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HOW TO MANAGE A MISSION STATION.

Being the substance of an Address to Evangelists delivered at the Annual Conference of the Christian Mission, held at Whitechapel, June, 1876, by the REV. WILLIAM BOOTH.

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IN introducing the subject selected for consideration and discussion this evening, the first inquiry which naturally suggests itself is—

WHAT IS A MISSION STATION?

To this I reply, that, as I understand it, it is not a building, or a chapel, or a hall; it is not even a society, but a band of people united together to mission, to attack, to christianise an entire town or neighbourhood. When an Evangelist receives an appointment from this Conference, it is not contemplated that he shall deal merely with those who are already within the walls of certain buildings, or with those who may be induced to come inside them; but it is intended that he shall be an apostle of the Gospel to all those who live around. When you reach the station assigned you, if it has not been done already, you should take your stand in that hall, or theatre, or tent, and draw a line around the breadth of population you can hope to reach, and make that your parish, and aim, with tears and prayers, and the trumpet-blast of the Gospel, to christianise every soul within it.

Before you manage a Mission station you must

GET ONE.

What a high and holy privilege it is to be a soul-winner! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Who believes this? Earnest, determined, sympathetic men, baptised with the Holy Ghost, may go forth and save multitudes from going down to the pit. Common men—men of quite ordinary ability—can do this. But where are they? How is it we are not besieged with men crying—Here am I, send me? We want a holy ambition for this work—men who see the privilege and desire the honour of bearing the tidings of life and liberty

to the ignorant, dying, uncared-for masses going down to hell from our very doors in this boasted Christian land.

Any one can go into training for this work. There are plenty of street-corners available in any part of this great city and throughout the land where any brother or sister may find an audience and get a band of converts together, and in this amateur way speedily gather all the education and qualifications necessary. The best qualification for managing a station must be *to make one*; the next best plan to this is to help to work one that is made. If it be there, this will soon develop the ability to do that work altogether.

Now I am not going to give a list of the qualifications for efficiently managing a station, but simply to state how it can be done. The man who accomplishes it proves thereby—and he can prove satisfactorily in no other way—that he has the necessary ability for the work. You have doubtless heard of the two men who met in prison, one of whom said to the other, "What have they sent you here for?" "Oh, for so and so." "But," said the other, "they can't lock you up for that." "Oh, yes they can." "But I tell you they can't." "Well, but here I am." Just so; I care not what the preaching abilities or other qualifications of a man or woman may be, if he does not succeed—if he does not get the people saved, and keep them—he proves incontestably thereby that he has missed his vocation, and he ought at once to turn over a new leaf and alter his plans and labours, or inquire for some other walk in life in which he can succeed; and if, on the other hand, however inferior and unlikely, humanly considered, the worker's qualifications may appear, if at the end of the year, when he counts up his losses and his gains, he brings us a schedule that tells of increased numbers, spirituality, and power, he proves incontestably that he has the gifts and the graces which qualify him to manage a Christian Mission station.

HOW TO MANAGE A STATION.

Our first counsel is—

(1) MAGNIFY IT.

Get to *know definitely* what it is you have to do. Think what it is to be an ambassador of Christ—to stand between the living and the dead, and to be the saviour of life unto life, or of death unto death. Consider what will be the outcome of the faithful discharge of your duty on the one hand, and what will follow the neglect of it on the other. Read the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel, and the Acts of the Apostles; call up the memories of the holy, successful soul-winners who have gone through oceans of difficulties and led thousands to the Cross; lay aside every weight in the shape of worldly idolatry and self-indulgence, and then lay on the altar every power of body and of soul, consecrating all you have, or ever hope to have, to the successful accomplishment of the greatest undertaking to which God could possibly have called you here.

To successfully manage a station you must

(2) LOVE IT—

with a love that never falters, never swerves, never dies. You must have the same burning, unquenchable flame that Jesus had, or you

cannot—will not—succeed; and your success will be just according to the measure of your affection for your people and for the perishing people around you. This love—this passion for souls—is the main-spring of true religious activity and the principle which governs all real and lasting work for God. Love, rightly directed, makes a good parent, a good husband, a good workman; and nothing short of love, and a great deal of it, will make a good evangelist. The secret of success is often inquired for; here it is: It is not in natural gifts, or human bearing, or exceptional opportunities, or earthly advantages, but in a heart consumed with the flame of ardent, holy, heavenly love.

Love will make a man study. He wants to save his people; his aim is to *bless* them, not to *amuse* them. He wants to lead them on to know God, to imitate Christ, to be meet for heaven. This he sees is to be done through the truth. He has now one absorbing anxiety to persuade them to hear, to think, to feel, to yield, to be saved, to be holy. Here is work for him. He must have arguments that will convince, facts that will affirm, illustrations that will explain, and truths that will both awaken, and interest, and convert. He must range through earth, and heaven, and hell, for matter to make men fly to Christ, save their souls, and bathe in the ocean of redeeming love. He has set his heart on this—not on *studying*, but on saving souls; but as souls are saved by preaching, and as he cannot preach unless he has something to say likely to accomplish his end, he becomes a *real student*, a *thinker*, and it is love that makes him one.

Love will make you pray. Love wants all the help it can command; and as it realises that the great God is in sympathy, and willing to be a co-worker with any and every heart set on this mission of mercy, it will ever be knocking at the door of heaven for countenance and co-operation. The love of souls will lead you into the spirit of ceaseless intercession with Him whose love for them was stronger than death.

Love will make you feel. A stony-hearted preacher makes a stony-hearted people. Perhaps there is no such monstrosity in the universe as a professed representative and resemblance of Jesus Christ, who goes about his business in a cold, emotionless spirit. There is a great cry in some directions for more *intellect* in the pulpit; it seems to me that there is a far greater necessity for more *heart*.

If there be one character which above another God must abominate, angels weep over, and devils despise, it must be the automatic preachers who can discourse by the hour about the love of Christ, the worth of souls, the terrors of judgment, and the sorrows of the lost, with a flinty indifference or a ranting fervour which hardly lasts the service over, and which all can see is put on for the occasion. Oh, these ministerial machines! these mechanical preachers! who are quite content if their salaries are paid and a round of meetings gone through, are the curse of Christendom and the wholesale manufacturers of backsliders and infidels. May God deliver us from them! Brethren, whatever other gifts you have, if you are to succeed, you must have hearts, and hearts that can feel.

Love will make you preach. A man cannot help but be an interesting talker on any theme on which his nature is powerfully stirred, and on which he has any measure of information. It is the stolid, indifferent, professional spouters of sermons that can neither get hearers nor souls.

Again and again, in his autobiography, Finney, the great American Evangelist, says, "I let out my heart to the people;" and they wept and fell under the power of God. Of how many preachers can this be said? How often, alas! is it not just a got-up, got-off piece of intellectual stuff—and not much intellect either—that is let out. The last thing the preacher thinks of or desires is the letting out of his heart; and consequently the *heartless performance* is met with a *heartless response* from those who listen, and who, after a few minutes' wonderment, or, as it may be, admiration, forget the whole affair. Oh, if you love, you will pour out your souls before the people, and they will weep and feel in return.

Love will make you beloved. If you love your people they cannot help but love you in return. There are exceptions to all rules. There is a November time, perhaps, in every man's history, when everything is gloomy, and nothing seems to bring sunshine to the people's hearts, so twisted and perverted may they have become. Cross-currents will sometimes run so strongly that, try as you will, you cannot reach the desired haven of the people's affections. But as a rule, love will prove an invincible conqueror, and will bring the people to your feet. You can love your way through every difficulty. Hold on, then, even though the more you love the less you are beloved.

To manage a station efficiently,

(3) YOU MUST KNOW IT.

At the outset you should ascertain what meetings can be held, and as nearly as possible what the capacities of your people are, and lay your plans accordingly. I remember once going to a station (I am sorry to say it belonged to the Christian Mission), and although the brother had been there a fortnight, he actually did not know what service was held on a Thursday night, or whether there was one at all. I sometimes hear people say, "After twelve months stay, our evangelist is going away just as he is beginning to know the place." Now it seems to me that it must be a very large place in which you cannot get to know the bulk of the people in a fortnight, both inside and out. If you cannot get known any other way, put your hat in your pocket, and, with a banner in your hand, go through the streets preaching Christ, like Brother R. A man who stands on the stage of a theatre, and does the open-air work thoroughly, will not be long getting known by the outside world, and by the inside world too.

One of the first things you should ask on going to a station is, "Where is the register of members' names and addresses." If there is not one, get one made at once. Get to know where the people live, and who among them can be visited, and at what hour of the day. Find out the bye-streets where the poorest and the most afflicted live; arrange so that you can take those living nearest each other, so as to save time; and those you cannot get at personally, reach through brethren and sisters sent by and from you. That is the way to wrap the hearts of the people round you, and to make them love and pray for you. I cannot tell exactly how it is, but I know that no men are so beloved as those who visit, and a call, with a few loving words and an earnest prayer, will be remembered for some time to come.

And then, if your heart is full of sympathy, people will come and introduce themselves to you. They will come and say, "Oh, sir,

thought our last evangelist was the only man that loved me, and, when he went away, I thought I should never look up any more; but I see you love me too." Love the people, and let them see that you are interested in all that concerns them, and you will soon make their acquaintance and win their confidence.

