

THE
**CHRISTIAN MISSION
 MAGAZINE**

(FORMERLY THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST),

A TREASURY OF REVIVAL LITERATURE,

AND

A RECORD OF EVANGELISTIC WORK AMONG THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

"And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great multitude believed
 and turned to the Lord."—Acts ii. 21.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

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AND BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

The General Superintendent of the Christian Mission to the Readers of the Magazine.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE GOSPEL,

This Mission is in difficulties; not, thank God, spiritually, but financially. Our people are spiritual, united, and earnest. Souls are being awakened and saved continually. The fields are as white over to the harvest as ever, and doors of usefulness are opening before us in every direction; but we are straitened, nay, literally at a standstill, for want of means.

Many of you are familiar with our history, and know something of what the Lord has done for us and by us. Though only six years have passed since we commenced the work, it has grown till we to-day occupy twenty-four preaching stations, seating over 8,000 people, every seat being free, and conducting more than 10,000 services per annum; and, with our open-air services, carried on all the year round, preaching to tens of thousands of people, who would not otherwise hear it.

Many of the Lord's people have long sighed and yearned for an extensive and abiding work of God in the East of London. Here it is. Whatever may be thought of the means and measures employed, they have been such as have received the Divine blessing, and we are able by His grace to point to multitudes of living monuments to His power to save. Hundreds are in fellowship with us, numbers have joined surrounding churches, many are gone to foreign lands, where they are spreading the savour of the Saviour's name, while many are safe landed in heaven. These are tangible facts, attested by numberless living witnesses.

WILL YOU HELP US? We are not straitened in God, nor in labourers, nor in measures; we are only straitened for funds: it is for you to say whether the work shall go on.

I am straining every faculty of mind and body to carry on the work with care and economy; and friends who have visited the Mission from different parts of the country, have universally expressed their surprise at the large amount of work effected by the small outlay.

A gracious Providence having enabled me to lay my labour on the altar of this Mission without being in any way chargeable to its funds or its friends, I feel that I can the more earnestly plead on behalf of the destitute thousands, to whom I have the fullest conviction and the most unquestionable proof that the measures employed are adapted to be a great and everlasting blessing.

Brethren, will you help us? Ours is a hand-to-hand combat with the powers of darkness. ATHEISM, COMMUNISM, AND IMMORALITY are spreading with fearful rapidity. The only antidote is a living gospel, brought to bear on the people by such agents and measures as will meet their present social position, their bitter antagonism, and spiritual indifference.

Our year's accounts are now being audited, and in a few days the balance sheet, with list of subscribers, will be forwarded to our friends. In the meantime, however, our need is urgent.

Contributions will be gratefully received by N. J. POWELL, Esq., 101, Whitechapel; Messrs. DIMSDALE, FOWLER, & Co., Bankers, Cornhill; or by

Yours truly in the Gospel,

3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

The Secret of Successful Labour.*

A SERMON BY THE REV. A. B. EARLE.

"Have faith in God."—MARK xi. 22.

FAITH is a persuasion of the mind, resting upon evidence. Faith must have a basis to rest upon; we cannot have faith in the absence of evidence. God never asks any one to believe anything without furnishing a basis for that belief. Does He ask us to believe in His own existence? He opens the great volume of nature, and bids us look up. Does He require us to receive the Scriptures as divinely inspired? They bear in themselves the evidence of their divine origin. Does He bid us come to Him in prayer? He furnishes us with daily answers to prayer.

Some persons have faith in appearances; that is, they believe they are going to have a revival of religion because there is a general solemnity and seriousness in the community. This is not faith in God, but in appearances. Withdraw these indications, and faith has nothing to rest upon. To true faith in God the darkness and the light are both alike.

We hear others say they have faith to believe they would have a glorious revival, could they secure the labours of a favourite minister. This is faith in a minister or measure, not in God. Get your minister, if in your judgment he would do you good, but let your faith anchor in God and His promises.

As faith must have a basis to rest upon, let us see what ground we have to expect an immediate revival of religion, and souls to be converted to God, if we go on with this meeting, and preach, and pray, and exhort, and sing, and visit.

1. God appointed these means to effect this end.

God, who cannot make a mistake, and who knows all about the difficulties to be overcome in a dark, cold time, bids us go and preach, pray, exhort, and sing, in simple faith, and He will bless.

No matter how dark, or cold, or dead, we are to look for an immediate outpouring of the Spirit, in the use of these means. I have come to believe that God means just what He says in His Word, and I expect an outpouring of the Spirit whenever and wherever the means are used in faith.

If God had told me to go into your graveyard, and sing a hymn among the graves, and that by this means the dead would be raised, I would come to one and another of you, and ask if you had any friends in that graveyard; and if so, to get ready to receive them; they were going to be raised. Perhaps you would ask me, "Can you raise the dead?" I should answer, "Not at all; but God has sent me to sing a hymn among the graves, and says through this

* A sermon preached at Fall River, Massachusetts, U.S., in 1863. In a note to this sermon, Mr. Earle says:—"The meetings at Fall River began with seventeen persons present at the first one; at the closing meeting there were present nearly two thousand. It was thought there were a thousand conversions as the immediate fruit of this series of services"

means He will raise the dead." I should expect to see the graves open, and the dead come forth. My faith would not rest in any power of yours or mine, but in the fact that God appointed this means to effect this end.

Just so when Jesus says, "Go preach my word, and, lo! I am with you, and will pour out my Spirit upon you," we should expect Him to do it. I do expect it: I have not one fear but that we shall have a glorious result, if we use these means in faith in this place.

Moses had faith in God when he lifted the brazen serpent amongst the bitten Israelites; his faith was not in the piece of brass, nor in his own power to heal, but in the fact that God had appointed that piece of brass whereby to make His power known. As Moses lifted that piece of brass in the wilderness, so must Jesus be lifted to the view of lost men.

We can have faith in God in using these means, then, because He appointed them to effect this end.

2. Another strong ground for faith in God in using these means, and for expecting an immediate revival of religion, is, that God's heart and hand are in this work.

God felt so deeply for the salvation of souls, before we cared anything about it, that He gave His own Son to die for them.

"This was compassion like a God,
That, though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

God sees the end from the beginning, and tries no experiment—has all necessary resources of providence and grace; so that we can follow where He leads with unwavering faith.

How often does some providence occur that is made the means of a powerful work of grace. In one part of Maine, nine churches united in asking me to assist them in a series of union meetings; but before I reached the place, death had taken one of the pastors, almost instantly, out of the world. This pastor had drawn off the names of more than twenty persons whom he was going to seek, at once, to bring to the Saviour. One day, with these names in his pocket, he went to the post-office, and died before reaching his home again. The effect was so great upon his congregation and the community, that it was necessary to commence meetings at once; and when I reached the place, more than a hundred persons were anxious about their souls.

