

The Christian Mission Magazine.

MARCH, 1876.

A Mission to the People.

A STORY OF TWELVE MONTHS' WORK.

“**W**E are all spiritually dead here,” were the sadly solemn words in which a Christian described a large provincial town in appealing to us to visit it with a living gospel. A terribly true description, alas! of many a town and city in this great Christian land. Plenty of pulpits, but no power; plenty of churches, but no converts; plenty of professors of religion, but scarcely any earnest advocates of Christ to the multitude; many attendants on religious worship, but scarcely any one waiting upon the Lord, and the vast mass of the population utterly without any regard for the merest form of service to Him; hardly any one alive to Him, and thousands every year dying in sin and dying for ever. And in this awful scene, screened and masked though it be with spires and bells, and organs, and sermons, and public meetings, and subscription lists, and bazaars, there has been, alas! only too often, “no voice, neither any that regarded.”

But, praise God! it is not always so. At times the cry rises from some heart-burdened one to God; and in answer to prayer, He has sent us forth repeatedly to break the long, weary spell of night, and organise light and life such as only Divine power can originate. Others, thank God! have been raised up to do somewhat similar work, which we would not for a moment undervalue; but if we are blamed for thinking that the Lord has created and prospered this Mission to do a special and a glorious work amongst the masses of our country men, we would point to the history of our

FIRST YEAR IN MIDDLESBRO'

as an abundant justification.

In the middle of January, 1875, the inhabitants of that great hive of iron-workers, where, within some twenty-five years, over 50,000

people have been gathered together, looked wonderingly at the bills which told that

“DOWDLE IS COMING,”

and then learnt, on closer scrutiny, that a converted railway-guard, with his wife and a violin, would be upon the stage of the theatre in a few Sundays.

The day came, and the evangelist stood with his wife and his instrument, facing the thousands who had thronged to hear and see.

The people heard no grand display of rhetoric or learning. Critics doubtless said the preacher was “uneducated”; and as he denounced sin and came down upon drink and tobacco in the plainest and most positive language, worldly-wise men pronounced him sure to offend everybody and get no one to hear him. But, somehow, everybody listened as though bound down by some mighty spell. Here were two people, who really cared for their souls, who wept and groaned for their salvation, and who spoke to them with the authority of God, the straightforward simplicity of every-day language, and the impassioned eloquence of burning love.

The preacher, for his part, thought the huge audience of well-dressed men and women before him must be Christians, and feared that, after all, the unconverted masses were left outside; but when, in response to his request that those who knew their sins were forgiven would hold up their hands, only some twenty-five hands were raised, his spirit was almost overwhelmed with the awful reality, and turning to his wife, he said, before them all, “Now I see why God has brought us here;” and turning to the audience, he added, “Either we will succeed in saving souls in this town, or you shall lay our bodies in your cemetery.”

No one dared that night to come on to the stage to seek mercy; but the preachers went home certain that God had backed His Word with power, and night after night during the week they reaped in smaller meetings from that first sowing. Men had gone to work, only to turn away in agony from the glaring iron furnace that reminded them of the awful result of continued disregard to the preacher’s warnings. Women had gone home, to spend restless days and nights, until some evening, when husband was on night-shift, they slipped off to a meeting with those who had suddenly aroused them to seek the comforts of the Gospel.

And then began the usual Mission story of open-air services, where a band of saved men, growing weekly larger, stood up to tell others how they had found Jesus, and what He had done for them; of penitent-forms, in such places as could be got for week-night service, as well as on the stage of the theatre, crowded with anxious seekers of mercy; of daily personal assaults upon sinners by the evangelist, by converted relatives, work-mates, and neighbours; of increasing crowds packing the theatre and every place used for services; of prayer and experience meetings, waxing warmer and more heavenly

as the number of converts swelled and their souls grew in love and light, until the flying months brought round the anniversary, and with it the proper inquiry—

WHAT HAS COME OF IT ALL?

Let us see!

As you enter the railway-station ask the guard—he will tell you that a lot of the railway people “go to the theatre” on Sundays, and will soon describe some who thought they would like to hear the converted railway-guard, and who, as the result, have got on to the “up line” to glory.

The policemen can tell you some very interesting facts if they like. One of them was very kindly allowed some time since to go “on duty” in the top gallery of the theatre, where big lads had sometimes disturbed their neighbours by rushing out before service was over. By half-past eight the gallery was empty, and then you might have seen a man in blue on the stage taking poor penitents in charge to Jesus—“the best duty he ever was set on,” as he well said.

On Sunday morning, while the usual religious service is proceeding in places of worship, a great body of stalwart working-men are singing through the streets and standing in the market-place to tell what great things the Lord has done for them.

One of these, who says he has certainly deserved to be hanged, was in Newcastle the other Sunday. Hearing the sound of singing in the streets, he said, “I was like a charger hearing the trumpet sound. I hurried off, and falling into the ranks, began to sing with them.”

“What,” said a man there who knew him well, “is that you? The last time I saw you you were more like being in a public-house on a Sunday, drinking and gaming, than out here.”

“Oh, yes; but I have been born again since then—and there’s a lot more like me in Middlesbro’, I can tell you.”

On Friday night a great ring of these men’s wives knelt on the cold, damp ground in the market-place to plead with God for the souls of the crowd they had just been urging to accept Christ.

“There’s been a great change in my house, I can tell you,” one of these had said. “Me and my husband used to go to the public-house, the music-hall, and the theatre, to seek for pleasure, but we never found it there. But now, thank God! we have both got converted, and our home is like a little heaven below.”

Huge processions of happy men and women fill the main streets from side to side, and swing into a huge ring whenever the bow of their leader’s violin, or his hand, gives the signal. The crowd stands awed and almost reverential to hear the unanswerable testimony of these big, strong witnesses for Jesus, or to watch them bending in silent prayer, or softly breathing out—

“Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come,”

while mighty faith is making the words a glorious reality.

Sunday after Sunday thousands crush into every corner of the

great theatre, which holds 3000 people, to hear the same simple Gospel from the lips of the evangelist and his wife.

Night after night wretched sinners of every class are sobbing and groaning for complete deliverance from sin and hell, and are rising to glorify an Almighty Saviour, casting away their old habits, their drink, their tobacco, their fine ornaments, and coming out new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"What's that noise on the stage?" A young lady, oppressed by the sense of her sins, has just fallen helplessly over a chair on her knees before God. The next evening we see her in the prayer-meeting, labouring to lead another poor sinner to Him who has set her feet upon the rock, and established her goings.

A big, strong man sits down before you, and calmly tells you he has got a list of people whom he is determined to get saved, since he has been made so happy himself.

He tells how this neighbour, and that acquaintance, and such a man, living miles away, are off the list already. In answer to his prayers, God has saved them. His brother was the next. But the young fellow suddenly ran away from his home in London in debt, and landed in Middlesbro' on Sunday morning. "Come with us to the theatre," said his brother, and that very night he came, and on the stage met with a pardoning God. No wonder his praying-brother adds, "I shall stick to the lot till I get them all."

And this is only one of the two hundred Mission-people who are praying, and believing, and striving together with the evangelist and his wife for the subjugation of the whole town and country to Christ. It is a blessed thing to be able to say that, during the year, over 650 sinners have professed to find salvation at these services. But it is a far more glorious fact that there has been raised up and trained a regiment, some two hundred strong, of men and women, who are determined, by the grace of God, to do their utmost for the salvation of the masses still in sin.

An anniversary seems to imply a tea-meeting, and a tea-meeting in Middlesbro' means a good shilling's-worth of ham, cold beef, and confectionery lavishly spread forth, amidst a profusion of flowers, for all comers. Well might an East End evangelist say, "I have had no experience in your kind of teas," and wonder how the Christian Mission could manage such a thing, especially at a time when many of its members were in unusually straitened circumstances, owing to the serious depression in the iron trade, so that it was no uncommon thing to hear them say, "We have had to fasten (pawn) everything we could, you know, lately."

But trusting in God, he went out one morning, and in a few hours had been promised twenty "tables," all of them, with only two or three exceptions, being given by members of various religious denominations, not personally connected with the Mission, but glad of the opportunity thus liberally to assist at its first anniversary. Here, there, and everywhere, it was the same.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dowdle, we are thankful for the work you are doing. We know so-and-so and so-and-so who got good at your meetings. We shall be glad to help you."