There is no difficulty then in the people getting to know you, and there seems to me a way not so very difficult by which you can pretty soon get to know the people. Now you cannot know a man by *talking to him*: you must have him *talk to you*. And you will not hear people talk out their hearts anywhere so truthfully and fully as in the believers' meeting—the class-meeting, as we familiarly term it. Visit, therefore, the classes as soon as you go to a station, and you will in a fortnight have made the acquaintance and have a tolerably accurate idea of the measure and weight of the people who constitute the back-bone of the society.

(4) TEACH IT.

Teach your people.—Teach them sound doctrine; if you do not give them the *truth*, somebody else will give them *falsehood*. The best method of keeping the weeds out of your garden is to stock it well with good, useful plants, and I know no better plan to prevent the devil and ignorant, mistaken teachers sowing the seeds of error in the minds of your people than to anticipate them with sound scriptural doctrine. There are three old-fashioned practical truths which you must frequently and emphatically insist upon. They may be regarded as three pillars which mainly carry the entire building of experimental godliness; and if your people are thoroughly grounded in these, they will not easily be moved. They are—

REPENTANCE, FAITH, AND HOLINESS.

By *Repentance*, I mean the renunciation of all sin, and the unreserved surrender of the soul to God, which is not only a condition of pardon in the first instance, but of continued salvation all the way through.

By *Faith*, I mean, in its general sense, the belief of what God has said, and by *saving faith*, I mean the trust of the soul to and in Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour for time and for eternity.

By *Holiness*, I mean the necessity and possibility of believers being not only saved from the guilt and power of sin, but from its very indwelling; sanctified body, soul, and spirit, and preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Instruct your people in these cardinal truths. Illustrate, and enforce, and explain, and support them from the Word of God, until the most ignorant in your congregation understand and grasp them.

But be sure in all your teaching to show what *true religion is*. Teach your people what constitutes the very elements of Christianity. Show them that the very essence of religion is love; the love that shows itself in benevolent effort for the salvation of others. I was talking the other day to one of the partners in a leading firm in the city, and I said to him, "I understand religion to mean this, that if you have reason to think you can convert more souls in Australia than by stopping at home, and refuse to go, you are a hypocrite;" and he replied, "That is true."

And this statement is endorsed by the Bible, which declares that "God is love," and that if any man have not the Spirit of Him who left heaven,

and came to suffer and die on earth to save souls, he is none of His. Now you must teach your people—young converts and old ones, the poor and the rich, if any of the latter should come in amongst you—that they are in all reality and truth to lay themselves and their possessions on the altar without reserve, in order that God may use them to the uttermost for His work; that this is the religion God wants, and the only religion that He will approve and accept; and that those sentiments, and beliefs, and feelings, and opinions, are all in vain that do not tend to it.

To efficiently manage a station, you must

(5) WORK IT.

To do this, you must work yourself. If you do not, there are everywhere some who will very soon begin to look up and say, "That man is paid for this work, and has nothing else to do; yet he takes it very easy. It's awfully cold out to-night: I have been working hard for 10 hours to-day, and as he does not see it of sufficient importance to go to the open-air, I think I'll stay at home and rest." But if they see you working, what can they do? They will say, "I'll go. I can't let him go there all by himself. I was feeling very tired, but never mind, get me a good cup of tea, wife, and I'll have a wash and be off." That is the way the thing works, brethren. We must lead, and then the people are bound to follow. I have found it so during 30 years of this kind of work. Whenever I have gone to lead, I have found somebody, and a good big somebody generally, ready cheerfully to follow me anywhere, and to any kind of work.

Set your people to work. An evangelist should spend a good deal of time in looking at his people, considering what they can do, setting them to work, and seeing that they keep at it. People say to me sometimes, "They won't give me anything to do. I can work, and am willing; but I go and come from the meetings, and am never asked to do anything." Now such a complaint should be impossible. I am not referring here to the brethren who, having the conceit they can preach, or do some great thing, refuse to do anything else because their gifts are not recognised, like spoilt children who won't play because they can't take what part they like in the game; but to simple, sincere souls, who are willing to undertake any kind of service for Christ, for which their brethren may think they possess the required capacity. Now such ought to be set to work whether they offer their services or not. Indeed, you must not wait for brethren to find out what they can do, and to offer themselves: *you* must make the discovery, and hunt them out of their retirement, and bring them to the front, and use them to help you in the great conflict for which you will require every agency on which you can possibly lay your hands.

Get fixed in your mind the ungainsayable truth *that every convert can do something*. Find out what that something is, and get him at it as quickly as possible. Don't wait to see if he is "*sound*," or to ascertain if he "*will stand*." You cannot afford to wait.

Take them at once with their warm, tender hearts, gushing with sympathy and burning with zeal, and send them with all possible directness into the ranks of the enemy. I know something can be said against setting new converts to work thus early, and I have carefully weighed that something over, but, all things considered, I am satisfied

that this plan is calculated the most effectually to prevent backsliding, to save the greatest number of souls, and to make the best and most pliable kind of workers.

They can only learn how to work by *directly engaging in it*. There is no other way. Can a man learn how to be a carpenter by looking on in the workshop? No; he must handle the saw and the plane himself; and just so in every branch of Christian work. "Drop them in the water," was the old-fashioned direction for teaching children to swim. True, they would in the first instance plunge and splash, and come out trembling and gasping, but on a second trial they would improve, and soon become skilful and daring swimmers. Just so make your people understand that everybody, whether young or old, can and must do something, and send them at once into the eddying ocean in which souls are hourly sinking to rise no more: they will soon learn how not only to save themselves, but those that hear them.

You will find that people have "likings" for different kinds of labour, as well as different capacities. Try as far as you can to meet these differing tastes. You will get ever so much more work out of a man if it be in the line for which he feels himself specially adapted, and you have any amount of work that will suit anybody and everybody.

There is that everlasting open-air work that we are always talking about, but which we have never yet half appreciated. Everybody can do something at that. Others can visit from house to house, and so bring some to the indoor meetings that no open-air services will reach. There are some born door-keepers; others are peculiarly at home visiting the sick; others seem to have a special vocation for showing the people into seats; many are not only willing but quite happy when engaged in getting money, and I fancy that in every society the evangelist might get most valuable help in what must necessarily be specially his own work—the visitation of backsliders, and the hunting up of new converts.

Classify your people after this fashion, and to do it effectually make some one *captain* of each department, and put the responsibility of that department on his shoulders. By laying the burden of details upon others, you will be able to get an immense amount of work done without killing yourselves, as many have done by striving to do everything themselves.

To manage a station effectively, you must

(6) NURSE YOUR PEOPLE.

I don't mean that you should cozen, and comfort, and encourage the old do-nothing members, if there are any, who come with their mouths open three times every Sabbath to be fed in idleness. No! Tip up their cradle. Make them question the ground of their religious hopes. Make them understand that true godliness is practical benevolence, and that they must at once become followers of Jesus, and go in for a life of self-sacrifice in order to do good and save souls, or else give up all hope and title to being Christians. Make the people see this, and *keep on at it until they do*. They will rub their eyes, and wake up, depend upon it, when they do see it; and though some may go off to other places where they can be edified without being constantly faced with their neglected responsibilities, others will go to work with a will, and you will soon see things move. But I was saying that you must

nurse your people, and there are two classes that seem to me to specially want tender care.

There are the *wanderers*. England is full of backsliders. These should be hunted up, and brought back. It would be well, as I have already hinted, if some people would make it their special business to care for and seek after their restoration. You must not let people stop away long enough to grow hardened in it. Hunt them up at once if they begin to slacken their pace.

Nurse the converts, I feel I must say when I look into some of the schedules sent up to this Conference, and see the large number of anxious inquirers, and then observe how small a number of these are accounted for. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," for at some stations, with a marvellous number of converts, we have actually a decrease. True, there is undoubtedly a large number of those who answer to the cases mentioned in the parable of the sower. We cannot always sow on good ground, still we very often do so, and we ought to be able to gather and retain a large return for our labour. And we shall do so, if we use the proper means. My experience has taught me that the use of appropriate means is as indispensable to preserve the converts as it is to secure them. Everybody agrees now that if you want to have a revival, and to see sinners converted, you must use methods and employ agencies calculated to secure this result; and it is just as important to employ suitable measures to keep the converts when you have them.

I leave the theology of this question to the doctors of divinity. I simply state the fact. If you fathers and mothers want to rear your children up to strong man and womanhood, you feed and watch over them with all tender, loving care; and if you evangelists, and brethren, and sisters, in charge of God's great family want to rear up for Him and for humanity, the babes with whom you are entrusted, to perfect men and women in Christ Jesus, you must care for them; you must nurse them. If you keep them, brethren, and if your returns from time to time show increases, you will prove in the most incontestable manner that you do wisely and lovingly watch over them; but if, on the contrary, you do not—if you bring statements of large numbers of converts, and small or no increases in membership, you will leave it open for people to infer either that the conversions are not real, or that, being real, they are not properly looked after.

And lastly, to properly manage a mission station you must

(7) GOVERN IT.

By governing it, I do not mean that you should *master* it, but *manage* it. You are not called to be the *master*, but the *servant* even of all men, and just in proportion as you are so will men be your servants.

Govern your station. Sit upon the box and hold the reins, grasp them lovingly but firmly. It is never safe to let high-spirited horses feel that you are driving with a slack rein. If they do, they will take liberties with you and your vehicle that may be inconvenient, and, as a rule, it will be best for you to drive with a tight rein. It is safest and best for society, in all its grades and relations, to feel that there is a real authority which must be respected, and real law and discipline which must be obeyed.

