

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

## The Baptism of Power

(AN EXTRACT FROM A CAMP-MEETING SERMON).

BY REV. W. H. BOOLE.

—\*—\*—

**I** WANT to speak to you of some of the consequences of this baptism. It brings out in marked boldness and relief the individuality of the receiver. No two human beings are alike in all respects. There is diversity throughout all God's domains, and nowhere more than in the human family. Each of you is the centre of a circle of influence, and none can be so great, so useful where you are as yourself. Doubtless, each man and woman has received of God a special life mission which is made known to us when we consent to the promised anointing, which alone can qualify us to fulfil our end. And let me say that there is more of any man with God in him, than in the greatest man without God. But it takes this baptism to bring out a man's individuality. Peter becomes *all Peter* in the bold prominence of his peculiar characteristics; and he is not duplicated in any other saint. John is himself, and so is Paul, and so also the blessed Lord will make *you* all that can be made of you; your work and mission will differ from all others in its special feature; for the Lord has a place for each of you.

The Church is too much like the "milky way" seen in the heavens. You know this is composed of innumerable stars, so insignificant in size as to lose their individuality, so as to appear only as a conglomerate of mere particles, shedding a mild and milky light.

The unanointed masses of our Church are mingled in a vast conglomerate, where individuality is lost, and only a faint and glimmering light is shed along the milky way of his path. The baptism of the Holy Ghost makes a bright particular star of each son and daughter of the Lord.

Again, it annihilates the distinction of self-interest in the man, so that he holds all things in common with Christ. For it is the spirit of Christ in him, who gave Himself a ransom for all. Like produces like. The example of Christ leads John to say, "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." It is, indeed, according to the spirit of this world, to adopt the maxim that "Self-preservation is the

first law of nature"; but self-sacrifice is the first law of grace. Man is to deny—not some things—but himself. The true Christian "seeketh not his own." Having, under the power of this baptism, merged his being and interests into the spirit and destiny of Christ, this man, this woman, gives all to Christ's cause, as in wisdom he is directed. Brethren, this baptism will fill the missionary treasury, provide generously for the costs of the Church in the great battle for the redemption of the race. Chaplain McCabe declares that these national meetings for the promotion of holiness are the most successful agency in filling the treasury of the Church Extension Society. One man on receiving this baptism gave 50,000 dols., and many others have given their thousands.

Last January a lady who had received the fulness of the Spirit sent me for the work in Water Street, New York City, among the abandoned classes, 1,000 dols., and wrote—"Perhaps it would interest you to know that the inclosed amount is the price of some jewels of great beauty, which even on my happy bridal day did not yield me the pleasure they do now, as I put them in the hands of my dear Saviour, for the salvation of my poor sisters." How could any woman do such a thing, voluntarily, and unsolicited by any other person, for the sake of any other than Christ?

Another consequence of this baptism is, it makes the receiver willing and fit for the work of his life-mission. The quaint Lorenzo Dow, when asked, "How may a man know when he is in the order of God in what he is doing?" answered, "He will feel in him the spirit of his station." When Isaiah first saw the glory of God he fell down and cried out, "Woe is me! for I am undone; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of glory." But when one of the seraphim flew with a live coal, and laid it on his mouth, and said, "Lo! this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged"; and he heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" immediately he responded, "Here am I; send me." In the same moment the fiery baptism made him fit and willing. So will it also be with you. So will it be with the whole Church of God; when this baptism shall touch their lips and penetrate their hearts; the weak and irresolute Christian, a halting and unpurified Church—all shall feel the spirit of their station and wondrous mission, and they shall leap forward to fill the posts of duty, honour, and danger; for "His people shall be willing in the day of His power."

Further, I wish to speak a few words on the necessity of this baptism. We must feel the mighty power of God in ourselves before we can with any considerable degree of faith and confidence expect to see it fall on others. It is our knowledge of the power of God as an experimental fact that increases our faith in expecting it on others. This baptism gives a holy boldness in the proclamation of God's truth, and the testimony of Jesus. The testimony is confirmed in us, and we cannot but speak the things which we have heard. And

what is a necessity for us at home is a necessity also for labourers abroad. And unless the corps of missionaries on the perilous and rocky fields of heathendom tarry for this full baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, as their divine equipment, I have but little faith that great or satisfactory results will crown their efforts. In other words, I believe if they all were now so filled, their faith would more easily grapple with the difficulties of their work—the battle sharper and the victories more decisive.

If the entire army of missionaries were to take ship and return home, and hold a National Camp-meeting, to stay until endued with the mighty power of this promise, the world would feel the shock of an earthquake.

I published a little tract called "Wonders of Grace," relating instances I had witnessed of the power of grace in destroying sinful appetites, such as in opium eating, use of tobacco, &c. That in a moment the appetite for any of these was extirpated, and the man felt in his body that he was healed of that plague, and many of these cases continued for years to bear witness in the absence of all desire for them.

A missionary in China to whom a friend had sent a copy of the tract wrote home to an officer of a mission board, to know whether the statements were really true. "For this," said he, "is a new theory in the Gospel to me, and if it is true, I may give some hope to some sincere Chinamen, whose absorbing passion for opium only prevents them from accepting Christ." Now if that missionary had received this full baptism of power in his own soul before he went out to his work, he would have known that the uttermost salvation of the Gospel contains virtue to do even that much for such as are bound under the power of Satan, however great his power may be.

This baptism is necessary for the whole Church, to create in us all a radicalism with which to successfully attack the fiery, opposing, progressive spirit of the world. The world of carnal men is full of life. "Entire devotion" to pleasure, money-getting, honour-seeking, dishonest practices, is the motto of this "dead-in-earnest" generation; and if you think the devil, leading this uncounted host, is to be easily conquered, you will be fatally mistaken. This world is as wicked and radical as hell; an army of dreadful prowess, and flushed with many a victory. Our religion is radical, its spirit uncompromising and aggressive; it brands sin and Satan as usurpers here, and urges a war of extermination against them. Now such a baptism as the text implies only can make us the superiors of this host in zeal, devotion, aggression, and victory. "Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty to the pulling down of"—what? baby houses? No, of "strongholds"! An earnest, wicked man, full of a fiery spirit, sets his eye and mind on a coveted object to be gained, and says, "I'll have it, cost what may," and without turning a corner he goes for it, and the prize is gained. It is for the Church of God to fix her

gaze upon a lost world, and straightway, at all hazard and cost, go for the prize.

The uncle of the first Napoleon was trying to dissuade him from further efforts of conquest, urging the dangers of failure, the strength of his allied enemies, &c. The believer in destiny caught his uncle by the arm, and drawing him to the window (it was night), pointed upward and impulsively said, "Do you see that star?" "No," replied the astonished pleader. "Well, I do," rejoined Napoleon. And if thou, O man of God, art filled with the spirit of Christ, with undimmed vision thou shalt see thy star of destiny, bright and victorious, unseen of the world; and seeing, thy courage shall not fail thee, neither shalt thou be dismayed.

This gift is intended to be a permanent endowment. "He shall abide with you for ever." It is not Christ's desire to ever leave a heart when he has once possessed it, and the power of this baptism does not diminish, but increase.

It is possible to fall from the highest degree of grace; nevertheless, close investigation would discover that the prime cause of apostacies and declension in religious fervour among Christians is, so many stopping short in the beginning, satisfied with too meagre a degree of grace; they were not struck through with an electrical baptism, filling their being.

Once more—the baptism of the Holy Ghost is a positive, specific, conscious, instantaneous experience. Here we stand or fall; the Scriptures amply sustain the proposition; and the testimony of the host of worthies upon whom the Holy Ghost has fallen add their willing testimony to the fact. No case of being filled with the Holy Ghost occurs in Scripture, except such as are stated to be of sudden descent.

At Pentecost "suddenly there came a sound. . . And they were all filled," &c. In Acts iv. it is written again, "They were all filled," while at prayer. In Acts x. 24 is written, "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost *fell* on all them which heard the Word," and many other passages.

William Bramwell says, "The Lord for whom I waited came suddenly to the temple of my heart," &c. William Carvosso says, "No sooner had I uttered the words, 'I shall have the blessing now,' than refining fire went through my heart," &c. Bishop Hamline says, "*All at once* I felt as though a hand, omnipotent, were laid on my brow. . . . I fell to the floor. . . . In a few minutes the deep of God's love swallowed me up," &c. Many more could be added to these.

In conclusion, I exhort you, dear brethren, receive the Holy Ghost. Accept the promised power. 'Tis the legacy left you; why do ye go without your rightful inheritance? Your God commands you to separate yourselves from all things to receive this anointing. Let all go. No compromising, no parleying. It shall come upon you, it shall cut you loose, every cord, every shore line be severed. Some

of you will go to India, others to Africa, some to your counting-houses to transfer your stocks, your ware, your influence over to Christ.

Will you have it—have it *now*? Who among you, counting the cost, will declare, "I will, I *must* have this power!" The pledge of God is in His promise. Take it. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

## Heart Backsliding.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MR. PAWSON TO MR. WESLEY.



AFTER my dear and honoured father had experienced the power of Divine grace, he became a remarkably steady follower of Christ. He was zealous in promoting the cause of God, and sincerely wished that all within the circle of his acquaintance might embrace the truth. He evidently loved the ministers of Christ, and the people of God he esteemed as the best of the earth—their company and conversation were greatly valued by him. I never knew a person more constant in the means of grace, whether public or private, to the end of his days; even when through age he had to be assisted to the chapel by two persons. He never missed his class once, and frequently attended the other classes which met in the village.

He was naturally of a very warm temper; but for a considerable time after being brought to the knowledge of God, he had full dominion over it. No doubt had he lived in the exercise of the grace which the Lord bestowed upon him, and looked as he ought for the accomplishment of the Divine promises, he would have continued to enjoy that state of inward liberty into which the Lord had brought him, but, like too many professors, by little and little he gave way to his natural temper, and consequently suffered very great loss in his soul, and by this means prepared a cup of deep sorrow and severe distress for a dying hour.

