

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

MARCH, 1874.

To the Rescue;

OR,

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN 1874?

BY MRS. BOOTH.



WHILE we believe profoundly in the importance and effectiveness of individual effort, we believe also in the still greater effectiveness of organized, united, systematic effort; therefore, we propose to set apart a few persons, specially adapted for, and drawn to, this kind of work, in order that they may devise plans, provide visitors, arrange meetings, etc., with the special object of reaching and reclaiming drunkards, such organization to be called

## THE DRUNKARD'S RESCUE SOCIETY.

The plan of working which seems to promise most success is, to mark a drunkard as he reels along the street, or is hurled out of a public-house door, or as he ambles up to an open-air service; try to win him by a few words of sympathy and interest, which is far more easily done than would be imagined by those who have never made the experiment. Then get to know from himself, or those around him, where he lives, and promise to visit him the next morning, which must be done, whether he is willing or not. Once find him at home, and a great point is gained. Being sober, and under no temptation to put himself on the defensive, he will listen to your remonstrances. Surrounded, as he generally is, by the emblems of his folly and wickedness, in the dilapidation of his home, the scared aspect of his children, and the tears of his wife, he is open to assault, and will frequently join in his own condemnation. As you proceed to tell him of a Saviour's love, and the possibility of reformation and salvation, instancing others who were once such as he, but who "are washed—who are sanctified," he listens with a look of hopeless astonishment; but the tear in his poor, bleared eye, tells you that his conscience is not quite seared, nor his heart so much harder than that of other sinners. When you propose to kneel and ask God to help and save him, he shuffles on to his knees—knees which, perchance, never bowed in prayer before; and as you pray he sobs, and in spite of his despair, begins to hope. This is no fancied picture of a first visit to a drunkard's home; such scenes are familiar to some of us as blessed facts of personal experience. In

this way has the gulf been bridged which separated many a poor drunkard from reformation and salvation, and his way opened back again to the hopes, joys, and duties, of a renewed and useful life. True, this is but the first step; many visits have to be paid, and perhaps much labour bestowed, before the poor victim is fully rescued from the thralldom of his fatal habit; but shall the task be abandoned because it is difficult? While our rulers legalize and facilitate the sale of these drinks, so that, as one poor fellow expressed it, "The struggle is awful, for it is not only getting past one public-house, but twenty, on one's way to work;" while Satan uses every art to ensnare and ruin—shall we, who profess to be the representatives of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, look on in idle indifference, and refuse to attempt what we might, because we cannot do all that we would?—God forbid! We have sat still too long; an eternal shame and disgrace must attach to the Christian churches of the past half-century, for the way in which they have stood calmly by, while the monster, strong drink, has marched rough shod over our land, and consigned tens of thousands to an untimely hell. Let those of us who see the need, and who have love enough to sacrifice our own indulgence, set ourselves to the work, resolving that what is possible to us shall be done.

Let us work to reclaim one's and two's, till it becomes possible to reach thousands.

#### THE PRIZE IS WORTH THE PRICE.

It would make you weep, Christian reader, tears of joy and gratitude, to witness the noble, self-sacrificing lives of some of those who have been rescued from the trammels of this great destroyer; men who, while their own hands minister to their necessities, know how to give, to toil, and to suffer, for the salvation of their fellows. A careful perusal of our last year's report will convince any unprejudiced mind that drunkards are not, as a rule, the moral refuse of mankind, which they are generally supposed to be, but men with hearts and brains worth the trouble of saving, even on human considerations. If it were worth the toil and brain and life of a Howard and a Wilberforce to mitigate the sufferings and knock off the shackles of their fellow-men even for this life, is it not worth a struggle, and the sacrifice of a little ease and indulgence, to snap the fetters of a moral bondage far more degrading and demoralizing than the worst of mere bodily slavery? Surely, if the drunkard had no soul, he would be a fit object of our pity and effort; but, when we regard him as an immortal being, capable of loving, serving, and glorifying his Creator for ever—a man necessarily influencing his generation for eternity, either dragging others with him to the pit of destruction, or, by a sanctified life and consistent testimony, winning them to Christ and heaven—the task of reclaiming him, though great, becomes GLORIOUS, and such a prize, worth not only a few tears, but blood, to win. Let us, who have given ourselves to the work of the

Christian Mission for seeking and saving the lost, keep our eyes more than ever on the drunkard—true to our first principles—that "the worse a man is, the more he needs our help, and the less others care for him, the more we *must care*." Let us hunt down the drunkard, tracking him by guile, and tears, and prayers, till, "pulled out of the fire," the brand is quenched in Jesus' blood.

Brethren and sisters in this Mission, to many of you, this word of exhortation will come with double force, inasmuch as "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are sanctified"—Hallelujah! But, oh! forget not the hole of the pit from whence ye were digged, nor those whose feet are still entangled in its mirey clay. They cry towards you as perishing mariners on the wreck to their saved comrades in the life-boat, "Save us! save us! we perish." Let this cry ever be uppermost in your soul. Be not like the butler who forgot his friend Joseph in the prison-house, when himself exalted to the presence of the king. Never get too respectable, or too refined, to go after the drunkard; if you do, your prosperity will prove your downfall, and your temporal exaltation your eternal humiliation. Let us ever keep in mind—*all* keep in mind—that our work is emphatically to seek "that which *was lost*." While the universal race and ambition of individuals and organizations, religious as well as worldly, is to get up amongst the moral and respectable, let it be our ambition to go down to the lowest strata of society, and our unceasing glory, that we preach the Gospel to the poor.

"Ah, very good!" I think I hear some Christian reader say. "I am glad these Christian Mission people *do* feel it to be their special work to look after the poor and the wicked; it is time somebody came to the rescue. There has been a deal of talk about the masses, and how to bring the Gospel to bear on them; I am thankful somebody has risen up really to set about doing it. I wish them God-speed, with all my heart!" Thank you, dear friend: your sympathy is grateful to us in a work in which we get much to dishearten—but we need something more than this.

1st—WE WANT LABOURERS!—men and women, set on fire of love, seeking nothing amongst men but "Christ and Him crucified;" seeing nothing worth living for but souls, and willing, for their sakes, to be counted as the off-scouring of all things; men and women whom no sacrifice can daunt, no labour repel, no opposition affright; resolved to win souls or die in the attempt. To such labourers we can offer a sphere unmatched in any part of the world. To such we say, Come over and help us! Some of us wax feeble through excess of labour; come and help to bear the burden, and be ready to take our places when the Master says, "It is enough."

2nd—WE WANT FUNDS! "Funds again!" I think I hear you say, dear reader; yes, funds again! Unfortunately, we cannot lay the pipes through which the water of life can be conveyed to the famishing multitudes whom we propose to reach without money as well as labour. Not many rich or noble are called to this work.

The labourers are mostly men and women who, however great their love and zeal, must be fed and housed. Rents of rooms and suitable places for gathering meetings in the back slums have to be paid. Travelling expenses, often inevitable in this far-stretching district of houses and alleys, must be met, or our labourers killed with mere animal exhaustion; in short, in the present state of things, we can do next to nothing without funds. We have sometimes been tempted to wish that *blood* would do instead of money, and have felt that, to some of us, it would be easier to give it out, drop by drop, for the support of such work, than to ask it from those who give as if they grudged. Oh, if those who have the means could only behold the multitudes as Jesus did, they would surely have compassion on them. If the Lord's people could only realize the *worth* of souls, and that they *are to be won* if the necessary effort is put forth, how would they come to the help of the Lord, with both labour and money! But, alas! while many seem to be fully alive to the importance of using means and straining every nerve for the success of their own business, they appear to think that they are in no way responsible for the prosperity of God's work, or for the salvation or damnation of their fellow-men. Practically, they say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We tremble to think of the confusion of such servants when the Lord demands "His own with usury." Dear reader, how will it be with you and me in this matter? We are doing something, but are we doing *all* that is possible to us? Is there another poor, benighted, perishing soul hidden away in any dark corner, which, by our money, our labour, we might reach and bring into the joy and sunlight of our Saviour's love? If so, let us not confer with flesh and blood, but "Haste to the rescue," for Jesus' sake!

### The Power of Godliness.

**I**S there such a thing as the power of Godliness? Did God ever mean to give any one in this world power to live after His own image? Are the commandments of God, that we should "be holy," "love Him with all our heart and soul and mind and strength," walk before Him and be perfect, mere flights of beautiful poetry; or did God intend to enable men to do as He told them? We are again and again told to "be sober," the immutable truth and reality of everything told us in the Bible is continually declared therein in the most solemn manner, and yet Christian teachers on every hand vie with each other now-a-days in a hopeless attempt to make it appear that God never did expect His poor fallen creatures to live a pure life. How utterly this view of human life is in opposition to the truth will, we think,

appear clearly enough from the consideration of a few plain and evident facts.

#### I.—MEN ARE GOD'S ONLY VISIBLE AGENTS IN THE WORLD.

What angel ministers may be doing around us, we cannot tell; and however blessed it may be to feel that there are here, as well as in heaven, bright and pure spirits who are always acting in accordance with the Father's will, we cannot for a moment suppose that the prayer—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," was intended to refer to these angelic beings, who invariably, everywhere, perform their duty with the same perfect regularity and obedience.

The movements of the physical world, so terrible in the majesty of their force, so unerring in the precision of their order, so lovely in the harmony of all their varieties, are constantly ascribed in Scripture directly to the hand of God Himself. But the outer world, with all its forms of grandeur and beauty, can only be a system of *physical* agencies of the Almighty. The earth has no heart to love any one. The seas can feel no pity. The trees and flowers can make no distinction between the true and the false. The beasts and birds can do nothing to oppose the evil and to establish the good, which are alike unknown to their brutish consciousness.

