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The Joy of Obedience.

BY MRS. PEARSALL SMITH.

 REMEMBER once reading somewhere this sentence—"Perfect obedience would be perfect happiness, if only we had perfect confidence in the power we were obeying." I remember being struck with the saying, as the revelation of a possible, although hitherto undreamed-of, way of happiness; and often afterwards, through all the lawlessness and wilfulness of my life, did that saying recur to me as the vision of a rest, and yet of a possible development, that would soothe and at the same time satisfy all my yearnings.

Need I say that this rest has been revealed to me now, not as a vision, but as a reality; and that I have seen in the Lord Jesus, the Master to whom we may all yield up our implicit obedience, and, taking His yoke upon us, may find our perfect rest?

You little know, dear, hesitating soul, of the joy you are missing. The Master has revealed Himself to you, and is calling for your complete surrender, and you shrink and hesitate. A measure of surrender you are willing to make, and think indeed it is fit and proper you should. But an *utter* abandonment, without any reserves, seems to you too much to be asked for. You are afraid of it. It involves too much, you think, and is too great a risk. To be measurably obedient you desire, to be perfectly obedient appals you.

And then, too, you see other souls who seem able to walk with easy consciences in a far wider path than that which appears to be marked out for you, and you ask yourself why this need be. It seems strange, and perhaps hard to you, that you must do what they need not, and must leave undone what they have liberty to do.

Ah! dear Christian, this very difference between you is your

privilege, though you do not yet know it. Your Lord says—"He that *hath* My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." You *have* His commandments; those you envy have them not. You know the mind of your Lord about many things, in which, as yet, *they* are walking in darkness. Is not this a privilege? Is it a cause for regret that your soul is brought into such near and intimate relations with your Master, that He is able to tell you things which those who are further off may not know? Do you not realize what a tender degree of intimacy is implied in this?

There are many relations in life which require from the different parties only very moderate degrees of devotion. We may have really pleasant friendships with one another, and yet spend a large part of our lives in separate interests, and widely different pursuits. When together we may greatly enjoy one another's society, and find many congenial points; but separation is not any especial distress to us, and other and more intimate friendships do not interfere. There is not enough love between us to give us either the right or the desire to enter into and share one another's most private affairs. A certain degree of reserve and distance is the suitable thing we feel. But there are other relations in life where all this is changed. The friendship becomes love. The two hearts give themselves to one another, to be no longer two, but one. A union of souls takes place, which makes all that belongs to one the property of the other. Separate interests and separate paths in life are no longer possible. Things which were lawful before become unlawful now, because of the nearness of the tie that binds. The reserve and distance suitable to mere friendship become fatal in love. Love gives all, and must have all in return. The wishes of one become binding obligations to the other, and the deepest desire of each heart is that it may know every secret wish or longing of the other, in order that it may fly on the wings of the wind to gratify it.

Do such as these chafe under this yoke which love imposes? Do they envy the cool, calm, reasonable friendships they see around them, and regret the nearness into which their souls are brought to their beloved one, because of the obligations it creates? Do they not rather glory in these very obligations, and inwardly pity, with a tender yet exulting joy, the poor far-off ones who dare not come so near? Is not every fresh revelation of the mind of one another a fresh delight and privilege, and is any path found hard which their love compels them to travel?

Ah! dear souls, if you have ever known this even for a few hours in any earthly relation; if you have ever loved a fellow human being enough to find sacrifice and service on their behalf a joy; if a whole-souled abandonment of your will to the will of another has ever gleamed across you as a blessed and longed-for privilege, or as a sweet and precious reality, then, by all the tender longing love of

your heavenly Lover, would I entreat you to let it be so towards Christ!

He loves you with more than the love of friendship. As a bridegroom rejoices over his bride, so does He rejoice over you, and nothing but the bride's surrender will satisfy Him. He has given you all, and He asks for all in return. The slightest reserve will grieve Him to the heart. He spared not Himself, and how can you spare yourself? For your sake He poured out in a lavish abandonment all that He had, and for His sake you must pour out all that you have without stint or measure.

Oh, be generous in your self-surrender! Meet His measureless devotion for you with a measureless devotion to Him. Be glad and eager to throw yourself headlong into His dear arms, and to hand over the reins of government to Him. Whatever there is of you, let Him have it all. Give up for ever everything that is separate from Him. Consent to resign from this time forward all liberty of choice, and glory in the blessed nearness of union which makes this enthusiasm of devotedness not only possible but necessary. Have you never longed to lavish your love and attentions upon someone far off from you in position or circumstances, with whom you were not intimate enough to dare to approach them? Have you not felt a capacity for self-surrender and devotedness that has seemed to burn within you like a fire, and yet had no object upon which it dared to lavish itself? Have not your hands been full of alabaster boxes of ointment, very precious, which you have never been near enough to any heart to pour out? If, then, you are hearing the sweet voice of your Lord calling you into a place of nearness to Himself, which will require a separation from all else, and which will make an enthusiasm for devotedness not only possible, but necessary, will you shrink or hesitate? Will you think it hard that He reveals to you more of His mind than He does to others, and that He will not allow you to be happy in anything which separates you from Himself? Do you *want* to go where He cannot go with you, or to have pursuits in which He cannot share?

No! no, a thousand times no! You will spring out to meet His dear will with an eager joy. Even His slightest wish will become a binding law to you, which it would fairly break your heart to disobey. You will glory in the very narrowness of the path He marks out for you, and will pity with an infinite pity the poor far-off ones who have missed this precious joy. The obligations of love will be to you its sweetest privileges; and the right you have acquired to lavish the uttermost abandonment of all that you have upon your Lord will seem to lift you into a region of unspeakable glory. The perfect happiness of perfect obedience will dawn upon your soul, and you will begin to know something of what Jesus meant when He said—"I *delight* to do Thy will, O my God."

The Chiefest among Ten Thousand.



HEN "it is towards evening" (Luke xxiv. 29), and the twilight of time is darkening into the night of eternity, there is none worthy to be compared with Jesus. In all things and everywhere He must have the pre-eminence. Let those I love forsake me and mine own familiar friends forget me, let the soft and silken ties of flesh and blood be broken, my Jesus will stand by me evermore; and when going down into the valley of the shadow of death, and my eye is growing dim, in the darkness there I shall see His smiling face; and when my ear is growing dull in the swellings of Jordan, I shall hear His pleasant voice bidding me to come unto Him; and when every human hand must let me go, with the wings of an ardent longing to be at rest for ever, I will fly to His embrace.

In the last moment of his life Stephen saw Jesus, and was sustained by Jesus, who had a sweet sympathy ready for His first martyr. His murderers were gnashing upon him with their teeth, and making haste to take up stones to stone him. "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God" (Acts vii. 55).

But Stephen is not the only angel-faced saint who has seen the Saviour in the last and most trying hour. I have sometimes heard the dying talk as if they saw Jesus, and they did see Him.

With closed eyes and clasped hands, one lately said in my hearing: "Beautiful Jesus! Beautiful Jesus! The chiefest among ten thousand. The One altogether lovely."

Another, looking upward with an earnest gaze, and stretching out both her arms as if they were angel wings already, exclaimed, with a tongue that could scarcely do its office—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Asking another, "How do you do to-day?" he answered: "Oh, I feel a great deal better, but I shall never be well again: for I have been called away. Last night One stood there at the foot of my bed in shining garments, and, calling me by name, He said, 'Come, Thomas, I have come for you;' and do you not think that that was Jesus?" I answered, "Perhaps it was only a dream;" but he said, "No, it was not a dream, for I was not sleeping—it was Jesus." Of which I was thoroughly convinced myself, when, a few days afterwards, Jesus came again with the horses and chariot of heaven, and took him in, and as the angels held the reins they drove away in rapture to the skies.

Even when the mind has become so weak that earthly friends were all forgotten, Jesus has been remembered and recognized. The name which

* From "All about Jesus." Morgan & Scott.

is above every name, the name that endureth for ever, has quickened the failing intellectual faculties, and kindled the brightest flame of love in the dying heart when all other loves had lost their magic power.

As a distinguished saint of a former age was quietly passing away, his family and friends gathered round his dying-bed and asked him if he knew them; but he answered "No" every time, and to everyone. At length his loved and loving wife took him by the hand, saying, "My dear husband, do you not remember me?" And he said, "Who are you?" She replied, "Why, I am your wife." "Oh," said he, "I did not know that I had any." After a few moments, a minister approached and asked him if he remembered Jesus, and he answered quickly, saying, "Oh, yes! I do remember Jesus. I have known Him for more than forty years."

Another old disciple, having received several strokes of paralysis, had forgotten everything except religious matters. He could not distinguish his own house, and often entered the wrong dwelling when coming home; but he knew the house of God, and never went astray when going to the sanctuary. He did not recognize any of his friends, but he knew the Saviour. It was quite impossible for him to hold connected conversation with any one on any subject; but morning and evening, at the family altar, he always conducted the devotions of the household with entire correctness of thought and language. As the outward man was perishing, the inward man was "renewed day by day." (2 Cor. iv. 16.)

