

The Christian Mission Magazine.

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About Believing.

By G. S. RAILTON.



DOES anybody believe in God? A strange question, perhaps some will say, in this day of church extension and of Christian light, when so much scripture knowledge is diffused abroad, and so much money constantly expended in God's name. Ah, yes! but to whom much is given, of them shall much be required. In times of comparative darkness we find that those who professed to believe in God followed at his bidding the most extraordinary directions, and were made gazing-stocks to all men, by acting in a manner that everyone condemned. With all these examples before them, and with the assurance given to us again and again that these people met with God's approval, and were enabled by His grace to triumph over every foe, we find the Christians of the present day disposed to a very great extent in practice, and even in creed, to obey men rather than God. Why is it? Are the men of science so invariably correct as to warrant our modifying a letter of the Bible at their haughty bidding? Is the fashion and opinion of the world to endure for ever, and is the word of God passing away? If not, why do Christians bow to the one, and forget the other?

Why is the house of God made the parade of fashion? Why are worldly topics incessantly occupying tongues that are never, or scarcely ever, used for Christ? Why do Christians so seldom expect to see anyone converted at their services, and scarcely ever expect the salvation of any of the outside godless world? Why do millions of professing Christians question the possibility of a man's knowing his sins forgiven while on earth, and deny the possibility of living one day without sin (while many of them are singing expressly that petition every Sunday)? Why are stories of saving grace, such as that of this Mission, read and heard with great reserve, or with great wonder, while the histories of human achievements are carefully studied as undoubted facts? Why are pastors and people alike generally so much at ease about their own souls, and the souls of others, if God be true?

Let anyone look around upon the religious world especially, craving for the refined, the beautiful, and the gentle, while millions

are dying without God, and he will be constrained to repeat our question—Does anybody believe in God?

WHY SHOULD ANYBODY BELIEVE?

Are we not all rational beings, capable of judging for ourselves about everything, and having a right to come to a decision all our own? Are we not all born to live a separate life, and intended to be and to do something quite different from everyone else? Why must our minds be fettered in any one particular instead of being left free to take their own course? So thought Adam and Eve, and so have all their children thought more or less since.

How nice it would be to be gods, with worlds of our own to do just as we liked with! Then we could indeed be monarchs of all round us, and refuse to believe anything. But, alas, for our pride, we can only be "as gods"; and oh, what a bitter experience that has been to every poor rebel from Eve downwards! To put on the airs of a god, and not to be one; to insist upon thinking and acting as you please, and yet to be forced by-and-by to submit to others; to dare punishment, and then to have to cringe under it—ah, that is the sad lot of the unbeliever for ever.

WE MUST BELIEVE, FOR WE ARE SUBJECTS.

Russia may refuse as long as she pleases to believe or recognize the Spanish Government, but the citizens of Madrid must either accept that government or face its power. When He, in whose hands are our life and breath, and all things, speaks, we must hear and believe, or incur His hot displeasure for our insolent rebellion.

WE MUST BELIEVE, FOR WE ARE IN THE DARK.

A stranger coming into a strange place in the daylight may walk about its streets and choose his own course in every way, but he who arrives at night must be content to follow the directions of others who have seen what he cannot see. Now, no matter how our pride may abhor the fact, here we are wandering in darkness, neither knowing whither we go nor how soon our career may be cut short. There is only One who knows all about us, and the way that we take—we must either follow His counsel or be lost.

WE MUST BELIEVE, FOR WE ARE WEAK.

At the crossings of the great thoroughfares in the city you may see thousands of strong men rushing across as though there were no danger, and but rarely meeting with accident; but, by-and-by, you will observe some weak one approach, stop, look about, and wait till some stronger framed and stronger nerved may, by a show of protection at least, give safety. The mass of mankind, confident in themselves and ignorant of their weakness, rush into the busy world with its myriad temptations, traps, and pitfalls, and fall victims to the power and subtlety of the devil. There is only one strong Friend always

present and always sufficient. We must either trust in Him or be brought to desolation.

WE MUST BELIEVE, FOR WE ARE SICK.

In this enlightened age there are multitudes of people who have "no confidence in the medical profession"; but it is very curious, if not amusing, to observe how rapidly these persons betake themselves to some book of medicine, to some medical preparation, or to the advice of almost anyone the moment they feel the slightest symptom of disease. Human nature, alas, is full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. We must either avail ourselves of the skill of the only Physician able to give us life and health, or we must die; and oh, how many leave all concern about their everlasting life till it is too late! Like the foolish man who waits till mortification has set in before he will complain, and throws his life away rather than be thought incapable of bearing pain, so millions, rather than expose themselves before men as truly in sorrow for their sins, will hush their grief till everlasting agony becomes their doom. But

WHAT IS EVERYBODY BOUND TO BELIEVE?

Must every mind comprehend and accept all the truths contained in the Scriptures? Must every heart intelligently adore the Trinity in unity, and warmly embrace all the teachings of Jesus? Must one set of doctrines be adopted and tenaciously clung to by every one, and one system of teaching be the only method of leading men to heaven? Oh, no; thank God, a very small creed only is imperative upon us all, and with a great variety of information and of thoughts on many matters, we shall not fail to meet in heaven if we only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, then, what is believing on the Lord Jesus Christ? Is it just believing that He was born, crucified, and buried; that He rose, went to heaven, and will come again to judge us? No, for all these articles of the creed are held by the devil and his angels. Is believing on Him believing that He will save us when we die, or at some future time? No, for this in itself implies that we do not believe in Him as our Saviour just now. Suppose a man to be lying in great pain, the doctor comes into the room and says, "Just apply this ointment, it will take away your pain in a moment." "Oh," says the patient, "I am glad to hear it; I believe what you say, and have no doubt I shall be better some time." "Oh, but," says the doctor, "use this *now*; I have brought it on purpose." "Oh, thank you; you are very good, and I have no doubt you speak truly; but I would rather not take it just now." Could the doctor look upon that man as a believer in him and his medicine? Certainly not, and until the remedy is made use of, there is no reason to look upon the patient as believing in it.

Just so, no matter what a man may think about Christ, it will all be of no avail unless he applies the precious blood of the Lamb of

God to his own soul's wounds, and those wounds are made whole by the application. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive" (not hope for) "remission of sins." "To as many as received Him to them gave He" (not will some day give) "power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believe in His name." Whoever has not received that remission of sins, whoever does not know that God has for Christ's sake pardoned his sins, and made him His child, may be sure that he has never believed on Jesus.

But this simple believing on Jesus, this believing He saves me, He cleanses me, He befriends me, He takes me for His own, oh, what a new world it opens to me! The moment I believe on Him I have got a God! The world, men, myself, all are as nothing compared with this sudden gain. "Whom shall I fear, of what shall I be afraid, now that God is for me?" Oh, how earnestly the soul clings to Him when a man really believes in Jesus! But oh, how often does the world creep in and divide the heart that once was full of faith in its one Lord and Saviour! Let the backslider in heart beware! Confidence once dimmed is not so easily re-established, but is very easily overthrown. The only way to be a happy and safe believer in Jesus is to believe in none but Him. A soul thus steadfastly confiding in Christ wonders

WHY DOES NOT EVERYBODY BELIEVE?

Alas, how few there are who really exercise saving faith? Why are there so few?

1. *Because most people have not heard what to believe.*

Millions in distant lands have never heard of Christ at all, and in our own England there are many millions who never listen to the Gospel, who will not listen to it if they can avoid doing so, and who will live and die in heathen darkness, unless Christian people go out to them in the open air with the good news they need so much.

Again, it must, alas, be said that, while multitudes attend the means of grace, but few comparatively are pointed plainly and clearly to the Lamb of God. There is plenty of teaching, but no light; plenty of creed, but no living faith; plenty of forms, but no saving power; plenty of prayers, but little praying, in the vast majority of our places of worship. So that even now the number of those who really have heard in a way they can understand of God's plan of saving men would startle us by its smallness, could we but know it. But, even of these, many do not believe.

2. *Because they believe in themselves.*

They are a very respectable, harmless sort of people, who never did any serious wrong, and are no worse than anyone else. All that is said about religion is very well in its way, no doubt, and they only wish everyone were as favourable to it as they are. They attend a place of worship, and always did—in fact, they were brought up

that way. They don't make any particular profession, but are not particular how many of this kind they make—as, indeed, they have no need to be—for they find no fault with anybody else's religion, and nobody finds any fault with theirs. Millions of these poor, self-complacent, comfortable slaves of Satan are sleeping away a wasted life under the very shadow of the cross, and yet, if special means are taken to arouse them, people cry, "Excitement!" "Enthusiasm!" Many again will not believe in Christ,

3. *Because they believe in the world.*

They know the truth, but do it not, because they like the world's gay toys; they believe in "being somebody," in "getting on," in "not making yourself different from other people." They love the world and the things of the world, and are determined at least to make the great Jesus wait their convenience before they will accept Him. One of them who left home the other day in perfect health and strength, to all appearance, stepped into a little pleasure-boat for an hour's fishing, and died ere the boat could be brought to land again. His pleasuring, alas, was over far sooner than he expected, and now, too late, he mourns for ever that the Sunday night before he did not cast his poor soul on Jesus. How shall they escape who neglect so great salvation? But why is there so much unbelief?

