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The Enemy.

By G. S. RAILTON.

DE are always talking of fighting and conquering. Is any one really resisting us? Have we, in fact, any real personal enemy to conquer?

Alas! we hardly need the Bible to inform us that there is a great and real enemy present everywhere.

"The tares" in their abundance, the villanies, outrages, and follies, the sorrows, tears, and groans of a dark, miserable, ruined world, must force every sensible man to conclude—"an enemy hath done this."

We are always talking of victory, and yet we are not in possession of the field. The sublimest thoughts of a time of salvation, and glory, and peace, have always been cherished by the Lord's people; and yet, here we are still in the midst of conflict, still as far, apparently, from peace as ever. Men *will not* hear; they *will not* believe; they *will not* come to Christ—and why? Because there is an enemy who is using enormous power to hinder and thwart our movements. Our great opponent is

THE GREAT PERSONAL ENEMY OF GOD.

We cannot search into the origin of this being, or of his hatred to our Father. The records of the skies, if written, are not yet within our reach; and we can know but little of the events which preceded our own world's creation. But one thing is certain—there is a great spiritual being, whose whole existence is devoted to the single object of resisting God.

Clamour as you please for morality and benevolence in the name of man—nay, even exalt man for devotion to God—and you will meet with no great opposition or difficulty; but the moment the authority or honour of God is involved, you find the full power of the enemy let loose against you.

Ah, the devil knows nothing of those beautiful abstractions, those cold generalities, which are advocated as the only proper forms of religious thought and feeling. He cares nothing for the diffusion of theories or the triumph of principles. For reasons we cannot fathom, he hates God, and he never omits an effort to injure or displease Him. That is why he fights us with such directness and success.

Oh, that we, as children of God, felt as we ought towards this desperate enemy of our Father in heaven! We have seen a child rush to the help of his father against some rough assault, and we have admired and sympathised with his tearful, helpless determination. Only a childlike religion is capable of that desperate, loving rush "to the help of the Lord against the mighty" which our Saviour's loving heart yearns for. And only desperate men, blinded with tears and frenzied with fire from on high, are capable of successfully resisting the

RECKLESS SPITE

of Beelzebub. What does the devil care for the anguish of the guilty, the sighs of the widow and the orphan, the miseries of a blighted race, the throes of a spoiled creation, the bubbling cries of myriads of lost souls sinking in eternal burnings? What to him the wreck of homes, the ruin of "vested interests," blasting, mildew, fire, and famine? What to him weary, aching frames, palsied limbs, deformed and torn and bruised and bleeding bodies, minds in ruin, and souls wallowing in the mire? He hates God, and he will gratify his hatred to the uttermost, if a universe perish at the result. From the very circle round the throne a band of lovely angels must be torn, from every one of our homes the choicest of our loved ones must be taken, from every one of us the crown and the peace and hope itself must be snatched away for ever, if it may be, only to satisfy the insatiable thirst for revenge against the Holy One.

My God! and is it in fighting for Thee against such a foe that men are afraid even to use a word that might give offence? Oh, for a just and earnest conviction of the eternal realities of our life!

How mighty the love that protects us from such enmity! Thank God, the devil constantly fails after all, but his

DESPERATE DISAPPOINTMENT,

instead of disappointing, seems only to spur him on to intenser activity.

Every human soul is daily waylaid, and in how many instances the tempter is foiled, God only knows; but no interruption in the fatal activity of hell ever occurs. Temptations resisted a thousand times are repeated, as if certain to be successful; suggestions, the fallacy of which has been proved over and over again, are re-stated verbally, and in print, as though they were well-known facts. The truths of the Gospel, the characters of God's servants, and the movements of the Church, are incessantly assailed with the most violent abuse, and opposition of the bitterest character; and no succession of "triumphs of the Gospel," however rapid or sweeping, has the slightest effect in modifying the strength or nature of the enemy's attacks.

How dreadfully does all this contrast with the weeping eyes, the heavy hearts, and, alas! too often, the slackened diligence of Christian

workers whosoever disappointments arise, or even when success is only limited!

When we think of the untiring, invincible determination of our enemy, we could almost begin to respect him, were it not for the

MEAN SUBTLETY

which equally distinguishes all his movements.

Choosing for every onslaught, not the light in which his acts, if not his plans, could be discovered and guarded against, but the darkness in which no one can naturally have a fair opportunity for resistance; choosing always the feeblest and most helpless for his most furious attacks; choosing the moments of man's weakness, and using the completest combination of agencies to effect his object—the devil always fights with the extremest cowardice and treachery.

Lying has from the first been one of his chief forces. Painting the one true Being of Light that we could most safely trust in the most hideous colours; breathing horrid thoughts of unbelief and evil into the purest mind; making the lovely lips of childhood loathsome with falsehood; destroying the mutual confidence of the most loving circle by the inroads of deceit; separating chief friends with groundless suspicion; covering every useful life with the foul slime of slander and reproach, and disuniting the soldiers of the Cross by evil surmisings, evil reports, and evil teachings—this liar from the beginning has made every ear the receptacle of his falsehoods, and every human being the victim of them. Such an apt selection of opportunities can only be realized by

PERFECT, CONSTANT WATCHFULNESS.

When the most diligent servants of the Master are fallen asleep, the devil can still watch many hours more; when the most careful parent's attention is diverted from her child, the devil is there; when the most devoted of preachers has expended his last strength, his most finished point, his most telling story, the devil is there; when careless hands hang down, and idle lips are silent about Jesus, and slothful comfort is rejoicing, the devil is there.

Amid the eager throng of earnest souls in the prayer-meeting, and amid the giddy worldlings in the drawing-room, in the crowded streets of the great bustling city, and in the silent sick-room, the devil is watching—watching like the wild beast for its prey—watching with all the concentrated intensity of an eternal life of hatred, for one thing, and one thing only—an opportunity to vex God. For the devil has nothing whatever to gain; he has never sought to gain anything for himself since all was lost to him for ever. But if he has nothing to gain, he has equally *nothing to lose*.

Ah! is not this the secret of his power and the mighty key to all his strategy? Our enemy is single-eyed. With no tie to bind, no secondary aim to answer, no personal object to serve, all the devil's power is for ever thrown into the war which is the one employment

of his miserable existence. Defeat, dishonour, are nothing to one who is for ever lost and damned. To such a life of unbridled malice and hopeless misery for ever are our fellow-men being dragged by the million every year.

Christians, shall we never appreciate the position in which we are placed? Face the foe we never really can, for the foe never faced any one yet, and never will. But only such vigilance and such unhesitating, ceaseless, desperate resistance and attack as Christians have never yet as a body displayed can cope with the enemy successfully. But although an all but almighty foe surrounds us, an Almighty Saviour is ready to lead us to eternal victory. Let us give up ourselves and all we have for ever to Him, and follow our immortal Head to glory and dominion, for ever and ever.

Capital versus Labour.

CHE question of the relationship of labour and capital seems at last to be coming to that decisive struggle which has been foreseen in our country.

While, on the one hand, we hear of a proposal to lower by one-quarter the wages of some of the most important operative classes, and of a consequent strike of many thousands of men, we hear on the other hand of the demand of farm labourers for wages nearer the amount claimed by the poorest of town workmen, and of a general agreement of farmers and landowners to resist the claim.

To what result these movements will bring us no one can tell. The price of labour, like the price of everything else, seems capable of endless change; but there can be no mistake about the marvellous awakening of mind, evidenced by the fact that the working classes, accustomed for centuries to take whatever was offered them and be thankful, or, at any rate, only to complain in whispers to one another, are almost universally beginning to talk about their rights, and to treat with other classes as equals.

Is it asking anything exorbitant of our faith to suppose a general awakening of mankind by the power of the Holy Ghost, and that very quickly? For ages the wages of sin have been accepted with one consent, as a matter of course, and although forms of religion have everywhere prevailed, any energetic resistance to evil has always been looked upon with more or less disfavour. All this cannot last for ever. There must come, and there may come, very quickly, a time when men will look the question of right and wrong fairly in the face.

Either under the power of the Holy Ghost men will awake to righteousness and sin not, or under the influence of the devil men will awake to such a violent form of infidelity as has never yet been known. Which is it to be? Let our prayers, and our faith, and our labours, determine.

One thing, in any case, is certain—a day of reckoning between God and man will come. The claims of God have been ignored since the world began. The people of God have been trodden upon, and the work of God frustrated; but God will arise to judgment one day, and all the workers of iniquity shall hide themselves.

JONAH versus THE WHALE.



NBELIEVERS have often told us that the story of the prophet swallowed by a great fish was an absurdity. They say that so long in the stomach of the monster, the minister would have been digested. We have no difficulty in this matter. Jonah was a most unwilling guest of the whale; he wanted to get out. However much he may have liked fish, he did not want it three times a day, and all the time. So he kept up a fidget, and a struggle, and a turning-over, and he gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that if he was ever to get out, he must be in perpetual motion. We know men that are so lethargic they would have given the matter up, and lain down so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into flukes and fishbone, blow-holes and blubber. Now we see men all around us, who have been swallowed by monstrous misfortunes. Some of them sit down on a piece of whale-bone and give up. They say—"No use! I will never get back my money, or restore my good name, or recover my health." They float out to sea, and are never again heard of. Others, the moment they go down the throat of some great trouble, begin immediately to plan for egress. They make rapid estimate of the length of the vertebrate, and come to the conclusion how far they are in. They dig up enough spermaceti out of the darkness to make a light, and keep turning this way and that, till the first you know, they are out. Determination to get well has much to do with recovered invalidism. Firm will to defeat bankruptcy decides financial deliverance. Never surrender to misfortune or discouragement. You can, if you are spry enough, make it as uncomfortable for the whale as the whale can make it uncomfortable for you. There will be some place where you can brace your foot against his ribs, and some long upper tooth around which you may take hold, and he will be as glad to get rid of you for tenant, as you are to get rid of him for landlord. There is a way out, if you are determined to find it. All our sympathies are with the plaintiff, in the suit of *Jonah versus Leviathan*.

