

The Christian Mission Magazine.

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Cheers!

By G. S. RALTON.

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HERE'S great power in a hearty cheer," is a remark obvious enough to any one. We hear of men walking 120 miles in a day, and of firemen rushing repeatedly into the midst of smoke and flame—the flagging energy of exhausted bodies and spirits being kept up to the needful strain at least largely, no doubt, by the enthusiastic applause of thousands of spectators.

Then it is worth while for us who, of all others, have the most desperate work in hand to get and to give to one another all the encouragement we can. We little think, accustomed as we are to it day by day, how glorious is the sight of a young convert pressing through a surging crowd to stand with the little group of sacred warriors who are there to preach Jesus. Still less do we know and think of the heroism of thousands who go forth nightly from religious meetings to encounter for 20 hours, opposition, scorn, and abuse of every sort from all by whom they are surrounded, till the time comes again for them to spend an hour or two with their brethren at the Master's feet. Each day's life is miraculous. "That which is born of God overcometh the world," is the only proper explanation of this great sight. But although it is by Divine power and living bread that this wondrous life is kept up, human nature cries out for helpful sympathy, and, as we value the lives of our brethren and the salvation of the people which is so largely dependent upon them, we must cheer ourselves and one another by all possible means.

WE MUST BE CHEERED.

God wants to cheer all His people daily and hourly. No wonder they should faint and fail if they get too far from Him to catch His smile and hear His voice.

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His written comforts delight our souls as we read them all through His book; but they all seem only to point us to Him. "Look!" "Hearken!" are the constantly recurring exhortations, and only those who wait upon the Lord continually get their hearts strengthened as fully as He desires to strengthen all His children.

"Cheer up!" God writes in splendid illumination across the sky as poor old Noah, all but drowned, comes forth from the ark to face the world again.

"Be of good cheer!" says Jesus to His sad disciples, almost with His parting breath, as He mounts up to plead their cause on high, while they go down to fight it out below.

God is always doing His very best to cheer us on our way. Let us, who are His, take home to our hearts all the comfort He can give us.

And those who have known God best have done their utmost to cheer us.

"Cheer up!" is the burden of Moses' cry all through Deuteronomy. "The Lord is set upon doing you good, and He will do it to you though you've got me shut out of it. You shall have plenty of everything if you only keep on." "Cheer up!" gasps poor Job from the dunghill, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Even if the worms eat up my body, I shall see Him by-and-by, and it will be all right."

"Cheer up!" shouts Daniel from amongst the lions, "there are angels as well as devils about. I can do very well down here."

"Cheer up!" cries even tearful Jeremiah, "though I've been deep in the mud, I'm out again, and singing too, thank God!"

"Cheer up!" says Paul, "they have done almost everything they can to me, and I'm ready for the worst if they like, for these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Cheer up!" says Peter, "even at the worst you are no worse off than others, and the end is near."

If we are walking in union with these happy men, let us take home all their joyous words and be glad.

And let us take all the encouragement we can get from our brethren of to-day. "Precious little of that to be got," some one may say. Well, then, the more need to get all we can. God has so made us that we really long for sympathy from our fellows, and let us take the trouble to get it, and condescend to enjoy it. How many miss encouragement either by being too big to let any one know they need it, or by treating with careless hardness the kind expressions of others, thus not only robbing themselves of a worthy enjoyment, but preventing many from exercising their power to cheer as they might.

"None of your clap-trap." No; the miserable attempt to gain empty applause for an empty performance is, no doubt, disgusting and injurious, but that is a different thing altogether from the

deliberate drawing of water out of the wells of salvation in the hearts of lovers of God, which may refresh and help us in our journey homewards. It is worth our while to be cheered by *men* who cheer what is of God only. Therefore, let us stop to listen to their kind words when we can.

WE MUST CHEER OTHERS.

If we feel that there is very little of mutual encouragement to be had, that is just why we should strive to increase the stock.

That poor creature who has just dropped his head behind another man in the crowd fully believes what we are saying about God and eternity. He wishes he was a Christian; but when he thinks of what he must give up, and what he has to face to get to heaven, his heart fails, and he is just going to turn away with a sigh to be lost. Oh! for a kind hand to take hold of him, and a tender voice to say, "I was as bad as you, and as awkwardly fixed, but God has saved me and kept me; and He'll help you too if you ask Him. Do try!"

That young convert just leaving the hall doesn't look so bright as I should like. "Ah! I'm afraid it's a doubtful case," says somebody. Then why on earth don't you get hold of him, and try to turn the scale right down? As he walks away, devils are hissing into both his ears all that everybody is going to say and do to him all the rest of his days if he attempts to follow Jesus. And they, holding up before both his eyes the picture of himself down in the mire of sin again. Do somebody go and get to know all about his difficulties and fears, and tell him how the Lord has led you.

"I haven't seen anything of Mrs. ——— lately. I'm afraid she's not getting on much." And, poor thing, how should she, with an ungodly husband, and five little children, and two unconverted lodgers, and all her "friends" calling her "a silly" for bothering about religion, and nobody to say, "Never mind, God loves you, I believe, and He will carry you through"! Why not go and help her to get on faster—spend time with her, sister; keep the house some evening to let her get out to meeting if you can, but, anyway, look in now and then, and say, "Hallelujah! stick to it!"

"I don't care to call upon him to speak, for fear he should lose the crowd, or spoil the meeting." Poor fellow! and so he must go home feeling disheartened and passed by, and concluding nobody thinks he is any use. Can't you say something that will lighten up his dull mind, and encourage him to do better than he ever did before? Or if there really is no fit opportunity for him, even for a minute or two this time, can't you give him a specially warm word and shake of the hand before he goes home to bring him up better next time.

"Oh! I don't believe in people that want so much carrying about!" Don't you now! What a pity you haven't power to drown all such people in their infancy, for the world contains a vast

number of them, and without cheering they have a miserable time of it. What does this mean? "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

And there's that hearty brother that always seems so very strong and so buoyant. "He can't want any cheering, surely." Oh, but doesn't he? He is always trying to cheer others, and that is sometimes the most trying of all work. You little know how high the waves run round him sometimes. God keeps him afloat, and he rejoices in God always, and always will in spite of everything. But depend upon it, as sure as he's living, he has trouble plenty, though nobody may see it. Give him a warm shake of the hand, and say, "God bless you," as if you meant it, even if he does "seem all right." You have no idea how much the gleam of a friendly look, and the touch of a loving hand, and the echo of a kind word, can strengthen and help him. Try it!

We had need cheer one another. We are sent into the world as sheep amongst wolves, and if we go as we are sent, they treat us as though we were the wolves all the time.

We are sent to bless and light the world, and they hate us for it. We try to exalt our Saviour, and when they hear of Him they laugh and turn away. We try to pull them out of the fire, and they try to pull even those we have got away into it again, and, alas! succeed. It is hard work, and only God could sustain us in it; but let us always be reminding one another that He will do so, and let us cheer each other until we become a thousand times more in number, and a thousand times more courageous than ever we have been. God help us!

FLAMES OF FIRE.

REV. JOSEPH SPOOR.

(Continued.)



those who are accustomed to the regular quiet and un-demonstrative preaching which has become almost universal in our day, the fervent addresses and violent manner of men like Spoor would be simply shocking. The man was in dead earnest, and spared no physical exertion in his desperate endeavours to wrest sinners from the grasp of the destroyer—or, should we not say, more correctly, that the Spirit of God, overpowering him and carrying him beyond either his judgment or his ability, used his bodily as well as his mental powers without respect to the maxims of men?

PREACHING WITH HIS MIGHT.

"While preaching in our chapel at Darlington," says one, "a great power rested on him and on the congregation. Towards the latter part of his discourse he was, as it were, drawn up; and placing his feet on

each side of the Bible board, he stood for about two minutes urging the necessity of faith in Christ for a present salvation. On removing his feet he went as gradually down to the floor of the pulpit as if it had been done by machinery. It was named to him the next morning, but he knew nothing about it."

