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Hot Saints.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

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Being the Outline of an Address on Rev. iii. 15: "I would thou wert cold or hot." *



WHY does God like people to be hot in His service?—For the same reasons that we like people to be hot in ours. We have no confidence in half-and-half, fast and loose friends; milk-warm adherents who in times of danger wait to see which way the wind blows before they commit themselves to our views, or interests—servants who will serve us, while at the same time they can serve themselves, but the moment our interests and theirs appear to clash will leave us to our fate. We like thorough, whole-hearted, all length friends and servants, and to such only do we confide our secrets, or trust our important enterprises. We may *use* the half-hearted as far as they serve our purpose, but we have no confidence in them—no heart-fellowship with them, no joy over them: we would *rather* they were hot or cold—out and out friends or foes.

Read in your own heart and mind, in this respect, a transcript of His, and see the reason why He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot." I want you to note two or three characteristics of hot saints so that you may know whether you belong to the number. To be hot implies the possession of—I, Light; II, Purity; III, Pungency; IV, Power.

I. Light.—Hot saints have such a halo round about them that they reveal—make manifest sin in others. They do this—1st, by contrast. "What fellowship hath light with darkness?" The light of God flashed from a hot saint on the dark consciences of sinners makes them *feel* their sin, misery and danger, and if they will receive it, leads to their conversion. It "opens their eyes," and if they will follow it, leads them to Jesus. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a

* From *The Christian*.

Christian." "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did." "Ye are the light of the world." If sinners reject this light their rejection seals their sins upon them, and renders their condemnation double. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." What a fearful responsibility rests on all sinners who are brought into contact with saints who are filled with the light of God. Some of you here are living under this light: How are you using it? Beware!

2nd. Light reveals sin by antipathy. "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." The presence of a certain degree of spiritual light *must* produce either repentance or opposition. A dark soul cannot dwell in the presence of a soul full of light without either repenting or opposing, if it does not submit, it will rebel. It was under the hot blaze of this light that the Jews round about Stephen "were cut to the heart, and gnashed upon him with their teeth." The effect of his light on their darkness was to reveal their enmity and scorch them into a fury of opposition. When intense spiritual light and darkness are brought in contact, their innate antipathy makes them reveal each other. The devil could not endure the presence of Jesus without *crying out*, "I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God."

How is it with you saints here in this respect? Can you get along with dark souls without eliciting their enmity? If so, depend upon it you have not much light—not that light which accompanies great heat. If you don't want to be spued out of the mouth of God see to it, that you get it!

3rd. Light reveals sin by reproof. Hot saints will "rebuke their neighbour and not suffer sin upon him." They are full of zeal for the glory of God, and jealousy for His honour; it breaks their hearts because men keep not His law. They know that they have the light of life, and they feel that they *must* hold it up over the wrong-doing, deception, and hypocrisy of their fellow men in order to "open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light." You never hear them apologising for sin or calling it by smooth names; they feel towards sin, in their measure, as God feels towards it. It is the abominable thing which they hate, and therefore they cannot in any case allow it, pander to it, or excuse it. Hot saints will mercilessly turn the blazing lamp of God's truth on the conscience of the sinner with reproof as pungent, pointed, and personal as Nathan gave to David, Jehu to Jehoshaphat, or Jesus to the Jews.

II. Purity.—Heat cleanses, purges away dross, destroys noxious vapours. So the burning fire of the Holy Ghost purifies the soul which is filled, permeated with it, hence hot saints are pure. They purify themselves, as He is pure. Their garments are white, they keep themselves "unspotted from the world." They improve the moral atmosphere wherever they go. Their very presence improves

and holds in check the unfruitful works of darkness, and sinners feel as Peter felt when he said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

III. Pungency. Heat burns. Hot saints set on fire the hearts of other saints. They singe the consciences of sinners, burn the fingers of Pharisees, melt the hearts of backsliders, and warm up those who have left their first love.

IV. Power.—Hot saints are mighty. The spirit is not given by measure unto them. They may not be very intellectual or learned, but their heat makes more impression on the hearts of sinners, and stirs more opposition from hell than all the intellect and learning of a whole generation of lukewarm professors. The fishermen of Galilee produced more impression on the world in three years than all the learning of the Jewish had done in centuries, because they were *hot* in the love and service of God. Hot saints are more than a match for their enemies. Satan himself is afraid of them. "Paul I know," said he; yea, and he knows and fears all such. Wicked men cannot stand before them; the power of their testimony cuts them to the heart, and makes them either cry out, "What must we do to be saved?" or, "Away with him! away with him." Hot people are not only able to work, but to suffer. They can endure hardness, suffer reproach, contend with principalities and powers, fight with wild beasts, hail persecution and death!

V.—To be hot ensures opposition—1st, From Pharisees. They look with contempt on hot people, call them fanatics, extreme people, troublers of Israel, disturbers of the peace of the Church, occasions of reproach to the respectable and reasonable part of the Church.

The Pharisees were the bitterest enemies of Him who said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten Me up." And they are still the bitterest enemies of those who are filled with His Spirit. It matters not that they have now a Christian creed instead of a Jewish; the spirit is the same, and will not tolerate "God manifest in the flesh." A formal, ceremonious, respectable religion they do not object to; but a living, burning, enthusiastic Christianity is still Beelzebub! to them.

2nd. To be hot ensures opposition from the world. The world hates hot saints, because they look with contempt on its pleasures, set at naught its maxims and customs, trample on its ambition and applause, ignore its rewards, abjure its spirit, and live altogether above its level. "Because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." It can tolerate warm religionists—rational, decent people, who appreciate this world as well as the next, and can see how to make the best of it; but these "hot," "pestilent," "mad" "fools," who obtrude their religion everywhere, who are at everybody about their souls, who are always talking about God, death, judgment, heaven, and hell—"Away with them! they are not fit to live!"

3rd. To be hot ensures opposition from the devil. Oh, how he hates these hot saints! What trouble he takes to trip them. *He* knows they are worth it. Many a council is held in hell over these. They set fire to his standing corn. They rout his best trained legions. They shake the foundations of his throne. They take the prey out of his very jaws; they pull it out of his fires. *He must* do something! He sets his principalities and powers to work on *them*. Loose and feeble fiends will do for lukewarm people, but these he must take in hand himself, and try all the guile and force of his gigantic intellect on them. He troubles them on every side, and at last, when God permits, he has their heads off. He got Paul's, but they defy him even when they are between his teeth; he cannot swallow them; they escape out of his very jaws to glory, and who knows the mischief they work his kingdom, up there. Hallelujah! our arch enemy is a conquered foe. Let me remind you, in conclusion, that to be hot ensures God's special favour, protection and fellowship, and our final victory. "Be thou *faithful* unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Whereas to be lukewarm is to be spued out of his mouth, which indicates special dislike, disgrace, and final abandonment.

WHICH WILL YOU BE, HOT OR LUKEWARM?

FATHER ABBOTT.

(Continued).

HOW was it that Father Abbott, the rough unlettered farmer, was made the instrument of such wonderful works? That is a most important question for us who long to see even greater things than he witnessed. The great value of such a life to us should surely be as a light to guide us on the road to greater spiritual health and strength. We are a little puzzled to know how to reply, from the materials at command, as to this good man's life. Perhaps it may be the safest plan for us to avoid coveting so much the peculiar outward manifestations connected with this good man's services, knowing that there are varieties of operations by the same Spirit, and to concentrate all our attention upon the great vital point of securing that in some way the Spirit of the Lord shall as thoroughly and successfully run through and operate by all that we think and speak and do.

We have read of men who, with far less marvellous signs accompanying their ministry, have apparently left behind them much more abundant fruit than Father Abbott. Let us therefore try to see how it was that he possessed such power with God and man in order that we may strive to come up to his relationship to God, not necessarily to be used just in the way he was, but to be used as God shall please.

Father Abbott was a man who lived for God alone. Many of his grandest travels as a preacher were carried out at his own cost while he was still farming. He would not only go off to work for God himself, but has even taken away all his men from harvesting to a meeting, and

paid them for the time as though they had been at work in the fields. We do not read of his spending the amount of time in prayer which is recorded of some, nor do the astounding scenes of his successes seem to have followed upon any special seasons of prayer. He seems rather to have walked with God continually in never ceasing prayer, and to have been continually on a blaze which had only to come in contact with sin to create instant panic and overthrow. He went about expecting and encountering the most violent opposition, ever confident in God, ready to die rather than retreat, and ever coming off more than conqueror through Him that loved him. Having lost all concern about life and all its affairs, he went about seeking only the things of God and commanding, apparently at will, the exercise of the Divine power in the peculiar way in which he delighted to see it. The following description of him probably conveys a pretty clear idea of his usual appearance and style of address.

"THE DREADFULEST OLD MAN."

A Quaker girl was powerfully wrought upon, so that every joint in her shook, and she would have fallen to the floor, but four or five took and carried her out of the house: when she had recovered a little, she went to a neighbour's house, and told him that she had seen the dreadfulest old man that she had ever seen in all her life, and that he almost scared her to death; for his eyes looked like two balls of fire, and that she expected every minute he would jump at her.

The peculiar manner in which the power of God came upon the man himself reminds us of that simple explanation of all spiritual mysteries, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth," and of the too often forgotten declaration, "So is *every one* that is born of the Spirit." Oh, for more of the mighty blowing, no matter whether in the peculiar manner or direction described by our brother or in any other!

"THE POWER COMING."

I began to speak of the depths of religion, and what they held of justification and sanctification; I then told my conviction and conversion, how the Spirit of the Lord had wrought upon me, even four times in that circuit, in such a manner that it had taken away the use of my limbs. At that instant it came on me so powerfully, that I fell. I endeavoured to quench the Spirit, for I expected, as they were strangers to the like operation, that I should frighten them. In a few minutes, I arose and went into the parlour, where the Spirit of God came upon me as if one had pierced a sword through me. I cried so loud that it alarmed the people at the barn, who came running into the house to see what was the matter; but they hastened out of the house as fast as they came in. I cried out in an amazing manner, and when the Lord had, in some measure, withdrawn his spirit, I looked round and found them all in tears. Those who had fled out of the house were at the windows.

