

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

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## About Holding Fast.

BY G. S. RAILTON.

T is all very well to go ahead, but it is particularly awkward after having gone ahead to have to fall back again. It is all very well to get large congregations and hosts of converts; but how about keeping them up to the mark? Few things have an uglier look than the great mud-marks where the water has been, after the river, which has just risen to an unusual level, has gone down into its natural channel. And few things appear worse than a congregation which has been "revived," and which has returned again to its wonted coldness and unbelief, or a man who has lost his first love and gone astray again with the error of the wicked. It is quite as important to hold fast that which one has, as to get anything.

### I. WE HAVE ALL GOT SOMETHING WORTH HOLDING FAST.

The most hardened reader of this page has, in his heart, some faith in the realities of Eternity. Oh, do not let this slender remnant of Divine light perish from your soul, sinner, but think of the hell to which you are hastening, and of the heaven to which God invites you, till you see the necessity of seeking God now! Oh, how delightful it is to hear a man who has never thought of God for years admit the truth of coming death, and judgment even! Thank God for the slightest spark of light! Keep it in! For your soul's sake, keep it in, and pray God to fan it to a flame.

But the children of God especially have something worth holding fast—the favour of God—that is better than life; the comforts of the Holy Ghost; the testimony of a good conscience; a place in the Royal family, and in the Divine vineyard; power, talent, and opportunity to serve God and our generation by His will, grace, and glory, and every other good now, besides the untold treasures of the future, made ours to-day by living faith; all these, yea, in a word, "all" are ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. A glorious heritage truly—well worth keeping, by every possible means.

But most of us, I trust, have much more still in our partial possession—in our keeping, at the least; positions of usefulness, secured only by hard, faithful, toiling warfare—vantage ground of experience, from which we can much more easily defend the faith than we could as we began to

climb away from the margin of the horrible pit from which our feet were taken—places suitable for our soul-saving work, often wrested from ungodly occupation, and, above all, precious souls snatched like brands from the burning—taken from the enemy, and transported into the kingdom of our God. These are not possessions to be lightly esteemed. How much of labouring prayer and faith they have cost, God and ourselves only know. Such gains are worth keeping, however hard it may be to retain them in our power.

## II. WE CAN HOLD FAST WHAT WE HAVE IF WE PLEASE.

Have we really got anything? That seems to be the only question. If we only believe ourselves to be saved because someone has told us we are, no wonder we cannot hold fast; but if we really have got salvation—if we are become new creatures in Christ Jesus—if we have got a new nature, being “born again” of the Holy Ghost—then we cannot help feeling that we have got something which we really hold in our own faith-hand, and which we can keep if we please. A little child cannot be persuaded of its property except by holding what you profess to bestow upon it in its very own hand; but it is equally impossible to persuade even a baby that anything once in its hand may not properly be kept there during its pleasure. And a man must be a fool who can allow another to persuade him he has got a salvation, of which his own faith does not take hold, and which he does not feel the power in himself to hold fast.

Nor can any task be more hopeless or disagreeable than to hold fast “converts” who are unconverted—people who, while professing to believe, are not one with us in the Spirit. But if we have really got people—if we have led them away from their sins and sinful companions to our Saviour, and got them enlisted under His banner, and led them to the fight—then we may have some solid hope of keeping them.

We can hold fast our possessions, or we can hold them loosely, and soon lose them altogether. God says, “Hold fast.” If things or persons are worth keeping at all, they are worth keeping well. Let us not merely keep up a profession; let us hold fast the beginning of our confidence firm unto the end. Let us not be content with assembling ourselves together, but let us love as brethren, and live and labour together as members one of another.

## III. HOW CAN WE HOLD FAST WHAT WE HAVE?

Let us first look well at it. Let us examine ourselves whether we be in the faith or no, and let us ascertain by practical test of fruits, rather than in any other way, whether those whom we look upon as brethren in Christ are truly His or no. Let us always be certain about our possessions in this spiritual world, which is so full of light and reality. In the outer world we may often be uncertain, for so many circumstances there conspire to deceive; but in the spiritual world the only darkness lies within ourselves. If we are pleased to have light, we may have any amount necessary to discern between the precious and the vile, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.

Then, once certain of what we have got, let us keep our eyes open to any foe or suspicious influence or person which may be likely to rob us. The devil and the world are watching their opportunity to take away all we have. Let us keep wide awake, ever watching unto prayer—watching

with an eagerness and a diligent activity which ever appeal to God for help. The Bible is full of admonitions similar to the “Beware of pick-pockets!” which one generally sees in exhibitions and similar haunts of the multitude. Do not let us stand about idle, or stand or sit near suspicious characters, even if they bear the Christian name. The more constantly we are found in the company of out-and-out followers of Jesus, and at work for Him, the safer we shall be.

And let us take greater care of young converts. Many are ready to say, “Oh, if people are really converted they will be sure to turn up—in fact, if they are truly convinced of sin they are sure to come back to you again.” But we feel inclined to reply, “What will the devil and the world be about all the time?” A man who has never noticed religion for years comes into a hall. He is convinced of sin, and, it may be, he even yields to Christ there and then. He goes out, astonished and changed, like a sheep into the midst of wolves. Either he must don the wolf’s skin again, or be worried almost night and day, and that to an extent which only experience can explain. If he stands firm amidst the beginnings of the storm, well and good. If he dares not to show his colours, or gives way to his temper under the extreme vexation, and feels worse than ever, is no pity due to such? Is it not our bounden duty to watch over these with especial care, and not to allow them to be overcome if by any means we can prevent it? Let us not look every man to his own things, but every man to the things of others, watching over one another in love, and keeping a tight hold of every soul who comes within the reach of our grasp.

To imagine that God is going to keep for us what we are required to keep for ourselves is utterly absurd. The only way to be sure of anything we have is to keep hold of it. God will help us to do so if we rely upon Him and hold fast ourselves. Shall we be the careless, thriftless servants who always reckon upon everything going well, and leave everything to take care of itself; or shall we be the good and faithful servants who make their Master’s every concern their own, and who burden themselves as completely as they can with all His affairs? Oh, let us labour so that He may look upon all we do with continual approval, and crown us by-and-by in everlasting glory!

## The Great Salvation.

### A SKETCH OF A SERMON.

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation.”—HEB.

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HE salvation of poor trembling Israel at the sea—Daniel from the den of hungry lions—the three Hebrew worthies from the furnace of flame—Paul and Silas from Phillippi’s Gaol—Peter by the angel—and all the other salvations in God’s book, or the world’s history, are lighter than a feather, when contrasted with the great salvation, purchased by the Lamb’s holy blood on Calvary’s Hill. This salvation confounds devils, astonishes

angels, raises man from hell to Heaven, and glorifies the triune Jehovah; it is as great as the requirements of Divine justice, as great as the misery of man, it is adequate to all its objects. The great God contrived it, a great Saviour accomplished it, a great Spirit applies it, great multitudes are already saved into glory by it; it reaches to the gates of hell; yea, if the sulphurous smell of hell's brimstone flames were on thy breast, sinner, and the smoke of the pit had darkened thy soul; if thou wert black as a devil, and had all the sins of the universe upon thee, if thou would'st only believe, God would raise thee,—this salvation would be great enough to meet thy case.

In speaking from the text, let me call your prayerful attention,

I. TO THE SALVATION SPECIFIED. (Great Salvation.)

1. It is spiritual in its nature; it is the love of God shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us; this love delivers us from sin—its practice, love, guilt, power, and awful consequences; it saves us from the lusts of the flesh, love of money, dress, and everything evil; where this love is shed abroad in the heart, all the graces of God's holy Spirit grow, flourish, and yield the holiest fruits of obedience,—Christ sits on the throne of the heart as king,—the holy, inward teachings of this infallible prophet are followed,—communion with the eternal Three is enjoyed,—God's image stamped on the heart and life, and a title to all the joys of paradise, the Christian has, clear as the sun at noon.—“His hope is full, O glorious hope of immortality!”

2. This great, blood-bought salvation is free for every child of man, in every age and nation.

“His grace is flowing like a stream,  
For all, in every nation,  
A guilty world it does redeem,  
And offers all salvation.”

Jew and Gentile, bond and free, black and white, rich and poor, young and old.

“Yes, the Jew in the Saviour, salvation may have,  
The Gentile may prove that from sin he can save.  
The rich and the poor—yea, the world may all come,  
And find in the Saviour salvation and room.  
Room, room, precious room,  
In Jesus for sinners, there's plenty of room.”

Yes, sinner, you may come and welcome; you are heartily welcome to a salvation which is as free as the air, full as the ocean, strong as the pillars of God's throne, and measureless as the ages of eternity. I admit, when I look at the justice and holiness of God, and the recklessness of daring, impious man,—

“The thing surpasses all my thought,  
But faithful is my Lord;  
Through unbelief I stagger not,  
For God has spoke the word.”

Hark, the heavenly host! their song will convince you that the great spell in the business is, although we are worthless, infinitely worthy is the Lamb,—

“Halleluia they cry, to the king of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I am!  
To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again,  
Halleluia to God and the Lamb!”

3. It is full. Like the river of living water, which the Holy Prophet saw streaming from under the threshold of the Lord's house.

(1), Up to the ankles; (2), knees; (3), loins; (4), an impassable river to swim in. Cannot some of us sing,

“When first in this river I ventured my soul,  
The waters of life to my ankles did roll;  
But still persevering, my Saviour to please,  
I soon found this river was up to my knees.  
A thousand was measured, and then I went in,  
'Twas up to my loins, 'twas a freedom from sin;  
And now I go on to prove it a river,  
So deep and so broad I can swim there for ever!”