While I was holding a series of meetings in —, N.Y., one evening, a lady was passing near the church door, and one of the sisters asked her to come in, saying, "We are having good meetings here; quite a revival has commenced, and I would like to have you attend some of these interesting services." The lady replied, "Do you think I would go into such a meeting—a revival meeting? No, never!" This lady went on home, scorning the meeting and religion. A day or two after this she was passing that church door again, while the congregation were singing one of their sweet revival hymns. The notes went through the open door, and reached her ear. She paused, and said, "That sounds good." The same sister who had invited her in before, again at the door, said, "Come in and hear more." She replied, "I am too proud to sit down in a meeting-house, unless I can own a seat." The sister told her she might have their seat, which could be emptied for her at once. This was done, and the lady spent the rest of the evening in our meeting. Her heart was deeply moved. Within one short week this lady and her husband were both rejoicing in a Saviour's love. Very soon both united with that church. So we see that God here blessed the songs of praise to the salvation of souls.

One of the greatest victories ever won by Jehoshaphat was won by singing. "And when he had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the Lord; for his mercy endureth for ever. And

when they began to sing and praise.....(their enemies) were smitten." (2 Chron. xx. 21, 22.) We find then, as in all ages, God blessed His people when they sang His praise.

I would urge all who desire to promote revivals of religion, and to lead men to Jesus, to have the best singing you can in all your meetings—bearing in mind that no singing is good that does not come from hearts renewed by the Spirit of God. God appointed singing, and will bless it. Have faith in God.

How often we see a whole community moved by the power of a little prayer-meeting. Peter was brought out of prison, while the church were praying in the house of Mary, the mother of John.

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

Let the "nothing-wavering" prayer be offered, and it cannot fail.

Have faith in God when you pray, for He appointed these means to effect this end.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you!" but let it be done in faith.

3. God has always blessed these means, when they have been used in faith.

None ever knew a failure, except when faith was lacking.

The walls of Jericho fell down after they had been compassed about in faith; yet I presume many of those who went round those walls, like many church members now, had no faith in God, but marched with those that had.

God honours all the faith He finds in his people. I would advise all to use what faith they have, for in this way faith grows—it is strengthened by use. Just as David's faith, after he had rescued the lamb from the mouth of the lion and the paw of the bear, became so strong, he believed he could kill Goliath.

Naaman, the Syrian, went into the Jordan to wash seven times, with very great unbelief (yet he must have had a little faith, or he would not have gone at all); but, after the wonderful cure, he went home with strong faith. He found God's word reliable. God always blesses the use of the means He has appointed, when used in faith; and He blesses in proportion to the strength of our faith.

When Ezekiel preached to the dry bones, there was nothing remarkable in his sermon or manner of presenting the truth, but simply in his faith in God. His faith did not rest in any wonderful skill, or power in preaching, nor in any favourable appearances, but in God. He would do just what God directed him to do, knowing that God could not make a mistake, and that He was able to do just as He promised. So, standing up among the bones—dried, and bleached, and scattered as they were—Ezekiel began to cry, "Dry bones, hear the word of the Lord! Dry bones, live! Dry bones, come together!" Power accompanied the means God appointed, and bone came to his fellow-bone, and they were clothed with flesh and sinews. But the breath of life was not yet in them. Then followed prayer, or calling on the wind to blow upon the slain. The breath of life entered into them, and there stood upon their feet an army of men. By this figure Ezekiel was shown how God saves sinners.

As Ezekiel went among those dry bones and preached to them, and called on the wind to blow upon them, and they lived, so Christians must go among wicked men, and preach and pray, and use the means God has appointed, in faith, and He will bless these means, and save souls, and build up his church.

Perhaps some one will ask why God does not bless the labours of all his ministers alike, in the conversion of souls. It is because they do not expect it. They hope God will bless their labours; they pray Him to do it; they really desire it, but do not in faith, without wavering, expect it. Faith is as necessary here, as is fire to produce heat. Persons may perish in the cold, surrounded with good fuel, for the want of fire to kindle it; so men can go down to eternal death, under the ablest presentation of truth, just for the

want of faith in God on the part of the preacher and those that hear. So important is faith in God, that Jesus said to the anxious around Him, "Only believe;" "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Let me mention an incident or two that have greatly strengthened my faith. A few years ago, in a ministers' conference, the text for criticism was, "Is not the set time to favour Zion come?" Among other questions raised, was this: "Is it perfectly safe for a minister to commence a series of meetings in a church or community where there are no indications of a revival of religion? Ought he to go to work expecting an immediate outpouring of the Spirit?" I had just begun, as it were, to believe God, and take Him at his word, and, with several others, said, "It is safe." In a few days I commenced a series of meetings in a little church of about twenty members, who were very cold and dead, and much divided—the only green spot being a little prayer-meeting kept up by two or three sisters. I preached the first evening, and closed the meeting at eight o'clock. There was not one to speak or pray. I succeeded the next evening in getting one brother to say a few words, and closed again about eight o'clock, but said to the people, "We will go on with the meeting." All around looked dark, but to the eye of faith the darkness and the light are both alike.

The next morning, I rode six miles, to a minister's study, to get him to pray with and for me. We both kneeled at the same chair and prayed, feeling and believing that faith in God could not be disappointed. I went back, and said to that little church, "If you can just make out to board me, I will stay with you until God opens the windows of heaven. God has promised to bless these means, and I believe He will." I trusted it all to Jesus, and went to work; and within ten days there were so many anxious souls, that I met one hundred and fifty of them at a time at an inquiry-meeting, while Christians were praying in another house of worship. A powerful work of grace followed, and I think several hundred souls were led to Jesus. This greatly strengthened my faith in God.

On another occasion I commenced a meeting near Boston, and preached the first evening on this same subject—faith in God. We had a pleasant evening and a large assembly. Everything seemed favourable. I told the congregation that I believed we should have a great work, and they must provide seats for the aisles of the meeting-house.

The very next day a terrible snow-storm came on, so that we were shut out of the meeting-house and in our homes. For six successive days I preached in a private parlour at my boarding-place (which was only a few rods from the church) to ten or fifteen persons. This was a trial of my faith; yet I knew God was able to fulfil His promises, and I believed He would.

About the seventh day, the storm being over, we came together again in the meeting-house. On the first or second evening one hundred men and women came forward for prayer, deeply convicted. While they were shut up at home, the Spirit of God had been at work upon their hearts. God had given a voice to the howling winds, and moved the hearts of His people just as well as though they had gathered in His house. A great work followed, and many precious souls were brought to Jesus.

With these and many other tests of God's promises, I have come to believe and trust Him, so that I can follow where He leads.

Let me ask you all to go home from this meeting, to preach, and pray, and sing, and visit, in faith. Do all you can; speak to all of Jesus; but rely alone on God, asking and expecting great things. If the clouds look dark, and the angel says, "Let me go!" let your grasp be firm, and say—

"Nay, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face—
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-sent by prayer:
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to me.

"Many years have passed since then,
Many changes have I seen,
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but Thou?
Nay, I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me hold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake."

EXPERIENCE OF REV. A. B. EARLE.

