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About Failures.

By G. S. RAILTON.

HOW many there are—alas, God only knows! If the truth were to be made visible in this world, how many beautiful buildings which every eye admires, and which are honoured now with the name of “church,” or “chapel,” “sanctuary,” “house of prayer,” or “house of God,” would have to be branded over their portals, their pulpits, and their seats, with the word *Failure!*

If professedly Christian minds were considerate, and professedly Christian hearts were tender, how terribly would the sense of failure impress those who must know that they are never successful from year's end to year's end in winning souls for Christ! When bankruptcy comes upon an honest man his life becomes almost an intolerable burden to him, and if a Christian life which fails to meet the demands of God's law, and Christian labour which fails to secure men's salvation, is not an intolerable burden to any one, it is simply because the individual is neither honest with God, nor with his neighbour, nor with his own conscience.

BUT WHAT IS A FAILURE?

There are many supposed Christians who never fail, and never can fail until they die, for they never attempt anything, and never intend anything in this world. They are for getting to heaven, and nothing more. In that they will certainly fail, and fail terribly, for God's Word says nothing of a crown for any except those who have borne the cross after Jesus.

There cannot be failure unless there is—

1. *A definite aim intelligently undertaken.* Diseases have been called incurable because the doctors knew nothing of their origin or nature, and consequently could apply no remedy. But once the seat of the malady has been discovered, and the mode in which it saps life understood, the physician can estimate the force which he has to resist, and can resolve upon some mode of treatment.

Those who wander about the world wishing, hoping, aspiring, “to do good,” but never understanding the awful disease with which the

whole race has been infected, nor the mode in which alone a sin-sick soul can be made whole, never fail—of course not.

But once a man has made up his mind to aim at some one object, it becomes possible for him to fail. Let no one pronounce his endeavour a failure, however, until—

2. *The aim has been permanently and irremediably missed.* We know a poor woman that was praying and labouring for many years for the conversion of her drunken, ruffianly husband. Her prayers seemed to fail time after time, and so did all her loving words and actions, but at length the devil was driven away, the prey was rescued, and now husband and wife together rejoice in the grand success which once seemed so impossible.

But we also knew a man who preached and prayed for many years for the benefit of a certain congregation. He is dead and gone, and nobody can say that they ever knew a single soul brought to Christ by his instrumentality. Let us not be prevented by any absurd notion of pretended charity from saying that that man's labours were an utter failure.

Alas, alas! how these failures abound! How hell must have rung again and again with fiendish cheers as one after another, and thousand after thousand, of the poor auditors of such ministry have sunk in the waves of eternal burning!

HERE ARE SOME FAILURES.

A God-fearing morality has always failed utterly to satisfy either God or man.

One of the first of the race of sturdy, honest farmers of the "John Bull" type was a conspicuous instance of this kind of failure. His morality was faultless, and he endeavoured to "do his best," not only towards man, but towards God; but in the terrible hour when he felt, for the first time, that his life and his offerings were not acceptable to God, his morality broke down with a terrible crash; and the blood of Abel cries from the earth for ever that morality fails.

The worship of any god but the One fails. The Lord's people at one time feeling that their own God did not do all they wished Him to do for them (because they had neglected and disobeyed Him), turned to other gods, and tried whether they would bless them. They wearied themselves with pilgrimages, and sacrifices, and prayers; but it was all of no avail, for their gods were only idols, and their services were only freaks of folly.

But, strange to say, the vast majority of the Lord's people still run after strange gods. The altars of taste, and fashion, and wealth, are in the very temples of the worship of the one true God. Idolatry is rampant amongst us, and not less ridiculous are the modern idolators than their earliest forerunners. Wearied, and sickened, and killed, with their devotions to false gods, the professed people of God lose incessantly and gain never by their sinful wanderings.

Mere formal service of God fails as utterly to secure any benefit to the worshippers.

When it was the fashion to pray at street corners, wear outward signs of devotion, and give tithes of mint, rue, anise, and cumin, Pharisees went down to their houses unjustified, and went down to hell uncleansed; and now that times are changed, and fashion demands that the giving shall be done in guineas, and the praying performed quietly amid cushions, and that everything in dress that could be supposed to indicate regard for God shall be utterly put away—the result of formal service is just the same. The "worshippers" fail utterly to win God's favour, and they go from the devil's parlours on earth to the devil's dungeons in hell for ever.

Half-hearted service to God fails.

The Samaritans tried it, because, in their ignorance, they feared fetishes as well as God. The heavenly bodies and the idols of wood and stone, which their foolish terrors made gods of, could not hear their cry, and God summed up their religion in the awful words, "Ye worship ye know not what."

The languid Christians of the nineteenth century, undecided whether to fear God or man most, try to please both, and fail as terribly and utterly as the Samaritans did before them—for God only cares for the love and service of those who know Him and who understand that His favour is better than life, and who consequently court His smile and fear no frown but His. Oh, my brethren, let us beware of the leaven of Herod, as well as of the leaven of the Pharisees! The mean Jews, who were ready to pander to the tastes and wishes of the Roman king, while trying to preserve their relationship to the God of Israel, passed away from a degraded life of bespangled slavery to an eternal death of fire and brimstone; and if we save ourselves from the reproach of men by relinquishing our colours, and ceasing to be "a peculiar people," we shall fail to gain anything but dishonour amongst men, and we shall fail to gain the crown, which only cross-bearers win.

Mere formal labours for the salvation of souls invariably fail.

Millions of children are taught every Sunday in the schools, millions of tracts are distributed every year, and thousands of open-air services are held every "season," from which no result can be shown even to please men. "Oh, but," people say, "how dare you declare any effort fruitless? How do you know that the bread cast upon the waters shall not be found after many days?"

Unfortunately for the objection, there has been so much "bread," as it is indiscriminately called, cast upon the waters for many years past, that by this time the water would have been invisible altogether if the "bread" had been such material as would be found again.

Spaniards fire at one another for hours, and after the battle no one is found dead or wounded. "Who knows whether some of the bullets have not wounded, or even killed, some who have been carried off the field?"—it might be objected. Certainly, the wounded might

escape from the field, but then they would be heard of very soon, and the ranks would grow thinner and thinner. If Christian labour for the salvation of souls does not result in conversion, that labour is a failure. If the wounded under the Word are really permanently affected, they must come to the light ere long; the ranks of the enemy must grow weaker, and the efforts of the true and righteous must become easier. If this be not the case, let us not deceive ourselves with silly, flimsy platitudes. Labours which do not result in success in the course of weeks, and months, and years, are failures.

WHY CHRISTIANS FAIL.

The power of God never fails, for He creates and destroys at pleasure. The love of God never fails, for centuries of rebellion and abominable wickednesses leave it unbounded still. The blood of Christ never fails, for the fountain still cleanses every stain of every believing soul. The Gospel of Christ never fails, for it is still the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth. The power of God, the love of God, the blood of Christ, the gospel of Christ—all are ours through faith!—and yet we fail. Why? Through unbelief, and unbelief is the damning sin.

Away with every cursed refuge of lies—every excuse that would cover the retreat of the beaten armies, who, while professing to fight for God, leave his foes unscathed and jubilant.

The churches, the societies, the organizations, the agencies, the efforts, the labours, the professing Christians of our day, through the vast majority of their number, and amongst the loftiest, and loudest, and most honourable of their ranks—THEY ARE FAILURES—great, patent, staring, horrible failures—over which devils laugh, and men smile, and God and angels weep. They are failures because sin and lies and treachery are mixed with love and truth and honourable service continually among them. And because they are failures, sin is rampant, and souls are being befouled and damned, and God is cursed and set at nought.

For the sake of God and souls, for the sake of purity and truth, for the sake of the blood that was shed for us, and the love that guards us, for the love of the light that has gladdened us, and, the heaven that awaits us—let us be “men of God.”

MEN OF GOD NEVER FAIL.

They never did—they never can, for God is with them. When flesh and heart fail them, God is the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever. When all the elements fail, and heaven and earth are gone, these men, every one, shall appear triumphant before God in Zion. Let us make part of that glorious company! God help us! Amen.

The Revival in Scotland.



AMID the stirring events of a stirring time, perhaps none is more likely to influence widely and permanently the history of our country than the great religious movement now proceeding in Scotland.

The commencement of the revival in Edinburgh is, perhaps, not the least remarkable circumstance connected with it.

A convention of ministers of all denominations having been called together, and an account of the good work then going on in Newcastle having been laid before them, it was agreed that a deputation should be sent to that town to see the services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and to report upon them. The report of the two ministers having been made to an adjourned meeting, an invitation was sent to the two American brethren to come and hold similar meetings in the Scotch capital.

Thus we have the ministers of all religious denominations deliberately setting aside all their differences, and giving themselves up to seek the Lord together. Upon such a scene angels might well look down with joyous confidence. Oh, that the spirit of earnest devotion to the Master might spread abroad amongst the Lord's people throughout the length and breadth of our land!

No wonder the prayer-meetings were crowned with the blessing from on high. No wonder the multitudes thronged to hear the Word. The people of God had made up their minds that Edinburgh should be shaken, and that souls should be saved. They were willing to accept a strange instrumentality, and strange measures—anything, so that the work of God should be done.

When, after weeks of united prayer, Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived, all were prepared to meet them with open arms, and to co-operate with them to the uttermost. Of these men of God, whose work will testify for them far more than any one could say, it is, perhaps, enough to remark that, coming to this country with matured convictions of truth and well-tried plans of labour, they have turned neither to the right nor the left, but have worked on together without regard to the opinions or wishes of any man, winning the love and co-operation of all whose fellowship was of value, by their earnest and successful efforts.