This salvation, when received in all its fulness, cleanses the soul from all its inward and outward idols; to say the blood, power, and Spirit of Jesus cannot do this, is a libel on God's truth-book. Let God be true, and every man (who contradicts Him) a liar; then hear Him—“Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.” Now if God cleanses the soul from all its filthiness, and all its idols, common sense says there is neither filth nor idol left in that soul. Some say we must have a little sin in our hearts until death; to say this, is to insinuate that Satan is stronger than Jesus; this statement, “My friend Beelzebub has made a breach, which your friend Jesus cannot repair.” Thank Heaven, the crown is still on the brow of our Royal Master, and his foes are still under His feet! Yes,

“Jesus the Conqu'ror reigns,  
In glorious strength arrayed.”

Where sin has abounded, grace did much more abound; He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and he well knows how to destroy them, root and branch. Hear His holy word: “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” He can give us

“A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine;  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.”

Being made free from sin, we become the servants of God! then our fruit is unto holiness, and the fault is not in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. If we do love God with all our soul and strength, with all our heart and mind, the fault is our own; if we are not holy in word, thought and action, we are bought with a price, so we must glorify God with our bodies and souls, which are His; whether we eat, drink, or sleep, buy, sell, or give, we must do all to the glory of God.

4. This salvation is present in every time and place to the simple, believing soul. Jesus Christ consecrated the whole world to soul-saving purposes when He said, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel

to every creature." Here the holy tone of the gospel salvation must be—just here, just now. But the righteousness which is of faith, speaketh on this wise; say not in thy heart, who shall ascend into heaven, that is, to bring down Christ from above; or who shall descend into the deep to bring Him up again from the dead; the word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved; the clouds of salvation are big with mercy, and are ready to burst in holy blessing on our heads, only pierce them with believing prayer. Heaven is all about us; see Jesus in His vesture, dipped in holy, atoning blood. Let that woman with her bloody issue touch Him. Poor man with thy withered hand, Jesus bids thee stretch it out; He communicates the healing power with the word. Poor soul, thou needst not lay thirty-eight years by the pool of salvation; thou shouldst take up thy bed and walk, Jesus bids thee.

"Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy."

Thy salvation is at hand. "Behold, now is the accepted time! Behold, now is the day of salvation!"

"Not one, of all the apostate race,  
But may in Him salvation find."

5. This salvation is eternal in its duration; yes, it not only saves from sin, the power and malice of hell, but through all the trials, tears, fears, conflicts, temptations, and troubles of life—the cold sweat and icy river of death; the trump, thunder, flames, and trial of the judgment, and onward through eternal ages. Think of millions of ages beyond the day of doom, and this salvation reaches there; yea, it is lasting as God's eternal throne of holiness. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" *How! how! how! sinner?*

#### II. LET US POINT OUT THE NEGLECTERS OF THIS SALVATION.

Some despise it—Infidels, Deists, Socialists, Unitarians, &c., &c.

All neglect it, who are unsaved by it; look at the open sinner; look at the thousands of church and chapel goers, who sit under the Word, take seats, support God's cause, feel a respect for religion, &c., but are still neglecting salvation.

It is to be feared that thousands in the Church are still neglecting salvation; they have a name and place among God's people, attend classes, the table of the Lord; collect for missions, bibles, tracts, schools, &c.; but they do not enjoy salvation.

#### III. LET US PROPOSE THE SOLEMN QUESTION CONTAINED IN THE TEXT—HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?

1. Some men escape danger by flight, but the man who neglects salvation cannot fly from God.

2. Some escape by a firm resistance, but the sinner who attempts to resist God will surely fail.

3. How shall we escape—1, death; 2, judgment; 3, God's anger; 4, hell fire?

4. There is no way of escape, if we live and die neglectors of this great salvation.

APPLICATION.—1. Show the sin and danger of neglecting.

2. Point out the only way of escape to the penitent seeker of salvation.

3. Thunder the alarm in the ear of the despiser.

4. Warn the backslider, who has cast away his confidence.

5. Encourage those who now enjoy salvation.

6. Urge all the saints of God, by every lawful means, to spread this salvation in their families, and through the world.

## Cuttings from "Falmage."

### ANY PLAN TO SUCCEED.



THIS morning announce myself in favour of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another style. If the Church music of to day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half-past seven in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorised heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no head at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our alms-giving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword, and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard—

"There is a fountain filled with blood"

sung artistically by four choristers perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery, until I thought of Jenny Lind and Nillson and Sontag, and all the other warblers; but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart.

But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman in the midst of the audience began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were afloat some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood,"—red, agonising, sacrificial, redemptive,—and I heard the crimson splash of the wave as we all went down under it.

"For sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

### DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

It is a sad thing to know that this malefactor died just as he had lived. People nearly always do. Have you ever remarked that? There is but

one instance mentioned in all the Bible of a man repenting in the last hour. All the other men who lived lives of iniquity, as far as we can understand from the Bible, died deaths of iniquity. It is most likely that if you live a drunkard's life, you will die a drunkard; that the defrauder will die a defrauder, the idler die an idler, the blasphemer die a blasphemer, the slanderer die a slanderer, the debauchee die a debauchee. As you live you will die, in all probability. Do not, therefore, make your soul believe that you can go on in a course of sin, and then in the last moment repent. There is such a thing as death-bed repentance, but I never saw one—I never was present at one. God in all this Bible presents us only one case of that kind, and it is not safe to hazard our soul's welfare upon the chance of our case being the one amid ten thousand.

“Repent! the voice celestial cries,  
No longer dare delay;  
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,  
And meets the fiery day.”

#### RELIGIOUS SLEEPY HEADS.

Oh, religious sleepy heads, wake up! While we have in our Church a great many who are toiling for God, there are some too lazy to brush the flies off their heavy eyelids. You have laid so long in one place, that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! I should not wonder if some of this Church membership should wake up in hell. What do you know, my brother, about a living Gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God; and if your pulse ordinarily beats seventy times a minute when you think of other themes, and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and Heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

#### GOD OUR REFUGE.

If I bear a little too hard with my right foot on the earth, does it break through into the grave? Is this world, which swings at the speed of thousands of miles an hour round about the sun, going with tenfold more speed towards the Judgment Day? Oh! I am overborne with the thought, and in the confusion I cry to one and I cry to the other: “O time! O eternity! Oh, the dead! Oh, the Judgment Day! O Jesus! O God!” By catching at the last apostrophe, I feel that I have something to hold on to; for “in God is my refuge, and underneath Thee are the everlasting arms.” And exhausted with my failure to save myself, I throw my whole weight of body, mind, and soul on this Divine promise, as a weary child throws itself into the arms of its mother; as a wounded soldier throws himself on the hospital pillow; as a pursued man throws himself into the refuge; for “in God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms.” I can speak no more for the gladness. Oh, for a flood of tears with which to express the joy of this eternal rescue!

#### GOD SWIFT TO DELIVER.

I had a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when the ammunition had given out at Antietam; and he saw the train from Harrisburgh, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down towards the battle-field. He said that it stopped not for any

crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all. So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we must have help immediately or perish. The grace that comes too late is no grace at all. What you and I want is God's presence—*now*. “Oh! is it not blessed to think that God is always in such quick pursuit of His dear children? When a sinner seeks pardon, or a baffled soul needs help, swifter than thrush's wing, swifter than swallow's wing, swifter than flamingo's wing, swifter than eagle's wing, are *the wings of the Almighty*.”

#### SIMON THE CYRENIAN.

There was another friend in that group, and that was *Simon the Cyrenian*. He was a stranger in the land, but had been long enough there to show his affection for Christ. I suppose he was one of those men who never can see anybody imposed upon but he wants to help Him. “Well, Simon,” they cried out, “you are such a friend to Jesus—help Him to carry the cross. You see Him fainting under it.” So he did. A scene for all the ages of time and all the cycles of eternity—a cross with Jesus at the one end of it and Simon at the other, suggesting the idea to you, oh, troubled soul! that no one need ever carry a whole cross. You have only half a cross to carry. If you are in poverty, Jesus was poor, and He comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in persecution, Jesus was persecuted, and He comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in any kind of trouble, you have a sympathising Redeemer.

## The Thief-Maker, and how he was Saved.



MIDDLE-AGED man of most dissipated habits, who lived by training young thieves, was a sad annoyance to the superintendent of one of the Ragged Schools in the East end of London. His house was a hell upon earth, and Satan had his seat in it for many years. By cunning and duplicity this thief-maker managed to keep out of the grip of the law, and he gloried in setting at defiance the preachers of the Gospel. He proclaimed himself an Infidel, and made his infidelity a cloak for his sensualism.

But the pious superintendent resolved that he would, through God's grace, effect this wicked man's conversion. He felt that nothing was impossible with God, and he had the faith which removes mountains of difficulties and casts them into the sea. And he sought to exercise this faith by combining the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. His first care was to *find out* the *susceptibilities* of the *thief-maker's nature*. Case-hardened against reproof, it was ascertained that he could yet be moved by kindness, and that the power of music had been known to melt his savage heart to tenderness.

One Sabbath afternoon the superintendent was on the watch for the wicked man. He had come to know that he would pass down the lane where the school-house is situate, about the time the school was being taught. He stood in the doorway, and at length the thief-maker appeared. As he was passing, the superintendent said in very kindly tones, "Well, my friend, and how are you to-day?" The man stood stock-still. He could scarcely believe that one should address him thus. But he replied in few words, and was then about to pass on, when the superintendent gently put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Now, my friend, I know you are very fond of music—I see it in your eye—will you just step in and hear how nicely my boys sing?" He consented, and the superintendent placed him unobserved on the end of a seat near to the door. He then called all to their seats, the lessons being just over, and a teacher led, we think, the beautiful hymn—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day."