If the great and true God is to be represented here below, if the feelings He entertains are to be understood, expressed, and acted upon, if His thoughts and purposes respecting men's souls are to be declared and accomplished—all this must be done by men, for there are no other beings on earth by whom it can be done!

#### II.—GOD HAS TOLD US PLAINLY WHAT HIS WILL IS.

From the very commencement of man's existence on the earth, God has always kept before him in the clearest possible way the fact that he was created to do as God pleased, and that any act of his contrary to the will of God would forfeit his title to live at all. This constant and universal obligation, instead of being set aside by the first act of disobedience, was only made more awfully and everlastingly prominent by the consequences of that act. Death, weakness, corruption, pain, instead of proclaiming an universal excuse for want of obedience to God, are continually thundering in the ears of all mankind, that it is sin and fatal madness to transgress the will of God on any occasion.

God has never changed His mind. His orders to us to-day are as clear and definite as to Adam in Eden:—"Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "I have written unto you, that ye sin not." "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

#### III.—IF GOD'S WILL IS NOT DONE ON EARTH BY MEN, IT WILL NOT BE DONE ON EARTH AT ALL.

The devil is determined it shall not. He always was. In order to accomplish his hellish purpose, he has always striven to turn men

aside from serving God; and when unable to persuade them entirely to turn their backs upon Him, he has always endeavoured to *limit their service* to the greatest extent in his power.

And just in proportion as Satan has turned men aside from God, so has God's will been frustrated. Whenever an entire body of men are found in opposition to God, there we find God repenting of the creation of men, and expressing in some emphatic manner His wrath at the failure of all His plans, and His mourning over the folly of those who might have prevented the ruinous consequences of sin.

Thus we see the folly of much that is very popular in some quarters, about what God might do without us, and so forth. It has pleased God in His wisdom to make the realization of His will on earth entirely dependent upon man, and we may be certain that man will be held, to the fullest extent, responsible for the grand trust confided to him.

"Oh, may it all our powers engage,  
To do our Master's will!"

#### IV.—IF MEN CANNOT DO GOD'S WILL ON EARTH, THEN GOD IS NOT SUPREME THERE.

See the helpless position to which many Christian notions reduce the Almighty. We are told that it is impossible for men to live in this world exactly as God would have them live. Then, the only agents God has—God's only agents in the world, are incapable of doing His bidding—His will cannot be done on earth, though Satan's can.

Those who represent the best possible Christians as only able to look and strive after a desirable, but unattainable something, surely forget that the position of God's only agents must be the position of God Himself. Does God long for the performance of duty by man, and feel that He cannot possibly be obeyed?

Away with such monstrous absurdity! God is in earnest, He always was; He always has been and He is able to accomplish that which He has determined upon; and when He saw mankind so fallen as to be naturally incapable of pleasing Him, He instantly filled the terrible gap, in the person of His own Son. The great task of doing the will of God was too heavy for fallen man; but help was laid on One who was mighty, and by faith in Him we can be enabled to do the impossible. God commands us to live holily and righteously. We can do so; if we live otherwise, it is because we are unfaithful to our God.

The question before the Lord's people is as simple as it was when Elijah propounded it to the multitude on Carmel. Let us choose whom we will serve. God has chosen that we should serve Him in newness of life. Instead of comfortably assuring ourselves that we cannot do all our duty, let us awake and arise, to hear and obey the voice of our King and our God. We *can* follow Him, we *can* please Him, and if we do so, we shall reign with Him for ever.

## Morbid Religion.

By REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.



MUCH of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthy and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out with steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waist-band, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded.

One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumpled up by the first merchant and thrown in his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity, though it be prayerful and sanctimonious. He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to come to the Saviour, while he gives no strong, common-sense reason why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If, with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand, a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to eulogize.

Morbidity in religion might be partially cured by more out-door exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we can carry the grace of God with us down into every-day practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God, save when three times a day he worshipped towards the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as in-doors. Hard, rough work for God will develop an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or the affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft, is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine religion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength: "And he went forth conquering and to conquer."

## An Invitation.

Tune—"Home, Sweet Home."

I've started for Canaan, must I leave you behind—  
Will you not go with me? Come, make up your mind.  
The land lies before you, 'tis pleasant to view;  
Its fruits are abundant, they are offered to you.

CHORUS—Come, come! Friends, friends! come,  
I've started for Canaan, oh! will you not come?

What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?  
The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May;  
The music is charming, the harmony pure,  
The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.

You've friends in that country most dear to your heart,  
Do you not wish to meet them where friends never part?  
Then start in a moment, no longer delay:  
While you stop to consider the night ends the day.

'Tis the last call of mercy—oh! turn ere you die,  
Give your heart to the Saviour—to-day He is nigh;  
While His arms are extended, and His people all pray,  
Will you not join our number? Come, join us to-day.

### THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I's mighty full-handed, and no ways like poor white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified colour'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty-

five years, I's been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—I is one of the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints! what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heard tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anyhow; but de Lor's got one on 'em, at any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is me."

"Then tell me what you mean by a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de storeys o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on the very ridge-pole; and dere I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to

de parlour, and from de parlour to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feets on 'em and mounts—ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; and yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' my bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up-stairs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him 'Brudder' since he was born into the kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?'"

"Oh," says he, 'Sibby, I's too on-worthy; I doesn't desurve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"Phoo," says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up-sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place at de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewellery massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', 'I's no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I'se de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n,' as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!'"

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it hain't foted him up! De poor, deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"Mo'fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and the sta'rs is dere, and de grand, glorious Master is dere, up

'bove all, callin' day and night, 'Frien,' come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back, and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought light and life for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar, and parlour, and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlour Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlour Christians, honey? Why, dems is de ones dat gets bar'ly out o' de cellar, and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud, and dresses up fine like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our old missus, she used to carry on 'mong her colour'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyp-tians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any oder good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlour, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said to me, one dead-o'-night, 'Oh, Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'—'oh, Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! your clothes, and your face, and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she. 'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'fected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to catch de rays!'"

"Oh," says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God, and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno-'ance. But now—oh, Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?" says I.

"Yes, de chief o' sinners," says she, with a groan.

"Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?" says I.

"Yes," says she.  
 "Well, den," says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.'

"Den she koteh sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went ap. She died a singin'—"

"In my han' no price I bring,  
 Simple, to dy cross I cling."

"But she mought a' sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de priviledges o' de parlour. Parlours is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spend deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlour, and got hrough many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roost-in' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and lost his roll, and dat's what de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'al watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty general. Why, sometimes, when he raises up and thrusts his fangs

out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you got the victory over Satan?"

"Heaps o' ways," she replied; "sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves is done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby'—Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when P's weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says in de words o' Scripture, 'Clar out, and git ahind my back, Satan!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher up my sperets, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail, and slinks off, most general; and I goes 'bout my work a singin'—"

"My Master bruise de sarpint's head,  
 And bind him wid a chain;  
 Come, brudders, hololujah shout,  
 Wid all yer might and main!  
 Hololujah!"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most general. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgot to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weapons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin'

has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid; but every one on 'em has only foteh me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on deir way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbour through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to b'ar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to b'ar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' the cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised, and wounded, and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory.

"But, la! honey! how de time has flew! I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner—for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gise Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

#### FLAMES OF FIRE.

#### BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH MINER.\*

(Continued from page 48.)

SCATTERED up and down the biographies of almost every devoted child of God may be found instances of what has come to be called *the prayer of faith*—that is, instances in which remarkable answers to prayer in the healing of bodily disease or infirmity are recorded. We say remarkable answers to prayer, although we cannot see why it should be deemed any more remarkable that God should answer prayer in the healing of the body any more than in the healing of the soul. Such records are to be found in the story of the life of the devoted man before us. Take the following simple, straightforward story:—

#### A CRIPPLE HEALED.

"Florence Hoskin was made a cripple by the ill-usage of one of her family, and wholly lost the use of one of her legs for seven years, and she was obliged to go on a crutch and stick. She was so weak that she was forced to drag her foot after her; and the doctor told her

\* *The King's Son*, by F. W. BOURNE. London: Bible Christian Book-Room, 57, Fairbank Street, East Road; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

she would not have the use of her leg any more. But he made a mistake, for she was made sound again; our God is a God of all power, and there is nothing too great for Him to do. She was old when she was converted. In 1844, I think the Saturday night before the first Sunday in July, she went to bed, greatly cast down. She prayed to her dear Lord, who is able to heal both body and soul; and *that* Sister Hoskin soon found to her joy and satisfaction. She prayed away until the cloud broke from her mind, and she was made very happy in the love of Jesus. Then she said, 'Now, my dear Lord, Thou hast healed my soul, why not heal my body too?' She meant her lame leg; and when she said so, the Lord said to her, 'Arise, and go down to the Gospel-house, and there thou shalt be healed.' Then she said, 'Why not be healed here, my dear Lord?' for she was in bed, and it was an easy place for a poor cripple. When she said so, the Lord's Spirit was taken away from her. Then she said, 'I will go to Thy Gospel-house, or anywhere else, only let me be healed, my dear Lord.' Her Lord said to her, 'If I heal thee here, they will not believe it, for there are many of them as unbelieving as the Jews were in Jerusalem.' It was on a Sunday that she rose out of her bed to go to the Gospel-house to get healed, strong in faith; but when she got down-stairs it was as if the devil stood in the doorway, to tempt her to have her breakfast first; but she said, 'No, devil, I will not, for thou hast many times tempted me to stay for breakfast, and I have had a dead meeting through being so late.' So she left home with her crutch and stick, and went away to her Gospel-house, dragging her poor lame foot on the ground. When she came to the chapel it was so early that there was no one there. When her leader came, he said, 'How is it you are down here so early to-day, Florence?' She said to him, 'Great things are going to be done here to-day; I am going to have a sound leg, for the dear Lord has told me so.' Her class-leader told her he thought she was mad; he said to her, 'If she had not more faith than he had, she never would be cured of her lameness.' So the meeting began; and while one was praying, Florence said, 'Pray away, the balm is coming.' She had faith to believe, and when the meeting was over she could walk about the chapel without crutch or stick. Some of the

people that saw her walking about the chapel at Porthleven, went round the little town and said, 'Florence Hoskin is walking about the "Bryanites" chapel without a crutch or stick.' A great many came together to see what a miracle the dear Lord had wrought. As she was going out of the chapel, one person said, 'Here, Florence, is your crutch and stick,' when she answered, 'You may have them if you will, for I shall not want them any more.' And she did not want crutch or stick any more while she lived. Some foolish people will say, 'The Lord does not work miracles in these days as in the days of old.' The dear Lord *does*, if we can believe. Florence Hoskin believed; and according to her faith it was done unto her, for she went away from her home a cripple, and in a few hours came back healed; so it was well for her that she served the Lord. Bless and praise His name for ever!"

