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Up!

By G. S. RAILTON.



"WHAT'S up now?" is an inquiry we are constantly hearing as our victorious legions burst upon some street, making the welkin ring with their happy songs.

And, thank God! something *is* "up." The Lord has raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David, and therefore our glory is greatly exalted. We will sing and give praise.

We, who were down in Egypt, caged in darkness and cruel bondage, are up upon our high places, while our enemies are diminished and brought low.

But still there comes to us from the immeasurable heights of the everlasting throne a voice full of majesty, and yet full of the most cheering sympathy and love, whispering now in an all-pervading comfort to the weary heart, and, anon, thundering with a startling throb to the easy, careless ones, Up! up! up!

UP, EYES!

Whatever are you staring at? Is it at some glittering toy of earthly lustre? Brummagem! Brummagem! Gold and silver, houses, lands, situations, friends, companions, learning, earthly prospects, what will they look like from your death-bed? What does Jesus say about them all—"moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal;" and Paul counts them dung and dross. Staring at a dung-heap! Wake up!

Is it at a crowd of men and women that are wanting to find fault or to applaud? What a lot of them there are, to be sure! But look, they are sliding—see! one, two, a hundred, a thousand, gone out of sight; they are all going like a great avalanche; there will soon be none of them left, and then where will their laughter and their applause be? Staring at a little vapour! Wake up!

Is it at some great wave of trial, or some mountain of difficulty? It certainly looks very high just this minute; but take out your watch, "Five, ten, fifteen." Dear me, where is it now? How high we seem to be getting? Why, we are almost on the top of it! Who would have thought it!

Oh, but there's another, worse still! A great hob-goblin! Put it up to frighten little birds away, man! Staring at a ghost! Wake up!

Lift up your eyes unto the hills! Do you see that morning star? Take hold of it, it is one of your little presents. Now, then, up! Look at the sun! Can you scarcely bear its radiance? It is only a little bit of a miniature picture of what God means you to look like! Talk about "prospects!"

Look up! Do you see that army of gleaming, flying warriors, their faces glowing with love and admiration, while their voices make all heaven ring with joy? Those angels look at you, and rejoice over what you do for God. You were made to be waited upon by *them*! Are you going to notice what men of the world say any more?

Look up! Do you see the great throne, where your own Jesus sits with the Ancient of Days? That's the arm that knocked the Red Sea into heaps one day, for a few folks to walk over comfortably. Those eyes looked Ananias and Sapphira dead in a moment. That hand raised up a dead body in Nain one day, and the "dead" was all alive before anybody could turn round to look. Those lips breathed an army dead in a moment, and smoothed the stormy sea before a wave could break! Those feet made the mountains quiver and leap like water, and made the sea be solid like the ground!

Listen! "I, Jehovah, thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not. I will help thee."

Oh, God, do it, do it, do it, and don't let us look any other way again!

UP, HANDS!

He looks for a response. Shall we not lift up our hands to Him? As the little children lift up their hands to be taken into fathers' arms; as the solemn, guileless witness lifts up his hand to enforce the truth of what he says; as the eager beggar lifts up his hand to the rich man passing in his carriage; as the soldiers lift their hands to salute an officer; as the prisoner lifts his hand to be bound; as the drowning man lifts up his hand for help—let us lift up every hand to Him at once.

When Israel were fighting Amalek, and failing before them, I see Moses on the hill-top, lifting up his hand to strike a bargain with God Almighty, and I see the very God that made the world grasping the offered hand, and turning Amalek back like an ebbing tide, while the very grumbling, doubting Israelites waxed valiant and irresistible.

Just such glorious agreements we may make, securing all we need,

and overturning every opponent, by lifting up our hands in boldly humble submission to our Lord.

UP!

We belong to a risen Saviour. We have no business amongst the tombs. To live, to move, to grow; to be a power amongst men, a light in the world, the flaming sword of God—that is our calling. Let the time past of our lives suffice wherein we were buried in trespasses and sins, and let us, now risen with Christ, no longer settle down for a moment amongst the rest, thinking their thoughts, speaking their words, walking in their ways; but let us ever seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Up as on wings of eagles. We are born again to soar. Beautiful sights we have seen, charming sounds we have heard, delightful banquets we have partaken of, daring flights we have made perhaps, but there is plenty of room upwards yet. We want the clear view of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, that shall transform us into His very own image. We want the voice of Jehovah, and that a mighty voice, when even a still small one, sounding in our hearts continually far above every other, and inspiring us to do and speak whatever He desires, in spite of earth and hell. We want the rapturous enjoyment of His love, that shall make us a perpetual wonder to all that are round about us, and that shall make us grow in sweetness and heavenliness and power every moment. We want the burning love to dying men which feels with a terrible heart-pang every sinner's misery, and forgets danger and difficulty and discouragement in the deathless agony to pluck brands from the burning. We want to be bigger, grander, holier, more god-like men and women, and we must be, if we are to do what God expects of us.

Up! For, alas! there are myriads down. Ah! there in the pit, where the worm is gnawing them for ever; men and women that might have been happier than we are. And there in the tap-room, set on fire of hell already, sleeping, cursing, wallowing in the mire, sinking into everlasting burnings. And there, amidst the flashing chandeliers, and the wine-cups, and the gaudy ornaments, listening to the songs of the fool and the whisperings of devils, wandering, reeling, dancing, amidst thunders of applause, into hell. And there in the workshop and the factory, amidst the rattle of machinery and the laugh of the scornful, forgetting God and losing their souls. And there in the streets, in every garb, pacing, rushing, riding, hurrying along, making money, seeking pleasure, and having no rest, no peace, no God, no hope. And there in the cottage, amongst the beautiful little children, sweeping, washing, cooking, toiling life away, and dying—dying for ever. And there, alas! in the pew, reading, saying prayers, listening, slumbering, singing—in the flesh—corrupt, corruption, corrupted, gone, lost, cast out into outer darkness.

Oh! men and women of God, is it not time to be up and doing?

Our brothers and sisters are beneath the nets of the terrible destroyer. They are being dragged down still lower, lower—every moment they are going. Up, for their help. Up, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, for in the name of the Lord we will subdue them. Up with the cross of Jesus, and down with everything else. Up, while the lengthened sunlight of our life is allowed us finally to vanquish every foe. Up, till at last the glorious voice shall call us from the world of battle and victory to the world of glory and peace for ever!

THE FEAR OF UNCONVERTED MEN IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

A Sermon by the Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY, the celebrated American Revivalist.

"Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil."—HEBREWS ii. 14.



LOOK! look! at the end of the rugged passage along which you are walking, there is a dark river—dark as midnight, black as the blackest night. See! as the lurid lightning plays over it, how rugged its entrance! how frowning and terrible its precipices! See how the waves swell, and the billows dash! Hark! hark! how wild the screams of the shivering wretches as they step into the bitter flood! Oh, how needful a friend at that hour—one that can carry poor, shivering humanity through the swelling Jordan! Our text points you to that friend.

THE FIRST PROPOSITION IS, THAT UNCONVERTED MEN AND WOMEN ARE AFRAID TO DIE.

That you must die at some time or another, in some place or another, in some state or another, is a settled fact—is an unalterable decree of Heaven. When you think about being torn away from friends, from home, from your possessions, your amusements—of being housed up in the coffin, and laid low in the deep grave—you shudder. When you think about the paleness, the pain, the fight for breath, the mortal conflict—your fearful enemy rushing upon you at that hour of weakness, grasping you in his cold, chilly embrace, mocking your supplications, laughing to scorn the tears and agonies of your friends, quenching your vital principle, turning your deathless spirit out on the domain of a boundless eternity—when you think of that, you sicken at the thought. But ah! you follow your soul, as, like a little twinkling light, it trembles on through the dark valley; there you see it rising into the presence of that God who is so awful in purity that the bright seraphim veil their faces and fall in deep adoration when He worships. Ah, when you think of that meeting—of having your life overhauled, and all your principles, motives, and conduct weighed in the balances, before a being of purity so

awful, and to "bide the audit"—when you think of the consequences of that decision—that you will lose or gain heaven—escape or rush into hell—ah! it is that future, that unseen world, those great and awful realities, that lie hid there—you are afraid of God—afraid of the future! You feel the truth of the proposition—you are a wicked man, and you are afraid to die.