And I am sure it is the best for our people, and, for the time being, you are in your station, responsible for the maintenance of this necessary discipline. As some one has aptly said, you may make a very beautiful garden, and stock it with valuable plants and flowers; but if you do not keep the walls thereof strong and entire, the wild boar of the forest will speedily waste and destroy the fruit of all your hard toil. Just so, you may preach, and pray, and labour, and get sinners converted, and build up a society; but unless you put away those who are immoral, and who refuse to conform to our rules and usages, Satan will soon undo all you have done. Our rules are not very numerous. *Keep them yourself*, and as far as in you lies, make others do the same.

Refuse to do or allow anything to be done which is not in accordance with the spirit and which does not square with the aim of the Mission. Beware of new and sensational schemes. Resolutely keep out all *worldly* stratagems for attracting attention or obtaining money. Stick to the old ways of the Mission. Keep the principles and object for which it was first originated ever before your eyes, and strive continually to make your branch of it a living exemplification thereof.

Do all in the power and spirit of your Master. Your motives and spirit will soon be read and known by your people. They will quickly discern whether it be with you a mere question of getting a living, a mere professionalism which is satisfied by seeing your place well represented in the schedules, or whether you do the work because your heart is in the right place—that is, for God and for eternity.

If you go in this spirit, in the spirit and power of God, nothing can stand before you. All must yield to the love of Christ burning in your heart, and poured out through your life. And eternity only will reveal how great a work God will condescend to accomplish through your instrumentality. May He bless you all!

DISCUSSION ON THE FOREGOING SUBJECT.

Brother GRAY, of Poplar, said—I think we have improved a little during the past year. Among other things we have a members' register complete, which will be a considerable help to a preacher entering on a new station. I see also the importance of a man's working and leading the people himself. I believe it is the only successful way to get the people to work. But we must not rest satisfied with anything we have done. I was reading an anecdote the other day which goes to illustrate this. A battle was raging, and a certain captain galloped up to the general and said, "General, we have taken a standard." But the general took no notice. "General," again cried the captain, "we have taken a standard." But there was no response. "General, we have taken a standard," repeated the captain; when the general replied, "Then go and take another." And if we have taken standards in the past, we ought to be better prepared to go and take others in the future. War with hell is still raging, and the enemy is rallying all his forces to defeat the purposes of Heaven. But notwithstanding all this, standards must be taken; and the only necessary qualification, and which will make this Conference the most memorable in the history of this Mission, is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Lord send it upon us! We want the love that led the Saviour from above. "He pleased not Himself." "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that He may rescue and "set us among princes"; and He says,

"I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done." We must not please ourselves, but must be willing, for the sake of souls, to rush into the battle, prepared to do and suffer anything our Lord may require in order to gain the victory; and then, as warriors brave, we shall sing—

We have victory and heaven,
By the Cross.

Mrs. BOOTH said—I just want to mention one matter which has long been upon my heart, but which has not been noticed to-night. I refer to the important subject of selecting the right kind of people to seek out the anxious and induce them to come to the penitent-form. I am sure that much harm is done by injudiciously pressing people to come forward who are not really deeply convicted—not as we say sometimes, thoroughly broken down. I believe in the penitent-form, and have insisted on the use of it, in spite of people's prejudices. When holding services outside the Mission, friends have sometimes persuaded me to give way in this matter: but I never did so without spoiling my prayer-meetings. And friends sometimes say to me now, "The people here strongly object to a penitent-form; they are too respectable; they will be offended. You had better ask them into the ante-room. But I reply, "No; I have tried it; and whomsoever it may offend or please, I am going to have a penitent-form." Nevertheless, I see the great importance of selecting the right kind of persons to invite the anxious forward. They should be the most spiritual and prayerful you have in your ranks. Sometimes very injudicious and ignorant people will set themselves to this work; but when you see this, I think you should kindly lay your hand on them and ask them to desist. It would be a good plan to select those whom you deem qualified for this duty, and get them together, and give them some instructions—giving them, among other things, an idea of the different classes of character they will meet with, and some directions how to deal with them. There are some people whom it is very difficult to speak to on soul matters; and consequently a deal of tact is required. Teach your people how to approach this class so as to reach their hearts and intensify their convictions without giving offence. I have been pained sometimes to hear timid, trembling people addressed in the roughest and most severe manner. This rouses all their prejudice, and sends them away resolved not to come back any more. There is no necessity for this, for we can be faithful and yet gentle. We can speak the most cutting truth, and yet do it without giving offence. But above all, let these workers know that it is useless to drag these people up to the penitent-form before they are convicted and broken down, willing to give up sin. When people are deeply convicted, I believe in putting all the pressure you can upon them. If I feel that there is nothing in the way but the mere repugnance to go to the penitent-form, I would use all the pressure I could to get them there. But we should get to know if there is *anything behind*, and if the refusal is only an excuse to cover up that something about which they have a controversy with God, and which they will not give up. You will do them an incalculable injury by pressing them to come forward; rather than this, press upon them the importance of immediate submission to God, and urge the danger of any longer delay. We only give ourselves trouble by getting a number of anxious inquirers who are not in *earnest*. And besides that, incalculable

mischief is done. "I've been there before, and I am no better," people have sometimes said to me; and no doubt this was the case, simply because they went when they were not ready. The error of most Christian people lies in not trying to get people to decision at all—in never bringing them to the point. But we are liable to go to the other extreme. We ought not to press people who are not ready. Let us deal with them thoroughly, anxiously in their seats; and while we must be willing almost to carry up any one who is prepared to give up sin, but who, from natural timidity, or similar reasons, hesitates, we must be careful not to urge any one to go forward who has not fully decided to obey God so far as he knows what His requirements are.

Brother BLANDY, of Hackney, said—One kind of medicine is not enough for all diseases, and one system of treatment won't do for every neighbourhood. When I was in the army I remember that in the hospital they were sure to give you a black draught the first time, no matter what you might complain of. This was because so many went just to get off duty; and while it is necessary to set everyone to work, we need to be very careful as to what we give each one to do. Some will do for outdoor work and some for visitation. We must get converts; but, after they are got, the principal work has to be done. Look at the difference in the temperaments of a family of children. Just so there are differences in the qualifications and character of the people, and we need great wisdom to understand them all. I know of nothing so calculated to show man his insufficiency as his looking through his station and out into the great population around it, and taking in the vast amount of work that needs to be done. Oh! when I looked at it a few months ago, when I first gave myself wholly to it, I felt as though it was impossible for me to do it. But I asked wisdom of God and received according to my need. To love everybody all round—I feel that there is a great deal in that. There is a great danger of noticing some big folk and passing by the little ones, but I have found some whom I have looked upon as comparatively insignificant to be my most powerful helpers. I have asked them to meet me at the throne of grace every day, and God has heard us, and we have repaid abundantly.

Brother LAMB, of Stockton, said—No station can be managed without a manager; hence the importance of the right man being in the right place; for there are many good men who are useless as managers. We find in the political world they manage to put round men in square holes; but you can't do it here. Every man should get to know he is the man to manage, and should never lose sight of the law of adaptation. He should be able to judge what things are expedient, and adapt himself to the people he has to deal with. He should have discrimination of spirits, for a bad choice of officers will be the ruin of any plans he may try to carry out. No man can do any good without the love of souls; £500 a year won't give it him. We must be men of prayer filled with Divine influence, for *as is the leader, so will the people be*. A truly spiritual man will have spiritually-minded people. We ought to do our utmost to keep our people. When they get converted they should be taken notice of. At Stockton we not only take the names and addresses of anxious inquirers and put them in a book, but we hand them a card of admission to

our classes, with also a list of the public services, and a warm invitation to come there. A God-sent manager will revolutionise any neighbourhood. He cannot fail to have success. He must soon become the best known man all round. There's not a lad in Middlesbro' but what knows Brother Dowdle, and "Lamb and green peas" is in every one's mouth at Stockton. We must be in dead earnest. I stick to it that what we want, above all, is thorough earnestness. If you want to impress the masses with the importance of the truth of God, you must let them see that you feel it by your life. You must set the people an example. You must, in fact, impart your spirit to the people. God will soon make all the society feel that you are in earnest, and then they will go forward with you, and the world and the devil will be forced to flee, because God is with you. Upon this depends the salvation of the world; and if we won't work with Him, He will have to sweep us out of the way and get somebody else to do His work. If you work in the power of God, you can shake a town. All the people will catch your spirit, and the work will go on apace. The converts should be got into classes. It is quite as important for me to get two converts into class to-day as to get two to the penitent-form to-night. These two will get other two, or perhaps a dozen people may be affected by their altered life and influence, and as the converts' hearts are warmed up, the work will extend. It is our duty to have things in order. I wish we could press this matter a little. Oh, how much depends upon this! People may grumble at you at first, but they will come into your way by-and-by.

