

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.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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LONDON:

MORGAN &amp; SCOTT, 23, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.;

MISSION HALL, 272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD.

EDINBURGH:—J. TAYLOR, 31, CASTLE STREET.

AND BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

# 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, 18,690 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.

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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.

Hymnford'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, Cubitt Town.

Mission Hall, Nibley, Sussex.

Mission Hall, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

## ACCOMMODATION FOR 8,000 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.

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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.

# THE CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

## A Chapter on Faith.

WHAT an IMPORTANT thing is faith! How essential to salvation! "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "He that believeth not shall be damned."

What an ASTONISHING thing is faith! What feats it can accomplish! It strikes with wonder the Church, the world, and devils! It is so strong a thing that nothing can stand before it, for "all things are possible to him that believeth."

What a SIMPLE thing is faith! It is really just *taking God at His word!* and who that knows the character of God cannot do this? It is said of one, "The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way." Faith is so easy a matter that all serious and anxious persons, whether learned or unlearned, may possess it, and therewith work the wonders of salvation. It is most certainly within the reach of all who are convinced of their sinful state, and concerned about holiness and heaven; and it can and will meet the case of every individual who will honour God by dependence on His word!

Faith is spoken of in the Bible under such a variety of forms, that the learned, if humble, cannot mistake it, and the unlearned, if humble, can easily understand it. It all amounts to simply crediting God's truth with a confidence that does what he commands us to do. As in the case of Noah preparing an ark to swim on a vast flood sufficient to cover the highest mountains, and drown the world. What a strange object of faith! As in the case of Abraham, when promised a son after he was an hundred years old, and Sarah many years past the age of child-bearing. He believed that God's power could easily make up for the defect of his physical weakness. *God had said it.* It was enough for faith. As in the case of Moses holding a rod over the Red Sea, in order to divide the water for the children of Israel to pass through. As in the case of Joshua walking round the walls of Jericho, and believing that they would fall down at the sound of trumpets. God had said it. They were only to believe and obey His commands. God will take care of the consequences. *Man believes; GOD FULFILLS.* Let man thus honour God by believing. God will honour man by fulfilling.

What a very unlikely thing it seems, that just believing a promise should effect the sanctification of my soul! *Hark you,* Unbelief says, "To believe that God fully saves me this moment, before I feel it, looks unreasonable, and will add impiety to sin, by believing what I do not experience; and it will make my case worse." Well, what an unlikely thing it was that clay should do any good to the eyes of a blind man! Physicians would tell you that it would make his eyes worse, and that after washing it off, he would come back sore as well as blind. *But* it was Jesus who put the clay on, and it was Jesus who told him to go and wash at the Pool of Siloam. Clay was indeed

rough soap for such a delicate purpose, and a most unlikely eye salve. But *faith* was the man's heal-all. The man did not stop to reason, like a sceptic, but at once believed, like a true son of Abraham. He went, *therefore*, and washed, and came seeing. Go and do thou likewise. Wash in order to be clean. *Believe in order to experience.* If you think to experience in order to believe, you make your feelings the ground of your trust, instead of God's word. Say, "Thou from sin dost save me now." If you thus go to the pool of Christ's blood and wash, by believing that God sanctifies you *now*, you also will "come seeing."—Seeing what? Why seeing that you are not deceived when you believe God! seeing the truth of Christ's words, "Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have." You will see the close connexion which lies between faith and victory!

By the Pool of Bethesda lies a poor, helpless man, so helpless as to be utterly unable to get into the pool when the waters are troubled. Jesus says, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk!" How utterly impossible it looks! That poor man groaning under an infirmity for thirty-eight years, has already made many attempts to crawl down into the water, and how then can he walk and carry his bed? But, *He* who gave the command gives with it the power to obey. The poor man tries! he rises! he bundles up his bed!! he walks off home!!! *God gives no evangelical commands but what we can execute. And no man obeys God in anything without success.*

You want entire sanctification. Many promises are held out to you. You are able to believe. God is able to fulfil. God is true; believe Him. God will give it. Will you take it? God bestows it; you receive it. "Fear not; believe only; and thou shalt be made whole."

Christ comes to you in your weak and polluted state, and says, "I will; be thou clean." You say, "Oh, if I could believe it!" Why do you talk so? Is it because Jesus imposes upon you, by telling you to do something you cannot? Certainly not. Then instead of saying, "Oh, if I could but believe!" say at once, "Lord, I believe!" Be clean by believing. "BELIEVE ONLY."

The devil doubtless here suggests, "that it is unreasonable to believe you receive it, and to believe it takes place now." But Jesus Christ, who is True and Faithful, says, "Believe only." The great enemy of God and man, who has seen God crown faith with love and purity, ten thousand times and more, falsely says, "It is impossible to have so great a blessing on such a simple condition; you must feel something more before you can safely believe."

But the word of God opposes Satan, and says by the very mouth of Jesus, "Believe ye receive." The verb is in the present tense, and you must believe that the blessing is yours, by faith; yours through the blood; yours according to the promise. Say no more, "I dare not believe what I do not feel," but obey God: take Him at His word, and you shall surely feel what you believe.

Many individuals, who by stopping to listen to human reasons, and hardening unbelief, have remained in pollution and anxiety for many years, have had to come to simple believing after all, as there is no other way; and then have received and enjoyed the blessing. Learn wisdom by their errors. Never exalt human reason above Divine truth, by imagining that God's conduct is to be regulated by your logic. *Never believe the devil in preference to God.* Down to the ground with unbelief by an act or stroke of faith.

Human reason, unreasonably leaving the infinite wisdom, power, truth and love of God out of the question, argues, "It cannot be so." Unbelief, through turning its back upon the infinite provisions of the Gospel, says, "It is impossible." But what says faith? Why the only impossibility about the matter is, for a reasoning unbeliever ever to get sanctified; for Jesus Christ said to St. Paul in a voice from heaven that we were to be sanctified by faith in Him. Therefore, *I will submit my reasons to the word of God, who cannot direct me wrong; and rest my faith on His promise, which is all I want for the purpose.* FAITH IS A TOTAL STRANGER TO HUMAN IMPOSSIBILITIES.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Lord, I believe it.

"Though earth and hell the word gainsay,  
The word of God can never fail;  
The Lamb shall take my sins away,  
'Tis certain though impossible;  
The thing impossible shall be:  
All things are possible to me!"

Surely, you can now look to Jesus with the eye of faith, and as the streaming, cleansing blood flows, believingly say, "He is made unto me sanctification."

Surely, the feet of your faith can now walk into the fountain for sin and uncleanness, while the lips of confidence say, "The blood cleanseth me."

Surely you can reach out your believing hand, and, touching the Saviour's virtuous garment, can say with assurance, "If I can but touch Him, I shall be made whole."

Surely, as you are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, you can take "the bread of heaven," which is made of the "finest of wheat," and the "cup of salvation," which is "drink indeed," and "eat and drink abundantly, O beloved!"

Surely you can now say, "Glory be to God! He is mine, and I am His! His now! His for ever! Hallelujah!" Now, then; hold him fast. Build on Him for ever. Let Him be the Lord and Governor of your heart. Entwine about Him like the ivy round the oak; be welded to Him by the fire of pure love, and the heavy hammer of determination; and live and die believing.