As another of whom the world was not worthy was trembling on the border-line of eternity, a beloved daughter ministered to him, anticipating all his wants. It was better than her meat and drink to smooth the dying pillow of her departing parent. As the last sad hour drew near, she noticed that his pale lips were moving, and putting her ear near to them, she heard him softly saying, "Bring." And she said, "Father, what shall I bring?" but he answered her not a word. In a little while she saw his lips again in motion, and listening, she heard him saying the same thing, "Bring"; and throwing her arms around his neck, with strong crying and tears she exclaimed, "Dearest father, do tell me what shall I bring?" but there was no reply, as before. After a long pause, during which he seemed to be praying, he raised himself up in bed, and, making a manifest effort to speak once more, in a calm, clear tone of voice, he repeated these words—

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

And in that glorious heaven to which he has gone, and to which we are going too, Jesus is, and will ever be, the chiefest among "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" (Rev. v. 11). There is a great multitude there which no man can number, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. There are also angels there, and arch-angels, cherubim and seraphim; but Jesus is above them all and better than all. "Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come" (Eph. i. 21.)

The chiefest in heaven and the crowning glory of heaven is my beloved Jesus, and without Him there could be no heaven. In comparison of Him, the gates of pearl are nothing, the golden streets are nothing, the sea of glass is nothing. These all are less than nothing, and not worthy to be

compared with Jesus. Before the brighter, purer, holier presence of 'the King in His beauty' (Isa. xxxiii. 17), the angels shall disappear as the stars by day, and all the splendour of the skies shall suffer an eclipse before the far out-rivalling brightness of His glory who is "all and in all" (Col. iii. 11), and all without all.

Spirits of just men made perfect, angels that excel in strength, and dear kindred who are waiting at the gate to minister unto me an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, ye are not my heaven. My Jesus is my New Jerusalem, the heaven of my heart, and the heart of my heaven. "And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there" (Ezek. xlvi. 35). The providential gifts of Jesus are good, His sweet graces are better, but Himself is best of all; and though the place which He is now preparing for us must be most magnificent, yet without Jesus, who is the light thereof, it would not be half so attractive as this "Valley of Baca" (Ps. lxxxiv. 6), through which we are passing.

And this we believe is the best and most scriptural idea of heaven. It was John's idea, without doubt. He saw heaven in a vision. The celestial country was all unveiled before his admiring eyes, and he attempted to describe it; and we love to read about the holy city that "lieth foursquare" (Rev. xxi. 16), with its twelve gates, and the river "clear as crystal" running through it, and the trees of life yielding twelve kind of fruit every month; and whose leaves are for healing. But after seeing all that he saw, did you ever notice how he closes his last and most wonderful book? "Even so, come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. xxii. 20).

This was also Paul's idea of heaven. More highly favoured than John, he was "caught up into paradise" (2 Cor. xii. 4), whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell, but he was there. He walked the golden streets, and stood on the banks of the river of life, "and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." But when the time of his departure was at hand, he did not express a wish to hear and see the unspeakable things again. He only said, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better" (Phil. i. 23).

This was also David's idea of heaven: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee" (Ps. lxxiii. 25). The Psalmist had many friends on earth, for he was king in Jerusalem; but in comparison with his dear Lord, even Jonathan was a stranger. And he had some friends in heaven. He had a father there, and a mother, and a dear little child for whom he wept and fasted and prayed, and of whom he said, "I shall go to him" (2 Sam. xii. 23). But all these loved ones were quite forgotten when He was remembered who is "the chiefest among ten thousand."

And as for ourselves, though now the material splendours of the heavenly Jerusalem, and the thoughts of meeting there those who are not lost but gone before, are much in our minds, yet if we ever get there, for awhile at least we shall think of nothing but the "Lamb as it had been slain" (Rev. v. 6), and see "no man, save Jesus only" (Matt. xvii. 8).

The bride eyes not her garment
But her dear Bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace;

Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of our Immanuel's land.

How much, how very much, we ought to love our dear Lord Jesus, who is both our hope of glory and the glory of our hope! Bend every sheaf to Joseph's. Jesus, the best be Thine. Bow every knee to Jesus, "the chiefest among ten thousand." And changing the hymn from the Old to the New Testament, sing, sing, every tongue to Jesus: If I forget Thee, O Jesus, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember Thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jesus above my chief joy.

Take Everything.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.



MERCHANT, who was a God-fearing man, was very successful in business, but his soul did not seem to prosper accordingly; his offerings to the Lord he did not feel disposed to increase. One evening he had a remarkable dream:— A visitor entered the apartment, and quietly looking round at the many elegances and luxuries by which he was surrounded, without any comment, presented him with the receipts for his subscriptions to various societies, and urged their claim upon his enlarged sympathy. The merchant replied with various excuses, and at last grew impatient at the continued appeals. The stranger rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul—"One year ago to-night, you thought that your daughter lay dying; you could not rest for agony. Upon whom did you call that night?" The merchant started, and looked up: there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed upon him with a calm, penetrating look, as he continued—"Five years ago, when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then, you would leave a family unprovided for—do you remember how you prayed then? Who saved you then?" Pausing a moment, he went on in a lower and still more impressive tone—"Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so hopeless, so helpless; when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven—who listened to you then?" "It was my God and Saviour!" said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling; "oh, yes, it was He!" "And has He ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say—are you willing to begin this night, and ask no more of Him, if He, from this time, will ask no more of you?" "Oh, never! never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet. The figure vanished, and he awoke; his whole soul stirred within him. "O God and Saviour! what have I been doing? Take all—take everything! What is all that I have, to what Thou hast done for me?"

Security in Temptation.

A VISION.

BY CHRISTMAS EVANS.



SEE the unclean spirit rising like a winged dragon, circling in the air, and seeking for a resting-place. Casting his fiery glances towards a certain neighbourhood, he spies a young man in the bloom of life and rejoicing in his strength, seated on the front of his cart going for lime. "There he is!" said the old dragon: "his veins are full of blood, and his bones of marrow; I will throw into his bosom sparks from hell; I will set all his passions on fire; I will lead him from bad to worse, until he shall perpetrate every sin; I will make him a murderer, and his soul shall sink, never again to rise, in the lake of fire." By this time I see it descend with a fell swoop towards the earth; but nearing the youth the dragon heard him sing—

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!"

"A dry, dry place this," says the dragon; and away he goes. But I see him again hovering about in the air, and casting about for a suitable resting-place. Beneath his eye there is a flowery meadow, watered by a crystal stream, and he descries among the kine a maiden about eighteen years of age, picking up here and there a beautiful flower. "There she is!" says Apollyon, intent upon her soul: "I will poison her thoughts; she shall stray from the paths of virtue; she shall think evil thoughts and become impure; she shall become a lost creature in the great city, and at last I will cast her down from the precipice into everlasting burnings." Again he took his downward flight; but he no sooner came near the maiden than he heard her sing the following words, with a voice that might have melted the rocks—

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

"This place is too dry for me," says the dragon, and off he flies. Now he ascends from the meadow, like some great balloon, but very much enraged, and breathing forth "smoke and fire," and threatening ruin and damnation to all created things. "I will have a place to dwell in," he says, "in spite of decree, covenant, or grace." As he was thus speaking, he beheld a woman, "stricken in years," busy with her spinning-wheel at her cottage-door. "Ah, I see!" says the dragon; "she is ripe for destruction; she shall know the bitterness of the wail which ascends from the

burning marl of hell!" He forthwith alights on the roof of her cot; when he hears the old woman repeat with trembling voice, but with heavenly feeling, the words—"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee." "This place is too dry for me," says the dragon, and away he goes again. . . . "In yonder cottage lies old William, slowly wasting away. He has borne the heat and the burden, and altogether has had a hard life of it. He has very little reason to be thankful for the mercies he has received, and has not found serving God a very profitable business: I know I can get him to 'curse God and die.'" Thus musing, away he flew to the sick man's bed-side; but, as he listened, he heard the words—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." Mortified and enraged, the dragon took his flight, saying—"I will return to the place from whence I came."

Our Father's at the Helm.

THOUGH fierce the howling winds may blow,
While o'er life's raging sea we go,
And heave our vessels to and fro—
Our Father's at the helm.

Though lying-to with close-reefed sail,
While on us beats the furious gale,
Our child-like trust shall never fail—
Our Father's at the helm.

Though mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upwards to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies—
Our Father's at the helm.

Though down we plunge deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save—
Our Father's at the helm.

Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say—
Our Father's at the helm.

Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing, without a tear—
Our Father's at the helm.

Oh, blessed consolation! given
To saints, while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark, and bring to heaven—
Our Father's at the helm.

Then let us join our cheerful song,
This stormy voyage won't be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng—
Our Father's at the helm.

DINAH'S PRAYER.

How it was Answered.

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

THE guest table stood deserted, and only a confused array of dirty dishes met the eyes of Dinah, the cook, as she surveyed the chaos out of which she must bring order before she could give herself rest. She had been toiling all day, and her successful cooking had proved her rare skill. The evident appreciation of it by the company had seemed to compensate her for her exertions; but now the excitement of preparation was all over, the words of praise all spoken, and nothing remained but the discouraging task of gathering up the fragments and washing up the heaps of dishes. No wonder she sighed, and said—"Disnigger dreful tired; dunno whar she git de strength to wash dese heaps of dishes." Then kneeling down, quite as if it were a wonted habit, she prayed—"O Lord, jes give me strength to wash dese yer dishes, *jes dis onct*. I'se dreful tired and 'scouraged. Rosy's dun got sick and can't do nuffin, Lord. So jes, please, help me *dis* time to wash dese yer dishes. Dinah don't 'spect de Lord to send down an angel to help. Dinah nose dey spile der clare white dresses a mussin' in de kitchen. Dis nigger is willin' to do de dirty work, ef Yer jes please, Lord, to give her strength to wash dese dishes." Then opening her eyes she gazed around, and said in a tone of returning cheerfulness—"I 'spose de Lord 'specks me to pick dese yer dishes up fust."

