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Thorough.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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HERE is not, perhaps, a single objection to thoroughness in connection with anything but religion. Thorough proficiency in every sort of attainment, and thorough efficiency in every performance, and thorough prime quality in every class of goods, everybody applauds. But a thorough knowledge of God is declared by Christians to be "quite beyond us," with a very marked sigh of relief which says plainly enough, "we know inevitably too much of Him for our comfort." A thorough-going execution of the will of God is scouted as fanaticism, and the possession and exhibition of a thoroughly pure heart and life are pronounced quite out of the question.

Stay—there is one exception to the otherwise universal refusal of anything thorough in connection with religion. Everybody looks for a thorough performance of God's promises as to heaven. There must be a thorough deliverance the moment the breath is out of our body from sorrow and fear and care and temptation. There must be the most thorough enjoyment of the most thoroughly delightful place, position, society, rewards and what not. God must perform thoroughly all that He has promised with regard to the world to come; but we really must not be expected even to understand, much less to carry out thoroughly, His instructions.

Surely nobody could for a moment defend such a condition of thought or practice. To say nothing of its villainy, it is so horribly ungrateful, contemptibly mean towards a perfect Father and Saviour, that we must hurry away from it as far as ever we can get.

LET US THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND GOD.

But then is that possible? In so far as it concerns our satisfaction as to His purposes, most certainly it is. Says he, "I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I

have called you friends, for *all things* that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." What could such words mean if not that each one of us is intended to understand the Father's will concerning us as perfectly as Jesus did Himself. And it was especially in connection with this very knowledge of the things of God that the Holy Ghost was promised to teach "*all things*," to bring "*all things*" to remembrance, and to lead into "*all truth*."

The question as to our ability thoroughly to understand God's will concerning us every moment, is simply a question of the possibility of real spiritual life, spiritual union with the Father and the Son. The telegraphic instrument which can only convey a shock now and then, and has not the requisite fittings for the transmission of words, is said to be "not a speaking instrument." Frequent irregularities in the conveyance of words would be looked upon as rendering the whole arrangement practically worthless. The latest and grandest triumph in the art of telegraphy is the invention by which the very tones of a speaker can be reproduced at the other end of the wire. But God is far beyond men in ability, instantly to transmit His thoughts to His "friends." We can—oh yes, we can thoroughly understand Him, every moment if we like. But, alas! the immense majority of the Lord's people prefer to keep too far away from Him to see His signals.

LET US DO HIS WILL THOROUGHLY.

This demands in the first place a thorough separation to Him. He still cries, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and wants men and women to "leave all and follow Him." Who, who indeed is on the Lord's side? Who has left every object whatsoever to follow the Lord wholly? Who is really determined never to turn aside, no not for a moment, from following after Him to attend to some other business?

The horrid hiss of the serpent: "All this will I give thee if——" comes upon us ever and anon from the most unexpected quarters. Alas! how few have so utterly lost their relish for all that the deceiver can pretend to offer that he utterly fails to induce them to stop or turn aside from the plain path of God!

Only men who have counted the cost and made up their minds to follow God to all lengths can really be expected to go to work thoroughly for Him. The very idea of following *God* carries with it the impression of something far beyond the human. How could such a life ever meet with men's approval, or escape their continual slander and scorn and opposition?

To serve God *thoroughly* requires the most unbounded liberty, the liberty which His Spirit only can give, that perfect freedom from all human restraint, from all human influence, and from all human inclinations, which leaves soul and mind and heart and strength occupied solely with the things of God. The question has sometimes been put to the soldier in a quiet hour: "But how could

you kill your fellow-men in the battle? How could you ride heedlessly over the dying and dead, and spend all your strength in adding to the number?" We doubt whether any one has ever been able properly to explain this sudden conversion of thoughtful, intelligent men into beasts of prey. But we are assured that the heat of human battle is a mere nothing to that of the great conflict in which we engage. "This shall be with burning and fuel of fire." Only the Spirit of God can transform men into the warriors of the cross, utterly lost to every former influence and instinct, who can and do thoroughly serve God.

We have had our streets placarded with the figures of two pedestrians who have far surpassed any former achievement in their "profession," covering more than 500 miles each in a week. But, of course, every one understands that these two men have given themselves wholly to it. Their sole aim for a long long time has been to be the foremost walkers in creation. And to reach this great result they walked almost night and day, with only such rest and refreshment as was absolutely necessary, pushing on till they could scarcely stagger round the ring any longer.

Where does the world see men of God running the race set before them in such a style?

Wanted! men and women whose hearts are thoroughly lightened of every sinful weight, whose natural tendency is upwards and not downwards, who are only kept down like balloons by earthly infirmities and ties, not kept up like sinking ships by hard pumping. Men and women who have got past "taking up their cross" by following Jesus and being crucified with Him, so that they can enjoy divers temptations, cruel mockings, and scourgings and afflictions. Men and women who have got quite "outside the gate," severed from all their friends and from all "decent society" by dint of unhesitating, unqualified devotion to Christ; in whom all men are offended, although they strive to give no offence to any. Men and women who have lost all interest in this present world, and who have no object whatsoever to seek but the glory of God. Men and women who are not afraid of living or unwilling to live, still less afraid or unwilling to die, and utterly indifferent by what means or under what circumstances death shall come. Men and women who *will* be, and do, and bear all that God intends they should in spite of earth and hell. Thorough people! Where are you? March forth and conquer!

AGITATE! AGITATE! AGITATE!

"HEREIN," says the politician, "is the secret of success." If you want to influence the public, and obtain any legislative changes, or effect any constitutional reform, it can only be done by steady, persevering agitation. You must keep the question alive. From the platform and by the press, in public and in private, use all and any lawful and legitimate

means to get your case known, thought about, and understood. But you must keep at it; there must be no cessation. To drop out of notice and be forgotten is to be defeated. But if you keep right on, restlessly appealing and crying and demanding, if you have a case worth looking at and listening to, and don't get worn out and die too soon, you may gain the public ear, and influence it to act in favour of your proposition and so carry your point.

And in this great enterprise of Christianising men, the secret of success lies in the same direction. If we are to carry our point it will be by continued, untiring, uncompromising agitation. It is no little change we aim at. The reform we seek amounts to the most complete and radical revolution conceivable. We want to turn the world upside down; to make all things new. Not only to change the views and opinions of men, but their very appetites and desires. Opposed to us are the greatest force in God's universe. We are the people, if you will, who have to fight against vested interests. The mighty tyrannies and overwhelming forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil are dead against us. But we must not despair, because we need not. Only cowards and traitors do that; the good and faithful can afford, not only to be *brave and confident*, but **DEFIANT**, and our strength and confidence for victory, after our trust in Jehovah, lies in the ceaseless, restless agitation of the question. It is the truth that is to gain the victory and set men free. It is by the foolishness of preaching, that is, the proclamation of the *truth*, that God intends to save them that believe, therefore we must **AGITATE WITH THE TRUTH**: the truth about men—their guilt, and danger, and destiny; the truth about death and judgment, heaven and hell, and all the possibilities and certainties of a holy, heavenly, useful life on the one hand, and on the other of the blighting, withering, damning consequences that follow, with unerring certainty, a godless life both here and in eternity. Tear the veil from blinded eyes. Show up the falsehood of the illusive hopes with which Satan lures his victims on; reveal the rottenness of the foundation on which sinners build for the future; describe the storm of indignation and wrath that is gathering black in the heavens; and warn against all possibility of escape from the midnight of misery and despair that will overwhelm all who neglect the way of escape you have to offer. Never mind the darkness of your picture, the gloom of your theme—the terror of the Lord must be proclaimed. Tell the whole truth, and keep on with it, and sinners, like devils, will tremble, but, unlike devils, will cry for mercy, and find it.

Agitate with the *truth* about God's pitying love—about the wonderful *remedy* he has provided. Make men understand how full, how free, how all-sufficient that *remedy* is, that *all-embracing love*, that **ALL-CLEANSING BLOOD**. *Enough* for all, enough for each, enough for **EVERMORE**. *Hallelujah!* Make men understand this, never leave, if you can help it, a lingering doubt in the mind of any desponding sinner that this ocean of everlasting love and compassion is not wide enough and deep enough to swallow up the mountain of his guilt, even though it were a million times blacker and loftier than it is. Tell of his triumphs in the past. Recount the miracles of sovereign grace with which history teems, and of which, thank God! the world is not without witness to-day. Give your own experience. Make others tell theirs; and go on with the theme until God softens the obdurate crowd, and melts the rebels with His blood. When

one class of truths fail to produce the desired effect, try another, and then change and try again. But you must **KEEP ON** with the agitation!

The politician anxiously hunts up the main points in favour of his scheme, the point calculated to strike the minds of the people, and he puts them forth upon platform, and press, and pulpit, too, if he can gain access there in the most prominent power. There they are in the windows, on the hoardings, in the newspapers, in the streets and market-places, whichever way you turn, until people talk, and think, and act as they are wanted. So must we. We have points that strike, and wound, and impress. Let us make these prominent. Oh! put them forward. Not in a sneaking, shame-faced manner, only to earn contempt, but with all the boldness of which they are worthy. Glory in the Cross! Give the standard to the breeze. Urge the claims of God, the worth of souls, the reality of eternal things. Picture the coming of the judge, and the dawning of the day of doom, and keep on at it, and men will tremble, and fear, and yield, and—and—and—**BE SAVED!**

SPIRITUAL DEATH.

NOTHING is more conspicuous in the religious world than the continual attempt to obscure the distinction between the Lord's people and those who are not His.

And yet nothing is more conspicuous in the word of God than the continual effort to convey by the strongest language and the clearest metaphors the great, eternal separation that exists between those who are the Lord's and those who are not. It will be impossible to find an excuse for any one who, Bible in hand, has failed to understand that, unless they are born again of the Holy Ghost, and alive in and through Christ, they will remain *dead or ever*—cut off from God and His people by an impassable gulf.