TALMAGE,

True Devotion.

THE civilized world has been bowing in silence over the tomb of one who has laid open a larger portion of the barbarous world than any living man.

And surely it has been worth their while to do so, for the dead body of the great explorer seems to speak with a mighty voice to all living. Here we have at last a man devoting his whole life to an object worthy of him, boring steadily on in spite of dangers and difficulties continually increasing, and never halting or resigning until the last.

With a deep, true love of home, never quenched in many years of wandering, with the consciousness of many great achievements, sufficient for many an ordinary life, David Livingstone deliberately chose to toil on till death, rather than abandon any part of the work he conceived himself destined to accomplish. And now his dead body, borne to us from the battle-field of his life, comes to ask us what we mean by living and dying for Christ—by persevering to the end.

Oh, Christian brothers, if we are to seek out the slaves of sin, and bring to light the Gospel of Jesus, we must not only talk about the devotion of a life-time—we must make the sacrifice!

Welcome to the Victors.

CHE Ashantee war is over, and the officers and soldiers are being thanked and welcomed everywhere. It was a "little war," but it was well managed, and right quickly prosecuted.

Some of us are called to a very limited sphere of operations, and, however we may exert ourselves, our warfare against Sin and Satan must always be conducted on a very small scale. But never mind, if we are only faithful to the end, we shall be welcomed home to heaven just as heartily as any one. The great King of kings, and the armies of heaven, will not think the least of us unworthy of notice. We shall be reviewed, and thanked, and crowned for ever.

Woman's War Against the Bottle.

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

"Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake!"—*Judges v. 12.*



TEXT of five words, and four of them one and the same. It seems that the men of Israel had lost their courage. Trampled into the dust by their oppressors, the cowards had not spirit to rise. Their vineyards destroyed, their women dishonoured, their children slain, the land was dying for a leader worthy of the cause. A holy woman by the name of Deborah saw the desolation, and putting her trust in the Lord, sounded the battle-cry, and by the help of General Barak, launched into the plain ten thousand armed men. The Canaanites, of course, came out with a larger force. They came out against Israel with nine hundred iron chariots, each of these iron chariots having attached to the side of it a long, sharp scythe, so that when these engines of war were driven down to battle, each one of the nine hundred was ready to cut two great swathes of death. But when God gives a mission to a woman, He gives her strength and grace to execute it. The nine hundred chariots of the Canaanites could not save them. They fly! they fly! horse and horseman, chariot and chariooteer, officers and troops, in one wild and terrific overthrow. Sisera, their leader, is so frightened in the conflict, that he cannot wait until his team turns around; he leaps from the chariot and starts, full run, for the mountains. Then this epic of the text was composed to celebrate the grand womanly triumph: "Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake!"

My friends, an army of Canaanitish and infernal influences has come down to destroy this fair land. They come on armed with the decanter and demijohn, and legislative enactment and brewer's tank, and apothecary's bitters, and distiller's "worm" that never dieth. To meet these influences, some very brave men have gone out in battle, and have tried to break to pieces these iron chariots of destruction; but for the most part the land has slept. Indeed, it slept until a few weeks ago, at the West, when the Lord God uttered His voice until it rang through the churches, and the homes, and the gin-palaces, and off upon the prairie, saying: "Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake!" And now, while I speak,

THIS GREAT AUSTERLITZ GOES ON,

and earth, and heaven, and hell, await the stupendous issue.

Before I proceed to discuss the modes and policies by which the great sin of drunkenness is to be assaulted, I want to tell you two or three things which I think will bear me out in the statement that something

radical needs to be done. The first fact I want to put before you is this: that there are coming up a vast multitude of children in this country who have, from the day of their birth, a thirst for strong drink. Whether it be developed in early life or not, it is there—they have inherited it. Right along the ancestral line, how often goes the river of death! It seems as if their cradle is rocked by the rum-fiend. The father sits down to make his will. He says—"In the name of God, amen! I bequeath to my children my houses, and lands, and all my property. Share, and share alike, they must. Hereto I affix my hand and seal, in the presence of witnesses." But that father may, at the same time, be making a will that he does not recognize. He may be really saying—"In the name of disease, and appetite, and death, amen! I bequeath to my children my thirst for strong drink. My tankards shall be theirs, my condemnation shall be theirs. In the ruin that I have wrought for them, let them share and share alike. Hereto I put my hand and seal, in the presence of all the astonished hosts of heaven, and all the jubilant harpies of hell." He does not know that he is making two wills at the same time. There are young men in this house to-day who have had two inheritances: one, an inheritance of dollars—they have nearly spent that; the other, an inheritance of thirst for strong drink—they have not spent that.

In addition to this, there is coming up from the lower haunts of society an uncounted throng of children who have been familiar with the odours of the whisky-jug and the ale-pitcher from the time they started into life. In every fibre of their soul they feel the sting of paternal indulgences; and while your children to-day will be in the Sabbath-school, singing "hosanna," there will be a vaster multitude—vaster by millions and millions—of little children, bare-footed, embruted in their countenances, filthy and uncombed, who will be singing the song of the drunkard. Their swaddling clothes were torn off the winding-sheet of death. Their toy in infancy was a gin-bottle. They were baptized from the laver of woe. Obscene songs were their lullaby. Their inheritance has been a father's curse and a mother's beastliness. Are you surprised that they turn out badly? Aye, if one out of ten thousand turns out anything but badly, you ought to be surprised.

There is another fact I want to present, showing that there is a need of something radical on this subject of the multiplicity of drinking-houses all over our cities. There never has been any lack of these establishments. There never has been much reason for a man's being thirsty a great while. But it was once only like an eruption on the body of the city; now it has become a multitude of carbuncles that threaten the very life of the community. You go down a beautiful street and see carpenters at work. You say—"I wonder what they are going to make there?" You go along a few days after, and you see they are painting an ale-pitcher on the sign, and see the red and blue light in the lamp at the door, as though kindled by a spark from the nether world to which it will decoy very many victims. In those places the villainies of your city are concocted. Those are the places where men whet their courage for arson, and for garrotting, and for burglary, and for murder. I can remember the time when these saloons were chiefly on the street corners. Now they flame out from the heart of the block—a long line of fortifications levelling their enginery of death. Sometimes they call them "hotels." Sometimes they call them "wine-cellars." Sometimes they call them "restaurants."

Sometimes they call them "retreats." Sometimes they call them "concert saloons," where

MUSIC PLAYS THE MARCH OF DEATH.

Sometimes they call them "casinos," combining all the abominations of the theatre, grog-shop, and brothel. Sometimes they call them "lager-beer saloons," under which, I suppose, there are more villainies and more obscenities than under any other name. These institutions are springing up all around about us. They come like some fabulous monster, taking at one swallow a hundred victims. They are plagues sweating on your great thoroughfares, and rotting away the life of Brooklyn and New York. They are on every avenue—Fulton Avenue, Atlantic Avenue, Lafayette Avenue, Gates Avenue—girdling the city with a chain of eternal fire.

Take two appalling statistics. In one year we spent in this country, one billion, one hundred and ten millions, four hundred thousand dollars, more money in making, and selling, and buying intoxicating drinks, than for the woollen goods, and cotton goods, and flour, and meal, and boots, and shoes, and clothing, of the people. In other words, we paid in this country, in one year, one billion, one hundred and ten millions, four hundred thousand dollars more to kill the country than to make it live. Put that down in your memorandum books for one item.

Then the other item is this: If we should take all the drunkards in this country, and gather them in battle-array, five men abreast, they would make

A LINE A HUNDRED MILES LONG.

So that, if you wanted to marshal that host, and look at the companies, and the regiments, and the battalions, and you wanted to review them, you would have to mount one horse and ride until he was exhausted, and then mount another horse and ride until he was exhausted, and another horse until he was exhausted; and then if you wanted to marshal that great host, and had a voice loud enough to order them to "Forward march!" their step would make the earth shake and the gates of hell tremble. That is the other item.

Now, if all these things are so, is it not time that something great, something earnest, something radical, be done? Revolution! Revolution! In the light of these things I come to consider this great movement which has attracted the attention of the whole land towards the West. You ask me, as I have often been asked in private, "Do you approve of the assault that has been made by the women of the West upon the grog-shops there?" I reply that there have been some things done there that I have no sympathy with, and I also assert that so long as we have so many fools masculine, we ought to be willing to have a few fools feminine. Then I go further on and aver that the campaign waged at the West by the women against the grog-shops of Ohio, and Illinois, and Indiana, and Michigan, is the grandest and most magnificent thing that has been on earth since the day when Deborah, in the name of the Lord God Almighty, hurled ruin and death on the armed oppressors of Israel. Why, it seems that by the force of prayer—certainly, there cannot be anything wrong about that—and by the force of Christian song—certainly, there cannot be anything wrong about that—that there were, in a littlewhile, three hundred saloons shut up, and in some villages all the drinking-places were abandoned.