"I'll help you, Dinah," said a little girl behind her, who came into the room in time to hear the last few words of the prayer.

"No, no," said Dinah, "I don't want none of yer help; you will spile yer pretty clothes. Jes yer go whar de fine company is; you is made for de parlour. Dinah 'longs to de kitchen. Go back, honey, you pretty flower. Dinah asked de Lord to help her, and He will, *shore*."

But Miss Flo had her way. With swift and even skilful hands she gathered up the cups and saucers, forks and spoons. Back and forth she flew from the table to the kitchen, her dainty dress well covered by one of Dinah's big aprons. As she stood piling the plates she heard a low "He, he, he!" from the kitchen.

"What are you laughing at, Dinah?" she called out.

"I'se only praisin' de Lord," said Dinah.

"Oh! Dinah, you must not laugh when you are praying."

"But, Miss Flo, I ain't a *pravin'*, I'se a *praisin'*. Dinah nose de difference 'tween *pravin'* and *praisin'*. When I'se a *pravin'* I wants something from de Lord, but when I'se a *praisin'* I'se got it."

"What have you got now, Dinah?"

"I'se got an angel from de Lord."

"Where?" said Miss Flo, coming into the kitchen with a startled look.

"Don't yer be scared, Miss Flo; de angel looks jes like yer own pretty self, all dressed up in Dinah's big apron."

When the child comprehended, used as she was to Dinah's flattery, she joined her in a merry laugh.

"De Lord is allers better nor we 'specks, Miss Flo. Dinah never 'spected de Lord would sen' an angel to help her; but de good, kind Lord took de hint and sen' you right along, and den dis chile was near a pushin' de answer to de prayer right out of de room. Lor', what a foolish critter dis chile is! She don't know nuffin only what de good Lord teach her."

Yet how much wiser, with all her ignorance, was poor, hard-working Dinah than many of her white sisters, who bear their own heavy burdens, instead of taking them to the Lord, and, in simple confidence like hers, asking for His help and strength! In ways they do not expect He often answers speedily.

Dinah had her answer before she knew it. While she was saying "De Lord will help me, *shore*," the help had come, though only by the feeble hand of a child. Yet it was all she needed of both help and cheer.

"FOR NOTHING."

BY THE REV. C. J. WHITMORE.

I ASK you to think of a bitter east wind, a declining day, fast falling snow, and a short muddy street in London, at the far east. Put these thoughts together, and add to them the picture of a tall, stout man, in a rough great coat, with a large comforter round his neck, buffeting through the wind and storm. The darkness is coming rapidly, as a man with a basket on his head turns the corner of the street, and there are two

of us on opposite sides. He cries loudly as he goes—"Herrings, three a penny! red herrings, good and cheap, at three a penny!" So crying, he passes along the street, crosses at its end, and comes to where I am standing at the corner. Here he pauses, evidently wishing to fraternise with somebody, as a relief from the dull time and disappointed hopes of trade. I presume I appear a suitable object, as he comes close to me, and commences conversation.

"Governor" (the rough coat and comforter look anything but professionally ministerial), "what do you think of these 'ere herrings?"

As he speaks, I note that he has three in his hand, while the remaining stock are deftly balanced in the basket on his head.

"Don't you think they're good?" and he offers me the opportunity of testing them by scent, which I courteously but firmly decline; "and don't you think they're cheap as well?"

I assert my decided opinion that they are good and cheap.

"Then look yer, governor, why can't I sell 'em? yer have I walked a mile and a half along this dismal place, offering these good and cheap uns; and nobody don't buy none!"

"I do not at all wonder at that," I answer.

"Tell us why not, governor; tell us why not?"

"The people have no work at all to do, and they are starving; there are plenty of houses round here that have not had a penny in them for many a day," was my convincing but unsatisfactory reply.

"Ah! then, governor," he rejoined, "I've put my foot in it this time; I know'd they was werry poor, but I thought three a penny 'ud tempt 'em. But if they haven't the ha'pence, they can't spend 'em, sure enough; so there's nothing for it but to carry 'em back, and try and sell 'em elsewhere. I thought by selling cheap arter buying cheap, I could do them good, and yarn a trifle for myself. But I'm done this time."

"How much would you take for the lot?" I inquired.

First a keen look at me, then down came the basket from his head, then a rapid calculation, then a grinning inquiry—

"Do you mean profit an' all, governor?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll take four shillin', and be glad to get 'em."

I put my hand in my pocket, produced that amount, and transferred it to him.

"Right! governor, thank 'ee! What will I do with 'em?" he said, as he quickly transferred the coins to his own pocket.

"Go round this corner into the middle of the road, shout with all your might, *Herrings for nothing!* and give three to every man, woman, and child that comes to you, until the basket is emptied."

On hearing these instructions, he immediately reproduced the money, and carefully examined it piece by piece. Being satisfied of its genuineness, he again replaced it, and then looked very keenly and questioningly at me.

"Well," I said, "is it all right and good?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then the herrings are mine, and I can do as I like with them; but if you don't like to do as I tell you, give me my money back."

"All right, governor! an' they are yours sure enough; so if you says it, here goes."

Accordingly he proceeded into the middle of the adjoining street, and went along, shouting aloud—"Herrings for nothing! real good red herrings for nothing!"

Out of sight myself, I stood at the corner to watch his progress; and speedily he neared a house where a tall woman I knew stood at the first-floor window looking out upon him.

"Here you are, missus," he bawled: "herrings for nothing! a fine chance for yer; come an' take 'em."

The woman shook her head unbelievably, and left the window.

"Vot a fool!" said he; "but they won't be all so. Herrings for nothing!"

A little child came out to look at him, and he called to her—"Yer, my dear, take these in to yer mother, and tell her how cheap they are—herrings for nothing!" But the child was afraid of him and them, and ran indoors. So down the street, in snowy slush and mud, went the cheap fish, the vendor crying loudly as he went—"Herrings for nothing!" and then added savagely, "Oh, you fools!" Thus he reached the very end; and then turning to retrace his steps he continued his double cry, as he came, "Herrings for nothing!" and then in a

lower, but very audible key, "Oh, you fools!"

"Well!" I said to him calmly, as he reached me at the corner.

"Well!" he repeated, "if yer think so! When yer gave the money for herrings as yer didn't want, I thought yer was training for a lunatic 'sylum! Now I thinks as all the people round here are fit company for yer. But what'll I do with the herrings, if yer don't want 'em and they won't have 'em?"

"We'll try again together," I replied; "I will come with you this time, and we'll both shout."

Into the road we both went; and he shouted once more and for the last time, "Herrings for nothing!"

Then I called out loudly also, "Will anyone have some herrings for tea!"

They heard the voice, and they knew it well, and they came out at once, in twos, and threes, and sixes, men and women and children; all striving to reach the welcome food. As fast as he could take them from the basket, I handed three to each eager applicant, until all were speedily disposed of. When the basket was empty, the hungry crowd that had none was far greater than those that had been supplied; but they were too late; there were no more "Herrings for nothing."

Foremost amongst the disappointed was a tall woman of a bitter tongue, who began vehemently, "Why haven't I got any? ain't I as good as they? ain't my children as hungry as theirs? Why haven't I got any?"

Before I had time to reply the vendor stretched out his arm toward her, saying, "Why, governor, that's the very woman as I offered 'em to first, and she turned up her nose at 'em."

"I didn't," she rejoined, passionately, "I didn't believe yer meant it!"

"Yer goes without for yer unbelief!" he replied. "Good night! and thank 'ee, governor!"

It may be possible that you cannot help laughing at the quaint story, which is strictly true. But are you sure you would not have done as they did; been as unbelieving as they? Nay? are you sure you are not ten thousand times worse than they? Their unbelief only cost them a hungry stomach a little longer; but what may your unbelief cost you? God—not man—God has sent His messengers to you repeatedly for many years, to offer pardon for

nothing! peace for nothing! salvation for nothing! He has sent to your houses, your homes, your hearts, the most loving and tender offers that even an Almighty God could frame; and what have you replied? Have you taken the trouble to reply at all? Have you not turned away in utter scornful unbelief, like the woman; or run away in fear like the little child?

Take warning by that disappointed crowd of hungry applicants, when they were convinced the offer was in good faith, and would gladly have shared with their fellows—they were *too late!* They were thoroughly convinced; they were quite willing then to participate; but their faith and knowledge came only in time to increase their hunger and misery!

Let it not be so with you! Do not you be in that awfully large crowd of disappointed ones, who will be obliged to believe, when belief will not help them; whose knowledge when it comes, as surely it will come, will only increase eternal sorrow that they put off believing until it was *too late!*

THE HEAVENLY RAILWAY.

THE Rev. J. M. Dosh gives the following very touching incident, which he personally witnessed while travelling on one of the American railroads. "The train," he says, "was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl came aboard carrying a little bundle under her arm. She came into the car, and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and placing a bundle for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting tickets and fares. Observing him, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor—

"Where are you going?"

She answered, "I am going to heaven."

He asked again, "Who pays your fare?"

She then said, "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

He answered, "I think not. Why did you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of the heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice and kind, I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that He paid the fare for everybody; and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board; but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I'd take the cars, and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, weeping: "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

Again she asked, "Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?"