It frequently happens, as faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, that some anxious seekers keep pace with us as we go on with our remarks, while many timid hearts tarry behind. These latter must be brought up; so we must go back a little to help them on. Am I now conversing with one of this character? Cheer up, dear reader! *God cannot lie, and you may safely dare to believe Him.* Tell "the sycamore tree" of your carnal mind, "to be dried up from the roots." Command the "mountain" of your doubts and difficulties "to be cast into the sea" of Christ's blood! Doubt not in thine heart, and it shall be done.

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

As your courage increases, and your trembling feet approach the mark of sanctifying faith, just let me remind you that it is impossible for you to do amiss when you do as God commands you. Then copy the example of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, the priests at Jericho. Run all hazards, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, whose faith brought the Son of God to walk with them in the fiery furnace. Imitate Daniel's confidence, whose faith and obedience shut the lion's mouths. Imitate the man with the withered hand, and stretch forth your faith. Imitate the blind man by going to the cleansing fountain. Now for the act: say, "The blood, the precious blood, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth me from all sin!" "Thy faith hath saved thee." It is right to obey Christ, is it not? You say, "Yes." Then He says, "Believe that you receive, and you shall have."

If there be any difficulty about the plan of salvation, it is its *difficult easiness.* Men will aim to do something hard, laborious, and out of the way, as if they were going to work themselves into this blessing, and they thus lose sight of just believing Christ.

If there be a mystery about the plan of salvation, it is its *remarkable simplicity.* Men and women, by looking too high, too low, too wide, and too far away, lose sight of the fact that "the word is nigh them, even in their mouth, and in their heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach." The only difficulty is the one of *just believing God.* The only mystery is the one of simply taking God at His word.

Instead of staying to work yourself into feeling, tears, or faith, just come in your mind to the plain truth, "*The blessing is mine.*" Let Christ and His promise be your only ground of confidence. Not reading, not weeping, not praying, not hearing, not feeling; oh, no; these may be very good evidences of your desire to obtain the blessing, but the blood cleanseth! the blood alone! *Only believe it cleanseth now.* That is all your business. Leave the after-consequences in the hand of a faithful God. *How easy! How sure!* Moses told those who were bitten by the poisonous serpents to look upon the serpent of brass on the pole, and assured them that if they obeyed they would be healed—that was all! They looked and lived. Surely you can look to the Divine Jesus for full salvation with as much confidence as they looked to a brazen serpent for health. Then look *now*, and you also shall be made whole, and purified from all the poison of sin, and filled with spiritual health. You want it *now*. *Have it now.* Say, "Lord, I look; Lord, I believe! Thou art my all cleansing perfect Saviour! *Mine now! 'Tis done!* I am *made whole!* *Clean every whit!*" "Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

#### FLAMES OF FIRE.

DUNCAN MATHESON, THE SCOTTISH  
EVANGELIST.

(Continued from page 119.)

DUNCAN MATHESON had from his first entrance on his work in the Crimea, as through the whole of his career, to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Take the following account of his

#### RUDE LODGINGS.

"For a time he lodged on board ship; afterwards he took up his abode on shore. There he found a wretched lodging in an old stable, of which he took possession with right good cheer, remembering that his Master was born and cradled in as mean a place. It was too well ventilated, for the fierce wind blew in at a hundred crevices in wall and roof, and often as it whistled through the crannies overhead it seemed to mock the shivering missionary. In an unoccupied corner he erected a rude and comfortless bed, on which, at the close of each day's overwhelming labour, he laid him down to rest, but more frequently to pray than sleep. To increase his discomfort, the stable was infested with rats, and not a night passed but whole armies invaded his couch and rendered him sleepless and miserable. But 'necessity is the mother of invention;' our missionary, whose wits often began where other people's end, found means of relief. Amongst the stores lying in one end of the stable he discovered an immense quantity of lucifer matches, which the British Commissariat in its wisdom had laid up here. Taking a large supply to his bedside, our Scrip-

ture-reader drops asleep with a box in one hand and a bundle of matches in the other. By and by, in the silence and under cover of night, the hungry Russian hordes stealthily issue from their entrenchments, and attack the person of the hapless foreigner. The not unexpected sortie awakens the slumbering Scotchman, who instantly fires his rare artillery; and amidst the horrid noise, the phosphorescent blaze, and the sulphureous stench, enough to put the Cossacks to flight, the enemy scamper off in all directions, leaving the missionary, for the present, master of the field."

From the following we gather a good idea of the ability he possessed to gain an entrance to the hearts of the rough men among whom he laboured.

#### METHODS AND MINISTRIES OF MERCY.

"Rising early he prepares for breakfast, and seeks refreshment to his spirit in meditation and prayer. Whilst he intercedes for all, the Sardinian army lies upon his heart like a prophet's burden. Having thus renewed his strength, he carefully selects tracts and books for distribution. His next step is to visit the harbour, where his loud, hearty voice wakens the echoes in many a bluff, kind response on board ship. Humour and pathos are keys to open the heart of Jack, and the missionary is master of both. A sick soldier is in the crisis of disease, and he succeeds in procuring some delicacy for the prostrate warrior. Another whom he met the day before suffers from a threatening cough; an old woollen shirt may save the poor fellow's life. Away he goes with his cargo of stores, temporal and spiritual, and

trudges through unfathomable mud till he reaches the camp. In the hospitals he ministers to the sick and wounded with the skill and tenderness of a woman; and when by gentle touches of humanity, he has smoothed the sufferer's pillow, he tries to point to Jesus, and allure to heaven.

"As he passes through the camp he hails everybody, and is hailed in turn; for his is the peculiar gift of knowing everyone, and making himself known to all. Now you hear him talking in his broadest Doric to some countryman, and anon he is jabbering in broken French or Italian. Under cover of a cool, easy, off-hand exterior he conceals an intense desire to say some good, strong thing bearing on *eternity*; and rarely is the opportunity missed of making the home thrust right under the fifth rib. Sometimes he is repulsed, but he knows conscience is on his side. Sometimes he is answered with a smile, and 'Ah, sir, that is all very well, but it won't do here.' This is a good opening for the missionary's heaviest shot. 'But death is here, and how are you going to meet God?' Occasionally he is met with a raking fire of profanity, and is put to grief and silence. He tries all his keys into the locked heart. Perhaps the man was once at the Sabbath school; perhaps he has a mother, the traces of whose love sin can hardly obliterate. He finds an opening at length, and the man who met him with swearing and laughter goes away in tears. Onward amidst the tents the missionary holds his way, a strong sower scattering good wheat upon the waters,—the folly of reason, and the wisdom of faith. Sometimes his heart faints within him; but he quickly renews his strength in fellowship with some one of his godly friends."

Here is another instance:

"At Kadi Keni he met officers and soldiers of the Sardinian army, and made their acquaintance. 'From the day that the compact, brave, accomplished, and well-behaved Sardinian army set foot on Crimean soil,' he writes, 'my heart was set on doing them good, and I prayed that God would enable me to spread the word among them. Knowing that God could bless one text as well as a thousand, I committed to memory from the Italian New Testament that gospel in miniature in John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only be-

gotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I went out, and standing amongst them, repeated the passage, and then passed from group to group with my little gospel message. Then I took the New Testament and went out reading it as best I could, till a deep interest to possess it was called forth, and the time had come for its distribution.'

Scenes and sounds the most melancholy meet him at every turn.