#### THE LAME WALK AND THE DUMB SPEAK.

"I went to Kestle Mill (to a Wesleyan chapel to hold a teetotal meeting), a place some miles from Newlyn. A man who lived in Newlyn, called "grandfather," who was very lame, wished to go with me; but when we had gone a little way he said he was so lame that he should not be able to go on. I said to him, "You must go; Father must heal you." He was going very lame when I said this; it was a great pain for him to walk. So I looked up to heaven, and prayed, and said, "My dear Father, heal him;" and the dear Lord made him a sound man. He said, "All my pain is gone;" and he went on to Kestle Mill as fast as I could go. When we came to the place, "grandfather" gave out a hymn and prayed; then he told the people what a bad drunkard he had been; but he was a teetotaler now, the Lord had converted his soul, and he was a happy man. When "grandfather" had done speaking, I spoke. Twenty signed the pledge. Then we travelled home; but I heard no more about his pain."

"Brother Hicks 'had been in bed seven years, and was two years without speech, whom the Lord brought out in one day;' whose cure was wrought when a good brother resolved that 'he would not cease praying for him until he could speak.' Billy's faith was unquestioning in the power and willingness of that

Saviour who 'is in every place and age the same.'"

#### HOW HIS CHILD WAS CURED WITHOUT THE DOCTOR.

"At one time he had a child seriously ill, and his wife feared it would die. She wished Billy to go to the doctor for some medicine. He took eighteen-pence in his pocket, all the money there was in the house. On the road he met a man who had lost a cow, and was then out begging for money to buy another, whose story touched Billy's heart, and to him the money was at once given. He said afterwards—"I felt after I had given away the money that it was no use to go to the doctor, for I could not have medicine without money, so I thought I would tell Father about it. I jumped over a hedge, and while telling the Lord all about it, I felt sure the "cheeld" would live. I then went home, and as I entered the door, said to my wife—"Joey, the cheeld's better, isn't it?" "Yes," she said. "The cheeld will live, the Lord has told me so," was his answer, and the child soon got well."

Still Billy was far from a fanatic. He walked by faith, and clung to the naked truth of the Word of God. In illustration of this, take the following:—

#### FAITH *versus* SIGHT.

"My wife said to me one day, when lying on her sick-bed, "William, I do not see anything from heaven." "Neither do I, and what need has the Lord to show us sights [ 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe,' our Lord said to 'a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum' ] when we can believe without it?" He continued: "If I saw the Saviour a babe in the manger, I should not believe it more than I do now. If I saw Him raise Lazarus out of the grave, I should not believe it more than I do now. If I saw the Lord Jesus raise the ruler's daughter or the widow's son to life, I should not believe it more than I do now. And if I saw the dear Lord nailed to the cross, and heard Him cry, "It is finished," saw Him give up the ghost, and rise from the tomb the third day, I should not believe these things more than I do now." When he said this his wife exclaimed, "And so do I believe it;" and they greatly rejoiced together."

By the bed of the sick and dying, Billy seems to have been equally useful

and welcome as in the pulpit or the prayer meeting. Indeed, the intervals between the labours of preaching and public meetings on Sabbath, and leisure time on week days, seem to have been filled up in journeying from one house of sorrow and sickness to another.

An instance or two will be sufficient to show his aptness for this blessed and Christlike employment.

#### FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

"To one who had been a great sufferer for many years, he said, 'The pain of yesterday and last night you will never feel any more. You are as well off as the queen so far as yesterday is concerned. With the queen yesterday is gone, and so it is with you;' or as another sufferer said to him, she could praise God, 'for every pain is a pain the less.'

"Another person whom he visited the same day—an aged Christian, eighty years old—he tells us knew quite as much about the dear Lord as he could tell her. She loved the Lord so much that she did not know a name good enough by which to call Him. 'Every word she spoke was sweet to my soul,' Billy said. 'And why?' he inquires. 'Because she was filled, as were Barnabas and Stephen, with the Holy Ghost. And Satan can do nothing by "they" who are filled with the Holy Ghost.'

"Another dear Christian, of five-and-forty years' standing, seen, too, the same day, was one after his own heart, because the Lord had converted her 'in and out,' in allusion to the excessive 'outward adorning' of some, which Billy strongly condemned."

"He was not sanguine about every case. He saw a person who had been very wicked, and was told that he had been seeking the Lord a long time. He hoped he had; but he added, 'It is dangerous to put off our soul's salvation until we are on our death-bed; for where there is one who gets the prize, there are ten who lose it, and the same old devil that got at them down-stairs will get at them when they are in their beds.'

"An old woman who, with a crippled daughter, lived in one little, dirty, down-stairs room, had a word of encouragement. She had had many trials, but she was very hopeful and trusting. The storm had stripped her little cot of its roof, but the Lord had in mercy spared both her and her daughter. Billy said to her, 'Heaven will be a "pretty"

place for you when you get there. You will be able to say, "What a glorious place I am in now! I am not now down in the house with the roof blown away; I am not down now in a dirty, little room, with little meat and clothes. Oh, what a mighty change is this! What a glorious place is heaven!"' And he adds, 'I believe if any will know the joy of heaven in its higher state, it will be those who have suffered most down here.'"

#### SUBMISSION TO THE KING.

"Billy went one day to visit a preacher, who, while he was conversing and praying with him, became remarkably happy. Presently the sick man expressed a hope that the Lord would take him to heaven, there and then, as he felt quite ready for the change, and he should not then grieve his best Friend again by carelessness or unbelief. His wife, who was standing by the side of the bed, turned away, her eyes filled with tears. To her Billy immediately turned and said—"So you would not like to have your husband promoted, then?" And then he took up his parable. 'Don't you think that your eye ought to be as much upon the Lord Jesus Christ, as the eye of a worldly woman is upon the queen? Now, if the queen were to send for the brother, or son, or husband of any such woman, would not she say, "I am sorry to part with him, but it may be the making of him, I must let him go. It is the queen who has sent for him." And yet you know,' he continued, 'that it might be a great expense to prepare him to go; or the queen might soon die, or he offend her, and then he would be as bad off as ever. But the Lord Jesus Christ it at all the expense of the "fit out." He provides the robe in which your husband will be clothed, the crown that he will wear, the palm that he will wave; the Lord Jesus Christ will never die, and your husband wants to go because he knows that he shall never offend Him again: now ought you not to be willing?' The distressed wife, who was now smiling through her tears, said she was willing, but she did not want to lose him just yet. 'And do you think,' said Billy, 'that you will ever be willing? If my "Joey" lives, and if I am to wait until she is willing for me to go to heaven, I shall never get there. The fact is, the Lord has a right to take your husband, or me, or any of His children, whenever He pleases; and if I

were the Lord I would too, and not ask anybody."

Billy Bray embraced the will of God, and he apprehended that God had given him the Sabbath to love and honour. In his early career his love was proved by his obedience. Hear the story:—

#### LOSING AND FINDING.

"Soon after his conversion he was working in a mine in which one of the levels filled with water every twelve hours, which was then drawn to the surface. When it came to Billy's turn one Sunday to go to the mine to draw up the water, he was at Hick's Mill Chapel. The Lord said to him, 'Stay here, and worship Me this day.' Billy had no doubt that the Lord did thus speak, or that it was his duty to obey. 'I will, Lord,' was his answer, and he left the water to find its way to the bottom of the shaft, in the full belief that no harm would come of it. On the Monday morning he went to the mine at six o'clock, for he could not safely leave the water to take care of itself on the Monday, though he could do so with great confidence on the Sunday. The 'captain' interrogated him as to his absence, and Billy frankly told him 'it was the Lord's will that he should not work on Sundays.' 'I'll 'Lord's will' thee!' the 'captain' angrily said; 'thou shalt not work here any more.' Billy was unmoved, 'for I felt,' he said, 'that I had the Lord of rocks and hills for my Friend, and I did not care who was against me.' But when his comrade told him that he was turned away too, he quickly said, 'You must not be turned away on my account; it was not your fault, and I'll go to the 'captain' and tell him so.' At this interview, the 'captain' told Billy he must give up that foolish notion about not working on Sundays, for men in a mine must work Sundays. Billy replied, 'For the wickedness of the wicked the land mourneth; and I have a new Master now, and He tells me I must not work on the Sabbath-day, but keep it holy; and I shall do as He tells me.' The clerk in the counting-house said, if he felt like William Bray, he wouldn't work on Sundays either. The 'captain' then said he might go to work if he would, and Billy's full cup ran over when he gave him such work to do as left him at liberty to go to the meetings every night of the week as well as Sundays.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### A COLLIER'S SERMON.