But to say that any one is dead is a "sweeping assertion." Are we quite sure about it? Some would contend that even in the vilest men and women there is still a germ of life, of truth, of honour, of goodness, which only needs to be noted, fostered, and cherished to grow into vigour, to overcome evil, at any rate, to a large extent. But to insist that even this reformed man, supposing him to attend with diligence to religious duties, and to conform outwardly to every moral requirement, is just as utterly severed from the kingdom of God as he was before, and that unless he comes into the fold like a little child he will be shut out for ever—this is dreadful. Does God say it?

Listen to His Son, speaking to two of the best men he ever met with. One of them, not only a religious man, exemplary no doubt in his own conduct, but a teacher of religion, is told that he "must be born again," failing which he "cannot enter the kingdom of God." He is outside it at present, although a devout, earnest, sincere seeker after the truth; and except in one way even he can never get inside it!

The other is less distinguished in the sight of men, but perhaps even more honourable in the sight of God, for Jesus is apparently more favourably impressed with his character. He loves him. But his language is none the less clear and decisive. "One thing thou lackest"—only one;

ah, that is better surely. But that one thing is to give up his all at once—to cease to be a rich man and to become a poor outcast follower of the Nazarene. Only one thing! But surely this is only if he is to be *perfect*—it is not a condition of his being on the right side at all? Yes it is.

As the poor young man turns sadly away, undoubtedly as excellent in every way as ever, unquestionably full of sincere desire to please God, for he is very sorrowful to find he cannot comply with His terms, Jesus looks round on His poor followers, and tells them that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to *enter* the kingdom of heaven.

That "good young man" is outside it; he will remain outside it for ever, unless a great radical change passes over him and all his circumstances.

If, then, these two had been already in hell—if they had been stamped with villainy of every kind, and associated with all the most horrible wretches and the most detestable crimes known to mankind, they would not have been more manifestly, more terribly separated from God and His people. And if this be true of them, it is equally true of every one who has not entered the kingdom of God by the only possible entrance.

So that the question comes home to every heart—Have you really passed from death unto life? have you got through the straight gate into the narrow way? Not to have passed through is to be without—to be dead. Where there is not life—the life of God—the life which only begins when God pardons a sinner and puts a new heart and a right spirit within him—there is death.

In the physical world the dead are not always repulsive in appearance. There may indeed be seen upon many a battle-field corpses mangled and torn, unrecognisable and hideous. But even there may be seen at times dead men with no outward mark of death upon them, lying apparently in peaceful slumber, but none the less dead.

Just so in the spiritual world; while some are so disgraced and disfigured by sin as to be horrible even in their own eyes whenever they look at themselves, others, no less dead, are so lovely and so pleasant in their very death as to make it very difficult for any one to say, aye, even for themselves to believe, that they are utterly without spiritual life, under the wrath of God, and exposed every moment to eternal banishment from Him.

But there is the fact. If you have not been born of the Spirit—if you have not received from God a life you never had before—if your heart has not been completely changed so as for it to become your life to observe and do His will instead of living without special regard to Him in everything—you are still dead, no matter what your character or conduct may be. *Dead, dead*, unless He brings you to life, FOR EVER DEAD.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

PETER CARTWRIGHT, THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

"ROUGH men for rough work" is a motto which this Mission can most heartily appreciate, and the work of preaching the gospel in the backwoods of America in the early days, when settlements were few and far between,

was rough indeed. Not only had the preacher to face all sorts of physical privation and difficulty, but those to whom he was sent were, if not outlaws, in many cases the most ignorant, ruffianly, and uncouth of white men.

For this work, however, the Spirit of God sought out and qualified agents, many of whom would have been looked upon with scorn by the wise men of the Church, although their simple, unpretentious labours were blessed to the salvation of crowds of the worst men and women that could be met with. The very record of the lives of these fearless men of God seems calculated to send a thrill of horror through the mind accustomed to the association of so much of solemnity, quietude, and order in connection with religion. But the seal of God upon their work is sufficient answer to all the criticisms one might feel disposed to express as to their peculiarities, and though our circumstances may not demand imitation of all their methods we may well pray that we may all be equally determined and zealous in the prosecution of soul-saving work.

Peter Cartwright stands prominent amongst these men of renown, owing, no doubt, to his unusual abilities and fervour in part, but perhaps owing almost as much to the absence of equally interesting records of the sort of lives they lived to that which he has left us of himself.

Extraordinary as are the experiences he recounts, we heartily join in his regret that he destroyed the journals kept by him in the earlier years of his ministry, which contained so many facts of a similar character, which he could not be expected to retain in their fulness in his memory.

He was born in 1785, and brought up in Kentucky, whither his parents travelled under the guardianship of a hundred armed men, so frequent at that time was the slaughter of emigrants by the red Indians.

HIS CONVERSION

in this wild, far-away region can best be told in his own words:—

In 1801, when I was in my sixteenth year, my father, my eldest half-brother, and myself attended a wedding about five miles from home, where there was a great deal of drinking and dancing, which was very common at marriages in those days. I drank little or nothing; my delight was in dancing. After a late hour in the night we mounted our horses and started for home. I was riding my race-horse.

A few minutes after we had put up the horses, and were sitting by the fire, I began to reflect on the manner in which I had spent the day and evening. I felt guilty and condemned. I rose and walked the floor. My mother was in bed. It seemed to me, all of a sudden, my blood rushed to my head, my heart palpitated, in a few minutes I turned blind; an awful impression rested on my mind that death had come, and I was unprepared to die. I fell on my knees and began to ask God to have mercy on me.

My mother sprang from her bed, and was soon on her knees by my side, praying for me, and exhorting me to look to Christ for mercy, and then and there I promised the Lord that if He would spare me I would seek and serve Him; and I never fully broke that promise. My mother prayed for me a long time. At length we lay down, but there was little sleep for me. Next morning I rose, feeling wretched beyond expression. I tried to read in the Testament, and retired many times to secret prayer through the day, but found no relief. I gave up my race-horse to my father, and requested him to sell him. I went and brought my pack of cards, and gave them to mother, who threw them into the fire, and they were consumed. I fasted, watched, and prayed, and engaged in regular reading of the Testament. I was so distressed and miserable, that I was incapable of any regular business.

My father was greatly distressed on my account, thinking I must die, and he would lose his only son. He bade me retire altogether from business, and take care of myself.

Soon it was noised abroad that I was distracted, and many of my associates in wickedness came to see me, to try and divert my mind from those gloomy thoughts of my wretchedness; but all in vain. I exhorted them to desist from the course of wickedness which we had been guilty of together. The class-leader and local preacher were sent for. They tried to point me to the bleeding Lamb, they prayed for me most fervently. Still I found no comfort, and although I had never believed in the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, I was sorely tempted to believe that I was a reprobate, and doomed, and lost eternally, without any chance of salvation.

At length one day I retired to the horse-lot, and was walking and wringing my hands in great anguish, trying to pray, on the borders of utter despair. It appeared to me that I heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Peter, look at me." A feeling of relief flashed over me as quick as an electric shock. It gave me hopeful feelings, and some encouragement to seek mercy, but still my load of guilt remained. I repaired to the house, and told my mother what had happened to me in the horse-lot. Instantly she seemed to understand it, and told me the Lord had done this to encourage me to hope for mercy, and exhorted me to take encouragement, and seek on, and God would bless me with the pardon of my sins at another time.

Some days after this I retired to a cave on my father's farm to pray in secret. My soul was in an agony; I wept, I prayed, and said, "Now, Lord, if there is mercy for me, let me find it," and it really seemed to me that I could almost lay hold of the Saviour, and realise a reconciled God. All of a sudden such a fear of the devil fell upon me that it really appeared to me that he was surely personally there, to seize and drag me down to hell, soul and body, and such a horror fell on me that I sprang to my feet and ran to my mother at the house. My mother told me this was a device of Satan to prevent me from finding the blessing then. Three months rolled away, and still I did not find the blessing of the pardon of my sins.

At the end of this time a camp-meeting was held near his home.

To this meeting I repaired, a guilty, wretched sinner. On the Saturday evening of said meeting I went, with weeping multitudes, and bowed before the stand, and earnestly prayed for mercy. In the midst of a solemn struggle of soul, an impression was made on my mind as though a voice said to me, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." Divine light flashed all round me, unspeakable joy sprang up in my soul. I rose to my feet, opened my eyes, and it really seemed as if I was in heaven; the trees, the leaves on them, and everything seemed, and I really thought were, praising God. My mother raised the shout, my Christian friends crowded around me, and joined me in praising God; and though I have been since then, in many instances, unfaithful, yet I have never for one moment doubted that the Lord did, then and there, forgive my sins and give me religion.

Our meeting lasted without intermission all night, and it was believed by those who had a very good right to know that over eighty souls were converted to God during its continuance.

It is a remarkable fact that people are, generally speaking, imbued very deeply with the peculiar spirit and principles of the meetings which result in their salvation. Peter Cartwright, converted at a camp-meeting, was never so much at home as when joining in these huge gatherings afterwards. The immense value of these meetings in a thinly populated country, where many lived miles away from the nearest place of worship, and could only meet with any considerable body of Christians upon such an occasion, can be with difficulty realised by us, who are accustomed to such a multitude of chapels and churches everywhere. But the following account will surely set every reader longing for such manifestations of divine power, overwhelming opposition and darkness.

A CAMP-MEETING.