You tell me they will be open again very soon. I reply: Is it nothing to shut up the fires of hell for six weeks? Why, it seems that these men engaged in that business did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine Liquor Law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance Society, and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans; but when Deborah appeared upon the scene, Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation," and "Old Hundred," and "Brattle Street," and "Bethany"—they were so very intangible. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a German regiment was brought out, all armed, to disperse the women. They came down in battle-array; but oh! what poor success, for that German regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymn-books in their hands. Oh! they found that gunning for female prayer-meetings was a very poor business. No real damage was done, although there has been threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. Let us give fair warning to all military companies, and to all mayors, and to all courts of law, that on the day that one of these Christian women engaged in this holy war shall, under the point of soldiers' bayonet, or under the stroke of police club, fall down wounded or slain, on that day there will be a fire kindled in this country—a fire of indignation and national wrath, that all the waters of the Mississippi, and the Ohio, and the Hudson, cannot put out; and the influence will keep on rolling over this whole country, until the last liquor-shop, and the last distillery, and the last gin-store, and the last brewery, shall be trampled out under the feet of an indignant people. I tell you that the curse of the Lord God Almighty is on that business, for ever, and for ever. Amen.

They say that it was not dignified for these women—they ought to have been home crocheting, or watching the loaves of bread in the oven to see that they did not get too brown and hard. Oh! my soul, which would have been most dignified? to have stayed in the homes already desolated by rum, shivering amid half-clad children, waiting for the staggering step of the father, or brother, or son, or to put on the only hat and shawl that had not been pawned away by the companion, and go out under the leadership of some great-souled Deborah, and with the famished family at the back, attempt with the artillery of prayer and song to put an end to those institutions where the domestic ruin had originated? Who are you, that, seated in your homes of plenty and sobriety, you should be so severely critical of these women of the West, who, not for personal display, not for a play-spell, but because they wanted to get back the homes of which they had been robbed, and the children's inheritance, and the souls of the men who had been imperilled by strong drink, went forth to do their duty? When my voice shall, through the printing press, reach those women at the West, I want to say to them—

"GOD SPEED YOU IN THE WORK!"

"Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake!" Nine hundred chariots cannot do you any harm. The Lord of Hosts is with you, and He is mightier than all that can be against you.

Forward! ye women baptized of the Holy Ghost. Forward! into the strife. Your ensigns shall not be stained with tears or blood. No skeleton will mark the line of your march, but in the wake of this great army there will smile a harvest of reformed inebriates, and there will be heard the shout of children at the return of their fathers from the captivity of the wine-cup. The mountains and the hills will break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood will clap their hands. "Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir tree; instead of the briar, shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

"We wage a mighty warfare
Against a mighty foe!
Who through our land with busy hand
Is spreading want and woe.
He's saddened many a light heart,
And many a thousand slain;
Then come with us your voice to raise,
And bid mankind abstain."

FLAMES OF FIRE.

BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH MINER.*

(Concluded from page 78.)

MANY of the Lord's own people have felt called to fasting as well as to prayer, and when such a practice is helpful to devotion, there can be no question as to its being a duty. Billy Bray thus informs us how he was led into the custom, and of some of his experiences in it.

FASTING AND WORKING.

"In the freshness of his first love, Billy had asked on a Sunday morning, 'What can I do to be more acceptable in the sight of the Lord than I have already done?' The answer he received was, 'Fast this day for the Lord's sake.' 'I will, Lord,' was his prompt answer. He did not take any food until eight o'clock at night; and that was the best day he had had for twenty-nine years. Henceforth he took no food from Saturday night until four or five o'clock on Sunday afternoons. His neighbours were afraid that he would starve himself, and a good man kindly said to him, 'The devil is trying to starve thee, for he knows what great things the Lord has done for thee.' Billy's answer was—'Richard, the devil shall not starve me, for I can soon know

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

by asking the Lord, who will tell me whether I am right or no.' On the next Sunday morning he knelt on a stool, and said, 'Lord, Thou knowest what the people are saying, that I shall starve myself if I fast; now, my dear Lord, if I must not fast, make me happier than I have been.' But he did not feel happier. Then he said, 'Lord, must I fast?' and he says, 'The power of God came down upon me, so that I fell off the stool; and I was convinced that it was the will of the Lord that I should fast.' What the people said had no effect upon him now; and truly, as he declares, 'If the members of the churches would mortify the flesh more, and not gratify it, they would be much happier than they are.' To his friends who pressed him to eat he would say, 'On the Sunday I get my breakfast and dinner from the King's table—two good meals too—and I would not exchange this food from heaven for the richest dinner on the earth.' However long might be the journey he had to take, he never altered his practice. And on the Sunday, incessantly occupied as he was, singing, praying, exhorting, in addition to his bodily exertions—for he would be jumping and dancing almost every moment when not otherwise engaged—he never seemed to want food, and I never saw him appear either dull or fatigued. To him the promise seemed literally fulfilled—'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall

mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.' After rather a long journey one Sabbath to his appointments, when he was got an old man, a good friend, on his return, said to him, 'Poor old man, come, are you?' Billy leaped on the floor, and said, 'Don't call me an old man, for I am like a boy. I could go the same journey again, for I'm not one bit weary.' At another time, after a very hard day's work he said to a friend, 'How strong I am! I am as strong as a lion. I could run up to St. Austell (a distance of twenty miles or so), I am so strong.'

Billy had to content himself through life with poverty. Many times, and often for long periods together, he had to bear up under scanty fare, an empty cupboard, an ill-furnished table, threadbare clothing, and all the long list of trials that poverty brings. But cheerfully and meekly he bore up under them all, and never for a moment does he seem to have doubted that the Lord would provide. Take an incident or two:—

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

'At one time I had been at work the whole of the month, but had no wages to take up when pay-day came; and as we had no bread in the house, 'Joey' advised me to go up and ask the 'captain' to lend me a few shillings, which I did, and he let me have ten shillings. On my way home I called to see a family, and found that they were worse off than myself; for though we had no bread, we had bacon and potatoes, but they had neither. So I gave them five shillings, and went towards home. Then I called on another family, and found them, if possible, in greater distress than the former. I thought I could not give them less than I had given the others; so I gave them the other five shillings, and went home. And Joey said—

"Well, William, have you seen the captain?"

"Yes."

"Did you ask him for any money?"

"Yes; he let me have ten shillings."

"Where is it?"

"I have given it away."

"I never saw the fellow to you in my life. You are enough to try any one."

"The Lord isn't going to stay in my

debt very long,' and I then went out. For two or three days after this Joey was mighty down; but about the middle of the week, when I came home from the mine, Joey was looking mighty smiling, so I thought there was something up. Presently Joey said—

"Mrs. So-and-so has been here today."

"Oh!"

"And she gave me a sovereign."

"There, I told you the Lord wasn't going to stay in my debt very long; there's the ten shillings, and ten shillings interest."

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

"He thus repelled the tempter, when he said to him, 'I'll have thee down to hell after all.' 'Hast thee got a little "lew" place for me in hell where I could sing thee a song? Thee eusn't burn me, devil. There's no grease in me;' or, 'What an ould (old) fool thee art now; I have been battling with thee for twenty-eight years, and I have always beat thee, and I always shall.' But the devil said again, 'Well, I'll have thee down to hell, after all.' But Billy said to him, 'I'd as soon go to hell with thee as not. For I'd bring Jesus Christ with me, and shout and sing, and praise the Lord, for that's a sound thee hasn't heard for two seven years, and I know thee wost-en (would not) like that.'

"If the temptation was that he was a fool to go and preach, as he would never get anything for it, the answer was, 'Not so big a fool as thee art, for once thee was in a good situation, and did not know how to keep it.' When his crop of potatoes failed, while his neighbours had plenty, his temptation was, 'What a God thine is! He gives others plenty of potatoes, and you none. I would not serve such a God as that.' Billy's reply was, 'Then I would, for this shows that my heavenly Father is omnipotent, and that He can give potatoes, or take them away!' and the devil left at once, and, as Billy said, 'without having the manners to say good morning.'"

THE DEVIL IN THE HEDGE.

Billy knew how to fight the devil and his agents with their own weapons. Returning late from a revival meeting, on a dark night, in a lonely road 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort' tried to frighten him by making all sorts of

unearthly sounds; but he went singing on his way. At last one of them said, in the most terrible tones, 'But I'm the devil up here in the hedge, Billy Bray.' 'Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!' said Billy, 'I did not know thee "wost" so far away as that.' To use Billy's own expression, 'What could the devil do with such as he?'"

Billy was a consistent, self-denying Christian; this everybody felt who knew him. To see clearly a duty was to ensure its performance. Hear how he dealt with the habit of smoking.

HOW TO CONQUER A BAD HABIT.