BRETHREN, I am now going to show you how a poor sinner is saved by grace, and I am sure many of you have been so saved. Let us take the case of a miserable man in the pains of conviction. He is, we will suppose, down at the bottom of the pit of despair. Now, let us ask him how he got there, and how he means to get up. Then, leaning over the pulpit to the right hand, the preacher curved his hand, and applying his mouth to it, spoke aloud this imaginary colloquy, as if from the surface down through the pit shaft, after the manner of the "banksman" at the colliery—

"Hallo! hallo! who's down there?"

"Oh, minister, a poor sinner, a miserable sinner."

"How came you there, my poor brother? how came you there?"

"My load of sin weighed me down, and I fell deeper and deeper."

"Oh, wretched man that you are! how do you mean to get up?"

"I never shall get up. I am lost! lost for ever! I've been trying ever so long to climb up the side of the shaft, but I cannot; I fall down again."

"You cannot succeed of yourself. I'll send you down the rope of faith. Lay hold of that, and you will be got out. Cling to it, cling to it; here it is!" (imitating the paying out of a rope.) "Now then, it must be down to you. Lay hold of the 'only hope set before you.' Have you got hold now?"

"I am so feeble I can hardly grasp it; but I think I have got a good grip now."

"Then pull away, lads! Let us help this poor sinner up. Oh, how heavy he is! Why, what have you got besides yourself hanging on to the rope?"

"Only a few good works of my own."

"Good works! good works! Throw them down. Down with them, or they'll break the rope."

"Well, if I must, I must; but sure, they would do me some good."

The preacher continued to represent the lifting, but suddenly stopped, as if his arms had received a check, exclaiming to the imaginary ascendant:

"Why, what is the matter now? What are you struggling with?"

"Doubts and fears, sir. I am afraid I cannot hold on."

"Lay firmer hold of the rope. Doubts and fears are nothing to strong faith. But what now? Trembling again? What is it now?"

"A great flight of afflictions, master, and I cannot hold on."

"Hold on, sinner; hold on; you'll come out of the afflictions. But what is this, shaking again? what can be the matter now?"

"Strong temptations, master. Oh, I shall fall! I'm falling! Oh, help me! Oh, help me!"

"So we will. But ah! what dreadful thing has happened now? The weight is three times as great. What a horrible noise! What have you got there?"

"It's the devil himself has gripped me. He is gripping me hard. Oh, minister, I'm lost! I'm lost!"

Hereupon the excitement in the congregation became intense. Women wept, men rose up, and the minister, seizing his opportunity, continued—

"Now, lads, let us all pray and pull together. This poor sinner is in great danger. But Satan cannot long buffet him. The great Captain is with us, and He is too strong for demon and devil."

Straining at the lifting of the imaginary load, the preacher greatly excited himself as well as his hearers. Finally, he appeared to succeed in bringing the imperilled and hard-gripped penitent to the surface. Then, with great effect, he uttered the words—

"Lads, he's safe! he is saved! There he is! The rope of faith never broke yet, and I knew it wouldn't break now."

#### FROZEN TO THE WORLD.

"SOME years ago an eagle, soaring high over one of the Highland lakes, saw floating on the beach the carcass of a sheep; he stooped and lighted upon it, and gorged himself to the full. The lethargy and drowsiness of satiety came over him, and there upon the floating carcass he fell fast asleep. From the surrounding hills the chill wind came down upon the lake, and the carcass becomes frozen; and now the royal bird, recovering from his stupor, looks up to his rocky home high above, and attempts to fly; but he finds himself a prisoner; his feet and the tips of his wings are frozen fast, and he floats away, soon to be a rotting carcass like that on which he has fed. And so it is with many of you. You have, if I may so say, gorged upon the dead carcass of this world; your whole soul is absorbed by its business or its pleasures, and now you are asleep, and by-and-

by you will wake up and try to fly, try to get to God; but you will find you are frozen fast, and the end will be that, morally putrid, you will sink to rise no more."

#### THE BOLTED DOOR.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. iii. 20.

God is knocking,  
Ever knocking,  
At the heart's thrice-bolted door,  
Which we're locking,  
Ever locking,  
As we oft have done before.  
And we hear, yet hearing, heed not,  
While we faster bolt the door.

He is calling,  
Ever calling,  
In a soft and gentle tone,  
To the fallen,  
And the falling,  
To the weary and the lone.  
Still they answer not the summons  
Till the spirit voice has flown.

He's entreating,  
E'er entreating,  
By His mercy, by His care,  
Knocking, knocking,  
And repeating,  
Calling, calling, this His prayer—  
"Let Me enter!" Hear it, mortal,  
Open wide the sin-locked portal;  
Hear it, mortal; open quickly,  
God is waiting at the door.

#### THE UNKNOWN GOD.

St. AUGUSTINE relates of a certain Gentile who showed him his idol gods, saying, "Here is my god. Where is thine?" Then, pointing up at the sun, he said, "Lo, here is my god. Where is thine?" So, showing him divers creatures, still upbraiding him with "Here are my gods. Where are thine?" But St. Augustine remarks, "I showed him not my God, not because I had not one to show him, but because he had not eyes to see Him." Thus the joys of a Christian, though they cannot be seen with bodily eyes, though the wicked cannot so much as discern them, yet is there nothing so delightful, so comfortable as they are.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

## The Month.



THE past month has been emphatically one of trial and difficulty. It is an easy thing to secure by special arrangements large audiences and much apparent success; but to maintain in the coldest part of winter a steady and incessant fire upon the strongholds of sin, to keep up with regularity open-air and indoor services when many of the best voices are hoarse, and many of the strongest men and women are exhausted, is no such easy matter.

It is one thing to attract hundreds of people to witness some strange and unusual religious service; it is another, and a very different thing, to drag men and women out from among all their associates and associations, to commence a new life, and to maintain that life steadfastly, amidst the most unfavourable circumstances. Who can wonder if hearts grow weary and hands hang down—if even desertions take place in the midst of such a conflict?

Not the least prominent token of the Divine origin and character of the Mission lies in the fact that every inch of its position has had to be fought for, and that desperately, and that it goes on continually, waxing stronger and stronger, in spite of every attempt made against it, and in spite of the still more trying ordeal of a giant task requiring incessant and protracted toil.

But, praise God! we are doing well. We are still enabled to pluck brands from the burning; and very many who were in the arms of the wicked one a month ago are now singing on their way to Zion. We are doing well, and we have not done yet. There is, alas! only too much still to be done, and, by the grace of God, we mean to do it; for "by patient continuance in well-doing" we seek for glory. All glory to Jesus!

## THE DRUNKARD'S RESCUE SOCIETY AT WORK.

A LITTLE while ago a Christian young lady offered herself to the Lord, through us, for any labour in the vineyard that might be possible to her. We immediately set before her this open door, and urged its importance. She shrunk from what appeared so difficult a task, and so tremendous a responsibility. We urged her to pray about it. She did, and soon afterwards we received a communication stating that, in humble dependence on the Lord, she was willing to undertake the task. She at once fixed her abode in the centre of the district in which the work is to be done, and, in conjunction with Sister Wales,

has earnestly entered upon the task of seeking out and leading to Christ the wretched and friendless drunkard. We ask for her the prayers and sympathy of our readers, and append a few lines just handed in, to report the commencement of operations.

"Dear Mr. Booth, you will be glad to hear that we have begun to do something with a view to helping the poor drunkard. Already we have discovered and visited twenty-two homes upon which this curse rests; as a rule, we get information respecting the husband through the wife, but in two of these cases the poor victims themselves came and told us of their misery, and expressed their strong desire to be rid of

the demon. Two of the cases are women, but one and all seem thankful that anything is being set on foot to help them.

"The old story that dear Mrs. Booth mentions in her article for last month is repeated every day—'He is the best of husbands when sober.'

"But we want funds for this work. Could our friends realize the importance of this step, I am sure they would not withhold their support. One thing we are sure of, that we shall have the smile and approval of our Heavenly Father in our undertaking, and possessing that, we will go cheerfully on our way, determined, in the strength of the Lord, to leave no stone unturned in trying to snatch men and women from a drunkard's grave.

"We believe in the power of God to cast out devils now as in the days when Jesus was upon earth; but we must do what many did then, namely, 'bring them to the Great Physician,' that He may heal them. They will not come, but we must unroof the houses and let them down into the midst where Jesus is, if we cannot get them any other way. The drunkard's cry is, 'Come and help us,' and in God's strength, we will.

"We are to have our first tea on Thursday, at Whitechapel. We expect over twenty with their wives, and are fervently praying that God may move their hearts. We believe He will. We want to have a tea every week. None are invited but hopeless, helpless drunkards. Brethren and sisters, pray for us.—Yours in the Lord,

"ELIZABETH AGNES POLLETT."

THE STORY OF A RESCUE.  
AN INCIDENT OF BETHNAL GREEN MISSION WORK.

It is no easy matter to rescue from the very jaws of hell, as it were, the victims of the devil. Many who are accustomed to see only the respectable, moral, habitual attendants at a place of worship, converted to God, can have no conception of the difficulty with which those who are accustomed to do evil, can be brought to learn to do well; and when such cases are reported, they immediately caution us against too sanguine hopes, and ask, "Do they stand?" There is One, however, who loves to lead us on in the path of earnest toiling for the most abandoned, who blesses our labours, and who will

not despise them, even in those cases where relapse after relapse takes place after the unclean spirit is gone out of a man.

