

# The Christian Mission Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1876.

## Rest.\*

By H. W. S.



LET us consider that the Scriptures do set before the believer in the Lord Jesus a life of abiding rest and of continual victory, which is very far beyond the ordinary line of Christian experience; and that in the Bible we have presented to us a Saviour able to save us from the power of our sins, as really as He saves us from their guilt.

The point to be next considered is as to what this hidden life consists in, and how it differs from every other sort of Christian experience.

And as to this—it is simply letting the Lord carry our burdens and manage our affairs for us, instead of trying to do it ourselves.

Most Christians are like a man who was toiling along the road, bending under a heavy burden, when a waggon overtook him, and the driver kindly offered to help him on his journey. He joyfully accepted the offer, but when seated continued to bend beneath his burden, which he still kept on his shoulders. "Why do you not lay down your burden?" asked the kind-hearted driver. "Oh!" replied the man, "I feel that it is almost too much to ask you to carry me, and I could not think of letting you carry my burden too." And so Christians who have given themselves into the care and keeping of the Lord Jesus still continue to bend beneath the weight of their burden, and often go weary and heavy-laden throughout the whole length of their journey.

When I speak of burdens, I mean everything that troubles us, whether spiritual or temporal.

I mean first of all ourselves. The greatest burden we have to carry in life is self. The most difficult thing we have to manage is self. Our own daily living, our frames and feelings, our especial weaknesses and temptations, and our peculiar temperaments—our inward affairs of every kind—these are the things that perplex and worry us more than anything else, and that bring us oftenest into bondage and darkness. In laying off your burdens, therefore, the first one you must get rid of is yourself. You must hand yourself and all your inward experience, your temptations, your temperament, your frames and feelings, all over into the care and keeping of your God, and leave them there. He made you,

\* Being an extract from chapter 3 of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." By H. W. S. London: Longley, Warwick Lane.

and therefore He understands you, and knows how to manage you, and you must trust Him to do it. Say to Him, "Here, Lord, I abandon myself to Thee. I have tried in every way I could think of to manage myself, and to make myself what I know I ought to be, but have always failed. Now I give it up to Thee. Do Thou take entire possession of me. Work in me all the good pleasures of Thy will. Mould and fashion me into such a vessel as seemeth good to Thee. I leave myself in Thy hands, and I believe Thou wilt, according to Thy promise, make me into a vessel unto Thine honour, 'sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work.'" And here you must rest, trusting yourself thus to Him continually and absolutely.

Next, you must lay off every other burden: your health, your reputation, your Christian work, your houses, your children, your business, your servants—everything, in short, that concerns you, whether inward or outward.

Christians always commit the keeping of their souls for eternity to the Lord, because they know, without a doubt, that they cannot keep themselves. But the things of this present life they take into their own keeping, and try to carry on their own shoulders, with the perhaps unconfessed feeling that it is a great deal to ask the Lord to carry them, and that they cannot think of asking Him to carry their burdens too.

I know a Christian lady who had a very heavy temporal burden. It took away her sleep and her appetite, and there was danger of her health breaking down under it. One day, when it seemed especially heavy, she noticed lying on the table near her a little tract called "Hannah's Faith." Attracted by the title, she picked it up and began to read it, little knowing, however, that it was to create a revolution in her whole experience. The story was of a poor woman who had been carried triumphantly through a life of unusual sorrow. She was giving the history of her life to a kind visitor on one occasion, and at the close the visitor said feelingly, "Oh, Hannah, I do not see how you could bear so much sorrow!" "I did not bear it," was the quick reply; "the Lord bore it for me." "Yes," said the visitor, "that is the right way. You must take your troubles to the Lord." "Yes," replied Hannah; "but we must do more than that; we must *leave* them there. Most people," she continued, "take their burdens to Him, but they bring them away with them again, and are just as worried and unhappy as ever. But I take mine, and leave them with Him, and come away and forget them. And if the worry comes back, I take it to Him again; I do this over and over, until at last I just forget that I have any worries, and am at perfect rest."

My friend was very much struck with this plan, and resolved to try it. The circumstances of her life she could not alter, but she took them to the Lord, and handed them over into His management; and then she believed that He took it, and she left all the responsibility, and the worry, and anxiety, with Him. As often as the anxieties returned she took them back; and the result was that, although the circumstances remained unchanged, her soul was kept in perfect peace in the midst of them. She felt that she had found out a blessed secret, and from that time she never again tried to carry her own burdens, nor to manage anything for herself.

And the secret she found so effectual in her outward affairs she found

to be still more effectual in her inward ones, which were in truth even more utterly unmanageable. She abandoned her whole self to the Lord, with all that she was and all that she had, and, believing that He took that which she had committed to Him, she ceased to fret and worry, and her life became all sunshine in the gladness of belonging to Him. And this was "the Higher Christian Life"! It was a very simple secret she found out—only this: that it was possible to obey God's commandment contained in those words, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God;" and that, in obeying it, the result would inevitably be, according to the promise, that the "peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

There are many other things to be said about this life hid with Christ in God, many details as to what the Lord Jesus does for those who thus abandon themselves to Him. But the gist of the whole matter is here stated, and the soul that has got hold of this secret has found the key that will unlock the whole treasure-house of God.

Do you recollect the delicious sense of rest with which you have sometimes gone to bed at night, after a day of great exertion and weariness? How delightful was the sensation of relaxing every muscle, and letting your body go in a perfect abandonment of ease and comfort. The strain of the day had ceased for a few hours at least, and the work of the day had been laid off. You no longer had to hold up an aching head or a weary back. You trusted yourself to the bed in an absolute confidence, and it held you up without effort, or strain, or even thought on your part. You rested!

But suppose you had doubted the strength or the stability of your bed, and had dreaded each moment to find it giving way beneath you and landing you on the floor; could you have rested then? Would not every muscle have been strained in a fruitless effort to hold yourself up, and would not the weariness have been greater than not to have gone to bed at all?

Let this analogy teach you what it means to rest in the Lord. Let your souls lie down upon His sweet will, as your bodies lie down in your beds at night. Relax every strain and lay off every burden. Let yourself go in a perfect abandonment of ease and comfort, sure that when He holds you up you are perfectly safe.

Your part is simply to rest. His part is to sustain you, and He cannot fail.

Or take another analogy, which our Lord Himself has abundantly sanctioned—that of the child-life. For "Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set Him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Now, what are the characteristics of a little child, and how does he live? He lives by faith, and his chief characteristic is thoughtfulness. His life is one long trust from year's end to year's end. He trusts his parents, he trusts his care-takers, he trusts his teachers, he even trusts people often who are utterly unworthy of trust, because of the confidence of his nature. And his trust is abundantly answered. He provides nothing for himself, and yet everything is provided. He takes no thought for the morrow, and forms no plans, and yet all his life is

planned out for him, and he finds his paths made ready, opening out to him as he comes to them day by day and hour by hour. He goes in and out of his father's house with an unspeakable ease and abandonment, enjoying all the good things it contains, without having spent a penny in procuring them. Pestilence may walk through the streets of his city, but he regards it not. Famine, and fire, and war may rage around him, but under his father's tender care he abides in utter unconcern and perfect rest. He lives in the present moment, and receives his life without question as it comes to him day by day from his father's hands.

Who is the best cared for in every household? Is it not the little children? And does not the least of all, the helpless baby, receive the largest share? As a late writer has said, the baby "toils not, neither does he spin; and yet he is fed, and clothed, and loved, and rejoiced in," and none so much as he.

This life of faith, then, about which I am writing, consists in just this—being a child in the Father's house. And when this is said, enough is said to transform every weary, burdened life into one of blessedness and rest.

Let the ways of childish confidence and freedom from care which so please you and win your hearts in your own little ones, teach you what should be your ways with God; and leaving yourselves in His hands, learn to be literally careful for nothing; and you shall find it to be a fact that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep (as in a garrison) your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

"Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.

"And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.

"And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places."

## THE YOUNG DELIVERER, AND THE PATRIARCH'S BLESSING.



HE late Mr. Timothy Bradbury happened to dine one day at the house of Mrs. Tooley, a lady in London, who was famous in her day for the love she bore to Christ, and to all His servants and people. Her house and table were open to them all, she being like Lydia in that respect. Mr. Rogers, who wrote the book on religious melancholy, and was himself many years

under that distemper, happened to dine there the same day with Mr. Bradbury; and, after dinner, he entertained Mrs. Tooley and him with some stories concerning his father, who was one of the ejected ministers in the year 1662. Mr. Rogers particularly related that he had often heard his father, with a good deal of pleasure, tell himself and others of a deliverance which he had from being sent to prison after his mittimus was written out for that purpose. He lived near the house of Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of the peace, who was a violent persecutor of the Dissenters. He bore a particular hatred to Mr. Rogers, and wanted above all things to have him in his power. A fair opportunity offered. He heard that Mr. Rogers was to preach at a place some miles distant; and he hired two men to go as spies, who were to take the names of all the hearers, and to witness against Mr. Rogers and them.

The thing succeeded to his wish; they brought the names of several persons, and Sir Richard sent and warned them and Mr. Rogers to appear before him. Accordingly, they all came with trembling hearts, for they knew the violence of the man.

While they were in his great hall, expecting to be called upon, there happened to come into it a little girl, a grandchild of Sir Richard's, six or seven years of age. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance; and he, being fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her. At last Sir Richard sent one of his servants to inform the company that one of the witnesses was fallen sick; therefore he warned them to come on another day, which he named to them.

Accordingly they came; and the crime was then proved. He ordered their mittimus to be written to send them to gaol. Mr. Rogers, before he came, expecting to see the little girl again, had brought some sweetmeats to give her: and he was not disappointed, for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than she was the day before. She was a particular favourite of her grandfather's, and had got such an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing. She was withal a child of a violent spirit, and could bear no contradiction. Once, it seems, when she was contradicted in something, she ran a pen-knife into her arm, which nearly cost her her life. After this, Sir Richard would not suffer her to be contradicted in any one thing.

While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers' knee, she looked wistfully at him, and he said—

"I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to gaol."