Mr. Moody speaks with the voice of authority to ministers, converted and unconverted people, alike, with a cheerfulness of deportment and an ease of manner such as to disarm opposition of any kind. Mr. Sankey sings as one who knows how Christians ought to sing, and to say that he has revolutionised Scottish ideas on this subject is to notice only the most superficial result of his work.

The services held have been of two kinds, chiefly: 1. Preaching services, interspersed with Mr. Sankey's songs. 2. Prayer-meetings, in which addresses, of a few minutes each, have been given by any one who wished to speak.

Both in Edinburgh and Glasgow the services have been thronged by persons belonging to all classes of society. On one occasion 150 carriages were observed outside the City Hall, Glasgow; while amongst the crowded audience within were hundreds of the poorest and most degraded, gathered from the streets. Indeed, so great has been the desire of all classes of the people to hear, that, but for special arrangements made for admission by tickets only, the vast majority of the population must have been excluded altogether from a sight of the two favoured disciples, after whom "the whole city went forth." Young men, young women, costermongers, soldiers, sailors; every class were gathered separately, and thus, day after day, and night after night, the Gospel was preached to fresh congregations, until, it is thought, there was scarcely a house in either Edinburgh or Glasgow where some one had not been born again, as a result of the services.

To the united prayer-meetings, held every day at noon, thousands came—in Glasgow five thousand daily. Opportunity was given for addresses of five minutes each, and as these were as frequently accounts of good done in connection with the preaching services as exhortations, the liveliness, variety, and joyfulness of these prayer-meetings, made them delightful to old and young alike.

The sermonic prayers of half an hour's duration—one of which was once described in a newspaper as "one of the most eloquent ever addressed to a New York audience"—passed away under the genial influence; and the short, earnest petitions which awakened hearts sent up brought down speedy answers to the worshippers. Meetings for anxious souls were held in connection with these prayer-meetings, as well as after the preaching services, and amidst the many thousands who inquired their way Zionward, there were found very many who, although instructed from their youth up in the truths of the Gospel, had never realized the reality of Christianity till they saw it reflected in the loving, earnest petitions now, for the first time in their hearing, sent up to the Divine throne.

The calm city of palaces, with its university, and its respectability, has been aroused by the power of God. The northern metropolis of trade, with its busy thousands, and its low, filthy dens of vice, has been filled with the fame of Jesus. What has been done in Edinburgh and in Glasgow can be done in London! Christians of London, when is it to be? Must we send for Messrs. Moody and Sankey? A greater than they is here. We must be *willing* in the day of God's power—that is all. The day of power, it is "to-day." The willingness, oh, where is it? May God give it us!

The Unconquered.



WE were looking with earnest expectation towards Bilbao (Spain) the other day, for, after the battles near it, we thought surely at length the horrid civil war, which is sapping the life of Spain away, was drawing to a close. Upon the capture of Bilbao, as we supposed, depended the existence of Carlism, and when the news of the abandonment of the strongest positions of the besiegers reached us, we were almost inclined to praise God at once for the restoration of peace; but no sooner were we informed of the triumphal entry of the victorious armies into the distressed city, than Carlist telegrams declared that the abandonment of the siege was altogether an insignificant occurrence; and now we are told of fresh encampments elsewhere and of more bloodshed to come.

Oh, what a lesson for us whose warfare is not against but for our fellow-men! When men and devils say to us "Begone, you weaklings, ye are beaten;" when our patience is tried and our struggles seem to be contemptible against the apparently overwhelming forces arrayed against us, instead of hanging down our heads and giving up in despair, let us simply alter our position and betake ourselves with redoubled energy to the conflict. We fight no doubtful warfare—

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We are marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

Let us not merely have brave talk or brave singing, but brave living. The inhabitants of Bilbao, living upon horseflesh, with their city burning and falling into ruins under the shells of their besiegers, endured to the end, and were saved. A few days more and human endurance must have been exhausted, but they believed in the forces at work for their relief, and at length deliverance came.

However hardly bestead we may seem to be, however the fiery darts of the evil one may rain in upon us, and however weak we may feel ourselves to be, let us endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Away beyond the hills of difficulty, Jesus is waiting. He is our King. He will save us. Let us "wait for Him."

"Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near:
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
'Hold the fort, for I am coming,'
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven—
'By Thy grace, we will.'"

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

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. How marvellously he can qualify and use the most unfit and unlikely instrumentalities, according to our notions of fitness, for the accomplishment of His saving purposes among men! The object of this sketch, although universally regarded during the early part of his life, at least, as more than half an idiot, and really never able to master the methods of the most ordinary kind of labour, yet was he made by the Great Head of the Church the means of leading hundreds of souls to Christ and quickening the faith and energies of numerous religious societies.

When we look at the man as described by those who knew him—indeed, as sketched by his own hand—it seems almost incomprehensible that he could have understood the first principles of the Gospel, much less proclaimed that Gospel with great clearness and power. Nevertheless, it was so; presenting to us another ungainly proof that the excellency of power is of God, and not of man.

Let us look at him. He is a short, thick-set man, appearing the shorter because so thick, with loose garments flapping about him. He shuffles along rather than walks, and, whether sitting or moving, he seems always to be rolling about. If you face him it is difficult to tell with which eye he is looking at you. One has a most comical twist, or squint, which seems to add a curious force and interest to all he says. Indeed, take him altogether, he is, both in mind and body, one of the strangest combinations of strength and weakness, wisdom and folly, that the world has ever seen. Out of his own county he was spoken of as the Cornish Fool; near home he was known as Foolish Dick, or the Foolish Preacher; but by those who knew him more intimately he was called, familiarly and affectionately, Uncle Richard.

He was the child of very poor, working people, and thus himself describes

HIS INFANCY AND EDUCATION.

"I was born on Thursday, April the 4th, in the year 1782, on Nanecuke Down, in the parish of Luggan (Illogan) and county of Cornwall. When I cum into this world I was a braave, healthy cheeld, and promised to do well, havin'

no waikness that cud de seen at aall. But I had not ben in thes vaale of teears, I had'n, more than seven weeks 'fore it pleased God to afflict me. I was took weth fets, which kept on 'pon me ever so long. Many times faather an' muther thoft that the vittal spaark was quinched, but as they watched by my craadle I shud cum to myself agen. So I kept alive tell the desmal fits left me. But they ded'n go without laivin' thear maarks. My sight was turned, my faace and lembs twested, and every paart of me, inside an' out, in such a shaape (confusion) that, as I grawed and went about, they that ded'n knaw me, said, 'That there boay es half a fool, or more than that, he es.' And 'twor all the wus for me, becaase I cud git nothin' but poor things to weear, awnly a few rags; an' in wenter it was busy all (all was needed) to keep me from shevverin'. They looked at me as fet for nothin', and thoft that I shud haave to drag along thro' life an idyat (idiot) like, tell God was pleased to taake me out of ut. My mind was like a thing shuck to rags, an' to this day I caan't recollect nothin' in my life 'fore I was ight (eight) 'eers owld.

"My paarents then sent me to a raiding school, kept by a poor owld man caaled Stephen Martin. My schoolin' cost three a'pence a-week. I was kept there for seven months, and so my edication was wuth no less than three shellin' and sexpence—there's for 'ee! When my edication was fenished, as they do say, I was tuk hum, seven months larning bein' all that my poor paarents cud afford for me.

"But I shall have to bless God to aall eternaty for that edication. At that dear old man's school I larnt to raid a book they caaled a Psalter; an', havin' larnt so fur, when I got hum I gove myself to raidin', and kept on keepin' on tell I cud raid a chaapter in the Testament or Bible. Aw, my dear! what a blessin' thes heere larning a' ben to the poor idyat!"

The spirit of God seems to have early striven with him, and he speaks of spending hours in the dead of the night in gazing on the moon and stars, and wondering about Him who made them, and thus describes the feeling that first led him to pray:—

"I rec'lect waunce, when about nine 'eers owld, waun hevvening, there was another boay weth me, and he wore lycin' down 'pon the common, glaazing

(gazing) up at the sky, when he towld me that the whoal world an aall 'round un wud waun day catch fire and burn away. I got frightened, and run hum and towld faather, an' he told me that 'the earth and all the works therin' shud be burnt up. This went thro' me, and was the fust feelin' that drawve me to pray."

But life went roughly with him. For the most trifling remuneration he went to work at the "stamps," that is, the ponderous hammer with which the tin ore is crushed, in order to separate the metal; and here, only half clad, with bare and bleeding feet, he toiled amidst a heartless gang of ruffians, whose chief amusement seems to have been in tormenting, in every imaginable manner, the poor lad, their fiendish hatred being specially aroused by his refusing to swear. Hear him—

"Sometimes they wud git 'round me in a ring, and tell me that ef I wud swear they wud lev me aloane, and not taize me never no more. Then they wud tie my hands behind my back, an' put a hank'shuff ovver my eyes, an' caal me haaf-saaved, and foach (push) agin me, an' then they wud say that ef I wud but swear they wud lev me go. But I wud'n. I was all'ays kept from that sin. I never, in aall my life, swear an oath, an' I remember that, ef any body caaled at my faather's, I used to ax, arter he was gone, whether he wore a sweeater. Sweearing all'ays ded simme (seem to me) an awful sin, an' I'm afeer'd o' my life to this day to hear God's naame took in vain."