It is on this account chiefly that the following account is made public, as a solemn warning to professing Christians, to take care they do not loose their *first love* by suffering a besetting sin to rise up again. I know well there are many who make but little account of being angry when they meet with anything which displeases them—and, alas! many have got so habituated to it that their dulled consciences give them very little trouble about it. So it was with my dear father. I was stationed in London in 1769, and in the month of October I received a letter from my brother telling me my father was very ill. Mr. Wesley very freely gave me leave to go down into Yorkshire to see him. I did so, and found him very weak in body and not likely to live long. He appeared very patient under his affliction, to have much peace of mind, and to be quite resigned to the will of God. He was, moreover, quite willing to die, and had no fear or dread of death—so we thought all was well with him. But several weeks before his death, as he lay in bed one morning,

he had a discovery made to him of all his soul had passed through from the first till that hour. He saw into what a holy and happy state the Lord brought him when he was first justified, and the nature and excellence of the privileges he then enjoyed. He plainly saw how long he had stood fast in that liberty, and how far he had been faithful to the grace then given; also, when, and by what means, he had lost a measure of the life of God. He saw that from that time he had frequently dishonoured God, and gradually departed from Him—in heart—till he wandered back into the wilderness where he had but little communion with the Redeemer. He discovered, in such a manner as words cannot describe, that all his prayers, classes, and religious duties, had been too much from form and habit, and that they had long ceased to be what the Lord designed—wells of salvation to his soul. It is impossible to express the dreadful anguish that now well-nigh overwhelmed his soul. Oh, how bitterly did he mourn over having grieved the Holy Spirit! He lost all his confidence in God, and, indeed, had but faint hope of ever regaining mercy. Satan laboured to heighten his distress and hide the mercy of God—or blood of Jesus—from his faith, so that he was all but brought to despair.

We all tenderly sympathised with my father in this hour of distress, and endeavoured to comfort and encourage him all we could, by enlarging on the mercy of Christ to returning sinners. He listened to all we could say, and cordially joined us in prayer whenever there was an opportunity; but nothing could satisfy him till he obtained a clear manifestation of the love of God.

This, in answer to our incessant prayers, the Lord mercifully granted unto him, filling his whole soul with joy and peace in believing. Oh, what a glorious change did he experience! He had not only a divine consciousness of his interest in Christ; but was fully renewed in righteousness and true holiness; he was all meekness, humility, and love. From this time to the hour of his death he had a joyful hope of heaven, and patiently waited for the happy hour when the Lord should sign his release from the body and receive him into paradise. He appeared as one wholly given up to the Lord, and was constantly engaged in prayer, except when conversing with his family or some Christian friend. His discourse was all spiritual, and he expressed the strongest confidence in God, and an earnest desire to depart. I was with him all the day on which he died, and about nine o'clock he quietly, without any sighs or groans, fell asleep in my arms. There was something remarkably striking in his countenance when he was dead, wonderfully expressive of that remarkably serenity of mind which the Lord favoured him with in his dying hours. He was seventy-five years old, and had enjoyed a measure of the grace of God for ten years.

My father at first, as we have seen, contended against the truth, and despised those who held it. He then thought himself possessed of religion, when he had not even a conviction that he was a sinner. He was then thoroughly awakened, and laboured under deep convictions for some time, till God manifested His pardoning mercy. For some time he then walked in the light; but unhappily missed his way by suffering his besetting sin gradually to regain the mastery. I am afraid this is the case with many who look upon themselves as believers, and for their sakes I write this account of one so unspeakably dear to me.

## Flames of Fire.

GIDEON OUSELY, THE IRISH EVANGELIST.



Continuing our notice of this remarkable man, we present our readers with several further illustrations of the readiness and ability displayed by Mr. Ousely in dealing with the Romanists with whom he so frequently came in contact.

### STICK TO THE BOOK.

At one time, while Mr. Ousely was at home, he was engaged, as was occasionally the case, in some mathematical pursuit, when a Roman Catholic gentleman called on him, and made some remark on the sublimity of the science, as well as the accuracy and beauty of the instrument which he was using. He soon turned the observation to account in reference to the subject which, with him, was always uppermost. "Yes," he replied, "there is Euclid," pointing to the book—"take him up; if you abide by him, he will bear you out; but if, in any one instance, you depart from

the principles laid down by him, you forfeit all claim to his support, you will inevitably go astray." "That is very true," rejoined his neighbour. "Very well, sir," continued Mr. Ousely, "take up the New Testament, read it, and if you abide in the truth revealed in it, you will be infallibly right, Christ the Lord, the great Author of that book, will stand by you. If, however, you forsake it, you deny Christ; and, if you were priest, or bishop, or pope, Christ will disown you." "Oh, sir, it is all right," replied the gentleman.

### OPPOSING THE TRUTH.

While preaching in the street Mr. Ousely was opposed by a Romish priest, but the veteran warrior retorted on his antagonist with powerful effect. "Pray, sir," says Mr. Ousely, "is it not one of the six sins against the Holy Ghost, to oppugn the known truth? You know that what I am saying is the truth of

God, you are sworn on the Gospel to believe it, and yet you oppose it. You are guilty of one of the sins against the Holy Ghost." The priest fled, as if for his life, and left Mr. Ousely in possession at once of his argument and congregation.

### TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Just at this time, a young gentleman, who had been educated in Maynooth College, conceived himself competent to defend this doctrine, and had frequently assailed Protestant gentlemen on the subject of their religion; he wished to have an interview with Mr. Ousely, and was invited to dine in company with him. After dinner he introduced his favourite theme. They conversed very freely and cordially for some hours on the various dogmas of his system, to the great satisfaction of one of the gentlemen he had so often attacked. After he found he could not defend the Pope's supremacy, he turned to the famous topic of Transubstantiation. He said that our Lord had turned the Sacramental bread

into His own body, &c. Mr. Ousely asked him, "Did not our blessed Lord eat of that bread, and drink of that cup after the consecration?" He answered, "Yes." "And do you think," said Mr. Ousely, "that He ate Himself?" The young disputant replied, "I believe He did." "Then," retorted Mr. Ousely, "His own head was in His own mouth, as were His feet, and His whole body. And so, a part is greater than the whole, &c., &c. And yet, His feet were on the ground!" The gentlemen present laughed immoderately at such an absurd notion. The young man was quite confounded, and virtually relinquished the doctrine, by saying he did not believe that the human body of Christ

was in the bread, but that some virtue assigned it by our Lord made it equivalent to His body, &c., &c. He took with him a copy of "Old Christianity," and there were favourable accounts heard from him afterwards.

In one of his tours this year he met with a young woman who was a most bigoted Roman Catholic, and who had expressed herself in very strong language on the subject of the Protestant religion, for which she entertained a deep-rooted hatred and horror. She said she would rather be damned than become a Protestant. She was otherwise a very interesting person. Mr. Ousely heard of her, sought an interview with her, and she ventured to enter into conversation with him. He asked her, "Biddy, would you not rather have one half-hour's conversation with Jesus Christ, who is to judge you, were it possible, than if all the clergy on earth, pope, priests, and preachers, were to talk to you till doomsday?" She answered, "Surely, I would." "But had He so conversed with you, would you not be afraid of forgetting any of it; and would you not, on your knees, beg of Him to give it to you in writing?" "Certainly I would." "Now, if He gave you that writing," he remarks, "would you not put it in your very bosom, and read it night and day, and prefer it to all the teachers on earth, nor part with it on any account whatever?" "All this is true, sir; I most certainly would not part with it." He rejoined, "Then, Biddy, you have the very thing in this house, the New Testament. For if Jesus Christ were now to come, having given the Gospel in in-

We commend the following to the consideration of those High Churchmen who are so zealously and insidiously disseminating the deadly error so wittily exposed. We find it very difficult to understand how Protestant clergymen, retaining the Protestant name, and boasting the most ordinary common sense, can thus be found who will lend themselves to open the way into the very heart of our English society for all the other deadly doctrines of Popery unavoidably linked with that of

#### THE REAL PRESENCE.

Mr. Ousely rejoined—"My dear sir, there are some things which a child can know as well as an archbishop—for instance: how many panes of glass in that window," pointing at a window in the parlour. "Poh!" said the priest, "that's a physical fact, any one can tell that." Mr. Ousely retorted—"Is it not equally a physical fact, that John the Baptist was not the son of the Virgin

finite perfection (and the Protestant and Roman Catholic Testaments are in substance the same), He would in no wise alter that Gospel. Hence you have only to read and obey it, and all shall be well. But there is a practice in your religion that Christ never taught, that is, private confession." He then, in a most ingenious manner, explained the passage contained in John viii. 3-11. "When," as he expresses it, "a certain wicked woman was brought into the congregation before our Saviour, and He said, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.' You see, Biddy," he continues, "Christ did not confess her, nor lay penance on her. Now, had He found an apostle confessing a woman, and laying penance on her, contrary to His example, what would become of such an apostle, unless he promised never to do so again? Or if He met you, my child, going to such confession, He would say to you, 'Did I ever teach the like? And are you going to tell the world I was wrong?' what would you answer? Surely you would say, 'Lord, I will never go to confession again.'" This was too powerful to be resisted, her eyes became suffused with tears, she went to hear him preach, commenced reading God's holy word, never went to mass or confession, and on the next Sabbath morning went to church, and, with another, read her recantation, sought the Lord earnestly and penitently, and soon obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of her sins. The priest raised a most virulent opposition against her, but she continued faithful, and, though she was a little perplexed at first, all became calm and joy and peace.

Mary?" The priest said—"Very true indeed, sir." "Why," returned Mr. Ousely, "is he not her son?" "Because," said he, "John the Baptist was never born of the Virgin Mary." "Could any man," said Mr. Ousely, "that had never been born of her, by any power, ever become her son?" "Certainly not," said the priest. "Could any thing that never was born of her

ever become her son?" "Indeed, I think not." "I have you now, my good fellow—Can the corn which grew up last year, ground by the miller, baked by the baker, and consecrated by the priest, by any power of God or man become the son of the Virgin Mary?"

"Oh," said Father Glin, "all things are possible to God." "No," said Mr. Ousely, "all things are not possible to God; for it is impossible for God to tell a lie, or work a self-contradiction, which would be necessarily involved in the doctrine of your Church."