"To gaol!" said she; "why, what have you done?"

"Why, I did nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me."

"But," said she, "my grandpapa shall not send you to gaol."

"Ay, but my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our mittimus."

She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said—

"What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?"

"That is nothing to you," said her grandfather; "get you about your business!"

"But I will not," said she; "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to gaol; and if you send them, I will drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone: I will indeed."

When he saw the child was peremptory, it shook and overcame him. He stepped into the hall, with the mittimus in his hand, and said—

"I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to gaol, but at my grandchild's request I set you all at liberty."

They all bowed, and thanked his worship. Mr. Rogers stepped up to the child, and laid his hand upon her head, and lifting his eyes up to heaven, said—

"God bless you, my child! May the blessing of that God whose cause you now plead, though as yet you know Him not, be upon you in life, in death, and throughout eternity!" And then he and his friends went away.

Mrs. Tooley listened with uncommon attention to the story, and, looking on Mr. Rogers, said—

"And are you that Mr. Rogers' son?"

"Yes, madam," answered he, "I am."

"Well," said she, "as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something you never knew before: I am the very girl your dear father blessed. It made an impression on me I could never forget."

Upon this he and Mr. Bradbury were desirous to know how she, who had been brought up with an aversion to serious religion, came to be so eminent for it.

Mrs. Tooley complied with their request, and very freely told them her story. She said that after her grandfather's death she was left the sole heiress of his great estate, and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran after all the fashionable diversions of the times in which she lived, without any manner of restraint. But at the same time she confessed that at the end of them all she found a dissatisfaction, both with herself and them, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by running the same fruitless round over and over again.

She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that was a place of pleasure as well as health. When she came there, she was led by Providence to consult an apothecary, who happened to be a very worthy, religious man. He inquired what ailed her.

"Why, doctor," said she, "I do not ail much as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, that I cannot get rid of."

"Truly, miss," said he, "I was so too till I met with a book that cured me of it."

"Books!" said she; "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; such as plays, novels, romances, etc., but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same."

"That may be," said he, "but the book I now speak of I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read; I never tire in reading of it, but can begin to read it again, as if I had never read it before. And I always see something new in it."

"Pray, doctor," said she, "what book is that? Cannot I get a sight of it?"

"Yes," said he, "if you speak me fair, I can help you to it."

"Pray get it me then, doctor, and I will give you anything you please."

"Yes," said he, "if you will promise one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading."

She promised faithfully she would: and after raising her curiosity by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Testament. When she looked on it, she said—

"Poh (with a flirt), I could get that at any time."

"Why, miss, so you might," replied the doctor; "but remember I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully."

"Well," said she, "though I never read it before, I will give it a reading."

Accordingly she began to read it; and soon saw something in it which deeply concerned her, which caused her to grow ten times more uneasy than she was before. So she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain.

She lodged at the court end of the town, and had a gentlewoman with her by way of a companion. One Saturday evening she dreamed that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon which she could remember nothing of when she awaked but the text; but the dream made such an impression on her mind that the idea she had of the place, and the minister's face, was as strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's-day morning; and after breakfast said she was resolved to go in quest of it, if she should go from one end of London to the other.

Accordingly they set out, and went to this and the other church as they passed along; but none of them answered what she saw in her dream. At one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city; they then went into an eating-house to get some dinner, and then set out again in search of the place.

About half-past two they were in the Poultry, and seeing a great many people going down the Old Jewry, Mrs. Tooley determined to see where they were going. She mixed herself among them, and they carried her to the Meeting-house in the Old Jewry. So soon as she had entered the door, and looked about, she turned to her companion, and said, "This is the very place I saw in my dream!" She had not stood long till Mr. Shower, minister of the place, went up into the pulpit; as soon as she looked on him, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream! and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text Psalm cxvi. 7—*Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*" When he rose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that very passage for his text; and there God met with her in a saving manner, and she at last obtained what she so long sought for in vain elsewhere—rest in Christ to her troubled soul.

## BOTTLING A SERMON.

By MADGE CARROL.

THEY sat, Ora and Otto, curled up on the hassocks in one of the front pews—one of the very first pews in the middle block—a position not in general favour; consequently they were beyond the range of any gaze which, if not actually offended by their untidiness, would, at least, have scrutinised them curiously and critically. Nobody saw them but the minister, who could only look and wonder at his odd little hearers, then wait until the sermon was over for the purpose of speaking with them. It would not be difficult to guess how they got there. The honey bee, the brown wasp, and blue-bottle come to church in summer weather, when doors and windows stand wide open, just so these waifs from the street strayed in.

There they sat, bare-headed, bare-footed, with dirty little hands folded in their laps, hair like brush-heaps, and eyes more like coal-bins than anything else under the sun or earth.

The pastor soon discovered that, spite of the intense heat, the passing flash of lightning's wing, the thunder pulses throbbing in the distance, he had two hearers whose attention never wavered in the least.

Once the lights flared, then almost died out. Next, some one with squeaking boots left the place. Again, a hymn-book fell with a loud crash; yet those bundles of rags, with black sparks for eyes, neither lifted nor stirred. He was really sorry, this good, kind man, when, the service over, he looked and they were gone—had vanished like two little bats that belonged to the darkness and loved it. He had not gone far, however, on his homeward journey when a shadow within a shadow stirred, a thin, dirty little hand reached out and touched him.

"Oh, sir, please give me some for my sick mother."

"Some what, child?"

"Wine and milk," replied the eager young voice. "We've nothing to buy them with, and the doctor wants her to have them. You said come without money, you know, and I'm here. Otto's brought the kettle, and I've got a bottle."

"That was my text this evening," remarked the minister to a friend who had joined him. "Come buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

These children were my most attentive hearers. The girl, you perceive, has applied it to the one great need she is conscious of. What can I do?"

"We'll go with them to their home, and see what is required of us," replied the gentleman. "If this story is strictly true, neither kettle nor bottle shall remain empty."

Up a narrow court in the church's rear, they found a woman far advanced in consumption, who had evidently seen better days. Worse ones, too, because love of wealth and pleasure had led her down to the horrible pit, and into the miry clay the Bible tells us about. Her husband was in his grave; wealth and station had vanished like a dream; and now, as the waters of the dark valley crept chillily about her feet, she looked and longed for an upward ray to pierce her spirit's gloom. The Rev. Mr. R—, while ministering to her bodily needs, lost no time in pointing her to the Sun of Righteousness; and as he talked, fear and agony faded out of the woman's face, and the light of a great hope dawned in her beautiful eyes. Those two little bundles of rags, Ora and Otto, sat curled up in one corner listening, just as they had listened from the pew, with hands folded in their laps, lips apart, and a deep, dead shining in the orbs that never for an instant left the speaker's face. Ora met him on the stairs as he was going out.

"I know what it means now," she whispered. "Maybe I wouldn't if you'd brought the words without the wine and milk."

She stood on the step above him, a little girl upon whose head the years were light and few, a slight figure in rags and tatters; nevertheless, he at once saw that her heart had taken in the heavenly from earthly types, and was exceeding thankful.

A week later Ora and Otto were motherless, yet not alone. Kind friends took them in—kind hands ministered unto them; but neither forget their first sermon, nor the kettle and bottle they brought to put it in.

## WHAT A PICTURE DID.

THE heading of the *Reform*, an illustrated tract paper, is composed of three pictures. The first represents a drunkard staggering home to his family. In his hand he holds a bottle; his wife,

with her babe in her arms and her little boy clinging to her dress, is shrinking from him. Terror and fear are depicted upon the countenances of the three.

The second picture represents the same man, standing at a table, a woman holding out a pen to him with one hand, and with the other a paper, upon which are seen the words, "Temperance Pledge."

In the third picture we see the same man, well-clothed, walking erect, with a cane in his hand, and leading a little boy up a flight of steps to a nice house, in the door of which stands the wife, with a beaming smile upon her face, and hardly able to hold the babe, who is overjoyed at seeing the father.

A bundle of those papers was sent to one of the ladies at Cincinnati, who distributed them in the market, at the hospital, and at the gaol.

Two months afterwards she was stopped on the street by a German woman, who told her the following story—

"You shoost stop von minute vile I tells you vot is in mine heart. You comes von day to my stall in de market, you gives mine old man a paper, and you gives me a paper.

"Ven I goes to mine home, mine children dey cries for dere dinner. I says, 'You shoost keep still, and I vill give you von paper vot a voman gives me in de market.' So dey spreads de paper out upon de floor, and dey kicks up dere heels, and dey looks hard at de pictures. Vile I gets mine dinner, dey vispers and dey vispers. Mine leetle poy, he says: 'Dat is pap mit de bottle! dat leetle poy what hides hind his mudder's dress is me, ven I'm skeered at pappy, and de paby is Helwig, cause dat's shoost de way he hides hind his mudder's ear when pappy's drunk.' Den he say, 'Mudder, vot dat voman do mit de table?' I says, 'De temperance voman vants de man to sign de pledge, and say he drinks no more beer nor viskey; den his vife and children be no more feared of him.'

"Dey look hard at de pieter, den dey vispers and dey say, 'Mudder, will pappy look nice like de udder pieter, would he sign de pledge?'

"And I says, 'Yes, childens, your fadder would look shoost like dat if he go no more to saloons.'

"Mine old man den he comes in to his dinner. He loves his children ven he

be sober. Mine childen dey see he no drunk, so dey runs to him mit de paper, and dey say, 'Pappy, dat is you mit de pottle, and dat voman is mudder, and de baby vat hides hind his mudder's ear is Helwig. Pappy, von't you go to de temperance voman's mit de table, and sign de pledge, and den you vill look shoost like dat nice man mit de cane, and Helwig he vill look shoost like dis paby vot tries to jump out of his mudder's arms, he so glad to see his pappy?' Mine old man he gets so mad, and he says, 'I eats no dinner, I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and mine childen dey cry, dey be so scared. Mine old man he slams de door, and he goes off. He comes home to supper, and he says de first ting, 'I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and he no speaks to de childen, and dey be so skeered.