"I had been a smoker as well as a drunkard, and I used to love my tobacco as much as I loved my meat, and I would rather go down into the mine without my dinner than without my pipe. In the days of old the Lord spoke by the mouth of His servants the prophets; now He speaks to us by the Spirit of His Son. I had not only the feeling part of religion, but I could hear the small, still voice within speaking to me. When I took the pipe to smoke, it would be applied within, 'It is an idol, a lust: worship the Lord with clean lips.' So I felt it was not right to smoke. The Lord also sent a woman to convince me. I was one day in a house, and I took out my pipe to light it at the fire, and Mary Hawke—for that was the woman's name—said, 'Do you not feel it is wrong to smoke?' I said I felt something inside telling me it is an idol, a lust; and she said that was the Lord. Then I said, 'Now I must give it up, for the Lord is telling me of it inside, and the woman outside; so the tobacco must go, love it as I may.' There and then I took the tobacco out of my pocket, and threw it into the fire, and put the pipe under my foot, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' And I have not smoked since. I found it hard to break off old habits; but I cried to the Lord for help, and He gave me strength, for He has said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' The day after I gave up smoking I had the toothache so bad I did not know what to do. I thought this was owing to giving up the pipe, but I said I would never smoke again if I lost every tooth in my head. I said, 'Lord, Thou has told us, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light,"' and when I said that all the pain left me. Sometimes the thought of the pipe would come back to me very strong; but

the Lord strengthened me against the habit; and, bless His name, I have not smoked since."

AMEN TO PIPES AS WELL AS CUPS.

"Billy and a preacher of somewhat the same type of character were holding a missionary meeting at F——. Billy opened the meeting with prayer, and the preacher and others fervently responded to many of his petitions. Observing this, he began to be more minute and pointed in his requests. 'Oh, Lord, help Thy people to give up their idols.' The preacher said, 'Amen.'

'May Thy children be saved from the love of the world's fashions.' 'Amen,' again said the preacher. 'Help Thy people to give up their ribbons and feathers.' 'Amen,' was still the response of the preacher; and again 'Amen' when he added, 'And their cups and drinks.' 'And their pipes and tobacco,' but to this there was no 'Amen' from the preacher. Billy at once said, 'Where's your "Amen," Br. B——? Why don't you say "Amen" to the pipes as well as the cups? Ah! you won't say "Amen" to the pipes!' He then proceeded with his prayer. And what would be irreverent in most persons, did not appear so in him. But the preacher afterwards remonstrated with Billy on his impropriety in administering this personal rebuke in public. He justified himself by saying, 'You were hearty and loud enough with your "Amens" for others to give up their idols, but you are not willing to part with your own. Bless the Lord! I have given up all for my Saviour.'

"At one time the same preacher was preaching when Billy Bray was present; warming with his subject, he exclaimed, 'if my arms were long enough and strong enough, and God would give me permission, I would take you all and fly right away to heaven with you!' 'And I,' said Billy Bray, 'would be back again in half an hour for another turn.'"

THE BEST FOR THE LORD.

"Billy always enforced the principle that the 'best' should be given unto the Lord, and not the 'blind,' the 'lame,' or the 'sick.' At one time, at a missionary meeting, he seemed quite vexed because there was something said in the report about money received for 'rags and bones.' And when he rose to address the meeting, he said, 'I don't think it is right, supporting the Lord's cause with old rags and bones. The

Lord deserves the best, and ought to have the best.* However, He is very condescending, for when a person has a little "chick" that is likely to die, puts it into a stocking, and lays it by the fire, saying, "If that 'chick' lives, I will give it to the missionaries," it is not long before it says, "Swee, swee, let me out, I am better." I knew a woman down at St. Just some years ago who had two geese, and though she might have a good flock to begin, she could never rear above two or three. At last she promised the Lord if He would increase her flock she would give every tenth goose to the missionaries. Now I reckon,' he continued, 'you will say that that woman was a good heart; but I don't think so, for if she gave every fifth goose to the missionaries she would have then more than she had before. However, the Lord took her at her word, and the next year she had eleven, and they all lived till they grew up nearly as big as old ones, and then the Lord tried her faith—one of her geese died. And what do you think the devil said? "That's the missionary goose!" That's as the devil would serve the missionaries; he would give old, dead, stinking geese to them to eat; but what do they want of an old, dead, stinking goose? But she knew "un," and she said, "No, devil, I have ten left now, and the missionaries shall have one of them." And the next year she had eleven again. They were out swimming about the pond, with their great long necks and their beautiful white feathers; they were the most respectable-looking geese I ever saw.'"

HIS HUMILITY.

"This was his safeguard all through life. An aged person remembers hearing him say on one occasion: 'Soon after I was converted the devil said to me, "Billy Bray, you'll be a great man;" but I sunk into nothing, and in that way slipped through the devil's hands.'

HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

"Only a little time before he had been at Newlyn and Crantock, labouring among the Wesleyans. There was a revival in progress in the latter place, and in a revival Billy was always at home. 'The dear Lord made the people very happy, and me happy with them.' After the meeting in the chapel was

* Mr. Spurgeon's comment on this is—"Well done, Billy! This is right good and sound divinity."

closed one night, many of the people adjourned to a friend's house. There some were singing, some praising God, and others crying for mercy. Six souls were set at blessed liberty, and the meeting was continued till a very late hour. 'We could do nothing but praise,' Billy said, 'for the Spirit was poured out in such a wonderful manner. I was as happy as I could be and live. It was one stream of glory.' He was very weak in body then, but as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day. 'I think I shall be home to Father's house soon,' was his happy thought, his glorious hope.

He returned home pale and exhausted. He left it but once afterwards, when he went to Liskeard to see his children. He got much worse, and appeared like a man in the last stage of consumption. On one occasion he sent for a medical man, and when he arrived he said—'Now, doctor, I have sent for you because they tell me you are an honest man, and will tell the people the truth about their state.' After the doctor had examined him, Billy said—'Well, doctor, how is it?' 'You are going to die.' Billy instantly shouted, 'Glory! glory be to God! I shall soon be in heaven.' He then added in a low tone, and in his own peculiar way, 'When I get up there, shall I give them your compliments, doctor, and tell them you will be coming too?' This, the doctor says, 'made a wonderful impression upon him.'

—SAVED SO AS BY FIRE!

"WHO'S got a copper for poor Peter? I'll stand on my head, or give you a dance, or sing you a comic song for a ha'penny or a penny, or a drop o' beer. Now, who's going to throw the first copper into the old hat towards getting a dinner for poor Peter?"

So spoke a man of middle height and middle age, having the liquid red lips that denote spirit-drinking, and a full, bloated face, among a company of working men who were taking their mid-day meal in a public-house in the northern district of London. He stood, grinning and smirking, in the centre of the room—an awful picture, or rather reality, of what strong drink can do to debase and degrade man, formed in the image of God. Very far superior to most of those around him in education and natural gifts, he had sunk far

below the lowest through indulging the lust of strong drink. When sober, which was very seldom, none could work better or quicker than he; no one more skilled in grace and finish of workmanship; but he would not work—perhaps he could not. He had lost all desire to excel; all true manly ambition had departed from him. The drink had burned these things out of him, and, with them, love of home, and care for his wife and children.

Hungering and despised, weary and sick at heart, yet "no man gave unto him." Some looked upon him with a half smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others, especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his presence, but openly bade him go, and leave them to eat in peace the dinner *they had earned*. Amid all he stood bearing, with a sickly attempt at laughter, the hard words and coarse hints directed against him. With the same sickly smile upon his face, he passed out upon his wretched way—one of that horribly large army of young and old, sick and healthy, beggars, cadgers, and thieves, who exist by going from public-house to public-house during the day, and filling our refuges and casual wards at night. From house to house poor Peter went upon his miserable, profitless way, meeting everywhere with the same contemptuous treatment, the same scornful rejection; doing the same really laborious work, for grudged and scanty pay, and for the same seductive poison which made him willing to accept it.

As the day closed, and evening drew on, and night came, his gains—both in liquor and money—were slightly increased, until the last song was sung, the last house was closing, and there was only the choice between the damp, chilly streets and his miserable home.

Thither he made his way, threading a filthy lane, and turning into a narrow court at the end. He entered the open door of one of the houses—always left open night and day, for the sufficient reason that the whole house contained nothing worth stealing. He ascended a narrow staircase, and passed into a close, dimly-lighted room, which filth and squalor made rife with fever and death. There were dirty bundles of mingled straw and rags, intended for beds, in three of the four corners of the room; an old broken table; two chairs without

seats; one old saucepan; and a little crockery—and *this* was home.

Peter was in his ordinary condition of dull intoxication as he entered his home; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce, caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or look—a devil that had oftentimes broken out upon them, and driven them forth amid oaths and curses, blows and tears. Without a word of greeting he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest. His toil-worn wife glanced keenly at him from under her bent brow, and then timidly said—"There's a bad message concerning Nellie, Peter; she must have caught the fever when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but a boy came late this evening to say she was very bad, and wanted you to go and see her." As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold as the bleak wind met him, he steadily, and for a time silently, held upon his way. At length he began muttering, "Nellie! Nellie! down with the fever! I'd sooner it had been all the others together! Poor Peter's one lamb! The despised drunkard's last hold and hope in life! Nellie down! pleasant-faced, bright-eyed Nellie! I wish I knew there was a God! I'd pray to Him and ask Him to spare me Nellie; but I haven't believed in any God for years; if I had, I shouldn't be as I am now. But Nellie always loved me. When all the rest ran away afraid, Nellie never did; she came the closer, and looked up, wondering what mad devil had got into her father—but certain it would not hurt *her*. And I never did beat little Nellie, drunk or sober. Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time with little Nellie's halfpenny loaf safe in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't I, why couldn't I, keep sober, and have little Nellie with me at home?"

