

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

JUNE, 1877.

## Concert.

By G. S. RAILTON.



**H**OW much we have heard about "The European concert" lately! The concert, such as it was, is disturbed. There is an uproar, and how many of the parties now looking gloomily on will yet join in the affray, or when "concert" will recommence who can tell? The concert would appear to have depended for its continuance upon the perpetuation of one tune, "Let us all be quiet, and let everybody else alone," and when a little princeling broke away from all restraint and insisted upon attacking his neighbour, the harmony of the whole company was at an end, and the civilised world began to drift towards a commotion, the extent and results of which no one could foresee.

So end all human concerts, for the simple reason that those who take part in them have no common aim, are not subject to one common authority, and are not bound together by any permanent tie. Nations remain at peace with one another as long as peace is looked upon as most desirable in the interests of each. But the moment one country considers war necessary to preserve its "interests," the wonderful agreement which had seemed to subsist so long and to be so perfect is altogether at an end.

This is sadly too much the case amongst religious people. Here is a church or a society which has enjoyed "a long run of prosperity." The harmony of that church is wonderful. The fact is nobody wants anything particular but peace. Nobody wants to be seriously disturbed about religion or to interfere with any one else. Membership, audiences, finances steadily grow. Never was a dear minister so "highly esteemed." Never were ministrations blessed to so many. Never was there a more respectable body of people. No one in the neighbourhood has anything to say against them; in fact, no one has anything much to say about them at all except that many of them are "good customers." If they met together to hold

concerts, give readings, or to sew, knit, or play chess instead of having what is called "divine worship," it would be precisely the same to all the world, provided the same amount of gas were consumed, and a "minister," "door-keeper," and what not were duly maintained.

But all at once a troublesome being comes upon the scene. He has notions of his own about something. He thinks "something ought to be done." No matter whether he be only a stickler for some particular form, or a grumbler, or an earnest man aiming at some good object, he makes quite a commotion. If he be only weak and turbulent, he is perhaps got rid of by general consent. But if he be a man of God, strong in spiritual power if not in other respects, whether he be minister, member, or officer, the beautiful harmony of the church is soon at an end.

When the Rev. O. Wakeup was made vicar of Tranquilton and "began preaching straight to the people about their sins, and holding open-air services and temperance meetings, half the old congregation left." When a certain young man went from a mission station in London to a village far away, "a third of the members" of one chapel threatened to leave if he were not "put a stop to."

When Brother Blazes was appointed to an old-established station, some declared they would "never work with him," or would even "leave the place," and so it turned out, although there was no real fault to be found with the dear man.

The reason of all this is not far to seek. People professedly united together, and apparently in perfect harmony with one another, had in these cases no real deep solid bond of union. They remained together so long as each considered it to his interest to do so; but the moment definite earnest action in any direction was proposed, the beautiful party was broken up, and each sought the course which to each seemed most desirable without any regard to the rest.

Thank God, the Christian Mission has known a much more heavenly and enduring "concert" than this hitherto. But we can yet achieve more perfect union, and we pray that the coming Conference may, under the divine blessing, promote this great end in no small degree.

HOW CAN WE SECURE THE MOST PERFECT AND ENDURING UNITY?

Certainly not by any external arrangements, agreements, rules, organisations, forms, or plans. "That which is seen is temporal." How many governments, constitutions, laws, armies, societies, and companies have we seen the rise and fall of within the last thirty years? How many more existing will outlive the century?

No; "the unity of the Spirit"—that is what we must have. But "the unity of the Spirit" has come to be used as a vague expression, covering a multitude of sins, discords, confusions, separations, and antagonisms. That will not do for us. We must have unity, not merely in theory, but such unity as will make us all "as the heart of man" to serve the Lord.

The unity of the Spirit should mean *one life*. Not only all born again, some to-day, some last week, some years ago; but all living to-day under the overpowering influence of the Holy Ghost. Where some are "all alive," others "middling," others "holding on," others again "rather backward," and some "cold," there is not that spiritual oneness which ends quarrelling, renders division impossible, and blends all together in one glorious progress. The fire whereat every living soul gathers its light and heat is large enough for us all closely to surround. Let us all, drawing nigh to God, be welded together in a purer and intenser spiritual heat than we ever knew before.

With this one life we shall all have *one aim*—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. And people who have all one aim are not likely to discuss at great length the persons by whom, or the lines along which, they shall be conducted to the common end. All are too eager to get along to have even serious care about the route. The feeling of such a people is admirably summed up in the verse—

"Now who can sing my song and say, Christ for me?  
My life and truth, my light and way; Christ for me.  
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,  
We'll form a happy, singing band,  
And shout aloud throughout the land, Christ for me."

Oh what a glorious concert! One of the greatest masters of harmony perhaps the world has ever seen has just been visiting our country. If he had not been within the line of the world which we may not cross, we would fain have heard Wagner. The peculiarity of his method of conducting musical performances is this—that he will not have in his band a single performer who is merely a musician playing the notes set before him according to his own idea of the piece. Each one must perfectly understand the aim of the composer in each strain, and must devote himself to the realisation of that effect. The result is described as surpassing anything hitherto known in the way of orchestral music.

Now this is just what we want to attain—for every one connected with every station thoroughly to comprehend the aim of our great Master, and to give himself up to its accomplishment incessantly. Herein lies the secret of perpetual harmony and mighty co-operation.

And nothing gives such an assurance of *mutual confidence, esteem, and love* as the knowledge that each one is labouring with might and main for one common purpose. The soldiers of different armies marching under the same commander-in-chief, even though they may belong to different nationalities, have an almost brotherly feeling towards one another, simply because every man is looking for and labouring to obtain the same grand triumph over the same foe. And while, as our numbers swell, and we add station after station to our list, the probability of seeing one another in the flesh becomes limited to an ever-decreasing number of us, our precious

sense of brotherhood in Jesus, and our delight in one another may become more and more intense continually if we all seek more and more exclusively and passionately the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Does any one ask, "How may I insure my perpetual union with all my brethren in this work?" We cannot reply better than by quoting another verse, which, in the name of God, we earnestly commend to every heart:—

"Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,  
Since I am called by Thy great Name;  
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be Thou the aim;  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be Thy praise."

## PAPERS ON SPIRITUAL LIFE. No. 2.

### THE MEANS OF RESURRECTION.

A DEAD man cannot raise himself to life. Nor can one dead man give life to another. If, then, all are dead, all are equally helpless and hopeless, until some external power shall come to breathe life.

Just look at this dead body. A quarter of an hour ago it was to all appearance full of health and activity. High forehead, finely cut features, broad chest, strong limbs—but a dead man. He may have been clever in argument, but it is no use attempting to persuade him now that he had better rise again. Your pleadings may be unanswerable; but they will produce no effect. He may have been a most sensitive and kindly friend to those who now mourn around him; but their tears cannot influence him in the least. His strength and agility may have been very remarkable; but nothing can induce him to stir now. The sight of others in danger and urgently requiring assistance, the roar of cannon and the strains of martial music, or the entreaties of his dearest friends, are equally incapable of moving him. You may cover him with the warmest clothing, or pour cold water profusely over him; you may open veins and try to force his blood to flow; you may pour burning stimulants down his throat; but it is all labour in vain. He is dead, and more than human power is absolutely required to bring him back to life.

But suppose the same body to be re-possessed of life and sitting upright in some religious gathering; the same characteristics of death are just as apparent in connection with the soul. The reasonable persuasions of the preacher may be received with intelligent glance and even earnest attention; tender appeals to feeling may be responded to by the copious flow of tears, and urgent calls to repentance may appear to produce approving and solemn regard; but, strange to say, the same man will come and hear all this every week for fifty years without being any nearer to life than he was at first. His fellow man, in fact, may set before him the truths of the gospel with the greatest clearness—may

thoroughly satisfy him of the truth of all these things—may even move his emotions to no small degree on the subject; but as to raising him to life, that is impossible. God alone can do that; His spirit, speaking with or without the use of words, can in a moment arouse that poor sinner as all the sermons and books apart from His power have utterly failed to do.

Then the great question for a speaker or writer who would save souls is not "What am I to say?" or "How shall I say it?" but "How can I insure God's using me in this case?" "How can I best work with Him?" What a revolution in religious services when every one who professes to labour for God acts upon this principle!

"Yes, the work is *all* of God," say some. Nay, not so. There is no greater blunder. To suppose that resurrection can be effected apart from the influence of the soul brought to life is a mistake arising from an imperfect view of what resurrection really implies.

Here is a dead body. What does that mean? A body from which the spirit is departed. You want the body raised to life. Then you want the spirit to return to it, and God Himself could not raise that body to life if the spirit, possessed of the power to choose, were to refuse to inhabit its old tabernacle. When Jesus said, "Lazarus, come forth," He not merely called a body from the tomb, but a soul from Paradise, and Lazarus had his share in the resurrection, for Lazarus obeyed the call.