When I was in Yorkshire, I heard a person ask this question—"Which impels to seek salvation most, the fear of death, or a desire to be happy?" I think that is hardly a fair question; these two should not be separated. There are multitudes of people who have no idea that religion can make them happy. Still they think it a good thing to die with. Have you not had that idea yourselves, friends?—that religion is a good thing, that I may die happy; but not a very good thing to get through life with. No wonder; that is what Satan suggests. The sacred writers say there is a time to be born and a time to die. What, then, is there no time between? Yes, there is; but he makes no account of it, there is such an uncertainty about human life. If a man does not think of dying, he is a brute in human shape; *he must have sent his judgment away.*

I have heard missionaries, on the missionary platform, exalt the Bible, and say that it is a blessing. I say, men make it a curse. Don't misunderstand me. It is one of the greatest blessings that has ever been given to man. It is a torch. It will light him to a knowledge of his sins; it will light him to the foot of the cross; it will light him to heaven. But it may be a double torch; and if a man will not be lighted by it to heaven, it will light him to hell.

It was said of Hipparchus, that he saved the people from two evils, or, that he bestowed upon them a double good. Before his time, they did not understand the nature of eclipses, and when the sun disappeared, they thought they were going to lose him altogether. When the moon was eclipsed, they could not tell what would be the result; but Hipparchus pointed out the cause, and thus delivered them both from their ignorance and fear. We have the Gospel; and the blessed Gospel is a double good—it benefits both body and soul. The heathen, when he dies, is afraid of losing soul and body; the Christian sees he has his soul and body safe. Look at old Diogenes. When near his end, he was very drowsy; he said to those about him, "One brother is delivering me over to another; that is, brother sleep is delivering me over to an eternal sleep." When a wicked man dies in a Christian country, he may say, one brother is delivering me over to another brother; death is delivering me over to the second death—that is, *damnation.*

When Socrates was going to drink the cup of poison, and to die, he said, "What will become of me, the gods only know." Poor Socrates! he had not the light of the Gospel. You know what will become of you. Jesus Christ, when crucified by the Jews, lifted His eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Jesus Christ could not offer this prayer for you. You are not ignorant in reference to your future prospect; you know you are not prepared to die.

The emperor Adrian, when about to die, addressed his soul thus: "O my pretty soul, thou pleasant guest and companion of my body, into what place art thou now going, naked, cold?" Then concludes: "Thou hopest and fearest, thou knowest not what." A dying sinner in Christendom hopes and fears, *he knows what!*

The poet in our land of Bible light sings—

“ I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at His command, to heaven,
Or else depart to hell!”

The emperor Adrian did not think of these things; he hadn't the light of the Gospel. Poor, trembling sinner! don't let the devil make a fool of you. You may as well try to pull down the moon, or pluck away the stars, or blot out the sun, as try to blot out the light of the Bible. You cannot blot it out, though it condemns you. You do not wrestle with God in secret; the Bible condemns you. You do not love God; the Bible condemns you. You do not pray in your families; the Bible condemns you. You are a whoremonger, an adulterer; you have no excuse. The poor heathen, on whose mind the light has never shone, may find some excuse; but you have none. There is light in the Gospel. Bless God!

It would light you to pardon—
It would light you to liberty—
It would light you to heaven.

But that light, rejected, abused, and trifled with, will become a torch to light your feet down to the shades of a dark, dark, eternal night.

Let any one of you be in debt—you are at liberty, but you are liable to be arrested. There is a man there in debt; the police follow him along the streets into a shop, it may be. The policeman seizes him by the collar; he says, “ You are my prisoner—come along with me.” It may be the man is unwilling to go, but he must. Through the streets he takes him to the judgment-seat to be tried. Death is God's police-officer; he may come and seize you when you least expect him. He may say, “ Come away to the judgment-seat—you are God's prisoner;” and the poor fellow must go.

God's police, a very short time ago, fetched away an infidel in the still hour of night, in the town of ———, while the inhabitants were wrapt in profound slumber. An infidel felt his final hour approaching; his infidelity vanished before the upbraidings of his guilty awakened conscience. “ Go,” said the dying man, “ to such a local preacher, and beg him to come and give me some advice about my soul.” The messenger hastened away, and, though the preacher had been laid up with a bad arm, he dressed himself and paced his way through the silent streets, and, by the aid of the lamp that gleamed on his path soon found his way to the door of the poor dying infidel. As he entered the room, the eyes of the dying man turned towards him, lit up with an unearthly lustre; his very soul seemed gleaming in his eyes; he cried, “ Oh, sir, save me, save me, do save me!”

“ My friend, I cannot save you; God alone can save you—cry to Him for salvation.”

“ Oh, sir, do you save me!”

Said the preacher, “ God sometimes makes man the instrument of enlightening a dark mind like yours, but He alone can save your soul.” The preacher knelt down, and pleaded with God that He would save the man—pleaded with unusual liberty; pleaded, read, and exhorted him for two hours. The expiring man listened with the deepest attention, and appeared to drink in every word that fell from the lips of the man of God.

At length the devil seemed to make his last effort, and we are grieved to add, we fear a successful one. When the preacher expected symptoms of penitence, he roused himself up as though a fiend had taken possession of him; he began to swear in a most horrible manner, and to blaspheme the name of God. He turned his eyes upon the preacher and said, “ Out, out of my room! If I could reach you, I would dash your brains out!” The preacher said, “ I knew he was too weak to leave his bed to reach me. I felt resolved, however, not to give up the contest; I therefore knelt down again, and pleaded with God for his salvation. As death approached—as the dimness of the grave began to gather over him—as the room was growing dark to his fading sight—he became more and more furious. The tones of agonizing prayer and the horrible ravings of the infidel blended in wild confusion, and doubtless presented to *heaven* and *hell* a scene of fearful conflict, of intense interest. The closing scene was evidently fast approaching—the struggle was reaching its climax. The moment that was to fix him in heaven or hell was just at hand. The scene was intensely exciting. The quiet that reigned without in the street, the solemn hour of midnight, added to the solemnity of the scene. Nothing was heard now but the two voices—that of prayer and swearing, vying with each other in energy. The fatal moment now arrived—the whole frame of the infidel was convulsed in the agonies of death. He fixed his two elbows on the pillow, raised himself up in the bed, and, with a wild and frightful scream, cried, “ *O God, this moment damn my soul!*”—*he fell back upon the pillow, and expired.* The scene on earth closed, and the eyes of another world looked upon the sequel. Such was the death of this infidel, and that too only a very short time ago. Let me tell you, you sinners, that if you reject Jesus Christ, you have no guarantee that your death will not be an equally horrible one. It may not exhibit all the tragic scenes of the one to which I have referred; but, if you neglect the religion of Jesus Christ, you will be as really damned as the infidel.

THE SECOND PROPOSITION IS, THAT A CHRISTIAN IS NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

Death to him is a physical dissolution; it is a spiritual victory. We have visited death-beds where the poor fellows could not move an arm or a foot,—but it was peace. He is going to die like a little child; and in death he triumphs.

There was a dying chief in Scotland, belonging to one of the Scotch clans. A friend wanted to see him. No! he could not be seen; he did not want to be seen but in armour. The friend was importunate; he must see him. Well, if he must see me, buckle on my armour. They raised him up in bed, and buckled on his armour. He saw his friend, and lay down to die. The Christian dies in armour.

Addison, when he was about to die, said to a young man (a young libertine, I believe he was), “ Come and see how a Christian can die.” The Christian dies in confidence.

There is a monument erected to General Wolfe, and on it are inscribed the words, “ Here died Wolf victorious!” If they would put up a monument where every Christian dies, the earth would be full of monuments. He dies victorious! Hallelujah! hallelujah!

There is sometimes hard struggling about death. I knew a blessed woman about to die, yet she was afraid. A friend said to her, “ Why,

what are you afraid of?" She replied, "I am not afraid to die. But the death struggle."—"Why, sister, your hands are cold; the blood is going away from under your nails; you are just now dying!" She praised God, and died peacefully and triumphantly. Bless God!

In the State of Massachusetts there was an old saint. He had preached the truth for 30 years. This old servant of God went to die among his own children. One day he looked very solemn. No wonder,—it is a solemn thing to die. His son came to him, and said, "Father, are you afraid to die?" "No, Samuel," said he, "I have been prepared for death for 30 years." When he was brought near to the verge, in the last conflict, foot to foot with the enemy, he cried out, "O glorious! glorious!"