Struggling on as fast as he was able, and muttering fitfully to himself, as heavy gusts of rain fell on him, he went through the darkness and cold until he

reached the house where his daughter had found much kindness, and a good home, as a domestic servant. The master of the house answered his wavering knock at the door, and looked sternly and doubtfully at the wet, draggled figure seeking admision to his clean home; but the emergency was allowed to overcome all scruples; and, after a caution to wipe his shoes carefully, he informed Peter that he would find his daughter and a nurse at the top of the house. The nurse laid her finger on her lip as he entered, and motioned him to a chair close to the bedside. Laying his shoes aside and removing his wet coat, he sat down and looked attentively at his sick daughter. Nellie was lying as if exhausted, her face colourless, lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. As he looked upon her, a dull, faint heart-sinking within him told him that hope was over—that his darling was passing away! A low, wild cry, that he could not repress, broke from him; and then his face was covered by his hands, as he sank upon his knees by the bedside.

The sound roused the dying girl; she looked wildly and unconsciously around, until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bedside. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head until it laid upon her hot labouring bosom; and his arms were flung around her with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse dear," said Nellie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently, and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging lovingly round his neck, "I am dying, and I want you to pray to our Father in heaven for me."

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart, was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intently upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. "I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers as I climbed upon your knee, and so remember how you always loved Nellie. I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you; and so I ask you to pray for me and for yourself too."

"I cannot, I dare not, Nellie," he said; "I would if I could—if only be-

cause you ask me; but I cannot, and it would be useless. I have sinned beyond forgiveness—He would not hear me."

"No, no, father!" she replied, "Jesus is able to save to the uttermost, and He came to do it; and He can and will save you. If you have been a great sinner, the greater honour to Him in saving you. Pray, father; pray for yourself and for me. I shall soon be in heaven, but I want you to come there too."

Closer, and more clinging yet, as though in her entreaty she would grow to him as in the old happy time, Nellie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away; but it seemed as if she could not go until her striving spirit was gladdened by words of prayer from her father's lips; and she renewed her effort, entreating, "Father! darling father! Nellie is dying! but before I go I want to hear you pray—only a few words, father. Don't refuse such a thing to your darling Nellie. It is the last thing she will ever ask on earth of you."

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father, for the first time in a long life, uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth—"God in heaven, have mercy upon my darling, and upon me!" The barriers once broken down, the pent-up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms round him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy; and, though the words were laboured and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt; and they were heard.

"Amen!" responded Nellie, and then continued, "I am going to be with Jesus—one of His servants, doing His will, and seeing Him always; and I want your promise to love and serve Him too, and so come to me again when you die."

"I will, Nellie," he said; "indeed I will, if He will have a poor broken-down wretch like me."

"Let me pray now, father," she said, and with her last strength she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties into the listening ear of Eternal Love for her father, and her mother, and the other children. Then, still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, "Father, one more promise—don't ever drink any more."

"I won't, Nellie!" he gasped; "I never will, God helping me. I will die

and come to you if He will let me; but I will never touch strong drink again." A glad, peaceful smile lit up her face as the promise fell upon her ear; and then she faintly murmured, "I am going—father, pray!"

He complied, and the words fell solemnly upon the air, as out of the abundance of a heart glowing with gratitude for the pardoning mercy just vouchsafed to him, he poured forth his prayers and praises. Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back, and Nellie "was not; for God had taken" her to the land of which it is written, "There shall be no night there."

A few days, and what had been Nellie was laid in a green spot until the great awakening. Her master readily provided means of decent burial, upon her father's promise of repayment. Then all was over; and poor Peter had to return to daily tempting torture, without his darling Nellie. Oftentimes every limb seemed to quiver for the accustomed stimulants, and his life appeared one long continuance of awful craving—a terrible yearning that seemed as if it must have its way. Yet his strong resolve never once wavered—he would die, or even go mad, if so it must be, but he would be able to look into Nellie's spirit-eyes and declare that he had faithfully kept the last promise he had given. It was hard striving for some time, and he often found it necessary to seek aid whence alone it could be obtained.

It was well for him then that he had to strive hard for honest means of living. He therefore went to an old employer, saying, "My daughter Nellie is dead. Before she died she made me promise never to drink any more; and if I die for it I will keep my word. Now, if you will kindly employ me, and lend me money to redeem my tools, I will work steadily for you till all is repaid."

"Lift up your head, and let me have a fair look at your face," replied the employer.

Peter quietly obeyed the request, and the master fixed a keen, scrutinizing glance upon him, replying at length, "All right, Peter, I'll trust you willingly."

So Peter fought the hard strife—and conquered, clinging to his work, to Nellie's Bible, and to prayer. Among the vilest he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus, of Nellie, and of Hope, himself a living gospel to the drunkard, a

breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to save.

C. J. WHITMORE.

A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD.

Hark! a cry of sorrow
Steals upon the air;
Christian, stop and listen,
Do not close thine ear.

Wouldst thou know the reason
Of this bitter wail?
Stay then, I will tell thee—
Tis a mournful tale.

Cheeks that once were rosy,
Now are paled and sad;
Eyes that once shone brightly,
Now no more look glad.

Drink has paled these faces,
Drink has dimmed that eye—
Drink, before whose power
Love and reason fly.

Little forms that nestled
To a father's heart,
Now from very terror
At his footsteps start.

Little, unwashed faces,
Curly, uncombed hair,
Tell how sadly wanting
Is a mother's care.

Little feet left shoeless,
Little mouths unfed,
Little, mournful voices
Call in vain for bread.

Nothing cares the father
For the piteous moan—
Drink has quenched his feelings,
Turned his heart to stone.

Christian, up! arouse thee,
Snatch away the prey
From the strong and mighty—
Thou shalt win the day.

In the strength of Jesus,
To the conflict go;
Though all hell oppose thee,
Thou shalt slay the foe.

E. A. POLLETT.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month

HAS been one distinguished by hard work and great mercy. We greatly regret the meagreness of our London reports, due to the fact that our workers are all so much more at home in labour than in reporting. The remark of a visitor recently, that we were a great deal better than we made ourselves appear to be, only represents the inevitable conclusion of any eye-witness of the work.

We trust, however, under new arrangements, to give to our friends in the country a more just exchange for the good news which they send us from time to time.

We observe with joy and thankfulness a disposition to buckle on the armour afresh, and to renew every form of holy activity for the Master, and we doubt not that we are now only on the margin of that great work to which God has called us, and to which we desire to devote ourselves.

At Southampton, the visit of the gipsies for a week has been blessed to the salvation of a great number of souls.

Our great regret is that such magnificent opportunities as this are put out of our reach to so large an extent by want of funds. Surely there are others besides the sailor's wife at Southampton who would fain say to us, "Do go on with this great work, and we will provide you with the means," did they but see, as she did, the work as it is.

After deducting all offerings at the Circus, the effort at Southampton has cost about £14. Thus it is impossible for us to enter upon new fields of labour until the Lord's people come forward largely to increase our income. We trust in God that day is not far distant.

Visit of the Gipsies to Southampton.

HOR some months our attention has been drawn towards this great centre of Indo-European commerce, and on a recent visit to Portsmouth opportunity was taken to make enquiry as to the possibility of holding services in a large circus, which was lying entirely unoccupied. The presence of the gipsies in Portsmouth seemed to present an opportunity for making an effort in the town which could not be allowed to pass unheeded by.

Accordingly, arrangements were made for the gipsies to go on from Portsmouth to Southampton for a week. Brother Corbridge went down

to conduct the meetings, the success of which will, we feel sure, awaken thankfulness in the hearts of all who read the following report:

On reaching Southampton we found the town all alive with interest in the expected arrival of the "Malwa," bearing the remains of Dr. Livingstone. This event had brought many strangers into the place, and the Good Templars were holding special services at the same time; thirteen services and meetings being held on our first Sunday and during the following week.

Nevertheless, confident that God was with us and would give us the ear of the people, we commenced our work on the Saturday night, taking our stand on the "South Front," a first-class position, where a very large and attentive crowd gathered.

On the Sunday we had three services in the Circus, and two in the open air, with congregations which surprised and gratified those who were favourable to the work, though they fell short of our sanguine expectations.

As the Circus had been previously engaged for the Monday evening, we borrowed a mission chapel, which was crowded, many having to go away unable to get in. On the remaining evenings of the week, our services were held in the Circus, where we also had a

NOON-DAY PRAYER-MEETING.

This was attended by some thirty or forty persons daily, most of them being working men, who came in for a little while on their way to or from work, and the short lively prayers put up there were not only answered in showers of blessing on the evening services, but, in the case of one person, at least, they had a more immediate result.

A BUTCHER IN HIS SLOP

came into the meeting one day, and said to us—"Last night I followed you part of the way home from the Circus, to talk to you; but I could not muster sufficient courage to speak to you." We soon led him to Calvary, and he went back to his work rejoicing in God.

Though we had rejoiced in the evident blessing bestowed on the services on the Sunday and Monday, it was not until Tuesday that the fruit of our labours began to appear. While inviting penitents to come out on this occasion,

A ROUGH NAVVY

came forward, sobbing aloud on account of his sins. He soon found salvation. Each successive evening was marked by similar cases of *deep conviction*, and the work of the week prepared the way for

A GLORIOUS SABBATH.