Brother DOWDLE, of Middlesbro', said—Thank God we can get wisdom to do all we need and to keep all we get. He that winneth souls is wise. It is one thing to talk about it; it is another thing to do it. The Lord can qualify us all for the work. We need the ability to adapt ourselves to any people or town. The Lord can give us wisdom to preach either to Whitechapel people or to West-enders, to the puddlers of the North or the aristocrats of the South. We can be "all things to all men," in order to win them for Jesus. The Lord can show us good bait for any fish. Our doctrines not only slay, but bring to life and keep alive. Repentance, faith, and holiness, will suit any kind of people, and make them what God intended they should be—holy as He is holy. A doctor needs to understand the disease he is trying to cure. It is no use treating a case of small-pox as if it were the measles. He must feel the patient's pulse and understand the peculiarities of the case; and so must we understand the wants of the people to enable us to deal with them successfully for God and eternity. The iron comes from the mine as a stone, and is then put into the blast furnace and smelted, until, when the furnace is tapped, it will run out. The fire does it. Then it is iron in the rough. It is not yet fit for use. If you hit the pig iron hard it will break. It must be puddled—melted down again until it runs like water. Then you must let the damper down and get rid of the dross, and then you may take and roll it out and make what you like of it. I believe in getting people sanctified, and then you can do anything with them. I believe in putting old stagers in the fire and melting them up again until they are fit for the Master's use. You must love your station. You must love souls. You must magnify your work, and cannot think too much of the importance of it. We must give ourselves entirely to that particular work, conse-

crating all. Believing and realising all the promises of God, then we shall succeed in winning souls, and managing a mission station successfully.

Brother ALLEN, of Cardiff, said—I agree with what Mr. Booth said about study. I mean thinking about the work. That is not easy. We don't believe in study which is all in the head. We want it in the heart. If there is a burden, a weight there on account of souls, if we travail in birth, we shall bring forth; and if a man have children, he will know how to manage them, and if he don't, he ought to. When a man has this weight God delivers him and gives him wisdom to manage. We must think about our children, and do the best we can for the family. We ought to set our people to work. This is difficult. It is the most difficult thing I have to do. I find that those who can't do the work want to, and those who can do it often say, "Put somebody else to it." I have been trying to set people to work lately, and sometimes when I have been in the open air some have felt anxious to speak, and I have let them; but there has been nothing in it. If you put a man up he must have something to say to get at people's hearts. We want good speakers in the open air to meet the devil on his own ground. It's all very well for a man that has just been converted to get up and say, "I'm glad I'm converted. Hallelujah!" but the next time he says it the people say, "I have heard that before." You may speak yourself and get 500 or 1000 people, and then you may put up a man that will talk them all away and leave you the walls and the street; and you can't convert the walls. You may get to know the people, and they may get to know you, in a fortnight, but you can't get to understand them in a fortnight. In a week the people of Cardiff knew me, for I went and sang through the streets alone, and they thought me a queer fellow; but they don't understand me yet. We have got iron-workers in Wales; and we have many of them converted, but we don't thrust religion down their throats. I believe in getting people thoroughly broke up. I believe in sorrow for sin, and tears running down the cheeks because they have grieved a holy God. Many want to make the way to heaven too easy. They want sinners to take the second step before the first. I believe in getting folk into such a state that if they are not converted and you ask them whether they are saved, they will say, "No." And I believe in getting them so changed, so blessedly happy, that when you ask them about it they will not say, "I hope so," but plainly and boldly answer, "Yes!" They will always be ready to give an answer to their faith and hope. I believe that there may be plenty of converts got that will be backsliders in three days, for conviction is not conversion; but I believe that when a man is justified by faith he has peace with God, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses from all sin. Some people say they are converted before they are. Opinions may change, but the heart will remain the same unless surrendered to God. When a man truly comes to God he must give up all sin. Nothing must be kept back. I have been going into this question lately, and I cannot find a passage from Genesis to Revelation that says God will take half a man's heart. He says, "Give me thy heart, thy whole heart;" and it must be all or none. You cannot serve God and mammon. Of course, a man after he is converted may listen to the wiles of the devil and get back into a half and half state; may, in fact, become

a backslider in heart. If so, he must return to God, and again make a full surrender. When I gave my heart to God I gave it all—drink, tobacco, and everything that belonged to the devil. In fact, God would not accept me until I did. To manage a station aright we must be holy men, and teach our people to be the same. Oh! for a full surrender, a mighty baptism of power, and the fulness of the Spirit.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH said—I wish to add, sir, one word of caution as to what has been said to-night with regard to pressing people to the penitent-form. I fear lest it should be taken to mean that it is not expedient to exercise any pressure at all upon the convicted sinner, and I must beg leave most emphatically to take exception to any such view. In that solemn moment when a man's mind is made up to be a Christian, if he could only think that were possible, when he sincerely wants salvation, and would do anything to get it if he were only certain it could be got—just then, in that grand moment of decision, which may never come again, I mean to say we ought to exercise all the pressure we can—tremendous pressure, if need be—to secure the desired result. May God help us never to shrink from this! never to hesitate in extending a helping hand when the eternal concerns of an immortal soul are at stake, and when any earnest persuasion on our part may help that decision which will secure the inestimable blessing of salvation.

THE STRIVING OF THE SPIRIT.

A Sermon by the Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY, the celebrated American Revivalist.

“And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man.”—GEN. vi. 3.

(Continued.)

II. THE DREADFUL EVENT PREDICTED—THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE SPIRIT.

First, the fact. Under the Jewish economy there was a law of extremity; there were sins for which there was no forgiveness—no blood, no lamb, no sacrifice, no provision made. Is there such a law under the Christian dispensation? I answer, there is; and that law Jesus Christ read up 1800 years ago. It is contained in Matt. xii. 31. “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.” This sin is not some sudden work, not some one deed, but a quenching of the Spirit—a settled resistance, day by day, till the blessed Spirit is vexed, quenched, driven away. Dr. Chalmers observes on this subject, “The sin against the Holy Ghost is not some awful and irrevocable deed, around which a disordered fancy has thrown a superstitious array, and which beams in deeper terror upon the eye of the mind from the very obscurity by which it is encompassed.” No; it is resisting the Holy Wooer till He has left us alone. Than being left alone by the Spirit, there is but one thing more awful can happen to a sinner, and that is DAMNATION. I again say, nothing this side of *hell-fire* is so bad as to be given up by the Spirit.

Secondly, the consequences.

1. Left without feeling! as the Bible says, *past feeling*.
2. Left without desire.

3. He will die very suddenly.

I believe, in my soul, that the cause of multitudes of sudden deaths is the quenching of the Spirit. “There is a sin unto death; I do not say that he shall pray for it.” 1 John 5; 16, 17.

This sin may be of a two-fold character, relating both to body and soul.

Relating, first, to the body. God lays that young woman on the bed of death in the morning of her days, in the very bloom of life; she has sinned a sin unto the death of the body. There, amidst the pain of a dissolving frame, she sheds tears of bitter repentance; and there, in that last struggle, in life's last hour, finds mercy. She is just saved—saved as by the skin of her teeth: the soul saved, the body destroyed. Take care that some of you do not go to the grave before your time.

I hope, in introducing my own experience here, I shall not be thought guilty of egotism. I have had, for years, a list of persons to *pray for*; and, when one dies, I strike off that name and put on another. Letter after letter comes, announcing the death of some one or other of them. Oh, how many has death struck off my list! I hope you Christians have your lists. Whether you have or not, the great Jesus has you all on His list, and He pleads for you; but there is a limit to His pleading. He is represented in the parable of the barren fig-tree as saying, “Let it alone this year also, and if it bring forth fruit, well; but, if not, after that thou shalt cut it down.” As soon as ever Jesus shall strike you off His list, the Holy Ghost will give you up, then when the Holy Ghost gives you up, damnation follows: this is the consequence. I ask, then, will you come out? Come out boldly, and take your stand for God. You, backsliders; you who are undecided, who stand in the way of the conversion of your father and mother; you, pew-holder; you, unconverted professors—will you decide for Christ? Decide now. I tell you, you are reaching a point on which your destiny turns; is the fearful crisis approaches that decides your fate. Yes, soon will it be with you *conversion or damnation*. I know some of you do not like this kind of preaching. I know I may be sinking in the estimation of many intelligent persons in this congregation. I have suffered more from this kind of prophetic preaching than from anything else; but I have weighed well the consequences. I know what will win human applause, and I am willing to make the sacrifice. I am willing to be a fool for Christ's sake. “Ah!” says one, “you are doing this for effect!” Amen! AMEN! Before earth, heaven, and hell, I proclaim, I AM AIMING AT EFFECT.

Now, I tell you, when the Spirit has ceased to strive with you, you will present, on your dying bed, a horrible spectacle. Not long since, in a certain town, a man was dying—a man who respected religion, who had sat in the house of God for years; and, as his end approached, his mind was in a fearful state. One of the members connected with the chapel where he sat went to see him, and freely held out to him the promises, and told him salvation was as free as the air. The dying man waved his hand and said, “Stop! stop! I could believe all you say, were I not offering the dregs of life to God.” Death seized him, and the last words he was heard to utter were, “I could believe all you say were I not offering the dregs of life to God.” And you whom I now address, I tell you, you are sinners against God. I do not charge you with swearing, with Sabbath-breaking, with whoremongering, with adultery, but you are sinners.

And what is your sin? I answer, it is *mental rebellion*; you refuse to yield to God's claims. Who is the greatest sinner in the universe? Why, the devil. And what was the sin of the devil? *Mental rebellion*. Some time ago a number of ministers met together for the purpose of holding revival meetings. One of those ministers had a son whose heart was unsubdued. He had been trained up at their family altar; he had listened from time to time to the word of God; had heard from day to day the pleadings of his father with Heaven for his conversion; yet he still stood out. He had constantly before him the holy example of a devoted father and mother, and, in answer to their private intercessions for him, had been the subject of deep convictions; but *he resisted the Spirit*. He was seen one night at the revival meeting. One of the ministers entreated him to give his heart to God; but, in sullen rebellion, he still resisted. When the meeting closed, and he returned home, his anxious mother got him alone, and urged him to yield to God (you know how mothers can plead). He gave that mother a look as fierce as that of a demon, and said, "Mother, I tell you, I would rather be *damned than yield*." No sooner had the words escaped his lips than he stumbled and fell at her feet. When she raised him up, he was a *corpse*; his face was blanched in *death*. But I have not told you all; the last words she heard him say were, "*I am damned, I am damned!*" Why such a tender mother's heart was permitted to be wrung with anguish so deep, God only knows. Now what was the sin of that young man? Why, *mental rebellion*.

