

The Christian Mission Magazine.

MARCH, 1877.

Christ-Life.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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WHY was God manifest in the flesh once? Why those thirty years of degradation and suffering when three, at any rate, in a body "prepared" in maturity and let down would have been sufficient? Was the life of Christ merely an example of good conduct which should always defy imitation? If so, why have we not a full account of all of it? Why is that portion of it which comes most within the lines of ordinary human life screened from view? No, no, the life of Christ was to be a pattern by which the "faithful Creator" was faithfully to work ever after. The great mystery, God manifest in the flesh, was not to be a "nine-days' wonder" to a little Eastern community. It was to be the order of the day thenceforth and for ever. The temple on Mount Moriah was to be swept away, and here was the pattern of the temple that was to spring up by the power of Him that raised Christ from the dead, all over the world.

After the life of Christ, however could any inferior life satisfy God? The law was a grand and perfect programme. It only wanted somebody to fulfil it, and this nobody ever did till Christ came. Before Him, God might well be content with an earnest, ceaseless struggle to do His will. He might well delight in people who set themselves to carry out His intentions. But when the law had lived in veritable flesh and blood, what could God say but that this law was no longer of any use? "Be ye holy, for I am holy," He said, with a human tongue amongst a company of men in an earthly city, and the law was lost to view in the glorious presence of

the law-giver carrying out all His purpose in a human frame. And thenceforth for ever no life can ever be satisfactory to God, no matter what men may say or think, which is not similar to the life of His Son.

The theory that no one can in the flesh be entirely conformed to the will of God, if it were not so dreadfully subversive of His rights and authority, would be intensely amusing. A legislature spends a great deal of time, and uses all the genius, talent, ingenuity, and industry it can command, to elaborate a law which is to have a most salutary influence upon the country. At last every clause has received its finishing touch, the royal assent is duly given, and the law goes forth. The judges, the bar, the magistrates, the local authorities, the police study it carefully; the press publish lengthy summaries of its provisions; great public meetings are held everywhere, in which it is explained and discussed, and in which every one is urged to obey it; but, but—the conclusion to which every one comes is, “It is a splendid act, a perfect act; but, of course it was never intended to be fully carried out in *this* country”!!! Where then? Does human history record an instance of such folly?

Here is a huge gun. The resources of the first arsenal in this country have been taxed to the very uttermost in its production. Every ounce of metal in its composition, every inch of it, every fitting has been prepared with the utmost care and skill. Drawings and photographs of the weapon, and of everything connected with it, have been made with the minutest attention. No expense or time has been grudged either in the production of the “Infant” or of the ammunition it is to consume. Every one whose opinion upon any question of construction was worth seeking has been amply consulted. At last the monster is ready. It is taken to the butts, subjected to every test that can be devised and experimented upon in every way that is likely to yield any useful result. The most exact notes are made of every discharge from it. At length all the trials and experiments are concluded. There is no flaw or defect in the gun within or without. It has done well in every respect. And now it is returned to the arsenal with the order that it is to be the model for a large number of all sizes. Big or little, they are all to be made of the very same metal, and of the very same pattern.

“Oh, but,” cries the superintendent; “Oh, but,” say the heads of departments; “Oh, but,” declare the draughtsmen; “Oh, but,” chime in all the workmen, from the senior foreman to the youngest lad, “there can never be another gun made just like that one *here*.” “It is a magnificent gun, an unrivalled gun, an unsurpassable gun, a perfect gun; there never was such a gun before, and there can never be another like it.” All the toil and trouble and expense of making a model thrown away!

No, no, no. “God is not a man that He should lie, nor the Son of man that He should repent.” He made up His mind long ago that He would “dwell and walk” in any human being who would

allow Him to do so. He promised it in the plainest words that He could use. He showed how it could be done in His Son Jesus, and then He offered *that* life, and nothing less, to all who would accept it. Any life less perfectly conformed to His will is a grief to Him, and a disgrace to the great Pattern which it professes to be founded upon. Either we must every moment “be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless,” or every moment when this is not the case must be to His Holy Spirit a moment of grief, of mortification, of disappointment.

“But how dare any one make such a profession? They would be found covered with spots, and worthy of blame by every one immediately.”

If that were not the case, for them to live would not be Christ. Men who profess to be His ministers have the impudence to stand up in what they call Christian pulpits, even now, and say that the life and words of Jesus are not without their defects. If the story of those thirty years’ carpentering were obtainable, we wonder how many people would believe in the Incarnate Deity. What would parents nowadays do if a child of twelve were to take any such course as Jesus took at that age? Would they not seek medical advice about the poor child’s brain? Nothing is more remarkable about the whole treatment of Christ, both living and dead, by men than the fact of His being “despised.” He was “harmless”; He “did good”; there was nothing particularly bad about Him; but He was undoubtedly crazy. His “friends” jeeringly suggested that He should show Himself to His disciples, and let them see what He could do. The men who stared and laughed at His last agonies chaffed Him about saving others, and being unable to save Himself. No quantity or sort of miracle could save Him from perpetual reproaches and ridicule. “They laughed Him to scorn.” The simpleton, really to believe God, and obey Him in everything! To pretend to do so! “Whom makest Thou Thyself?”

Just such a life must be the portion of any one who really wants to be like Jesus. Just as we accept the wisdom of God we become fools to human eyes, and just in proportion as we are like Him shall we be both despised and hated.

But how *can* the life of Christ begin again in any one? Just exactly as it began in Jesus of Nazareth.

When we want to see the beginning of this glorious system of God-man life we are pointed to an humble cottage, where a simple country maiden is holding converse with the Most High. She is fully resolved to be His alone. Herself, her reputation, all shall go if asked for by Him to whom she now gives herself in child-like simplicity. “Be it done unto me according to Thy word.” And it is done. God Almighty comes down in a moment to that lowly, willing, trusting one, and there is Immanuel—God with us.

We hear the strange announcement, we marvel on at this wondrous sight, and still we ask, “How does this come to pass?”

Ah, we may go on asking that for ages and ages to come; but shall we ever find any one who can give us the explanation? God proclaims His will. Man says "Yes," and it is done. That is all. To take God at His word in a moment: to believe that He really means to do all He says, and to claim that it be done there and then is just to receive all the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

We are reminded, as we gaze upon this wondrous sight—a human being receiving God in all His glory—of the launch of some huge ironclad.

There stands the huge building, for so it seems, all scaffolded around. Spectators, crowding every space from which the strange sight may be witnessed, stand in breathless silence when the moment comes. A gentle hand strikes one little blow, a quiet voice speaks but one word, and the great building glides into the water, and is a ship amongst the ships. The thunder of cannon and the shouts of the great multitude rend the air. It is a great event brought about in a moment by one simple act of faith. That lady was satisfied that the vessel was there, and was ready. She believed that it was fully intended to let it go the moment she should do her part. She believed that there was enough skill, enough power, enough determination in that yard to secure a safe and successful launch just then. She was satisfied that all the plans and arrangements and labours of many months were intended to have their culminative glory by her own act just then. And, trembling it may be in that great moment, she just spoke the word of request, of command, of faith, and it was done.

Is there nobody reading this page who has firmly believed for many a year that God was able and willing to enter and fill his soul at any moment? A thousand times you have wished it, a thousand times prayed for it, a thousand times seemed almost to come up to it; but you are only drawing nigh, and praying, and wishing still. Why not try believing just this moment? You want nothing beyond His very own word: "I will dwell in *you*, and walk in *you*." Then why not tell Him in simple confidence just now, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word," and take it at once for a glorious certainty that it is done? You feel already that God is very near. You draw nigh to Him; but His own purpose and desire all the time is to be perfectly one with you, to fill, to overwhelm you with His mighty presence. Receive Him, and while all heaven opens up before your believing eyes, and all hell mutters curses at your credulity, and while a scoffing world and an unbelieving Church look on watching with jealous eyes and ears, proclaim, "The Lord reigneth."

And He *will* reign, filling your heart for ever with food and gladness of the heavenly sort, driving back every invading thought with His mere glance of light, and making your life henceforth His own in very deed and truth: His own in every thought, and feeling, and word, and act.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

An Extract from a forthcoming Pamphlet

By MRS. BOOTH.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—PROV. XXII. 6.

FIRST, LET US LOOK AT THE MEANING OF THE WORD "TRAIN."

It does not mean merely to *teach*. Some parents seem to have the notion that all they have to do in training their children aright is to *teach them*; so they cram a great deal of religious sentiment and truth into them, making them commit to memory the Catechism, large portions of Scripture, a great many hymns, &c., &c. All very good as far as it goes, but which may all be done without a single stroke of real training such as God requires, and such as the hearts of our children need. Nay, this mere teaching, informing the head without interesting or influencing the heart, frequently drives children off from God and goodness, and makes them *hate* instead of love everything connected with religion. In the early part of my married life, when my dear husband was travelling very much from place to place, I was frequently thrown into the houses of leading families in churches for three or four weeks at a time, and I used to say to myself, "How is it that these children seem frequently to have a more inveterate dislike for religion and religious things than the children of worldly people who make no profession?" Subsequent observation and experience has shown me the reason. It is because such parents inform the head without training the heart. They teach what they neither practise themselves nor take the trouble to see that their children practise, and the children see through the hollow sham and learn to despise both their parents and their religion. Mother, if you want to TRAIN your child you must practise what you teach, and you must show him how to practise it also, and you must, at all costs of trouble and care, see that he DOES it.