He seems to have been utterly incapable of learning how to do any kind of work but the simplest forms of labour, either before or after his conversion. Take the following illustrations:—

A WHOLE DAY'S WORK FOR A WHOLE DAY'S WAGES.

"One of his masters conceived that he might be capable of orderly thought in manual labour, so far, at least, as to distribute manure properly over the surface of a field. He was put to work in the morning, and fairly instructed how to wheel out the manure from the heap in the corner of the field, and drop the several barrowsful in smaller heaps at certain distances, so that when the whole was thus laid out, the manure might be scattered from the smaller heaps over the entire space. Dick was left to his work. But in the evening,

the manure was found still in a large heap in the corner, as it had been in the morning.

"'Why, Dick,' said the master, 'you have done nothing all the day.'

"'Iss I have, maaster,' was the prompt reply, with a look of mingled humour and self-content; 'iss I have; I ded aall you towld me, and feneshed by denner-time; but I thoft it wudu' do to taake a whoal day's wages for a haaf-day's wurk, so, arter denner, I wheeled ut all back agen!'"

WEEDING WITH A VENGEANCE.

"He had been put to weeding work in the garden, too, and particularly shown how to distinguish the young leeks, or onions, or radishes, from the weeds. The result was the dismay of the employer, when Dick, with a kind of triumphant light in his squinting eye, pointed to the entirely tenantless beds, emptied alike of weeds and crops, and said, 'Theree now, I've done un butaful, and weeded un claim!' Dick proved, however, now and then, that he was not without thought, tact, and skill, or faithfulness either, in certain lines of business action."

And yet the soul of this half-witted man became the dwelling-place of God, who Himself condescended to be his teacher, and, passing by the earthly and sensual, He taught him wondrously in divine things.

No matter how dull a scholar whom He Takes into His school and gives him to see, A wonderful manner of teaching He hath, And wise to salvation He makes taem through faith.

But let us hear how he found the Lord. He had got away from the stamps and had obtained work with a farmer—

"From the stampses I went to wurk weth Maaster John Philips, a farmer in our parish, an' he gove me fust ninepence and then levenpence a day. Maaster an' missis wore very kind; they had larnt to govern by love. I had a shilter now from the boays at the stampses, and had a bit of time, to an' agen, for good thoits (thoughts) and prayer, an' I felt that I was gitting aall the better. Ef the fields and copses, an' the downses, an' the furzy braakes, the caves, the cleffs, an' sandy banks, could spake, they cud tell many of my poor prayers. I had kept up my seeryus thoits aall thro' my troubles at the stampses, and was 'termined to sarve the Lord. So I joined

in the class mittin', and kept on for two or three months, till I thoft how that I was so defferent to other peole that my class maates cud'n like me, and cud'n look 'pon me as waun of 'em, like. Thes thoft brock me down, and I gove up the mittin'. But now I was under Maaster Phillips I got comfor'ble. 'Twas good to pray now, et was, an' my sawl clinged to God an' Hes people. I gove 'em my heart an' hand to live and to die weth 'em."

"About this time my laider was very earnest with me to gev myself no rest till I knawed that God loved me sure 'nough. I 'tended to hes advice, and gove myself to moare prayer than ever. At waun class-mittin' that was in May, 1804, everybody in the mittin' felt uncommon power of the Sperrit. I was 'tarmined nevver, nevver to gev up till I knawed for sartin that I had the love of God in my sawl. I was goin' the day arter and many moare, not awnly prayin' to an agen, but with a soart of continued prayer. Waun afternoon I got out into a pit on the downs, and there I wrastled mightily weth the Lord. My sawl was in an agony; I ded wrastle! For an hour and a haalf I kept at ut; and at laast the kingdom of hevven was revealed to my belaiivin' heart. Aall my feears waalked off clain; my sawl was aall fresh an' noo, I was happy sure 'nough. Jesus was so butaful to me, I was full ov love to He an' every waun. I was bowld to sing—

"Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is love."

"Nevver ded a thusty man long for cleear spring waater moare than I ded now for the next class-mittin'. My sawl wanted to powr foath the rapshur I felt; an' when the time ded come, aw, my cup was full and runnin' ovver! Aw, how I cud spaik of Hes love! I tould 'em aall, I ded, without fear, what God had done for me—iss, for poor me, that they do caal 'haaf-saaved Dick.' 'Tes no haaf-saaved Dick now! The Lord gove me not a haaf but a whoal salvaashun—'tes salvaashun to the uttermoast, et 'tes!"

If he prayed before, he now prayed more frequently—prayed without ceasing. He thus describes his

CLOSET FOR PRIVATE PRAYER.

"At the time I was convarted noane

of my brothers was reledjus, an' I eud'n go into my closet in my awn hum and shut the door. But I found a plaace. I went out 'pon the downs, and digged out a caave in the side of a smaal hill like, and there I eud git in out of the world weth my Bible and Hemn book, and wait 'pon God in paice and quiet. Iss, there I used to go, and in dead of wenter I wud take a shovel, (shovel) and showl away the snaw from the mouth of my little caave, to git into my deear retraif. There I have had sweet uneyon an' communeyon weth my Hevvenly Father, and there I have renude my strength for the way, and got pow'r an' grace to do my wurk an' to suffer my Saviour's will."

He afterwards, to the surprise of all his brethren, who, he says, looked upon him as the last one to look to to be useful in any way, prayed publicly, and that with such power that those around him felt sure God had a work for him to do, and appointed him to engage in prayer-meetings at different places. But of all the ways in which God has thrust out men to preach the Gospel, perhaps that used in his case will appear the most remarkable. He shall tell it himself—

"I was thirty 'eers of aage, when aall at waunce, in a way that I ded'n ever look for, I was fo'ced out to caal sinners to repentance; an' I was soon foath in the highways and hedges, in the feelds and straits, baarns an' market-plaaces, by the way-side, in chaapels, an' anywhere that I eud git people to hear the noos of salvaashun.

"Now, the way I was fust drawve out es like thes heere. My cap'n sent me weth a letter to Redruth poast-offis; the letter had a bill in un wuth a hunderd poun's. Cap'n towld me to be sure I gove un in aall saafe, an' then to car' a noate to Maaster Joseph Andrew. I ded so, but while I was stannin' at hes door tell I had hes aanswer, a young wumman, as she was washin' the wenders (windows) glazed at me, an' says she, 'That there young man can look *ninety-nine* ways at waunce.' Says I to she, 'What man, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the *ninety and nine* in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? and when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, rejoice

with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over *ninety and nine* just persons that need no repentance."

"Some boays stannin' near, got in 'round me, an' at laast a mob gethered, and they foached (pushed) me down the strait. In the por (bustle) I lost my hat; tell gittin' cloase to a mait-stannin' (shambles), to saave myself from bein' stanked (trampled) under fut, I got up and set down 'pon the stannin'; an' then, aw, I felt my sawl all a-fire weth love for everybody there, and sprengin'

to my feet, I begun to ex'ort, and then took to pray. Soon as I spok they wore aall quiet; norra waun had a word to say, an' they looked seeryus, an' at laast tears begun to run: aw, what a plaace et was—'twas 'the house of God' sure 'nough. My sawl was so happy! everybody wud cum foath simmin to shaw how kind they cud be. They got my hat for me agen, and some of 'em wud gev me money ef I wud taake it; but no, 'twas'n silver or gould that I looked for. I was happy, and full of love, and in that staate I went back hum."

(To be continued.)

Bees Without Stings.

(A SWARM WORTH HIVING.)

B watchful, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to those who are not so to you.
B patient, B zealous, B for sin ever sad,
B studious, B cheerful, B for grace ever glad.
B serious, B active, B just, and B kind,
B holy in heart, and B heavenly in mind.
B children in malice, in wisdom B men,
B sure that you keep the commandments all ten.
B willing to learn, B content to bear wrong,
B weak in yourselves, in Jehovah B strong.
B not cross or conceited, B humble and meek,
B not apt your own profit or glory to seek.
B frugal, B bountiful, open, sincere,
B of good courage, B rev'rent with fear.
B gentle, B firm, B not given to strife,
B a follower of Jesus in heart and in life.
B temperate in all things, B selfish in naught,
B not carnal, B led by the Spirit and taught.
B devout in your duties, your words, and your ways,
B earnest in pray'r, B frequent in praise.
B faithful, B hopeful, B loving, B pure,
B in union with Christ, you will then B secure.

An Atheist Nonplussed.



ARIS was at one time as much noted for its atheism as for its gaiety.

A certain person, alike celebrated for his eloquence and for his scoffings at everything pertaining to religion, was, upon one occasion, announced to deliver a discourse in defence of his opinions. His name, as well as the interest manifested in the subject, brought together a vast concourse of people.

The speaker entered upon his subject with his usual eloquence and energy. In the course of his remarks he exclaimed: "We are told by the clergy and canting hypocrites that all infidels are harassed by fears of an approaching future. Sirs, I stand here before you to-night a witness to the falsity of the assertion; for even I, although a leader among those who espouse infidel doctrines, can proudly exclaim, I fear no evil."

At this point, a little boy, sitting in one of the front seats, said, in a voice tiny and timid, yet so distinct as to be heard throughout the vast edifice, "But, sir, you have never yet entered the valley of death."

The effect produced was electric. The flowery orator, nonplussed, was hissed in disgrace from the platform; and the little defender of God's Word was borne triumphantly from the building upon the shoulders of the enthusiastic populace.

"A SWARM OF FLIES."

