

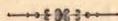
The Christian Mission Magazine.

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Dealing with Anxious Souls.

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORKERS IN THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

By Mrs. Booth.



HAVE long desired to say a few words to our own labourers on the subject of dealing with the anxious. It seems to me that if there is one work in that vineyard more important than another, it is that of guiding souls in the most momentous crisis of their being. A mistake here will probably prove a fatal mistake, blighting all the joy and strength of future life.

I fear thousands have been mistaken here. Mere impression has been mistaken for conviction, and an intellectual faith for the saving faith of the heart; hence so much of the spurious Christianity prevalent amongst us. We should be very careful, in all our dealings with anxious souls, to find out their exact position with regard to sin. In all spiritual awakenings there are always numbers of individuals who are partially awakened and sufficiently impressed to become anxious, like the young ruler and Agrippa, but who, like them, are not sufficiently so to be willing to give up their sins. Such individuals frequently present themselves as penitents desiring to be saved, and too often those who have to deal with them, instead of finding out their true state, and working together with the Holy Ghost to deepen conviction and drive them up to real submission to God, begin at once to talk of Christ having paid their debt and done everything for them, so that they have nothing to do but to believe and they are saved. Now, it seems to me that to prevent such grievous mistake, with all its bitter consequences, everyone who deals with souls should have a clear and definite understanding of the conditions on which alone God pardons and receives repenting sinners. These conditions always have been, and ever must remain, the same, seeing that the principles of the Divine government can never change. Hence we find that, alike under the old and new

dispensation, God's unalterable condition of pardon is the forsaking of evil. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel."

Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked may die? saith the Lord God, and not that he should return from his ways and live? Of course the wicked were then to return in the appointed way of sacrifice and offering, but the condition of the *acceptance* of the offering, and the pardon of the transgressor, was the forsaking of evil. Just so now; the sinner must return to God by the new and living way, the "sacrifice once offered," but the condition of his acceptance through this sacrifice is the forsaking of evil. Unless he is willing to let go his sins and be separated from his idols, the sacrifice of Christ will avail him nothing but to increase his condemnation ten-fold. It seems astounding that, with the Bible in their hands, so many professing to be guides of souls should mistake here, and, oh! it makes one's heart bleed to think of the consequences. We have thousands self-deceived, counting themselves believers, who never knew the pangs of real repentance; whose hearts never really turned from sin to righteousness, from Satan to God; who suppose they have been converted, but who have manifestly never been regenerated; who live as the slaves and votaries of the world while they profess to be children of God; in short, who regard themselves as Christians while they are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Let us mind not to be partakers of other men's sins in this matter. Let us settle it in our minds that there can be no conversion without conviction of sin, and *such conviction as makes the soul willing to abandon evil*. Casting ourselves on the Spirit for the necessary tenderness in doing it, let us not be afraid to probe the wounds with which every unregenerate soul is covered, and above all things let us avoid giving false comfort and pressing the enquirer into a mere intellectual faith, while he is cleaving to idols. Let us ever remember that *saving* faith is *impossible* while the soul's desires are set on that which is evil. It must be so awakened and convicted as to turn its face towards God, and so intensely desire His favour and love as to be willing to give up all evil as a condition of attaining it.

I repeat, it is astounding that, with the Bible in their hands, some teachers can so confound things that differ, and so, *wrongly*, "divide the word of truth as to make Christ the minister of sin," by preaching only "believe" to people who are holding on to sin. You will hear some of these good people asserting that we have nothing to do with conditions now; that repentance is not necessary to faith, &c. &c. "Only believe and you shall be saved." "Jesus did it all long, long ago." Truly! But what was

it Jesus did? His own work, not mine. He lived, laboured, wept, and suffered, and died, and atoned for me, and He did it *all*—till He cried, "It is finished," but I nowhere read that He "repented" and "turned to God," and did "works meet for repentance," and "believed" and "obeyed the Gospel" for me. This *He* commands every soul to do for itself, or perish. The only way in which Jesus is represented as saving men is in "turning them away from their iniquities," and until a soul is willing to let Him save it from sin, He cannot save it at all. Let us always try to find out whether enquirers are *willing* and desire to be saved from evil, and are coming to Christ for this end, or whether they are only desirous of being saved from hell, and consequently holding on to sin. Here is just the difference between a true and a spurious repentance, and on this hinges the result whether we shall bring into the Church another mere professor, a Simon Magus, or one who will follow Christ in the regeneration of the spirit, having his heart purified by a living faith. "Oh," but say some, "what did Paul say to the jailor? He did not say anything about conditions or repentance, but simply, 'Believe,' &c." I answer, we do not know all that Paul said on this occasion, for in the next verse we read that "they, Paul and Silas, spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all his house." Mark! this was before his profession of faith and baptism.

Now, who can tell how much this implies? Doubtless the Apostle explained on this, as on other occasions, what constituted that "obedience to the truth" through which the jailor, in common with all other penitents, was to be purified. But, supposing that the Apostle had spoken no other words than "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," this would only prove that in this particular instance no other counsel was necessary, because the jailor was prepared for it. He had come to the point of *full submission* where saving faith first becomes possible. The whole tenor of the narrative shows that the jailor was a fully awakened, truly repenting, deeply humbled sinner, ready to do anything. "He sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Observe, "He brought them out." He began immediately to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The earthquake had torn the bandages from his eyes, and the Spirit, through its instrumentality, had shaken his guilty soul and made him realise his danger in the hands of a God who could avenge the wrongs of His people after such a fashion.

He was so deeply convicted, so fully turned round "from darkness to light," that he was ready to do *anything*. He was not ashamed to confess his wickedness—to kneel before his prisoners and plead with them to show him what to do. And if Paul had told him, as Jesus did the young ruler, to sell his goods and give to the poor, there cannot be a doubt but he would have embraced the command at once, as Zaccheus did the obligation to make restitution. The intense earnestness of his gesture and question shows that he was

willing to be saved at any cost—ready to do *anything*—and therefore nothing more remained to be done but to believe.

Now, wherever we find a soul in this attitude, be it our highest privilege—our chief joy—to point him to the Lamb of God, and to show him the way of faith more perfectly; but, oh! let us mind not to do it (except as a motive to submission) until this attitude is attained. Let us beware of a theoretical or sentimental faith, which leaves the heart unwashed, unrenewed, unsanctified. It is just here that thousands get the faith of devils, which is like the body without the spirit—dead! From this bitter root springs nearly all the anti-nomianism of this age. With this untempered slime of the old Serpent half the superstructure of the professing Church is joined together. Let us spurn it, and warn souls against it. Let us mind the ORDER OF GOD in our dealings with souls. He made them, and He knows best how to dissect them.

(To be continued in our next.)

Uttermost Salvation.

BY THE REV. S. H. PLATT, A.M.



SALVATION in its nature is divine! And of its extent we read—"He is able to save unto the uttermost!" Let us read that again. To be **SAVED** is a glorious thing—almost surpassing human belief; but here is a measure given. Not only will He save, but "He will save unto"—what? My wish? My sense of need? No, not that;—beyond that, for that may fall far short of my real necessity—UNTO THE **UTTERMOST**!

Unto the **UTTER** is the left-hand boundary of **WANT**! Unto the **MOST** is the right-hand boundary of **NEED**! But **UTTER** and **MOST**—both superlatives—are here conjoined into **ONE COMPOUND SUPER-SUPERLATIVE**, to express all possibilities of need lying between the centre and the circumference of probationary existence! Oh, how language groans to express the munificence of God's salvation!

But Paul does not stop here. He gives another turn to the rack, and tortures out another conglomeration of qualifying words which crown him as the very king of sublime and glorious expression. Listen! "God is able." Take care, good Paul; he who launches out upon **GOD'S ABILITY** has a far-off shore to reach before he can bound it and tell its sum! But hear with what unfaltering tones he rings out—"God is able to make **GRACE ABOUND**." Yes, yes, we know that, blessed be His Name! (But stop! A word has fallen out.) "God is able to make **ALL GRACE ABOUND** toward you." Hallelujah! That is glorious! "**ALL GRACE?**" that must be grace in sufficient measure, and for every extremity. Yes, and it "**ABOUNDS!**" There is not only enough, but an overflow,—a sur-

plusage—munificence of supply! "Hold!" I seem to hear Paul saying, "Don't go off in ecstasies yet; wait until I finish. Hear now!"—"God is able"—(that is so good that he has to repeat it every time)—"to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always"—having **SUFFICIENCY**? No!—"having **ALL SUFFICIENCY** in **ALL THINGS** MAY **ABOUND** to **EVERY GOOD WORK**." Enough, my Lord, enough! Thou dost save like a God!

Second. **HE SAVES TO THE LIMITS OF HUMAN NEED**. That need is indicated by the sinfulness of the needy ones. Here are the **SURPRISED ONES** who once wore the crown of moral worth, and rejoiced in an integrity unsullied as the sun, but in an unexpected hour they fell, and great was the fall! But a **GREATER SAVIOUR** we proclaim to-day; one who "knoweth how to deliver out of temptation," and clothe in an armour in which ye "shall be able to stand against the wiles of the devil," while, for all your past, He will "forgive its iniquity, transgression, and sin."