About a thousand persons were present in the morning, and one thousand five hundred in the afternoon. At the close of the afternoon service, we invited the congregation to follow us to an open-air demonstration. Several hundreds of them did so, and we marched, in silence, for nearly half an hour, through the principal streets of the town, to a place of public resort, near the Ordnance House. Here we found a great number of people from all parts of the town, and a large crowd listened very attentively. A clergyman, and several gentlemen, assisted us in this meeting.

When we arrived at the Circus, about a quarter of an hour before the time of evening service, we found it nearly full; and before we commenced, it was crammed in every part with a congregation of some three thousand people, belonging to every section of society—from the richest to the poorest.

We delivered short addresses, singing hymns between each address. Every word seemed to tell with the mighty power of God, and not less than two thousand five hundred of the congregation remained to

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

The spirit of prayer seemed to be poured out so abundantly, that it was, at first, a matter of some difficulty to conduct the meeting with anything like order, without giving offence to many; but we prevailed upon those who wished to engage publicly, to come near the platform, and so kept the whole feeling of the meeting concentrated in the soul-saving work.

At our first invitation to the penitents to come forward, half a dozen responded to the call; but as soon as these were able to rejoice in God as their Saviour, they stood up, and another company came forward. As group after group of anxious souls thus gathered round us, we called again and again for prayer on their behalf; and all present bowed in solemn silence, broken only by the sobbing of the penitents, which could be heard all over the place.

Again and again we closed the meeting, but the people would not part, and more and more seekers of salvation came forward, until we could announce that

NINETY-SEVEN

had professed to find peace through believing. No sooner had we closed the meeting with this announcement, however, than three more came forward, saying—"Oh, do stop and pray with us!" We could not resist their importunities, and ere long the total number of souls rejoicing in new-found peace was made up to one hundred. A clergyman, and several gentlemen, belonging to different denominations, were assisting us in pointing sinners to Christ, and these all concurred in saying that they had never known such a time in their lives.

No sooner was the joy of salvation received into the hearts of the mourners, than they hastened to seek after others. One young man, about twenty years of age, was overheard praying, immediately after he felt relieved of his guilty load, "Please, Lord, let me tell somebody, or I shall die!" and, upon receiving our permission, he gladly stood up and told what God had done for his soul.

In many instances it was indeed deliverance out of darkness into marvellous light. While we sang—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!"

a poor woman asked me—"Please, sir, did he die for me?" "Oh, yes, that he did," I replied, and she was soon able, not only to sing it, but to believe it.

A SAILOR

said to me—"Oh, sir, I came up here with a heavy heart. I am out at sea generally for eleven and twelve months together, and never have any

religious services or anything. But now, praise the Lord! I can go back much lighter. I can go to sea now fearing no storm, for my soul is safe."

The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, appeared to rich as well as poor.

ONE GENTLEMAN

almost ran forward, sobbing. He had only landed the night before, after travelling four months in South America. He said—"I used to spend my Sabbaths in fishing and shooting; but I praise God for what he has done for my soul now!" He gave me his address, and said—"If you can come there I will take some large hall for your services."

Relatives and friends were rejoicing over each other at the conclusion of the meeting. One woman said—"My husband and brother have been converted to-night." Another said—"Three of my cousins have been saved to-night."

I am thankful to know that the good work thus begun will not be allowed to end here. A gentleman continues the services in the Circus on the Sabbath days, and a working man has opened his house for the noon-day prayer-meetings. Many in the town are anxious that even more should be done, and I trust the way will speedily be opened for a mission to the masses of the town.

A woman hurried to my lodgings before breakfast on the Monday morning, and said—"Oh, sir, I am sorry my husband is at sea, for I should so much have liked him to hear you. I feel sure you would be made the means of his salvation. I will pay your expenses if you will only come back when he is at home."

We returned to London praising God for his wonderful goodness, and praying for many similar opportunities.

W. CORBRIDGE.

THE DRUNKARD'S RESCUE SOCIETY.

If anything will make a child of God shout "hallelujah," it is when the prey is taken from the teeth of the mighty, as it has been since our last report was issued.

When first our society was commenced, we visited a poor woman whose husband was not only a hopeless drunkard, but a perfect madman while under the influence of drink; so much so that the poor woman was often driven out into the streets with her children. She seemed quite to despair of his ever being better, and pointing to the walls (which were quite bare), said, "You see, miss, I cannot hang up any pictures, for he smashes everything there is." We tried to console her, and promised to see him as soon as possible. This, however, was no easy matter, as he worked late. At last he came round to our Hall, and signed the pledge, and after that attended one of the meetings held every Monday evening for drunkards. Here he seemed very much impressed, and expressed a wish to give his heart to God. I visited him the following week, and was much pleased with the earnestness of his manner while explaining to him the way of salvation; it was delightful to see the tear of penitence standing in his eyes. He came the following Monday, and left the meeting rejoicing in a reconciled Saviour. We have every reason to hope that both his wife and himself have started for the "better country." He told me that he had had the drink *put to his very lips* by some of his old associates, but he had been enabled to resist. Who will not say, "Praise the Lord"? Another case is that of a woman who has been neglecting her home and children through drink. With some difficulty we at last persuaded her to sign the pledge; since then she has expressed herself most anxious to give her heart to God; and we believe, that although her mind is dark through ignorance, yet the blessed "sun of righteousness" has arisen in

her soul. The warm pressure of the hand which she gave us after we had talked and prayed with herself and her husband told at least that the feelings which had so long lain dormant were beginning to revive. She has requested me to buy her a Bible; I suppose such a desire has never before entered her heart. It may be, that but for the "Drunkard's Rescue Society" these poor souls would have remained for years, if not for ever, impenitent towards God.

Christian friends, we ask your warmest sympathy in this work.

Nothing but steady perseverance will win the day. God has shown us that He approves of our labours, and will not you make it a matter of earnest prayer that we may succeed?

Many a heartache do we experience when those we hoped had given up the drink are again overcome by the enemy; but we desire to thank God for the success that has attended our efforts, and in His strength we are determined to go on in spite of all difficulties.

WHITECHAPEL.

PRAISE God, the work goes on. During the past month special services have been conducted here by Mr. Fox, and the Lord has greatly blessed His people, and souls have been saved in connection with the services.

We rejoiced to return to the large hall for the noon-day services, which have frequently been used to the salvation of souls. When we closed the doors for prayer, one day, a

RESPECTABLY-DRESSED WOMAN

was present. On entering into conversation with her, however, we found her utterly ignorant on the subject of religion. The idea of any one's being saved was totally new to her. "What!" said she, "you don't really mean to say that God will forgive any one's sins?" And as the truth dawned upon her mind, she rejoiced with exceeding great joy, to know and feel that God had indeed pardoned her.

Near her, at the same time, knelt a poor backslider, who had just been restored to the joy of God. He was praying that God would now enable him to do something for His glory. His prayer suggested the idea to the woman before named, who at once took out a loaf from under her shawl, and present-

ing it to the poor man, said, "Here, take this loaf, for I want to do something for God too."

We have gained an earnest daily addition to the porch-meetings in the person of a youth who came to an evening meeting soon after the death of his mother. Someone spoke to him in the prayer-meeting about meeting his mother in heaven, and he came sobbing to the penitent-form, where he lay on his face a long time in tears, remaining there for awhile even after he had found peace through believing. At length he rose with a face beaming with joy, and it is now his delight to run in the way of God's commandments.

A NEW FATHER.

One of the most violent men in Whitechapel, an habitual drunkard, came to one of our services. He had been for many years a backslider, and had become so depraved as to teach his beautiful little foster-child to curse and use the most horrible language. He came out in the prayer-meeting, and sought long and earnestly for mercy, and, when at length he had found peace, he ran to another penitent and said, "The Lord has forgiven me. If you ask Him, I'm sure He'll forgive you too." He went home at the conclusion of the meeting, and told his little boy, "You have a new Father now." Upon calling at the house, the little fellow said, "Dada always says his prayers now, and he never uses naughty names."

A SAILOR,

in one of the prayer-meetings, commenced to pray, to the surprise of all around him. He said, "O Lord, I am going on to that vessel to-night, and my sins are enough to sink it." He had not much time left, but there was enough for Jesus to disburden him of his awful load; and no sooner had he found peace, than he ran off to the docks, shouting, "Praise God!"

Many other cases of conversion might have been reported, but we thank God that these wonders of saving grace are of so constant occurrence with us as not to be remarked so particularly as they otherwise would be. May God increase us more and more! R.

LIMEHOUSE.

DURING the month shouts of praise have ascended from the Lord's people over sinners being converted to God.

BLESSED RESULT OF CURIOSITY.

A man, who said he had not been in a place of worship for twelve years, but had often spent all his hard-earned money in the public-house, came to the old Gaff one night to see what was going on. There the Holy Spirit met with him, and before he left he rejoiced in Jesus as his Saviour. He said, "I had no thought of this when I came in, but God has pardoned all my sins, and I am free." Praise His Holy Name!

THE BEST LEARNING.

A dear woman, who came in with us from the open air, much wrought upon by the Spirit, at the close of the service came forward and found the Lord; and she tells us, "Although I cannot read a word in the Book, I can read my title clear to heaven."

AN INFIDEL FOR FORTY YEARS.