FLY from self, and fly from sin,
Fly the world's tumultuous din:
Fly its pleasures, fly its cares,
Fly its friendship, fly its snares;
Fly the sinner's hast'ning doom,
Fly and 'scape the wrath to come.
Fly to Jesus—He's the road—
Fly through Him alone to God,
Fly to mercy's gracious seat,
Fly, tis sorrow's last retreat;
Fly to Christ, in deepest grief,
Fly, and you shall find relief.
Fly, and let your wings be love—
Fly, and stretch your flight above;
Fly while life and grace are given,
Fly from hell, and fly to HEAVEN.

"THAT'S ME."

A POOR Hottentot, in Southern Africa, lived with a good Dutchman, who kept up family prayer daily. One day he read, "Two men went up into the Temple to pray." The poor savage,

whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered, "Now I'll learn how to pray." The Dutchman read on, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." "No, I am not, but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot. Again the Dutchman read, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." "I don't do that. I don't pray in that manner. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage. The good man read on until he came to the publican, "standing afar off." "That's where I am," said the Hottentot. "Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven," read the other. "That's me," cried his hearer. "But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" "That's me; that's my prayer!" cried the poor creature, and, smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

WHAT IS THE CHRISTIAN MISSION?

A DIALOGUE.

"OH! what a noisy lot they are!
I cannot make these people out,
They're here, and there, and everywhere,
And no one knows what they're about;
Pray kindly tell me, if you can,
What is this 'Christian Mission clan?'"

"Well, then, so far as I can see,
They are a people, bold and brave;
They tell of deeds on Calvary,
Of Him who died the world to save;
And, as they feel His love's constraint,
They pray and work, and never faint."

"Admitting that, do you not think
They make, by far, too great a fuss?
I see no link within a link,
Yet, how they shout 'He loved us'!
And that they do with all their might,
Till nine or ten, or twelve, at night."

"'Tis true, my friend; and this they do,
Because they wish poor souls to save;
And with the Crucified in view,
And death as hungry as the grave,
They cry, 'Behold! behold! the blood;
Repent, be reconcil'd to God!'"

"All that I well can understand—
But such confusion drives me mad;
They seem a most determined band,
Without a moment to be sad;
They sing, they pray, they praise, they shout,
And are as flames that won't go out."

"And so it is; and, if you knew
And felt the power of saving grace,
The thing would not be strange to you,
Nor altogether out of place;
A thorough change of heart supplies
The key to all these mysteries."

"But, then, the Spirit softly moves
On those Jehovah means to save;
He woos and wins the souls He loves,
And gently brings them to the grave;
And soothes and comforts all His saints,
And kindly hushes their complaints."

"Yes, thank His name! the God of grace
Employs the tender when He may;
But some will dare Him to His face,
And spurn Him till their hairs are grey;
Such hearts of stone, if they are broke,
Need hammer-blows and stroke on stroke."

"And, that is why they are on fire,
Why they display such earnestness—
And yet, permit me to inquire,
Why they appear in such distress?
They seem as in an agony,
And that is what so puzzles me."

"My friend, when Jesus set them free,
He said to them, Go forth, and tell
The glorious tale of Calvary,
The love that is unspeakable;
And, as they feel the flame to rise,
The fire in all directions flies."

"A mighty motive to be sure:—
That is just as it ought to be!
A love so mighty, deep, and pure,
Is all commanding—now I see
The reason for this much-a-do,
And tender many thanks to you."

"But, stay, my friend, have you received
The Gospel of the grace of God?
Have you in Jesus Christ believed,
And found salvation through His blood?"

And do you now your soul resign
To Him, and answer His design?"

"That is a question, to be sure;
I'll think it o'er, and let you know;
I never felt its claims before;
And on me they appear to grow;
I must be saved or lost, I see,
And that to all eternity."

"Yes, friend, you *must*, and, let me say,
The Saviour waits to save and bless;
He is the life, the truth, the way—
Your life, your peace, your righteousness—
Your 'alpha and omega,' too,
And should be 'all-in-all' to you."

"That's how you turn around on me!
I made no bargain such as this;
Yet, after all, I plainly see,
Your plan is not so much amiss;
I like to look before I leap,
And then my purpose firm I keep."

"To count the cost, and weigh the whole,
To act on thoughts that are mature,
Becomes the man who has a soul,
And would its happiness secure:
But, think upon its endless fate,
And do not put it off too late."

"But, God is merciful and kind,
He hears the mourner's latest cry;
And, like the thief, I, too, may find
Salvation just before I die;
That being so, I'll do my best,
And leave to Jesus all the rest."

"But, but, my friend, do you not know
That sin deceives and hardens too?
Nothing is certain here below,
And sudden death may hap to you;
And, if unpardon'd when you die,
'As the tree falls, so it must lie.'"

"That, that *is* serious, after all!
I must be ready, that I must;
Must turn my pale face to the wall,
And in the only Saviour trust;
And with His help, I will embrace
His free, His full, His utmost grace."

"And if you do, then we *will* shout,
Shout Hallelujah, praise the Lord;
And, I have not the slightest doubt,
To keep *you* quiet will be hard;
For, you will praise, and praise again,
And shout with all your might and
main."

H. N.

Southsea.

COME TO JESUS.

BELOVED,—It hath pleased our gracious God to call some of His sinful creatures out of darkness into His marvellous light. We feel He has in His love adopted *us* into His family—made us His children—set us apart for Himself, and made us His heirs—joint heirs with Christ. We know not why He has thus shown us His kindness and tender mercy; we feel it such a precious act of His love that we intend to praise Him for it for ever. We were once blind, and cared not about our souls or eternal realities any more than many others do now; but the Lord spake to us by His word, and His ministering servants said, "Come"; by His grace we obeyed the invitation: and weary, and worn, and sad, because of sin, ourselves, and the world, we found in Jesus a resting-place, and He has made us glad. The bliss we enjoy, and the consolations we have in our once-desolate spirits, set us longing for you, beloved, to share the satisfaction and sweetness we feel in having laid our souls at the foot of the cross, and having the blood-mark on the lintel and door-posts of our hearts, and being thereby washed and made clean from the foul stain of sin. Our poor hearts (poor enough in themselves, but now made rich in Christ) greatly desire that you may have the like favour and glory.

We are so glad we are converted to God, that we want you to have this joy and gladness, too; we cannot give it you

ourselves, or it would delight us to do so. We can only pray for you, and invite you to come and get the blessing at the Cross, where we found it. In speaking of ourselves, we say, in the words of the poet—

"Ah! why did I so late Thee know,
Thee—lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain;
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to Thee did turn."

A good man (who had been a very bad character) said, "I wish the Lord had converted me when I was young." No one ever yet was sorry that Christ had washed his sins away; but how many millions have been in sore distress because they had refused to submit to His sway!

Beloved, do not keep away from Christ; come and yield your all unto Him—your will, your thoughts, your feelings, your words, and ways; He will be sure to receive and save you, and then you will be as glad, and thankful, and happy, as we are. May God help and bless you! Amen!

S.

"THAT ONE VERSE."—An old negro in the West Indies was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way from the missionary's house, and yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work, and he made such little progress, that the missionary got tired, and told him one day that he had better give it up. "No, massa," said he, with great earnestness, "me nebbber give it up till me die." And pointing with his finger to the beautiful words which he had just spelled out in John iii. 16—"God so loved the world," etc., he said, with tears in his eyes: "It's worth all de trouble, massa, to read dat one verse!"

If men would but hate themselves as they do their neighbours, it would be a good step towards loving their neighbours as they do themselves.—*M. Laurin.*

It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—*C. D. Warner.*

For each one of us no business can be of more pressing moment, of more importance, than the discovery of our besetting sin.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month



AS been one of marked improvement in almost every station. Although there may not be many events of great importance to remark, the re-awakening of zeal, the restoration of courage, and the resumption of labour, on the part of the disheartened, present a spectacle most cheering and satisfactory. There are those to whom Christian work, at the first full of interest and excitement, becomes commonplace and unsensational after awhile. These dear brethren in labour are dreadfully afraid of exaggeration or exuberance of spirits. With us it is not, and cannot be, so. The insults and resistance of our last open-air service are fresh upon our hearts. The shouts of the redeemed are ringing in our ears, and the joy of the new-born brightens still our eyes. We only fear lest our being so much accustomed to the scenes of warfare should cause us to withhold many descriptions that would interest and profit our readers at a distance.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON AT WHITECHAPEL.

On the 19th May the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon very kindly delivered his celebrated lecture, "Sermons on Candles," at Whitechapel, in aid of the New Roof Fund. For nearly two hours he charmed and enlightened his audience with the flow of humorous, yet forceful descriptions of character, and left us better and happier for his visit.

The new station at Penge will, we trust, continue to be the scene of mighty works of grace, such as have accompanied its commencement.

Who can read the report from Portsmouth, or indeed any of those which follow, without feeling constrained to shout aloud for joy?

Portsmouth.



RAISE ye the Lord! Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord! Do the Lord's people ask for reasons for this special call for praise? Many can be given. Our heavenly Father has been very gracious to us during the past month, making it the happiest and most prosperous one I have been privileged to spend in this town. I have been permitted to see more precious souls weeping at the Saviour's feet than in any previous month; and, what is cause for further rejoicing,

most of these were formerly the most hardened sinners in the place. The list includes soldiers, sailors, drunkards, blasphemers, bad mothers, and many who, by their wicked habits, have sent loving parents sorrowing to the grave. In fact, nearly half the sailors and soldiers with whom I speak at the mourners' bench are prodigals. We have had some weeping aloud and crying in anguish for mercy, while others have at the same time, in their new-born joy, been praising God for their deliverance. What beautiful music this is to angels above and to saints below!