[Mr. Earle is an Evangelist, in the United States of America, whose labours have been crowned by the Master in the salvation of thousands of souls. The following testimony is extracted from the last chapter of a volume published by him, entitled "Bringing in Sheaves." It gives at the same time the source of his power and how he obtained it. Brethren and sisters! the same source is open to us. Let us seek the same blessed endowment and similar results of peace and prosperity in our Zion will follow.]

TEN years ago I felt inexpressible hungering and longing for the fullness of Christ's love. I had often had seasons of great joy and peace in Christ, and in His service I had seen many precious souls brought into the fold of Christ. I loved the work of the ministry, but had long felt an inward unrest, a void in my soul that was not filled. Seasons of great joy would be followed by seasons of darkness and doubt. If I had peace I feared it would not continue, and it did not. Many anxious came to me complaining of the same thing. How could I help them on that point when I knew not how to get right myself? I took them to the seventh chapter of Romans, and there I left them, saying, O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I was there myself and supposed I must live and die there.

I made strong and repeated resolutions that I would be faithful, but could not keep them. Then I sought and found forgiveness again, but it was disturbed by some word, or act, or heart wandering. Thus I lived on for many years. God gave me success in winning souls, and granted me many hours of sweet communion. Still I was unsatisfied. I wanted an uninterrupted rest and peace. At length I felt that the question for me to settle was this, Can an imperfect Christian sweetly and constantly rest in a perfect Saviour without condemnation? This I revolved in my mind for a long time. I read the experience of others. I searched the Scriptures for light, and asked such as I believed had power with God to pray with and for me. At length I became satisfied that Christ had made provision for me and all His children to abide in the fullness of His love without one moment's interruption.

Having settled this, I said, I need this, I long for it. I cannot truly represent religion without it, and Christ is dishonoured by me every day I live

without it. I resolved to obtain it at any sacrifice, little realising how unlike Christ I then was, or how much He needed to bring me there. February 10th, 1859, I made the following consecration: "Jesus, I now and for ever give myself to Thee; my soul to be washed in Thy blood, my whole body to be used for Thy glory, my mouth to speak for Thee at all times, my eyes to weep over lost sinners, my feet to carry where Thou shalt wish me to go, my heart to be burdened for souls or used for thee anywhere, my intellect to be employed at all times for Thy cause and glory; I give to Thee my wife, my children, my property, all I have, and all that ever shall be mine. I will obey Thee in every known duty."

I then asked for grace to carry out this vow that I might take nothing from the altar. I supposed with this consecration entire, as far as my knowledge went, I should soon receive all that my longing heart could contain, but in this I was sadly mistaken. I think I then came nearer to Christ, but as clearer light began to shine into my heart I saw more of its vileness. [He then quotes from his journal as follows:]

The last three weeks have been weeks of heart searching. I never had my heart so searched before. I detect pride, envy, self-will, a great deal of unbelief, and my love to the Saviour to be very weak. Yet I have consecrated all to Christ. I cannot withdraw it from the altar. O can a worm so vile be like Jesus! I know it is possible, and if I am ever to be like Him, why not now, while I am where I can do good in leading others to Him? I felt like a patient, who, though in the hands of a skilful physician, groans and writhes under the severe treatment. But my constant prayer was, 'Be thorough with me Jesus, be thorough.' Many a discouraging day followed. I grew weak and small, and unworthy in my own estimation. I have had keener sorrows for inbred sin than I ever experienced before conversion.

O the distress that I felt on account of pride, envy, love of the world. One sin that troubled me most, and the hardest to overcome, was a strong will, a desire and almost a determination to have my own way; and thus, even in regard to little things, or any little injury or supposed wrong, to speak without reflection, and sometimes severely, even to those that I knew were my friends; to say I will do this and I will not do that. This I clearly saw must be given up. As I could not do it my-

self, I gave it over to Jesus, but I found I gave nothing into the hands of Jesus, except by simple faith. My faith was very weak. I believed the theory of religion, but to have my heart grasp the reality without wavering, was more difficult. O the longing of my heart for sweet and constant rest in Jesus. I believed I should receive it, and thought it was near.

With this mingling of faith, desire, and expectation, I commenced a meeting on Cape Cod. After re-dedicating myself in company with others, I was in my room alone, pleading for the fullness of Christ's love, when all at once, a sweet, heavenly peace filled all the vacuum in my soul, leaving no longing, no unrest, no dissatisfied feeling in my bosom. I felt, I knew that I was accepted fully of Christ. A calm, simple, child-like trust took possession of my whole being. I felt that if I had a thousand hearts and lives, I would give them all to my Saviour: my grateful love to Him found expression in those glowing lines,

"O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace."

Then for the first time in my life I had rest which was more than *peace*. I had felt peace before, but feared I should not retain it. Now I had peace without fear, which really became rest. That night I retired to rest much like a tired babe resting in its mother's arms. I believed Jesus had received me and would keep me. I had no fears of losing that happy state. I seemed in a new world. My burden was gone, my cup was full, and Jesus was present with me. I found that much of my care had not only been useless, but a hindrance to my success, rendering my work in Christ's cause much harder and less pleasant to myself.

The Bible seemed like a new book. I had as it were read with a veil before my eyes. This change occurred about five o'clock p.m., November 2nd, 1863, and although I never felt so weak and small, yet Jesus has been my all since then. There has not been one hour of conscious doubt or darkness since that time. A heaven of peace and rest fills my soul. Day and night the Saviour seems by me. Preaching is a luxury, it is a glorious work. In prayer Christ does not seem far away. All Christians are dearer to me than ever. All earthly ties are more precious to me. Home, friends, all blessings, temporal or spiri-

tual, are dearer and brighter than ever before. Thought is quickened; my views of truth are much clearer; I have come to believe just what God says; I can trust Him and go forward "with sealed orders."

My success in leading souls to Jesus, has been much greater. My joy in telling the world of Christ and His goodness, constantly increases. And as I realise more and more the greatness of His love and the perfection of His character, my swelling heart often cries out,

"O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine."

O that I had an angel's tongue or could in some way express to others the love I bear to Jesus,

"I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne."

If any should ask me if this was sinless perfection, I would answer, No! by no means. I feel very imperfect and weak, yet I am enabled to believe and trust Jesus, and He is so near that I have realised, in several instances of little inconsistencies, that before the dark wave reached my soul to produce condemnation, Jesus said, "Peace, be still."

Temptation is presented, but the power of it is broken. I seem to have a present Saviour in every time of need, so that for several years I have done the trusting and Jesus the keeping. Thus while I believe and trust Christ entirely, nothing wavering, He gives me rest—not Jesus and my faithfulness, but Jesus alone gives me rest. So that Christ is made at that very point to those who trust to Him, "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

SONG OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

TUNE—"Annie Lisle."

EARTH is dark with sin and sadness,
Labour, care, and strife;
Heaven is bright with love and gladness,
Holiness, and life.
Who would dwell in pain and sorrow?
Who would always roam?
Who would tarry in a desert,
Far away from home?