#### SAD SIGHT.

"Hundreds of sick and wounded were brought down to Balaklava,—famished, emaciated, clothed in rags, many a noble form, a total wreck from lack of timely aid. He wept at the sight. The sufferers fixed their eyes on him in touching appeal, and many uttered a piercing cry for water. He did what he could. Some of them he saw die on the wharf. On board many lay huddled together under the open hatchway. Some lay on bags of biscuit—anywhere, anywhere in the hurry and helplessness. 'Scotland I'll never see again,' was the heart-piercing lament of a poor Scotch soldier laddie. Ah, no! Poor boy, he never did see Scotland again. A Lincolnshire lad whom he sought and found was unable to speak a word. 'Your mother bade me seek you,' said the missionary. At this word the dying soldier suddenly revived, and exclaimed, 'My mother! O my mother!' It was the last flicker of the candle. He said no more, and died. The last tender throb of his heart was given to her who had known its first gentle beat."

And O how hard and callous the thousands were who marched on to death and eternity! Men laughed, and sung, and played cards, and gambled, literally on the verge of the grave! Still our friend the missionary had much to encourage him. Take the following beautiful incident:

#### SINGING, SUICIDE, AND SALVATION.

"One night, weary and sad, he was returning from Sebastopol to his poor lodgings in the old stable at Balaklava. He had laboured all day with unflagging energy, and now his strength was gone. He was sickened with the sights he had seen, and was depressed with the thought that the siege was no nearer an end than ever. As he trudged along in the mud knee-deep,

he happened to look up and noticed the stars shining calmly in the clear sky. Instinctively his weary heart mounted heavenward in sweet thoughts of the 'rest that remaineth for the people of God,' and he began to sing aloud the well-known scriptural verses:

"How bright these glorious spirits shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?"

"Lo! these are they from sufferings great,  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright."

"Next day was wet and stormy, and when he went out to see what course to take, he came upon a soldier standing for shelter below the verandah of an old house. The poor fellow was in rags, and all that remained of shoes upon his feet were utterly insufficient to keep his naked toes from the mud. Altogether he looked miserable enough. The kind-hearted missionary spoke words of encouragement to the soldier, and gave him at the same time half-a-sovereign with which to purchase shoes, suggesting that he might be supplied by those who were burying the dead. The soldier offered his warmest thanks, and then said, 'I am not what I was yesterday. Last night, as I was thinking of our miserable condition, I grew tired of life, and said to myself, Here we are not a bit nearer taking that place than when we sat down before it. I can bear this no longer, and may as well try and put an end to it. So I took my musket and went down yonder in a desperate state about eleven o'clock; but as I got round the point, I heard some person singing, 'How bright these glorious spirits shine,' and I remembered the old tune and the Sabbath school where we used to sing it. I felt ashamed of being so cowardly, and said, Here is some one as badly off as myself, and yet he is not giving in. I felt he had something to make him happy of which I was ignorant, and I began to hope I too might get the same happiness. I returned to my tent, and to-day I am resolved to seek the one thing.' 'Do you know who the singer was?' asked the missionary. 'No,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the other, 'it was I; on which the tears rushed into the soldier's eyes, and he requested the Scripture-reader to take back the half-sovereign, saying, 'Never, sir, can I

take it from you, after what you have been the means of doing for me.'"

The spirit in which he wrought on amidst discouragements, before which many stout hearts would have quailed, is thus described by himself:

#### PERSEVERANCE IN WELL-DOING.

"Many say, Rest; take things easier," he writes at this time. 'I cannot rest, for it is a mighty graceless army, and needs most tremendous exertion. Oh that I might be the means of saving souls!' Much did he feel the loss of Christian friends. 'Captains Carnegie, Vicars, and Beaufort are gone. Lieut. Wemyss died on his way to England, and has his grave in the waters of the Bosphorus. I feel it much—keenly, deeply. O how cheap is life here! You sorrow for one, for many, and next day you sorrow for more, till the mind gets quite hardened. Many talk of hundreds dying as if it were nothing. Most look not into eternity, and know not the value of souls. I often think it is well I counted the cost ere coming here. I have not been disappointed. It is useless to think of trials, if the Lord prosper you in your work. . . . You and others fear for me. I alone fear not for myself. Am I not in the Lord's work? Can anything happen without his permission? If I live, let it be to His glory. If I die, may it be for His glory. I am not my own. I know there is victory through the blood of the Lamb; and what after all is death? The entrance to eternal rest—the door to God's right hand.'"

His privations were often well nigh past endurance. Often had he suffered the gnawings of hunger, till at length he lost his appetite entirely. "How gracious the Lord is!" he says in a letter to his sister; "the last two days I had the delicious pleasure of being hungry again. I am getting sorely out of clothes. Last week I got a present of a new pair of boots, sent me from England. Next day they were stolen. I had my last shirt on. I could not find another; but a staff doctor called and made me a present of one yesterday. So the Lord provides."

Again and again he was smitten down by failing health, but still he persevered; at length, however, he was compelled to return to Scotland, where he spent six weeks recruiting his shattered health. Returning to the Crimea, bearing with him rich and

abundant supplies of Bibles, Testaments, and various kinds of religious literature, these he distributed with unceasing diligence, paying special attention to the Sardinian army. And when his work in the Crimea was done, he returned to England, taking Italy on his way, and scattering broadcast there the words of everlasting life.

On his return to Scotland, he recommenced his work of an evangelist, which was continued with little intermission, and that caused only by the disease which finally laid him low. In this work he indeed gave full proof of his ministry, and we shall at once select for our readers a few incidents which we think give evidence that this dear man of God was indeed wonderfully adapted and richly endowed for the work to which the Master called him.

He thus describes his

#### CALL TO THE OPEN-AIR WORK.

"Invited by Lady Pirrie, he went to Malvern in the autumn of 1858, and laboured there for a short time. Here on the hill-side he held his first open-air meeting, and felt he received a special call to this kind of work in the blessing that attended the service. Henceforth he gave himself to preaching in the open-air. By day, by night, beneath the summer sun, out in the drenching rain or piercing cold of winter, in the remote glen amidst the bleating of the sheep, at the sea-side, where the singing of David's psalms mingles with the still more ancient harmonies of the great ocean, on the crowded street, in the noisy fair, beneath the shadow of the scaffold, in the face of the raging mob—everywhere, in short, as far as in him lay, he strove to preach Christ to perishing men. In this way his voice-reached many who otherwise would never have heard the glad tidings of salvation."

Such was his entrance on what his biographer styles his "Diocese of the Open-Air;" and in this diocese his labours were intensely interesting and gloriously successful. We will note a few of the many incidents recorded. To begin with, we may remark that this was

#### HARD WORK.

"After a sleepless and prayerful night on the eve of the Huntly meetings, he said to me, 'I feel as if I were breaking down. I have been putting up blood, and feel very ill. Sometimes

Satan tempts me to take it easier, and do less for souls: he whispers when I am speaking in the open air, 'You had better take it easier, or you'll burst a blood-vessel.' But I just reply, 'Never mind if I do; I could not die in a better cause.'"