Another cause for praise is that, notwithstanding bitter opposition in the open air, the young converts have returned blessing for cursing, and prayers for blows. The enemy has spit in their faces, run at them with their mouths open, like wild beasts, and been only prevented by force from biting them. One of them seized a brother's hymn-book, and shook it like a terrier dog would a rat, leaving the impress of his teeth through sixteen leaves and the cover. They have also tried to drown our voices with old tea-trays—but all to no purpose. We are not fair-weather Christians; we were taken from the quarry, and are not easily frightened; and, with our blessed Captain with us, we have proved more than a match for Satan and his dupes. The policemen having sided with the rebels, we have had to resort to itinerant preaching with a vengeance, such as singing through the main thoroughfares, and quoting Scripture texts as we moved on. Christ must and shall be preached. Heaven help us to stand firm!

Christians, help us to praise the Lord.

PRaise HIM FOR HIS MIGHTY ACTS.

We cite a few cases below, taken from a long list, which, if space would permit, we would readily give. We give the few, earnestly praying that, under God, the reading of them may be blessed to those who truly love and daily pray for the Christian Mission as they have been blessed to us, who have seen with our eyes what we publish to others.

Among those led to Jesus, one night, was

A TREMBLING OLD PENSIONER,

shaking from head to foot, as though he had a terrible palsy. "Ah, sir," said he, "it's my own fault—all my own, sir; I have been such a rum-drinker: awful, sir!" Then, looking up, he said, "O God, if Thou canst save such an old sinner, do, do, for Christ's sake, save me!" But, of course, Satan told him he was too bad, and the old man began to doubt whether God would, after all, save him. At last, casting his burdened soul on Jesus, he entered into liberty, and has since rejoiced with unspeakable joy. His tale, briefly told, runs thus. I am sixty-eight years old; was twenty-eight years at sea, but for many years I was a great rum-drinker. Whole days have been spent with old shipmates, both abroad and at home, striving which could drink the largest quantity of that dreadful spirit. What a mercy I'm not in hell with other rum-drinkers! And then he wound up a long yarn with praising God for the Christian Mission; "for," said he, "they were the only people who told me I should go to hell if I did not repent." "Praise ye the Lord!"

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Some short time since a man was brought to God at our Buckland Hall. At the time, it appears, he had a companion, to whom he was much attached, but who was away at sea; but believing, however, that God, who had just answered his cry for mercy, would hear him on behalf of his friend, he at once commenced pleading with God to convince him of sin and bring him to Jesus, as He had so graciously done in his own case. At that very time his friend was walking to Liverpool to rejoin his ship, when a strange feeling came over him that something important had happened at Buckland. This feeling troubled him greatly, and from that moment until he found the Saviour he was most wretched. So convinced was he that something unusual had transpired at home, that he could not rest until he found out what it was, and, leaving his vessel, he took train for Portsmouth, and arrived on the Sabbath morning, just in time to hear his friend's wonderful story of what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him, and to come to the Lake Road Hall and get converted. He is now as happy as before he was miserable. All glory to Jesus! "Praise ye the Lord!"

HOW TO REACH ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Some months ago a man was converted at one of our services, whose wife was a Roman Catholic, and no sooner did he begin to pray at home than a storm arose, which reached its climax when he was anxious to bring her with him to the meetings. Of course she condemned us all as heretics, and declared we were all going to the devil. The husband told her that he purposed living and dying with those whom she called heretics, but he had parted company with the devil for ever. For some time all his entreaties were useless; but at last a daughter came, and, praise God, she was converted, which change pleased the mother amazingly, for this daughter appeared to have been sorely troubled with a bad temper, but she left that, with other sins and evil habits, at Calvary. The mother, in her joy at the change at home, consented to come to thank the leader of the heretics; but, praise the Lord, she was led to see herself a sinner, and found her way to Jesus and salvation without going through Rome. Taking me by the hand, she said, "Oh, sure, sir, and this is the right religion after all, for it makes you lighter in heart." Since then her eldest son, a sailor, has been led to cast his burdened soul on Jesus and join the heretics. There remains now only another daughter, for whom we are all anxious. Will the Lord's people help us to pray for this poor, dark soul, that she may, with her parents, find the one and only Saviour, and at last meet us all in heaven. "Praise ye the Lord!"

AN INTERESTING GROUP.

Kneeling at the penitent-form at the same time, one evening, were three soldiers and three mothers. To see those mothers kiss their babes and give them to our sisters to hold while they knelt down and sought mercy was a most touching scene; it seemed to say to us—We must be saved ourselves, or we shall not only lose our own souls, but drag our darlings with us down to perdition. The soldiers were the first to believe the truth and cast their crimson load of guilt on Jesus, and, being

enthusiastic, they shouted aloud for joy. But God's people prayed on, and more and more of the power of God was realized. But one dear woman could not lay hold, but she struggled on, and finally cried aloud for Jesus to save her. For awhile there was a blessed commingling of cries of deep anguish and shouts of triumph, until, at last, she let go, trusted the mighty Saviour, and found deliverance through the blood. Oh, what a scene! and, oh, what joy when all stood together, singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" It was more than sublime. "Praise ye the Lord!"

In my last report is mentioned the restoration of a notorious backslider. His altered life was soon seen and felt at home. His wife and eldest daughter came to the meeting one Sunday evening, and they were seen weeping bitterly during the service. Christian friends spoke to them, and one of them asked the mother if she thought God had power to save her from all her sins. Speaking with emphasis, she said, "As God has saved my once wicked husband, I am sure He can save me." "Yes," said the daughter, "God has saved my father, and I do believe He will save me." Thus half of the work was done. Faith succeeded repentance, and both left with rejoicing. May all three be found in that day! "Praise ye the Lord!"

Feeling confident that the Lord's people will unite with me and my friends here in praising our heavenly Father for past mercies, and that you will also pray that this may only be the beginning of a great and mighty work here, I will close this report with earnest prayers for the prosperity of Zion.

Yours in Jesus' love,

ABRAHAM LAMB,
92, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

Who will help this work?

WHITECHAPEL.

"In spite of the devil, we will believe." Praise the Lord! "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, now may Israel say: Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, yet have they not prevailed against me."

The dear gipsies have been with us for a fortnight, and the Lord made them a great blessing. Many strangers came to hear them, and as they told their simple story of love, and sang their beautiful songs, many hard hearts melted, and the Lord's people shouted aloud for joy.

A RARE SIGHT.

We never shall forget one occasion when a gipsy had come in and found salvation. To see five big men hugging and kissing one another, while the tears streamed down their faces, as they rejoiced over the prodigal's return to his Divine Father, did us all good.

The porch-meetings continue to be greatly blessed. Amongst the strangers attracted to them the other evening were four young men, two of whom, at the service within, sought and found the Lord. They said they were just about to sail for New Zealand, where, we trust, they have gone to carry the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ.

On Sunday, the 17th May, we welcomed Brother Tetley, from Burton, amongst us, and God blessed the labours of the day to the salvation of right precious souls.

THE DRUNKARD'S RESCUE SOCIETY.

SINCE our last report one woman and two men have been taken by the hand, and helped out of the pit into which the enemy had drawn them. They have not only become total abstainers, but all three have professed to find peace by

believing in Jesus. One of the men told me he found religion better every day; he has openly confessed Christ before his master and fellow-workmen, and at one of our meetings he begged leave to speak; and then, in simple, but earnest language, urged upon the others the necessity of giving their hearts to God. A few days ago he was met by one of his old companions, who said—"Why, what is the matter with you, H—? You seem to be altogether a different sort of chap to what you were; I should almost think you had turned *religious*." "Well," said H—, "suppose I say I am?" "I would rather guess you are than that you are not," replied the man. "You are quite right, then," said H—; "I am *religious*." "Oh, I suppose you belong to Booth's?" was the half-taunting remark. "No," said the poor fellow, "I belong to Christ, now." Praise the Lord for such a testimony! Oh, how anxiously we watch the growth of these new-born souls, and plead with our precious Saviour that He will give them grace and strength to stand! We ask the prayers of all dear, earnest Christians on their behalf.

Our friends will be glad to hear that the cases mentioned in last month's report are going steadily on, and that we have every reason to believe their conversion to God is a reality.

On the brink of hell they staggered,

Maddened by the demon drink,
All regardless of their danger—

Never pausing once to think.

Jesus spoke! His gentle accents

Fell upon the sleeper's ears;
Woke them from their fatal slumber,
Snapt the cruel chain of years.

Hallelujah! e'en the drunkard

Can be washed in Jesus' blood;
Souls as black as hell can make them
Whiten in the crimson flood.

E. A. POLLETT.

SHOREDITCH CIRCUIT.

DEAR SIR,—In the Shoreditch circuit we are still doing battle with the great adversary of the kingdom of Jesus. At our hall in Hare Street, Brick Lane, there are a few sons and daughters of the Most High, who are doing a glorious work for God. Every Sabbath morning they are to be seen, with tracts in hand, preaching the Gospel to thousands of poor sinners, who are seeking death in

the error of their way—in the shape of sin in its most terrible aspects. This band of workers would be thankful to any one who would send them a supply of tracts to scatter among the thousands of Sabbath-breakers who crowd the streets of this terrible place. At Stoke Newington we have commenced holding services in the old brewery, amidst the dust and dirt; and the other night, we sang—in the old tap-room where men used to get drunk and swear—

"My Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Oh, come and praise the Lord with me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb," &c.