Suppose, by way of illustration, that you have a vine, and that this vine is endowed with reason and will and moral sense. You say to your vine-dresser, "Now, I want that vine *trained*"—*i.e.*, made to grow in a particular way, so that it may bear the largest amount of fruit possible to it. Suppose your vine-dresser goes in to your vine every morning and says to it, "Now, you must let that branch grow in this direction, and that branch grow in another; you are not to put forth too many shoots here, nor too many tendrils there; you must not waste your sap in too many leaves or buds," and having told it what to do and how to grow, he shuts it up and leaves it to itself. This is precisely the way many good people act to their children. But lo! the vine grows as it likes: nature is too strong for mere theory; words will not curb its exuberance, nor check its waywardness. Your vine-dresser must do something more effectual than talking. He must nail that branch where he wishes it to grow; he must cut away what he sees to be superfluous, he must lop and prune and dress it, if it is to be trained for beauty and

for fruitfulness. And just so, mother, if you want your child to be trained for God and righteousness, you must prune and curb, and propel and lead it in the way in which it should go. But some mother says, "What a deal of trouble!" Ah, that is just why many parents fail: they are afraid of trouble; but, as Mrs. Stowe says, "If you will not take the trouble to train Charlie when he is a little boy, he will give you a great deal more trouble when he is a big one." Many a foolish mother, to spare herself trouble, has left her children to themselves, and "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame!" Many parents teach their children in theory the right way, but, by their negligence and indifference, train them in just the opposite. See that mother seated at some important piece of work which she is anxious to finish; her three little children are playing around her—one with his picture-book, another with his horse and cart, and baby with her doll. It is Monday afternoon, and only yesterday she was giving those children a lesson on the importance of love and good will amongst themselves—that was the teaching, now comes the training. Presently Charlie gets tired of his pictures, and, without asking permission, takes the horse and cart from his younger brother, whereupon there is a scream, and presently a fight. Instead of laying aside her work, restoring the rightful property, explaining to Charlie that it is unjust and unkind to take his brother's toys, and to the younger one that he should rather suffer wrong than scream and fight, she goes on with her work, telling Charlie that he is a very naughty boy, and making the very common remark that she thinks there never were such troublesome children as hers. Now, who cannot see the different effect it would have had on these children if that mother had taken the trouble to make them realise and confess their fault, and voluntarily exchange the kiss of reconciliation and brotherly affection? What if it had taken half an hour of her precious time, would not the gain be greater than that which will accrue from any other occupation, however important? Mothers, if you want your children to walk in the way they should go, you must not only teach, you must be at the trouble to TRAIN.

BUT, SECONDLY, HOW IS THIS TRAINING TO BE GIVEN?

The first and most important point is to secure OBEEDIENCE. Obedience to properly constituted authority is the foundation of all moral excellence, not only in childhood, but all the way through life. And the secret of a great deal of the lawlessness of these times, both towards God and man, is that when children these people were never taught to submit to the authority of their parents, and now you may convince them ever so clearly that it is their duty, and would be their happiness, to submit to God, but their unrestrained, unsubdued wills have never been accustomed to submit to anybody, and it is like beginning to break in a wild horse in old age. Well may the Prophet inquire, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." God has laid it on parents to begin the work of bringing the will into subjection in childhood; and to help us in doing it, He has put in all children a tendency to obey. Watch any young child, and you will find that, as a rule, his instincts lead him to submit. Insubordination is the exception until this tendency has been trifled with by those who have the care of him. Now, how important it is in right training to take advantage of this tendency to obedience, and not on any account

allow it to be weakened by encouraging exceptional rebellion! In order to do this you must begin EARLY ENOUGH. This is where multitudes of mothers miss their mark: they begin too late. The great majority of children are ruined for the formation of character before they are five years old by the foolish indulgence of mothers. I am sometimes asked, "What do you consider the secret of successful training?" I answer, "BEGINNING SOON ENOUGH—not letting Satan get the advantage of us at the start." That is the secret of success. "Well, but," mothers say, "it is so hard to chastise an infant." There is seldom need for chastisement where mothers begin early and wisely. There is a way of speaking to and handling an infant compatible with the utmost love and tenderness, which teaches it that mother is not to be trifled with; that, although she loves and caresses, she is to be obeyed, and will be obeyed, and a child that is trained in this way will not, as a rule, attempt to resist. In exceptional cases it may be tempted to become obstreperous, and then the mother must exercise her authority. Take an illustration. We will suppose that your son of six months old is in a fractious mood, and indisposed to take his morning nap; his nurse has put him in his cot and struggled with him till she is tired, and the child is tired too; at last you come and take the baby, after he has been rolling and tumbling about, and lay him down with a firm hand, saying, with a firm voice, "Baby must lie still and go to sleep," putting your hand on him at the same time to prevent his rising in the cot or turning over after you have spoken. Now, if this child for the previous three months has been trained in this line, if this is not the beginning, he will, as a natural consequence, lie still and go to sleep; but if he has not been accustomed to this kind of handling, he will perhaps become boisterous, and resist you; if so, you must persevere. You must on no account give up; no, not if you stop till night. If he conquers you this time he will try harder next, and it will get more and more difficult. Almost all mothers mistake here; they give up because they will not inflict on themselves the pain of a struggle, forgetting that defeat now only ensures endless battles in the future.

Remember you MUST conquer in the FIRST battle, whatever it may be about, or you are done. "Ah, but what time and patience this requires!" Yes, but it is only for once or twice; and what is that compared with the time and toil of conquering further on? But you say, "It is so hard." Not half so hard as the other way; for when the child finds that mother is not to be got over he will yield as a matter of course. I have proved it, I think, with some as strong-willed children as ever came into the world. I conquered them at six and ten months old, and seldom had to contend with any direct opposition since. I have a son who is now preaching the Gospel, and a great joy to my heart. The only pitched battle I ever fought with him was at ten months old. I do not say that he never disobeyed me afterwards—he sometimes forgot himself and was disobedient—but I do say that I never remember him setting his will in direct antagonism to mine in all the succeeding years of his childhood. It was a painful struggle—that first contest, but has not the result paid for it a thousand thousand times? Oh, mothers, if you love your children, begin early to exact obedience. If chastisement be necessary, inflict it; and for every pain you suffer, every tear you shed, you shall reap comfort, honour, and glory. But, perhaps, there

are some mothers here who are saying, "Ah, I see it now; but it is too late; my children are too old." I say: Better late than never. Begin and do all you *can*. Perhaps you can never undo ALL the mischief, but you may a part of it. Call your children around you; confess your past unfaithfulness in your dealings with them, fall on your knees before the Lord with them, and tell Him of your failure to train them for Him, and ask His help to enable you to do it in the future. When you rise from your knees tell your children in the most solemn manner that you see your mistake, and feel how awful it would be if they were to be lost through your fault, and that from this hour you are going to be *obeyed* in everything. Begin at once to exact obedience. Be judicious and forbearing, remembering that your children's habits of disobedience are the result of your *own* folly, and deal as gently as the case will permit; but at all costs secure obedience, and never more allow your commands to be trifled with. Now is your only chance; a few more years, and your child is undone. Do not be afraid to *use your authority*. One would think, to hear some parents talk of their relations with their children, that they did not possess an iota of *power* over them. All they dare do seems to be to reason, to persuade, to coax. I have frequently heard mothers using all manner of persuasion instead of exerting the authority which God has given for the safeguard and guide of their poor children. They give their commands in such a voice as leaves it optional whether the child shall obey them or not, and this he understands very well; there is no command, no firmness, no decision, no authority, and the child knows it by its instincts just as an animal would. Men are much wiser in breaking in and training their horses than their sons, hence they generally get much better served by the former than the latter.

What has God given you authority for if He did not intend you to use it—if your child can do as well without it? He has sent your child to you to be guided and restrained by your *authority* as much as to be inspired and encouraged by your love. How will you answer for the neglect or abuse of this wonderful power? You recollect the fearful punishment that came upon Eli, one of the most terrible strokes of vengeance recorded in the whole Bible. What was it for? Not for using profane language before his children, not for training them in unrighteousness or immorality, for he was a good and righteous man, but because "He restrained them not": that means he did not use his authority on the side of God and righteousness. Doubtless, this had been his failing all the way through; he had indulged his sons in their own way, until at last they set both him and his God at open defiance. Alas! this has been the case with millions since his day: having sown the wind they have reaped the whirlwind. What a contrast the conduct and fate of Eli presents in this respect to the conduct of Abraham! "I know him," said Jehovah, "that he will *command* his children and his household after him." Not merely remonstrate, persuade, and threaten, as Eli did, but "*command*"—he will use his authority on My side; and, as a consequence, the Lord promised that "they should keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Parents, if you fulfil your part of the covenant, never fear but that God will perform His. Only you train your children truly for Him, and *He* will charge Himself with their future; but do not *expect* that, if you neglect your sacred trust, or abuse

it, by training them in the nurture and admonition of the world and the devil, God will work a miracle to convert them when they come to mature years because you cry and pray and ask Him to do so. He makes no such promise; and we see, alas! in the experience of multitudes of sorrowing parents, that He does not hold Himself bound to work for the salvation of their children on any such conditions.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire before Thee."—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth:

She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;

She is my mother, for she gave me birth; She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:

But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast

Are subjects far too low for my desire; The brightest beams of glory are, at most,

But dying sparkles of Thy living fire: The proudest flames that earth can kindle be

But nightly glowworms if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;

Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;

Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;

Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,

Nor have they being when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labours got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of Thee.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE "GOSPEL OF DIRT."

"A GOOD sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what, in fact, they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

CARRYING THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.

AFTER a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me and said in a canting voice: "Bishop, do you believe in a hell?" I said: "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?" He said: "Yes." "Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she tried to keep this wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room:

"'Aunty, aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I just wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place: dat's what I'd like to know?'"

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her,

and with a tear on her cheek, said: 'Ah! honey, darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid um.'

I said: "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?" He said: "No;" and he went home—I hope, with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved, we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

THE HABIT OF FRETTING.