#### GETTING A CONGREGATION.

"We had arranged to hold a meeting in the streets of a certain village. The place was drowned in drink, and consequently spiritually dead above most places. At the appointed hour we made our appearance, and having made our way to the square of the village, and having borrowed a chair for a pulpit, we were prepared to proceed; but audience there was none, save two or three ragged children, who gathered round and stared at us as a curiosity. It was certainly a situation exceedingly trying to flesh and blood, and one that gave ample room for the exercise of faith. Matheson, by the grace of God, was equal to the occasion. I think I hear his cheery words, as he said to me, speaking in his broadest Doric, 'Haud on, haud on, Mr. Williamson, for a wee bit as weel as ye can, an' I'll fetch out the folk wi' the help o' God.' He started off, leaving me on the chair—no envied position, I assure you—with the children for my audience. He started off, and beginning at the extreme end of the village, he knocked at every door, and cried aloud as *he could cry*, 'Come awa' out, come awa' out; the gospel is come to the town;' and using at the same time, with his usual sagacity, the children he met as his agents, he said, 'Rin, laddie, rin; and tell yer mither to come awa' to the square, and hear the preaching.' We had a meeting—a successful meeting—we adjourned in the evening to a church in the village; and I have good reason to believe that redeemed souls in eternity will bless God for that meeting."

#### TURNING THE BATTLE TO THE GATE.

"In another town the preachers were one day furiously assailed and subjected to much personal indignity and violence by a mob, led on by the paid agents of tavern keepers, whose profits were diminished by the effective preaching of the gospel. For hours the preachers maintained their position in the outskirts of the market; towards the close of the day, led on by Matheson, they pushed their way into the centre of the fair. Here they were set on by the entire rascality, hired

and unhired, of the town; but a shower happening at that crisis, the stentorian voice of our evangelist was heard high above the clamour shouting 'Off hats, men, and let us thank our Father in heaven, who sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust, for this refreshing shower, instead of fire and brimstone to consume us.' The effect of this appeal was striking. Every voice was hushed, and every head uncovered, and one who was present describes the prayer of the evangelist as overwhelmingly touching and solemn. The battle was now turned to the gate, and the preachers carried all before them."

#### THE SHOWMAN OUTWITTED.

"On another occasion the showman of a penny theatre, finding that his sarcastic merriment did not shame the preachers into silence, challenged them to come up to his platform, and see if they could speak there. The challenge, contrary to the expectations of the showman, was accepted, and our evangelist, accompanied by Mr. Hector Macpherson, took possession of the stage, to the astonishment of the whole market. Mr. Matheson began; the showman was put to silence, and went away, leaving the evangelists in possession of his platform, from which they addressed an immense crowd with remarkable effect."

Preaching in markets and at fairs occupied a considerable portion of his time. Here is a specimen of the advertisement of such services:

#### "MARKET PREACHING.

"If the Lord permit, the everlasting gospel will be preached at Longside, Ellon, Aberdeen, Turriff, Inverury, and other feeing-markets.

#### "A SOLEMN QUESTION.

"How long do you think it would take you to count a billion? A billion is a million of millions: and if you were to count at the rate of two hundred a minute, it would require more than nine thousand years to finish it. Now, you must live a billion of years either in heaven or hell, and when that billion of years is past, you must live another billion of years, and then another; and even then your life will only be, as it were, beginning. *You must live for ever, whether you will or no.* Is it not an awful thought that you are an immortal being, and that there is no escape into nothingness? Dear friend, you are making an awful

blunder if you are living for this world only; and, if you die unsaved, it is a blunder that can never be remedied. Jesus offers to save you now. He died to save; and if you come to Him as you are—no matter how great a sinner you may be—He will save you; for He says, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' The time is short, your soul is precious, and eternity is near.—D.M."

#### OPPOSITION CONQUERED.

"One night a showman, thinking we had taken our stand in too close proximity to his tabernacle, fetched his magic bottle, and with a significant glance in our direction, said, 'Talk of revivals! Here is something that will revive you!' Shouts of derisive laughter followed. We paused a moment, then began to sing the twenty-third Psalm. As we sung, the people began to leave the showman, and come to our side; there was a charm for them in King David's song. Prayer was offered: more of the people came over. A simple exposition of the Psalm followed: the larger portion of the showman's audience left him to hear about the green pastures and the still waters. Ere we finished the show was well-nigh deserted, and we could see the tears trickling down the cheeks of some as they listened to the story of the Good Shepherd coming into the wilderness of this world to seek and to save the lost."

#### PATIENCE AND LOVE PREVAIL.

"One Sabbath evening, at the time of the fair, we were resting ourselves in the house after a service in the open air. Suddenly four young men, maddened with strong drink, rushed into the room, and furiously assailed us, while a fierce and numerous reserve waited at the door. The object of their wrath was the person of the writer, who had reproved them in the street for scoffing. A violent struggle followed. Matheson interposed, and seizing the ringleader by the arm, said, 'Let us pray.' We both dropped upon our knees, and fervently entreated God to bless and save the young men. For a moment they were paralysed by astonishment or fear. Again and again, for nearly two hours the battle was renewed; again and again we resorted to prayer, striking no blows but those of faith and love. At last the victory remained with us; the young men became as quiet as lambs.

We preached the gospel to them, and ere they went away we formed an alliance of peace and friendship that has never been broken."

#### SOME OF HIS HELPERS.

"Mr. Johnstone fell like a true soldier at his post, and passed from the hallowed services of the Lord's day on earth to the joys of the everlasting Sabbath in heaven. He was mighty in prayer, and it was the practice of our evangelist to ask at the commencement of his meeting, 'Is Johnstone here to pray?' Robert Annan, the stoutest of street preachers, is also at his rest. Dan Collison, a young man of remarkable faith, said one night as he left the fair, 'I am gaun' hame to tell my Faither,' meaning that he was going home to spend the midnight hour in prayer. In a few hours afterwards he reached the Father's house of many mansions. When charged, like Paul, with madness, Dan was wont to say, 'If I'm mad, I'll get heaven for an asylum.' 'The Lucknow Hero,' a Christian soldier of gigantic stature, who had fought in the Indian mutiny, used to assist in these services by marching in front to clear the way. He could not preach, but he could help in his own way. Drawing himself up to his full height between the preachers and their opponents, he seemed to say, 'If you dare meddle with these men, you see what you have to encounter.' He also has received the palm of victory. Mr. Nairn, merchant, an unwearied helper in the work of the Lord, is also numbered with those who have crossed the flood. Amidst the ravings of the fever that closed his earthly career, he spoke only of the Saviour whom he loved."

We close our extracts for this number with the following precious incident of the usefulness of open-air preaching:

#### REST FOR THE WEARY.

"A poor woman, a drunkard's wife, steeped in poverty and clothed in rags, was coming along the street with a babe in her arms. Happiness had forsaken her long ago; desperate struggles with want made her weary of life; hope, that most patient of angels, had disappeared in the clouds; and all her days and nights seemed but steps to deeper woe. A voice strange to her fell upon her ear. The one utterance that fell like dew upon her weary heart was the word of the Lord—'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' She stood still upon the pave-

ment, far off from the preacher; and as she listened, the voice seemed to come nearer and nearer to the heart. 'Rest!' she said to herself, as the preacher went on to explain rest in the Lord Jesus—'rest! that is what I want.' Jesus heard the groaning of that oppressed spirit, and came to her relief. There and then she believed on Christ; there and then she entered on the rest of the gospel. Peace and joy, like birds of Paradise, began to sing in her soul. She carried the blessing home, and the light that filled that mother's heart illuminated the drunkard's house, and transformed it into a Bethel. Years have passed; she still hearkens to Jesus, and still hears Him say, 'Come unto Me, and rest.'"

#### THE TERRIBLE CHAIN.

A TRADITION exists about Rotherhithe of a singular accident, said to have occurred there at the beginning of this century, when Rotherhithe was little more than a desolate collection of fields, enlivened by a few public-houses and labourers' cottages. For the truth of the story we cannot vouch; it probably had some foundation in fact, and it well illustrates what is at any rate no fiction!

