the undertaking? As the sittings in our halls are free, it is important that no debt should be left on the building. Cheques and post-office orders will be gratefully received by W. Woolston, Esq., Westlands, Wellingborough, Treasurer; or will be gratefully received by John Clare, 4, Hanlock Street, Wellingborough.

KETTERING.

"Let the world their forces join,
With the powers of hell combine;
Greater is our King than they,
Surely we shall win the day."

We can truly say that God has been with us this last month, and that we have been with Him. Our indoor meetings have been very good; we have an attendance of about fifty at the believers' meeting, and our prayer-meetings are excellent.

The public preaching services are as well attended as ever; we have very good congregations, and, oh, the power I feel at times while preaching Jesus! We have had some very good cases of conversion this month.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

One night, after preaching, I spoke to an aged woman of about eighty. I

found her unsave; I urged her to give her heart to Jesus, but she said, "Not to-night." I looked at her, and said, "What, mother, eighty years of guilt upon your soul, and all those wrinkles on your face, and just at the edge of the grave, and yet say 'Not to-night!'" Those words went to her heart. I then spoke to her about the dying love of Jesus, and her heart melted; then came the tear from her aged eye, as she faltered out, "Lord, save me." By-and-by, while we sang, "Lord, I believe it," amid her sobs she said, "I both believe it, and feel it." The other night, she put her arms round me, and said, "Glory, I do love you, and when I get to heaven, I shall stand and look out for you to come."

"A LOT TO GIVE UP."

Another man, who had been a bad fellow all his life, came out for God. I spoke to him; he said he wanted to give his heart to Jesus, and Jesus took him in. He said, "I have a lot to give up, but I will give it all up for Jesus." And as soon as he bent his will to God's will, the power came, and he was free.

"I AM HAPPY NOW."

Another young man had come to the meetings very much of late; I spoke to him the first time I saw him there, but I could get nothing from him but a smile. The other night he got down on his knees in the prayer-meeting, a thing he had never done before, so I went and spoke to him, and found him ripe for the Cross. He came right up to the front of the hall, and, oh, it would have done you or anybody else good to have heard him sob and cry for Jesus to save his soul, and as the tears dropped upon the platform, we wept with him. At last we began to sing, "Lord, I believe it." Then he believed it, and got on his feet, took hold of my hand, and said, "Bless you, I am happy now." These will show you that the Lord is doing a little by us in Kettering.

The hall has only been open about nine months, and we have the names of eighty persons on our book, who have professed to find Christ, and, best of all, they are all, or nearly all, working with us to-day.

Our open-air work gets better. Some of our friends said

A VISIT TO ROWELL FAIR
the other Sunday. They took their

stand amongst the shows, and began to sing about Jesus. Soon a crowd of people was gathered; they preached unto them, Jesus; show-actors, as well as others, listened to the story of the Cross. One woman, who had kept her sweet-shop open on Sundays, said that she would not sell another pennyworth of peppermints on God's day as long as she lived. They were repaid for their singing and talking on Rowell Fair ground by two souls coming to Jesus.

In Kettering we have

SOME BLESSED MEETINGS.

I heard a man of the world say the other day to another person with whom he was conversing, "I tell you what, John, these Ranters' meetings in the street get better every week." Overhearing this, and knowing it to be a fact, I said, "Amen."

We have two good meetings on the Sabbath, in the best parts of the town, and we have commenced one on Tuesday evenings against the town pump. The meeting is a success, crowds of working men and women come out to hear what we have to say in favour of our Jesus. These meetings fill me with joy to see the tears roll down their cheeks as we sing about the Cross.

Our motto is—Onward and upward. We are working for souls, and we shall have them. There seems to be a feeling of conviction right through the town; I very seldom go into a house but I find somebody touched with the thoughts of religion.

Pray for us; everybody pray for Kettering; and, oh, may the object of every hymn, of every prayer, of every sermon, be, souls! souls!! souls!!! for Jesus.