4. *Because believers are so inconsistent.*

How can the world be expected to believe in Christ when they see the churches even in their corporate capacity aspiring so eagerly after show and position, and money, and all that is of the earth earthy? How can business men be expected to attend to religion while professors of faith constantly excuse themselves, with smiles of self-complacency, from attending even one divine service through the week? How can men be persuaded of the saving power of Christ when they see that most of those who profess to be Christ's are saved from nothing as far as they can judge? How can careless worshippers be expected to believe in conversion when they scarcely hear of one case of it in connection with their place of worship from year's end to year's end? How can the outside world believe in a heaven or a hell when they see those who believe in both so little concerned about the eternal destiny of anyone?

Ah, let us make no mistake. The unbelieving world is not the greatest criminal, but the unbelieving church; and, unless a great change come over the conduct of the professed believers of this land, there will be a day of vengeance as surely as there is a God in heaven. To be talking glibly about the blessings of the Gospel, and to be listening to it only on Sundays, and allowing millions who will not come to hear it to die without the sound of it, is rank hypocrisy. It is smiling, kissing treason. Oh, may the spirit of true, living faith come upon believers! Then will many believe and turn unto the Lord.

A Strange Auction.



HERE was a strange auction in one of the deep, inaccessible dells of the Black Forest, about a century ago. It was in the dead of night. The place was lighted by torches, which cast a ghastly glare through the darkness of the abyss. Savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, were sitting in a circle, while one stood in the midst, holding up articles for sale. It was a gang of brigands who that evening had robbed a stage-coach. According to their custom they were engaged in selling the stolen articles among themselves. After a good many pieces of dress and travelling bags had been disposed of, and while the glass and bottle were going from hand to hand, and each member of the company vied with his neighbour in making unseemly jokes, and setting the assembly in a roar, a New Testament was held up last of all. The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this "article" with some blasphemous remarks, which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that he should read a chapter for their edification. This was unanimously applauded, and the auctioneer, turning up a page at random, began reading in a voice of mock devotion. While the company were greatly amused at this sacrilegious scoffing, it was not observed that one of them, a middle-aged man, who was one of the oldest members of the gang, and used to be foremost both in their crimes and in their debauchery, became silent, and, clasping his hands on his knees, was absorbed in deep thought. The passage which the auctioneer read was the same which that man's father had read thirty years ago at family worship, on the morning of the day when he, to escape the hands of the police, fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. At the sound of the words which he remembered so well, the happy family circle of which he had been a member rose to his fancy. In his imagination he saw them all seated round the breakfast table, which was crowned with the blessings of a new day. He saw his venerable old father sitting with the open Bible, reading the chapter which was to prepare them for prayer. He saw his kind, tender-hearted mother sitting by his father's side, attentively listening to the Word of God. He saw himself with his brothers and sisters joining in the devotional exercise, which entreated for them the guidance, protection, and blessing of God, during the day. He saw it all as clearly before his mind as if it had happened that morning. Since leaving home he had never opened a Bible, never offered a prayer, never heard a single word that reminded him of God and eternity. But now, at this moment, it was as if his soul awoke out of a long sleep of thirty years—as if the snow of a long winter melted away on a sudden at the sound of that well-known Bible word. And all the words which his good father had spoken to him from his childhood, and all the lessons, admonitions, and prayers of his pious mother—which then were scornfully given to the winds—now came flying back to his memory, as the winter crop bursts forth through the snow when the vernal sun unshackles the fields, and causes the hidden life to rise from its long, dreary grave. Perfectly

absorbed in those hallowed recollections, he forgot all that was round him, heard nothing of all the scoffing, laughing, and blaspheming that was passing in his presence, until on a sudden he was wakened out of his reverie by a rude tap on the shoulder, which was accompanied by the question—

"Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that book? You need it more than any one of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament."

"So I am," he answered, struck to the very bottom of his heart by the truth which he recognized in that rough joke. "Give me that book. I will pay its full price."

The next day the brigands dispersed through the neighbourhood to turn their bargains into money. The man who bought the Bible went also on his errand, but he directed his steps to no receiving-house. He repaired to a lonely place, where he spent the whole day and night in the agonies of unspeakable remorse, and, but for the consoling words which his Bible held out to him, he would certainly have made away with himself. But God had mercy upon that repenting sinner, and sent a message of peace and reconciliation to his heart. The next morning, on entering a village where he resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison. His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police-office, where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported. After an imprisonment of some years he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

The Higher Christian Life.

CONFERENCE AT OXFORD.



DURING the month a large gathering of Christians, a great proportion of whom were ministers belonging to various churches, has been held at Oxford, for the avowed purpose of waiting upon God for that baptism of divine power which would enable them to reach and maintain a higher standard of holiness. To this conference, men prominent in the religious world came from every part of Great Britain, while several brethren from America, and some twenty or thirty continental pastors, were present. The Conference assembled specially under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith and Dr. Boardman, who seem to have been the presiding

and leading spirits throughout. We rejoice to hear that the meeting has proved a great success. Entire consecration to God, and the full trust in Christ as a complete Saviour, were the themes throughout, and many ministers and others openly testified at the meetings; and professed to realise in their own experiences the blessing set forth. As a specimen of the teaching which has been received with such great favour, we reproduce, from the pages of the *Christian*, an address by the Rev. Dr. Mahan, of Oberlin, who has for many years been a champion for the blessed truth.

Dr. ASA MAHAN spoke on Heb. viii. 1 and vii. 25. After Paul had dwelt on the priesthood of Christ, and the character of His work, he tells us what our High Priest is able to do for us, and what we may expect from Him. We are likely to cut ourselves off from the main blessing intended for us from defective perceptions. "Able to save to the uttermost." The marginal Greek word for uttermost is one of the strongest in the Greek language, meaning, in all respects, to the full extent. Why is that power in Christ revealed, if we are not to avail ourselves of it? Why are we told what He is able to do, if we suppose that He is not ready to do it, or that we are not authorized to expect it? *Expand our hearts, expect to receive, and receive all that He is able to do. We are authorized to expect, for "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." Whilst we are here, Christ is there, interceding on our behalf; so that His Father and our Father will hear and will do, not according to what we expect, but above all that we ask or think; yea, Christ will save to the very uttermost. God only knows the extent of that. I must remember there is an exceeding abundance in reserve with God. He knows what we want, and is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." It is a great sin to limit the Holy One of Israel. "Save to the uttermost!" Dare not to limit His power, but take Christ at His word.*

Let me give you my own experience. Thirty-five years ago I became conscious of some fundamental defect in my condition. I felt I was not what the Bible teaches us to be—not a Bible Christian. Yet I laboured conscientiously; but I said to myself, "This is not Bible Christianity." At length one of the greatest revivals in our country visited our institution. I went up one day to the room of one of the professors, to talk to him about what I wanted, and that was to learn the secret of the piety of Paul. I had always to gird myself up to the point by my resolutions, and then my feelings kept drawing me back. "Paul was constrained." My friend explained it to me. I left the room, went back to my study, and thanked God that I had found the secret. My friend the professor came into my room, and asked me what I was going to preach about that night. I replied, "The love of Christ constraineth us." Now I began to preach, for I had not been hitherto in the fullest sense a preacher of the Gospel. I had found a Saviour from the condemnation of sin; but when under the power of my evil propensities and habits, I resolved against them, and relied on my own resolutions. Oh, the mistake! If you want to be sanctified, if you want power, go to Christ for sanctification and for power. Carry all your propensities to Christ! Open your heart to Him! He is just as able to sanctify as to pardon. I do not limit Him. I carry my temper and my appetite to Christ, and trust Him for the result. He will not disappoint me. Will He ever leave one who trusts Him under the power of sin? Never! Then put your whole trust in Him.

Now "this is the sum" of it all. "We have such an High Priest"—one that is able to sanctify, and He is before His Father to intercede for us, in order that "He may do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." If we have faith in Christ's ability whilst we are waiting here in these meetings, He

will come upon us, and we shall be filled with the Spirit; we shall be filled with all the fulness of God. We have One on our behalf in heaven, who is as bountiful as ever. Christ gave Himself that He might sanctify the Church by the washing of water through the word. He has given Himself to me that He might sanctify and cleanse me, that I might be changed into His own image. He is here to take away our sins. Now, brethren and sisters, do you believe that if He is present to heal, He will heal? He will say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and we shall rejoice in God our Saviour, and in His plentiful redemption. We shall realize that divine promise, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

I have known this experience for thirty-five years. My sun does not go down, nor does my moon withdraw itself. Thus I am *waiting, enjoying, expecting*. Christ has loved you, as He has loved me. He will pour out His Spirit on you; yea, upon all flesh—on you and on your children. Now say from the heart, "Yes, He loved me and gave Himself for me," in order to present me to Himself a glorious new creation."

Flames of Fire.