It is said, that as it was getting dusk one evening, when a strong ebb tide had shrunk the waters of the Thames to their lowest point, the skipper of a vessel, just arrived from a foreign port and anchored opposite Rotherhithe, put off for the shore. He was impatient to land, and the boat had barely grazed the shingle when he jumped out, and, ordering the rowers to await him there at eleven, he walked quickly up the beach.

The men, as they rowed back to the ship, observed him stumble and come to a sudden stand-still. They watched with surprise for a few moments, and then seeing he made no progress but seemed to beckon to them, they returned and found that his foot had caught in a massive iron chain which lay unobserved across his path. The impetus with which he had been walking, had carried his foot through one of the links, and his utmost efforts failed to withdraw it, for the inflexible iron refused to let the broad part of the foot return through its narrow opening. He was fairly caught, and at first was as much inclined to laugh as to cry at the awkward accident, not doubting that a little assistance from his men would set all right. Poor fellow! They did

their best, but found their strength and skill alike at fault. No twisting, or turning, or pushing, or pulling, would avail. The iron would not stretch, the foot seemed to swell rather than to contract, and the captain's first expression of amused impatience was ere long exchanged for one of pain and vexation.

It was an old fashioned chain, with long and large links, attached to a buoy, and left uncovered by the ebb tide. What was to be done? There were few people in sight; two or three soon gathered round the unfortunate man, but they seemed at first to regard it as a good joke, and even when they saw it was no joking matter, displayed little wit or presence of mind. One suggested cutting away the boot, and the skipper, with his own knife, managed to do it, but still the foot would not pass; another proposed bleeding it, and, after some delay, a neighbouring chemist was brought, and used his lancet, but with no other effect than that of weakening the sufferer from loss of blood. Precious time had slipped away, and it was nearly dark, when some one spoke of cutting the chain. The bystanders smiled, and a cloud came over the captain's face, as he heard a whisper, "I would be easier to cut off the foot than to cut through the chain." To be crippled for life in his early manhood! What could they mean? He was angry, and began to curse and swear that they should work for a week, sooner than he would lose his leg. But an expressive glance from one of his own men made him look behind him, and his lip and cheek blanched as he perceived, for the first time, the real nature of the case. *The rising tide* had already brought his boat within easy reach, and a few brief hours would cover the spot where he stood with water deep enough to drown him. He was silenced; the group eyed each other in helpless dismay for a few minutes—and then one of the men, not without a tear in his eye, exclaimed, "Better lose limb than life, sir!" and every one murmured, "Yes!" There was a struggle within before the captain could command himself sufficiently to say, "Fetch a surgeon then immediately!" And no sooner were the words uttered, than a messenger darted off, as if for life.

Before the surgeon arrived, he had come to think lightly of the loss of his foot, and was only impatient for the knife. The surgeon came at last, but was appalled when he saw the case. It was impossible, said he, to amputate a foot in such a position; the limb must

be removed from the hip joint, and he had no appliances with him for such an operation. He must go back to procure them, and would "bring assistance" with him soon. He left hastily, and another hour of still more anxious suspense followed. The exhausted captain stood alone in the water now; the crowd on the beach began to speculate how the matter would end. A good natured woman brought him some refreshment, and a chair, but the water rose too fast to allow of his sitting long. The sailors brought the boat alongside, and tried to cheer and encourage him; and every eye was strained to catch, in the darkness, the first glimpse of the surgeon, on whom all now depended. The delay was unaccountably long, though each moment was of utmost importance. The timid surgeon, not liking the job, had waited to seek help; and when, at last, he arrived with another, they had to avail themselves of the boat to reach their patient. After a fruitless attempt, they both declared the amputation impossible in such circumstances—the boat rolling in the rising tide, and the man so faint as to be scarce able to stand. They would not risk an action for manslaughter, they said; and, spite of his prayers and tears, they left him to his fate! They could do nothing, nor could any one else, though by this time a crowd had assembled on the shore. The captain was slow to realise that death stared him in the face; but he did at last, and was dictating to the sailors a brief will, and a farewell letter to his wife, as the waters rose to his lips, and closed gurgling over his head! When the tide ebbed that evening, a pale corpse lay on the sands, held fast by a swollen foot to the massive iron chain!

### Poetry.

#### THE GREATNESS OF LOVE.

Paraphrase of 1 Cor. xiii.

ALTHOUGH I speak with every tongue  
Of men or angels known among,  
If love I have not, all will be  
Unprofitable speech to me;  
And though I have the gift to see  
All prophecy and mystery,  
If love I have not, all will be  
Unprofitable truth to me;  
And though by faith I could displace  
The mighty mountains from their base,  
If love I have not, all will be  
Unprofitable faith to me;  
Though all I give to feed the poor,  
And e'en the martyr's fire endure,

If love I have not, all will be  
Unprofitable works to me.

Love suffers long, and kindness shows;  
Love envies not, but humbler grows;  
Vaunts not itself, seeks not its own;  
For no unseemliness is known;  
Though much provok'd, endures it long,  
And reckons not a brother's wrong;  
Behold's iniquity with dread;  
Rejoices in the truth being spread;  
In Christ bears all things, all believes,  
Hopes all, all patiently receives.

Love never fails, but nought besides,  
Nor prophecy, nor tongue, abides;

And knowledge we shall need no more  
When this our night of earth is o'er.  
And the bright Morning Star shall shine  
With His unclouded light divine;  
When this our childhood here shall pass,  
And we no longer through a glass  
Shall darkly see, but face to face  
Behold the glory of His grace;  
And all things shall to us be shown,  
And we shall know as we are known.

Yet now, in this life, faith and hope,  
Have each, with love, a needful scope;  
And all abide in unity,  
But love the greatest of the three.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### WHITECHAPEL.

THE work of God is still steadily going on at this station, in spite of many difficulties.

Our Brother Brown from the North has been holding some special services. At first our faith was sorely tried. But the Lord of Hosts was with us. God's people gave themselves to prayer. We visited the people in the daytime, and missioned the streets in the evening, carrying the blessed Gospel to thousands who would not otherwise have heard it.

Before long the Lord came in our midst, scattering the darkness; leading His people to shout for very joy, when the cry was heard, "What must I do to be saved?" We select one or two cases.

A woman, whose lady-like appearance led us to infer she had seen better days, was deeply convinced of her state as a sinner, crying aloud for mercy. After a severe struggle she obtained peace, and professed faith in Jesus. Now she became intensely anxious for her husband's conversion, and eight days after

#### THE WIFE'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

The husband came and sought salvation. Night after night are the happy couple to be seen in our meetings, praising the Lord together. The woman we found had been reared in the lap of luxury, but as years rolled on her circumstances underwent a painful change. Some time ago she and her husband walked to London, and spent their last penny in a basin of soup. One of our members, being in the shop, pitied their evident poverty and weariness, gave them a little help, and invited them to the Hall the next day. They came, and were both deeply impressed. The husband got work, and we lost sight of them. But, thank God, the Holy Spirit had followed them. They were induced to come to the

Hall again, when the blessed results we have described followed.

#### A SOLDIER WELCOMING A RECRUIT FOR IMMANUEL'S ARMY.

One evening, a fine-looking soldier, a sergeant in one of the Queen's home regiments, was seen kneeling at the penitent form by the side of his wife, who that night had given her heart to the Lord, and enlisted under the banner of King Jesus. Often had the state of his wife's soul pressed upon the brave soldier, making him sad; now his prayers were answered, and angels looked on with joy, as the husband and wife embraced each other amidst the shouts and praises of God's people, and carried the glad tidings up to the throne on high.