A remarkable instance of this kind of work, which recently occurred in connection with this station, will convey some idea of the difficulties and the successes we meet with. The name and address of a notorious drunkard were given to me. For years he had been living a terrible life. Once when his wife was so ill that her life was despaired of, and the doctor had forbidden any one to enter the room, her husband rushed in intoxicated, and seizing a chair, declared he would dash her brains out—a threat which he was only prevented from executing by the interference of others.

On another occasion she had to flee from him for her life, when he ran after her into the street, and threw a large knife at her.

When I first called upon him, he was at work. I told him I had only very recently come to London, and wanted him to become my "mate," as I had no one to show me my way about. He seemed hardly inclined to be friendly; but when I explained how much I loved his soul, and asked him to let me pray with him, he consented, and knelt down. After pleading with God for him, as simply as I could, I promised to call again.

After several similar calls, which seemed to have but little result, I went one Sabbath evening, a little before the time of indoor service. His wife told me he was "over the way." Alas! how many thousands of working men have only to go "over the way," to be in one of the devil's dens of iniquity!

I crossed over to the public-house, where numbers of men and women had already commenced spending the Sunday evening in their usual debauchery. I entered the bar, and asked the landlord if ——— was there.

"Yes," said he; "do you want him?" "Yes, sir," said I, "I do." "Then follow me," he replied, and, passing the counter, I followed him down a passage to the door of a small back-room.

Opening the door, he showed me my acquaintance, who was sitting over a glass of beer, amid a group of poor wretches who were, no doubt, prepared, like himself, to pass the evening in this little place, reeking of drink and smoke.

Said the landlord, "Here is a gentleman who wants to see you."

The man rose, blushing to be found in the midst of his sin, and followed me out of the house.

"Now," said he, "you don't suppose I am going to be done out of the glass I had just paid for, like this?"

"Oh, no," I replied: "I'll pay you back the value of your glass. What has it cost you?" putting my hand into my pocket.

"No, you shan't pay for it," said he.

I took him by the arm, and we walked over to his house, where I prayed with him.

On rising from our knees, he said, "I don't think I am too bad to be saved, even now." But I could not persuade him to come to the hall. No sooner had I left the house, however, than he and his wife together resolved to follow me. They came to the hall door, but dared not enter.

A few days later I called on him again, when he accompanied me to the service, upon my engaging that no one should speak to him.

That night he was deeply convinced of sin, but left struggling against the Spirit of God.

Shortly after this he attended the festival tea-meeting at Hackney with his wife. I took his hand in the prayer-meeting which followed, and asked him if he would yield to God. He was evidently in terrible agony of soul, and trembled like a leaf as he writhed upon his seat.

"Oh!" said he, "I know I ought; but I feel as if I should be damned if I knelt down, for if I pretend to turn religious and don't keep to it, it will be making a mockery of God."

Several gathered round to pray for him, and at last he gave way, and his poor wife, giving up her baby to a friend, followed him, and knelt by his side seeking salvation.

Soon both were enabled to lay hold of Jesus, and they are still going on their way rejoicing in Him. Of course, to him salvation implied the immediate and entire abandonment of drink and tobacco, and by Divine grace he has been enabled to keep clear of these besetments ever since that blessed night.

May God grant us many, many more poor drunkards!

J. H.

#### WHITECHAPEL.

PRAISE God, though the roof of the large hall here has been off during the month, and we have had to make shift with the Children's Hall, in Fieldgate Street, yet we have been at work under the Almighty wing, and many a soul has come under that shelter with us.

#### A PRODIGAL RETURNED.

A young man, who had been brought up very respectably, and who had for years attended an independent chapel in Kent, upon coming to London got among bad companions, and plunged into sinful pleasure. Passing the hall one day, curiosity prompted him to enter, which he no sooner did, than the quick and powerful sword of the Spirit pierced his soul, and bursting into tears, he sought and found mercy. Rising from his knees, he said—"I do feel happy!" Praise God!

"True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound  
Of Jesus' name."

#### THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

A young shoemaker, who knew several mission people, could not make out how they were always so cheerful and happy, while he was always so downcast and despirited. He thought he should never be saved, and he had almost given up trying; but at the close of a blessed Sabbath-day, he was found, amongst many others, at the foot of the cross. There he cast himself upon the tender mercies of God, and found peace and pardon through believing, and he is now walking very consistently, and is one of the first to go out to the open-air services. Praise the Lord!

#### A FIGHTING MAN.

Another young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, found his way into one of our believers' meetings. He very soon began to show signs of uneasiness, and no wonder either. He was one of the class whom you can never mistake, whether you see them in a mission hall or in their natural haunts. With his closely-cut hair, tight trousers, and a face that bore traces of many a fleshly combat, he sat in our midst, a fit representative of the mighty foe we have to face.

Had he been asked if he could fight a round or two, his answer would doubtless have been ready enough, but the question,

"Have you given your heart to God?" utterly astounded him. We at once began to pray with and for him, and after about an hour's wrestling together, he was set free from the bondage of the devil. Those who saw the change in his appearance the first Lord's Day after that memorable night could have no doubt as to the reality of the work wrought in his soul. May he be kept until the day of redemption!

During the month we have been favoured with a visit from Brother Salt, the late superintendent of the Station Circuit, and many were blessed while listening to the word of God, delivered in his usual earnest manner. He was enabled, by Divine grace, to cast the net on the right side of the ship, for several poor sinners were brought out of the slough of despond and landed on the Rock of Ages. May the Lord bless both the fisher and those that were caught, and keep them unto everlasting life! Brethren and friends, pray for us.

WILLIAM GARNER.

#### GLOBE ROAD.

WE have had, since we opened this little hall, to fight against many, but our people have put their shoulders to the wheel, and gone into the conflict as though they meant to win. They have gone out with tracts, visiting the neighbourhood, and inviting the people to the hall. Amidst the sneers, frowns, and insults of dog-fanciers, pigeon-fliers, drunkards, and publicans, they have unfurled the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and the Lord has made bare His arm, and many have sought and found the Lord.

#### A SABBATH-BREAKER SAVED.

A butcher came in with his shambles' dress on. I went to him and asked him if it was not time he began to serve the Lord. "I made up my mind to do so while you were speaking," he replied, and there and then started for the better land. Glory be to God!

The last Sunday I was there we took our stand opposite a large public-house, and commenced singing. We were soon surrounded by a large congregation. Some pointed at us and wagged their heads; others came and blew their tobacco-smoke in our faces; and while the omnibuses stopped to put down and take up passengers, the drivers gave us

a grin, and cracked their whips; but amidst all this, many of the crowd stood and heard the simple story of the cross. When we marched up to the mission hall, singing—

"The lion of Judah shall break every chain,"

they followed us. The people in the neighbourhood are very poor, and a great many of them very ignorant. One of the members was taken suddenly ill, and when we went to visit him, he was lying on an old bedstead, with nothing to cover him but an old counterpane. One of our sisters at once took off her own shawl and covered him with it.

Could any of our friends help us either in money or old clothes, blankets, or bed clothing?

Contributions or clothing will be thankfully received by

WILLIAM GARNER,  
People's Hall, 272, Whitechapel Road.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

THE services of Bro. Fox, announced in our last, have fully equalled our expectations. God has been with His servant, and signs and wonders have followed the Word. We give a few—only a few—of the instances of conversion which have transpired of late.

#### SIXTEEN TIMES CONVICTED.

ONE Sunday morning, as we stood in the open air, a desperate character was watching us, and planning to get the policeman to move us on. Just then the words of a hymn I gave out were sent home to his heart with mighty power. From that hour he could not rest in sin. He had been sixteen times convicted, had been a thief and a prize-fighter, and now kept a little shop, open on Sunday.

He came to the watch-night service, was mightily wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, and the following Sunday he dare not open his shop. A week later he came to the hall, where his hard heart was broken; he was converted, and became as a little child. He has been rejoicing in God ever since.

Some sailors passing the gaff, and seeing "a converted clown" and a "converted navvy" announced as preachers, remarked, "Who will they have converted next?" Praise God we can have

## CONVERTED SAILORS TOO!

A sailor who was acquainted with the gaff in its old, sinful days, turned in to see what was going on in it now. Soon a great work of the Holy Ghost was going on in his heart. Convinced of sin, he sought and found mercy, and said, "I have wasted my money in the gin-shop and in bad habits; but now God has pardoned my sins, and I am so happy." Glory to God!

## A DRUNKEN NAVVY

came in as many do, just to pass an hour away; but as he listened the Lord revealed to him his terrible condition as a sinner, and for the first time since his childhood, he began to weep. He came boldly out to the penitent form, where the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and he still goes on his way rejoicing.

## A SIGHT SURPASSING THE PANTOMIME.

A young woman came to find her relations, and to go with them to see a pantomime. To her surprise, she found that they were no longer willing to go to such a place. In her astonishment, she asked what was the matter. "Why, we are converted now, we are happy in Jesus, and you had better come with us to-night and hear the converted clown."

She came, and instead of passing the night in folly and sin, she wept her way to Calvary, and went away praising God.

## SEEKING FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

She had attended the public and private means of grace for twelve months, but without obtaining mercy. In her anxiety she came to the hall, heard the simple plan of salvation, came voluntarily to the penitent form, gave God her heart, and went home rejoicing. The next night she brought her brother, and he also found Jesus. The following Sunday her husband came, and the Holy Spirit strove with him; but he yielded to the wicked one, and left the hall in a temper. But his dear wife remained and pleaded with God on his behalf. On the Monday night he came again, and beneath the power of the Holy Ghost he fell on his knees and cried for mercy, and after a long struggle light broke in upon his mind, the cross came full in view, and he exclaimed—"It is done; my sins are pardoned; I am free." Praise the Lord!

