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About Stock-Taking.

BY G. S. RAILTON.

WOW little we know about anything or anybody! This reflection must come home to us ever and anon amid the varying scenes of life, as some new thing starts up around us—some new thing which has always been, but which we never noticed before! If, however, we are ignorant of that which we ought to know, we must be to blame, and, whatever consequences may ensue, we must bear the responsibility.

We ought to know whether we are or are not becoming richer in true wealth. We ought to know whether we have or have not that which is requisite for the successful prosecution of the business of life. We ought to know whether we are or are not being defrauded of that which is committed to our charge. We ought to know what and what manner of men are placed under our care, and in what condition they are. We ought to know our own defects, and those existing in others with whom we are intimately associated. And all this we ought to know from time to time, so that we may be able correctly to reckon the results of periods of labour.

I.—WE CANNOT KNOW OUR STOCK WITHOUT TAKING IT.

It is very common for men to be entirely in the dark even about themselves in the most important particulars. It is so easy to go on in the ceaseless rush of business and pleasure, without any serious thought about the life that ought to be within us, that, until men are startled and aroused on this subject, they rarely deal with it practically at all. Even when truly converted to God, how often people sink down into a sort of reverie, in which the old, old story of Salvation, and the sweet strains of a home by-and-by, are alone appreciated, and their present state and duty are forgotten.

And as to others, how few people are there who would not be startled by the information that there are some heirs of damnation around their hearth, in their kitchen, their office, their workshop! In London, one is often told there are "no neighbours." Nobody knows anyone else.

Even in the Church of God, is it not the fashion to know as little

as possible of one another? How many professing Christians know anything definitely as to the spiritual life, the character, the difficulties of any others? How many pastors even have any special acquaintance with the inner life of any of their flock? This is little to be wondered at amidst those who are never quite certain even as to their own soul's true state; but that it should be the case where the truth of a known salvation has been preached and received, is simply shameful.

And in spite of the hackneyed expressions so incessantly in use as to the spread of the Gospel, and so forth, how many religious communities know anything positive and certain as to the work done by them, and the fruit of their labour during the past?

To call attention to defects is generally to be put down at once as a "croaker," and it is only by a very long and weary process that any defect can, as a rule, be demonstrated to those whom it most concerns. How often a terrible evil is allowed to exist, and every attempt to expose it put down, until the very discovery of it must needs produce a revolution!

To how large an extent are men and women little superior to cattle in their own computation or that of others! A man—his origin, his composition, his powers and capabilities, his past, his present, his future! How vast a subject for himself, or for any one else! and yet, how few have ever attempted even this amount of stock-taking!

Ten, twenty, a hundred converted men combined—what they are, what they should be, what they might do. Who has ever sat down to such a reckoning? Are not converts generally put down as items, without being considered in their several individual existences at all? As to making the most of each one, the very idea of such a thing would be a startling addition to the thoughts of many.

Here is a convert who has just been gathered into the fold. Take his name and address. How old is he? Ah, he has only lived so many years—he is "only a child!" That is enough! Pray very earnestly that he may be kept faithful, as though it were the most unlikely of all things in the world. And pass on, without stopping to look at him, to find out what he knows; what he can do to help you; what his family is; or the character of his workmates or schoolmates, as the case may be. Count one.

Another. Poor woman! she seems to be truly in earnest, and we shall be very glad to see her at the services. Should her first zeal survive until she sees her way to some useful form of labour, or to ask for something of the sort, perhaps she may become a great blessing to many. If not, she may remain burdened and persecuted; perhaps at home, struggling to do good there, and coming from time to time to meetings in which she finds refreshment; but growing little in her own soul-life, and all but shut out of the Great Master's work, because nobody takes the trouble to find out what her peculiar character and ability may be. What matter if we count one more?

And even this man: he does not appear particularly powerful or clever. We are very glad of him, dear fellow, of course; but as to finding out more of his mind and heart, as to encouraging him to attempt what at first sight may seem beyond his power, who thinks of it? He is one more, and that is all.

On the other hand: "What a dreadful reproach Mr. So-and-so has caused!" And all because nobody ever took the trouble to examine him carefully, to find out his mind and his heart, to read the history of his inner as well as his outer life. Perhaps, even when he began to unbosom himself to some brother in the faith at an unusually friendly moment, he was snubbed, or the conversation was left off unfinished, and almost forgotten. If he had only been known—understood, fairly estimated at the proper time, his defects might have been remedied, and a terrible misery averted. But no; he was one, and that was enough! He was clever; he was a good speaker, perhaps; he was quite an acquisition; and so no one ever thought it worth while to find out what he was not.

How can we know what the men and women around us are without taking any means to find out? Nay, how can we know what we ourselves have been, are, might be, ought to be, without some serious attempt to find out? Then the attempt ought to be made, and it would be made were the children of light as wise in their generation as the children of darkness.

See how the crowds gather together to observe the launch of a new ironclad! Look at the columns in all the newspapers describing all her build, her guns, her fittings, her appearance. True, she may rot, or become utterly unserviceable before there is any serious occasion for her existence. True, a single torpedo may some day send her to the bottom of the sea; but, then, she forms part of our naval armament, and she must be taken stock of. A great big dead thing! And a living soul comes into the service of the King of kings—a living soul, against whom no weapon formed can prosper! a living soul that might carry terror and destruction to the very gates of hell, and extend the kingdom of Christ far and wide; and, we say, "thank God for one more," and take little or no further notice of him, unless he compels us to do so by further action on his part. This should not be. It must not be if we are to be greatly and widely successful.

II.—THE VALUE OF STOCK-TAKING MUST BE JUST IN PROPORTION TO THE AMOUNT OF PAINS TAKEN TO BE ACCURATE.

In all labour there is profit, and the amount of profit gained must always depend upon the amount of labour spent. There is a very ready and, of course, a very useless way of taking stock. Many folks are content with rows of figures. What the figures represent is a matter of supreme indifference to them. But a proper and satisfactory stock-taking must include an examination of everything in detail.

To begin with ourselves. It is very well to know that our names are written in heaven, and that we are numbered amongst the heirs of Salvation here—but are we living like the children of a king and the soldiers of an eternal empire? As one looks at the militiamen strolling along the streets, pipe in mouth, either in their uniform or in their own more miserable clothing, one cannot help feeling as though the country were disgraced by their appearance. What do the angels think, we wonder, as they see “Christians” lounging about the world, in the tatters of fashion, prattling the talk of worldlings, scraping up gold and silver like all the rest, mixing with the giddy throng who are hurrying on to hell, and yet all the while professing allegiance to God, and “enjoying” their Sabbaths, their religious services, and their heavenly prospect? We are God’s, it may be; but of what use are we to Him? Has our love become cold, are our hearts far from him, our minds filled with other thoughts, and our lives with self-seeking? Or are we rendering to God the things that are God’s, that is to say, our all, continually?

We are God’s; but what is our condition in His sight? Are we divided, or entirely His? Are we defiled within and without with sin, or clean in His eyesight? Are we stooping towards the world, or are we upright before Him? Are we lifted up in haughty self-sufficiency, or are we walking humbly with our God? Are our souls in darkness, severed from the light of heaven, gloomy and sad because we have grieved our Father, or are they beaming with the radiance of His glory, who filleth all in all, walking through day and night, as *seeing* Him who is invisible?

We have been converted; but what else have we experienced since? Can we see weak places now made strong; great staring defects taken away, new, bright gems of heaven fitted into our hearts? Have we passed out of the sweet, gladsome but fearful dependence of our babyhood into the manly confidence of God’s grown-up sons and daughters? Are we children or men in Christ Jesus? Are we to-day joyous and determined; to-morrow doubtful, wavering, trembling, hesitating, if not giving way? or are we grounded and settled in love, that is to say, in God?

We are not to examine ourselves by any test of our own, or by any test which others may set up. The manufacturer must himself determine how his goods shall be classed and described. The Author and Finisher of our faith alone can declare the quality of that which He has produced, of that which we have allowed and aided Him to form in us. Does God look upon us with greater pleasure and satisfaction now than He did this time last year, last month, last week? If not, we must have been obstructing and preventing His perfect work in us. It is for the husbandman only to say whether his plants are growing as fast and as well as he wishes. Are we growing in grace as rapidly in every respect as God desires? If not, let us get rid of the worm, the mildew, the cramping influence, whatsoever it be, that is hindering the accomplishment of our Saviour’s purpose in us.

And as to others. Let us no longer be content hastily to glance over lists of names or rows of faces. These men and women, our brothers and sisters, in what condition are they? Are they full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, or are they comparatively empty and weak? Are they half-hearted, or devoted to God? Are they longing for work and souls, or are they idly resting by the way?

“By their fruits ye shall know them.” Let us not be led away by delightful “experiences,” or moving expressions; but let us try to search into facts. Let us not merely examine men’s public characteristics, and judge of them by speeches, and prayers, and labours for souls; but let us try and get behind the scenes more. Let us find out more about the home-life of those whose souls are especially committed to our care. Let us inquire how men behave to wives and children, master and workmates, neighbours and acquaintance.