In Baltimore there was a physician—one of God's saints. He was not afraid to kneel down by his patients; he gave medicine for the soul, as well as the body; and when he lay down to die, he said, "I am as happy as I can live! Hallelujah! hallelujah!" The room was ringing with the praises of God. One of the physicians came to him and said, "Doctor, we know you are happy; but we think you will shorten life, if you shout,—so whisper, whisper, Doctor." "Let angels whisper! Let angels whisper! Let angels whisper! But if I had a voice as loud as seven thunders, I would make the world hear."

There was a disease in North America—an epidemic. Some thought the Lord would save our pastor; but oh! the epidemic spread—the pastor was seized, and his wife too. For a good man some would even dare to die, and there were those who would have been willing to die that the pastor might live; but the Lord did not see good that it should be so. But the servant of God was willing to die, and oh! how triumphant as he lay! He exclaimed, "They are coming! they are coming! They are coming. Glory! glory! glory!"

His wife was in the other room; she appeared to be dozing. They heard a voice coming out of the room, and she was saying, "Is that he? Is that he? Is he gone?"

They replied, "Yes, he is gone."

"When did he die? Was he triumphant?"

"Yes, triumphant."

"He is gone! now I am happy; I have done my work, I will follow now," she cried, and died. Bless the Lord! Amen.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

REV. JOSEPH SPOOR.

(Continued.)

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LIKE every true witness for Jesus, Mr. Spoor found that his way was constantly hedged in with difficulty, and all but blocked up by enemies, whom nothing short of gigantic faith and effort could overcome. But he was accustomed to conquer, and often met with victory in as extraordinary and unlooked-for a manner as could well be imagined.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

An example of how the devil outwitted himself is furnished by Mrs. Barker, in connection with Mr. Spoor's going to Langton, in the Brompton circuit. Preaching was now established there, but several things militated against the little cause, amongst which was the want of a suitable house for worship. On this occasion, just as the meeting commenced, the woman of the house, full of wrath and bitterness, ordered them out. Just as they got out, and were cast down with disappointment, a great reprobate and drunkard, out of a spirit of opposition, said, "Here's my house, come in." They accepted the invitation. Mr. Spoor got to work in his best style, stripped off his coat, as was his wont when in highly excited mood, and put his velvet cap on. While he was preaching in this profane man's house, the Holy Ghost came upon the owner of the house, and he fell on the floor, pierced with arrows, bitter and many. Mrs. Barker says: "I never witnessed any one in such an agony of prayer. After a great struggle he sprang into liberty, and rejoiced in God his Saviour. A revival broke out, and great good was done; not only that place, but other places caught the flame; so the fire spread, and scores of souls felt and knew its power."

CARRYING THE BATTLE TO THE GATE.

Great difficulty had been found in securing a house for the preaching; but at the Whitsuntide feast the wife of Mr. S. Spence gave Mr. Spoor leave to hold service in an unoccupied house of his sister's; but shortly after the service was commenced the drunken rabble came to disturb them, and broke down a very choice quick-set hedge. This wanton destruction so annoyed Mr. Spence that he instantly turned them all out, whereupon Mr. Spoor and the friends sang up the street to hold the service close to the principal cock-pit.

Not many would have attempted to beard the lion in such a den as this; but his righteous soul was shocked at the horribleness of the devil's carnival in this village. Men and women from all the country around were assembled at this fair. Strong drink had so inflamed the passions that they were ready for any deed of darkness and crime. Bands of music were playing to the dancing parties scattered over the village, while shouts of brawls and quarrelling mingled strangely with the music. But the worst scene of all was crowds of brutal men who thronged the cock-pit. Here were these demons in human form looking excitedly on as the poor birds tore each other to pieces. Mr. Spoor's strategy was bold, but was nobly carried out. He chose a low wall hard by the cock-pit. The wall raised him above the crowd, while it was so built that he could hold himself if assailed. Here he took his stand, and with a voice of grand compass and power began to sing. Nothing could surpass first the amazement, then the fury of the mob thus interrupted in their demoniac sport. After a few moments of astonishment the crowd forsook the cock-pit and dance, and came rushing towards this young evangelist, shouting and yelling; but the heavenly power with which he was clothed abashed them. They stood and continued at intervals their yells and curses. The preacher was in a grand spiritual condition; his preaching was in power and in the Holy Ghost. In the midst of his preaching a powerful-looking man, in company with another man, "A giant in size and a giant in sin," full of rage, rushed at him. As Mr. Spoor looked at him, he says that he had never seen so hideous a spectacle in his life. The man was a sweep, and was unwashed and in his sooty garb—his eyes glared, his countenance was horrible in its contortions, his gesticulations were wild, while his threats and oaths were most blasphemous. Altogether the sight was so uncanny, indeed so unhuman, that Mr. Spoor was possessed by the impression that this was the devil in person come to assail him. Not only the sight of the man, but the surroundings, favoured the impression, which seized and almost overpowered him for the instant; but he soon recovered himself and grappled with his assailant. With violence accompanied with vociferous shouting, the wretch endeavoured to drag the preacher from his stand. The tussle lasted for some time. With dexterity and strength Spoor kept his foothold, now appealing to the man, then seizing a minute's respite to exhort the people, till at length his baffled and defeated enemy retired, swearing and chagrined, and Mr. Spoor finished the service in peace. A deep spiritual influence rested upon the crowd, and, as he says, one man was led to forsake his sins and turn to the Lord.

These marvellous scenes of conflict were not the rare events of a comparatively quiet life, for Mr. Spoor appears to have become so widely known as a mighty man of God, that day after day, and service after service, was marked by the same wonderful displays of glory and salvation. Going about everywhere, in the spirit and power of his Master, he left village after village on fire in his daily track.

A SABBATH'S WORK.

Spoke at C—— in the morning. The crowd was so great that I had to go to the door. I felt my Master and Helper near me in my work. The Word ran like fire. After dinner I went to B—— A——, preached a short sermon, and then conducted a lovefeast. During the meeting the power of God came in an overwhelming manner upon us. The people fell in all directions. There was a strange mingling of cries, shouts, groans, and hallelujahs. I have seldom witnessed such a spectacle. It was the Lord's hand upon us. I got a pew cleared for mourners about four o'clock, and closed the speaking. Many obtained pardon, and some sanctification. In the evening I went to S——. I could scarcely get into the chapel for the pressure of the crowd. In prayer I had great power with God, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every bone in my body was shaken. The converting and sanctifying glory ran through the congregation.

HOW TO STORM A VILLAGE.

Cookfield was low in religious feeling and in morals. Our society only existed—it could not be said to live. There were a few members, but they were in a low state of grace; and the good old leader, Mr. J. Raine, was much distressed. A few people came from the country, but when all were assembled they never exceeded eight or nine. Mr. Young, of Ingleton, had often tried to get it taken off the plan, but was over-ruled by his brethren. This was its state when the Rev. Joseph Spoor visited it. How he "stormed" the place shall now be narrated. Coming from Southside he entered the place at the "high end." He accosted the first person he met, who proved to be a member, and asked directions to Mr. Raine's house. "Are you the new preacher?" inquired the man. On being answered in the affirmative, he urged him to go with him to tea, saying that there would be very few at the meeting. Mr. Spoor cried out in true North-country style, "Will there not? Glory to God, the place will be full." Again he shouted, "Glory to God." Our friend was somewhat frightened and made off, leaving the preacher to find his road as best he might. At length he reached the house of Mr. Raine, who was a faithful, conscientious man, always at his post, and doing his duty, though somewhat apt to despond, and of an unenterprising nature. Some minutes before service-time he set off to open the doors and prepare the chapel for the service, remarking, as he went out, to Mr. Spoor, that he need not hurry, as there would be very few present. Instead of being discouraged with this, Mr. Spoor shouted, "I tell you the chapel will be full; glory be to God!" Mr. Raine went his way, thinking the preacher very "odd." As soon as Mr. Raine was gone, Mr. Spoor took his hat under his arm, putting on a black velvet cap which he used at open-air services, and taking out his hymn-book, he started from the door, singing down the street, frequently kneeling to pray, with not a soul to aid him, exhorting the people and announcing the service. Presently coming to a part of the village, by a brewery, where a number of men were collected for sport, gambling, annoying passers-by, he sang right into their midst, and kneeling down, prayed as they had never heard any one pray before. When he rose from his knees, he cried out, suiting voice, metaphor, and expression to the exigency, "There's going to be a grand sale to-night at the Primitive Methodist chapel. We are going to sell the devil up, and leave him neither stick nor stool; and I am the auctioneer. The sale will commence as soon as I arrive at the chapel. You are all invited; come every one of you." He then sang away to the chapel, with a crowd following. There was a strange earnestness and heavenliness in the man's appearance and manner, and his unheard-of announcement attracted the mass of the people. As he had said, the meeting-place was packed. He prayed and preached like an inspired man, as he undoubtedly was. The arm of the Lord was bared, and His power seen in the conversion of many. The number converted to

God that night was never precisely known. Surely the Lord routed the foe, and He gave His servant to put his foot upon the necks of His enemies. "This," says the Rev. R. Shields, "was the turning of the tide of affairs at that village. Afterwards, it only needed to be announced that Mr. Spoor was going to be there to ensure a crowded house."