"After supper mine old man he makes de childen go to ped. And he puts his feet on to de stove, and he smokes, and he scolds, and he so mad he no goes to de saloon, like he always does all his life mit me.

"Ven it vas ped time mine old man he lay down his pipe, and he says, 'Old voman, I'se no been good to you; I gets drunk no more; I goes no more to saloons; mine heart is sick mit vot mine childen say. I loves mine vife, I loves mine childen ven I gets no drunk.' Den I puts mine apron to mine eyes, and I cries, and mine old man he cries. Den we stand py de childen's bed, and mine old man he kiss me, and he kiss de childen, and he says, 'Mine heart is so sick all de day mit vot de childen says to me.'

"I tells you I loves dat little paper, mine heart is so glad dat you gives it to me.

"I folds it up shoost so nice, and I puts it mit a handkerchief around it, and I keeps it in mine under drawer in mine bureau mit mine childen's tings what died."

[This is a true story. The man to-day is a sober man, is getting furniture and comforts for his family.]

## NEWS FROM HENRY REED, ESQ.

Just as we go to press we have received a letter from our old friend, Henry Reed, Esq., formerly of Tunbridge Wells, now of Tasmania, an extract

from which we feel sure will gratify our readers. While they read we beg of them to lift up their hearts to God that His blessing may continue to be poured forth upon our dear friend and his wife and family, and upon our Mission work in which he is engaged in that distant land.

"Mount Pleasant,

"August 30th, 1876.

"My dear Brother.—Yours dated July 7th is at hand. Writing is now a burden, as is almost everything else unless I am preaching Jesus, then all the old fire is there. I never preached with more Divine power, glory be to God! Numbers cannot get in. Our congregation is of the humblest description. I have an excellent evangelist, a converted miner. He preaches with me the old-fashioned repentance. Nothing satisfies either of us but a truly broken and contrite heart. We try to instruct men as to the nature and consequences of sin. We are not anxious about getting them to believe until first sin has become exceeding sinful and distasteful, and then we try to present Christ that they may intelligently believe and receive Him into their hearts. And we further insist that if the work be a reality, the Holy Ghost will witness to His own work, and they will hear the spirit of adoption whereby we cry 'Abba, Father,' the Spirit itself witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God. Then, being children of the light, we insist upon walking in the light—with Divine fellowship leading to a fuller knowledge of self and of the necessity of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord—to be obtained only by those who walk in the light, through faith in the cleansing blood of Christ. Hallelujah! this salvation is for every child of God."

#### FORGIVENESS.

God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one does wrong, first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes on in the wrong way, his business partner casts him off; if he goes on, his best friends cast him off. His father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge, and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who sits by

the murderer's counsel all through the long trial? Who carries the longest at the windows of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him? It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs if she be still alive! And bless her grave if she be gone! And bless the rocking-chair in which she used to sit! And bless the cradle that she used to rock! And bless the Bible she used to read! So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast a man off, God, our Mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case. After all the other doctors have got through, the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the Church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh and bitter treatment on the part of those who professed faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer, sarcasm, and Billingsgate, and carleature, and they tried tittle-tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was forgiveness. A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh! no," says the sergeant, "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the colonel. Said the man: "Forgiveness!" The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said: "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man. "We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting-point for a positively Christian life. O Church of God! quit your sarcasm when a man falls. Quit your irony. Quit your tittle-tattle, and try forgiveness.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

BRETHREN, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### The Month.



ROUBLE upon trouble, sickness upon sickness, death upon death, and yet, thank God! we are alive and as full of faith and hope as ever. We depend for success simply upon our Father's good pleasure towards us, and we have much to encourage us as well in our confident looking for better days. The month has been marked by the continued progress towards recovery and return to town of Mr. Booth, opening of the theatre at Stockton as a week-night hall, and the laying of the Hammersmith New Hall memorial stones.

It is our privilege—a privilege that all may and ought to enjoy—to be a peculiar people for the Lord; to be separate from sinners and from sin, no matter how few, how poor, how weak in every human sense we may be. Oh, let this be our constant aim at every station. "Then will the Lord His people own," and all around shall spread the fame of a mighty Saviour, who really does save His people from their sins.

We may not be able, for want of agents and means, all at once to occupy all the ground we should wish, or influence a thousandth part of the people we should like; but we can get close to God, and live for Him. Let us all do so.

### MISCARRIAGE OF THE POST.

BY THE EDITOR.



EVERY much regret to have to apologise to our friends for the nonappearance of reports from several important stations. We had carefully prepared the copy for the printer, and deposited it with our own hands in the post; but by some unaccountable means the packet failed to reach the printer. What was to be done? There was no time to refer to the writers for fresh copy; we have, therefore, only the alternative of supplying so far as we can from memory the particulars of the missing papers, promising lists of donations, &c., in our next. We specially regret the loss of a striking leader by Mr. Railton, entitled "JEERS," most interesting reports from Leicester and Leeds, and a valuable memoir of our dear, departed friend and brother, Mr. Cobet. Unless this should be found, we shall have to trouble our Bro. Corbridge to re-write it, so that anyway it may be expected in our next number.

## HAMMERSMITH NEW HALL.

## THE STONE-LAYING.



IRST spiritual stones! These were sought out, quarried, masoned, and built up upon the true foundation by Miss Bazett and her early fellow-labourers in Hammersmith, Bros. Lamb and Garner; and now at last we have seen the memorial stones of a Mission Hall also laid duly, and a good deal upon them too.

Another wet day! Not so heavy a rain as came down upon us at Hackney, however. But plenty of mud—roadway not yet finished—pools of water, sloughs of despond—few people about.

A fair representative gathering of our own, however, from all the London stations, and enough unconverted working-men of Hammersmith to increase our appetite for the great work we have yet to accomplish there.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth absent, alas! still, in body, but treasured in our hearts, and fitly represented by their eldest son.

Four memorial stones, in two couples. Two by the founders of the Mission in Hammersmith, Miss E. A. Bazett and Mr. Abraham Lamb, rejoicing in the enduring character of the results of the work; two comparatively new friends, Mrs. Higgins and J. Low e, Esq., here to witness that the work is still living and gaining influence.

A little prayer, a little singing—no speeches—four stones laid, with a bottle behind one of them, containing a statement of the origin of the work, as under. Contributions laid upon the stones; all very practical; all pretty, quiet; no display, but all in dead earnest; and then a singing procession to the Lecture Hall, where an ample tea was provided.

## STATEMENT PLACED IN THE BOTTLE.

The Christian Mission originated in a few special services held in a tent in Whitechapel in the summer of 1865, by the Rev. W. Booth. The Mission has since been extended to various districts of London and provincial towns, always with the single object of reaching with the Gospel of Christ the multitudes, who attend no place of worship.

Early in 1874 Miss E. A. Bazett, who had for some time been carrying on a Mission work amongst the poor of Hammersmith, asked for the assistance of the Mission in holding special services for the people in the Town Hall. Accordingly, a band of converted gipsies were sent on the 28th February, and Sunday and occasional week-night services were continued, until a branch of the Mission was established in the following August, the first evangelist settled in the district being Mr. Abraham Lamb.

The services of the Mission have from the first been greatly blessed and owned of God to the salvation of souls. Those who have been led to Christ have from time to time been organised into bands of workers for the purpose of carrying on open-air and other meetings; and thus the work has grown, until it has become known, doubtless, in every working-man's home, and has influenced for good thousands of people who had hitherto held aloof from every religious association.

The free teas kindly provided by J. T. Campbell, Esq., in the winter seasons have not only opened the way to many hearts, but have, under the blessing of God, resulted in the salvation of souls.

From amongst those who have been trained in the service of God here, three brethren have already gone forth as evangelists; and it is hoped that many who have been raised from lives of the grossest sin will yet be fitted and commissioned to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing millions of their fellow-men.

It has all along been a serious drawback to the success of the Mission in Hammersmith that the week-night services have had to be held in various buildings and rooms, lent from time to time for the purpose, so that there has been no spot to which the people could daily be invited. At length, however, a site having been secured, the erection of a hall was at once commenced. The building to be completed here is intended to accommodate 300 people, at an estimated cost of £500. The freehold of the land can at any time be secured when the necessary funds are forthcoming.

After tea an open-air service was held by the side of the Wesleyan Chapel. A large ring, made up of members from almost every London station, was formed, and a number of short, striking testimonies were given; but, true to the traditions of Hammersmith, the dark helmet hove in sight, and the company had to form procession and sing the Gospel along the street.

Arrived inside the splendid New Wesleyan Church (for it would be absurd to call it a chapel), not a few besides the chairman (Bro. R. Andrews, of Plaistow) felt surprise at the welcome of the poor Christian Missioners into such a building.

But our chairman made himself and all of us quite at home under the high Gothic roof, as he told us his reasons for helping the Christian Mission, describing his own miserable ruined home, soleless boots, and ragged clothing, when he first listened to Mr. Booth preaching about "The Winner of the Derby," in the Whitechapel Theatre, and telling how, without sending him to any college, the Mission had made a preacher of him by setting him up on the Mile-end Waste to tell his old companions in sin what God had done for his soul. How much religion had done for him in his outward circumstances became more apparent when he sounded the key-note of liberality at the close of the meeting by promising £20—in addition to £5 previously given—if the hall were opened free of debt.

Mr. Gray, the evangelist, with whose name the new hall will for ever be associated, reported how we had been left without any building to cover our heads on week-nights, how the site upon which we are building had only been offered to us at the moment of emergency on condition that we took it

at once, at once began to build, and completed the building by Christmas-time; how under these extraordinary circumstances we had felt it to be our duty to rush in and win, confiding in God to help us right through. How the £32 10s. collected two years ago for a new hall had been increased that day already to nearly £100, and how we relied upon ensuring another £100 before we parted.

Bro. Gray dwelt upon the opposition the work had met with from the multitude since its commencement, and the confidence in God which sustained us in conquering all, and which would yet carry us on to mightier victories. Bro. Gray's collection-aneecdote must not be forgotten.

"Here's a widow's mite," said a rich lady, as she dropped a sovereign into a collector's hand.