I then met the society, and I impressed sanctification on them. God struck a woman to the floor, who had been fifteen years a professor of justification, and after some time she rose and declared that God had sanctified her soul. I exhorted all round her to claim the promise, and while she was speaking, God struck six or seven to the floor. I then opened the doors and windows, and desired the wicked to come and see the mighty power of God for themselves; and added, "If you will not believe this, you would not believe if God Almighty were to speak to you, as he did to Moses, in a flame of fire," and before the meeting was over, six or seven professed sanctification of soul; among whom was the wife of J. Brick, Esq, who had been justified only eight days before.

In family prayer, the power of God came on me in so wonderful a manner, that I lost both the power of my body, and use of my speech, and cried out in a

strange manner. The people also cried aloud, here I thought I should frighten them, being in a strange country and among a people of strange language, and was afraid it might prove a disadvantage to them; but glory to God it had a contrary effect, for they continued all night in prayer.

"A PENTECOST."

Next morning I set out with about twenty others for my appointment, where we found a large congregation. When I came to my application, the power of the Lord came in such a manner, that the people fell all about the house, and their cries might be heard afar off. This alarmed the wicked, who sprang for the doors in such haste, that they fell one over another in heaps. The cry of mourners was so great, I thought to give out a hymn to drown the noise, and desired one of our English friends to raise it, but as soon as he began to sing, the power of the Lord struck him, and he pitched under the table, and there lay like a dead man. I gave it out again and asked another to raise it, as soon as he attempted he fell also. I then made a third attempt, and the power of God came upon me in such a manner, that I cried out and was amazed. I then saw that I was fighting against God, and did not attempt to sing again. Mr. Beam, the owner of the house, and a preacher among the Germans, cried out, "I never saw God in this way before." I replied, "This is a Pentecost, daddy." "Yes, be sure," said he, clapping his hands; "a Pentecost, be sure!" Prayer was all through the house, up stairs and down. I desired Mr. Beam to go to prayer, he did so, and five or six of us did the same. A watch-night having been appointed for that evening, and seeing no prospect of this meeting being over, although it had begun at eleven o'clock, I told Mr. Beam that we had best quietly withdraw from the meeting-house. When we had got out of the door, a young man came out and laid hold on the fence to support himself from falling, and there halloed amain, for God to have mercy on him. "To be sure," said Mr. Beam, "I never saw God in this way before." We exhorted him to look to God, and not give up the struggle, and God would bless him before he left the place. I took the old gentleman by the arm, and we went quietly to the house to get some dinner.

About five o'clock a messenger came from the preaching-house, requesting that I would go there immediately, for there was a person dying. We went without delay. I went up stairs, and there lay several about the floor, some crying for mercy, and others praising God. I then went into the preaching-room, and there they lay about the floor in like manner. I then went to see the person said to be dying—she lay gasping. I kneeled down to pray, but it was instantly given me, that God had converted her soul; and, therefore, instead of praying for her deliverance, I gave God thanks that he had delivered her, and immediately she arose and praised God for what he had done for her soul.

A young German came to me and clasped me in his arms, but could not speak English that I could understand. I then retired to the house, and consulted Mr. Beam who should preach in the evening, for I thought it would be best for one of the German preachers to speak first, there being several present. The rumour having run through the neighbourhood, of the power of God during the day, we had a very large congregation in the evening, to whom one of the German preachers preached. It appeared to me he spake with life and power. After him Brother C. gave an exhortation, but being confused and an enemy to the work, his discourse was attended with neither life nor power. Then Mr. Beam gave an exhortation in the German language, and after him a young man gave a warm exhortation in the same tongue. Then I arose, and hardly knew how to speak, there had been so much said, and it was now growing late. However I spoke, and the Lord laid to his helping hand, as he had done in the day time, divers fled and made their escape out of the house; and then it appeared as if there were none left but what were earnestly engaged in prayer, some praising God, and others crying to him for mercy. I told Mr. Beam that I should not be fit for the duties of the ensuing day if I did not retire. So we went to the house about twelve o'clock, and took some refreshment and went to bed. In the morning I found that the people were still engaged, and had been so all night. I went to the house about sun an hour high, where I found about one dozen still engaged in prayer. I told them we ought to begin to prepare for the other meeting, so they broke up.

We set out with about forty friends to the next appointment. The people being gathered, after singing and prayer, I began to preach, and God laid to his helping

hand, and many cried aloud for mercy. One young man, being powerfully wrought upon, retired up stairs and there thumped about upon the floor so, that Mr. Beam was afraid that he would be injured in body. "To be sure," said he, "I never saw God in this way before." I told him there was no danger, he was in the hands of a merciful God. In a few minutes after, in attempting to come down stairs, he fell from the top to the bottom and halloed aloud, "The devil is in the chamber! the devil is in the chamber!" which greatly alarmed all the people. This brought a great damp over my spirits, for I thought if I had raised the devil, I might as well go home again. However, after a little space, I bid some of the dear people go up stairs and see if the devil was there; several went up to see what the matter was, and there they found a man rolling, groaning, and crying to God for mercy: they returned and told us how the matter stood. When I dismissed the people, many wept around me, some said they had found peace, others were truly awakened, and many deeply convicted.

I went to Jamaica, and Brother Woolsey met me there. I had very strange feelings, and retired in secret; Brother W. retired also, and when he came back he said, "I have had very strange feelings that I cannot account for, unless something great is to be done this evening." A certain gentleman's daughter, about seventeen or eighteen, a cripple, who had been brought there in a little waggon, also said she had strange feelings that she could not account for. I preached, and the people kept laughing and talking at a most wonderful wicked rate all the time. When I had done, I desired Brother T. Woolsey to give an exhortation; but they talked and laughed louder than ever. I sat down, and besought God, with all the faith I had, for help; all at once I felt my hair rise with the power of God: immediately I cried out for God to strike them down to the floor! With that they tumbled over the benches, and one over another, and ran and hurried out as fast as they could, and never stopped till they were out in the street.

WHY MEN FELL.

It may be of value to add here the description of his sensations by one of those who fell beneath the word spoken by Father Abbott, in order to make it clear that these strange experiences were distinctly connected with such a sensible enlightening of the mind and disturbance of the conscience as no mere human excitement or influence of any kind could ever effect.

I recollect a certain instance, when Mr. Abbott had been very sick and was recovering a little, the friends in the neighbourhood went to a quarterly-meeting some distance off, and I went with them, leaving Mr. A. too unwell to go with us; but after that we were gone, he had his horse saddled and followed. I was much surprised when I saw him come, for I had told several that he was sick. After R. G. had preached, he stood up in the pulpit, and the first words he spoke, were of his inability to come to meeting, and of his impressions to have his horse saddled to see if he could ride; but, said he, "When I put my foot in the stirrup, I felt the power of God come upon me, and I was enabled to come," &c. As he spoke these words, the mighty power of God came wonderfully upon the assembly, and I felt in a moment, as though there was an open expanse before, like eternity of space; I lost sight of every thing else, and fell suddenly to the floor, and cried to God for mercy; this was when I was under conviction, previous to my conversion to God. There was a glorious and wonderful time at that meeting.

We could have wished for a more detailed account of the many extraordinary cases of conversion and sanctification which attended the work, but we must be content with one or two.

LETTER FROM AN INFIDEL.

"Rev. Sir,—Oh! what species of disquietude, what kind of anxiety and remorse is that which occupies my breast! it is beyond expression; but I cannot assign any wise or good reason for such an extraordinary sensibility; probably it may be said it is from want of information in respect of education, that I am ignorant of this strange sensation; not so; I have languages, I have philosophy,

I have astronomy, I am acquainted with the motions of the heavenly bodies, I have the arts and sciences, &c., and yet cannot obtain consolation and serenity of mind; but am harassed and wonderfully tormented, by I know not what, in the silent watches of the night: I am alarmed with dreams, visions, and awful apprehensions. Sir, your thoughts upon this, I want; and hope that in the course of your discourse to-morrow, that you may communicate something which may console the mind of your disconsolate friend,

"To the Rev. Father Abbott."

"I. H. D.

The author of this extract, was one who had denied the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; but having been previously convinced about his soul, he came to our quarterly-meeting, and the Lord struck him with such a sense of his sin, and with such power, that he fell to the floor and lay as one dead, for near or quite the space of one hour; and when he came to, he praised God for his deliverance. Next morning he burnt all his romantic books, and amongst them, "Paine's Age of Reason,"* and sent for a barber and had his hair cut short, having formerly worn it long; he joined class, and now stands in a fair way for the kingdom of God.

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS FROM BRAMWELL.

"I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought it carefully, with tears, and entreaties, and sacrifice; thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to suffer, if I might but obtain this pearl of great price; yet, I found it not; nor knew the reason why, till the Lord shewed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it by *faith alone*, but, as it were, by the works of the law. Being now convinced of my error, I sought the Blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith * * * * and heaven came down to earth, came to my soul. The Lord, for whom I waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an *immediate evidence*, that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love and praise.

"It is now about twenty-six years, and Glory be to God, I have been kept by this power. By faith I stand. In this, as in all other instances, I have proved the Devil to be a liar. He suggested to me a few minutes after I received the Blessing, that I should not hold it long—it was too great to be retained, and that I had better not profess it. * * * I walked fifteen miles that night, to a place where I had an opportunity to preach, and at every step I trod, the temptation was repeated, 'do not profess sanctification, for thou wilt lose it!' but in preaching that night, the temptation was removed, my soul was again filled with Glory and with God. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul, and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time, believing it to be a duty incumbent upon me. I think such a blessing cannot be retained without confessing it.