And as the melody rose in its pathetic power, he watched the effect on the countenance of the stranger. It was all he desired. Then changing the subject, he led the beautiful and melting hymn—

"Oh, how He loves!"

And as it was being sung by a hundred voices, he seated himself quietly by the man, and, opening the Bible before him, asked, "Can you read?" "A little," was the reply. "There, then, read that," said the superintendent, and he put before him such passages as these—"As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner, but would rather he would turn from his evil ways and live." "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" And this, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." "What does that mean?" asked the man, very earnestly. "What book is that?" And the superintendent told him it was the Bible, and meant his salvation. And the thief-maker became full of thought. By this time the music ceased, when another hymn—a "lament" on the death of Christ—was sung with great tenderness. This fairly overcame the thief-maker; he could stand it no longer; his heart was melted, and tears flowed. Then the superintendent, in a whisper, but faithfully and affectionately, preached Christ. Conviction, deep and earnest, was produced, and while conscience seemed to raise a thick cloud of darkness before his eyes, and the devoted teacher, fearing that the devil was about to preach to the man in the language of despair, he again led the music, and now in a song of triumph, which inspired him with hope.

The school was dismissed. But the superintendent did not leave his pupil to go home alone. He went with him, read to him, conversed with him, prayed for him, invited him to his house, and never ceased to labour and to pray until that man's soul was saved.

And, oh, it was a glorious triumph! Eight years have passed away since the thief-maker was brought to the feet of Christ. He has been since then engaged in a most responsible public situation, and has distin-

guished himself by his consistency and devotedness in the service of the Lord. The native force of character which made him so dangerous in the service of Satan, has made him, by the power of God's grace, most useful in the service of God. Instead of training boys to become thieves, he trains boys to become Christians, and, having had much forgiven, he loves much.—*Brands Plucked from the Burning.* By Rev. J. H. WILSON.

#### VICTORY AND DEATH.

A LEIPSI paper publishes a story which is stated to be undoubtedly true, and illustrates the poverty in which the devotees of learning in Germany are often compelled to live.

About ten months ago a rich patron of the sciences and arts in Berlin offered prizes amounting to about £30 each for the best essays on the History of the Middle Ages, Astronomy, Geology, Poetry, and Metaphysics; and about £80 each for the best romance and the best poem. A committee of members of the several University faculties was appointed to award the prizes, and the awards were made a short time ago. A large number of persons competed, and the work offered had a large amount of excellent material among them. The names of the writers were enclosed in sealed envelopes, on the outside of which fictitious names were inscribed.

The prize for the essay on Metaphysics was awarded to a young man named Max Markmann, who had sent his essay under the name of "Hans Wildenstein." When Markmann's name was announced a very pale, poorly-clad, exceedingly wretched-looking young man stepped forward, and was greeted with a hearty round of applause. His hair was thin and already sprinkled with grey, and his whole appearance excited the sympathy of the audience. After receiving the prize, he quietly returned to his seat. One after another, as the titles of the best essays were announced, the accompanying envelopes disclosed Markmann as the author, and the applause grew tumultuous as the young man, looking more weary every time, stepped forward. The excitement among the students was so great that a suggestion would have caused them to carry him off in triumph.

The essays being all examined, the poems came next in turn, and the prize was Markmann's. It was entitled "The Village Schoolmaster," and Berthold Auerbach, who was one of the com-

mittee, pronounced it one of the most gracefully written stories he had ever read. This was the last prize awarded; but hardly had the fortunate competitor arisen to go and receive it when he fell fainting on the floor. A death-like stillness reigned in the hall while they carried the young man into an adjoining room, where the physicians succeeded in restoring him to consciousness; but that was all, for in four hours afterwards he was a corpse! His decease was the result of long years of deprivation: he was literally starved to death. The rewards came too late to be of real service to him.

In contrast with such a sad case, how cheering it is to reflect that the Christian can never receive the prize of his high calling too late to be of service to him. Even death cannot rob us of that prize, or render the rewards of faithful labour for Christ valueless, as were the student's prizes. Would that men laboured more zealously, not for the honours and distinctions that perish, but those that endure to everlasting life!

#### SIN OR SALVATION?

TWO INCIDENTS FROM THE EXPERIENCE  
OF THE REV. W. H. AITKEN.

I ONCE went to see a dying man. I asked him, "Do you wish salvation?" "Ah, yes," he said, "if I could only get my soul saved I should be happy!" Yet, in spite of his words, there was something insincere and false about it all. I reflected for a moment. The man had a shop downstairs. It struck me to ask him, lying as he was there, only a few hours between him and eternity—"Do you keep your shop open on Sunday?" "Yes." "Do you think that right?" "No." "Are you willing to give up Sunday selling?" "Well, you see, we are poor people." "That is no excuse; God can make it all up to you; are you willing to give it up?" There was a solemn pause—evi-

dently a sore struggle. I saw it in his face. At last the man said, "Will you give me till Monday morning to think over it?" Here was a man within the very grasp of death, yet he wanted to think over it. He was dead before that Saturday night closed. And where is he now?

A man that is parleying with sin will never yield to the cross. Never! Never! It is not weeping, it is not floods of tears, not the hanging of the head,—nothing of the kind,—but *repentance, whereby we forsake sin*. If we won't forsake our sin, it is useless. Let me mention another, opposite case.

#### A REVENGEFUL CAPTAIN CONVERTED.

As I came out of my Church in Liverpool one evening, a well-dressed man passed me, coming out of the building. "Well," I said to him, "are you going home at peace with Jesus?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "Let us have a talk," I said. We went in, and sat down; we did talk for awhile; he was evidently in earnest, but there was something between him and God. At last he said, "I want to be honest with you: I cannot find peace in my present state. I have an enemy, and I am just on my way to be revenged on him."

He told me the case, and according to his statement he had been very ill-used. He was a ship captain, and had come to Liverpool to bear witness against this man. When he was trading in the Hebrides of Scotland, the person to whom he referred happened to be in that locality. This person went to a magistrate and got a trumped-up case against him for stealing coals, and he was thrown into prison. It was in an out-of-the-way place, and it was some time before the court, before whom he had to be tried, was held. Meantime the person came to Liverpool, and therefore, in his absence as the principal witness, my informant got clear. In fact, when he was brought up on his trial, of course there was nothing against him, it was plainly shown to be a trumped-up case, and he was acquitted without a stain on his character. Still, as he said, he had been compelled to suffer the shame of lying in prison, and also prevented doing his duty. He was now going to his solicitor to get a legal case drawn up against his enemy for false imprisonment. He said he could not forgive him.

"Well," I said, after hearing this narrative, "has he been as bad to you

as you have been to God?" "No, I think not," he replied. "Well, you expect God to forgive you, and don't you think you might forgive your enemy? He has used you very badly, I admit; but try this plan. Go to him; be frank with him; he knows his charge against you was false; tell him so. But say you have come to forgive him." There was a tremendous struggle in the man's heart. I said, "Let us ask God to help you." We knelt down and prayed together. Then I said, "Will you forgive him?" "Yes." And not merely did he make up his mind to forgive him, but in less than five minutes afterwards I believe he laid hold of Christ as the Saviour of his soul. Thus, in his case, repentance and the forsaking of sin, and the forgiving of his enemy, accompanied his conversion. If you are willing to part company with your sin, Christ will save you. But Christ and sin will never be found together in unhallowed company.

#### HINTS TO SOUL WINNERS.

If men would act as wisely and as philosophically in attempting to make men Christians as they do in attempting to sway mind on other subjects; if they would suit the subject to the state of mind—the action to the word, and the word to the action, and press their subject with as much address, and warmth, and perseverance, as lawyers and statesmen do their addresses, the result would be the conversion of hundreds of thousands, and converts would be added to the Lord like drops of the morning dew. Were the whole Church and the whole ministry right upon this subject—had they right views, were they imbued with a right spirit, and would they go forth with tears bearing precious seed, they would soon reap the harvest of the whole earth, and return bearing their sheaves with them.

Is it too much to presume, if the Church was in a vigorous state, and all its members knew their duty, and felt their responsibility, that on an average every Christian might be the means of converting one sinner every year; and estimating the population of the globe, in round numbers, at one thousand millions, how long would it take to convert the world? *Twelve years!*

What would not be effected if we took the Lord at His word, and attempted what His commands enjoin; just so far as the Church can be prompted to exertion

will she gather confidence for new and greater efforts, until, finding herself omnipotent in the strength of the Lord, she makes her final struggle, and lays a conquered world at the expectant Saviour's feet.

Why should not the condition which we term "revival" be the ordinary condition of the Church?

The way for a Church to grow strong is for it to come out of itself, and learn to feel and act for the salvation of a dying world.

Only let the minister or ministers of every Church live holy, have fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; pray, preach, fast, eat, drink, toil, and groan, for the salvation of souls; let them offer a present, free, and full salvation to every child of Adam who will repent of sin, and leave the devil's service, and let every member of the Church, male and female, young and old, work for God and souls, earnestly work, and constantly work, not for sect but souls, and then

Our conquering Lord will prosper,

His word will make it prevail,  
And mightily shake the kingdom of hell.

No minister or people should rest satisfied with outward advantages, however perfect they may be, nor think themselves safe, when the work of *spiritual edification and conversion* is not going on.