A GANG OF ROUGHS CAUGHT.

When Mr. Spoor was preaching, owing to the crowd, a prop had to be put up under the beam in the dwelling of old Martin. Some of the reckless young men of the village agreed to go into old Martin's dwelling, and when the service was at its height to remove the piece of timber, and rush out, and let the people fall through. With this mischievous purpose they repaired to the house, but found the door locked. They then agreed to tarry till the preaching was over, and when the old woman came from the prayer-meeting, they would push her aside, run in, knock the prop down, and make their escape. Thus they confederated, within hearing of the voices in the chapel, and making themselves merry over the shouts and joyful exclamations of God's people. One of them, a tall young man, full six feet high and of noble physique, the ringleader of the gang, suggested that it would increase their fun if they were to go into the meeting while they had to wait. To this they agreed; so they slunk into a corner near the door. Mr. Spoor that night, utterly unconscious of this confederacy, was in all his glory. His spirit was fervent, his language strong, and his imagery bold and striking, and the influence accompanying his words, powerful. One after another of the congregation fell to the floor in distress of soul, and many were struggling into liberty. The young men, who when they came in began to look about and smile, soon felt uncomfortable, and looked as if they would like very much to be out, till at last the leader of the band of persecutors was smitten down by the Spirit of God in the very midst of his companions, and shouted out in an agony of distress. Soon his co-conspirators fell all around crying for mercy, as the chief of sinners. To use the homely words of one who was there, and whose brother was the ringleader of the persecutors, "There was no chapel prop drawn that night, but many props were drawn from the devil's kingdom."

(To be continued.)

PRESUMPTION.

"SHALL you anchor off —— Point, captain?" asked a passenger.

"I mean to be in dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought, perhaps, you would telegraph for a pilot," returned the passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir," and the captain whistled contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humours, and I'll bet anything you like that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor as he passed us to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily.

"Very, in a gale, and there's one coming, or I'm no sailor," replied the man; "but if any man can do it, it's himself—only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors called "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm, rousing me from a pleasant reverie, in

which smiling welcomes home held prominent place.

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he; "and, with this wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is foolhardiness, to say the least. Cannot you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen, and proceeding together to the captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his course as a condescension to our anxious apprehensions.

But, as I anticipated, he was immovable. "We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land salute." Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offence at our presumption, and finally swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable

as ours, and he would not be dictated to by a set of cowardly landmen.

We retired, but not to rest, and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases, we shall have work to do that we did not expect."

Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on deck, holding on by the ropes to keep ourselves from being washed overboard. The captain came up, equipped for night duty; and his hoarse shout in the issue of commands was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes sneering at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely, surrounded by flapping sails, straining timbers, and the ceaseless roar of winds and waves. We wished we were able to sympathise in such amusement; but we supposed it must be peculiar to himself, and endeavoured to take courage from his fearless demeanour. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers a-head!" The captain flew to the wheel—the sails were struck; but the winds had the mastery now, and the captain found a will that could defy his own.

"Boats, make ready!" was the next hurried cry; but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled, that some delay followed the attempt to lower them, and in the meantime we were hurrying on to destruction. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing masts and entangled rigging; and then came the thrilling shock, which gave warning that we had touched the bank; and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the foreship deep into the sand, and left us to be shattered there at the wild waves' pleasure.

It is needless to dwell upon the terrors of that fearful night. I was among the few who contrived to manage the only boat which survived; and scarcely had I landed with the morning light, surrounded by bodies of the dead and fragments of the wreck borne up by the rising tide, ere I recognised the lifeless body of our wilful, self-confident captain.

He was like those who, on the voyage of life, refuse counsel and despise instruction; who practically recognise no will but their own; who are wise in their own conceits, and satisfied with

their own judgment, and trust in their own hearts, and, if left to be filled with their own ways, must finally make frightful shipwreck just when they suppose themselves sure of port. And as this mistaken man was accompanied into eternity by those whose lives he had endangered and destroyed, so no man lives or dies unto himself, but bears with him, when all self-deception ends, the aggravated guilt of others' ruin through the influence of his evil precept and example.

THE WILL OF GOD.

OUR Blessed Lord's motive power of action was, His will to do the will of His Father. His passive power was, His will to suffer the will of God. It was His meat, the secret sustenance of His perfect spirit. Here, then, is the unerring finger-post to direct our way. Let us look now at the tendency of our own wills, and where they lead us. The "I will" is the highway to unrest, desolation, poverty, and untimely death. The "not as I will, but as Thou wilt," is the pathway to peace, safety, assurance of Divine favour, bright prospects, and eternal life. Now look on this picture and then on that, and let calm judgment decide which it is the wisest to cleave unto and follow in all circumstances. It was our Lord's meat to act, "not my will," so let it be our meat, our choice dainty, the sweet morsel we roll under our tongue; let our own will be nauseous to our taste, while to our hearts the will of God is as honey out of the rock. When we come first to the Cross in full surrender, we obtain peace with God, but to live in the peace of God we must lose our wills in His. Our evil nature will kick at times at His dispensations; there is, however, an effectual remedy for this as well as for all other ills. Take it to the Cross, and as sure as we do so believingly, so sure we shall be conquerors of our self-will; we shall be able to overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

S.

Does not a careful shepherd look after every individual sheep? a good physician attend every particular patient? Should not the shepherd and physician of the church take heed to every individual member of his charge?
—BAXTER.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



HE winter is gone, and yet we have snow. The sun shines brightly—more brightly than ever in our hearts—and yet the world all around us is as cold and hard, and unbelieving, as ever.

The great Easter holidays are come, but we are harder at work than ever, and alas, alas, we had need work, for holidays mean festivals of hell above all—ruin to thousands of souls, and awful peril to thousands more.

But we have been believing in God more than ever this month, and our work has been gloriously successful. We can hardly single out stations this time, for all around there is the shout of a King in the camp.

Mrs. Booth's weary and anxious toil at Leicester has at length been rewarded by the outbreak of what we are sure will prove to be a great and general revival in the town.

But we leave the reports to tell all. Lord increase our faith!

WHITECHAPEL.

"Our month is filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing, for the Lord has done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

PRaise God, during the past three months many have been the slain of the Lord at this station. Some of various kinds and different nations have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Prussians, Germans, Irish, navvies, harlots, and a host of others. We will name a few. One was

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

This is a young woman who came to hear Miss Booth preach, and the Word was to her sharper than a two-edged sword, and she not only heard but obeyed the Gospel. She is now a happy follower of the Lamb, and an earnest worker for souls. Since her conversion the Lord has given her her heart's desire, in seeing two of her brothers saved, and she is earnestly praying for her parents, who are Catholics, but have to confess their daughter is much happier in the faith of Jesus than she was before.

A LOST HUSBAND.

A woman was out one day in search for her husband in amongst the devil's training houses, of which this neighbourhood is full. Hearing us singing in the porch at our midday meeting, she stopped to listen, and when the prayer-meeting commenced she sought the Saviour. It was not long before light sprang up in her heart, her chains fell off, and her soul was free.

"LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME."

A woman, who was a backslider, found her way one day into the porch meeting. Then soon the big tears of penitence began to roll down her cheeks. We saw that she was in earnest, and prayed and sang with her until the dear Lord gave her the desire of her heart. She obtained pardon and peace, and is now trusting in Jesus. May the Lord keep her and save her husband, who is a Roman Catholic.

FROM IRELAND.

A woman just over from Ireland heard us singing one night in the porch, and

when the invitation was given she came in and heard Bro. Hardy preach. After the sermon she came with three others to the penitent-form and found Him who is the Friend of the friendless. Her case was inquired into, and we found she was penniless. A dear brother gave her a shilling to pay for a lodging and supper, and we left her in the hands of God. The next evening she came again with her face beaming with joy. She had got a place during the day, and could get to the meeting every other night. To God be all the glory!