"If you please, the widow gave two, ma'am."

The lady opened her purse and gave another sovereign, with the inquiry—

"Will that do?"

"If you please, ma'am, the widow gave all that she had."

The lady opened her purse, and turned all its contents into the plate.

"Now," said she, "will that do?"

"If you please, ma'am, the widow gave all her living. I don't know how much more you have at home, ma'am."

Is any application necessary?

The Rev. J. F. FRITH, F.R.G.S. (Free Church of England Minister), said he was very glad to show sympathy with us, and that especially because we were persecuted. He believed in Apostolical Succession in a qualified sense, and he thought if there were an Apostolic Succession now a days it was amongst those who were represented there that night.

He was afraid the religious denomi-

nations now a days were getting too ecclesiastical.

There were regions beyond; masses beyond the pale of every ordinary religious influence. We fail to reach them. They do not, will not, come to hear us. The only plan is to go out in the Apostolic way to get at them. I am truly satisfied that your Mission reaches the crowds, and ought to have the sympathy of all God's people. We have only to look round here to-night to see how many men and women and young people your Mission has effectually dealt with here in Hammersmith. I am heartily glad to meet with so successful an agency. I thank God, and take courage.

I congratulate you young men and women especially upon having yielded yourselves early to God.

Never mind poverty. There is no disgrace in it. Our Master was poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. Sanctified poverty is infinitely better than unsanctified wealth.

John Wesley had a motto, "At it, all at it, always at it." And I think you are acting upon this motto faithfully. Let the Spirit of Christ fully come out, and it will lead any man to give himself thus to the work of God.

You want money, and I am amongst you as one that serveth. I will give you a guinea towards your Hall Fund. I don't say I will give it myself, but if my friend whom I have in my eye does not give it me for you when I ask him, I shall say, "Well, if you don't give it, I must." And I will make it up to £5 if I can before your hall is opened.

I shall never forget reading upon a plain bath-stone in a village churchyard, "She hath done what she could." And I shall never forget the woman over whose body that stone rests.

God is able to supply all your need; and what if you give up some little luxury, such as tobacco, for instance, for God's cause? He will amply repay you.

I am convinced that you have got an agency the like of which is not to be found in all the regions around. If the facts connected with your work were only made known to the wealthier Christians of this city, I should be ashamed of the name of a Christian if the Lord's people did not help their brethren heartily and liberally.

I am satisfied that you aim above all at doing all the spiritual good you can—getting souls for Christ.

I find that the same iron bar which, made into crowbars, would only be worth a very small sum, would, if made into watch-springs, be worth £50,000. If any of you have been doing nothing, or very little, go forth in the name of Christ, do your utmost for Him, and great shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of God.

Take care that the world never has any word to say truly against your private life. Let the meekness and lowliness and kindness of Jesus show through all your every-day transactions, and then your witness for God shall be effectual in every way. I shall be most happy to render you at any time any assistance that may be in my power.

(Continued on page 281.)

#### WHITECHAPEL.

APPALLING scenes of wretchedness and misery daily present themselves. While we hold our porch meetings, the scoffer sneers, and the sceptic laughs; but God has made our faces like brass, and confounds our enemies. Ceaseless and unchanging efforts are being put forth to rescue the perishing from eternal ruin.

"SAVED AT LAST."

So said a brother who has been attracted by our porch services. The ball-room, concert-hall, and race-course had been his great delight, but from such he could get no satisfaction. His early years were spent in a pious home. It was while we were singing—

"A day's march nearer home,"

that his heart was touched; it was the very hymn his father sang when dying. "Oh," he said, "I could not rest after that, but having cast my all on Jesus, I now have peace. I was the only one of a large family not saved. Thank God, we are all on the way to heaven. I am anxious about the souls of my wife and numerous family." The Lord saved them also.

"I WON'T GO THERE,"

said a sailor to his mate, a dear man who had been saved with us some time back, and now brought a mate on his return from sea; "that is the very last place I should think of going to." But somehow he did go. Afterwards, speaking his experience, he said, "When Bro. Pearson asked me to come right out and give myself to Jesus, oh, what

#### HACKNEY.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? The flame cannot consume it; the flood cannot drown it; the rope cannot strangle it; the chain cannot bind it; the dungeons cannot confine it; the sword cannot slay it; the lion cannot rend it; power cannot crush it; death cannot chill it; hell cannot curse it."

On Sunday, September 17th, I preached from Jeremiah vi. 29. Many wept, and several gave their hearts to the Lord. At the close we resolved to pray every day from one o'clock till two for God to save sinners. In a day or two persecution began in the open air by a man who sold baked potatoes close to our stand. We had not been there long when the hot potatoes came in our faces; then other things followed. But none of these things moved us.

On the 21st we had a good time, sinners weeping outside and in.

At the cab-rank on the 22nd we began to sing—

"Jesus, the name high over all"—

when a publican gave an organ-grinder money to play near us. The potato-man was there, so we had hot potatoes and music for nothing. Some infidels also made a great noise to drive us away. We persevered, and sang to the hall, many following us. Some said we ought to be locked up; others said we were doing a great work.

On Friday, the 29th, we had as usual two bands out, and the devil was at each stand. At one there were drunken men, set on by a publican, and about 50 boys; but I stuck to the work. They saw we would not stop, so they gave it up, and we had a good meeting. At the other band the potato-man and men from the public-house began the opposition; then a cabman commenced driving round the people, then through the midst of them, till it became dangerous, and some of our friends had a narrow escape of being run over.

On the 30th we met at the hall at half-past six o'clock, and prayed till half-past seven, and then marched to the open-air stand in good order, singing as we went. Several spoke with power. A man that was drunk tried to break into our ring, but could not. We then marched back again, and had a good meeting in the hall, with sin-

a struggle I had: I thought all the folk would laugh at me; but I soon mastered the feeling of shame, and I am glad I did. I have been all over the world, and have been one of those who don't care what they do. I remember that the Spirit of God strove hard with me once in the Fiji Islands, yet even then I made sport of the natives as they were worshipping God. I was a great persecutor in East India, and yet there I felt frightened lest God should cut me down. Once, when abroad, I lost the use of all my limbs; I thought then I must die; but I got better, and again quenched the Holy Spirit. I wrote a few days ago to tell mother what God had done for me. Oh, how glad they will be! I never was so happy in all my life. In a few days I am going to Australia, but I shall take Jesus with me, and I hope to get all my mates to serve Him."

#### WILL YOU PRAY?

A dear sister who has to work hard for the bread that perisheth was known by her mistress to be a praying woman. After some persuasion the master was induced to call in the washerwoman to family prayer, and while she prayed God's Spirit touched his heart, and convinced of sin the servant, who has since been brought to the Saviour. The Lord saved the whole family!

#### MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Two years is a long time to be under conviction, and this young man was nearly driven to despair. At one of our services a note was put into my hand stating that a young man was present who, in the afternoon, had said there was no salvation for him. Could I say something to meet his case? While speaking of the "Abundant mercy of God," the Holy Spirit sent home the truth, and before I could get off the platform, he and another penitent had found their way to the feet of Jesus. Two others followed. The Lord soon blessed them all with His forgiving love.

Praise God! we are going up. Not only are sinners getting saved, but believers are obtaining purity and power.

Tracts and money greatly needed, and may be sent to

W. J. PEARSON,

2, Queen Street, Cambridge Rd.,  
Mile End, London, E.;

Or to Miss WOODCOCK,  
20, Mount Street, Whitechapel.

ners weeping. The man that was drunk was locked up for knocking a policeman down, and we were blamed for it.

On Sunday, October 1st, we had a good day, though persecution was strong. We went down a court where many prodigal sons and daughters lived. These wept much, and some came to the hall in their rags and dirt. At night they were there again with clean faces. At the close several cried for mercy. One young woman said she could not be saved, and cried bitterly because she once had a young man, who died, and with his last words said he was going to hell. "Will you meet me there?" She said, "I will." That night she said, "I will live to God," and signed the pledge.

On the 2nd we held our meeting at the triangle—a new stand. We had a good and quiet meeting. We then marched to the hall, inviting the people as we came along. When we got to Well Street hundreds met us. About 20 came out of the public-house close by, and commenced pushing us about, throwing at us anything that they could get hold of. Bros. Bateman and Yates and myself were covered with mud. The police came to me and said, "If you do not stop, we shall lock you up." I replied, "I shall not stop if you do." Then came a publican to push me on; but the police said that would not do. This was while we were moving to our hall. The friends kept well together for a time, till the mob became violent and knocked them about; then I lost them in the crowd, but, thank God! I found them in the hall, where we had a good meeting. The police told me the publicans were our enemies; they do not like us preaching at the corners of the street. They say we are a nuisance, and they cannot do business while we are there; so they complain to the police, and we are compelled to move on.

On the 3rd October I went to the lamp-post to hold a meeting; the policeman on duty had just gone by, so the publican could not get him to stop us. I commenced the meeting by prayer; then Bro. Heath spoke a few minutes, and I gave out a hymn. The publican had been running about all this time to find a policeman, but could not; so he sent some poor men that he had robbed of money and character. These came shouting round me to drown my voice

or drive me away. Then came the master, running in the midst of us like the man whose craft was in danger, and pushed me about, and said, "Go on, you scamp." I then commenced to pray for him, but was knocked over in the mud. But, thank God! the victory will be ours.

Sunday, October 8th, Bro. Heydon, of Rugby, preached, when we had a good day. Several were weeping.

Help, help, help, in prayers, money, and tracts, will be thankfully received by Mrs. Clapp, 1, Pleasant Cottages, Paragon Road, Hackney; or

Yours in Christ,

E. CADMAN.

3, Havelock Rd., Well Street,  
Hackney.

#### BETHNAL GREEN.

"Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth would'st teach;  
Thy heart with love must overflow,  
If thou another's heart would reach:  
It needs the overflow of heart,  
To give the lips full speech."

PRAISE the Lord! some hearts here do overflow with the love of God, and many around are made to feel the blessed influence of this constraining power.