Chorus.—Ever onward, ever upward,
For the land we love:
Jesus daily leads us forward
To our home above.

THE RIGHT PERSUASION.

IN terrible agony a soldier lay dying in one of the American hospitals. A visitor asked him,—“What church are you of?”

“Of the church of Christ” he replied.
“I mean of what persuasion are you?”

“Persuasion!” said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour; “I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

BOASTING ONCE TOO OFTEN.

“SHALL you anchor off—— Point, Captain——?” asked a passenger.

“I mean to be in the dock with the morning tide,” was the Captain's brief reply.

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

“I am my own pilot, Sir;” and the captain whistled contemptuously.

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

“Is it dangerous?” asked the same passenger uneasily.

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

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors call “pretty stiff;” when the mate touched my arm, arousing me from a pleasant reverie, in which a smiling welcome home held a prominent place.

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

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

Moving on in martial order,
Every foe to quell:
All who dare approach our border
Quickly we dispel.

Jesus, in the cloudy pillar,
Day and night directs;
Shelters from the scorching sunbeams,
Night by night protects.

Led aright by vale and mountain,
He our need supplies;
Gives us water from the fountain,
Manna from the skies;
Keeps our garments from decaying,
Makes us hale and strong;
And preserves from every danger
As we march along.

Though we cross a desert dreary,
Swiftly we advance; [weary,
Heavenward progress ne'er makes
Heavenly hopes entrance.
Angels watch our weal with interest,
To our help they come;
Sainted kindred, gone before us,
Wait to welcome home.

On we march for Jordan's river,
Though it swell and foam;
Halting, hesitating never,
Bent to reach our home.
Jesus is our King and Saviour,
Jesus is our guide;
He is ever with His people,
Jordan must divide.

Now the priests the water enter,
With undaunted eye:
See, the ark is in the centre,
And the channel dry;
By Jehovah's strength we triumph,
Glory in His name:
He sustains us living, dying,
Jesus still the same.

ALL EQUAL HERE.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that once, when he remained to “take sacrament” at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and, reaching the communion rail, knelt down by the side of the Duke. Some one—a pew-owner, probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move farther away, or rise and wait until the Duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand, and held him to prevent his rising, and in a reverential under-tone, but most distinctly, said, “Do not move; we are all equal here.”

"We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to wake you with a land salute."

Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offence at our presumption, and finally swore that he would do as he chose—that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated to by a set of cowardly landmen.

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

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

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

It is needless to dwell upon the terrors of that fearful night. I was among the few who contrived to manage the only boat which survived; and scarcely had I landed with the morning light, surrounded by bodies of the dead and fragments of wreck borne in by the rising tide, ere I

recognised the lifeless body of our wilful, self-confident, presumptuous captain.

He was like one of those who, on the voyage of life, refuse counsel and despise instruction; who practically recognise no will but their own; who are wise in their own conceits, satisfied with their own judgment, and trust in their own hearts; and if left to be filled with their own ways, must make frightful shipwreck just where they suppose themselves sure of port. And as the mistaken man was accompanied into eternity by those whose lives he had endangered and destroyed, so no man lives or dies unto himself, but bears with him, when all self-deception ends, the aggravated guilt of others' ruin, through the influence of his evil precept and example.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

KRUMMACHER illustrates simplicity in dress by a little fable:—

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose-bush. When he awoke, he said, 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it?'

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

"So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the *moss-rose*, the most beautiful of its kind."

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

PROMISES T AND P.

A CLERGYMAN visiting a poor Christian woman found her Bible marked here and there with the letters T and P. Wondering what the letters stood for, he inquired of her their meaning. "Oh," said she, "those are the promises in my precious Bible. There are many of them, you see, I have tried, so I marked them T; and many I've proved, and I know that they are true, and so I marked them P."

BE FAITHFUL WITH YOUR RELATIVES.

SIMEON was once summoned to the deathbed of a dying brother. Entering the room, the relative extended his hand, and, with some emotion, said, "I am dying, and you never warned me of the state in which I was, and of the great danger I was in of neglecting the salvation of my soul." "Nay, my brother," said Simeon, "but I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before you, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," said the dying man, "but you never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me I was unconverted, and that if I died in that state, I should be lost; and now I am dying, and, but for God's grace, I might have been for ever undone." It is said, Simeon never forgot this scene.

THE TRUE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

DR. PAYSON writes very forcibly to a young clergyman:—"Sometime since I took up a little work, purporting to be the lives of sundry characters, as related by themselves. Two of these characters agreed in saying that they were *never happy* until they ceased striving to be great men. The remark struck me, as you know the most simple remark will, when God pleases. It occurred to me at once that most of my sorrows and sufferings were occasioned by my unwillingness to be the nothing that I am, and by a constant striving to be something. I saw that if I would but cease struggling, and be content to be anything or nothing, as God pleases, I might be happy."—(Jer. xlv. 5.)

YEARS OF SABBATHS.

IN every forty years of a man's life he has spent nearly six years of Sabbaths; in seventy years, ten. How little do we consider our solemn, vast, responsibility!

PRIDE.

"PRIDE takes for its motto, great I and little *you*."

"A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful."—*Gurnall*.

"As the first step heavenward is humility, so the first step hellward is pride. Pride counts the Gospel foolishness, but the Gospel always shows pride to be so. Shall the sinner be proud who is going to hell? Shall the saint be proud who is newly saved

from it? God had rather his people fared poorly than live proudly."—*Mason*.

"Of all troubles, the trouble of a proud heart is the greatest. And therefore it is good to bear the yoke in our youth; it is better to be taken down in youth, than to be broken down by great crosses in age."—*Brooks*.

As man fell by pride, he rises again by humility. That which overcame him at the first, is commonly the last thing he overcomes.

LIVING FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

IN all the walks of daily life,
Through all the conflict and the strife
That fills life's changeful story,
Help me to put myself away,
And in each duty, day by day,
To do it to Thy glory.

And if a painful cross be mine,
Let Thy hand there, in words divine,
Write out the old, old story.
How Jesus bore a cross for me,
And let me, looking unto Thee,
Still bear it to Thy glory.

And when the gentle hand of death
Shall close my eyes and stop my breath,
And end the chequered story,
Let my soul mount on wings of love
And with the ransomed hosts above,
Still seek and sing Thy glory.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng
him,
With a touch of the finger, they say."

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachael, and Samuel, and
John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head, and smiled;
"Now who but a doting mother,
Would think of a thing so wild?"

"If the children were tortured by
demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever,
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mong the people who hung on His teach-
Or waiting His touch or His word; [ing,
Through the row of proud Pharisees
listening,
She pressed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the
Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?"

Seest thou how from morning to
evening,
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

The Christ said, "Forbid not the chil-
dren,
Permit them to come unto me."
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachael He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above;
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour, to her spirit was given.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

WHITECHAPEL.