In a similar spirit tickets were taken for sale, and nearly 750 people paid a shilling each for the privilege of taking part in the Christian Mission's first tea in Middlesbro'. The tea was pronounced by many competent persons the largest they had ever known in the town; and was it not a pretty fair test of the extent to which the Mission is recognised as having become a great and useful power in the place?

It was greatly regretted that the Oddfellows' Hall, accommodating 1500 people, was the largest building obtainable for the public meeting, for, after seats and standing-room were alike crowded with people, hundreds had to turn away, unable to get in.

The Chairman, WILLIAM TAYLOR, Esq., J.P., said—

No one can look upon this audience without feeling that this Mission has become a great fact, and a great power for good in the town. We have heard something of the financial prosperity of the movement in the report; but this is but a small portion of the result of the year's work. We must rather look at the men and women who have been induced to listen to the word of God for the greater victory. During the last three months we have had great distress and great depression of trade in the town. Bread has been wanting in many a home. It says something for the good order of the population that there has been so much quiet endurance, and we shall not be far wrong if we lay something of this to the credit of this Gospel Mission. The Gospel of our Lord is the grandest remedy for all the ills of mankind. During the past twelve months the Gospel message has been plainly and powerfully preached, and I believe that I see before me evidence that it has not been preached in vain. We can see before us besides a prospect of greater success, greater work, and increased usefulness. There are subjects which are by some thought beside the Gospel. I refer to drinking and smoking, and I am certain that these are two of the great hindrances and stumbling-blocks in the way of men's salvation. It is a common thing to charge those who advocate total abstinence with putting temperance before the Gospel. I know that I have never done so. But I know that there is no greater hindrance in the way of the Gospel than the drinking customs of the country. And if you get all this out of the way, you would make the triumph of the Gospel more easy. A man is not better because he does not drink, which after all is a negative virtue, for he is still a sinner; but a man who drinks puts himself out of the reach of the Gospel. We have an interest, therefore, in all agencies which try to prepare the way for the Gospel.

Councillor HUNTER, well known as a preacher amongst various denominations in the town, added—

There is nothing I so much detest as the narrow spirit so generally existing in the churches which prevents the union of all in sympathy with efforts such as this. I am thankful, therefore, that many of our friends connected with various denominations have been willing to come out and show themselves thoroughly in sympathy with this grand mission. God, in His goodness, sent it to the town to be a blessing to the multitudes outside of the pale of the Christian church. But it has not only proved a boon to these multitudes, but a blessing to the churches of the town. The unity of the brethren connected with the Mission is remarkable—a great example. A few days ago I was asked to assist in their theatre services, and I was glad to hear from Mr. Dowdle that so many had been emancipated from the thralldom of the devil in connection with his labours. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes in that theatre, nor the attention which the people paid to the Word spoken. The singing was most attractive. I was glad also to find that our friends always aim at something. They do not just sow the seed broadcast and leave it there without looking out for fruit. When they have sown the

seed they don't leave it and allow it to pass away; but they look after gathering the fruit. And their labours are not in vain. They have gathered a goodly number, and if all their converts are not identified with them, all our churches have doubtless gained some. Looking at all these facts, I feel not out of my place here to-night. Though not being amongst you altogether, I rejoice to be with you—I deeply sympathise with the movement, believing that God has sent you to the place. May you get more abundant encouragement yet to persevere in the good work!

And these testimonies merely embody the opinion of all those in the town who are competent to judge of our efforts and their results.

The work has been no burden, financially, upon any one. The £380 which have been necessary during the year for the rent of the theatre and of week-night places, the salary of the evangelist, and all other expenses, including plain furniture for his home, have all been contributed by those who have attended the services in freewill offerings, with the exception of some £30 tendered by gentlemen of the town who have admired the work.

“This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” But, oh! have we, as a Mission, been strong enough in faith in Him to allow Him to do with us all He could for our country? Have we not been too ready to accept small and disadvantageous positions as being poor and weak, when He would fain have led us forth to great and glorious conquests?

Is not the time come for us, one and all, to arm ourselves for a mighty struggle on a large scale? Millions upon millions are sitting in darkness to whom we may carry the light. Let us be determined that in every town in our country we will raise the royal standard of Immanuel, and train a legion of ransomed souls, plucked like brands from the burning, to assault and overturn the kingdom of hell. God help us! Amen.

BALANCE SHEET FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 31st, 1876.

Receipts.			Expenditure.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Sunday offerings ...	251	2 10½	By rent of theatre and hall	146	11 0
„ Tobacco money ...	1	6 6	„ Cleaning and gas (hall)	1	10 0
„ Donations ...	27	7 5	„ Printing and publishing	30	0 6
„ Male believers' class ...	40	19 11	„ Relief of sick ...	5	8 6
„ Female do. ...	8	6 0	„ Travelling expenses and carriage of supplies	25	4 0
			„ Preacher's salary and expenses ...	100	14 0
			„ Stationery and incidental expenses ...	10	3 5½
			Balance in hand ...	9	11 3
	£329	2 8½		£329	2 8½

FURNITURE FUND.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To subscriptions ...	29	10 4½	By furniture ...	49	7 9½
Balance ...	19	17 5			
	£49	7 9½		£49	7 9½

The above balance was met by the proceeds of the tea.

Four Years' Campaign in India.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

(Continued.)



I promised to supply this month a few examples of the conversions recorded in Mr. Taylor's interesting volume, and we rejoice to do so the more because of the evidence which abounds of the same sudden mighty and thorough change being wrought in the hearts of men of various nations and positions in society.

Nothing in the book is more delightful than the stories of rich and influential men completely humbled beneath the power of the Gospel.

Captain Winckler told the congregation that last night he had received Christ, and got the pardon of all his sins. He told us what had barred him out of the kingdom for a fortnight. He had an enemy against whom he had vowed vengeance. All the time he had been praying so fervently for pardon, it was his purpose to “punch the head” of his enemy on the first opportunity. “When Brother B— told his experience last night, I saw that this was my hindrance,” said the captain, “and that I could not be forgiven unless I would forgive. So I began at once to pray for my enemy, and very soon God gave me power to forgive him; and at once I received Christ and got forgiveness.”

Thank God! He has been a puzzle to me for a fortnight, for he was so thoroughly broken up, wept and prayed so earnestly, and sought on all occasions public and private, saying, “I do submit, I do receive Christ, but I can get no relief.” Now it is all explained.

We find another stubborn will and prejudiced mind subdued by the repeated singing of a well-known verse.

In our singing-practice I was in the habit of repeating the first verse of a hymn, till the congregation could catch the tune, and then proceed. Mr. Ainsworth, with his wife, came that night for the first time to hear me preach. They entered and got seated while we were engaged in singing-practice—for which we took half an hour before the time appointed for preaching. We had just taken up the first verse of one of Charles Wesley's grand hymns (the 109th in our “Hymns New and Old”):—

“And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain,—
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?”

A book was handed to Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, and the hymn indicated; but to their surprise the same verse was sung again,—“A mistake, perhaps.” Then we sang it over again.—“What does this mean?”

It was sung again and again; and Ainsworth said to himself, as he told us subsequently, “And this is the great preacher I have heard about! I came to hear him preach: and he seems to know nothing but one verse of a hymn. When he gets to the end of it he begins, and goes over the same verse again. What nonsense!”

On we went, singing the same verse; and the rest of the congregation, who knew the value of repeating in order quickly to master the tune, were getting on beautifully; but Ainsworth, there for the first time, and knowing nothing of the design of this method, was first surprised, then disgusted, and then got angry, and was tempted to get up abruptly and leave the house; but the small room was greatly crowded, and he had difficulty to get a seat; and being a man of good breeding, he made up his mind to stand it patiently, and see the end. On went the repetition—and now the whole crowd had got the tune; and George began to reflect, "What wonderful words are these, that must be sung thirty times over before we go on to the second verse?"—

"And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?"

"That I can gain"—I, George Ainsworth; can I gain an interest in the Saviour's blood? Oh, would not that be a gain worth more to me than to gain the world? To gain the world, and lose my soul; dreadful!—

"And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?"

Why not? I hear of many who have gained this, at these very meetings. What's to hinder me from finding this 'pearl of great price'? 'He tasted death for every man'—hence for me."

Repeated again by the congregation, it came ringing into his ears,—

"Died He for me, who caused His pain—
For me, who Him to death pursued?"

"Yes, He died for me—for George Ainsworth; and I have, in the murderous spirit of carnal enmity to God that pursued Him to the death of the cross, been rejecting Him all my life, and am a rebel against Him now, with the brand-mark of His murderers upon my soul."