Here is a dead soul. What does that mean? A soul separated from God. You want the soul raised to life. Then you want God to return to it, which God declares He will only do when and as the soul returns to Him. Only divine power can bring that soul to life; but even divine power cannot do it apart from the consent of the soul itself. There must be the cry from the depths; there must be the knock of the groaning prisoner for release; there must be the effort of the wanderer to get into the strait gate and the narrow way, or the Creator's marvellous ability to create anew will not be manifested.

Do you feel the Spirit of the Lord moving upon the dark waters of your soul's disordered waste? Do you feel that you are all wrong—in bondage to the devil, in danger of hell every moment? Are you for once brought to a standstill with the solemn thought, "I am soon going to stand before God, and unless I am made quite different from what I am now He will send me away from Him for ever?" Then cry to God to save you just now. Without your consent He can do nothing. If you please He can make you alive in Christ this moment, and work in you all the pleasure of His will with mighty power.

### "WILL IT LAST?"

FRANKLY, we do not pretend to know. It depends.

But in the first place, what is the character of this "it" of which you speak? It will not last if it is not thorough. If you have only received "a great blessing," and labelled it "Entire Satisfaction," we must say plainly it will not last. "Blessings" are grand, but they come and they go. If you have not the clear witness, and are in any doubt that you are fully

saved, then settle the question at once. Do not wait. Go at once to Jesus with quiet persistency. Let the "blessed Holy Ghost" illuminate your heart until you know precisely what kind of a heart it is. If all right, the light will show it, to your joy. If impure, the light will reveal that fact, and you can understandingly consecrate and believe.

But "it" may and ought to last, if genuine. If the Holy Ghost has applied the blood of cleansing to your heart, there is nothing in earth or hell or heaven, outside of yourself, that can give it another touch of corruption. Every promise of God is in the line of continuance. Omnipotence is within you, to keep you every hour. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long. Nay, in all these things we are *more than conquerors*, through Him that loved us." (Rom. viii. 35-37; also the remaining verses, and Rom. v. 3-5, and John x. 27-29.)

If you get out of the Blessed Cleanser, it will be because you walk out or slip out yourself. Every backsliding involves the will. When trials come, the Christ within you is never frightened. If you fall, it is because you take the forbidding circumstances out of His hand into your own. (Ezek. iii. 20.)

"Will it last?" Of course it will! It will last till the curtain of death is swept aside by the angel of God. It will bear the test of "the judgment of the great day." It will last until our palms of victory wear out, and the bells of eternity stop ringing! "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified; whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." Amen.

#### THE WIDOW AND THE JUDGE.

SOME time about the commencement of the year 1871, a train was passing over the North-Western Railroad, between Oshkosh and Madison. In two of the seats, facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the carriage, and they needed another to take his place.

"Come, Judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but this apparent refusal only increased their eagerness to secure him.

"Oh, yes, yes! We can't get along without you, Judge! Come, only just one game." They persisted in their urgency, until finally, with a flushed countenance, the Judge slowly rose and took a seat with the players, and the playing went on.

A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the Judge from her seat near the end of the railway carriage. After the game had progressed awhile she arose as if urged

by some strong impulse, and tottered forward along the aisle until she stood face to face with the Judge.

"Do you know me?" she said, in a tremulous voice.

"No, my good woman," said the Judge, while he and his companions looked at her inquiringly. "Where did I ever see you before?"

"You seen me at court in Oshkosh, when my son was tried for—for robbin' somebody; and you sentenced him to prison for ten years—and he died there last June."

The tears began to chase each other down the aged woman's face, and the card-players seemed to have forgotten their game, as she went on:—

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to prison, Judge; for he cleared our farm, and when his father took sick and died he did all the work. He was a stiddy boy till he got to card-playin' an' drinkin', and then he'd be out all night at it, every night gamblin' away money, and he went down and down."

Overpowered with her emotions she stood weeping in the aisle, while the

crowd of passengers gathered around, leaning forward to hear her story. She continued:—

"He ran away finally an' took with him all the money there was left on the farm. I didn't hear from him for five years, and then he writ to me that he had been arrested. I sold my house to git money to help him, and went on to Court. There's Squire L—— (pointing to one of the four euchre-players), the lawyer that argued agin him—and you, Judge, sentenced him ten years to the State-prison."

The old lady shook with emotion, and her voice was choked and broken with grief, as she gasped out:—

"Oh, it does seem to me that if my boy had never larnt to play keards he wouldn't 'a gone down—an' he'd been alive now!"

The Judge and his companions, and all that stood around, were melted to tears by the power of the old woman's words. There was no more card-playing in that carriage; the players threw their cards away, and some of them it is believed determined to play no more. That desolate, broken-hearted woman had taught them a lesson which they will never forget.

#### SELLING HIS SOUL.

A PREACHER was once down in a part of England where the greatest ignorance prevailed, along with a belief in witchcraft. One morning he got up early and met a labourer going to his work, and, after a variety of questions, he asked him if he ever prayed to God. The man said not as he knewed of; he never troubled his head about such things as them. "You're just the man I want," said the preacher, and ultimately got him to promise that he never would pray if he gave him a half-a-crown. The man promised and took the money, and the stranger vanished. When the man got to work he turned the thing over and over again, and, growing more and more troubled with dark suspicions about the stranger, he finally left his work, went home, and told his wife. The good dame, who was very superstitious, was more troubled than Hodge himself, and amongst other significant questions asked if he noticed the stranger's feet and head? "No," said Hodge; "he had a hat and boots on." "Ah!" said the woman, "I see it all now; you don't know what they

might cover. I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't—I am sure it was. You've sold yourself body and soul to the devil. John—I know you have." That settled the matter, and John was knocked over altogether, and he felt ill both in body and mind. His wife persuaded him to go and hear a man preach in Mr. Piper's barn, and who might possibly do him some good. The man preached from the words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And when he told his hearers that he knew a man who sold his soul for a half-crown, adding "souls are evidently cheaper now than they were in those days," Hodge saw it all then, and when the sermon was over, he went to the man, and, with tears in his eyes, besought him to take back the half-crown, and after some ado the man consented, and then knelt down and prayed for salvation with the penitent peasant. One can scarcely commend the preacher for using this stratagem, but perhaps he saw further down into this poor man's heart than we can imagine who only read the story.

Selected.

#### THE CLOSING SCENE.

THE police courts abound in strange revelations; for often there the curtain falls upon the closing scene in some eventful drama which began with mirth and wine and pleasure, but which ends in anguish, darkness, and despair. A writer gives the following sketch of such a scene:—

"Johnson, the officer says you were drunk, and that you haven't drawn a sober breath for a week. How is that, Johnson?"

"Yer honor," said Johnson, as he dropped one arm over the rail, and leaned back heavily on the policeman who supported him by the shoulder, "yer honor, it's true; I've been drunk for a week, as you say, an' I haven't got a word to say to defend myself. I've been in this 'ere court, I guess, a hundred times before, an' every time I've asked yer honor to let me off light. But this time I don't have no fear. You can send me up for ten days or ten years; it's all one now."

As he spoke he brushed away a tear with his hat, and when he paused he coughed a dry, racking cough, and drew his tattered coat closer about his throat.

"When I went up before," he con-

tinued, "I always counted the days an' the hours till I'd come off. This time I'll count the blocks to the Potter's Field. I'm most gone, Judge."

He paused again, and looked down upon his almost shoeless feet.

"When I was a little country boy, my mother used to say to me: 'Charlie, if you want to be a man never touch liquor:' an' I'd answer: 'No, mother, I never will.' If I'd kept that promise, you an' me wouldn't have been so well acquainted, Judge. If I could only be a boy again for half a day; if I could go into the old school-house just once more and see the boys and girls as I used to see them in the old days, I could lie right down here and die happy. But it's too late. Send me up, Judge. Make it for ten days or make it for life. It don't make no difference. One way would be as short as the other. All I ask now is to die alone. I've been in crowded tenements for years. If I can be alone for a little while before I go, I'll die contented."

The shoulder of the muddy coat fell from the policeman's hand, and the used-up man fell in a heap to the floor. He was carried to the little room behind the rail. His temples were bathed and his wrists were chafed. But it was no use. Though his heart still beat, he was fast going. The shutters were drawn—the door was closed. He might die contented, for he was left alone.

#### WHAT A FLY DID.

NEAR by a church lived a very wicked man, a rumseller, by the way, who seemed not to fear God or regard man. He despised all good things, and loved to do wrong rather than right. It happened that the church near him was remodelled, and an organ was put in, and there was to be some good playing on it, and excellent music by the choir on the "reopening" of the church. This man wanted to hear the music, but he did not want to hear the sermon. He was puzzled for the time, but finally hit upon this plan: he would go into the church, take a seat in an obscure corner and listen to the music, but stop his ears with his fingers when there was any praying, preaching, or talking. So he went in and enjoyed the singing and the sound of the organ, but when the minister prayed he stopped his ears as tightly as possible. When prayer was

over, and singing commenced, he took his fingers from his ears, but stopped them again as soon as the minister began reading a chapter in the Bible. While he sat thus, self-made deaf, a fly lit on his nose and began to run round, and occasionally it stopped and thrust down its bill as if to take a bite from the skin. The man bore it as long as he could, and then involuntarily brushed the fly off with his hand, leaving one ear unstopped while he did so. Just at that instant the minister read the verse, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The words struck him with peculiar force; he thought a moment, unstopped his other ear, and listened to the rest of the chapter and to the sermon following. He went from the church with a changed purpose, became a good man, and lived many years, trying all the time to do all the good he could to others, and to repair the mischief done by his former conduct.