—:30:—
GIDEON OUSELY, THE IRISH EVANGELIST.

—:30:—
GIDEON OUSELY was born at Dunmore, in the county of Galway, in the year 1762. He was a gentleman by birth, and received a fair education, and by the industrious application of a vigorous mind, acquired a rich fund of information. With a strong intellect, and an intimate acquaintance with the Romish controversy, thoroughly master of the English and Irish languages, soundly converted when thirty years of age, and with a heart ever glowing with the love of Christ, he became a mighty instrument in spreading Gospel truth through some of the darkest parts of Ireland, and in bringing multitudes of precious souls to God.

His conversion was striking. He was truly awakened; he cried out, in anguish, "I shall be ruined most certainly. I got," he says, "*such a sight of hell, and going into it, never, never to be released through all eternity*, that I cried from my heart, 'Oh, Lord, I will submit.'" On this he soon found deliverance. God saved him, and assured him of the fact, and his sense of that salvation was as vivid and as strong as his fear of death and damnation had been before. We like this kind of conversion; as a rule, a life more than ordinary always follows. It did with Gideon Ousely, for his heart was immediately filled with a tender and holy yearning, that his dark and miserable countrymen should taste the like precious grace, a yearning which at once impelled him to action. "Having," says he, "only these two things, *the knowledge of the disease, and the knowledge of the remedy*," he began at his own door, and then gradually extending his sphere of labour, he ultimately became an apostle to the whole of his native land. His biographer thus describes

HIS QUALIFICATION FOR EVANGELISTIC WORK.

His personal appearance was noble. His was a frame of large and well-defined proportion—no trivial advantage to one who has to address ferocious mobs. He had a commanding bearing, which threw out into fine relief the subduing sweetness of his countenance. His great bodily strength, his amazing powers of exertion, endurance, and abstinence, his profound familiarity with the national and religious peculiarities and prejudices of his countrymen; his keen insight into the wiles of popery, and his marvellous dexterity in exposing them, which was partly a natural gift and partly a gracious anointing—all this eminently fitted him for the work to which he was devoted. He was moreover endowed with a fervid and impressive eloquence, and his complete mastery of the Irish language gave him an overwhelming power in addressing the Irish peasantry. It was long ago said in Ireland, If you plead for your life, plead in Irish.

The modes of labour adopted by Mr. Ousely were varied, ever adapting himself to the circumstances and character of the people among whom he moved. Of the wisdom and tact displayed through the long years of his ministry the following is an instance. We will call it

A PROTESTANT METHOD OF CELEBRATING MASS.

One day he rode up to a house where the priest was celebrating mass in the presence of a corpse which was just to be interred. It was one of those scenes so illustrative of the Irish character—frantic grief and frantic mirth, in ghastly combination; wild intemperance and abject devotion; prayers, lamentations, laughter; holy-water profusely scattered by the priest, and whisky drenching both priest and peasant. Into the midst of this grotesque and doleful gathering Gideon Ousely broke. The priest was reading his Latin prayer over the corpse—not inappropriately praying for a dead man in a dead language. The large assembly were on their knees. Ousely knelt with them, and audibly translated, from the Latin into the Irish, every passage which would bear a Scriptural construction; adding after every clause, "*Listen to that.*" The whole company was deeply affected. The priest was thunderstruck, and all drank in eagerly every word that fell from his lips. The service being completed, the company rose to their feet, when he delivered, in the magic melody of their mother-tongue, an earnest exhortation to repentance and faith in Christ, as the only means of reconciliation to God, and preparation for a future world. He then mounted his horse and disappeared.

"Father," exclaimed the people, "who is that?"

"I don't know," replied the priest. "He's not a man at all: he's an angel. No man could do what he has done!"

After a considerable lapse of time, in riding out he overtook a countryman, and the following dialogue took place—

Mr. Ousely. "My dear man, would you not like to be reconciled to God; to have His peace in your heart, and stand clear before the Great Judge when He will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world?"

Peasant. "Oh, glory be to His holy and blessed name! I have His peace in my heart; and the Lord be praised that I ever saw your face."

Mr. Ousely. "You have! What do you know about this peace? Where did you see me?"

Peasant. "Don't you remember the day, sir, that you were at the *burin* (burial, funeral), when the priest was saying mass?"

Mr. Ousely. "I do very well; what about that day?"

Peasant. "Oh, gentleman! you told us how to get that peace; and I went—blessed be His holy name!—to Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and got it in my heart, and have it here ever since!"

Mr. Ousely was pre-eminently an open-air preacher. He spent his life in proclaiming a present, free, and full salvation to the crowds whom he was ever able to collect at fairs, markets, assizes, funerals, and similar occasions for great public gatherings. On such occasions we read that

He never courted danger, and never shrank from it. He would, if possible, come upon a town unawares, before the priests had time to organize a row. He

generally sat on his horse, and though he passed through a crowd with a black cap on, not seeming to notice anything, he eyed everything around, and with true Hibernian ingenuity, he always planted himself in front, either of the priest's window, or of the best shop-window in the town, generally a druggist's—shrewdly judging that expensive squares of glass, and costly vases behind him, afforded a much surer protection against the missiles of a cruel and cowardly mob than a stone wall in front of him.

In the village he generally arrived in the later part of the day, but still time enough, if no chapel were there, to secure a house for preaching in at night. Sometimes about the hour in which men were returning from field labour, and the villagers loitered an hour before their supper, at this time he would stand up, perhaps under the spreading branches of an ancient tree, "With seats beneath the shade," and give out a verse of a hymn, which, sung to a plaintive Irish air, would produce an immediate movement to the spot; and then would he sing a verse in English and Irish alternately, of the favourite hymn—

"Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee."

He would then address the congregation, in English and Irish. The effect would be generally very great; preaching published for chapel, or barn, or dwelling-house, as the case might be, and great numbers would flock to hear the word.

He was one of the most laborious preachers the world has ever known. We read that

On an average, he rode forty miles a day, and preached twice, usually without any nutriment in the interval. He often preached three times, not seldom four, occasionally five times a day. He toiled alike in the height of summer and the depth of winter. What considerably augmented his labour was the habit of preaching *double sermons*; that is, delivering his discourse first in one of the languages—English or Irish—and then in the other.

His exposure to heat, cold, and damp, and the bad effects of scanty and unwholesome diet, and disgusting and comfortless lodging, was such as must have crushed any constitution, and overborne any fortitude, less vigorous than his own.

PREACHING BY THE WAY.

While Mr. Ousely was an indefatigable preacher, travelling as much as 4,400 miles in a single year, and that on horseback, he never, if possible, allowed an opportunity to pass which he did not endeavour to improve, whether riding on the way or in company at the house of his friends.

When spending an evening at the house of a friend in Burrenokane, where a large company were at tea, a young lady sat at his right hand, who had not discovered any indications of seriousness; turning to her sister-in-law who was on his left, a person of piety and sense, he said—"Is this young lady born again?" The lady replied, "She is of age, ask her." That moment the young lady was filled with deep emotion, cried to God for mercy, and tasted that the Lord was gracious, and the whole company felt under the divine influence.

On one occasion, when travelling in the county Wicklow, and while his horse stopped to drink in a stream, Mr. Ousely saw a young woman standing at her father's door—he went towards her, took her by the hand, spoke to her a few moments about her soul, and at parting, prayed that the blessing of the Lord might rest upon her. About two years afterwards he happened to be in the country; after preaching in a gentleman's house in that neighbourhood, a young man came up to him, and invited him to his house. The next evening, on his arrival, the lady of the house received him in the most affectionate manner, saying—"Mr. Ousely, I believe you don't know me." He replied, "No, my dear, I do not." She then recalled the circumstance above narrated to his recollection, and added, "I am the person you addressed on that occasion; up to that period I had known nothing of the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, but the observations you made resulted

in my conversion. I am now a married woman, the young man who invited you is my husband, and is a class-leader. The Lord is with us, and is blessing us, and we now rejoice to see under our roof my father in the Gospel."

A SCEPTIC.

A gentleman, a stranger, rode up with him one day. After the common salutations had been interchanged, Mr. Ousely immediately spoke to him about the great salvation that Christ the Lord came down from heaven to give to His creatures, equally the privilege of the rich and the poor. The gentleman expressed some doubts as to the truth of Christianity.

Mr. Ousely. "Don't you think, sir, that Jesus Christ was at least a good man?"

Gentleman. "Ye-e-s, I do."

Mr. Ousely. "Do you not think that He was a good teacher?"

Gentleman. "Indeed, I must acknowledge I think He certainly was."

"Another step, sir," said Mr. Ousely. "Is it not your opinion that He was really the best teacher that ever the world saw?"

Gentleman (with some hesitation). "Well, in candour, I must admit it as my opinion that He was, but then—"

Mr. Ousely. "But then!—what then, sir? Can you blame me for learning from the best teacher that ever the world saw?" The gentleman seemed more surprised and pleased than confounded, and, it is hoped, the conversation resulted in convincing a sceptical mind of at least the truth of Christianity.

LOOKING FOR GOD.