Honest men have nothing to fear in stock-taking, and the more careful the scrutiny, the more delightful the result. Let us know more of one another. We shall find our joys multiplied abundantly as we improve our acquaintance with members of the household of faith. Each new fact brought to light will knit our souls more and more closely together, and increase our power to help one another. In heaven we are to know, even as we are known. The nearer heaven, in this respect, we can get here, the better for ourselves and the world. And if we find out evils, how glad we ought to be to have the chance of putting them away from us!

We are hastening on to the great stock-taking of the world, when God shall number up his jewels, and when everything shall be brought to light. Oh, let not that day find us unawares; but let us know all we can and ought to know about the real state of things beforehand, so that we may be prepared in that day of light, not for shame and confusion, but to give an account with joy, and not with grief. God help us! Amen!

War with the Devil.

AN EPISTLE TO SOUL-WINNERS.



BEWARE, that if you labour for God you will be much tempted of the devil, and persecuted by men. Hundreds run from the work of God because they find hell to oppose them so. Wicked men hate them; and the Church, if cold, will cry out, “Ultraism—too fast—new measures—want of prudence, discipline,” &c., &c.: but brave the storm. Jesus said to His working, hell-shaking disciples, “in the world ye shall have tribulation.” Thousands of the real workmen of Jesus have felt a little of what their Master felt in the Garden of Gethsemane, when He said, “My soul is

exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." Remember, working for God is making direct war upon the kingdom of hell, and the more sinners you convert, the more you shake hell's kingdom. So don't wonder if Satan half crushes your soul had body at times, but stand your ground; nay, at the very sharpest of the battle, press on, and though devils "throng the air and darken heaven," you must take the prey.

It is one of the surest signs that evil spirits are dislodged by faith when they come with such hellish rage at God's workmen; but, instead of a good soldier of the Cross flinching at a time like that, he well knows that it is the time to wield the sword with valour, for the battle's going right. We oft speak of the happy days in which we live; and truly, we should be very thankful, and praise God with joyful lips, that we are not called to the flame, prison, or stake, for our religion: but if we fully lived and acted out the New Testament, perhaps we should find Satan would again stir up all earth and hell to oppose us. Only let ministers warn kings, queens, lords, commons, bishops, gamblers, brothel-keepers, prostitutes, sabbath-breaking tradesmen, coach, packet, and rail-train proprietors, &c.; in fact, just act as holy ministers and Christians should do, and you will find that the devil will soon stir up a nest of hornets. But, *do your duty!* DO YOUR DUTY! DO YOUR DUTY!

It may not be amiss to say that a manly expectation of trouble will be a preservative to your mind when trouble comes, no matter whether it comes from hell, earth, or the Church. Think it not strange concerning the fiery trials, which are to try you; if the devil curses you God will bless you. If the cold part of the Church thinks you are too forward, remember you are at war with the devil, and as you fight with him, both directly and indirectly, so the devil will do the same to you; and if he cannot shake your confidence by direct hellish or earthly suggestions, he will tempt the Church, and get your fellow-workmen—if they do not rise fully into God—to charge you with enthusiasm, extravagance, or madness. Well, this is nothing new: the FRIENDS of Jesus laid hold of Him at one time, and said, "He is beside Himself." Luther, Whitfield, Wesley, and hundreds of the most holy, useful souls, have been charged with the same thing, even by good (mistaken) men; but, never mind, don't spend one moment's time in parley; keep plucking brands out of the fire; leave your character and interest with your Master: He will right all when He comes.

It is true, it will wound your holy soul, when any of these wise ones (as men call them) shake the confidence of young converts, and cause them to fall from their steadfastness, and then triumph when they have succeeded. But you must not give way to angry feelings on this painful account: while you stand on scriptural ground, and hide yourself behind *effects*, nothing can harm you, from men or devils. Expect ten thousand calumnies and lies; nay, the press will hiss at you, if the pious, through mistake, do not sound the alarm of war under some spurious pretence: but go on, blessing millions. Say, as Nehemiah did, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Enter into no paper war (unless you can convert souls by your writing), but keep converting sinners: they will plead your cause better than ten thousand bitter pamphlets. Real revivalists must be a singular people: they oppose the devil, and he opposes them.

Leave your character, intellect, and motives with your heavenly Master. A real holy man is like camomile: the more it is trodden upon the more it grows, spreads, and scents the place. Sing—

"What though a thousand hosts engage
A thousand worlds my soul to shake:
I have a shield will quell their rage,
And drive the aliens' armies back,
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name."

A Brand Snatched.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

—♦♦♦♦—

IT was a time when I felt a great hungering and thirsting after souls. For a long while I had, seemingly, realized nothing. And now I seemed to be walking in stony places, and there was nothing to be gathered.

Down a squalid street, on that hot July day, I passed, my soul crying out in its dearth: O Lord, give me, if but one soul!"

Suddenly a hand was laid upon my dress, and a thin, eager little voice cried: "O missis, there is a man swearin' awful in there!"

True enough. From a house close by came sounds of the most fearful blasphemy. This was no ordinary man who swore—I could tell by the very force and variety which he put into his oaths.

I was proceeding to the house, when again my dress was clutched, and the little girl exclaimed: "O missis, don't go; he's awful wicked! He'll hurt you."

I quieted her, promised to see her again, and, giving her a book, went on.

I knocked at the door, though it stood open. A woman's voice, through sobs, bade me enter. There was a cheerless, almost empty room, in which sat a stalwart, dark-faced man and his wife, with a baby on her knee.

"It is very hot," I said. "You will let me rest with you for a little?"

The man only scowled. The woman, with a frightened look at him, arose and placed me a chair.

I took the baby from her arms, and remarked that he was like his father. The man reared his head like a lion, and shot a suspicious glance at me. I talked about the neighbourhood, the children, the prospects for work; and then, the baby growing sleepy, I half unconsciously began to sing to it these words:

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'n'er free.

The man got up and began to stalk about the room. Presently he paused before me, and roared out:

"Stop that!"

"Is the sound of my voice unpleasant to you?" I asked.

"No, it ain't that. But I don't want none of them words here."

I didn't give him any more. I knew that those had told home.

In a little while I arose to go.

"May I come again?" I inquired.

"Come if you like," was the man's gruff reply. "Only don't bring no Bibles nor tracts along."

"I always have Bibles and tracts with me," I answered, firmly.

The woman laid down the sleeping baby, and followed me out. Then came her story:

She was tied to a brute; a drunken, violent man. Her life was weighing her down; she was sinking fast. I rallied her. "Jack must be saved," I said, "and you must help."

She shook her head, but I held her to the point.

"Rise," I said, "take the ashes from off your hearth and from off your spirit. Make the most of your miserable home, for even a drunkard knows when his home is comfortable. Resist Jack quietly but steadily. Never dispute with him, but simply stand your ground for the right. And, above all, never get him liquor when he asks you."

"Why, miss, he'd beat me if I didn't get him drink."

"No; if you do as I tell you, you will be stronger than he. He may threaten, but he will not strike. When you find your hands tied, bring your baby to me, that you may be free to work. And Jack must work, too."

"He won't do it, miss."

"Yes, in time he will."

The next time I went to the house Jack was in prison. I got permission to visit him, and found him sullen and dogged.

"Your wife is working industriously now, Jack."

"Well, let her work."

"And really the baby grows wonderfully. I had him in the country yesterday, and you should have seen him rolling on the grass."

Here the man raised his head with an interest which he could not conceal.

"If he lives he will be a large man—as large as you, Jack; and we must see to it that he becomes a *good* man."

"How can he?"

"Why, by the grace of God, just as we all can."

"I told you——" roared Jack.

"Yes, I know; you told me I was not to appeal to you on the subject of religion. But you know this is not an appeal."

Silence for awhile.

"I've got employment ready for you, Jack, as soon as you come out."

Then I turned to go.

"Stop a minute."

"What is it, Jack?"

There was a moment of awkward silence, and then he said:

"You might as well sing that hymn you sang to the baby that day."

Of course I sang. And when the hymn was ended his head was buried in his hands, and thus I left him.

But not even after this did everything run smoothly.

Sometimes Jack worked, and sometimes he didn't. Once more he engaged in a street row, and once more was sent to prison. Still I never relaxed my hold.

On getting out of prison the last time, he came direct to me. I saw by his face that a desperate struggle was going on, so I waited for him to speak. He began to walk up and down the room with heavy steps, his features convulsed with feeling. Presently he broke forth:

"Go over that again."

"Go over *what*, Jack?"

"About 'breaking the power of cancell'd sin.'"

For the third time I tried that available old hymn. At the close, I was startled by a wild burst of passionate remorse.

"Why *ain't* it broken? Why *ain't* it broken?"

"Courage, Jack, it is breaking!"

I knelt, but he continued to walk the floor more like a fierce caged beast than like a man. His throes were fearful. For my own part, I was voiceless. I simply laid hold upon the hem of Christ's garment, and held Him until He should bless.

There came a moment of strange silence, and, looking up, I saw Jack standing in the middle of the room. His cap had fallen from his hands, and on his upturned face a light, as glorious as the light which fell upon the dying Stephen's, shone. Thus quietly and beautifully was the work wrought. It seemed like a profound charm that would never be lifted.

"O for this love let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break!"

I sang, and down the redeemed man's face the tears began to flow in streams.