#### SEVEN YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

Had been to several meetings, was deeply convinced, but would not yield. So wounded and miserable was he that he spent the whole of Tuesday drinking in order to drown his convictions; but as he left the public-house the whole of the Sunday-night's sermon was presented to his mind. He came off to the class, and there and then found mercy. Praise the Lord!

"IT'S WORTH TWENTY FORTUNES!" Shouted a dear man at the penitential one evening, who had just got the witness of God's favour, and, hallelujah! so it is.

We are much in want of tracts and small books. Thanks for some from Mr. Copland, Miss Mumford, and Mr. Atkinson.

We are about to clean our hall at a cost of a few shillings for materials only, as our own people have volunteered to do the work. Help us!

Yours, for Christ's sake,  
ANNIE DAVIS.

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

#### SOHO.

"Behold, God is our salvation."

GOD is working in our midst; and by the power of His might we are able daily to snatch some as brands from the burning.

A young man, not long out of prison, invited to the hall by an old school-fellow—one of our people—came, saw how near to hell he was, and found refuge and safety in Christ, and is now rejoicing in that he is "free indeed."

Our open-air work continues to be owned of God, and many a praying parent's heart has been made glad by news of prodigals returning to the Father's house.

Pray for us here. Tracts are needed.

Yours for Jesu's sake,  
ELLEN HALL.

252, Tottenham Court Rd., W.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

THANK God for a good week-night's open-air stand at last, and for a large and attentive crowd of eager listeners to the truth—for some who follow to the hall seek and find pardon, going forth again to add their share to the ever-increasing testimony that God has power on earth to forgive sins.

Bro. Gray was with us on Sunday, preaching at night the funeral sermon of our dear Bro. Goddard, when the hall was crowded in every part, and many could not get in, and, praise the Lord, dead souls were brought to life again.

Oh, for streams of salvation in Limehouse! Pray for us, and help us with tracts or small books.

Yours, at Jesus' feet,  
FREDERICK LEWINGTON.

10, Clemence Street,  
Burdett Road, Limehouse.

#### MILLWALL.

HALLELUJAH! God is with us, leading us on to victory. We dare not despise the day of small things. God is saving ones and twos, and we are believing for a mighty move among the people.

#### SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

While going from street to street, preaching in at window or door, or any-

where else, praying that it may be a blessing to somebody, the Word reached a dear woman, lying on a bed of sickness. She was convinced of sin, and so anxious to be saved that she sent for one of the brethren to pray with her at one o'clock in the morning. She soon got blessedly saved, and is now preaching Christ to all that come into the room.

#### A FAMILY GATHERED IN.

God is blessing the cottage-meetings. A dear woman that had been a backslider for three years cried out one night, in the middle of the meeting, for God to save her. He answered her prayer, and now she is living and working for God. She at once began to pray for her daughter, who had been some trouble to her, and on the following Tuesday God saved the daughter. Bless His name! Then they united to pray for the husband, and on the following Sunday he, too, got blessedly saved. Glory to God, they are happy to-day! May they endure to the end!

We are having the droppings, and expecting the shower.

F. LEWINGTON.

#### STOCKTON.

THE good Lord has been again leading us on to victory. Though withstood by Satan with all his powers, we have overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and gained some of the grandest triumphs I ever saw. To God be all the glory!

#### TRANSFORMATION OF THE OLD THEATRE INTO A MISSION HALL.

This has been completed, and in it we hope to see hundreds, nay, thousands, saved. At the opening we held no formal service, but consecrated it with prayer. On Friday evening, September 29th, the place was crowded, many going away for want of room. Blessed twenty and two souls.

On the following Sabbath the Star Theatre was filled. Saints were refreshed; hard hearts were broken; twenty-one professed to find peace, and eighteen signed the pledge.

#### THREE SAILORS FROM ONE SHIP.

They heard us at the market cross, and, following on to the theatre, were

pricked to the heart by the sword of the Spirit. Two at once came on to the stage for salvation, and the other soon followed. After a severe struggle with the powers of darkness they got the victory, trusted in Christ, and rejoiced in the assurance of pardon. One of these had been a

#### RINGLEADER IN WICKEDNESS.

We will let him tell his own story:—"The last time I was at home my father had to turn me out of the house for my bad behaviour. I have a praying mother, and she clung round my neck, and wept, and asked me when I would be better. She stood ashore when we left port for here and wept, and told me if I did not turn I should soon bring her to the grave." And then he put his hands together, and with tears of joy running down his face, said, "Thank God, I am converted to-night. I will write to my mother, and tell her all about it."

At one of our meetings at the old theatre was a big navy-looking man. From all appearance, drink had made fearful ravages on his otherwise stalwart body. He seemed to have gone as far in dissipation as he well could, and had come to sign the pledge. While listening, however, to the Word of Life, the Holy Ghost laid hold of his conscience, his hard heart melted, and he began to weep. In the prayer-meeting a friend spoke to him about his soul; his reply was, "I should like to be a Christian, but I am too bad to be saved." We urged him to come to Christ, told him that He was the Saviour of great sinners, and at last he said, with a desperate resolve, "I will have a try." And so he did, and such a struggle with the powers of darkness I have only witnessed twice before. He groaned, he rolled about, crying out, again and again, "Oh, God, have mercy! have mercy on me! Do not send me to hell! Pardon me! pardon me!" If ever the devils groaned on being compelled to give up possession, they did on coming out of this man. He had been a valiant soldier, and Satan did not want to lose him. But prayer and faith prevailed, light dawned, the fiends fled, Christ came, and, clapping his hands, he shouted, "I believe! I believe!" And then he stood on his feet, and shouted, "I am saved, and I don't care who knows it."

When he calmed down a little, he told us he had pious parents, and had been the subject of many prayers, but drink and bad company had been his ruin. He signed the pledge on his knees, and asked God to give him grace to resist the temptation. Friends, pray for him!

#### "I WANT TO BE SAVED."

This was a big man over six feet high, who had attended our meetings from the beginning. Many times the spirit had striven with him, but he had resisted and gone away. This night, however, conviction seized him deeper than ever, and tears rained down his face. When spoken to, he said, "I want to be saved. I am as miserable as I can be. On being urged to come out he complied, and, casting himself at the feet of Jesus, as a guilty sinner, he was soon healed and saved. He signed the pledge on his knees, and left the place a new man.

Our large theatre is crowded on Sundays, and the old theatre is filled every week-night. We ask our friends, or our enemies, if we have any, to come and see for themselves what great things the Lord is doing.

We ask the prayers of the Lord's people. Hundreds of souls are still unsaved, yea, thousands are going rushing on the rapids of time down to eternal darkness and woe, and as we look at them we weep, and ask what can we do to save them. We feel it an awful responsibility. Do pray for us!

We are greatly in need of financial help just now. The fitting up of the old theatre will cost nearly one hundred pounds.

Contributions will be thankfully received by G. Bennington, Esq., Silver Lane; R. Ward, Esq., The Balconies, Yarm Lane; G. Lazenby, Esq., West Row; or by

Yours in the Gospel,

J. ALLEN.

35, William Street,  
Stockton-on-Tees.

#### MONSTER TEA.

Information has just reached us that our friends held a most successful tea-meeting in connection with the opening of the old theatre. The tea was in the temperance hall, and about 2000 persons partook tea at four separate sittings at a charge of one shilling each. It had

been intended to hold the public meeting in the theatre, but this being found inadequate to contain the crowds, an overflow meeting was held in the temperance meeting in addition.

J. Barrow, Esq., took the chair at the old theatre, and expressed himself much gratified. He had never seen anything like it before, his confirmed opinion being that the Mission was doing the most important work in the town.

Mr. Ward presided at the temperance hall, the same speakers addressing both meetings, which were most successful and enthusiastic. Further particulars, and a list of the donations and generous gifts given for the tea, will be given in our next number. We congratulate our Bro. Allen on the success of this effort, and cannot doubt that with the increased accommodation for week-night meetings, the Mission will go forward with still greater strides in its onward march of salvation. Go forward, dear brother, go forward, and God speed you more and more.—  
[EDITOR.]

#### MIDDLESBRO'.

"IN the midst of life we are in death." So said one to me only a few nights ago as he saw a man he knew well smashed to pieces on the railway, so that they had to gather up the scattered remains of his once stalwart frame, and put them piece by piece in a sack; and oh, I thought how true the words! I look out on a horrible scene every day; thousands of dead men and women in this town—dead while they live; and so wonderfully in earnest are they about eternal destruction, that if you try to persuade them they are dead they look at you as though you were an escaped lunatic.

#### A MIRACLE OF MERCY.

A man was induced by an old mate to come to the theatre a short time ago to hear a countryman, as he afterwards styled me; and while he sat listening to the word of life, conviction seized him in such a way that he cried for mercy in the midst of the meeting. But the devil was not for parting with so valiant a soldier so easily, and he persuaded him to leave the service at once. He would not stop to the prayer-meeting; but the arrow was fairly in him,

and when he got home he could not rest. He cried and bellowed like a madman. They sent for the doctor, but he could not help him, saying it was distress of mind that he was labouring under. "Oh," said the man, "it is salvation I want." He felt, he said, as if his sins were crushing the life out of him, and as though the door of hell lay open before his face. For hours he groaned and prayed for mercy, until God, as he said, picked the weight right off him; and then he sprang up and looked at the doctor, and said, "You can go now, sir, I am all right." Glory be to God! The people that knew him would scarcely believe that he was converted, for he has been the greatest drunkard and blackguard in the town, swearing and cursing everybody he came in contact with. One of his old mates told me that he had been to services scores of times; but he has met with God at last. He has given the men he works with a good proof of the reality of the change, for after a severe storm of persecution he dropped down on his knees on the flags and prayed for them. Truly, another dead soul has heard the voice of the Son of God and come forth.

Mr. Joshua Dawson has paid us a visit, and the word he spoke was with power; and at the close of the evening services 22 came forward and sought peace.