We then went on with the hymn, and came to the verse—

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;"—

"True," said George to himself; "and I am a poor condemned prisoner to-night."

"Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke: the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

"Oh, that I could feel that quickening ray to-night!" was the throb of a new life that the Holy Spirit was beginning to inspire in his dead soul. It grew and increased, and when seekers were invited at the close of the sermon, George Ainsworth was one among the first to respond; and in the agony produced by a sudden, deep awakening of the Spirit of God, he surrendered, and received Christ; his wife also: then they could indeed sing with that little host of Jesus' witnesses—

"No condemnation now I dread:
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own."

And these converts were, so to speak, teetotally saved, like those we rejoice to gather from much lower grades of society.

Brother Boyd brought Mr. Bapty to see me. He is a Yorkshireman, about six feet four inches in height, and large every way in symmetrical proportion. He is in great distress of body and soul. He says he has never been a drunkard, but has

been an habitual drinker for thirty-five years. He keeps an open sideboard, at which he and his visitors put away a bottle of brandy daily. I doubt not, from what he tells me, that he takes enough to kill two or three ordinary men. Last night, at our meeting, upon his knees he bade adieu to the brandy and all intoxicating drinks. To-day he is suffering from an awful head-ache, and is tempted to think that "it will hazard his health to stop so suddenly, and that he had better taper off."

"If you attempt to taper off," said I, "you will just taper on again."

So Bapty said, "I'll stand by it, by the help of God;" and the next day he came forward and found Christ.

The salvation of natives soon became common, when a few had been saved, and began to witness to the rest. A precious instance of this reads as follows—

A lady in Bombay told Krishna of a vagabond young native in Poona, whose father was for many years, till his recent death, a native minister of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mission; and giving Krishna his name and address, requested him to hunt him up, and try to get him saved. So this morning Krishna found his house, and called at his door.

The response was, "Who's there?"

"My name is Krishna Chowey, from Bombay."

"What do you want?"

"I have come by request of a friend to see you."

"Go away from my door: I don't want to see you."

"I promised my friend that I would see you, and I must see you."

"Well, I tell you to go away. You shall not come into my house."

"I am not going away till I see you. I'll sit down here at your door, and wait till you come out, or let me in;" and down he sat.

After a little delay he was asked to enter. He showed the man a card on which his name was written by the friend in Bombay, and inquired, "Is that your name?"

"Yes: sit down."

Krishna then opened up a friendly conversation with him, and gave him a history of his own life as a Hindoo, and an account of his conversion to God.

By the time he had finished his narrative, his hearer was weeping bitterly, and exclaimed, "There it is: you were born and brought up a Hindoo, and now you are a child of God—a Christian in deed and in truth; I was born and brought up a nominal Christian, and now I am worse than any heathen. Oh, God of my father and of my mother, what shall I do?"

Krishna wept with him, and they kneeled together and prayed. Then the same day he brought him to me at Brother Beaumont's. I preached to him for an hour, and then the three of us went into my room and prayed till he gave his wicked heart to God, and accepted Christ.

Many months afterwards a person in Poona told me about this young man—how wicked he had been, what an unaccountable change had come over him, and that he was then an earnest catechist in his father's church: the same individual whom my Hindoo had dug up, as I have stated.

We have a complete record, in some instances, of the process by which intelligent heathen minds were gradually enlightened, and men brought out of a furnace of opposition to serve the Lord with all their might.

June 14th—A young Parsee wrote me a letter yesterday, addressed to the "President of the Esplanade Preaching Society," asking my name and address. He came to-day to my room at Major Raitt's—this being my home when in Byculla, as Brother George Miles' was my home when working in the Fort and Colaba. The young Parsee was not much awakened, but interested in the preaching, and much struck with the testimony of so many witnesses, and wanted to learn. I gave him two hours of instruction, and he said he would come again.

Sabbath, 16th.—The young Parsee, Noursojee, came again to-day. I instructed him, and Krishna (native convert) told him his experience.

Saturday, July 6th.—Dined with Brother Morris. Noursojee came here to see me. His awakening has been gradually deepening for some weeks. He said at different times, that his mind was so disturbed that he often took the wrong street, and wandered off out of his course. I was getting fearful that, if he did not get rest in Christ, he would go mad. To-day he came in great distress, and I, with Brother and Sister Morris, Brother and Sister Ashdown, and Sister Alice Miles, prayed for him and instructed him. He received Jesus, got peace with God, and I baptised him.

Saturday, July 13th.—Noursojee came, and I read with him eight chapters of the Gospel by Mark. He is quick to learn. We prayed together. He prayed intelligently, and in beautiful simplicity.

Noursojee has had a hard fight. His father storms at him, and orders him at once to leave his house. Noursojee replies kindly, "Father, sit down and write an order dismissing me from your house, and I will go. If I go without that, people will say that because I became a Christian I ran away from home."

Then his mother begs the father to wait and see; "perhaps he will turn and be a good Parsee yet."

The Parsee papers took up his case, and warned their people against "the dangerous young man." A committee was appointed to compel him to return to the religion of his fathers, or force his parents to expel him from their house. To tell of the various methods employed to draw or drive him from Christ would be too long a story. Old men came and entreated him to go with his mother to Surat, and spend six months with his uncle. Then young men came and tried to lock him up in his own room, to be kept on bread and water for three months; failing in that, they threatened his life if they found him out at night. That evening I said, "Noursojee, if you think it unsafe for you to go home to-night, you can stay here till morning, and go in the daylight."

"No," said he; "if I begin to yield to fear, there will be no stopping-place. I'll go, if they kill me."

One afternoon I was sitting in the house of Mrs. Miles; and heard a great shouting of a mob in the street. Our people were just returning from the service at the Fountain. We had seen the stoning of some of them before, by the Mohammedans, and were always on the look-out for squalls; so now I suspected foul play—when in through the gate came Noursojee as fast as he could run, and took refuge in the house. A stone had stuck into the side-pocket of his coat, but he was not injured.

Some of our sisters were going to drive to the Fort, past where Noursojee lived; and said to him, "Come, get into the carriage, and we'll drive you home."

"No," he replied; "I have not been to a prayer-meeting to-day, and I must attend the meeting to-night."

A few minutes afterwards he passed over the same road where he had been mobbed, on his way to the "prayer-meeting."

No wonder that those who surmounted such difficulties and oppositions become valiant soldiers of Christ, and help mightily to spread the kingdom of God through the country. The good old plan of preaching, that men should repent, abandon sin and the world, believe in Jesus, and confess Him everywhere, is as successful amongst the educated heathen of India as amongst the ignorant and besotted heathen of England, and must always be so while the gospel of Christ remains the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Oh, that hosts of heathen everywhere may thus be born again, thus set on fire, thus sent forth, and thus blessed in winning their countrymen to Christ!

We are thankful to see in an extract from the *Bombay Guardian* evidences that this glorious work is going on as successfully as ever, though Mr. Taylor has now been absent from India for more than a year. The work is God's, and it will stand even when the agents by whom it has been commenced have all passed to their reward. Let us pray for our brethren in India, and emulate their zeal with all our hearts.

The Starless Crown.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

DANIEL xii. 3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance fill'd my room.
A gentle touch awaken'd me,—a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and thro' the air we fled.
We left the earth, so far away that like a speck it seem'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.
Still on we went,—my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
I wonder'd what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journey'd thro' the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and *I was clothed in white*.
We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We pass'd thro' gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light,
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there,
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."
But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wond'rous love and grace.
Lowly I bow'd before His throne, o'erjoy'd that I at last
Had gain'd the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorn'd with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow?
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in path of peace to lead.
I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

* * * * *

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seem'd brooding o'er my soul which long I fear'd to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelm'd beneath that vision's awful might.
I rose and wept with chasten'd joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesu's dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."



CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



GLADNESS and praise belong to us, and each month seems to bring further cause for both than we ever had before.

Mrs. Booth has been very graciously sustained in the services which, with the assistance of Miss Booth, she has been holding at Portsmouth. Thousands have crowded to the theatre to hear her, and nightly many precious souls have been made happy in the Lord.

The anniversary services at Middlesbro' have brought into prominence the enormous advantage of having a large place of amusement for our Sunday services, and we trust will for ever banish from the heart of every one connected with the Mission any spirit of contentment with small congregations, such as we must needs preach to where we have only halls of our own wherein to gather the people.