In one of his excursions he met a man who had taken a severe pilgrimage of forty Irish miles, imposed on him by his priest, as penance. Mr. Ousely accosted him in Irish—

"Where have you been?"

"At the Reek," was the reply.

Mr. Ousely. "What were you doing there, poor man?"

Pilgrim. "Looking for God."

Mr. Ousely. "Where is God?"

Pilgrim. "Everywhere."

Mr. Ousely. "Where would you go to look for the day-light when the sun rose this morning?—would you go forty miles to look for the daylight when it was shining into your own cabin-door?"

Pilgrim. "Oh, the Lord help us, I would not, sir."

Mr. Ousely. "Then, would you go on your feet forty long miles to look for God when you could get Him at your own door?"

Pilgrim. "Oh, then, may the Lord pity us, gentleman; it's true for you, it's true for you!"

(To be continued.)

FORSAKING HOUSES AND LANDS.

WE have not all houses and lands to forsake for Christ—are we then shut out from the blessings promised by Him in Matthew xix. 29? Oh, no! In what way, then, can others act to receive the favours named by our Lord? The merchant or trader who is content to suffer loss from love to Christ rather than be guilty of any overt or secret act of dishonesty towards those with whom he may have to do—the servant who will suffer the loss of a desirable situation in preference to retaining it, whereby his divine Master would be dishonoured—the master or mistress who will for the glory of Jesus calmly and patiently endure the loss occasioned

by the carelessness of servants, and, instead of feeling and expressing anger thereat, will quietly and kindly exhort to more care for the future—these will be profitable forsakings in the end; they are deposits lying at large interest, and will be surely repaid by the great Banker, whose covenant engagements never fail. S.

THE SECRET PLACE.

How exalted, how glorified, is that privileged soul who is favoured while in this sin-blighted world to be raised up into a state of secret companionship with the Father of Light! None but the believer in Jesus, who lives in spirit near to his dying Lord, and is looking

unto Him continually to be kept clean, can find a dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. The glory of this blissful condition is well worth believing and striving for. Oh, may our hearts be stirred up to increasing and unceasing graspings after this rich enjoyment! S.

MR. RAILTON'S MISSION TOUR.

FOR some time our dear Brother Railton has been possessed of the idea that Christians in the country might be stirred up to put forth more direct efforts for the salvation of the masses, and induced to extend to this Mission greater sympathy and assistance, were they aware of the great work God is using it to perform. With this view Mr. Railton left London, on Monday, Sept. 6th, visiting on successive days, Enfield, Hertford, Saffron Walden, Cambridge, Newark, Grantham, and other towns. On Wednesday, he expects to get to Leeds, and to remain there several days. Meetings are arranged for him in different chapels in that town, and on the Sabbath evening in the Amphitheatre. His usual course is to hold an open-air meeting, preaching the Gospel and urging his hearers, mostly working men, to accept the salvation which has been the means of raising so many who were once the lowest sunk in the social scale, while at night he lectures in some chapel or other place, the most suitable he can obtain for his purposes. So far, God has graciously opened the way of our young friend, and blessed his self-denying and zealous effort. May this blessing be increased a hundredfold! We commend him to the loving co-operation of those whose path he may cross, as being both in himself and the cause he advocates every way deserving of all the sympathy and help they can render him.

WAITING AT THE WELL.

LITTLE thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her
As a sheep astray;
That from sin He longed to win her,
Knowing more than she could tell
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.

'Neath the stately palm tree swaying
Listened she to words of truth,
While each thought was backward
straying
O'er her wasted youth.
Hast'ning homeward with desire
All His wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, Is not the Messiah
Waiting at the well?

Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free, for all mankind,
Blessings sweet on all bestowing—
All a welcome find.
All the world may come and prove Him,
Every doubt will Christ dispel
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.

Now my ravished soul has found Him,
Thrills with joy my throbbing breast.
Living waters all abounding
Give my spirit rest.
Let me haste to tell the story—
Oh, the rapture none can tell!—
I have found the King of Glory
Waiting at the well.

MORE TO FOLLOW:

HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

Chorus—More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

HAVE you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does his blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

More and more, &c.

HAVE you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

More and more, &c.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.

IN the history of the past month one of the chief features has been the violent opposition our brethren have had to encounter while conducting their meetings in the open-air, the police, the publicans, and lewd fellows of the baser sort, having in turns, and, in some instances, all seemed to combine to defeat and drive us from the ground. But so far, in every instance our great Captain has brought us through victorious. Still, we rejoice with trembling, and ask much prayer from our friends, and much patience from the workers themselves. At Poplar a good deal of trouble has been experienced. The roughs, on one occasion, formed themselves into a band, and charging down the street with most discordant, deafening cries and threatenings, endeavoured to break up the meeting. Our brethren, however, headed by Bro. Garner, stood firm; other friends came up to assist, and after some time silence was obtained. The enemies listened, and at the close the ringleader, stretching his hand over the heads of the crowd, expressed his regret, and asked forgiveness. Of course Bro. Garner not only shook hands, but earnestly prayed that God would save his soul.

At Hammersmith we have, from the commencement of the mission, not only been allowed to stand in the Broadway, but protected by the police, while carrying on the service. This station is a most valuable one—a fine open space in the very centre of the district, with several great thoroughfares all converging into it. Down these the working classes throng on a Saturday evening, and on other evenings also, to do their marketing. On either hand are two railway stations, with an obelisk in the centre, the lamps of which light up the faces of the people, and almost enable them to read their hymn-books. The value of such a stand, at which a congregation is always certain by day or by night, cannot be overstated. Here, on the occasion of our last visit to Hammersmith, on a week night, we were delighted to find a large crowd listening attentively to the Word of Life. A short time ago we were grieved to hear that a petition was being got up and signed by the neighbours round about, urging the police to stop the preaching. We were sufficiently alarmed to pray about the matter, and now greatly rejoice to know that God has interfered for us, and that for the present, at least, the danger is past. One gentleman living opposite said to Bro. Lamb the other day, "I am only recently come to reside here. At the onset I was induced to join in the opposition to the preaching, but on enquiring, I found good was being done, and then I at once withdrew." Others are feeling the same. Praise the Lord!

At Hackney the police have several times interfered, but we still persevere, endeavouring in every way to avoid giving offence, and yet maintaining our stand. Here, as in other places, the public-houses are the difficulty. Drunken men are instigated, and bribed with liquor to annoy, and, if possible, break up the meetings; but by a little tact and perseverance we not only easily surmount this difficulty, but profit by it, seeing that this kind of opposition invariably secures for us larger congregations. At Portsmouth, too, we find there has been much talk of putting down the street preaching, and taking from us a stand as valuable and important as the one at Hammersmith; but as yet it is without effect. It is at Chatham, however, that the most violent and direct opposition has been suffered. Here our principal open-air stand is in the Military Road, and this is right alongside some of the busiest public-houses in the town. For some time our business has been thought to *slightly* clash with theirs, and application has at last been made to the Board of Health to put down the street preaching. So far, no further measures have been taken. There have been some letters defending and some denouncing us in the local papers; the publicans have published some doggerel verses on some very poor paper, ridiculing us, while, on the other hand, a number of the neighbours have come forward, unsolicited, offering to sign a petition in our favour, and a considerable amount of kindly feeling has been elicited on our behalf throughout the town.

Strood and Rochester, as most of our readers are aware, adjoin Chatham, and here we have been in the habit of going once or twice a week to hold open-air meetings. These meetings have been well attended, and at them sinners have been awakened, who have come to our hall at Chatham and obtained mercy, and the people have generally heard us gladly. The first time there was any noteworthy opposition was, it appears, on

THE FAIR DAY;

but we will let the Evangelist tell the story himself. "Although I knew it was Fair Day, I went up to hold our usual meeting, praying and believing for a blessing as I went. We commenced well, the opening hymn and prayer were with liberty, and a crowd gathered round very quickly. Almost as soon as I commenced speaking, a man in a peculiar dress came just behind us, fixed up his little platform, mounted it, lit a candle, and began offering to my congregation extraordinary bargains in the shape of a sovereign, a gold wedding-ring, and a song—*all for a penny!* Right on my left hand a drunken street musician began to play a wheezing set of worn-out bagpipes, while on my right hand the fair was in full blast. I thought to myself, We must wake up or we shall lose the day; and so we started off to sing—and our Chatham friends *can* sing. Meanwhile, the conjuring knave, with his rings and songs, shouted louder and louder, and the old Scotchman blew his bagpipes till he was blue in the face, but we not only kept the crowd, but greatly increased it. As we paused in the singing a clergyman standing by stepped forward and implored the people not to allow their attention to be diverted by the mountebank performers, but to listen to the Gospel. As he spoke, our opponents saw the game was lost; the juggler dismounted his rostrum and packed up his songs; the bagpiper went off grumbling at not being allowed to 'earn his grub,' and we went on with the service, and had,

after all, one of the best meetings we ever had the privilege of holding in the town of Strood."

MORE PERSECUTION.