On the following night he preached again, and 10 more stepped into liberty. On the following Sunday nine more; and on the Monday night three more. Praise God! the dead are beginning to live; the doors of the grave-house of sin have been knocked open, and the imprisoned spirits are coming into liberty; the great stone of unbelief is being rolled away, and the devil cannot keep them back; they are leaving his service without giving him notice, coming over to the ranks of the redeemed, saying, "Your God shall be ours." The skies are charged with blessing; the saints are shouting as only they can shout that have taken the spoil; the advanced guards have taken higher grounds, and the rear are following them up. We are marching on to victory through the blood; hell is giving way on every hand; they heat furnaces, but we go through them unhurt; they try to bar us in, but we have carried gates and bars as well away before us; they have mobbed us, but it has only made us more enthusiastic to

carry on the flag of our Mission and the work of our Redeemer!

I cannot go into the cases individually, but our record is on high. God, our Father, knows it, and the devil, our enemy, knows it; and liberated men and women know it, and the once bare-footed and ragged little children know it, and many a Mr. Boniface knows it, and the rent-collector knows it, and the Christian Mission knows it. Hallelujah!

Yours washed in the blood,  
WILLIAM GARNER.

22, Clarence Street,  
Middlesbro'.

Bro. Garner also writes as to

NORTH ORMSBY,

A large and increasing suburb of Middlesbro', where the Assembly Rooms were opened for Sabbath services by Bro. Garner on September 10th. "The Lord was there, and souls were saved. Our numbers increase at every meeting. It is one of the most blessed works I ever saw. There were sixty persons at the seven-o'clock prayer-meeting last Sunday."

Pray that all needed grace and wisdom may be given to Bro. Panter, who is labouring specially at this place.

LEICESTER.

(By the Editor.)

GREAT difficulties and bitter enemies bar our way here; step by step we are withstood. Doubtless Satan knows what we are aiming at, and the tremendous and glorious possibilities, nay, certainties, that are before us if we persevere; hence the determinate and varied opposition he raises. Since our last he has held two great carnivals of sin and folly—

THE RACES AND THE FAIR.

Of the former, a respectable tradesman said to Bro. Lamb, just on the eve of its commencement, "Ah, Mr. Lamb, you don't know what dreadful scenes are to be witnessed at the races. So disgusted was I last year at the abounding wickedness, and specially the drunkenness and dissipation of so many young girls, that I have resolved to shut myself up in my own house this year, and not go out until it is all over." Well, the races

are come and gone, and have surpassed, in wicked, drunken orgies, all the previous experience of Bro. Lamb. Nevertheless, he did not follow the example of the friend just spoken of, and do what it seems to us the professed followers of Christ very largely do, that is, when Satan comes forth marshalling all his forces to execute the most cunningly-contrived stratagem for the furtherance of his fiendish purposes—instead of the armies of the living God going forth to make a combined defence of the interests of the souls of the poor foolish people committed to their care, they hide away, and amuse themselves as best they can in what they deem a harmless manner, until the fiends have swept, as with a tornado blast of fire and desolation, over the neighbourhood, perpetrating and ensuring "atrocities" that make the angels weep and the wounds of Christ to bleed anew. Well, Bro. Lamb and his brave little band pursued other tactics; though young, and consequently not very numerous, they turned out to give the enemy battle, and among the crowds on the racecourse distributed tracts, conversed with the gipsies, and wept and prayed over the surging stream of immortal spirits, hurrying with rapid current down to eternal woe—each evening holding tea-meetings and salvation-services in the heart of the town.

THE NINE DAYS' FAIR

quickly followed; and here again the Christian Mission, true to its principles and traditions, was to the front. A short, sharp, lively service in the tent, which stands in the midst of the Fair ground, and then off out alongside the great wild-beast show. Then, with every available hand, the enemy was attacked in earnest, and a continued fusilade of tracts, exhortations, prayers, was kept up until all were exhausted. This method was followed up night after night. Does any one reader ask what were the results? For answer, see Isaiah lv. 5.

In connection with the results of the last few weeks' labour Bro. Lamb gave several most interesting cases of conversion, which we regret we cannot reproduce. One, however, we can give the outline of. Our readers will probably recollect its being stated how marvelously God had visited several members of a large family. Belonging to this same family was a young man who had

been powerfully awakened in the Temperance Hall, but who preferred to carry away the arrow of conviction in his heart rather than allow the hand of the Divine Archer to extract it and heal the wound. God was pleased to take further means to gain His loving ends. He afflicted him. On his sick-bed he sought God, and the friends with whom he lived—themselves Mission converts—led him to Calvary. It was soon evident the affliction was unto death. As he lay helpless and speechless, the words, or some to that effect, "Does Jesus save you now?" were written, and placed before him. Laying his finger on the word *Jesus*, he smiled, and soon afterwards expired. Bro. Lamb significantly says, "We laid his body in the cemetery, but we looked up for his spirit. *He is safe.*"

And so the work goes forward; the top of the wooden tent has been rent and repaired, and rent again. £5 will buy a rick-cloth, which will make it water-tight. Who will help? A gentleman looked in one night, and feeling interested in the struggle—as who with a Christian heart could do otherwise?—asked about the financial position. Finding they owed £30 for the tent, the sides and floor of which are wood, he offered £5 if the whole could be raised. Bro. Lamb asks if there is not £25 somewhere that belongs to the Lord? That would get them nicely through this little difficulty.

On behalf of Bro. Lamb, we acknowledge the kindness of the friends who helped at the race-teas. For list of donations, see next *Magazine*. Help will be gratefully received by T. Walker, Esq., Roseneath, St. James's Road; or by

ABRAHAM LAMB.

Evington Street,  
Leicester.

LEEDS.

(By the Editor.)

SOME four months have passed since the Mission flag was unfurled in this important town. The circumstances which led to this, and the method of its indication, were alike opportune.

Providence favoured us. We got the start of the devil. Through the sympathy of a generous brother, who is a lover of good men, and a believer in the motives and measures of the Christian

Mission, Bro. Dowdle was enabled to erect a tent in a most prominent position, right in the heart of the town. Our Brother Broadbent, and one or two other brethren thoroughly in sympathy with our plans, and full of strong yearnings to see repeated in Yorkshire what they had been privileged to see in London and the North, were by the side of the evangelist at the first service, and have never been wanting since. From the first consecrating prayer offered by Canon Jackson on the Saturday night prior to the first Sabbath, showers of blessing have fallen. Outside and in a *present, free, and full* salvation has been preached, and the result has been the salvation of many souls, to the glory of God.

The weather has now rendered the tent useless, but the friends still cling to the spot hallowed by so many sacred memories, and on it they are endeavouring to negotiate for the erection of a wooden building, capable of containing 500 people. To assist them in this project, and to pay off a small sum still owing on the tent, they appeal to our friends. For Sabbath services they have succeeded in obtaining

A NEW CIRCUS,

that will seat between 3000 and 4000 people. This is to be occupied, God willing, next Sunday for the first time. We know Leeds, and have seen some work in it, and consequently know something of the difficulties to be dealt with. Perhaps this renders us a little more sympathetic with our Brother and Sister Dowdle and the brethren labouring with them. Anyway, our heart does go out to that handful of brethren in the midst of that centre of formality, pride, and infidelity, and we implore every lover of Jesus who shall read this to importunately supplicate Heaven for the effort that will be made in that circus.

Our friends must not misunderstand us. We do not for a moment despair, or even doubt the issue. We know the hands that grasp the standard, and lead the attack; and we know, and they know, that the battle is the Lord's. Still, at the same time, we cannot doubt but that the conflict will be severe, and will try the faith and courage of our forces to the uttermost, and hence we urge that all shall help them at the throne, praying for them mightily. We hope to stand by their side, if the Lord

permits us, ere many days are past. Until then, may the God who gave us, some years ago, in the very town of Leeds, to see sinners slain by scores, and the banner of the God of Israel carried aloft in triumph, give Bro. Dowdle, and the men and women of God with him, the desire of their hearts!

We deeply deplore, as stated above, our inability to give some interesting cases described in the lost report, but hope Bro. Dowdle will be able to reproduce them, with a list of contributions, for our next number. Meanwhile, help to sustain this important branch of our enterprise will be gratefully received by J. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street, Leeds; or by

JAMES DOWDLE,

16, Trafalgar Street,  
Leeds.

#### WELLINGBOROUGH.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH has been with us for a Sabbath and two days. The meetings were well attended. Sinners were awakened and saved, and God's own people helped and blessed.

One dear man, who had been sitting in one corner of the hall, came out to seek pardon the moment I spoke with him, and soon the Lord made him rejoice. And the next day he was rejoicing too. Said he, "I seem as though I've got a new suit, and become heir to a fortune." Praise the Lord! so he has.

On Sunday the 24th Miss Pollet was with us. Crowded congregations, and souls for Jesus—one of whom, a grey-headed sinner, testified at the close of the meeting of Jesus's pardoning love; confessed that drink had been his snare. The Lord keep him!

Friends, pray for Wellingborough. The Lord is giving our own people more clearly to see that they must be *altogether for God*. Some are laying aside for ever the drink, the pipe, and all else that can in any way hinder their own soul's prosperity, or prove a hindrance to the salvation of others.

The Lord reward the senders of two parcels of tracts. More needed, together with funds for carrying on this work, which will be acknowledged by Mrs. Sears, Park Cottage; or by

W. WHITFIELD,

4, Havelock Street,  
Wellingborough.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: My God, in Him will I trust."

THE precious soul I spoke of in my last report as having been led to Christ at his own home has already joined the blood-washed throng in glory. His last words, when asked was it all right, were, "I'm like the dying thief hanging to the cross, and the precious blood cleanses now. Glory!"

"I WISH I WAS AS HAPPY AS YOU ARE,"

Said a young woman, who had followed us in from the open air one Saturday night, when asked, "Are you saved?" That night she decided, and the next came out boldly, and gave up all for Jesus. She stood up, and said, "Praise God, I am happy now! Jesus has pardoned me, and I do love Him."