"I FEEL SO LIGHT."

This was the expression of a man the other night who came to the meeting in the porch. Before it closed he wanted to sign the pledge, and at the close he came out boldly for Jesus. He had not been at the penitent-form long before he sprang from his knees, and said, "I feel so light;" and went home very happy.

CAME ON PURPOSE.

I asked a person one night if she was saved; she replied, "No, I am come here to seek Jesus." She got what she came for, and rejoiced in Him. I could name other instances, but these will prove that we are not dead at Whitechapel. Friends pray for our porch meetings, which are attended with great blessing.

EASTER MONDAY

was a day of great joy. At three o'clock four bands were pouring forth the glorious truths of the Gospel on the Mile End Waste. A little before five Bro. Hardy formed a procession with his band and banners. Soon Bro. Collingridge joined in the ranks with his band, and we marched off singing--

"The Gospel ship along is sailing,"

until we came up to Bro. Garner's band from Hammersmith. They fell in, and on we went, singing--

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,"

and very soon Sister Davis, from Shoreditch, with her band, joined with us. By this time we had quite a regiment of Blood Stream Guards, and the inhabitants of Whitechapel looked with wonder and amazement as we went on singing to the hall, where over 500 people took tea together. The after-meeting was indeed a thorough old-fashioned, soul-stirring time. Mr. Railton presided, and proved

himself the right man in the right place. It was indeed a hallelujah meeting, and such a one as Whitechapel has not seen for many a day. Speakers were up all over the place; it was a visit from the King of kings. A little before ten

THE PRAYER-MEETING

commenced, which ended with a shout of the King in our camp, and six souls for Jesus.

EASTER TUESDAY,

the fire was still burning. At one we met in the porch. A brother and sister spoke short and to the point, and the net was thrown out. When the time came to haul it in, we found the Lord had given us six more precious souls. In the evening, we finished with four souls, and six signed the pledge. May they, with us, be kept by the power of God. Friends, remember the mother station of the Mission.

A. RUSSELL.

28, Hawkins Street,
Mile End, London, E.

SHOREDITCH.

"And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

We have realised the power of God's presence during the past month. God has used us to point 70 poor perishing souls to a Crucified Redeemer—Hallelujah to His name! Our hall fills night after night, and oftentimes we have a praying band at the top and another at the bottom, sinners and saints all weeping together, while Jesus is set forth as a present Saviour for hell and sin. We have plenty of opposition. The devil has tried hard to stop us, but it is no good; his schemes have failed. He has to fly, while young converts cry, "Hallelujah, glory be to God on high!"

"I HAVE FOUND YOUR JESUS."

A domestic servant was brought to the Lord, and at once took the good news to her mistress, who said to her, "We want none of your religion here." The poor girl at first suffered much persecution from the eldest son; but he followed her to the hall, and one night he was so wrought upon that he fell on his knees and sought the Lord. "Oh," he said to the maid, "Sarah, I have found your Jesus, and, God helping me, I will never part with Him." Since then the daughter has found the Lord; also a

sister of the servant. Surely the mistress's eyes will soon be opened.

COMING TO HAVE A GAME.

Another young woman said: "I came in to have a game, but God soon showed me where I was. I could see if I went on I should soon be in hell. I used to take pleasure in all that was bad, but how different now! God lives in my heart—Oh, how I will praise Him!"

A sainted mother has rejoiced over the conversion of two wayward sons. She has prayed and wrestled long, but they took pleasure in everything save their mother's God; but, oh, bless His name, He never left them! The power of God was so manifest the night they were saved that nearly all present were in tears. We seemed to see the angels hovering round. We could all imagine the joy there was in heaven over sinners returning from the wild. Since then their sister has been brought into the fold. She says, "Oh, this beautiful feeling! oh, the peace of God is beautiful!"

The next Sunday another praying mother rejoiced over two daughters being brought into the way to heaven. She often says—

"OH, THIS BLESSED PLACE,

Jesus seems to walk up and down, dispensing blessings." Another says it is the *Consulting Room*, where the Great Physician is to be seen night after night performing miracles on men and women's hearts. A brother brought to the Lord said:—

"WHAT'S GOOD FOR ME IS GOOD FOR MY WIFE."

He soon brought her to the hall, when I spoke to her about her soul. The husband said, "Now, darling, you want to go with me to heaven; let us go together." She did not want much persuasion. They are now journeying together to the better country.

Brother Railton spent a day with us, and a blessed day it was. After taking part in nine services, God honoured His faithful servant with 13 souls. Praise His holy name, we cannot do too much for Him who has done so much for us! Our friends begin at seven in the morning on the Sabbath, and keep on as long as there are souls to be saved. One of our converts, a young man, has gone to wear the Crown. I believe he was truly converted. He was taken ill

on the Tuesday, and died two days after, of black fever. He said to a companion—

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MATE,
I'm not afraid to die. Jesus is mine." He had been a wild young man. Praise God, it is worth working for. A trophy of grace from Brick Lane! We shall be glad of any help to carry on this blessed work.

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,
Arundel Street, Mile End.

HACKNEY.

To describe the wonderful way God has been working here in the past month is altogether out of my power. Our open-air meetings have been greatly blessed. One night a six-foot navvy came, with the tears streaming down his face, took hold of my hand, saying, "You are right, and I am wrong. What shall I do?" A poor costermonger going by with his barrow was stopped, came and stood, and literally cried out in the street, "Oh, God! help." He came with us to the hall, gave his heart to God, and at the close said, with his face shining with joy, "I don't know what my wife will say when I tell her. Now we shall be happy."

Another dear man came out of the crowd and said, "Can I come with you to heaven, and praise the precious Lord?" He started, came and threw himself down at the feet of Jesus, and got pardon, and went on his way rejoicing.

Sunday, 9th, was a day never to be forgotten in Hackney. Our dear people had been pleading all the week, and the power of God was manifest outside and in. While preaching in the morning from the "Ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs," a dear woman who had been very miserable stood up and said, by God's grace she had returned, her face speaking to the truthfulness of her lips.

A CAPTIVE TO DRINK SET FREE.

He came to hear Miss Booth preach when she was here last, and came out, but could not give up the drink; but, praise God! the happiness of the pilgrims on the way to heaven broke his heart. He told the people that he could now make a full surrender. He publicly testifies for Jesus in the streets. Hallelujah!

The afternoon of the 9th was a time of

inexpressible gladness. Many spoke of a deepened work of grace in their soul; and a dear young woman came out for complete restoration and the joy of God's salvation.

A WANDEKER FROM THE FOLD.

He stood and warned the young people, with tears in his eyes, against being early turned aside, or taking offence, so as to leave their homes. He said, "I left my home five years ago, and have never had settled peace since; and now, please God, I feel constrained to make a home with you, for I perceive that God is with you."

THOS. BLANDY.

3, Havelock Road,
Wells Street.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

PRAISE God! we are getting a real Mission band of people, who are standing out in the open air, night after night, amidst the din, blasphemy, and all the tumults of an insulting mob. On Sunday, March 12th, a mother's prayers were answered, when a young man came to the penitent-form and found Jesus.

On Sunday, March 19th, we were favoured with a visit from Miss Booth, when, at the close of the evening service, a young woman rushed forward and threw herself down, seeking Jesus. Then came another, and then another, till there were nine souls, all of whom went home rejoicing.

The next Sunday two fallen women came out and found the Sinners' Friend. They are in a home, doing well.

Sunday, April 2nd, was a grand day. Hundreds of persons stopped to hear us in the open air. At the close of the afternoon meeting a young man and woman sought Jesus. In the evening I preached from "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ," when a man came forward and got made ready for that great day. Our station at

TOTTENHAM

is in a blessed condition. There is a grand field for labour here. The members are united, and are pushing the battle to the gate; but we are greatly in need of a larger hall. Help in money or tracts will be thankfully received by

GEORGE MACE.

80, New Nevill Road,
Stoke Newington.

SOHO.

"BLESSED Jesus, I see Thee now as I have never seen Thee before. I thank Thee. O keep me faithful. O grant I may never walk unworthy of this glorious calling." These sentences dropped from the lips of an elderly lady the other Sunday evening whilst kneeling at prayer. Noticing her standing at the back of the hall, attired in semi-ecclesiastical costume, her face bearing upon it an expression of pensive solemnity, and her hands filled with tracts, I was naturally led to muse whether she might not be one of Jesu's own. However, upon entering into conversation with her, she informed me that though a tract distributor and member of a Christian community, she, alas, was without a consciousness of sins forgiven, and she requested us to pray that she might receive the Spirit of Adoption. She knelt, and the above sentences soon expressed the blessed change she experienced.