Here are **UNSTABLE ONES**—tossed to-day upon the tide of religious influence, to-morrow drifting off upon the eddying flood of worldliness—anon stranded waifs awaiting another fresher season to bear them onward toward the haven. Hear ye! "In returning and **REST** shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Isa. xxx. 15.

Here are **TIMID** and **LAGGARD ONES**—the one too fearful, and the other too indolent, to reap the golden harvests of ripened opportunity, and garner the blessed sheaves of God's confiding Providence. Listen, ye fearful! "He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee . . . : fear not, neither be dismayed."—Deut. xxxi. 8.

Hear, and tremble, O ye laggard ones! "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter, and shall not be able." "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Here are **STRAYING ONES**—who plunge into excesses of levity, censoriousness, sociality, &c., till their lives are spotted all over with inconsistencies, their eyes are blurred to all glorious prospects, and their hearts barred from all triumphant joy, while a weeping Saviour plaintively pleads—"If thou wouldest seek unto God betimes, and make thy supplication unto the Almighty; if thou wert pure and upright: surely now He would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous."—Job viii. 5, 6. And the inspiring spirit cheerily proclaims, "I will teach you the good and the right way: only fear the Lord, and love Him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things He hath done for you."—1 Sam. xii. 23, 24.

Here are **WORLDLY BIASED ONES**—so steeped in the narcotising power of greed that, like tobacco slaves, they cling to their disgusting quid rather than suck the luscious peach of week-day religious services of prayer and song, and their perverted judgments endorse their preference, and justify their iniquity! They are "turned aside like a deceitful bow," and of them God says, "Because ye are turned away from the Lord, therefore the Lord will not be with you."—Numbers xiv. 43.

Here are those with **INBORN PERVERSITIES**—proclivities to evil so reprobate that they seem begotten of the devil, and hunger, like death, for pollution; proclivities that so take hold on hell that attraction and

affinity and momentum all impel with infernal power toward the pit. Hear! ye fiend-crowded, passion-goaded victims, hear!! The strong hand of omnipotent arrest is by your side, the spirit of Divine assurance pulses in the air, while, sweetly as the voice of benediction, soundeth in your ears, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

Here are HABIT-ENSLAVED ONES—some in the mad whirl of an excitement as unreasoning as it is unfeeling; some hugging their manacles of steel, and delusively deeming them golden symbols of royalty; some yielding protestingly, like over-persuaded virtue in the arms of vice; some chafing like caged lions against their bars; and others breaking desperately out of their environments like spring freshets over confining banks, only to subside to a hopeless imprisonment again; ALL, fettered and enslaved, yet fit subjects of an emancipation, richer and more glorious than ever emblazoned the page of secular history, and found only in those finite clings to the Infinite which exclaim, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me!"—Phil. iv. 13.

Here are victims of DISEASED OR PERVERTED ORGANISATIONS,—hanging a pall of despondency over the earth, and veiling out the glories of the sky by the mists of doubt; or, irritable as the charged battery answering with a spark of fire to every adverse touch, or lusting, like the open grave, to find their fill of pollution,—goaded, lashed, frenzied, hell-struck by desire,—the barriers of judgment worn down by mere attrition, conscience worried out by ceaseless strife, the opposition of the better nature trampled beneath the heels of the massed charge of wild, rampant passion! Good heavens, what a life! But hark! The glorious old Apostle to the Gentile (those people steeped in corruption and rotten to the core) is ready for us as well as for them, as he hurls across the seething gulf of human perversities the God-given assurance (1 Cor. x. 13): "God is FAITHFUL, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also MAKE A WAY TO ESCAPE, that ye may be able to bear it."

"Make way for liberty!" was the commanding challenge of Switzerland's noble son, as he gathered in his arms and cushioned in his heart a score of the thirsty spear-points of his country's embattled foes.

Liberty rushed through the broken ranks of levelled weapons, and Switzerland was free.

"Make a way to escape!" was the sentiment of the dying Son of God as He bared His heart to all the barbed darts of darkness; and charging ranks of deliverance have ever since swept through that breach to the rescue of the trusting, tempted ones!

Now, I proclaim to all whom sin has blighted, and guilt has cursed, a name, a Jewish name! with meaning in every letter, and a world of significance in its whole—*Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS!

Hear His promise by Isaiah (xliii. 1, 2), "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy NAME" (blessed particularity of application!); "thou art mine" (glorious assurance!). "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee" (precious company!); "and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee (restful promise!); "when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned" (divine protection!); "neither shall the flame kindle upon thee!" Hallelujah! Like the three Hebrew children, there shall not be even the smell of fire upon our garments!

Glory be to God! Ah! Paul has found his match at last? That regal old Prophet of Israel plucked fire from Heaven when he caught the inspiration of that peerless PROMISE OF THE AGES. But hold! We do the Apostle an injustice. Let him try; and here he comes swinging God's ABILITY once more as his battle-axe of promise for the world, and his clear tones ring out most jubilantly—"He is ABLE" (what an emphasis he puts upon that word able!) "to do all that we ask." There, he is BROADER than Isaiah, already; "or THINK!" Now he soars, and is almost out of sight, but he drops a qualifying word. "He is able to do ABOVE all that we ask or think." But tell us, dear Paul, that we may see how like a God He saves, tell us, how much above? And now he bends those climacteric pinions toward us just enough to launch forth one of those infinite words of his—"ABUNDANTLY ABOVE!" O, my soul! catch a glimmering, if thou canst, of the majestic, boundless amplitude of HIS ABILITY! Quickly! for Paul's lips move once more, and now the very heavens rend with the expansion of the thought, and through the rift we seem to see the infinite pulsations of Jehovah's might as Paul claps the crown upon the climax—"He is able to do above all that we can ask or think, EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY."

Who can wonder, now, that he throws in, as a sort of practical deduction, that audacious prayer! "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved BLAMELESS unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ!"—1 Thess. v. 23, 24.

(To be continued in our next.)

Seventeen Important Questions on Soul-saving Answered.

BY JOHN GLOVER.

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HEAVEN, earth, and hell expect souls to be saved, under any and every holy, faithful, and Christ-sent minister; nor will they be disappointed. Heaven who sent him will give him souls; he cannot live without souls. Hell knows it—hell fears it—soul-saving is what hell fears; the devil can do with anything besides soul-saving—he cares for nothing so much as soul-saving; soul-saving is what hell abhors, Heaven approves, and earth expects.

2. If a large number of sinners are present, it is gloriously possible to have souls saved under every sermon. Let the Heaven-sent minister pray in faith, preach in faith, with melted heart and streaming eyes, depending on the Spirit's holy influence; and souls may and will be saved—Heaven's thunders will roll—and the Spirit's lightning flash. (Hundreds of souls have been saved while singing and praying.)

3. A minister of Jesus should be fully determined not to throw away one single prayer, tear, sermon, or visit; the glance of his holy, penetrating eye should convict; his prayer move, his tear melt, his visit benefit; his sermons cut, bind, heal, convert, save, and sanctify the audience—and in order to this let him live, preach, and pray in the element of holiness; and nothing can hinder souls being saved.

4. The Church should repent for souls, she should feel for them, weep for them, confess for them, pray for them—and never rest, nor give God any rest, until they are saved. She should lay them with all their black, hell-steeped, blood-red crimes at the feet of Jesus; and with Heaven-born pity moved, never rest till they are turned to God, and their horrid blood-red crimes are washed away.

5. Zion always brings forth children when she travails in birth for them—O for these holy pangs, these holy throes, these gigantic struggles; this agonising prayer, this restless strife, this glorious believing for souls, for blood-bought souls—this must, this will have souls; O give me souls or I die: when the Church feels thus, God will give her souls; when we cannot live, preach, nor pray, without souls, God will give them by hundreds—O for this travailing in birth for souls. Paul travailed in birth for souls, so ought every minister of Jesus—and he ought never to rest without souls being saved.

6. It is a good sign that much is done, much doing, and much likely to be done, when hell fights the more fierce against the Lord's host in the battle-field; yes, when hell's black flag streams forth in the battle-field—the sign is good when the fiends, fierce and raging, throw their hellish darts with hellish fury, thick and fast; we may be sure hell is moved to its centre, and souls will be saved. Captains and soldiers of Jesus stand firm in the faith, our Emmanuel is near, victory is certain.

7. It would be well to drill young converts on the subject of soul-saving and revivals. Young converts should be taught to keep their place, to walk uprightly, to keep themselves clean, and to exercise themselves in godliness and holiness; they are apt to have more zeal than knowledge; and sometimes they draw their sword when it should be sheathed, and sheath it when it should be drawn: they should be taught to draw it at a proper time, so that hell's black kingdom may feel to its centre the blow when given. It is not rant but faith that shakes hell's kingdom; if there is not faith to bind hell and move Heaven, there will be no souls saved.

8. The older Christians must enter fully into the work of soul-saving, and keep fully in it; there is not a more beautiful sight upon earth than to see aged members of Christ's Church leading the way, and showing by their pious example the worth and glory of soul-saving, neither regarding wind nor weather, but in the midst of the revival, and in every meeting for soul-saving, breathing a holy flame; such are the flaming seraphs and cherubs of our Zion; such are Heaven's witnesses, who open and shut Heaven by all prevailing prayer. Let them breathe, God feels it; let them pray, God hears and answers; let them sing, angels listen; let them groan, hell trembles; when these work in a revival, their influence is felt in Heaven, on earth, and in hell. These old veterans of the Cross will do more in the work of soul-saving than all others.