God's Holy Spirit is striving now with you, backslider; with you that are undecided; with you, pew-holders; with you, unconverted professors; and you refuse to yield. What is the sin you are now deliberately committing? Why, *mental rebellion*. Now, I ask you, will you seek the forgiveness of your sins? I tell you, if you leave this chapel to-night unsaved, you are guilty of *mental rebellion*. The young man said, in words, "I would rather be damned than yield." You say, by conduct that speaks louder than words, "*I would rather be damned than yield*." I leave the great Author of the universe, before whose tribunal you must stand—the judge of men, to decide which is the greatest sinner. And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

THE REV. C. G. FINNEY, THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST.

An Autobiography.



Often feel inclined to say, with regard to some of the more prominent servants of God, "I wonder what he felt—what his inner life was like—how he became what he was?" Biographers are generally forced to leave these questions almost unanswered, or to give us only scanty clues here and there, which may guide us to just conclusions or may grossly mislead us.

But in this case we have the rare advantage of an account written by

the man himself, and written with no ordinary diligence and ability, so that we may read the secret as well as the public history of a greatly-blessed work of God. We have doubtless thousands of people connected with our Mission whose soul-history would be intensely interesting and unspeakably useful were it as freely and carefully described as Mr. Finney's has been, and it will be by no means the least benefit conferred by our reproduction of portions of this life if many who love the Lord are led more closely to observe His marvellous dealings with them.

The story of Mr. Finney's conviction and conversion, lengthily though it be, seems to us worthy of reproduction in full, because of its wonderful exposition of the process of salvation.

It is necessary to say that at the time of Mr. Finney's conversion he was studying for the law, and that, in reading the law authors, he often found the Bible quoted, which led him to purchase the first he had ever owned. By reading the Bible, attending the prayer-meetings, and listening to the Word preached, he became deeply impressed; and after the lapse of some two or three years, settled down to the conviction that the Bible was the Word of God—that he ought to accept the salvation provided in Christ and offered to him. We now let him speak for himself.

CONVERSION.

On a Sabbath evening in the autumn of 1821, I made up my mind that I would settle the question of my soul's salvation at once, that if it were possible I would make my peace with God. But as I was very busy in the affairs of the office, I knew that, without great firmness of purpose, I should never effectually attend to the subject. I therefore then and there resolved, as far as possible, to avoid all business, and everything that would divert my attention, and to give myself wholly to the work of securing the salvation of my soul. I carried this resolution into execution as sternly and thoroughly as I could. I was, however, obliged to be a good deal in the office. But as the providence of God would have it, I was not much occupied either on Monday or Tuesday, and had opportunity to read my Bible and engage in prayer most of the time.

But I was very proud without knowing it. I had supposed that I had not much regard for the opinions of others, whether they thought this or that in regard to myself; and I had, in fact, been quite singular in attending prayer-meetings, and in the degree of attention that I had paid to religion while in Adams. In this respect I had been so singular as to lead the church at times to think that I must be an anxious inquirer. But I found, when I came to face the question, that I was very unwilling to have any one know that I

was seeking the salvation of my soul. When I prayed I would only whisper my prayer, after having stopped the key-hole to the door, lest some one should discover that I was engaged in prayer. Before that time I had my Bible lying on the table with the law-books; and it never had occurred to me to be ashamed of being found reading it, any more than I should be ashamed of being found reading any of my other books.

But after I had addressed myself in earnest to the subject of my own salvation, I kept my Bible, as much as I could, out of sight. If I was reading it when anybody came in, I would throw my law-books upon it to create the impression that I had not had it in my hand. Instead of being outspoken and willing to talk with anybody and everybody on the subject as before, I found myself unwilling to converse with anybody. I did not want to see my minister, because I did not want to let him know how I felt; and I had no confidence that he would understand my case, and give me the direction that I needed. For the same reasons I avoided conversation with the elders of the church, or with any of the Christian people. I was ashamed to let them know how I felt, on the one hand; and on the other, I was afraid they would misdirect me. I felt myself shut up to the Bible.

During Monday and Tuesday my

convictions increased; but still it seemed as if my heart grew harder. I could not shed a tear; I could not pray. I had no opportunity to pray above my breath; and frequently I felt, that if I could be alone where I could use my voice and let myself out, I should find relief in prayer. I was shy, and avoided, as much as I could, speaking to anybody on any subject. I endeavoured, however, to do this in a way that would excite no suspicion in any mind that I was seeking the salvation of my soul.

Tuesday night I had become very nervous; and in the night a strange feeling came over me as if I was about to die. I knew that if I did I should sink down to hell; but I quieted myself as best I could until morning.

At an early hour I started for the office. But just before I arrived at the office, something seemed to confront me with questions like these—indeed, it seemed as if the inquiry was within myself, as if an inward voice said to me—“What are you waiting for? Did you not promise to give your heart to God? And what are you trying to do? Are you endeavouring to work out a righteousness of your own?”

Just at this point the whole question of Gospel salvation opened to my mind in a manner most marvellous to me at the time. I think I then saw, as clearly as I ever have in my life, the reality and fulness of the atonement of Christ. I saw that His work was a finished work; and that instead of having, or needing, any righteousness of my own to recommend me to God, I had to submit myself to the righteousness of God through Christ. Gospel salvation seemed to me to be an offer of something to be accepted; and that it was full and complete; and that all that was necessary on my part was to get my own consent to give up my sins, and accept Christ. Salvation, it seemed to me, instead of being a thing to be wrought out by my own works, was a thing to be found entirely in the Lord Jesus Christ, who presented Himself before me as my God and my Saviour.

Without being distinctly aware of it, I had stopped in the street right where the inward voice seemed to arrest me. How long I remained in that position I cannot say. But after this distinct revelation had stood for some little time before my mind, the question seemed to be put, “Will you accept it

now, to-day?” I replied, “Yes, I will accept it to-day, or I will die in the attempt.”

North of the village, and over a hill, lay a piece of woods, in which I was in the almost daily habit of walking, more or less, when it was pleasant weather. It was now October, and the time was past for my frequent walks there. Nevertheless, instead of going to the office, I turned and bent my course towards the woods, feeling that I must be alone, and away from all human eyes and ears, so that I could pour out my prayer to God.

But still my pride must show itself. As I went over the hill it occurred to me that some one might see me and suppose that I was going away to pray. Yet probably there was not a person on earth that would have suspected such a thing, had he seen me going. But so great was my pride, and so much was I possessed with the fear of man, that I recollect that I skulked along under the fence till I got so far out of sight that no one from the village could see me. I then penetrated into the woods, I should think, a quarter of a mile, went over on the other side of the hill, and found a place where some large trees had fallen across each other, leaving an open place between. There I saw I could make a kind of closet. I crept into this place, and knelt down for prayer. As I turned to go up into the woods I recollect to have said, “I will give my heart to God, or I will never come down from there.” I recollect repeating this as I went up—“I will give my heart to God before I ever come down again.”

But when I attempted to pray I found that my heart would not pray. I had supposed that if I could only be where I could speak aloud, without being overheard, I could pray freely. But lo! when I came to try, I was dumb—that is, I had nothing to say to God; or at least I could say but a few words, and those without heart. In attempting to pray I would hear a rustling in the leaves, as I thought, and would stop and look up to see if somebody were not coming. This I did several times.

Finally, I found myself verging fast to despair. I said to myself, “I cannot pray. My heart is dead to God, and will not pray.” I then reproached myself for having promised to give my heart to God before I left the woods. When I came to try, I found I could not give my heart to God. My inward

soul hung back, and there was no going out of my heart to God. I began to feel deeply that it was too late; that it must be that I was given up of God and was past hope.

The thought was pressing me of the rashness of my promise that I would give my heart to God that day or die in the attempt. It seemed to me as if that was binding upon my soul; and yet I was going to break my vow. A great sinking and discouragement came over me, and I felt almost too weak to stand upon my knees.

Just at this moment I again thought I heard some one approach me, and I opened my eyes to see whether it were so. But right there the revelation of my pride of heart, as the great difficulty that stood in the way, was distinctly shown to me. An overwhelming sense of my wickedness in being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees before God, took such powerful possession of me, that I cried at the top of my voice, and exclaimed that I would not leave that place if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me. “What!” I said, “such a degraded sinner as I am, on my knees confessing my sins to the great and holy God, and ashamed to have any human being, and a sinner like myself, find me on my knees endeavouring to make my peace with my offended God!” The sin appeared awful, infinite. It broke me down before the Lord.

Just at that point this passage of Scripture seemed to drop into my mind with a flood of light: “Then shall ye go and pray unto Me, and I will hearken unto you. Then shall ye seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.” I instantly seized hold of this with my heart. I had intellectually believed the Bible before; but never had the truth been in my mind that faith was a voluntary trust instead of an intellectual state. I was as conscious as I was of my existence of trusting at that moment in God’s veracity. Somehow I knew that that was a passage of Scripture, though I do not think I had ever read it. I knew that it was God’s word, and God’s voice, as it were, that spoke to me. I cried to Him, “Lord, I take Thee at Thy word. Now Thou knowest that I do search for Thee with all my heart, and that I have come here to pray to Thee; and Thou hast promised to hear me.”