#### TRIFLING WITH DANGER.

I WAS sitting at the table of a merchant in Sligo a few years ago. He had his wines and his brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to assign my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little apology I made the remark, "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'" I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds. "Well," said he, "I am not that man. My first Sunday-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and of noble mien. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance." "Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are parading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday-school superintendent, your first class-leader, and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your children. I can't afford to put my head into such a halter as that."—*Rev. W. Taylor, of California.*

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### THE MONTH.

THE extent to which the work of the Mission goes on outside our town borders, by the instrumentality of Mission converts, can scarcely be imagined. In a single week we hear of one brother preaching at a suburban chapel, and having "a grand time"—every sinner present "converted"; of another with his wife, both labouring diligently in mission work amongst sailors; and of others trained in the Mission to preach or otherwise work for the Master, carrying the glad tidings far and wide, one brother spending his earnings in hiring a travelling theatre for services. Thus, not only are we continuing our own work, but the constant progress of our Master's kingdom, through the labours of the past, is ever bringing glory to His name, unknown to ourselves.

Another funeral—this time that of one of our oldest Whitechapel members, followed to the grave by the largest concourse of Mission people who have been gathered at such a scene in London for years. We are compelled for want of space to defer, for a month, our notice of Sister Atkin's life. Suffice it to say that we have gained another friend in heaven.

Our Bethnal Green friends have held a series of services in the Foresters' Music Hall, at which large congregations were gathered, and much good done. We only regret that the utter exhaustion of our funds prevents our continuation of these services, and shuts us out of other large buildings, where thousands might be got at with the truth of God.

#### A GLIMPSE AT LEICESTER.

I WAS only there once before. I went to say, "If you only want a series of special services held, we are not the people; that is not our work. We establish permanent self-supporting missions. If you would like one here, and there is an opening, Mrs. Booth will come and try."

I have just been to see how far we have succeeded, and I have come back very well pleased.

A pouring wet Saturday night to begin with. "Never mind," says Bro. Corbridge; "it is an understood thing that if it is too wet to get anybody to stand outside we meet at the warehouse to pray." And there were forty present, at least half of them being there before the time.

When we arrived they had just finished the alteration of the platform into a stage running almost all the way across one end of the warehouse, providing seats for some fifty speakers, for the old platform would not do now that the mission has raised a large force from the public-houses, to show themselves and otherwise witness for God. The difficulty even now will be how to give everybody a turn up there.

At the "experience meeting," which formed the main part of the evening programme, some two hundred gathered—and such a company! Surely the Christian Mission never succeeded in collecting a society so exclusively composed of the poorest and worst of sinners. Scarcely a man has been converted while in possession of his best suit of clothes. "They're all fastened"

has frequently been the remark of a new convert, meaning to say that they were pawned. The better garments are beginning (only too frequently for our further success with the same class) to appear on Sundays, but on Saturday night the men did look a desperate set. Thank God for them!

While with simple, burning words they are telling from what a depth of ruin God has brought them up, Brother Corbridge introduces them to me in a whisper as "The Terror of the Alley," "The Hallelujah Dog-man," "The Card-Sharpener," "The Gipsy," and so forth. They look terrible enough characters still, and let us hope they will always remain so in the right way.

One of them paces across the room showing us with his fists how he has been fighting the devil hard all the week, and has by God's help driven him back. Every speaker, male and female, is determined to hear more and more of religion, for, as one concisely put it, "The more on it I git the better I looks it."

EARLY IN THE MORNING, and in spite of cold, wet weather, most of them prove this the next day. The meeting time at the clock-tower in the centre of the town is half-past six, as usual, but some of the women are there long before the time. At twenty-five minutes past six there are fourteen, and at seven there is a great procession.

But what is the use of open-air services at an hour when the people are not yet up, and when the singing can only irritate them? Ah, my London friends must blush to know that the people of Leicester do *not*, as a rule, lie in bed till ten o'clock on a Sunday morning. As we threaded our way through the back streets men, and often women too, lounged at almost every doorway. Looking down one long street to the left one could see the little curl of smoke from almost every chimney, which said, "We are stirring in here." Hundreds, if not thousands, of people heard and saw that morning march, and some followed in our track.

Still experiences. Plenty of them. Short and lively. A collection. A prayer-meeting. Three souls seeking salvation and then rejoicing in it.

And then to breakfast. Only two miles. Women rushing along, for the second time, out of the eight they will have to get through in the course of the day to and from four services. I sup-

pose this is part of the "Leicester pluck" I have heard some talking about.

#### RUSSELL SQUARE.

At ten o'clock we meet at "Russell Square." How can I help picturing a large space, a large garden, large houses, carriages and footmen? But, oh! the contrast between Russell Square, London, and Russell Square, Leicester! A triangle with one angle snubbed, into which a number of narrow streets enter, potatoe shop at one corner doing a fine Sunday morning business, grocer's shop at another, with the shutters up, out of respect for the day, and the door open out of regard for custom. At one side, one of those "quiet" public-houses, so common in Leicester, with an ordinary house entrance, and no sign except the small type announcements of drink on a small square of glass over the door, and the large type notice of coming ruin on the faces of the victims who come out of the door. There are dogs about, and dog-fanciers, and the general condition of the surrounding population is fairly typified by a little child who toddles into our ring in a dirty night-dress, and is evidently quite accustomed and prepared to take care of himself about the streets in such a plight.

A little sister who is amongst the speakers here this morning, and whose size makes her appear much younger than she really is, helps to gather a large crowd, and to lead the van of a host of Leicester lasses who are ready to be used in the same way.

#### PROCESSIONING EXTRAORDINARY.

Another procession through streets teeming with poor people. Processioning is popular in Leicester, and the readiness of women, as well as men, to walk mile after mile, singing at an alarming speed and pitch, gives promise of such a general disturbance of the town, spiritually speaking, as we have never yet seen.

The services indoors, morning, afternoon, and evening are on the Hallelujah Band system. A chapter, with comments, which vividly carry the meaning while they amusingly clash with conventional notions and phraseology, and then a number of speakers, of both sexes, limited to five, ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, as the case may be. The interest of the congregation rarely flags for a moment throughout, and they sing with an energy and speed which testify to their desire to do a fair share in proceedings which seem to belong to

everybody who is willing to accept one leader.

The congregation consists almost exclusively of working people, for in Leicester women as well as men, in almost every case, go to work, or take in work at home. The perfect welcome accorded to everybody in this bare, open-roofed warehouse is evidently perfectly understood. The presence of a policeman, who quietly stands about the aisles during the services, speaks volumes as to the character of the audiences assembled. Yet a stronger arm seems to restrain even the drunkard who staggers to a seat, and remains motionless until he thinks proper to retire. It is a great assemblage of those who have wandered far from God, brought face to face with Him, and before the day is over some twenty of these have walked up to the penitent-form and sought salvation.

#### "LEICESTER LADS."

Both outside and in there is a perfect homeliness in all the religious transactions of the Mission at Leicester which exceeds anything I ever saw elsewhere. The speakers address their audiences as if they were all old friends sitting in a parlour together, and everything seems to be received in the same friendly way.

"There's a man there that I knew years ago," says one, pointing to a listener outside one of the open-air rings. Observing a nod of assent, the speaker goes on: "Hunt's your name, I believe?" Another nod. "I hope thou'rt saved, lad, and on thy way to heaven." All of which, instead of producing amusement, as it might have done in London, seemed only to increase the interest of all the rest in all the speaker had to say. The men of Leicester are all "lads," and the family feeling seems to be universal.

One is everlastingly hearing of the difficulty of getting our people out to open-air services on week-nights. "They have so much to do." "They work so late." "They get so tired." "Gardens." "Family." "A little reading." "An evening to themselves now and then."

But here we are again on Monday night—a nice little band *before* seven o'clock, and others in the distance hurrying up for bare life lest they should miss helping off with the first line of the first hymn. Forced to close at half-past seven, so as to get extra time indoors; but a large procession at the hour which many people reckon the

earliest possible for open-air work. Thank God for "Leicester pluck," if this is it! May it increase and spread throughout the land.

And these folks wear their religion outside as well as in all day long. A happy man, with a case of glass on his back, greets us across the street. A militiaman, walking along with some of his godless comrades, salutes us. Says a woman, "No one knows what I have to put up with all day long from my work-mates. But I don't mind."