The very same labour which is necessary to gather a few hundred working people into a building set apart for religious services, and to set Christ before them there, would fill a large theatre or music-hall, and send home conviction to the hearts of thousands.

The Lord has called us to a great work. We must not be content with a small one; but must strive to raise every station we have to the position of a great centre of Divine light and power, famous throughout all the region round about. And by the grace of God we will.

SHOREDITCH.

WE have had a month of triumph. Many who have been the devil's best servants are now praising God.

SUICIDE OR SALVATION.

One Sunday morning a man walked into the hall, looking as miserable as he could. Having some knowledge of the brother at the door, he said to him, as he passed, "Suicide or salvation today." Before the service was over, the man walked up to the penitent-form, cast himself before the Lord, and begged Him, with tears and groans, to have mercy upon his soul. When asked if he believed the Lord received and saved him, he said he had been such a black sinner he must wait God's time. I said, "Glory be to Jesus. Now is God's time. Do you believe it?" He shouted out, "I do believe. He saves me now." Ah, bless Him, He takes in

black sinners. He is now an humble follower of the Lamb. May God keep him faithful!

A young woman, in the habit of going to church, came into our hall to see what was going on. After the meeting, she was the first at the foot of the Cross, when the dear Lord pardoned and gave her the assurance. She says she never knew till now what real happiness was.

A BACKSLIDER FOR NINE YEARS.

The wife of one of our people came to hear the Word, and was much wrought upon. She got down before the Lord, and went away rejoicing. She is now urging her old companions to give themselves to the Lord. We seldom hold a service without getting souls, and every one makes us stronger.

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,
Arundel Street, Mile End.

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING AT TOTTENHAM.

1. We often forget to praise God for the Mission. I hear its praise wherever I go. I go four miles off daily, and I hear of it there. I thank God for this. I praise God for what I have received through it. I never forget to pray for it when I'm talking to God, for if the Lord had not sent it here, I should not have been on my way to heaven.

2. I can praise the Lord that He has kept me faithful. Praise God, that there ever was a Mission that spoke to me, and led me to Christ. I trust the Lord will yet give me health and strength to push on the good work.

3. I have had a long illness, but the Lord has brought me through. I am surrounded by ungodly people, but He has kept me faithful. Oh, may He give me, and give us all, to see what stones we may have thrown in the way of others! May we not be a hindrance to any one!

4. Praise Jesus that He found me out, and followed me up. Most of us were led, and brought in, and difficulties were cleared out of our way. Praise the Lord, He has cleared mine away! The Lord bless us all!

5. I do bless God for what Jesus has done for me. I'm trusting in Him every day. He is a very present help in the time of trouble. I have never been so happy as I have been since I came to Him. Bless the Lord for the Mission work! I should like to do more for Him.

6. Praise God that He ever found me out with the singing. I heard it one night outside Bro. Thomas's house, when it was pouring with rain. They were praying when I went in, and I have been trusting in Jesus ever since. May the Lord keep me on! I hope we shall see the room full. If I can only bring one in I will. Sinners can see I never was so happy before.

7. I feel thankful that ever the Mission was drawn to lift up the standard of the Cross, for I was in the wrong road till it met my sight. The Lord give me wisdom, for I desire to give a hand in this great work! I pray in faith. I am very thankful for a place amongst you, and in the Gospelship. The Lord help me to move on, and keep us all!

8. Bless the Lord, I have been trusting in Him four years. I was under

conviction for seven years. I've been round the world three times; but I never had one minute's peace till I gave my soul to Jesus four years ago, when I came to the penitent-form. I know the place where the Lord saved me. I have had trouble since then; one of my arms is paralysed, and I thought it a great trial at the time, but the Lord has blessed it all to me. And though I have had a great deal of persecution and abuse for Jesu's sake, they wouldn't get me to give Him up for anything.

9. The Lord has seemed to say to me, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs," and I have done it with the Lord's help. Sometimes I think "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country," but I will testify for the Lord as long as He lends me breath. Sometimes the devil says, "Turn it up"; but then there comes a knock at the door, and in comes some seeking soul, and finds peace; and, therefore, I can say I am very glad to see them under the roof. My inmost desire is still to work for the Master, and when I look back and see what has been done the last twelvemonth, I can praise the Lord!

And so can we, and so we will, for the gleam of heaven's own light shines in the darkness wherever the smallest handful of faithful soldiers are battling for the Lord.

May the light in Tottenham shine more and more brightly till it shall gladden every household and drive away the darkness of sin from every heart!

NORTH WOOLWICH.

PRAYER is being answered with regard to the navvies (who have come into North Woolwich on account of the enlargement of the Victoria Docks). One young man, awakened at an open-air service, laid himself at the Master's feet last week, and went on his way rejoicing. He told his landlady what the Lord had done for him, but she tried to laugh it out of him. He came to class the next evening, and said, "I praise God for what He has done for me; I feel as if I had got a 'new inside.' I told my mates about it; they laughed at first, but soon left off."

FIGHTING STILL, BUT FOR A NEW MASTER.

A short time since, two young men were fighting in the streets: one was locked up, the other let off with a warning that

it would be his turn next. He became convinced that his way of living was wrong, and came to the Mission Hall; better than that, he found his way to the Cross, and now, instead of fighting for the devil, he is fighting for King Jesus.

The Lord has been quickening His own children, and whereas a few months ago we could only boast of one to speak for Jesus, now we have nine, and "there's more to follow." Glory be to God!

Bro. Bradley has preached inside several times, and the Lord has crowned his efforts with souls. We have commenced special service one day in the week, an hour before our own, for the children. The meetings are well attended, and the eager faces give every encouragement to believe that the words spoken are with power. It is hoped by this means to carry the truth to the homes of those who, though they send their children, will not come themselves.

Funds for the new hall are earnestly solicited. We hope it will be commenced before our next report is issued.

Yours, seeking to rescue
the perishing,
Albert Road, AGNES POLLETT.
North Woolwich.

HAMMERSMITH.

"What shall we say then if God be for us, who can be against us?"

AND truly we can say, if God were not for us, we should not be able to make much headway at this station, for, of a truth, the great men have risen up against us, and are determined to put us down. They have drawn up a petition, and got it signed by a number like-minded with themselves, and lodged it in the hands of the police, and so enlisted them to carry out their hellish plan, to stop the preaching of the Gospel in the streets. But the men and women of the Christian Mission have been in the wood too long to be afraid of the screech of an owl.

A stranger passing through Hammersmith on Sunday night last would have wondered what had been the matter to have seen a procession of two or three hundred men and women tramping through the mud, singing the songs of Zion, headed by two policemen, with one on either side of us, and two behind, escorting us to the Town Hall, as though we had been a lot of deserters. But in spite of all opposition we have had

a winter of glorious success; the Lord has given us a glorious victory, far beyond what we ever expected to see. Bless His name!

We have had a visit from Mr. Booth, and it was a day of great blessing, especially to God's people in the morning. In the evening, accompanied with Divine power, the Word burnt its way to the hearts of the people, and seven came forward seeking Jesus; on the following Monday night, four more; on the Tuesday night, at a free tea given by J. C. Campbell, Esq., nine more started for the kingdom; on the Wednesday night, two more; and on the following Sunday, eight more got into liberty, and during the three weeks that followed, 65 more came forward seeking the forgiveness of sins through the Saviour's blood; so during the last month of persecution the devil has not had it all his own way.

The fight has been a hard one, and some of my best men have been beaten back by colds and sore throats; but, notwithstanding the trying weather, not a man has flinched from his post that was able to get there. The roar of the lion of hell has only woke us up, and made us grip the sword of the Spirit the tighter; the Philistines coming upon us have only made us lay hold of the jaw-bone and slay on the right hand and on the left. Gideon, and the host of the living God, have smashed their pitchers, and waved the flaming torch of truth in the face of the enemies of the King, and they have given way on every hand.

When we came to one of our open-air stands one morning, two policemen were waiting for us, and before we had time to commence, the sergeant came, and said, "We have got orders to stop you fellows, and we are determined to do it." Whereupon he was assured, in a moment, by the leader of the band, that we had come to do our work, and should do it; and if they would not allow us to stand we would walk. We at once commenced singing, and for one hour they walked backwards and forwards by our side, until it was time for us to go to the morning service. In the afternoon, as soon as we commenced to sing, the publican came out and began to grin at us, and then to load us with contempt and scorn; then he got up to the top of his house, and emptied his spittoons, and dirt, and filth all over the men and women who had turned out to try and do good. This is how they treat the

SOHO.