Many shouted praise to the God of all grace, for leading His people to these premises, to witness for "Him who died the world to redeem."

I spent last Sabbath at Bethnal Green. We met at the hall in the morning, and paraded some of the back streets, stopping every now and then to tell the people the glad news. I doubt not but a thousand heard the Word who would not have heard it had it not been taken to their doors. We returned to the hall at eleven o'clock, and, after holding a service inside, which was a blessing to many souls, at a quarter-past twelve we came outside, and commenced an open-air service. We were on the same spot again at half-past two o'clock, and at six the evening service inside the hall was well attended; the power of God was felt in our midst, and in the prayer-meeting three men willingly came forward and prayed for mercy. Two of them were about fifty years of age, and the other was seventy-six. His dear old wife knelt beside him, and engaged in prayer on his behalf. She said she had been praying for him for a number of years. All three soon rejoiced in the Lord; one of the men said that he had had no rest all day since he heard some words spoken by one of our sisters that morning in the open-air. To God be all the glory!

Yours in truth,
J. HEATHCOCK.

65, Mare Street, Hackney,
May 12, 1874.

SHOREDITCH.

THE work here, bravely prosecuted by a handful of earnest toilers amidst many discouragements, is maintained

without wavering, and although converts, instead of being formed into a large and powerful body, pass from the low, vile neighbourhood to other localities, and join various churches, yet, doubtless, a great and glorious work has been wrought at the corners of these streets by Him who has called His people to this work.

On Sunday last we had

A SPECIAL FIELD-DAY,

remarkable alike for blessing and difficulty. At ten o'clock half-a-dozen of us gathered at the corner of King Street, Brick Lane, and hundreds of the Sabbath-breaking bird-fanciers and others eagerly listened, as one after another poured forth sweet words of love. When we left for service indoors, two city missionaries, with some other friends, stayed to commence another open-air service, while at the same time, dear brethren belonging to another church were commencing at the corner of Selater Street.

Strengthened by the blessing given to us in the little hall, where the songs of the redeemed have taken the place of the drunkard's wild refrain, we went to work at half-past twelve, confident of success. And God was indeed with us. The crowd of poor fellows, many of them waiting for the opening of the public-houses, drank in the word of life, and heads were turned away to hide the falling tear as one told of the dying drunkard's child who prayed—

"Dear Jesus, please save my drunken father!"

Alas! what tales of sin and misery were written on the faces of many of the people. What Christian could see such a crowd and turn away heedlessly from them?

At half-past one other Christians were ready to succeed us, and we left the spot promising to meet again at half-past two. When we returned to the ground, a dear city missionary, who had been waiting dinnerless for the opportunity, took up his discourse. An old Irishman, half tipsy, immediately began to object, and got up a discussion with some others on the pavement near him. Our brother, unfortunately, turning upon the old man, made matters worse, and soon great part of the crowd split into two parties, one on each pavement. To our right stood the old Papist, supported by a soldier in uniform, arguing for the true church, and to the

left was an infidel denouncing all religion; so between popery and infidelity we were hardly put to it; and although a few people came back to us, and others gathered as we sang, as one and another attempted to make themselves heard, we seemed to make little headway towards recovering our position. When, however, a sister stood forward to speak, the papist's crowd said, "Oh, we must listen to a woman, for decency's sake!" and so the little company joined our crowd. The old man, who had been the centre of it, now made over to the other group, and carried such confusion into the infidel camp that a policeman soon came and broke it up. So the Lord gave us rest on every side, and although a few men looked on with murmured insult for a few moments, we went on with an increasing crowd to the conclusion of the meeting at half-past four.

Resuming the work at six o'clock, we had the best crowd and the most precious season of the day. In

THE APOLLO HALL,

that night, the power of God was felt. In the prayer-meeting, as the people of God gathered together, a glorious shower of spiritual influence descended on us. One poor sinner groaned in the agony of her soul as she sought the Lord; and from the public-house, in front of the hall, three poor fellows, who are rapidly being ruined through strong drink, came in amongst us. All three were well known to some believers present, one of them being a brother of one dear saint. We felt for them, and as earnest prayer ascended on their behalf, one at least was melted to tears, and we trust the work thus begun in their hearts will speedily be brought by the Lord of the Shoreditch to full perfection.

Pray for Shoreditch, that our dear friends may have strength to drag one and another still out from the seething gulf of iniquity, which surrounds the hall on every side.

G. S. R.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE soldier mentioned above as assisting the old Irishman in disturbing the meeting was laid hold of at the open-air meeting the next Sunday, came to the hall, and professed to give his heart to God.

HACKNEY.

We have been holding a month's

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR CHILDREN,

with very gratifying success, gathering some thirty or forty fresh children, nearly all of whom are giving their hearts to God, notwithstanding the hindrance of

WANT OF HELP.

At several meetings, having seven to twelve children seeking the Saviour, I have had to depend almost entirely on two or three already converted, who went about singing, talking, and praying, with the little seekers. We sadly need a place for children's services on the Sabbath and week nights.

One little girl says in her class, "My schoolfellows mock me, and laugh at me, but I say, 'Never mind, you may laugh at me, but you can't laugh the religion out of me.' then I get and pray lots of times in the day." There is a very bad old woman who drinks, but in whom she takes an especial interest, and she says to her, "Don't you believe there is no hell, for if you keep on like this, you'll go there—don't you wish to be happy like me?" Then she kneels down and prays with her, while the ungodly son is scoffing, but the old woman cries, "Bless God for such missionaries! Another one says, 'The Lord has taken my temper away, and He is always with me! My friends say religion is no good, but I tell them it is good for me, for I am happy all day, and if I were to die to-night I should go straight to Jesus. I am not afraid to die, so I would a deal rather be a Christian.'" This child exhibits the purest daily life I have ever seen.

Another says, "I love Jesus better and better every day, and He keeps me holy. Someone said I was too young to get the blessing of holiness, but I don't think I am, for I am not too young to be kept by Jesus."

A young girl, who finds temper her chief enemy, told me how, after she and her two young friends got converted, they went home singing for gladness; but the next day temper again got the upper hand, and she was tempted to give up; but first she went and prayed, singing "Am I a soldier of the Cross," and, need we say, she came away happy and gentle. One of our very little members, who had left her Saviour some time, has come back, and at one of our

seeker's meetings was the first to kneel at the table, and ask Jesus to take her in, "for I haven't been *happy one bit*, dear Jesus."

RELIGION CANNOT BE A MELANCHOLY THING,

for a little girl, seeking Jesus, said to me, "I am now coming to Jesus, but I don't feel happy like the others!" I have a letter from a dear little girl, who says, "I have not been in a temper since I have been here. Jesus is helping me." Praise God for the children! Why is it Christian people will expend time, toil, and money, on the rescue of hardened sinners, and will extend no hand or prayer to save the little ones from getting hardened? Let them not be driven from our services. Said some little folks to me on Sunday, "I like your preaching, because you always say 'Jesus wants to save men, women, and children; and when we hear you mention children, we listen.'" Oh, preachers of the Gospel, is there no Gospel for children? Hear our Master cry, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me!" Preach to their uncared-for souls; get them converted; meet them in class; and the next generation shall witness an immense decrease of iniquity!

Christian brethren and sisters, throughout the Mission, and in our families, see your work,

THE CHILDREN FOR JESUS.

ELEANOR M. PARRY.
10, Loddiges Road, Hackney.

TOTTENHAM.

GOD RESIDES AMONG HIS OWN.

THE Lord has not deserted this little station—the country seat of the Shoreditch circuit; but amid trial and difficulty, we are still a people, and the Lord's banner over us is LOVE. Through the kindness of a dear Christian brother here, we have the use of a new hall, in the Park Lane, for Sabbath evenings and two evenings in the week, free of rent. Praise the Lord! Mr. Baker built this pretty little hall for the Lord, and Brother Thomas used to look at it, and say, "I believe it is for us!" and sure enough we are in it, and the Lord's work is going on. It is situated close to the high road, and in the midst of many new streets, where, apparently, we find no traces of any Christian ministry, and everything promises an abundant field for labour.

CUBITT TOWN.

THE Lord has blessed His word here to the hearts of our young people; and several of our Sunday scholars have liberty found, through the blood of the Lamb. Through much persecution our little band of workers at this station stand firm, and say by action, "We will conquer or we will die." Praise the Lord!

CANNING TOWN.

OUR people at this station are vigorously maintaining the open-air work. We boast that on one railway bridge we have one of the best open-air stands to be found in all London. Here we can gather congregations of hundreds of working-men, and, unmolested by the police, preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. And our people are not content with Sabbath work only, but almost every week night they spread themselves through the neighbourhood in bands, telling of the Saviour's love. It is gratifying to see the poor, half-clad people turn out of their miserable homes as the evening comes on, with their half-naked, shoeless children, to listen to us preach and sing, and more gratifying still to see the tears run down their faces as they feel the force and truthfulness of the glad tidings we proclaim.

Sunday, May 17th, was

A DAY OF CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

We had a blessing in the hall in the morning, and at three o'clock we started on the bridge by singing that old opening hymn—

"Hark! the Gospel news is sounding."