While preaching he would often throw off his coat; and it was no uncommon thing for him to leap out of the pulpit and over pews and forms while seeking to fasten upon the consciences of some of his hearers. Escape from such a preacher was not easy. Once, when a company of young men had come inside the chapel and sat together near the door, hoping for an opportunity to disturb the service, he leaped into the midst of them before the conclusion of his sermon, and then dropped on his knees and commenced a mighty intercession for their conversion. One by one the stout-hearted sinners were prostrated around him seeking mercy, until all had yielded to Christ and found rest in Him.

SEARCHING THE HEART.

Speaking in the power of God with a single eye to the salvation of his hearers, and using such language and such thoughts as all could readily understand, he was naturally enabled to lay open the very inmost recesses of people's hearts so as frequently to make them fall down and confess that God was with him; but also so as to give offence at times.

When the sermon was over, upon one occasion, as his custom was, he announced a prayer-meeting. Just then a strong woman, in an angry mood, stepped to where he was standing, and gave him a stinging blow on the cheek with her open hand, saying, "I'll let thee know, telling the folk about me," for she thought he had heard of her character and history, and was exposing her before the congregation, doing all but mentioning her name. "My good woman," said Mr. Spoor, "I know nothing about you—I never saw you before." "I'se war'ne," said the enraged woman, "it's that auld hypocrite," pointing to the leader, "that's tell'd ye, and set ye on to preach aboot me." As there was likely to be an uproar with her, the leader, a muscular Christian, determining not to have the service spoiled, said, mildly and half satirically, "I'll put the devil to the door this time, and then we'll get on wi' prayer-meeting." No sooner said than done, quietly remarking as he deposited her outside the door, "We'll be clear o' the din at any rate." The meeting soon recovered its tone, and souls were saved.

PREVAILING PRAYER.

Above all, Joseph Spoor was a man of prayer. The thing that struck an observer most was his intense spirituality. He seemed to be rapt in Divine communings, and an unction from on high attended his words.

The following remarkable example of victory, won purely by prayer, should surely encourage many of the Lord's children to band themselves together to accomplish similar results.

Mr. Spoor, ever bent upon evangelistic work, determined to take for his Lord and for Primitive Methodism the small village of Langthorne, near Bedale. With this intent he took his stand near a garden-wall in the village, and sang, his voice being in glorious trim—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

His sermon was pointed and heart-searching. But though the people wondered, they were not moved; and the attempt made repeatedly seemed likely to end in failure, when one morning at breakfast, an old lady said to Mr. Spoor, "I'll tell ye what, preacher, you will never get on here until you get John Hobson converted."

"And who is John Hobson?" asked the preacher. "Why, he's the tallest man in all the village; and if ye see a man at the preaching bigger than the rest, that's John Hobson. I tell ye, ye'll never do any good till ye get him converted." From sundry other inquiries he found that this puissant villager could make or mar their enterprise. Shortly after, being in company with his friend, the late Rev. Anthony Dent, a devoted man and mighty in prayer, he began to say, "Brother Dent, what do you think Mrs. A. says? She says that we shall never do any good at Langthorne till we get John Hobson converted." "Then," replied Mr. Dent, not in presumptuous flippancy, but in true and mighty faith in God, "what do you think if we have him converted?" With the same reach of faith, taking hold of his hand, Mr. Spoor rejoined, "Agreed." They knelt down by the roadside where this "bargain was struck"; and these two men, accustomed to ask, and to receive as well as ask, to find as they sought of the Lord, pleaded for the conversion of John Hobson. At the same hour every day, they, though in different localities, met at the Great Prayer-hearer's throne, and asked this as touching His kingdom, grasping the assurance, "I will do it."

Shortly after, sure enough, Mr. Spoor saw this tall man, drawn by some strange power, present at the meeting. Never was truer penitent and truer convert than Mr. Hobson. The old woman's words proved to be true, for after Mr. Hobson's conversion the Word had free course. Many were converted and united to the Church; a powerful society grew up, and a great improvement passed over the face of the neighbourhood.

CONVERSIONS.

Of the success which attended Mr. Spoor's labours many instances have already been given; but some cases seem to have such special interest that we cannot pass them by.

In one of his country journeys, seeing a young woman alone reading, he was moved to go up to her and accost her, which he did in the language of the Evangelist to the eunuch of Ethiopia, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" She started, and the book fell from her hands; and when, with an apology he stooped to lift the book for her, he was shocked to find it was a novel of an immoral character. He perceived that her start arose not from a nervous shock, as he had supposed, but from a guilty conscience in being detected in reading a book unfit for any one, but especially for a young woman. In a few plain, pointed words he spoke to her of the sin and danger of reading such books, urged her to repent before God, and "preached unto her Jesus." Having done this he left her. A short time after, in leading a lovefeast in the same neighbourhood, a young person arose, and related how she had been arrested in the beginning of a course of vice, and led to repentance by Mr. Spoor's words; that she had now found forgiveness and salvation, had burnt her vile books, and was on her way to heaven. Thus seed sown by the wayside brought forth precious fruit.

A further success is thus spoken of: "I have spent a happy day. The Lord got hold of one woman while I was speaking, who had often violently abused me and ordered me rudely out of her house. But to-day she wept, and asked me to be seated, and God saved her soul."

Another case: "A woman sent for me to-day who on every previous visit treated me very roughly, and would never let me pray with her; I found her ill and very penitent, and God healed her broken heart."

A DRUNKEN RUFFIAN.

In his visits he entered a wretched hovel, inhabited by a man and his wife, both thorough drunkards. The windows were broken in every pane, and rags were stuffed in to keep some of the inclement winds and blasts out; there were two chairs, on which it was hardly safe to sit; a wreck of a table, that, as Spoor used to say, "would almost be sure to kick the dinner off, when there was any to put on;" a handful of embers smouldering in the fire-grate, and heaps of filth, made the room a scene of pollution—and an old bed of straw on the ground in the corner, completed the inventory of the furniture. The inhabitants answered to their dwelling. The utmost wretchedness of appearance was combined with absolute recklessness in sin. The spectacle of such degradation appalled his

stout heart, and roused all his pity and resolution to bring the great remedy to bear upon them. By dint of earnest and importunate exertion, he succeeded in getting the woman to hear him preach. Having had one of his "good times," the Word had penetrated the thick encrustation of sin, and got at her heart and broke it. The penitent and contrite one found mercy.

Now she became the subject of unrelenting persecution on the part of her husband, but she had "the root of the matter" in her, and no threats nor sufferings could move her. Her persecution was likely to have taken a tragic turn, while it displayed her heroic fortitude. When in the meetings, and her soul was moved with the revelation of Divine glory, she could not restrain herself from outbursts of rapture; or, as Spoor used to put it, in his expressive though not refined Saxon, "when she got happy she gave mouth." It happened on one occasion in a class meeting, she was in her happy mood; and as the fire burned, she spoke with her lips. At the instant her husband and two of his boon companions were passing the chapel, and one of the men hearing her voice, said tauntingly to him, "Why, there's your Nan shouting." He hearkened, and found it was, and was filled with demoniac rage; he prepared a knife, and waited with the deadly purpose of taking her life as soon as she came home. When she entered the house the enraged man, like a beast of prey, ran up to her with the knife, and with a bitter oath was about to commit the murder he was intent upon. Mr. Spoor used to say, in giving the narration, she showed me the flagstone on which she stood when he came up to her; and she said—"I stood on that flag and felt myself unmovable: God's grace filled my soul; all I did was, I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him." Her mingled firmness and affection disarmed the ruffian. The knife fell from his grasp, and getting away from her embraces he ran out of the house "as though she had thrown fire upon him—it was fire that burned him as he ran." He returned a penitent man, and afterwards found forgiveness and salvation through the blood which cleanses from all sin.