By this time every person in the carriage were upon their feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said, "God bless the little girl!" Hearing some person say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly replied, "Yes, my ma used to say I would be an angel some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him, "Do you love Jesus? I do; and if you love Him, He will let you ride to heaven on His railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there, and He will let you in too, and everybody that will ride on His railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl!"

These words, so innocently and pathetically uttered, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were travelling on the heavenly railroad shouted aloud for joy.

She now asked the conductor, "Mister, may I lie here until we get to heaven?"

He answered, "Yes, dear, yes."

She then asked, "Will you wake me up then, so that I may see my ma, your little girl, and Jesus? for I do so much want to see them all."

The answer came in broken accents, but in words very tenderly spoken, "Yes, dear angel, yes. God bless you!" "Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him again—

"What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I say to her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

This brought a fresh flood of tears from all present, and the conductor kneeled by her side, and, embracing her, wept, the reply he could not utter. At this juncture the brakeman called out "H—s." The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place. I thank God that I was a witness to this scene, but I was sorry that at this point I was obliged to leave the train.

We learn from this incident that out of the mouth of even babes God hath ordained strength, and that we ought to be willing to represent the cause of our blessed Jesus even in a railroad coach.

SEQUEL.

From the Conductor to the Writer of the above.

Rev. Mr. Dosh,—I wish to relieve my heart by writing to you, and saying that that angel visit on the cars was a blessing to me, although I did not realise it in its fulness until some hours after. But, blessed be the Redeemer, I know now I am His, and He is mine. I no longer wonder why Christians are happy. Oh, my joy, my joy! The instrument of my salvation has gone to God. I had purposed adopting her in the place of my little daughter, who is now in heaven. With this intention I took her to C—b, and on my return trip, I took her back to S—n, where she left the cars. In consultation with my wife in regard to adopting her, she replied, "Yes, certainly, and immediately too, for there is a divine providence in this." "Oh," said she, "I never could refuse to take under my charge the instrument of my husband's salvation." I made inquiry for the child at S—n, and learned that in three days after her return, she had died suddenly, without any apparent disease, and her happy soul had gone to dwell with her ma, my little girl, and the angels in heaven. I was sorry to hear of her death, but my sorrow has turned to joy, when I think my angel daughter received intelligence from earth concerning her pa, and that he is on the heavenly railway. Oh, sir, methinks I see her near the Redeemer. I think I hear her sing, "I'm safe at home and

pa and ma are coming," and I find myself sending back the reply, "Yes, darling, we are coming and will soon be there."

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON AT
PLYMOUTH.

ADDRESSING himself to the subject, "A Church all Alive," he said he should like to see the Church worked up into a fury of divine life. They knew they were capable of wonderful things. Men, under certain conditions, became so strong that, though they had no more muscle and sinew than before, yet it took ten men to hold them. There was a divine fury which might come to men, and make them men ten times stronger than ever. When the devil got into a man he broke a chain; but if God got into man, with God's omnipotence within him, they would not be able to restrain him. Oh, he hoped to see the day when the Church would be filled with omnipotent life right through by the power of the blessed God. He desired not only that they might have life, but have it more abundantly. How were they to have this life got into their churches? He answered that it must be by the Spirit of God, and it must be by the truth. The truth was the light, and the light was necessary to healthy life. They might work in their churches, they might labour; but if the blessed light of God's own truth did not come, it would be sickly vegetation, akin to death. Oh, might God grant that none of them might obscure the light of the Gospel, or keep back any part of it, or in any degree give the people a substituted light of the Gospel! If they did, they would nurture a vegetation which would never have a hue, nor the true excellence of the life which cometh from above. They must see well to it. He should like to see all the churches all alive for work.

PEACE OF HEART.

THE Lord places Himself not only between us and our sins, but also between us and our circumstances. By doing the former He gives us peace of conscience, by doing the latter He gives us peace of heart. That the two things are perfectly distinct, experienced Christians know. Many have peace of conscience who have not peace of heart. They have through

grace and by faith found Christ, in the divine efficacy of His blood, between them and all their sins; but they are not able, in the same simple way, to realise Him as standing, in His Divine wisdom, love, and power, between them and their circumstances. This makes a material difference in the practical condition of the soul, as well as the character of one's testimony. Nothing tends more to glorify the name of Jesus than that quiet repose of spirit which results from having Him between us and everything that could be a matter of anxiety to our hearts. McINTOSH.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

WE may spread our couch with roses,
And sleep through the summer day;
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.
If we follow the chart that is given,
We need not be at a loss;
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendour,
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road.
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross;
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day;
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow,
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven,
By the royal way of the Cross?

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

ON the 18th of May, 1864, the withering hand of disease, hemorrhage of the lungs, was laid on me. Friends wept, but it was of no avail; I only grew worse. It seemed as if it had gone forth that I must suffer. In those years I was under the treatment of thirty-eight of the best physicians, but they did me no good; all said I must die. And all these years I was as helpless as an infant, and could not turn in bed, or help myself in the least, having hemorrhage every two or three weeks, which caused entire prostration of the nerves, and inflammation of the stomach. For several years I

was unable to speak above a whisper. Nearly two years before my restoration, my sufferings were such that the physician advised my friends to keep me under the influence of chlorium, which I took day and night for twenty-three months, and could not rest without it. I suffered everything but death.

About six months before being restored, it was impressed on me to ask the Great Physician, if it was for His glory, that He would heal the body as He had the soul. A prayer-meeting was held in my room for that purpose four Sabbaths. I then laid aside my rest-medicine, and did not take anything in those weeks; but it seemed I grew worse. The Friday before my recovery I had the hardest hemorrhage I ever had; it seemed that every hope was gone. On the morning of the fourth meeting, October 18, 1874, I requested a chair to be prepared on which I could recline, and my husband took me up in his arms, as he would an infant, and laid me on it. The prayer-meeting began. After three or four prayers, it was turned into an experience meeting, in which some of the sisters said they had come there expecting to see me walk and hear me talk with the rest of them. But a brother

said that they had asked too much; the work must be one of time. Then a sister arose and said: "Brethren, the work must be done, and done now; let us pray." And they did pray, and as they rose up and began to sing that glorious hymn, "Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me," glory be to God! the work was done. I sprang from my chair, and walked and talked all in a minute's time. Well can I say, "He laid His hand on me, and made me every whit whole."

And, thank God! I never went back to that bed of suffering. The next morning I arose and dressed myself, as if I had never been confined to a bed of sickness. Tuesday evening I went to prayer-meeting, and the next Sabbath to church, nearly a mile, and have been every Sabbath two or three times, and four or five nights out of every week. And I say it was the power of God in answer to the prayer of faith, that raised me up from that bed of suffering. I have never bled a drop nor suffered a pain since, not even sick headache, from which I suffered from a child. The next week after my recovery I sent away my girl, and have done all my work since, and am well. To God be all the glory.

Mansfield, O. MARY A. BURRESS.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A GRAND BANQUET
TO THE HEROES

Who have run the race set before them, fighting all the way, and overcoming the World, will be provided in

THE PALACE OF GOD,

To commence at such an hour as ye think not.

THE CAPTAIN

Of the Sons of Light will appear on His

WHITE CHARGER,

Wearing the blood-stained uniform of the great battle. The Brigade will

PARADE ON HORSEBACK,

And will be gloriously happy for ever and ever.

N.B.—No Stranger can be admitted to the Banquet; you are therefore entreated at once to enlist in the Great King's Army, giving up the service of the Devil.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



GAIN we can raise the note of triumph for another month of victory!

The return of Mr. and Mrs. Booth to town—although not yet in perfect health and strength—has brought great joy to all.

Brother Clare is better, and has begun preaching in the Lake Road Hall again, cheered by the prospect of a bright future.

Brother Allen has returned to Cardiff, after a little rest, in very greatly improved health and strength. We regret that he has not been able to report fully the victory he has just achieved with respect to the open-air work. It appears that an order to suppress open-air services had been issued to the police. Brother Allen was summonsed for causing an obstruction, and, against the testimony of five respectable witnesses, was convicted and fined. This aroused the attention of the whole town. A meeting of ministers, and then a large public meeting, protested against the outrage. Meanwhile Brother Allen persevered with his work, and was summonsed again. Upon this occasion the magistrates discharged the case, in opposition to the evidence of four or five policemen. The newspapers spoke at great length and very strongly on the subject. The Watch Committee demanded explanations, and finally ordered the police in future carefully to protect the open-air services.

The Stuart Hall, seating some 1200 people, which we have so long and eagerly expected, has at length been placed at our disposal for Sunday services, and has already been filled.

In St. Leonards, also, an attempt has been made to stop the open-air services; but Brother Pearson has stood his ground, and we hope next month to be able to report that he has completely overcome the difficulty. So far we can report, however, that the magistrates and police have not only refused to stop the work, but given active protection.