"The following week we were on the ground again. Brother Carter brought the music to which men and women used to dance their weary way to hell, and with it accompanied the singing of the first hymn. All went quietly for a time, when suddenly a band of rowdies, headed by a drunken barber, swept down on us like a whirlwind, with some cracked music, and yells, and blasphemies shocking to hear. This was continued for a long time, growing worse as the night wore on; but we held our ground, and had a prayer-meeting in the midst of it, committing ourselves to Him who we knew was able to keep us, though in the midst of roaring lions, and pleading for the salvation of our persecutors. Notwithstanding all the violence of the crowd, none of us were hurt in any way, and we went home praising God.

"Aware that every effort would be made to stop the work, all sorts of things having been threatened should we dare to show ourselves in the streets of Strood again, we waited on the mayor to ask his protection. This was at once promised in the most Christian and gentlemanly manner, he giving us permission to preach on the esplanade, and promising us the protection of the police while so doing. He understood what we were aiming at, and was in sympathy with our efforts to reach the neglected and ignorant masses with the blessed Gospel of the Son of God. May God bless him!

Will our readers unite with us in magnifying God for these deliverances? And shall we not afresh give ourselves to the work of publishing Jesus in the open air? This is our special vocation. True, a host of Christians are finding out something of the value of this sphere of labour and giving themselves to it. But the great bulk of these will now soon go into winter quarters. We hear of meetings on every hand to celebrate the closing services of the season. So much the more need for us to redouble our diligence while so many thousands are ignorant of their condition, and know not of salvation from sin and hell through the precious blood; and while they will stand to hear this glad news, neither publicans nor infidels, nor any kind of wind or weather, must cause us to cease crying in the open air, 'Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!'"

MRS. BOOTH AT RYDE.

Mrs. Booth commenced preaching at this fashionable watering-place on Sunday, August 23rd. The meetings are held, on the Sabbaths, in the Town Hall—a spacious room, that will hold about 800 persons. On the first Sabbath the place was nearly full, although there had been but little opportunity to give the meetings publicity, and considerable congregations have been maintained since. Many have testified in various ways to the blessing received from the

services, and a number of Christians belonging to the various denominations of the town have united together to promote their usefulness. Meetings are to be held in other parts of the town every night. On Friday last Mrs. Booth spoke in the schoolroom of the Independent Church to a crowded audience with great freedom and power. Mrs. Booth most earnestly requests the prayers of all her Christian friends, that the town may be visited and hundreds saved.

WHITECHAPEL.

DRUNKARDS' RESCUE SOCIETY.

WITH "Man and Crossman's Tap" on the one hand, and two other flaming gin-palaces on the other, in the very heart of the East of London, is a public-house, known far and wide as "The Blind Beggar." Its gilded taps, and brilliantly-painted front, contrasting strangely with the bruised and bloated faces of the poor creatures who find therein the means to drown for a time at least the sorrow and remorse of which they are the wretched victims.

On the side of the pavement, opposite these decorated man-traps of the devil, is an open space, a sort of no-man's ground, before the wide highway is reached, on which we hold a service every Sabbath from one to three o'clock. As they pass in and as they come out of this group of drinking-houses, they pause to hear our message of hope and deliverance. Many, we have every reason to believe, stay with us who would otherwise be inside; and as the ever-changing throng listen and weep, we hope, in some instances, they pray and decide for better things. We are encouraged to go on with this terrible fight with this giant foe.

A SORROWFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

After spending nearly two months in the Master's work at Portsmouth, I was again permitted to resume my labours among the poor drunkards of Whitechapel and the neighbourhood, rejoicing to find that during my absence the work has been continued by other anxious, earnest hearts. I called yesterday upon a poor woman whose husband is a good and industrious workman, were it not for the drink.

Last March he signed the pledge, and for five months kept it. At the end of that time, being unwell, he went to a doctor, who recommended him to take a little brandy. The awful craving for drink was aroused, and he returned to his old habits, with all their woeful consequences. On going in yesterday, I found his wife in tears, and upon inquiry, learned that he had just come home drunk, threatened to strike her, and then gone up to bed.

As I looked at the pure face of the infant, only a few months old, lying in the cradle, I realized the terrible possibility of that young life coming up only to have shed around it misery and woe, and there, in the presence of its sorrow-

ing mother, my heart sent up a silent prayer to Him who is ever willing to pity and to bless, for strength to rise up in His name, and slay the monster who was bringing to this home only desolation and distress.

Oh! could our doctors but know the fearful amount of harm they are doing by recommending alcoholic drinks, they never would do it.

Many a poor wretch goes down to a drunkard's grave with the excuse "the doctor ordered it." May God help us to keep our hands clean from the blood of souls!

We agreed before I left that as soon as he was sober, his wife should bring him round to the hall.

By-and-by she came alone, and told me that he had refused to come, and was then in a public-house drinking. She said she could get him outside without any difficulty, so we started at once to find him. Upon reaching the place she went to the door, and beckoning, brought him to me. He looked ashamed and downcast, and had not a word to say. I told him how sorry I was, that I knew he had a kind heart, and begged him for the sake of the dear baby at home, to give up the drink. As I was talking, one of his companions, a poor, degraded creature, came up and tried to draw him away. I turned round, and ordered the tempter to go about his business, or I would have him locked up. He slunk off without a word. I had now no difficulty in getting the poor fellow to go back with me and sign the pledge, and his hearty "God bless you, miss," when we parted, more than repaid me for all.

We mean to push the battle to the gate.

Ask for us all the long-suffering and tenderness which we need. One joy we have. He knows all, and though on every hand are the seemingly triumphant hosts of the cruel enemy, we are assured that He will give victory, and gather unto Himself many jewels from the poor drunkards of the East of London.

AGNES POLLETT.

SHOREDITCH.

INSTEAD of the public trying to put down street preaching, they ought to encourage it, as it sometimes upsets evil designs, and prevents the commission of crime.

A THEFT PREVENTED.

One week night we held an open-air meeting at the corner of King Street, at which no fewer than two thousand men and women heard the Word of Life. After leaving for the purpose of proceeding home, I heard some one running behind me; I turned to see who it was, and found this poor man. In answer to my enquiries, he said, "I was compelled, sir, to come and tell you that you have prevented me from committing a theft to-night. Oh, sir! I was going to do what I had never done before. I went this morning to seek work at the docks; being unsuccessful, I was persuaded by a gang of thieves to join them for the purpose of breaking into a house. I had to meet them between eight and nine o'clock, and was on my way when you gave out that beautiful hymn. I knew that it was my mother's hymn; I tried hard to get away, but could not; I was spell-bound. I thank God that I did pass that way, for it has hindered me from becoming a thief." He confessed before leaving that he had lost a good situation through strong drink.

We are doing a great work in the open air, scores of Sabbath-breakers pass by to the market, to whom we offer salvation without money or price, and often men and women weep bitterly.

One Sunday morning a man with a short, black pipe in his mouth, was greatly affected while listening to the Word. It appears he had been to America, and had spent a fortune in strong drink—evidently it had been his ruin. The friends seeing him in deep distress, invited him to the hall, and during the service he sought the Saviour.

BETHNAL GREEN.

PRaise the Lord! At nearly every meeting here some poor sinners werep their way to the cross, and are forgiven through the blood of the Lamb.

While in the open air the worst of characters are often deeply wrought upon. A man who had been

IN PRISON TWELVE MONTHS, and who had only been out two days, had started from home for the purpose of taking a walk; seeing a crowd around our hall gates, he wondered what was amiss, came and listened, and soon was smitten by the power of God's Spirit. At a subsequent meeting he and three others found true happiness by trusting in the sinner's Friend.

A POOR WIDOW,

who for some time had been in great distress, was attracted by our lively singing. Thinking she could get relief for her grief-stricken heart, she listened, and drank in the comforting truths of the Gospel. She went into the hall a sorrowful woman, but came out rejoicing in Him who has declared He will be a husband to the widow.

Our Circuit Festival, which was held at Bethnal Green, was, as announced, a time of refreshing and repeated shouts of praise. The thrilling speeches delivered, and the manifestation of Divine power in the salvation of two precious souls, were unmistakable signs that the Lord was powerfully present.

HACKNEY.

THE congregations at this station are impressing, and the work of God is reviving. Our Temperance Society is doing good work, habitual drunkards are being induced to sign the pledge, and give God their hearts.

A short time ago Bro. Bateman induced a man and his wife, who had been drinking very heavily, to sign the pledge. They were reduced through their dissipated habits to deep poverty. Both have given their hearts to the Lord, and regularly attend the hall. The change is apparent to all. Bless God! he looks happy, and doubtless feels as happy as he looks.

A GREAT DRUNKARD.

The Lord has been answering prayer. A man (the husband of one of our members) scarce ever took his earnings home, but spent them at the public-house. Fourpence-halfpenny was the sum he generally took to his wife to maintain a family upon. Several of our members felt his case lay upon their hearts, and set to work to pray for his salvation. They kept on praying for six weeks, and at length success crowned their efforts. He signed the pledge, came to hear me preach, and during the service he surrendered himself to Christ, and was made a happy man. Since his conversion his daughter (a married woman) has been made happy in Jesus.