That seemed to settle the question that I could then, that day, perform my vow. The Spirit seemed to lay stress upon that idea in the text: “When you search for Me with all your heart.” The question of when, that is of the present time, seemed to fall heavily into my heart. I told the Lord that I should take Him at His word; that He could not lie; and that therefore I was sure that He heard my prayer, and that He would be found of me.

He then gave me many other promises, both from the Old and the New Testament, especially some most precious promises respecting our Lord Jesus Christ. I never can, in words, make any human being understand how precious and true those promises appeared to me. I took them one after the other as infallible truth—the assertions of God, who could not lie. They did not seem so much to fall into my intellect as into my heart, to be put within the grasp of the voluntary powers of my mind; and I seized hold of them, appropriated them, and fastened upon them with the grasp of a drowning man.

I continued thus to pray, and to receive and appropriate promises for a long time, I know not how long. I prayed till my mind became so full that, before I was aware of it, I was on my feet and tripping up the ascent towards the road. The question of my being converted had not so much as arisen to my thought; but as I went up, brushing through the leaves and bushes, I recollect saying with great emphasis, “If I am ever converted, I will preach the Gospel.”

I soon reached the road that led to the village, and began to reflect upon what had passed; and I found that my mind had become most wonderfully quiet and peaceful. I said to myself: “What is this? I must have grieved the Holy Ghost entirely away. I have lost all my conviction. I have not a particle of concern about my soul; and it must be that the Spirit has left me.” “Why!” thought I, “I never was so far from being concerned about my own salvation in my life.”

Then I remembered what I had said to God while I was on my knees—that I had said I would take Him at His word; and indeed I recollect a good many things that I had said, and concluded that it was no wonder that the Spirit had left me; that for such a

sinner as I was to take hold of God's word in that way was presumption, if not blasphemy. I concluded that in my excitement I had grieved the Holy Spirit, and perhaps committed the unpardonable sin.

I walked quietly towards the village; and so perfectly quiet was my mind that it seemed as if all nature listened. It was on the 10th of October, and a very pleasant day. I had gone into the woods immediately after an early breakfast; and when I returned to the village I found it was dinner-time. Yet I had been wholly unconscious of the time that had passed; it appeared to me that I had been gone from the village but a short time.

But how was I to account for the quiet of my mind? I tried to recall my convictions, to get back again the load of sin under which I had been labouring. But all sense of sin, all consciousness of present sin or guilt, had departed from me. I said to myself, "What is this, that I cannot arouse any sense of guilt in my soul, as great a sinner as I am?" I tried in vain to make myself anxious about my present state. I was so quiet and peaceful that I tried to feel concerned about that, lest it should be a result of my having grieved the Spirit away. But take any view of it I would, I could not be anxious at all about my soul, and about my spiritual state. The repose of my mind was unspeakably great. I never can describe it in words. The thought of God was sweet to my mind, and the most profound spiritual tranquillity had taken full possession of me. This was a great mystery, but it did not perplex or distress me.

I went to my dinner, and found I had no appetite to eat. I then went to the office, and found that Squire W— had gone to dinner. I took down my bass-viol, as I was accustomed to do, began to play and sing some pieces of sacred music. But as soon as I began to sing those sacred words, I began to weep. It seemed as if my heart was all liquid; and my feelings were in such a state that I could not hear my own voice in singing without causing my sensibility to overflow. I wondered at this, and tried to suppress my tears, but could not. After trying in vain to suppress my tears, I put up my instrument, and stopped singing.

After dinner we were engaged in removing our books and furniture to

another office. We were very busy in this, and had but little conversation all the afternoon. My mind, however, remained in that profoundly tranquil state. There was a great sweetness and tenderness in my thoughts and feelings. Everything appeared to be going right, and nothing seemed to ruffle or disturb me in the least.

Just before evening the thought took possession of my mind, that as soon as I was left alone in the new office, I would try to pray again—that I was not going to abandon the subject of religion and give it up, at any rate; and, therefore, although I no longer had any concern about my soul, still I would continue to pray.

By evening we got the books and furniture adjusted; and I made up, in an open fire-place, a good fire, hoping to spend the evening alone. Just at dark Squire W—, seeing that everything was adjusted, bade me good-night and went home. I had accompanied him to the door; and as I closed the door and turned around, my heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out; and the utterance of my heart was, "I want to pour my whole soul out to God." The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the room back of the front office to pray.

There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless, it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary it seemed to me that I saw Him as I would see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at His feet. I have always since regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down at His feet, and poured out my soul to Him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him, that I recollect.

I must have continued in this state for a good while; but my mind was too much absorbed with the interview to recollect anything that I said.

But I know, as soon as my mind became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found that the fire that I had made of large wood was nearly burned out. But as I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings.

No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but I should say, I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out, "I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me." I said, "Lord, I cannot bear any more;" yet I had no fear of death.

How long I continued in this state, with this baptism continuing to roll over me and go through me, I do not know. But I know it was late in the evening when a member of my choir—for I was the leader of the choir—came into the office to see me. He was a member of the church. He found me in this state of loud weeping, and said to me, "Mr. Finney, what ails you?" I could make him no answer for some time. He then said, "Are you in pain?" I gathered myself up as best I could, and replied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live."

He turned and left the office, and in a few minutes returned with one of the elders of the church, whose shop was nearly across the way from our office. This elder was a very serious man; and in my presence had been very watchful, and I had scarcely ever seen him laugh. When he came in, I was very much in the state in which I was when the young man went out to call him. He

asked me how I felt, and I began to tell him. Instead of saying anything, he fell into a most spasmodic laughter. It seemed as if it was impossible for him to keep from laughing from the very bottom of his heart.

There was a young man in the neighbourhood who was preparing for college, with whom I had been very intimate. Our minister, as I afterwards learned, had repeatedly talked with him on the subject of religion, and warned him against being misled by me. He informed him that I was a very careless young man about religion; and he thought that if he associated much with me his mind would be diverted, and he would not be converted.

After I was converted, and this young man was converted, he told me that he had said to Mr. Gale several times, when he had admonished him about associating so much with me, that my conversations had often affected him more, religiously, than his preaching. I had, indeed, let out my feelings a good deal to this young man.

But just at the time when I was giving an account of my feelings to this elder of the church, and to the other member who was with him, this young man came into the office. I was sitting with my back towards the door, and barely observed that he came in. He listened with astonishment to what I was saying, and the first I knew he partly fell upon the floor, and cried out in the greatest agony of mind, "Do pray for me!" The elder of the church and the other member knelt down and began to pray for him; and when they had prayed, I prayed for him myself. Soon after this they all retired and left me alone.

The question then arose in my mind, "Why did Elder B— laugh so? Did he not think that I was under a delusion, or crazy?" This suggestion brought a kind of darkness over my mind; and I began to query with myself whether it was proper for me—such a sinner as I had been—to pray for that young man. A cloud seemed to shut in over me; I had no hold upon anything in which I could rest; and after a little while I retired to bed, not distressed in mind, but still at a loss to know what to make of my present state. Notwithstanding the baptism I had received, this temptation so obscured my view that I went to bed without feeling sure that my peace was made with God.

I soon fell asleep, but almost as soon woke again on account of the great flow of the love of God that was in my heart. I was so filled with love that I could not sleep. Soon I fell asleep again, and awoke in the same manner. When I awoke, this temptation would return upon me, and the love that seemed to be in my heart would abate; but as soon as I was asleep, it was so warm within me that I would immediately awake. Thus I continued, till late at night, I obtained some sound repose.

When I awoke in the morning the sun had risen, and was pouring a clear light into my room. Words cannot express the impression that this sunlight made upon me. Instantly the baptism that I had received the night before returned upon me in the same manner. I arose upon my knees in the bed and wept aloud with joy, and remained for some time too much overwhelmed with the baptism of the Spirit to do anything but pour out my soul to God. It seemed as if this morning's baptism was accompanied with a gentle reproof, and the Spirit seemed to say to me, "Will you doubt? Will you doubt?" I cried, "No! I will not doubt; I cannot doubt." He then cleared the subject up so much to my mind that it was in fact impossible for me to doubt that the Spirit of God had taken possession of my soul.

In this state I was taught the

AN EPISCOPALIAN ON PERFECT LOVE.

BEFORE I understood the "way of holiness" I thought him a proud man who dared avow an experience in perfect love. Saved from sin! Why, to believe it seems to be the height of presumption. How could a man be "pure in heart" who had self-conceit to say so? Where was the humility which would admit of such an assumption? Oh! how were the words, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord—through the blood of the Lamb," sealed to me! How strangely does the confession of a sanctified soul appear to me now! For me now to doubt the experience of perfect love would be to doubt the efficacy of the Atonement.

I could not be a Christian without the experience that Jesus Christ can save to the uttermost. His precious blood does

doctrine of justification by faith, as a past experience. That doctrine had never taken any such possession of my mind, that I had ever viewed it as a fundamental doctrine of the Gospel. Indeed, I did not know at all what it meant in the proper sense. But I could now see and understand what was meant by the passage, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." I could see that the moment I believed, while up in the woods, all sense of condemnation had entirely dropped out of my mind; and that from that moment I could not feel a sense of guilt or condemnation by any effort that I could make. My sense of guilt was gone; my sins were gone; and I do not think I felt any more sense of guilt than if I never had sinned.