#### WORK IN THE STREETS.

We are making renewed efforts to reach the hearts of poor sinners who will not enter our Halls and places of worship, especially during this hot weather, yet will stand and listen to the preaching in the open air, not only during the day, but on Sunday evenings. Though weary with our day's work, we turn out and hold an open-air service, and thus hundreds who throng our streets up to a late hour on Sunday nights hear words whereby they may be saved. Will our friends pray for us? We are pleading for a revival. May it speedily come for Christ's sake.

A. L.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

Though our common enemy has sought by various means to hinder the work of the Lord at this station, God is with us, giving us many tokens of His blessing.

We are always able to gather a congregation in the open air, the devil sometimes baffling his own designs, and bringing many

to listen to the word of eternal life; one evening sending to us

#### A DANCING IRISHMAN,

who, after vain endeavours to stop the preaching by shaking his fist in our faces, lifting the watch out of our pocket, and trying to prick us with a pin, commenced dancing and yelling with all his might, which soon attracted a large crowd, many of whom followed us to the Hall.

#### FRUIT GATHERED AT THE EXCURSION.

Among those who will never forget the day spent at Richmond are two dear women who have joined our little band. One found the Saviour in Petersham Park, and the other in the railway carriage coming home. They are still holding on their way rejoicing in Jesus. Praise His name.

A young married woman, a Roman Catholic, through listening to the preaching in the open-air, became convinced that the priest to whom she often confessed could not pardon her sins. She came to the Hall and wept her way

#### PAST THE PRIEST TO CALVARY,

and left the great burden of her sins at the foot of the cross. She told her husband the good news, and has succeeded in getting him to the out-door services.

One Sunday evening in the open air we noticed a woman with a baby in her arms listening with great attention. She bore the devil's mark of strong drink upon her countenance. She came to the Hall and asked to sign the pledge. Being invited, she remained to the meeting, and at its close not only signed the pledge, but, we trust, gave her heart to Jesus. May she be kept by the power of God. J. C.

#### MILWALL.

Last month the question was asked, "What are the people of Millwall doing?"

As soldiers of Jesus, we are seeking to obey the voice of our Commander, lifting up the blood-stained banner of Calvary, and doing battle against sin and the devil. Sometimes the shout of a king is heard in our camp when one and another who were engaged against us in the ranks of the enemy, weep their way to the cross, and accept the offered mercy of Immanuel.

We could tell of three of our brethren who have been instruments in winning souls for Jesus among the men with whom they work, and getting thirty to sign the pledge.

The Lord is with us, binding us together in love and unity, and giving us continually tokens of His presence; and in His strength we mean to go forward. J. M.

#### CROYDON.

PRaise the Lord, the clouds are passing away before the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness. The Lord is blessing

us, and we believe a great work will yet be done in Croydon.

During the past month, several precious souls have professed to find peace through believing. Among them was a young man, who, being invited from the open air service, came

#### FOR THE FIRST TIME.

He listened with the greatest attention; the Holy Spirit applied the truth to his conscience, and as soon as the prayer meeting began, though no one had spoken to him, he fell on his knees and began seeking the Saviour. He went away happy in Jesus.

The visit of our Sister Short on Sunday, 16th, was much owned of God. Many sinners were deeply convinced, and two precious souls sought, and we believe found the Saviour. One was a young woman, the daughter of a local preacher. She had been religiously brought up, but had resisted the strivings of the Spirit. Once more the loving Spirit pleaded with her, and as she listened to the application of the parable of the barren fig-tree, saw herself described; as she said, the sermon

#### WAS ALL MEANT FOR HER.

After a struggle she was able to see *pardon and salvation* was all meant for her. She accepted it, and went away resolved, by God's grace, to live to Him alone.

#### THE PROPOSED NEW HALL FOR CROYDON.

A site has been obtained, situated in the midst of the poor people. Friends at Croydon are determined to do all they can to obtain the necessary funds to build a house for the Lord, and open it free of debt. Any help for this object will be gladly received by Mr. Cobet, 2, Clarence Road, Croydon, or by the Rev. W. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, E. J. A.

#### BROMLEY.

We are glad to be able to inform our friends that souls are being saved at this station, though our work is greatly hindered for want of a suitable place in which to hold our meetings. Will dear friends pray for us, and, if they can, help us in this matter.

#### A ROUGH STONE POLISHED.

One Sunday evening a man who had been a great fighter, and was said to be one of the roughest men in Bromley came into our meeting. The great Master Builder took him in hand, applied the hammer of His word, and ere long the heart of stone gave way, and like a little child he fell at the feet of Jesus, crying, "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole." His plea was heard and the precious blood applied.

Shortly after another dear man became convinced of sin, and ventured his all on Jesus. A strong bond of union has sprung up between the two. They have been named

#### THE CONVERTED TINKER AND HIS PUPIL;

for when there is no meeting at the Mission Room, the tinker opens his own room, and if no one else comes, these two hold a meeting together. The Lord bless and keep them. J. A.

#### STOKE NEWINGTON.

THIS station has been somewhat tried by the removal of our Bro. Allen, whose loving earnestness had endeared him to all.

We found some hanging their harps upon the willows; but, praise God, they have taken them down, and tuned their harps with a fresh note of thanksgiving.

Many have held on their way rejoicing, fighting manfully against sin and Satan, going forth into the streets, and with boldness lifting up Jesus, the Saviour for perishing men and women.

One evening, three or four men were

#### CONVICTED IN A PUBLIC HOUSE;

and, coming out to the brethren who were holding the service, confessed what great sinners they were. Glory to God, His Spirit is convincing of sin and quickening believers! We mean by faith to go on letting down the Gospel net, gathering into it precious, blood-bought souls. J. W.

#### TOTTENHAM.

THE Lord is working among His own people here: a deeper feeling for our poor fellow creatures and desire for God's glory is manifest. Many have been led to consecrate themselves afresh to the Lord.

Tuesday, August 8th, we had a friendly tea meeting. The Lord was present, and a sweet spirit of love and union pervaded the meeting. Mrs. Booth gave an interesting and soul-stirring address, giving a slight sketch of the rise and progress of the Christian Mission, and concluding by urging the people to fresh zeal and devotion in the cause of Christ. J. W.

#### HACKNEY.

#### A FORTNIGHT'S CAMPAIGN ON LONDON FIELDS.

DURING the summer, services are held every Sunday, in a tent erected on the large open space at Hackney known as the London Fields.

It is one of the strongholds of Satan. There the infidel, with a pertinacity and earnestness worthy a better cause, seeks to spread his withering and dangerous teaching of "No God," and freedom from law and moral obligation.

On Sunday, July 20th, we commenced a series of special services, going forth, under the leadership of the great Captain of our Salvation, to storm the enemy's

camp. The morning was wet and windy, which prevented the erection of more than one tent. In the evening our dear superintendent, Mr. Booth, preached with the power of the Holy Ghost. Siege was laid to many hearts; and, in spite of scoffers and infidels, five came forward, laying down their arms of rebellion, and accepting Christ's offers of mercy.

The next morning, at 11, we were at our post again; interest was awakened; the people came in crowds; both large tents were erected, and in the evening filled, while numbers stood around. Soon the hand of God was visibly seen at work: as if by one mighty impulse, sinners cried aloud for mercy. Old and young were weeping round the platforms, and twenty persons in the tents professed to find peace through believing.