#### TOO SEVERE A TEST.

A Romanist named Philip Rorke was about this time led to the truth. About fifty years of age, wholly uneducated, though in several orders of the Church of Rome, such as the Scapular, St. Francis' Cord, St. Joseph's Habit and Ring, and the like, he heard the Bible read and the Methodist preach, and became very anxious about his soul.

He repeated many rosaries, and was reputed a person of great piety. But the Lord laid great trouble on his mind, and he found no rest because of his sin. In his distress, he went to several priests, to enquire what he should do to be saved. One said to him, "Go to Lough Derg;" another said, "Go to Lady's Island;" a third said, "Receive the Lord's body." To this priest he said, "Does your reverence think you

can make the Lord's body for me?" "I have that power, Philip," said he; "can you doubt it?" "Please, your reverence," said Philip, "I have two little hens, but no cow; now if you can turn them into two milch cows for my children to give us milk, I shall believe then that you have the power you say." This was too severe a test; no reply was attempted, but "Get agone, get agone," and so they parted.

#### ROMISH HATRED OF THE GOSPEL.

The persecution Mr. Ousely had to encounter was something terrible, and how he passed through it for so many years comparatively scathless, was nothing less than miraculous. Truly God protected him. Again and again the infuriated rabble, incited by the priests, set upon him and his colleagues with the full intent of murdering them, but God ever sent them help or in some way delivered them. Here is a story of the pleasant ending of a conspiracy formed for the purpose of extirpating the heresy by destroying the missionary and all his friends.

#### THE DEVIL AMONG THE SWADDLERS.

The most desperate man among them was selected to be the ringleader. He entered the house before the meeting commenced, that he might, at a fitting time, open the door for the gang. The violent character of this intruder was so well known by the little company within, that a suspicion was excited of some evil having been designed. The hymn, however, was given out and sung. He said, "This is very purty (pretty); I'll not disturb them." Prayer was made; he said again, "I'll let them alone till they have done their prayers." The class-meeting began, and Patt, for that was his name, took his seat among them, saying to himself, "I'd like to hear what they have to say!" The leader, who was a judicious man, met the class, leaving the rude stranger for the last, who, before he reached him, seemed under evident

emotion, when the leader addressed him to this effect:—"My good man, have you any knowledge of the things of which we have been speaking? Did you ever feel yourself a sinner before God, and that you deserved for ever to be excluded from His presence?" He roared exceedingly from the disquietude of his soul, and cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me! What shall I do? I'm a wicked sinner!" The whole meeting felt the unexpected shock, and their cries and prayers became general. In the meanwhile, the party without, who had already become impatient for the re-appearance of their companion, and could not get in without forcing the door, paced back and forward, reiterating, "The devil's among the Swaddlers." They little suspected that the strong man, armed, was bound and cast out—and the man out of whom he had

departed "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." I knew him afterwards as noble an advocate for the truth as he had been before a daring opposer.

For fifty years he exercised this public ministry with quenchless ardour, invincible constancy, pure patriotism, and unwearied zeal, frequently preaching three times, and occasionally four and five times a day in English and Irish. Thousands of souls were the fruits of his ministry. He finally fell asleep in the full triumph of faith and hope, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Almost the last words on his lips were those of the poet—

"Oh, what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at Thy feet?"

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away :  
I come, to find them all again  
In that eternal day."

## Revival Hymns.

WE propose to publish, from time to time, a number of stirring revival hymns, original and select. Although many of these may not be able to lay claim to any poetic or literary merits, yet the fact that they have been associated with gracious visitations of revival, or may be adapted to give expression to the fervent religious aspiration and joys of the Lord's people, will render them interesting to our readers, and, we trust, useful.

### MUSIC.

ENLISTED in the cause of sin,  
Why should a good be evil?  
Music, alas! too long has been  
Pressed to obey the devil.  
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay  
Flows to the soul's undoing;  
Widens and strewn with flowers the  
way,  
Down to our utter ruin.  
Who on the part of God will rise—  
Innocent sounds recover;  
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize—  
Plunder the carnal lover;  
Strip him of every moving strain,  
Every melting measure;  
Music in virtue's cause retain,  
Rescue the holy pleasure?  
Come, let us try if Jesu's love  
Will not as well inspire us.  
This is the theme of those above—  
Sins upon earth shall fire us.  
Try if your hearts are tuned to sing—  
Is there a subject greater?  
Harmony all its strains may bring—  
Jesu's name is sweeter.

Jesu the soul of music is—  
His is the noblest passion;  
Jesu's name is life and peace,  
Happiness and salvation.  
Jesu's name the dead can raise—  
Show us our sins forgiven—  
Fill us with all the life of grace—  
Carry us up to heaven.

Who has a right like us to sing—  
Us, whom His mercy raises?  
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King—  
Joyful are all our faces.  
Who of His love doth once partake,  
He in the Lord rejoices;  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

Then let us in His praises join,  
Triumph in His salvation;  
Glory ascribe to love divine—  
Worship and adoration.  
Heaven already is begun—  
Opened in each believer;  
Only believe, and still sing on,  
Heaven is ours for ever.

### SALVATION.

TUNE—"Canaan."

COME, sinners, haste to Jesu's side,  
He gives the invitation;  
Go plunge beneath the purple tide,  
That you may have salvation.  
*Chorus*—Salvation, salvation,  
He offers you salvation  
From sin—the guilt, the  
power, the pain—  
A free and full salvation.

You're sunk in sin, condemned to death,  
Where pain has no cessation—  
A gulph of dark despair beneath—  
But you may have salvation.  
The Saviour wants to snatch your souls  
From sin's intoxication;  
Poor sinner, haste and do your part—  
Accept this great salvation.

Repent, believe the Gospel now—  
Regard its proclamation;  
The Saviour's fulness you may know,  
And realize salvation.

Oh, let not Satan keep thy soul  
From Calvary's crimson station!  
'Tis there the pardoning blood doth roll,  
And there is thy salvation.

His grace is pouring like a stream  
For all in every nation;  
Oh, guilty world, it does redeem,  
And offers each salvation!

Soon we shall reach yon blissful plain,  
Where, wrapped in exultation,  
We'll praise the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who purchased our salvation.

### SWEET PRAYER.

TUNE—"Sweet Home."

WHEN torn is the bosom by anguish and  
care,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like  
prayer;  
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet  
sustains,  
Gives vigour to hope, and puts passion  
in chains.  
Prayer, sweet prayer!  
United with faith, there is nothing like  
prayer.

When forced from those friends we love  
dearest to part,  
What fond recollections still rise in our  
heart!

Past converse, past scenes, past enjoy-  
ments, are there—  
Oh, how hurtfully-pleasing till hallowed  
by prayer!

When pleasure would woo us from  
piety's arms,  
The syren sings sweetly, or silently  
charms;  
We listen, look, loiter, exposed to the  
snare,  
Till, flying to Jesus, we conquer by  
prayer.

If strangers to prayer, we are strangers  
to bliss,  
But enjoyment of God is secured by  
this;  
And when with bright seraphs we  
ecstasy share,  
We then shall possess the fruition of  
prayer.

### THE NEGRO'S STORY.

WHEN Philip was a boy of ten years of  
age his attention was arrested on the  
subject of religion, by a minister who  
called at his master's plantation in Cash-  
order County, in South Carolina. He  
heard such a description of God and  
heaven that it gave him a longing desire  
to know of the way. "But," said he,  
"I thought I must see God to talk to  
Him, and watched day after day among  
the clouds; and I sometimes thought I  
must see Him. One day while watching  
with such great desire, I heard a sweet,  
mournful sound say, 'Child, pray,'  
which so frightened me that I ran into  
the kitchen and told Aunt Rhoda, the  
cook, and she said it was God talking to  
me; and I prayed with a sad feeling,  
when all at once it appeared like God  
poured Himself all over me, and showed  
me He was everywhere. I felt Him in  
my heart, and I could see Him all over  
and through everywhere. I jumped  
and shouted, 'Glory! Hallelujah! I see  
my God everywhere.'

"Master said I was crazy, and called  
me 'Howling Philip, the big preacher,'  
and swore he'd stop my praying, or he'd  
stop my breath. For the first thing I  
did was to lay hold of July, a little boy  
about my age (ten years old), and  
prayed that God would convert his soul,  
and in a few days he was rejoicing with  
me in the love of Jesus, and next I was  
praying for my father and mother; and  
others on the plantation gathered around  
us to hear us talk and pray.

"Master Malachi Murphy said we  
should stop this praying, or he said he  
would have us whipped, and he set  
Monday the driver to watch us, and he  
found us, although we held our prayer—

meeting at three o'clock in the morning, an hour before the horn blew, and reported us to Master Malachi, who ordered us to be whipped twenty lashes with the bull-whip, and ten strokes with the paddle. Then he asked me if I would not stop praying, but the only answer was, 'Do, please, master, let me pray,' and then he ordered another round, as he called it, then asked the same question and got the same reply, until the third round, when he swore we might pray into hell, and ordered us to be cut down, but I could not stand: I was so faint and weak that I dropped as if I had no feet upon the crimsoned earth. I was ordered to take up my shirt and be off, and never come in his sight again as long as he lived, that he had no use for such a praying, howling devil. He had me whipped much harder than July, because I was the leader and got July into it.

"After I recovered sufficiently to get up and walk, I went down to the quarters, where men and women, old and young, were standing in their doors crying, but none dare say a word to us until we got out of sight of the great house, when an old uncle and aunt called us in, and washed our backs, and we dressed, but I was so faint I could not work, and I prayed God to give me strength, and so he did, but it was soon tried again.

"Master sent for me and told me if I was fond of preaching I *should* preach, and that he would build a high pulpit under the hickory tree in the yard, and the next Sunday at eleven o'clock I should preach to a big meeting, for he should give it out, and have all the people round the country come and hear me preach. Oh, how this filled my soul with fear and trembling! how I prayed God to send some minister that way to preach in my stead! I thought I, but a little boy, and knew not one text in the Bible, and could think of nothing that I could say to the people. I got July to go with me of nights, and we went far and near to see if we could find some Christian men or women to come on that day, hoping master would change his mind; but all to no purpose.

"The day and hour found a large congregation, and there stood the high pulpit, and master called me out to take that stand, 'and then,' said he, 'you must look at me, for I shall hold the Bible open for you to preach from; of course you can't preach without a Bible.'