A woman, who was struck by the word, stood one night for more than half an hour in Loddiges Road. She was so deeply wrought upon that she could not get away. After I had done preaching she came into the hall, and

soon she and two others found peace through believing in Jesus.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

WHILE soliciting aid for our new hall, a good share of public sympathy has been shown us. It is generally acknowledged that we are doing a work which, for want of adaptation and suitable machinery, many sections of Christ's Church are unable to accomplish.

One gentleman hopes that when the new hall is opened, we shall not desert our old stand near Abney Cemetery gates, as he has obtained much good from the services held there. We are grateful for the amount of liberality displayed, and kindnesses shown, and trust our kind benefactors will be amply repaid by hearing of the conversion of scores and hundreds in the new hall.

TOTTENHAM.

OUR friends have been much cheered of late. We have had some very good meetings. The quarterly meeting was a great success; friends came from all parts of the circuit. The speakers spoke with interest and power. Mr. Cozens and the Rev. — Ambry, Primitive Methodist Minister, delivered stirring speeches, wishing us God speed in our mission work. Mr. Baker presided. Every Sabbath many flock to hear the Gospel on the green, and powerful impressions are made. Navvies lie down on the green-sward, and quietly listen to the word delivered. May the Lord save them!

AN EXCUSE FOR LOUD SPEAKING.

Complaints are sometimes heard about our preachers being a little too loud. I was pleased to hear from Mr. Baker, who unavoidably came late into a Sunday evening's service, that I had as good a congregation outside the hall as in. Praise the Lord! if they will not come in, they shall have the privilege of hearing through the windows.

W. J. PEARSON,
17, Blackstone Road, London Fields.

HASTINGS.

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

ON every part of the work God has smiled, and souls have been saved.

SERVICES ON THE BEACH
have been attended with power from on

high, and we can point to several good cases of conversion through them.

Miss Boileau's visit was attended with much of the divine presence. On Friday, August 28th, she took the service in the lecture hall, and a rich unction rested upon the meeting. At the close two souls were anxious to be saved; both went away in distress, and have since found peace. Hallelujah!

Saturday, August 29th, Miss Boileau assisted on the beach, and, although wind and weather seemed to make against us, the word was with power.

Sunday, August 30th, Miss Boileau preached in the market hall at night. A good attendance, with much of the Master's presence. One soul came forward for pardon, professed to find peace, and went home happy. Several others went away convicted. May the Lord save them!

On Sunday, September 6th, the Ninfield friends paid us a visit, and two souls found peace.

On Sunday, September 13th, Sisters Wales, Friend, and Foster, pointed two precious souls to Calvary. Hallelujah!

NINFIELD

is pushing the battle to the gates. On Sunday, Sept. 6th, was the quarterly festival, and at the whole of the services God was manifestly near. In the evening a poor backslider came forward, ventured her all on Jesus, and was made happy, and another found peace during the prayer-meeting. The friends here are pressing on to the prize of their high calling. We asked one dear sister, in a very weak state bodily, "How do matters stand for the next world?" "Oh," she replied, "I am sinking into Jesus." My soul said, Truly it is good to be here.

"Oh, may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past,
And, dying, find my latest foe
Beneath my feet at last!"

Going round among the members we were called into another house to see a dying man, who was anxious to be saved, but had not the witness. Never shall I forget the blessed season we had in that room. After reading a few portions of the Word of Life, by faith we brought the sick man to Jesus, and besought Him that He would make him whole. He soon embraced the Saviour, clasped his hands, and said, "Praise the Lord, I am His! He does save me!" I said,

"You are sure He saves you?" and, with his eyes, his hands, and his heart, up to heaven, he answered, "Yes; hallelujah!" In the presence of his weeping wife, I said, "Then you won't fear the valley now; shall you?" He said, "Oh, no; He is my prop, and I will trust Him. Hallelujah!"

On Wednesday, August 9th, we had a festival tea at Ninfield. A few friends went over from Hastings, and one soul professed to find peace on the road. Praise the Lord!

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
Plympton Road, Hastings.

RYE.

SINCE my last the Lord has been with us. The power of God was manifest in our camp-meeting. At its close a young woman wept her way to Calvary and gave her heart to Jesus; she had been a Sunday-school teacher and a chapel-goer for years, but now she saw the need of being born again. A young man had his

FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER, converted in the Mission, and one night with very much difficulty they persuaded this son and brother to come and hear me preach—(he would often come to the hall doors but not come in). After the preaching was over, I went and asked him if he meant to be saved that night. I found him in dreadful agony of soul, he rolled about the forms, fell on his knees and groaned aloud—it seemed as though we were fighting with all the powers of hell. I closed the meeting two or three times, but he would not get off his knees until he found salvation, as we say, "In spite of the devil, I will believe." The Lord set him at liberty; he rose from his knees smiling, and joined with us in singing—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

This young man, with many others who have been brought to the Lord, cannot read; we have, therefore, started reading classes, and many are just commencing to learn the alphabet. And eagerly they learn, for as yet the precious book is almost sealed. Rye for Jesus!

LOUISA WALES.

PORTSMOUTH.

DURING the month I have been eye-witness to sights which, for real and abiding glory, have far surpassed anything seen by heroes on the field of

battle, although they may have led victorious armies to conquest, wrapped cities in flames, spilt blood like water, made stepping-stones of men to gratify their ambition, stained God's green groves and sweet-scented flowers with human gore, and made thousands of widows and orphans, all in order to gain an earthly crown. The scenes I have been privileged to witness have caused hell to tremble, heaven to rejoice, and saints to shout for joy. Yes, praise the Lord! the young have wept their way to Calvary, while the middle-aged and the old have followed in their train.

SCENE THE FIRST

was that of an aged woman, bowed with years, trembling on the verge of the grave, weeping at the feet of Jesus. While there, she seemed to hear the roar of the sea of God's wrath, which drove her to despair; but we told her of Jesus and His love, and with a meek, yet steady faith, she cried, "Lord, save me, or I sink! Lord, save me, or I die!" and He that invited her to come that she might have life wiped away her tears, and filled her with gladness. The sight that followed was very affecting; there stood her husband, waiting to rejoice with her, and though they have seen over sixty summers, yet they rejoiced with the gladness of youth, joining hands, while tears of gratitude spoke their own language. They are to be seen at all our meetings. Hallelujah! He can save to the uttermost!

SCENE THE SECOND

was that of six broken-hearted penitents, kneeling together, suing for pardon. Among the number might be seen the hardy Jack-tar, and the daring soldiers, side by side, with others of a lower grade, even the daughter of infamy; but, praise the Lord! He is no respecter of persons, for Jesus saith unto them, "Verily, I say unto you, that publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." It is so—God keep them!

SCENE THE THIRD

was that of seven souls, groaning under conviction—just such a sight that caused our hearts to rejoice, and the angels to hold a jubilee, and sing the song, "The dead's alive, the lost is found," while the young in years, and the middle-aged, and the old, all sought forgiveness at the loving hands of a forgiving

God. These all left rejoicing in the God of all grace. Glory!

SCENE THE FOURTH

surpasses the others, inasmuch that among the eight souls seeking for pardon, there was a man known to have held infidel principles, and to have disregarded the Word of God; but the sword of the Spirit cut asunder his vain props, and he fell at the feet of Jesus, crying for pardon. We told him that religion was not a myth, but a glorious reality; and while listening to these truths, he trembled from head to foot, beneath the power of God, and he with seven others (young women just entering into life) accepted of salvation, through Christ, and left determined to fight the good fight of faith. Jesus saves! He does!

SCENE THE FIFTH

was a very affecting sight. I took my stand on the shores of the dark river of death, to watch a dear brother ford its cold waters, and as he passed down into the flood, he cried, "Salvation free," and, "Oh, the blood of Jesus—it cleanseth me!" and he was gone.

RECOGNITION MEETING.

On Monday, August 17th, a recognition tea-meeting was held at the Lake Road Hall, to welcome Brother Salt, the newly-appointed superintendent to this circuit, at which upwards of 200 persons sat down to tea. At the public meeting which followed there were about 600 present. Mr. John Warn presided. After the chairman's opening remarks, he called on the honorary secretary, who, on behalf of the members, gave Brother Salt a "heartly welcome" to Portsmouth, and urged on all present to look up to the new general, and stand shoulder to shoulder with him in the great work of pointing sinners to Jesus.

Bro. Mills urged us not to flinch, and hoped the sisters would come out more, also if we were more earnest and faithful than we had been in the past, we should see greater spiritual results than ever, and that if we should not all meet again on earth, his prayer was, "May I meet you all in heaven!" (Little did we think when he was speaking, that this was the last time.)

Several brethren and sisters having spoken, Bro. Salt addressed the meeting briefly, and it was brought to a close by prayer, and singing the Doxology.

J. M. SALT.

BUCKLAND.

God is still blessing Buckland; the congregations are good. Since our last report sinners have been converted and saints are pressing forward.