Since our last report we have had some glorious times, amongst them being a public social tea provided for upwards of 300 persons at the expense of the Right Hon. Wm. Cowper-Temple, M.P., who, in his opening address, referring to the Briton's pride of being free, asked whether all were free spiritually? Free in their souls? Or whether they were in bondage to their sins? Thank God! some eight or nine persons (who, whilst that address, and others by Mr. Booth and various brethren were given, realised that they were in bondage to their sin) came out at the close of the meeting, and were set free by the Son of God Himself.

Thus our glorious work continues, though oftentimes not without tremendous opposition; occasionally a brother coming in from the open air (where dead cats, mud, &c., are flying in all directions) with a cut head, and his hat either broke in or rolled in the mud, &c. But, praise God, our brethren and sisters are not to be daunted.

GAY WATERS.

Grafton Hall,
Grafton Street, Soho.

GOOD FRIDAY AT BARKING.

Is it worth while for a large body of Mission people to go down to this little town in order to assault the consciences of a few thousand people?

THE TENT,

which has been pitched upon a piece of land close to the Broadway in the very centre of the town, served for the tea-meeting, at which over 200 people assembled.

The meeting held afterwards in the Wesleyan Schoolroom was the largest ever gathered by the Mission in Barking. The room, which is said to hold seven or eight hundred people, was packed to the door, and many were pressing around outside unable to get in. The speaking was in the power of the Holy Ghost, and the impression made was evidently very deep in many cases. One poor woman, with a baby in her arms, fell upon her knees at once to cry for mercy, and some who had frequently scoffed before were evidently so much subdued as to be unable to hold up their heads. The prayer-meeting, however, was spoiled by the necessarily early departure of the London friends, the last train leaving a little after nine.

But in the carriages on the way home the joyful news spread fast, and the Shoreditch company, after singing from Fenchurch-street to the hall in Brick Lane, took one young man who had followed by the hand, and led him to Jesus. And how many more are to follow we cannot yet report; but of one thing we are sure—all the ends of Barking have heard the salvation of our God.

BETHNAL GREEN.

THANK God! we are still at it, and the Lord helps us as much as ever.

We have had a blessed Easter. Our Hallelujah Meetings on Good Friday, both in the open air and in the hall, were largely attended, and souls were saved. On the Sunday morning God richly blessed us. In the afternoon souls were saved at the experience-meeting, and in the evening, after getting two or three more, we concluded the prayer-meeting, and went out into the open air about nine o'clock. The road was teeming with people. Our yard was soon crowded, and while we spoke two more poor wanderers from God were led into the hall to seek and find mercy, while others wept and promised to come again.

Early on the Monday morning a party of us, with violin and concertina, set off for the Finsbury Park gates, where,

Twenty years ago the men of Ilford and Wallend thought it worth their while to march to Barking to fight the fishermen, and in the drunken frays many a limb was broken. And surely it is worth our while now to go forth in bands to slay the Man of Sin and to bind up the broken-hearted. At any rate, so thought a great many soldiers of the Lord on this occasion, and a large number of them have since described the day as the best they ever spent.

Early in the morning the Barking Society mustered for prayer, and they were greatly blessed and helped throughout the day.

At half-past ten a number gathered in time to meet the eleven o'clock train from London, which brought a strong company from Shoreditch, Plaistow, and Soho. These missioned the whole town amidst frequent showers of snow, the cold being so intense as to put the endurance of the sisters to a test which was triumphantly borne for some three hours. Many a head dropped and many an eye became dim with tears as the burning words of these loving hearts were poured forth.

As the procession was reaching the Hall for a little rest and refreshment, the North Woolwich Band came along in their waggon, and the Stoke Newington friends, who had walked half the way, also appeared. In another half-hour all were out again, marching through several streets, where no stand had as yet been made, on the way to the railway station.

The arrival of large parties from

HACKNEY AND POPLAR

at half-past two made the regiment complete, and marching slowly to the Horse Pond, an open space in the High Street, a huge ring was formed, and here and in the Broadway the experience of one after another was told, until it was time to leave for the indoor meeting at a quarter to seven o'clock.

And glorious experiences they were, coming from men and women of so many grades and employments, from all parts of London, who have been saved by the instrumentality of the Mission from lives of open sin or cold indifference to Christ, and who have been set on fire of love. Many of the roughest men in the town crowded around with eager interest, and big tears fell while the simple story of salvation sounded out often from lips more accustomed to cursing and blasphemy.

by the help of God, we woke up many poor pleasure-seekers to the folly and sinfulness of their lives, and we saw them weep while we called upon them to turn to Christ.

After several hours thus blessedly spent, we marched singing down to the Abney Park Cemetery gates, where companies from Soho, Stoke Newington, and Tottenham joining us, we soon gathered a very large crowd. The power of God fell mightily upon the people, and two stalwart rebels knelt in the midst of our ring to seek mercy. One of these was an old chum of a brother, who formerly joined him in many a drunken spree, but who now gladly pointed him to the Lamb of God who sets drunkards free.

And so we are encouraged, and mean to work harder than ever for God and souls, knowing that we are winning all the time.

PLAISTOW.

THANK God, we are not for giving up, although the Lord has, for a season, laid our dear leader, Miss Hall, aside.

Mrs. Reynolds has been made a great blessing to us, and poor sinners are coming home to God. We had a glorious resurrection day on Easter Sunday. The night before, while pleading with God, we laid hold on Him by faith, and at seven the next morning we got a still tighter grasp of the Almighty hand, so that victory was assured to us beforehand.

At the close of the morning service two souls sought and found Christ. One had been a class-leader once, and he had a hard struggle to get rid of the devil; but at length he was set free, and both of these new-comers were out with us in the Park in the afternoon. For two hours people stood in a biting east wind while the word of God pierced their hearts. In the evening

THREE GIPSIES

came over on to the Lord's side, and day by day we are gaining ground.

It is very trying to speak in the open air night after night in neighbourhoods where it is impossible to get anything like a large congregation, but the Lord has cast our lot here, and we will labour on at His command. One evening lately, out of a congregation of fewer than twenty people, four came with us to the hall and sought salvation; and while the Spirit of God thus helps our infirmities

and annihilates our difficulties, we will never despond.

BROMLEY, KENT.

OWING to the severe weather and our exposure to it, some of our little band have been laid aside by sickness. Our numbers have therefore been weakened, but notwithstanding all our difficulties, those of us who have had any physical strength at all have stood boldly for our Master, while the devil has roared tremendously. Night after night the town has been in a perfect tumult, the riot on one occasion being so great, in fact, that several were taken into custody by the police. There is a promise, however, of brighter days to come. A piece of land has been secured. In a very short time we hope to erect a tent for week nights upon it, and we shall be able to invite our enemies into it, until we get a new hall. Amid all our trials and difficulties we are not without evidences of God's approval. A young woman heard us in the open air, and God convinced her of her need of a Saviour. Having no hall, I invited anxious persons to call upon me; among others this young woman came. She told me how many times God's Spirit had striven with her when she heard us sing and speak for Jesus. We got to our knees, and she said, "O Lord, help me; I do want to be saved. I am so unhappy. Oh, save me!" Praise God, she did not plead in vain; the captive was soon set at liberty, and is now publishing the glad tidings to the inhabitants of Bromley. We are greatly in need of tracts for house-to-house visitation. Any kind of help will be thankfully received by

Yours in Jesus,

ENMA STRIDE.

5, Freeland's Grove,
Bromley, Kent.

STRATFORD.

I CAME to Stratford with a strong conviction that God had sent me, and everything I have met with since has tended to confirm that conviction. When I came, some said, "The idea! what can a woman do?" Others, "She had better be at home; that's her place." Others, "It is haughty pride for a female to do anything in public." But I remember they said the very same things about a young man whose name was David, who felt he had a work to do for God.

They clothed me with a coat of discouragement, but I threw it off and went forward in the strength of my Master—to fight the giants of Stratford. I soon found that they were indeed mighty, but the very same power that accompanied David's sling and stone went with our feeble voices as we stood outside the hall and at the corners of the streets, and told the sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men, and glory be to God, we have had victory on victory.