FRETTING is both useless and unnecessary; it does no good and a great deal of harm; yet it is almost a universal sin. More or less we are all given to it. We fret over almost everything. In summer because it is too hot, in winter because it is too cold; we fret when it rains because it is wet, and when it doesn't rain because it is dry; when we are sick or when anybody else is sick. In short, if anything, or everything doesn't go just to suit our particular whims and fancies, we have one general refuge—to fret over it. I am afraid fretting is much more common among women than among men. We may as well own the truth, my fair sisters, if it isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of our daily life harass our sensitive nerves more than the more extensive enterprises which generally take the attention of men. Great wants develop great resources, but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and, like the nail that strikes against the saw, they make not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly. I think if we look upon all the little worries of one day as a great united worry, self-control to meet it would be developed. But as they generally come one or two little things at a time, they seem so little that we give way, and the great breach once made in the wall soon grows larger. Now, I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and any circumstances, wear a smiling face when her husband comes home, or that she needs to take her hands out of the dough or drop the baby on the floor to run and meet him at the door. But I do believe—nay, I know, for I have seen it with my own eyes among my friends, that many a woman has driven a kind husband away from her, away from his home and its

sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard-table or in a drinking-saloon, and their profane influences, by ceaseless fretting over trifles which were not worth a word, much less the peace and happiness of a home. I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of women, by her example constantly set before him. I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself, who, in her turn, would wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle. And, knowing all this, my sisters—and brothers, too, if they need it—I know that we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying and home-disturbing habit of fretting.

A DELIGHTFUL WANDERING.

BRAMWELL was a plain preacher, and, says the *Baptist Teacher*, to some extent an uncultivated preacher; but he was full of zeal, and his ministry was attended with marvellous power. He was preaching in a little village on one occasion, and the German minister, Trübner, was induced to go and hear him. Trübner was a very cultivated scholar and a profound critic; and when some of Bramwell's friends saw him there they said, "Alas! alas! for poor Bramwell; how Trübner will criticise him!" Precious little did Bramwell care for him, or for all the philosophers under the sun. He preached, and set before his audience the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ; and when Trübner went out of the church, one of his friends said to him, "How do you like him? Don't you think he wanders a good deal in his preaching?" "Oh, yes," said the old Lutheran, "he do wander most delightfully from de subject to de heart."

There is a good deal of pith and point in the comment of the African preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Said he: "I have never known a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way. Bredren, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know, and I'll climb by de sad light of de moon to de moss-covered roof, and I'll stand and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE sudden and extraordinary upward bound of the Mission in Leicester will make the past month for ever memorable. A large unused warehouse facing one of the main thoroughfares of the town, in the midst of a working-class population, has been taken for our use; and roughly as the place has been fitted up, so far, the people are thronging to see the strange sight, and the lively and successful character of the services will, we think, be sufficiently apparent to all who read the subjoined newspaper account. Our next magazine will contain full particulars of the opening of the

"SALVATION WAREHOUSE."

We cannot refrain, however, from expressing the delight with which we took part in the services of the day. Beginning at six o'clock in the morning with a triumphant procession from the centre of the town, and ending with a blessed, soul-saving prayer-meeting, with four open-air preachings and processions, and four in-door meetings between, the day was as one of the days of heaven on the earth. It was to us specially a joy, because, notwithstanding the recent change that has taken place in the separation from us of Mr. Lamb, there was not a word or sign of any unkind spirit on the part of our people, all being swallowed up in an earnest determination to successfully carry on the war with sin and hell; and moreover, because we saw the material, and the spirit, and the stern, invincible determination to establish and develop to the utmost in Leicester, according to our own personal conceptions, a real, living branch of the Christian Mission.

A HALLELUJAH BAND.

From the "Midland Free Press."

"BETTER than ever! The Christian Mission under the superintendence of the Rev. William Booth, are holding services in their grand old style in the Mission Hall, Crafston Street, Wharf Street, Leicester, every week-night at eight o'clock, until further notice. W. Corbridge, the real old Hallelujah man, and A. Russell, his son in the Gospel, will take part in all the services. Converted drunkards, swearers, liars, thieves, infidels, clowns, sweeps, fiddlers, shoemakers, cheap-jacks, and men and women of all sorts, rescued from the gutter of sin, testify for Jesus." So run the

posters which are widely distributed through the town, and which, a decided curiosity in themselves, serve to create curiosity in those who read them as to what they may mean. We certainly thought on reading over the bill that it presented almost as unique a programme for a Sunday evening's entertainment as could anywhere be found. Methuselah, we are told, lived 969 years, an almost incredible space of time to us whose span of life seldom reaches the prescribed extent of three score and ten, and he was a wonder even in a long-lived race; but what was Methuselah compared with "the real old Hallelujah man"? Hallelujahs, we believe, were shouted thousands of years ago, and if we were to see the "man" who first introduced the pious exclamation—as we were inferentially promised by the posters—that was surely justification enough for us desiring to witness the phenomenon. The extraordinary *olla podrida* of speaking talent provided in the shape of "clowns," "fiddlers," "shoemakers," "cheap-jacks," "swearers," &c., was scarcely less attractive than the expected sight of "the real old Hallelujah man," so we had no difficulty in deciding to visit the Crafton Street Mission Hall on Sunday night last. The hall, a small building near the upper end of the street, is anything but a pattern of cleanliness, but it may be quite an erroneous idea to suppose that cleanliness and godliness are so nearly related as they are said to be. The audience was larger than the small room could conveniently hold, and the atmosphere was far from agreeable. On entering, the ear was assailed with a Babel-like noise that was quite bewildering. This noise, as we found out when we had settled down, was made up of any amount of articulate and inarticulate mutterings, in which the phrases "Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord" were the most distinct, though what the people were praising the Lord for at that particular time, we could not imagine. In the motley audience we failed to distinguish the "clowns" from the "fiddlers," and the "shoemakers" from the "cheap-jacks," for want of their distinctive uniforms and regalia; yet the appearance of the worshippers left us in no doubt as to the genuineness of the description given in the posters. The women considerably outnumbered the men, but all were of the poorest classes, and withal decent and respectable. Many of them had been at a preliminary out-door meeting, and had nearly shouted themselves hoarse in "Hallelujahs," and raised their emotions to fever pitch, so that it was impossible for the least utterance to pass any of their leaders' lips, but they would bellow out "Glory to God," or some such phrase. We were soon disillusioned with respect to "the real old Hallelujah man," and suspect now, as we did before, that it would be as difficult to find him as to find the real and original Christy Minstrels. Mr. Corbridge, who claims the extraordinary title, is not apparently much above thirty, but if in the Christian Mission age counts by the frequent repetition of "Hallelujahs," he must be a "real old man" indeed, and is well entitled to that name. Speaking seriously, however, he is evidently an earnest, devoted, hard-working evangelist, and his "son in the Gospel," Mr. Russell, seems imbued with a like spirit. Mr. Russell is well known to many of the inhabitants of Leicester in connection with Mr. Abraham Lamb, who has, we believe, lately dissolved the partnership, and set up business on his own account. The evening's proceedings commenced with the singing of a hymn, which was done with great heartiness. Then followed a prayer from one of the fraternity who had been rescued from the gutter of sin, in which he did

his best to tear a passion to tatters, and was greatly assisted by the audience, from whom continual volleys of loud "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" burst forth with a suddenness and vehemence that was actually startling to one unaccustomed to the service. After this came another hymn. There were plenty of hymns sung, and it was wonderful to see how the poor folks, drunkards, swearers, fiddlers, clowns, or whatever they might have been, enjoyed the singing. The tunes were all of a popular style, tunes that go with a swing and a bang, tunes with a chorus to them that will force one to sing whether he will or no, and they did seem to strike a tender chord in many a breast that might never have vibrated to any other touch. To see them, and to hear them, singing the chorus—

"Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world,
For we all have our cross to bear,
It will only make the crown the brighter,
When we get the crown to wear,"

was exceedingly pleasing. There was not one, perhaps, in the room but had known more of crosses than anything else in the world. Yet the enthusiasm of the singing seemed for a few blissful moments to have transported even the roughest and most ill-favoured of the lot beyond their present cares and worries. Mr. Corbridge—we cannot call him "the real old Hallelujah man" now—then read the portion of the New Testament about Zaccheus, and kept up a running fire of comments upon the verses as he read them. The interjections of the audience, combined with the rough-and-ready phraseology of the speaker, served to make this part of the service at least as amusing as it was edifying. For instance, when he said that Zaccheus was a short man, but he had some pluck in him, we could hardly understand where the lusty "Hallelujahs" that greeted the assertion should come in, and the great shout of "Glory be to God" when Mr. Corbridge said that Zaccheus' pluck led him to climb a tree seemed strangely incongruous. But the congregation seemed to enjoy it, and no doubt did enjoy it better in this free-and-easy way than if it had been preached to them in a more professedly orthodox style. Another hymn, and a short address was delivered by a one-armed rag-and-bone man, who told us with a beaming face that he had known Christ for twelve years, and had repented of nothing so much as that he did not know Him sooner. He felt thankful, however, because he now had a ticket for the glory-land. A frame-work knitter and a burly Yorkshireman next said a few words, each advising us that night to make sure of securing our entrance to heaven, and then we had introduced to our notice a coal-porter, who admitted to having been a very bad sinner for many years, frequenting fairs and races, thimble-rigging, card-sharping, &c.; but he had now found a great Saviour. At this statement the outburst of "Hallelujahs" and "Glories" was quite indescribable, and continued so until he had finished his address. A cab-driver was the next speaker, but his experiences did not seem particularly to interest any one but himself, and, as he was likely to trench too largely upon the time, he was quietly informed that they had had enough of him, and he gave place to a shoe-hand, who spoke at us for some minutes through his nose. Short, pithy, homely addresses were then delivered by Mr. Russell and Mr. Corbridge, both being, as all the previous addresses had been, plentifully interspersed with the ejaculations of the rather excitable audience,

without the slightest regard to sense or propriety. Between each address that was delivered some verses of a hymn were sung, and this kept up the interest, the choruses being sung as often as four and six times in succession. A short prayer closed the meeting, and "anxious inquirers" were invited to come forward and get advice. As we passed out there were two or three persons round the table crying and praying by turns, but we had not an opportunity of seeing the result, as a cordial shake of the hand by Mr. Corbridge and the blunt, though well-meant question, as to whether we had "found Jesus" brought us up all of a "heap," and dissipated all idea of further observation, as well as any little mortification we might have felt at being duped into going to see "the real old Hallelujah man." Crude, and to some fastidious persons, profane, as may appear the method in which the work of the Mission is carried on, it cannot fail to benefit some of the class for whom it was intended. If the numbers who attend the services do nothing more than sing their hymns, they must surely be getting some good, and it may require evangelists like Messrs. Corbridge and Russell to draw out with their enthusiasm people who would not trouble to go to any regular place of worship.