"This walking with God; this conversation in Heaven; oh, I am ashamed, I sink in silent love, I wonder how the Lord has ever borne with me so long, I never had such a view of myself. I pray that every moment of my life may shew forth His praise. Praise Him for ever, it

* Rather his abominable book of infidelity, or obscene, ludicrous, sophistical logic in contempt of religion, and support of profanity and licentiousness. "And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies: and he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven."—(Rev. xiii. 5, 6.)

has been much on my mind that you may live as Ann Cutler and I as John Fletcher. Let us follow them, and begin immediately, no great work can be done without opposition, never look for peace while you proclaim war. Fear none of those things; stand still and see the salvation of God.

"Are you a man of God in spirit and in deed? Do you feel a clear witness of entire sanctification and cleansing? *And do you declare this?* I never had till lately such striking views of the Heavenly country. My soul cries out 'Oh make and keep me clean.' * * * Go on brother, *be a burning light for ever*, for if the fire goes out *you will be fit for nothing.*"

THE INFIDEL AND THE DYING CHILD.

The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown signs of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone watching with a tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve want mamma to say 'Our Father!'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother to lisp her evening prayer, or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmured words. Well he knew, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase to say, "Our Father."

"Mamma is asleep," he said, "when she awakes, I will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No; don't wake poor mamma; papa say, 'Our Father' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were clasped and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No, Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much; papa, kneel down and say 'Our Father,' like mamma did last night, won't you, papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import—its recognition of God's sovereignty—its surrender of things to Him. He understood it, we say; but he trembled at it.

His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done on earth, even as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed, "Papa, papa, see there! up there, papa!" Her own eyes were fixed upwards on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward, as to some celestial visitant. "Eve coming!" she cried again. "Take Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in

broken tones, "Papa, come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa—"

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him for ever.

And yet not for ever. He straightway sought the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.

THE FATAL DOOR.

THE Chevalier Gerard de Kempis, was a very rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house-warming, and accordingly all his great neighbours were invited to a grand feast. At the conclusion of the sumptuous repast, his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the chevalier loved flattery, we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:

"Sir Knight," he said, "in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing, but that is a very important item."

"And what thing is that?" demanded the knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied his guest.

At this strange rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say, "This man has gone mad." Wishing, however, to have the clue to this enigma, he continued, "But what door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

These words struck both guests and host and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all things earthly, and from henceforth he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He was completely altered; only made use of his riches for good works, thus laying up for himself an eternal inheritance.—*Reformer and Free Press.*

WAIT AND TRUST.

Hold on my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wears the crown;
He who, when stormy waves are heaving
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus leads through all
Shall stand, though earth and heaven
should fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning;

The patient see God's loving face,
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
It's they who win the Father's face.
He wounds himself, who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow;

The storm proclaims the sunnier morning;

The Cross points on to Paradise,
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out.

LICENSE AT THE BAR OF GOD.

"Yes," said the Rev. John Pierpont, "you have a license, and that's your plea; I adjure you to keep it, lock it among your choicest jewels, guard it as the apple of your eye; and when you die, and you are laid in your coffin, be sure that the precious document is placed between your clammy fingers, so that when you are called upon to confront your victims before God, you may be ready to file your plea of justification, and boldly to lay down your license on the Bar of the Judge. Yes, my friend, keep it, you will then want your license signed by the county magistrates and endorsed by the select man."

You want to know how it is you are not happier. If you can receive it, here is your answer. You rob God. *You are not a thanksgiving people.* You pray, pray, pray; but you are dumb at thanksgiving. How *should* you be happy. There is no heaven, either in this world or the world to come, for people who do not praise God. If you do not enter into the spirit of Heaven, How should the spirit and joy of Heaven enter into you? Selfishness makes long prayers; but love makes short prayers, that it may continue longer in praise, if the love of God were [richly] in you, you would be constrained to bless, and praise, and magnify the God of love.—*Pulsford.*

Music.

84 Clinging to the Cross. 8s & 7s. H. Hymn 23.

Sad and wea-ry with my long - ing, Fill'd with shame be-cause of sin;

As I am, in con-scious weak - ness, Here I would sal - va - tion win.

CHORUS.

All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross,

I am co-ming to the Mas - ter, I am cling-ing to the

Cross; Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling-ing to the Cross.

2 Oh! the joy of knowing Jesus,
It is dawning on my soul,
I am finding His salvation,
And the power that makes me whole.

3 Oh! refine me by Thy Spirit,
Make my earthly life sublime,
With my heart a home for Jesus,
Till I'm done with earth and time.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE difficulty of fairly reporting within the limits of our space the monthly experiences of all the stations continually increases. It must no longer be imagined that a station not reported upon is a station scarcely successful. On the contrary, we are thankful to be able to say that some of the greatest victories are monthly left unmentioned, simply for want of pages of report.

The past month has been one of very special interest. Brother E. Blandy, recalled in a moment of unusual difficulty to Bethnal Green, is now able to rejoice with a hearty and prosperous society. Barking, which had suffered severely from the resignation of the brother placed there, has more than recovered itself under the leadership of Brother Pratt.

A new hall has just been commenced at North Ormesby, which will (D.V.) afford us enlarged accommodation before the winter is over.

But the events of the month are the extension of the Mission to Whitby and West Hartlepool.

WHITBY

Though not a very large town, our attention was drawn to this East Coast watering place by various visitors to our Tees stations, who assured us that there was a special necessity for our work in the town. A hall, seating 800 people, in the centre of the town, was taken for Sundays, and an old Court house, resembling very much a belfry, and seating 140, for week-nights. Brother Cadman commenced operations with a cottage prayer-meeting on the night of his arrival, at which two persons found peace. Every letter since then has brought tidings of congregations, rows of penitents, processions; a society rapidly forming with the prospect of self-support and wide-spread success.

WEST HARTLEPOOL.

It is only ten months since we opened East Hartlepool, under the circumstances already described in the Magazine. Once into the Eastern, smaller, poorer Pool, it was only a question of time as to our entry into the larger, newer town which bids fair to become so important. And now the time is come.

Mr. and Miss Booth opened fire in the Temperance Hall on the morning of the 14th. The condition of the East Hartlepool Society, which has not been represented in these pages of late, is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that they were able to send a detachment of eighty or a hundred to storm the streets of the sister town, keeping still a force at home large enough to insure a day almost as good, in every respect, as usual.

The theatre, our Sunday home, not at all unlikely to be occupied by us entirely ere long, was more than half-full in the afternoon, and at night the doors had to be closed at the opening hour, so complete was the filling of the place; and at the close, fifteen persons came on to the stage to seek mercy. A very pleasing week followed, in the Temperance Hall, though Mr. Booth had to return to London. Of Miss Booth's second Sunday evening, the following telegram speaks satisfactorily enough.

"Glorious night. Hundreds unable get in. Great liberty. Twenty cases. Numbers wounded."

Thank God we are conquering. More faith! More faith!!!

WHITECHAPEL.

"We will rejoice in Thy salvation, and in the Name of our God we will set up our banners."—Ps. xx. 5.

HALLELUJAH, this is what we are doing. And "the Lord has brought us to His banqueting house, and His banner over us is love." So said a gentleman who was visiting some friends in London. He had been to one of the largest places of worship in London, in the morning, where three ministerial brethren had a hand in the service; but, said he, "there was no life, no power, no Holy Ghost. Dead, dead! I came not expecting to receive what I have, but this is religion in earnest. That sight of praying men and women on the platform is worth all the world; and then the singing, well, I can only say, they sing as though they meant it." Praise the Lord we do mean it.

We have sent another Christian Mission missionary away this month. He is first going to the Cape, and then to Calcutta. He is a fine tall young fellow, a thorough sailor, and an earnest Christian. The Lord found him in our hall about two months ago; he has been one voyage, and Jesus has made him a blessing. We provided him with ammunition in the shape of tracts and books, and with the arms of faith, bear him to a throne of Grace, that God will bless him and make him a blessing.

Sunday 23, was a grand day. A dear man was attracted by the porch meeting; a sister was speaking, and after she had done, we went into the Hallelujah experience meeting where he was weeping and sobbing while the brethren and sisters were telling their experiences. At the close we invited any to the penitent form, when he ran to the form, and for a quarter of an hour he sobbed and sighed, well nigh losing his breath, as he thought of his praying mother. Suddenly he jumped on to his feet exclaim-

ing, "I have God, I have got it." Shouting at the top of his voice—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

He is now on a voyage to Australia. Pray that this trophy of God's grace may be kept faithful on board the gospel ship, till he shall reach that port, where all the ship's company meet.

A Hallelujah Temperance meeting. A dear man came and signed the pledge; he came all the way from Greenwich, out of curiosity to see what sort of a meeting we were having. We induced him to sign the pledge and give God his heart, and on the following Saturday he came with tears of joy in his eyes, and spoke. When he came out, his wife stretched out her hand across the table, saying "What a change in a week, it must be God that has made the change."

I have received the following letter:—

Woolwich, Kent.

"DEAR FRIEND,—On Sunday last, September 30, I was at your place of worship, and I bless God that I came, because I was on the downward course for ruin; but I heard the word so powerful that when I reached home at night, I was obliged to ask the Lord to save my soul from going down to hell, and bless the Lord he heard my cry, though I was altogether cold; yes, thank God, He has saved my soul, and I mean to serve the Lord with all my heart from this time forward. The reason I write this letter is, because I want you to pray for me that I may be able to hold fast to the Lord, looking to Him that I may stand stedfast in the faith. I shall be up in a few weeks. You may think it strange writing to you, perhaps; you have never seen me; but I must tell you I was at Bromley when the mission was there, and when Miss Stride conducted the meetings, and a blessed time we had, but when I joined the army, it almost went, but thank God, He has lifted me

out of the horrible pit, and out of the mire and clay, and set me on the Rock of Ages. Pray for me, from yours, very truly,
C. K. _____

"Gunner R.A."
Pray that this dear brother may be kept faithful, and made a blessing to his comrades.

Thanks for tracts and books received. Many more greatly needed, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours, in the battle,

W. G. THOMAS.

114, Cambridge Road,
Mile End, London, E.

POPLAR.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened."