The sequel of this "miracle of grace" must be given in Mr. Spoor's homely but effective words. "When," he says, "I was in that neighbourhood last, I thought I should like to call and see them again. When I went into the house, he was sitting in his arm-chair; he sprang to his feet and spread his arms, and said, 'Bless me, are you in this neighbourhood, sir?' 'Yes, and I thought I should like to come and see you, and hear how you were getting on for the better world,' said I. 'Oh,' said he, 'come into the parlour; we have a parlour now, sir.' There was a beautiful Brussels carpet, a beautiful set of hair-seated chairs, there was a beautiful eight-day clock, while in the middle was a beautiful centre-table, with a splendid cloth on it. He took me into a corner of the room, and lifted a piece of green baize, and there was a beautiful collection of books. 'And now,' he said, 'you knew me when I was a poor drunkard and wretched sinner; I had neither hat to my head nor shoe to my foot, nor coat to my back that was worth sixpence; but since I have given my heart to Jesus, I have all the comforts I need in this world, and have a good hope of glory in the next.'"

The heroic labours of this man of God were interrupted for a time through an illness which many had expected would cut him off. Bursting a blood-vessel, he was compelled for a time to rest from the regular work of the ministry. He thus accounts for his weakness:—

The predisposing cause of my affliction, in my judgment, was the way in which young preachers had to do in Ripon circuit at that time. We had no regular home, having to seek our food—or go without—we were allowed no meat bill. I have been for a long time with only half food, or not that—travelling long journeys, and preaching every night, mostly in the open air.

A year's quiet, however, so far restored him that he was able to enter upon the work as a town missionary, and in another year we find him again at his favourite employ of preaching the Gospel. Thus restored, he continued to labour as zealously as ever for some 27 years, making in all a total of 33 years of the most toilsome and violent labour we ever remember to have read of. Up to the last he scarcely slackened his

pace. During the last summer of his life he attended many camp-meetings, and laboured at them with all his force of body and mind. Upon his last Sabbath but one, although the weather was unpropitious, he laboured with all his wonted energy.

THE END.

On the Monday he was utterly prostrate and feverish.

On Tuesday, he had what was concluded to be an apoplectic seizure. His consciousness returned, and was mercifully preserved to him to the end of his life. His sick chamber was a scene of triumph as well as of suffering. In every lull of pain he rejoiced in God his Saviour, so that the chamber seemed to be "quite in the verge of heaven." He never wearied extolling the blessed name of Jesus. He talked much to his wife and daughters, speaking words of comfort and counsel to them. For nine days he lingered in suffering. Each day made it clearer to those about him that his departure was at hand.

A little while before his last hour his anxious wife placed a cloth over his eyes to shade them from the sun, whereupon he exclaimed—"Take this cloth off my eyes; I don't want to go into heaven with my eyes shut; I want them wide open to go right away to Jesus!" His last words were—"If any one asks after me, tell them I am a poor sinner washed in the blood of Jesus!" Worse symptoms now set in, and he sank away to rest.

"They thought him sleeping, when he died."

Over such a man's career no one need hesitate to write the favourite motto of his heart: "Holiness to the Lord." Oh, for such holy men to toil with equal self-sacrifice for the salvation of others! Reader, will you be one?

THE STRIVING OF THE SPIRIT.

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

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



UCH is the declaration of God concerning the antediluvian world.

He was about to destroy them, but could not let fall one drop of water—one flash of lightning—one spark of fire; he could neither drown nor damn a man of them until the Spirit had done striving with them. For the long space of 120 years—the period during which the ark was preparing—the Holy

Ghost strove with them; and when the ark was ready, God went round it, and shut every window and every door, and he shut in Noah and his family. The sound of those closing doors, as it echoed among the hills, announced mercy fled and wrath begun. The door was shut. Then the fury of God broke forth; and rush met rush, and flood met flood, and cataract met cataract, and tempest met tempest, till the last sinner cursed God and went down. The storm raged on still; in fury, in awful sublimity, it broke forth in one wild scene of boundless grandeur. "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

In my text we have two points—

I. A GREAT FACT STATED—THE STRIVING OF THE SPIRIT.

II. A DREADFUL EVENT PREDICTED—THE CESSATION OF THE SPIRIT'S STRIVING.

First, a great fact stated. There is about this fact two things—a necessity and a certainty.

First, a necessity. What do you mean, says one, by a necessity? I mean, firstly, there will be no concern about the soul's salvation, without the strivings of the Spirit. Without the Spirit, man is in darkness—in total darkness. He is darkness itself; there is not a glimmer in his soul. He is in death's shadow; and when a man is in the shadow, the substance is not far off. He is as dark as a Hottentot; yea, he is as dark as a devil. It is by the Spirit he is convinced—alarmed. It is by the Spirit the memory is refreshed—the conscience aroused. Yea, that unbidden tear, telling that all is not yet lost; that softening tendency, that melting down into contrition, those throes of agony in the soul—all, all are the work of the Spirit. It is by the Spirit he is enabled to look to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Without the Spirit, no conviction of sin, no contrition for the past, no softening tendency, no melting view of Calvary, no concern for the soul, will ever be felt. These influences may be resisted, and this resistance may be carried on to a point in the history, until conscience lays down its functions. Then the heart is as hard as a stone, and the understanding as dark as hell can make it. Then the sinner is like a ship half foundered in midnight darkness on a stormy sea—masts gone, helm broken, and compass lost, left to the mercy of the winds and waves. Then, though he may drop a tear over the grave of some loved one, he will turn up towards the God that redeemed him the brazen front of sullen rebellion; the iron hardness will be on his soul, but an infidel he cannot become till the Spirit has given him up. Genuine infidelity can never take place till the Spirit has ceased to strive. See him—on and on and on he rushes! The space between him and hell lessens—lessens every step. The lightnings from the Bible flash around him—but, *no feeling!* The thunder from Sinai roars—but, *NO FEELING!!!* The lurid fires of hell glare up in the distance, but, *NO FEELING!!!*—he is let alone! Oh, my God! of all the curses of heaven, save me and my friends from the curse of being LET ALONE.

I mean, secondly, there will be no success in the ministry without the Spirit. There will be no real heavenly fire without Divine influence. Whatever sparks of his own kindling there may be, the coldness of death and the chilliness of the grave will be on the minister's soul. I care not however eloquent, however persuasive, however pathetic he may be. He may kindle up with all the fire of Cicero, and thunder with the eloquence of a Demosthenes; he may have at his command all the range of Bible literature, be master of criticism, wield with giant intellect the doctrines of revelation, and all will be no more than the chirping of a grasshopper.

What is the best machinery, without a moving power? What would your best railway engines do without a moving power? Of what use would be your great vessels on the deep without a moving power? And we tell you that even all the grand machinery of the Gospel will do *nothing* without a moving power—the *power of the Holy Ghost*. The soul lies imbedded under thick layers of darkness, and bound up in fetters of iron. None but the Almighty Spirit can emancipate it from its bondage and snap its fetters; 'tis under the lightning flashes of the Spirit—under Holy Ghost preaching—that the soul is made to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?"

Secondly, there is a certainty about the striving of the Spirit.

I tell you, no man can go to hell-fire till the Spirit has first striven with him, and given him up. That the Spirit strives with all is evident from the following considerations:—1. Christ died for all. 2. The experience

of both saints and sinners testifies to it. 3. Salvation is impossible without it. 4. It is only on this ground that God can judge and condemn the wicked. He has been striving with you, and there are some characters here that have been grieving the Spirit of God. You are impressed on my heart, and I have from my God a message unto you. Oh, if ever I felt His blessed Spirit with me, I feel He is with me now.