9. It surely cannot be too much for God and man to expect that each holy Christian might lead one soul to Jesus every twelvemonth; the glorious work of soul-saving should be the work and glory of every holy

man, woman, and child, and they should never rest, nor give God any rest, till it is accomplished—the result would be glorious, some millions would be added to Christ's Church.

10. It is the will of God that the Church should always live in a revival, and increase in numbers, strength, and holiness, daily, weekly, monthly, and annually. Death never stands still, no more should soul-saving; devils never cease to work for hell, no more should Christians cease to work for souls and God and Heaven; when one ceases, the other may, but never till then; let but the Church work, and her ministers pant, pray, believe, and work for souls, and the flaming glory of the revival will not go out until the world is converted unto God.

11. We are not to look for or expect a falling away after a great revival; no, no! let but the people be converted and sanctified to God, and united, and agreed, and properly trained and disciplined, each one and every one having a place to fill, and something to do, and let him know where he belongs, and what he has to do, and how he must do it; keep them at work for God, and they will stand in the field of battle, fight in the field of battle, die in the field of battle. The guilt of ministers stands out for not informing and instructing the people on this momentous subject; it surely is the minister's duty to marshal the sacramental host and lead them on to the conquest. They ought to be so trained as never to fail, never to suffer defeat, until the world is converted to God.

12. All Christians should study the Scriptural plan of soul-saving, and they are expected to convert sinners from the error of their ways, and without they do this, they will not be able to keep their religion. Soul-saving should be our study, our work, our every-day work; it should be the business of our life. He that converts a soul saveth it from death, from eternal death, from everlasting burnings, from eternal torments. It is the work of every Christian to point sinners immediately to the Cross, to the bleeding Victim, to Calvary's bleeding Prince, to Incarnate Deity, bathed and baptized in love and blood, dying in agony for them; to earth's Governor, death's Master, hell's Conqueror, man's Friend, Redeemer, Saviour, and God. His death has given us a blood-bought right to pardon, holiness, and heaven; look, poor sinner, by His stripes, death, victory, and glorious conquest, thou art healed and saved. O, the depths of infinite, shoreless, boundless love. Urge on this glorious work of believing, and Heaven will reward you. And without you do bring them to Christ, and convert them, you will not be able to keep your religion; your work is to save souls; leave it undone at your peril. It is the great business of every Christian on earth to save souls.

13. Preaching to save souls must be faithful, nothing must be mixed, the truth, the whole truth, must be declared; the truth must be poured upon sinners in all its burning, cutting majesty; the sinner must be made to feel its solemn burning glory, the minister must feel his subject, the congregation must be made to feel that he means them; hell must be laid open with all its endless, everlasting, and eternal torments; Heaven must be opened with all its everlasting and eternal glories. The preacher must have Calvary's bleeding Victim and the day of judgment before him, with the awful destinies of all who hear him; and whilst addressing souls—blood-bought souls, never-dying everlasting souls—he must aim at nothing but soul-saving, and the Spirit will work and souls will be saved, the work will be done.

14. Awful to say, men of the greatest talent are not the greatest soul-savers; no, not even if their piety be equal; these flying angels, these popular, silver-trumpeted ministers, who attract the attention of thousands, and whom tens of thousands flock to hear, and who are styled by the world's professors, church builders, finished orators, &c., and yet it is to be feared they bring few souls to God.

15. Committing sermons to memory and reciting them takes the keen edge from them, and prevents souls from being saved. These book-learn't sermons never did much good, and never will; the devil laughs at such preaching, he fears it not; he knows God won't own it. Reading sermons, reciting sermons, and skeletoning must be done away with before the world can be saved; the preacher to be useful must get up his own sermons, and preach them in faith, not recite them; and this must be done with a single eye to God's glory, and souls will be saved.

16. All the members of a Church, however large, should be working for God; the worth of time, the worth of souls, should be made to stand out before them; band-meetings, prayer-meetings, penitent-meetings, should be kept up every night through the week; no time should be lost. If the Church don't employ them, the devil will set them to work; keep them to work, keep them constantly and continually at the glorious work of soul-saving.

17. In storming a very hardened wicked town by the Lord's host when it has been proof against the means of grace for years, and the Churches are withered away. This being the case, something great must be done; a gigantic effort must be made; fasting, repenting, and praying in faith, will not be sufficient to throw down the walls. No, some holy, faithful, Heaven-sent man must be sent; who can bind hell, move Heaven, and convert sinners; and who fears no man, and he must not go alone; Heaven's host below and forces must be mustered, and they must stand by him, stand in the faith—stand firm in the faith; in all the power of believing prayer, till hell trembles and the walls of Beelzebub are scaled and his kingdom taken. O! for the faith that laughs at impossibilities, and cries it shall be done! Every minister, if he is to be a soul-saver, must live, act, move, preach, pray, visit, fast, eat, drink, and sleep for God; and then he will storm hell, move Heaven, bind earth, push on the Church, and deck Emmanuel's diadem with the ransomed souls of thousands.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOR PRESERVATION FROM SIN.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."



WHEN you *think*, when you *speak*, when you *read*, when you *write*,
When you *sing*, when you *walk*, when you *seek for delight*;
To be kept from all evil, at home and abroad,
Live *always* as under "*the eye of the Lord.*"
Whatever you **THINK**, both in joy and in woe,
Think nothing you would not like God to know.
Whatever you **SAY**, in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like God to hear.

Whatever you **READ**, though the page may allure,
Read nothing of which you are perfectly sure
Consternation at once would be seen in your look
If God should say, solemnly, "*Show Me that book!*"
Whatever you **WRITE**, in haste or in heed,
Write nothing you would not like God to read.
Whatever you **SING**, in the midst of your glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear can dispense.
Wherever you **GO**, never go where you fear
God's question being asked you, "*What doest thou here?*"
Whatever the **PASTIME** in which you engage,
For the cheering of youth or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing
Were God to look down and say, "*What are you doing?*"

C. OVERTON.

SPASMODIC CHRISTIANITY.

THE church in these modern days is terribly afflicted with a spasmodic kind of religion. It is soon hot and soon cold, a type which is abhorrent to God. We see such in a white heat during revival meetings. But, alas! when a pause is reached, after the week of singing, and praying, and preaching, there is a speedy descent to the frigid zone. Is it any wonder that men become infidels when they behold such things? Is it marvellous that the Gospel batteries play upon the thick ranks of ungodliness with such little effect? We are reminded at this point of an incident which shows the deadly influence of such vacillators.

Mr. C. was a member of a Christian Church; but his religion was of the spasmodic character, and his harp often hung on the willows down by the cold stream of worldliness. But when the Lord saw fit to revive his work, he was foremost in activity. "I do not like to hear Mr. C. talk and pray in meetings," said little Betsey. "Why not?" asked her mother. "Because," she answered, "if he can talk so earnestly and pray so loudly in meetings, I know he can pray at home; but he don't. He is only making believe, and trying to cheat God, but God can see through it."

Children have a quick, discerning eye. This little girl saw the glaring character of such inconsistency. And the eyes of men see it, and repudiate Christianity, plunging down headlong into the dark abyss. The Lord give us a race of Christians who will stand like the beaten anvil to the stroke!

PRAYER.

"PRAYER is the rope up in the belfry; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in Heaven." So said Christmas Evans; and he was right. It puts us into wonderful connection with Heaven. God hears the softest whisper of the soul. The slightest touch of the rope moves the heart of the Infinite, and quickly His magazines of eternal strength are under contribution. And the angelic ministers are commissioned, and down they come to earth with their golden pinions laden with good things. Are you tempted? Take hold of the rope and pull away, and down will come the heavenly succours. Are you afflicted and sorrowful? Another pull at the rope, and streams of comfort will flow in upon you. Are you weak and ready to die? A pull at the rope, and you will instantly be begirt with Omnipotence.

NEVER GIVE UP.

A HIGHLAND piper was taken prisoner by the army of Napoleon. Coming in contact with him, the great commander thought he would test his musical ability. He said to him, "Play a pibroch;" and he played it. "Play a march;" and he responded. "Now," said the general, "play a retreat." "Na, na," responded the Scotchman, "I never learned to play a retreat!"

Noble reply! Worthy of a brave man from the Scottish highlands. But how much more becoming to a Christian! He may exercise himself well in holy minstrelsy. It is appropriate for him to play or sing: "I am trusting, Lord, in

Thee;" "O the blood, the precious blood!" "The cleansing stream;" but for our Master's great sake never let us sound the notes of a "retreat!"

AN EXCURSION.

"RATHER a dull day, auntie," said a preacher to an old saint of his flock at the close of a rainy, dreary, nobody-out sort of a sabbath. "Why, no! Bless de Lord, massa minister, de old 'oman's been all over the New Jerusalem to-day!" was the reply that the disheartened preacher received.

WHISPER SONG.

Jesus is first:
Jesus is last:
Saving from sin,
Present and past;
Saving us now;
Saving above:
Come, let all come!
And taste of His love.

IDOLS.

A MAN'S idol is not necessarily an image of gold: it may be a child of clay, the fruit of his own loins, or the wife of his bosom; it may be wealth, fame, position, success, or business—anything which absorbs unduly the affections and attentions. Against all such, the Almighty pronounces the decree, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and hurls His resistless missiles of destruction. Either ourselves or our idols must be destroyed.