Our last quarterly meeting was a camp-meeting. We had a great many tents and a large turn-out for a new country, and perhaps there never was a greater collection of rabble and rowdies. They came drunk, and armed with dirks, clubs, knives, and horse-whips, and swore they would break up the meeting. After interrupting us very much on Saturday night, they collected early on Sunday morning, determined on a general riot. At eight o'clock I was appointed to preach. About the time I was half through my discourse, two very fine-dressed young men marched into the congregation with loaded whips and hats on, and rose up and stood in the midst of the ladies, and began to laugh and talk. They were near the stand, and I requested them to desist and get off the seats; but they cursed me and told me to mind my own business, and said they would not get down. I stopped trying to preach, and called for a magistrate. There were two at hand, but I saw they were both afraid. I ordered them to take these men into custody, but they said they could not do it. I told them, as I left the stand, to command me to take them, and I would do it at the risk of my life. I advanced towards them. They ordered me to stand off, but I advanced. One of them made a pass at my head with his whip, but I closed with him, and jerked him off the seat. A regular scuffle ensued. The congregation by this time were all in commotion. I heard the magistrates give general orders, commanding all friends of order to aid in suppressing the riot. In the scuffle I threw my prisoner down, and held him fast; he tried his best to get loose; I told him to be quiet, or I would pound his chest well. The mob rose, and rushed to the rescue of the two prisoners, for they had taken the other young man also. An old and drunken magistrate came up to me, and ordered me to let my prisoner go. I told him I should not. He swore if I did not he would knock me down. I told him to crack away. Then one of my friends, at my request, took hold of my prisoner, and the drunken justice made a pass at me, but I parried the stroke, and seized him by the collar and the hair of the head, and fetching him a sudden jerk forward, brought him to the ground, and jumped on him. I told him to be quiet, or I would pound him well. The mob then rushed to the scene; they knocked down seven magistrates, and several preachers and others. I gave up my drunken prisoner to another, and threw myself in front of the friends of order. Just at this moment the ringleader of the mob and I met; he made three passes at me, intending to knock me down. The last time he struck at me, by the force of his own effort he threw the side of his face towards me. It seemed at that moment I had not power to resist temptation, and I struck a sudden blow in the burr of the ear, and dropped him to earth. Just at that moment the friends of order rushed by hundreds on the mob, knocking them down in every direction. In a few minutes the place became too strait for the mob, and they wheeled and fled in every direction; but we secured about thirty prisoners, marched them off to a vacant tent, and put them under guard till Monday morning, when they were tried, and every man was fined to the utmost limits of the law. The aggregate amount of fines and costs was near three hundred dollars. They fined my old drunken magistrate twenty dollars, and returned him to court, and he was cashiered of his office. On Sunday, when we had vanquished the mob, the whole encampment was filled with mourning; and although there was no attempt to resume preaching till evening, yet such was our confused state, that there was not then a single preacher on the ground willing to preach, from the presiding elder, John Sale, down. Seeing we had fallen on evil times, my spirit was stirred within me. I said to the elder, "I feel a clear conscience, for under the necessity of the circumstances we have done right, and now I ask to let me preach."

"Do," said the elder, "for there is no other man on the ground can do it." The encampment was lighted up, the trumpet blown, I rose in the stand, and required every soul to leave the tents and come into the congregation. There was a general rush to the stand. I requested the brethren, if ever they prayed in all their lives, to pray now. My voice was strong and clear, and my preaching was more of an exhortation and encouragement than anything else. My text was, "The gates of hell shall not prevail." In about thirty minutes the power of God fell on the congregation in such a manner as is seldom seen; the people fell in every direction, right and left, front and rear. It was supposed that not less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle; and there was no need of call-

ing mourners, for they were strewed all over the camp ground; loud wailings went up to heaven from sinners for mercy, and a general shout from Christians, so that the noise was heard afar off. Our meeting lasted all night, and Monday and Monday night; and when we closed on Tuesday, there were two hundred who had professed religion and about that number joined the church.

A COW TEACHING THEOLOGY.

OLD Mr. Bunnell was a peculiar man. When a little child he was peculiar. He didn't want to rock, or creep, or walk like other children. He seemed to prefer to creep sideways or backward rather than forward. And when a boy, no play suited him, no plan was exactly right. When other boys wanted to skate he wanted to slide. When they wanted to slide down hill he wanted to run on the ice. When they learned to read in the usual way, he turned his book bottom upwards, and learned to read in that way. Not that he was cross or morose, but peculiar. He wanted everything done his own way. When he became a man, and rode bare-backed when others used the saddle, and milked his cow on the left side instead of the right, and used an ox harnessed with the old horse, why, people said, "Mr. Bunnell is a peculiar man," and let it all pass.

But there were places where he found it hard to travel with other people. Especially was this so on the Sabbath. He never could enjoy the singing in the church, because the choristers always got hold of the wrong tunes; and he could not enjoy the prayers, because they were too long or too short, too abstract or too common. They were always out of joint. If the heathen were prayed for, he thought that the heathen at home might as well be remembered. If the nations were mentioned, he thought the Jews ought to be mentioned by name. In all cases somebody was left out or put into the prayers that ought not to be. He didn't "mean to scold or find fault," he said, but he did "love to have things done right." Poor man! he never had them done right!

But a greater trouble was the preaching. He professed to like his minister, and did like him as well as he could like anybody. But there were awful mistakes in his preaching. Sometimes a most important point, as he thought, was left out. Sometimes things were put in which nobody could understand. Sometimes things almost heretical were broached. What could he do? He gave hints and propounded queries to his minister, and his minister so gently and kindly passed them off that it seemed like pouring water on a duck's back.

At length, when patience seemed about to give out, and when he could stand it no longer, he went over to his neighbour, Deacon Wright, and poured his troubles into his ear. Now Deacon Wright was a quiet man, said but little, but thought more. When he did speak, it was always to the point. He knew all about Mr. Bunnell, had great patience with him, and a great regard for him. He used to say, "Mr. Bunnell loves to growl, but he never really bites."

The deacon was just going out to the barn to fodder his cattle, when Mr. Bunnell came up and bid him "Good morning—if I can call such a cold morning good."

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching. I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow, Thankful—she can teach you theology!"

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see! I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know sticks will get in the hay—and see how she tosses it one side and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and—goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or a weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she too would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, then turned away, saying, "Neighbour, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."

DR. TODD.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"SOME few years since," a lady said, "I was labouring in the East of London, when the dreadful cholera burst upon us with a suddenness and severity that caused us to stagger and be at our wits' end. It carried off whole families before any preparation could be made; in many houses they died as they sank down, before help could reach them! children, motherless, fatherless, or both, were all around; and homes, from which all the children were swept as by a poison-breath, were not uncommon; and, as speedily as possible, special wards were prepared in the hospital."

"We received all that were sent to us, did our best for them by effort and prayer: but they died terribly fast; one-half of all that came perished speedily—no time for thought, no time for prayer or repentance, or seeking peace with God."

"There came to us, among others, one of the fairest girls I ever saw. I have seen female beauty in many lands, but none fairer than this blue-eyed daughter of one of the sunny homes of England. She was dreadfully ill when

she was given to us; and from the first we feared for her, soul and body, when we found that the daughter of beauty was also the daughter of sin and shame.

"I went to her, and kneeling by her bed-side warned her of her dangerous bodily condition, and inquired how it stood with her immortal soul."

"Never, never shall I forget the look of mingled astonishment, fear, and pain that passed over her face as she replied, 'Why do you ask? You do not think it possible that I am going to die, do you? I know I am very ill, but I have never thought of dying yet! I cannot die yet! I am not ready! I want time to think and pray; and I can do neither while in this awful pain!'

"Alas for her! her unreadiness could not, would not save her, or even add one minute to her life, any more than it will to yours! and as I knelt, I implored her to seek mercy and salvation while time was given."

"Do you know what I have been?" she said, hoarsely. "Do you know whence they brought me to lie on this very bed? If I cannot have time to repent, I am lost! lost! lost!"

"Her voice ascended in tone with her

words, until the last one rang out in a shrill scream that caused a shudder in every frame, and a paleness on every cheek within hearing.

"If you are lost you are ready for Jesus," said my fellow-nurse, "for He came to save such; and it is good part of the work done when the soul feels its lost condition, and its need of a Saviour from sin and its doom!"

"I don't mean that," said the girl, "I want to get well and go back. I don't want to repent, or to die, or to have anything to do with religion: it's too late for that! Stoop down, and I'll tell you. I was my mother's only one, her pet, her darling; and when I would come to London to get more money and have more liberty, she warned me and begged me to stay in vain.

"When she heard what had happened to me, it broke her heart; she withered and died. Her death and my shame broke down my poor grey-headed father, he has never been the same since. Often in the night, when I'm sober, I see them both—he suffering and dying: she, where I shall never be! Oh mother! mother!"

"Have you ever sought his forgiveness?" questioned my colleague.

"No, no," she said, "I've never been sober when I could help it! As sure as I became so, I saw my heart-broken, murdered mother!"

"Let us send to your father," said I, "he ought to know where and how you are; tell me his address, and I will telegraph at once."

"Do you think he will forgive me?" she quietly asked.

"I hope and believe so," I replied; "but this I am sure of—if he will not, the dear Saviour will, if you will only ask Him."

"I will wait and hear from my father first," she wearily decided, "then, if he forgives me, I shall have courage to go to Jesus."

"Go to Him first," implored my colleague, "you may wait too long."

"Busily, with constant accessions and changes of the living and dying, passed the day away with us. In the afternoon we received a reply, informing us, 'It was all but impossible for her father to leave his sick bed, but they would cautiously deliver the message, and leave it to himself to decide.' We sent again, that unless he could come at once he would surely be too late; and then I leaned over her, as she was lying all

but unconscious on her bed of death, telling her our reply.

"Raise me up," she said, "he may come! I begin to hope that he will, and that I shall die forgiven." We raised her on the bed, and she sat with a look of the keenest watchfulness upon her face, never taking away her glance from the entrance-door of the ward.