Need I go any further? Jack's was a positive nature, very strong for good or evil. I knew that, once rescued, he would be a powerful instrument; and so it proved. His life ever after was one of extreme activity and usefulness. He established a prayer-meeting, which was held at his house, and which I often attended. And never could I cease to wonder on hearing words of praise, consolation, and advice, from lips which had so lately poured forth such blasphemy.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

The following extracts are from a work by Rev. ASA MAHAN, D.D., with the above title.* They need no comment of ours:—

LIVING WATERS.

I will give an example or two of the testimonies to the power of Christ as a Saviour from "the bondage of corruption," examples among the many of similar interest that I might give. The subject of the first was a young man from Scotland, who was studying as a candidate for the ministry, and in all his conduct was very circumspect and

conscientious. Yet he was one of the most unhappy believers I ever knew. His inner life, as we found it, was literally a continued succession of groanings. A Christian lady once said in my presence that up to a recent period "she had just religion enough to make her as miserable as she could be." This was strictly true of this young man. He almost wearied Professor Finney and myself in his perpetual details of his inward wretchedness, and in his inquiries after deliverance. At length the light, the marvellous light of God, dawned upon "the midnight of his soul." In giving an account in the prayer-meeting of his great deliverance, he remarked that he could not better

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illustrate his own case than by first stating a fact of his early life. When in Scotland, he and a number of his young associates went down to the ocean to fish. "The waters were so disturbed that we could do nothing there, and we determined to go to a lake that was located at a long distance up amid the hills above us. The way was long and wearisome under the burning sun that blazed down upon us. At length we came to a moor and searched there for water. What we found was so brackish that we could not drink it, and we were all in great anguish. At length I looked down, and saw a little stream issuing from a fountain that was bubbling up right at my feet. I stooped down and tasted of those waters, and found them perfectly pure, sweet, cool, and refreshing. I drank until my thirst was quenched. So did all my associates, and we went on our way rejoicing. You know, some of you," he continued, "the bondage, and gloom, and groanings of my religious life for years"—he having been with several of those young men in an institution in the State of New York, then at Lane Seminary, and now at Oberlin. "When in this place I was told that there was liberty in Christ for all who would believe in Him, I grasped at the truth with the earnestness of almost blank despair. As I inquired and inquired, however, without finding the 'living waters,' I began to think that they existed for others and not for me. I did not, however, 'restrain prayer' or cease inquiry. All at once I saw, with unutterable wonder that I had not seen it before—all at once I say, I saw 'the fountain of the waters of life' rise up just at my feet. As I stooped down and drank, my agonising thirst was for ever quenched. As I continued to drink, however, the volume of those waters increased more and more, until they swelled out into a vast river, upon the surface of which my spirit was borne onward and onward, until I was carried out into an ocean of light and love, an ocean the shores of which I have never been able to discern, and the depths of which I have never been able to sound. Here I have been 'comprehending the length, and breadth, and depth, and height,' 'knowing the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,' and being 'filled with all the fulness of God.' When standing upon the topmost wave of that ocean, I made a vow to God that I would

spend my life in making known to saints and sinners this 'great salvation.' That vow he fully redeemed. To the end of his very useful life, his light never grew dim, but brightened more and more, until he took his departure to shine as a fixed star in the firmament of heaven. His graduating address was one of memorable interest on "the baptism of the Holy Ghost."

Among many instances of the

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF THE POWER OF GOD,

was one at a recent meeting in Maine, near the borders of Canada, where a great company of Christians assembled for ten days, for purposes very similar to those of the late Oxford meeting. The railway companies reported forty thousand special tickets sold to perhaps twenty or thirty thousand individuals.

At one of the meetings, the Rev. Dr. Steele preached the sermon. The text was, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." He dwelt especially on the believer's privilege of being "filled with all the fulness of God," and with solemn joy told us of his own experience of the baptism of the Spirit, and of the marvellous possibilities of faith which had opened to his soul since he had realised in power that the Comforter had come: an experience beyond simple consecration and faith's victory over sin; the incoming of the Holy Spirit filling the entire capacities of his being. At the close of this remarkable discourse, the President of the Conference rose and said, "Our brother, Dr. Steele, has something which I have not received. I know that I am all the Lord's, but I want to be 'filled with the Spirit.' We have heard that God is 'able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us;' I shall, therefore, now kneel here, and stay upon my knees till what God has done for my brother He also does for me. Let all who desire it do the same. Above four

THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

SEVERAL years since we met a very aged and venerable clergyman, who became fully convinced that God was with us of a truth, and that the baptism which we had received was in reserve for him. He accordingly set his whole soul upon the attainment of that Divine anointing, with the determination never to cease seeking and praying until he was really and truly "endued with power from on high." After searching his heart, consecrating himself to Christ, and waiting in earnest prayer and "strong crying and tears" for the promised blessing, he entered his closet one day under the full assurance that *then and there* he might "receive the Holy Ghost." He accordingly determined never to leave that place until he should receive the gift of God after which he was seeking. He had been in the place but a little time when he seemed to himself to be sinking down into infinite depths, into the bosom of God. Here the waters of life began to rise and overflow in his heart, and to the full extent of his capabilities he knew himself to be "filled with all the fulness of God." The glory, the love of Christ, and the infinite riches of His grace now occupied his whole being. He began to tell others of the good hand of God that was upon him, "of the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in believers, the hope of glory;" and such power everywhere attended his testimony that he was urged to take out a licence to preach. As he could not do so in his own church, he obtained one from another in his vicinity. As the results of a few years' labour, more than one thousand souls were gathered into the fold of Christ. So the Lord continued to bless his labours until his voice and strength failed. As a consequence, he was then quietly waiting the time when his Divine Master should call him to the kingdom of light. The baptism which he had at first received was often renewed, and never had been diminished, as a life-imparting power. The same anointing, reader, is for you. If you would obtain it, however, you must appreciate its value, and "seek it with all your heart and with all your soul," and never rest, and give God no rest, until the Spirit of glory and of God rests upon you.

hundred kneeled, while the thousands in the congregation bowed reverently before the Lord. Then commenced a season of *entirely silent prayer, which continued for three hours.* As the time passed on, the place became, to the spiritual consciousness, awfully glorious. No words can describe the solemn overpowering sense of the presence of God. Any expression in prayer or singing seemed an intrusion, and persons who commenced instinctively stopped. God was Himself speaking to them in their inmost hearts. None dared break the solemn silence of soul before Him. They were now learning what the worship of the whole being to its Creator and God is. As they saw the holiness of God, they gained new views of their own sinfulness in themselves, and with this they saw with equal distinctness the full provision in Christ for all their need.

At length the tea-bell sounded, and the immense spell-bound surrounding crowd slowly and silently left the scene. Many of those who kneeled continued on in silent prayer. Throughout the vicinity and at the tea-tables, no one seemed able to speak but in subdued tones. The time came for another meeting to be commenced, at another place, but it was found impossible to sing aloud. Nothing could be done but to dismiss the meeting, and join once more the circle of silent prayer. They approached the place softly, as to holy ground, and found a dense mass of people surrounding the spot where these ministers and others still kneeled in silent, awful communion with God. Never can the sweet and solemn restfulness of that hour and spot be forgotten.

When the time for the evening service approached, the President lifted up his hands and said solemnly to the crowd, "*Bow down* before the Lord your Maker!" Saints and sinners knelt together. Not another word was said, or hymn sung, but when we gathered in the evening meeting in the immense tent, then we knew what God had done for His people in their waiting before Him. The President said that God had given to him all that he had asked for, and many testified that the words of the prayer for the Ephesians had been answered in their own souls. That evening the *conversion of over a hundred persons* took place as the result of this wonderful silent meeting before the Lord. . . .

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Conference.



THE Conference, composed of our evangelists and some of the leading friends from each of the districts, has been in itself an event of our Mission history. The great and solid advance of the work during the twelve months was felt by us all, and greatly aided our faith for the future.

It seems almost absurd to say that harmony of thought and feeling was general throughout our consultations, for we have only one object and one spirit, so that division and strife are out of the question. But the effect of three days' intercourse, in cementing our union and making us conscious of the great strength which that union gives, was incalculably great. We parted, feeling an amount of confidence in, and affection towards, one another which we never experienced before.

Our blessed unity found a happy and, we trust, enduring legal expression in the deeds for the settlement of our property, which were unanimously accepted and executed. We have often felt as though we would rather have no property other than the work God has given us to do; but the exigencies of that work itself have compelled us, from time to time, to build or buy where we could not hire suitable places for our services. For a long time it has been a matter of earnest thought, how these buildings could be settled upon permanent trusts, so as to prevent them ever being used for any other purpose than that for which they were first acquired.

Experience, alas! has taught us only too well the tendency of the Lord's people in all time to grow weary in well-doing, and to turn aside from the rugged path of duty into easier and more attractive ways. We have seen mission-halls or churches where congregations have been gathered by dint of hard toiling amongst the masses, when once filled, gradually settle down into a quiescent condition, leaving the mission-work to others.

Determined to prevent, so far as may be, any such occurrence in connection with any hall of this Mission at any future time, we have at length completed and enrolled in Chancery a deed which will, we think, render the use of any of our halls for other than a purely evangelistic purpose utterly impossible.