On Sunday, 8th, I preached from "Be sure your sins will find you out." In the prayer-meeting it seemed as though the very powers of darkness were there. Men and women weeping, but not one could move. I could do nothing but stand and weep for a moment or two. I was led to say, "Hold on, friends: the Lord's strong in faith." As I spoke the word "faith," one young man came out boldly, who for some time had been in a miserable state of backsliding, and then a big navvy, and then another—all three miserable backsliders. And then followed a dear girl for salvation—such a victory as I have seldom witnessed.

A young woman came to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper unsaved. When she took the bread, but could not eat, I stood and spoke before administering the wine on the importance of having an interest in the blood. When I came to her she was in a terrible state, but she took the cup, and drank in remembrance that Jesus died, was deeply convicted, went out with her friends, but could neither talk nor eat. She said to her aunt, "I will be saved before I leave you." They left the rest, went upstairs, fell down before God, wrestled with Him. Jesus came to her help. She laid hold of Him as her Saviour, and her testimony since has been grand.

Dear friends, we are just lifting this precious work out of the pecuniary

difficulty that it had fallen into, and a little help will be esteemed as sent by the Lord.

Yours rescuing the perishing,  
THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,  
Landport.

#### "AT HOME."

FREDERICK GODDARD, *late of*  
*The Christian Mission, Limehouse.*

HE was born in a beautiful village of Suffolk 25 years ago, and though his father was unconverted, he had a precious, praying mother. At 18 he went to sea, and wandered about the world with all the recklessness and folly of an average sailor's life. After three years of this he was persuaded to settle down to life ashore, and, after a time in Manchester, came to London. Here he continued to follow the course of this world—drinking, and attending places of amusement, as much as his means and time would allow. Upon one occasion his friends had to stay up with him all night, so terribly had drink overpowered him.

One Sunday evening, while out with his brother for a walk, their attention was arrested by the announcement that a "Converted Clown" was preaching in a low, cellar-like building opposite Limehouse parish church. They went down the steps into the penny gaff that once was to see the strange sight—a man who once figured upon the stage of a theatre vividly representing in living words the story of the rich man and Lazarus in a building where the beggars and incipient thieves of the streets formerly watched the representation of the blackest deeds of hell. By the preacher's side sat a strong, tall man, once a swearing, fighting navvy of Limehouse, now a man of war for God. The audience was a mingled company of saints not long since saved from lives of the grossest sin, and of sinners unaccustomed to listen to the word of God, and yet pinned to their seats and held in deathly stillness by the mighty power of God. One sentence made an indelible impression on the minds of the two brothers. "You see I have been a poor clown; but I am richer than ever this rich man was."

The next evening Fred was there

again with his brother's wife. The text this time was, "In my Father's house are many mansions!"

"Prodigal son," cried the preacher, "for whom a mother has prayed for many a year, if you are here, there's a mansion for you!" This sentence above all the rest smote both brother and sister (for she too had sinned in spite of a godly mother's prayers). They left the hall, weeping bitterly, and said he, "I have got what I shall not forget till the day of my death." He made up his mind to go to the hall every night. The word of God had broken his heart. His whole life rose before him in all its hideous reality. He had been living just as he liked, living without God, caring nothing for Christ, displeasing his best Father continually, and helping to ruin others too. For the next two days he scarcely ate anything. He had to work on the Tuesday night; but his sister-in-law went to the hall and found salvation.

On Wednesday night Fred went, and, casting himself on Jesus, found peace in Him. When he got home that night, he said, "A mother's prayers are answered at last. Though I've been such a prodigal, the Lord has taken me in, and I'll praise Him all my days."

From this time till his death the other day, Bro. Goddard laboured and prayed continually to bring others to Christ.

In his works, where some 2000 men were employed, he was known as a godly man. He was in the habit of going aside at meal-times, with two or three more who loved God, to take sweet counsel and pray together. For the last four months of his life he always carried a Testament in his pocket, and used brief opportunities to drink in the Word of Life.

Three months before his death he married his brother's sister-in-law, an excellent woman, whose influence was made a great blessing to him. At nights, no matter how tired he might be, he always read the Bible with her, and the progress of his soul during that brief period of social happiness was beautifully marked.

On the morning of the last Sunday he was able to be out of doors he stood with an earnest company of men and women in a corner shop in Salmons Lane, to preach the Gospel to the godless throng of Sabbath-breakers who, while in the very act of buying and selling,

are earnestly entreated to turn from their evil ways and live. The proprietor of the shop which forms the pulpit was himself a few years ago amongst the number of godless wretched ones who make a gain of sin.

In the evening he stood with another band of workers in Gill Street, where they sang—

"And am I only born to die,  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
Celestial joy or hellish pains  
Must then my portion be."

After this our brother spoke—spoke, they say, with unusual power, feeling evidently very deeply that he might never again have the opportunity of addressing the people. As there were a number of other speakers there he had only intended to occupy a few minutes, but, forgetful of everything but the importance of the souls before him, he went on until a pain in the head coming on very sharply caused him to conclude.

Amidst some thirty of his beloved fellow-men of glory, one evening that week, describing his present experience, he said he had had a week of much persecution at the works; but that all he wanted was to hear the Master say, "Well done." Sure that if He said "Well done," it would be so. At the conclusion of this meeting they sang a farewell hymn, and as our brother walked home his mind seemed filled with the thought of it.

"Oh," said he, "how that did cut me! Is this the last time I shall meet there? Am I winding up my course?"

The seeds of disease were already sown in him, though no one was aware of it. The next Thursday he was confined to bed with small-pox, which speedily developed in its most horrible form. Days and nights of dreadful pain were passed without a murmur. He was happy all the time, for God was with him.

#### DYING DAYS.

On the morning of his last Sunday his wife sat reading to him; but observing that he was not hearing at all, she said—

"You are not listening."

"No—I was thinking."

"What about?"

"I was thinking about home, and about Christ and His sufferings. I was thinking I should soon be at home."

On the Monday he expressed to a brother who called his unwavering confidence in the glorious inheritance he was going to possess.

On the Tuesday a friend was reading to him the life of a holy woman; but fearing to fatigue him, she said—

"I had better not read any more at present."

"Oh, no. Go on reading," he said; "it is so beautiful—it's so good."

The days of pain and sickness were passing. He was ceasing to deal with anything but the glorious realities of eternity.

At times his mind wandered; but even then he never seemed to lose sight of Christ. Upon one of these occasions his sister-in-law asked—

"Do you love Jesus?"

Turning his head with an astonished look, he replied—

"Yes, I should think I do!"

Before dawn he called his wife to his bedside to pray. She could not, at the time, sufficiently control her feelings to do so. He therefore prayed himself, especially on her behalf, telling the Lord that they were now about to be separated, and beseeching that they might both be kept faithful to the end. At five o'clock he asked that the 8th of Romans might be read to him, and then called for his brother and sister-in-law to come and pray. He united heartily with them, and while his sister told the Lord they were willing to drink the cup of sorrow to the dregs, and that although the rod might be hard they would gladly endure chastening as good children, he responded Amen very heartily several times. He then prayed very earnestly himself, to the effect that he might be kept faithful, patient, and free from murmuring to the end, and that the Lord would bless each member of the family.

A little later, while a sister was reading to him, he said—

"Was that you singing?"

"No. Would you like me to?"

"Yes. Sing me that hymn, 'Weary Gleaner.'"

After hearing this he asked for another—

"There's a beautiful land where all is bright;  
No sickness, no pain, no sorrow, no night;  
There happiness dwells, and joy reigns for ever,  
In that beautiful land just over the river."

"Oh, it's beautiful," he said, "but

do not sing any more for fear you hurt yourself."

To Bro. Lewington, who called at the house, he sent this message—

"It's all right. It's all right. Will you tell him that I know by experience that this affliction has brought me nearer to God than I ever was in my life, and I feel just as he does, that I should like to go right straight home?"

His sister, coming into the room about three hours before his death, said—

"How are you? Are you happy?"

"Happy! Yes, I should think I am."

"Do you mean to say you love Jesus in this affliction as much as when you were well?"

"Love Him! Yes, and better too."

"Then you mean to say you are all packed up and ready?"

"All packed up and labelled; only waiting."

"Where are you going to?" said his wife; "are you going to leave me?"

He laughed as he answered, "Why, I'm going to heaven. Of course I am."

After her sister had left the room, his wife asked—

"Are you quite willing to go? willing to leave me?"

"Yes, if it's the Lord's will."

He was too weak to speak much during the last hours, but was manifestly happy. His last word was

"BENNETT"

(the name of a dear brother with whom he had constantly associated in the work of God).

Peacefully and joyously he sank away into everlasting glory, at ten o'clock—another prodigal son safe in the Father's home for ever!

#### HIS FUNERAL.

Two days later a large company of his brethren in the Lord gathered at Limehouse, to follow his body to the grave. From the foot of the Burdett Road to the Plaistow cemetery a distance of some miles as they passed through street after street, they sang of the sorrow for sin which was needed to open the way for reconciliation with God and readiness to die, of the joy of those whose sins were forgiven and who read their title clear to mansions in the skies, and of the rest that remains for the weary servants of the Great King in His palace above.

The relatives of the deceased, waiting in the sad house of mourning for the moment of departure, were so filled with joy, that all sadness at once flew away, when they heard the very first lines of the happy songs borne to them on the wings of the wind as the procession drew near.

"God is with us, we're His people,  
Jesus shall be all our song.  
Praise ye the Lord."

They said they could not feel like mourning as they rode along to the cemetery, so bright and joyous were the thoughts with which they were kept occupied.

No part of the funeral service could be performed in the cemetery chapel, owing to the character of the disease which had caused the death, so they sang over the open grave instead—

"Whom Jesu's blood doth sanctify  
Need neither sin nor fear;  
Hid in their Saviour's arms they lie  
And laugh at danger near."

Many hearts were moved around that grave, and multitudes all along the road were to be seen weeping as the procession passed by. Oh! that many of these may meet us around the throne!

#### HAMMERSMITH NEW HALL.

(Continued from page 270.)

Bro. Flawn, of Forest Gate: I believe I posted the bills for that "Winner of the Derby" sermon we have heard of from our Chairman. I used to go round, like the theatre people, late on a Saturday night with can and paste, and put up bills, so as to catch the people's eyes early on the Sunday.