BE CAREFUL.

LORD BYRON said: "I date my first impressions against religion from having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by true Christian charity."

PERSEVERANCE.

I HAVE heard of an Indian who one day came to a missionary and told him he had been making some poetry, which he wished to show him. It was found to be several verses in very "common metre," and all exactly like the first verse, which ran as follows:—

Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on!

The Indian's poem is a grand motto for all Christian workers.

Temperance.

"GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT."

THE circumstances which induced the writing of the following most touching and thrilling lines are as follows. A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the *Philadelphia Ledger* on the subject of temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such a deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of becoming a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:—

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt—
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief, the scorching tear.

Go kneel as there I knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen:
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth, lie bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withered glance, and see,
There mirrored, his soul's deep misery.

Go to the mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.

Mark the worn frame and withered brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,

With fading form, and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And led her down through love and light,

And all that made the future bright,

And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, "a drunkard's wife,"
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, "a drunkard's child."

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty will atone;
Think if its flavour you will try,
When all proclaim, "'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With deep disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear or tell,
Of this dark beverage of hell!

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

From the Speech of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell, at Exeter Hall.

A POOR man in the country was pressed, as doubtless very many in that meeting had been pressed, very strongly with the marriage of Cana. This was brought before him to try to show that our Lord Himself was pleased to turn the water into wine, that the guests might drink of it. The poor man replied thus:—"I always desire to follow my blessed Lord in all things, and I find him saying, 'Fill the waterpots with water'; therefore I will fill my glass with water, and if He is pleased to work a miracle and turn it into wine, then I won't refuse to drink it." (Cheers and laughter.) "But," he concluded, "till that has been done, I will stick to my water." (Renewed cheers.) There was a very great lesson to be learned there: "I always desire to do what my blessed Lord commands me."

Poetry.

UNDER THE BLOOD.

TUNE—"My Jesus, I Love Thee."
Oh, mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Oh ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice,
For ye shall be filled. Don't you hear that sweet voice,
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
Oh, poor troubled soul, there's a promise for thee;
Thou shalt rest, weary one, on the bosom of God:
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

The promise don't save, though each promise is true.
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through;
It cleanses us now: Oh, glory to God!
We'll rest on His Word, and keep under the blood.

CONSECRATION.

TUNE—"Little thought Samaria's Daughter."

Lord, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love, so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
I have given my all to God;
And I now have full salvation
Through the precious blood.

Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me,
Thus my all to Thee I give,
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend;
Keep me till, in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.

DURING a month of fog and cold, and rain and mud, it is a great blessing to be able to report the continuance and increase of our labours in the open air as well as indoors; but it is much more pleasing still to be able to add that the cries and tears of the penitent, and the joy of salvation, have been with us increasingly.

The commencement so auspiciously made in Middlesbrough last month has grown into a great success, and at Cardiff another hall has been placed at our disposal in a new working-class neighbourhood, and the large hall promised us for Sunday evenings, in Cardiff, is just about to be opened.

The hardest task we have before us is to find suitable men to undertake the management of the work in the various stations, and in the new fields white to the harvest which we are constantly urged to enter. To meet this necessity we have arranged for the training of such young men as are anxious to devote their lives to mission work, and the scheme has been inaugurated during the month with the promise of such success as will ensure, ere long, we think, a supply of faithful labourers from amongst the converts, as well as the improvement of the older stations, by their diligence while in training.

Oh, for an abundant increase of grace in all our hearts, so that we may realise a greater in-gathering of souls during the months to come!

OPENING OF A STATION IN MIDDLESBROUGH.

WILL our dear friends praise the Lord with us for the blessing so manifestly given at the commencement of a mission in this large town?

We opened the campaign on Sunday, Jan. 24, by preaching in the Theatre Royal, afternoon and evening. About 2000 were present at both services, and the Word was with power. In the after-meeting many were under deep conviction, but none publicly decided for God. We were determined, however, to push the battle to the gate. Our brethren of the Gospel Hall kindly offered us their place for week-night meetings, and souls have been saved at every service held there. The brethren from the Young Men's Christian Association have also helped us very heartily. Praise the Lord!

On Sunday, Jan. 31, I preached in the afternoon from "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." God blessed the testimony;

many wept, and the holy fire began to burn. The open-air meeting was well attended; we processioned to the theatre, and about 2000 were present. I preached from "He put clay upon mine eyes, I washed and do see." There was great attention, and in the after-meeting much weeping. The clown of the theatre, his wife, and some others who came in to laugh, remained to weep. One young man cried out in good earnest—"God have mercy upon my poor soul!" and several left rejoicing in the saving love of God. We hear the town missionary has rendered us great help in the open-air meetings in dealing with the anxious, and visiting the new converts.

On Sunday, Feb. 7, we had an increase in congregations and power; 2500 were present in the evening. Mrs. Dowdle preached in the afternoon, and the Spirit of the Lord knocked very loudly at many hearts. At night I preached on the Love of God, and many realised that God had so loved them as to provide a Saviour for them. In the after-meeting great numbers stayed; several came forward on the stage and sought salvation. Among others who were weeping, and not in vain, was a lad of fifteen, employed in the theatre in scene-painting and lighting the gas. When we were singing the Doxology, the Spirit came like a flood; a backslider fell from his seat on the floor—two others came weeping on to the stage, and the Lord saved the three. On Monday and Wednesday some who were wounded at the theatre were healed. Will our dear friends pray that this whole district may be moved? There are thousands who never go to any place of worship; pray that God may aid us in bringing them to Jesus.

Donations and tracts will be thankfully received by R. Ward, 17, Corporation Road, Middlesbrough; or by James Dowdle, Evangelist, 31, Dundas Street, Middlesbrough.

The following letters will be read with interest:—

MIDDLESBROUGH.

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—The Lord has blessed, and is blessing, the labours of His servants, brother and sister Dowdle, in the Theatre and Gospel Hall. The results have been most encouraging. Not only has the seed of the kingdom been sown, but it has taken root, producing godly sorrow for sin, and the joy of God's pardoning love. Bless the bleeding Lamb for ever! the glorious Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and this our brother and sister believe deep down in their very souls, and preach it with the Holy Ghost—sent down from Heaven. The players' sympathy and co-operation of the friends connected with the Gospel Hall have been gladly rendered, and have been most thankfully acknowledged by our two dear friends. It has been my privilege to be present at most of the meetings, and my heart has been made to leap for joy to see first one, and then another, weeping at the foot of the Cross, and finding pardon through the

precious Blood. My soul fills as I write this, and see over again in my mind wives taking husbands by the hand and leading them to the penitent form; there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over such a sight. One man,

SAVED EVERY BIT,

left the meeting, but came back. I went to him, and asked if he had given his heart to Jesus. He said, "No; I am wretched." I said, "Seek the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near, and go to the penitent form." Away he went, fell upon his knees, and in a few minutes I heard him singing, with tears running down his face, "Lord, save me *Every Bit!*" That prayer was soon answered, and he is now as happy as he can live. His wife has since been saved, praise the Lord! Oh, for showers of blessings upon Middlesbrough!

Yours, in a precious Saviour,
W. LENG.

DEAR MR. DOWDLE.—Some time the week before last, I was invited, or rather pressed, by some of my fellow-workmen to attend one of your services in the Theatre. Well, Sunday came, and, with the anticipation of having some fun at the expense of Mr. Nuddle, as I was pleased to call you, I invited my wife to go with me, and as it was free, we very comfortably took our seats in the boxes; but I did not get the fun I expected, for I could not get free scope at my tobacco. On going out, the wife gave me 2d. to put into the basket, but I did not do so, for I told her another halfpenny would get us a pint of ale, which, on getting home, I sent for; and though me and the wife have been used to get through as much as 10s. or 12s. worth of ale and spirits per week, that pint was a choker, and since then it has lost its flavour for me, and, praise God! I believe it will never regain it; and besides, my dear wife thinks the half-pint no longer necessary "just for baby's sake."

But to come back to the fun, we found ourselves there again in the evening; it was then the light began to dawn upon us, and I found you was not the Nuddle I had supposed, but the kind, loving, and soul-stirring Mr. Dowdle; for you awakened up the sleeping memory of my poor dear praying father. The last words he said to me were: "Though I may never be with you again on earth, prepare to meet me in Heaven;" and I believe I have just started on the way. But to return. After you had done preaching, I some way found myself in the stalls, but how we came there I cannot remember now. But I was as near as I dare venture without getting on the stage, which I did not mean to do, for I was afraid of making a scene. I was still tugging away at my tobacco plug when you attacked me, the effects of which were, I sneaked my tobacco plug under the seat, the same as though I had stolen it. While you were talking to me, some one came and told you that the clown and his wife were earnestly seeking the pardon of their sins.

As soon as you moved farther up, my wife said: "Joe, I should like to go behind there and have a look at them; it may stir me up a bit." I bid her go by all means, feeling not a little curious myself. She soon came back for me, saying, "Just come and have a look at them, they do look happy." As I was

deeply moved myself, I went behind; they were just leaving when I got there, and though their faces were tear-stained, they did look happy. Just then I felt like going and kneeling down amongst the rest, but somehow or other, I did not. I suppose it was the devil who thought the joke was going a little too far, and thought it time to interfere. I resisted all the persuasive power of your wife, and, God bless her, she did plead for me to join the rest; but no use, I had vowed to myself that I would not go on the stage, and go on I would not; so I dragged myself off, feeling the most wretched man on earth.