Strain all the powers of your sanctified souls to reach a high point of holy, active eminence in the work of *soul-saving*; sacrifice your bodies, souls, and spirits as a burnt-offering at the blood-stained shrine of Calvary, to work for God and souls; let your every bosom be a volcano of *weeping, holy, loving zeal*, whose pure burning lava shall help to desolate the kingdom of hell upon the earth; never go to prayer-meeting or preaching without trying to lead a sinner with you, and never rest until he is converted. *Minister, Deacon, Leader, Member, Parent, youthful Christian, &c.*, will you work for God? A thousand thousand voices from the four winds of heaven ask the question. Do you want motives? *Look at heaven's glories, hell's woes, earth's miseries!* The shortness of your time and your future reward. *Christian*, don't despair of accomplishing great things; look at what Luther, Wesley, Whitefield, Martin, Bramwell, Smith, Stoner, Penn, Fox, Brainard, and millions more have done!

I might go on, making quotations from the works of the most soul-stirring writers of all Churches and ages, to prove that souls can and will be saved if we labour *properly, faithfully, holily, constantly, weepingly, boldly, believingly*; yes, there is a plain, common-sense way to labour for God, and the salvation of souls will follow; I admit, "the thing surpasses all my thought, but faithful is my Lord," so "through unbelief I stagger not—for God hath spoke the word." He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return bringing his sheaves with him.

Souls can be saved! Thank God, souls can be saved! God the Father says, that the repenting, believing soul shall be saved: *Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions: so iniquity shall not be your ruin*. Jesus Christ also showed the possibility of saving souls, when he said: *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*. The Holy Spirit also has confirmed this doctrine when he said: *Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon*. The angels in heaven believe that a repenting sinner will be saved, hence: *There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth*. The redeemed saints who are in the presence of God are of opinion, that a returning penitent will find grace; hence, they warned sinners to repent before they died; and there is *joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance*. The old serpent also knows that the penitent will find grace; hence, when a man begins to repent, the devil begins to tempt him. The very damned in hell believe that repentance will save a man from torments; hence, Dives prayed that Lazarus might be sent to warn his five brethren to repent, lest they also went to that place of torments. Good men on earth experience that repenting and believing save the soul from sin and the fear of death. And even the wicked know that if they repent, the Lord will have mercy on them.—Glory be to God, it is gloriously possible for the soul to be saved, because it is possible to bring men to repentance.

Men are generally brought to repent by the instrumentality of men; therefore, let us labour to get sinners to Christ, lest their blood should be found in our skirts at the last day. Let us all be doers, and let us always be doing. And may God add his blessing, and bring souls to Christ!

#### SAVE ME, I PERISH.

DURING a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismantled merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter, on a deck almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that there might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board.

It is laid on the deck: in horror and pity the crew gathered around; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer it; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, "*There is another man!*" Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one, there is "*another man,*" let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; and go to Christ and plead for that man; the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish."—*Guthrie.*

#### DRESS.

BELOVED SISTERS in Christ Jesus: that the Word of God be not blasphemed, be in behaviour as becometh holiness: adorning yourselves in modest

Tit. 2: 3.

1 Tim. 2: 9, 10.

apparel: not with broidered hair, or wearing of gold, or pearls, or costly array; but with good works; and with the meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. For after this manner the holy women who trusted in God adorned themselves, and with chaste conversation, coupled with fear, won others who obeyed not the Word.

If ye have ornaments, put them off, lest ye grieve the Holy Spirit.

Walk not as silly women; for they who live in pleasure are dead while they live; cast not off your first faith, lest ye wax wanton against Christ, and learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, speaking things which ye ought not.

Seek rather to walk as the elect lady and others, who keep the faith, living on earth as strangers and pilgrims, and delivered from this present godless, evil world.

Take heed that ye be not cumbered with much serving, neither be careful, nor troubled, about many things, lest the word be choked; but choose rather the good part, even sitting at Jesus' feet, and hearing Him. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.

Continue in prayer, as Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, ever ministering to the saints; and as servants of the Church, labouring much in the Lord. Be ye helpers also in Christ Jesus, in His name seeking to succeed many.

Be ye followers of God as dear children, increas-

Isa. 2: 18, 23.

1 Pet. 3: 3, 5.

Ex. 33: 4, 5, 6;  
35: 22.

2 Tim. 3: 6.

1 Tim. 5: 6.

Eph. 5: 4.

2 John.

Heb 11.

Gal. 1: 4.

Luke 10: 39.

Mark 4: 19.

Col. 3: 23.

Acts 16: 13, 14.

Rom. 16: 1, 3.

6, 12.

1 Thes. 3: 12. ing and abounding in  
Col. 1: 9. love one toward another,  
and being filled with the  
knowledge of His will.

1 Thes. 5: 19, Rejoice evermore. Pray  
17, 18, 22, 23. without ceasing. In  
everything give thanks.  
*Abstain from all appearance of evil.* And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and preserve your whole spirit, soul, and body, blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. — *Christian's Pathway.*

#### TRUSTING IN JESUS.

TUNE: "*I'm a Pilgrim.*"

All my doubts I give to Jesus,  
I've His gracious promise heard,  
I shall never be confounded,  
I am trusting in that word.

*Chorus.*

Trusting, trusting, fully trusting,  
Calmly trusting in His word;  
I am trusting, simply trusting,  
Casting all upon my Lord.

All my sins I lay on Jesus,  
He doth wash me in His blood;  
He will keep me pure and holy;  
He will bring me home to God.

All my fears I give to Jesus.  
Rests my weary soul on Him;  
Though my way be hid in darkness,  
Never can his light grow dim.

All my joys I give to Jesus;  
He is all I want of bliss.  
He of all the worlds is Master,  
He has all I need in this.

All I am I give to Jesus,  
All my body, all my soul,  
All I have, and all I hope for,  
While eternal ages roll.

All in all I have in Jesus;  
Poor, yet rich as Cherubim;  
Ignorant, and full of weakness,  
Heaven's own store I find in Him.  
What I know not, shall hereafter  
Be as clear as noon-day sun.  
'Tis His promise! I shall know it  
When life's battle's fairly won.

#### MISS HOOPER AND THE GAME-KEEPER'S DOG.

WHILE waiting on a railway-platform in Norfolk, the late Miss Geraldine Hooper, the celebrated lady-preacher,

had her attention drawn to an unconverted man standing on the opposite platform, by a friend, who said, "He is very hard to reach with the truth." He was a gamekeeper, and was accompanied by a black retriever dog. She quickly crossed the line, went up to him, and stroking his dog, said—

"What a beautiful dog you have here!"

"Yes," said the man, rather gruffly; "but take care he doesn't bite you, he is not fond of strangers."

"Oh! he won't bite me; dogs know who are fond of them. No doubt you are very fond of him."

"That I am."

"Do you feed your dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"House him?"

"Yes, of course."

"Does your dog obey your word of command?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you would be disappointed if he did not love to obey you?"

"That I should," then, looking proudly at his dog; "but Rover does love his master, doesn't he?" and he patted the dog's head as he looked up trustfully in his face.

"Would you be grieved if he followed a stranger?"

"Yes," he replied, rather impatient at so many questions.

"Ah!" said she, in a sad, tender reproachful tone, "you ungrateful sinner, *what* a lesson does that dog teach you! God has fed you, housed you, cared for you, loved you, these many years; but you do not love or obey Him, you do not follow Him! He so loved you that He gave His only-begotten Son to die on the cross for your sins, and yet you never have loved Him in return! *You* follow a stranger. Satan is your chosen master. The dog knows its owner—you know not yours! Truly it may be said of you, 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.'"

She looked sadly yet kindly at him as she earnestly uttered these words.

His eyes filled with tears, he fixed them on his dog, and, in a choking voice, said, after a few moments—

"Ah, Rover, Rover, thou hast taught thy master a lesson this day! I *have* been an ungrateful sinner, but by God's help I'll be so no longer."

That evening the gamekeeper was

found, for the first time, in the prayer-meeting, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and soon he was rejoicing in a sense of pardon through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader! The master whom you profess to serve—the Lord Jesus—has been calling you: have you answered? He loves you: do you love Him in return? Jesus has been supplying you with food and shelter for your body for many years, and now offers you food and shelter for your soul for ever. Will you accept it? Oh! yield yourself as an obedient servant to Him, who, "though He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich," and by whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

#### NEARER HOME TO-DAY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I have been before.

*Chorus*—Nearer home, nearer home, to-day,  
to-day;  
Nearer my home to-day than ever  
I was before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day;  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
When burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,  
And nearer to the crown.

But lying dark between,  
And winding through the night,  
The deep and unknown stream to-day,  
Crossed, ere we reach the light.

Jesus, confirm my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of faith,  
To feel Thee when I stand to-day  
Upon the shore of death.

Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink,  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Perhaps, than now I think.

#### SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS.

THE poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his Church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description. The great composer replied, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to

the thoughts which I feel: when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

#### SPECIFIC PRAYER.

"THERE was once," says Dr. Smith, "a coloured woman, who used to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sabbath, and single out some young man as he came in at the door, and pray for him, till she saw him come forward to join the Church. Then she dropped him, and singled out another, and prayed for him in like manner, till she witnessed a similar result. Then she dropped him and took a third, and so on, till at the end of twenty years she had seen twenty young men join themselves to the Lord.

#### ALL FOR THE BEST.

It is told of one of the Lord's servants in the reign of Queen Mary, who was always preaching upon God's unchanging love to His people, that he was being taken to London to be burnt. "Is this all for the best?" was the escort's taunt. Yes. He fell from his horse and broke his leg. "Is this all for the best now?" said the officer. "You won't get off being burned. You have broken your leg first, and you will be burned afterwards." Yes; it was for the best. He could not travel on until his leg was healed. Meanwhile Mary was called to give an account of herself to God, Elizabeth came to the throne, and he went back to his parish to preach his favourite truth, God is love. Either way, no evil could have happened to him.

#### TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

It seems like investing one's good things a long way off to be "laying up treasures in heaven." But this is a mistake. Heaven is very near to God's children. The leagues thither are few and short—shortening every hour. When two pure hearts begin to love, it is the beginning of wedlock. Hands are not joined or the ring given, but the core-idea of wedlock is reached, which is unselfish heart-love. Heaven, as the actual abode of the redeemed, is very near—just behind the veil it lies; every

moment that veil disappears to one and another, and they are there! They are amid the treasures at God's right hand. A share in those treasures belongs to every true and earnest follower of Jesus.

When we speak of salvation as by grace and not "of works," we must not forget that other truth, that God will judge us all according to our works. They will be laid up there. How rich some of Christ's millionaires will be! Paul will have a magnificent inheritance. All that he gave up of earthly pelf, profit, fame, ease, power, emolument, will stand to his credit there. All the mighty service he wrought for human souls will be to him a shining crown. Agrippa will be glad to change thrones with him then. John Bunyan, when in jail, comforted himself with the thought that he had "rich lordships" in those souls which he had led to Jesus. What a crown the old tinker's will be when he gets in full possession of his inheritance! How many thousands will come and thank John Bunyan for leading them to heaven!

I love to think of Robert Raikes as surrounded by hosts of Sunday-school children in paradise. They will be a part of his treasures, as well as Christ's treasures, in heaven. Wilberforce will be enriched by the salvation of liberated bondmen. Faithful pastors, who gave up all prospect of worldly emolument in order to spend and be spent for Christ, will discover that they have made wise investments in the "better country."

The gains are very steady up there. Poor city missionaries, and Bible-women, and frontier preachers, and godly needlewomen, have their savings bank at God's right hand. Those banks never break. The only change in heavenly treasures is from their enlargement. There is no corruption within, and no consumption from without. The moth never gnaws there, and the burglar never breaks in to steal.

Now, why will not some of my readers, who are troubled about finding "safe investments," just listen to the inducements which Jesus holds out? He said once to an aspiring young man, "Give up all that thou hast, and come and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven!" To-day He makes the same proclamation. "Treasure in heaven!" What is it? Something safer than anything you can toil for

here. What is it? Something more abundant than you can earn in silver or gold—more enduring than mines or broad acres.

It is the only real estate in the universe. If you will lay down self at Jesus' feet and accept Him and His service, you will become part owner of heaven. You will be a joint heir of Him who saith, "All that the Father hath is mine." All that you give up for Jesus will be laid up to your account. The souls you lead to Jesus will compose the jewellery of your crown. Death strips the selfish, greedy sinner of his treasure, and sends him into eternity bankrupt. But death will unlock to you the gateway of your Father's house, and you will come into an inheritance that fadeth not away.—CUYLER.

#### TEMPERANCE.

##### GIVING UP A BAD BUSINESS.

A YOUNG man entered the bar of a village tavern, and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had too much already. You have had *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord, and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this place I formed the habit which has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few more glasses, and your work will be done; I shall soon be out of the way—there is no hope for me; but they can be saved, they may be men again. Do not sell it to them, sell to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

IF ministers will contend, let them contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce most and best fruit; not like the spen and the elm, which shall make most noise in the wind.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

# CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

## The Month.



THE month has been distinguished by special mercies, which have considerably altered our prospects in several stations. We have had a blessed Easter-tide, and many souls will for ever rejoice over the memory of this precious season.

While at Middlesbro' our work has become firmly consolidated, Bro. Clare has been enabled to place the Stockton branch in a better position for efficiency than it had ever before attained. From Poplar, Chatham, and Wellingboro', we hear of large numbers gathered into the fold; and we trust ere long to see in all the London stations a much more perfect concentration of labour, and an even more powerful series of operations.

### WHITECHAPEL.

OUR dear Gipsy brethren, having returned to the neighbourhood of London, spent the 4th of April with us here. The large congregations which flocked to hear delighted us, especially as there appeared to be a great many perfect strangers to the place amongst them. We were much blessed at all the services of the day, and at the conclusion many souls sought salvation.

The two following Sabbaths we were privileged to have Mrs. Booth, and her sermons on True and False Faith, and upon Christian Work, were made a great blessing to us all. While she was preaching, and at the conclusion of each evening service, souls were made happy in the love of God, and upon each occasion the congregations were large.

### POPLAR.

SINCE Bro. Garner has been set free to devote his entire time and attention to this station, we have been greatly blessed: a general increase of diligence in all our services having yielded large and blessed fruits to our Master's honour and glory.

We had especially blessed times on Easter Sunday and Monday, when Mr.

Bramwell and Miss C. Booth were with us. On the Sunday and Monday evenings the hall was crowded, and some thirty souls at the two services sought salvation.

Two young women, who left the hall in deep distress at the close of the Sunday evening service, were constrained to return, and hurried up the hall to place themselves amongst the penitents.

Our people, undismayed by the most furious manifestations of opposition in the open air, are rallying to the work in larger numbers than ever. On Easter Sunday one sister's face was cut with a stone, and heavy blows have fallen upon some on many occasions of late; but we endure, as seeing Him who is invisible, rejoicing all the more because we have thus the opportunity of preaching to so many of the very roughest of the people.

N. T. E.

### HAMMERSMITH.

FROM my sick room I venture to send forth to my Christian friends my tenth monthly report, and never have I felt that there has been so much cause for praise.

The people are living and working for Jesus. The congregations were never

larger, the converts never more interesting; and after enduring months of petty annoyance and persecution from the police, we have now, for a few Sundays, been allowed to stand in the open air and preach the glad tidings of salvation. We have had visits, which God has abundantly blessed, from Mr. and Mrs. Booth—visits and labours that will be remembered in eternity.

Our third quarterly tea-meeting was the best we have had yet, over 300 sitting down to tea; but the best was at the close, when poor sinners sought and found salvation.

The free teas have been much blessed by God: many of the worst of characters have heard the Gospel. Amongst those converted lately we cite a few cases:

#### WHERE CAN I FIND JESUS?

One morning a man was induced to come to the hall by the open-air band, when the sermon so affected him—his whole past history rising before him—that he sprang to his feet, and, running to the door, said to the brother who was keeping it, "Oh, my dear sir, where can I find Jesus?" Our friends may imagine the answer. Suffice it to say that that morning service ended by six seeking salvation, four of whom are now in fellowship with us. Praise God!

A woman who for many years had been a ROMAN CATHOLIC, was married in a Roman Catholic chapel, and was much impressed by the altered life of her husband, who had been converted in the early days of the Mission, was, after months of persuading, induced to come to a free tea, and to hear the addresses. At first, no apparent impression was made; but another invitation was given, and also a third. This time she was much impressed, and, after a fearful conflict, she sought mercy with many tears and prayers. A friend who knew her former principles asked her if she trusted alone in Christ for salvation. "Yes," she replied, "I now trust only in Christ for my soul's salvation, feeling assured that Jesus only can save me through faith in His precious blood." As a proof of her sincerity she went home and took her husband's Bible (which he could not read himself), and read out, to the surprise and joy of others, a portion of that Sacred Word. May she never be deluded more!

#### MORE OPPOSITION—ANOTHER TROPHY.

Being compelled to take a new route one Sunday, for our open-air work, to evade the police, we found ourselves

near the water-side, amongst the roughest congregation I have seen for many a day. Dirty men came out of the beer-shops, unwashed children by the score crowded around us, women laughed and yelled, costermongers howled out the price of their wares; this, with our singing, made up the most hideous noise I ever remember. Yet, in the midst of all, tears were seen running down poor sinners' faces, which, with the realization of the Master's presence, encouraged us to go on. One man, a leader of a gang of labourers, was so deeply affected that he went home, but for days could scarcely eat or sleep. He sent for our people to go and pray for him, and at last came himself to the meetings, where he found deliverance. His wife is now with him on the road to Heaven. He has succeeded at last in getting the roughest to hear the Gospel; and since I have been sick, I hear he has been converted. These are the sort of converts we want. May God increase the number!

#### REST ONLY IN JESUS.

A man who some time ago was attracted by our singing in the Broadway, came over and helped us to sing some hymns with which he had been familiar when a lad under a holy father's roof. This he did a time or two, until the Spirit of God showed him his hypocrisy—his singing of hymns in the street on the Sabbath, and his wife home selling tobacco. He went home quickly, and resolved never more to open on the Sabbath, which resolution he kept, and went about to different chapels, but could get no rest. One Sabbath, while out with his wife, he found himself near the Town Hall, and, of course, came in, where he heard Mr. Booth preach. He could scarcely sit to hear it out, but, thank God! he did, and was the first at the penitent-form. After realizing his sins forgiven, he stood up and praised God; publicly testified what the Lord had done for him, and afterwards went and embraced his wife, and, with his arms around her neck, and his tears falling upon her face, he besought her to seek the Lord at once.

Oh, may the Church witness many such scenes!

And now, dear readers, farewell for another month. I trust that when I address you again I may be out and about my Master's business.

ABRAHAM LAMB.

12, Hetton Street,  
Hammersmith, W.

## SHOREDITCH

Was quickened at the Easter Tuesday festival. The Lord was indeed present. Amongst the four precious souls that were brought to Jesus, was a young man who had been a soldier. One of our brethren discovered him in a crowd near his home; and recognizing him as one of his late comrades at Aldershot, he at once recommended him to give up a life of sin, to come to our hall, and give his heart to Jesus. Accordingly, he came to the festival and was smitten by the Holy Spirit. Praise God! the devil was foiled in his purpose. The young man resolved to come right out for Jesus, and he was soon blessed with the assurance of his acceptance with God.

AT

## BETHNAL GREEN,

on Good Friday, the open-air demonstration was carried on for about four hours with great effect. The congregations throughout were unusually large. During the last hour there could not have been less than a thousand people standing in and around the space in front of our hall, listening attentively to the Word of Life.