WHITECHAPEL.

THE good done by our porch services increases daily. It greatly cheers our hearts. A woman who had been to the Pavilion Theatre services, after being deeply wrought upon, came to our prayer-meeting to get the work of her soul's salvation completed. She confessed that both she and her husband had often been convicted of sin while listening to the simple addresses in the porch. They both could see that the Christian Mission people had got something they did not possess.

THE CONVERTED POLICEMEN,

led by Bro. Flawn, were made a great blessing. One of the brethren had a solemn message for the people, as if he knew that on that very Sunday night Sister Osborne would be called away suddenly.

This dear sister, who could only attend the Sunday evening services, and who had reached her full term of life, was taken ill in the porch just as the procession was entering, and quietly passed away while we sang,

"Traveller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form."
"Yes, but I shall be immortal,
In that land without a storm.
For I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land without a storm."

The text was, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." The Spirit applied the truth, and eight souls came out to get their houses set in order.

An earnest appeal was made at one of our Sunday evening services by

MISS BOOTH,

from, "Run, speak to that young man." Although in very delicate health, the Lord blessedly assisted her. The word was with power, and eleven souls decided for Jesus, among whom was

THE CONVERTED POTMAN.

This young man was a leader in petty and mischievous annoyances. Nightly he was making sport of our attempts to do good. In his shirt-sleeves, with white apron on, any one could see what was his employment. The genuineness of his conversion was soon evidenced by his giving up the public-house work to seek other employment more honourable and attended with less sinful dangers.

OUR ENEMIES ARE BEING SUBDUED.

Several of our greatest opponents who have habitually persecuted us in the open air have been brought to the cross, and are now helping us to fire upon the strongholds of sin and hell.

THE BEST WAY TO DO.

A dear woman and her husband have lately found the Lord together. The woman was a backslider. She had been driven from Christ by the conduct of her husband. She, however, succeeded in getting him to our hall. I found him under deep conviction. The devil

wanted to persuade him that he was not one of the elect. I urged him to ask Jesus to take him. He took my advice, so did his wife, and both were made very happy. When speaking his experience he said, "I'll tell you how I did when I went to work. After I had got saved I thought it best to let the men know that I had given up drink and sin. I did so, and by doing so I have scarce had any persecution whatever. I have more bother from the devil than from the men; he wants to make me believe I am not saved, but I will keep believing that I am."

During the past month we have had a navy, a carman, a shipwrecked captain, and several men from the country brought to Jesus.

Our holiness-meetings continue to be made a great blessing to the Lord's people. The holy fire is spreading into the hearts of many who awhile ago did not possess the higher life. The friends are expecting a tide of salvation to flow over us. Our cry is, Souls for Jesus.

Tracts needed.

Funds to carry on God's work are greatly needed. Will kind friends help? Any sum will be thankfully received by Dr. Morrison, St. George's-in-the-East, treasurer, or by

W. J. PEARSON.

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

SHOREDITCH.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro in the earth, to show Himself strong on the behalf of them whose hearts are perfect towards Him."

THIS month has been one of much trial—the Lord has been winnowing, Satan has been raging. He don't like to see his kingdom pulled down. His servants are all up in arms, dressed in a variety of uniforms. But, glory be to God, He fights for us; He has given us the victory again and again. Our faith has been wonderfully increased, as we have proved that "All things work together for good to them that love Him."

We have had grand times in our porch. Continually poor sinners have been brought down to the feet of Jesus by His matchless power, while others have stood trembling like aspen leaves. One Sunday afternoon we could do nothing but deal with the penitents who came in with us from the open air. The place rang with their sobs and cries. Six

were set at liberty. We are asked what good are we doing. If these inquirers would like to know, we invite them to *come and see*. Our work will bear inspection; we don't do things in a corner. We should be better tolerated perhaps by many folks if we did. Our exhibitions are public. It is true we have to stand in showers of mud, and stones, and cabbage-stalks, while hell's music, the butcher's bell and irons, and taunts and sneers and bitter curses ring in our ears. But we don't mind it; it's all for Jesus. It seems to me so much like running into a burning house and pulling folks out of the flames. We do pull them out. Hallelujah! We do have joy, and we are going to have more. We are expecting large things; but not larger than God is able and willing to give us. We feel our need greatly of true Christian sympathy and assistance in this great work for eternity. Tracts or money will be thankfully received from any one who sends in love to Jesus.

JANE WOODCOCK.

33, Buxton Street,
Mile End New Town.

BETHNAL GREEN.

HALLELUJAH, we are rising! The work here is reviving. Since our last report God has appeared in a marvellous manner in our midst. Our meetings have been well attended in-doors and out.

After preaching from the

TEARS OF THE REDEEMER,

seven precious souls wept their way to His bleeding feet to gaze into His lovely face, and by faith to hear Him say, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." Some of them have already commenced working for the Master, persuading others to come to the Lord. We know He will own and bless such who go forth in His name.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN

that night found peace. When I spoke to them in the prayer-meeting, they told me they were members of a church, but they had no knowledge of sins forgiven. As they dropped down at the penitent-form one sobbed out,

"OH, I AM SO WICKED."

I felt like shouting. I knew that was a good sign. As they told the Lord of their great guilt, He showed Himself to be an all-sufficient Saviour.

MISS DUNNAGE

paid us a visit. After I had preached from "Yet there is room," she sang; and the power of God fell on the people.

FOURTEEN SOULS

sought and found the Saviour. We could scarcely tell which were seekers. The people were weeping in all directions. Oh, it was a blessed time! It was past eleven when we left our hall, for the people seemed spellbound; and the next night, to hear them speak in the class, was still more touching. They are still in the army of King Jesus. May they die in it! Amen and amen.

One of the number was

A YOUNG WOMAN

that has listened for years to the Gospel. While down at the penitent-form, sobbing, a sister said to her, "Is there anything you have not given up?" "Oh," she said, "I have promised to go to a concert next week!" Oh, what a struggle she had with the powers of darkness! but God gave her the victory. Such a change came over her! Heaven beamed out of her eyes. She went away rejoicing. We are looking for still greater things. God does help us to keep our feet on the neck of our foe. We are now in good working order, and determined to pull men and women out of the fire.

Yours in an all-conquering Saviour,
ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,
Arundel Street, Mile End.

HACKNEY.

THIS has been a month of trial among us, several of our workers and friends having been laid aside by small-pox, but thank God they are better, and we have had much success in our work.

On Sunday, January 7th, the penitent-form at the evening service was filled with anxious inquirers. One dear woman fell on her knees with her baby in her arms, and a sister had to nurse the baby while the mother fell into the arms of Jesus.

A FAMILY OF DRUNKARDS.

Whilst we were preaching in the open air the wife was convinced of sin, followed us to the hall, and gave her heart to God. She went home and told her husband what had happened, and

made him get out of bed and pray for mercy. He came to the hall on the following Sunday, and, with others, was soon down at the penitent-form, and after a short time he arose, thanking God that he and his wife were saved. His son, twenty-five years of age, told me he had been a drunkard twelve years, and that he could not see that salvation was for him, but on that night he could not rest on his bed; the next day he professed to find Jesus, and the whole family signed the pledge.

The neighbours said that if God could save them He could save the devil, as a week before they were fighting in a public-house, and that cries of murder often issued from their dwelling; but now they can sing the songs of Zion. Hallelujah!

ANOTHER DRUNKARD.

A man who was once a soldier, and who, when in the army, was many times court-martialled for selling his kit and getting drunk, and who twice deserted and served eighteen months in prison—like the man in the tombs, could not be bound in chains—got convinced of sin in the open air, followed us to the hall, where he sought Jesus, and the legion of devils was cast out. He went home and told his friends, and his wife got saved, and they are now both sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Sundays, January 21st and 28th.—We had several at the penitent-form, and souls were brought to Jesus.

Many of our young converts are very useful in giving their experience in the open air, and are boldly fighting for the Master in the face of much opposition both from professed friends and open foes.

E. CADMAN.

3, Havelock Road,
Well Street, Hackney.

POPLAR.

"We'll storm the hellish legions,
In Jesus' mighty name;
We'll follow, follow, follow,
Nor fear to win the day."

SINCE our last report God has been saving sinners. One night, standing at the corner of Ricardo Street, very cold and dismal, a young woman heard us. So impressed was she that she came to our hall and got saved; she is now out in the open air with us every night.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

After preaching one Sunday night an old woman between fifty and sixty came and found that she could be saved though so old. She is indeed very happy now.

Another young woman, a regular attendant at a Wesleyan chapel, who had followed us into the hall, found that she was not saved, and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she sought and found the Saviour.