This place is better than a railway arch, where I was preaching last night. We must have some sort of a place, and the best place for us is the place where we can get at the people best.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH: I am sure that God is with us. I know the Christian Mission. I think I know as much about it as anybody living, and I believe in it.

The first time I came to Hammersmith was one Saturday night, and when I got to the Addison Road Station, about 10.15 p.m., it was very dark. None of the porters seemed to know

where "The Rookery" was. One suggested to me to turn to the left and ask again.

I met an old man with some clothes on his back, and asked him where "The Rookery" was. He looked at me from head to foot, and said—

"Did you say 'The Rookery,' sir?"

"Yes," I said, "'The Rookery.'"

He directed me how to get there, and said—

"If you ask again, sir, don't say 'The Rookery,' but So-and-so Terrace, sir."

"Oh," I said, "I'm not afraid. I hope you've got your soul saved." He looked more astonished than before, and after awhile I passed along till I got to the poor old Rookery. A dismal corner it was, to be sure; but I found the presence of the Lord there (pointing to a text high up in the chancel of the church): "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." Thank God! many who are here to-night found salvation in that Rookery, many who are giving evidence of the mighty change wrought in them by their daily life and labour in the Master's cause.

I remember that sermon on the "Derby," in the East London Theatre, and I stood by the side of an infidel who was converted under that sermon, when he lay dying in the London Hospital, and heard his final testimony to the power of Christ to take away the darkness from the valley of the shadow of death.

I am thankful that the history of our Mission here in Hammersmith impresses every one with the important lesson that theatres and other public buildings are the places to which we must go to preach if we want to preach to the masses of the people. I was glad to hear Mr. Frith's remark in reference to the almost insuperable difficulty in the way of getting the people into the ordinary places of worship. If the Christian Church can only be awakened to the fact that into ordinary places the people can't be got, surely the love of Christ will constrain them to use those buildings to which the people will willingly come. I hope the day will never dawn when the Christian Mission will be too proud to unfurl the banner of Calvary in a theatre, a temperance-hall, or a Rookery.

As I stood looking at our great ring outside to-night, I asked myself the

question, Why should we not have a ring like this every night in the open air? There are plenty of people to be got to make one up.

In the same quarry from which these spiritual stones have been brought by the agency of our Brothers Lamb, and Garner, and Gray, is to be found any amount of material of the same class. Oh! may our wise Master-builder teach you and me how, by what means, men and women around us are to be lifted up out of the miry clay! God seeks to gain glory always by human agency. It is to you and to me, *if we are willing*, that He will give abundant power for this work.

There is any amount of preaching everywhere in these times, but I am more and more convinced every day that preaching, to be successful, must be nothing less than the living, burning testimony of an indwelling God. If the people in your home are to be brought to God, it must be through you. If the men in your workshop are to be saved from eternal ruin, it must be by your instrumentality. You can—every one—have the mighty moving power of the Holy Ghost, and have it now if you will. The Lord be with you all, now and ever!

ABRAHAM LAMB.

We have got to build this hall, and I trust thousands will yet be prompted to join in it. I don't think it's to anybody's credit that you have never added a shilling to that nest-egg of £32 10s., which we got together in the first year of the work, in spite of all our difficulties.

My entry upon the work in Hammersmith will live in my memory for ever. I just looked to-day at the step upon which my wife and I sat down the first Saturday night, when the woman would not let us in because I said I would write "Jesus lives here" over the door. I had a new coat and my wife a new shawl, for I believe in going to a new place in good toggerly; but we had to put the coat and shawl on the doorstep to make a couch for the children while we waited. Then we got into the Rookery for a fortnight in the middle of July.

And many a baptism we had in that Rookery, while they threw bricks at the door. That is our college, the school of affliction. Our friend Miss Bazett engaged to pay all past expenses and

the rent of the Town Hall for that first Sunday, and leave me to take the collections. We got about twenty-seven shillings that day. Then we began to make some sort of a home. All the furniture had to be borrowed. The chairs were all rickety. The bedstead broke in three places while they put it up. There's the man that broke it. We had only one jug, and when I went to take some water upstairs to have a wash, I had to put my hand to the side to keep the water in. I don't know whether Wesleyan Ministers have to put up with such things nowadays. But my wife is an excellent schemer, and we managed. Then Mr. Booth lent us £15 to buy some new furniture, but never got it back. I put fifty shillings to it and went off to furnish a house with £17 10. But God came down in our little place, and we have no reason to be ashamed of it.

I remember, Mr. Chairman, when you were thought to be dying. Oh, that you may always be as devoted to the power and glory of God as you were then! We had a precious day yesterday. It is a great shame that we should be hunted about and allowed to stand nowhere; but never mind, we can walk and preach. Our great duty is to glorify God, and we must be content to do it anyhow.

Woe betide you if you don't live so that the world may learn of you and seek Christ. They never will come to us, and therefore God has laid down the plan for us to go to them. We must bring the truth of God to bear upon the hearts of men. A man said to me the other day that "God had saved souls; to Him be all the glory."

I replied, "I beg your pardon. God condescended to use you to do it." All depends upon us. If we get top-heavy, and above our work, God will depart from us."

We must exalt Jesus Christ—not the Mission. No, nor even the Bible, much as I love the word. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved," He says.

We must rest upon His promises, and realise His love. You can never beget children better than yourselves; and therefore the measure of your faith will be the measure of the convert's faith as well.

We must rejoice in His salvation. If a man is not converted, hands off God's table. Men of deep humility, prayer, and faith—these are the men to turn sinners to Christ.

I like that motto Mr. Frith gave us: "At it, all at it, always at it." I believe that is God's plan. All His children are to be workmen in His vineyard, and are to do the work with loving hearts.

I am glad to find that the people here have been converted right; that they love to labour for Christ.

I was sorry to miss from all the stones to-day the words, "To the Glory of God." Of course, everybody knows they are laid to His glory, but I feel as if I should like to pay to have it cut upon my stone, at any rate, for everybody to see.

God bless you all!

Miss Bazett called attention to the fact that while it was well to build an outward sanctuary to God, we were all to be ourselves temples of the Holy Ghost. If we are to do anything for God there must be no uncleanness about us. We must get rid of all rubbish, and rubbish accumulates.

Mr. Lowe thought nothing had been forgotten in all that had been said. Christ only asked us to give Him His own, and we should do all heartily, as unto the Lord. We talk about difficulties sometimes; but what are they to compare with what Jesus Christ did for us? We should be thankful to be allowed to suffer for Him.

Do we really understand what forgiveness means? Do we realise what it cost to buy it for us? Let us be faithful stewards to our God.

At the conclusion of the meeting it was announced that the amount given or promised that evening raised the total disposable for the hall to £219, and after so noble an effort on the part of the people themselves, who can doubt the remaining £300 will be forthcoming before the hall is opened in December? The money will come. Let all who wish to get a share in the building make haste to secure it.

POPLAR.

WE have sent off a sailor to Scotland rejoicing in God his Saviour. We have a representative in Swansea who spoke in the open air the day after his conversion, and never missed any service he could get to until he had to leave us. We shall have three Scotch brethren in Queensland in a few months' time, who

have just found out the road to the happy land above during their few days in Poplar. We have a Danish brother who has got the leaf of his hymn-book with "Come to Jesus" upon it turned down, that he may more readily, while at sea, find the hymn he enjoyed singing so much when first he came. And still, thank God, there are a lot of us left, and an increasing lot, too, to proclaim the great salvation we daily feel so much more and more ourselves.

#### IN A FIX.

The peculiar difficulty of a poor young man who had been taught that none could ever fall away who were truly converted, and that any reported backslider had never been truly the Lord's, was truly amusing the other day.

He was in great distress, and thoroughly in earnest for salvation.

"There is no mistake about my coming," he said, "and I am willing to give up all for God. God is willing and able to save me; but then if I was to turn back from Him again, I shall not have been saved. It's those that persevere to the end; and so how can I be sure until the end?"

We could only recommend him to dismiss all thought of the future, and take hold of present salvation; which he did at last with all the simplicity of a little child, and went away rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

"There's a better day a-coming" too, for which we will still labour and fight, and pray and trust.

G. S. RAILTON.

#### *Extracts from "Revival and Revival Work."*

A YOUNG woman went to a meeting in a town, where she heard Mr. Sankey singing the children's hymn—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, even me."

While the hymn was being sung, she began to feel for the first time in her life that she was a sinner. All her sins came up in array before her; and so numerous and aggravated did her sins appear, that she imagined she could never be saved. "Jesus cannot love

me," she said in her heart; "He could not love a sinner such as me." She went home in a state of extreme mental anguish, and did not sleep that night. Every opportunity of obtaining more light was seized by her. Along with some others she took her place as an inquirer. Here she found to her astonishment and her joy that Jesus could love sinners, that He did love sinners—nay, that He does still love sinners. She saw in the light of the Word of God that it was for sinners that Jesus died, and for none others. When she learned this she too began to sing—

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, even me."

Quiet, thoughtful, modest, and in every respect a consistent disciple of Jesus, she is now a member of a church there, and is much esteemed by her fellow-Christians.

A WORKING-MAN was awakened in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester by the singing of the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." He tells how he sang the first verse carelessly through, but that when he came to the second, "safe from corroding care," he was suddenly brought to a standstill. The people all around him were evidently in earnest—they meant what they were singing; it was not so with him. He looked at the verse. He felt he could not sing it with truth; for him to sing it was sheer mockery. So he sat down in great trouble. "That night," he says, "I went home in great agony. Next morning I went to my work; but I had not got over the trouble. My shopmates saw there was something up with me. They asked what was the trouble? I told them, My soul! my soul! Two nights after I was no better. I went again to the meeting; there I heard I must look to Christ, and Him alone. Just then I was enabled to look; I went home, rejoicing in the Lord, a new and happy man."

At Dublin an old gentleman upwards of seventy years of age was found on his knees sobbing like a child. "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night," he said; "but I have been so unhappy since, I could not sleep. I seemed to hear ringing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' and if I do not get saved now I never shall be."