#### A WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER.

We noticed her standing with her associates, deeply pondering the wondrous words she had heard. Breaking from them at last, like the woman of old, she fell at the Saviour's feet, weeping tears of penitence. She heeded not the jeers of her sinful companions, who tried to pull her away; but remained on her knees until light broke in upon her troubled soul, and left, determining to give up sin at any cost, and serve the Saviour who had shown so much mercy to her.

#### A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Together they wept, together they wept, and together they rejoiced. We shall not soon forget the wondrous change in their faces when they said to us, the next day, "We have found Jesus!" We think the most critical could not have doubted it.

#### AN INFIDEL, WHO CAME TO SCOFF, BUT REMAINED TO PRAY.

He had often persecuted us, and came this evening to annoy, if he could not do more; but the Spirit of God laid hold of him. He knew then there was a God, though long he had denied His existence! So great was his agony of soul, that the old manifestation was seen. He wallowed, foaming, crying, with intense earnestness, "Lord, save me!" Soon the Lord came to his relief, casting out the devil, and applying His precious blood to the poor, sin-sick soul.

He now preaches to his former associates and others the faith he once sought to destroy.

We could go on giving similar instances of God's power to save, as manifested during these services. We believe the great day alone will show how deeply Satan's kingdom was shaken, and how many entered the service of King Jesus. We do know that an infidel club has been broken up, and some forty persons have given in their names, professing to have passed from death unto life. To our God be the glory and praise, now and for ever. Amen.

## HASTINGS.

## CONTINUED PERSECUTION.

DURING the past month persecution has raged; but with God on our side, His love in our hearts, and the Bible in our hands, we have gone on in His name. One day a man threw a dirty old sack on Brother Tibbutt's head two or three times, and a few days afterwards we were met in the Fish Market with a

## BAND OF TIN WHISTLES.

With these our persecutors shrieked away as soon as we commenced the service. A good number of our friends had assembled to help us, and we struck off singing,

"O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh;  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,  
Come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home."

We sang the hymn through and again with the chorus,

"For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,  
And give us the victory again and again."

Whilst singing, our persecutors were reinforced by a band of rough youths with

## TIN KETTLES AND BISCUIT TINS.

These they hammered with ginger beer bottles, rattled with stones, the whistles blowing all the time, and we singing in their midst, our readers will imagine that there was a pretty stir; but only those who were present can form a correct idea of the reality. Our friends were not daunted, but looked up to God, lost sight of self, sang on for about three quarters of an hour, and then went to the British school room, and one precious soul came to the penitent form, and was made happy. Hallelujah! we have the victory.

The following evening we were persecuted nearly in the same way, but with the addition of a number of smokers with

## CIGARS AND PIPES,

puffing smoke in our faces and trying to choke us; but we were proof against this also. We are glad to tell our readers we believe the police and the town authorities are all on our side; and they, with many other friends, advise us to punish our persecutors. But we don't want to do this if we can possibly get peace without. Will our friends pray we may be led aright in this matter.

## THE WORK OF HOLINESS.

We are glad to inform our readers that during the severe persecution we have not only had souls converted to God, but believers have been panting after more of His likeness; and very many, we have reason to believe, have obtained the blessing of a clean heart. Mr. Strickland has had one night a week for reading the

letters upon holiness in the June and July magazines. This, we believe, has been a great blessing to many. Some of our friends have stripped off their feathers and flowers, chignons and earrings, and in various other ways they give proof that it is possible to wholly live a life of faith on the Son of God. We give the experiences of a few of our friends as taken from their own lips, at one of

## OUR EXPERIENCE MEETINGS.

The day previous, a number of our friends had been to Ninfield, and got blessed in the waggons on the way home, reference to this is made in two or three testimonies.

Brother C. said: "I feel the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin. I am nearer God to-night than I have ever been before, I love him more. I used to doubt sometimes, and in trouble nearly despair; but now I live by a moment at a time, and leave the future with God. I have got higher up, firmer hold, and in poverty, distress, affliction, and death, I can trust God and sing with Habakkuk, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' That is my religion, friends; it makes me happy. I will stick to it, and then I know I shall meet you in heaven."

Brother T. said: "I believed in the doctrine of holiness before I was converted; afterwards I often argued about it, and injured my soul. Now, I live it, I enjoy it, I can say I am walking with God; and, like Enoch, I have the testimony that I please Him."

Brother N. said: "It is 'right about face' with me, you know; I served the devil with all my heart; now, bless God, I love Jesus with all my heart. He just does make me happy. I shall bless God for ever that Mr. and Mrs. Booth and the friends there ever came to Hastings. I suppose if the Mission had not come, I should never have heard of this blessed doctrine of sanctification. I mean to live it and preach it wherever I go."

Brother P. said,—

"I believe I shall be there,  
And walk with Him in white."

I am so happy since I enjoyed this blessing. I had such a good day yesterday, at Ninfield, at both services. My Jesus led me into green pastures; it was the best day I have ever had. Hallelujah! All our chaps are so miserable; I believe they will soon be converted; I will talk to them about their souls. I sometimes talk to them till I get so full, I feel I could fly away."

Brother S. said: "Heaven is a beautiful place, and how beautiful it will be when we all get there! I had a good day yes-

terday. I was saved through such preaching as we heard yesterday fifty years ago; and since I have trusted Jesus to save me entirely. I am happy; I do enjoy these services. I tell the friends in our meetings what a happy lot of folks we are in the Mission. I do love you, and will pray for you all till we meet in heaven."

Brother B. said: "The Lord has pardoned all my sins. I jump sometimes when I think of His love to such a sinner as me. He stopped me about eight months ago in that little place in the Tackledway. We had a treat at Ninfield yesterday; in our wagon, coming home, we had a prayer and experience meeting; one soul cried for mercy, and found peace. They call us perfect cures, and I think we are, bless God; He has cured me from all sin through the blood. May many more have perfect cures."

Sister C. said: "I feel thankful that to-night I find myself trusting in the blood of Jesus Christ, not only to cleanse me from all sin, but to keep me clean. I am determined to trust the Lord more than ever, and to try to love him more and serve him better. I feel that of myself I am utter weakness; but I know that the power of God in me, which has overcome temptation and supported under trial, is sufficient to keep me to my journey's end. I feel the language of my heart to-night is the language of the poet, when he wrote—

'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head!'"

Sister P. said: "I have been much happier since I got holiness of heart. If anybody here has not got it, may they get it to-night. May the Lord save my husband! I believe He will."

Brother E. said, "I try to learn all I can from God's word. I find to enjoy holiness is to believe all God has said, and enjoy all the salvation He has bought for us. I find the love of God shed abroad in the heart prompts us on to holiness, and to pray and believe He can keep us without sin."

Brother R. said: "I testify to the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin. I never felt happier. I got such a feed at Ninfield, and in the wagon; it was nice to point a sinner to Jesus. I never thought of such things before, as a soul saved on four wheels, full trot! May the Lord keep us all. Amen."

Sister F. said: "I believe Jesus saves me fully. I am free indeed in Him. I can trust at all times. I dare not doubt my Jesus."

Sister N. said: "Jesus has pardoned my sins, and cleansed me from all unrighteousness. I can trust for a full salvation. My old companions call me a deserter. Bless God! I have deserted all sin, and mean to wear a crown."