All trembling, with perspiration dropping from my face, I ascended what seemed to me more dreadful than the scaffold. I got July to come up with me, for the thought struck me, that although I could think of nothing to say, I could sing and July could help me. Oh, how I prayed God to come and help poor little Philip! and so He did come. I began to sing—

"My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,  
Where shall I tune Thy praise?  
When shall the growing numbers end—  
The numbers of Thy grace?"

"And I looked upward to God as earnestly as when I thought I must see Him sitting upon some cloud, yet how differently I looked for God now! By the time we had sung through the third verse of that sweet hymn, it seemed as if the whole yardful of people were in tears, and many were on their knees crying for mercy—'Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner.'—'Lord, what must I do to be saved?' was heard all over the yard. I grew so strong as soon as I began to sing that I could be heard all over that big congregation, and Master Malachi got so frightened that he closed the Bible, threw it one side, and slammed the doors, and they said he jumped into bed, and lay between the feather beds all the rest of the day, to keep from hearing the cries of the people. And some lost their senses and did not come to right good until the next day, when thirty were converted and came out praising God.

"I tell you, God did come and help poor little Philip that day. He threshed a big mountain with this poor little worm that time. And in one year, but three out of seventy-five grown people on our plantation were left to Satan. And Master Malachi never opposed me after that day, and dismissed his drivers and overseers, and would not allow one of us to receive one blow. Oh, what a change!—yet he continued a wicked man, but he told me I might go where I pleased, and preach or pray when I pleased, and no one should disturb me! and sure enough I began to preach from that day, and organized churches, and used to go and visit the sick in body or mind, and talk and pray."

WHAT shall I say, and how shall I say it, so as to glorify God, and benefit the souls of men?

### KANT AND THE ROBBERS.

JOHN KANT was Professor and Doctor of Divinity at Cracow. He was a pious man, with a spirit gentle and guileless, and he at all times would have preferred to suffer injustice rather than exercise it. His head was covered with the snows of age, when he was seized with an ardent desire to revisit the scenes of his youth, Silesia. The journey appeared fraught with peril to one of his advanced age; but he set his affairs in order, and started on his way, commending himself to the care of God. He rode slowly along, attired in his black robe, with long beard and hair, according to the fashion of the time. Then he pursued his way through the gloomy woods of Poland.

One evening, as he was thus journeying along, holding communion with God, and taking no heed of objects beside him, on reaching an opening in the thick forest, a tramping noise was suddenly heard, and he was instantly surrounded by figures, some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the pious man saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers. Scarcely conscious of what passed, he alighted from his horse and offered his property to the gang. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, unclasped the chain from his neck, took the gold lace from his cap, drew a ring from his finger, and took from his pocket his book of prayer which was clasped with silver. Not till he had yielded all he possessed, and seen his horse led away, did Kant intercede for his life.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber-chief threateningly. "Have you no more money?"

In his alarm and terror, the trembling doctor answered that he had given them every coin in his possession; and on receiving this assurance he was allowed to proceed on his journey.

Quickly he hastened onward, rejoicing at his escape, when suddenly his hand felt something hard in the hem of his robe. It was his gold, which, having been stitched within the lining of his dress, had thus escaped discovery. The good man, in his alarm, had forgotten the secret store. His heart, therefore, again beat with joy, for the money would bear him home to his friends and kindred; and he saw rest and shelter in prospect, instead of a long and painful wandering, with the

necessity of begging his way. But his conscience was a peculiarly tender one, and he suddenly stopped to listen to its voice. It cried in disturbed tones: "Tell not a lie! tell not a lie!" These words burned in his heart. Joy, kindred, home, all were forgotten. Some writers on moral philosophy have held that promises made under such circumstances are not binding, and few men certainly would have been troubled with such scruples on the occasion. But Kant did not stop to reason. He hastily retraced his steps, and entering into the midst of the robbers, who were still in the same place, said meekly—

"I have told you what is not true; but it was unintentional—fear and anxiety confused me; therefore pardon me."

With these words, he held forth the glittering gold; but, to his surprise, not one of the robbers would take it! A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. They could not laugh at the pious man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, one went and brought back his purse; another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse towards him, and helped him to remount it. Then they unitedly entreated his blessing; and, solemnly giving it, the good old man continued his way, lifting up his heart in gratitude to God, who brought him in safety to the end of his journey.—*Angel of Peace.*

### SELF-RENOUNCING ENJOYMENT.

WHEN we can forget ourselves, and our minds lovingly feed on the good of others, we attain to a degree of refinement in pure enjoyment which no mere selfish pleasures can impart. This relates to every life circumstance in which our neighbour appears to be more favoured than ourselves; to have the mind so disciplined and disposed as to be able to enjoy feelings of satisfaction in hearing eulogiums passed on another which are denied to us; to feel gladness in seeing Providence give to our fellow the Benjamin's portion, while our allotted gift is the small crust, and to take this gratefully and contentedly from our Father's hand, is to have mental favours which the others cannot possess by any amount of gratification derived from the praise of men, or from the acquisition of worldly goods.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### The Month.



HERE are signs of coming blessing on every hand. At almost every station there is an earnest cry for more abundant life and power. Preachers and people are either anxiously seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, or rejoicing in the conscious possession of the heavenly fire.

At Portsmouth, Hastings, Rye, and Hammersmith, our own eyes have seen the grace of God, and been gladdened and cheered, during the last fortnight, while from other stations we hear similar tidings of revival. But it is at Whitechapel that the most copious showers have fallen. The visit of our dear brother Irvine has been made a blessing to the whole society. Many who once walked in the light of a full salvation, but who had lost it, or who had been led to see its worth and desirability, have, under the pressure of our brother's earnest entreaties, been induced to enter "the crimson wave," and are now living the life of full trust. We much regret that the visit was not prolonged; it seemed to us that the crust was only being broken, the surface just pierced; another fortnight would, we feel sure, have resulted in a much greater victory. However, the work is not stayed. On each of the last two Sabbaths over twenty souls have sought the precious Saviour's mercy, and to a man the praying host are determined to enjoy for themselves all the blessings purchased by a Saviour's blood, and to live only to spread the pure flame of holy love throughout the land.

"Jesus saves, oh! bliss sublime,  
Jesus saves us all the time."

### Mr. Railton's Mission Tour.



EAR Brother Railton still presses forward in his Mission campaign. Alone, a perfect stranger in almost every town visited, without any introduction of friends, often unannounced, save by the banner which he carries in his hand, he has borne our message of mercy to thousands of people in the open-air, and pressed home upon the hearts of numerous churches and congregations of almost every denomination, the importance of actively caring for the souls of the working-classes. His usage is to send before

him a bill announcing an open-air meeting, and naming the chapel or school-room where afterwards he will explain the origin, work, principle, and rapid growth of the Mission. In this way Doncaster, Leeds, Ripon, Thirsk, Newcastle, South Shields, Gateshead, Stockton, and other places, have been visited and missioned.

At many of these towns his labours have been owned of God in the salvation of souls and the quickening of believers. At Newcastle, where he stayed some ten days, he not only aroused attention to the Mission, but was the means of leading precious souls to the Saviour; and we trust that many of the Lord's own people will be led to see the importance of *extraordinary* efforts for the salvation of the dying multitudes which throng not only London but every large city in the kingdom.

Although the financial result of the effort has been but small, as may be seen from our covers, there can be no doubt that an immense amount of information has been disseminated, and multitudes have been impressed. Our last letter is from Stockton, and contains the following paragraph relative to the previous Sabbath's work—

"I arranged to preach at the market cross, and in the old theatre at night. In the open-air I think we had the largest crowd ever gathered at an open-air preaching in the town, and some 600, almost exclusively non-worshippers, came to the theatre. I was enabled to speak with power in both cases, and many were in distress. They say they have never had such a meeting in the place."

We are sure all our readers will cheerfully unite with us in praying for further success on this campaign.

### Mrs. Booth's Services at Ryde.



THESE meetings were closed by farewell sermons on Sabbath, October 18th, and a lecture to ladies on the following Wednesday. While the results of these services, in conversions, have fallen far short of Mrs. Booth's expectations, and of what she has been permitted to see elsewhere, nevertheless, there have been some precious souls gathered to the Saviour. Of these, one young lady, a visitor, who obtained peace, was taken ill soon after her return home, and died in the triumph of faith; and others have gone back to their respective spheres to witness for the Lord and shed around them the blessings of the Gospel of peace.

But while there has not been such an awakening of sinners, there has been a very blessed quickening among Christians of every denomination. United services have been held every night in different places of worship by turn, and noon prayer-meetings every day in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Institute. May the influence continue and grow! The congregation on the last Sabbath evening was impressed, and the power of God was most blessedly on all present. If God's people will push the battle to the gate, salvation will yet come in mighty floods to Ryde. May it be so! Amen.



Hackney New Hall.

**W**E have signed the contract for the erection of the above hall. Three years have passed since it was first talked about. Now it is to be done. It will be a good substantial building, with gallery, school-room, and vestries, and will be constructed in the plainest possible manner. Nevertheless, it is to cost £1,170, which, with seats and extras, bring the amount up to £1,250. Of this amount the parent Mission has promised £600, and the people themselves have raised nearly £100. But this will not pay £1,250. Go into debt we dare not. We have an arrangement with the builder, that if we fail in raising the entire amount, the work shall be left unfinished; but this will be very unsatisfactory. Will our readers lay the matter to heart? If this was done a four years' anxiety would be ended, and a great burden taken off our hearts. We want the hall for Jesus and for souls. Who will help the Saviour by sending us the means to complete this another house of mercy?

### The Opening of the New Hall at Stoke Newington.

**T**HE Brewery has been transformed into a house of prayer and a place of healing. The long-talked-of translation is accomplished, the result is as complete a hall for salvation work as could well be desired. We wish it were twice the size. It has cost £200 more than was anticipated at the outset, and this through circumstances that could not well have been

anticipated. Of this sum we are £90 deficient, *every penny of which must be paid*. We have no credit, and it is a mercy we have not—we dare not go in debt. *Who will help us?*

The opening sermons were preached by Revs. H. R. Cook, W. Spensly, and J. Johnston, Congregationalists; the Rev. Mr. McKenny, Wesleyan; Miss Billups, and the General Superintendent of the Mission.