1. The first character I name is the backslider. You have been grieving the Spirit of God. I would not seek to arouse your passions, to excite and frighten you; but I would calmly appeal to your judgments. But, ah! why do I do this? Your judgments are enlightened; you know your duty; and, if you go to hell, you will go there encircled with a halo of heavenly light. But I don't want to shut your hearts against me, neither do I want to drive you to despair. What a mercy of high heaven it is, that you are not in the deeps of hell! What a mercy it is that you are in the house of God to-night! I cannot tell whether you belong to this congregation, or to some other, or to none; whether you are rich or poor, old or young; whether you fell little by little, or whether you fell at once, into some awful crime; whether you fell by tipping, by an act of dishonesty, or by whoremongering—this, I know, you are a backslider, and you are here. There are just two points about your case. You have been very miserable for the last three months; like a wandering dove, you have had no rest. Now, I tell you, you will soon be in your winding sheet, or converted to God. It will be the one or the other. My God has sent me with this message to you. The devil has hold of you, and the Spirit of God has hold of you, and both are striving with you; one or the other will soon prevail. O, my brother! it will soon be Christ or the devil, heaven or hell, salvation or damnation. O! is there nothing that can reach you? Let me call your remembrance to the time when you were happy—happy as a saint—happy in God. You walked and talked with God; and around Him, as a central point of bliss, your spirit circled. With what joy did you look up to heaven as your home! Those were blessed days—but they are gone. I could say much to alarm you; but one poor sinner ought not to be harsh with another. I know that I myself ought to have been sent to hell years ago; but the Lord had mercy upon me, and pardoned my sins, and sanctified my soul, and has kept me for years. And now I say to you, with a tender heart, O, my brother, you are on the edge of a pit!—on the brink of the burning lake! Another step, and you may pass the verge, and splash on the fiery wave. *Come away!* COME AWAY!! OH, COME AWAY TO JESUS!!!

Your distressing case reminds me of an affecting incident connected with the explosion of an American steamer, a few years ago. The vessel was on her voyage from Savannah to New York. In a dangerous sea, and in the dead hour of the night, her boiler burst, and about one hundred souls were launched into eternity. The vessel was torn to pieces; and, upon a few fragments of the wreck, with the mast lying across it, a number of human beings floated out to sea. They continued to drift further and further from land, till nothing but sky and water met their view. During four days, the scorching sun poured his rays upon their almost naked bodies, till they were blistered. They had no food to satisfy the craving of hunger: their tongues were scorched with thirst; and to drink the salt water they knew would only increase the dreadful feeling.

A hint was given by one of the sufferers that they should cast lots who should die for the sustenance of the rest; but the idea of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of a fellow-being was rejected with horror. As they were gazing intently into the far-off horizon, they were cheered with what at first appeared a dark spot, but which soon brightened into a sail. They raised their little flag of distress, but it was unnoticed, and the vessel disappeared. After some time another hove in view, but the signal was not seen, and she vanished away. In like manner two others appeared, but, to their anguish, they also passed out of sight. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." After several hours had elapsed, another sail appeared; it seemed as if it was pasted on the sky. Soon its shape altered; the outlines of a vessel could now be traced; and, to their trembling joy, seemed to be nearing them. Ah, the captain of that ship little thought how many eyes were fixed with a gaze of agony upon the white sails of his stately vessel! They hoisted their signal of distress once more, and uttered their feeble cries; but, alas! she also appeared to be shaping her course in another direction. One poor fellow, who had been dreadfully scalded, looked himself into despair, cried out, "She is gone," and laid himself down to die. The time of extremity was God's opportunity. One eye from the vessel caught the signal; the word was passed to the deck, and resounded through the ship—"A wreck! a wreck!" In a few moments she began to bear down towards them. One of the sufferers, perceiving the change in their course, uttered the cry, "She sees us! she is coming toward us!"

Nearing them rapidly, the vessel loomed up within a short distance of them, and the clangour of the captain's trumpet rang over the waves—"Be of good cheer—I will save you!" I need scarcely tell you they were soon on board, filled with adoring gratitude to God, and thanksgiving to their deliverer. Your state of soul reminds me of the perilous condition of these shipwrecked passengers. You were sailing onward to heaven with a happy soul, and the breezes of grace were propitious; but an explosion took place, to the astonishment of heaven, and you made "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." Thank God, you have not gone down to hell, like many other backsliders! You have floated out upon the mere fragments of your hopes into the ocean of despair. You have grieved the Spirit; and of you it may well be said—

His passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave,
And hell expects to see him sink,
But Jesus lives to save!

Yes, "Jesus lives to save"; and it is written, "He is able to save to the uttermost." The promises have been obscured from the eye of your faith by strong temptation. Again and again you have found yourself unable to reach them; and, like the vessels which hovered for a little before the vision of those distressed persons and then vanished, so have the promises to your apprehension; but the God of the promises is at hand. If we could but induce you to repent, to lift up your signal of distress, your signal would be seen in heaven. The Captain of your salvation would draw nigh, and you would exclaim, "He sees me! He sees me! He is coming towards me! He is—see!"
Lo! on the wings of love He flies,
And brings salvation nigh.

Oh! you would hear the voice of your great Deliverer, saying, "Be of good cheer—I will save you." But persist in grieving the Holy Spirit, and your doom is sealed.

2. There is another character in this congregation. I don't know whether you are a backslider or not. You may be decent in your conduct; you may respect religion—believe in its great, awful, solemn verities; but you are undecided—you halt. You have a father and a mother unconverted, who, in all probability, would give their hearts to God if you would lead the way. You have been laid on a bed of affliction; you solemnly promised God to serve Him; but your resurrection to health was a resurrection to sin. God has been striving to convert you, to make your conversion instrumental in the salvation of your parents, but you have stood out; and my God has sent me solemnly to warn you against the soul-destroying sin of putting off. I tell you, if you refuse God will speedily send death—the winding sheet—the coffin—the white border round your face—the shut eye—the blanched cheek—the cold, cold grave. I tell you, if you refuse to let God preach a sermon to your parents from your conversion, he will preach a sermon to them from that coffin—from your pale corpse—from your shut eye, your bordered face, your blanched cheek, your yawning grave. I tell you it will soon be the one or the other—*conversion or damnation*. What shall it be? Will you now yield to God? You delay—you grieve the blessed Spirit; and He comes less and less powerfully every time. God says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Come, oh, my God! and save this halting soul!

1st. How long do you mean to remain as you are?

2nd. How long do you mean to rebel against God?

Depend upon it, matters will not long continue as they are. God has a controversy with you; He will ere long bring it to a close: the crisis is approaching. If you intend to be saved, you must make haste, and delay not. Your conscience is almost seared; sermons are scarcely of any use to you; under the soul-subduing scenes of Calvary you melt not; the judgments of God make upon you but little impression. Your damnation slumbereth not. This message to you, if not the savour of life unto life, will be of death unto death. Oh! I am afraid I am preparing some of you for the fever—the pestilence—the winding sheet; I mean you who are resisting the Spirit. You have been listening to the knockings—the knockings of the Holy Ghost; but you have closed and barred up the door of your heart. The last knocking will come, for the Lord said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Great God! touch to-night his heart.


4. One character more. You have joined some church; you pass for a Christian, you go the round of Christian duties; but you have no happiness—no living joy—no bright hope—no burning love. I ask you, do you think you have ever been *converted*? When was it? Under what *circumstances* did it take place? Is it possible that such a change could have taken place, and you know nothing of it? There was a time when the Spirit strove with you. Yes, he has been striving with you by that *hard heart*, that *lean soul*, that *standing doubt*. And you cannot tell but that the influence which is now moving on your soul may be the *last effort* Heaven will make for *your salvation*. What I want to do tonight is to arouse you to a sense of the peril of your situation. What

can be done to awaken you from your deep and death-like slumbers? You are here, here *before God*. I have described your character—you know it. You have a witness in your own bosom. You feel—you know you are not right; but it is not too late—you may yet be saved. But when the Spirit is gone, damnation follows.

I proceed to state the results of resisting God's Holy Spirit.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN THE POLICE COURT.

"S the dirty scoundrel here that was here last Monday, signing himself William ——?" cried the usher of a London police court.

The particular "dirty scoundrel" referred to made no reply if present; but as we were looking around amidst the crowd of poor folk in waiting for the opening of the court, we thought we saw many who might, with only too much reason, be supposed to answer the description.

Dirt there was in abundance. Even the lamps of the passage were thickly coated with it. The torn and greasy garments of the people, their pale, blotchy faces, and bloodshot eyes, plainly told a tale of something worse even than poverty, when the keen, clever look and sharp, wary movements of many left no doubt as to their manner of life.

"Now, then, women with children had better stand back," cries the usher. The door of the court is opened, and there is a rush to enter, in which friends assist friends with many a hearty push to get within the scanty space provided for the public inside the court.