THERE are people that will never be able to pay us a visit at our believers'-meetings, so we thought, by way of change, to let them spend an evening with us in imagination. Between sixty and seventy persons are met together to tell each other what God has done for their souls.

A says, "Glory be to God, I have at last been able to move! For a long time I lived in Grumbling Street, but now have got into Thanksgiving Square. Is there anyone here would like to change? there's a house to let; come and live next door to me."

B says she wants more pluck, so that she might do more work for the Lord in the open-air as well as inside.

C says he is very happy indeed since the Lord has saved him. He thinks it a fine thing to be a Christian, his joy being a deal greater than ever his sorrow was. "Oh, bless the Lord for ever taking in such a wretch as me! Before I heard you preach I was a rank Atheist."

D says she knows she is on the right side, and in spite of anyone else she is going to stick to Jesus. Although people do say she is going wrong, she does not mean to be beaten by Satan. She means to beat him.

E, an infant in Jesus, says she is almost overwhelmed sometimes with joy (or swelling of the heart, as she puts it).

F says he can talk best about his Jesus when quiet at home; but it makes him shake in public.

G says he likes to get the steam up at

home, then when he gets to the meeting to turn the tap on fully, and set the engine going; he likes plenty of steam!

H says, "Oh, my blessed Jesus, what would I have done without Him when I was left to battle with this cold world alone? Oh, bless Him! how I do love Him!"

I says he counted the cost, and after putting all together, he found to be a Christian was profitable for this life. It was the means of filling his pockets as well as his soul.

J says, "Oh, praise the Lord! I can boast of having a clean heart. For a long time I have wanted to serve the Lord fully, and now I mean to follow all the way."

K feels "To-day has been a good day to my soul. If it's so sweet to live here with and for Jesus, what must it be to be there, where all are holy?"

L thinks it a blessed religion. It is so cheap, or he, with a large family to support, could never have bought it. For six weeks he has almost lived in heaven."

M, "Why talk about heaven? I find it's heaven all the way to heaven."

And so they go on talking, till all in the circle have spoken. Then we draw the meeting to a close, and some poor broken-hearted sinner weeps his way to the feet of Jesus, and we go home, feeling how much people lose by being absent from such meetings.

God has been saving in our midst during the past month, and strengthened those that were saved.

Our quarterly services were a grand success. God does encourage and help His faithful children.

Yours at the Master's feet,

ANNIE DAVIS.

1, Shaw's Cottage,
Kerby Street, Poplar, E.

LIMEHOUSE.

"Speak to my people that they go forward."

THOUGH we are having times of hard fighting, praise the Lord; we have also victory and joy. The work is advancing; men and women weep their way to Calvary, and we are expecting a mighty harvest of souls.

The past few weeks have been specially blessed. I take one or two instances where God's power to save has been again shown forth.

"SMASHED UP."

An aged woman, who has been coming

to the hall for some time, but had been much put out with me for using the phrase "smashed up," came the other evening, and got hold of my hand, and said, "Thank God! I know now what it is to be smashed up; the Lord *smashed me up on Monday*, but I was worse on Tuesday, till I got to the meeting, and then Jesus healed me; now I am rejoicing." Hallelujah!

MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

An intelligent man, who had come into the "gaff," was asked during the service if he was saved, and at once replied, "No; I am too bad; God won't save me. I am one of the worst characters: I have not long been out of a convict prison; in fact, sir, I never intended to get in a place of worship; I don't know how I got in here." Then he paused, and added, "Oh, it's my poor old mother's prayers—they trouble me," and he began to weep. We told him God could save the blackest and the worst, and could save him. He threw down his hat, and cried, "Then if He will He shall," and fell on his knees. Praise God! it was not long before he began to sing with us—

A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb.

He came that morning from Wandsworth a guilty, miserable sinner, but went home shouting "I am saved through the blood of Jesus." The Lord keep and use him.

A MAN AND WIFE

came in one night to sign the pledge, and of course we spoke to them about eternal things. God took hold of them, and both professed to get salvation. The dear man said, "I came to sign the pledge, but, thank God! I got my name written in heaven, and with God's help I'll be a soldier for Jesus."

Another convert from our old "gaff" has gone abroad. A dear negro brother, he came and got pardon at the foot of the cross, and said he, "De blessed Massa, Jesus, saves me now; de blood takes my sins away." He stood up boldly at the dock-gates, at our noon meeting there, and told the people what God had done for and in him. Hallelujah! May he become a true missionary in the distant land.

We again ask our readers to remember the effort we are making to raise the £400 required for the rebuilding of the

hall here. Help for this or for our general expenses, with tracts, will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. D. Skilton, 180, Rhodeswell Road, or by
Yours,

C. HOBDAY.

33, Turner's Road, Limehouse.

LEICESTER.

CROWDS! crowds!! crowds!!! of unsaved men and women from all over the town are still flocking to hear the word of life in the Salvation Warehouse, and nearly every day some leave the ranks of sin and Satan, and enlist under the banner of King Jesus, and sing heart and soul—

"What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand world's my soul to shake,
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back.
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesu's name."

Now and then we have a sort of review day, and large numbers testify for Jesus.

TWENTY-TWO MEN

in one meeting testified to His power to cleanse from the last remains of the carnal mind. They had given up drink, dancing and the devil, song-singing, snuff, and smoking, foot-racing, dog-racing, pigeon-flying, places of amusement, and now were clean men on the road to eternal bliss. They had made up their minds to go to heaven at all cost; they were surrounded by their old companions, and were very much persecuted at times, but they meant heaven and their old mates understood this.

We find that by setting all hands to work we succeed in a wonderful manner; we not only have a crowd of witnesses to hold up Jesus as the sinners' Friend, but we are a good

TRAINING INSTITUTE.

Crowds of young converts are being trained for the pulpit and platform, for Bible-women, district visitors, evangelists, and other spheres of usefulness.

At the close of one service we have had as many as

FORTY-FIVE OR FIFTY SOULS.

Three long rows of seekers, right across the Warehouse, nearly twenty in a row, some swearers, some drunkards, some liars, some thieves, some have been moral, some of the very poor, some in better circumstances, and as varied as

are the positions and sins and circumstances of the anxious, so varied must be the modes of dealing with them, and behind each penitent-form we usually have as many willing workers as we have penitents, so that each case is properly met and promptly dealt with. Hallelujah! we have a good staff of men and women who know the track upon which Paul pointed the jailer. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A POOR BACKSLIDER says, "I have been all over the country to find happiness, but out of Christ I never found anything lasting. When I was younger, I used to serve God, and at that time, God prospered me in business, and I became a manufacturer in the town of Leicester; but I got too big. I forgot God, then he humbled me. I spent a fortune in drink, and the little I had left God took from me, and for a long time I have had no peace; but I thank God I ever came to the Salvation Warehouse. I know God has forgiven me, and, by His help, I mean to serve Him till I die."

Brother W— was saved about three months ago, and at once began to pray for his wife, and the other Sunday succeeded in getting her to the Warehouse. In the meeting the Holy Ghost fell on her, and seeing her weep on account of sin, he left the penitent-form where he was kneeling, rushed to his wife, and said, "Now, wench, give me the baby, and you go and get saved." She came forward, cried for mercy, and was soon made happy. Here was a scene which made all heaven rejoice.

In another meeting we saw a man and his wife and daughter side by side at the feet of Jesus.

Another man said, "Hallelujah! my wife is at the penitent-form." The next moment a young woman fell on her knees by the side of his wife. "That's my own sister," he said, and he fell on his knees to pray God to save them both.

The other night one of the converts told us he had now served God six months, and it had been the happiest six months of his life. Before his conversion he was often drunk all day on Sunday. On one occasion to get drink they had pawned a pair of good boots belonging to a drunken pal, and at the pawn-shop bought another pair for fourpence to put on while they spent the money they had made of the former

pair. He had once drank two half-pints of neat gin in two minutes for a wager, and as soon as he had done this he fell like a dead man to the floor. What a mercy God has saved him! Hallelujah!

The above are specimens of WORK DONE. Will friends help us? We are now papering the Warehouse roof to stop the draught, as the slates are not under-drawn, and we want two or three good stoves to keep us warm in winter. The poor people are doing what they can, but we feel sure some of our rich readers will be glad to help us. Money may be sent to Richard Lawrence, 78, High Street; or to yours,

W. CORBRIDGE,
48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

WE are happy to report, in continuation of what appeared last month, that the closing sermons of Mr. and Miss Booth were a great success. An overflowing congregation on Sunday night heard the last words of dear Miss Booth, which were carried home to many hearts, and produced the blessed effect of bringing sinners to Jesus. Monday afternoon commenced with open-air meetings on the Market Cross, which were very ably sustained by Brothers Blandy, Ridsdale, Roberts, Tot, and numbers of our Middlesbro' friends, who sing and talk of Jesus' love to penitent sinners. From 2'30 till 7 o'clock, without intermission, nearly 600 partook of tea, after which a much larger number gathered to the public service. Our dear Mr. Booth, gladdened by the glorious results of his labours amongst us, spoke with the glory all over him. Miss Booth, anxious that the work might be permanent, spent her last words in an earnest call for all to be faithful, and Mrs. Booth, though very weak in body, gave us one of her touching, heart-searching addresses, which made us all feel how desirable a thing it was, both for saint and sinner, that the Lord should restore her to perfect health again. Bro. Garner, of Hartlepool, also struck in with a few pleasing facts about what the mission had done, and what he believed it would do, and praise the Lord it is doing; for since that night the work has been going on, and week-nights, as well as Sundays,

the Holy Ghost power has been present. Sinners have been saved, backsliders restored, and believers sanctified. The full results of these precious services will never be fully known until the resurrection day.

Said one dear man the other Sunday evening, to whom our attention was drawn from the abject look of his face, "Oh, sir,

"I CAN'T GET NO REST; "that young lady's words haunt me. What a fool I was not to come and get saved then. I have not had any rest day or night since, and now, though I come here to-night on purpose to get saved, I cannot give in." We talked with him a little, but still he would not move; so we left him and went and talked to Jesus about him, and just as we were closing the meeting, he, with three other big fellows, rushed up upon the stage, fell down on their knees, and cried aloud for mercy. The three got blessed, saved straight off, but the other did not get through, but he came again the next night and was set at liberty.