Being an iron worker (puddler, as I told you), and my turn on nights the next week, I could not get to hear you at the Gospel Hall; but my wife went on Monday and Wednesday night, and I shall never forget it, for on coming from the Chapel, she came bang into the works to me. I thought there was something amiss, as it was about ten o'clock, and her eyes were full of tears; so I naturally asked, "What's up?" She said, "I have been and gone and done it, my love." Then it all flashed across my mind in a moment. "Well," thinks I to myself, "this is a regular licker," and instead of cursing or laughing at her, my words found utterance in "Thank God!" and I felt like joining her in crying, but I passed it off, and told her to go home, then bustled about my work; but it was no use; I could not get over it. There were three masters—two wanting possession of my heart, the other all my bodily exertion. It was more than I could endure; everything seemed to go wrong. I thought, while looking into my furnace, if hell is anything to compare with that, it would burn both body and soul to nothing. But directly there came the whisper, "The soul endureth for ever." O! horrid thought! me a blasphemer of my very Maker, standing, perhaps, that very moment, on the brink of eternity, and hell, with all its terrible torture, yawning to receive me, and I was still hesitating. God help me!

I was glad when morning came, and with it light—light of day, not light to my poor benighted soul. I went home, and sought consolation in my "daffey" (rum), but, as I said before, it had lost its charm. My wife says, "Joe, you do look miserable;" "And I am

miserable," I replied, "too much so to live, Sarah, and too miserable to die." After a pause, she said, "Joe, you wanted an harmonium a good while since, and I am going to get you one on Saturday; and if you will only keep off drinking, you can soon finish paying for it; then the two oldest lads can have their fiddles, for they have been promised them till the promise is worn out. Then you will have something to spend your spare time on."

On the same afternoon you called, and after that prayer you offered up, I do think I was more miserable still, for I could not work. Saturday came, and with it my harmonium, but that did not dispel my gloom.

Sunday found us at the Theatre afternoon and night. I left as soon as the services were over, determined not to go on the stage. But I now acknowledge it was very foolish of me not to go at the first, for it cost me a week of torture.

Monday night found us at the Gospel Hall, where, praise God! I found myself kneeling at the penitent-form, asking pardon through the blood of the Lamb, who died to set me free. Bless His holy name, I believe I am free; for I feel a quiet, holy calm which I never in my life felt before.

I will not dwell upon my feelings, otherwise I could write all day, as I am only just warming to it, for I have not wrote much this last nine years.

The few lines I at first thought of writing have grown to quite a letter. In conclusion, after coming out of the Hall, I felt as though I had left something behind, or lost something. My wife said it was my sin, so it was, thank God, and may the Lord help us!

From yours truly,

J. C.

P.S.—My wife thinks this is not expressive enough, and I think myself there is a something more wanted, but at present I cannot give anything different. She thinks the awakening to this new life is not written in glowing terms enough; but she gives no thought to the difficulty of expressing my thoughts. There is a great difference between thinking in the mind and thinking on paper.

STOCKTON.

In this world there are oft-recurring changes—people change, places change, seasons change, but God never changes.

And so we have proved here. The large theatre in which we were holding services with such blessed success on sabbaths, and the old music hall which we had for midnight meetings, has been occupied by preachers from the Scotch Evangelistic Society, and we have been compelled to go elsewhere. We have, however, engaged a room, and fitted it up, trusting the Lord will incline His stewards to help us in this good work.

We are, however, still hearing the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" On the last Sunday we were allowed to occupy the old music hall. A poor drunkard, who had

SPENT A FORTUNE IN DRINK,

followed us from the morning open-air service into the hall, and cried to God for salvation, and professed to find it, too. Bless His holy name! Oh, may he be kept. At night three other precious souls came to the Saviour.

On Saturday we held our first prayer-meeting in our new hall, where the Lord graciously brought one to Himself.

The next Sabbath two more professed to find peace. On Tuesday last Brother Dowdle preached, and four poor sinners professed to find the pearl of great price.

R. LANE.

THE LATEST TIDINGS

from this town are very cheering. The Star Theatre has been engaged, and on Sunday, February 14, meetings were commenced with the promise of a very blessed success. In the afternoon there were about 1000 present, and at night about 1500. Mrs. Sanderson preached. Many were deeply impressed, and four professed salvation. We are full of hope that the work will go forward with an increasing power. The town is evidently deeply moved, the labours of Messrs. Dunn and Scroggie have been greatly blessed, and we believe the Mission will be the means of conserving and rendering permanent that form of earnest evangelistic labour without which revivals are ordinarily spasmodic and evanescent. Will our friends pray for Brother Lane, and Stockton?

WHITECHAPEL.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—GAL. vi. 9.

Thus we have been enabled to realise so far in this new year, manifest tokens of

God's presence having been both seen and felt. Praise the Lord! some sixty souls have been pointed to the Lamb of God since 1875 set in.

Amongst the varied services which have been held, we have had

A MIDNIGHT MEETING

for the fallen. We met about ten o'clock, and after spending some time in prayer, we went forth inviting the fallen sisters to a free tea, to be held at twelve o'clock. We succeeded in getting some fifty or sixty in for tea, after which we adjourned into the hall, where short addresses were delivered to them; and the broken hearts and sobs, as they wet the ground with tears, will never be forgotten. Some ten or twelve came forward, willing to forsake their course of life, and to give themselves to the Saviour.

NEVER GIVE UP.

One for whom many prayers have been offered by God's people, and by his praying wife, yielded himself to Christ at our holiness-meeting the other Wednesday afternoon, and is now going on his way rejoicing.

A FINE FISH CAUGHT.

As fishers for immortal souls, we are constantly casting the net, and though, at times, we may, like the disciples of old, toil all the night and take nothing, yet this is not often the case.

One Thursday night a sailor, a fine, tall, stout man, came up to the penitent-form, and got on board the Gospel ship. In a few days he is to join his ship. May God make him a burning and shining light!

J. TETLEY.

CHILDREN'S MISSION.

I am thankful to be able to report that great success has attended the work amongst the children during the month. The dear friends who have been patiently labouring here for a long time had become almost disheartened, the rough disorderly boys seeming incapable of receiving any sort of teaching, and in fact trying to turn the hall into a playground. But we have succeeded, not merely in restoring perfect order to all the services, but in largely increasing the numbers in attendance, and the Word spoken, having been attentively listened to, has at every service resulted, we believe, in the salvation of some.

At my first Sunday evening services over 250 were present, and thirteen came out for salvation. One of these, as

soon as he had found peace, began to cry aloud—

"LORD, SAVE MY MOTHER!"

"Lord, save my Father!" Three others publicly testified there and then that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned their sins.

On week nights we have had over fifty present, and six and seven in an evening have found Jesus. The children are learning not only to serve God all day, but to pray aloud in the meetings, and to tell others what God has done for their souls, so that we are training a force of children to carry on the work. May God help us!

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

HAMMERSMITH.

THE opposition to our open-air work is still continued. Fearing that from this many poor souls might be neglected, a few friends set on foot an effort to give free teas to the very poor. This was very kindly taken up by our friend Mr. Campbell. And we have already given tea to the oil-cake makers and the road-scrappers, and our next guests are to be the washerwomen. We preach the Gospel and give a hymn-book and religious pamphlet to each, and so far the results have exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Many most hopeful conversions have taken place. There has been a wonderful change in the oil-mills. Some of the worst men in the concern have been saved, and others are deeply convicted. Many who were without Bibles have bought them. A friend, who paid a visit to the mills the other day, said—"We found some of the men between the spells of work, whose mouths were formerly full of blasphemy and cursing, were praying together over a Testament, and praising God for his wonderful dealings with them.

Many laughed at the idea of doing anything with

THE ROAD-SCRAPERS,

but the Gospel has not lost any of its power. Even these hardened sinners (many of them over sixty years of age) were pricked to the heart; so much so that several came out seeking salvation there and then.

A father, of seventy-four years, was seen kneeling by the side of a son, who only the previous Sunday had been compelled to walk the streets without food, having spent all his money in the public-house.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

THE Christian Mission in this town is a success, although both indoors and out we have to wage a hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness; but, thank God, "Greater is He that is for us than all that can be against us." There's been no little stir on Sundays and week nights as we have gone from street to street crying, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world," and it has been truly wonderful to see the congregations that stand to listen in all sorts of weather, no matter whether it be cold, or rain, or snow. The other night the devil set a man and his wife to abuse us, but, finding they did not frighten us from our work, the man went indoors and brought out a large dog, and tried to set him on us; but the poor animal had better sense, apparently, than his master, for, after barking at us a few times, he made off, and left us to conclude the service in peace.

OUR NEW HALL

fills well. On Sundays we are crammed. We have formed the new converts into two bands for open-air work. On Sunday, the 7th, we had

A CONTEST WITH A BAND OF DRUNKARDS.