#### THE TEA MEETING

was a great success; the hall very crowded; F. Volckman, Esq., presided. The meeting was deeply interesting throughout, and from an excellent report, furnished by Mr. Pearson, we make the following extract, regretting that we have not space for the whole—

F. VOLCKMAN, Esq., who presided, said: I feel quite at home to-night. I am pleased to see some Abney friends here. I believe the Christian Mission will be able to do a great work in Stoke Newington. Even within a stone's-throw there are plenty of people to fill this new hall twice over. It is the duty of the Christian Church to go out and compel the people to come in. Having been a co-worker with the City Mission for some considerable time, I have some knowledge of what mission work is. I believe the salvation of the world depends upon the holiness of God's people. If the Church would but be humble, laborious, and faithful, the work of God would prosper abundantly. The best humility is to obey God with the whole heart.

DR. COOKE, treasurer for the New Hall Fund, said: I always have thought the hardest part of a sermon is the selection of a text. Now, I have nothing more to do to-night than to read my text. It has been said that the knowledge of three or more languages make more than a man; I should think, as Mr. Volckman, our worthy chairman, has had the pleasure of labouring with two or three Christian Societies, he must be all the better man for so doing. When some short time ago we met at Abney Congregational Church, I had but five pounds in hand. Now I have only seven pounds seven shillings; this does not seem much in excess. But when I tell you that I have a bit more in the bank, for I have paid over to Mr. Booth the sum of one hundred and three pounds six shillings and fivepence, you will find, since my last report, that we have got on exceedingly well. In getting in this sum, *personally* I have not had much to do. Your excellent missionary, Mr. Pearson, has done the work for me. I have heard more than once or twice how pleased the friends have been to see

and to converse with him. In this new undertaking I wish both him and his colleague every success. No doubt there will be some hard fighting, but when God puts the sword in a man's hand he becomes a Christian soldier, but as soon as he ceases to fight he turns *the sword against himself*.

BRO. ALLEN, of Limehouse, said: I was anxious to be at the opening meeting. Like the Irishman, who was asked, when being married, "Whether he would take the woman for his wedded wife?" replied, "Oh, sure! and have I not come on purpose?" I have come on purpose to thank God for this new hall; I thank God because another slaughter shop is closed and turned into a mission hall. This is as it ought to be. I believe in hitting the nail on the head. Four years ago last July I took my stand, for the first time, on Stoke Newington Common. While singing "Hark! the Gospel news is sounding," people looked out of their windows, wondering what could be the matter. While telling the people that salvation was free for all, I was much encouraged by hearing some one near me say—"So it is." That night five souls were converted. After my day's work I had to walk eight miles to my home, but it was a happy journey, for I was shouting God's praise nearly all the way. Some false prophets said the work would die out in three months; thank God it has not. I remember a sweep crying for mercy, who was made happy in Jesus, and afterwards taken to heaven. A dear woman, who died of the small-pox, and many others beside, who are now in the glory land, obtained good in this mission. I hope now you will have better times than ever. Dear friends, don't give up the out-door work. I hope you will ever feel like Wesley when he sang, "Oh, for a trumpet voice on all the world to call." Our work requires that we should be in

*earnest.* It is our business to offer salvation to the poorest and the most depraved. We have not one of the finest buildings, but it is not the grandeur of the edifice that will save men. In the most unlikely places the worst have got converted. A man once preached in a blacksmith's smithy; as there was no pulpit board he placed his Bible on the bellows. He had not been preaching long before the tears ran down the blacksmith's black face. Seeing that he was listening with eyes and mouth wide open, the preacher kept throwing handfuls of Gospel seed at the blacksmith until he got saved. Our work is to enter drunkards' homes and get them reformed. These are the men that will live for ever either in heaven or hell.

Rev. J. JOHNSTON (Congregational minister) said: I feel as if I was at the launching of a new lifeboat to-night. You know, dear friends, when a new lifeboat is launched, the spectators give three hearty cheers, and I say, Three cheers for this new mission hall. We all know there is great need for lifeboats, and there is also great need for such places as these. Many around us are going down to destruction; some do not even know of their danger. The billows of sin are rising like a great tempest around them, and the people, through ignorance, know not what to do—yea, I fear many are crying, "No man cares for my soul." The work of the Christian Church is to pull lost souls into the blessed craft of salvation. I am glad you have launched another lifeboat here. Again I say, Three cheers for the Stoke Newington lifeboat. In the present day, instead of the Church of Christ facing danger and rescuing precious souls from hell, too much attention is given to painting and gilding places of worship; too many content themselves with cushioned pews and the fashions of the present age. Suppose a beautiful harbour was made, say, at Margate, or some other snug place; stationed at that harbour should be a lifeboat, well warmed with fires and every comfort necessary for the welfare of the crew; what use would that crew be if they never risked their lives to save the shipwrecked and the drowning? Would it be human if, instead of attending to the shrieks of the distressed, they studied their own comfort? Certainly not. The laws of humanity demand help when life is in danger. Some think they have a perfect right to make

themselves comfortable. They wear broadcloth, and study to practise respectability. But ought we not, instead of studying these minor matters, to exert ourselves to save the perishing? I have just seen a great rock of danger—namely, a public-house, with a band of music stuck at the front. I can more than ever see we want something out of the ordinary line to draw men away from such rocks of danger. Soon as I saw your flag, I said, "That is it!" We shall never succeed in getting the masses saved while we make ourselves snug with sofas, scent-bottles, and fans. If the Apostles could come back with their plainness and earnestness, I feel sure the Church would despise them. If Paul, who was a poor upholsterer, could pay them a visit, they would have nought to do with him. Does not the world need such men as much now as it did in the days of the Apostles? When the Church gives up her ease, and shakes away her pride, then, and not till then, will the Holy Spirit come upon her like a flood.

(To be continued.)

#### WHITECHAPEL.

God has been graciously reviving His work in the hearts of His own people. The thirst after righteousness is increasing, and I believe that, with continued faith in God, the banner of purity shall yet be fearlessly sustained in this, the very heart of Whitechapel. Where can it be more needed?

During Mr. Irvine's visit and labours here, much blessing has been given. Many have sought forgiveness of sins, and numbers have come forward desiring a full salvation.

I was privileged to be present at several of the meetings, and think the best way to tell of God's gracious working will be to transcribe a few of the many precious testimonies that were given of Christ's power to save His people from their sins:—

A Sister. "I have long sought the blessing of holiness, and thought, a few evenings since, that I could trust God for all; but Satan beset me, and I despaired of ever being freed from impatience and doubt. I was leaving the hall, declaring that I could not try again—it was of no use; but a sister followed me, and said: 'No, don't try—just let Jesus do it; He can save to the uttermost.' "In reclining and

rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." God sent that message, I am sure. I went to my room, gave myself fully into His keeping. 'My all is on the altar.' Since that night I have had rest and peace; my impatience is gone. I know all is well and right. The precious blood of Jesus cleanses me."

Sister D. "The precious blood cleanses from all sin, I have no doubt. I have given myself fully to Jesus, and am not afraid to trust His love. I know He loves me, and helps me to do His will."

A Brother. "I was one of the seekers for full salvation the other evening. I could not see that Christ could keep me from sin in the midst of my ungodly shopmates; but I trusted Him with all, and left to-morrow morning with Him. Oh, I felt such sweet peace—it seemed almost like a new religion. For three days now I have lived knowing that Jesus does, moment by moment, cleanse me from sin, and if He can keep me three days, He can keep me to the end. I can bear the taunts of my companions without even wishing to speak an angry word. Oh, I do praise my blessed Jesus!"

A Sister. "I believe in giving all up, in living to God everywhere, and at all times. I am quite sure that Jesus can save from pride, from all love of the world, from self. He saves me. I can do nothing of myself; I am a poor, helpless thing; but my Jesus—oh, He is so precious! My little girl has found the Lord in these services. I don't know how to praise Him enough for all His goodness!"

Sister R. "Yes, I can say that Jesus does save me from all sin, and that He keeps me. It was a terrible cross to come up and seek the blessing the other night. I was afraid you would think I was a backslider; but I do bless God that I came, for, oh, it was a precious time! The morning after I was at my usual work, cleaning offices, and as I was coming down the stairs some boys mischievously threw themselves just so as to trip me and my pail over. The day before I should have felt very angry, but in a moment I looked to Jesus, and He gave me the victory. I believe He can and will save me from little as well as great sins—I mean to trust Him!"

No pen can possibly describe the pathos, earnestness, and simplicity with

which these men and women testified that Jesu's love was all-sufficient amid sorrow and poverty, and that His saving grace was fully equal to the emergencies of Whitechapel persecution and temptation.

If this be true, shall not we, who seek to win our fellow-creatures to the purifying love of Jesus, continue to trust and preach Christ as "able to do" for ourselves and these "exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think"?

Sinners have been brought to the foot of the Cross, and many on whom the word had almost ceased to produce any effect have been convicted and saved.

Last Sunday, October the 11th, was a high day. Our friends having been tried and blessed, they were prepared to enter vigorously into the field, and we had the happiness of seeing twenty-four precious souls seeking the Lord. Yea, as soon as we came down from the platform, we beheld two already at the penitent form, and before we had finished twenty-four came forward and found the Saviour. Among that number we especially noticed a man and his wife kneeling side by side; it was, indeed, pleasing to see them, as, with hand in hand, they entered into the family of Christ. Oh, may they be kept faithful to the end, and then sit down together at the marriage supper of the Lamb!

Yours,  
JOHN TETLEY.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

THE Lord is with us, and good is being done. Precious souls are rescued from the strong-holds of sin and death. To God be all the glory! We are still going to the lowest of the low, with the glorious gospel of life and immortality, and, thank God, not in vain. A few have received it with gladness.

Sunday, October 4th, was a day of great blessing. In the fish shop the power of God was felt. A large crowd listened very attentively, and many wept. At the close of the day five souls surrendered to the Lord.

#### SITTING ON THE DOOR-STEPS.

We used this illustration one Sabbath evening—How many are crying in the cold when God would have them in the warmth? and in the prayer-meeting we asked a dear man about his soul's welfare. "Sir," he said, "I have been

sitting on the door-steps for years, and I am as miserable to-night as I can be." We invited him into the parlour of God's love. He at once ventured to knock, and soon the door of mercy flew open, and our dear brother said he had no thought it was so grand inside, or he would not have set on the steps so long.