THOMAS BOGGITT

Be still prepared for death; and death or life shall thereby be the sweeter.—*Shakespeare*.

FREDERICK THE GREAT once asked a Lutheran pastor for some brief summary of the evidences of Christianity. He simply replied: "The Jews, your majesty."

"My teacher is the best in the school," said one little Sunday-school scholar to another. "She don't know as much as mine." "Oh! but she loves more," he said. Love does make a good Sunday-school teacher, there is no doubt of it.

"THE CHRISTIAN MISSION"
IN AMERICA.

WE have been grieved to find but small indication in the *Mission Harvester* recently of activity in our sort of labour.

Bro. Fackler, who was the first Editor of the *Harvester*, and who was very active in establishing a Christian Mission in Cleveland, Ohio, had to go south, on account of his health, where, however, he still preaches a little.

Bro. Jermy still struggles on, however. We are glad to find the *June Harvester* says, under the heading,

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION—

"This mission to the poor in Cleveland is still in operation. Its success has been varied during the winter; numbers have been saved. It has had outdoor services every month during the past year. Bro. James Jermy is the superintendent, and the good leaven is spreading."

The *Harvester* contains an excellent article advocating the holding of open-air services all over the country; and we find that at St. Louis this good work has already been commenced in right good earnest, and with glorious results.

ST. LOUIS EVANGELISM.

"Bro. Chapman has inaugurated the open-air meetings in our city, and has drawn around him young men and women who have consecrated all to Christ, and who have no calling but that of preaching the truth. And what glorious fruit! A Jesuit priest found the Saviour whilst attending these meetings, and is preaching Christ a risen Saviour. Others have come out of the same Church, surprised to think there is a risen Lord, and wondering that they did not know it before. On the Saint Louis Levee, among the lower class, the greatest and most glorious results have transpired; both whites and blacks testifying to the efficacy of the blood to cleanse from all sin. Meetings are being held in the streets twice a day. Last Friday week the friends were assaulted by the mob, but God put it into the hearts of the authorities to protect them. Our hearts are gladdened by the abundance of fruit which God in His love is giving to the brethren."

Oh, that this blessed work may go on, till every town in the States is blessed with the mighty influence!

MISSION SCENES.

A FRIEND of this Mission in London lately wrote to one of his friends in the country as follows:—

"MY DEAR B.,—Knowing the pleasure you take in the work of this Mission, I thought a short account of the visits I recently paid to several of the stations would interest you.

"I know the following little incident as illustrative of the spirit of willingness to work for the Master, even at inconvenience, which pervades the members of the Mission, will please you. During the afternoon meeting at Whitechapel, I noticed two brethren suddenly take their hats and leave the hall. The fact was, they were just asked to take a service at six o'clock at a station some miles away, and without a moment's hesitation or questioning, they were ready and off on their Father's business. I forgot to say that on my way to the hall I saw some of the friends connected with the Whitechapel branch holding an open-air service on the Mile End waste, at which I should think some three or four hundred people were listening intently to the glad news of salvation.

"At Plaistow, at night, I found a nice congregation at the Mission Hall there, where a brother preached a telling sermon, and at the close of the service, when the prayer meeting was commencing, I observed a fine, tall man—I should imagine a navy—get up and walk slowly down the aisle. I laid my hand on his shoulder, and asked him whether he was coming to Jesus that night, and as I stood near him I saw the great drops of perspiration on his brow, and I felt that the Spirit of God was striving with him mightily. He put my hand aside, and pressing past me to the door, went out, leaving me fully satisfied that the Lord would follow him up.

"I called at Poplar on my way home, and found that the hall there had been crowded to excess, and I saw that seven precious souls had been gathered as the fruit of the evening's service.

"Staying here for a few moments, I passed on to Limehouse Gaff, about a mile nearer the city. There, before I got inside, I heard exultant shouts of praise, and making my way to the front of the hall, I saw a row of penitents, some silently rejoicing in their new-found happiness, others praising the Lord with a loud voice.

"M. L. H."