THE work continues to move steadily forward here. During the last month Mr. Noble, of Staleybridge, has been preaching to large congregations, and at almost every service there have been anxious souls. On one occasion as many as fifteen sought mercy. The open-air and private meetings are kept up with the usual regularity, and attended with much encouragement.

THE MOTHERS' MEETING

had a little festival of their own the other night to welcome Sister Short back from the Isle of Man. About seventy took tea together. The expenses had been defrayed beforehand by a weekly contribution of one halfpenny each. A happy evening was spent, and one dear mother professed to find peace before the meeting closed.

The cry of many at this station is for more of the Holy Spirit. He only can enable us to make real headway against the opposing forces of sin and misery which, like some vast sea, surrounds us in every direction.

Still, we are looking forward to the coming winter, and expecting to reap a rich harvest of souls.

In Brother Margetts, who has been appointed to assist in working this Station, we believe we have a colleague of the right stamp: a man who has set his heart supremely on the glory of God in the salvation of precious souls, and whose cry is, on entering on the work,—

"My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend."

Oh, may he be made an everlasting blessing to his brethren in the Mission, and the means of gathering hundreds of souls to Jesus.

OUR EVANGELISTS.

BROTHER BROWN, of Old Shildon, in the north of England, has just closed an engagement of three months' acceptable labour with us, during which time his labours have been attended with the divine blessing. He preached a part of the time at Whitechapel, and the remainder was spent at Poplar. He has left a pleasant memory behind him, having been much beloved by the people. His labours in the pulpit and open-air, and especially his visitation from house to house at Poplar, have been much and deservedly esteemed.

BROTHER WILSON, of Ulgham, Northumberland has also been with us about three months. At first our brother contemplated a permanent stay in London; but having spent several years in organising and preaching to congregations in Northumberland, he was importuned to return thither; and being informed that those societies were likely to suffer great loss, nay, actual annihilation, we decided that our brother ought to consider their interests and return. Brother Wilson was well received, much beloved, and very useful in our Mission; and, since reaching home, we have received a letter from him, stating that he has been led to re-organise the societies under his care, and that he and they wish to be regarded as a part and parcel of the Christian Mission. Any way, we most cordially wish them success in the work of winning souls.

SHOREDITCH.

OUR friends here are at their post, outdoors and in, and many tokens of the presence of the power of God are received. I was with them, Oct. 8th, and as usual, we commenced our evening open-air service at 5.30. A large crowd assembled in Selater Street, of working men mostly,

although here and there a gentleman and lady might be seen eagerly looking over the heads of the people. I commenced speaking to them of the power of God's grace to reform the heart and home, and gave my experience of the marvellous influence of the Gospel and the Holy Spirit to change a drunken blacksmith into a king's son and an heir of glory.

A FOREIGNER MADE A CITIZEN.

Just as we started for the Apollo Music Hall, a man, who was a foreigner, and had evidently seen better days, came and took hold of my hand; and as I called him my brother, tears ran down his cheeks, and he said, "Will the Lord Jesus receive my wicked heart?" I took his arm, and we marched together down the street, he crying and praying, and I preaching and singing. Praise the Lord! We had no difficulty to get a congregation. He went straight to the penitent form and wrestled with God. Oh, the luxury of penitential tears! His cries and sobs were a good sermon. The place was full of people, but he heeded nothing until light came; and then he sang with streaming eyes and a happy face—

"I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me."

After the service three more came out for Jesus. One, a man of dissolute habits, signed the pledge on the Friday previous, and then came sobbing up the Hall and asked with childlike simplicity if there was mercy for him. Hallelujah! A. B.

POPLAR.

A LITTLE progress has been made here lately. The Society has been lifting up its head and gathering hope and spirit. A few souls have been gathered, powerful and numerous attended meetings have been held in the open-air; and if we can but get the new Hall, Poplar will see more glorious days than ever it has done in the past. We spent a Sabbath with our friends during the past month, and were convinced that there is a better day coming—and that it is not far off—for our Mission at Poplar. The Station has naturally suffered much through being without a regular superintendent; but as an appointment has been made which, it is hoped, will prove permanent, we trust that all will combine together to push forward the building of the new Hall, and especially to carry on the evangelistic movement to which we have been specially called. May Heaven's choicest blessings descend on Poplar!

CANNING TOWN.

THE old Saw Mill, of which we spoke in a previous paper, has been formally and legally made over to us. It is a good and cheap site. With the materials on the ground we can build a place, and fit it up with every needed convenience for £150,

that will hold three hundred people. The Hall will be sixty-four feet long, and twenty feet wide, unless we take off a portion for a vestry at one end. After we have built it, we can readily borrow £100 and buy the freehold, unless we should have this £100 sent us, and so have our house of prayer and praise and salvation free of debt. We have been twice lately to see our Canning Town friends, and although we missed the happy, bronzed faces of most of our dear gipsy brethren, still we felt a blessed union of spirit and purpose, and were assured that here was the nucleus of a powerful evangelistic society. And shall the work stand for this little sum of money? We do not require as much to build a Hall as our wealthier brethren would spend upon a portico; and surely they will send us this mite with all cheerfulness. *We believe they will.* We want to get a place up by Christmas. The poor people—and they are very poor—have promised themselves about £15 of the sum required.

BETHNAL GREEN.

HERE our dear friends are facing the foe. They are holding a series of special services, and several souls have found peace through believing in Jesus. Oh for more power, more real life. We are expecting a much greater manifestation of the converting grace of God in the hearts of indifferent hardened sinners.

A GAS STOKER MASTERED.

As I was on my way from Hackney, a day or two ago, I overtook a man whom I had seen several times at our services, and I got into conversation with him. He said, "You know, sir, I am a gas stoker, and have lived a careless life. About fifteen months ago I became a teetotaler, and then became a thinking man. I came to your services in the tent on London Fields several times to hear the preaching, and one night I followed among the people when you went to the Hall, and in the meeting was spoken to about my soul. Oh how I shook and sweat. I was mastered then, and I gave the Lord my heart, and I do love Him." He then took a little tract out of his pocket with the title, *For You*, and said, "This often fetches the tears to my eyes. I read it to my mates; they laugh at me, but I don't mind, sir, I'm happy; I'm going to heaven." And I felt as I looked up to this man's open countenance—for I was a dwarf to him,—solemnly happy, that with all my toil I was amply repaid in my own soul. Oh, the joy of doing good.

ARTHUR BEABLE.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

THOUGH the removal of Brothers Allen and Wilson has greatly tried this station; yet we can still report progress. Some of the worst characters in the neighbourhood have been converted. Praise the Lord!

Opposition is dying out. The people are beginning to see that we are doing the

right kind of work, many wishing us God speed.

On Monday, Oct. 9th, we held our

TEMPERANCE TEA MEETING,

at which a goodly number assembled. During the past twelve months 190 have signed the pledge, and many have given their hearts to Jesus. Hundreds gather round us in the open-air on Sunday evenings. We have two stands. A large number always follow us to the Hall. May they follow Jesus, and join with us by and by in singing the song of redeeming love in the mansions above. W. W.