This was just the revelation I needed. I felt myself justified by faith; and, so far as I could see, I was in a state in which I did not sin. Instead of feeling that I was sinning all the time, my heart was so full of love that it overflowed. My cup ran over with blessing and love; and I could not feel that I was sinning against God. Nor could I recover the least sense of guilt for my past sins. Of this experience I said nothing that I recollect, at the time, to anybody; that is, of this experience of justification.

cleanse my poor soul from all sin. I have now found out that it means something to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," much more than I used to think. What a salvation is ours!—so full!—so free! My soul is continually seeking opportunity to testify to the power and glorious reward of living faith. I lived so long without it, or with only its shadow. Oh, how much I lost! To what height of Christian experience of life and love in the soul might I have attained had I found this 20 years ago! yet sometimes—even now, when in reviewing the past, I mourn over my slow progress in the Divine life—I stop, and reproach myself that I do not rather praise God with all my ransomed powers for keeping me from falling. But I was blind; I did not seek the light with all my heart. Would that I had begun earlier to "search the Scriptures." This neglect was my sin. Oh, the for-

bearance of my God! How can I express my gratitude to Him for His dealings and leadings? How long I lived charitably overlooking sin in others and excusing it in myself, yet all the time wondering I did not hate it more! I honestly thought it must be so till "this immortality should put on immortality."

I believed, moreover, that this trying and failing, sorrowing, regretting, and repenting, consequent on such a course was but the Christian's conflict, yet still hoped in some way, I knew not how or when, to gain the victory by-and-by; and, bless God! the day of victory has come sooner than I expected. Sin! Why it is "the abominable thing my soul now hateth." I hate it with perfect hatred; I am no longer its bond slave; through the blood Divine I am free—"Glory to the Lamb!" The feeble branch wondered long ago that it did not bear more fruit, for it was ever "in labours abundant." However, it is all plain now—it needed "purging—pruning." The light of God reveals the "hidden things of darkness": pride, self-esteem, self-complacency, love of approbation, disguised in the laudable desire to gain the confidence of others, in order the better to influence them on the side of truth. The Holy Spirit showed the need of an inward crucifixion, bade faith, weak though it was, grasp the two-edged sword, look up for power to use it, and begin its piercing, probing work, seeking out the secret, lurking selfishness of unsanctified desire, "cutting off the right hand, plucking out the right eye," and severing away every tie which kept the spirit grovelling in the dust, away from its own native element, its nobler sphere of glorious freedom and lofty aspirations worthy of its immortality. Then followed the losing of self, the sinking into nothing, the emptiness, the hungering, the thirsting.

Oh! how meagre are earth's vanities to satisfy such longings, such groanings after the fainting, broken, contrite spirit's only portion, only satisfying resource—God! Such waiting before the Lord to be washed, cleansed, to be made clean! Such hoping, such looking up and expecting—the door of the heart wide open to receive—until the ever-blessed Jesus took possession of the temple His own precious blood had purified and His Holy Spirit had fitted up! Now, bless His holy name! He reigns there supreme.

Oh, the recompense of simple faith!—the mystery of infinite love!—

Nothing but sin had I to give;
Nothing but love did I receive.

How it expands the soul—this taking, this precious filling up with love—with the fulness and glory of God! My heart enlarges while I write. "My Beloved is mine and I am His." Oh! blessed, delightful union with Christ! all earthly attachments seem cold in comparison. Not that they are less, but that He is infinitely more—"the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely."

Oh, this sweet repose! What is it but partaking of the Divine nature? No more doubts, no more fears. Now I know that when I pray I am heard; for it is not I alone that pray, but "Christ which dwelleth in me," and "His Father and my Father" heareth Him always.

S.

FALSE PEACE.

They have healed the hurt of the daughters of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace.—Jer. iv. 14.

PHYSICIANS of no price are they
My people's hurt who slightly heal,
Who bid us Thy commands obey,
Before Thy pardoning grace we feel;
Before we feel our soul's disease,
Who wrap us up in worldly peace.

No peace is for the wicked found
We all are wickedness within,
Till Thou search out our spirit's wound
And pour the balm of Gilead in,
The joy and love, the oil and wine,
And heal our souls with blood Divine.

BALM IN GILEAD.

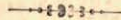
Is there no balm in Gilead?—Jer. viii. 22.

YES, there is, there is, my God,
Balm, abundant balm, in Thee,
Rivers of atoning blood,
Streams of living purity;
Pour the blood upon my soul,
Plunge me in the cleansing wave,
Close my wounds and make me
whole,
Show forth all Thy skill to save.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.



The Month.



COVERING almost with its proportionate importance every other event, the Conference has seemed almost to fill the month with its anticipations, its realities, and its memories.

Not that the Conference has in any degree stopped our work; on the contrary, the parting words of the evangelists in their various districts have been blessed to the salvation of many, many souls, and our people have shown their "mind to work" throughout the month, both outdoors and in. We have only to regret that the Conference report prevents us from recording the signs and wonders most recently wrought amongst us.

The utility of the Conference, indirectly as well as directly, becomes yearly more evident. The harmonising and invigorating influence of these gatherings will be blessedly felt all the year, not only by those evangelists and brethren representing the various stations, who meet together in close and active union, but by the many friends who were only able to be present for a few hours at most. Brought, as a whole community, face to face with our calling, our opportunities, our needs, our defects, our dangers, and our prospects, we are re-awakened to our great responsibilities, and renewed in strength and determination to go forward—"With Christ in our heart, and His word in our hand, to certain victory."

We could have wished for more time, both for the consideration of the necessities of our work everywhere, and for waiting upon God together, for the three days' intercourse and prayer left a longing desire for more, and especially for more of Him whom our souls delight in. But we trust that the fruit of this Whitsuntide will abundantly appear throughout the next twelvemonths in such an increase of spiritual power and devotion to God as we have never before experienced.

With regard to the Annual Meeting, we will leave the Editor of the *Christian*, who was present during a part of it, to speak, remarking only that the meeting was thrown open to the members of the Conference, and that the speaking was just such as might be expected from men and women moved by the Holy Ghost.

(From the "*Christian*," June 15th.)

WHIT-MONDAY IN WHITECHAPEL.

THE Christian Mission took advantage of this holiday to gather its workers from various parts of the kingdom for conference at its central station—the People's Hall, Whitechapel. The directors may well be proud of their fellow-workers. Some zealous labourers work indefatigably, but never reproduce themselves, nor gather round them others to supply their place when they are gone. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, always seeking help, have wondrously succeeded not only in winning souls to Christ, but in raising up a band of spiritually stalwart men and unwearying women, who plant their flag on the enemy's high places, and carry it into his hidden fastnesses. These men have a might of lung which assures a hearing above the city's din; and the women, moved by a love which casts out fear, do not shrink from telling of the eternal love to assembled rough and noisy crowds, who listen hushed and still, as when God quiets the earth with his south wind. It was worth the journey from the Surrey side (where Ned Wright has pitched his great Gospel tent on the site of Moody and Sankey's Camberwell Hall), though we only got to Whitechapel for the latter and smaller half of the proceedings in the East. We found Mrs. Booth exhorting her fellow-labourers to faithful service as the indispensable condition of the Master's "well done." Then two or three of David's mighty men—welcomed from America, gathered out of Yorkshire, picked up in the East End, no matter whence, so that they had the right stuff in them: fear of God, love of souls, hatred of sin and the devil. Then a delicate little sister, all-wise, warm with womanly tenderness, willing to live so long as to live was Christ, though made to feel that her life-work was a sore offence to the Sunday-shoppers and sellers of Brick Lane; ready to die when the Master should say that to die was gain. Then more of David's or Daniel's band. Then Miss Booth, a fragile, lady-like girl of seventeen, half a woman, half a child, a characteristic product of the Christian Mission, whose words fell like summer rain upon the upturned faces of the crowd. Then another son of thunder; a hymn, a few last words from the Superintendent—and the meeting closed with prayer.

The Mission has opened no new station during the year, so that the increases show a great improvement in the work on the old ground.

Evangelists have now been appointed to open branches of the Mission in Leicester, Bradford, and Leeds.

Nine persons raised up and trained by the agency of the Mission have this year been taken entirely into the work, besides several who have devoted their lives to the Lord's work in some other form.

Let us help these spiritual excavators and pioneers; they are working for greater and more lasting results than the searchers of the Arctic Seas, or the explorers of the Holy Land.

R. C. M.

Extracts from the Minutes of the Conference:

That the Conference receives the Report of the Conference Committee during the past year, and desires to express its approbation of the same.

That in receiving the Report of the trying circumstances through which the Portsmouth district has passed during the year, the Conference has noticed the noble stand taken by Mr. Warn, Sen., in favour of the just and truthful claims of the Mission, and desires to express its cordial thanks for the generous assistance rendered to us by him in our efforts to maintain our position and continue our work, and its earnest prayers for his increased usefulness and happiness.

That the Conference, having considered the opening for Mission-work which has resulted from Mrs. Booth's labours at Leicester, and the offers of financial assistance which have been made by friends residing there, gladly avails itself of the opportunity thus presented, and requests the Stationing Committee to set apart some brother for this purpose.

Having had reported to it the necessities for Mission-work existing in Bradford and the populations immediately around that town, together with the valuable assistance promised by brethren residing in the neighbourhood, it was resolved that the Conference desire the Stationing Committee, if possible, to set apart some brother to open a branch of the Mission in that town.

That a form of credentials for members removing from the districts be printed and issued to the evangelists.