Sister E. said: "I do bless God; He

saves me wholly. I am sanctified through the precious blood. I find it a rough and thorny road sometimes; but the Lord assists me, and I mean to do His will. I know He is able, and He will keep me."

Brother A. said: "Praise God for a full salvation! I do realise His fulness daily. I live in the light; I hate sin as I hate the devil: when I resist him, he flees from me, and I conquer through the blood."

Sister P. said: "I am the Lord's, and He is mine; He is my light. I am sometimes harassed about professors; but I look to Jesus, and cast all at His feet. I will trust Him for more grace and holiness."

Brother H. said: "I was much blessed yesterday, and at all the meetings I have attended. My friends are all Unitarians, living at Leeds. I am soon returning; will you pray for me? I shall never forget you. I wish we had the Christian Mission at Leeds. I shall go away a better man—nearer Jesus. I mean to be holy, and meet you in heaven."

After the above testimonies, we feel it needless to say any more about the state of the little band of believers who rally round us and love Jesus. Our one and only cry is, "Lord, give us souls!"

## OUR SALE.

We hope (D.V.) by the time this gets into the hands of our readers, the sale will be over. In our next magazine we hope to be able to acknowledge all receipts and report good success. Since we have been so busy with the bazaar, our funds for general work have been more than exhausted. Help would be gladly received by C. J. Womersley, Esq., Harold Place, Hastings; Mr. Tyrrell, High Street; by myself, 17, Middle Street; or through Mr. Booth.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

## NINFIELD.

## OPENING OF THE NEW MISSION HALL.

On Thursday, August the 10th, a large number of friends, including some eighty or ninety from Hastings and St. Leonards, gathered in this pretty village to celebrate the opening of the neat little Hall by the Rev. W. Booth, the memorial stone of which was laid by Mrs. Booth, on Tuesday, July, 6th. He who gave His blessing then, was graciously present with us on this occasion.

We should be glad to be able to add that the cost of the building, about £140 or £150, had been met; but the people of the village are very poor, and though doing what they can, are obliged to appeal to friends to help them. Any sums will be thankfully received by William Corbridge, 17, Middle Street, Hastings, or through Mr. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E., and will be acknowledged on the Magazine cover.

W. C.

We append an account of the opening services referred to above, copied from a local paper.

## OPENING OF A NEW HALL AT NINFIELD.

From the *Hastings and St. Leonard's Herald and Observer*.

THURSDAY, the 10th inst., witnessed the inauguration service of this building, the inscription stone of which was recently laid by Mrs. Booth. We believe the ancient record was actually paraphrased in the erection of this building, "For the people had a mind to work." Whether "every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded," we cannot say, as we were not there to see, but the rapidity with which the creation of the mind has become a plain and substantial building, covered by a roof both handsome and utile, suggests that weapons of war were not required. As it was erected in peaceful times, so would the worshippers invite their unconverted neighbours to lay aside their prejudices, saying, "Peace, peace to him that is near, and to him that is afar off, saith the Lord." Over eighty persons from Hastings and neighbourhood started in waggons, waggonette, and flies, to Ninfield. The heat and dust did not prevent them from joining in many of the sweet songs of the better land. Our brethren invited to the gospel feast the sons of toil who were busily employed in the harvest field. The goodness of God in sending the propitious weather for harvest filled our hearts with gratitude and praise. Arrived at Ninfield, we went directly to the Hall, where Mr. Booth was supplicating God's blessing upon this new effort for His glory, and that He, who alone knew the heart of man, would be graciously pleased to move upon each of our hearts by His Spirit, and convert precious souls by whomsoever He pleased in that building as long as the earth should stand. The sermon was from Zec. iv. 6, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Man's impotency apart from the Spirit's work in him, was clearly portrayed; then God's will that man should be His agent, specially in the work of salvation, through the new creation in Christ Jesus, and his responsibility therein; and lastly, the omnipresence and co-operation of God's holy Spirit in the work, accomplishing "all things" by His Divine guidance and instructions, causing all sanctified souls to cry with the apostle, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Several times during his discourse the air rang with joyful "Hallelujahs," and all the people said, "Amen." We blessed our gracious Father for free air, free hearts, free lungs, and freedom to shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." The sun shone brightly, and the air smelt sweetly on the high ground of Ninfield, as we reclined under a high hedge which served as a sunshade, reminding us of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and the experiences of Israel of old. Tables were extemporised and seats arranged, while we strolled to the churchyard and heard one

say "how willingly the body would lie down under the cool greensward to mingle with the dust, and the soul would lay aside her mortal coil and go where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." About one hundred and fifty sat down to a plain tea, the only distinction of rank permitted was adjudged to the faithful preacher, who was able to take his tea a little more comfortably by being favoured with a teaspoon. Creature comfort was not the order of the day, for which we also were thankful; sitting under the thorn hedge was very delightful. Grace being sung, our mouths filled with good things, thanks returned, and our voices attuned, we were prepared to take of the last and best meal of the day from the text, "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." This was a powerful appeal to the unconverted, and was in demonstration of the Spirit; no one can doubt but that it was blessed to souls. The time being expired at the conclusion, none but those who lived on the spot could stay for prayer. The way home was enlivened with song, and an experience meeting held in the van; also prayer was made, and one soul professed to return to the fountain of living waters. We all wish prosperity to our dear brothers who have nailed their flags to the mast, "Holiness to the Lord." "By the God of thy Father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breast and womb, they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren."

## AN EYE WITNESS.

## EDINBURGH.

AMIDST much opposition and discouragement we are holding on our way, putting our trust in God, and seeking by any means to win souls for Jesus.

Our work is chiefly in the streets, where nearly every night some of us are speaking of the love of Christ. During the past few weeks many sinners have been awakened, and backsliders restored. It is not unusual for some at the close of the meeting, to ask us to pray for them.

Many at Newhaven, where we have been preaching, heard the word with gladness. A soldier in the castle, who had once known the Lord, was led back to Jesus, and since has been happy in Him.

Two Sabbath evenings ago a respectable stranger came to the meeting, and before he left professed to have found the Saviour. Another, whose wife had been converted, came to hear for himself, and was soon an earnest seeker for salvation.

Though we do not succeed in getting many to our Hall, believers are revived and strengthened; many are pressing for the higher life, and determined to live to Jesus only.

J. C. B.

## NOTICES.

Contributions may be forwarded by cheques, post-office orders, or postage stamps, to the Editor, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.; or to N. J. Powell, Esq., 101, Whitechapel High Street; or may be paid in to the account of the Christian Mission, at Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill.

We hope no one will be deterred from sending us SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.—Mark xii. 41-44.

All offerings of 5s. and above will be acknowledged per return of post, and all, of every amount, will be inserted in the following number of the CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

Will friends interest themselves in the circulation of the Magazine? We shall be glad to forward back numbers gratis to those so disposed.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.

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*Any of the above may be had direct from Mr. BOOTH, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E., on receipt of the price and postage in stamps.*

## OUR NEW HALL FUND.

THE FRIENDS AT

POPLAR, HACKNEY, CROYDON, CANNING TOWN,  
HASTINGS, AND NINFIELD,

Are straining every effort to secure

## NEW MISSION HALLS.

We are very anxious to help them. At four of these places ground has been secured, and it is desirable that building should commence at once. Will our friends enable us to make a grant to each effort. Fifty pounds to each of the larger undertakings would greatly encourage them, and render success certain. With Halls of our own the work will be mainly if not quite self-supporting in those localities; consequently no more effectual method of helping the Mission can be found.