"Send up the first case." And a poor man, with the mark of a wound on the back of his head, walks into the dock. The police found him "drunk and incapable," lying on the pavement. Poor man! sin is costing him dearly; he is to lose by it another half-crown, and costs.

Next comes a woman with her head bound up in a white bandage, through which the blood still oozes from a wounded eye. Another "drunk and incapable," picked up from the pavement by the police at 2 A.M. The magistrate has pity upon her. Not having seen her here before, he says, "You have got a dreadful eye;" and discharges her with a caution.

The next prisoner accounts for his sad predicament by saying he was "along with some friends, and was overcome." Alas! what friends! and, oh! in how many millions of instances on the same Sabbath were men and women in companies overcome by the powers of evil, and dragged away from God and hope! Oh, what mighty forces, what violent efforts, must be needed to change all this, and to overcome evil with good!

An old lady, respectably dressed, says she came out of an infirmary, and met two of her brothers, with whom she had a little, only a very

little, drink, and she supposes her weakness must account for her having become intoxicated. Oh, what family influences we have to struggle with in order to save men and women!

A young woman, well dressed, had some very valuable property in her care when she was found utterly helpless. How many more in good situations have this week been dragged down to the very jaws of hell, have lost character, and home, and hope!

Here comes one who has gone many steps further on in this awful course. Poor woman! she is only about 40 years of age apparently, but the magistrate says, "I fear yours is a hopeless case." Three weeks ago she was sentenced to 14 days hard labour; a month before she had undergone the same penalty. And she is now sent away again for 12 days more. Is it a hopeless case? Will Christians be content to sit down while instances like these are constantly recurring, and while multitudes are struggling giddily into the same awful vortex, and say, "It is a hopeless case"?

But why proceed with the sad record? How little after all shows here of the agony and misery of these poor victims of sin! These well-dressed mechanics and labouring men; these women of every age, what sorrow, what degradation, what homes, what children does this fearful procession indicate!

Stop! here are some of the children. Whatever can they be charged with? Poor boys, they seem wonderfully indifferent in their present sad position. They cannot be unaccustomed to associate at any rate with bad men. They have been gambling in the streets. They one and all declare they are not the guilty ones; but the real gamblers at whom they were looking ran away; but each of them pleads with the cold, defiant air which convinces the magistrate and every one else that they have not only learnt to gamble, but to lie. Alas! alas! where will it end? How soon will they feel like the great ruffian charged with brutal violence, who coolly says he will not question the chief witness against him, because "it will only be a month"!

But these are criminals! Nay, they are only a few of the multitudes living around us who have been caught on the forbidden ground, where so many more delight to wander daily. They only represent the wretched, godless life of millions of our fellow-countrymen, who may not untruly be called well-intentioned, but who, for want of religion, are constantly on the verge of moral as well as eternal destruction.

And now behold a man charged with attempting to stop the general ruin! He obstructed the street, he was a nuisance to the inhabitants, and he must be bound over to keep the peace. It is bad enough that the Christian Mission should take a shop in the very midst of the Sunday market, and preach from its threshold the great salvation to the dense mass of Sabbath breakers in front. But, at any rate, these troublers of the people must confine themselves to their own premises.

Thank God, there are many once fast bound in sin whom no walls nor restrictions can restrain from going forth and seeking to win their old companions in sin for God and heaven! But, oh! is it not time for every child of God in this London to awake and arise for the salvation of the people? The Gospel of Christ alone can meet the wants of these mighty hosts of wretched ones. And that Gospel can only be preached to them in the first instance in the open air.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE month has been marked by nothing more than by the return of our Poplar friends to their old position—the theatre, where the large congregations gathered in a few weeks have proved that in London, as in the country, the best place for reaching the masses with the Gospel is a place of amusement. We deeply regret that the serious financial difficulties of the Mission have prevented the permanent occupation of such buildings in the metropolis, and we trust that at the coming Conference we shall be able to make arrangements for the economising of our labour, so that the chief of our strength may be spent on these great efforts, which never fail to realise so great results.

We are thankful, nevertheless, that the fierce struggle carried on even in our smallest halls, in spite of multiplied disadvantages and furious opposition, continues to bring forth so much good fruit, which shall abound in the day of God to His honour and glory.

SHOREDITCH.

"YOUR people hold forth to the extreme," was severely remarked to us by the sergeant of the police last Sabbath morning, as we stood proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ from our porch here. If this man's soul was saved he would see the necessity of going to the extreme in a neighbourhood like Brick Lane. Sin in all its hideous forms is to be seen on Sabbath morning. Men and women going in crowds to hell. Disease and death are busy on every hand. There is every reason for God's people to use extreme means. It will be time for us to stop when sin has ceased. Till then let us toil on and labour in our Master's name.

The hottest fight has now begun;
Who will stand and never run?

The devil has tried to kill us, but, glory be to God! we have conquered him in the Master's strength. We have had a blessed month; many souls made happy; many hearts are rejoicing, and

will praise God throughout eternity for the hall in Brick Lane.

A TROPHY OF GRACE FROM GIBRALTAR WALK.

Our people took their stand as usual one Sunday evening. The service had commenced, when a brother was seen to go out of the ring and go towards a young man who was shabbily clad, fall upon his neck, and kiss him. The crowd did not understand to see two men so overcome with joy. Our own people, too, were amazed. It was a son that had wandered away from a father's home. The father had not seen him for 10 years, and the joy that was felt by them both was indescribable. They came to the hall, and, as the father was telling his joy, I felt what a life picture we had of the prodigal son in the Scriptures. After the preaching I gave the usual invitation for seekers to come forward, and among the first was the father and the son. He not only received the earthly father's kiss, but the kiss of re-

commendation from his heavenly Father. He is now living a consistent life.

Another is a man who had been

A PROFESSOR FOR TWELVE YEARS.

He came to our hall and found he was of all men the most miserable. He trembled under the Word, often going to his home in terror. At last he yielded, and is now so happy he does not know what to make of it. He says it's heaven already.

Another is

A YOUNG WOMAN

who had tried everything but the right thing to get joy and peace. The Gospel net, as usual, being let down, she was the first fish that was caught. A good one she has proved. This is quite enough to make us hold forth to the extreme. We have our Father's smile. We don't mind. The devil may frown; we shall conquer. Brethren and sisters, only be strong; it is all for Jesus.

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,
Arundel Street, Mile End.

HACKNEY.

DURING this month 53 precious souls have publicly come forward seeking salvation, and, all glory be to God! many of them to-day are living witnesses that Jesus Christ has power on earth to forgive sin.

The visit of Mr. Bramwell Booth and his sister on Sunday and Monday, 23rd and 24th of April, was made an especial blessing to us. Sunday morning, saints rejoiced, and re-dedicated themselves to God; afternoon, a further manifestation of God's goodness, and at night the Spirit come on us with mighty power, when 18 came forward and professed to find peace.

On Monday night there were six more.

A HUSBAND AND WIFE

came out, unknown to each other. The man seemed to be wrestling with the powers of darkness for over an hour. I tried to point him to Christ, but shall never forget the look of despair depicted on his face, and the cry of his broken heart—"Oh, what shall I do! I cannot believe!" We left him crying to God, and at the close of the meeting Miss Booth sat down beside him, and, with great tact, led him out of self right away to the Cross, where he saw Jesus as his Saviour, declaring, "I do believe

Christ has pardoned me;" and when he arose to his feet, turned, and saw his wife, who had, unknown to him, come out and found the Lord, his joy was complete.

A BACKSLIDER FOURTEEN YEARS

had for some time been secretly praying for his wife (who was in the same state as himself) that she might say something to him about his soul, and who, poor thing, was doing the very same thing herself for her husband. They came to the hall, and together sought and found Jesus. They may now be seen side by side at every service outside and inside.

A SCOFFER STOPPED.

A young woman came to the hall one night to scoff, but while the preacher was reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, she trembled, and afterwards came boldly forward, fell down before God, cried for mercy, and found Him, to the joy of her soul. She is now speaking in the open air. To His name be all the praise!