Should any attempt be made at any future period to convert any hall of this Mission into a sectarian place of worship, to let or appropriate any sitting, to preach any other than the pure and simple Gospel therein, the trustees will have ample power to prevent such a departure from truth and justice; and should the Mission ever become too feeble in any locality for the rough, hard work it has undertaken, the trustees will be

able to make the best use they can of the property for the evangelization of the surrounding masses of the people; but the strong and hearty manner in which the deeds were adopted by the Conference leads us to entertain the most sanguine expectations of the perpetuation of the Mission spirit.

The Annual Meeting.



LARGE and enthusiastic as had been the meeting of last year, our expectations for the present year were higher still, from the large number of persons who took tickets for the tea and the meeting. Nor were we disappointed, for 650 sat down to tea, and the truly great gathering afterwards comprised a considerable number of the Chatham and Wellingbro' friends, as well as representatives of all the nearer stations.

After singing, "Jesus, the name high over all," and prayer, Mr. Booth introduced the Chairman, J. GURNEY SHEPPARD, Esq., who spoke as follows:

I must confess myself very agreeably surprised here to-night. I knew next to nothing of the Mission when Mr. Booth called on me a few days ago, and asked me to take the chair on this occasion. I expected I was coming to a little tea-meeting, and should, perhaps, be asked to address a few workers; but now that I see before me this large and enthusiastic gathering, I confess it takes all the cheek I had away from me. But your enthusiasm is catching, and I feel a great deal of sympathy with you all in the great work in which you are engaged. Since I have come into this neighbourhood I have been reminded of the state of things thirty years ago, when I knew this road much better than I do now. I do not know that there was any work of this kind then; if there was, it must have been something in a very small way. But, thankful as we all must be for the various agencies that have been established since then for the evangelization of the masses, we must still feel that much remains still to be done. The time is short. It behoves us all, in view of the terrible importance of our work, and of the short time we have in which to do it, to bestir ourselves to the utmost of our ability, in order to accomplish all we possibly can. May God abundantly bless you and your work; may He help this meeting!

The hymn, "Christ, He sits on Zion's Hill," was then sung.

The Rev. W. BOOTH then presented a statement of the progress and work of the Mission during the past year, as follows:	
Stations now opened (of which five, namely, Hammersmith, Soho, Cardiff, Stockton, and Middlesbro', had been formed during the year)	32
Persons wholly employed in the work	32
Increase during the year...	12
Public speakers, working in their own leisure time	325
Increase during the year...	90
Services held indoors, weekly	138
Increase during the year...	29
Open-air services, weekly	166
Increase during the year...	68
Average weekly attendance indoors	19,540
Increase during the year...	10,760
Anxious inquirers during the year	3,141
Increase upon last year's number	600
Amount raised by the people themselves towards the expense of the work	£2,178 18s. 3½d.
Increase during the year	£695 15s. 3d.

being more than half as much again as was raised by them last year.

Mr. Booth added: Although by no means the only test I should like to see applied to the work, yet I consider it

one of the most satisfactory that could possibly be applied to any work for the benefit of the people—"Do the people whom you labour amongst help at all in supporting the work?" We believe more and more that it is our Mission to carry the Gospel of Christ to the hard-handed sons of toil, and while I would by no means desire to reflect upon the plans of others engaged in Mission-work, I do think, as far as I am concerned, that it is a great mistake to deny to any set of people the privilege of contributing to the cause of God. It is as real a means of grace to give as to do any other act of service to God. If any present doubt that, let them put something in the box as they leave the hall, and they will find the blessing that will result to their souls. I am not at home in making begging speeches, but the last statement my friend, the Secretary, has put upon the paper is that we have no money in hand now. For the first time in the history of the Mission, the other day a person called at the office for a sum of money due, and we had to ask him to call again next week, in a hope that meanwhile God would provide the necessary funds. He has never failed us, and I am sure He never will. We have been helped hitherto, and I feel we have a great work to do. It was not at first any thought of ours to extend our Mission-work. Indeed, we have only recently been coming to the conclusion that we are called to go forth in the name of the Lord through our land. We have only quite recently, if we have even now, gone so far as to conclude that we ought to plant in every great centre of industry an agency similar to that existing in connection with this place, for the purpose of reaching the masses of our countrymen with the Gospel. This conviction grows upon us, however, and I trust we shall to-night be prepared to buckle on the armour afresh, and to go forth with renewed vigour to our work. We must feel that it is of the Lord's doing that we have arrived at our present position, for no human power or system could have attained the results that have been accomplished during the past ten years. The Lord is with us indeed. It is for us to walk with Him if we would succeed. We must be an *out-and-out* people for the truth and for Jehovah. We cannot have Him always with us upon any other condition. But if we are

determined to be *faithful* to Him in all things, we shall have His eternal presence in all our ways.

WILLIAM S. ALLEN, ESQ., M.P., said: I am most happy to be with you to-night, and I like you for several reasons. *In the first place, I like you because you are so terribly in earnest.* I believe in enthusiasm. I believe in going out in the name of the Lord into the highways and hedges. I have almost selfish reasons, sir, for loving open-air work. I am greatly indebted to it. My grandmother stood in the open air at the beginning of the present century, and heard one of Mr. Wesley's preachers. The sermon was blessed to her soul's salvation. In course of time she got married. She led her husband to Christ; and their children were trained up in the ways of God. They in turn led their children to Christ—and here I am speaking to-night. *But I like you, also, because you don't appear to be too stiff and respectable.* I believe in respectability; but I believe that the churches are in danger of being too respectable. I don't believe in being too respectable to take a poor brother by the hand in his sin and misery, and to lead him to Christ. I am one of those disorderly persons called Wesleyan Methodists. We go singing through the street; and in our chapel we make more noise than you do. But, mind you, I wouldn't give a fig for all the noise in the world, if it be all noise and nothing else. I believe in the Holy Ghost; and I believe that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. *I like you, moreover, because you are successful;* and I thoroughly believe in success. When I was a boy, I used to go fishing, and you know what fishing is—a worm at one end of the rod, and a fool at the other. But still I never was content without catching something. And now when I go fishing for men, I never feel satisfied unless I see souls saved. I like you again, because you hold that grand creed contained in the words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." I believe there is room enough in Him for all.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for *all* a ransom paid,
For *all* a full atonement made.

But I like you best, because God is with

you. Without any pretence to extraordinary revelation, I believe I am able to discern the presence of the Spirit of God with a people; and I believe He is here to-night. And when I see that God is with a people, I feel bound to help them in every way in my power. The order of your meeting is for short speeches, and I must stop. ("Amen" from a brother on the platform.) A brother says Amen. ("He means go on.") I know what Amen means as well as any of you. (Laughter.) But before I leave, sir, for Exeter Hall, where I am to speak to-night, I would just say I hope we shall all meet in heaven. That we shall all meet again is certain. We shall all meet before the Judgment Seat of Christ. I hope we shall not meet there to part. I hope we shall all get placed on the right hand then. I thank God I have more relations in heaven than on earth. I saw my dear old mother when she was dying, and when I said to her, "You are going to an eternal weight of glory," she replied, "It is for ever and ever and ever in heaven." I heard my father, in his last moments, repeat that beautiful verse—

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

It is a grand thing to make a good finish. I was preaching in Somersetshire a while ago, and was called to see a poor man who lay dying. When I got there, he was almost gone; but when asked if he would like us to sing anything, he gave out the verse containing the words—

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

I hope we shall all make as good a finish, and meet together in everlasting glory.

G. S. RAILTON,

Secretary of the Mission,

said: I am glad that we are here to-night, for God greatly blessed us at our meeting here last year; and the same God is with us now, and is blessing us now, and will bless us more than ever, I believe, before we part. But people sometimes say to me, "What do you mean when you talk about God's blessing?" I will tell you what I mean in this case. I mean that God increases our faith by means of these meetings. We went out of those doors last year more confident than ever we had been that we were doing the

work God intended us to do, and that God was with us. I believe that we shall go out to-night more certain of these things than ever; and, as faith is our very backbone, I cannot conceive of any greater blessing than the increase of our faith. And we need to be thus encouraged, for we have no small undertaking in hand. We have all, I doubt not, been interested recently in the departure of those two war vessels which have been sent to find the North Pole. I have not yet been able to discover, and perhaps never shall discover, for what practical purpose all this life and treasure is being exposed. But I daresay the men who compose the expedition have a clear idea of the object in view; and, at any rate, I think I can well understand some of the considerations which have prepared them to face the coldest of receptions, and have reconciled them to four years, if need be, of privation and difficulty. They know that they have behind them one of the greatest governments in the world. They know that, no matter what circumstances they may at any time be placed in, that government will follow them with the greatest interest. Sympathy and favour will never forsake them, and should they perish in the enterprise, will record their names with honour in the roll of their country's history. They have, besides, the confident hope of returning home after having accomplished the objects they have before them; and they know that all England, yes, all the world, will welcome them on their return. I thank God we have the grandest of all governments, the Government of Heaven, behind us. God is with us, and we are sent by Him to the world, which does not want us, which hates, and refuses us. We know, moreover, that, no matter what the difficulties and emergencies with which we may be surrounded, God will never leave nor forsake us, but will help and sustain us with all His Almighty power to the very end. And we know—yes, we know, for with us it is not merely a sanguine expectation—that there are thousands and millions, nay—why do I try to use figures?—there is a great multitude, which no man can number, waiting to welcome and cheer us when we arrive at the shores of the land which the Lord our God hath promised to lead us to. "Ah," people say, "you are excited; these are all mere fancies. You believe all this." And I answer, "No. You know nothing at

all about it. We do not only believe; by faith we *know*. We know that our own sins are all forgiven us, and our names are written in heaven. We know that God has sent us, and is with us, and that we shall conquer through His power. Victory through the blood of the Lamb! We know that we are doing the very work of Jesus Christ, seeking and finding—yes, thank God, *finding*—and bringing home the lost sons of men. May God help us more and more confidently to persevere in this, our mission!