This dear man told us the Sabbath that he found the Lord, that for forty years he had lived worse than a beast on the field, denying the being of a God, and trying to pull the Bible to pieces; but that night he had been convinced that there was a God, and that he had a soul, and that God had pardoned his sins and given him peace.

A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

This young man for a long time had been a ringleader among a band of the roughest young men round about, and one of the worst scoffers in Limehouse. The foreman where he works has often said if ever he were converted it would be a miracle. Praise the Lord! the miracle is wrought by the hand of a loving God. On the Monday morning that followed his conversion he went to his work singing—

"We are travelling home to heaven above:
Will you go?"

His shopmates were surprised, and asked him what was the matter. He said—"I have given God my heart, and mean to live to Him."

A SUNDAY-CLOSING WAR,

commenced in right good earnest on the field-day mentioned in our last report, has been maintained with vigour in Salmon's Lane ever since.

This winding street is the Sunday market of the poor of this neighbourhood, who regularly buy their food while we are preaching the Gospel. Of course the Sunday traders were dreadfully annoyed, and most bitterly opposed to our carrying the Message of Mercy into

their very midst. On the Sabbath after the one named in our last report we had no sooner commenced the service than up walked three policemen. We had received a hint as to the tactics the enemy was likely to pursue, and so were not surprised when the inspector walked up, and said, "You must move off here." "All right," said our brother in charge, and immediately the door was thrown open of a fish shop, kept by one of our friends, and down came the shutters, and into it our brethren crowded, and from it sounded forth the same blessed words of salvation, while policemen, and publicans, and shopkeepers, and customers, looked on in wondering amazement.

The next week we had the shop licensed, and now we can proclaim the Saviour's love without let or hindrance.

Already we have much to encourage us. A publican, who took an active part in a former persecution, in which one of our brethren was taken to the police-station, has been, with tears in his eyes, to acknowledge his fault, and ask forgiveness, and others are talking about closing their shops. Praise the Lord! We mean to push the battle to the gate. Will any Christian friends, who live within reach of us, come and help us on Sabbath mornings?

Will our readers pray for this dark neighbourhood, that the Lord may more abundantly pour out His Spirit, and open our way for a larger place?

J. ALLEN.

PLAISTOW.

We cannot pretend to claim the whole field here as won for our Lord; but we are going on, and we shall conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

ON GOOD FRIDAY,
with the assistance of friends from all parts of the circuit, we made an attack in force upon the strongholds of the devil.

Going round the park, we came at length to an open space where a band of cricketers, with blackened faces and the fantastic dress assumed by "Ethiopian serenaders" as a rule, were playing, amid a very large crowd of spectators. Here one of our converted lads from Barking told them:

"The Lord has now kept me in the right way for nineteen weeks, and I am sure He can keep me all the rest."

This testimony from one apparently

so young told with great effect, and many who had been spending their time in viewing the silly freaks of these mountebanks came running towards us, and listened with earnest attention. Soon, however, it was our turn to move. A heavy shower of rain began to descend, and the necessity of shelter forcibly impressed itself upon every one. So we removed to the lee of a gable end, where the remains of the cricketers' crowd had already withdrawn.

As our ranks began to crowd into the space vacant here, one of the black-faced gentlemen, with a sudden rush, escaped to the more congenial company of a public-house.

Crowding beside us in our shelter were a number of the roughest young men of the whole neighbourhood. Greatly annoyed at being forced to listen to reason and religion for once, they attempted, by blowing tobacco-smoke in the faces of the speakers, and by making derisive responses, to interrupt; but our work went on in spite of every attempt, and one after another gave up opposition, and listened attentively.

The meeting in the evening within the hall, presided over by Mr. J. Fuller, was large and spirited, and on the joyous faces of the crowded audience was written, in unmistakable brightness, their determination to prosecute this work with unflinching vigour till all Plaistow should be won for Jesus!

HAMMERSMITH.

DURING the past month the Lord has been with us. Praise His Holy Name!

On Sunday, March 22nd, Brother Allen held three successful open-air services; these and the singing through the streets greatly increased the congregations; at the close of the evening service two souls inquired, "What must we do to be saved?"

Our week-night services have been attended with the Divine blessing, but we have been obliged to discontinue them for want of a suitable place. We are praying for the opportunity to commence them.

Sunday, 29th March, Brother Allen again was with us, and many were pricked to the heart. We have had some little opposition in the open air. At one service a drunken man came out three times from the public-house

opposite, with a pot of beer. A few of us have bound ourselves together to pray for his conversion. *All for Jesus!*

One of our young converts, who has stood outside with us, has been much persecuted by his companions for so doing; but he says, "By God's help, I mean to forsake all and follow my Jesus." May he be kept faithful!

A dear old man, upwards of sixty years of age, who thought it impossible to know his sins forgiven on earth, has, through the simple proclamation of the truth in these meetings, found the Saviour, and is now rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. By God's help, we intend carrying on these services for the evangelization of the masses.

A. SAUNDERS.

PORTRUSH.

WHEN we announced and advertised the visit of a band of gipsy evangelists to this place, so great was the astonishment of multitudes, that it might be said all the town wondered; many said, "What next?" others, "What a people these mission folks are for novelties! who ever heard before of 'gipsy parsons'?" Well, in due season, these men arrived and commenced their labours in the music-hall, into which, on the first Sabbath, over 3000 people crammed to hear them tell what great things Jesus had done for them, and of His willingness to save the vilest and worst who come unto Him. All through their month's visit God has been with them; their singing has been very attractive, and again and again have crowds been melted into tears as they have witnessed for Jesus, while some have been, we trust, soundly converted to God. Oh, may they be kept to meet our gipsy friends with all the blood-washed throng before the throne!

We rejoice to be able still to report prosperity at our different stations, and some were never in a more flourishing condition. Many of our members are rallying to the work like men of God. On Easter Monday we had a blessed open-air demonstration, and the happiest experience-meeting many of us ever were at before. All glory to Jesus!

But I know the deepest interest is felt in actual results, and to the glory of God, and for the encouragement of those readers of the Magazine who constantly pray, and practically help to sustain this blessed work, I cite a few instances of conversion that have tran-

spired among us of late. The first I mention is a brother who was formerly

A BEER-SHOP KEEPER.

He was well known to some of our people, who, in the days of their ignorance, frequented his house, much to their loss and misery. And when they saw him at our meeting they were most anxious for his salvation. Time after time they pleaded with him, and, kneeling by his side, one dear man prayed—"Dear Lord, do save him! I used to spend half of my wages in his house. Lord save him!" These efforts and prayers have been graciously answered. The man is converted, and is now earning an honest living. He has abstained for three months, and has commenced working for Jesus. His brother-in-law has been saved also, and he is endeavouring by every means to bring his three brothers to the Lord. There are few who understand what a dreadful work is that of a beer-seller in a garrison town, and the miseries of the past still haunt him. "Oh, Mr. Lamb," he said to me the other day, "if I had only known what I know now, I would never have kept a beer-shop, and disobeyed my God and injured the bodies and souls of my fellow men as I have done." Oh, may he have grace to do something to undo the evil of the past, and see many of his old companions brought to the Lord!

A NEGRO SAILOR.

He is an intelligent man of his class, and knows something of the power and preciousness of real religion. Years ago he had walked with God, and had what he called a religion that kept him happy and lively, and made him shout aloud the Saviour's praise. In an evil hour he had fallen before the power of temptation, and for a long time had wandered about, a miserable backslider. Like thousands more *he was never happy*. He found his way, by some means, to our Rudmore Hall, and there resolved, in the face of all the reviling and persecution he knew he must meet on board ship again, to seek God. Brother Cause was the preacher, and his message was the means of leading him once more to trust his all to that precious Saviour whom before he had so dearly loved. I think I see him while I write, as I saw him in the midst of a group of our people, as, with his hand on his breast, and with eyes filled with ecstasy, raised heavenward, he exclaimed, "Bless de Lord, He's come

again." May he never be separated more!

AN OUTCAST BACKSLIDER.

He is an aged man. For nineteen years he had been a local preacher among the Wesleyans, and, to use his own words, these were nineteen years of happiness and usefulness; but for years now he had been leading a life of sin and recklessness, running into depths of vice and crime to which before he is conscious he was a stranger. Some of our friends knew him years ago: they had heard him preach, and, of course, were delighted to see him once more under the sound of the Gospel. Many prayed for him; some ventured to speak to him, but he was so repulsive that they feared to venture the second time, and so sent others, who met with the same unkind reception. But soul-winners are not easily baffled, and so, looking to God for help, a little trap was laid for him, into which he very easily fell; and such a band of men prayed around him, led on by the gypsies, as is very seldom seen or heard, and, glory to the Lamb, his hard heart was broken, and Jesus, in love, bound it up with His precious balm, to the joy of many on earth and many in heaven.

GIVING UP FOR JESUS.

While we rejoice to see any poor trembling sinner come to Christ, there are some who excite in our bosoms a greater amount of sympathy than others; for instance, take the following case:—A young woman—the maid, nay, almost the companion, of a young lady—with little or nothing to do but to amuse her mistress, was led to see the error of her ways. But while under conviction, it was set before her distinctly, that to accept Christ meant giving up her situation. Then came the struggle; she was of delicate health, had a good berth, plenty of money, a kind mistress, and little to do; but it was associated with *sin*, and the question was, Will you give it up and trust in God? The answer came at last, "Yes;" and, of course, peace followed, and joy in abundance; and also an end to party-going, and the loss of her situation. But she had Jesus, and most cheerfully did she accept a much lower position, saying, "If I have less money and more work, I shall have what I never had before—peace with God." How much better it would be for thousands who have a similar difficulty, if they would follow the example set by

this young woman! God help them to do so!