ENGLISHMEN, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen, have been seeking the Saviour of the nations; and situated as we are, in the midst of "Little France," with its numberless cafés, restaurants, &c., many a polite Frenchman oftentimes enters our hall.

"ME NO SPEAK ANGLAIS!"

said one to me the other night, when asked to accept Christ. Pointing upwards, I said, "But God can." He comprehended my meaning, came and knelt amongst the anxious, and appeared really in earnest about his soul.

AN ENGLISHMAN

says, "I was brought up among Christian people, received religious impressions in a Sabbath school, and was looked upon by all the Christians that knew me as one that promised well. I left those friends, came to London, forgot God, and was ruined. Times have been hard with me. I have had the stars for a roof, a truss of straw for a pillow, and hunger for a companion. I was walking round last Sunday night, when one of your bills was put into my hand. I came to the hall—to my senses—to my knees—and to the cross of Christ."

He is almost nightly attending our meetings.

A SCOTCHMAN,

before leaving for Scotland, the other night, stood up in the meeting and said, "I have asked to be allowed to say a few words to-night, as I shall be leaving London for Scotland to-morrow, and in all human probability I shall not see any of you again. I was brought fifteen years ago, in the city of Glasgow, to feel myself a sinner. I trusted in the atonement, and knew that I was justified before God. About a year after my conversion, in company with three others, I determined to become

A MISSIONARY,

and go abroad and tell the poor heathen of the Gospel news, of God's love. We were advised to qualify ourselves in medicine. We all four began together; the other three finished their curriculum—one went to the West Indies, one to Africa, and one is at home doing a great work. As for me, I began to doubt; and instead of going to God and asking his help when the devil suggested these

servants and handmaids of the living God at Hammersmith, one of the fashionable parts of the west-end of London!

The drunkenness of this place is awful; go through this town, and take a survey of the wicked, and notice their sins; count the flaming gin-palaces, beer-houses, tea-gardens, dancing-saloons, wine-vaults, brothels, and other devil's chapels. Look upon their desolation until your heart aches with grief on account of their damning sins. Look at the daring Sabbath-breakers, with their open shops, brazen fronts, and hardened hearts! Listen to their belching blasphemy and filthy talk! Then look at the mass of prostitutes, and their vile supporters, floating down to death and hell on a river of gin! Look at the thousands of poor, reeling, staggering drunkards, some of them cutting their throats, or swinging to damnation with a hempen rope in fits of bellish frenzy. Hell is moved to meet them, greedy of their own destruction; they are wading through currents of redeeming blood: steeling their consciences against the Holy Ghost; pressing through the prayers of saints; making stepping-stones to hell of God's book; shutting their eyes against all good; they are in earnest for their damnation. Oh! how they are pushing one another off the stage of life into perdition! Another step, and it will be hell's fires, hell's devils, hell's brimstone with them for ever. While men and women are in this condition, I ask, in the name of humanity, and in the name of a bleeding, dying, crucified, risen, and now exalted Saviour, can we do too much? Can we stand by and see them perish, without going to them?—can we see the ship go down, and not launch the life-boat?—will nobody throw a life-buoy to these poor, perishing, shipwrecked men and women? Is there no good Samaritan left that will rescue the fallen, and lay hold of the masses, and compel them to come in? Yes! in spite of men and devils, in any shape or form, we intend planting the standard of the Cross, stained with the hallowed blood of the World's Redeemer, at the corner of every street in Hammersmith!

I am, yours in arms against sin and the devil,

WILLIAM GARNER.

Hope Cottage,
Windmill Street,
Turnham Green, W.

doubts, I trusted to my own reason. The pride of intellect grew upon me; I began a doubter, and ended a

BLASPHEMING ATHEIST!

The other Friday night I heard the brothers and sisters out in the streets of Soho singing those hymns that I of old loved so well, and inviting sinners to Jesus. I entered the hall, and as Bro. Waters proceeded with his address I felt God influencing my heart, and He has never given me rest until He has brought me back a repentant sinner, a returning prodigal. During the seven years I have been in England I have never had one day of real, pure joy as when I was a Christian. I tried the world, and from my position as reporter on a Liverpool paper I had every opportunity, but happiness I never found. I have tried to deceive myself, and reason my mind into disbelieving in God's existence; but the realisation of what I felt at my conversion I could never argue myself out of—that was something divine. I dared not deny it to myself, no matter how much I read and studied, or tried to believe the subtleties of Atheism. When I am in Scotland I shall often think of you. And now, dear Christian friends, in bidding you farewell, I say, Go on in the good path; continue in the glorious work, and God will give you souls for your hire. I am one living witness to your zeal, and as long as my Heavenly Father spares me down here I shall never cease to be grateful to you, as well as to my Father in heaven."

We are grateful for help during the past month, and again commit our work to the prayers and practical sympathies of our readers.

GAY WATERS.

1, Tottenham Court Road, W.

HASTINGS DISTRICT.

DESPITE a long and severe winter, we have hitherto been able to carry on our open-air services. Through the severity of the weather we have much poverty; we have relieved a few out of many deserving cases.

The services at the Market Hall are still well sustained. There is great improvement in the attendance on week-nights.

"NOT ASHAMED TO OWN IT."

So said a young man when found out at his workshop, and charged with having been converted. "Yes, I have,

and I am not ashamed to own it. I never felt so happy in my life. I wish I had been converted sooner, and it would be better for you if you would get saved."

VICTORY OVER DANCING.

A young woman, awakened at the meeting, was passionately fond of dancing. Some of her old companions prevailed upon her to enter again the dancing-room. When there, however, she could not dance; the Spirit told her it would be sinful. Seeing her down-cast look her companions inquired the cause of her unhappiness, whereupon she witnessed for Christ, and left the room, determined to abandon totally that course of life. May she be strengthened in this resolution, and never tread the devil's ground any more!

"THAT'S HOW I DID."

A poor man, lately converted in the Mission, was speaking to a servant about her soul, and telling her what the Lord had done for him, when she replied, "That is just what I have been seeking myself for years. Can you tell me how to get it?" "Yes," said the man; "you have to go to Christ for it—that's how I did." She at once took his advice, and went to the Saviour, and found the rest she had so long sought. She became so happy that she could not refrain from telling her mistress. This brought out the fact that she, too, had been long seeking peace for her troubled heart. Both are now rejoicing in the Sinner's Friend.

ANOTHER LITTLE LISTENER GONE.

This little one used to have to stay at home to nurse baby while mother went out washing. When mother came home she would run out to hear about Jesus. Her father, who is a poor fisherman, told me how fond she was of running out to hear the singing. May the death of his child be the means of his salvation! He was at the meeting at night.

ST. LEONARDS.

SATAN is still trying to hinder the work; but the Lord encourages us. Shortly after we had closed a meeting, at which there had been much opposition, two young men returned, wishing us to pray for them. I had observed them weeping during the service. We have hopes that one of them is truly saved; he has been an awful swearer. Another young man has since given

himself to the Saviour, and is now recommending Christ to his old companions.

THE STUBBORN SUBDUED.

Asking a sister to come to our meeting, she at once stoutly refused. One of our sisters said, "Yes, but you will come. We will pray for you." An answer to prayer soon came; conviction seized her guilty heart. She tried hard to shake off her impressions, but the Holy Spirit followed her. At length she went to a believers'-meeting, broke out into prayer, and, while pleading for mercy, Jesus made her happy.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

A poor fallen one, only sixteen years old, has been rescued from a life of shame. By the assistance of several friends, Sister T. has been able to take her to a home in London. At her departure weeping friends came to bid her farewell, and a most affecting scene was witnessed.

NINFIELD.

THE Ninfield friends are still rejoicing in a full salvation. Good meetings are held. The unconverted are often wrought upon, but do not yield. The harvest is promised, so we will keep scattering the seed.

RYE, NEW ROMNEY, AND LYDD.

WE are anxiously waiting for help. There is still a great work to be done in Rye; the harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few. Sister T. has been to New Romney and Lydd. New Romney was well visited in the morning. An open-air service was held at Lydd in the afternoon. The novelty of the first female preacher in Lydd attracted many. The fishermen and their wives stood in large groups, listening with rapt attention to the story of the cross. In the evening, a good service was held at New Romney, in Bro. Massey's house. Many of God's children were greatly quickened. Two young men cried mightily to God that they might be endued with the holy boldness that the Christian Mission had, so that they might be able to stand in the open air and preach Jesus. During the service a man gave himself to Jesus, and another person was filled with the Spirit.