SOBERED AND SAVED.

"Three weeks ago," said a man, "I came in on Saturday night the worse for drink, and I made up my mind never to touch the drink again." On this occasion he came forward to sign the pledge, and we told him how nice it would be to be saved from every sin. At first he objected that he was not fit; but after a little while, with the tears running down his cheeks, he went down before the Lord, confessed his weakness and wickedness, and Jesus saved him. "Since that night," he says, "I have been very happy and never touched drink, though my shopmates try all in their power to induce me, and by God's help I never will again."

"I want to be WITH MY FATHER IN HEAVEN," said a young woman as we knelt beside her, while she was crying to God for mercy. He has prayed for me hundreds of times, and when he was dying he asked me to give my heart to God, and now I want Jesus to save me. What a sinner I am!" Then with a loud voice she cried again and again, until the gracious answer came, and, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, she went home feeling if she died on the road she would meet her father again.

These and many other such like cases we rejoice over with exceeding great joy, but we have

ANOTHER SIDE TO OUR PICTURE, which shows the *very, very great* necessity for going on with our work, and, if possible, doubling our exertions. I am sent for late at night to go and see a poor woman who is dying. We make our way with some little difficulty through mud and slush into a dark corner on the very outskirts of the town, but dark and dirty as it was outside it was worse inside. There lay a poor dear woman in the last stage of disease with a family of seven children, and as I talked to her about her soul I found that she was in complete ignorance of spiritual things. After praying with her she thanked me for my trouble, but wished me to be gone, as she could not bear talking to any more then, but would be glad to see me in the morning, when she hoped to be better able to attend to these things. The morning came, but before I got there her spirit had passed away.

While conducting an open-air meeting I was called out of the crowd and asked if I would go and see a woman who was a sinner and wanted me to pray with her, as she was dying without hope. I went and found the keeper of a brothel in her den of infamy. I talked about her condition, and told of my loving Saviour; but all I could get from her was that she believed God was merciful, but she was too great a sinner to be saved. I tried to pray, but it was of no use, and I had to leave her saying, "I'm too great a sinner to be saved!" and thus she died. Oh that we as Christians could be beforehand with the devil, and get hold of people before they come to this. Friends, pray for me, for us, for the Christian Mission, in this sin-stained town, that we may be able to get at all these poor wretched perishing men and women, and that before it is for ever too late.

With many thanks, in which my dear Brother Russell joins me, for all the loving help and sympathy shown to us in our work since we have been here by our numerous friends both far and near.

Yours in Jesus,
JOB CLARE.

35, William Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

BRADFORD.

SINCE my last report we have had to grapple most desperately with the

powers of darkness, but nevertheless, our God has given us victory after victory, and we praise Him for all that is past and trust Him for that to come.

Mr. Booth has given us a Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, which he referred to last month. His visit was a means of great quickening, power, and blessing, and will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Joshua Dawson has paid us a flying visit, which was mightily owned of God, especially on the Monday evening, when we had a very remarkable meeting. The power of God fell on us, and numbers at once came out and consecrated themselves fully to Him; some fell prostrate on the floor under the mighty influence of the Holy Ghost, while others wept for joy, and shouted Victory through the Blood: this was what we had prayed for and longed to see—the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. Hallelujah!

LOCKED OUT IN THE STREETS!

The old week-night hall we have occupied in South-gate was sub-let to us, and because we could not comply with certain conditions as to closing we were locked out in the streets to do the best we could, without any warning. We took the Temperance Hall, Leeds Road, which was not so well adapted for our work, though it is a large hall, and we have suffered much for the want of a suitable place for our week-night work. But now we have secured an

OLD DANCING ACADEMY,

the West-end Assembly Rooms, Infirmary Street, off West-gate, close to Pullen's Theatre, where we hold our Sunday services.

This hall, which will seat about 400, has been fitted up at a considerable cost, and we opened it with a tea-meeting on Saturday, September 30. Many of our Leeds friends came over, and we had a blessed meeting. The place has been thoroughly consecrated with God's presence and power, converting sinners and blessing saints.

Mr. Alderman Brayshaw has very kindly lent us seats sufficient to seat the hall and ante-room adjoining. The Lord abundantly bless him!

AN INFIDEL AND CLOWN writes me as follows:—

"Dear Brother,—I was converted early, and was a member of a Christian church; in my youth I heard Mr. Poole, Mr. Booth, and James Caughey preach on sanctification, and inquired of my senior brethren, but got rebuked, and

got into Doubting Castle, began to take to company, and fell afterwards. I heard a celebrated infidel lecturer at Stourbridge, and fell down deep into infidelity. Even then the Spirit of God followed me, and I took to the stare, and for eight years was a clown. My wife persuaded me to give up the rambling life, and I came to Bradford, where I have long been known as 'Swearing Tommy!'

"On Sundays I used to stand all day with a stall in the streets, but, thank God, my rocky heart was broken, and in a singular way. On the 15th July it was rather clouded, and I did not stand as usual, but went off for a walk towards the fields, when I was arrested by the words, 'Salvation or Damnation!' spoken by you; they went like a dagger to my heart; I could go no farther. I stopped to listen a bit, and went home with my sin like a mountain before me. Went to Pullen's at night, but got worse.

"On the following Sunday went again, and on 6th August went again; on the 12th had to run out of the meeting, but could not get home; on the 13th, after seeing the Clown Cricketers, went to the Temperance Hall, and there money went, self went, and I was made happy in the Blood of the Lamb. Christ pardoned all. Hallelujah!

"May God help me to redeem the time.

"A brand plucked from the burning."
"J. T. B."

Pray for this man. He will make a useful fellow, the infidel meeting is broken up now he is converted.

Will our dear friends pray that God may abundantly bless our efforts in the new hall, where so much sin and iniquity have abounded. Many to-day who are living in sin and open shame commenced their awful career in this dancing academy. Will our friends help us financially to clear off the expenses and rent, which are very heavy.

Donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

JAMES DOWDLE.

41, Burlington Terrace,
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

Thanks for tracts and books from Mr Atkinson. More required.

MIDDLESBRO'.

THIS has been a month living at the feet of Jesus. Our holiness-meetings

have been glorious times of blessing. The children of God have fairly revelled, as at a feast of fat things; the deep hallowed experience of a number of our young converts, and of the older brethren and sisters is such that we never meet together without being baptized with the Holy Ghost.

We have had a fortnight of daily noon-prayer meetings, and the answers to special petitions have been marked and marvellous. We have had souls saved at these meetings, and such outpourings of God's Spirit in answer to the cry of His people, that one brother, in speaking of them, said, "That although the coming every day was a great sacrifice, he dared not stay away, so great had been the blessing to himself and family." Another said, "You cannot tell the strength I have received," and his face shone while he spoke. God has indeed blessed us all at these meetings, and we intend to keep them up.

The Lord has been saving many precious souls.

"SAVED AT LAST!"

said a young man, as he stood up at the close of one of our Sunday-night meetings. "I have tried a good many times to turn, but every time I got worse and worse; but I have let Jesus do it, and it is done. Oh, hallelujah! He doeth all things well!"

THE SINS OF HALF A CENTURY pardoned. "Oh, can He save such a vile wretch as I am?" "Oh, yes," said a brother, "He came to seek and to save the lost." He believed, and his bright happy face speaks volumes now, as he sits in the meetings night after night.

THE DEATH OF ONE, THE LIFE OF SIX.

Our dear aged Brother Moody, who was converted ten months ago at one of our Holy Ghost band-meetings, dropped down dead suddenly while at his work on Thursday, October 4th; and although he did not do much towards saving men till he was sanctified, about three weeks before his death, he witnessed during that time by word and deed, so that everyone about him noticed the change, and his death was the means of awakening six that we know of.

One, a backslider of eight years, went to the funeral, was deeply convinced of his wretched state, and came forward, fell down before God, confessed his backsliding, and the Lord restored unto him the joy of his salvation. He praised God with a loud voice;

his wife also followed. To God be all the glory!

FAMILIES MADE HAPPY.

A dear man came to the service at the invitation of one of our friends, and while I was speaking of the king of terrors, terror took hold of him; he cried for mercy, and soon found it, then went home and told his wife. Some of the friends went with him, held a prayer-meeting, the wife was convinced, came the next night, gave her heart to God, and they went home together to live a new life.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MIDDLESBRO'.

Three young women and a man, the husband of one, came from Wetherby to the Oddfellows' Hall one Sunday. They had heard of the wonderful work God was doing in sanctifying believers. At the close of the sermon, when I gave the invitation to sinners to come to be saved, or believers for a full salvation, they came out, and a more precious half-hour never was spent. There were eleven down before the Lord. The three young women witnessed to the power of God to save from all sin. One said, "I never felt so happy in all my life." Another, "I thank God that I ever went to the Oddfellows' Hall; there I was enabled to put all my doubts, and my timidity, and my temper, and everything at the feet of Jesus. I'll go back and work and speak for God as I never did before." The third, "I never spoke before in public, and did not mean to, but I could not help it. I know that I am saved; the precious blood cleanses from all sin. Oh, Glory to God!"

Oh, may God keep us just waiting at his feet! I especially desire the prayers of all our readers.

Many thanks to all who have so nobly come up to the help of the Lord in tracts, or money, or personal co-operation, God shall reward four-fold.

Yours living only for God and precious souls,

THOS. BLANDY.

7, Taylor Street, Gilk Street,
Middlesbro'.

MIDDLESBRO'.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AMONGST those converted lately we cite a few cases.

THE CONVERTED PUDDLER gives his experience as follows:

"I bless God that even I went to hear

the word of God preached in the Prince of Wales. I was one of the devil's roughs, an outcast; I attended the ale-bench, with a dirty pipe in my mouth, and spent my money in that way; but I bless God there is a change. While hearing Brother Ridsdel preach, the spirit convinced me that I was a sinner, and I wept my way to the foot of the cross, where Jesus took me in, bless His name, washed me in His precious blood, and I am saved to-day."