JOHN ALLEN, from Cardiff,

said: I thank God that we do know that God is with us, and with Him we cannot fail. We here to-night are like the man who went to church to be married, and who, when asked if he would have the woman to be his wife, said, "I came for the purpose." We have come here to-night for the purpose of being blessed together. We are here to hear and understand that God is with us, and that our work is of Him. When I went down to Wales a while ago some "encouragers" met me, and would fain have got between me and the Gospel. Said one, "Oh, my good man, you may do very well in London, but you will never get along in Wales." "Well," I said, "if the Gospel fails in Cardiff, it will be the first place it ever did fail in." I believe the Gospel to be the power of God in every man that believeth. It has not failed during the last 1,800 years. Men, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, went forth, at the first, at Christ's command, and He was with them, confirming their words with signs following. When I got to Cardiff I found difficulties plenty on the ground. "Oh," said one dear friend, "Mr. Allen, I'm afraid we shall have a bad beginning, for a singing evangelist is coming to the town for the Sunday." "Well, then," I said, "we shall have a good ending." I felt, sir, that I could rely upon the promise—"If thine eye be single, thine whole body shall be full of light." I work for God's glory only, and I am certain that hell will fail before a Christian man will. The Saviour is in heaven, and will never fail nor forsake us. I believe that the Gospel chariot has got springs about it so that it can travel at the rate of more than 60 miles a minute, and I believe that the Gospel is going on faster than any express. I believe the world is getting

better. I said one day that I believed the world would be converted. "Oh," said somebody, "Mr. Allen, you make a mistake there; you will never live to see that." "Then," I said, "I shall have to die soon." The doctor at Bristol said I should never be able to stand the work; but, thank God! I feel better than ever I did, and I believe I shall live to see the heathen of our own land become the possession of Jesus Christ. Ah! sir, I think some folks make great mistakes about the heathen in sending their money so far away from home, and forgetting the godless multitudes at their very doors. I remember once, when I was at Croydon, going with a converted tinker to see some rich people at Bromley, to ask them for help towards our work. We saw one lady, who lived near the town-pump, where we had often stood to preach; she said she must ask her husband. They were Church-people of the stiffest sort, and didn't approve of our measures at all. Well, when we called again the gentleman told us that if he had any money to spare he should devote it to the millions of heathens in India and Africa. "Oh, my good sir," I said, "you had far better turn your attention to the heathen in Bromley. You will soon find plenty of them if you will look." Sir, I believe it is time something was done to enlighten and moralise our own fellow-countrymen. I commenced work in Cardiff on the 16th November, and in the evening, cold and mizzling with rain as it was when I was leading a procession of the few who had rallied round me up to the hall, when we got to the door we found the place packed full of people already. "Now," I said, "can you believe when you see?" Better still, God came down and blessed us there, and souls were saved, as, indeed, they have been, thank God! every week since. Since I went to the town 550 have professed to find salvation, and I am one of the charitable sort of people who are obliged to believe a man if he declares he is saved until I see anything to the contrary. I have often repeated Mr. Booth's saying that he would get his preachers out of the public-house. I am one of them, praise the Lord! I said to a gentleman in Cardiff one day, "Sir, if you'll get me a place built to hold 2,000 people, I'll get it full." "Well, but," he said, "where will you get the people from?" "Oh," I said, "I'll get them out of the

public-houses." I hope to see some of the big-bellied publicans themselves converted yet. Some of them were grumbling about my open-air services; but, thank God! the magistrates are on my side. One of them met me one night, very late, as our people were going home singing—

"Come to the Saviour, make no delay"—

though I was too tired, having been at it eight or ten times that day, to join in myself. "Why," said he, "what's the matter, Mr. Allen?" "Oh," I said, "we are going to get all the people converted." "Go on, Mr. Allen," he said, "you are doing a good work. God bless you." We have now some 23 services a-week outside and in, and last Sunday night week, though it was raining, not less than 1,500 people assembled at our last open-air service by the fountain. I should like very much to describe some of the 550 "failures" of the Gospel in Cardiff; but I can only mention one or two. A poor sailor followed us to the hall one evening, and told me, when I asked him to give his heart to God, that he was too bad to be saved. He had been nine months at sea, and had now spent all his wages in public-houses in Cardiff. Poor man! he had been a hard-hearted sinner; but God had broken his heart. A poor woman said to me, "Oh, Mr. Allen, my heart is worse than flint; it's like lead." "Well," I said, "leave it to God, and he'll soon melt the lead." Well, the sailor's heart was broken, and he soon found the Lord. The reality of the change was soon proved. He had been ashamed to go home to his wife after having spent all his money; but he now went and preached Christ to her. I had a letter from him the other day, telling me how, when his ship was tossing about the Bay of Biscay, and the engine broke down, and death stared them in the face, he was happy singing—

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

May we all be safely gathered there by-and-by!

J. M. SALT:

The Gospel seems to be the topic specially engaging all our thoughts to-night. Since we last met here we have been trying to make it known far and wide. We have been trying

its mighty power on the hearts of men. We have heard the call of God to go up and possess the good land, and we have joyfully obeyed. What has the Gospel done?—we have been hearing to-night. It has been bringing men out from the dark dungeons of sin and iniquity and setting their feet on the king's highway. Sinners of the deepest dye have been washed and made clean, and now the language of their happy hearts is, "I will praise Thee, for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." I rejoiced greatly in Croydon, on Sunday, where we had a good time, and my heart has been gladdened to hear of salvation in almost every station of the Mission.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free.

What is the Gospel doing? The will of God has arranged that its activity should never cease. "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." To think of the fate of a single human soul should surely be enough to fire all our hearts. The thought of hearing those awful words, "Depart, ye cursed!" pronounced upon any one ought to move us to go out with loving sympathy and with burning zeal, to lay hold of them and bring them to the house of God, that we may tell them of a higher life. If we do this, God will openly reward us. Only a short time ago a mother who was unsaved, when dying, called to her husband—"James!" "Yes," he replied; "what is it?" "Bring me the child, and let me hold it in my arms and kiss it for the last time." Then she asked for a drink of water, and said, "James, when my body lies in the churchyard, take the child and lay it on the cold stone. Tell it that its mother's body lies beneath, but that her soul is in hell." When I think of the agony of that poor husband's heart, and of the multitudes of unsaved ones still around us, I thank God that it is in our power to go forth with the glad tidings of salvation to a lost and ruined world. The contributions of the Sunday scholars of the York Sunday School Union used to be recorded upon a roll which reached from the platform to the ground, and little faces used to beam with joy as they heard their name read over, and said, "Father, mother, do you hear my name?" Thank God,

there is a great roll reaching from the throne of God right down to this hall to-night, and any poor sinner yet unsaved may have his or her name recorded there before the night is over, if they will but call upon the name of the Lord. Yes, thank God! salvation is free and abundant. I called in at a friend's house one day, and he said, "I'm sorry I can't ask you to dine, as my joint is so small." Not so with salvation.

Grace is flowing like a river;
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's loving side.

Let us then go forth, men and women, pledged to stand by the work of the Lord till every town and city of our land shall hear the glad tidings of great joy. When the bugle sounds at Portsmouth, the soldiers gather on parade, and stand in their places side by side. It seems to me that the bugle is sounding here to-night. Let us arm and stand shoulder to shoulder, determined to do our utmost for our great Master. A dear girl recently, while passing out of time into eternity, became somewhat fearful as to the future. In the morning of her last day her father bade her good-bye, and drove off on business, fully expecting to see her again at night. As she sat by the fire, however, she felt her hour was come, and called, "Mother, help me back to bed, for I am dying. Oh, mother," she added, when in bed, "I want father to pray with me." Alas, alas! it was a dreadful moment for an unconverted mother, unable to pray with her dying child. A sister came, and urged the sufferer still to trust in Jesus. "Yes," she said, "I will;" and with the words—

"Bright angels are from glory come;
They're round my bed and in my room,
All is well! all is well!"

her happy spirit passed away. May we all join her by-and-by in the mansions of rest!