As we sung from the afternoon open-air meeting, a large number of poor, unwashed, dirty drunkards followed us right into the hall. We had scarcely commenced the service when it became apparent that the devil had taken full possession of the majority of them. One had brought a bottle of liquor, which he began handing round to his companions; another, not far from being drunk, kept the rest amused by his coarse jokes and sneering responses. We now felt the need of greater power, so we fell on our knees and asked the Lord to help us, and in a moment, as if struck with terror, there was a rush for the door, and some 50 or 60 made their escape. The rest, numbering perhaps about 25 of the worst, remained for God to deal with. One of these, a fine young man, who had got partially sober during the service, got up while we were singing the last hymn, and said, "I see I'm in the wrong road, and it's time I made a change. I'll give this up, and start on a better way."

THE RINGLEADER

went home, tidied himself as best he could, came to the evening service,

One man wept aloud for mercy. He had often threatened his wife with violence for attending our meetings, and had even locked her in the house to prevent her coming. He has since cried out—"For God's sake, get up and pray with me," which appeal was soon responded to. We have good hope of meeting both in Heaven.

The same Gospel proved effectual in breaking up the prejudices of a Scotch Pharisee, who would not go and hear Mr. Moody preach, she not believing in conversion. The Word so took hold of her heart that she had to be supported as she went weeping to the penitent-form; where, in mercy, the Lord met and saved her. She now rejoices in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

A man who said he would not go to the penitent-form for the world was so truly awakened that he rushed forward, knocking some chairs over in his eagerness to get there, to be pointed to the sinners' Friend. He is now rejoicing, and so are we.

A road-scraper has surprised his foreman and fellow-workmen by being able to sweep tough mud without beer, but he can, and he gives as the reason that he stopped behind after the free tea, and let Jesus take possession of his poor heart, and he is now so happy because Jesus goes with him, and he feels He has saved him.

Our second quarterly sermons were preached by J. T. Campbell, Esq., and Mrs. Booth. We never heard Mrs. Booth speak with greater power than when she showed the difference between a true and a false faith. The crowded audience listened with rapt attention, and many, we believe, were pricked to the heart. Among the penitents was a young man and his wife; the man imploring us loudly to pray for him, for he had only a false faith. Since then our hearts have rejoiced to hear him publicly declare that he has now a true faith that saves him every day. May he never doubt; nor the writer of this report; nor may you, dear reader, ever doubt that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth!

Please read our balance-sheet on the cover, and praise God with us, and promise you will help us.

Pray for yours faithfully in the poor man's Saviour,

ABRAHAM LAMB.

12, Hetton Street, Hammersmith.

listened with marked attention, and, at the close, came forward to ask our forgiveness, and to assure us he would never do so again, but would come to our services. He has had *delirium tremens* twice, and he says he needs no proof of there being a hell. Friends, pray for him.

Among many who have found peace since my last report, I may mention

A ROUGH IRONSTONE MAN,

attracted by our open-air services. He came to the hall, was deeply wrought upon, got up from the side of his mates, who had accompanied him, and, with large tears streaming down his cheeks, sought forgiveness, and, having made a full surrender, was in a few moments filled with joy. Lifting his head while still upon his knees, his face lit up with joy, he cried out to his mate, "Oh, Sam, do come, and give your heart to God! Oh, I didn't think it was anything like this. Do come and get this happiness."

CURIOSITY LEADS TO SALVATION.

Another young man, who had come to the town for a month's work, came out of curiosity to our believers' meeting just, as he said, to see what we did there, and while one and another told what the Lord had done for them, grace melted his heart. He cried for mercy, and left the meeting a sinner saved by grace.

TWO SISTERS.

Among a number that came out for Jesus the other Sunday night, we found two sisters—one married, the other single. Oh, what a blessed sight, as we thought of the answer to a mother's prayers. As soon as one found peace, she turned to help the other, by telling what the Lord had done for her. Praise God! they, with many others, went home that night happy in Jesus.

One Sunday evening after the service, as we were going to see a dying man who had sent for us to pray with him, a young man, who has been one of our greatest plagues, knowing our errand, ran on before us till he came to a public-house, and, having procured some beer, stood asking us to drink with him, and because we refused, he poured forth a volley of the most awful oaths and the most violent abuse. A short time back this young man was brought to the foot of the Cross, and though one of the vilest sinners in the place, yet, praise

God! there is good reason to hope that he is a new creature. He says, "In spite of the devil he means getting to heaven."

While helping a poor young wife, who is cursed with a drunken husband, to find Jesus, we were led to sing those beautiful lines:—

My prayer has prevailed, and this moment
I know,
The Blood is applied; I am whiter than
snow.

And, praise the dear Lord! He not only applied the precious blood to her heart, but at the same moment another young woman, sitting in the hall, who had come in from service near by, felt the Blood applied, and both went home praising God for His precious salvation.

Some good work has been done among the *employés* upon the railway, several of whom have given their hearts to Jesus, and bear a good testimony among their work-mates, praise God! I might say more, but this will suffice, I trust, to inspire our friends, who have so nobly helped us, to praise God with us. To our God be all the glory!

May we call our friends' attention to our balance-sheet upon the cover, and ask their help in carrying on such a noble work.

Yours in Jesus,

JOB CLARE.

4, Havelock Street, Wellingborough.

HASTINGS.

THE spiritual work is prospering all around us. On Sunday, January 17, a poor backslider and his companion, a fine young fellow, marched up to the penitent-form, from the far end of the Market Hall. Both wept and prayed earnestly for forgiveness; the Lord met them in mercy; and at the close, both thanked Him for what He had done.

On Sunday, February 7, we had blessed seasons morning and afternoon; and in the evening the Rev. J. E. Irvine took the service. This was a very powerful time, and at the close we had

A CONSECRATION MEETING,

when nearly thirty souls came forward. A goodly number made the entire surrender, and a few souls were justified by faith. Praise the Lord!

We find, since we have been more alive, the devil is on the stir; he has been trying to stop our open-air services both in Hastings and Rye. This we think a good sign. When God is at

work amongst His people, all hell send their opposing influences to stop the work. Will friends pray that we may stand firm to our principles in the open air? Only a few Sundays ago a brother said, at the commencement of an address, in the Fish Market:—

"Thank God for the Fish Market services. I believe we shall never know on earth the result of these services. Whilst I have been standing here, listening to the singing and speaking, I saw a man pass down the other side of the road on his way to another place of worship. That man, many years ago, tried to reform himself, and being pressed to join a Church, he became a member, and was one for years, but he never felt right. He used to repent and sin; go to church one day and get drunk the next; and only a few Saturday nights ago he reeled home, intoxicated, to his wife. On the following day he attended one of the Fish Market services, was convinced of sin, and soon afterwards found salvation. When I saw that man go down the other side the road with his wife, clothed and in his right mind, I praised God for the service in the Fish Market."

The above testimony was from a deacon of one of the first churches in Hastings. Shall we dare give up our open-air work? The Lord help us to stand our ground!

FREE TEA TO THE POOR.

Free tea-meetings, to which the destitute poor were invited, were held in the Market Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last, under the auspices of the Christian Mission. On the first evening 280 persons were present, and fully 350 the next day. A bountiful tea was provided, and it is almost unnecessary for us to state that full justice was paid to the good and wholesome fare before them by those present. The after-proceedings consisted of a meeting, at which addresses were delivered by several brethren of the Mission. It was a noteworthy fact that the number of those present at the tea was considerably augmented later in the evening. The audience conducted themselves in a most orderly manner.—From the *Hastings Observer*, January 23, 1875.

At the conclusion of a lengthy notice of the teas in the next issue, the *Observer* says:—"It was a quarter past

nine before I left the Hall, and I went away more thoroughly convinced than ever of one fact, viz., that the Christian Mission is doing a good work amongst the lower classes of our population."

We greatly need help for general work. Money or tracts may be sent as usual.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

Beulah House, Plymtham Road.

CHATHAM.

THE removal of Brother Dowdle has not stopped the onward flow of the tide of salvation at this station. Our hearts have been cheered beyond measure by the reports that have reached us. When we asked our dear brethren to give up our Brother for another sphere of labour, the cry was, though we love him much, yet, if God wants him elsewhere, we will let him go, and we will go on pulling sinners out of the fire. They have kept their word, and God is blessing them. We can only say, Go on, brethren, till the place is shaken. Praise God, it can be done.

Brother Hobday writes:—

The work is going on in spite of the devil and all the opposition of hell. During the three weeks I have been here twenty-five precious souls have professed salvation. They mock, and pelt us with mud and stones, and on one occasion they brought out a pail of blood to throw over us; but, thank God, He did not allow the devil's servants to do this dirty work.

Some of the worst sinners have been seen weeping at the mercy-seat. One old man said he had lived forty years in sin, but the Blood had washed him clean, and he was happier in God.

TWO MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN

have found the Saviour. One of them said he had been in many a storm, but this time the waves had gone over his soul, and washed his sins away in the sea of forgetfulness. A young man says he has been as bad a man as any in Chatham.

SNATCHED FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.

An old man, over 71, who has been one of the greatest persecutors, said that he believed he was the worst man Chatham ever produced. The Lord laid him on a sick-bed, and then he sent for the mad fools, as he had called them in health, to come and pray with him. And, thank God, though so black, he

was washed white in the Blood. I visited him, and prayed with him; though very ignorant, he was very happy in God. Twenty minutes before he died, he whispered faintly, "The tide is flowing, the tide is flowing." Soon after he asked the time, and when his son told him, he said, "In five minutes I shall be in Heaven; I am washed in the Blood;" and then he turned over and died. Friends, pray for us.