A suggestion made by a Stockton town-councillor, in opposition to open-air services there, has elicited from the *Stockton Independent* the following glowing testimony to

THE WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

"The town needs more of them. Drunkenness, debauchery, and misery, are sucking the life out of our fellow-men. Drink, like a grizzly skeleton, is seen stalking through our streets at mid-day, and dragging its votaries down to death; and shall nothing be done to save the perishing masses from so terrible a wreck? Shall men pass away from amongst us into eternity, uttering as they go, 'No man

cares for my soul!' Can it be possible that any man, however cold his heart, or dead to the better feelings of humanity, could put a straw in the way of saving a soul from death? What are those missionaries doing? Visit the Star Theatre on a Sunday night, and see it packed with living beings, listening to words whereby they may be saved. Hundreds are convinced of their wrong-doing, and panting for a better life; they hear the truth at the Market Cross, and follow the singing to the Star Theatre, and make up their mind to turn over a new leaf for the future. How any town-councillor can get up at their council meetings, and seek for power to crush these open-air meetings, is beyond our comprehension. The ground is dangerous on which such a man is standing, who would rob the public from hearing the Word of Life at the Market Cross. We say perish such a thought, and we only echo the sentiments of all well-wishers of their kind. We hope this is the last time we shall hear anything about putting down these services by the authorities of the town. The public eye is watching the movements of our town councillors on this important subject."

We hope to be able to show in our next issue, by returns from the stations, that, amidst the wintry weather, the open-air work is being prosecuted everywhere more vigorously than ever, and God even our own God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

WHITECHAPEL.

SOON after I came here I visited a dear old saint on his death-bed. He has since gone to heaven, and his widow went to reside with a daughter who was strongly prejudiced against the Mission. She was persuaded, however, to go with the Excursion, and she came back a new creature in Christ Jesus. She says she never spent such a happy day in her life; and since then two of her children have been brought to the Saviour.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC

mother and child have been delivered from that bondage of corruption, and brought into the liberty of the sons of God. Oh, how thankful they are that they ever came to the hall, and heard such a plain and glorious gospel!

PRAYER ANSWERED.

A young man who was converted while Brother Bamford was here, began to pray for his friends, and the Lord has wrought mightily amongst them. His only sister has been set free; and father and mother, who were great drunkards, have signed the pledge, and are attending all our meetings, so that we hope very soon to rejoice over their salvation. The wife has told me that she has not had such a happy home for twenty years.

The Lord is blessing us, and our work is prospering in every respect. Brother and Sister Neal are being much blessed,

and souls seek Jesus at almost every service. Mr. Booth spent his first Sunday—after returning from the country—with us here, and a blessed day we had.

ELLEN HALL.

POPLAR.

AT THIS STATION

we have had, almost every week, some poor trembling sinners at the footstool of Mercy. September 26th was a day of remarkable power. Whilst preaching from "The Swellings of Jordan," sinners trembled and wept, feeling that unless they got pardoned they should make a very poor do of it. One dear man,

A SEA CAPTAIN,

who had braved many a storm at sea, trembled and prayed as the wind of God's convincing Spirit blew upon his heart and the storm of anguish rose within. But soon Jesus said—"Peace, be still; and there was a great calm," and then a burst of joy from his new-born soul, as he felt his feet safely grounded on the "Rock of Ages," "Jesus saves me! saves me now!" And the next Sunday

A POOR BACKSLIDER

was reclaimed, and two penitents found the pardon of sin.

All the above gathered round the table of the Lord last Sabbath, and consecrated themselves fully to the Master's

service. It was most encouraging to hear them speak of the reality of the change. One said, "I was never so happy in my life."

We are now making strenuous efforts to raise £50 for a few necessary alterations and repairs in our hall, which must be done before the cold weather sets in, and to complete the furnishing of the evangelist's house. Our people, who are very poor, are doing their best towards it; but they are not equal to the whole. Will friends interested in the Poplar Mission kindly help us.

Contributions will be thankfully acknowledged by the Treasurer, George Warren, 6, Bromley Cottages, St. Leonard's Road, Poplar, E., and John P. Gray, 15, Ivy Cottages, Bath Street, Poplar, E.

CUBITT'S TOWN.

PRaise God! on this island we have seen blessed manifestations of the power of the Gospel.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

A barber was recently awakened by the Spirit to see his danger. The arrow that pierced his heart was the thought—"If my children follow my example where shall I lead them. I know God has said—'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' and here am I deliberately breaking it, opening my shop. But if I close my shop on the Sunday, I shall lose all my custom; for no other barber on the island closes." So he tried to get over the difficulty, and quiet his conscience by the argument—"My family is dependent on me, and if they have to suffer that is more than I can bear." But all this seemed only to increase his load. One Sunday morning he came down and opened as usual; but his anguish was so great that he put his shutters up again, saying—"Sink or swim, I'll have no more of this Sunday traffic;" and kneeling down in his shop, he asked God to save him, and help him to be faithful. He was remonstrated with by many worldly-wise men. One said—"Why, look here, Mr. —, what were your takings on Sunday? I suppose they were larger than on any other day? What an unreasonable man you must be! What a loss!" "Ah, but," he replied, "my gain is greater; I have peace of conscience, the smile of God, a happy home, a blessed Sabbath, and a glorious hope of heaven!" He is one of our most

efficient helpers—viz., superintendent of our Sunday School, and a leader of an open-air band. Will the Lord's people pray for this man.

AN UNUSUAL PROFESSOR.

Another man, taught in early life the way of the Lord, had been a member of a Christian Church, but said he was never saved. He saw and felt his peril, and was in such distress one night after he went to bed, that he sent for a brother to come and pray for him. He is now saved and praying for others.

A WATER-POLICEMAN

came to the hall one night, and after the service grasped the hand of a brother and said—"I feel I am not converted." He was prayed with, and light came. Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!

Our work is greatly cramped here for want of a larger place; hundreds may be gathered in if we had a suitable place. Would that some servant or servants of the Lord would immortalise their names by building a Christian Mission Hall in this one of the most destitute parts of the east of London! I am sure there is not a more promising field anywhere.

J. P. GRAY.

15, Ivy Cottages,
Bath Street, Poplar, E.

Tracts and other pecuniary help are much needed, and will be thankfully acknowledged.

PLAISTOW.

PRaise God, Jesus still lives to save. During the past two months God has been working among the people; and some that were sleeping on the verge of hell have been awakened and brought to Jesus.

A PROFITABLE VISIT.

A man came to Plaistow one Sunday to see his friends. In the evening they invited him to the hall. He came, the Holy Spirit laid hold of him, he saw his guilt and danger, and fled to the Saviour, and kneeling at the Cross obtained mercy.

A YOUNG WOMAN,

who had heard of the "happy man," came the other Sunday to hear him preach. While listening to the words of Jesus—"Come unto me," she accepted

the invitation. After a little struggle prayer and faith conquered, and light came into her soul, her face was lit up with the glory of God, and she exclaimed—"I do believe Jesus saves me now!" She is still trusting in the blood.

NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPINESS WAS BEFORE.

A young man was found outside the wall. A sister spoke to him about Jesus, and asked him to come to the meeting. He came, and while there God met him; and he, who a few minutes before was a slave to the devil, could say—"My happy soul is free; for the Lord has pardoned me." He is now happy in Jesus. Now, to Him who is able to do far exceeding above what we can ask or think be glory and dominion for ever. Amen.

Many thanks for the tracts sent. More will be very acceptable.

A. RUSSELL.

14, Newton's Terrace, Plaistow, Essex.

BARKING.

THANKS to the protection of the police, we are now able to stand, no man daring to make us afraid—even in the Broadway—and preach the everlasting Gospel to the poor sinners of Barking. Praise God for it. While the policemen are protecting us they hear the Word of Life. Oh, may it make them wise unto salvation! During the month we have been privileged again to see souls come to Jesus. Amongst these there are—

TWO YOUNG WOMEN.

They came frequently to ridicule God's Word, and make sport of His people, but He has laid hold of them, and stopped their laughter. The other night, broken hearted, they threw themselves down at the penitent-form, and sobbed aloud. "Oh, I am so bad," said one of them; "can God save such a sinner as me?" The Lord soon showed them His salvation, and sent them home in peace.

A poor woman came to the hall one night, asking us to pray for her. She had been a notorious character many years; but it seems God's Spirit had so striven with her that she made at last a full determination to give up sin and seek salvation. She had sunk so low that she felt, as she said she was, not fit even to lift her eyes up

to heaven. God soon showed her that all the fitness He required was to feel her need of Him. A few of us joined with this poor wretched sister in prayer.

SHE SHOUTED, "I'VE GOT IT."
Bless His dear name: He delighteth in mercy. The following Sunday I preached from "There yet is room," and three younger women cried for mercy, and God took them in.

SELF-HELP.

Our friends have long been desirous of making this a self-supporting station. We are now independent, for God has not only converted sinners, but their money also. Praise His dear name. He will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly.

ANNIE DAVIS.

1, Arthur Cottage,
East Street, Barking, Essex.

NORTH WOOLWICH.

DURING the last month we have seen many ups and downs; but the Lord has been very good, and when we have felt like despairing, He has given us unmistakable proofs that we were not labouring in vain, or spending our strength for naught.

The open-air work has been much blessed, and the earnest, attentive faces of the groups of working men who gather round us, make our hearts beat in longing desire to have them on the Lord's side.

A VOICE IN THE STREETS.

A woman passing along one of the streets, heard a voice warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. The Holy Spirit sent a flash of light through her dark soul, and showed her that she was a lost sinner. She went home pondering upon what she had heard; and on the next Sabbath evening gave herself right away to Jesus, and has been rejoicing in Him ever since. Her husband, who was a drunkard, has since signed the pledge, and we have every reason to hope for better things still. May the Lord grant it!