## THE RIGHT WAY TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.

A large, rough man, with his face

scratched as if he had been fighting, came one night to sign the pledge. Our friends us usual spoke to him about his soul, the Holy Spirit broke his hard heart, and he began to weep, for the first time since his childhood. He then fell on his knees, and asked God to save a black-hearted sinner. His prayer was soon answered, and he sang—

"Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

## A HAPPY FAMILY AT LAST.

Two of this family have belonged to our hall for some months, while the father is a member of a neighbouring church. They have been praying for the remainder of the family very earnestly. At last God poured out His Spirit and saved the mother and two more of the children. Praise the Lord! Pray for this family.

## THE PLEASURES OF SIN ABANDONED FOR THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

The wife of the backslider named in our last report has been brought into the light of God. It is delightful to hear her tell how she loved the world and its pleasures, and delighted in darkness; but now, with sparkling eyes and heart brimful of gladness, she cries—"My sins are pardoned, and I am so happy; the world has no charms for me; my delight is in Jesus." Praise the Lord!

## THE FAREWELL TEA.

We thought it would be well to close the services with a rejoicing tea. And so we did, and had a real hallelujah night. Although Friday is not a favourable day for London, the people came with a rush; indeed, some 150 more came than we had provided for. However, we quickly sent out for more eatables, and soon all were satisfied, and with Mr. Booth as our president, and the old gaff crowded to the doors, we sat down for an evening's enjoyment. And truly we were not disappointed. Our chairman spoke with the old fire, and soon the meeting was all of a glow, and Brothers Allen, James, Fox, Jermy, and Skilton, kept up the holy fire. At the close two souls sought Jesus. The fire is still burning, and we hear that eight souls professed to find Jesus on the last Sabbath. May the same blessing attend Brother Fox's labours at Hastings as has been vouchsafed to them at Limehouse. *God bless him!*

## POPLAR.

BROTHER WIGGINS has been conducting services here for five weeks with much encouragement. The out-door work has called forth much persecution. On one occasion some nasty kind of filth was thrown over the speaker, and on another the coat-collar of a brother was cut away with a sharp instrument in so fearful a manner that it is a marvel he escaped unhurt. Still, praise the Lord! we have gone on notwithstanding these things, and intend to do so.

Indoors showers of grace have descended, and scores of souls have cried for mercy. Last Sunday night the place was crowded, six short addresses were given, and seven souls came to the penitent form.

A soldier, six feet high, found peace at the tea-table, before we went into the hall. Our hearts were overflowing with the love of God, and so we sang the songs of Zion with joy and gladness; and while we sang the soldier burst into tears, and groaned out that he could hold out no longer. Down we went on our knees, and Jesus soon bound up and healed his wounded spirit. Praise the Lord!

In the after-meeting the first to come to Jesus was a young woman, who, a few weeks before, had been offended because a servant of God spoke to her. Now she came willingly, nay, most earnestly, to Jesus, and was not rebuked by Him. We bless His name! He refuses none who come with all their hearts.

A little girl cried and trembled from head to foot until Jesus took her in His arms, as is His wont, and blessed her.

A poor woman was afraid to come to Jesus on account of her drunken husband. What would he do to her? was her cry. However, she conquered her fears, and crept to the arms that give shelter to the wretched and the weary. Others cried unto the Lord, and He heard them, and delivered them out of all their distresses. Praise God for ever!

## SHOREDITCH.

It is appalling to see the amount of immorality in this neighbourhood; but, thank God, the Christian Mission is a standing rebuke to the crowds of dog-fanciers, pigeon-fliers, and the like, who despise the truth as it is in Jesus. Very frequently does the incorruptible seed which our Mission scatters about here

produce fruit to the glory of God. We had three souls on Sunday night last for Jesus, one of which was an old backslider who had been a class-leader with the Methodists for years. He came into the Hall, and sat near the door; the word of God found its way to his heart. In the prayer-meeting I saw him on his knees, weeping bitterly. He had an intelligent appearance, and was about fifty years of age. I stooped to speak to him, and he said, "Oh, sir, the word had wounded me very much, but when you gave out the hymn—

"Depth of mercy—can there be Mercy still reserved for me?"

I could stand it no longer. I not only grieve for my own sins, but for the work I have neglected." He came to his Father, who received him gladly.

## A RESPECTABLE DRUNKARD.

At the close of the six o'clock open-air service one Sabbath evening a respectably dressed man accompanied the friends to the Hall, and asked if they would pray for him. He was prayed for, and after the preaching service he came forward to the penitent form. For some time he was unable to lay hold of Christ as His Saviour; but, at length, united, earnest, wrestling prayer prevailed, and he rose up, declaring that he felt he was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He was immediately asked to sign the pledge, but, upon taking the pen in his hand, he found that his trembling hand would not write. He said he was a commercial traveller, but never could write till he got a drop of brandy. Drink had been his besetment, and would have proved his ruin; but now, by the grace of God, he was determined to keep clear of it. He managed to sign the pledge, joined a Christian church in the neighbourhood, and ever since has been walking consistently.

## HACKNEY.

REVIEWING the past month at this station, we have to praise God for graciously saving sinners.

Our quarterly festival sermons were preached by Brother Beable, from Hastings, and the Lord was with us.

## SALVATION INSTEAD OF SUICIDE.

A young girl, who had become so wretched under the Spirit's striving, that the previous Thursday she ran out, declaring she would commit suicide, was

led to the penitent form by her mother (one of our members), and with a "contrite heart," found her way to Calvary. Another case was that of a poor woman, whose husband is in America. She, with her brother, sought and found mercy, and continues attending our services. She works hard for the bread which perisheth, but has discovered there is

AN EVERYDAY RELIGION FOR CHAR-WOMEN!

She believes her husband is converted, and said very simply, "I dare say he is praying for me now!" Pray on, Christian husbands!

The next day, Monday, we had  
NINE SOULS CONVERTED AT A TEA MEETING.

After a dear sister had found the Saviour, she instantly came and threw her arms round her cousin (who, in this same prayer meeting, was also seeking peace), and joined our prayers and entreaties. It was touching to see them crying together to God, but soon they stood and mingled their voices in the song of praise for saving grace.

We are rejoicing with the angels over six more souls, who, since that week, have stepped into liberty. One dear sister who had been

A STRICT ROMAN CATHOLIC, JOINED  
THE HERETICS

last Sabbath, when Mrs. Booth preached. It is deeply interesting to note how, during the last few months, amid the subterfuges of priestcraft and the fascination of Romish ceremonies, God's light has gradually dawned upon her soul, till she entered the noontide of Gospel glory, while Mrs. Booth explained the true nature of repentance. For two or three months she has had to encounter our dear sister Parry, as she has been inviting strangers to the hall, and many a time has the face of "the lady with the tracts" haunted her, even while she rejoiced in escaping from the heretics, and from entering a place where they were all going to perdition. She is now filled with light and peace, and testifies she never knew such happiness.

Next Sabbath we begin some special services. Oh! for special Christians! Oh! for special praying! Then shall souls (all special in God's sight) be saved. Oh! for God's Spirit to be poured out, as a mighty lever, throughout all the Mission!

ELEANOR M. PARRY.

BARKING.

UNFORTUNATELY, Brother Corbridge's report from this station has gone astray. We hear it was duly written and posted, but by some means has not been delivered. We are sorry that it is too late to get another one from him. However, we are glad to be able ourselves to report that the Revival still progresses here. The many converts are banding themselves together and going into the neighbouring villages, singing the songs of Zion and preaching Christ. Since our last scores of souls have sought the Saviour, among whom have been infidels and notorious sinners. Praise the Lord!

NORTH WOOLWICH.

BROTHERS CORBRIDGE and TEBBUTS have commenced in this place. We understand that souls sought mercy on the past Sabbath, and the people are coming up to hear the word.

CROYDON.

DURING the past month twenty-two precious souls have professed to find peace at our meetings, and the Holy Spirit is still working. Praise the Lord!

On Sunday, February 1st, while round the table of the Lord, our souls were refreshed and our faith and love increased. This gift of power the enemy tested in the evening, but we were enabled to overcome, and three precious souls sought forgiveness. One of these had several times been so powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit that she had got up and left the meetings, but now she is happy in Jesus. Another, a backslider, said to one of our brethren, "It is all right now, sir—Jesus saves me; I am so happy." The other case was peculiarly interesting:—

NOT IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP FOR  
TWENTY YEARS;

Or, "Come Home."

A man was entering a public-house on the Sunday evening, when one of our sisters gave him a tract, headed "Come Home." The man started back, and paused a minute—then left his mates, came to the hall, and sat and listened with marked attention. After the meeting he, out of a full heart, made the following statement: "I have not been in a place of worship for twenty years; I am one of the vilest characters on the

face of the earth; if you only knew my past life, you would not speak to me. I have been a soldier, and have passed through the Crimean War, and have had shot and shell whizzing about my ears, and I have been shot through my knee; but nothing wounded me as that sermon has to-night—it cut me to the heart. I have been a cruel husband; I have sworn I would never enter a place of worship again, and never pray another prayer, but Jesus has touched my heart here to-night, and I will go home and smash my drum and cornet. Friends, if the preacher had known all my past life, he could not have said more about me; every word came home to my heart." The tears ran down his cheeks from a pair of black, bruised, and blood-shot eyes. He sang with us, "Jesus saves me." Oh, my friends, learn the power of a tract given in the name of the Lord, and pray for this man, that he may war a good warfare.