Hallelujah! pray for this dear brother.

A PRODIGAL.

"I do bless God that ever the Christian Mission came into Cannon Street. I was a miserable backslider, as miserable as the devil could make me. I went very often to the Prince of Wales to hear Brother Ridsdel; but the devil had got so fast a hold of me that I durstn't stop to the prayer-meetings, he would tell me they would have me if I did. But, I bless God, on Sunday-night, while Mrs. Saunderson was preaching, the word of God took hold of me. After preaching I went out, but two of my mates persuaded me to go back, and bless God I did; and I gave Him my heart, and like the prodigal He took me into his favour again and saved me through and through. I have made a clean sweep for Jesus."

This brother asks prayer that God may keep him steadfast.

A BACKSLIDER AND A DRUNKARD says—

"I fell and dishonoured God through drink. I went from public-house to public-house, trying to drive all feeling away from me, but I could not. I went to Stockton Races, but could not enjoy myself. Sunday came, I got up awfully miserable, about half past four o'clock in the morning; I was so wretched that I could not sleep nor eat, and my brain was fit to burst and my heart seemed as if it would break. I gave way to great despair and thought of committing suicide. I wandered up and down the lanes and into the fields, but finding no rest, came back to Middlesbro'. In Cannon Street, I listened to the Mission band, singing and speaking, and went into the Prince of Wales' with them. Brother Ridsdel seemed as if he was talking to me only. I went out, but had to come back to the prayer-meeting—thank God that I did; I went up to the penitent-form, and there God received me again, and I have been happy ever since."

May God keep him faithful to the end.

Will our friends continue to pray that God will go on blessing us here. Tracts to help in visitation of those who never go to any place of worship, will be very acceptable.

Yours at the foot of the Cross,

W. RIDSDDEL.

59, Church Street,
Middlesbro'.

CHATHAM.

It is a profound satisfaction to be able to look upon a station which, after having gone along amidst various changes for several years, stands higher than it ever did before. To see a Sunday morning procession as large as one had seen on Sunday afternoon, an afternoon procession as large as former evening ones, and a huge ring and procession on Sunday and Monday evenings, to see the Brook Hall really filled downstairs, morning and afternoon, and the Lecture Hall Gallery opened and used by at least twenty or thirty people, in addition to the full complement below, and all this with no bills or extraordinary efforts. To hear one after another say, "Oh, bless the Lord, I never felt so much of His love and power as I have this last two or three months." All this is very cheering indeed.

The singing, that sure, almost unerring spiritual gauge, which indicates generally to a nicety the state of people's hearts, was at first solid and harmonious, but slow. It was excused by the remark, "We are improving." It rose, however, in a day or two to something like the rapid gush of many waters that cannot be held in. The Sunday morning prayer-meeting was sadly too small, but hearty and hopeful. The number of people who have not been taking any public part in the work, especially on the female side of the house, has been much too large; but there they are ready professedly to do anything they can for Jesus, and they can talk, and no mistake.

Quite a number of soldiers are "obedient to the faith," and their daily conflicts in the barracks are as glorious as their public testimonies for Christ. One of these, on getting to his bedside on the evening of his conversion, found a Bible and a glass of water laid upon the bed by some comrades, who having been present at the meeting were deter-

mined to be early in teasing him. "You have joined the Shakers," said they, "now give us a sermon." Nothing daunted, he took a drink of the water, read some passages of Scripture, knelt and prayed, and then got into bed. Since then one who took a prominent part in ridiculing him has come in turn to the feet of Jesus.

Thus week after week the work is going on, and we trust we shall be able to report far greater things this winter. Prosperity has been the order of the day lately, financially, as every way; but the expenses having increased, help to meet them is still urgently needed, as well as thoroughly deserved. Tracts, a packet of which was this month received very thankfully from Mr. Atkinson, are also much desired, that the work may be more and more pressed forward. These, with money contributions, may be sent to our dear brother,

W. WHITFIELD.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

Oh, how little we have done yet in these towns, stretching over miles; and there is that great theatre at Rochester—neighbourhood after neighbourhood scarcely touched by us! God help us! Amen!

G. S. R.

CANNING TOWN.

"Consecrated to Thy service
I will live and die for Thee,
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation full and free."

THANK God, our prospects are very cheering. The devil has been robbed of some of his best servants, and our Jesus, whom we serve, has had the victory. Glory to God!

On Sunday nights we have had to cry, "Where shall we put the people, for the hall is too small," and many a time they have to go back disappointed, not able to get in. Will the Lord's people pray that God may open our way for a larger hall for Sunday? We mean to go in for God and salvation of poor sinners here, for it is a black, sinful place.

We hold nine open-air meetings every week, and in the hall we hold seven meetings a week, and, above all, God is with us. People come out to their doors to see our processions, and

ask what it is, and they say, "Oh, it's Happy Jim and his happy family," and so it is, praise the good Lord! Here, this last week or two, God has been working, ungodly sinners have been saved, who are still with us, and mean to go to heaven at any price—if it cost them their life they mean seeing Jesus.

EXPERIENCES.

One young man said, "I am glad I came in this hall, but more because I come to Jesus. I know I'm saved, and on my happy way to the better land. I mean to get my friends to come to Christ. I asked my mother to come to-night, but she said her boots was bad; but I mean to get her a new pair. I don't care what I do if I can get her saved, that I can meet her in heaven. The Lord bless her."

The worst woman in Canning Town saved at last, and preaching for Jesus. This woman has had a good deal to put up with in the open air; and on the bridge, while I stood by, they have railed at her, but she stands as bold as a lion, and is a wonder to the town. She is about six feet in height. I have heard her say she was a big sinner, but she found a bigger Saviour, and in spite of hell and devils she means to see Jesus in heaven.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE

was saved at the same time and at the same place, where the life-giving blood flows like a river. They said in one of our meetings that, "Their home was once like a little hell, but now it was a little heaven. They would not admit the missionary in before they was saved, but now they was glad to see him. He wanted to know where they had been, and they told him they had been to hear Happy Jim, and the Lord had saved them and made them happy too."

We had just finished a glorious meeting the other night, and got our hats on to go home, when Brother Fisher spoke to a man about his soul, and he come out, fell down on his knees, and cried for mercy, got saved, and went home a new man in Christ Jesus. Praise the Lord!

I could give you some very interesting cases, but time is short. I pray that good people will help us, and at once, for the sake of Christ and poor sinners.

Yours happy at the feet of Christ,

JAMES PARGETER.

5, Spire Terrace,
St. Peter's Street,
Barking Road, E.

WELLINGBORO'.

TRULY we may say, "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The Lord is filling our souls with joy and gladness. The streets and thoroughfares with songs of praise, and our hall with crowds of people. "Give us room that we may dwell," Zion's daughters cry aloud. Surely the Lord will answer our prayers, by touching the hearts of his stewards, and by opening a way for the enlarging of our hall, that this glorious work may be more fully developed. It is a grief to our hearts when people have to be turned away again and again for want of room. But what are we to do?

Our open-air work is spreading. A new band of new converts has been started, enabling us to mission the east-end of the town every Sunday evening. We have now four good bands working bravely and fearlessly for the Master's glory. Our processions are a power, especially on Sundays, when in larger numbers we parade the streets, both morning, afternoon, and night. We are having glorious meetings; at every service good is being done.

Special noon-day prayer-meetings are now being held for an hour and a quarter, when about forty work-people hasten from dinner to plead with God for souls. "Oh, is not this beautiful," said one of our young sisters. "I wish we could stop all the afternoon, but we must go to work; never mind, I feel much blessed for coming."

"I'VE GOT ROCK under my feet now," said one of our young men who has lately given his heart to Jesus, "I've something to stand on."

When in the open air, one of our sisters said, "You know what I have been; I used to be very bad, and would have my own way. I would go to penny shows and such like places. Every time I used to speak I swore, but the Lord has turned my swearing lips into praying lips."

DOING THE BIG.

"If I had not got saved," said another brother at a Saturday night meeting, "I should have been at the circus to-night with a three-halfpenny or two-penny cigar doing the big, but thank God, I am happier here."

When going home after one of our happy meetings, I overtook a young man who had been one of the roughest. I said

to him, "Well, are you tired of God's service yet?" "No," he replied, "I should think I am not; I have got fifteen shillings in my pocket now, if I had not got converted the publican would have had it. I never was so happy in my life. It is better every way."

We have just enlisted a batch of new recruits for Christ's army, who are eager to fight for King Jesus, and fight they shall. Our cry is no quarter to the enemy, all must surrender, new victories must be won, Satan is raging, sceptics sneering, Pharisees murmuring, drunkards cursing, the worldly-wise mocking, but all in vain; God's work is sure to go on and the gospel triumph, and shall triumph in Wellingboro'.

Thanks to friends for tracts—more needed.

W. J. PEARSON.

26, Havelock St.
Wellingboro'.

CROYDON.

WHAT about Croydon? Well nothing very much and yet far more than could be said at any previous date within my memory of the place. A good hearty procession Sunday morning, afternoon, and night; a larger Sunday evening congregation than I can recollect seeing for years, penitents, and twenty-six people staying till nearly ten o'clock and praying all round. Everybody loving everybody else and especially dear Bro. Borrill.

HAWKING

in the Market on Saturday evening is one peculiarity of the work at Croydon. Just opposite a great public house, with a "Professor" and his large auditory on one side, and a ballad-singer and his ring hard by, we found a location for the Bible-carriage and for two or three hours found that we too could gather crowds to listen to the stories of our Bible, our Magazine, the life of Billy Bray, &c. There were unmistakable signs that many were not only interested in these things sufficiently to buy, but were pricked to the heart. Such efforts, without demanding anything like the exertion of one open-air meeting are calculated to impress thousands of people who would avoid any ordinary service.

Some of the recent converts are very remarkable examples of saving power,

LEEDS.