"Will you call and see my sister?" asks another—"she's sick." "Oh yes." Up this court. A Leicester court. Not so dirty as an East End one, but small cottages, with an astoundingly thick population. So much the better for us.

Here's a group all at once! A man who was separated from his wife until they both got converted at the Warehouse a short time ago. They are living together at her father's at present. "We expect to get into a place of our own next week," he says. A woman, who does not know her husband's address. Two more mission converts, and the poor invalid lying on the couch in the corner, dying to all appearance, deserted also by a wretched husband. All as happy as though earth were Eden. After prayer joyous sufferer begs us to sing. Brother Corbridge thoughtfully declines. "You are not able to stand it to-day."

"Then do call again if you can."

"I will."

The next morning when we called she seemed worse if anything, but she would have us sing No. 45, and nobody sang more heartily than herself—

"He laid His hand on me and healed me,  
And bade me be every whit whole;  
I touched the hem of His garment,  
And glory came thrilling my soul."

For we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen!

Since Bros. Corbridge and Russell had to recommence the work some sixteen months ago, trusting only in what God can do amongst, and by the agency of, the poor, they have had upwards of 300 anxious inquirers, and they have raised some £150 as against £182 received from rich and poor during the previous eight months. The Christian Mission has now got one of the finest bodies of troops it could ever command. These have

only to be used individually and collectively to their uttermost ability to produce far grander results still throughout the Midland Counties.

G. S. R.

#### WHITECHAPEL.

STILL the work is going on. The greatest scoffers are being subdued by God's mighty Spirit, but still the devil does not lack men and women wherewith to supply their places, and to rage at God's servants. A desperate attempt, it seems, is being made to hinder our porch meetings. Stentorian voices are raised exhorting us not to block up the pavement. "Why don't you keep inside?" "Why don't you go to the parish church?" But we are determined, by God's help, to preach down sin and lift up Christ, and so go on with the work of getting the worst saved.

#### AN AWFUL DEATH.

One of our greatest scoffers has been cut off without hope. He had an impression that he was going to die, and was so uneasy he could not rest at home. He attended our porch meeting at noon, and when going away said to his mate, "If aught happens to me fetch that little woman who speaks at the porch to pray with me." *His death was so sudden there was no time to do so.* At six o'clock at night he was in the public-house, at nine in eternity. According to the statement of a neighbour his death was too horrible to describe.

#### A WHOLE HOUSE UPSET.

A youth who got converted at one of our Fair services was taken as servant into a respectable family; no sooner was he duly installed than he began to recommend Jesus to all the family. The mistress spoke to the master and told him that he ought not to have brought that youth there, for he had upset the whole house with singing, &c. A friend of the Mission being appealed to, they were told that the custom of the Mission people was to keep their conscience clear by recommending Jesus to others.

#### NEWS FROM THE SEA.

I have just received the following letter from a dear brother who got saved in our hall:—

"Tripoli Barque, Albert Edward,  
"April 20, 1877.

"Dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty of writing, hoping to find yourself and

all the brothers and sisters quite well. Sir, I have great need to bless the day that I ever set my foot in the Christian Mission Hall. We left Shields in December, and I am thankful to God for the care He has taken of me since. I have found it tough sailing among ungodly men; but there is not so much swearing on board as there was. A change came over the men when at Genoa; five signed the pledge: this is the first step to Christianity—glory be to God! All the teetotallers on board are writing letters to their friends to tell them what they have done. A young man has written to tell his mother that he has found the peace that passeth all understanding. This young man told me that he found Christ on the first night after leaving Genoa, and that he has been rejoicing ever since. Me and my mates in Christ kneel down privately and have prayer, and we are called 'Daniel's Band.' Thank God, we are the strongest side. Sometimes we sing, 'We are Out on the Ocean Sailing' and 'The Gospel Ship is Sailing.' To hear us give it out would do your heart good. All the men join in singing. I find the bolder I am for Christ the more I silence the scoffer. It is best to show a bold front. I pray for them, and I do not forget to pray for you all.

"I remain, yours truly,  
"J. B."

Funds and tracts greatly needed. Please help.

W. J. PEARSON.

2, Queen Street,  
Cambridge Road, Mile End, E.

#### BRADFORD.

THE promise is, He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. This is that which was spoken of by the prophet which should come to pass in the latter days, even in our days. We require this baptism of power for this, and this alone can fit us to do a real spiritual work.

Since my last report God has been blessing us abundantly at Bradford. The theatre services have been encouraging and fruitful; many precious souls have been savingly converted to God, and numbers of backsliders reclaimed. There are hundreds in this town and neighbourhood.

Last Sunday was a grand day. The three open-air meetings and processioning to the theatre were accompanied with more than usual power, especially the morning meeting in the square near the Midland Railway station. The class of men and women we are after came up in crowds. There was soon a stir amongst them, and although some came to laugh they remained to pray, for the Lord came down. Many wept as they listened to the new converts tell out, in simple language, what God had done for their immortal souls. Brother Hurrell spoke with power. God blessed the people there, and several from that meeting were seen weeping at the foot of the cross on the theatre stage at night.

Mrs. Dowdle preached in the afternoon. God was powerfully with us; the Word was effectual. One soul came out for Jesus, obtained salvation, and went home happy. I preached in the evening to a good congregation. My own soul was melted down. The Holy Ghost fell upon us in the after-meeting, and over twenty souls came out from the congregation on to the stage and sought salvation. Twenty-one names were taken of those who found peace, and several others were under deep conviction. Those we led to Calvary on Monday evening, praise God!

In our last we asked our readers to pray that God would open up the way to a week-night place. I am glad to say that the Lord has answered prayer. We have a hall fitted up in a good situation, with a good open-air stand close at hand, surrounded by singing and drinking saloons. Our Mission Hall is the late "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in Southgate, a very low singing-, drinking-, and dancing-house, a curse to the neighbourhood. God grant it may now be a great blessing.

I give a few cases of conversion out of numbers:—

#### A MAN AND WIFE.

The man said, "I thank God I ever came to the theatre services. I was a very wicked, hardened, desperate sinner, but God so broke me down. I went and gave Him my heart, and, praise His name, He has saved my soul, and pardoned all my sins, and now I am happy. Our home is very different, and I am a different man now, and mean to go to heaven." The wife rose to speak, with tears rolling down her

face, and said, "I have great reasons to praise God. I have been a great sinner, and wandered away from the right path, but He has brought me back, and I am now saved. When we were in our sins my husband gave me *nineteen black eyes in six months*, but we are both happy now, and will live for God together, and love Him with all our hearts."

Another young woman said, "I should have been in Armley Jail to-night had it not been for a friend of mine bringing me to the Christian Mission meeting, where I gave Him my heart, and now, thank God! I am saved, and happy in my soul, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

#### A BACKSLIDER

has been coming to the theatre-meeting from the first, but Satan kept him back from fully coming out for God. Last Sunday was the time of decision. He came on to the stage, fell down upon his knees, and cried to God with all his might. The Lord soon saved him. Then he shouted and rejoiced with joy unspeakable, after so many weeks of agony of soul.

#### A HUSBAND'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

His wife was invited to come to our meetings, so he persuaded her to come, and told her he would stay at home and pray for the Lord to save her soul. So she came, and the Spirit took hold of her, and showed her very clearly her need of a Saviour, and at the close of the sermon she, with six others, came out valiantly, and, glory be to God! He saved them, and sent them home happy, the wife to tell the praying husband his prayers were heard and answered in her conversion. Praying husbands, wives, mothers, and fathers, pray on, God will answer prayer. May more such cases be given. Let us praise God for what has been done, and trust Him for the future.

We have just furnished a house for the evangelist at a considerable expense. Will our friends help in this matter, so that we may clear off this debt at once? Help is urgently needed for our general work, as the theatre and other rents are so high.

Yours in Jesus,  
JAMES DOWDLE.

41, Burlington Terrace,  
Manningham Lane,  
Bradford.

## LEEDS.

WE are still in full play against the enemy's positions at this station, and not without success. God is working amongst His people, and helping some to give themselves entirely to Him. The past two months have been very trying; the Lord has been taking us through the furnace of afflictions. For a time I could do nothing but cough; but it was a blessed time to my soul. Oh, how precious the Lord was! I had no desire to live or die only so far as I could glorify God. But He has, in answer to faith and prayer, raised me up again to spend and be spent for Him, and as He shall strengthen me so shall all that strength be spent in His service.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

This was a good Friday indeed to our own souls. Commenced the day with a love-feast at 7 a.m.; good attendance. A good number of our Bradford friends came over and spent the day with us. The meeting seemed overshadowed by the presence of God; it was a grand time. Great open-air meeting at 2.30; we had a stand erected. The people listened well; hundreds present; the Word was with power, and the singing went grand. Hallelujah! At 4.30 a tea-meeting. At 5.30 open air again, after which the Mission Tabernacle was crowded, and over eighty spoke their experiences—short and pointed. There was life, liberty, and power in the meeting;

"God came down, our souls to greet,  
While glory crowned the mercy-seat."