ABRAHAM LAMB

said: We have had a year of great mercy, and our hearts must needs be full of praise as we look back upon it. As we look around us in the world, we find that the working classes are coming to be recognized more and more as the backbone of the nation. Many influences are at work, and all sorts of people are bidding for the

working classes. God help us to bid the highest price for them! We are thankful to be able to come here and say that the masses have been reached. There have been meetings held a good deal lately to consider the question how best to reach the masses with the Gospel. May God thoroughly awaken the minds of all His people to this great question, and direct the attention of those who have influence to our system and measures! Attempts have been made to improve the people by means of temperance. We are all temperance advocates; but we feel that temperance alone could not effect the great object we have in view. Nothing less than the Gospel carried home by the power of the Holy Ghost to guilty sinners' hearts could make the mighty change for which we labour. A man and his wife who live in the same street as myself used, when I first went to Hammersmith, to fight. The woman could tie her hair up and give as good as she got. Thank God! we have seen them at the penitentiary together since then, and we can attribute that to nothing less than the influence of the Holy Ghost! One dear man used to think nothing of putting his landlord and landlady out into the street when he was in liquor. No two policemen dared tackle him. One night, when in charge, he kicked a door off its hinges. But God has kicked the fetters off his heart now, and he is one of our open-air speakers. He remarked to a policeman who came to move him while preaching the other day, "Why, I fought a man here for thirty minutes once, and none of you came near; but now that you see me fighting for Jesus Christ, you say, Move on." They won't allow us to stand still in the open air, so that we are in no danger of taking cold; but they cannot prevent our walking along, preaching as we go. There are pickets of police at each end of the town to attend us; but they do us no harm, and rather than have been stopped in our work, we would have had a horse and van to preach from. By the power of the Holy Ghost some of the worst sinners in the town have been truly converted. I know these men, and I know by inquiry that they have the grace of God in their hearts. For our report in every detail, for every blessing we have received, for every sixpence contributed, I would give God all the glory. But we have no right to be satisfied with anything we have as

yet accomplished. If we take it that 42 per cent. of the population could not possibly, if they pleased, attend places of worship, we have 58 per cent. left who are able to come if they like, and of this number only 10 per cent., or one in five, ever do come. This is Lord Shaftesbury's statement, but I have no doubt it is correct. And if so, what a great deal remains to be done! Surely this is enough to send us to our knees in earnest prayer, and to lead us to devote ourselves with renewed vigour to the great work to which God has called us. We are not running to the great of this world for help, but get down before the Lord, determined to prevail. May God help us!

HYMN.

I am a sinner saved by grace,
And soon I hope to have a place
In Glory.

The Chairman, being compelled to leave, owing to his distance from home, R. C. MORGAN, Esq., editor of the *Christian*, took his place.

MRS. BOOTH:

We may be comforted, I think, in the loss of our dear friend the Chairman, by the fact that, whereas we have had a Christian in the chair, we have now not only a Christian, but the editor of the *Christian*. Mr. Shepherd Allen said that he liked us for our enthusiasm; and I have very often indeed had to defend this characteristic of our workers: so many people seem to take exception to this and to various details of our work, though all the while approving our object, and admitting our success. Now it strikes one that we should be very careful in judging one another, because it is so very difficult to get anything exactly as we should like it in this world. Why, how many parents there are here to-night! and yet I venture to say that none of them has even a son altogether to their mind. They would say, "He is very good, and a charming lad; but there are one or two things about him which I should like to see altered." So that I think our friends should bear with us, even if we are in some particulars not exactly all they could desire. The righteousness of enthusiasm appears to me from the fact that, upon any question, it seems impossible to escape having either too much, in the opinion of some, or none at all. And if I am to choose between too much enthusiasm

and none, I would certainly choose the former. One thing is certain—we are enthusiastic, and we cannot help it. And I do not see why we need be ashamed of enthusiasm; for we have got something to be enthusiastic about. What can be a fitter cause for enthusiasm than the religion of Jesus Christ? Why, the mere fact that our own sins have been forgiven is enough, surely, to stir us to the very uttermost extent we are capable of. When the Apostles were rejoicing over the subjection of the devils to them, they seemed to have a great reason for gladness; but Christ says to them, "Rejoice rather because your names are written in heaven." And then we are privileged to enjoy communion one with another. I am afraid that the idea of the communion of saints is little understood nowadays. There is but little, I fear, of that close, personal, religious conversation, that inquiring into the well-being of one another's souls, which used to be so highly valued. But wherever such communication takes place, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend;" and, consequently, the communion of saints must always tend to promote enthusiasm. But even individual enjoyment of God and divine things must, where carried to any great extent, result in an enthusiastic state of feeling. The soul occupied with God must get into a condition something like that expressed by the hymn, which says:

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

And I maintain that no one has a right to complain of our enthusiasm any more than we have a right to complain of their want of enthusiasm. And then the glorious means and appliances placed at our disposal for the salvation of souls are such as should not fail to awaken the grandest enthusiasm. No one complains when the life-boat goes out to the stranded ship and brings some of the shipwrecked crew safe to shore; no one complains of the enthusiasm either of the crew or of the bystanders who perhaps hoist them shoulder high, and carry them right through the town. I maintain that it is right to be enthusiastic in such circumstances; and, if so, how much more right have we to be enthusiastic when we have such a Gospel to preach, and such results to rejoice over! And I say further, that it is

right for us to be enthusiastic in our confidence. We are strong just in proportion to the strength of our faith; we are strong just according to the strength of our faith in God. Look at Daniel, thrust into the den of lions, alone, without an active friend on the face of the earth, and yet stronger than the whole empire of Babylon, just because his faith was so strong in the Lord his God. God has given us this work to do, and if it be entirely for His glory, we are right to be enthusiastic in our devotion to so great an end. I liked what a brother said about singleness of eye, and I sympathised heartily with the wish expressed in our Conference today, that, if ever the Mission should be prosecuted otherwise than with a single eye to God's glory, He would wipe it out. I know that the work was begun with a single eye to God's glory. So far as I am concerned, I was leaving all I had in the world for the third time, and it was the second time during my married life that we had seen it to be our duty to do this for Christ's sake. None of you know anything of the conflict and trial we have had to pass through behind the scenes during the past ten years. It is a great consolation to be able to see that we have at least started something that will live after us. Our children are coming up to walk in our steps. I seek for them no higher vocation. I have consecrated them to this work. I believe God will use them all. But I wouldn't like to have to live the last ten years over again. I am glad to feel that I am so much the nearer my heavenly home. I believe that God has ever enabled us, when our interests and His might seem to have stood differently, to keep His interests foremost, and, though oft sorely tried, to seek first the kingdom of God. The condition upon which God has promised to hear and help us on all occasions with all we need is, *seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness*. If He thinks poverty and trial best for us, He guarantees that all things shall work together for our good. And with regard to the future of our work, I say now, as I have said again and again before, Let us prefer quality to quantity. Let us take care what Gospel we preach. Let us mind our doctrine. Let us ever set forth the atonement for sin, together with the conditions upon which alone the benefits of that atonement can be participated in by any sinner. Work

to be worth much must be husbanded. There is little or no power in squandered activity. I feel that this Mission would grow if we were all to die. A remark of Bushnell's on the training of children has struck me as having a much wider reference than that to which he confines it. He says that the SPIRIT of a household is of much more importance than the precepts of the household. The children may see many things in their parents which may be inconsistent and injurious; but they will be chiefly impressed by the general spirit manifested by them. I feel that that remark applies equally well to this Mission. It is of the highest importance to maintain the spirit of the Mission. The spirit of the Mission demands extension and spiritual prosperity. The converts cannot be quiet. They cannot help going out and pushing their religion upon others, while the Mission spirit is kept up. There are hundreds of them scattered all over the world, and nothing encourages me more than the letters which we receive from them every now and then, telling of their efforts to save souls. Those who are born in the Mission cannot be quiet; they are sure to shout; and this is nothing more than Christianity, for Christianity is necessarily AGGRESSIVE ALWAYS. It cannot be Christianity which is not aggressive. The true light cannot be hid; it cannot shine for itself; it must go out and out and out to the end—it must go on to the ends of the world. The most hopeful sign of the work, to my mind, is the incessant extension.

J. DOWDLE, from Middlesbro', said: I left the last Conference with the delegates from Chatham, believing for 500 souls during the coming year. I asked Bro. Kidd, the other day, whether he thought we had had them, and told him we had had 300 of them at Middlesbro', at any rate. God has abundantly blessed us. Soon after my return to Chatham we had to put up with a deal of opposition from the publicans and others. Said one publican to the Town Council, "If you allow these people to go on we shall be ruined!" "Well," they said to him, "now, how much have you lost by their services?" "£60 a week," he said. Praise God! Then a band of infidels were stirred up to come against us, and we were pelted with mud and stones. When I got home

one evening, covered with mud and blood, my wife said to me, "What's the matter?" I said, "I've come from the field of battle." "And God has given you the victory," she replied. Sometimes we are asked if the converts stand. I was very pleased on Sunday, at Chatham, to see so many happy still in Jesus whom I had known as converts. During my stay at Chatham there came one day a letter from the office, and when I had read it, I said to my wife, "My dear, God has called us to go to the north," and, laying the letter open before her, we got upon our knees and said, "Lord, send us to the north, to the south, to the east, or to the west, where Thou wilt, only use us for Thy glory." While we were riding in the train to Middlesbro', the Lord began to work. There was a poor woman who was all full of grumbling; so by-and-by I took out my fiddle and said, "Missus, shall we give you a tune?" "Yes, do," she said, "for I'm so miserable." So I and my wife began to sing to her, "We are out on the ocean sailing; Homeward bound we sweetly glide." Very soon the tears began to stream down her face, and I got on my knees and cried, "Lord, bring her down." God did bring her down to His feet, and I believe she is now on her way to heaven. When we got to Middlesbro' we felt very strange, but were sure all would be right. Everything seemed so different to Chatham. On the first Sunday afternoon we had one thousand people in the theatre, and in the evening two thousand. When I saw the great crowd I went back behind the scenery, and got down on my knees with tears streaming down my cheeks to pray, "Lord, help me." It seemed to me as if none understood me. I feared, from the respectable appearance of the congregation, that they were nearly all Christian people; but at the close, while we were singing "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," I said, "Will those who can, from their hearts, join in the chorus, 'I will believe,' &c., knowing that their sins are forgiven them for Christ's sake, hold up their hands?" Out of the vast gathering only some 25 hands were held up. My heart was melted. I turned to my wife and said, "Now, my dear, I can see why God has sent us to the north. We will live and die and be buried here, but we will have souls saved." Nobody was saved that night, but a lot were wounded. On the Monday night, how-