Bro. Massey needs our sympathy; he says the Lord called him while fishing

to engage in the open-air work. Seeing that no one else will take it up, he has given himself to it, heart and soul, believing that God will help and bless him.

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House,
Plynlimmon Road,
Hastings.

BROMLEY, KENT.

MY first month has been encouraging. I came here with the words ringing in my ears, "Prove me now if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour ye out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to contain it," and, praise God, I have proved Him. Sinners have been saved, backsliders reclaimed, believers quickened, and the people have thronged our little hall until there has not been room to contain them.

Among many interesting cases of hopeful conversion are the following—

A YOUNG MAN

had gone to great lengths in sin, nearly breaking the heart of his poor widowed mother. He came one night to the hall, and during the address God convicted Him, and in the prayer-meeting he came sobbing to the penitent-ferm, where his sorrow was soon turned into joy.

NOW OR NEVER.

A man heard us in the open air, and was impressed. He followed to the hall, when his convictions were deepened; but he resisted. Still he continued to come to the meetings, and one night I was led to say to him, "Shall it be *now or never?*" Trembling from head to foot, he replied, "*Now*, if God will have me." Praise His dear name, the Lord took him in, and he is now walking in His ways!

"SAVE MY MISSIS!"

One evening, while I was entreating a young man to come to Christ, who afterwards found Him, I heard some one behind me crying, "Save my missis!" On looking round, I saw a man, formerly a drunkard, kneeling beside his wife, who, with a child in her arms, was sitting with the tears streaming down her face, but refusing to yield to her husband's frequent entreaties to come to Christ. She went away un-saved, but we resolved not to give her up, and went on pleading for her soul,

and, glory be to Jesus, we gained the day. She told me she could get neither sleep nor rest. Oh, what joy there was when she found the Saviour!

Sister Goddard, of Limehouse, had a blessed day here. In the afternoon experience-meeting the testimonies were very pleasing.

"Oh," says one, "how many times I have mocked God's people! I have stood outside and hindered people coming into the room, and when inside have sat mocking and laughing all the time. But that is all changed now. I want to see my old companions brought to God. If they only knew how happy I was, they would come."

Said another, "I have walked

IN DARKNESS OVER SEVENTY YEARS, but have been brought into light. I have wished I had begun before." At the close another old man started for the kingdom. That same evening

THREE SISTERS

knelt together, with another dear woman, at the Saviour's feet. All went away comforted with the assurance of the Saviour's love. Bless His name!

EMMA STRIDE.

5, Freeland's Grove,
Bromley, Kent.

CARDIFF.

SINCE our last the good Lord has been blessing His word. Both in the open air and indoors sinners have been led to the Saviour.

CAUGHT IN THE OPEN AIR.

One bitter cold Sabbath morning myself and friends entered Bute Town, a locality similar to Ratcliffe Highway, where hundreds of harlots and sailors live in open dissipation and sin. Soon doors were opened and windows lifted to listen to the message of mercy. In the evening service we noticed an old man and his wife weeping. We asked them to give their hearts to Jesus. They at once accepted the invitation and cast themselves at His feet. Their prayers were soon answered: light dawned, and Christ was accepted as a present Saviour. They afterwards told us they were convinced when unseen by the speaker—they were standing at their doors in the morning. God's word shall not return unto Him void.

DETAINING THE SHIP IN DOCK.

A shipmaster, when passing our hall, heard the singing and thought he would come in and have a warm and pass away an hour. Soon after he entered, the Holy Ghost laid hold of him, convinced him of sin, showed him the total darkness of his soul, and the awful end of such a wicked life. He wept bitterly, but tried to shake it off, and left, saying, like many others, "Not to-night." All day on Sunday he was at the meetings, and the power of God was truly in our midst to convince and convert. That night some six decided for God and heaven, but our brother left again unsaved. He wanted to find peace in his own way, but God would not save him that way. All that night he was afraid to "turn in," as he told us he felt afraid to sleep, for fear he should wake up in hell. He should have left the dock on Monday, but he was afraid to go to sea without Christ; so he detained the ship until Tuesday, so that he could get again to the hall, and on Monday night he was there a long time before the hour of service, and at the close he threw overboard his pride and came forward seeking the Lord. Soon victory was obtained through faith in Christ, and he said, "I am safe on the Rock; I am all right now; I am not afraid to go to sea. Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Pray for him, dear reader.

YOUNG AGAIN.

One evening two dear widow friends knelt side by side seeking the Lord, and found Him, to the joy of their souls. After neglecting Him for over fifty years, and living a life of wickedness, one of them said, "The Lord has made me young again, bless His name!"

A RUNAWAY CAPTURED.

A young man, the son of a widowed mother, living in a country village, was led away by drink and evil companions, going from bad to worse, until at length, on a drunken spree, he left his cottage home and his poor, broken-hearted mother, whose grey hairs he was fast bringing to the grave, and came, all unknown to her, to Cardiff. Here he signed articles for sea; but just before his ship left the port he heard us singing in the open air, and followed us to the hall. There the Holy Spirit arrested him, convincing him, through the Word spoken, of his wickedness before God, and of the awful destruction that awaited him if he went on in

sin. Whereupon he fell on his knees and cried to God to have mercy on his soul. There was a long struggle with the power of darkness, and then Christ appeared bringing tidings of pardon and peace. He afterwards told us the sad story of his life, saying that he should at once write to his mother and tell her of the great things the Lord had done for him.

BOTH PULLING ONE WAY.

A dear man, who, after three weeks' struggle with the devil and unbelief, took the kingdom of heaven by violence, became very anxious about his wife. He wanted, as he said, them both to enjoy the same salvation, and both pull the same way. For a long time he prayed for her, and recently his prayer has been answered, to his great joy. They are now both in the same ship, and steering straight for the port of glory.

A POLICEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

For a long time they attended our meetings, and the Holy Ghost has often shown them the importance of being ready to die; but they resisted His strivings until one night, after a sermon on "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," they were again deeply impressed, and the dear woman wept bitterly, and the husband said, "I can stand it no longer;" and both knelt at the feet of Jesus, and found peace.

"CAN I BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?"

A shipmaster, who had been living in sin for a long time, dropped into our meeting to pass away an hour. While there he was deeply convicted; he tried to shake it off, but could not, and after we had closed the meeting he came forward, asking if he could be saved that night. We assured him God was willing to save him on the spot. At once he fell on his knees, asking God to save his soul. His prayer was soon answered, and he left the place a new man.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

This man has been coming to the meetings almost ever since we have been here. The Spirit has striven with him, but he has said, "Go Thy way for this time." We have prayed and wept over him; but all seemed in vain until, a few Sabbaths ago, the Holy Ghost more powerfully strove with him,

and he cried out, "I can hold out no longer. Take my heart, Lord! Pardon my sin! set me free! make me Thy child!" Soon his prayer was answered, and he rose a new man in Christ.

Will our dear readers pray for this station, that the good Lord may pour out His Spirit more and more?

Thanks for two parcels of tracts from Mr. Atkinson, London Bridge. Tracts are greatly needed.

Will friends help us?

J. ALLEN.

16, James Street, Castle Road,
Roath, Cardiff.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

"GET away wid ye! get away wid ye! Can't a poor old Irishwoman live in peace up this corner without being disturbed by you Mission heretics! you are everywhere! The whole town is disturbed by you! But away wid ye; you shall not stop here!" But stop they did, and preached Christ, while the old lady stormed in the most awful manner; and when informed that they would come again it seemed too much for her, and so she beat a hasty retreat. What the old lady said is quite true; the Mission bands are here, and there, and everywhere; and they mean to be, God helping them.

The number of converts is increasing, and many of them begin working for Christ at once, going everywhere preaching the Word.

The following report, read at our first public meeting, though it gives but an imperfect idea of the work done, calls for loudest praise to the Author of all good.

REPORT FOR 28 WEEKS, FROM JULY 1ST,
1875, TO JANUARY 1ST, 1876.

Number of meetings held per week:—

In the open air	13
Indoor preaching services	5
Indoor prayer-meetings	6
Indoor believers'-meetings	7
	—
	31

Number of persons attending believers'-meetings, 228—75 per cent. of whom are total abstainers.