Donations and tracts will be thankfully received by Captain Tinmouth, treasurer, Marine Barracks, Chatham; or by

CHARLES HOBDAV.

4, Alma Terrace, Chatham.

The following letter is from a dear Brother who is always to be found in the front of the battle at Chatham:—

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—At the last annual conference the following resolution, among others, was adopted: "That it is desirable that every station should map out the district around it, and that the whole of such district should be specially cared for and missioned from end to end, at least once a quarter, in such a way as the officers of each district may think best." In order to carry this out, a number of our brothers and sisters have united together, and every Sunday afternoon, at about a quarter to two o'clock, they meet (having previously chosen the place) and proceed to mission two or three streets till the time of the afternoon service at the hall.

Accordingly the other Sunday they met, and having missioned Skinner Street, and its vicinity (before marching to the hall), stopped in front of a well-known public-house, and here, while offering salvation to the bystanders, they had to bear the reproach of Christ, rejoicing with the Apostles that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. Attracted by the singing, the landlord and some of his poor dupes gathered around, not with the intention of listening to the word, but to deride and oppose. But our brethren maintained their position, determined not to leave the spot till they had faithfully warned the people to flee from the wrath to come. It was a hard struggle, and against much opposition. Whilst one of the brethren was praying, one of the opposers almost choked him by blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke full in his mouth. Then the landlord, with mock

generosity, offered some money, which was, of course, refused; one of the brethren suggesting that the poor, half starved, ragged children of many of his foolish customers would be glad of it. This silenced him, but others, more ill-disposed than the rest, pelted us with mud; but, thank God! we could rejoice amid it all, considering Him who bore such contradiction of sinners against Himself.—Yours truly,

D. KIDD.

PORTSMOUTH.

DURING the month thirty priceless blood-bought souls have professed to find salvation.

Our quarterly sermons proved a time of great power. God smiled on Brother Lamb's visit, and owned and crowned his labours. He had large congregations, good collections, and closed up with eleven souls. May they endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ!

The tea and public meeting proved a great success; 240 partook of tea. The chair was occupied by R. Dennison, R.N. Telling addresses were given, suitable hymns sung, prayers offered, and so closed a very happy meeting.

On the following morning several penitents under conviction were enquiring what they must do to be saved, and stated that the arrow entered their hearts the night previous while in the public meeting. They are now trusting in Jesus.

J. M. SALT.

92, Lake Road,
Landport, Portsmouth.

BUCKLAND.

THE Lord of Heaven and Earth still smiles upon our labours here, and sinners are being led to Calvary. January 17 was a good day; Brother Cause preached, and five came to the feet of Jesus. One was the wife of a Catholic, who, when she found peace, pleaded most earnestly for the conversion of her husband. The Lord answer her prayer! On the 24th we held our Quarterly Festival; 500 visits were made previously, and a general invitation given. In the morning, afternoon, and evening we took our stand in the streets, and, amidst storms of hail and rain, warned the people to flee from the storms of wrath to come. The Rev. W. H. Slesman preached a powerful sermon in the

afternoon. At night four came out for Jesus. On the following Tuesday, 140 friends took tea together, and a good soul-stirring meeting followed, with our old friend Mr. John Warn in the chair. On the 31st, Brother Salt preached, and three souls sought mercy. The Lord keep them all faithful! Friends in Jesus, pray for us; prayer is power.

J. P. GRAY.

CROYDON.

WE continue to receive encouraging accounts from this station. Bad weather, sickness, death, and the absence of a stationed superintendent have till now prevented the usual Mission efforts of an aggressive character necessary to reach the neglecters of God and salvation; but there is a good feeling among the members, and more dependence upon God than man, and the Lord is in truth preparing us for greater things than any we have yet seen. Friends, pray for Croydon.

On Sunday, Jan. 24, our dear friend Mr. Eason preached twice. His subject in the morning was the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. He was particularly full of his subject, and the spirit of God was in our midst. Our Brother E. little thought that within two days one of his hearers would have passed from earth to heaven, and almost the last words our sister was heard to repeat were—

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

May God help us all to bear a similar testimony as we pass away.

SOHO.

THE past month has been one of great power and blessing here. *Every member we have got has been led to speak or pray in public*, and all are united as the heart of one man to force their way into the deepest recesses of sin in this polluted neighbourhood, and to turn many to righteousness. This spirit has naturally resulted in the salvation of souls at almost every meeting we have held.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC

who came into the hall some weeks ago writes from Guernsey: "Give my love to Mr. Bramwell Booth, and tell him God directed him to the text he took a few Sundays before I left Soho. It was, 'The Time is short,' and at that service, 'the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin.'"

As the result of holding open-air services every evening we have encountered no small amount of opposition. A butcher came close to the speakers one evening and tried by knocking his scales with a chopper to drown our voices. On another occasion a mob followed us to the hall, and during the service broke one of the windows. But it is all in vain. God is with us, and we shall prevail.

BARKING.

PRaise God, during the brief time I have been here, we have had souls saved every evening in the Bethel. The people rally round me in larger numbers every day, and we are certain, ere long, to have Barking in a blaze.

A SCOFFER SAVED.

One of the converts said at our first believers' meeting: "I came to the hall on Sunday evening only to laugh and scoff at what was going on; but, praise God! He has saved my soul."

Said another: "I never spoke for Jesus in my life before, and I can't say much; but I do praise God for bringing me here. I have been happy since Jesus took my sins away."

G. M.

SHOREDITCH.

AT this station there is much to be done. The streets around the Apollo Hall are crowded with sabbath-breakers. Drunkenness abounds to a fearful extent. There is but a little band of workers to grapple with this sad state of things, but God is blessing their labours.

THE SINGING USEFUL.

A poor woman, who has been afflicted, promised the Lord, if He would raise her up, that she would seek out a place of worship, and begin to lead a better life. Hearing us sing, she came into the hall, and was deeply wrought upon. She came again in the afternoon. We pointed her to Jesus, and she soon found peace. When she felt the power, she said, "Oh! I am sure the Lord sent me here. I was seeking for a place for more than half an hour, and could not find one until I heard you singing."

This conversion led to the salvation of a member's wife, who had been under conviction for months.

We have just concluded a week's special services, during which ten souls have professed to find the Saviour.

BETHNAL GREEN:

THE congregations are improving here, and souls are getting saved.

A PROFESSOR SAVED.

A man who had been a mere professor for seven years declares he has only just found *the real thing*. He says, "My soul is living in the sunshine now."

A WIDOW,

who had no idea what true conversion meant, has been brought to the Saviour. When her late husband was dying, she would not allow anyone to see him, believing he was good enough for Heaven without being saved by the blood of Jesus. The change in her life is so great that her friends cannot help seeing it. She used to be very hasty and passionate, but grace has subdued her temper, and now she is like a lamb.

A BACKSLIDING PREACHER RESTORED.

A man who, after preaching to the heathen in a foreign land, had lost his hold of Christ, hearing our people in the open air, was impressed, and came into the hall, where he at once surrendered to Christ. He had been a backslider for six months. The thought of having recommended Jesus to the poor heathen, and then forsaken Him himself, was too much to bear, and the joy of finding Him was very great.

A WANDERER.

A gentleman residing in the City found peace. Having a wife with a violent temper, he had left home, not knowing where to go. He was led into the hall, and was smitten by the Holy Spirit. After stepping into glorious liberty, he said, "When I left home, I had made up my mind not to return. But I will go home now and bear it all for Christ's sake."

STOKE NEWINGTON

is moving in the right direction. The Lord is making bare His arm. A man on his way to

A BOXING MATCH

heard us singing under the gateway, and was so powerfully wrought upon that he could not get away. He followed us into the hall, and in the prayer-meeting came forward and gave his heart to Jesus. As soon as he felt the love of Christ, he began to pray for his infidel father.

AN OBSTINATE SINNER.

He has been under powerful conviction for about nine months. I remember, when last there, how the power of God shook him from head to foot. Three or four times he tried to leave the prayer-meeting, but could not get away. In his own language, he said, "I have had it hot many a time, but never so hot as this."

The Lord has at last broken him down, conquered his stubborn will, and saved him. May he be made a great blessing!

HACKNEY.

THE roof is now on the new hall, but we regret to say the funds are coming in very slowly. Still the friends are hopeful that the money will come so as to enable them to finish the building. We thank those who have helped us.

TOTTENHAM.

THROUGH the kindness of several friends a free tea has been given at this station. At the meeting effective addresses were delivered, and good impressions made. Several have been saved of late, and the friends are expecting brighter days. Some of our sisters are engaged in house-to-house visitation, and are doing great good. May the Lord bless them!

W. J. PEARSON.

STRATFORD.

It has been said that in no part of our Mission in London have we encountered greater discouragements, difficulties, and persecution, than at Stratford, and I began to realise the truth of this in the first week of my labours here, for the moment we commenced our open-air meeting in front of the hall, at seven o'clock, the young girls from the Stratford factories would come along, hiss, hoot, and halloo, so as to almost drown our voices; but our Captain always won the battle for us, for when we found that the speaking was of no avail, we went on our knees and asked the Lord to help us, which he always did. Thank God! we did not go on our knees in vain, for a young woman belonging to one of the factories was one of the first, after seeing us in prayer, to enter the hall. She did not find peace until she had got home; but she is now helping us in our open-air meetings with a

happy face that tells well what is going on within. She said one evening—"Thanks to God for saving my soul! I thought these people were only mocking; but when God opened my eyes, I found out that it was not them that was mocking, but me; and now that all my sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus, I pray the Lord to keep me faithful." Thank God for such a testimony as that; and let me tell you, dear Christian reader, this is only one out of fourteen that have professed Christ during the first ten days of our services here, and the work is going rapidly on.