ever, we had some fruit, and I think we have scarcely had a meeting since without souls. The next Saturday afternoon, as we were walking about giving away handbills and inviting the people to the theatre, we met the theatre company just going into a public-house. The clown stayed behind the rest, and, taking me by the hand, said, "I have been miserable ever since last Sunday night. I have been making thousands laugh, but my heart is broken." "Come again to-morrow," I said. He promised me he would, and then followed the rest into the public-house. On the Sunday evening he was there in one of the boxes, and when I gave the invitation for sinners seeking salvation to come on to the stage, he was the first to respond to it. We had no ante-room there, and if we had, he would not have cared to use it, for I believe, when a man is in trouble about his soul he will go anywhere to get relief. His wife came up with him. "Oh," said he, when I went to him, "can God save me?" "Yes," I said, "He can save you, on condition that you give up what you are doing." "Yes," he said, "I have been a general for the devil. There are some here that I have been making laugh on their way to hell." "Well," I said, "God will save you just the moment you will give up all for Him, and be obedient to do His will." "I'll give it up," he said, "to get salvation. I can command £12 a-week at this, but if I can only get 15s. a-week to feed my wife and myself, I must have Christ." And there and then both he and his wife got salvation, and went away rejoicing in God. He abandoned the clown business, and left the town. One Tuesday evening a puddler's wife came to the service, and in the prayer-meeting threw her baby into another woman's lap, and fell down at the penitent-form, saying, "I'll never get off my knees till I've got it." Soon she jumped up, and said, "I've got it, I've got it," and so she had. She went off to her husband at his work that night, and said, "Jim, I've got it." "What have you got, my lass?" he said. "The Lord has forgiven my sins," she said. The next day, when I saw her, she said, "I mean to have my husband converted, too." I called to see her when he was at home in bed. She said, "Wait a minute; I'll call him," and Jim pulled on his trousers and came down to see me. I said, "My

lad, God wants to save you." "Jim," she said, "you're a sinner, but God has saved the clown." "Well," he said, "if God can save a clown He can save me." "Oh," said his wife, "I mean to have him saved. I'll have him down on his nappers yet." On the Sunday night he came, but kept at the back. His wife came and told me he was afraid to come forward, lest he should get converted. He felt guilty and miserable, but went away so still. On the Monday night he came, and when I spoke to him, he trembled and wept. Then he fell down on his knees, and God saved him. I called on him a day or two ago, and asked him if he had any message for our friends in London. "Tell them that God can save puddlers," he said. And so he can. There is fire enough in the Gospel to melt the hardest hearts. We have had grand times in the open air at Middlesbro'. The place is full of backsliders, and God is finding them out. I met with one who was a great politician. He used to read the papers, and knew [all about everything. One Sunday, however, he lay in bed till dinner time reading the newspaper. Then he got up in a very grumbling mood. His wife said, "Why, what's the matter with you? nothing seems to suit you." He went out and heard part of our experience-meeting in the market-place. As he stood there, God laid hold of him. His heart was broken, and he sought and found mercy. He came to the theatre in the afternoon and told me all about it. His wife was at first much opposed to the new way. She said, "The Mission people will make you poor and silly." We prayed for her, and by-and-by both she and her sister were induced to come to the services, and were converted. Thus we are working among the masses. There is a way to reach them. The theatre was packed full to hear Mrs. Booth. If there had been a place in the town capable of holding 6,000 it would have been filled the next Sunday to hear her. At night we had not room on the stage for the anxious. Mrs. Booth said to me, "This is the Mission; this is our work." I have learned to couple with the passage "Without me ye can do nothing," "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." But we want a hall at Middlesbro'. We have not nearly room enough for our week-night congregations. Pray for us, that we may get suitable ground.

R. C. MORGAN, ESQ.,

editor of the *Christian*, said: It has done me good to listen to the speakers here to-night. They have been filling our hearts with food and gladness. I have been thinking that God's dealings with you have been very similar to His dealings with Israel in the time of the judges. We read of Shamgar, and of other men, who do not appear to have been particularly wise or able, but who are distinguished by their devotion to God, and God was with them. Nothing is more remarkable in their history than the queer way the work was often done. Samson ties foxes together with a fire-brand between their tails. It was a very queer way to go to work; but it was God's own way; and it is just the sort of thing we want as we go forth with the name of Jesus. The foxes did not know very much about what they were doing—the fire did it—and, depend upon it, if we carry the fire with us, it will catch hold of this world! May God help us! They were strange workers otherwise. The jawbone of an ass, or an ox-goad, served them for their weapons. They first went to work in a rough-and-ready way, as best they could, and God helped them; and I fancy what God wants is just for a man, when told to do a work, to catch hold of any instrument that may come to hand, and make the best of it. And God never gave any man work yet without providing some means for him to do it. It seems to me that of late God has been taking off the wrappings of human form and eloquence, and giving the world the living word. We don't get enough of the word of God; the people are thirsting to get the word; the word of God is simple and interesting to the people. I feel that dear Mr. Booth has been, is, and will be blessed in his own work. I well remember his coming into our office, ten years ago, when he was considering the question of leaving the regular ministry for the work, and was evidently passing through a great inward conflict on the subject. I thank God that he was led to come to a right decision. God has done a mighty work by him. May God greatly bless and increase that work for evermore!

Another hymn was sung, and after prayer by Mr. Booth, one of the best meetings it ever was our privilege to attend came to a conclusion.

Successors of the Apostles.

(Reprinted from THE CHRISTIAN of June 24th, 1875.)



HE turned into the People's Hall, Whitechapel, last week, where Mr. Booth and his fellow-workers were holding their anniversary meeting. On our arrival the refrain of a hymn was being sung for the last time, loudly, not to say noisily, enough to offend a critical taste and a refined ear. Then followed prayer from two of the preachers; but though they cried with a loud voice, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish the prayer from the responses. This was a little trying, and an element almost ludicrous was introduced by a woman or a boy, who, in a shrill voice almost like a whistle, inserted an "Ah-meem," with, to say the least, unnecessary frequency. It was, we confess, difficult at once to recognise that God was there; and an inward struggle went on for awhile, in which we were trying to worship in spite of the seemingly un-devotional mode of worship.

Soon, however, we got into the spirit of the meeting; and we have written our opening sentences for the purpose of emphasising the wisdom of letting out our hearts in sympathy with men and brethren who are seeking the glory of God and the salvation of souls, whether their method be or be not in harmony with our own taste, or our own school of thought.

The opening and hearty address of the chairman, Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard, led the way for a very informal communication of the report by Mr. Booth, from which we learned that during the year five new stations have been opened, at Soho, Hammersmith, Cardiff, Stockton, and Middlesbro'; that there are now twenty-eight paid workers in charge of stations, an increase of twelve on the previous year; that there have been held weekly 138 indoor services, an increase of 29; and 166 outdoor, an increase of 48; that the public speakers had increased from 235 to 325; that the average indoor attendance has almost doubled, from 10,760 to 19,540; that the number of inquirers has been 3,141, an increase of 600; that three new halls, accommodating 1,400, have been opened in London; and that the contributions of the people have amounted to the large sum of £2,178, an advance of £695 upon last year; while the income from friends outside the Mission (for general purposes, exclusive of building) was £1,900—less by £200 than was raised by the people themselves. We regard this as a most cheering statement, proving not only that the working classes can be and are, through this Mission, reached by the Gospel, but that they are willing to pay for it.

Mr. Shepherd Allen, M.P., followed with several valid reasons for his love to the Mission, and then, interspersed with frequent opportunities for making a joyful noise unto the Lord, came a series of addresses from the preachers at the various stations, which, wonderful for their rugged eloquence, and for the "dead earnestness" of the men, were still more remarkable for the signal victories won by the power of God over the

strongholds of Satan and the stalwart sinners who had become the obedient servants of Jesus Christ.

If Mr. and Mrs. Booth had done nothing more than call forth this grand band of devoted men from the haunts of sin to be preachers of God's Gospel, they would have left a deep mark on their generation. We look back a dozen years, when Mr. Booth was called from his settled pastorate to this evangelistic enterprise, and we can but adore the glorious power which has produced such great results, and gathered so many thousands of the poor into the kingdom of God. When he was asked where he would get his preachers from, he replied, "Out of the public-house," and so he has. And when some of these rescued slaves of drink have been asked whence they expected to draw their congregations, they also have replied, "Out of the public-house," and so they have.

The experience of some of these preachers takes us back to the days of Wesley, and Whitfield, and Howel Harris, whose preaching ground was often like a battle-field, and who occasionally returned home covered with mud and blood.