One man from Bradford, who gave himself fully to the Lord, laid all on the altar, rose from his knees, and gave a thank-offering to the Lord of one pound, and has continued to give the same amount every week to God's work. Many of God's people have to learn the great joy of giving *all* and taking *all*.

Although it has been uphill work, we are advancing on the enemy's territory. At all our meetings, open-air and in-door, God is with us. The other night we had a large open-air meeting on the Exchange steps, gathering a large crowd, which listened well. We afterwards marched in procession up Vicker Lane and North Street, taking with us hundreds of people, singing

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,"

amid the shouts and screams of the poor deluded dupes of the public-houses. God help us to snatch them as brands from the burning!

## A TRAVELLER SAVED.

"I was invited to the mission meeting; I came, and God saved me. When I came to Christ I had scarce any things to my back; my shirt could not be washed, as it would have dropped in pieces; my other things a ragman would not thank me for, and I had not a penny to pay my night's 'dos' (lodging); but now I am saved, clothed, and in my right mind." This man has astonished every one. He is now in employment, and walking as a consistent Christian man.

Brother Joseph Hurrell, one of the first Middlesbro' converts, is working with me in this station, and God is blessing and uniting our hearts. Friends, pray for us.

Contributions for this work may be sent to E. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street, treasurer; J. Broadbent, Covered Market, secretary; or

JAMES DOWDLE,

41, Burlington Terrace,  
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

## STOCKTON.

GOOD FRIDAY was a wonderful day. At seven o'clock in the morning forty met for prayer, and we received a baptism from on high; at ten, open air; at eleven, meeting indoors, the Master graciously filled us with His Spirit. At two we again assembled at the market cross, for two hours fighting with the devil, and the Captain of our salvation gave us a glorious victory. At half-past five at the market cross again, and at seven a love-feast. It was indeed a feast of love; and in the prayer-meeting eight poor sinners wept their way to Jesus, and found pardon, peace, and happiness. Glory be to God!

Easter Sunday was a resurrection day—fifteen souls for Jesus.

On Monday morning, at seven o'clock, fifty-five met for prayer. The Master baptised us for our day's work. From ten to twelve hard fighting at the market cross, power of God resting upon us. At two we recommenced the meeting, and soon a large company gathered round. Again the word was with power; then for a half-hour we

pleaded with God; many wept. The devil sent a strong force. A publican and his gang of drunken men pelted us with potatoes, eggs, &c. When this would not move us, filled with wrath, they ran upon the crowd, and saying if we did not leave they would throw us into the river Tees; but in the strength of our Master we stood our ground, and held forth Jesus as the Saviour for sinners. A wonderful crowd gathered, and after our love-feast at night nine souls were saved. Glory be to God!

## NO WORK FOR A WEEK.

This dear man was amongst the gang of roughs, and many say one of the worst men in Stockton; but the Lord met with him at this meeting. After we gained a little order, he stopped to listen, and soon was seen wiping the tears away with his jacket-sleeve. He went home, thinking it would all soon pass away, but he became more and more troubled about his soul; his burden became heavier, until he cried out, with a bitter cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" He was so troubled that he could not eat nor sleep, and, using his own words, he was afraid to go to work lest he should fall into hell, and eight days he remained in this state. At last his wife brought him to our house, and, like a little child, he asked if Jesus would pardon him for what he had done. He said, "I have been the worst sinner in the world." We assured him that such Jesus Christ came to save, and if he was willing to submit to and believe on Him the Lord Jesus would accept him and make him a new creature. At once we went to prayer. The dear man cried, "Lord, help me!" and soon the Lord did help him into light and liberty. May he be kept faithful!

## A SEVERE STRUGGLE.

A dear man with his wife had attended our meetings for a long time without yielding; but one evening the Holy Ghost worked upon the dear woman's heart very powerfully, and after the meeting was closed she cried out for mercy, and soon found it. Then she became concerned about her husband; she pleaded with him on her knees for an hour to yield himself to God there and then. The dear man tried to withstand the striving of the Holy Spirit for nearly two hours, but at last, completely broken down, he fell on his knees, and cried out, "Lord, save me, or I die!" After a long and severe

struggle light dawned upon his dark mind, and he shouted, "The Lord has saved me, praise His name!"

## THE BRAIN FEVER.

This dear man and his wife had attended our meetings at the Exchange Hall for a long time, and the Holy Spirit applied the Word to their hearts; but, like many, they went away unsaved. The dear man says now that he became so bad that he was quite ill, and went to the doctor, thinking he had the brain fever; but the doctor could not do him any good, he was no better, but worse. At last he decided to take up his cross, and come boldly out for Jesus, and one Sunday night both he and his wife came out, and at the feet of Jesus found a cure for both body and soul, without money and without price.

Dear readers, pray for us.

J. ALLEN.

35, William Street, Stockton.

## MIDDLESBORO'.

WHILE the war is raging in the East, we in the North are smashing in against sin and Satan, and are determined to triumph over every foe. Ever since war has been declared in this town by the Christian Mission against sin and the devil, the fight has been tremendous. We have had to fight against awful odds. Our enemy, whose name is Legion, has made some desperate attacks upon our armies; but we, by the skill of our Captain and the force of our arms, which are of the best material, have always repulsed him, and often taken many prisoners. During this year's campaign many have laid down their arms; and their conduct since they came into the camp of our King has been very gratifying to us, and acceptable to our Royal Commander. They have boldly declared to their former king and countrymen that neither will they return nor take part any more in any of the affairs of the kingdom on any consideration whatever. Their testimonies are grand. They tell of what they once were, and how it is with them now.

## A RAT-CATCHER

said, "You may depend, friends, I have been a hot character. I have been all over this country side with a ferret or two in my pocket, and a dog or two at my heels many a good Sunday, and used to delight in the sport; but I went to work at the steel works, and some of the brothers here hold a prayer-meeting

in their dinner-hour in the engine-house, and so I thought I would go in and see how they went on; and they began to pray for me, and they made me feel a sort of uneasy, and smashed me down, and I cried out for God to have mercy on me and save me, and the Lord saved me right off, and I am saved to-night. Hallelujah! And you may depend the Lord collared a rat of a fellow when He put His hand on me; but He has made a canny job of me, and I thank Him for it."

#### AN OLD TIPPLER

said, "I have been a publican's swill-tub for years, drank barrels and barrels of fourpenny wash, insulted everybody when I was drunk, and fancied I was as great a man as the Lord Mayor; and if anybody spoke to me I used to catch them one in the lug in a moment. I have knocked my knuckles up, and almost every finger I have has been broken one time or other; and I have been kicked and beaten and half-murdered many a time; but, thank God! that game is all over. The Lord has saved me; and I am a happy man, and an honest man, and a sober man; and never shall a drop of that cursed stuff go down this neck again."

A woman said, "I am a wonder to myself, and it is a miracle that I am here to-night. I feel ashamed when I think of what a wretch I have been. Many a time have I wished some one would kill me out of the road gently. Wretched and miserable I have lived, and oh, what a hell I should have found, for there are heaps of prayers in heaven on my account; but, thank God!—thank God!" And her tears had to tell us the rest. Like Mary, she wept out her love and gratitude before the Lord.

A backslider and his wife who had wandered away from God for many years was induced to come to the Odd Fellows' Hall, and they continued coming, until, to use the husband's words, it got too hot for him; "for," said he, "I have been beaten until I could scarcely get home; but oh, Mr. Garner, I am glad I ever heard you; and I thank you for hitting me so hard;" and turning to his wife, said, "Ellen, bless God we are on our way home once more;" and seeing a man that worked at the same works as himself, whom he had ridiculed on account of his religion, said, "John, thank God, my boy, I am saved! John, I shall laugh at you no more. We will go hand in hand now."

A few weeks after he saw another man and his wife brought to God in one of our meetings; and when he had found the Lord, he turned to him, and said, "Robert, you and I have drunk together, and cursed and swore together, and now, glory be to God! we will go to heaven together. Robert, look to God, my lad, and He will help you through."

Here I raise my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto God has helped us," for this year's labour I shall never forget. As I said in the commencement of this report, it has been a year of fighting and of blessed success. We have been able not only to hold our own, but to advance both right and left; and instead of firing from one fort on the enemy, we go into him from three; and instead of attacking him five or six times a week outside, we make twenty-four separate attacks in various parts of the town in bands arranged under earnest and successful leaders. Unto God be all the glory, both now and for evermore. Amen.

Yours in the battle-field,

WILLIAM GARNER.

4, Lennox Street,  
Middlesboro'.

#### MIDDLESBORO'.

PRINCE OF WALES' PALACE.

"Let the God of my salvation be exalted."  
(Ps. xviii. 46.)