The hall being such a distance from where the men generally cluster together, makes it a very difficult matter to get them inside; but if we could enlist the sympathy of some who have enough and to spare, to help us to build a hall upon our own ground (which

lies quite close to the place of rendezvous), it would be an immense advantage. The land is lying waste at present, and we are obliged to pay £20 per annum for our present building.

September 20th we had a

TEA-MEETING

in aid of raising funds. Several brethren from different parts of the Mission were present, and the meeting proved a great success. One dear man, who loves the Lord, had the joy of taking his wife home washed in the blood of the Lamb. She has been much persecuted since by the neighbours; but keeps looking away to Jesus, and pressing forward.

Contributions towards the new hall will be gladly received by the Rev. W. Booth.

Praying that the Lord may put it into the hearts of some of his rich stewards to come to our help,

I am, yours in Jesus,

E. A. POLLETT.

86, Albert Road, North Woolwich.

CANNING TOWN.

ALTHOUGH we have not sent reports of late, we have been plodding on, trusting in the Lord; and, thank God, he has honoured our faith and has given us souls for our hire.

MAN AND WIFE SAVED TOGETHER.

One dear man and his wife came to the hall some two or three months ago, after being spoken to in his work and visited at his home. After the sermon one of the brethren asked them to decide for Jesus. Out came the wife at once, followed by her husband. Together they knelt at Jesus' feet, and together they asked for and obtained the pardon of all their sins. The husband told me the other day, that every thing is different now; their home is happier: instead of the ale jug being on the table Sunday afternoons, they have a large family Bible which they have bought since their conversion, costing nearly £3.

A WOOD-CHOPPER.

Another—a young man, a wood-chopper—came to the hall on Sunday evening. At the close of the sermon he ventured his all on Jesus; now he is with us indoors and out as often as he possibly can get. He has since told me and our members, that before he was converted his mind was always hankering

after the public-house; but since God has converted his soul he never thinks of going to such places. May he ever be kept!

COMFORT AT LAST.

While visiting, a week or two since, I came to the lodgings of one of our members who has recently given her heart to the Lord. When I called she was not at home; her landlady asked me to call next door, and see a man who was dying. I went in, and found that a wasting consumption had almost done its work. I found him as dark as midnight concerning the plan of salvation; but he was conscious there was a something to be obtained that he had not got. I pointed him to Jesus as his only Saviour, and urged him to let go every other plea and rest on Him. I prayed with him, and then left him, promising to call again.

After I was gone, he began to ponder over what had been said. Light dawned upon his soul, and he was enabled truly to rest on Jesus as his Saviour. The same evening he said to his dear wife—"Comfort has come at last, my dear. God sent that man to me. That is what I wanted long ago." He wanted some one that lived at Calvary to show him the way thither. Strange to say the day that I saw him, although he had been laid aside for two years, was his last whole day on earth. The next day, while his friends were standing round his bed, he asked what the time was. On hearing it he said—"In an hour and a half I shall be happy for ever." Ten minutes beyond the time he mentioned, he passed away.

Donations—to carry on the Lord's work at this station—and tracts will be thankfully received by

JOHN WATERS.

No. 2, Peter Street,
Canning Town, London, E.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

PRaise the Lord for His continued blessing during the past month at this station! The cry of the broken-hearted penitent has been constantly going up to Him who is not willing that any should perish; and at most of the meetings some who come burdened with sin, go away rejoicing. All glory to His conquering name! Will our friends pray that God may give us an abun-

dant harvest of souls this coming winter?

OUR SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE THEATRE are still attended with large congregations, and power, and blessing. Sunday, September 12th, was a great day. At the afternoon experience meeting about sixty gave their testimony. In the evening, at 6 p.m., a great crowd soon gathered in the open air, and listened attentively, and then processioned to the theatre, where Mr. J. Broadbent preached a powerful sermon. God was present to heal, and thirty came forward on the stage. It was a grand sight to see so many boldly coming to Jesus.

September 26th was also a day of blessing. In the afternoon the Rev. George Warner, of the Primitive Methodist Church, preached a powerful sermon upon "Scriptural Holiness." The Holy Spirit rested on the meeting. Several ministers and many Christians of different denominations in the town were present; the service will not soon be forgotten. In the evening the healing virtue of Christ's power was again manifested, and several professed salvation through the blood of the Lamb. A Christian woman said to me, "I have lived thirty years in this town, my husband is an old sailor, he will not go with me to any place of worship, but he will come to the theatre; he is somewhat altered but not saved yet, but I believe you will catch him." Some of his mates have been brought in, and he is becoming very anxious. May God save the old sailor!

AT NORTH ORMSBY

the Lord is saving souls, and at

LINTHORPE

we are expecting a smash among the working people. Will our friends pray for us. Our friends are furnishing a home for the evangelist here. Donations for this and our general work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. Hutchinson, Secretary, 82, Milton Street; Mr. G. Chapman, Treasurer, 151, Stockton Street; or by James Dowdle, 22, Clarence Street. Books and tracts will be thankfully received.

Since the above Brother Dowdle writes—

October 19.—Last Sunday was a grand day of power. In the evening we had the largest congregation I have ever preached to in this place, and we

did not have a bill printed. All bear testimony that the town is moved, and hundreds are under conviction. We had 11 on Sunday week, 6 on Monday, last Sunday we had 17 good cases, and last night we had 4 again. We have as fine a lot of railway men—drivers and firemen, guards and porters—as you ever saw.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

ALL the world wondered why Stockton should be left out in the cold, and was not allowed her equal share with Darlington in the matter of the railway jubilee. But if Stockton had not her share in the gladness of this occasion, it is many a day since there was so much rejoicing at Stockton on a far more important subject than there is at this time. One of the local papers, commenting on the work which God is doing by the Christian Mission, says, among other things, that, "Already there is rejoicing in hundreds of families and praises ascending to God, wherein before you would hear little else but oaths." Yes! there is rejoicing in many hearts and homes, for God is saving on every hand, and the Lord's people will rejoice with us, we are sure, when we tell them that, with our little band of recruits, we hold—

TEN OPEN-AIR MEETINGS AND FOURTEEN INDOOR MEETINGS PER WEEK.

And as the people are such dreadful topers, we have always on hand a temperance pledge-book, and numbers are induced to sign it, many, thank God, being the young converts. So, while Satan and the worldlings howl, we, in the name of our Captain, go forward, pointing perishing men and women to the world's Redeemer.

Among the number over whom we have had lately to rejoice are the following—

A man who was indeed a miracle of grace. His business is to fix lightning conductors on very high shafts and lofty buildings, very often ascending to the height of two hundred feet under the influence of drink. He had many very narrow escapes. Once he fell seventy-five feet, but God spared his life, and, as he said, it must have been to save his poor soul, for he often wondered that he was alive. This man never came to the theatre without being deeply convicted, and at last, with his wife,

yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit, and found the Lord. Taking the advice given, he at once erected a family altar, to the joy of earth and heaven.

A RAILWAY GUARD.

To use his own words, he was a careless, bad fellow, who regarded neither men nor things that were good. He also has had many very narrow escapes. He often felt the strivings of God's Spirit, but resisted all. He was not given up by heaven, for it was impressed upon his mind that if he would go to the Star Theatre he would get saved the first visit. He came, and as he heard that Christ was mighty to save, he believed, and was saved, and came from Middlesboro' the next day to tell me, with tears running down his cheeks, that he had found salvation. May he so live that the last tear he ever sheds may be wiped away by God's loving hand.

A LEADING SCOFFER.

Thank God, at last we have caught one of the ringleaders. For some time he carried on a system of persecution, specially among the young converts. He got so annoyed to find that some of his workmates had got converted too, that he came to the theatre, and annoyed them there, as well as when at work; but so powerfully did the Spirit of God strive with him the first time he came that, instead of annoying his mates, he cried out for mercy, and as he said himself, "I could say naught else but 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" This dear man's joy was unbounded, and, saying, "I see it all now," he went home rejoicing.

"STOP! WHAT FOR?"

Another man was on his way to the public-house when he heard a voice say to him, "Stop;" and he asked, "What for?" and looked round to see if any person was near speaking to him, but saw no one. The voice said again, "*Stop, you have gone long enough, turn and live.*" Our singing procession just coming along at the time, he followed it, heard the Word, believed, and was saved. May many thousands be thus arrested!

LAYING ASIDE WEIGHTS.

For some time a young man had wept and prayed, but got no peace; the friends asked him if he had given up all his idols, &c. First he gave up his companions, his gambling, but the tug

of war was over his pigeons. At last he said they should go—"I surrender all to Jesus." At once he obtained peace and went home rejoicing. But remembering his vows to God, and fearing the pigeons might ensnare him again if he let them live, he determined to kill them; so getting the assistance of a neighbour, the pigeons were caught, and in a few minutes were headless. This has caused no small stir among the folks; but we are confident that God has already more than made up their loss; and also that if thousands more would follow this man's example, there would be joy where now there is sorrow.

Many more have been drawn to Jesus. One man was

CONVICTED AT A DOG RACE,

and had to leave it and come and get saved. Three men and their wives have together sought and found Jesus.

And so the work is rolling on. All glory be to Jesus! In one street, where Saturday and Sunday seldom went over without quarrels and fighting, there are now cottage prayer-meetings, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascending to God continually from hearts newly washed in the blood of the Lamb. I must add that

ANOTHER YOUNG CONVERT HAS JUST DIED VERY SUDDENLY.