Every heart was moved when Mrs. Booth, at the close, said that she thanked God for the past ten years, but they had been so filled up with labour and sorrow, as well as joy, that she was thankful they had been lived. Never mind, faithful hearts, you shall rest from your labours, and your works shall follow you; and when you fail, the friends whom you have made by the Gospel shall receive you into everlasting habitations.

We invite our readers to transfigure the mammon of unrighteousness into righteous riches by imitating the wife of Herod's steward. (Luke viii. 3; Matt. xxv. 40.)

R. C. M.

NEWS FROM THE SEA.

We append some extracts from a letter received by Brother Dowdle from Brother W. Wood, who was saved at Chatham some fourteen months since:—

H.M. Ship "Raleigh,"
Cape of Good Hope,
March 10th, 1875.

DEAR BRO. DOWDLE,—I thank God to-day I am twelve months and three days old—quite a babe; but, praise God! He has given me strength to walk, and also to talk for Him, and, praise His name! I feel to-day, through the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, I am cleansed from all sin. Although sometimes I am persecuted, I am not forsaken. I find in God's word He says, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you," and I can say He has never forsaken me. Since we arrived here—Simmons Bay—I and four more of our brethren have been on shore, and as soon as we could we found out those who love the Lord. The only Dissenters here are Wesleyans, and I saw the minister, and desired him to hold special meetings during

the week. I found him an earnest Christian man, and we had meetings every night, which proved a blessing to our souls. During the day me and my brothers went into the country to visit the poor creatures in their huts. We took a little lad who could speak the language with us; they seemed frightened at first, but soon found we were friends; some could talk broken English, but with the lad as an interpreter, we held meetings at several huts. While we talked of Jesus the tears were trickling down many faces, and when we came away they were anxious to learn when we were coming again. I told them I might never see them again in this world, but that if they would love Jesus I would meet them in heaven. When I pointed up and told them He was looking on them then, they looked up, and with streaming eyes asked "to see Jesus." I shall never forget the sight. Continue to pray for us, that we may prove faithful, and that we may conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

From your brother in the Lord Jesus,
WILLIAM WOOD.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER JACKSON, OF CROYDON.

ON Tuesday, February 2nd, our dear sister passed away to her abiding home. She had been afflicted for some time, being paralyzed all one side. Her daily and hourly experience was wonderful. She, indeed, did live in the light of her Father's love. It was with difficulty that she could get to the hall; still, she came whenever she could. On Sunday, January 24th, while Mr. Eason was preaching, she was so filled with

THE SPIRIT

that she felt as though she could sit and sing her soul away to everlasting bliss. In the evening, with great difficulty, she came again, and obtained a *mighty blessing*. On the following day she was visited by a lady who said something our sister did not quite agree with, to which she replied, "Yes, but you know the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and while stepping across the room to get her Bible to confirm her statement, she fell in a fit from which she never recovered. On the following day she passed away to her everlasting home.

HENRY E. HILL.

BRO. MOODY, OF SOUTHSEA.

We have to report, with deep regret, the loss of our dear Brother Moody, who has been called to his reward.

About 17 months ago, attracted by curiosity to hear Mrs. Matheson, he came to the hall. The arrow entered his heart, and, trembling, he cried to God for salvation, and soon found it; he joined us, and has been a consistent member since.

Previous to his conversion he had been a reckless, careless man; but since he gave himself to God, "Old things passed away, and all things became new." His affliction, which lasted a month, was very painful and severe. Some few days before he died the enemy made a terrible attack, but he cried mightily to God, who, in the end, gave him the victory. He said of his children, who had died, "I shall soon be with them; they are waiting for me."

One of his last sentences was, "The gates of the city will be open, and I shall go through shouting victory." He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss. Oh, may we triumph so when all our warfare is past! Amen.

J. P. GRAY.

GOD IS COME.

WE are here reminded of the case of a *little child*, in the era of the great revivals in the days of President Edwards and the Tenants—a child so young that none expected that she would be converted. Two facts in her appearance and conduct attracted, at length, the attention of her mother—the fact that she spent most of her time alone in her bedroom, and the deep sadness upon her countenance whenever she came from that place. "What is it, my daughter," the mother inquired, "that makes you appear so sad?" "Why, mother," the child replied, "God won't come to me. I call to Him, and He won't come to me." A little time after the precious one came from her room, and with unspeakable joy upon her countenance, exclaimed, "Mother, God has come. He comes to me now when I pray to Him." From that moment onward that child was "the wonder of many." In prayer especially, she had a freedom and power of utterance which old disciples could hardly equal. Nor did this distinct consciousness of the presence and light of God ever leave her, nor did the consequent savour of God cease to encircle her, until death, which occurred when she was upwards of sixty years of age, removed her within the veil. Reader, if God is not thus consciously present to you when you call upon Him, it is because you have not called to Him as that child did.

THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS.

One of our young-men converts says: "The other night I left the meeting in a most dreadful state of mind. I could not describe it; I wept nearly all night and half the next day; I must tell you I remained three days in this state; but, thanks be to God, I soon had a mighty change. April the 28th, my birthday—oh, the joy!—I was filled with the Holy Ghost—yea, to overflowing. I am as sure that my sins are forgiven as I am of my own existence. That I might know I was forgiven seemed to me quite as necessary as the forgiveness itself; and now I can safely say I am on my way rejoicing in the God of my salvation."

"Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me,
Thy portion, for ever, He says, I will be;
On His Word I am resting, assurance
Divine—
I'm hoping no longer, I know He is mine."
—S. A. C.

Musical for the Million.

8 Work for the Night is Coming. 7s. & 6s. H. H. 84.

1st time. 2nd time.

Work, for the night is coming; Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work, mid springing flowers;

Work, when the day grows brighter, Work, in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is
coming, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

9 A Home Beyond the Tide. 8s. & 7s. Hymn 296.

We are out on the o-c-ean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
D.C. We are out on the o-c-ean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

Chorus. D.C.

1 All the storms will soon be o-ver,
Then we'll anchor in the harbour;

2 Millions now are safely handed
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Come on board, and ship for glory;
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind.

4 We have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

5 Spread your sails white heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

REPORTS OF THE DISTRICTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING THE 31st MARCH, 1875.

DISTRICTS.	Total Number of Public Speakers.	Outdoor Ser- vices held per week.	Indoor Services held per week.	Anxious Inquiries Recorded.	Contributed by the People themselves for the Support of the Work.		
					£	s.	d.
Whitechapel	35	14	8	530	372	1	2
Shoreditch	38	24	23	388	280	10	11
Limehouse	30	8	7	406	125	11	6
Poplar	11	4	4	...	144	17	3
Croydon	16	12	13	106	213	17	11
Hastings	38	11	12	143	40	0	0
Portsmouth	32	20	13	652	354	17	1
Wellingborough	10	5	5	115	110	0	2
Kettering	7	3	5	60	91	17	10
Chatham	7	7	7	145	175	14	4
Hammersmith	19	6	4	250	161	13	3
Soho	15	9	5	...	31	17	6
Barking	8	9	5	45			
Stratford	17	9	5	96			
Plaistow	8	1	4	...			
Canning Town	9	5	3	...	23	17	11
Stockton	10	6	5	...	70	0	0
Middlesbro'	6	3	3	125	60	0	0
Cardiff	9	10	7	80			
	325	166	138	3,141	2,256	16	10

During the year NEW HALLS have been built and opened at STOKES NEWINGTON, WELLINGBOROUGH, and HACKNEY; and NEW STATIONS have been established at Hammersmith, Soho, Cardiff, Stockton, and Middlesbro. The above return of contributions is not complete. Several places have not made any return. And, although the list we print to-day is nearer the mark than the one announced at the public meeting, it still only imperfectly represents the brave efforts of our people to sustain the operations of the Mission.

APPOINTMENT
OF THE
EVANGELISTS AND WORKERS
IN THE
CHRISTIAN MISSION
FOR 1875.

HEAD-QUARTERS:

THE REV. W. AND MRS. BOOTH.

Treasurer:

NATHANIEL J. POWELL, ESQ.

Hon. Secretary:

ROBERT PATON, ESQ.

Secretaries:

GEORGE SCOTT RAILTON, AND

THOMAS E. HEDLEY.

FOR GENERAL EVANGELISTIC WORK:

MR. W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, MISS POLLETT, AND MISS BOOTH.

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS AND HELPERS:

Whitechapel—William Bamford, A. Peters, and Ellen Hall.	Barking—Annie Davis.
Shoreditch—Henry G. Waters.	North Woolwich—Charles Panter.
Hackney—Richard M. Lane.	Croydon—William Jones.
Bethnal Green—Supply.	Hammersmith—William Garner.
Poplar and Cubitt Town—James P. Grey.	Soho—George Mace.
Limehouse and Millwall—John Tetley.	Hastings—William J. Pearson.
Canning Town—J. Watts.	Portsmouth—Job Clare.
Stoke Newington and Tottenham—Trenaille.	Chatham—Charles Hobday.
Plaistow—Alfred Russell.	Wellingbro?—William Corbridge.
Stratford—Supply.	Kettering—William Ridsell.
	Cardiff—John Allen.
	Stockton—Abraham Lamb.
	Middlesbro?—James Dowdle.