Brother Lane spent a very happy day with us, and pointed one soul to Calvary.

On the 15th Mr. Booth preached our quarterly sermons. In the morning he spake with much love and sympathy to Christians, showing how they might overcome "by the blood of the Lamb;" and in the evening the Truth was spoken with much power from a heart burning for the salvation of souls. He vividly brought before us the closing scene of life—the winding-up of time, and described with solemn awe the state of the lost, until sinners trembled; and, at the close, four blood-bought sinners wept their way to Calvary.

In the afternoon Mr. Holme preached a useful sermon from "God is love."

MRS. BOOTH'S VISIT; OR, A COSTLY  
BLESSING ON A FREE TEA.

On Monday, the 16th, we gave a free tea to two hundred and ninety-six poor people. Among these were every grade of society—such a mixed multitude is seldom seen in a place of worship—gipsies, hawkers, pedlars, the aged widow and infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, and the giddy, young, and thoughtless sinner. A dear sister, while looking upon their smiling faces, while they were enjoying the good things, said, "How can the lovers of Christ in any way better spend their money in reaching the masses than this? Here are just the class of people we want for Jesus!" After tea every

available seat was filled with people, and after a few remarks dear Mrs. Booth gave a pointed and practical address. The people listened with rapt attention while she explained the justice and mercy of God; she urged upon all the necessity of repentance, and the word went home to the hearts of the people, and many were convicted of sin, while, praise the Lord! thirteen souls came forward and sought salvation. These were three gipsy-mothers with babes at their breasts. Oh! what a sight! The promise is to us, and to our children! Praise the Lamb! Hallelujah!

J. M. SALT.

PORTSMOUTH.

WE have seen the most blessed results from our labours this month, more so than ever. The number of anxious souls has been nearly double that of former months.

During the day of the election I was struck with the remarkable efforts put forth by the Conservative party to secure votes: how they fetched men from their homes, and handed them from one official to another, until they were pretty sure they had secured the vote for their own party. What was the result? Why, they obtained such a majority as surprised even themselves. On that day ministers, publicans, temperance men, and men of every shade of opinion united to get their man in; and if we, as Christians, let go our little difference of opinion on minor points, and unite for this one great and grand object, Portsmouth will be shaken, and hundreds of blood-bought trophies shall be won for Jesus!

ANOTHER NEW STATION.

We have opened a mission hall in Rudmore Road, Stamshaw. A darker spot I do not think could be found. Brother Ridsdell, assisted by a few men and women, took their stand in the streets in true Mission style, and began to sing and preach, closing with an invitation to the hall, and, praise God, a good number accepted it; but imagine their surprise when my brother placed a form for the anxious to kneel at. They had never seen the like of it before; but we are praying that a good many will start for heaven from it! Pray for Rudmore!

From the many very interesting cases of conversion which have recently transpired, I select a few.

## RESISTING AND YIELDING.

For some time two well-dressed females had attended our meetings, Bible in hand, and appeared often deeply impressed; but nothing, apparently, could induce them to decide and go to the penitent form; they were most wretched, and yet argued and resisted. One night one of them was so powerfully wrought upon, and so steadfastly did she resist, that many feared she would injure herself; but her friend pulled her out of the place; when, breaking loose from her, she rushed back, and forcing her way through the people, fell at the penitent form, and was soon rejoicing in the salvation so long refused. Since then she has prayed at the same place with the same friend. Hallelujah!

## PARENTS REJOICING OVER THEIR CHILDREN.

The hearts of two praying parents have rejoiced over two of their children who have been converted, to use the words of these now happy parents, who said, "Sir, hundreds of prayers were offered to God for them before they were born, and thousands of tears have been shed, and prayers offered since; but, apparently, they disregarded every entreaty; but, praise God, they were induced to attend our meetings, and the word being with power, they were seen to weep. The dear father wrestled with God; the mother wept. At last hell was defeated, the children of praying parents were converted, and while locked in the arms of their parents, angels and saints were rejoicing. They are still walking consistently.

## A SIGHT THAT INTERESTS HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Perhaps a more interesting group were never seen at any penitent form than we had one evening—namely, three sailors, a soldier, and a poor fallen girl. Some of our friends who had known the last-named from infancy said she went astray at the age of fourteen. These were the first five out of twelve that night, and, praise God, we have every reason to believe all were hopelessly converted. The poor girl has gone back to her mother's house; two of the sailors have left the place; the other and the soldier continue attending the meetings. The sailor has already begun to exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and many tears were shed while he spoke. He is bitterly opposed

on board ship, and desires our prayers. May they all be kept until that day

"When all the ship's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,  
With shoutings, each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death!"

A man was brought to God the other night, who looked as if he had been as bad as he confessed. He said he was the biggest sinner alive; he had a dreadful character for blasphemy. But there was mercy for blasphemers—Hallelujah! This poor man has had a dreadful struggle for three weeks; the agony he has endured, while under conviction, has been so terrible that the perspiration has rolled off his face; Satan was loth to let such a valiant captain go. But the night of his conversion nearly all his strength left him; although a most powerful man, standing six feet high, the struggle reduced his strength to that of a baby—but he triumphed through the blood. Glory, hallelujah! Pray for this precious soul!

While I could continue adding to this list of conversions, I feel it my duty to answer the many questions put to me by ladies and gentlemen who do not seem really able to understand how it is possible for such notorious characters to be changed all at once. They are continually saying, "Do they stand?" I answer—A very large proportion of them do, and right nobly. But now, in addition to my answer, hear them speak themselves. I select a few testimonies as given at two meetings over which I presided.

1. "Praise God, I have known for once what it is to have a happy, sober Christmas—the first I remember. I was an awful drunkard, and when I was induced to sign the pledge I only had a sack smock on; and then I went to hear dear Mrs. Booth, and God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all my sins, and now I am so happy."

2. "None in this room have more cause to praise God than I have. In past years, at this time, I was training to run races for goblets and silver tea-pots, &c. But, glory be to Jesus! I was converted from the error of my ways in the Music-hall, and now I am running for a crown; if I had not been converted when I was, I should have been mixed up in that fatal boxing-match that has just taken place. Praise God for my change!"

3. "I have also great cause to bless God for sending the Mission here. I

was over forty years in sin, the latter part of which I covered with a profession of religion; but the second time I heard friend L—the Lord tore off the mask, and I saw myself a lost sinner. But Jesus saved me, and now, by God's help, I hope to help on the work of the Mission to carry the Gospel all over the town."

4. "Brethren, what a Christmas morning this is for me! I scarcely remember being sober for twenty years. Always, at this time, I experienced a burning sensation in my throat and stomach, my poor head feeling as if anvils and bells were clanking in it. I have suffered from the trembles (*delirium tremens*), and when the Christian Mission came I kept a public-house. But, praise Jesus! He saved me, vile as I was. I am now a teetotaler and an anti-smoker, and instead of being a publican, I am a journeyman baker, and was never happier in my life."

And we said—Hallelujah!

5. "Brethren, this is my first New Year's noon as a Christian; formerly I was more interested in infidelity than Christianity. I have been round the world more than once. I have joined in the sins of every country. I have been dismissed by a magistrate as a vagabond, and could laugh at it; but when I heard our dear friend preach to young men, I was made to cry; but not for nothing—Jesus saw my tears, heard my cry for mercy, and, bless Him! He heard me; and there is no mistake about it. Now I am so happy, and hope to meet you in heaven, friend, where there is no infidels!"

6. "My brethren have said a great deal about what they have been, and what the Lord has saved them from, but none have been so vile as me, and none have so much reason to praise God. I was a terrible drunkard and blasphemer, and revelled in every known sin. Once, in a drunken frenzy, I stabbed three men in Germany; but they recovered, and thus my life was spared to attend the meetings in this place, where my fetters were all broken off, and I now praise God, both free and happy, and a staunch teetotaler."

7. "Well, I was the leader of a band whose Sunday mornings was spent in getting into public-houses the back-way—and we called it happiness. But the Lord saved one of my gang, and his prayers made me so miserable I wished the Mission at the bottom of the

sea. But at last I thought I would come and see what my mate did here to get so happy; and, bless the Lord! I got converted; and then I understood the whole thing, and now, bless the Lord! my wife is converted, and our home is so happy. Glory be to Jesus for ever!

(To be continued in our next.)

These few cases, selected out of many, have for months walked consistently, helping in the open-air meetings, keeping the door, and doing, in fact, anything they are able to do, thus proving, beyond a doubt, that through grace they stand—and most bitterly persecuted many of them are; but through faith they triumph!

ABRAHAM LAMB.

I feel sure that the Lord's people will do their utmost to help us to continue this glorious work. A little money is needed for forms for our different places—our congregations are increasing, and more seats are needed. Our friends should remember that our hearers are nearly all very poor. We have two Sunday schools now, for which we want a few Bibles.

If any ladies or gentlemen would prefer giving Jesus their old clothes, instead of letting the old-clothes man have them, they should send parcels to ABRAHAM LAMB, 92, Lake Road, Landport; or Miss RINGER, 3, Marmion Road, Southsea.

Contributions gladly received by Mr. JOSEPH WARR, 27, Queen Street, Portsea.

Tracts have been received with thanks from the following—Dr. Jackson, Yorkshire Friend, Mr. George Muller, and Miss Robins. More needed.

## CHATHAM.

PRaise the Lord, I have more good news from this station. Souls are still coming to Jesus, and backsliders returning home to their Father's house, and the work is spreading through the neighbourhood. Many who have been blessed have gone forth telling others what great things God has done for them. In a limited sense, at least, we can sing—

"His work's reviving all around,  
And many have salvation found;  
And since their souls have caught the flame,  
They shout Hosannah to His name,  
And all around they spread His fame—  
That's the news!"