The police have very kindly helped us. Our friends, from several stations, have walked long distances to come to our help, and believers have been quickened, backsliders restored, souls born anew, and there has been joy in heaven and joy on earth. We brought

AN INFIDEL

in with us one night from the open air. He said, "I am too bad to be saved." He had always said, "There is no God." I said, of course he was not foolish enough to say that now. He said, "My being here is a proof I don't believe now what I did then." After awhile he fell on his knees and cried aloud for mercy. It was a touching sight. He wept like a babe, and went away rejoicing in Jesus, leaving us rejoicing also.

Yours for Jesus' sake,

JANE WOODCOCK.

95, St. Leonard's Street,
Bromley.

MILLWALL.

THE Lord is blessing us. Souls have been saved, and our finances improved.

A sister who had joined us some time ago became anxious for the salvation of her husband, and a few weeks ago he yielded, and was made happy.

A son of one for whom many petitions have been offered is rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

A young man has been drawn in the Gospel net, and attends the meetings, and testifies to the power of saving grace.

OUR COTTAGE MEETINGS

continue to be a power for good. The other night a man came into one, and was brought down under the power of God. The outdoor meetings, too, are well maintained. The brethren are sowing the seeds of eternal life in the workshops and elsewhere.

One of our brethren preached Christ the other day in a barber's shop, which was so blessed by God that the Sabbath-

breaking barber has begun to keep holy the Sabbath day. We hope this will lead to his conversion.

J. TETLEY.

PORTSMOUTH.

SINCE my last the Lord has given us many tokens of His favour. We have

THE THEATRE

every Sunday night, and there a blessed work is in progress, as also at our Lake Road Hall, where we have good congregations, and many born for glory. Our numbers are steadily increasing, and those gathering around our banner are, I believe, living to God. Old and young, rich and poor, British and foreign, have all been found at our penitent-rail, seeking mercy at His hand who turns none away.

OVER 60 YEARS IN SIN.

A poor old woman came with her daughter to the penitent-form, when all at once, in the midst of her weeping, she cried out, "Oh, how merciful Jesus is! He has forgiven me all my sins; He is my Saviour!" Then, to see her anxiety for her daughter, and the earnestness with which she besought her to believe; but the poor young woman had a hard struggle. Said she, "I have so often refused the offer of mercy, and my dear husband, who is at sea, has so often begged me to be a Christian. Oh! the many prayers he has offered for me. The Lord will never forgive such a sinner as me." But very soon light broke in; she saw Jesus as a Saviour, and presently she was enabled to cast all on Him, and with her mother left, rejoicing in Christ. "There," said an aged sister, who, only two weeks ago found forgiveness, "now, that is indeed a miracle. Why that woman was one of the worst drinkers. When I kept a public-house we had more bother with her than all the rest put together." Hallelujah! God can save publicans and their customers. Since then the married daughter has brought her younger sister, who also found the Saviour, and went away to her new situation with Him in her heart.

A RUNAWAY CAUGHT.

A dear fellow, who had run away from a good home in America, and joined the British navy, fell beneath the power of the Word, and wept aloud, as he told of his praying father and mother, whose prayers had followed him every step of

the way. He left without obtaining mercy, but came again the next night with the determination not to leave till he felt Jesus was his, and, bless God, the Saviour was soon found, and the next post carried the news across the water that the lost was found.

"I DO FEEL SO HAPPY NOW,"

said a poor fellow (who six weeks ago came to our meeting, a real picture of misery), "and though my mates get round me and make game of me, and sometimes they pelt me when I'm at work, and call me 'ranter,' yet I don't mean to give up. I never felt like this before, and I tell 'em what they want is to know what I does—that is, I knows my sins have all been washed away in the blood of Jesus—then they wouldn't mind being called ranters no more than I do."

"I find it very hard sometimes," said the young man who came with the above, and found forgiveness at the same time, "to hold on with all my workmates at me just like so many devils, but Jesus helps me; I always find Him close to me; and by His help I mean to stick to it, for I never had such happiness when I was in sin.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION, conducted by Miss Robins and other sisters, is a great success. The meetings are well attended, and many of the dear little ones are soundly converted, and made gloriously happy.

While visiting the other day my attention was drawn to a very interesting-looking little girl. Her mother told me she had just turned six years old. Said I, "Do you love Jesus, my darling?" Looking up into my face with a sweetness and earnestness I shall never forget, she unhesitatingly answered, "Yes, sir, I can't help doing that." "Why can't you help doing that?" I inquired. "Why," and her eyes brightened as she spoke, "the other day, while we were at prayers, Jesus came right in front of me, and told me my sins were all forgiven for His name's sake, and I do love Him for that!"

Received with thanks, a parcel of old clothes for poor; also a small parcel of tracts each month; and shall be glad of more. *Are very much in need of funds for theatre work. Will the Lord's stewards please help?*

JOB CLARE.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

MY excuse for not reporting as usual must be that myself and brethren are in the midst of a tremendous conflict, which completely takes up my time. The Lord is abundantly blessing our efforts; sinners are being saved by scores, and during the last five weeks 210 have signed the temperance pledge. Our batteries are placed all over the town, and God is indeed with us.

This has aroused the enmity of all hell, and those of the baser sort are enraged; but we mean to fight and never run. Brethren, pray for us, hold up our hands, and you shall have a share of THE REWARD.

Yours, in the name of our Captain,
ABRAHAM LAMB.
Cecil Street, Park Field,
Stockton-on-Tees.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

OUR brethren and sisters at this station are in a holy flame of love and burning zeal to save the people; and the Lord is still crowning our efforts with success. We have just had an unexpected visit from Mr. Booth. He preached two powerful sermons in the theatre, which will not be soon forgotten by many in this town. It was a real time of refreshing. Souls sought and found salvation, glory be to God! Will our friends pray for Middlesbro'. Thanks for tracts; should be glad to receive more. We have none at present.

JAMES DOWDLE.

22, Clarence Street,
Middlesbrough.

WELLINGBORO'.

WE commenced the month with a blessed move among the children. About 30 professed to find peace at one service, 21 of whom gave in their names on the Monday evening, and this meeting has been well attended weekly. A few adults came forward with the children, and one woman, who told us she would be

SEVENTY NEXT BIRTHDAY.

She had heard Mr. Booth in the North years ago, and had never forgot the impressions then made. She had been under conviction in our meetings, and yearned for liberty. She has been in the habit of going without her tea every Sunday afternoon to attend our open-air service at five o'clock.

One night a woman rose to her feet in the believers' meeting, and said, "I have had no sleep since Sunday night. I have been

"FORTY YEARS UNDER CONVICTION,

but I never felt myself such a poor, lost sinner as I did on Sunday night—so near the pit, and so far from God I scarcely knew how to go to the penitent-form or how to leave the hall, and I stood in the aisle several minutes halting between two opinions. I went home, but I went home to pray; but I found no relief. The Lord told me I must go to His people and ask their prayers." She at once came forward as a penitent, we took her to Jesus in the arms of faith and prayer, and she went home rejoicing in Him.

MR. BRAMWELL AND MISS BOOTH'S
VISIT

was made a great blessing to us. At the close of the evening service about 30 came forward and professed to find peace. One woman said,

"I HAVE COME AT LAST, SIR."

She had been a backslider for some time; had been under conviction weeks, had been wretched night and day; but on this occasion she gave up all, and said, "I have come at last, and He does make me happy." A man said,

"I CAN'T SEE IT,"

meaning the penitent-form, which had been a stumbling-block in his way for weeks; now he broke the snare, and came forward, found peace, and said to Miss Booth, "I see it now; I'm sorry I gave you so much trouble."

A middle-aged man was a long time before he gained the witness; but after a little steady praying and believing, he sweetly found peace, and now sings,

"The Spirit answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

On Sunday, April 2nd, and following week,

MISS JENKINSON

took the services. I was taken ill, and consequently cannot give cases; but Miss Jenkinson told me that on Sunday there were 33 at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, a blessed time morning and afternoon, and a dozen souls at night. On Monday night, two backsliders; Tuesday, one soul; Thursday, a number of children; and the following Monday,

AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S WIFE.

May the Lord keep them all on the

Mission metals till they meet in glory,
is the prayer of

Yours in Jesus,
WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,

CARDIFF.

THE time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard.

God is gently clearing our way at this station; and at this season of the year hundreds of sailors and others stand and listen to the Gospel in the streets. Many have followed us to our hall and found the Saviour. Near two hundred sailors have professed to find that peace which passeth all understanding, some of most all nations. We have had to talk to some by signs, point up to heaven, then to the heart, then show the Bible. Thank God, our efforts have not been in vain. And many of them have begun to preach on board ship, others in their native land. To God be all the praise and glory. We pen a few cases out of many; if permitted could fill the whole number.