GOOD-LIVING PEOPLE.

A good-living man and wife, who paid twenty shillings in the pound, and had never hurt anybody in their lives, found out that their good deeds got so heavy they were sinking them down to hell. They had to ask the Lord to wash them all away, and give them His salvation, which He did; and both, with one accord, say, at almost every meeting they come to, "Oh, we never thought religion was like this; we are so happy!" And many others we could with joy speak of would space permit.

Friends, pray on for us.

THOS. BLANDY.

3, Havelock Road,
Wells Street.

POPLAR.

DURING the last two months we have had some glorious victories over sin and the devil at this station. To His dear name be all the glory!

Our Easter meetings were among the best ever seen in Poplar. The Easter services were attended with the mighty power of God. On Sunday souls felt the resurrection power, and are now walking in newness of life. But the Monday meetings were better still; hundreds were attracted by the open-air

BARKING.

PRaise God! for He has been doing valiantly in our station, and has blessed us with a mind to work, notwithstanding the unusual severity of the weather, and great opposition. Hunted about in the open air by publicans and infidels, we are determined to continue publishing the glad tidings of salvation to sin-burdened and perishing souls.

Some of the most deeply-sunken in sin have sought and found the Saviour. "I am so glad, sir, that ever I saw you," said a dear woman to me, when I spoke to her about her soul. "I heard you in the open air, and I could not move until you went singing down the street. I am a wicked woman; there's no Saviour for me. I cannot be saved. Do you think He will save me?" After telling me some of her past life, she came forward, a broken-hearted sinner, to the penitent-form. She soon found that Jesus could save even her, and now she is praying for her husband.

SAVED IN SPITE OF HUSBANDS.

A woman came to our hall time after time, but her husband told her if she came again he would throw her out of the window. She came one night in great distress about her soul, and, fearing her husband, did not know what to do; but at last she gave up all for Christ, and she is now rejoicing in God.

A man and wife sat at the back of the hall one evening. The wife was so powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit that she could not keep her seat. Her husband held her back, but she broke through, and came up, with bitter cries and tears, exclaiming, "Let me go! let me go!" and ran up to the front. She was not long before she realised that her sins were all forgiven. When she got up, she said, "Bad as I was, He has saved me; my sins are all pardoned. I am free."

TWO SCOFFERS SAVED.

The Sunday the Gipsies preached in the tent two young women came in laughing and scoffing; but the power of God came down upon them mightily, and they were soon found upon their knees, crying for that mercy which is never denied to the true penitent.

We want all necessary help just now to defray the expenses connected with the tent. Any one wishing to help in the glorious work of saving souls can do

preaching. Two large bands of godly men and women told the wandering multitudes what great things God had done for their souls. Afterwards the hall was crowded to listen to Miss Booth, whose address told wonderfully upon the audience. At the close several sought salvation. One man said of what he had heard, "It went through me like an electric shock." Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Our hall has been closed for repairs, and during the time we seized the opportunity to take

THE ALBION THEATRE

for Sunday nights, thus taking possession of one of the devil's great strongholds in this dark neighbourhood in order to rescue souls on his own ground from his infernal grasp. It was grand to see our people rally to the standard in three strong bands, including one from Cubitt Town, all coming in different ways, rousing the neighbourhood. It was enough to stir the coldest heart to sit and hear these godly men and women singing so lustily the praises of the great King. Ungodly men said, as they saw our bands coming in different directions, "Holloa! there's going to be a fight; here's opposition;" but they found to their confusion that we belonged to one army, and were truly fighting—bat under one standard.

Two thousand souls have pressed into the theatre at one service, and listened with breathless attention to the word of life.

THE GIPSIES

were with us on the 23rd, and spoke and sang with wonderful effect, and at the close seven or eight souls decided for Christ.

MRS. BOOTH,

just home from her arduous work in Leicester for a little rest, hearing of our success, came nobly to our help on Sunday, 30th, and preached with great power. Her visit to Poplar will long be remembered; six or seven souls gave themselves to the Lord. Glory to His name!

We should very much like to continue these services in the theatre, but the expenses are heavy. Will some of the Lord's stewards send us help?

The work still goes on at Cubitt Town. The only thing wanting here is a new hall.

JNO. P. GRAY.

15, Ivy Cottages, Bath St.,
Poplar.

so by sending money and tracts to the Rev. William Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park; or to

E. W. BLANDY.

Bifrons Lodge, Barking,
Essex.

CROYDON.

ON Easter Sunday Brother Ridsdell was down here, and both outside and in the hall the power of God was present.

One poor man cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and we hope went home justified.

On Easter Monday we had our annual tea-meeting. The Croydon friends met Sister Stride and the friends from Bromley at 3 P.M., and proceeded to Dupas Hill, the Croydon Recreation Grounds, where we opened fire upon the enemy in glorious order, Sister Stride taking the lead with her band; and when they had exhausted, not their ammunition, but their strength, the Croydon band continued the glorious fight. At five o'clock we formed in marching order, bringing hundreds with us to the mission hall, some of whom took tea with us; after tea out went another band, blowing the Gospel trumpet with all their might until seven o'clock, when the public meeting began, presided over by our old friend Mr. Holmes.

A good meeting was closed with a good prayer-meeting, and we gained several anxious souls.

W. JONES.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

THE past month at this station, we can truly say, has been a reaping time; many souls have been gathered into the fold. The harvest is truly plenteous, but the labourers are few. We are now especially casting ourselves upon the Lord to open our way to a suitable site to put up a large tent for the summer months, then build a mission hall, so that the masses of this town can hear the Gospel during the week. We have two halls, but we are expecting to lose the Wilberforce, as they intend to turn it into shops; and West Street Hall is not large enough; it is suitable for classes, but we must have a large preaching place. Will our readers pray that our way may be made plain and clear speedily, and help us in this matter?

The 30th of April we had a day of victory. Joshua Dawson, the well-known and successful evangelist from Weardale, spent Sunday and Monday with us, preaching in the theatre in the afternoon—his subject, "Scriptural Holiness." The power of God seemed to fill the house; we saw that it was unbelief that kept the children of Israel out of the Promised Land so long. They could not enter in because of unbelief; but the Spirit led us up to the banks of the Jordan, and we looked at its rolling tide, then by faith crossed its waves, and entered into the land of perfect love; the wilderness of sins, and doubts, and fears was left behind, and we could sing—

"I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there,
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear."

At the theatre in the evening we had a full house—Mr. Dawson's subject, "Joy among the Angels." The Word was with power. In the prayer-meeting between 50 and 60 came on to the stage seeking mercy. Many obtained it, and were enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning Saviour.

On Monday Joshua preached on the Christian Mission motto—"Holiness unto the Lord." The Wilberforce Hall was packed; the power came down, and saints and sinners fell at the feet of Jesus together; and after the full surrender, many could sing, with faces beaming with joy—

"'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless life and peace."

NINE YEARS BACKSLIDERS.

A woman came to some of our meetings and was deeply impressed. She then brought her husband, who was a puddler, afflicted with the terrible curse of drunkenness. He was convinced it was wrong, and fast sending his soul to hell. He came and saw me; I advised him to give it up, which he did, and continued to come to our theatre services. While I was describing sin and its effects upon the sinner one night, he said to his wife, "Thou hast been telling that man all about me." She said, "I have not spoken to him about thee." Several times they went away undecided, the wife weeping and willing to come to Jesus; but the husband refused. One

Monday evening, however, while the Spirit was striving, they came out together to seek salvation, and both found it, and are now walking in the highway of life and holiness.

TWO SAILOR-BROTHERS AND THEIR WIVES.