The people gathered fast, and we had soon hundreds around us. Then we sang—

"Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face,"

and during the singing of this hymn the power of God came down on the people, who came nearer to us. Our speakers were all on fire, and one or two of our sons of thunder so plyed their batteries that a very deep impression was evidently being made upon all around us. The devil could not allow this to go on without some show of resistance, and, accordingly, sent a drunken Irishman amongst us to make a disturbance. But the crowd soon hustled him out of the way, and we were left in undisputed possession of the

field. This little episode had greatly increased our congregation, who stood spell-bound as one after another the speakers, for a few minutes each, pointed the way from hell to heaven. Men and women quaked, and wept, and groaned under the mighty power which accompanied the Word, so that those who came up began to ask whatever was the matter. Some of these soon felt what was the matter themselves as the sword of the Spirit pierced their hearts also.

At six o'clock we were out here again for an hour, and at the close sang to the hall, which was filled with working-men and women. The Lord helped the preacher, and several sought salvation in the prayer-meeting.

AN OLD MAN

came forward, saying, "I was passing by the railway bridge, this afternoon, and your people made me shake in my shoes. Can you tell me how I can get this blessed religion?" We pointed him to Jesus, and soon he accepted Him as his Saviour.

A YOUNG WIFE,

whose husband was converted a fortnight ago, came out to the penitent-form the other night, and found the Saviour; so that now we can number another home amongst the many which have been made happy through the instrumentality of the Mission here.

Not only to the resident population, however, but to the sailors and strangers who often loiter on the bridge, the Lord has made us a blessing.

AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN,

who had sailed almost all round the world, and who had seen many wonderful sights, but had never seen Jesus as his Saviour, turned into our hall one evening, and with tears streaming down his weather-beaten face, he sought and found salvation. W. GARNER.

Ivy Cottages, Bath Street, Poplar.

PLAISTOW.

OUR services here are well attended, the numbers present on week nights being especially noteworthy, and there is a good work going on in the hearts of the people.

The visit of Mr. Booth, the other Sunday, was made a great blessing to all who heard him. In the evening four souls stepped into the liberty of God's children. Oh, may the work be sustained and mightily increased here!

W. G.

CHATHAM.

I rejoice to be able to report that souls continue to be gathered to Jesus at every service we hold.

Since I wrote we have been favoured with

A VISIT FROM BROTHERS BROADBENT AND FAWCETT,

Of Leeds. We were, with their assistance, enabled to conduct some most blessed meetings, the people listening in crowds in the open-air, while in the halls the Word was with power, and sinners cried to the living God for mercy. Our brethren left us after having been greatly cheered by their visit, and longing to see their faces again. One of those who were led to the Cross on the Sabbath evening of their visit was

A PERSECUTING BACKSLIDER.

Satan had been raging in this man for some time. His poor wife, recently converted, had a sorry time of it. He even went so far as to threaten to break her legs if she continued to come to our meetings, but the love of Christ constrained her, and she could not keep away; and, after much persuasion on this night, she persuaded him to come with her. Praise the Lord! He has said, "Is not My word a hammer?" And so it proved to this poor man, for it broke his hard heart in pieces, and he cried out to the God whom he had so cruelly deserted and so bitterly opposed, to have mercy upon him; and as our God delighteth in mercy, He came near, according to His own word, healed his backslidings, and restored unto him the joy of His salvation, and oh! how he sang the praises of his Lord and Saviour! Bless His holy name!

On Sunday, March 29, Mr. Booth was with us at 7:30. A man who has been notorious for wickedness and opposition to God's people, repented, and obtained mercy; and six souls came forward after the evening sermon. Oh, for a wave of mercy to roll over Chatham!

OUR EASTER FESTIVITIES

Have been a success. Mr. W. Bramwell Booth and Mr. Williams, from London, came down and helped us. We had a large open-air meeting in the afternoon and a blessed tea meeting on Good Friday, with souls crying for mercy at the close. One soldier sought the Saviour directly tea was cleared away, and then we processioned the streets and invited the crowds who were strolling about to come and join us.

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

Oh, the wonderful patience and forbearance of God! To the surprise and joy of those who knew him, a man, far on in life was observed at the week-night meetings about two months ago. He was well known in the neighbourhood as a notorious sinner. A Sabbath-breaker, keeping open his shop on the Sabbath, a persecutor, hating and reviling the people of God in their open-air efforts, a frequenter of the lowest public-houses, playing a tambourine for the most dissolute of characters to dance to, together with almost all other devilry and wickedness, our friends might well be surprised to see him in our meetings. But there he was, night after night, and more wonderful still, he was also there at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting on the Sabbath morning. At that meeting, it seems, the decision in his soul took place, and from thence he went home, knelt down, and gave himself up to God, and God received him. We heard him tell the story with feelings of mixed wonder and gratitude. We could hardly believe our eyes or our ears. It seemed too much, too good to be true. We confess to strong temptation to unbelief. But there he was; and though devils and men said it could not last, we replied, "It can." With God all things are possible.

"And some time has passed away
Since he began to pray,
And he loves the Lord to-day,
Bless his name!"

His shop is now closed on the Sabbath, his speech and conversation, and life, and very countenance, tell of the great change that has taken place within him. He brings forth fruit meet for repentance. The very sight of him makes us praise God, and cheers us onward. Oh, brethren, pray for him. God keep him faithful!

A MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

The following letter will, we are sure, be read with the deepest interest—

H.M.S. "RALEIGH,"
Chatham, April 29th, 1874.

Bless God for the day I came to Chatham. I have been very near all over the world; but I could never find what I found in Chatham, and although this is as wicked a place as there is in the world, Jesus is here.

The way I found him was this: I came on shore, and several of us were together. When we were coming up the Military Road, we heard some one singing, and crowds of people around them. Of course, sailor-like, we must go over and hear that song, and, praise God, it was a song that I shall never forget. The song was—

"You must be saved to wear a crown,
To wear a starry crown."

I stopped, therefore, some time and listened to Mr. Dowdle, and, after his telling about Jesus, we were invited to come to the Lecture Hall. I left my comrades and went, and his text was, "Escape to the mountains, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain, lest thou be consumed;" but the devil told me to make my escape, and flee from the Lecture Hall, or else I would be converted. I made an attempt to go, and then Mr. Dowdle commenced saying, "Perhaps there are a great many here that have had mothers and fathers that have prayed for them, and now they are dead and gone to heaven; to heaven, my friends, and would you not like to meet them there?" I thought every word he said was to me. I could not go; but I leaned my head on the rail and wept, and felt as I never felt before, because I knew that I had committed every sin on earth—card-playing, Sundays all day long, cock-fighting, dancing, fighting, and murder. I do not say that I have cut any one's throat or blown their brains out; but, while I was going on the way that I was, my poor dear father and mother, who used to be praying for me, could not rest about me day nor night. My younger sister that was at home with them used to say to me, "You will break poor mother's heart; oh, my dear brother, do turn—do turn from your wicked ways." I used to feel a little about it sometimes, and when I used to feel downhearted I used to go to the public-house, and drink to drown sorrow, and instead of making it better, I used to make it worse.

All this came into my mind; but I left the Lecture Hall, and I could not rest day nor night until I came again; and Mr. Dowdle and some other of the brothers came and told me about Jesus, and how He was willing to save if I was willing to come to Him. But I thought I was too great a sinner, and that God would not forgive me; but as I could stand the test no longer, I fell on my

knees and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and, glory be to God, he was merciful, for, after struggling for about twenty minutes, I found peace with Jesus, and now, glory be to God, I am on my road to heaven, and I can sing with the rest now—

"My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine—

What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine."

I shall never forget Chatham. My shipmates may call me a ranter; but, bless God, I am ranting my road on to heaven, and before I was going head-long to hell. I shall most likely be leaving here before long; but go where I will, I am determined, by the help of God, to tell them all round what a Saviour I have found, and I do pray to God that all who see the open-air services and hear the Word of God anywhere will be touched to the heart as I was, and not allowed to have any rest day nor night, the same as I was, until they come to Jesus, and then I shall be able to meet them all in heaven, wearing the starry crown. May God answer my prayers, for Christ's sake! Amen and amen.

W. W.

We have recently been making a great effort to finish paying for the fitting up of our hall, which has cost us nearly £50. The subscriptions announced on the cover have cleared off this debt. But our need still continues. Ours is a work down among the poorest of the poor, those, literally, for whom nobody cares, and they cannot possibly pay all the expenses without help from our friends who have the means. Our rent and gas are now due, and we are looking to the Lord to dispose the hearts of some of His dear people to assist us. Donations or tracts will be gratefully received by Captain Timmouth, Marine Barrack, Chatham, Treasurer; Mr. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace, Secretary; or

JAMES DOWDLE,

15, Colegate Terrace.

A CHILD was once asked: "What is faith?" She replied: "Doing God's will, and asking no questions."

A CLERGYMAN once said: "When I come to die, I shall have my greatest grief and greatest joy: my greatest grief that I have done so little for my Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that my Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

BARKING.

Our first quarterly festival here, on the 25th April, was a season of blessing which will not soon be forgotten in the town. The choice of Saturday afternoon for the meeting proved to have been a happy thought, for some of our people from each station in the circuit were present. The Temperance Hall had been lent us for the occasion, and here we were refreshed and prepared for a grand

ASSAULT ON THE TOWN.

Led by Mr. Booth, we marched along the main street to the Broadway centre lamp, where our open-air services are chiefly held. The vast majority of the people looked on in solemn silence as we passed by. A travelling tinker, lowering his head, pushed his barrow right into the middle of our ranks; but he found that he could neither interrupt our procession nor our gladness.