"Shall we pray that he may come, and that you may see him?" asked my colleague, as the night closed in.

"Do you think God will hear for me if you do?" she questioned in reply.

"I am sure He will hear," was the answer; "and if we can ask in faith He will give us a favourable reply."

"Oh, dear friends, that prayer, beginning with the request that the heavenly Father would send the earthly one, ready to forgive and bless; and then entreating, agonising, that the dying girl might be helped to see the loving, blessed Saviour waiting to be gracious, ready to forgive, mighty to save whosoever would come unto Him. Oh! those soft, low tones of earnest pleading, the wrestling faith, that strove for the erring, sinning sister in the darkness of unbelief! She lay and listened—wearily at first, soon interested, then tearful, then with clasped hands and streaming eyes joining softly in the low, earnest cry for mercy that could scarcely be heard at the next bed.

"Read to me of Jesus," she said, "how He pitied and forgave the one that was like me; there may be hope there for me."

"We complied with her desire; and then read to her, softly and slowly, how He suffered and died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, and then we urged her lovingly to trust herself wholly in His hands, and to believe and trust in His will and power to forgive and cleanse.

"Through the night she watched and waited and prayed, until the pearl grey of the morning appeared, and the sweet smell of the hay, as it was conveyed to the early market, ascended through the open windows of the ward. The light increased, and the bustle of the morning became plainer without; still she watched and waited and prayed, until, softly calling me to her, she said, 'That she felt she was forgiven, and that her father would come and forgive her before she died.'

"Hour after hour passed away, the great clock in front of the building

marking their passage; and still she watched and waited and prayed. But her strength was well-nigh gone, her bright eyes were dimming, and her tones fainter and lower as the hours passed away; and we knew that unless his coming was very speedy, her wish could not be fulfilled. So we prayed earnestly together, my colleague and I and the dying girl, that strength might be given to watch and wait until he came.

"And it was so. While I was holding her I saw the dying eyes brighten, I felt strength reanimate the frame, as an old man tottered and staggered into the ward, supported by two friends who had travelled to London with him.

"He came to the bedside and sank upon it for a moment, then raised himself, and received his dying child in his arms. She looked into the tear-stained, convulsed face with unutterable entreaty, and murmured, 'At last, at last! Father, father, forgive and bless me before I die!'

"He had no words wherewith to comply; but he bent down over her and kissed her—oh! so lovingly and forgivingly—again and again. One quivering prayerful spasm of the lips, one last long look of love, one long-drawn sigh of supreme contentment and rest, was the last of earth and, we humbly hoped, the prelude and the first of heaven."

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him: seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

A CONTEMPTIBLE CAREER.

How utterly contemptible in the sight of the great men of the world would the earthly career of Jesus Christ seem to be. Of lowly birth, a dweller in poor despised Nazareth, a carpenter's son, without the prestige of education, with no political influence or office, with no ecclesiastical standing or position, wearing no titles of dignity, having no recognition, either from church or state, without wealth or honours, or friends or high position, what could have been the current estimate of His character?

The style and impress of His teaching tells of His low estate. Not only His sympathy with the poor, but His parables and illustrations; His talk of putting new pieces into old garments, and

new wine into old bottles, and of sweeping the house to find the silver that was lost, as well as His contentment with the poorest fare and the humblest conditions; all testify how truly He had condescended to men of low estate, and took upon Him the likeness of a servant. And so, clad in the seamless garment, weary and worn, and sometimes sad, He went about doing good.

His friends were largely from among the fishermen and publicans; He was inured to toils and hardships; more uncertain in His abiding places than the foxes on the hills, or the birds that winged the air; honoured by a few disciples, who were themselves unlearned and ignorant, and sometimes disputatious and self-conceited; neglected by those of wealth and high position, while fallen and degraded ones shed their tears upon His feet, is it any wonder that, in the presence of men of eminent dignity, spotless reputation, and typical orthodoxy, He should have been regarded as a wandering fanatic, who, by turns, had the name of being a glutton, a wine-bibber, a mover of sedition, a blasphemer, a madman, and a demoniac? And who can say, if he should appear to-day in the same garb and guise that He then wore, that His reception would be more courteous or cordial?

Those who esteem men on account of position could see nothing in Him that they should desire; those whose estimate is gauged by the applause of the great would take no note of the wayfarer preacher, who was unrecognised and unindorsed; those who pride themselves in the forms of human learning, while they are ignorant of the essential wisdom that cometh from God, would see in Him nothing worthy of their regard; those who cling to established institutions, traditional usages, and the ordinances of men, would look upon Him as some unpopular reformer or fanatical fault-finder; and those who estimate men according to the wealth which they have acquired or inherited, would see nothing to attract them in the life of Him who was cradled in a wayside manger, and who, at the end of a life of poverty and toil, was buried in a stranger's grave.

Such would be the world's estimate of Jesus Christ; thus they estimated Him when on earth; and, though now His name has won the honour of the ages, still His unknown and despised

disciples find that the servant is not yet above His Lord.

But the scene changes. Rising above the clouds and mists of earthly misapprehension, and glancing through the everlasting gates that open to receive the King of glory, we see, amid adoring angels and flaming seraphim, Jesus crowned with glory and honour, sitting at the right hand of God. His sorrows and His tears are past; the world's estimate of Him is rectified, and God hath said, "Let all the angels worship Him."

Enthroned at God's right hand, far above angels, and principalities, and powers, and every name that is named both in this world and that which is to come, He waits expecting until his foes be made His footstool, and until He, victorious over all the earth, shall be crowned King and Conqueror and Lord of all. And cannot we who share His sorrow and partake His tears—who bear His cross and endure His reproach—who are like Him despised, rejected, neglected, forgotten, and unknown, take heart and be of good cheer, knowing that whatever reproach or scorn may befall us here, "if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

But when that morning of eternal redemption shall break, when tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and therebuke of all His people shall be forever removed; when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and songs and everlasting joy shall crown the heads of the ransomed of the Lord as they shall return and come to Zion, how light will our afflictions seem compared with that fulness of eternal glory which shall dawn upon the ransomed Church of God—a morn that knows no shadow—a sun that shall no more go down.

Oh, 'twill be a glorious morn
To a dark and cloudy day;
We shall recollect our sorrow
Like the streams that pass away.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

IN his life of Gideon Ousley, Mr. Arthur tells of a time when he attempted to preach in the street at Eniscorthy on a market day. He was soon surrounded by a dangerously excited crowd, urged on by leaders whose craft was in danger, and requiring the wisdom of the serpent to allay their prejudices and quiet their tumult.

Before many sentences had been uttered, missiles began to fly—at first, not of a very destructive character, being refuse vegetables, turnips, &c., but before long harder materials were thrown—brickbats and stones, some of which reached him and inflicted slight wounds. He stopped, and, after a pause, cried out:—

"Boys, dear, what is the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?"

"We don't want to hear a word out of your old head," was the prompt reply from one in the crowd.

"But I want to tell you what I think you would like to hear."

"No, we'll like nothing you can tell us."

"How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love?"

"Who's that?"

"The blessed Virgin."

"Och! and what do you know about the blessed Virgin?"

"More than you think; and I am sure you will be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you'll only listen to me."

"Come, then," said another voice, "let us hear what he has to say about the Holy Mother."

Here was a lull, and the missionary began:—

"There was once a young couple to be married, belonging to a little town called Cana. It's away in that country where our blessed Saviour spent a great part of his life among us; and the decent people whose children were to be married thought it right to invite the blessed Virgin to the wedding feast, and her blessed Son too, and some of His disciples; and they all thought it right to come. As they sat at the table, the Virgin Mother thought she saw that the wine provided for the entertainment began to run short, and she was troubled lest the decent young people should be shamed before their neighbours; so she whispered to her blessed Son: 'They have no wine.' 'Don't let that trouble you, ma'am,' said He. And in a minute or two after, she, knowing well what was in His good heart, said to one of the servants that was passing behind them: '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*' Accordingly, by-and-by, our blessed Lord said to another of them—I suppose they had passed the word among themselves—'Fill those large water-pots with water.' There were six of them

DEATH-BED SONG.

EARTH with its vanities no more
Shall pain my wearied eyes;
I leave my prison for my home,
A mansion in the skies.
Though death extends his icy hand,
No terror doth he bring;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Weep not, my friends, nor mourn for me,
But stay the falling tear;
The righteous in his death has hope,
He has no cause to fear.
List and my feeble death-bed song
Shall make my chamber ring;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Through fields of love and light and joy
Untiring I shall roam,
Until I see the pearly gates
Of my eternal home.
Angels shall roll the portals back—
And I in glory sing,
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

THE BLOOD-SPRINKLING.

(HEBREWS xii. 24.)

By Rev. J. GUTHRIE, D.D.

BLOOD of sprinkling! healing tide,
Life and peace bestowing;
From its fount in Jesus' side
Full and ever flowing;
Like the stream in Horeb, struck
From the cleft and living rock,
On it flows and flows for me,
Ever near and ever free.

Heart of Jesus! pierced for me,
Pledge of sins forgiven,
Mirrored in Thy fount I see
All the smiles of Heaven.
Thence when sin has stung my soul
Flows the balm that makes me whole
Life to God, and death to sin,
Peace without, and peace within.

Every rival I dethrone,
Every tie dissever:
Lamb of God! reign Thou alone
In my heart for ever.
Wash it clean from every stain,
Cool its fever, soothe its pain,
Chase its gloom, and clear its way
Onward to the perfect day.

standing in the corner of the room, and they held nearly three gallons apiece, for the people of those countries use a great deal of water every day. And, remembering the words of the Holy Virgin, they did His bidding, and came back and said: 'Sir, they are full to the brim.' 'Take some, then, to the master, at the head of the table,' He said. And they did so, and the master tasted it, and, lo and behold you, it was wine, and the best of wine too! And there was plenty of it for the feast, ay, and it may be some left to help the young couple setting up house-keeping. And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing what she bid them.

"Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us: '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it;*' and with good reason, too, for well she knows there is nothing but love in His heart to us, and nothing but wisdom comes from His lips. And now I will tell you some of the things He says to us. He says: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.'" And straightway the preacher briefly, but clearly and forcibly, expounded the nature of the gate of life, its straitness, and the dread necessity for pressing into it, winding up with the Virgin's counsel: '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*' In like manner he explained, and pressed upon his hearers, some other of the weighty words of our Divine Lord—"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" and, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me"—enforcing his exhortation in each instance by the Virgin's counsel to the servants of Cana. "But, no," at last he broke forth, "no, with all the love and reverence you pretend for the blessed Virgin, you won't take her advice, but will listen willingly to any drunken schoolmaster that will wheedle you into a public-house, and put mischief and wickedness into your heads." Here he was interrupted by a voice, which seemed to be that of an old man, exclaiming: "True for ye, true for ye! If ye were telling lies all the days of your life, it's the truth you're tellin' now." And so the preacher got leave to finish his discourse, with not a little good effect.

WARNING VOICES.

DURING a season of religious awakening and reformation in the village of B—, about the year 1869, there lived in one house two young couples, who had just started in the common pursuits of this life, buoyant, ambitious, and hopeful.

The Lord wrought deep conviction in the hearts of many, and a goodly number submitted to Christ, and became obedient, faithful Christians. These two men and their companions were among the awakened. They read their bibles, talked of Christ and their duties, attended the meetings, prayed in secret, and were very serious. One of them, with his wife, concluded to forsake all for Christ and eternal life. They yielded to the Spirit's power, found peace in Christ, and the joyful hope of eternal life; and have ever since been among the devoted workers in the Master's vineyard.

The other couple decided not to submit to Christ then, but to seek the pleasures of this world a little longer, and then obey the Lord. They resisted the Spirit, and stifled the convictions of their duty to God and His truth; abandoned the meetings, and sought the society of the proud, and the vain amusements of popular society. The husband soon became the master of a vessel sailing on the coast of New England, and became deeply immersed in business. With unusual ambition and impetuosity all his energies were devoted to getting money; his wife accompanying him on his voyages and aiding his efforts. But the voice of the Lord followed them from port to port, and so troubled their consciences that they often made vows to Him, which they as often broke. They gathered money, yet frequent calamities warned them of the Lord's displeasure, and urged them to think of the command to seek "durable riches." They still refused. On one voyage a steamer struck their vessel and did much damage, yet their lives were spared. They repaired damages and made another trip, sold the cargo, got their money collected and into their cabin, when a band of masked ruffians broke in upon them and took the money and everything else of value from them. But this did not turn them to Christ. Another voyage was projected; and while taking in the cargo, Captain K— fell, and so disabled both feet and legs that he was unable to sail. They pro-

cured another master to go, and the ship and cargo were burned at sea, while the seamen escaped. This also failed to bring Captain K— and wife to Christ. Another vessel was chartered; before Captain K— could walk, his cargo was ready; he was carried on board to take command, and sailed to New Jersey with his wife. They encountered a gale and "troubled sea" in March, 1875, and were driven upon the rocks off Bluff Island; the vessel and cargo were lost, the crew saved miraculously, but Captain K— and wife were washed from the deck and found a grave in the deep, in the presence of the rescued crew who had reached the shore, but could render no assistance to these victims who had resisted so many warning voices of the Lord, and who were now suddenly cut off in their sins.

Years have passed away since these two married couples felt the conviction of their duty to believe in and follow Christ, and united in searching the Scriptures, and in conversation about securing eternal life. One couple decided to have what they could of this world first, and spend their years in pride and vanity, in toil and calamity, in remorse and fear, and ended their course in darkness. The other couple found Christ their Saviour, entered gladly into His service, and have spent their years in peace and joy, and hope of life eternal in the world to come. They find "durable riches" in Christ, and the Holy Spirit gives them joys unutterable while they toil for the salvation of sinners. Reader, will not you make the wise choice, and do it now? Jesus urges this decision upon you. Delay not, but come while you may.

I. C. W.

THE DEVIL'S GOSPEL.

"Ye shall not surely die."—GEN. iii. 4.

THE devil has a gospel which millions eagerly drink in.

It is more ancient than the apostles.

It is more taking than the truth, and many professed ministers of Christ accept and proclaim it.

But it is a gospel of lies.

I.—WHAT DOES IT TEACH?

1. Suspicion of God. He is a hard master, who wishes to mislead and dominate over us.

2. Disobedience to Him. Since He is not to be trusted we must pay no attention to His orders; but look after our own interests.

3. Hatred of His presence. It is natural that we should detest His company when we are doubtful of His intentions and resolve to disobey Him.

II.—WHAT ARE ITS EFFECTS?

1. To comfort the wicked, since it makes the loss of God's favour nothing.

2. To encourage men to sin more, since they have nothing to fear.

3. To prevent repentance, seeing that nothing is to be gained by repenting, and nothing to be lost by continuing in sin.

III.—WHAT IS THE END OF ITS BELIEVERS?

1. Separation from God, who will not force His company on any one. This is death everlasting.

2. Shameful nakedness. In life bereft of God, in death, losing all else, ashamed and confounded for ever.

3. Eternal anguish, disappointment, disgrace, remorse, corruption, horror, dread, a thousand deaths.

THE STORM-CIRCLED SHIP.

"I SHOULD like to tell you some of my experience," said Captain C., as the writer walked with him towards his home near one of the villages on the coast of Maine, from which he had been for some time absent on a voyage whence he had just returned. "We sailed from the Kennebec on October 1, 1876. There had been several severe gales, and some of my friends thought it hardly safe to go! but after considerable prayer I concluded it was right to undertake the voyage. On October 19 we were about 150 miles west of the Bahamas, and we encountered very disagreeable weather. For five or six days we seemed held by shifting currents, or some unknown power, in about the same place. We would think we had sailed thirty or forty miles, when, on taking our observations, we would find we were within three or four miles of our position the day before. This circumstance occurring repeatedly proved a trial to my faith, and I said within my heart, 'Lord, why are we so hindered, and kept in this position?' Day after day

we were held as if by an unseen force, until at length a change took place, and we went on our way. Reaching our port they inquired, 'Where have you been through the gale?' 'What gale?' we asked. 'We have seen no gale.' We then learned that a terrible hurricane had swept through that region, and that all was desolation. We afterwards learned that this hurricane had swept *around us*, and had almost formed a circle around the place occupied by us during the storm. A hundred miles in one direction all was wreck and ruin, fifty miles in the opposite direction all was desolation; and while that storm was raging in all its fury, we were held in perfect safety, in quiet waters, and in continual anxiety to change our position and pursue our voyage. *One day of ordinary sailing would have brought us into the track of the storm*, and sent us to the bottom of the sea. We were anxious to sail on, but some unseen power held us where we were, and we escaped."

Such was the godly captain's story. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

THE LAST CALL.

IN a little village chapel, amongst a crowd of worshippers, one Sunday evening, sat a young man who had often been urged to give God his heart, but who had persisted in delay. Whilst others that evening hastened to cast themselves at the feet of Jesus, and sue for mercy, this young man still hardened his heart.

"There is a young man here," said the preacher, "I feel convinced, who is receiving his last warning; and if he does not repent and seek the Lord tonight he will be lost for ever."

The prediction received, alas! only too sudden a fulfilment. The careless one went away unchanged, and commenced work as usual the next morning in a chalk pit. He had not been there long before a mass of earth fell in upon him. When they dug him out his watch was still ticking, and he had received no bodily wound, but his heart had ceased to beat, and his soul was fled into eternity.

Conviction stifled; life crushed out; everlasting ruin complete.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE ceaseless round of services kept up, and ever and anon increased as our forces grow at times, present little novelty to call for remark, though their constant continuance and the freshness and vitality so evident in connection with them all are indeed remarkable. But now and then the recurrence of some national holiday or festival affords our people an opportunity to come out in some special way, and to demonstrate at once the hold God has upon them, and the hold they have upon the populations around. Such has been the case everywhere during the Easter holidays. From Middlesbro', Hartlepool, and Stockton especially, Mr. Bramwell Booth brings us tidings of marvellous gatherings and of signs and wonders wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost.

The death of Sister Anderson, of Barking, the first evangelist of the Mission, who has passed away to the everlasting reward while actually engaged in the work, would have thrown some gloom over the month were it not that we cannot see the darkness or mourn over our loss amidst the glory of her departure after years of faithful service below to the brighter company, amongst whom she has now taken her stand for ever. Female ministry, despised and rejected on earth, is enthroned in heaven.

FUNERAL OF SISTER ANDERSON.

The town of Barking has perhaps scarcely ever witnessed such a funeral as that which took place on Wednesday, April 19, 1877. Not that the gaudy trappings of the undertaker and the splendour of rich men's equipages were there. It was only a poor woman who was gone; but the love of God had made her last three years radiant and blessed indeed—had endeared her to thousands of hearts, and had secured even for her exhausted body funeral honours which the rich might covet in vain.

Numbers of Mission friends from various stations had sacrificed some portion of their day's work to be present, and filled the hall for prayer before starting for the grave. "I expect my foreman will send me home to-morrow," said one brother, who had pressed for leave and got it, though the foreman said he had just let two others off. Work or no work, the bands of heaven were stronger than those of earth.