Another night, after preaching on what the Christian Mission preached, a young woman was fairly smashed up and cried for mercy; her broken heart was bound up by Jesus, and she went away happy in Him. God is wonderfully blessing us in the open-air services; hundreds stand and listen. Our cry is, Oh, for more labourers! We are in very great need of funds and tracts. Who will help us?

Any contributions will be thankfully received, and may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. Reynolds, 23, Dee Street, or to

Yours in the vineyard,
GEORGE MACE,

5, Paris Terrace,
Gough Street, Poplar.

CANNING TOWN AND PLAISTOW.

PRaise GOD, He has helped us to fight, and to get the victory. We have conquered through the blood of the Lamb. By the power of God both great and small have had to fall. To God be all the glory.

A dear woman came to our believers' meeting, and whilst hearing first one and then another talk of the goodness of God, the Spirit of God laid hold of her, and there and then she gave God her heart. God grant that we may have many more such!

A BIG NAVVY.

A big navy came to our hall, and while I was talking from "What meanest thou, O sleeper?" the Spirit of God came and waked him up, and the first time for fifty years he came into the light, and another poor soul with him. He was at our class the following week, and with eyes sparkling with joy exclaimed, "Oh, that I had come to your hall before now, I have just got something that suits me." The Lord keep him on his way!

While speaking from the same words

at Plaistow, two poor sinners that once had been awakened, but whom the devil had got to take some of his soothing-syrup and go to sleep again, were thoroughly aroused, and professed to find true rest in God.

J. BORRILL.

15, Ivy Cottages,
Bath Street, Poplar.

LIMEHOUSE.

OUR Captain is the bleeding Lamb, and at His command we are marching on. Hundreds are hearing the Gospel, and, though many refuse, thank God, others accept. While the rain has been coming through the roof and streaming down the sides of the hall, the people have come, and the blessed Spirit has convinced of sin, and God has saved.

After preaching on Sunday, January 28th, and seeing but little fruit, was much discouraged; but on Monday was cheered by receiving a letter, of which the following is a part:

"DEAR SIR,

"I write a few lines to you concerning myself. I am very unhappy about my soul. Yesterday when I was at the hall I was almost giving my heart to Christ, but the devil drove me away once more, but I am determined to-night. Pray for me."

Thank God He did it. And another sister in a similar state and four others came out for God.

On Sunday, February 4th,

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH

preached our quarterly sermons. God was present all day. In the morning believers were greatly blessed, and at night sinners were saved.

On Monday after tea we had a good public meeting, led by Mr. Bramwell Booth. The addresses were short, but all pointed, and sinners cried out for mercy. There were three in one family, side by side, seeking salvation, and the father looked on till he could bear it no longer; then he made for the door. May the Spirit follow him!

A BAND OF MOTHERS

preached on Sunday night, February 11th, and six more sought salvation. This is what we are living for. This is what we must have. We also want, and must have, a new house for our work, for our present one is so full of holes that it takes in both wind and rain.

Come over to Limehouse and help us. Many thanks for tracts.

Contributions thankfully received by Mr. D. Skilton, treasurer, 6, Rhodeswell Road, or

Yours at the Master's feet,
F. LEWINGTON.

10, Clemence Street,
Burdett Road, Limehouse.

HAMMERSMITH.

"So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

THANK God the new hall has been crowded with eager listeners; sinners have sought salvation, and saints have shouted for joy.

NAVIES' TEAS.

A number of navies are at work on a new railway in Hammersmith, and we took an opportunity (through the kindness of J. T. Campbell, Esq.) to invite them to a free tea. About 150 of them accepted the invitation, and nearly the whole of them remained to the meeting. Under the power of the Word their stout hearts melted, and about 50 of them signed the pledge and prayed for mercy.

The new hall is situated in the midst of a great working-class population, thousands of whom attend no place of worship. On Thursday, February 1st, we invited as many as we could accommodate to a free tea. About 90 came, had a good tea, remained to the meeting, and two decided for heaven.

FULHAM.

AT our open-air service a woman was attracted, listened, was convinced of sin. I spoke to her, and asked her if she was saved. She said, "No." Do you want to be? "Yes," was the reply. When? "Now." We at once went into Bro. Wallace's house and prayed with her, and she got saved. The following Sunday she brought her husband to the Town Hall, and prayed herself most earnestly for him. I spoke to him, and entreated him to decide; but he said, "I can't feel." She continued to pray for him, and would not give him up until he was saved. She brought him again the following Sunday. The Power came down upon him, and he *felt then* and prayed for mercy most earnestly, and got blessedly saved, his face beaming with heavenly joy. They both have

joined the society, and begun to publish what great things God has done for their souls.

JOHN P. GRAY.

BARKING.

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain: My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass; because I will publish the name of the Lord, ascribe ye greatness unto our God."

VISITATION.

THE heart of man is often compared in Holy Scripture to the hard ground which must be ploughed by the husbandman and softened by rain from heaven before it can either receive the seed or bring forth fruit. It is even so the heart of man is fully set in him to do evil, and that continually. In visiting we are again and again painfully reminded of this: the doors are slammed in our faces, and the attempt to sow the good seed of salvation is stopped with "We don't want you nor your Jesus." But, thanks be to God, it is not always so. The Holy Spirit as the dew has come upon the hearts of the people, convincing and saving five precious souls in their own homes just lately; and to Him be all the glory.

A VISIT FROM MR. BOOTH

was made a blessing to the Lord's people in this place. A brother since that meeting has been able to conquer a besetting sin, who had tried before, but tried in vain; but now he is living a holy life, and others are pressing toward the mark (holiness).

THREE BACKSLIDERS,

who had discovered that the world could not satisfy their hungry souls, came continually to our hall, but were led away by bad company. I often spoke to them of their need of a Saviour, and of His willingness to save the chief of sinners; and again and again they went away under deep conviction. With tears one of them told me he could not sleep, through the fear that he might wake up in hell. But God has laid hold of them and blessedly saved them.

"IF I CANNOT SPEAK FOR HIM, I'LL
DIE FOR HIM."

The wife of one of our members has been under deep conviction for years—

prayed for, preached to, and talked with by God's people and striven with by God's Holy Spirit; but all has seemed to be in vain. Nevertheless, I determined to make a fresh effort, and anew besought the Lord on her behalf. So powerfully now was she troubled that she thought at times the men were bringing her coffin upstairs and hell opened right before her. At length the hour of deliverance came. We held a morning prayer-meeting specially on her behalf, and after fasting and prayer for her she yielded, crying out, "I am willing; if God can save me He shall; if I go to hell I'll go believing in the blood. He does save me now; and if I cannot speak for Him, I'll die for Him."

A BIRDCATCHER CAUGHT.

He said, "I have often been out in the fields on Sunday catching birds, and spreading my nets, having got some twigs and covered them with bird-lime to catch the poor innocent little things. But God has wonderfully opened my eyes. I could not get away from the truth; the more I tried the more it stuck to me. Oh, that Thursday night that I was constrained to stop behind! It was the force of love; I could not hold out any longer. Thank God that He caught me in His net, and the lime stuck to me. I hope He will let me catch some birds for Him." He is now an earnest worker.

A VISIT FROM MR. RAILTON.

On Sunday, January 28th, our dear brother preached two powerful sermons, and three souls found the Saviour. When the prayer-meeting was nearly over, two roughs came in; we got round them, and wrestled with God till they trembled in their seats; but they would not give up. When they went home one of them said to his wife, "I got such a doing at that Bethel that you will have to go to-morrow night." She did come, and God saved her and five others.

Thanks to Mr. Atkinson and to an unknown friend for parcels of tracts, and to friends for sympathy and help.

E. W. BLANDY.

Axe Street, Barking, Essex.

WHITECHAPEL.

TRACT SOCIETY.

How much hard daily toil in the vineyard is performed here and there in corners out of the sight of the mere

surface-observer! But never mind. The eyes of the Lord are on all the earth, beholding the evil and the good, and He will openly reward His faithful messengers at last.

Tract distribution under ordinary circumstances is often a very quiet, calm, and orderly method of passing away an hour, but it is not always so in commencing the work in an East-end court. The wretchedness and sin which constantly confront the visitor are beyond all description. An example of the misery so often discovered may, however, convey some idea of the sad facts our visitors have to face from time to time.

"On knocking at one door, a little boy came down the stairs. He was without shoes or stockings, coat or hat, and his general appearance was about as miserable as it could be. He said his mother was sick in bed. I asked if she would like any one to go and see her.

"No," said he, 'she would be ashamed for any one to see her, because she is so dirty.'

"I took no notice, but went upstairs. I didn't find a chair or a table, or cup or saucer. But I saw a long four-legged stool, with a quart can upon it, and some other filthy things. Looking round on my left I saw the poor woman lying upon a mattress, with a black dirty shawl over her. No bedstead nor bedclothes. Her hands were swollen with rheumatic gout, and her flesh was so dirty that you could scarcely tell whether she were a white or a coloured person.

"When I asked her about her soul, she said, 'I have been a Sunday-school teacher in my time.'

"I gave her a few halfpence. Went out and bought her something to eat, and sent a sister to see her the following week."

A CHOICE DISTRICT.

"I took up a district," says one of the distributors, "in one of the lowest courts in this neighbourhood. The first, second, and third Sunday, it was a caution in the way of scoffing. I had a score of women, and some men, most of them the worse for drink, all around me; some at windows, some at doors, some standing in the middle of the court. But as I stood trembling and shaking at one door with them all at me, the Word went with power to one

man's heart. He scoffed like the rest at the time; but afterwards he had a dream all about me, and heard me say, 'Come and let us pray together.' We invited him to come and hear Mrs. Mathieson and Miss Booth, and at last he got converted.

"His wife, like himself, had become utterly regardless of religion, and fond of drink. I can remember standing at the door for twenty minutes at a time arguing with her. After his conversion she noticed the great change in her husband. One evening as he sat at the table he turned to her and said, 'I want you to do one thing to please me.'