TOTTENHAM.

THE work of God is progressing at this station. Many of our neighbours and friends have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus. Bless the Lord for the manifestation of His grace at Tottenham.

OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

was celebrated by a tea on Tuesday, Oct. 17th. Our dear superintendent, Mr. Booth, took the chair, and addresses were given by Miss Billups and other friends. The report read by Mr. Jack was very encouraging. It was a season of rejoicing.

Forty children belonging to our Band of Hope, many of them we hope are converted, were provided with tea, and sang sweetly of the children's Saviour.

Many were present, who, during the year, had passed from death unto life, brought to Jesus through this blessed Mission. Among the happy number was a man who, up to July, was a

POOR MISERABLE DRUNKARD.

Tempted by a free ticket, he went to our excursion, taking his flute with him, thinking we should want something to enliven us; but he found us a joyful instead of a sad people, and at last put by his flute as useless. Soon the Spirit of God began to work in his heart, and at the last prayer meeting in the park he could hold out no longer. Coming into the ring, he cried aloud for mercy, and found the pardon he sought. His wife was also convicted, and has since found Jesus. They are both members with us, and going on their way rejoicing.

We could give the interesting case of

A ROMAN CATHOLIC SAILOR,

who came into one of our meetings, confessed to the great High Priest, and obtained forgiveness of sins; and of many others who are now walking consistently and happily, who, a year ago, were far from God and from peace. W. JACK.

CROYDON NEW HALL.

Our friends here have at last moved in earnest. The site at which they have looked so long has at length been *legally secured*. It is a spacious and well situated piece of ground at the bottom of the Tamworth Road, and near the Old Town

There is on it a cottage, and plenty of room to build a Hall to hold seven hundred people, with school and class rooms. It has been secured on a long lease at £30 ground rent. The cottage will let for £14, and by adding a shop front to it, for £25 per annum. This will make the ground rent very easy. It is proposed, in the first instance, to build the Hall at the back part of the ground; and afterwards, as the friends have ability, to erect school-room and vestries. About £800 is required for the Hall.

To promote this object a tea and public meeting were held on Monday, Sept. 25th; and although the night was a very stormy one, a nice company assembled, and all manifested deep interest in the scheme. Over £200 has been already promised or given, and the friends are full of hope for the success of the undertaking.

The following report from Bro. Allen shows that while much occupied in the material necessities of the Mission, the spiritual aspect of the work is improving.

THE WORK AT CROYDON.

We have to praise God for what He has done in our midst during the past month.

Our congregations have increased, and we believe some precious souls have been added to the church of the redeemed. The Holy Spirit has been working. Oh, for more of its mighty power! We are determined to plead on until the baptism comes.

One evening I spoke to two women whose hearts I saw the Lord had touched; they both wept. One in reply to my invitation to come to Jesus there and then, said, "Not to-night;" and though still attending the meetings, she is yet putting off for a more convenient season. The other was deeply anxious, but said,—

"MY HEART IS TOO HARD!"

Though she went away unsaved, she could not rest, and came to the Sunday morning seven o'clock prayer meeting. The Holy Spirit came upon us, melting us all into tenderness and tears; the poor woman's hard heart was completely broken; she washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and has since been going on her way rejoicing.

It is very important we should, as soon as possible, erect this house for the Lord. It is greatly needed. We are doing what we can, and ask our friends to help us. Donations will be thankfully received by I. Cobet, Esq., Hon. Sec., 2, Clarence Road, Croydon; N. J. Powell, Esq., 101, High Street, Whitechapel, Treasurer of the Building Fund, and General Treasurer of the Mission; or by Mr. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.

A friend has kindly sent fifty copies of "The Faded Flower," by John Angell James, price one shilling and sixpence, to be sold for this object. Mr. Cobet will be happy to forward copies for the price in stamps. J. ALLEN.

BROMLEY.

OUR brethren and sisters at this place are working heart and soul, and the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" is frequently heard among us.

Three times on a Sunday Christ is upheld in the open air, and the truth as it is in Jesus preached to attentive listeners.

Sunday, October 15th, was a time of special blessing, both out of doors and in our little room, which is far too small to hold the people, who are anxious to come in and hear the gospel message. One precious soul that night professed to find peace through believing.

OUR TEA MEETING

was held on Monday, 16th October, in the Gospel Hall, kindly lent for the occasion. About seventy sat down to tea, others afterwards coming to the public meeting, which was a time of refreshing from the Lord. We trust some present will remember that evening as the time they made a start for heaven.

We shall be thankful for any help towards building a small Hall for Bromley.

J. ALLEN.

HASTINGS.

WE never felt more of the presence of God than now. We have been praying for a closer walk with God, and our prayers have not been in vain. About a month ago we had a believers' tea meeting, and at the close we all consecrated ourselves afresh to God, and about fifty agreed to spend an hour a day in

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

Prayer was soon answered, and every believer got filled with God, and began travelling in birth for souls; and we once more proved our blessed God true to his promise, "When Zion travails she shall bring forth." Backsliders have been reclaimed, sinners saved, and believers sanctified. Sabbath after Sabbath we have had some very interesting scenes in the Market Hall, men, women, and children have sought and found the Saviour. On two or three occasions we have had one or two in rags and tatters, and one or two in feathers and finery, seeking mercy side by side. Hallelujah!

On Sunday, Oct. 1st, we commenced a series of special services, and the valley of dry bones heaved with life. For some time there was a struggle with the powers of darkness. Finding there were two opposing influences at work, I said to the friends, "We must get together on our knees, and get hold of God, and believe against every obstacle. There is a heaving, and faith says there shall be a shaking, and a coming together, bone to its bone." While saying this our praying friends came round the platform, and faith said, "It shall be done." Then a poor backslider from the far end of the Hall came to the

penitent form, followed by another, and another, and then two poor men in rags came and sought and found the Saviour. Then we invited believers to come for sanctification, and eight or ten came out, and obtained the blessing, and shouts of praise went up to heaven.

A SWEETHEART SAVED.

This was a very interesting case of a sweetheart coming to Hastings to see her lover (who had been converted, and is a member with us). She had been told, before coming, that Hastings was a very fashionable watering place, and she must trim up a little to meet her lover in this smart town; so she procured a beautiful rose, and gave it a seat on the throne of her bonnet, and then made a start for Hastings. Being met at the station by her lover, he looked at her and then at the flower, and like a real Christian, said at once, "You will have to take that flower out and dress neatly if you stay here." The first opportunity he brought her to my class, and every eye was attracted by the stranger and her flower; but when I gave out that good old hymn,

"With froward heart I went astray,
In paths of sin I wandered wide,
Till mercy met me on my way,
And sweetly whispered, Jesus died:"

the Holy Spirit laid hold of her and made her feel her sins; and while singing the next verse, commencing

"Offended at this sudden sound,
Indignantly I turned aside,"

the work of conviction was very much deepened in her soul, and she tried to sing the next verse.