One of our sister's dearest earthly wishes had been that she might have a Mission funeral, for she was a Mission woman to the backbone. Her friends from Southend had therefore consented to her interment at Barking, and in deference to their wishes we abstained from singing as we

followed the coffin from the house to the church. Nevertheless, the long procession, wending its silent way along the streets, seemed to strike all the people with astonishment and awe. The pavements and the church pathways were all lined with such a concourse of people as Barking has not mustered in any recent time before, and several policemen were required to preserve an open space in the centre of the great multitude who gathered round the grave. One who was present calculated that at least one-fourth of the adult population of the town was there.

It was sad indeed to have to turn away from such a congregation without preaching to them; but in the absence of a thorough-going Burials Act, we had to be grateful for the kind permission granted us to sing a favourite hymn. None of us will ever forget how that churchyard was filled with the sounds of that cherished verse—

Though often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
Oh! let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil, and care, and pain.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

A few words of earnest exhortation to all present to press forward through the strait gate and the narrow way to that rest and we left the graveyard to recommence our labours in the town. Marching through the principal streets we commenced an open air service in the Broadway, which was continued until tea-time, and then re-opened.

In the evening the Rev. W. Booth preached a funeral sermon in the Town Hall, which was crowded to excess, many being unable to gain admission. The excessive heat of the place greatly interfered with the immediate effect of the service, we have no doubt, but did not prevent the arrows of conviction from sinking deep into many a guilty soul.

We were interested to notice that in the afternoon almost every one present was so hoarse as to speak with difficulty, their voices having already been exhausted by open-air efforts during the prevalent east winds. Sister Anderson has left behind her successors who will press forward to death in the path she trod. Her life we will speak of more at length next month.

VOLUNTEERS, TO THE RESCUE!

WHEREAS a number of our fellow-men are in darkness, under the shadow of death, cut off by their sins from God and His people, and whereas those who are thus in the bondage of iniquity have no power to escape themselves—

WANTED!

Men, women, and children who will spend all their strength and life in struggling to reach with the bread of life these famished prisoners, and bring them forth to the light.

WHITECHAPEL.

It has been well said "that each victory will help you some others to win." The conversion of some of the worst sinners in London is cheering our hearts, and spurring us on to work harder than ever for the salvation of the outcast. Crowds are daily listening to the Word of Life, and as with open doors we offer the bread that satisfies the perishing souls of men, many step into our noon-day prayer meeting and give signs of genuine repentance and true conversion.

"YOU'VE CAUGHT ME AT LAST"

said a converted farrier who got saved at one of our week-night services. For more than two years he had been seen standing at the porch, hearing of Jesus, and had often been convicted of sin, but would not surrender; but the Lord broke his heart at last, and saved him out and out. The devil has tried his utmost to upset him by setting his fellow-workmen to sneer and persecute, but the Lord enables him to stand his ground. When speaking one night in the porch, he said, "I see there are some here who know me well. You all know what I used to be, and what I am now, and I ask you, Is there not a difference? If He can save me He can save you. I used to stand in the crowd with you, but I have changed sides now." Since this marvellous change has taken place his wife has joined him on the way to heaven, and both are pressing forward rejoicing.

A YOUNG SAILOR,

who thought that he could manage to come in and out of the meetings without being laid hold of by the power of God, was brought to his knees, after listening to the word spoken by Bro. Railton. Though but a recruit he has made a brave soldier for Christ, and has stood up nobly to testify for his Captain. We are sorry that he has had to go back to sea, but the Master will doubtless be with him.

ANOTHER SEAMAN

who had been flogged severely by his conscience for running away from Christ has come back to the fold. When giving his experience he spoke of a mother's prayer having followed him all over the world. Many times he had been deeply wrought upon while listening to the Rev. Wm. Taylor, in India. The Lord has evidently turned the lion into a lamb, for he seems as humble as

a child, yet is not backward in recommending Christ to others.

CAUGHT IN THE PORCH.

A dear man and his wife the other night stopped to listen a minute at the gates, were interested, and came inside at eight o'clock. They had been down Whitechapel, marketing, but Jesus spoke to both their hearts. A short time back God took to himself one of their children, and now they have willingly given themselves to be His servants. About a fortnight after this he saw that the taking his half-pint of beer often led him into temptation and so he gave that up at once and signed the pledge; then he heard, soon after, another brother speak of having given up his pipe: at once he began to examine himself, and at the end of the second month had given up his pipe for Jesus. Already both man and wife have taken their stand for the Master. May God keep them.

"NEVER DREAMT OF BEING SAVED."

So said a big, strong man, when telling the people what God had done for his soul. He said, "I saw the crowd round the door and came to see what was up, thought I would come in and see what was going on inside, and there the Lord laid hold of my heart, and I have given myself to Him and am a better man in every respect. I have good friends who wished me well, but I would seelife. I have travelled many a mile to find happiness and have served the devil faithfully for many years, but I was never really happy till now."

We could give more cases to show that God is working in our midst. The devil often tries to upset our meetings, and sets the worst of men and women to do his dirty work, but Jesus always brings us through, and often the tide turns in our favour and those who come to scoff remain to pray.

Funds and tracts greatly needed.

W. J. PEARSON.

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

BARKING.

"Lift up thy voice with strength—lift it up, be not afraid, say unto the cities of Judah, 'behold your God.'"

SINCE our last we have been enabled to open cottage meetings, which are well attended by the neighbours, some of whom never go to any place of worship, and our Jesus has proved in many

instances that He is mighty to save to the very uttermost.

A NAVY AND HIS WIFE.

He had been forty years in the service of the devil, and a very decided enemy to the Cross of Christ, using all his powers to keep his daughters from coming to the hall; but God in love laid him aside by an accident, which gave him time to think of the salvation he had hitherto neglected. When he got better he came to see what sort of people we were, and determined to lead a new life; but resolution was of no avail. Week after week he went about hewing out for himself broken cisterns that would hold no water, until at length he came to the Fountain of living water. It was a blessed sight to see father, mother, and daughters, seeking the Saviour together.

At one of our meetings our brother said, "Before I got this religion I used to go home and kick up a row with my old Betty if everything was not right; but now God has given me His grace, I have *lost* my temper, my wife is glad to see me, and the children meet me with a smile—they say they have got a new father, the wife a new husband, and thank God He has converted us all." They have opened their house for Christian mission services.

A SHIP FIREMAN

and his wife came to reside with one of our members while the ship to which he belonged was being repaired. He was attracted by our singing in the street, and persuaded to come to the hall. He attended the services regularly sometime, till Mr. Railton brought good news from the sea, when he with his wife was led to take our glorious Captain for his own, to sail hereafter under the grand old flag of the cross, and to lay his body and soul a willing sacrifice at the feet of Jesus.

"I AM THE WORST OF THE WORST."

This was the description a woman gave of herself at a band meeting. She said, "I have been the greatest wretch and the worst drunkard in Barking. I continually came to the hall in the most disgraceful state on purpose to make game, till one night I heard what spoilt my game. The word of God reached my heart and made me tremble and weep. Night after night I could not sleep, my sin weighed me down—

"My conscience felt and owned my guilt, And plunged me in despair.

Till at last I resolved to come to Christ and get a new heart." Her friends, who before had threatened to turn her out of doors, she was such a dreadful character, now that she got converted and constantly sang and prayed, *did turn her out*, and now she is living for Jesus.

A BACKSLIDER AND HIS WIFE.

On my visitation I called to see him, but he refused to see me, and said he did not want to see me any more; but he could not stay away from the hall. He and his wife came again. He was in such trouble he could not sit still. He went out to go home, but when he went downstairs he was tempted to destroy himself. He walked over the gates—he hesitated, and the Spirit of God turned him round, and he came back again, and he and his wife gave themselves up to God.

ANOTHER NAVY

and his wife. This dear brother was a moral man, and did not see the need of a Saviour and a change of heart, till his wife was laid on a bed of affliction, when God in mercy used me in pointing her to the Saviour. On her recovering she came and joined us, and for some time had a struggle with her husband. At last God broke him down in the hall, and now he is a saved man. Praise the Lord!

Yours in the vineyard,

E. W. BLANDY.

Axe Street, Barking.

LEICESTER.

"The devil's kingdom had a blow.

Glory! Hallelujah!

The arm of God will bring it low.

Sing, Glory! Hallelujah!"

A WIFE-BEATER.

A MAN said, "One night I came to this place" (meaning the Warehouse) "to see what was going on, but I found Christ here. I had been a drunkard, a swearer, and a wife-beater, but now I feel God has forgiven me."

A BANJO-PLAYER.

"My mates wanted to know if I was going to the 'Salvation Hospital.' I said, 'Yes. Thank God I ever went there. I got my soul healed there.' It's a great mercy I am here to-night, friends. I used to attend the public-house, the theatre, the music-hall, with my face blacked to amuse the company; but in the 'Salvation Warehouse' Christ met me and saved me. Hallelujah!"

A DOG-FANCIER
came into the meeting with his dog in his arms one night, when we were announcing the gipsy services, and heard us say the gipsies had been man-fighters, and one a fiddler, but he now used the fiddle for Jesus; and that the gipsy said the Lord converted him, but *he* converted the fiddle, and now he called it the "hallelujah fiddle." This went to the man's heart, and he said to us when we came out, "My dog is to be a hallelujah dog. If the gipsies have a hallelujah fiddle, I shall have a hallelujah dog, and he shall be converted, and saved from the rat pits." On Sunday, April 1st, he came forward at the close of the gipsies' service and found peace. He told us it was a first-rate April fool's day to him. The gipsies had given him the straight tip, and now he was a fool for Jesus. He had saved a sovereign to go to Northampton races but through his conversion would keep the pound for a better use. One of his mates knelt by his side at the penitent form, and said, "Now I am going to renounce the devil and all his works, and go with the hallelujah dog-man to glory."