"How can I until I know what it is?" she said.

"I want you to pray with me."

"It is too late now," she replied; 'you've brought me to this, and now you want me to pray with you.'

"The husband burst into tears; but, thank God, it was not too late. The wife was soon, like himself, happy in the Lord, and both are going on their way rejoicing."

POINTING AT YOU.

In a more respectable district, a woman was often invited to come to service and give her heart to God; but she always found excuses more rapidly than her visitor could quote texts. At length, however, she was persuaded to come and hear Miss Booth. She had a little boy on each side of her on the seat, and during the sermon they kept saying to her, every time the preacher's hand was raised, "Mother, she's pointing at you."

The poor woman felt that, at any rate, the truth of God pointed at her all the time; but in the prayer-meeting she hid her head in her hands lest any one should speak to her. But another woman sitting on the same seat was in great distress, and a brother, finding her out, said, "Jump up and go into the flood." She arose, and her neighbour, being compelled to rise in order that she might pass, went up to the penitential form as well. She had not been there more than five minutes when she held up her hand and cried, "Glory," several times.

When the tract distributor called upon her the next Sunday, she said, with such joy, "Oh, I have had a new week, and a new Bible, it seemed! I got all my shopping done last night, for I've

left off buying on Sunday, and my lads keep saying you must do so and so, for mother's religious now." She has been a member ever since.

A servant girl watching one distributor pass along, beckoned and asked for a tract. She said her mistress would not allow her to go to a place of worship. In a week or two she had become so concerned about her soul that she told her mistress she must leave if she could not get out on a Sunday, and so got permission to attend one service a day. She had soon not only found the Lord herself, but the mistress, under her influence, began to read the tracts and her Bible, and, giving up her usual pleasuring, began to seek the Lord herself.

Sister Spooner, who has taken so prominent and laborious a part in connection with this portion of our work, found a man sitting upon a door-step who was deeply imbued with sceptical notions as to a future state. He began to ridicule religious people.

"Ah!" she said, "suppose I had eight sovereigns in my hand, and seven of them were bad ones, would you throw away the good one, if I offered it you, because the others were bad?"

"Oh, no," he replied. The thought remained with him for long time, until he became ill, and then he sent for his true friend to pray with him.

He was taken to the London Hospital, where he remained for three weeks until he died. "What a fool I was," he would say to those around him, "to doubt about a hereafter! But it was not me, it was the devil, and the men I was mixed up with, that invented such nonsense."

He would often sing, "I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb," and would remark, "I am washed, not shall be—I am."

"Now I can read my title clear," was another of his favourite hymns. He was constantly singing and praying, although other patients around would laugh at him for it. Shortly before his death he clapped his hands and shouted, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The poor infidel is gone to heaven, and the faithful labourers who patiently sought until they found the lost one are surely entitled to the prayer and sympathy of all the Lord's people as they persevere in their trying, wearying toil.

Bundles of tracts, or religious publications, old or new, will be very thankfully received, and very carefully made use of, if sent to Mrs. Spooner, People's Hall, 272, Whitechapel Road, E.

AMONG THE STATIONS.

By W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

CHATHAM.

I WAS at Chatham on Sabbath, the 28th January, for the third anniversary services. A good day, both in the open air and in the halls.

The morning open-air service was at a bad stand, and in the afternoon there was plenty of strength for two good bands. We had a little opposition on the Brook—a big burly fellow holding his fist within an inch or two of Bro. Ridsdel's face while he was speaking, and threatening to do all sorts of things; but God restrained him though. As he turned away he fairly gnashed his teeth with rage; but we sang on through the mud—and there *was* some mud, too!

At night the force outside was good, and the procession a decided improvement on when I was there last, though the singing was but second rate. The lecture-hall was very crowded (some portion of it being curtained off by "Pepper's Ghost" apparatus). I had a measure of freedom in speaking, and the Lord was powerfully at work, for eight souls were seeking Jesus. I was well pleased with the prayer-meeting; everybody was in full swing for salvation.

Monday, the 29th, was the anniversary tea and meeting. At 6 o'clock we left the second sitting down at the hall, and sang in procession to the Military Road. After one or two had spoken, the publican on the left opened his window and pitched a pail of water on to the crowd below. Immediately the people moved; but though the sisters were principally upon that side, and the water fell upon their Sunday hats plentifully, the ring was not broken for a moment, and everybody heard the hearty amen which burst from all as the dear sister who was speaking wiped the water from her face, and cried, "May the Lord save that dear man!" In the meantime the crowd had tremendously increased, and God came into our midst. Then the publican gave us another pail of water; but still we kept believing, and the ring was unbroken. There was

a solemn influence; no one spoke a word while we sang—

"But till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord,
We can never be ready to die."

And just then a fine sailor, apparently a man-of-war's man, stepped into the ring, and grasping my hand with tears in his eyes, said, "Oh, sir! can I speak to you?" The arrow of conviction had smitten home. Then I spoke a word or two, and then a *third* pail of water from a publican, seemingly aimed at me, but missing the mark, fell principally upon his own customers. We sang away, and many followed to the hall.

At 7 o'clock the meeting commenced with singing; and they *can* and *do* sing. Everybody spoke as they were moved by God; and spoke short, and to the point, and with power. Truly the Lord came down, and we finished up a most blessed meeting with salvation at half-past ten. Many happy, holy, and triumphant anniversaries to Chatham.

On Tuesday night I spoke with the members on holiness, and we had a good meeting. I was rejoiced to find many in the society clearly and intelligently confessing the blessing of a clean heart, and came away on Wednesday morning praising the Lord, for a battery of heavy artillery planted and worked for God and eternity, in this home of war and guns and red coats, and praying that Bro. Ridsdel and his corps may have grace and wisdom and courage to go on slaying the man of sin here and there and everywhere without fear or favour.

I wish something could be done for New Brompton, a large suburb of Chatham. So far as I could learn there is little or nothing that is *alive* in that place; but I suppose we must wait.

Leeds, February 17th.

Bro. Ridsdel reports the following cases of conversion:

A ROYAL MARINE

says: "I have been under deep conviction for these last three years, and no one knows what I have passed through but God. I have been to the lecture-hall Sunday after Sunday, and I used to go away wretched, not knowing what to do; but, praise God, the first Sunday in the year at the lecture-hall I left it all with Jesus, and I went home happy in Him, bless His name."

That night when he went home, his wife, seeing a change in him, said: "What's the matter?" "I have given God my heart, and I am going to heaven. You can go to hell if you like, but I am going to heaven." Down upon his knees he went, and prayed that the Lord might save her. He is still praying for her.

A GIPSY'S WIFE.

Our readers will remember that we spoke of a gipsy being brought to the Lord in our last. He brought his wife to the lecture-hall, and the Spirit of God convinced her of sin. Before she left the hall she could sing

"The precious blood of Jesus,
It cleanses me from sin."

I saw her a day or two after, and put the question to her: "Does the Lord save you now?" "Yes, He saves me just now," she replied. "I feel happy in the Lord, and I only wish that I had been like this twenty years ago." It would do any one good to see the great change that has taken place in that family. May the Lord keep them faithful!

SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

"I thought I was right before I came to Chatham. I used to go to a chapel every Sunday, and I thought that would do; but when I came to Chatham and went to the lecture-hall, and got among the Mission people, the Lord showed me I was not right. Just at that time the Lord took away one of my little children, and as it lay in the coffin I thought it had gone to heaven. Should I meet it there? No, I could not as I then was. But, praise God, I shall now. I shall meet it in heaven, for the Lord has saved me. I am washed in the blood of Jesus."

STOCKTON.

I MUST ask our dear friends, while praising the Lord for His continued goodness and blessing towards us here, to request from Him that I may be strengthened in body. For some weeks I have been unwell, and a severe cold seems to have taken thoroughly hold of my chest and throat. I send this from my bed. Oh, for health and strength and vigour to spend in my eternal Master's service!

Among those who have just recently found the blessed Lord are some most striking cases.

A BLACK MAN WASHED WHITE.

This dear fellow was convicted at the Cross while we were singing the negro hymn—

"Away over the Egypt land,
Oh, send those angels down."

He wept bitterly, and kept exclaiming, "Me—me—me!" followed us to the hall, where the Spirit strove mightily with him, and yielding to the invitation, he came forward, and sought and found forgiveness. At the close I asked if the Lord had saved him, and immediately he said, "Yes, Jesus save my very soul; I do believe, I do feel it." May he be kept unto the end!

As we sing by in procession hundreds stand along the pavement looking on and listening to the words. The other night among the crowd was a fine

NAVY,

and the song somehow got into his heart and made him feel strange. He followed us, came to the hall, heard, was deeply convicted, and oh! the Lord did break him up. He had a father and mother in heaven—years ago had served God, but been led away. That night Jesus came again, and bid the storm be still; and he has been rejoicing ever since.

Unbelief and scepticism and infidelity abound here in the North; but daily do we see what an answer to all these is the life and walk and testimony of the new converts. Living next door to one of our people here was a man who had said again and again,

"I SHALL NEVER BE CONVINCED;"

but he saw how his neighbour lived, and was persuaded to come and hear Mr. Booth preach the last time he was in the North. He came, and God met him. He trembled from head to foot, and had almost to be carried to the penitentiary; but, once made up for salvation, he soon got into liberty.

WEARY OF RESISTING

This was a dear young woman who has been under deep conviction almost since I came into the town. At last she has yielded. At her class the other night she said she was quite weary and tired of resisting the strivings of the Spirit, in fact, worn out with the conflict. Praise the Lord, she is right now!

Some tracts received from Mr. Atkinson with thanks. Subscriptions will

gladly be acknowledged by Mr. R. Ward, Yarm Lane, or by

J. ALLEN.

35, William Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

MIDDLESBRO'.