HALLELUJAH! I rejoice to say that we are advancing here. Many of our workers have made an entire consecration of themselves to God and His work. Their prayers are moving this part of the town. The armies of King Jesus are making such strides upon the devil's territory as I have never seen before. A minister said to me the other day, "You appear to be doing a wonderful work." I answered him in the affirmative. He said, "How do you manage to get your people to work in the way they do in the open air? You have no lack of speakers." I said, "In our holiness meetings these men and women give themselves up to God and the kind of work you see them doing, and then go out and do it."

My heart is often rent when I see the sin and poverty around us, and I long to do more for souls; and I and my brethren have come to this conclusion, that only sickness and death shall stop

He has been caught, and now belongs to the happy crew.

A POOR DRUNKARD, who came one night, said, "I would like to be saved, but I am too vile; I am an awful fellow." He came out, and God laid hold of the man, and we believe God can and will keep him faithful. He is a member, and speaks for his Master in the open air.

#### A YOUNG SLATER,

a gay young man, came to the meetings, and after hearing a few sermons was persuaded to give himself to Jesus. He has commenced to speak and to work for Jesus. Another young man, the mate and fellow-workman of this young man, is saved, and they are very useful members.

We might give other instances, and a few of the shortest experiences of the members of the holiness meeting would be valuable, if space would permit.

"A" said: "This morning, although I enjoy the blessing of perfect love, a degree of spiritual deadness came over me; there seemed no communion between my soul and God. But I don't live by feeling, but by faith; and before I would loose my hold I felt I could die. I was on my knees, and I kept to it, and before I rose the way was open, and I had sweet intercourse with the Father and the Son."

"B" said: "I have passed through a severe trial to-day, and the devil has tried to make me think my Saviour unkind, but I feel it is only the trial of my faith. I have, as a consequence, not been full of joy to-day, but I am confident I have a clean heart, a full salvation; and the devil, who is outside now, tries to upset me;

'But tempt as he will, my soul repels,  
To Christ alone resolved to live.'

"C": "I feel I am serving Christ as far as I know Him. I love Him far supreme to all else, and I seek only His glory and the salvation of souls. I have at times my dark moments, but I live then, as now, by faith, and I am glad to say to the last quarter of my life has come, and I am going to walk in glory."

"D" said: "How precious to me the memory of dear Coverdale Smith! Many precious times we have had together. I now enjoy what he enjoyed—*purity of heart*; and I cannot say anything of my dark moments—I have none. True, the devil tempts, but this I expect."

"E" said: "Soon after my conversion I heard Mr. Booth speak upon

us from living in real earnest. Oh for more soul-saving power! Half-hearted, stiff kind of religion has stabbed God's cause to the heart, and has damned many souls. I want this society, with myself, so to live and labour for souls that we may have our skirts clear of their blood in the great judgment-day, and always to have something of the feeling of the Saviour when He was in the Garden of Gethsemane, when He sweat as it were great drops of blood, and prayed, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thy will be done." I want to speak as if I heard the deep death-groan of the damned coming up under my feet, "No man cared for my soul"; always to have Calvary's bleeding victim in my eye, and to show men their sins—the sins that are dragging them into hell; this will cut men to the quick. A man came to the music-hall last Sunday, and after hearing me preach he went home and told his friends he was damned, and hoped to be in hell before morning, knowing, as he said, that his doom was sealed. Oh, may God in His mercy save the poor man!

I rejoice to say God is saving all around, and I feel fully persuaded that it is our blood-bought privilege to keep the converting work going on day and night. I will give you one or two cases of conversion.

#### THE DEVIL WAS VEXED

to see two charming young men, who had often been to the palace, come out boldly for Jesus the other Sunday night. They had before often laughed at Bro. Lamplough when he spoke about God and eternity. The other night one of them said, "My mates say I am a good man gone wrong, but I feel confident I am now going right." If he is spared he will make a useful worker for Jesus; he has begun to speak already for him.

#### SINGING.

We have often sung down the street where one of our members lives, and he says, "I often wished I was saved, but I came to the music-hall and gave my heart to God, and then went and brought my wife to Jesus. We are now happy, and near God and heaven at last."

#### HOLY LIVING.

A brother went to work with men who scoffed at his religion, but he said, "You cannot laugh my religion out of me"; and after a while one of his mates took his part, and became his friend, and often came to the meetings.

'Christian Perfection,' and I am glad to say I have the blessing of perfect love, and I now see the devil to be a mean fellow, and he tempts me with the things I would never be seen with. Glory to God! I am fully saved—I mean sanctified—my brethren."

"F" said: "I am here a seeker, and I want to know if I can enjoy any more of God in my soul than I do now. I have given up all, and have made myself fully over to God. There is nothing I have I would not, and do not, give to God, and I serve Him as far as I know Him. I have temptations, but I hate the devil, and my soul hates sin."

I am very happy as I write over the experiences of my brethren, and I would like to give you many more if you could find room for them.

C. H. PANTER.

59, Church Street, Middlesboro'.

#### NORTH ORMESBY.

GOD READY TO PARDON.

God has been fulfilling the promise of His word in this town this past month, and has pardoned all who have come to Him in His own appointed way. Amongst many interesting cases we select the following:—

In our class-meeting the other evening several came forth to the penitent-form crying for mercy. One of them, being so eager to get rid of her burden, fell headforemost on to the platform. But very soon the Lord said to her, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee; rise up and walk." Calling on her afterwards, and asking how she was getting on in her soul, she said, "Well, praise God, I'm saved, and I shall give him (pointing to her husband) no rest till he is too." He has rest now, for he has found it in Jesus. This dear sister, after getting her husband saved, succeeded in getting one of her neighbours to come with her to hear the simple story of the cross, and, praise God! she did not come in vain, for the Lord met with and spoke peace to her soul. Since then we have seen her husband up at the penitent-form crying for mercy, and to-day they are both rejoicing in a pardoning God.

Whilst visiting the other day we came in contact with a dear woman that longed very much to be saved. At once, by the Spirit's aid, we pointed her to Christ, and while on our knees praying she took hold, and at once thanked

God for saving her. "And now, Lord," said she, "save my husband." Her prayer was answered. Her husband said to me the other day, "It would never do for my wife to be saved and not me."

"I'll never go to the Assembly Rooms again," said one on the works the other day to one of our brethren. "Don't say so," said he; "what is there so particular wrong in them?" "Well," said the other, "I don't know, but they have got my wife to join them. She shan't go if I can help it." But she does come, and Tuesday, May 1st, he came too. We at once began to pray for him, when out he came, and fell down at the foot of the Cross and gave himself fully to the Lord, and the next night he was with us in the open air, where he saw a *grand sight*. An old lady came rushing into the ring, and stopped the speaker by saying, "*I canna bear it any longer; pray for me; pray for me!*" Oh, I is a great sinner!" Soon, however, the Lord set her at liberty. I wished her good-night, promising her I'd see her next day. "Eh," says she, "mind ye du." When she got home she said to her husband, "I've been listening to them in the market-place to-night, and I went in the ring and gave up all for Jesus. And now I'll pray for thou!"

Yours,

JOHN ROBERTS.

90, Telford Row,  
North Ormesby,  
Middlesboro'.

#### HAMMERSMITH.

"More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail;  
Sin's stronghold it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell."

THANK God we have had a good month. The dear Lord is deepening and extending His work at this station. We seem to be (and I trust we ever shall be) a terror to evil-doers. Some have gone so far as to canvass from house to house for signatures to stop the open-air preaching, false oaths have been taken against us, and to a certain extent they have succeeded. But our Jesus lives and rules still, and not a hair of our head is injured, glory to the Lamb. And whilst wicked men and devils have been working and planning against us, God has been working and planning on our side, sinners

#### PORTSMOUTH.

I AM happy to report that there is a continued increase of spiritual power in our midst. Our private meetings specially are attended by much unction from on high.

I will give a few instances of the triumph of our Jesus among us during the past few weeks.

A young woman who had attended our meetings for some time at last yielded. The Spirit of God had striven mightily with her, but she had resisted until this. Her experience the following Tuesday was sweet. She said, "I have long wanted to serve God, and at one time I even thought I did; but, oh! I know now that He is mine. I do love Him. I know He loves me, He makes me so happy." She is still rejoicing in her Master.

"Oh," said another, "God's love to me is wonderful. You want to know what He has done for me? Well, He strove with my heart, but I would not yield. He tried again, and still my heart was hard; then He took my little child away, and that broke my heart. I promised to love and serve Him. Praise God, I have started, and mean to go all the way."

Sunday night, the 13th, was a blessed time. God melted the people right down on the spot, and saints and sinners were alike at His footstool. One dear man, who had been a testifier for Jesus once, but had wandered away, walked up from the back of the hall, and fell down before the Lord, then rose again, and facing the audience he said, "Friends, I want you to know what I have come here for." And he spoke of his having grieved his heavenly Father by his terrible backsliding. He wept bitterly; the people wept; and his wife came forward, and together they went down before the Lord and sought mercy. He soon took hold by faith, and his wife also ventured her all on Jesus; then they rose and praised God aloud.

Go on praying for us here. Many thanks for the help that has been sent for the work here.