During this time there have been 550 anxious inquirers, one half of whom, it will be seen, are in fellowship with us.

MONEYS RECEIVED:—

	£	s.	d.
Collections, class moneys, &c.	181	10	6
Donations and subscriptions	109	14	9
Profit on Mrs. Booth's lecture and tea-meetings	20	18	4
	£312	3	7

MONEYS EXPENDED:—

	£	s.	d.
By repairs, gas, coals, book- stall, platform, books, tra- velling expenses, &c. ...	55	8	2
Rents	127	9	0
Evangelist's salary	50	8	0
Furnishing house for evan- gelist	39	10	10
Printing, posting, &c. ...	22	12	0
Balance due to treasurer on July 1st, 1875	10	15	7
Balance in hand	6	0	0
	£312	3	7

Outstanding debts & money
needed for forms and re-
pairs £25 0 0

Our services are as follows:—

SUNDAY.

Morning at 7, prayer-meeting, Mission Hall.
Believers'-meeting at 9.30.
Open-air meeting at 10, Thistle Green.
Indoor preaching at 11, Mission Hall.
Open air at 1.45, Market Cross.
Open air at 2, Bishop Street.
Preaching at 2.30, Star Theatre.
Open-air meeting at 5.45, Market Cross.
Open-air meeting at 5.45, Piazza.
Open-air meeting at 5.45, Bishop Street.
Singing procession from South Stockton at 5.30.
Preaching at 6.30, Star Theatre.

MONDAY.

Believers'-meeting at 2.30, Mission Hall.
Open-air meeting at 6.45, Market Cross.
Open-air meeting at 6.45, Piazza.
Preaching services at 7.30, Mission Hall.

TUESDAY.

Believers'-meeting at 7.30, Mission Hall.
Believers'-meeting at 7, Yarm Lane.

Cottage prayer-meeting at 7, Station Street.
Cottage prayer-meeting, Temple Street.
Open-air meeting, North End.
Believers'-meeting for youths at 7, Thistle Green.

WEDNESDAY.

Believers'-meeting at 7, West Row.
Believers'-meeting at 7, Cecil Street.
Open-air meeting at 7, South Stockton.
Cottage prayer-meeting at 7.30, Catherine Street.
Cottage prayer-meeting, Portrack Lane.

THURSDAY.

Open-air meeting at 6.45, Market Cross.
Open-air meeting at , Piazza.
Preaching at 7.30, Mission Hall.

FRIDAY.

United prayer-meeting at 7.30, Mission Hall.

SATURDAY.

Open-air meeting at 7, Dovecot Street.
Temperance-meeting at 7.30, Mission Hall.
Open-air meeting, Bishopton Lane.

WHY SHOULD THE WORK CEASE?

During the month, Mr. Railton spent a blessed Sabbath and Monday with us. I append a letter from him—

“DEAR BROTHER,—Safely arrived at home, I hasten to repeat to you, after careful reflection, what I said when with you, that I am persuaded God is enabling you spiritually to shake the town to such an extent as to realise to the full our great purpose of reaching the masses with the Gospel.

“When I heard the singing of the four great open-air bands on Sunday, filling the cold night air from one end of the town to the other, I said at once, ‘Praise God, Stockton is taken,’ and as I watched the faces of the crowds who listened to the speakers, I saw unmistakable evidence of a wide-spread, profound conviction of the truth of what was said.

“The sight of nearly thirty men hurrying away from the seven o'clock morning prayer-meeting, each carrying a form to the theatre, in faith that God would fill them all, in addition to the seats already there, was fresh evidence to me of the thorough and practical sense

in which the people have learnt to follow Jesus, and to trust Him; and when I witnessed the intense eagerness with which they wrestled and hunted for souls in the prayer-meeting at night, I felt that such soldiers of the Cross could not but be gloriously successful.

“I am more and more impressed with the conviction that the importance of making the utmost possible use of converted people is second only to that of getting people converted, and in the mighty host of eloquent and thoughtful speakers I heard in Stockton, I read the promise, not merely of a grander work than we have yet dreamt of in that town, but of a rapid and powerful extension of the Mission through the land.

“We shall never forget to pray that you may still have the health and strength needed for so great a work, and shall look forward with ever-increasing joy to the victories still in store for you.

“Yours faithfully,
“G. S. RAILTON,
“Secretary.”

“Mr. A. LAMB.”

The converting work continues. I give a few cases only. More to follow. Glory to Jesus!

A.—Two young women found Christ, and both told their young men they must give them up; but were rejoiced to find both anxious—one had been so for years. They are all saved, and happy workers in the streets.

B.—A man, when seeking Christ, said, while weeping, “I can't read a letter. I have lost six children, and during the three years I have been in Stockton, I do not believe I have been sober one day.” Thank God, he is a teetotaler and a saint now.

C.—Another, who had been the scourge of his family, the same night sought and found Christ. His dear old father had been a preacher and class-leader 30 years. Who can describe his joy?

D.—Another man was in the public-house drinking, and God in mercy did just what His people have been asking Him to do, namely—made him drop the pot and run out. He came at the fag-end of the service, and sought and found Christ. He has been one of the vilest of men; but, thank God! he is now clothed and in his right mind, and on his way to Paradise.

E.—One night we had been imploring God to take sleep away from the unsaved. From that night until the following Thursday one man and woman we know never slept a wink. The man thought he heard distinctly (when asking himself why he could not sleep) the words, “SEEK YE THE LORD!” He came to our hall, sought and found Christ, and now he says he can sleep without rocking. His wife brought a neighbour with her, and both got soundly converted. They are all with us rejoicing.

Dear Christians, pray for me and my brethren. We are in the midst of a glorious revival. The town is spiritually moved. Our hall is crowded every night. Oh, for a rich harvest of souls to lay at the feet of Him who so freely gave His life for a rebellious world!

Yours faithfully in Him,

ABRAHAM LAMB.

Cecil Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE past month has been a month of hard fighting and glorious conquest. Mrs. Booth, though very weak in body, has been holding up the blood-stained banner before thousands of people, both in the music-hall and the theatre. Much power has attended her services, and hundreds of souls have been benefited by her labours. Many have come out boldly for Jesus, while not a few have gone away with the arrow of conviction fastened in their hearts. We have also been favoured with the services of Miss Booth, who, for two weeks, night after night, laboured in our Mission Hall for the salvation of sinners, and, praise God, very marked success attended her labours also! Night after night the Holy Spirit took hold of men, women, and children, while our dear young sister has been putting the truths of the Gospel before them. We have seen big, strong men, and men who for years have sat beneath the sound of the Gospel, moved, old men, who have lived up to the verge of eternity without God, as well as young people, all coming as little children, crying, “What must I do to be saved?” And while we have much visible fruit, we feel assured that there is much more done than what appears.

HEALING THE SICK.

While visiting the other day, I was asked by one person if I would kindly

go in next door to see a poor man who had been several times to hear Mrs. Booth, but who was now sick, and unable to get out. I went, found him in deep anxiety about his soul, and after explaining to him the way of salvation, we went on our knees, and, while praying, light and liberty broke in upon him, and I left him a sinner saved by grace.

Said a young lady to me, "Will you please thank dear Mrs. Booth for the interest she has taken in me? When I first came here, I had no hope beyond the grave, but now I feel that Jesus is mine, and all my sins are forgiven."

Some eight or ten were at the penitential-rail one Wednesday evening, and among them we found a man and his wife, who, with tears streaming down their faces, were rejoicing in having just found the Saviour. Another night, a dear man, after a hard struggle with the powers of darkness, stepped into liberty, and went home rejoicing. The next night he brought his son; the Spirit of God took hold upon the lad, and, at the close of the meeting, he wept his way to Calvary, and that night the father's joy was increased in seeing his son adopted into the family royal of heaven.

Mr. Booth makes the following notes upon his visit to us:—

Saturday night prayer-meeting.

Pouring wet night. Twenty present, mostly men. Pleasant to hear the young converts learning to talk to their Father.

Sabbath.

Heavy rain in the morning. Still, a good audience in the theatre. Mrs. Booth spoke with more than usual power, urging, with tears, the duty of publishing the news of salvation to all about us. Many felt the Word, and resolved to give themselves afresh to the work.

Afternoon.

The more than drizzling rain did not prevent the open-air invitation being sounded, both afternoon and evening, in the street. Pleased to see the young converts join in this work.

Experience-meeting.

Much spiritual power. Do not remember seeing so much weeping, especially by men, for some time. The testimonies of some of the converts were delightful.