No sooner had we commenced service at the lamp than the need of mission work was demonstrated by the outbreak of a desperate fight in a public-house hard by. With such testimony from foes as well as friends, the service became deeply impressive; and when we marched back to the hall, poor fellows in white slops, as well as others in more holiday-like garb, followed and crammed the building. In the meeting which followed, earnest addresses were delivered by the gipsies and others, and in the prayer-meeting four souls professed to find salvation.

HAMMERSMITH.

HALLELUJAH! we are rising,
And the work of God reviving;
See our numbers how they swell,
Zion stretches out her borders—
Triumphs o'er the powers of hell—
Praise ye the Lord!

In our last we prayed that the Lord would open up the way, so that we might have week-night services. Our God has fought for us, and the "Friends" have kindly lent us their meeting-house for three nights in the week. The Lord helping us, we intend having open-air services on each evening, before the meetings indoors. During the past month we have held three open-air services every Sunday, in the Broadway. The Lord has specially blessed this effort, a great number being thus brought under the sound of the Gospel;

many have been led to follow us to the hall. The power of the Lord has been felt at these meetings; some of our hearers have been seen to weep tears of repentance. May the Lord deepen their conviction, and bring them to the Cross!

On April 19th Brother Allen was again with us, and two souls professed to find peace, and several were under a deep conviction of sin.

On May 3rd Brother Railton conducted the services. The working-man who found peace on the evening of this Sabbath stands by us at the open-air services. May the Lord strengthen and keep him faithful!

On May 10th Mr. W. Bramwell Booth was with us. Our open-air services were, on this Sunday, especially marked with the presence of the Master, the congregation being very much larger than we had ever had before. At the service in the hall five professed to find peace.

A TEA MEETING

was held on May 12th, in the Temperance Hall; over a hundred sat down to tea. Mr. Booth presided at the meeting that followed, which will be long remembered. The prejudices of some friends who have not hitherto understood our work were removed, and already several of them have promised to help us with the open-air meetings. May the Lord send us many more labourers.

Encouraged, we hope to go forward. God is manifestly with us. The last Sabbath was more cheering still; two souls professed salvation at night. Praise the Lord! We want to make a bolder stand than we have as yet done in this neighbourhood, abounding with popery, ritualism, and utter indifference. The Town Hall is expensive, and other expenses are unavoidable. Will friends who care for the souls of the poor people of Hammersmith help us?

Contributions may be forwarded to Miss Bazett, 25, Richmond Gardens, Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.; or Mrs. Saunders, 1, Slater's Cottages, Brook Green, Hammersmith.

CROYDON.

TRULY God has been with us this month.

On Sunday, April 19th, we had a time of rejoicing; at the close two precious souls sought forgiveness.

SAVED FROM DESPAIR.

One of these had given herself up to despair; so miserable was she that salvation appeared impossible, but the Word penetrated her heart. She wept her way to the mercy-seat; then God, for Christ's sake, pardoned her sins, and she is now happy.

On the 26th Bro. Anthony was with us, and God blessed his labour in the salvation of five souls, and the building up of believers. Oh, for the shower of His love!

THE GIPSIES' VISIT

has been blessed in bringing together a vast number of the very poor to hear the Word. Christians of all denominations have paid us a visit, and many have testified to the good they have received.

On Sunday we had a regular melting time. Such a meeting I do not remember to have seen before. Every soul present was broken down, and many wept, while others prayed for a deeper work of grace. At night the hall and school-room adjoining were filled with attentive hearers, and at the close two came forward seeking the Lord. One of these had been under conviction nine years, but the Lord set her free, and she came the following evening happy in Jesus. And the week-night services have been very interesting.

On Monday one young woman found the pardon of all her sins, and at once jumped up and asked others to come to the Saviour; telling out of a full heart what things the Lord had done for her.

On Thursday a man and his wife came to the meeting. He reminded me of the prodigal son, and the wife, with a baby at her breast, came to the penitent-form, followed by her husband. They were enabled to trust their all on Christ, and rose from their knees with a knowledge of sins forgiven. The man said, "I have felt such a sensation at my heart to-night I never felt before; I have been a vile, bad man, but I pray God may keep me that I may never sin again." The wife said, "Oh, you would not believe it unless you tried it for yourselves; I feel so happy. Jesus has taken such a load off my heart, and I never felt like this before; do come and try it, for you cannot think what a peace I already enjoy." Praise the Lord! Our cry is still—This town for Jesus!

J. M. SALT.

BROMLEY.

DURING the past month our God has made bare His arm, and we are singing—

"Many have in Christ believed,
And His pardoning love received—
Praise ye the Lord!
We have joined the happy throng,
God is with us, we're His people;
Jesus shall be all our song—
Praise ye the Lord!"

Sunday, April 19th, was a very blessed time. Brother Sales and myself spent the day with these friends. In the morning Brother Sales spoke on the sweets of religion. In the evening I preached from "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" A very solemn influence rested on the meeting. A lad was so wrought upon by the Holy Spirit in the meeting, that on the following morning he had to kneel down in his workshop, and give his heart to the Lord. He is going on his way rejoicing. Hallelujah!

May 3rd, the cloud that had hovered over us broke with blessings on our heads. We went out in the open air, determined to do battle with the enemy, and we had a blessed meeting. At the close we invited the people to the hall, announcing that the subject for the evening was, "The Runaway"; this brought the people in, and when at the close Brother Lane invited the penitents forward, six souls returned to their Father's house.

They have since regularly attended our meetings.

To God be all the glory!

The visit of the gipsies proved a great means of good. Never have I seen Christians of all classes so unanimous in their thankfulness for such meetings and the efforts put forth to win souls.

The town is all astir, inquiring when they are coming again.

A man that heard them at Penge was cut to the heart with shame because of his coldness in the Master's service. He said—"Whatever have I been doing all this time? Here are these poor, ignorant men out speaking for Jesus, and I have been keeping my mouth shut. The Lord have mercy on me!"

Not only have believers been blessed, but four souls found the peace that passeth all understanding. They say they are determined to hold on, in spite of persecution. May God keep them! Many thanks to our Independent friends

RYE.

and Mr. Leatherdale, for the use of their halls.

Pray that the good work may still go on until the whole town is visited.

J. M. SALT.

OPENING

OF A

NEW STATION AT PENGE.

In the midst of a working-class population, some three miles from Croydon, stands a neat little hall which has been used for evangelistic work for some time by one or two dear friends who have earnestly sought the salvation of souls. Feeling, however, that they were not able to do open-air work, and otherwise to arouse the neighbourhood sufficiently, they asked us to come over and help them, and make the place one of our regular stations. Accordingly we commenced meetings, and we rejoice to be able to report that souls are being gathered to the Master.

On the 7th we went over with our Gipsy brethren. The place was crowded, and many were deeply convicted, but refused to yield. On the following Sunday, however, there was a blessed break-down, and, with cries and tears, twelve of these sought the Sinner's Friend. One of them told us the following evening that he was so happy in Jesus; that he had been convinced of sin the previous week, but he had no peace until Sunday, when God pardoned all his sins.

A dear brother writes:—"Oh, what a meeting! Such a one I never witnessed before in all my life. In the prayer-meeting twelve came forward and professed to find pardon. I do begin to feel very happy in the Christian Mission work, and I expect ere long all my energies will be directed in that channel. Pray for me, that I may be guided and kept faithful.—A.F."

Will our readers pray for this place, that God may make bare His arm, and save souls.

J. M. SALT.

86, Waddow New Road,
Croydon.

THE Mission here is taking root, and the young converts are beginning to feel their feet. On Sunday, the 12th inst., though very wet, there was a full congregation in the evening, and the Lord gave his servant great liberty in speaking.

The prayer-meeting was sustained throughout with pathos. There were souls deeply convinced, but none came forward.

Those who had been recently blessed took their places in the front, and there was a body of about 30 recruits in the army of King Jesus!

Brother Gillard is appointed to lead the class on Wednesday evening, and we believe that many in Rye will say, "The blessing of the Lord be upon you; we bless you in the name of the Lord!"

E. A.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

MOTHER FOWLER, OF WHITECHAPEL.

ONE of the first converts of the Mission, attracted to its services at first by Mr. Booth's preaching on the Mile End Waste. She was a specimen of what Whitechapel considers "a good Christian" before her conversion. She had attended a place of worship for years, and "did nobody any harm"; but she was a *drunken woman*. The mercy of God reached even unto her. However, she was washed in the blood of the Lamb, and became a "good Christian" in the sight of the Lord. Scarcely ever absent for a day from the Mission services from the day of her conversion till her last illness, she rejoiced in Christ always, and now from poverty and ignorance she has gone to her mansion in the skies, where she has already learnt music and language such as the people we call learned have no notion of.

In gleams of consciousness during the last few days of her life, she declared afresh her love for Jesus, and her certainty of the mansion which He had gone to prepare for her. Oh, that all who look down upon the religion that "suits old women" were equally sure of an enduring inheritance!

We have lost a "poor relation"; we have gained another "friend at court." May God help us to meet her again by-and-by!

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

I stood outside the gate, A poor, way - far - ing

child; With - in my heart there beat A tempest loud and

wild. A fear oppressed my soul, That I might be too

late; And, oh! I trem-bled sore, And

prayed out - side the gate, And prayed outside the gate.

"Mercy," I loudly cried;
 "O give me rest from sin!"
 "I will, a voice replied;
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And carried all my sin;
 She eased my burdened soul,
 Then Jesus took me in.

In Mercy's guise, I knew
 The Saviour long abused;
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.
 Oh! what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin!
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in.