We are gathering some of the fruits of the movement together, and we have now 76 members in our believers' class, of which number there are twelve husbands, who, with their wives, are journeying hand-in-hand to heaven.

"Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,  
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

CONVERSION TESTED; OR,  
*Mad with Religion.*

The old question is, as ever, frequently proposed in the old-fashioned, half-sneering, and half-unbelieving tones—"Do the new converts, brought in after this sometimes sudden, and almost always, irregular fashion, prove steadfast? Do they stand? To such we present the following as an unanswerable argument. At the close of a recent Sabbath a dear brother, recently restored from backsliding, said to me, with his heart running over with gladness—we had had six good meetings during the day—"He never was so happy in his life." The next morning a message came to me stating that a bar of iron had fallen upon him, terribly crushing the lower part of his body, and that he might die any moment. I hurried off at once, found his wife, and with her went to see him in the hospital. We found him lying helpless on the bed. Though he could not move his poor body, he was waving his hand and shouting the praises of God. As soon as he saw us he said—"Oh, I thought I should have been in heaven before now, but oh! I am so happy." His wife began to weep. But he said, "Do not weep, my dear, I am ready for heaven." While the doctor was sewing up his bowels and dressing the terrible injuries he had received, he was praising God. "This is glorious," he said to the doctor, who is, I fear, an unbeliever. "What is glorious?" said the doctor, "this pain?" "No, doctor, that is not glorious, but Jesus is; He makes me feel so happy in the midst of it." The doctor told me afterwards that he would have died under the operation if he had not been *mad with religion*. The patients gather round his bed to hear him tell about the blessedness and the power of the love of Christ.

Contrary to the expectation of the doctor, and all who knew how frightfully he was injured, he not only survives, but is doing well, and is likely to recover.

HOW THE WORK GROWS.

One evening a young girl of fifteen, who looks much younger from her small size, came forward of her own accord, and kneeling at the penitent form, prayed—"Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive all my wicked, bad sins, for Jesus Christ's sake, and wash me white in Thy precious blood. Oh,

Lord, I thank Thee for bringing me to this blessed place." She continued, as the new light began to dawn upon her soul, and she began to feel how good it was for her to draw nigh to God—"Help my father to come, so that he may get his sins forgiven, and help him to get some work, so that I may be able to give some ha'pence to help this blessed place." The great God heard the simple prayer of faith, and the next night the young disciple was overheard praising Him thus—"Oh, Lord, I do thank Thee; Thou hast forgiven my sins, and I'm as happy—as happy as anybody here. Thou hast washed me in Thy precious blood. *I'm as clear as clear.*" Hallelujah!

The next Monday she brought her uncle and aunt with her to the service, and both of them were convinced of sin, and led to Christ that same day. On the following Lord's Day she brought her father to hear the glad tidings, and he, too, went home to his house justified by faith. His wife was lying very ill at the time, but as soon as she was able to get out, she came to one of our meetings, and found the same salvation which had been so gloriously made known to the other members of the family. Well may our dear young friend's face beam with heavenly joy all the day long. Oh, that she may be kept humble and simple at the feet of Jesus, that she may be the instrument of leading many more precious souls to Jesus!

NINE MEMBERS IN ONE FAMILY.

This is not the only case in which God has made use of the new converts to lead their relatives to Himself. In my last report I mentioned a man and his wife who went away from a service under conviction, so powerful, that they were compelled to come back and surrender to Christ. These have since brought their relations one by one, till now nine members of the family are converted. They opened their house for a meeting, and every Friday the room is crowded, though situated high up on the Beacon hill. Praise God, the Divine fire is truly kindled in many hearts here, and the flames are bound to mount up higher and higher, till all the country round is in a blaze. We have opened a place at Strood, and they are pressing us to go and begin in Old and New Brompton, two working-class neighbourhoods not far off.

To be sure, our expenses are heavy. We have not got our hall alterations and fittings fully paid for yet, and we cannot bear to be in debt; but God is with us, and we feel sure He will incline the hearts of some of His people to send us money and tracts, that this blessed work may not be injured.

Help may be sent to Captain TRIMMOUTH, Treasurer, Royal Marine Barracks; Mr. GEO. HEATH, Secretary, 14, Otway Terrace; or to J. DOWDLE, 15, Colegate Terrace, Chatham.

Sunday, the 18th January, was a grand day with us—fifteen were present at the seven-o'clock prayer meeting, where we commenced our day's work for God. It was a blessed time. We asked, in faith, for souls, and had the earnest of the answer; the Holy Ghost was with us at 11:40 in the open-air meeting. The people listened well, some evidently under conviction. The evening service was the best of the day—the Spirit broke us all down; some wept for joy, and some for mercy. Ten souls came out, and gave themselves to Jesus, whilst several others went away under deep conviction, some of whom have been converted since. Three found salvation on the Monday after.

The next Sunday Mr. Stevens, from London, was with us. Twelve souls sought the Saviour in the evening, and several others on the Monday.

HASTINGS.

THE special effort in the circus has been much blessed. We thought the place full when Mrs. Booth preached, and many went away under the impression that they could not possibly gain admittance; but even the vast audience which gathered to listen to her has been surpassed by the multitudes who crowded to the services when they had become more widely known.

On one occasion, after the building had been packed in every part, hundreds had to turn away, unable to gain admission.

Rough as the audiences, for the most part, have been, the patient and appreciative attention with which they have stood, or sat, for hours, to listen to the preaching of Brother Allen, the converted navvy, has been most remarkable. In fact, God has been eminently present with us in these services. Hundreds of persons, many of whom had, doubtless, never

shed a tear over sin before, wept as their sad condition and their terrible future were dwelt upon.

A number of poor sinners, in the agony of their souls, have dared, even before the vast crowd, to come out and kneel upon the damp ground to seek salvation, and, on a Monday morning, one of the most notorious drunkards in the town, in tears sought out Bro. Allen, who had been preaching the night before, to tell him that he had heard him, and had been unable to sleep. He was led there and then to the poor drunkard's Friend, and went away happy in Him.

Several of the performers in the circus were deeply moved, and conversed freely about their souls.

The superintendent of police was present at some of the services, and remarked—

"The Mission has been the means of stopping a great deal of wickedness in Hastings, and this is the way to stop a great deal more—I am ready to give my testimony for you any day."

The words of the preacher were repeated in the public-house, and the services were made a topic of general conversation, and of controversy in the local papers, so that, without doubt, the whole population has felt their power. We trust the good seed sown so widely will, under God's blessing, bring forth an abundant harvest, to be gathered not only in connection with our regular services throughout the year, but by the labourers in every branch of the Master's vineyard in that town, so decent in appearance, but so low sunk in vice and indifference.

The first ordinary services held since the conclusion of this special have shown a most encouraging increase in the number present, and we look with confidence for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

BROTHER CLARE writes that things are improving at this station. When he commenced his work in the town, their only place for week-night service was a miserable little school-room and the open air. In the latter the police attacked them the first week, but some gentlemen of the town interceded on their behalf, and the result was, they not only obtained permission to proceed, but actual pro-

tection. The police now stand by and keep order for us. Then, as to our indoor accommodation—while we have the Corn Exchange for Sabbaths, our Independent friends have placed one of their school-rooms and a large vestry at our service for week nights. We have the Town Hall for a temperance meeting on Saturday evening.

Our blessed Master has given us some manifestation of His love; although we cannot report any great break-down, still, five souls have come boldly out for the Saviour, and obtained the forgiveness of sins. Brethren, pray for us, and we shall have good news to send.

JOB CLARE.

#### RYE.

ON Thursday last we held a tea and public meeting. About eighteen persons went over from Hastings and held a service in the Independent Chapel, Bridge Place, at three in the afternoon. About 200 sat down to tea, including some soldiers, also many of the poorest in the town, some, very old women, whose eyes glistened as they told us about their spiritual career, and that they were nearly "home." Several young men, recently converted, worked, and sang, and shouted, as if they meant it. The after-meeting was one of power and blessing. Many souls were under deep conviction of sin. The next night we held a band meeting, when young converts told their experience, and souls cried for mercy. One dear woman came out of her seat, boldly threw herself at the feet of Jesus, and wailed in anguish until God set her free, and she sang—

"I do believe it! I'm washed in the Blood of the Lamb!"

One of the young men recently brought in told us, with tearful eyes, and a face beaming with joy, how, upon the farm where he was working, his old comrades had persecuted him all day, and had thrown sheaves of corn at him, and that the devil had tempted him to swear, but God had held him up.

Sister Sutton's labours have closed here with much blessing, and everything

bids fair for a revival. Glory to God! A Children's Mission and Mothers' Mission are just being started, under very favourable auspices. We are anxious to push on to Ashford. A. B.

#### NINFIELD.

GOD is graciously reviving His work here, and on several Sabbaths souls have sought and found the Saviour. In spite of opposition and prejudice, the earnest band of men and women who have dared to assert, both by teaching and practice, that

"The blood of Jesus Christ,  
God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin,"

have endured the storm, and conquered through the blood of the Lamb.

The word of God has been with power and much assurance, conviction of sin has been sharp and deep. One dear man, struck with an arrow, could not wait for the friends to move to let him out, but leaped across the seats, and fell at the penitent form. Pray for Ninfield! A. B.

#### TO OUR READERS.

We very much regret, that through the delay of the printer, we are compelled to omit the page of Music this month. We hope, however, to satisfy our readers in the number for April. Meanwhile, may we ask them to interest themselves in the circulation of the Magazine? We are publishing now at a considerable loss, which an increased circulation would cover.