That in future no circuit plans be printed, and no quarterly, local preachers', elders', or committee meetings be held at any station except in such instances and in such manner as the Conference Committee may sanction.

That the following definitions of the doctrines numbered 9 and 10 in our list of doctrines be printed and issued to all our members:—

9. We believe that the Scriptures teach that not only does continuance in the favour of God depend upon continued faith in, and obedience to, Christ, but that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be eternally lost.

10. We believe that it is the privilege

of all believers to be "wholly sanctified," and that "their whole spirit, and soul, and body," may "be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

That is to say, we believe that after conversion there remain in the heart of a believer inclinations to evil, or roots of bitterness, which, unless overpowered by Divine grace, produce actual sin; but that these evil tendencies can be entirely taken away by the Spirit of God, and the whole heart thus cleansed from everything contrary to the will of God, or entirely sanctified, will then produce the fruits of the Spirit only. And we believe that persons thus entirely sanctified may, by the power of God, be kept unblamable and unreprouvable before Him.

That all candidates for evangelistic work shall be carefully examined by the Conference Committee, or by a special committee appointed for that purpose, as to their belief in our doctrines and approval of our practice and principles, and that no one shall be received on trial by the Conference or Conference Committee who is not in perfect harmony with us; and that this examination shall be repeated each year immediately before each Conference, and reported upon to the same until their probation terminate.

That the Conference, having noted with regret that in some districts much labour has been spent and liability incurred upon small branches, to the injury of the larger stations, and desiring that the energies of the Mission should be used to the utmost advantage, resolves that in future no district be allowed to open, or to undertake any new hall, without having first obtained the sanction of the Conference Committee.

That bazaars, fancy sales, Christmas trees, spelling bees, and entertainments, being opposed to the spirit of the Mission, are therefore pronounced unadvisable and inadmissible.

The Conference attribute in no small degree the success of several districts during the past year to the large attendance at the Sunday morning prayer-meetings, and earnestly recommend that an effort be made to secure

the largest possible attendance at this meeting at every station.

That each district having a membership of 100 or upwards on the 7th November next, send their evangelist, with one delegate, if thought desirable, to a meeting of the Conference Committee, to be held at Christmas next, in order to consider the state of the work, and other matters of importance.

That the evangelists enter upon their labours in the districts to which they may be appointed upon the third Sunday after the Conference.

That the Conference strongly urge upon the evangelists and office-bearers of the Mission the duty of persuading all our members and converts to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

That the Conference Committee for the ensuing year consist of Bros. W. B. Booth, Pearson, Gray, Corbridge, Flawn, Dr. Morrison, and Lamb—the last-named to attend at least once a quarter.

That the Conference hears with great regret of the affliction of Brother Cobet, and desires to express its deep sympathy with him and his family, and its thanks for his long and arduous toil in hours

of pain and weariness on behalf of the Mission, and its prayers that God may, if it please Him, restore to our brother health and strength, and, in any case, extend to him the fullest consolations of His grace.

That the Conference, regretting to find that so large a number of our members are returned as not meeting in class, desires to express its view that no person should be returned as a member who, though able to attend class, neglects to do so in more than 10 cases during a quarter, if possible, and trust that the importance of the class-meeting, and of the free expression of experience therein by all the members, will be urged upon all our people constantly.

That the Conference Committee consider the need of new halls at Limehouse, North Woolwich, Middlesbro', Stockton, and Cardiff.

That the Conference desires to express its sense of the great kindness conferred by the friends who have entertained the evangelists and delegates during its sittings.

That the next Conference assemble on the second Monday in June, 1877.

Appointments of the Evangelists & Workers for 1876-7.

Head Quarters: THE REV. W. AND MRS. BOOTH.

Treasurer: NATHANIEL J. POWELL, ESQ. | Secretary: GEORGE SCOTT RAILTON.
Hon. Secretary: ROBERT PATON, ESQ.

For General Evangelistic Work: Miss BOOTH.

District Superintendents and Helpers:

| | | | |
|------------------|---|---------------|------------------------------------|
| WHITECHAPEL— | W. J. Pearson, Jane Woodcock,* Emma Stride,* Mrs. Reynolds. | LIMEHOUSE— | Fredk. Lewington. |
| SHOREDITCH— | | MILLWALL— | |
| BETHNAL GREEN— | Annie Davis. | HAMMERSMITH— | J. P. Gray. |
| HACKNEY— | George Mace. | CROYDON— | William Corbridge. |
| STOKE NEWINGTON— | J. Watts. | BROMLEY— | Charles Panter (<i>pro tem.</i>) |
| TOTTENHAM— | | HASTINGS— | Charles Hobday |
| STRATFORD— | Supply. | WELLINGBORO'— | Whitfield. |
| NORTH WOOLWICH— | Supply. | CHATHAM— | William Ridsdel. |
| CANNING TOWN— | J. Tetley.* | PORTSMOUTH— | Thomas Blandy. |
| PLAISTOW— | | KETTERING— | E. A. Pollett. |
| BARKING— | E. Blandy (<i>pro tem.</i>) | CARDIFF— | Job Clare. |
| SOHO— | Ellen Hall. | STOCKTON— | John Allen. |
| POPLAR— | G. S. Railton. | MIDDLESBRO'— | William Garner. Charles Panter. |
| CUBBIT TOWN— | J. Borwill. | LEICESTER— | Abraham Lamb. A. Russell. |
| | | BRADFORD— | James Dowdle. |

Those marked thus * are for six months only.

SUMMARY of the STATE and FINANCES of the CHRISTIAN MISSION for the
Year ending the 7th May, 1876.

| Districts. | Members. | Public Speakers. | Preaching Services, weekly. In-doors. | Open-air Services, weekly. | Attendance at Indoor Services, weekly. | Anxious Inquirers. | Magazines taken per month. | Contributed by the people towards the support of the Work. |
|---------------------|----------|------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|--|--------------------|----------------------------|--|
| Whitechapel... | 221 | 37 | 8 | 18 | 2250 | 1030 | 200 | 251 2 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Limehouse ... | 71 | 29 | 4 | 4 | 400 | 108 | 100 | 112 15 9 |
| Millwall ... | 27 | 9 | 3 | 4 | 100 | 60 | 36 | 24 18 0 |
| Poplar ... | 88 | 15 | 4 | 7 | 550 | 90 | 80 | 154 19 1 |
| Cubitt Town ... | 16 | 8 | 3 | 3 | 60 | 36 | 30 | 18 2 9 |
| Hammersmith ... | 233 | 30 | 5 | 6 | 1200 | 375 | 400 | 225 7 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Hackney ... | 110 | 16 | 4 | 6 | 650 | 66 | 100 | 59 13 11 |
| Bethnal Green ... | 69 | 23 | 4 | 7 | 550 | ... | 50 | 53 9 2 |
| Shoreditch ... | 60 | 26 | 7 | 11 | 700 | 349 | 150 | 32 1 11 |
| Stoke Newington ... | 19 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 250 | ... | 60 | 41 16 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Tottenham ... | 18 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 60 | ... | 12 | 5 3 0 |
| Stratford ... | 25 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 170 | 60 | 60 | 18 19 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Canning Town ... | 52 | 13 | 4 | 8 | 350 | ... | 60 | 63 14 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Plaistow ... | 44 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 180 | 60 | 50 | 18 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Barking ... | 75 | 25 | 10 | 9 | 800 | 50 | 120 | 56 4 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| North Woolwich ... | 30 | 13 | 6 | 8 | 150 | ... | 50 | ... |
| Soho ... | 50 | 19 | 10 | 7 | 400 | ... | 52 | 53 5 11 |
| Croydon ... | 45 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 400 | 12 | 150 | ... |
| Bromley ... | 18 | 4 | 2 | 9 | 300 | 44 | 150 | 21 16 7 |
| Hastings ... | 116 | 22 | 10 | 9 | 490 | 128 | 320 | 224 7 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Ninfield ... | 38 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 150 | 18 | 36 | 38 18 0 |
| Rye ... | 12 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 120 | 22 | 40 | 10 6 7 |
| Wellingborough ... | 87 | 43 | 9 | 10 | 1250 | 296 | 100 | 189 6 5 |
| Kettering ... | 46 | 14 | 5 | 3 | 550 | ... | 70 | 132 8 10 |
| Portsmouth ... | 70 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 900 | 173 | 150 | 120 10 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Chatham ... | 105 | 24 | 10 | 11 | 1250 | 307 | 250 | 179 10 10 |
| Cardiff ... | 140 | 12 | 7 | 9 | 1200 | ... | 100 | ... |
| Stockton ... | 320 | 60 | 5 | 14 | 3500 | 1023 | 800 | 502 10 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Middlesbro' ... | 250 | 55 | 8 | 9 | 3500 | 600 | 900 | 341 0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Totals, 1876 ... | 2455 | 546 | 167 | 213 | 22800 | 4817 | 4676 | 2724 12 1 |
| „ 1875 ... | 1980 | 325 | 138 | 166 | 19540 | 3141 | 3549 | 2178 18 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Increases ... | 475 | 221 | 29 | 47 | 3260 | 1676 | 1127 | 545 13 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

N.B.—It will be observed that there is no return of the number of anxious inquirers from several stations, so that the total is far below the mark.

The want of financial returns from North Woolwich, Croydon, and Cardiff, and the incomplete returns from others, reduce the totals shown over £400.

Some portion of the amount received at Kettering, Hastings, Wellingborough, and Stockton, has been collected from friends outside the Mission.