CAUGHT BY SINGING.

One evening, in a densely populated neighbourhood, we began to sing

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go."

Among others who heard us was a dear woman who for many years had been living in sin and darkness. These words were powerfully applied to her conscience; as she afterwards said, "she could not sleep at night nor rest by day." But she felt determined to shake it off if possible, so she decided to go to Bristol. Early in the morning, as she stood at the ticket office, the words "Once again I charge you stop" sounded in her ears. She trembled, but was determined to go. On the boat it was "Once again I charge you stop." Her reply was, "How can I?" Arrived at Bristol she thought she would get a little peace, but was disappointed; it was still "Once again I charge you stop" day and night until she had to return to Cardiff, and come to our hall, and yield herself up to Jesus; and the load was soon removed.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

A sailor who had just come into port, and drawn his money, on his way to the circus heard the singing, stood and listened outside, then he came into the lobby, then just inside the door. Soon a hymn-book was put in his hand, and

he was invited up the hall. He thought the singing very lively. "I will stop and hear what they have to say." The Holy Spirit applied the Word to his heart, his past life came up before him, and that night he determined to give up the drink. We assured him that was not enough. He asked if there was anything to pay. Nothing to pay was the answer. Next night he was one of the first at the hall, and again the Spirit applied the Word, and an allusion to a mother's prayers broke his heart. For many years he had been prayed for, but drink and evil companions had led him into sin of the deepest dye. God removed his dear mother to heaven. He stood by her bed when dying. She asked him to give up sin and meet her in heaven. He promised, and was serious for the time, but soon gave way to drink and wickedness. Now, with tears in his eyes, he asked, "Can I be converted?" and falling down sought salvation. Soon light and peace filled his mind; and when he rose up he said (sailor like), "What's to pay?" "Nothing to pay," was again the reply. "Well, well! a teetotaller and converted, and nothing to pay!"

A RAILWAY GUARD.

Thank God, He is at work with the railwaymen, and many are under conviction. This dear man was blessed with praying parents, but for a long time he has been led by Satan in the path of vice. One Sunday night he came to the Stuart Hall, and the Holy Ghost applied the Word to his heart; and soon as the speaking was over, he came boldly out to seek Jesus, and found Him to the joy of his soul. His dear wife was opposed to this new life, and for a time he had to endure persecution in his own household; but one Sabbath night he asked her to come and hear for herself. She at once consented, and that night her mind was changed. And the next Sunday night she came again, and the blessed Spirit met with her, and at the close she gave herself to Christ, and now husband and wife are walking hand-in-hand to glory.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

This dear man has been cradled and trained in Romanism; but he dropped in the Gospel Hall out of curiosity, to see what was going on, when the Holy Spirit showed him that he was a sinner, and without Christ he would be lost for ever.

At the close he came trembling forward to seek the great High Priest, and found Him, and now is living in the holy faith of Jesus Christ.

"NEVER THE LIKE BEFORE,"

Was the remark of many who were present one Sunday night at the Stuart Hall; the old-fashioned power came down upon us, and in the middle of the discourse one poor sinner cried out, "Lord have mercy on me!" then another. We left off speaking, and invited the seekers forward. Soon several accepted the invitation. One man jumped onto the platform, and clapped his hands, and shouted, "Glory to God, I've got it," and then clasped his arms round his shipmate's neck, and implored him to believe in Christ. Many that night were frightened at the scene, but truly it was the Lord's work. A whole crew found the Lord through that service, and three of another crew. Glory to God for evermore!

We could go on, but space will not permit. The Lord is with us, and our only desire is that He should save sinners in His own way. Friends, pray for us. We are in great need of tracts, for open-air services, and for sailors.

Thanks for two parcels per post from Mr. Atkinson, London Bridge.

Yours in the Gospel,

J. ALLEN.

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

KETTERING.

THANK God, some in Kettering have been led to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. One dear sister that came to hear the new missionary soon came also to the Saviour, and found in Him a resting place. She has not missed one class night from the first. She always closes her shop an hour earlier on purpose to get there.

There have been others who have thrown in their lot with God's people, and shown by their example that they are on the Lord's side. May they be kept to the end!

Our open-air work is reviving and the congregation increasing. Just as the members rally to their post so do we in proportion get hearers. May the importance of this outside preaching be more and more impressed upon the hearts of our friends for the sake of the

perishing souls of the town and neighbourhood.

They say the Mission has had its day here, but in the face of all their talking our congregations are holding good, and a good spirit follows them. Tracts for distribution and money for the Lord's work may be sent to Mr. Thursfield, chemist, Market Place, Kettering; or to

JOHN WATTS.

14, Green Lane Terrace,
Kettering.

HASTINGS.

THE return of fine weather enables us to draw into the Fish Market crowds of anxious listeners.

"I'VE BEEN SUCH A DRUNKARD," said a poor man who followed us from the Fish Market. Throughout the day he was deeply wrought upon. We had seen the tears running down his cheeks, and ere the close of the day he declared that he had found peace.

A VISITOR,

while seeking bodily health, has visited by Faith the cleansing fountain—"the heavenly watering place"—and has got her soul cured of sin. Visitors frequently step into our hall, get relieved of the burden of guilt, go away made happy, carrying to other places the mission fire.

RYE

Is looking up a little. Open-air services on The Strand are well attended, and are made a blessing. The work of God is beginning to move. One young woman has found peace, and a backslider has returned to the Good Shepherd.

NEW ROMNEY.

Is still moving. The young converts are full of burning zeal. Bro. Masey is working hard for his Master. Conversions continue to take place. Sister E— has been made a blessing to four souls. Persecution rages, but earth and hell combined will not hinder Jesus from gaining glorious victories.

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House,
Plynlmmon Road, Hastings.

ST. LEONARDS.

WE have received the following letter from dear Bro. Thorpe, of this station,

which we are sure will be read with much interest—

"Dear Sir,—I cannot refrain from writing a word about the work here, knowing you will be pleased to hear the Lord is blessing us. We have now about a dozen young men, who, I believe, are thoroughly converted. We open our room every night for the young converts, that they may be kept from temptations. Some of them have to endure great persecutions, but His grace has proved sufficient, praise His glorious name!

"I took them into the open air on Sunday. We had a good time, and they were much encouraged, and look forward to next Sabbath with delight, when we go to the Fish Market. On Tuesday evening we met to read the word of God together, and four who were under conviction came in. At the close we pleaded for them. Two soon yielded, and one held out till compelled by dying love to own Him conqueror, when he rushed across the room, fell upon his knees, and burst into tears.

"They are gathered in from all trades: One, a confectioner; one, a dyer; three Bath-chair men; one, a blacksmith; four bricklayers, three sailors; one, a carpenter; one, a printer; one, a tailor; one, a gasman; two, potmen at public-houses; and many confess to us that God is working in them. One is now so deeply under the spirit of conviction that his health is affected; he cannot tell what it is ails him. We believe He will soon send deliverance.

"Yours in the Master's vineyard,
"SAMUEL E. THORPE."

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

MRS. GOODHEW, OF BARKING.

THIS good woman was very poor in this world's goods, but was rich in faith, giving glory to God.

While on her dying bed, and not long before her death, she told me that "her hope was built on nothing less than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

All her care was for her husband and children, that they may be saved. At the last she was very happy, and, wishing all good-bye, she fell back in her loving Saviour's arms.

At her funeral sermon five souls came over on the Lord's side, and will, we trust, greet her by-and-by in the land beyond the river.

E. W. B.

310 Above the Waves of Earthly Strife.

Above the waves of earthly strife, Above the ills and cares of

life, Where all is peace-ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, My

CHORUS.

home is there. My beauti-ful home, . . . My beauti-ful home, . . .
My beauti-ful home, My beauti-ful home,

In the land where the glo-ri-fied e-ver shall roam, Where an-gels,
In the land where the glo-ri-fied e-ver shall roam, Where an-gels

bright wear crowns of light, My home is there, My home is there.
angels bright wear crowns, wear crowns of light, My home is there, My home is there.

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|---|--|
| <p>2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where birds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruit celestial bear—
My home is there, my home is there.</p> <p>3 Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,</p> | <p>From all temptation, tears, and care,
My home is there, my home is there.</p> <p>4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.</p> |
|---|--|