A DRUNKEN HORSE-DEALER
had had no peace for some time. At the commencement of this work his wife and her sister—two gipsy women—found peace together side by side in the Crafton Street Room. They then began to pray for their friends. God heard prayer, and several have been brought to Jesus, but the drunken horse-dealer almost broke the heart of his praying wife and sister. He got drunk to drown conviction, and one day, when in drink, told me he had pawned nearly all he had for drink. But one night God broke him right down; and when sinners were invited to the penitent-form, he said, "Shall I do? Can you do anything with me?" We told him the Lord could manage him. He was made happy, and his wife tells us these are the happiest days of their lives. Her husband had not prayed before for twenty-six years, but now they kneel together at the throne of grace.

One night a dear fellow came forward with

A BLACK EYE,
and sobbed out, "This has been the unhappiest day of my life;" and looked as unhappy as it is possible to be out of hell; but he said he would give up drinking, swearing, and fighting. Then

the Lord took him in. He shouted out, "I do believe it! I am saved!"

THE REAL OLD STYLE
of conversion. This dear man was so smitten with conviction that his cries for mercy could be heard all over the "Warehouse." He cried out, "Oh, Lord, save me! Lord, save me! Do save me! I am such a sinner!" The Lord heard, and spoke peace to his heart. The man began to jump for joy, and, startling those around him, he shouted out, "I've got Him! I've got Him! I am sure I've got Him! I am saved! The job is done! I didn't think it was like this! I've got Him, and I'll stick to Him now."

A TERROR TO THE ALLEY.
This man received an arrow the first Sunday the gipsies were here. He went home, but could not sleep. He said God let him see his sins, and hauled him over on his bed; and he saw his coffin and the white fringe. He felt the death sweats and chills of the river all over his body, and was obliged to pray in the night, but got nothing bettered. He was under conviction nearly a week, and then he broke down before all the people, and groaned out so that folks rushed from the far end of the "Warehouse" to see what was up. He cried, "Oh, Lord, I will give thee my heart to-night! Have mercy upon me!" The Lord met him; and, springing to his feet and clapping his hands, he turned to the people, and said: "I do believe! The Lord does save me!"

'Praise God for what He has done for me,
Once I was blind, but now I see,' &c.
I will trust Him now until the end.
Hallelujah!"

Besides the above, we have had several couples—men and their wives, and young men and their sweethearts; and in the various services,

SIX GIPSIES
have professed to find peace, and told us they would live Christ in all they did. Another man said, "I have been

AN AWFUL SWEARER!
Swearing and drink were my great snares, but the Lord saved me in the 'Warehouse,' and now I can give up all."

AS BAD AS THE DEVIL.
One night a man would be first in the singing, and repeat the words again and again; and struck up singing at the close of the prayer. We had to request him to allow us to lead the meeting, and

prayed God to lay hold of the man. God heard prayer, and the unclean spirit came out of him. He said, "Sir, I have been as bad as the devil, and I felt if I did not find peace to-night I never should."

THE OPEN AIR
is our great battle-ground, and our processions seem to move the town. Crowds of people very often await our arrival; and men who feel themselves sinners of the deepest dye stop to listen, and thousands follow to the Warehouse. Sometimes we have 2,000 folks packed together to hear the Gospel. Some of the gas-men have got saved; and out of love to the work, on Good Friday and Easter week they sent us a large boiler, and the men managed it for us free of cost. Another friend has sent us a clock for the Warehouse. May the Lord repay them. We need further help in money and tracts.

CORBRIDGE & RUSSELL,
48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

LIMEHOUSE.

"BEHOLD the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear."

The Lord He is hearing and saving many in Limehouse. Good Friday was a time of refreshing. We commenced with a prayer meeting at 6 a.m., then in strong force in the open-air, back again to the hall, where we had a red-hot love-feast for body and soul at 7.30—hot cross buns and tea for the body and God's rich blessing for the soul. One man got saved from 55 years' sins, and testified for Christ with tears flowing freely. "I don't know why I did come in, but I am glad I did, for the Lord has saved my soul," was the remark he made. At 3.30 we began again; and took tea together at 5; public meeting at 7; hall near full; many of our own people testified it was the best Good Friday they had ever seen. At the close, three dear men came seeking the Saviour.

Also Easter Sunday, though very wet, God was with us, and souls were washed in the blood of the Lamb.

April 5th, before the believers' meeting at our open-air stand, the power of God came down, and many were convinced. We invited the anxious to come to the hall, and three men and two women wept their way to Calvary. On Sunday

night a brother was convinced of sin in the open-air, came to the hall, and stayed during the service. Before we had done singing

"Just as I am Thou wilt receive," &c.
he came to the front and threw himself at the feet of Jesus; he was dressed in white, but the dear Lord soon made him whiter inside than he was out.

Four others followed him and got blessedly saved. One was a lady 74 years of age, who said she had been a member with the — for many years, but not saved; may each of them be kept faithful to the end.—Yours at the Master's feet,

F. LEWINGTON.

10, Clemence Street,
Burdett Road, E.

HACKNEY.

THE fight with sin, the world, careless Godless man, and the devil, still wages here. Our brethren and sisters stand day by day with their face to the foe, boldly doing battle with the powers of darkness, and, thank God, are enabled by His power to snatch some as brands from the burning.

Brother Jones has gone from the field to his eternal reward at the King's right hand. On March 11th I preached his funeral sermon, and the power of God rested upon the people. While we sang several fell before the Lord, and nine professed faith in Jesus for salvation. It was a time of sorrow turned into joy. One of these was a woman who had resolved to destroy herself, but Jesus lives to save.

A PRODIGAL.

This young man had just reached London, having tramped from Liverpool. He saw us in the street, followed to the Hall, and after the speaking tried to leave, but God's spirit had taken hold of him, and soon he was crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Hallelujah!

EASTER SUNDAY

was a good day. Miss Stride commenced to labour with us for a season. At night ten souls stepped into life; one African, two Germans, and one from Spain proved the promise "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Among the others was a middle-aged man, who said that *he had never prayed before*. The next day he was not only praying, but testifying for Jesus in the streets.

On Easter Monday we conducted open-air services, then took tea together at

five o'clock, after which a public service, closing with souls seeking the Saviour.

Thanks for those welcome tracts.
Yours, in the Master's name,
ELIJAH CADMAN.

3, Havelock Street,
Well Street, Hackney.

HAMMERSMITH.

"Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

And we have *our* share. Yelling boys, hooting crowds, sneers and scoffs, and now the very police seem bent on joining hands to stay the ever-increasing volume of testimony to the power of our Jesus to save all who will come unto Him. But in spite of all, "Forward" is still the watchword.

By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow.

On Good Friday, soon after beginning one of the meetings in the open air, a policeman appeared and bade us "move on." Immediately we set our band in motion, but had hardly gone many yards when he took me

INTO CUSTODY,

and marched me through the streets to the police station. However, they did not keep me long. Meantime the meeting had gone forward with a constantly increasing crowd, and now we sang together to the Hall. Mr. Booth led the meeting after tea, and souls were crying for mercy.

A PHOTOGRAPHER

came into the Hall on Saturday evening, and his eye caught the motto, "Where will you spend eternity?" This went to his heart, he began to think, and then to pray, and soon was rejoicing in God as a Saviour. He said afterwards, "I won't go out to-morrow to take pictures. I give up all for Jesus."

On Sunday, April 8th, Philip Phillips, "THE SINGING PILGRIM,"

gave us a song sermon at the Town Hall, which was crowded, and seven precious souls began to sing a new song, even praise unto our God.

Among those who have been saved are two Cornishmen, and we shall never forget their rapture when God pardoned them. They shouted aloud for joy. Hallelujah!

Thus the Lord continues to work in our midst. A gentleman who had been to one of our Sunday evening services,

met me in the street the next day, and said, "You mission people are doing a grand work in Hammersmith. I looked around and I could see numbers whom I used to know, who lived reckless lives, now walking in the fear of the Lord." Pray and believe for this station.

Yours, in the fight of faith,
J. P. GRAY.

EAST HARTLEPOOL.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—*Matt. i. 21.*

WE have been realising the truth of this blessed promise. The good Lord has been pouring out His Spirit upon us. Sinners have been pardoned and God's own children have been quickened and sanctified. Some cases of conversion are very interesting. A dear intelligent man, who every one thought a Christian, came to the services night after night. He trembled and wept, and refused to be comforted. He was afraid to witness for Christ by coming to the penitent-form, till on Sunday night the Spirit so powerfully worked upon him that he leaped over two or three forms right away, and there threw himself into the arms of Jesus, losing all his sins and doubts and fears. His testimony is, "Thank God for The Christian Mission! I thought I was saved before, but I was not; thank God I am now."

AFRAID TO SLEEP.

"They said I was a coward," said another man, "and so I was. I dare not go to bed. I had to leave my home and walk the Town's Moor all night, fearing I might close my eyes in sleep and awake up in hell; but, praise the Lord, He has shed His love abroad in my heart—this perfect love, which casteth out fear. You, my old companions, know what I have been; what fears I had; but Jesus has scattered them all, and what I say to you is, 'Come and try. Come and try.'"

A sailor came weeping on account of his sins, and said, "I have found a place for my sins and for all my afflictions in the open side of my crucified Lord, and it is there I will always abide and never one moment depart. I am going to sail to the Baltic, and Jesus is going with me. I will tell all my mates about Him." I furnished this dear man with a bundle of tracts and books. May God make them a blessing!