"Then justice crossed my path and stood
Erect and stern to quell my pride;"

her stubborn will gave way, and her hard heart melted and said,

"Ah, well for me that Jesus died."

While singing,

"Come forth, thou traitor to the Lord,
His voice in thundering accents cried,"

her voice faltered, her heart heaved, and a tear trickled down her cheek, and the next two lines just fitted her case, and

"Oppressed, she sank beneath the word,
And faintly answered, Jesus died."

Our friends were soon ready to point her to Jesus, and on our bended knees we all took hold of the arm of Omnipotence on her behalf, and she soon felt the two last lines of the verse to be her happy heartfelt experience, and she sang,

"Grace from his altered visage beamed,
And then I shouted, Jesus died."

The next night she appeared again in our midst, with her happy face, and her hat

moulted, and has since adorned the doctrine of Christ her Saviour in all things.

TAKING OFF THE RING.

A young man appeared in the Market Hall on Sunday, Oct. 8th, with a large gold ring on his finger, and under the preaching of God's word felt his state as a sinner before God, and cried for mercy, and found peace through believing. Then he felt his fancy ring to be an eyesore and a burden. He at once took it off and gave it to Brother Tibbutt to dispose of, and give the proceeds to God's cause.

TRIUMPH OF THE OPEN-AIR MEETINGS.

Those who have read our magazine are aware we have had nine months' hard fighting, all weathers, frost and snow, wet and wind, heat and cold, in showers of stones, sticks, mud, fish, old snags, ale, porter, water, smoke, cabbage stalks, peas, and filth of every description, in the face of sneers, howls, singing, shouting, and bands of music, with tin whistles, old tins, squeaks and rattles of almost every description; some of our female friends have had their bonnets torn in half, their dresses rent, and their poor bodies bruised; and many have been knocked down by a large pole our persecutors used to put in the capstan for the purpose. When we first came, nearly all the unconverted people were against us; but now we can say, out of all the Lord has delivered us. The principal authorities of the town are on our side, and send us help. In answer to prayer, a piece of ground belonging to one of our friends has been kindly offered for an open-air stand, where we can preach to perishing crowds around us, without any persecution. These meetings have been attended with good success, good congregations, and peace. We have seen the heart swell, the tear flow, and sinners have been persuaded to follow us to the room to hear the word of God and find peace. Close to the spot where we preach is a coal shed at our service, so that any time in a shower of rain, or a snow storm, we can step in and go on with our preaching.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS

Have been held of late every Saturday night in the British school; and in this, like all other things, we have had God's smile, and a good number have signed the pledge. These facts show our friends we are down in the quarry hard at work. Our cry is, Souls for Jesus. Help for this great work may be sent to Mr. Booth; Mr. Womersley, Harold Place, Hastings; Mr. Tyrrell, High Street, Hastings; or to my address, 17, Middle Street, Hastings. All receipts will be acknowledged on magazine cover.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

NINFIELD.

We are on the mount, we can see the good land before us, and we feel like Joshua

and Caleb, well able to go up and possess it. Many of our friends here live in "Thy-will-be-done Street," close to "Hallelujah Square." This they find a well-watered plain, beautiful for situation, one of the most lovely spots in the land of Beulah. We would say to all our readers who are in a spiritual decline, visit Ninfield, and taste its restorative balm. Our friends here know how to live by a moment at once, and with every breath they draw receive a supply of grace fresh from the eternal throne. At the feet of Jesus we have learnt how to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks; and by living so near to Jesus, we get direct answers to prayer. The children cry in the temple, sinners cry for mercy, and backsliders are returning to Jesus.

When there the other Sabbath, we had a mighty struggle with the powers of darkness at the close of the sermon; but soon streaks of light pierced the gloom. Amongst those who sought the Saviour was a man who had been under conviction for many weeks, and at times our friends had prayed with him an hour together; but he could not find peace. He felt he ought to come to the penitent form and make a full surrender. After a mighty conflict he came forward, and then our friends surrounded him in strong faith. He soon found peace, and shouted Glory be to God again and again. Six or seven sought and found the Saviour the same evening. All glory to our Great Head! We are just making arrangements for a fortnight's special services here, will our friends hold us up at the throne of grace. Several friends have promised money for Ninfield Hall; we shall be glad if these friends will forward it at once to Mr. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.; or to my address, 17, Middle Street, Hastings. W. CORBRIDGE.

EDINBURGH.

SINCE our last notice we have had a good deal of open-air work, and many have appeared sincerely anxious about their souls. A few weeks ago some of our band went down to Newhaven, and a brother preached with much earnestness to the seafaring men about the fishermen who left their nets and followed Jesus. Afterwards an American, who stood by, testified of the peace and rest that he had experienced from trust in the Saviour in a recent storm at sea. May the sailors who heard us, serve the Lord Christ, and enjoy the like precious peace.

Among others who have sought the Saviour lately is a very old man. The Lord made him very happy, and he is with us rejoicing in His love.

We have had a believers' tea, which proved a very joyous and soul-strengthening occasion.

We hope to see much more glorious work yet.

We shall be thankful for help to sustain and carry on this work. Contributions will be gratefully received by

MR. W. CROMBIE,

10, Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh.

RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN.

ABOUT six months ago we were very pressingly urged to establish a branch of the Mission in this place, and after much deliberation, counsel, and prayer, we went over to spy out the land. We found a quiet little town nestling by the sea-side, backed up by lovely hills and valleys, in an island of much interest and great natural beauty. We stayed several days and preached four times in the Hall, and once in the market-place, to large and attentive congregations. We liked the aspect of the people; and although the meetings seemed hard, and the people cold and distant, still we received the impression that a great work for God was possible, not only in Ramsey, but throughout the island.

On our return to London, Sister Billups went over and remained six weeks; holding meetings on the week nights, and preaching to large congregations on the Sabbath with much blessing. On her return Sister Short took her place, and remained six weeks, of which visit the following letter is a brief report. During this time we were continually importuned to take up the work, and to formally connect it with the Mission, but hesitated; there seemed to be many obstacles in the way of our doing this efficiently, and to increase our own anxieties, without any real gain to the cause of Christ, seemed as unwise as inexpedient. However, this was combated by friends on the spot, and we have agreed to add Ramsey to the list of our Mission stations, and would invoke the prayers and sympathies of all our friends on its behalf.

Sister Mathieson has at present charge of the station. She commenced preaching there on Sunday, Oct. 15th, as alluded to in the report of Sister Short which follows. A committee of brethren on the spot have undertaken the business of the station. A believers' meeting has been formed.

THE HALL, CAPABLE OF CONTAINING TWELVE HUNDRED PEOPLE,

has been made over to the Mission for the next ten years at a mere nominal rent. The congregation of a Sabbath evening averages four hundred people, and altogether we believe this to be a most favourable opening for pushing forward the ark of the Lord. We now give the letter alluded to above.

"Isle of Man, Ramsey.

"Three months ago the Christian Mission planted its flag on this beautiful little island, and unfurled the banner of King Jesus.