THE RETURN OF A PRODIGAL.

Some time ago a young soldier in the Rifle Brigade was brought to the Lord in one of our halls, and at once set to work to bring others to Jesus, taking, of course, an especial interest in soldiers; and, after pleading some time with an Artillery-man, he led him to the mourners' bench, when both fell to weeping and praying, side by side. The poor sinner cried, "Oh, I had a praying mother;" the other replied, "So had I, and I had a dear father too;" "And so had I," said the other; and then, amidst their tears and sobs, they both confessed to breaking their parents' hearts when they entered the army and left their homes. It was a most affecting scene, and very soon nearly all who witnessed it were weeping with them, and for some time little was heard but sobs. But soon Jesus came and graciously bound up their broken hearts, and since then they have both walked in the same precious path. God help them and save many more prodigals!

I feel very much inclined to go on adding to this already long report, but I must remember that your space is limited. I only add that we have pointed sinners to Jesus of every class and grade. One had not been in a place of worship for thirty years, another had behaved so brutally to his wife that the poor creature is now in an asylum; two Roman Catholics have thrown away their beads and embraced Christ.

Christian friends will be assured that work like this is not carried on without much opposition from the enemy, therefore we need your prayers and every help it is in your power to render.

ABRAHAM LAMB,
92, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

KETTERING.

PRAISE God, we are alive yet! I came to this station on the 21st of February, and began my labours on Sunday, February 22nd. We had a good day, and one young man came out for Jesus. We had a good week also; and on the following Sunday God broke right in upon the devil's camp, and, although he roared and raged, and men and women looked amazed, we came out with ten souls for Jesus. Glory! they all came nobly out for God. I never shall forget that day

as long as I live, for it was all glory, glory!

Another grand week followed. I have been here seven weeks, and have not spent a Sunday without souls; that was my cry as the train pulled up at Kettering station on the 21st of February, and God has given me the desire of my heart.

Our indoor meetings are well attended; on Sunday mornings the hall is nearly full, afternoons it is packed, and in the evening many have to go away, not being able to get near the door. On week nights, also, very often the hall is quite full. Of the thirty who have professed to find Christ since I came here, *all but one are walking consistently and hopefully*, and he fell through that horrid drink which sends hundreds to hell! Oh! if you could but go to the homes of these new converts with me, and hear them tell how happy they are, it would do you good.

Our open-air work is also going on. We have now got into real mission style; we have formed two bands, and these go out into the streets singing for Jesus. Led on by Brothers Ball and Johnson, two brave men for God's outside work, they go to the worst parts of the town, and crowds of people stand and listen to them tell the sweet story of the Cross, and tears fall and sighs go up to God, while others laugh and scoff; but we can stand this for Jesus. Some of our friends also hold

COTTAGE MEETINGS,
at which souls have been saved and much good done.

MRS. BOOTH'S VISIT

will never be forgotten. Her sermon on Christian work shook all the churches of the town; everybody wants to be at work. We had

A BELIEVERS' TEA

on the 10th of March; about seventy were present. We had a good time, and since that night we have loved one another more.

We have had also a public tea in the Temperance Hall; about 400 were at the meeting. The chair was taken by Mr. Waddington, and addresses by Brothers Clare, Boggitt, Pollard, Robinson, Ball, and Johnson; also sisters Jenkinson and Sargent. This was a good meeting, and ended well both for blessing and money.

But after we have done all, as we stand and look around we see lots more

OUR NEW HALL.

A few gentlemen, belonging to different denominations, are so satisfied that our work is of God, that they have promised to do all they can towards building us a hall. Mrs. Sears and her son have given

THOS. BOGGITT.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

In our last we asked for prayer for Wellingborough, and we are happy to say that prayer has not only been offered, but answered. Things looked very dark then, but, praise the Lord, He has manifested His goodness towards us in a very wonderful way.

Sunday, 15th, was a day of power in the open air; sinners wept and trembled while we spoke to them of a Saviour's love, and at night the Holy Ghost fell on the assembly, and all over the place conviction seized hold of the hearts of sinners, and ten professed to find peace.

On Sunday, the 22nd, we were favoured with

A VISIT FROM MRS. BOOTH.

She preached in the Independent Chapel; the people crowded to hear her, and the Word was with power. Among those who responded to the invitation to come out for Jesus was

A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

It was very blessed to see them both made happy in the Lord, and going home to serve Him. Nor was it less beautiful to see the son of one of the deacons rejoicing in the knowledge of his sins forgiven, and others, also, who through faith obtained forgiveness. Praise the Lord!

On the following Tuesday Mrs. Booth preached again, when others professed to obtain salvation through the precious blood. A poor man, who cannot read, but who, since his conversion, has been regular at our meetings and at the Bible class, says, "Though I can't read the Book, I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky!"

On the following Sunday Mrs. Booth (though very weak in body), at our earnest solicitations, took our last service in the Corn Exchange, and delivered a most powerful discourse. Among those who came out for Jesus was a young woman, who said, "I am leaving the town to-morrow, but praise the Lord, I am not going to take my sins with me!"

JOB CLARE,
4, Havelock Street, Wellingborough.

HASTINGS.

DURING the past month God has honoured the faith of his servants, and has preserved us through many circumstances of difficulty. The Lord is overruling all for good. He has not permitted us to suffer any permanent loss, but, on the contrary, many have been privileged to draw nearer to our loving Father, and to hear His voice in the storm.

The preaching of Brother Fox was blessed to souls, and several have been added to our society.

HALTING BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

A dear man attended the preaching of Mrs. Booth when first she came to Hastings, and long walked between two opinions. He halted to hold the world in one hand and Christ in the other. He

became very miserable, and was led to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. His wife, who had yielded to the Spirit's striving, and walked consistently, convinced him that he was wrong. Under Brother Fox's preaching he came out, and gave himself to the Lord. He has since enjoyed the smile of God, walking humbly as a little child, and proving that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

PROFESSING WITHOUT POSSESSING.

A young woman, who had made a profession for some time, was convinced she had never been a Christian. She came forward of her own accord, feeling she had not understood the meaning of the passage of Scripture, "Ye must be born again."

I had the privilege of speaking to her, and she was soon led to realise more fully the desperate condition of her own heart, and to rest simply on the merits of Christ her Lord. She did not, however, get fully satisfied that night, but came again to Brother Salt on the weekday, when she plunged into the fountain, and came out a "new creature." She attends class, and is gaining strength in the Divine life.

A POOR FALLEN GIRL,
who had been much ill-treated by one with whom she lived a life of sin, and had spent nights in the street with only a thin dress to cover her, came out to the form, weeping bitterly. I had previously seen her, and urged her to leave the man with whom she was living, but her heart was as flint; when I knelt to pray, it was like hoping against hope. The Lord, however, had not given her up, and, to my great surprise, she was found at this meeting with a broken heart and a contrite spirit. "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

She was kindly sheltered by her former mistress (there are Christian hearts in the world yet), and has since been placed in a comfortable situation, where, we trust, that this experience of the misery which sin entails, and of the goodness of God in providing iniquity, will not be forgotten by her.

We, at Hastings, think there has been some misapprehension in London as to the pluck of Hastings Christians; we have put on the armour, and we do not mean to take it off! Some might wish to pull us down, but the Lord means to

build us up! The Lord hath not given us over into the hand of our enemies, and there never was more unity, love, and concord, among the members of the Christian Mission than now.

E. A.

A WAR SONG FOR THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

WELSH AIR—"Men of Harlech."

SPREAD the Mission through the nation,
Planting everywhere a station;
Preach the Gospel of salvation

To uncared-for men.

Point the drinking and blaspheming,
Careless, prayerless, idly dreaming,
To the blood so freely streaming,

There on Calvary.

Christ will ne'er deceive them,
He's ready to receive them,
And has power, at any hour,

To all who will believe Him.

Onward press! Christ's love impelling—
Warning men—their danger telling—
And the ranks of Jesus swelling,
Forward, Christian men!

See the love of Jesus burning
For poor souls, His mercy spurning,
And from all His offers turning.

Rouse, ye Christian men!
Sin is rampant thro' this world—
Let Christ's banner be unfurled—
Satan from his throne be hurled—

Up and fight like men!

See the sinner dying—
Hear the hell-bound crying—
Own Christ's cause—obey His laws—
All other powers defying.

Nobler far than fields all gory,
Fighting for the Prince of Glory,
Telling poor lost ones the story
Of Mount Calv'ry's cross.

For redemption so amazing,
Hark redeemed ones loudly praising,
Glorious Hallelujahs raising,
To the King of kings.

Souls that long in bondage languished,
Crushed by sin, in sorrow anguished,
Now can shout, "All foes are vanquished
Thro' His precious blood."

Back hell's powers are driven,
By the hosts of Heaven;
To God's name—and to His fame
Be all the honour given.

Lord, make Thou our army braver,
Fighting boldly for the Saviour,
Hurl the devil back for ever,
Heavenward, Christian men!

P. D. McGOWAN.

Wellingborough.