It is very solemn to know that in four months so many of the Mission converts have been struck down. I have just left his grave, where we sang a hymn of praise, and vowed, God being our helper, we would live for precious souls. This dear man had been a great drunkard, but determined to seek God and save his soul. About a month ago, through God's mercy, he obtained salvation. He had just provided himself with a hymn book, when he suddenly left us to sing the praises of the Redeemer in glory. May we all meet him there!

With very many thanks for tracts sent and prayers offered, we ask the continued loving remembrance of all our friends.

ABRAHAM LAMB.

Cecil Street, Park Field,
Stockton-on-Tees.

HASTINGS DISTRICT.

DURING the past month our services have been times of refreshing.

The visit of Bros. Mace and Russell

ENCOURAGEMENT.

A lady living in the fish market stepped into a shop belonging to one of our friends for the purpose of giving us a word of encouragement in reference to our open-air work. Among other things she said—"I am acquainted with at least one person who has been converted in the fish market. Go on! Go on with your work! there have been many blest there."

ON THE BEACH.

The other Sunday night's service on the beach was a success. The word was with power. The singing was attractive; hundreds crowded round and gladly listened to the songs of Zion, and the message of love and mercy. A gentlemanly-looking man, a visitor, was pierced to the heart. He confessed that he was a miserable backslider.

ST. LEONARDS

still presents a scene of the hottest persecution.

Members of other Churches have tried to induce us to give up the services for awhile; but we are not going to beat a retreat, nor yet lift up a flag of truce. He that is for us is more than all that can be against us. The battle is the Lord's and victory is sure to come!

We have succeeded in getting some of the ringleaders into our services, and we believe that God will yet save and make them useful men.

NINFIELD.

The Lord is quickening His people. There are several under deep conviction. While with them the other Sunday a backslider was restored to God's favour, and another sister found the blessing of holiness.

RYE.

I HAVE just spent a glorious Sabbath here. The open-air services were excellent. Great numbers flocked to hear about Jesus. Several of the most wretched followed us to the chapel.

The chapel was nearly filled. This cheered my heart. I had great liberty in preaching, and the people were very much blest.

The work of God is moving; one backslider has been restored.

W. J. PEARSON.

was made a blessing to precious souls. Fault is being found both by the world and cold professors with our aggressive measures in open-air work. This we take as a sure sign of success. In this fashionable watering-place open-air work is unpopular: pleasure is sought in preference to religion. Our business is to work until religious services become popular with the people.

HEAVY BEREAVEMENTS.

Great sympathy is felt for our Bro. and Sister Bristow, who have been bereaved of their two youngest children, one of which (Little Harry) was our best juvenile collector. Both were buried side by side in one day. Bro. Prior's son, after passing through great suffering, has been carried away by Jordan's stream. One of our oldest mothers was taken suddenly ill in the hop-gardens, and died in about half an hour's time. Sudden death was sudden glory!

The services held at the Market Hall are still improving in numbers and fervour.

JOYFULLY SAVED.

At one of our week-night services five persons surrendered themselves to Christ. One of this number was a member of our mothers' meeting. Such was her joy at finding the Saviour that for several days she shouted the praises of God as she walked along the streets. Our open-air work on the East Hill (where most of the poor fishermen and their families live) is proving a power for good.

A LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER,

struck down with paralysis, sent for me to visit her. I was glad to find that twice a week she had heard the Word of Life out here; and also that the Word had reached her heart, and that the Saviour was sweetly drawing her to Himself.

THE CHILDREN.

One evening a poor woman said—"I am glad, sir, that you come here to sing and speak to us. My little girl has learnt one of the hymns you sing. I have but just buried my youngest child. When it was dying this girl said—'Mother, shall I sing my hymn to baby?' I said—'Yes, dear, if you wish.' She then sang—

"Glorious God! you are at the fountain drinking,

Glorious God! you are on your journey home."

This incident cheered us much.

CHATHAM.

I AM glad to say that the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge, and in Him is our trust, and His work is reviving all around; through great opposition, thank God, we are able to cut our way through and tell the news that the Lamb was slain on Calvary to set a world of sinners free. Some wag their heads, others say, "Let them look to themselves"; and others, "Let us alone: what have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know that Thou art the Holy One of God."

The other night a man came into our meeting, about six feet high, and while I was reading the 5th chapter of Mark, and expounding a little, this man, like the man in the tomb, cried out and fell on his knees; and for about one hour he prayed, and tore his hair like a madman. But Jesus commanded the devil to hold his peace and come out, and he had to submit, the blood was applied, and glory shone out of the man's face. In the ecstasy of the first few moments' joy, he literally embraced one of our brethren and myself. Oh, may God use him for His glory!

On Sunday, the 26th, Mr. Bramwell and Miss Booth were with us; and the presence and power of the Master were felt. The afternoon meeting was a special time of refreshing. At night the lecture hall was crowded, and there were thirteen precious souls seeking the Saviour.

God is moving here. Some of our poor, wandering sisters have been to the hall, saying how miserable our singing and speaking in the streets is making them. Only last Sabbath one of these sought and found the Master. We are trying to get her a place. May God touch the hearts of some of His stewards!

Contributions to this branch of the Mission will be received by Captain Timmouth, R.M. Barracks, Chatham; or, Mr. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace; or by
CHARLES HOBDAY.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

KETTERING.

DURING the past few weeks God has blessed our efforts, both in the hall and in the streets.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

One dear man heard us in his back yard; and, coming out into the street,

he drew nearer and nearer until close by. He listened attentively to the message. The text was—"Ye must be born again." All the next day these words kept ringing in his ears. May he never rest until he finds salvation!

From a sister who had, from a child, "been trying to be a Christian," and had been confirmed, but still wanted the one thing needful, we have the following:—

"Last Christmas it pleased God to take from me a much-prized gem, and since then my daily cry has been, 'What must I do to be saved?' I went to the Mission Hall every Sunday. Oh! the uneasy nights I passed I cannot describe. I was afraid to sleep. Week after week passed away, and my load became heavier till Easter Sunday, and that day I felt I must be saved or lost for ever; and in the prayer-meeting I laid my burden at the foot of the Cross, and God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all my sins. Oh! the feeling of that night I shall never forget. It is my desire to bring others to Jesus. Amen!"

"SAVE MY FATHER."

A young woman was induced to attend the hall, where she was awakened. She came out and sought mercy. So soon as she received the assurance, she started to pray earnestly—"Save my father and mother!" May her prayers be answered!

I have been into the darkest parts of this town, and there are hundreds of souls living without God; and these can only be reached by taking the Gospel to them.

Tracts will be thankfully received by
W. RIDSELL,
14, Green Lane Terrace, Kettering.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BRO. POUNDS, OF POPLAR.

BRO. POUNDS entered into rest on Tuesday, October 5th.

He came to London a young man; he was steady, kind, and respectable, but without religion. He heard the Christian Mission preachers very soon after Mr. Booth opened a branch in Poplar; and, under the preaching of Bro. Dowdle, saw himself a lost sinner, sought salvation, and Jesus set him free.

He joined the Mission at once, and began to seek to benefit his fellow-workmen. He was a good neighbour, a loving husband, and a kind father.

His health had been gradually failing for the last few months, but no one apprehended danger. About a fortnight before his death he gave up work, and took to his bed. His affliction, which was very severe, was borne with great patience and fortitude. No murmur ever escaped his lips. He spoke most emphatically of the Saviour's presence, frequently saying—"Bless the Lord, He is with me; come, life or death, all is well." His favourite hymn was—

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's bright and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

He solemnly besought all his relatives and friends to meet him in heaven. About a day before he died, he asked them to raise him a little in bed, when he commenced singing some delightful hymn, which none could understand; but so rich and unearthly were the sweet tones of his voice, that the neighbours were curious, and came to see where it came from. This was the more remarkable, seeing that he never was much of a singer. He besought his wife to train his children for heaven, and to meet him there. He kissed them all, spoke to Bro. Heigho of the nearness of the Saviour and the presence of the shining ones, and early on the Tuesday morning, entered into the joy of our Lord, in the 28th year of his age.

Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind.

We buried him on Monday, October 11th. A large number of our Mission friends attended, and sang several appropriate hymns at intervals as they followed to the burial-ground.

Hundreds gathered, and Bro. Gray took the opportunity to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, both in the chapel-house and at the grave. Many were deeply affected, and some, we trust, received everlasting good.

SISTER ROBERTSON, OF WHITECHAPEL.

She was converted at Cupar Angus, in Scotland, under Gordon Furlong, fifteen years ago; and ever after lived to God, although at times following afar off—"faint yet pursuing."

For the last four months of her life, she thought that her time was near, and often spoke of it. Three days before our sister died, when the nurse and

several visitors were in the room, she prayed with and for them. She said—"I am just like the centurion; I am not worthy that Jesus should come under my roof; but He is here Himself, and is very precious to me."

The day before she died, she said to one at her bed-side—"Mrs. T—, you will find some linen in that drawer, take it, and make me a shroud; for I fear not death. I was wont to fear it afar off; but now I can look Death in the face, and smile at him. Yes, Death, I fear you not. Where is thy sting? Jesus hath taken the sting away. Blessed Jesus, I am ready to die. But oh! my dear," she said to her husband, "what will you do with these children?" He assured her the Lord would help him. "Oh, yes," she said, "He has helped us before, and He will help you, my dear; we have had a hard battle, but He has helped us through. Just trust in the Lord." Some time after she said—"Talk of the gates ajar, why, I can see them wide open—wide open—open for me." A little after she said—"I see the King! He is beautiful! He is lovely! Oh! they were to give me a winsey dress; but what a poor one to the one I will get! I will be clothed in whiteness—beautiful dress. "Just about an hour previous to her death, she said—"Oh, Jesus is precious—very precious—very precious to me!" And she gradually sank to rest, safe in the arms of Jesus, to be for ever with the Lord. May her dear husband be comforted, and the babes trained to meet their mother again!