A young man who is a devoted follower of the Master invited a companion from whom he received great persecution to come to one of the services. Curiosity to hear a "woman preach" induced him to come, and at the close he made a full surrender of himself to the Saviour, and has since been rejoicing in the Lord. May God keep these new-born babes from the evil of the world and the wiles of the enemy, and bring them to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus!

Brother Mills, one of our elders and most constant open-air workers, has gone Home to receive his reward. I hope to give our readers a full account of his death in our next.

SOUTHSEA.

SOULS are being saved, and the society is looking up.

Bro. Gray, the new Evangelist, has commenced his labours in this circuit. May God give him great success! Friends, pray for us!

CHATHAM.

WE have experienced at this station through the past month hard fighting and bitter persecution; but, thank God, He is on our side, and He has enabled us to maintain our ground, souls have been saved, and rich blessings have been given. Praise the Lord! God is answering prayer and working amongst the soldiers, especially among the Royal Marines and the 16th Regiment. A number of soldiers are now meeting and working with us, and for several Sundays past some of the red jackets have been found at the penitent-form seeking mercy, and, praise the Lord! not in vain, for many can and do testify that God has power on earth to forgive sins. Glory be to His name!

F. G., A MARINE,

was in his early days brought under the sound of the Gospel, but, alas! mistook the form of godliness for the power thereof. He became a church member and teacher in the Sabbath-school to which he had belonged. "But," he says, "I was totally ignorant of the true love of Christ in my heart." Time rolled on, and he gradually ceased

attend the means of grace, drifted into sin, and finally went to sea to drown the sorrow which he felt at his mother's grief and prayers; ran away from his ship, joined the army, was brought under the influence of Scripture, signed the pledge, and was again in danger of building on a rotten foundation. The rest of his story he shall tell himself:—

"When I came to Chatham all the talk was about the Ranters. I went to the hall to see both sides of the question, heard your entreaties to come to Jesus, just as we were, and your warning that we were going to hell; fell on my knees, cried for mercy, and as you sang 'Jesus saves me,' my sins fell off my back. It was far easier than the old knapsack falling off. My prayer is that the Lord will extend the Christian Mission, for there I found a full and a free salvation."

ANOTHER MARINE—C. P.,

writes:—"I was a drunkard, a liar, and as bad as a young man could be when I came to Chatham. But one evening, as I was going into a beershop, I heard some singing and I stopped to listen; while I was there tears rolled down my face, and I thought they looked so happy, and I so miserable. I went to the hall, the word touched my heart, and after the sermon I fell on my knees and God forgave me my sins."

Sunday, August 16th, Miss Billups paid us a visit; she preached in the Lecture Hall in the afternoon, at 2:30, to a good congregation; it was a time of blessing to believers. A powerful influence rested upon the meeting. At 6:30 the Lecture Hall was crowded, and the power of God was present to heal. In the after-meeting four soldiers and three civilians came out and sought salvation. Hallelujah!

The following Monday, at 11 a.m., Miss Billups held a consecration meeting, about fifty present. As she showed how God commanded His people to separate themselves and serve Him, fully twenty-five came out and offered themselves to serve Him with all their heart and soul and strength.

Miss Billups preached at the hall at night, which was well filled; a powerful sermon, and it was bliss to souls; and one who has been a great drunkard wept his way to the Cross and found salvation through the Blood.

Donations will be thankfully received for our work among the soldiers at

Chatham by Capt. Tinmouth, Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham; Mr. W. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace; or by

J. DOWDLE,

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

BROMLEY.

PRAISE the Lord! In all things we are more than conquerors, through Him who has washed us in His precious blood. This is our great concern.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FATHER.

In the open-air services continue to be blessed. At one of these meetings two men were deeply wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. One, a burly blacksmith, who had spent a great part of his earnings at the public-house, said to me at the close, taking hold of my hand, "I believe I have got a Father now, sir, somewhere." I replied, "Yes, my brother, you have." "Ah," said he, "I have been all wrong." We invited him into our cottage-meeting, and there, as soon as we were inside, he sought that Father which before he had rejected. Like a little child he confessed how bad he was, and before he left us that night, we rejoiced together in the God of our salvation. "Oh," said his wife, some time after, "I have long prayed for him, and God has heard my cry: for since that night he has been a changed man." The other, a drunken bricklayer, said, "Your words have made a deep impression on me to-night. I think it is time to alter." May God save them!

On Sunday night Bro. Heathcock was with us. Sinners trembled; and at the close one dear man came out seeking the Lord. May he be kept faithful!

A tinker and a chimney-sweep took the service on the 6th. It was a time to be remembered. One dear woman, after a long struggle with the powers of darkness, went away rejoicing in Jesus. To God be all the glory!

R. LANE.

CROYDON.

We are still sounding the trumpet and publishing the tidings to sinners of all sorts, and there are many who hear us willingly, and, as far as we can see, the word is making an impression on their hearts. Hence, stout men who listen to us in the street follow us to the hall, where they hear more about the things which concern their everlasting peace.

We have had some little opposition, but thank God, we have overcome.

"Thy enemies shall be at peace with Thee." We have had poor sinners broken to pieces on account of their sins, who, when they have come to the sinner's Friend, have found in His heart a place of love. God was very powerfully at work in the hearts of the people on Sunday night. In the prayer-meeting, a man of middle life and intelligent appearance told me that it seemed as if he was compelled to live a godly life while I was preaching. He was a backslider of some years; he said that God had used him in doing much good, but some seven years ago he went to London, and in his work-shop, there were a number of "Bradlaugh's followers." By degrees he listened to their talk, and the books and papers which from time to time they brought to read, until he fell into doubt and sin, and ever since he had been leading a bad life, and, he added, "It seems as if nothing has prospered with me since." I prevailed on him to do his first works. He walked up to the penitent-form, knelt down, and tried to pray. Poor fellow, his words choked him. He prayed, "Lord—oh—what—a—sinner—I—have—been—I—have—sinned—against—light—and—knowledge—Oh—Lord—have—mercy—on—me!" We prayed with him, and reminded him of the parable of the prodigal son, and at length, he said, "Ah, that—is—a—wonderful—thing." And then he was enabled to give up for God and rejoice in mercy Divine. May he put on the armour again and be a soldier of the cross!

JOSEPH HEATHCOCK.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

FIXING THE KEY-STONE OF THE NEW HALL.

We spent a Sabbath here during the month, and were rejoiced to find that the work was progressing. We found the congregations greatly improved, and an earnest society growing up evidently at home in real mission work. The open-air services were most effective, and, when this is the case, we invariably find things going in the right direction indoors. We therefore most cheerfully made arrangements for returning to fix the key-stone in the new hall. All through the day we were delighted with the spirit of the people, and the great kindness of the dear friends into whose heart God has put the resolution not

only to build a house for us, but to see us in possession of it without any financial burden resting upon us to cripple our energies or hinder the work. May God reward them and raise up friends who will assist them in the effort! The following report, copied from a local paper will, we are sure, be read with great interest.

NEW MISSION HALL, WELLINGBOROUGH.
(From the "Northampton Mercury.")

On Monday afternoon there was a large gathering to witness the laying of the key-stone of a new Christian Mission Hall, in St. John Street. A platform was erected in front of the building, on which were assembled most of the leading Nonconformists of the town and several gentlemen; friends of the cause also were present who had come from different parts to be present at the ceremony. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer, after which the Rev. W. Booth, of London, the originator of the Christian Mission, addressed the meeting, and gave a brief outline of the rise and progress of the Mission from his first being called on to preach in the East-end of London to the present time. He showed how, from small beginnings, the cause had prospered, and that at the present time there were 33 Christian Mission stations in different parts of the country, situated chiefly in poor neighbourhoods, the object being to bring the Gospel to the doors of those who otherwise would not attend any place of worship. He said the preachers in the Mission didn't care where they met; sometimes it was in an attic, or a theatre, or a dancing-room, or down in a cellar among the rats—no matter, so that they might win souls to Christ. He also traced the progress of the Mission in Wellingborough, from its beginning at the town pump, through its different stages, and he rejoiced that now, with the assistance of friends, they would soon have a place of their own to preach in, in which he trusted that thousands of souls might be born to Christ.—The Rev. Mr. Ervine offered up prayer, after which a hymn was sung, and the key-stone was laid by Mrs. N. P. Sharman. Engraved on the stone is the text, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." The ceremony was concluded by singing the Doxology. The hall, which is in a forward state, is situated at the bottom of St. John Street, and is the centre of