One of the most blessed times I ever enjoyed in visiting was spent with a dear woman who attended some services conducted here by Mr. and Mrs. Booth some years back, and was saved through grace divine, but, like many of the Lord's people, was troubled by doubts and fears. She spoke of these to me, and I told her she had no business with them, and then explained to her the glory of a full salvation. We then proceeded to pray; there were seven or eight present. She obtained the blessing of a pure heart, and at once commenced telling her friends and neighbours what she had found. The fear of death which she had so long was taken away. To all she gave a loving, earnest invitation to the Saviour, who had done so much for her, always adding, "I am going to heaven." She was not suffering, beyond a slight cough, and the only change that was noticed in her manner was her intense happiness. Last Sunday she was confined to her room, and had the window opened in order to hear our friends at the pump, where we hold our open-air meetings. This was a great blessing to her. At eleven o'clock at night, after speaking freely of the love of Jesus, she said, "I feel sleepy," and closing her eyes, she exclaimed, "Receive me into heaven!" and calmly passed away. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb for ever!

Our meetings both in the theatre and the open air continue to improve in power and numbers. Our own people are girding up their loins for the fight, and by God's help we mean to shake Hartlepool. Remember our needs; pray for us! Believe for us, and the Lord Jehovah will work.

Many thanks for the kindness of friends who have so cheerfully helped. Further assistance, together with tracts, may be sent to Mr. Hedley, Northgate, or to

Yours,
GEO. THOMAS.

35, Bond Street,
East Hartlepool.

NORTH ORMESBY.

SINCE my arrival here I have found it very cold; strong winds have been blowing, the rain falling, and at times very heavy snowstorms; but the coldness has been without and not within.

Our hearts have been set all on fire, for Christ has come and taken *full* possession. On Sunday, Feb. 18th, at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, we had the privilege of pointing a soul to Christ. He went home to rejoice the heart of his dear wife, who had been praying for him a long time. We have had to get a larger room for our believers to meet in. Praise God, the other had been too small.

Our first meeting was on Tuesday, Feb. 20th, when, after listening to fifty-two grand testimonies for the Master,

AN EX-POLICEMAN

rushed from his seat to the penitent-form, where he cried for mercy; and very soon the burden fell off, and he exclaimed, "Thou hast washed *all* my sins away," and again, "I will work for God for ever." He has had many good situations, but through serving the devil lost them all.

After speaking one night from the words "Wilt thou be made whole?" a dear soul said she would much like to be "whole," but was not "*fit*." But, praise the Lord! we soon showed her that "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And she came out to get *cured*. He healed her! Back to her seat at once she went, and tried to get her husband to come for a cure, assuring him that if he stayed until he was better he would never come at all. The Spirit of God was striving mightily with him, but the devil succeeded in getting him away; he is still very miserable. Oh, may God save him!

The angels had

A GLORIOUS SIGHT

on Sunday evening, March 11th, while looking down upon the young and old and middle-aged, all seeking the Saviour. One of them was the wife of one of our brethren. Last week the Lord led me to go and see her, and before I left she promised she would come to the Assembly Rooms, and, praise high Heaven, she not only kept her promise, but also went to the Saviour, whom she found was able to save the wife as well as the husband. Hallelujah! Our cry is still "Victory!"

JOHN ROBERTS.

90, Telford Row,
North Ormesby,
Middlesboro.

CARDIFF.

WE are still engaged with the powers of hell; God is with us, and night after night sinners are crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

Good Friday was a right royal day, commencing at seven o'clock in the morning and finishing at ten at night—with the devil defeated, souls saved, and believers all in a blaze! Hallelujah!

On the following evening while speaking in the open air, the Holy Spirit fell upon the people, and among those who followed us to the hall, where we held a prayer meeting, seven came out boldly for Jesus. One man told us that he was in the public-house opposite, had just called for a pint of beer, when his attention was arrested by our singing; he left his beer on the counter to come and see what we were like, and, praise the Lord, he never went back to finish it; he signed the pledge and cried for forgiveness, and left telling us he was saved.

Easter Sunday was a resurrection day indeed. At the close of the morning service a dear man came to me with the big tears in his eyes, saying, "Sir, I am not right; will you pray for me?" Of course we told him he must pray for himself, and on our knees we went, and very soon the dear Lord set him right, and sent him home so full of joy that everybody in the house knew it. At night he brought his wife and her sister, who, with eight or nine others, stepped into liberty, and went home rejoicing. Since then another sister of the wife's has come at his invitation, and wept her way to Jesus, who has made her blessedly happy.

Another very remarkable case of conversion was

A DUTCH SAILOR,

Who could not speak one word of English, but could understand what we meant. He was attracted by our open-air meeting; came with us to the hall, the Spirit of God took hold upon him, and he fell flat upon the floor, crying out in agony of soul. The good brother referred to above could talk to him in his own language, and very soon we were enabled to point him to the wounded side of Jesus, where he got all he wanted, praise the Lord! The next night he came, bringing with him another of his countrymen, who could speak English, and he, led by his mate, came to the penitent-form, where he, too, sought

and obtained forgiveness of sins at the feet of Him who said, "I will in no wise cast out."

On the 9th, 11th, and 14th we were favoured with the services of Mr. Fennell, of Newport, and we are happy to say the Word was with power, both to saint and sinner.

I have no time for further details, but I hope our friends will be encouraged to continue praying for us when I tell them that in answer to prayer we have had fifty-six during the last eighteen days, who have come out seeking forgiveness of sins, and have professed to find salvation, and the most, if not all, have signed the temperance pledge.

Let the world their forces join,
With the powers of hell combine;
Greater is our King than they,
Surely we shall win the day.

Yours, at the Saviour's feet,

JOB CLARE.

16, James Street, Roath,
Cardiff.

PORTSMOUTH.

PERHAPS this has been one of the most trying months of the year. There has indeed been a mighty conflict with the powers of darkness. Many of our workers have been laid aside, and the devil, taking advantage of our temporary weakness, has striven to get his cloven foot upon the work; but, hallelujah! we are alive, souls are born, and we are gathering our forces for a mighty onslaught during the next two months.

Our quarterly services were the best we have had. Easter-Sunday was a time of spiritual joy and salvation. On Easter-Monday, a large and effective open-air demonstration, and the largest tea and public meeting, with salvation. To God be all the glory!

Yours humbly in Jesus,

THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport.

P.S.—Many thanks to our friends for pecuniary aid.

BETHNAL GREEN.

GOD is still with us, and many during the month have said, "Your God shall be my God." We have been toiling hard in the open air, and not without results. The streets have been thronged night

after night, as we have processioned through them. It is true the

HALLELUJAH FIDDLE

has done a great deal towards bringing the crowds of people together.

"WHO'LL BE THE NEXT TO FOLLOW JESUS?"

A dear woman said to a brother, with tears streaming down her face,

"I'LL BE THE NEXT!"

As far as we could see she was the next. She made haste where she was going, then came to the meeting, and gave up all for God; she says she has since been remarkably happy; she looks so. Another woman that same night was attracted by

The Gospel Ship along is Sailing.

I can see her anxious face now. She joined in the chorus, followed the procession to the hall, at the close gave her heart to God; she thanked us all round, as though we had given her something. The inhabitants say we are a perfect nuisance, but God owns our efforts. We want to drive the devil out of the East End, and get captive souls set free.

A SERGEANT BROUGHT TO GOD.

This dear man had had a large share of sorrow, and having to bear it all by himself it had nearly crushed him. The devil had got him so low that he had been tempted to commit suicide the same morning as he came to our hall at night. So piteous were his cries for mercy that not a few wept as sore as he. While we sung together the precious blood of Jesus, he took hold of the promises. He has commenced working in right good earnest at home and abroad. His only desire is to work for the Lord. He says he has been faithful in the Queen's Service, now he intends to serve his King—God help him! We invite friends to come and see us and the work for themselves.

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace, Arundel Street,
Mile End New Town, E.

PLAISTOW.

THANK God, our prospects are brightening, congregations increasing, souls stepping into liberty and joining our ranks; and in every way we are conquering.

I preached, the first Sunday morning I came here, on Nehemiah's message, "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down." A poor backslider

who was present, thinking all the time how dreadfully he had come down, there and then returned to God as he sat upon his seat, and has got back to the great work he left.

We had four souls that evening, amongst whom were a man employed on the railway, and his wife. We are expecting to have quite a company of railwaymen before long. Last Sunday evening a shunter sat with his head hanging down, evidently under deep conviction, but hesitating to yield himself up to God. At last he seemed just on the point of going home; but I went to him, and urged him not to dare to go away unsaved when God was striving with Him. He gave in; and, falling upon his knees, pleaded for mercy, and found it. No sooner had he felt the cleansing power of the blood of Christ than he cried, "Lord, wash thousands more." Amen.

MELINDA GODDARD.

49, Culloden Street,
Poplar, E.

SMOKE.

WHEN they try to introduce steam-engines into our streets one of the invariable requirements is that the smoke shall be consumed by the machine.

Strange to say, it is rather fashionable than otherwise for men to emit smoke in public thoroughfares, and even in many cases indoors. The human locomotives, although they owe nothing to the fire they carry or the smoke they puff, inflict upon every passer-by a nuisance which would not be tolerated in connection with a useful motive-power. Really, is it not time for all intelligent people to put down this absurdity, and consume their smoke expenditure in a more sensible manner?

BE READY FOR SERVICE.

DAUGHTERS of Zion, now put on
Thy beauteous garments, fair and
white;
For unto us a KING is born—
The matchless Prince of Life and
Light.

He breathes upon the barren wastes,
And they have fruitful fields become;
He bids, and lo! the reaper hastes,
To gather joyous harvests home.

ABBIE MILLS.

Music.

365 I have Heard of a Saviour's Love. 8s.

I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be;

But did He come down from a - bove Out of love and com-pas-sion for me, for

CHORUS.

me, Out of love and compassion for me? Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me.

Yes, yes, yes, for me. Our Lord from a - bove, In His in - fi-nite love,

On the cross died to save you and me.

3 But O is it anywhere said
That He languish'd and suffer'd for me?
I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnish'd for me?

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
To whom shall I go but to Thee?
And say by Thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languish'd and died on the tree;