HALLELUJAH! The past month has been a blessed and successful one. God has displayed His matchless power in the salvation of many souls. Our congregations are increasing, outside and inside.

While speaking to about 500 people at the Corn Exchange, the Spirit carried the word home to four hearts. After I was done speaking, a man touched me on the shoulder, saying, "Can the Lord save me? what you said has gone right through me." I invited him to our tabernacle—sang through the streets; thousands came running out to hear us. When we got inside, I commenced a prayer-meeting, and down came the man and cried out for mercy. Hallelujah! the Lord took the veil from his heart, and he went out seeing.

A BACKSLIDER

said, "I came into Leeds this morning, but if any one had told me I would go out and get converted that night, I could not have believed them; but bless God, I feel very thankful that God saves me now, and I am determined to cling to the cross, and let people know what the Lord has done for me."

ALMOST AN INFIDEL.

A man who had opposed me twice outside (while I invited the people to come in), entered our experience meeting one Sunday afternoon. The Spirit of God was in the speaking, two, and sometimes three rising together to tell what God had done and was doing for them. The power of God took hold of him, and he got up to speak, saying that his mother persuaded him to come there; and he said, "I have got into the trap." Then he broke down in tears. We erected a penitent form, down he came and cried out for the Lord to save him, and the Lord has made a perfect cure of him, he is getting on well in his soul. Hallelujah for that.

A PROSTITUTE

cried and wept all the way from the Corn Exchange one night, came into our place, then she cried out for mercy to the top of her voice all the time the meeting was on; she said, "I came in here drunk, but I am sober now, and bless God, in my right mind. Now the Lord has changed my heart, I am willing to give all things up for my Saviour."

A MAN AND WIFE

seemed under conviction one Sunday

of whom more will be heard by-and-bye. But the best sight we saw there was that people are beginning to believe there will be a great work done this winter. So there will. Keep believing, and send any help you can, financially or otherwise, to J. Borrill 86, Waddon New Road, Croydon. G. S. R.

PLAISTOW.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

OUT among the fields, with no first-class open-air stand, no great thoroughfare at hand, what are we to do to get at the people of Plaistow and the neighbourhood? Suppose we try a camp-meeting, we said; and we set to work. We found a suitable spot just outside the gates of the West Ham Park, and tried, relying upon God for success.

At half-past two o'clock we commenced with a ring of some fifty happy Christians, and we were soon astonished at the huge crowd gathered round. We broke up at tea-time for a little while; and when we returned at six o'clock in a procession, led by Brother Burton, our coloured brother from Whitechapel, we found two hundred people already waiting for us. The gipsies were with us in force, and the number of people who surrounded our ring was estimated at from 900 to 1400, a great many of whom were with us from the commencement till we concluded at 9.30 p.m. We had no trouble throughout the whole service with anybody, except one young man who would fain have interrupted us again and again. But the Spirit of God laid hold upon him, and he soon after sought and found mercy.

Having found the experiment succeed so well, we tried again a few Sundays later; and upon this occasion marched from the ground to the hall at eight o'clock in the evening. Upon inviting the people to follow, I said: "If any of you are too bashful to follow, come and take my arm, and I'll lead you." But a huge crowd followed, and filled the hall, where, after a glorious love-feast, several sought the Lord.

By these and the more ordinary efforts of daily plodding work we have gathered quite a number of new members, further particulars of whose conversion we must defer till another month, by which time may God grant us many many more.

MELINDA GODDARD.

4, Stock Street, Plaistow.

night, I went and spoke to them, but they would not yield. The man had a beautiful little boy on his knee. I asked him if he could lead that child to heaven if he still remained in his sins, he shook his head, rose and they both went out; but, bless the Lord, they were amongst the first at the penitent form last Sunday night. They with four others professed to find pardon and peace through the blood of the Lamb.

"Hallelujah we are rising,
And the work of God's reviving,
Praise ye the Lord."

Thanks for two packets of tracts and books from G. Atkinson, London.

Money, tracts, &c., to help this good cause will be thankfully received by Mr. J. Broadbent, Covered Market, or
JAMES ROBINSON.

19, Lower Brunswick Street,
Leeds.

NORTH ORMESBY.

PRaise the Lord His work is steadily progressing here. Lately we have been having some losses through removals, but we believe this also shall tend to the furtherance of the Gospel.

Since my last, we have had some powerful times. The Holy Ghost has been working with us mightily in the salvation of sinners, and the blessing and strengthening of God's own people.

Mrs. Saunderson, from Stockton, has given us a Sabbath, and the Lord came with her. At night we were very crowded, Brother Hobson filling up the aisle with his sofa and chairs. Only one soul found peace that night, but many went away under powerful conviction.

On the following night, one man said, "I have been very miserable all day, and I am come on purpose to get saved." Of course the Lord soon came to his deliverance, and he went home rejoicing.

A sister in the same meeting was so overpowered, that she could not get up from where she was kneeling. God shook her mightily; but giving her experience the next night she said, "Oh! I am so glad I came to the meeting last night, I came in a miserable sinner, but went home so happy in Jesus. Glory be to God."

She was followed by a dear fellow who said, "If anybody had told me a fortnight ago, that I should be in such a meeting as this, and so happy, I should have told them it was a false-

hood; but God saved my soul eight days ago, and it has been the happiest time of my life."

One Sunday night a dear man was thanking the Lord something like this— "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee, thou hast saved me to night. Many times has the devil dragged me out when I have wanted to be saved, but to-night he is conquered. Hallelujah!

Another in the same meeting: "Oh, how restless I have been all the evening, how to sit still while you were preaching I did not know, but the burden's gone now. Bless the Lord."

OUR CLASS

On a Tuesday night, is a sight that would gratify anybody who loved the Lord. Some ninety or a hundred attend, and all give their experience, and sometimes we put a sinner into the fountain.

The other night two strangers wandered into our company. In the middle of the meeting, I asked one if she was happy: she replied "Yes." "Are you converted?" said I; she drooped her head. "Well would you not like to be?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then come along just now." She rose up promptly and came out, we prayed with her and sang, and pointed her to Jesus. After a short struggle she found the Lord, and went back to her seat, smiling through her tears and praising God. The meeting changed again to an experience meeting, and just about as the last one had to speak, I came upon the other stranger, asking the same question and received the same reply. I said, "Come along then, Jesus will save you just now"; and with the same promptness she came out, leaving her little one in the arms of another sister. Three or four prayed while the woman humbly on her knees asked for mercy and pardon, and very soon found them both. She is with us happy in the Lord. Her countenance was so much altered that some of the brethren said "How much better the Lord had made her look."

This was a most orderly meeting, for we all felt indeed that it was ordered by the Lord himself.

JOHN ROBERTS.

90, Ireford Row,
North Ormesby.

HAMMERSMITH.

THE Lord of hosts is still blessing us here. Our open-air work is still going on well; thousands hear the truth

spoken in their own tongue, and many stand and listen to the simple words. On Sunday mornings the Sunday marketers are arrested on their way to market. Hawkers have given up their hawking on the Sabbath, and signs and wonders have been wrought in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be all the glory!

PAST THE PRIEST TO CALVARY.

This dear man came to our open-air meeting from the public-house opposite, attracted by the singing. It sounded better in his ears than the din of the tap-room, so he came over to us. One of our friends handed him a hymn-book, which encouraged him to stay and go with us to the hall. As the service went on, the Holy Spirit worked on his heart; tears began to flow; and the dear man began to see himself a guilty sinner: and at the close he fell on his knees, crying for mercy; and instead of confessing to the priest, he opened his heart to Jesus, who freely forgave him, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

TOO BAD TO BE SAVED.

This man had lived a very low life, led by wicked associates from bad to worse, until he thought there was no pardon for him. He had a praying father and mother, and he told me that he could not stand his mother's praying and weeping, so he left home and came to London, and mixed up with bad company. One Sunday night he came to our open-air meeting, and followed to the hall. There the Holy Spirit reminded him of the family altar, the father and mother dying happy in Christ, and then singing in heaven. We found him in tears, with almost a broken heart; invited him to Jesus. "Oh," he said; "there is no mercy for a wretch like me." We assured him there was mercy in Jesus enough and to spare, if he would only try; and he did. With a broken heart he fell before the Lord, and cried unto Him for pardon. His prayer was soon answered, and he went home praising God.

GOING TO MARKET.

This dear woman, with her basket on Sunday morning, was on her way to market. She had, like many others, spent her Saturday night with her husband at the publichouse, and on Sunday morning there was nothing for dinner. On her way she heard us singing, stopped to listen, and then sat down

all the time the open-air meeting was going on. She listened with wonderful attention, came up in the procession to the hall, and was so delighted that she went home without any meat, potatoes, or cabbage, and told what wonderful things she had seen and heard. Of course her husband was not pleased, but she washed herself, and was there again at two o'clock in the open air, and again at six; and in the prayer-meeting she gave herself to Christ with a determined mind to serve Him, let others do what they may.

"WALNUTS, EIGHT-A-PENNY!"

Yes, this was the cry of a poor woman in the publichouse opposite one open-air stand. After washing all the week, with her little boy she was thus engaged on the blessed Sunday afternoon; but the Lord's host was near, and with earnest hearts they began to sound the trumpet—

"You must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

Some laughed; others said, "If we are not right, they are not;" and the woman left and came over to us at once, and sent her boy home with the nuts, followed to the hall, wept like a child, and, we trust, found Christ Jesus as her Saviour. We have seen her several times, and she tells us that she never means to slave for the devil any more.

We could go on adding to this list, but time and space forbid. Will our dear readers pray for us that God may bless us more and more? Tracts or money will be thankfully received by

Yours in the Gospel,
J. ALLEN.

8, Percy Cottages,
Bradmore Park Road,
Hammersmith, W.

CARDIFF.

Jesus still lead on, till the victory's won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless, guided by
His word.

See the tempter fly! hear young converts cry,
Hallelujah! glory be to God on high.

HALLELUJAH! during the past month we have been marching in the face of terrible opposition; the Irish have hooted and yelled, thinking, I suppose, to stop us in our work; but they have yet to learn that neither bawling men, pope,

priest or devil, can frustrate the purposes of the great *captain of our salvation*.