A STEEL HEART CHANGED.

A young man, about twenty-two years of age, came to our meeting on Tuesday, February 9, and I asked him if he wanted salvation. He told me that he had a heart like steel. I then asked him to pray for a heart of flesh, and with tears running down his cheeks, he asked the Lord to save his soul and to change his heart, which the Lord quickly did, and he went away from the meeting praising God. About nine stood up that same night and testified to the salvation they had experienced within the last fortnight. One was a bargeman, about fifty, and another married man about fifty, who said that he intended to bring his wife and family there too.

The Lord is with us, and no battalion of devils out of hell can defeat us. We are nothing, but our Helper is everything. We mean to go forth, remembering that to God and us nothing is impossible. We mean to unslung our battle-axes and hew down the sons of Agag, clear away the rubbish, and sow the seed-corn of the kingdom!

H. G. W.

CARDIFF.

CONTINUED success attends our labours here; our hall is crowded every Sunday evening, hundreds unable to get in; good congregations on week nights; and souls are being saved every week. Since our last over forty have professed to find peace, fifteen of whom have been sailors. We give a few cases out of many.

A HAPPY FAMILY AT LAST.

The father has been praying for some time; the answer came one Sunday night. The Holy Ghost seemed to take hold of them all at once, and it was an

affecting sight to see mother and three sons weeping together. Now all are rejoicing in the Lord.

A PRODIGAL SAILOR.

We give his own words:—

"My mother was a praying woman; often, when a child, she took me in her arms to chapel, and at the family altar she would ask the Lord to save her boy. When dying, she implored me to give God my heart and meet her in Heaven. I promised I would; but my old companions led me off in bad company, and I became worse than ever, drinking and fighting, and the like. For seven years I have not been in a place of worship, until I came in this hall, and now I feel the Lord has pardoned my sins—set me free—and I am going to sea a new man in Christ Jesus, and if He can save me, He can any one."

MORE SAILORS.

Amongst the anxious, one night, were the first and second mates and the boatswain of a ship. The next night they came again, bringing three more of the crew with them; these found the Lord also. They are now on their way to Bombay; they left, praying for the conversion of the master of the ship; and we hope their prayers have been answered ere this.

THE FIRST TIME COMING.

Two sailors heard the Gospel at the corner of Wharf Street, and followed us to the hall, listened again, and at the close gave themselves up to Jesus. In a letter written from Swansea they tell us that they had not been to a place of worship for twelve years; their delight was drinking and fighting when on shore. *They were out for a spree that night.* The singing attracted them, and following us to the hall, they accepted the precious offer of mercy and went away rejoicing in God.

ANOTHER FATHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

The son had grown up unsaved, and his wife was still outside the fold. One evening the wife broke down, and there and then gave herself to Jesus. This caused the husband to rejoice. The following night he brought his son, and he was deeply convinced, but refused to yield, and left the hall. On the way home, however, the Spirit strove with him so powerfully that he

came back, fell on his knees, and with his father by his side, crying, "O Lord, save my boy!" He prayed, believed, and was saved; father, mother, and son are now rejoicing in a Saviour's love.

A PROPER DECISION.

For three Sunday nights a man and his wife resisted the Spirit. On the fourth, the husband could stand it no longer, and in the prayer-meeting yielded himself up. The dear woman thought, "Shall my husband go to Heaven and I go to hell? No; Lord, take my heart!" and at once came out; and by the side of her husband knelt and found the Saviour.

A WARNING VOICE.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 31, we addressed a large company of railway servants; the Holy Ghost worked powerfully on many hearts. One man wept all the time, and, when leaving the place, said to a dear friend, "I should like to be as happy as that preacher; I should like to be a Christian." He was urged to stay and have salvation; but he said, "I will next month. Next month I will decide." Ah! dear reader, his glass was near run out. He was soon to stand before God. On the following Wednesday he was suddenly killed on the railway. We fear he died as he lived—almost persuaded. Fellow-traveller to eternity, take warning. Prepare to meet thy God! Death is coming; eternity is near; and how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

WORK AT CANTON.

Many people came over from Canton, a working-class suburb, and could not obtain admission, so they urged us to go and preach there. Mr. Richard Cory, jun., kindly offered us a beautiful hall, just in the right place. The offering seemed to be of God, and we accepted the offer. At the first service about 350 people crowded into the hall, mostly the class who never attend a place of worship. Many wept, and at the close, two found peace. Since then God has been blessing His Word, and many others have found the Lord.

We return our heartfelt thanks for the tracts sent us. We visit the sailors at the custom-house and in the docks. We can get at them better with a tract. We require some four thousand weekly. They will be thankfully received by

JOHN ALLEN.

Gospel Hall,
280, Bute Street, Cardiff.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

MRS. HAZEL, OF SOHO.

Home at last! After fifty-seven years' wandering in the wilderness world, and after nineteen years of backsliding, our sister has crossed the river of Jordan, happy in the Lord.

A troublesome life she had of it from the time she left her happy country home, and travelled with her husband, spending years of danger and trial with him in India, and then years of sadness and spiritual darkness in London. But at length the approach of death aroused her to the necessity of instant return to her Saviour.

Many years before, when all the family were most attentive to the word of God, a daughter, who has since gone to her throne in glory, led her mother to Jesus, and now, as Mrs. Hazel saw that she must soon leave this world, the longing desire to meet the loved one again increased her eagerness to get back the pearl of great price which she had lost before it should be for ever too late.

Sister James and others who visited her found her again and again struggling in vain to break through the dark unbelief that had filled her soul. But at length she was enabled to take a firm hold of Jesus, and shortly before her death she said, "I see the way now." "I see Jesus."

She sang—

Sweeping through the gates to the new Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,

and, laying her head upon her son's arm, slept in Jesus.

At her funeral sermon all the members of the family, several of whom are backsliders, were present, and since then we have reason to believe that several have been truly converted. Oh, may all be able speedily to rejoice together in God as their Saviour.

SING.

WHEN four wood-larks are allowed to do all the singing in the forest and four seraphs all the singing of Heaven, then can our Protestant Church afford to depend for singing upon four persons who stand in the loft, with their throats yet sore with singing at the opera, executing their fugue tune and torturing our good old hymns.

You must be a Lover of the Lord.

HYMN 170.

C.M.

1. { Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face; } O, you
{ Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kin - dled by His grace. }

must be a lov - er of the Lord, O, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, . . .
of the Lord,

O, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

2. Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

4. Return, O wanderer, return,
Dismiss thy slavish fear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

3. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely He'll forgive.

5. Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy long sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to His breast.

Angels Hovering Round.

HYMN 349.

Sevens.

There are an - gels hov' - ring round, There are an - gels hov' - ring

round, There are an - - - gels, an - - - gels hov' - ring round.

FIELD DAYS OF THE RESERVE.

ALL who wish to give themselves entirely to the Lord's work in the Mission are recommended to be present at the following Saturday afternoon demonstrations, to be conducted by Mr Railton.

The programme on each occasion will be as follows:—Service in the hall at 5 o'clock, and address by Mr. Railton. Tea at 5.30; price 3d. Open-air Meeting at 6, and Hallelujah Temperance Meeting in the hall at 7.30.

The Meetings in March will be as under—

Mar. 6th, STRATFORD.—Text, "In Adam all died."

" 13th, SOHO.—Text, "The propitiation for the sins of the whole world."

" 20th, BARKING.—Text, "Repent ye and believe the Gospel."

" 27th, NORTH WOOLWICH.—Text, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God."

A party leaves the Whitechapel Hall each Saturday, starting for Stratford and Soho at 3.45, for Barking at 3, and for North Woolwich at 3.30. The neighbourhood of each hall will be missioned, commencing not later than 4.30.

HOLINESS MEETINGS.

EVERY Friday evening at 8 o'clock, Mr. Booth conducts a meeting for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness, at the People's Hall, Whitechapel. These gatherings have been greatly blessed, and Christians are earnestly invited to attend.

THE Report of the Mission for 1874, printed on one sheet, in almanack form, containing balance-sheet, and summary of the year's events, may be had from the office. Price One Penny.

FRIENDS wishing to make our work known can have copies of the appeal published in the *Christian*, containing statement of the work of 1874, our programme for 1875, and the Mission War Song, with music, for free distribution, at 6d. per dozen, or 3s. per hundred.

CLOTHING FOR THE POOR!

SOME of the most industrious, unable to obtain employment at this season, are compelled to sell one article after another, until they feel utterly unfit to appear out of doors on the Lord's day, and in many cases sickness and death are the result.

We should be delighted to send for any parcel offered us in London, on receipt of a post-card stating address and best time to call; or to pay carriage from any part of London or the country.

We are sure that large quantities of left-off clothing are lying in the wardrobes of Christians, who would be as eager as ourselves to hand them over to the poor did they but see the thousands of pinched, half-starved creatures around us.