One of the wives came to Mrs. Dowdle's believers' class and got convicted, went home, and began to pray for her husband and his brother. Afterwards they both came, and were spoken to about their souls. One night they came on the platform and sought the Lord in real Mission style, and, glory be to God! soon found pardon, and rejoiced together. Since then the other's wife has been saved, and the two families are walking in the way of peace. The following letter is from a shipmate of the two brethren:

"Middlesbro', May 9th, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Dowdle,—Trusting in Jesus, I thought these few words might be some encouragement to you. I am 32 years old, and, as a sailor, I have been to many different parts of the world, trying to find pleasure in sins which only the sailor knows. But although I sought, I found it not, till I came to the bleeding side of the Saviour. I was brought up at Sunday school till 14 years of age; then I went to sea, and soon found myself a ready victim to the sins and vices so prevalent among sailors. About six years ago I married, and though I used to go to a place of worship when I was in port on Sundays, I still worked very hard for the devil during the week. At last I thought I would go to the theatre, coming out under strong convictions. One Sunday night my wife, who had been brought up a Roman Catholic, came home, and did not rest all night, and went to a sister's house on Monday afternoon to seek rest in the wounds of Jesus, and, all glory to God! found the peace that passeth all understanding. This so worked on my mind that I thought it was time I was thinking about my own salvation. I went to meeting after meeting, till on Good Friday I was deeply impressed that I should be lost, and that for ever, if I did not go to Jesus. I came home, and I went to my bedside and knelt and prayed and wrestled with the devil for nearly two hours, my wife praying with me and for me. At last, glory be to His holy name! I laid my

sins on Jesus, and as soon as I had done that I felt my load removed and my sins pardoned. May His grace keep me and my wife! It has been the happiest three weeks ever we have spent, praising and glorifying God for what He has done for us.—W. N."

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

As we informed our readers in our last, we are in the midst of a tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness. The enemy has brought up reinforcements, Mr. Bradlaugh having taken the other theatre wherein to deliver his soul-destroying lectures.

Many professors begin to think that it is quite time the revival should cease, that the work is almost too large, the open-air meetings a little too frequent, &c.

But these things have driven us to do as we are so earnestly exhorted to do in the leading article of the May magazine. Oh, that this may be but the beginning of a work in which multitudes of immortal spirits shall be saved from endless woe!

From those brought to Jesus recently I just select a few cases. To God be all the praise!

"CAN I BE SAVED?"

A man stopped me in the street and asked if it were possible for him to be saved to-day. The answer was "Yes." But he said, "I refused six weeks ago, when you appealed to me in the Star. But, oh! those awful weeks of misery. Lord save me!" Which prayer was answered in mercy the same night; for, as soon as the sermon was ended, he rushed on to the stage as a seeker; but he soon found what he sought after. This man had been a publican, blasphemer, and drunkard, but is now, through grace, a happy saint.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

A man who had been notorious in wickedness, more especially since his backsliding, at last became overwhelmed with despair. He now said that death was preferable to life, and threatened to commit suicide, which awful threat he three times tried to carry into execution, but was mercifully prevented by loving relatives. He was induced to come to the theatre, where God in mercy met and saved him. Turning to a dear friend, he said, "If this had not taken place I should have been in hell by

twelve o'clock to-night, for I could not have lived as I was." Thank God! he is alive, and praising God, and so do we for his salvation.

AFRAID OF THE PREACHER.

A woman who, until very recently, had kept a public-house, was induced to give that up and attend the services at the theatre, but for many weeks could not be induced to stay for the prayer-meeting. The moment the preacher attempted to leave the stage she would struggle through the crowd to the door, and so terrible was the conflict that the perspiration would roll from her face. At last she yielded to the stirrings of the Spirit, and sought and found Christ, since which time she is not afraid of the preacher or his friends. Perfect love casteth out fear.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

In the centre of the pit was to be often seen a man whose riveted attention gave proof that God's Spirit was working with him. But he has since confessed that the Evil One was hard at work with him, too, and for a long time appeared to prevail, for instead of accepting the invitation, he used to rush into a public-house and get drunk, hoping thereby to drown the voice of conscience and quench the Spirit of God; but his misery only increased. He dared not sleep at night for fear of going to hell, and to get a little comfort he came to the Mission Hall, where the preacher laid his hand upon his shoulder. God in mercy put an end to his miserable condition by saving his soul. He soon let us know this, shouting, "It is all right! all right!" since which time he continues to confess Christ; and we are praying that God will make him a mighty man.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

Mention was made in the Magazine some months ago of the conversion of a poor cripple. She was very poor, having only 3s. 6d. per week, and very delicate, and could only move with crutches or sticks; yet as soon as she was converted she went to work to bring others to Him. God blessed her efforts, and through her instrumentality four men and women were converted, and joined the Mission. Meanwhile the dear woman took to her bed and died, declaring with her dying breath that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed her from all sin, and exhorting all around to meet her in heaven.

Dear Christian reader, have you brought four souls to Christ? God bless you. Go to work, and when you meet this dear suffering saint on that day, have at least four precious souls to lay at the feet of Him who loved you with an everlasting love.

Yours in Him for the salvation of the world,

ABRAHAM LAMB.

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

HASTINGS DISTRICT.

BLESSED results are still following our efforts, especially in the open air. Persecution is not yet dead, nor do we expect it to die while Satan and sin reign in the human heart.

The visit of dear Sister Hall was made a great blessing both to saint and sinner, five souls being brought to the Saviour. The novelty of seeing a woman preaching in the fish market, on

A FISH BOX,

attracted many. Fishermen and others crowded round to hear the story of the Cross, and many a wet eye was seen.

ST. LEONARDS.

THE battle is still raging, and our enemies are trying their very best to oust us from this neighbourhood. The work is too rough for timid professors, and not respectable enough, they say, for such a locality.

THE DEVIL OUTDONE.

A rough lot of fellows came one night into one of our week-night services, evidently to upset the meeting. Some had tall white nigger hats, which now and then they put on their heads to excite laughter. I found out afterwards that one was a publican. It was plain to be seen that all were well primed with beer. This, however, did not daunt us. The Lord helped me to preach with power, and with a little tact I gained attention. The scales were turned, and several were deeply affected. At the close I invited such as were anxious to be saved to remain. After all had left, two young men returned and wept their way to Calvary.

"I WON'T BE CONVERTED,"

said a young man, for whom friends had been praying. But what could he

A CHURCH AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

ABOUT 25 years ago a company of young men started out from Damascus, headed for Jerusalem. They had not gone far before a band of armed horsemen surrounded them, and ordered a halt. The leader said the caravan might move on, unhurt and unharmed, if they would deliver up one of their number—a young man named Randall, who should not suffer if he would come along with them peacefully. The terms, though hard, were acceded to, and the last look his companions had of him was to see him mounted on a fine horse, attended by the gay horsemen of the Bedouin Sheik of the Le Arish tribe, which tribe usually winter in the neighbourhood of Damascus, and in the summer move south and east over the great plain, seeking pasturage and water for their flocks and herds. The young man was taken to the Sheik's tent, and, to his surprise, found a magnificent entertainment awaiting him. What does it all mean? Arzalia, the Sheik's daughter, had seen the young man, and fallen passionately in love with him, and this is the wedding feast. The young man and Arzalia are married. There was no escape for him. His tent was guarded by night, and his person watched by day lest he should escape, and this guard kept over him for years. He and Arzalia, however, seemed happy; children were born to them, and their domestic life was marked by kindness, courtesy, and true affection. Randall rapidly acquired the Arabic language; his wife as readily mastered the English. Their children were taught in both.

Now, who was this Randall? In Oneida Co., New York State, lives his father, who has never seen the face of his son. This father is now a man of some 70 years, who was brought up among the Indians, and has travelled again and again with the hunters of his tribe over the entire Mississippi Valley in search of fish and game. At the age of 22, the chief of his tribe said, "You had better return to the white people, for among them you can be more of a man than among the Indians." He returned, married a Welsh lady for his wife, and while she was on a visit to her relatives in Wales this son was born. The mother dying soon after his birth, he remained until manhood with his kindred in Wales, and was taking a

do? He could not get away; the devil tried hard to keep him out of salvation. The prayer-meeting was closed, and still he kept saying, "I won't be converted." But the Spirit was at work in his heart, and at a late hour he was subdued by the power of God's Spirit. After a struggle he and another young man laid hold of Christ by faith, and both were made happy.

"DON'T LET HIM GO."