Yours in gospel bonds,

THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,  
Landport.

#### HACKNEY.

"Oh, I have made a mistake," said a man that came into the class-meeting.

have wept, trembled, and sought salvation through the blood of the Lamb.

A YORKSHIREMAN.

This dear man was induced to come to our hall, and the Lord met him, and convinced him that he was a sinner and in danger of hell. He came to the penitent form, and cried aloud for mercy. The Lord pardoned him, and he stood with tears streaming down his face, and said, "Oh! ain't I glad that I came in here. Oh! what a sinner I have been, but now (shouting aloud) to think that I am saved. Glory! glory!" and then down on his knees again, saying, "Lord, Thou has saved me, now save my wife and my children; do save them, Lord," &c. His heart is still brimful of peace and joy.

A SIGNALMAN.

A ticket collector and seven railway porters have declared themselves on the Lord's side. The origin and spread of this work on the railway is remarkable. A young man, a porter, got converted one Sunday evening at the Town Hall; he then told his fellow-workmen what God had done for him, and invited them to come. They came, and the Lord gave them to see Jesus. They published it to others, and thus one by one have been led to Jesus. We are still praying that this blessed work of God may extend from station to station, until scores of souls shall turn to the Lord.

The Hallelujah Railway Bill, which *The Evening Standard*, of May 6th, took the trouble to criticise so sharply, answered our purpose well and brought together a host of people who are not reached by ordinary means. The large congregation listened with profound interest to the Hallelujah guard and the happy engine-driver, and we have every reason to believe that many obtained tickets to glory.

TWO HUNDRED CONSECRATED THEMSELVES TO THE LORD.

Sunday 6th, I think, was one of the best days of my life. A large congregation at 11. Over two hundred attended the Holiness meeting at 3 p.m., and by the lifting up of the right arm visibly pledged themselves to be the Lord's fully. This was followed with the Lord's Supper.

Now we are pleading with God for such a general breakdown as we have never yet witnessed. Who will join us?

J. P. GRAY.

8, Percy Cottages,  
Bradmore Park Road,  
Hammersmith, W.

When I spoke to him about his soul, he said he had come to hear Miss Stride preach. Yes, said I, and the devil has made a mistake, too, in letting you come. Now you are here give God your heart, and it will be the best mistake you ever made. He fell on his knees before the Lord, and had a great conflict with the devil for an hour, but he got the victory, and went home to tell his wife. She wondered what was the matter with him. He told her all about it, and brought her to the hall. Conviction soon laid hold of her, and he led her to the penitent-form, where she found the Saviour. Now they are happy Christians, and members and workers with us.

## SHUT UP SHOP.

A tradesman that used to do business on Sunday came to our open-air meeting, was convinced of sin, went home, shut up shop, and said he would do no more business on the Sabbath.

## SAVED IN THE OPEN AIR.

While preaching the other day many stood round with tears in their eyes. At the close we commenced praying, when a woman came trembling into the ring with tears running down her face. She fell on her knees and cried for mercy before the crowd. God soon answered her prayer, and she went home happy.

A man convinced of sin in the open air followed us to the hall, but could not come in because he had a dog with him. My wife took the dog and tied it up in our kitchen. The man was soon down at the penitent-form, and was not long before he confessed faith in Christ. Please send us some books, money, and tracts.

Yours in Jesus,

E. CADMAN,

3, Havelock Road, Well Street,  
Hackney.

## CROYDON.

THE Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

The past has been a month of conflict and of victory. Souls have been saved and believers quickened; our congregations have been nearly doubled, and the devil has been defeated over and over again. Hallelujah!

April 22nd was a good day. At night, after speaking on the death of Miss Anderson (who had laboured here), three precious souls professed to find

peace, and over forty of the Lord's people reconsecrated themselves to Him and His service.

At the class-meeting on the following Wednesday a dear sister said that she wanted to be saved on Sunday evening, but she thought she was too great a sinner. We led her to Jesus, and she went home rejoicing.

Our open-air meetings are well attended, and the Holy Ghost has been working among the people. Friends, pray for Croydon.

Contributions and tracts thankfully received by

R. THORPE,

86, Waddon New Road,  
Croydon.

## WELLINGBORO'.

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest."—Isa. lxiii. 1.

Up and at it, all at it, always at it, and why not? The great enemy never stays his hand night and day, he never pauses in the work of destruction and damnation—men and women are perishing, going down from our very doors to the terrible realities of the bottomless pit. God helping us, we will not hold our peace—we dare not.

During the past two months we had some blessed seasons, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Oh for a Pentecostal shower!

April 15th was a good day. At night

## TWO VISITORS,

who had come to the hall with one of our members, sought and found salvation, and went home to testify among their friends of Jesus' power to save.

The next evening two backsliders returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

Two of our

## VISITING

sisters found a dear woman, in the course of their calls, very weak in body, without hope for eternity. They prayed with and for her, pointed the way to Jesus, and she was enabled to embrace Him as her Saviour. God has in mercy restored her to health, and she has cast in her lot with ours.

On Sunday, April 29th, Mrs. Copley, of Leicester, was with us all day; at night, after preaching from the starving and hungry lepers, one dear woman,

who having lost her husband came to the town to seek work, found Jesus. Hallelujah!

In my class the other night a man and wife sat and listened to the testimonies of God's children, and in the prayer-meeting which followed gave themselves up to Jesus.

War is declared, our armies are on the move: already we hear the bugle call to charge the enemy and storm his hellish legions in Jesus' mighty name. Our great Captain is in the field—on every side His presence cheers and strengthens our hearts.

"We'll here set up our banners,  
And quit ourselves like men,  
And have a crown in glory  
If faithful we remain."

Ammunition of any kind to help in maintaining this conflict will be thankfully received by Mr. R. Sears, Park Cottage, or

W. WHITFIELD.

4, Havelock Road,  
Wellingboro'.

## CARDIFF.

THANK God our prospects are very cheering; in doors and out, at all our meetings much visible good is being done, and God's spirit is working on the hearts of sinners all round. We have been favoured with a visit from our superintendent, Rev. W. Booth, and shall not soon forget the very blessed times we had while he was with us, the Holy Ghost falling alike both upon saint and sinner, justifying the one and sanctifying the other.

Our dear brother Pargetter has also laboured with us for a fortnight with marked success; God having used him to His own glory in the conversion of many sinners. A young man came,

## A LATTER-DAY SAINT.

whose poor mother was in sad trouble because he had made up his mind to go to the Salt Lake; but we betook ourselves to earnest prayer for his conversion, and, praise God, soon got the answer. He came to the hall to please his mother. The Spirit of God took hold upon him, and with eight or nine others he sought and found his way into the Saviour's arms, and is thus saved alike from the burning lake as well as the Salt Lake.

We had just finished a glorious meeting, in which some six or seven had wept their way to Calvary (three out of the number being sailors who sailed the following morning for the Mediterranean, and who asked us for a Bible each to take with them that they might learn more about Jesus) and were having a hymn of praise, when a poor harlot, attracted by our singing, came in, listened for a little while, then bursting into tears fell down on the floor and cried for mercy. We gathered around her, and very soon Jesus spoke peace to her heart, and we were able to put her in a Home next morning, and now she is on the way for a new life. Praise the Lord! this is the sixteenth of these poor girls the Lord has made us the instrument in snatching from a life of sin since we have been in this town.

## A POOR DRUNKARD,

with the marks of his sinful life upon his forehead, came in with us from the open-air meeting. God sent conviction home to his heart while he sat listening in the prayer-meeting. He came out, sought and found forgiveness, and went home a new man. Very soon he brought his poor wife with the baby in her arms. The Lord spoke to her, and placing the child in her husband's hand she came forward, confessed her sins, and obtained pardon. The dear man told us at the next Saturday night meeting, with his wife by his side, "This is the first Saturday night that I have been sober for 15 years." Glory be to God!

A young woman who has been brought up

## A ROMAN CATHOLIC

came to learn what we had to say. While listening she got convinced that she was wrong, fell down on her knees, confessed her sins to God, asked forgiveness of Jesus, and very soon found that He could and did forgive. She went home, told her aunt what the Lord had done for her, and requested her to burn the beads, crosses, books, &c., at once, as she was fully persuaded that there was nothing like having Christ in the heart.

I have received several letters from our dear sailors who have gone forth to different parts of the globe, and if space permitted I could give some very interesting extracts, but must confine myself to just putting in their united request that our friends will pray for them and their brother sailors. Thus we are singing with joy—

"Christ is bringing to His fold  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Praise His name for ever."

Yours, at Jesus' feet,  
JOB CLARE.  
16, James Street, Castle Road,  
Cardiff.

#### CANNING TOWN.

God continues to bless both saints and sinners here. Our own people are coming more boldly to the front of the battle. Our open-air work is being wonderfully blessed.

Last week I was walking down — Street, when an elderly man caught hold of my hand, asking if I remembered seeing him standing with us at the open-air meeting near the station. "There," said he, "the Spirit of God laid hold of me, and I was such a great sinner; but, man, I am saved, and oh how I love Jesus!"