Night.

Charming theatre for our work.

Delightful to see the working-class audience rivetted by the word of truth. When at the close the invitation was given, we all were melted down as a strong man, reeling under his emotions, came boldly out into the orchestra to seek salvation. Others followed. No pressure was needed. Hundreds were impressed, of all classes. Here a soldier acknowledged himself a deserter from the army of Immanuel; saved in India, and ran away in Portsmouth. There a man confessed himself a comic actor, but the child of a praying mother, who had asked that he might be a minister of Christ, "And here," he said, "I am, a minister of evil." There a sceptic avowing his unbelief, yet was unable to get away from the meeting, looking as solemn as the grave. Here two young men admitting all to be true and wanting salvation, but halting between two opinions. The movement was all over the place. About twenty came out and professed faith in Jesus. Oh, for hundreds more!"

JOB CLARE.

12, Nelson Street, Landport,
Portsmouth.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER COOPER, OF WHITECHAPEL.

"Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind."

From his childhood up he was sent to the Sunday School, and passed thence into Church membership, and even into active and zealous labour in connection with the Lord's people. But says he of his religion throughout all that period, "It wasn't real then."

Coming to London he threw off all restraint, and for fifteen years his career was dark and wretched indeed. Of this and of his conversion his own lips supplied, we think, the best possible account.

HIS OWN STORY.

"In taking a view of my past life my heart melts within me, and I cannot bear the thought of giving an account of it. Sufficient is it to say that I spent the best part of it in committing sins of the darkest dye—one hour blaspheming the name of a merciful God, and daring Him to send me to hell, and another openly denying His existence, and all this while breaking my dear wife's heart with my oaths and blasphemies. As the Mission people used to pass sing-

ing through the street, I used to curse them, and wish I had the power to send them all to prison for a nuisance. Oh, my dear sir, often has my wife clung round my neck, and tried to stop me swearing, and often have I laid down at night with the bitter wish that it might be my last, and when I have woken in the morning how disappointed have I been to find myself alive. But, glory be to God, the night has become day, the darkness is chased away, and the once-blaspheming infidel is now singing the praises of God for the precious gift of His dear Son.

"One evening, taking tea with my sons, they earnestly entreated me to go with them to the East London Theatre, which had just been rebuilt, so that they might see inside a theatre for once. I consented, and accompanied them, thinking I should have an opportunity to find fault with the preacher. I watched one and another come on to the stage; presently Mr. Booth came, and commenced the service by singing, which I thought sounded well. After a while the preacher took his text, to which I listened with great attention. At the commencement of his sermon I was suddenly struck with the description of the golden calf being ground into powder, and given to the people to drink. Here I felt a degree of curiosity to know more, and I listened more attentively until he came to ask the question, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." This struck me deeply, and I felt that I could not move, for all my past life came up before me, and the remembrance of my sins stung me like an adder.

"I returned home feeling very differently to what I did when I left; no tongue can tell what I felt and what was passing through my mind all the supper-time. I went to bed, but not to sleep, and rose no better in the morning. I passed a wretched week, and the following Sunday went to the Mission Hall. I now resolved if I could find pardon and mercy, I would have it. I went to the Hall again on Monday night, and still pressed my cry till bedtime; and after my family were all asleep I continued pleading for mercy through the precious blood till six o'clock in the morning, when I felt that my load of sin was gone—all washed away in the precious blood of the Lamb. I now began to praise my God who had set me free. Glory, hallelujah!

"After a few weeks, I felt that I must press into a deeper baptism of God's love. Satan said, you must wait a little longer; but I determined to have it, and on Christmas Day morning, at the six o'clock experience meeting, God filled me with His love. Since then I have been twice very near to death, but I was saved from all fear, and filled with joy. I now desire to spend in this work of the Lord all the rest of my days, and hope, with my dear family, to meet hundreds saved through the Mission at the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

A HAPPY SAINT.

He at once became a power for good, and was always ready to speak or pray in public whenever he had an opportunity. The first time he spoke in the theatre after his conversion all the people were melted to tears by the simple, burning narration of his experience.

One who had come many a Sunday to the experience meeting, and gone away without speaking, was overcome by his good example, and when he beckoned to her from the stage, at once rose, and broke through the snare of silence.

"He's the happiest man I know," said one who was moving daily amongst the converts of the Mission in those glorious theatre days. Everyone seemed to hear him with pleasure and interest, and to get blessed under his words. He used to speak a deal more, indeed, than his strength would allow, for his lungs were diseased.

He was not privileged to mingle with the people who had led him to Christ, for he removed in 1869 to Bermondsey. He there led a band of people into the open air; but he found but little encouragement amongst the lukewarm professors who surrounded him. He returned to the east of London in 1873, and about this time embarked in some business arrangement, which proved very unfortunate, suffering great loss through the unprincipled conduct of some with whom he was associated. In consequence, for some two years he gave way to despondency and doubt, and lay in darkness and unbelief, to the great distress of those who loved him best.

IN THE VALLEY.

The increase of bodily infirmity, and the prospect of death, however, aroused him, and he again gave up his whole heart to Christ, finding once more in

Him all the joy and power of his first love.

Soon afterwards he was carried to the London Hospital, and lay there for a long time in such extreme pain and danger that no one expected him ever to rise from bed again. But as he became weak in the flesh, he waxed strong in spirit, and we can never forget his glowing testimonies at this time to the love of God.

"Oh!" he said, one day, "it's all so bright—so bright. It seems to me as though I was looking through a lovely valley, and everything is so beautiful that I can't describe it to you.

"Ten thousand suns shining in their strength would be as nothing to the brightness of my prospect.

"The doctors have given me up, and I may die to-night; but you never need be in any doubt where Cooper's gone. Glory! glory!"

When asked by one, who referred to his former infidelity, what his convictions were now in view of death, he replied, with great emphasis—

"It's all real! It's all real!"

It pleased the Lord, however, to restore him to such a measure of health and strength that he was able for months to perform some light work, and now and then even to get to his beloved people at the Whitechapel Hall, though more than a mile from his house. He struggled panting along to service after service, until at length one day he was only able to reach the corner of his own street, and had to return home, when he said to his wife, "Put my things away. I shan't want them any more."

Perhaps the brightest day to him of this little respite was that of the

SOUTHEND EXCURSION.

Seeing him near one of the open-air services that afternoon, we asked him if he thought he could speak a word which even if not heard by many would encourage his comrades in the battle. He consented, and before he stepped forward we urged all around to close in that they might be able to hear a few words from a veteran.

The old man began almost in a whisper; but as he told how God had saved his soul his heart burned, and, to the surprise of all present, he shouted aloud for joy.

This was his last public effort. The time of his living was over, and it only remained for him to wearily suffer and die.

DYING.

Again in the hospital, breathing with the greatest difficulty, and suffering often agonies of pain, the Lord preserved this marvel of mercy in His museum on earth, the sick room, for six long months.

"I try to be patient; I try to bear it as well as I can," he humbly said, and it was indeed a real pleasure to see how the Lord supported and comforted him through it all. He seemed to have no will in any way with regard to his cause, thankful either for his suffering, for strength, or for release, whichever his Master should appoint.

OUR LAST INTERVIEW.

"How are you?"

"I'm happy—so happy—I'm gloriously happy."

"The Lord bless you!"

"He does bless me—He does bless me."

"I cannot stay long, for I have just been called away from a meeting, and I must get back directly."

"Tell them I know the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Tell them it can, and it does; there's no supposing or perhaps about it. *I know—I know.*" Then he added, "I thought you'd like to see me before I went home, so that if you speak to any one about me afterwards, you may speak with all the certainty of life. My throne's ready, my crown's ready, my mansion's ready—all's ready." His face seemed to glow more and more as he went on, and then raising himself on his elbow, he added, "Glory!"

"I'll call and see you to-morrow."

"Perhaps I shall be in heaven. If my soul's gone out of this clay tabernacle, you can tell them 'He's walking the streets of the New Jerusalem.'"

Perfectly conscious the evening before his death, he spoke of his great joy as strongly as ever.

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Oh, how I do love that hymn!" he said, and then an opiate, injected into his arm to ease his pain, veiled his senses in a stupor from which he only awoke the next day amidst the blaze of eternal light and glory in the palace of God. The great realities of eternity despised, doubted, derided by him once, and then believed in, accepted, enjoyed, declared in deed and word—they are his for ever now.