#### RAISING THE FALLEN AGAIN.

One of these poor fallen and depraved ones heard our voice one evening, but tried to laugh it off, and by the persuasions of others she went home, but not to sleep or rest; and as early as six o'clock she and her companion were waiting till the time of opening. Readily they entered, again to hear the simple story, and by the power of the Spirit their hearts were broken. At once they came to the feet of Him who received a Mary Magdalene, and He washed them "whiter than snow." They were taken to a home, and we hear they are doing well. Praise the Lord!

The Drunkards' Rescue Band are still at work here with great success. Thirteen signed the pledge on Saturday night. Some who have been a terror to the neighbourhood in which they lived are now sober and respectable. We hope soon to see them converted to God.

#### MILLWALL.

HERE our brethren are fighting on in the open-air, Sundays and week-nights. The Lord has greatly blessed the word. Praise His holy name!

A man and his wife heard the Gospel in the open-air, and followed to the hall, and both of them cast their all on Jesus. He soon set them free, and they went home rejoicing.

#### A PROFESSOR.

A young man who had been a member of a chapel for four years, but without Christ, was arrested by words spoken at one of the open-air meetings, and followed to the hall. In the prayer-meeting he sought the Lord with all his heart, and soon found the joy of salvation.

We are grieved to see the destitute condition of many of the sick and afflicted. From a

#### BED OF SHAVINGS TO A THRONE OF GLORY.

Not long since we found a poor man with nothing to cover him, in the last stage of consumption, lying upon shavings, not a shirt to put on, no fire, no food, no hope.

We felt we could not pray until we had relieved some of his wants. It was touching, indeed, to see the tears roll down their faces. The man was a shipwright, but during his illness they had parted with all for food and not liked to ask any one. We helped as far as possible with bedding, &c., prayed with them, pointed the dear man to Jesus, and soon after he passed away triumphant to the better world.

In this work we are in great need of funds. We often weep because we cannot help. "A cup of cold water in the name of the Lord shall in no wise lose its reward."

Help for this work may be sent to the Editor; or to yours,

JOHN ALLEN,  
109, Gough St., Upper North St.,  
Poplar, E.

#### HAMMERSMITH.

"Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses and this house lie waste?"

I SINCERELY pray that many of the Lord's stewards may be led seriously to ponder the important question of the prophet, for here—Hammersmith—we are only asking the modest sum of £700, with which we purpose building a plain mission hall, where the working classes can hear the Gospel. Can there possibly be more visible signs of waste than there is here now at the moment I write? The vicar of Hammersmith says—"He never knew a place where so many of the working classes stayed away from church or chapel." Our friends may ask—Will they come to the mission services? We answer without hesitation—Yes. We have but to commence singing in the Broadway to get crowds to stop, and if our friends would pay us a visit at the Town Hall on Sabbath, they would rejoice, not only to see the numbers present, but also the marked attention of the audience, although composed very largely of the poorest people. But is it the case on week nights? they ask. We answer again—Yes, when we have a place for them, which just now is very uncertain—for instance, the school-room, kindly lent us, is required now for a night-school three nights a week, and last Monday a vestry meeting had commenced its sitting before our arrival, so we had to choose between the open air and a small room twelve feet square, in the rookery, a mile off. We chose the latter, and marvellous to relate, we

packed it to its utmost capacity, for nearly sixty people crammed themselves into it; the rest went home, and while I was preaching inside, some Irish women were fighting outside. Seeing that our difficulty is not to get the people, but a place to put them in, surely the Lord's people will not allow us much longer to weep over our sad condition, as we behold with grief the work hindered just for the want of £700.

Every time you scan the noble building in which you are privileged to worship, may you think of the question asked above and the terrible straits to which we are put here while endeavouring to reach the hearts of the poor people, which, when polished by divine grace, often reveal some of the brightest gems on God's fair earth!

I am praying that every reader of our magazine may be induced to give a something to repair the waste places around Hammersmith. Heaven guide you, beloved!

Praise God! notwithstanding all the difficulties, our labours are not lost; we are bearding the lion in his own den. In three months we have seen three publicans' servants weeping at Jesus' feet. One man,

#### A POTMAN,

cried aloud for mercy, and after a dreadful struggle made a full surrender to Jesus; and true to the cause which he had embraced, every person in the house knew it the same night; of course they mocked and laughed him to scorn, and abused me in terms not to be repeated. Passing the house one day, I saw him cleaning the lamps; he eagerly grasped my hand, and at once we spoke of his calling; he was decided. The master saw us talking; called him in and asked him what I said, and whether I was "stuffing some more rubbish into his head." He replied—"Sir, he has told me what my conscience has been telling since that Sunday night—that this is the wrong way to heaven—so I must leave your service this day week." Hallelujah! Christians, pray for him.

#### A PRODIGAL.

Some time ago a woman was converted to God in the Town Hall who had been a great lover of strong drink, but she has now parted company with publicans for ever, and of course is exceedingly anxious about her husband, who was for fourteen years a Wesleyan preacher, but for the last ten years has

been a miserable backslider. The happiness of his wife increased his misery, but for a long time he refused to come to the hall. At last, however, he came, and that night the Word went home to his heart; he returned home, but not to eat or sleep; the following day he was wretched in the extreme, refusing both food and comfort; at night he paid another to do his work, and came to the meeting, where he found to his great joy that poor returning prodigals were welcomed to the fold. Oh, may he be kept faithful unto death!

I could quote many more interesting cases did space permit. But I feel sure our dear friends will rejoice to hear that our first Quarterly Festival Sermons were preached by Miss Pollett to large and attentive audiences. The following night we held our first tea meeting, in the Vicar's school-room, where nearly 250 of the friends took tea. The chair was taken at the public meeting by W. H. Crispin, Esq., when the room was literally packed, many being unable to get inside. The secretary's report showed in a marked manner the goodness of our God in sending us money as well as other blessings. The report showed that we had rejoiced over one anxious soul for every seven and sixpence received. We can only exclaim, What hath God wrought with such feeble instruments! and sincerely pray that this may be but the beginning of days.

Help for the general work, or the new hall, will be gratefully received by Miss Bazett, 25, Richmond Gardens; or the Rev. E. W. Moore, 3, Melbury Terrace, Harewood Square, N.W.

ABRAHAM LAMB,

12, Hetton Street,  
Hammersmith, W.

#### SOHO.

THANK God we are advancing; our Captain is with us, and we shall conquer through the blood of the Lamb. Our congregations are increasing; many precious souls have been brought from darkness to light, and are now walking as becometh the Gospel.

We often see, at our open-air services, men and women weeping while the simple story of the Cross is told, and many have said to me, "It was through the open-air meetings that I was first convicted of sin."

#### CAUGHT THROUGH CURIOSITY.

A woman came to our hall one evening just to see the gipsies, but, praise

God! she not only saw, but heard; the word went home to her heart, and she came weeping, and fell down at the feet of Jesus, and cried, "What must I do to be saved?" The Lord heard her prayer, and set her at liberty. She has since joined the believers' meeting. She says, "Bless God that ever I came to hear the gipsies; I found Jesus, and He has taken all my sins away. I did like the drink, but now I have given all up for Jesus—the drink has gone for ever." May she be kept faithful until the Master shall say, "Well done"!

#### A RETURNING PRODIGAL.

This young man was attracted by the singing in the open air. While on our way to the hall he kept crying: "I am miserable and wretched, and I cannot live any longer in this state." Praise God! we got him inside; at the close of the preaching service I went to him, and invited him to come to Jesus, but he said: "I am too bad, and my sins are too many to be forgiven."

At last, however, he came to the penitent form, and while he was pleading with God to save him, we sang—"Backsliders, come to Jesus." The Lord set him free, and he was soon rejoicing in our midst—"I have sought," he said, "for peace in the public-house, in the music-hall, and at the card-table; and now I have got this peace again, by the help of God I will keep it." He sent word to the publican and his companions on the next night, saying: "I am going to heaven, and I have done with you."

Pray that he may be kept steadfast to the end.

#### THE CHILDREN'S SERVICES

are continued; between two and three hundred children have been gathered out of the streets on a Friday evening to hear about Jesus, many of them the most ragged and unruly. Praise God! several have professed to find peace in Jesus. Will our friends pray for Brother Blackburn, who has taken up this work, that the Lord will bless his labours?

Old clothes and shoes will be thankfully received for the children who are starving for want of something to cover them; tracts and contributions towards carrying on this work will be gratefully acknowledged by

W. RIDSDDEL,  
120, Charlwood Street,  
Pimlico, S.W.

#### CROYDON.

WE are thankful to record that God, "even our God," is still with His people here, proving the truthfulness of His word, that He manifests Himself unto His own as He does not unto the world. True, the slain of the Lord are not so many as a soldier of the cross would like to see, nevertheless there are some falling on the field of conflict before the power of the word of God, which is still mighty to wound and to heal.

On the 13th ult., Bro. Branson was conducting the evening service, when the word went with power to the heart of a young man of this town, who only a few weeks before

#### LEAPED TWICE FROM LONDON BRIDGE

into the water for a wager, on two Sabbath mornings. He wept bitterly on account of his sins, and prayed aloud for mercy. He told me, a few days after his conversion, that if he had not been saved, he intended to have leaped from the Suspension Bridge, near Bristol, which is about three times the height of London Bridge; and then he added, "What is there that the devil cannot persuade those to do who serve him?" May he be preserved blameless to the coming of Christ, and be found at last among those who have fought the good fight of faith, and laid hold on eternal life!

Rev. J. E. Irvine, of America, is with us, holding special services. He commenced on Sunday last, and the word was mighty. At the evening service we had a good time. Some thirty souls gathered round the communion rail, seeking a deeper work of grace and a clean heart. Much good was done, and many professed to enjoy a blessing that had never been theirs before.