The other evening a young man followed us to the Hall, and before we could commence the service was on his knees crying for mercy, and Jesus set him free.

A dear young woman, just on the verge of eternity, heard us singing in the street, and said to her mother, "Oh, I wish they would come and sing under my window!" On being told who we were, she asked that I might be sent for. I and another brother went to see her; immediately I saw she was very near death, and we set to work to point her to Christ, and whilst we prayed she laid hold by faith on the sinner's Friend. I shall never forget the scene which followed; while we sung

"I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see,"

father and mother were bathed in tears, and she sang on with us, though gasping for breath,

"Many dear to my heart over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me."

"Don't cry for me, father, but meet me there."

On Sunday, while preaching from "How long halt ye between two opinions?" God came down in power and souls were seeking pardon, among them a dear old woman 72 years of age. God soon set this old sinner at liberty. Hallelujah!

Yours,  
J. BORRILL.  
3, Cambridge Terrace, Fisher St.,  
Barking Road, E.

#### THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION EVANGELIST IN HEAVEN.\*

A WOMAN. So much the better. If the rule which makes the apostles judges of Israel there applies to the Lord's faithful rulers in other circles, no one will be able to object to Sister Anderson's exaltation to the lead of all the Christian Mission Saints in glory, at least, until an Evangelist of the other sex follows her there.

Miss Anderson was blessed with God-fearing parents, who trained her to a holy life. But like the rest of all mankind she went astray, and became confirmed in unbelief and carelessness. Thus she remained for over thirty years. A brother connected with the Mission in Barking, however, commenced to hold meetings in his house, and at one of these our sister was very deeply convinced of sin. There seemed to be great difficulty in persuading her to yield her heart to God, but at length the brother dropped on his knees and said he would not get up till she had found salvation. After a prolonged struggle she was able to rejoice in God.

From this time till death she never lost the precious consciousness of God's favour, although at times her path seemed to be under the shadow for a long season. But she never wavered for a moment in her firm allegiance to Christ and His cause.

#### VALIANT IN FIGHT.

Naturally very timid and reserved, and further restrained by the influence of some of her relations, she felt it extremely difficult to commence speaking publicly, and even after the first attempt had a hard struggle for a time, until she became thoroughly the conqueror on this point. But once satisfied that it was her duty, she went forward with her usual unflinching determination. Upon one occasion she was pushed over while speaking, and one fifth of November was surrounded with fireworks, but she went boldly on with the work in all weathers.

Her first indoor text was "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" She had a most earnest, solemn manner, though always dignified and womanly. A poor woman was once so deeply impressed by the tone and movement of the hand with which she

\* Brother Henry White, it will be remembered, was not actually engaged as an Evangelist at the time of his decease.

declared that God shut to the door upon Noah and his family, that she could not get rid of the thought until she was safe in the gospel ship.

In addition to public work, Sister Anderson was always intensely fond of visiting the poor at home, and left the impress of her tender care for the souls and bodies of the people in many a household.

In one of her calls she found a woman who had long and grievously sinned against God. Such was the effect produced by our sister's faithful dealing, that the woman fell into distress so intense that some thought she had lost her reason. Hell seemed to be opening before her, but at length she was enabled to lay hold of Christ, and to this hour she is a precious witness for God. Many more, we are certain, will be amongst Sister Anderson's crown of rejoicing in the great day.

#### AN EVANGELIST.

It was but a few weeks before the close of her career on earth that the opportunity presented itself for her to throw herself entirely into the work of God, as she had long wished to do. When Brother Corbridge was suddenly called to Leicester she was asked if she could try, at least for a time, to supply his place at Croydon. It was no small undertaking for one first starting in the work, but she did not hesitate for a moment, and though by no means well, went off at a few days' notice for her station. The testimony borne by Sister Corbridge and others to her labours as an evangelist is as follows:—

It was only my privilege for about three weeks to know dear Sister Anderson; but less than that number of days made us *feel we were sisters*, that we had one object in view, one Father, and one eternal home.

She was a diligent servant of the Most High, ever ready, outdoor or in, to speak faithfully and fearlessly a word for her Master—urging sinners to repentance, and believers to realise their individual responsibility in our Master's service, and to "work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work." "And oh," she said on one of her last Sundays at Croydon, "how we shall *wish* we had done our *utmost* when we come to die."

The last Sunday we spent together she came down about the usual time, but was very poorly. She said, "I'm afraid I shall not be able to go to the

open-air, but I will come if I can to the Hall at eleven." And just as I was leaving the house she said, "How shall you manage if I *can't* come?" I assured her the Lord *would* help us and bless us.

When I got home at noon I found her much worse, and advised her to go to bed. I went to a chemist's she had been to the night before, but he would not give me anything for her, and advised to have a doctor. Dear Mrs. Hill kindly sent for one, and returned with me to Miss Anderson.

Soon after we got to her bedside we saw her change, and she made a noise, and sprang up in bed, and we both thought she was dying; but she recovered again, and when we were talking afterwards about it she said, "I think if I had had another of those turns I should have died, but it would have been all right; sudden death would have been sudden glory, and to be absent from the body would be to be present with the Lord."

She was very anxious to work entirely for the Lord, and once she said, "If I should be ill and die people will say, '*It is the work that has killed her*,' but it is not that."

One of the friends at Croydon, writing to me after Miss Anderson had left, said, "We were very sorry to lose you and Mr. C., but we found dear Miss Anderson was *real and earnest*, and we loved her."

Another of the members writes of her: "I believe she *worked as long as she could*, and now she is gone to receive her reward."

A third sister says, "Oh, what a blessed thing to be ready for eternity! The last Sunday night she preached I thought I never heard her so earnest with sinners. I trust she has many stars in her crown."

During the short time she was at Croydon the Lord used her for His glory—succeeding her labour by saving sinners and blessing believers.

She preached for the last time one Sunday morning on "The rich man and Lazarus," assuring all present that she felt it might be the last time she should address them, and urging them to make sure of a place in "Abraham's bosom." She led some to Jesus, and then went home never to come out again.

#### DYING.

Finding her seriously ill, a friend took her home to Barking, when, after

three weeks of the most intense suffering, she died. This friend says of those last days:—

"She didn't say much, but she would nod her head, and open her eyes and smile in her own quiet way when she was asked if she was safe and ready. I felt it wonderfully blessed to be with her. God seemed to be so clearly there all the time."

All who visited her found her full of that same quiet, steady, determined trust which distinguished her in life, and when at last she had sunk away to rest we noticed that her face, which bore in life a little of the sombre look which many grievous sorrows make, was even brighter than it had ever looked while she communed with us of heavenly things. Her solitude and griefs and cares and trials are past. Her works do follow her, and it remains for every timid one left behind to seek the same almighty strength which she got, and to take up the great task which she struggled to the last faithfully to fulfil.

"Who'll be the next thus to follow Jesus?"

#### OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER JONES OF HACKNEY.

THE small-pox has hurried another mission convert to glory. He was convinced of sin at Whitechapel, found peace at his bedside, and joined the Hackney Society, taking his place in the ranks, and warring a good warfare for Jesus. The last few months of his life were spent in the house of one of our members, whose account of his character and life and of his last days we subjoin:—

"His walk was with God. He would come downstairs in the morning singing, and always came in singing in the evening. I never knew him to speak a word against any one. He was unobtrusive, gentle, kind, and, although unnoticed by many, yet adorning the doctrine of that Saviour he so fondly loved. He so loved to meet with God's people. The last night he was at the hall was the night that Miss Harris spoke of heaven. When he came home he said 'I almost wish I was there,' little thinking how soon the wish was to be fulfilled. From that night he was taken ill. He rapidly got worse, and one Monday night, all of a sudden, threw up his arms, and exclaimed: 'I am going. I am going to

heaven. Oh, this is beautiful! Oh, this is glorious! Blessed Saviour. Tell my father, tell my mother I have gone to heaven. Warn my brothers and sisters. Alfred, meet me in heaven. Never mind what men say. Never mind what your shopmates say. Oh, this is beautiful! This is glorious!'

"And now we thought all was over, and he was at rest; but opening his eyes, he said: 'I have not gone yet: my Father is going to spare me a little longer. I was almost there.' Then he began singing 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' while a beautiful smile lit up his countenance, and from that time he gradually sank until he passed away."

WANTED, *young men, who will not mind what their shopmates say, to take his place!*

---

## GREAT EXHIBITION OF TROPHIES.

---

Over the mantelpieces in the homes of some of our evangelists and others we have noticed the commencement of a most interesting collection of

**FEATHERS,  
FLOWERS,  
JET ORNAMENTS,  
LOCKETS,  
BROOCHES,  
PIPES,  
TOBACCO-POUCHES, &c.,**

*Given up*

**FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.**

We should like these local museums to be multiplied and augmented, and then we might have an exhibition of the whole in connection with the Conference of 1878.