The evening meeting was a time of refreshing. One man who has been converted, and says, "he never took a farthing home to his wife on a Saturday night," was invited at the open-air meeting to the hall; and, although unable to come at that time, the Spirit of God worked upon him so strongly that he could not rest. At length he made up his mind to come, and the Lord saved him; and immediately lifting up his voice in praise, he cried, "Oh, Lord! I do thank Thee for sending these people into the open air: it has been the means of bringing me to Jesus. Hallelujah!"

We are still working and believing for greater things.

## BARKING.

PRAISE the Lord, the shout of a King is still in our camp, and we are conquering as we go. The most notable event of the month, however, was the combined

## ATTACK ON THE TOWN

on Good Friday last. As we had been driven away by "complaint of inhabitants" from our principal open-air stand in the Broadway, we thought it desirable to use the first available holi-

day to make ourselves heard all over the place, and to the chosen day we all looked forward with joyous expectation.

At seven o'clock in the morning a number of us met to plead for the Divine blessing on our day's work, and at ten the forces began to muster round our Barking banner.

Bro. Panter was the first to arrive, with the North Woolwich contingent, and these, with a larger number of our Barking members, marched off to the railway station, where, at eleven o'clock, Bro. Waters and Donaldson, and Sister Davis, with companies from Stratford, Plaistow, and Whitechapel, joined the ranks. Meanwhile the Whitechapel Pioneers, who had walked all the way, arrived at the Bethel, and soon we were all together in a most delightful experience meeting. As one after another sprang to their feet we felt that God was with us indeed, and of a truth, and the many but recently saved who gave their testimony, assured all present that we were not labouring in vain, nor spending our strength for nought.

At half-past two we commenced the open air work in four divisions, to each of which one section of the town was allotted. Thus the whole place was speedily moved, for one hardly got away from the sound of one service before the hymns of another company were heard. The people stood at their doors listening to us when near, and talking about us while farther off, all the afternoon. As each party moved from street to street the earnest voice of warning and entreaty must have been heard by almost every ear, and when the three companies which had been scouring the northern part of the town met at last, we fell upon our knees and prayed for the crowd around until tears began to fall, and deep concern was written on the faces of many.

Many who had not been able to reach us sooner came up during the afternoon from North Woolwich, Plaistow, and elsewhere, fully in time to commence our march through the town at six o'clock to the Baptist Chapel, which had been kindly lent us for the evening meeting.

A little rain the day before in this town, which knows no friendly water-cart, would have been of no little comfort to us, for the tramp of many feet, assisted by the running of a troop of boys, who hung about our long procession, raised the dust to a very unpleasant extent. Nevertheless, we were only too thankful for the chance of creating so

great a commotion, and we sang cheerily along, content to be accounted ourselves the very scum and offscouring of all things if by any means we might save some.

Our anticipations as to the evening congregation were fully realised. The chapel was soon full; then the sliding-doors behind the pulpit were thrown back, and the school-room filled, and still many pressed in, who had to be accommodated as best they might in aisles and in the vestry.

"Short and sharp" was the order of the addresses delivered, and our only regret was that there was not a larger number of unconverted persons present to feel the mighty power which attended the meeting throughout.

The penitent-form was cleared at twenty minutes past eight, and although only three or four souls responded to our invitation to Christ there and then, we had a blessed prayer-meeting, and one who was present went away so deeply convinced of sin that he could find no rest till he found it in the Lord.

Our people are determined that the Barking Mission shall be financially self-supporting, and are themselves already raising two-thirds of the amount necessary. We trust we shall be able to report next month that the remaining third is being raised, either by our people themselves, or from those in our immediate neighbourhood who have the means to help us.

Contributions, in money or tracts, will be thankfully received by

Yours, in the field of battle,  
GEO. MACE.

6, Church Row,  
Barking.

THE special services at

HACKNEY

have been owned of God, and the society has been thoroughly aroused.

SOHO.

THANK GOD we are still pursuing. They say "a stern chase is a long chase," and to hunt for souls in a neighbourhood where all have turned their backs upon God, and fled from His ways so desperately, is no easy matter; but we are constantly encouraged to press onward, and we shall certainly overcome and reign in glory too by-and-by.

The extreme difficulty of our task here was demonstrated on Easter Monday,

especially, when, with a large company from Hammersmith, and with no little help from Stratford, Barking, and elsewhere, we held several large open-air meetings, and yet in the evening meeting had scarcely half-a-dozen unconverted people in the place. Nevertheless the meeting was very cheering to our members, who persevere with courage and devotion in doing their work, while the people around continue to harden their hearts against reproof.

If but few unconverted people come to our hall, thank God, still fewer go out of it; and thus we rarely have a service without seeing some seeking mercy, and in many cases we are enabled to rejoice over these wandering sheep restored to the fold and obeying the Shepherd's voice.

One who had been for years a member of a Church, but who had

## NEVER KNOWN

his sins forgiven, came into the hall one evening, and upon being urged to make sure of the great salvation readily consented to seek it. He soon found the Lord, and his face, beaming with joy, now delights our souls at almost every service we hold.

## A USELESS STRIFE.

One Sunday morning we observed a young man weeping as he listened at the open-air service. Having persuaded him to come at once to seek the Lord, we found he had for some time been anxious to obey, and had been striving fruitlessly to please God in his own strength, until the struggle had greatly distressed and wearied him. But when the weary, heavy-laden soul came to Jesus he soon got relief. That same afternoon, after two or three addresses had been delivered in the hall, four more souls sought the Lord, and in the evening nine others, five of them, men, were to be seen crying for mercy. One of these was a sinner of seventy years; but he, like the rest, was enabled to rejoice in God ere he left the meeting.

As long as God is with us, confirming His word by signs following, we mean to press on in the great work; and we beg the prayers of all our readers that not one of our feeble force may ever become discouraged.

Contributions in aid of our scanty funds, and tracts, or old clothing, will be thankfully received by

J. W. TEBBUTTS.

## STRATFORD.

MESSESS. MOODY AND SANKEY have at last reached the hell-holes of the East End. God speed their efforts! but, praise the Lord, he is not only saving in the Bow Road Hall, but He is also saving in the People's Hall, Bow Bridge.

## AN INTERESTING SCENE.

The other Sunday night thirteen came out to the penitent-form, seeking the pardon of their sins. Amongst them was a young man, who says, in his own words: "The other night I went into the People's Hall to laugh and scoff at Brother Waters, but, thank God, my laughing and scoffing were turned into weeping and praying, and I can now thank God that I am on my road to Heaven; I have been a blackguard and a drunkard in my time, though young, but, thank God, He has saved my soul."

E. F. says: "I was outside, laughing at the service going on, and I was asked inside, but I only went in to laugh and make a mock, but God changed my heart while I was in there, and I can now say that all my sins are forgiven; and I ask your prayers that the Lord may keep me faithful."

Another says: "A few days ago I stood outside the hall, laughing at Brother Waters, but I thank God something seemed to tell me to come in, so I came in and received salvation. Praise the Lord! I know that God has forgiven my sins, and I know that if I was to die this very moment I should go to Heaven, through Jesus." Praise the Lord for such blessed testimonies as these! Dear reader, you see it is not a mere belief that these people have hold of, but a blessed, living reality. The Lord is working mightily in Stratford, for we have about thirty converts from the surrounding factories, and the foreman of one of them told me the other night that he saw by the lives of these young people that they were really in earnest. Hallelujah to Jesus! The opposition to our open-air work has somewhat abated, and the latest row of any note was when Brother P. had his watch stolen and Brother B. his Sunday coat torn several inches down the front; but, praise the Lord, amidst the shells and shots of hell's artillery, we are continually getting the victory, of course. The Lord concludes before the battle has begun that his foes must fly, so that the battle is half won before he begins to fight. Praise His name! Dear

Christian reader, we are in great need of funds for general work. Will you help.

Yours,

H. G. WATERS,  
The People's Hall, Bow Bridge, or  
25, High Street, Stratford.

## PENGE.

DURING the past month souls have been saved and believers quickened into newness of life at this station. Sunday, the 31st Jan., Brother Wilson preached. The morning was a blessed time, and all, we believe, went away determined to live for God and glory; in the evening Brother Howell preached: very solemn meeting, a good feeling, and two precious souls sought the Saviour.

On Sunday the 7th we had an extra good open-air service; many listened to the word of life, and the day wound up with one soul for Jesus. On Thursday evening, the 4th, Brother Howell preached, and one young woman found peace. As the light of salvation broke into her soul, she exclaimed: "He does save me! praise the Lord! Oh, may she be kept faithful!"

Our brethren and sisters are all united, determined to build up the kingdom of our God and of His Christ. Pray for us here; we mean Penge for Jesus. Hallelujah! T. HOWELL.

## HASTINGS.

ON Good Friday we held a large open-air service in the fish market. This meeting will never be forgotten. We commenced at about three o'clock, with a good staff of praying friends and singers. A large crowd soon gathered, and God wonderfully manifested His presence in our midst. A number of good speakers came to our help, not only of our own friends, but ministers of other denominations—a Churchman, two Independent ministers, a deacon of one of the largest chapels in the town, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Primitives,—were all seen taking part with us in the open air. Hallelujah! tears flowed, hearts heaved, and men, women and children were convinced of sin. After the open-air service, we went to the Market Hall for tea; free tickets were given to a goodly number of fishermen, and other tickets sold to any friends at the door. About 250 sat down to a good tea; afterwards addresses were delivered by Mr. J. F. Wilson (Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society),

Mr. C. J. Womersley (Wesleyan), Mr. Samuel Massey (fisherman), and a number of our own friends.