HERE we are; another milestone on our journey has been passed, and another anniversary day has stamped its mark upon the schedule of time in connection with the Christian Mission in this town. The hard fighting and the up-hill climbing, the difficulty and dangers that we have had to encounter in this blessed warfare, the threatenings and persecutions of another Mission year, are things of the past. We are safely on the other side with the Lord's host, singing "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously," for hundreds of men and women have been induced to leave Egypt and start for the promised land. Glory be to God! Some of them had been given up as real hopeless cases desperate in crime—monsters in brutality, sons of Anak in sin, forsaken by all earthly friends, and given up by kinsfolk and acquaintances as altogether hopeless. But now not a few of them testify before men that the blood of Jesus can cleanse to the very uttermost. Our very best workers are men who once danced at the fair, bet on the racecourse, cursed and swore in the tap-room, fought in the street, reeled home drunk at midnight, or found themselves in the lock-up, to awake heavy and sore in the morning. They were companions with harlots and law-breakers. Some of them have been to prison until it has puzzled the magistrates to know what to do with them; lost to all self-respect, given up to vice, and without natural affection. But now another sun has risen in the horizon of their soul, another Master has the control of their hearts, the devil has been thrown out without notice, and has had to seek refuge among the pigs, or somewhere else; he has gone, they know that,

"And where he is and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

A butcher said the other day in giving his experience: "I wish I was able to poleaxe him; he has been at our house bothering our old woman, and made her as cross as two sticks, so that there is

scarcely any living with her; but," said he, "I will settle him; I'll take him before his betters." To hear dear men and women talk in their own style, as only men and women can talk that are really converted, is a blessed feast. Glory be to God! A young man lately brought in said, the other day: "I have tried every trick on the board, and it was only for a lark that I and my pal came in here the other night to hear you; but you have caged me, and I never want to have my liberty again, for I am now singing for Jesus instead of singing for the devil."

Another man said, whose hair was white with the frosts of many winters: "I had very near made a bad job of it; the devil had very near got me, but I saw his little game just in the nick of time; he was drifting me as fast as he could on the lee-shore, but Captain Jesus shouted, 'Hard down! hard down! hard down!' just in time, and turned me round, for I was within half a point of being lost; but to-night I am in deep water, with plenty of sea-room, and every stitch of canvas set to the breeze. I am homeward bound at last." Another said—

"A BIGGER VAGABOND

than I was never could be left outside hell. I have nearly broken the hearts of my parents, and have deserved to have been hanged; nothing pleased me so well as when I was neck-deep in all manner of devil's tricks, upsetting somebody or getting somebody else into a row; but the other night, while I was listening to you, I thought God was going to send me to hell there and then. You were thumping at me all night, and I believed somebody had let you into the secret of my life. When you were talking about the old father and mother broken-hearted at home, because of a heartless son's conduct, 'By jove,' I said, 'that's me,' and you knocked me all to pieces, and didn't I holloa out? I was very near going a banger on to the floor! But, bless God, it's all right now; I am going home to tell my poor old father and mother all about it. Pray for me; and if I don't see you again here I will see you in heaven."

Many other interesting cases I might have sent you, but I am afraid I have already trespassed upon your valuable space.

WILLIAM GARNER.

4, Lennox Street, Middlesbro'.

The *Daily Gazette*, describing the anniversary tea and meeting, says:

"The annual tea meeting in connection with the Christian Mission at Middlesbrough was held in the Oddfellows' Hall on Monday evening. There were twenty tables and three courses, and altogether about one thousand persons sat down to tea. The public meeting was afterwards held, when the large hall was crowded in every part. Much enthusiasm was manifested in the proceedings. Mr. W. Taylor, J.P., presided.

"The chairman said he thought that, considering the time of depression in trade through which the town had passed during the year—looking at all the discomforts and all the miseries and adversities which had come upon so many belonging to the working classes; and when they saw how little of anything approaching to riot or disturbance had taken place—how little there had been to give extra trouble to the magistrates or the police—in fact, when they considered there had been a diminution in the drunkenness and crime during the past year, he did not think they would be far from the truth if they attributed much of the present state of feeling to the operation of the Gospel mission. He could not conceive it possible that large masses of people could be brought week after week to hear the Gospel faithfully preached without feeling something of their responsibility, both in regard to this life and that which is to come. He believed that these Sunday and week-night services had had a great effect on the lives and conduct of a large proportion of the inhabitants of Middlesbrough. Mr. Taylor concluded by saying that he would call upon those to address the meeting who could give some information as to the amount of labour bestowed in connection with the mission, and the success which had attended that labour."

PORTSMOUTH.

THE past month has been as the beginning of summer time, as the going forth of the King's army unto victory, hell defeated, God glorified, and precious souls snatched as brands from the burning. To God be all the glory! "Then were our mouths filled with laughter when the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion."

Bros. Bramwell, Booth, and Gray

have each paid us a visit, and sinners and the people of God have been blessed and saved. Our bands are working in the open air, as though they believed in heaven and hell and the judgment day. Their cry is, "Onward!" They shall receive their reward.

I visited a family, and was urging the necessity of purity of heart on one of its members, when the father came and stood in the doorway and said, "That is right." I knew he was a backslider, and at once turned on him and spoke of the awful danger of backsliders. "Oh," he said, "I know all about it; I have got it all here," pointing to his head; "but that won't do, I want it all here," putting his hand on his heart; and praise God he got it there and then. Two more of the family got gloriously saved the next night. Hallelujah!

A WARNING VOICE.

One of our mission converts from Chatham came here, but did not at once seek God's people, "and got cold," she said, and so went from bad to worse, until she found herself, when she came to our hall, a miserable backslider. However, she came to the Great Physician, and He healed her. She is now rejoicing in her restoration. To God be all the glory!

Many thanks to Mr. Grubb and Mr. Atkinson for tracts.

THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street, Landport.

CARDIFF.

THE Lord's work is still on the move, though not so fast as we could wish. We have excellent congregations both indoors and out, and all we want is more of the Holy Ghost. Since our last report there have been at least 80 young and old at the various meetings seeking the forgiveness of sins.

We give the following as a specimen of the work that the dear Lord is doing by our humble instrumentality:

A CONSTANT CHURCH-GOER.

"I can tell you, sir, that for years I always went to church, and never missed a Sunday; but, somehow, I never felt satisfied. There was always a feeling when I came out of wanting something I had not got. At last I began to think it was no use going at all, and so I gave it up. Being attracted by your open-air work I came to hear you a few times

at the hall, and there found that what I wanted was a knowledge of Jesus Christ as my Saviour; and I bless God for that night at the cottage-meeting, when Jesus showed me that He had died for me. I was made happy, and I have been happy ever since."

THE WIFE

of this dear man says: "I shall never forget that night at the Stuart Hall, when Jesus pardoned my sin. O, what a vile wretch of a sinner I have been!—born in sin, and brought up in sin of the worst kind, yet Jesus has forgiven me, and now I am happy and my home is happy; only I want Jesus to save my children."

BEER, TOBACCO, AND ALL.

"I never was able to stand up before a company of people like this before, but I can't help it this afternoon. I must tell you that I feel Jesus has saved me clean—*beer, tobacco, and all*—and now I can say I never was so happy in all my life; and I believe the Lord will save me right into heaven."

A YOUNG GERMAN SAILOR.

"I bless God," said a young German sailor, "for bringing me to this hall. My father has been praying for me a long while, and to-night the Lord has answered his prayers, and to-morrow morning I return to him; and when I get home to Germany how happy he will be when I tell him Jesus pardons all my sins."

ANOTHER SAILOR.

Another dear fellow said: "I praise God for bringing me to Cardiff. I was never in this port before; but last Sunday night, while listening to the Word at Stuart Hall, I felt as I never felt before in my life—*so heavy like*, I don't know how; but when I had been up to that penitent-form a little while, just as I was kneeling there, Jesus came and took all my sins away, and I felt all ten pounds lighter directly, and, bless God! I feel better now, and mean, by God's help, to go all the way to heaven."

There are several interesting cases of conversion among the dear children which I should like to describe, but space forbids. I must, therefore, be content with telling you that we have a blessed work going on among the young. Jesus, the tender Shepherd, is taking the lambs in His arms, and many are giving good evidence of a change of heart.

We are still adding to the number of those who have enrolled their names upon the total abstinence book; and though we have not come through the Christmas festivities without some very sharp hand-to-hand fighting, in which I am sorry to say some have come to grief, yet we are able to report a large increase in our numbers.

We have been enabled, by the kind assistance of many friends (to whom I herewith tender my best and warmest thanks), to give a free tea to a number of poor and needy ones, also a very substantial repast and a copy of the New Testament to 150 poor children, and to hold a midnight meeting at which we were enabled to welcome a few of our fallen sisters, and talk to them of Jesus's love and better days. Some six or seven expressed a desire to give up their evil life, and wept bitterly on account of their sins. May God save them! Friends, pray for them and for us, that the Lord may yet make us a power for good in this wicked town.

Yours, at the feet of Jesus,

JOB CLARE.

16, James Street, Roath,
Cardiff.

LEEDS.

"Joseph is a fruitful vine, his branches run over the wall."

A LIVING tree will grow and spread, so they say, and certainly a living mission will. Thank God, we are alive at Leeds. Good attendance, holy influence, and souls saved. Hallelujah!

WELLINGBORO'.

"So shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—ISAIAH IV. 11.

The Lord continues to encourage us here.

A LODGER WHO DOES NOT PAY.