On the 14th inst., we gave a free tea to 200 poor people (which we shall monthly, if funds are supplied), and a blessed time it was. The people enjoyed their tea, and it was evident that many were strangers to a place of worship. We tried to make the gathering as interesting as we could. Mr. Irvine addressed the meeting, and urged the people to accept Christ at once and be saved; at the conclusion of which some consecrated their all to God, and three sinners found pardon at the throne of mercy. We do indeed thank our heavenly Father for thus breaking the darkness which has seemed to impede our progress. Mr. Irvine will continue

On Sunday, October 11th, we had

#### MR. BOOTH WITH US.

Many of our friends here had been pleading for a good time and for souls; God heard and answered our cry. In the morning Mr. Booth preached to believers, and urged all to make a fresh and full consecration to God. In the afternoon one soul came to the Saviour. In the evening God was present, and all over the hall sinners were troubled and convicted of sin. At the close a long row of anxious inquirers cried for mercy. Among them was

#### A POOR, UNFORTUNATE GIRL,

who came, sobbing out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Friends pointed her to Jesus, and very soon she said she had the witness of sins forgiven.

#### TWO BACKSLIDERS,

nearly side by side, cried aloud to God to have mercy upon them, and were soon rejoicing in His pardoning love. Pray that they may be kept faithful.

I am glad to tell our readers the work is not confined to the Market Hall, but God is

#### SAVING ALL AROUND.

The other day I met one of our friends from Ninfield, and asked about the work. He said: "Last night we had one soul saved at the Mission Hall. The night before we went to Crowhurst, and the Lord saved one soul there." Hallelujah!

Another day I met with a sister from St. Leonards, and she told me the Lord was indeed precious.—In answer to prayer He had made bare His arm in their house, and one of their visitors,

A FRENCH WOMAN, HAD FOUND PEACE, and was going on her way rejoicing. Hallelujah!

A few days since a young woman came to see us, and, before leaving, trusted God for *full salvation*. And, only a few hours ago, a young man called, and left telling us he trusted God for pardon. To our God be all the glory!

We are thankful to all friends who have helped us. With tracts: some by post; two parcels per rail—one from Mr. J. Grubb, another from a friend. A parcel of cast-off clothing, for the needy poor, left at the door by a friend. Some have sent a little money. Further help greatly needed.

with us for a short time, and we doubt not but his visit will result in great spiritual blessing. I am much impressed with the great necessity of effort for reaching the people that we had at our free tea. To me it seemed impossible for any heathen to be more ignorant of God and the plan of salvation than was a married woman with whom I have been conversing this evening in our hall. When I asked her if she would like to go to heaven, she replied, "I have got some cake in my bosom for my husband; I thought he would like a bit, and I'n had a ticket gid me;" and, pulling a paper from her bosom, she added, "and this is what it was, capt'in, and I canno' pay for it." I spent some time talking to her about God and heaven, and His love, and in answer to my questions she expressed herself—in earnestness, too—as ignorant as she possibly could be. Oh, how true it is that thousands upon thousands abound, of whom,

"Dark, dark, dark, we still must say,  
Amid the blaze of gospel day!"

May the necessary help, and the right workers, be raised by God to seek these outside sheep of the Good Shepherd's fold, and then, when the great stock-taking day shall come, all who have been engaged in the work, and have done it faithfully—some with their means and prayers, and others with their bodies as a living sacrifice—shall hear the "well done," and enter into the joy of glory and honour and immortality.

Help to continue these free teas, and also for the General Fund, may be sent to

Yours, in the good hope of the Gospel,  
JOSEPH HEATHCOCK,  
86, Waddon New Road, Croydon.

#### HASTINGS.

DURING the past month we have had special help, and God has given us special blessing.

September 27th,

#### MRS. GRATTON GUINNESS

gave us three services in the Market Hall, and, although weak in body, God gave her strength, and accompanied His word with power. One precious soul found peace in her seat, in the middle of the service, and two souls since have found joy in believing.

We are about to establish a library for those seeking holiness of heart. Any books on the higher life, for the above purpose, money, tracts, or cast-off clothing, will be very thankfully received. Pray for us.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,  
Plymliam Road, Hastings.

#### RYE.

THE past has been a glorious month at Rye. God has been moving in the hearts of the people. Our members see the importance of a full salvation. Some have obtained the blessing, and others are seeking it with all their hearts. Our holiness meetings are the best we have. The quarterly tea took place September 28th, when about one hundred friends came from Hastings for an afternoon's enjoyment. As soon as they arrived at the railway station, they pitched their tent, and Brother Corbridge led an open-air meeting, after which they adjourned to the Market Hall. After tea God came down in our midst, and we had a blessed meeting.

October 11th, we had a camp meeting on the Town Salts. We sang and paraded the town at night. Souls came out boldly for Jesus, and were soon rejoicing in the love of God.

"We had to say at the close of the day,  
He has brought some wanderers home."

On Tuesday, October 13th, Mr. Booth paid us a visit, and preached. Saints and sinners were blessed—and many ventured upon Christ for a full salvation. At our class meeting last night one precious soul found peace. Although poor and despised by all around, God is on our side, He will fight for us. In one of our court meetings this week the devil sent two of his best men to upset us. They cursed and swore, and tried to drown our voices, but we felt that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," and He defeated the design of the enemy. We shall conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

Friends, pray for Rye!

Tracts will be thankfully received by yours,  
LOUISA WALES,  
4, Cinque Ports St., Rye.

#### WELLINGBOROUGH.

WITH holiness to the Lord as our motto, we are pushing on; though at times hard set by the devil and his emissaries, yet

"Jesus doth our hearts inspire,  
And fills us with seraphic fire,  
The sacred flame keeps rising higher,  
And soon 'twill burn in glory."

In the open air we have our share of persecution; but hitherto we have been saved from anything harder than words, water, and grass—praise the Lord! while many are giving their testimony week after week, of the good they have received from these meetings.

#### AN OPPOSER SAVED.

One young man, standing by our side in the open air, said the other day—"Friends, you all know me; nine weeks ago I was like many of you who are now laughing and scoffing; but, thank God, a few words found their way into my heart, and I thought I would follow these people into the hall. I was not there long before I began to feel that I wasn't right, and I went away miserable; I came again at night, listened to the open-air preaching, followed again to the hall, and never shall I forget how I felt while sitting there. Oh, how terrible to feel oneself a sinner in the sight of God! I went home worse than ever, but, praise the dear Lord, His Spirit led me to come again, and on Tuesday night, while I was at the class, Jesus pardoned all my sins, and I went home that night happy, and I have been happy ever since, and though I have a good deal to put up with, I mean, by God's help, to go to heaven."

#### SINGING NEW SONGS.

Another young man who has done good service for the devil in taking the chair at a concert-room in the town, and leading in all kinds of wickedness, stands by our side upon the green—while numbers of his old companions come to laugh and jeer at him—and says, "Friends, many of you wonder to see me here, and some of you think I shall not be able to stand long; but you shall see. I bless God that ever I came here to listen to the preaching, and that ever I was induced to follow the singing band to the hall. When I got there, I had no intention of joining these people; but that Sunday afternoon, while listening to one and another speak, I began to think, and I went away convinced that I was wrong, and somehow, I was obliged to come again at night; then the singing seemed to take hold of me, and I thought, Why, I have been singing to try and make myself happy, but these people seem to sing because they

are happy. So I made up my mind to try and get what they had got, and I thank God, Jesus did not keep me waiting long, but the next Sunday I found the Saviour; my sins are all forgiven.

"New songs do now my lips employ,  
And dances my glad heart for joy."

#### GRATEFUL TESTIMONIES OF MOTHERS.

Our work, for the most part, is among the young folk and numbers of young men and women who have been instructed in the Sabbath schools, but who have gone out into life without a knowledge of Christ as their Saviour, have been led by the Spirit of God to seek forgiveness of sins, and though there are many adverse influences, yet we have a band of young people that God and the Mission will be proud of in eternity.

One mother, whose prayers have often gone up to heaven for her children, says, "I thank God that ever the Mission came here. *My daughter is as different as light from dark* since she gave her heart to God at the Mission Hall."

The labours of our dear Bro. Panter have been greatly owned in our midst. Our new hall is nearly ready for opening. We hope our friends will help us to open clear of debt. Two offers of ten pounds each are made if eighteen others can be found to do the same. Will the Lord's stewards please remember this? also we want a clock, a few chairs, crockery for tea-meetings, tables and trustles, and table-cloths. Will everybody help us in these matters?—please do.

JOB CLARE,

4, Havelock Street,  
Wellingborough.

#### KETTERING.

DURING the last few weeks we have had some blessed seasons, souls have been saved, and all can see the wonderful change wrought in them by divine grace.

#### A BLESSED VISIT.

A dear woman, who had come twenty-six miles to see some of her friends, came to our prayer-meeting, where the Lord met and brought her under deep conviction. I spoke to her, and asked her if she dare venture on her journey without giving her heart to God, and she said, "I will not try," and then and there she gave her heart to Him. May we meet her in heaven!

Amidst all the opposition and persecution we mean to mission Kettering, and not to leave a stone unturned to warn and exhort every soul in it to flee from the wrath to come.

CHAS. PANTER,  
3, Newland St., Kettering.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

"To each the covenant blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day."

#### OUR FIRST HOLINESS MEETING.

After much prayer we held our first meeting for the promotion of holiness, and several short addresses were given. Thirty-five came out and gave up all for Jesus, while we sang—

"'Tis done; Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace."

At

#### THE FUNERAL SERMON

of our dear Bro. Mills the hall was crowded to the street. The service was one not to be forgotten.

While the solemn yet life-giving message was being delivered, every soul present seemed to realise the importance of being ready for the Master's call. Four souls sought mercy, and many others left the meeting deeply impressed, eight of whom gave themselves to God at the two next meetings, and are now enjoying the resurrection power in their souls. May they fight the good fight of faith and lay hold of eternal life!

#### MR. BOOTH'S VISIT

proved to be one of much refreshing. At the Saturday evening prayer-meeting he urged the importance of holiness on all present.

On the following Sabbath he had the privilege of seeing six anxious souls come forward seeking pardon from sin, while upwards of twenty others gave themselves fully to God.