BOB CLARK, THE NAVY.

BY AN OLD MATE.

Yes, he was a mate of mine both in earthly and in heavenly work; so that I knew him at all times, and he *was* a blessed man.

I don't know much about him before his conversion; but from what some of them said that worked with him then, I know he was a rough one. I remember one of them saying—"There's some difference in old Bob to what he used to be."

I have often heard him tell about his conversion; in fact, he scarcely ever spoke at any of the meetings without talking about it. A lady living at Wandsworth got him into her house one day, and talked and read to him till he

got down on the Brussels carpet and cried for mercy, and before he got up God spoke peace to his soul.

And

WE ALL KNEW HE WAS CONVERTED.

He used to be a quiet, diligent workman; and I have heard drunken, swearing men, that don't believe much in religion, say—"If there is such a thing as religion, Bob Clark's got it."

I was once going to work with him, when we met another mate, and he said—"Well, Bob, what's the best news to-day?" "Oh," says Bob, "the best news I know, mate, is, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and God has pardoned all my sins for His sake."

He was always very cheerful and happy, but solemn, and so earnest. A favourite saying with him was—"If you mean to be a Christian, 'go the whole hog or none.'"

He was tall and thin, and one of his legs had been broken, and was bent in. He had a loud voice, and when he spoke he used to be up and at it so sharp, that he used to startle people. He was very

POWERFUL IN PRAYER.

Another old chum of his says he can remember kneeling with him in the mud at the corner of Susannah Street, Poplar, many a time; and Bob would pray and shout with all his might, till all around would feel the divine influence. One night three of us went to hold a service at Canning Town, and we went into C——'s house and began to have some prayer. I shall never forget it. The power of God came down upon us so that we were all three on the floor, and the time of service went by half an hour before we got to the place. We had a blessed service there, too, that night, and no mistake.

I first made his acquaintance at some open-air services in Stratford Broadway. We used to be dreadfully persecuted. Sometimes they would knock the books out of our hands—but we had some glorious meetings. One night, when there were but two of us, we had some hundreds of people round us, and seven came out and knelt upon the ground, seeking mercy. And yet neither of us could put a dozen words in uniform, as you may say.

He got amongst the Christian Mission people at Poplar, at first, by attending the temperance meetings and the open-air services. He was

A BITTER ENEMY OF THE PUBLICS.

I remember he once said—"Coming home from work to-day the wind blowed my billicock off near a public-house door, and I said—"If you had gone inside you might have stopped there for me, for I would never have gone in to fetch you."

He was very constant at the services, especially in the open air. He had a favourite street corner, and there he would stand in all weathers, no matter whether he had many or few to help him. I have known him be out there when he was scarcely able to stand, he was so weak.

One poor man that was converted through his standing at that corner, came to his house one day, and said, "Lord bless you! I must give you something; and I've nothing but a nice walking-stick, and so I've brought it you." And Bob kept it, I believe, to his dying day.

A friend came to my house, and we were talking about him, and the man said—"Once when Bob and I were working tide-work, as we were coming home, poor old Bob and me had a walk round Whitechapel. We went into a soup place and had some soup, and then he says—"Now then, we've had a good blow out of soup, let's go and have

"A GRAND GO

on the Mile-end waste. We shall soon get some people." And so we did, for we were just in our working clothes—all mud; but when we got to the place, Bob crosses over and gives out—

"I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,
I'm a pilgrim going home."

And it was one of the best open-air meetings I was over at."

About two years ago he went to work at Brighton, and then to Hampton, and to Twickenham. At this last place he was taken ill. He tried to get into the London Hospital, but couldn't; and one evening when I got home I found him sitting there. He said—"I'm afraid

"MY WORK'S ALL OVER; but, bless God, I'm ready at any moment." By-and-by he said he must go home, and I started to walk with him; but I soon found he was not at all able to walk, so I got a cab and took him to Waterloo Station. His wife was then ill, and I promised to go and see them soon.

I was not able to get away as early as I had intended; and one Friday, three weeks after, I got a letter telling me of

THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

So I went off at once. I had some difficulty in finding the cottage; but when I got to it, it was a nice little red brick place, and the blinds were drawn. I saw no one to ask if it was the place, but I gave two raps at the door, and then I heard a feeble voice, saying—"Come in." I opened the door, and found Bob lying on an old couch that did for a bed.

"Well, then," he said, "you've come. I thought you'd come." "Oh, yes," I said, "I was bound to come."

"Oh! mate," he said, "I feel that I'm in deep water now—left with these three little children, and no mother for them; and I'm not able to wait on myself, and some days I can't get out of bed."

"But," I said, "my brother, even at this time you don't doubt God's goodness to you, do you?"

And he said, at the top of his voice, with tears trickling down his face—"No! how could I doubt God's goodness, when I have been laid here thirteen weeks, and have never been able to earn a penny, and my wife lying in another bed eight weeks, and He has never permitted us to want for anything. He has sent friends to me with money and other things besides, that I never saw before; and I can say with Job—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

I then began to talk to him about his wife during her illness. When he was at Poplar she was in a backsliding state, and used to persecute him dreadfully; she was a great trouble to him, but she got right with God after that.

He told me that she had had a very severe illness, and had to undergo an operation of which she died a fortnight later.

"I had no thought she was going to die so soon, until my little girl came to my bedside and said, 'Father, mother's dying.' I said, 'Is she?' and lifted up my heart to God for strength to get to her bedside, as I had not been out of bed for three days. He did so; and when I got to her, I said, 'Well, Ann, you're dying.' And she says, 'Yes, I am; but thank God it's all right.' And I said, 'Then you feel that you are all right with Christ?' and she said, 'Yes, yes.'

"She then said to me, 'Hush, hush,' twice. And I said, 'What?' 'Can't you hear them singing,' she said. And

I said, 'No.' 'Oh!' she said, 'they're singing so beautiful. They're singing one of your favourite hymns—

"My rest is in heaven,
My rest is not here."

And she said, 'Bless God I can sing it too!' and in about ten minutes more she said—

"I'm going, good-bye; God bless you all."

Then I said to him, "You feel satisfied she's gone to heaven." And he said, "Yes, I do; and, bless God, in about three weeks I shall be with her."

"Do you think that your

I said.

"Yes, I believe that's about the time."

My time got on for leaving; and I said, "I must go." And as there was a friend or two in the house at the time, he said, "Pray with me, it may be the last time!" And at the close of the prayer, he said, "Oh, bless God, this has been a glad season to my soul! Pray for me when you get home, and ask Father to give me strength to follow my dear wife to the grave on Monday."

I received a few lines to say that he was enabled to go to the funeral, riding, of course.

Having to go into the country, I did not hear about him again for nearly five weeks, when I received a letter from the eldest girl, requesting me to go over, as their dear father was gone, and they were left without any friends.

When I got to the house, I said to her, "Come and tell me what your father said before he died."

She said, "He didn't say much. He scarcely spoke a dozen words all day; but I said to him, about twenty minutes before he died, as I saw a change in him, 'Father, you're dying.' 'No, my dear,' he said, 'this can't be dying, that people so much dread.' I waited about ten minutes, and said, 'Father, you are dying.' 'Yes, my dear,' he said, 'I am now. Good-bye. God bless you'—and those were his last words."

Poor Bob Clark, unsearchably rich for ever, you needed to say no more! By your glorious labours God has blessed many, so that they too shall not "see death," but shall meet you soon beyond the river. Oh, that we may be enabled to labour for the world as you have done, and so to press after you unto the rest which is not here, but in heaven!

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The Mission Ship.

Hymn 325.

Oh! tell us who's the builder of your vessel, If she's mighty, if she's safe?
The great Jehovah is the builder of her, She is mighty, she is safe.

The Father, Son, and Spirit three,
Built her, and sent her out to sea, And this assures both you and me She is

Chorus.
mighty, She is safe, She is mighty, she is safe. We'll stand the storm, it
ha - ven of e -

1st time. 2nd time.
won't be long, We'll anchor by and by, In the Jo - sus e - ver migh.
ter - nal love With

- 2 Oh! tell us, is your vessel in good order,
If she's mighty, if she's safe?
Yes, we can say to all who come on
board her,
She is mighty, she is safe.
Her base is Christian Unity;
Her masts,—Faith, Hope, and Charity;
Her flag,—“The Saviour died for me.”
She is mighty, she is safe.
- 3 Oh! tell us, have you men on board to
steer her,
If they're able, if she's safe?
Yes, we can say to all who come on board
They are able, she is safe. [her,

Preachers we have, and leaders too,
Members besides, and not a few;
And yet there's room enough for you:
Come and welcome, she is safe.

- 4 Oh! tell us, whither do you mean to
steer her,
If she's mighty, if she's safe?
To heaven above, and that is where
she'll land us,
She is mighty, she is safe.
Thousands in her have gone before,
Their toils and sufferings all are o'er,
They've landed safe on Canaan's shore.
Come on board her, she is safe.