After preaching the other Sunday on "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God," &c., a middle-aged man was so deeply affected that, when we urged him to come out to the penitent-form, he felt as though he could not rise, such a heavy weight seemed to be pressing on his heart; however, after a time he struggled up, and after a sharp wrestling with the power of darkness he was enabled to

east his burden down at Jesu's feet, and rose singing and praising God. In the open air the next night, as near as I can remember, he gave the following testimony: "Last night a dear woman dragged me out of the clutches of the devil, and out of hell itself as it were. I have lived 45 years in the service of the devil; he has lodged all that time in my heart and never paid me a farthing; but I don't mean him to lodge there any more. Praise God, I'm so happy." On the Thursday following two of his sons were converted, and soon after that one of their wives.

THE HELPER IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

A dear young woman, over whom the billows of a heavy trial were rolling, was found one night in deep distress about her sins. I told her of a Friend who would never leave nor forsake her, and urged her at once to seek Him. With a broken heart she sought His friendship, and, I trust, found it the same night.

A BACKSLIDER,

deeply wrought upon by the Spirit of God, was healed; and no sooner was the balm of Calvary applied to her own heart than she began to pray for the young man with whom she kept company, who has since professed to find mercy.

THE LIFEBOAT.

On Sunday, February 4th, I preached from this topic, when a poor woman, near 70 years of age, staying at a common lodging-house, sought the Saviour, and the homeless here was made, I hope, an heiress to a heavenly mansion. The following day I preached at Worlston, a village hard by, and some 12 persons sought the Saviour. Praise God for ever!

Thanks for tracts from Mr. Atkinson. Others much needed.

Yours, trusting in Jesus,

W. WHITFIELD.

4, Havelock Road, Wellingboro'.

HASTINGS.

PRaise God, the past month has been one of joy and progress. God is with us, and we are determined to fight and win. Our meetings have been well attended; and while the great I AM has been flooding the town with the sea, He has at the same time been flooding His people's hearts with joy, and sinners

have been washed, not with salt water, but with the blood of the Son of God. All glory to the Lamb!

On the 14th

BROTHER CORBRIDGE

preached at our annual services. The hall was full, and God was there to save souls. Everlasting good was done. On the 15th we gave, as usual,

OUR FREE TEA

to the poor fishermen and others; and although they are counted a rough and noisy lot, the presence of the Lord was there, and they were uncommonly quiet. Every speaker seemed full of the Spirit. A warm salvation-meeting crowned the work of the day. To God be all the glory!

Last Sunday morning, when leaving the fish-market, a big man came and laid hold of me, and with tears he cried: "Oh, dear sir, I do feel so funny. I must be saved." Praise God! I invited him to the hall, and pointed him to Jesus. Our cry is, that God will send that feeling over Hastings.

ST. LEONARDS.

At this station God is with us. Brother Morgan from Tonbridge has paid us a visit, and God has been baptizing His people.

NINFIELD.

God's Spirit is doing wonders amongst His people, and saving precious souls. The hall gets well filled, and we are expecting great things.

Thanks for books and leaflets and for donations, both for general work. Many more are still needed, and may be forwarded to E. Strickland, Preston House, Hastings; J. C. Womersley, Esq., Harold Place, Hastings; or to

C. HOBDEY.

Beulah House, Plynlmmon Road, Hastings.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BRO. CROWHURST OF WHITECHAPEL.

"An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," as one of his most intimate friends describes him, has been snatched from our ranks; and little as his ea nest life was noticed here below, he has left a gap which it is not easy to fill.

He was born in a quiet country village, but came to London and entered with ardour into the whirl of city life. He

remarked on his last Saturday night, "What a wonder for me to be able to stay at home! Before my conversion I could not be in a single evening." True enough—the theatre, the concert hall, and the other attractions of London used to demand all his leisure.

It was while returning from one of these (The Foresters' Music Hall) one Saturday evening, that his attention was attracted by the notice-board in front of the Whitechapel Hall. He stopped, looked carefully at the building, and determined to come and hear what he could the next day.

Accordingly he came in the morning, and was so much interested that he resolved to be there again in the evening.

During the afternoon, however, he met an unconverted brother, whom he did not know how to get rid of in time for evening service. We presume he dared not mention to him his purpose of attending a place of worship. They went into a public-house to have a glass together, and then, slipping away, he returned to the People's Hall.

In the course of his sermon Mr. Tetley said, "Perhaps there is a young man here who has a mother in heaven." This went straight to Brother Crowhurst's heart, for his mother had died when he was only seven years old, and it was all along one of his fondest hopes that he should meet her in heaven. At the close of the sermon, therefore, it needed but little persuasion to induce him to press at once through the strait gate into the narrow way, in which he ever after walked with such exemplary care.

HOW HE LIVED.

The charm of his happy, holy living was felt by almost all who knew him. Even the fellow-workmen who scoffed at his religion from day to day all confessed their respect and sorrow for him when he was gone. Always with a smile upon his open face, always a kind word for everybody, and almost always singing, though he knew no music, and had to fit everything to one tune, which was not a tune at all, he went quietly and steadily on his way, attracting only too little attention, and yet continually serving his King.

His first care was naturally for his unsaved relatives. He invariably prayed for them in public as well as in private, and when any one else prayed for unconverted friends his "Amen" would thrill

through the meeting. He constantly sought the souls of his mates. "While working with him," says one, "I have often witnessed him conversing with his fellow working men about their souls. I have known him to have many a scoff while speaking of the love of Jesus, and have often been at his side when the battle was fierce, surrounded by unconverted fellow-workmen; but it was all right, Jesus was there. On many occasions he has invited his fellow-workmates to come to the meetings, and has brought many with him."

His love for the work of God was such that he would spare no exertion to be at it either on Sundays or week-nights. He has been seen running through the streets eating his dinner in order to help at the porch meetings. Sometimes when detained late at his work, it would be difficult for him to get to the porch in time, and he would even leave his tea untouched rather than miss an opportunity.

HOW HE SPENT SUNDAY.

Though living some three miles off he would always be at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting. Only once did he neglect this in order to sit at home reading the Bible. But he said that everything he turned to there seemed to condemn him, and he would never be absent again. He used to bring food with him to Whitechapel, and stay all the day upon the premises, just as men do who go out for a hard day's work.

At ten o'clock he went into his Bible-class, and at eleven to the open-air or in-door service, as the case might be. After assisting at the opening of the meeting in the porch at half-past two, he would hurry off to his tract district, and be back to some part of the experience meeting. On his tract district he made himself beloved by every one by his kindly way of reaching the heart with the truth of God. At the open-air service and procession in the evening, and then at the indoor service and prayer-meeting, he stuck to the work till the day was fairly ended, and then would return home, having helped to win souls.

Sunday was almost his only opportunity to see any of the members of his family, and consequently he scarcely ever saw them, for he would not use the blessed hours of that day for any such purpose. The Sabbath was "a delight, holy of the Lord, honourable" to him.

And yet all his days were holy and happy, and full of the light of heaven.

His character as a workman was such that his manager, when told of his death, shed tears, and wrote us as follows:

"It affords me *very* great pleasure in having to bear testimony to the uniform good conduct of the late Thomas Crowhurst, who, for the past two years, was employed at this depot as carman, during which period he showed *great* perseverance of manner, kindness of disposition, and integrity of principle, as well as having proved himself worthy of my warmest though humble commendation of his general demeanour."

HIS LAST DAYS.

On the Saturday previous to his death, while unloading some barrels, one of them fell over and hurt his back. He complained of the pain in the evening, and on the Sunday morning at the prayer-meeting.

On the Sunday afternoon, after distributing his tracts, he went with some of his brethren to visit a sister who was dying; and, while in her room, he became so overjoyed as they sang that he clapped his hands, and said he had never been so blessed in his life before.

He did not feel able to remain to the evening service, however; and after a night of severe pain went to Guy's Hospital, where he was examined, strapped up, and sent home. The pain increased, however, on Monday night so much that he rose and returned to the hospital, where he was told that the strapping had been a great mistake, and that he should return, have flannel bandages, and come back to the hospital the next morning at ten o'clock.

Between the paroxysms of pain he kept singing and praising God. He was admitted to the hospital on Tuesday, and on the Wednesday, when some friends visited him, he pointed to a text hanging just opposite to his bed—"The cup which My Father hath given Me shall I not drink it?" "I am drinking it now," he said; and expressed his perfect joy in God, and satisfaction with the Divine will.

On the evening of this day the doctors decided that it was, after all, a case of internal smallpox, and he was sent off to the Hampstead Hospital, where he died the next morning at half-past eight o'clock.

He was in too great pain, towards the

end, for conversation, and had no one near him who could sympathise with his spiritual experiences; but when asked if he would like his friends telegraphed for, he said: "Oh, no! It's all right."

And so it is, thank God! for ever.

So great was the dread of smallpox prevailing at the time that none of our brother's own friends were to be seen at his burial, but a few of his spiritual brethren gathered at his grave, and, sorrowing, rejoiced over his victory, determined—

"To meet him there
In that pure air
Where God and the angels are."

MRS. DOLLY, OF CROYDON.

OUR friends will remember some months since our account of Bro. Dolly going home to glory. He left behind him an aged partner to trust in the widow's God.

Sister Dolly had been a member with us for years, attending all the meetings her health would permit her.

During her illness, which lasted for a few weeks, she was removed to the infirmary, and two of our brethren visited her, and gladdening indeed was it to see the countenance of the dear old Christian as she lay there, although in great bodily pain. She was exceedingly happy, trusting her all on Him, and trusting on Him for grace to cross the river. By-and-by Jesus placed His arms around her, and carried her safely over, where she has met her dear husband, and those of her brethren and sisters who have gone before, and together now they are singing unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us *from* our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God. To Him be honour and glory, dominion and power, for ever and ever.

HENRY E. HILL.

NOTICE.

Contributions towards the cost of properly seating the "Salvation Warehouse" at Leicester will be thankfully received by W. Corbridge, or A. Russell, 5, Argyle Street, Belgrave Road, Leicester.