A young convert, who is now getting on well in his soul, stepped in one night to Bro. Thorpe's, bringing a friend with him, saying, "You see, I have brought him. I have to go to class, but I thought I would bring him first. I must leave him—but don't let him go." While singing he was broken down, and with broken accents pleaded for mercy. Several friends prayed; I urged him to accept Jesus as his Saviour. His plea was, "I am too bad to be saved." I told him Jesus came to seek and save the worst. It was some time before he could realise this, but at length obtained peace. After getting off his knees he threw his tobacco and pipe into the fire, saying he would have no more to do with *them*.

NINFIELD.

THE friends at this station are still labouring on. They still hold open-air services at Boreham with spirit and energy. Fruits of past labours are appearing. Several have obtained salvation through our work in the open air, one of whom has been taken to heaven. The other Sabbath morning I preached, and the people heard well, although a chill north-east wind was blowing. The village green was our pulpit, and the open air our chapel, and at night we held a service on Ninfield Green.

NEW ROMNEY

is being blessed. Bro. Massey pushes on. Our workers render what assistance they can, and good is being done. The open-air services are well attended, and held two hours at a time. Persecution rages, but victory follows. The room is filled, and souls are led to the Saviour.

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House, Plymlipton Rd.,
Hastings.

trip through Syria, previous to his return to America, when he was captured by the Sheik and compelled to marry his daughter. His mother was a Baptist, and he, before he left Wales for the Orient, was baptised. When he was admitted to the Sheik's family they had to receive his religion as well as his person. Through him his wife became a Christian, his father-in-law became a patron of his son-in-law's faith; his children were brought up in "the fear of the Lord"; his son has become Sheik of the tribe, the father-in-law having died. All the surrounding tribes have become favourable to the new religion, and have pledged their swords in its defence. Many have been baptised; hundreds of children have been taught the new religion.

But a dervish, a zealot of Mahomedan faith, had for a long time been endeavouring to stir up opposition and persecution; strove to have Randall's sons thrown out of the employ of the Turkish Government, and failing in this, turned his assault upon the daughter of the foreigner, and charged her with witchcraft and apostacy from the true faith. She was brought before the *mejlis*, composed of 144 venerable sheiks and effendis, to answer charges which involved her life. The charges having been presented and substantiated as best they could by witnesses, she was called upon to answer them through her advocate. She, although but 14 years of age, and dressed in the neatest manner, with a placid face and calm heart and unflinching trust, responded—"Most venerable fathers, I will reply in person!" and then with fervour and faith and power, holding her Bible in her hand and frequently reading passages from it, she made a defence worthy an apostle; and when she finished, the unanimous verdict was in her favour, and the chiefs of the tribe pledged each other their swords anew to defend all Christians who thought and felt as Rosa did. But the old dervish breathed revenge, and determined to take that young life. The trial was in October, 1872. In June, 1873, while Rosa was teaching a class of 42 little girls, in a grove, the way to heaven, the dervish stealthily approached, and, before anyone was aware, he had murdered the maid, and fled. The fleetest horses of the tribe, with armed riders, went in pursuit. He was soon captured, tried, and executed. But the work is growing,

the truth is spreading, and a new chapter in the history of spreading Gospel light has been unveiled to us, alike startling and impressive. When the whole story is told (as it soon will be) a more remarkable chapter in the history of the preaching of the Gospel has not been offered this century.

In the last letter from Lady Arzalia Le Avish Randall, giving all the particulars of her child's trial and tragic death, occurs this beautiful sentence and earnest request—"Pray for me, that my piety may be as humble as the violet, as enduring as the violet, and as fragrant as the orient." We hope, in the course of a year, to offer the readers of this sketch the entire story from the hut of the Indian to the tented church of the Bedouin; but we could not consent to keep "the glad tidings" to ourselves any longer, and so have told our story in brief to-day. *Laus Deo!*—*National Baptist.*

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

MRS. HAGUE, OF MIDDLESBRO'.

SHE was one of our first converts in this town. The first time Mrs. Dowdle preached, she, with her sister, came to the penitent-form and obtained salvation. Her husband was saved soon after, and for a long time they walked in the light; then affliction and trial came upon them; they neglected the meetings, and trusted in the arm of flesh. They both became afflicted, so that their circumstances were very trying. They were visited—entreated to return to Jesus, which they did. She sent us an urgent request to see my wife, and said to her as soon as she saw her, "I will not sleep or close my eyes until I feel I am all right again." They prayed, and she believed, was restored, and lived in an ecstasy ever after, praising and talking to everyone who went to see her about their souls. The last time I saw her she was wonderfully happy; she knew her time was drawing near. She said, "I am very happy, and know I shall soon be in heaven. Still, there are two things I very much regret—one, because I have not lived so near to Jesus as I might; the other, because I have not done so much for Him as I ought. Tell the brothers and sisters from me to live close to Jesus and work much for Him. I should like for you to bury me—take me out in the

street and sing over me, and invite the people to come to Christ and be saved." On May the 8th she fell asleep in Jesus. All her brothers and sisters helped her sing the hymn—

"Whither, traveller, art thou going?"

and promised to meet her in heaven.

We had a thorough Mission funeral; about 70 of our people marched in procession to the cemetery singing, where I gave an address; and then we laid her body in the grave in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

You will be very sorry to hear that my dear wife was taken suddenly ill the other day, losing her speech and eyesight, and the power of her limbs; but prayer was made at the meetings, and God gloriously answered prayer. When I returned from her meeting she could talk and see, but is very weak yet. I believe the Lord will bring her round again.

Thanks for tracts received. Will our readers pray for Middlesbro'?

Yours, washed in the blood of the Lamb,

JAMES DOWDLE.

22, Clarence Street,
Middlesbrough-on-Tees.

Since the above we have information that Mrs. Dowdle is still very far from restored. Will our friends and readers kindly and earnestly intercede that the Master may have compassion on her and heal her?—*Ed. Christian Mission Magazine.*

LIVING ON GOD.

RELIGION in the heart is a deep stream, always flowing because its fountain is always full. God is the great fountain from which the stream receives its supplies, and that stream must partake of His purity, unchangeableness, and fullness. It does not depend for its supply upon external causes. The heart where religion has a home does not merely reflect the image of the world around, becoming at one time a torrent and at another stagnant or dry. It is permanent life. That heart lives directly on God. It has a constant vision of the Holy One. It realises the fulfilment of the promise, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into ever-

lasting life." The Spirit of God descends into the heart, and supports the spiritual life, much as the dews and rains of heaven support vegetable life. It drinks in this Holy Spirit. It is baptised with the Spirit. It is the source of all its sweet peace, its holy joys, its practical godliness. It does not depend on outward impulses, for it lives directly on God, and receives all its impulse, its vital energy, its living, moving power from Him.

The Christian who thus lives on God, and he only, has a constant sense of His presence, and a correct view of His character. He does not look upon God as afar off. He knows that He is nigh, even in the heart. He is never less alone than when, in his closet, he feels the presence of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, sweetly, in their various offices, drawing up his heart to communion with the very heart of God Himself. He meditates then on the character of God, and feels that he is in His holy presence, with nothing but a moral character to recommend him to His favour. He reads His word and hears Him speak in His own inspired pages. To Him the words spoken are "spirit, and they are life." He drinks in the spirit of the blessed Bible. And all is real, and all is deeply felt.—*Banner of Holiness.*

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God;
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there;
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.
Go through the day with God;
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise:
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death
He will thee guard and keep.

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Precious Jesus.

Hymn 416.

I need Thee, precious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guil - ty, My heart is dead with - in: I need the cleansing

foun-tain, Where I can al - ways flee - The blood of Christ most pre - cious The

sin - ners per - fect plea.

2 I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way:
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay;
I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathise,
A friend to care for me.

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None of Self. and All of Thee.

Slow. *1st time.*

Oh, the bit - ter shame and sorrow, That a time could e - ver be,
When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty

2nd time. *Repeat f*

Plead in vain, and proud - ly answer'd, - "All of self, and none of Thee."
"All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;";
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."
3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah I so patient,

Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."
4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my spirit's longing,
"None of self, and all of Thee."