"The work has difficulties peculiar to itself. The people, unlike the mass of our

London hearers, are intelligent, thoughtful, extremely reserved, and full of head knowledge; but alas, sadly sunk in apathy and indifference; their very morality and religiousness raising a barrier to the reception of the humbling doctrine of the cross.

Yet the Lord has manifested His power. Numbers have been drawn, Sunday after Sunday, as well as during the week, to listen to the truth as it is in Jesus. Some precious souls have yielded to the Holy Spirit's influence, laying down their weapons of rebellion, and taking Jesus as their Saviour and their Lord. Wanderers have been brought back to the fold, their earnest, happy faces telling of the peace and rest within.

"The Lord's people have been stirred up to renewed consecration, which is manifesting itself in zeal for souls, leading them to plead with God, and to go out into the lanes and streets, seeking by loving means to compel the careless to come in and partake of the gospel feast. Four cottage meetings have been commenced, and already tokens of the divine approval have been given. The children have not been overlooked; some of the friends are working zealously in the Sunday school held in the Hall, morning and afternoon, their aim being the conversion of the children.

"Saturday being the market day, many people from the country congregate in the market place, and there every Saturday evening, unless prevented by the weather, we have preached Jesus to a large and deeply interested crowd, and afterwards distributed tracts, which are always eagerly received; and thus the light is being spread, not only in the country places round Ramsey, but also to Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and other places by the sailors, who always make up a large portion of our congregation.

"An open air service is also held at the same place every Sunday evening, the friends afterwards singing through the streets to the Hall, by this means rousing attention, and drawing many to hear the word of life.

"Sunday, Oct. 15th. Sister Mathieson, who has come to labour for a time, commenced her work. In the afternoon about forty met round the table of the Lord, some obeying the Saviour's dying command for the first time. It was a hallowed, blessed season. Jesus was made known to us in the breaking of bread.

"In the evening our Sister Mathieson preached with great power to a large congregation. The Holy Ghost took the word home to many hearts, breaking down the icy barriers of hardness and pride, which had so often sent us away weeping to agonise for those who would not come unto Jesus that they might be saved. Our hearts leaped for joy to see one and another coming forward, confessing their sins. Eight knelt at the penitent form, and, we trust, found peace in believing. The Lord keep them faithful.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

Under the Superintendence of Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH.

THE NECESSITY FOR THIS MISSION.

THE appalling temporal and spiritual destitution of the East of London, with its population of nearly a million souls, not one in a hundred of the great bulk of whom attend either church or chapel. In the Whitechapel Road, only half-a-mile in length, 18,600 persons may be seen enter the public-houses on the Sabbath; while the most squalid poverty, the most hideous vice, the most dreadful crime, and the most abject misery abound in every direction.

THE OBJECT OF THIS MISSION

Is to evangelise by extraordinary efforts those outlying crowds who are not reached by the existing ordinary instrumentalities.

MEANS EMPLOYED.

PREACHING in the OPEN AIR, in THEATRES, CONCERT HALLS, SHOPS, and ROOMS, in prominent situations or very dark neighbourhoods.
VISITING from house to house.
BIBLE CARRIAGE, for the sale of Bibles, Tracts, and soul-saving literature.
MOTHERS' MEETINGS.
BIBLE CLASSES.
BELIEVERS' MEETINGS.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.
CHILDREN'S MISSION.
BANDS OF HOPE.
TRACT SOCIETIES.
SUNDAY and DAY SCHOOLS.
PENNY BANKS.
RELIEF of the DESTITUTE and SICK POOR, by the distribution of Bread, Meat, small sums of Money, &c.

PREACHING STATIONS.

People's Mission Hall, 272, Whitechapel Road.
Ebenezer Hall, Fieldgate Street, Whitechapel.
Thomas Passage Hall, North St., Bethnal Green.
Temperance Hall, High Street, Poplar.
Mission Hall, Cheval Street, Millwall.
People's Hall, near Bow Bridge, Stratford.
Eastern Alhambra, St. Anne's Place, Limehouse.
Mission Hall, Hare Street, Shoreditch.
Mission Hall, Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green Road.
Mission Hall, River Street, Bow Common.
Market Hall, High Street, Hastings.
Boy's British School Room, Hastings.

Workmen's Hall, Croydon.
Temperance Hall, Carshalton.
Public Rooms, Canning Town.
Hyndford's Close, High Street, Edinburgh.
British Schools, High Street, Stoke Newington.
Mission Hall, Loddiges Road, Hackney.
Preaching Room, Bromley, Kent.
Lecture Hall, High Street, Tottenham.
Good Intent Hall, Scotland Green, Tottenham.
Twig Folly Hall, Globe Rd., Mile End Old Town.
Mission Hall, Ninfield, Sussex.
Mission Hall, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

ACCOMMODATION FOR 3,000 PERSONS

Is provided Free in these places.

200 SERVICES OUT DOORS AND IN ARE HELD WEEKLY,
At which the Gospel is preached on an average to **OVER 14,000 PEOPLE.**

WORKERS.

Twenty persons are wholly employed in the Mission, and a large band of unpaid helpers.

REFEREES.

SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., M.P., Wood Street, E.C., and Tunbridge.
HENRY REED, Esq., Dunstan Villa, Harrogate.
ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE, R.N., C.B., 6, Delamere Terrace, Harrow Road, W.
GEORGE PEARSE, Esq., Stock Exchange, and 4, Westbourne Park Road, W.
Messrs. MORGAN & SCOTT, 23, Warwick Lane, E.C.

Rev. J. H. WILSON, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society, 18, South St., Finsbury Sq.
Rev. ROBERT ASHTON, Secretary of the Congregational Union, 18, South St., Finsbury Sq.
Rev. W. TYLER, Minister of New Town Chapel, Mile End.
Mr. GAWIN KIRKHAM, Secretary of Open Air Mission, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand.

COMMITTEE.

NATHANIEL JAMES POWELL, 101, High Street, Whitechapel, and Shortlands, Kent.
CHARLES OWEN, 15, St. Mary at Hill, E.C., and 6, Bennett Park, Blackheath.
JOHN EASON, 43, Greenwood Road, Dalston, N.E.
NATHANIEL JAMES POWELL, Treasurer.

JOHN LEE DALE, 84, Mile End Road.
W. H. CRISPIN, Marsh Gate Lane, Stratford, and Rickham House, Haverstock Hill, N.W.
EDMUND IVES, 18, Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W.

CHAS. OWEN, Hon. Sec.

SUPPORT.

This Mission is entirely dependent on the *Voluntary Offerings* of the Lord's people. Over £50 are required weekly. *Contributions* will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. N. J. POWELL, 101, High Street, Whitechapel, or by Mr. BOOTH, 3, Gore Rd., Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.; or may be paid into the account of the CHRISTIAN MISSION, at Messrs. DIMSDALE, FOWLER & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill. *Small Sums may be sent in Stamps.* P. O. O. should be made payable at the London General Post Office.