On Sunday, April 11, we held our

## QUARTERLY FESTIVAL.

T. Cooksey, Esq. (of London), preached with much power morning, afternoon, and evening, and two professed to find peace. On Monday we had a public tea, and afterwards addresses from T. Cooksey, Esq., Mr. Womersley, Mr. Robson, Mr. Gillard, and a number of our own friends; and all seemed unity and love. Hallelujah!

Help to carry on the present work may be sent to Mr. Strickland, Preston House, or WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

Beulah House,  
Plymlipton Road, Hastings.

## MIDDLESBROUGH.

WE ask our readers to praise the Lord with us. The past month has been a reaping time. Many to-day are singing with all their hearts:—

The Lord has pardoned all my sins,

That's the news;

I feel the witness now within,

That's the news;

And since He took my guilt away,

And taught me how to watch and pray,

I'm happy now from day to day,

That's the news.

The theatre services are still attended by the mighty power of God. March 21st was a day of victory. In the evening I preached from "How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" and twenty-two poor, perishing souls, passed from death into the Canaan of salvation and life, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Our open-air meetings are a great success; never saw men listen better than in this town. God has given them a hearing ear, and the attendance is equally good. May the Holy Spirit help us to break the Bread of life to them! Good Friday was a good Friday indeed. Not having a hall to gather the people together for a tea-meeting, as we usually do on this universal holiday, we held two open-air meetings in the Market Place. Our young converts and helpers mustered well at both services. In the afternoon about 400 people were present; and at seven o'clock about 1000 persons stood round us, catching eagerly the messages of our God. Both the singing and the speaking were with the power of the Holy Ghost. We had a real mission prayer-meeting at the close, and several

of those anxious about their souls have since found salvation. Here are one or two cases that have come under our notice during the month.

## MARRIED AND SAVED THE SAME DAY.

This man had been to the theatre services; the spirit of the Lord opened his eyes to see that he was living in sin; and he made arrangements to get married at Brougham Street Chapel, March 15th. Mrs. Booth preached there the same evening, and in the prayer-meeting the man and his wife came out for Jesus, and sought salvation. The latter said to my wife: "I knelt here, and got married: I now kneel upon the same spot, and give my heart to Jesus. Praise His name! He does save my soul." The husband did not get the witness that night, but obtained it the following evening. All glory be to God!

## PRAYER ANSWERED AT ONCE.

A young man, who has been coming to our services at the theatre for some time, was thoroughly convinced he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour, in our united prayer-meeting. One of his brothers requested us to pray for him, and before going again to prayer, I invited those who were willing to give their hearts to Jesus, to volunteer at once. The young man came out, and threw himself down at the Cross, crying out: "Oh, Lord, save me!" That prayer, with others, was answered: "the young man obtained salvation, and shouted for joy. He is the second in the same family converted in a similar way.

## CHRIST FOR ME!

Another dear brother says: "On Sunday morning, March 14th, I went to the Theatre Royal to hear Mrs. Booth; in the afternoon my wife went, and I was there again at night. While Mrs. Booth was speaking, the Spirit of God was striving with me; but I did not get my soul saved then. I went home, and went to bed, but could not sleep all night. I got up and dressed on Monday morning to go to work, but could not go. I took off my clothes and got into bed again, and I wept bitterly. My wife said, 'Will you go to chapel to-night?' I said, 'Perhaps I shall.' I was about all Monday in misery. I saw one of the brethren that had given his heart to the Lord, and he asked me to decide for the better world to-night. Well, I went to hear Mrs. Booth, and after Mrs. Booth had preached there

was a prayer-meeting, and I stopped. Some brother came and spoke to me about my soul, and asked me if I would not like to go to Heaven. I said, 'Yes,' and he prayed with me, and I wept bitterly. At last I made up my mind, went to the penitent-form, and there I found mercy in the Lord Jesus; and my wife and I are now both on the way to Heaven, washed in the blood of Jesus. May the Lord bless us and keep us!"

A sister says: "I feel now that I must thank God for what He has done for me and my dear husband. It is but a few weeks ago I went to the Gospel Hall along with my sister, and while the sermon was being preached we both felt we were sinners, and that night we both went to the penitent-form; but for myself I was a backslider, and could not get the blessing as I had once felt before; but still, I went home and told my husband I was going to Heaven, and asked him to go with me. He wept with me, and promised to go if God spared him. We both fell on our knees, and I took courage and prayed for him, and, praise God, on the following Monday night we went again to the Gospel Hall, and my husband went away to the penitent-form and gave himself to Jesus, and while he was there praying I felt the forgiveness, and we were both washed in the blood of the Lamb. Oh, may the Lord keep us ever faithful!"

We want a suitable hall for our week-night work, to hold about 600 people. If some of the rich friends in Middlesbro' would give us a bit of ground, I know we could soon get the money to put it up. We have some already promised.

The Wilberforce Hall, which we have at present for three nights a-week, is already become too strait; will our friends pray that God may help us in this matter?

Donations for this and our general work will be thankfully received by Mr. W. Hutchinson, secretary, 82, Milton Street, Middlesbro'; or R. Ward, Esq., treasurer, 17, Corporation Road, Middlesbro'; or, yours,

JAMES DOWDLE.

31, Dundas Street,  
Middlesbro'.

DEAR MR. DOWDLE,—Having, during this last month, attended many of the Mission meetings, and seen with my own eyes the working of them, I have come to the conclusion that Eternity alone will reveal the good doing in this town of ours. I, with many others, praise

God for sending you here. This is what Middlesbrough has wanted for a long time—somebody to adapt themselves to the wants of the people by carrying out the command given by our Lord (and strongly urged by Mrs. Booth when here), "Go ye, preach," &c. I would encourage you, because I am convinced that you are doing this very thing.

The open-air meetings are the best conducted and most successful I ever witnessed.

The first time I went to hear the Gospel preached in the theatre I was somewhat prejudiced; but I was never more melted under the Gospel. I consider the theatre services calculated to win many jewels for the Saviour; but I think the best has to come yet.

The believers' meetings, held in the Wilberforce Hall, are attractive and instructive. There is nothing to equal them in the town. Believers jump up and witness to the Blood of Christ cleansing them from all sin; backsliders confess their wanderings; babes in Christ bear their testimony. Some, once slaves to the pipe and glass, but now free men; some, once proud, wearing rings on their fingers and loaded with chains, have pulled them off. There has never, I think, been a meeting but souls have been saved, and I have no fear in saying that some of the blackest Middlesbrough sinners are now happy men, and can sing, "I know my sins are all forgiven," &c.

Still I believe these are only the drops compared with the mighty deluge we are going to have. I pray that God may remove every hindrance out of your way, and give you your one desire—souls for Christ. W. H.

#### STOCKTON.

BROTHER BAMFORD, whose work at Whitechapel was noticed last month, spent a month here with much blessed success. Continuing the theatre services on Sundays, he was listened to by thousands of people, and both here and on week nights in various chapels, and in the Crystal Palace Hall, scarcely a service was held without the salvation of souls.

On Good Friday he preached a sermon at the Town Cross to a large and attentive audience. This was followed by a meeting in the Mission Hall, when many were thoroughly awakened.

The services on his last Sunday in the town, April 4th, were held in the Star

Theatre, where the attendance in the afternoon reached 1,400, and in the evening 2,300. At the conclusion of the evening service, twelve souls sought the Lord. Amongst the rest were a man and his wife, and a woman with her baby asleep in her arms.

Bro. Bamford not feeling physically equal to the work, it became absolutely necessary at once to procure an efficient supply for this great work. Oh, that the Lord's people fully understood the endless anxiety and the constant difficulty which seem inseparable from our work!

But again the Lord helped us. The Wellingborough friends consented for Bro. Clare to go to Stockton for a time, and so far his labours have been greatly blessed. Getting one soul at the first (Saturday evening) meeting, and twelve on the Sunday evening; he was further encouraged, by seeing the Mission Hall filled on the Monday evening, with a further gain of seven souls. Three more sought the Lord on the Tuesday evening, and at the believers' meeting on Wednesday sixty were present.

Much still remains to be done in the town; but hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and every week our prospects grow brighter. Oh, that we may be enabled faithfully to perform the work God has so evidently set before us here!

Contributions towards the expenses will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, or

GEO. LAZENBY, Secretary.  
Wellington Street, Stockton.

#### CHATHAM.

DURING the last few weeks our open-air bands have been making attacks on the town on all sides. The enemy has been aroused; but, thank God, through Christ, who strengthens us, we have been able to take the prisoners from the devil, and lead them to Jesus, who breaks their chains and sets the prisoner free. Amongst them have been sailors and soldiers, and some of the lowest characters in Chatham.

On Good Friday we commenced an open-air service at 3:30; marched through the street into the hall to tea at 5:30. After tea we again processioned the principal streets, here and there saying a word or two, and inviting the people to the hall, which was well filled. The meeting was addressed by Miss Pollett, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and

myself, at the close of which nine souls found Jesus. Praise the Lord!

On Easter Monday Miss Pollett preached; in the afternoon three souls were brought to Jesus, and in the Lecture Hall at night nine more found their Saviour, out of which were

SIX MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN,  
five on one vessel.

On Monday night Miss Pollett preached again, and five sinners found the sinner's Friend, praise God! making twenty-six souls at our Easter festival.

On the following Sunday we had a blessed time; at night eight souls found peace in God; others cried and groaned all over the hall. Glory to God!

On Monday night I spoke again in our own hall; three came out for Jesus—one of them a woman that keeps a lodging-house in the Brook. The Saturday night and Sunday morning before she took a tea-cup to split her brother's head open; he is a member with us, and he was talking to her about her soul; she told him she would give us something when we went by her house on Sunday; but the Lord laid hold of her, and brought her to the hall on Monday night, and saved her soul. To God be all the glory!