On Monday the members and friends took a friendly cup of tea together, when our old and tried friends, Mr. and Mrs. Billups, of Cardiff, favoured us with their presence. After tea we had a public meeting to devise means and adapt measures to pay off the remaining debt of £50 owing by this circuit. Mr. Billups presided, and after a short yet telling speech, he called upon Mr. Joseph Warn to read a financial report,

to which Bro. Cause and myself spoke, followed by a practical address from Bro. Gray. Then Miss Booth spoke of the importance of living fully consecrated to God. Then came the winding-up appeal from Mr. Booth, which had its desired effect, for we not only got £27 given, or promised, but closed with a solemn consecration meeting, and souls for Jesus.

On the following Sunday we had a most blessed day. The morning service was honoured with the presence of a living Christ, and in the afternoon, while sitting together at the table of the Lord, the Spirit of God came down upon us and filled the place. After the evening sermon seven weeping, broken-hearted sinners sought Jesus. He had compassion on them. One of these,

#### A STRONG NAVVY,

came to me the next day and made the following statement: "Sir," he said, "I have for some time past felt the working of God's Spirit, so much so that I have been afraid to be alone. I was a soldier for sixteen years in the West Indies, but was discharged through drunkenness and bad conduct, and since I have worked as a navvy. I went from bad to worse, until all I had was gone. For a long time I have been so nervous that I have at times thought something was after me. In going to my work I have to pass through a large copse, and I have often jumped and turned round to see if the devil was after me; and when wheeling the barrow on the planks I have felt as if I must fall and be lost; but I am here, and Jesus saves me. I feel so warm to what I did just here!" putting his hand to his heart—"I feel as if I'd got an extra flannel on!" Just like Jesus! He clothed him, and now he sits at his Master's feet. Hallelujah! On the Monday night two others made a start. Pray that they may be kept to the end!

At

#### SOUTHSEA

things are looking up. We have had some very blessed times with our dear friends there, and souls are being added. One is that of a young woman, a visitor in the neighbourhood; she was prevailed upon to come to the service, and the arrow of conviction entered her heart, and after a severe struggle she decided for God. She has since been to our meetings, and speaks of the pre-

sciousness of Christ and the sweet sense of pardon she enjoys.

Bro. Vosper had a day of power here on the 11th, and two precious souls found peace; several that were brought in under Miss Pollett are holding on blessedly.

Friends, pray for us, and help us; tracts, left-off wearing apparel, and contributions, will be thankfully received by

Yours,  
J. M. SALT,

92, Lake Road,  
Landport, Portsmouth.

#### CHATHAM.

THERE is a sound of abundance of rain. The past month has been a trying one, but thank God we have the victory. The people of these three towns are beginning to see that our work is of God, and that He is our refuge and strength, and a very present help in time of trouble. Praise His holy name! Therefore we will not fear, but go forward in the name of our Lord, conquering and to conquer. Our members are growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God is saving souls, and the work of salvation is still going on. Backsliders are returning to the fold, and lost ones are coming to the Saviour. We are praying and believing for a mighty ingathering of souls the coming winter. United prayer meetings are still held the last three nights in the week, to ask for an outpouring of the Spirit upon the people, that hundreds may be saved, and the promise is: "I will pour floods of water upon the dry and thirsty land," saith the Lord. Send it upon us, O Lord, like an almighty flood; give us a high tide of salvation in this wicked garrison town, for Jesus Christ's sake. The

#### OPEN-AIR SERVICES AT CHATHAM

are still well attended, and a great power for good. The two heavy batteries of hell that have so opposed us have been somewhat silenced, and our meetings are much quieter now, and the Lord is giving His blessing. Souls are often seen weeping while we tell the story of the cross.

#### VICTORY AT STROOD.

Every Wednesday evening at seven p.m. we hold an open-air service on the Esplanade, by kind permission of the Mayor of Rochester, protected by the

police; but the opposition has been very fierce. The rowdies are backed by the publicans, who give them beer to annoy us. They yell and shout to drown our voices, threatening loudly to throw me into the river, and one of the leaders told me they did not intend us to come to Strood; if we did continue to come, they would kick us out in spite of the mayor and everybody who took our part. I told him the Lord was sending us to Strood, and that we intend Strood for Jesus, and I know you cannot hurt us unless permitted by our God; therefore, I shall come, trusting in God to help and protect. At times I could hardly hear myself speak, but we held our ground, and the Lord was very powerfully with us. At the close of the meeting a Christian gentleman, William Kemmings, Esq., called me aside, and very kindly offered me his corn stores in the Canal Road, not far from the Esplanade, to hold an in-door meeting. It is just the place, and will hold some hundreds of people. The store-keeper opens the door, lights the gas, and gets it ready for us. "He doeth all things well."

Wednesday, September 30th, saw us again on the Esplanade. A number of rowdies were there ready to repeat the riotous scenes of former nights, but we commenced by silent prayer, and then I prayed aloud, and to our surprise all was silent. Thank God he can subdue our enemies. We processioned to Mr. Kemmings' stores, which were kept by two policemen, granted by the mayor. A good number came, and good order prevailed throughout the services.

The paper speaks favourably of our singing. I spoke, and the Spirit carried the word home to the hearts of the people. The place was consecrated by a man and his wife getting converted to God, and going away rejoicing in their Saviour. All glory be to Him! Mr. Kemmings, by request, came forward and said—

"I am in fullest sympathy with this mission work, as I believe God has and will bless it in trying to save the poor deluded drunkard and the outcast. I know many in this town do not like it, because its people tell you the truth so plainly, especially about the drinking customs of society; but they are right, and I shall stand by them, as I know they cannot say too much against a curse such as it is in this town; that

is the reason why I have let them have these corn stores for the meetings, and I pray God to bless their effort, for it is wanted in this town."

Mr. Kemmings has since fitted the corn stores up with forms, and we are looking for great things at Strood.

I desire to thank our readers who sent me the parcel of tracts, they came just at the right time. Pray, pray for us at Chatham!

Donations will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham. Mr. W. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace; or by

JAMES DOWDLE,

4, Alma Terrace, High St.,  
Chatham.

#### THE BRIGHTNESS OF MERCY.

MR. JOHN HOLLAND, a godly minister, continued his usual practice of expounding the Scripture in his family to the last; and, the day before his death, he called for the Bible, and causing another to read the eighth chapter of the Romans, he discoursed upon it verse by verse; but on a sudden he said, "Oh, stay your reading! What brightness is this I see? Have you lighted any candles?" A stander by said, "No, it is the sunshine" (for it was about five o'clock in a clear summer's evening). "Sunshine!" saith he, "nay, it is my Saviour's shine. Now farewell world, welcome heaven! The day-star from on high hath visited my heart. Oh, speak it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral. God dealeth familiarly with man; I feel His mercy; I see His majesty. Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth; but I see things that are unutterable." And in this rapture he continued till he died.—*Afflicted Man's Companion.*

FULLER relates that when trying to learn to plough, he guided himself by the furrow made by another, and his furrow always came out crooked. At last he determined he would try for himself, and so, fixing his eye upon a distant point in the field, he drove his plough steadily towards it, and made a straight furrow. His work was good, because it was original, and much better than if he had continued to imitate another.

## OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

ORIGINAL.

No. 2.

"Even as also the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."—*Mark x. 45.*

This forms part of Christ's direction to His people how to attain to the chiefest place amongst their fellow-men. He shows:—

## I. CHRIST PREFERS HELP IN HIS WORK TO WORSHIP.

He chose His first twelve servants not to minister to Him, nor to be ministered to, but to carry His message of love to others.

He poured out the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, not to enable men splendidly to praise Him, but usefully to tell others about Him.

Imagine fifty workmen gathering round their master, at 10 A.M., to tell him how much they admired and loved him. Would he not tell them rather to show their love by working for him while it was yet day?

Imagine a man in the witness-box praising the counsel, solicitors, and judge, instead of giving his testimony!

The chink of the money in the collecting-box sounds better in God's ears than the anthems of the thankless.

But what a contrast between Christ's preference and the state of things around us! What multitudes of worshippers! how few workers! The little time spent on religion nearly all spent in worship! The energy and skill of the churches almost all spent on places of worship, and the preparation and support of ministers.

If these are Christ's feelings, all this is fearfully wrong.

## II. WE OUGHT TO PREFER MINISTERING TO BEING MINISTERED TO.

True manliness, alone, ought to prefer giving to taking.

Republicanism gains favour, because kings and their children so often prefer being ministered unto to ministering, and godliness gains when kings unto God are seen to be unselfish.

The law of Moses was misunderstood, as intending that the people should be ministered unto by the priests, rather than that they should minister to their fellow-men, and consequently, the system utterly broke down, and God put it away.

Christ, all through life, instead of being ministered unto was abused and neglected, but ministered incessantly to all. On the Well of Sychar, when exhausted, He forgot His bodily thirst in His thirst to save.

John Wesley, and many others with him, gave up position, and the respect of respectable people, to minister salvation to the country.

## III. THE PREFERENCE IS FOUNDED ON THE COMMON-SENSE PRINCIPLE OF RANSOM.

It was Christ's blood-shedding that ransomed our souls from death; but He did not lay down His *life* so holy and pure for nothing. It was to purchase, not a half-worldly people, but a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Esther, in dark times, jeopardized her life to rescue her people from danger, and succeeded. In these days shall we be less devoted when we can accomplish more than she could?

John Wesley succeeded by sacrificing himself in accomplishing a work ever growing grander and grander. It is worth while to make great sacrifices for so great results.

Every one applauded the brave pilot who steered the burning steamer into port, and dropped dead just as he saved the passengers alive. It is worth dying for to steer poor sinners into the haven of glory.

Many need thus to be ransomed, even now. Millions are perishing. Let us force the light upon them, or die in the attempt.

G. S. R.

LONDON contains 100,000 wintes tramps, 40,000 costers, 30,000 pauperr in the unions, with a criminal class numbering 110,000. If we measure the numbers of different classes in London, with, say, a town of 10,000 persons, we shall find that there are as many workers on the Sunday as would fill ten towns; as many habitual gin-drinkers as would fill fourteen towns; more persons than would fill ten towns are every year taken off the streets in a state of intoxication; two towns might be filled with fallen women; one town with gamblers; two with children trained in crime; and three with thieves and receivers of stolen goods. There are 10,000 public-houses and beershops, which, if placed in line, would extend thirty miles; 500,000 people regularly frequent them.

—*The Revival.*