But during the month we have had some blessed reinforcements, both human and divine. Men and women on all sides have thrown down the weapons of their rebellion, and enlisted under the blood-stained banner of the cross. The Holy Ghost has made us strong and fitted us for the conflict; the enemy has been overcome, and the battle is the Lord's.

And we want to be faithful to our Captain in training these precious ones who have just enlisted in the army. I want to see an army of *holy, praying, praising* Christians, who shall make the gates of hell tremble.

One dear woman, the wife of the HALLELUJAH INSPECTOR, came to the hall from time to time, and was often requested to give her heart to God, but pride and shame kept her back for several weeks. But after a week of deep conviction that made her wretched, she came out for Jesus, and got pardon. She is now a useful member of the Mission, and when I have visited her at her home, she has always had a Mission smile upon her countenance.

A FOREMAN OF SHIPWRIGHTS, who did not care to attend any place of worship, and who had no taste for religion, came to the mission-hall, and he says, fell in love with little Panter. However, God laid hold of him, and he gave himself up to Jesus. He is now a member with us, and is desirous of being useful in the service of Christ. May God bless him.

A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A very respectable woman came to the hall from time to time, and often I saw her daughter with her, who I thought, was seeking God with all her heart. The blessed hour came, when mother and daughter were found weeping with others for mercy; they are both saved, and members of the Mission. May they endure to the end.

A BACKSLIDING MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

came to our Sunday evening service, and heard a sermon to backsliders, and God laid hold of them; they trembled upon their seats. I asked them to give up, and they came to the penitent-form, cried aloud for mercy, and God saved them; they have been to our services ever since. May they prove faithful to their Saviour.

"NO MORE GOSSIPING"

said a dear woman to her neighbours

the week after her conversion. "I have had enough of that, and if you want to come to my house, we shall talk of Jesus and divine things. I am willing to be good to you, but you must not talk of foolish things in my house any more."

May God bless the dear woman and make her a home missionary for Jesus.

A young man who had heard me preach one Sunday night, caught hold of my hand and said, "Oh, my dear sir, I have found pardon to-night while hearing you, and I mean to live for Christ." His conduct proves the truth of this. May God bless him.

I could give you many other cases.

I rejoice, in conclusion, to say that we have had some glorious times; but not enough has been done yet. I am not satisfied, and I earnestly desire an interest in your prayers—do pray with me for this drunken and sin blighted town.

Yours in Jesus,

CHAS. H. PANTER.

16, James Street, Roath, Cardiff.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

"Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"—ISAIAH xlix. 24.

PRaise God! although the conflict has been severe, yet God is on our side, and we have seen the prey taken, and heard the shouts of triumph from those who have escaped from the bondage of the devil.

Our open-air services have met with much opposition, but we have held on our way, and hundreds have heard words whereby they may be saved. Our

PORCH-MEETINGS

are a great vexation to the devil, and to those who are opposed to the declaration of the whole counsel of God. But He uses them, and therefore we go on. "What good do they do?" is often asked. Take the following as showing how the Lord uses them.

A YOUNG MAN

whom I had noticed listening very attentively, when the meeting was done was about to leave, but I took him by the hand, and asked him if his sins were pardoned. He could scarcely answer. His bosom began to heave; the tears ran down his cheeks; and he sobbed aloud. He followed me into the hall, got on his knees, and cried aloud

for mercy. God soon set him free, and he stood up and sung—

"The blood of Jesus cleanses me."

Praise the Lord!

A BACKSLIDER

who was passing one night when my wife was speaking, heard her say, "Death is coming." The words went home to her heart, and she says that she could not sleep all that night, she was afraid she would die and be lost for ever. However, she came to the hall a few nights afterwards, and made a full surrender. God healed her backsliding, and sent her home rejoicing.

Many thanks for tracts received. More help needed to aid in this gracious work.

Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR W. WATTS.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER WHEATLEY, OF WHITE-CHAPEL.

BY AN OLD MATE.

BROTHER WHEATLEY was born at Rotherhithe, in the year 1855. His life, before his conversion, was moral. He was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in 1873.

He came one Sunday night along of a fellow earman from Chaplin and Horne's, where he worked from boyhood till death. They sat down at the bottom of the hall. The Spirit of God strove with both of them mightily; but that night they went away, and did not yield. They came again on the Sunday following, when Mr. Booth preached. Again the Spirit of God strove with them, and he told his mate that he was going up to the penitent-form, whether he did or not. And on Mr. Ballington and Miss Kate Booth coming up to them, they both went and got their sins washed away in the precious blood of Jesus. Both of them joined in class. His mate for a time run well; but, alas! he went again into the beggarly elements of the world, and is, or was, doing a term of imprisonment. He often tried, but, thank God, without success, to turn Brother Wheatley back. Many times did Brother Wheatley go to him, and talk to him, and try to win him back to the fold of Jesus, and many times has he told me how he has prayed and besought him to return.

Brother Wheatley threw himself into the work at once, not very publicly, but yet with spirit and earnestness. He was a helper of the Children's Services, which were held at Fieldgate Hall. But the branch of the service which charmed him most was the Hallelujah Temperance-meetings, into which he threw his whole soul. He always was in his glory when in company of Bro. Price, and two or three more he could assist in the meetings. He used to bring his music and help the singing by all the means in his power.

His testimony at class was always bright and clear. Just before his death, after the sudden death of Brother Crowhurst, his mind was much led away to sudden death and sudden glory, and his testimony always was that he might be found prepared. He lived a holy consistent life.

A HAPPY MAN.

His disposition was a happy one. He was one who realised the Apostle's injunction to "Rejoice evermore," for he was seldom without a cheerful heart. One of our members, with whom he lodged a great portion of his time, says of him, "That he was always singing; morning, noon, and night, he was found praising his Maker." His cheerful disposition used to attract the notice of all who came into contact with him. He used to have a pleasant word for every one. One of his favourite hymns was, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." And many times he used to continue singing in spite of the black looks of his listeners.

Brother Bennet, who worked along of him, says, "That he lived a consistent life before his mates, always being willing to speak a word for his Master, and never being ashamed to own he was a member of the Christian Mission, for he used to take one of the Magazines every week to his work. And I myself can give my testimony that I always found him true to his profession, for during the first part of his converted life I was along of him, and I always found by his conversation that he enjoyed the reality of God's saving power.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

He was married on Christmas Day, 1876, and his wife says of him, "He lived a truly consistent life. Every night of their short married life they

read the holy Scripture, and prayed together. Early in the month of May he met with an accident, by jumping off his van, which kept him at home for a week. He seemed to get better, and on the Sunday before Whit-Sunday a few friends were taking tea with him, when he seemed full of joy in the Lord. Speaking to his wife's mother, who was present, he said, "Dear mother, I have got the key-note of the hymn 'My beautiful home,'" and he played the music and sung it with great joy. The next morning he was not able to get up. On Wednesday, it proved to be the small-pox, and on the next day he was taken to the hospital. On Whit-Sunday it proved to be of a fatal kind. His wife and her father and mother saw him; he was quite prepared to meet death. Mr. Price visited him daily, sometimes with Mrs. Wheatley, and sometimes with a dear sister of the Christian Mission. On one occasion, on being asked if he knew Jesus, he said, "*I should think I do know in whom I believe.*" He bore all his sufferings with sweet patience, and died on Friday night, 25th May, without a struggle. When he was asked, on the last evening of his life, by his father-in-law and a dear sister in Christ, if he saw them no more, he would meet them in heaven, he said "Amen" quite heartily. This was the last word they heard him speak. Amen.

BROTHER CHARLES WELLS OF
WHITECHAPEL.

OUR dear brother was born at a village called Stanford Le-Hope, Essex, in December, 1846, and he was born again in the month of December, 1861. He strolled into a tea-meeting which was being held in a barn, on a dreadfully cold night, but the living word was spoken with warmth, as it always should be, and our dear brother's heart was warmed by the love of God. Under the warming influences of the Holy Ghost, he became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

In 1874, Brother Wells, with his wife, came to reside in London, and one day they were passing our Mission Hall, in the Whitechapel Road, and were attracted by the singing of our friends at the Porch meeting. After hearing one and another tell of the blessing of a

full salvation, and showing the joy of a clean heart and a holy life, he at once decided, "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God." He sought and obtained the blessing of a clean heart, "a heart from sin set free," and he lived a wholly sanctified life up to the time of his death.

He always entered heartily into all the services, being thoroughly imbued with the mission spirit. On the last Sunday but one upon this earth, he took part with our dear Sister Reynolds and her band, of which he was a member, in the open-air meeting, on the Mile End Road, speaking with much solemnity and intense earnestness, warning his hearers to flee to Christ as the sinner's only refuge.

He had been poorly for some time, but was taken much worse on the Sunday following, and was compelled to take to his bed, from which he was never again permitted to rise till his ransomed spirit took its happy flight to that healthy country, where sickness never comes, and death is known and feared no more.

On the Wednesday before his death, our brother was unconscious for some time; but he afterwards regained his reason, and showed considerable anxiety to live on a little longer, not, as he expressed it, on account of himself, but on account of his wife and his two dear little children, whom he so dearly loved. During Thursday night, this burden seemed to roll away from our dear brother on to Jesus, who carries all the burdens of his faithful followers; and speaking to his wife's sister, thinking it was his wife, he said "cast all your cares upon him," and then his speech and strength failing him, she concluded the passage, "He careth for you." On Friday morning in answer to a question asked by Sister Reynolds, "Is Jesus precious?" he said "Yes, yes, yes, bless Him, bless Him!" and then he shouted as loud as strength would permit, "*Glory, glory, glory!*" These were his last words upon earth, and so he died to live again for ever; he has gone to shout glory with the shining host above. May we all seek and obtain that grace which enabled our dear brother to labour on in every good work, enjoying a holy blameless life; then our death will be that of the righteous, and our end will be like his. Shall it be so? you have to decide.

W. G. T.