A GREAT PERSECUTOR SAVED.

A woman, who has been a great persecutor of one of our brethren, happened to come last Sunday to the Military Road while I was speaking and inviting the people to the hall. How she got there she does not now know; but, thank God, she came. My wife spoke to her about her soul; she said she had got such a hard heart, but came to Jesus weeping, and, bless His name, he broke it, and made it whole again, and now she is happy in His love.

Donations and tracts will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham; Mr. Heath, 2, Otway Terrace; or by yours,

CHARLES HOBDAV.

4, Alma Terrace,  
High Street, Chatham.

#### WELLINGBOROUGH.

WE visited this town on the Thursday of Easter week. In addition to the regular holiday-making of the season, there was on this day a fair and races. After a good tea, that had been numerously attended, we turned out, at the call of Brother Clare, for a—

MISSION PROCESSION through the town. The streets were crowded with company from far and near, and as our company marched through the throng, singing with great energy and power their gospel songs the people looked on with blank astonishment. At five different spots we halted, offering prayer and giving invitations to the by-standers to attend to their souls and flee from the wrath to come to the Saviour's open arms. We then returned to the hall, where an enthusiastic meeting was held, addressed by Miss Pollet, Miss Jenkinson, Brother Ridsdell, and others. I was delighted with the zeal and fervour of the people, nearly all of whom have been gathered out of the world during the last few months. If they only keep their simplicity and press on with the Lord's work, there will be a powerful society here, able to shake the kingdom of Satan.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

FOR the encouragement of those who have prayed for this town, allow me to say, that the cry has gone forth from a thousand hearts, "Portsmouth for Jesus." Meetings and conferences are being held, and the cry is, "How can we reach the masses?" At one of these meetings, held on April 7th in Landport, presided over by the Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, M.P., the ministers present acknowledged they had been asleep. What a position for God's watchmen to be found in! Lord, arouse them to their duty! Thank God we are awake. We know from experience how to reach the masses of any sin-blighted town or city, by simply carrying the Gospel to them in their homes, and preaching Christ and Him crucified at the favourite places of resort, the corners of the streets, by-lanes, and alleys, from hearts burning with love for the salvation of the wandering, careless sinner, rolling them on to the Atonement, binding them there in agonizing, faithful, believing prayer, until hell shakes, earth trembles, and heaven cries, "It is enough. Go in peace, and sin no more." During this month proof has been given of God's willingness to bless the labours of His servants. On Sunday, March 21st, Mrs. Booth was with us. At night the music-hall was crowded, and upwards of three thousand listened to the word of life, which came forth, clothed with the power of God,

and some seventeen sin-burdened souls found mercy through the blood of the Lamb.

One of these was a

#### MAN OF COLOUR,

from the far-off coasts of Africa, who came "to hear the lady preacher." The arrow entered his heart, and he cried out, "Oh, what a great sinner I am! what shall I do?—what shall I do?" After he had found peace, he stood up and told the congregation what God had done for his soul, and how he realized that the blood of Jesus cleansed him from all sin. His countenance was lit up with heavenly glow. "I shall return home soon," he said, "when I will tell my fellow-countrymen of God's great love." I am happy to say he is pressing forward towards the prize.

On the following evening, Mrs. Booth addressed a crowded audience on "Sensationalism *v.* Death." Many felt the effects of the heart-searching appeals which were made.

On the following Sunday we closed up with four souls for Jesus. On the Monday evening

#### A SAILOR AND HIS WIFE

knelt side by side, and wept and prayed until God, for Christ's sake, spoke peace to their troubled souls.

Five others followed their example, one of these a young woman, who remained in her seat until the close of the prayer-meeting, but dare not leave the place. We commenced again in good earnest, and soon the seeking sinner and the seeking Saviour met and embraced each other, and she went away trusting in Jesus. To him be all the glory! At our next service the Holy Spirit was mightily present, and five others cried aloud. On the following evening two poor drunkards knelt side by side—a husband and wife—who had been attracted by the open-air service. May they go on to life eternal!

I have received the following from one of the worst drunkards Portsmouth could produce, who was savingly converted to God through the labour of dear Mrs. Booth:—

"DEAR BRO. SALT,—I wish to lay before you the effects of drunkenness. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their senses! Drunkenness expels reason, drowns the memory, defaces beauty, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, and incurable wounds,

is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow; makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and a self-murderer, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own. Praise God, he saved me from it! I neither touch, taste, nor handle, and I am on my way to heaven. Hallelujah!

"Yours in Jesus,  
"C. H."

We are much in need of a little practical sympathy. Will some of the Lord's stewards come forward?

J. M. SALT.

92, Lake Road, Landport, Portsmouth.

#### BUCKLAND.

GOOD FRIDAY was a never-to-be-forgotten day by us. Commenced in good earnest—a crowded prayer-meeting at 7 a.m.; a *mission breakfast* at 8.30; an experience meeting at 9.30; closing up with an open-air service at 11 o'clock. The name of the Lord be magnified!

Sunday, 28th, was a good day. In the name of our God, and in good mission spirit, we fixed our open-air battery, and lifted high our banner, and declared war with the Prince of Darkness. Some rallied round us and listened attentively, whilst others opposed. A *publican* made himself quite conspicuous by rushing into our midst, and with a boisterous voice, said, "You are all a lot of hypocrites." We told him to repent. Said he, "I am good enough. I should be pleased to die now. I am quite ready," &c. This poor fellow felt the Mission was no friend to his trade, for we had one of his old customers, saved by its efforts, preaching the gospel at his very door. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Afterwards we had a night of power. Souls sought for mercy, and about forty came out and consecrated themselves afresh to God. The power came down, and we felt it to be a modern Pentecost. Glory, glory, glory! Friends in Jesus, pray for us. F. P. G.

#### RYE.

DURING the month God has been saving sinners and sanctifying believers; there has been some opposition, but we have fought our way through, and to-day we are on the winning side. Some of the worst characters in Rye,

sailors, labourers, and rag and bone gatherers, have been led to the feet of Jesus, and set on the way to Zion. Pray for Rye.

A. RUSSELL.

#### OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER RUSSELL, OF HASTINGS.

ON Thursday night, Feb. 11th, as I was coming out of the meeting, one of our friends met me at the door, and said, "Will you come and see Mrs. Russell? She is dying. She thinks she cannot live an hour, and she wants to see you." As soon as I entered the room, I found the widow just on the edge of the river, with her darling lad, about ten years of age, by her bedside. She was pale and worn, with the death-sweat already on her brow, but her countenance lit up with joy. I said, "Well, and how are matters for the next world?" "Oh," she said, "I am all right, sir. Whether I live or die, I am the Lord's." I said, "And have you no fear of death?" She said, "No, sir, why should I, with Jesus with me? I feel I am in the valley of the shadow of death now, but Christ is precious to me. I was converted about four years ago, when you first came to Hastings. I had been to many places of worship, but never was saved. I came to the Market Hall, and the Lord broke my heart. I was invited to the penitent-form, but I felt Jesus so near that I thought He would save me in my seat. And so He did, sir. I prayed for forgiveness, believed in Jesus, and my burden rolled off just like Pilgrim's. Well, sir, I must tell you. I went to the penitent-form. I told God, before He saved me, I would go; so when my burden was gone, I just went to keep my word, and thank God for what He had done." "And have you kept all right ever since?" "Oh, yes, sir: you know I came to the hall as long as I could. I seemed to get on best with your people when I could attend, and I felt I should like you to pray with me before I passed through the valley, and I wanted to tell you all about my conversion, and that I had been preserved four years, and now I am dying, I have no fear of death."

I saw her the following evening, Feb. 12th, in the same happy state of mind; and on Saturday morning, Feb. 13th, she crossed the river to a land of rest.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

# Music for the Million.

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## THE HALLELUJAH BAND.

HYMN 336.

1. The ransom'd of the Lord are a hap-py band, Tho' despised, they are strong, Halle-  
They are bound to recruit as they march along, Will you come and join us, Halle-

- lu - jah. } Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, I be - long to this band, Halle - lu - jah,  
- lu - jah. }

2. King David, though he sat upon a throne of state, he belonged to, &c.  
And the beggar, who lay at the rich man's gate, was a member of, &c.
3. The three Hebrew worthies who would not deny their God, they belonged to, &c.  
And Daniel, who with lions never lost a drop of blood, was a member of, &c.
4. The woman who was cured of her issue of blood was a member of, &c.  
She spent all her money, but found no good, but she found it in the Saviour, Hallelujah!
5. The apostle Paul, though of sinners the chief, he belonged to, &c.  
And the Saviour, when He died, made the dying thief a member of, &c.
6. Let us march along in faith and we shall wear a crown, blow our rams' horns, and shout, &c.  
Round the walls of sin and Satan, till they shake and tumble down, by the Captain of our, &c.

## WITH A SORROW FOR SIN.

HYMN 196.

1. With a sor-row for sin let re-pen-tance be-gin, Then conversion of course will draw  
But till wash'd in the blood of a cru - ci-fied Lord We shall ne-ver be rea-dy to

nigh-! } Rea-dy to die, . . . rea-dy to die, We shall ne-ver be rea - dy to die.  
die. }

2. And that we may succeed, let us haste with all speed  
To a Saviour who will not deny:  
Let us tell Him in brief, that of sinners we're chief, but we long to be, &c.
3. We've His word and His oath, and His blood seals them both,  
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie;  
If we do not delay, but believe, watch, and pray, he will soon make us, &c.
4. When our race we have run, and the victory won,  
We to mansions of glory shall fly:  
There eternally praise the blest Ancient of Days, for His love made us, &c.