a poor but populous neighbourhood. The want of such a place has long been felt, and friends from nearly all the religious bodies in the town contributed liberally towards the erection of the hall now in progress. The resident preacher is Mr. J. Clare, who is better known as "The Happy Shoemaker." He is a most energetic worker in the cause, and is unmistakably in earnest. His services are held sometimes in the open air, and again in the Public Hall. He does not pretend to a high style of preaching, but he has that kind of ability which reaches the understandings and hearts of those with whom he comes most in contact, and is always sure of a congregation. After the laying of the key-stone, there was a tea in the Corn Exchange, and a public meeting in the evening. The hall was nearly filled, and the meeting was presided over by W. Woolston, Esq. The proceedings were opened by singing and prayer, and, after a few words from the Chairman, Mr. Clare, in the absence of Mr. L. Perrin, the secretary, read the following report of contributions promised or collected for the building of the hall:—Christian Mission £25, Mr. N. P. Sharman £25, Mr. W. Blott £25, Mr. T. S. Curtis £25, Mr. L. W. Perrin £25, Mr. W. Woolston £25, Mr. J. Bull £10, Mr. M. R. Sharman £10, Mr. F. Gravely £10, a Friend (per Mr. Sears) £10, Mr. H. G. Aldridge £5, St. Heliers £5, Mr. J. Bellamy £2 10s., Mr. P. Pendered £2, Mr. J. Early £2, Mr. Underwood 10s., small sums £2 0s. 6d. Mr. Clare contrasted the state of things with regard to the cause when he first came to the town, and rejoiced that such a happy change for the better had taken place.—The meeting was also addressed by Miss Jenkinson, Mr. Morris, Mr. Booth, and others. The latter gentleman gave a graphic and humorous account of his mission experience.—The Rev. W. Ervine, who came in before the meeting closed, spoke a few words in favour of the Mission, and expressed his perfect sympathy with them. He had no feeling of jealousy concerning it, for there was work, and plenty of it, for all. The chief thing to do was that their profession should be exemplified in their actions, or otherwise it would give the lie to their lives, and they would be worse than before.—Mr. N. P. Sharman also expressed his sympathy with the cause. What he had done hitherto had

been done silently, but he felt that he could not leave without giving expression to his feelings in favour of the movement. The friends belonging to it had their own way of conducting the work, but he believed it to be one calculated to gain the object in view. There was for sinners, however great, a wonderful salvation provided, and he hoped that Mission-hall would be a link between the sinner and the Saviour. He congratulated the chairman on the position he held at that meeting. He knew that it was with some reluctance that he accepted the position, and that it was with a feeling of deep sympathy with the cause that he took it, and he begged to propose a vote of thanks to him.—This was seconded by Mr. Booth, and received with much cheering.—The vote of thanks was suitably acknowledged, and the meeting was brought to a close by singing a hymn.—The following has been handed to us by the secretary of the Mission, Mr. Perrin, which we append: Tender for the building of the hall £473 3s. 3d., exclusive of costs of foundation, diversion of road, fittings, laying on water, &c., estimated at another £100; size of the building 52ft. by 30ft., to hold 400 people: total cost of building, exclusive of ground, which was given by Mrs. Sears and Mr. R. Sears, £600, of which £211 has been collected; proceeds of Monday's meeting, collected at laying of stone, £8 14s., Mrs. N. P. Sharman, on laying stone, £5, Mrs. Smith £2, Mrs. Sears £1, collected at Corn Exchange £2 4s.; total £18 18s.: leaving £361 to be collected.

HAMMERSMITH.

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving, for consider how great things He hath done for you."

WHEN we consider how great things the Lord hath done for us, we feel that no one outside heaven has more right or cause than we have to rejoice and be exceeding glad; so we give our God the glory, and sing unto Him with thanksgiving.

Here, during the month, many have been added to the Church who were formerly far from God, and we sincerely hope that our dear friends will speedily respond to our appeal in another part of this number, and thus enable us to carry the war into the enemies' camp, and, under God's blessing, rescue thousands of perishing souls from eternal ruin.

We cite a few cases:—

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

One Sunday evening we were asked, in writing, to pray for a man who had been a backslider for twenty-two years. Many responded, and pleaded earnestly with God.

The following Sabbath evening a man and his wife were led to the feet of Jesus, crying for mercy, and while at the penitent-form one of our friends, who knew the man, said, "That, sir, is the backslider that was prayed for last Sunday!"

Thank God! our prayers were not in vain; and since his conversion, so marked was the change in his conduct to the men under him, that one of them came to me and said, "Before that man was converted, he was a 'complete nigger'; but since that Sunday it has been like heaven to be near him!"

Thank God for such a testimony!

Another proof of the marvellous change which the grace of God makes in those who receive it was that of a maidservant, who found Jesus on the Sunday evening, and went home rejoiced and light-hearted, and to the astonishment of her fellow servant, she had to listen to several

SHORT SERMONS

from her old bosom friend. Thank God! the sermons took effect; for the poor girl could get no rest until, the following Wednesday, she came to the meeting, where she was pointed to Him who alone gives rest to weary souls, and they can now both join with us in singing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.

One night there listened in the open air a man who had been drinking too freely; but, nevertheless, he was susceptible of the truth, and followed us to the hall, where the tears began to flow down his cheeks. A doubting Thomas said to me, "Ah, sir, you won't do much with that man—he loves the drink too well." But, thank God! there is mercy for the vilest.

The following night he was there again, sober, and coming out, with great determination, said—"If there is salvation for such a sinner as me,

I'LL HAVE IT!"

Thank Heaven, he found that Jesus did not forget him when on Calvary; neither did He disregard his cry that

night. He is still with us, walking as becomes the Gospel.

Will the Lord's people pray for him, and for this blessed work, that it may continue to bring under the sound of the Gospel thousands who are now in darkness?

Can you help us in other ways? Try, for Jesus' sake.

Communications can be addressed to MISS BAZETT, 25, Richmond Gardens, Uxbridge Road, or to—

Yours at the Master's feet,
ABRAHAM LAMB,

12, Hetton Street,
Bradmore,
Hammersmith, W.

SOHO.

PRaise God! amidst persecution and trial, we are making headway in this dark and benighted neighbourhood since we hoisted our flag in the streets of Soho. We have met with great opposition, wicked men have tried their utmost to break up our open-air services, but, thank God! we stand our ground.

Since the hall has been opened, believers have been awakened to a sense of their duty towards God and those around them, and twenty-five precious souls have been brought from darkness to the light and liberty of the Gospel.

Of these a young man had formerly been one of

A BAND OF NIGGERS.

But, praise God!

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

I shall never forget the groans and cries which he uttered when, in an agony of feeling, he sought and found the Saviour. Then standing up and turning to the people, he said, "Oh, my friends, you that have not been to Jesus, come to Him. I have been to Him, and he has pardoned all my sins, and I am going home a new creature in Christ Jesus." May he be kept by the power of God faithful to the end!

A young man,

A MERCHANT FROM CANADA,

who arrived in London the same evening, set out for the Alhambra Theatre, Leicester Square; but while he was passing our hall he was attracted by the singing, and stepped inside to see what was going on. He had formerly

visited the building, when in the hands of the Home Rulers and comic song-singers; but, praise God! a new sound met his ear. He sat down and listened. At the close of the service an invitation was given to all those who were anxious to give their heart to God, to hold up their right hand. This young man held up his. He came and fell down at the penitent-form, and while he was pleading with the Lord to save him, he was heard to say, "Mother! mother!" I said, "What about your mother?" and he said, "I had a praying mother, and to-night she is in heaven; oh, pray for me!" And then he cried, in agony of soul, "Lord, save me!" He was in this state of mind for half an hour. Then the Lord heard and saved him; and getting up he said, "I did not expect to be here to-night, but I am thankful that I am, for Jesus has saved me, my sins are all forgiven, and I should like to leave a thank-offering for this work," and he left us a sovereign to be used for the Lord. We ask our readers to pray that this young man may be kept faithful. May we meet him in Heaven!

A children's mission has been opened, and we are hoping for great blessing upon the thousands of neglected little ones who crowd around us.

Tracts and contributions towards carrying on this work may be sent to Mr. Hedley, 78, Tottenham Court Road; or to

W. RIDSDELL,
20, Charlwood Street, Pimlico, S.W.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

In the months of May and June last Miss Billups held some forty services in the various chapels in the district between Chepstow (Monmouthshire) and Lydney, in Gloucestershire. God owned the labour. There was a cry of "What must I do to be saved?" among the agricultural labourers, such as had not been known in the remembrance of any in those parts.

One tall, fine fellow walked up the aisle, looked anxiously at the kneeling penitents, and exclaimed, "I be for the Lord, I be," and falling down amongst them, wept like a little child for mercy.

Another, who answered very curtly that he did not intend to be pulled into religion against his will, was left to God and his own conscience. A few minutes

elapsed, when, pushing his way amongst the people to the communion table, he fell down, cried again and again that God would have mercy on such a rebellious sinner; then springing from his knees, said, "God has saved me, Jesus is mine. Mates, we've worked together for the devil, come and let's work together for our blessed Jesus. His blood cleanses me!" Finding yet they hung back, he walked to the end of the chapel, where three or four of his companions sat, and pleaded with God to save them.

A farmer—whose son, converted at Chepstow during some special services held by Mr. Fennel, had been praying that God would send light and truth to his family—sought mercy at the first meeting. His wife found peace some days after. A waggoner and a boy working on the farm were saved the same week.

Some weeks after, during a visit of Mr. and Mrs. Booth—the two daughters, who had determinedly withstood all influence for good, were soundly converted, and, praise God! the eldest son and his young wife together sought the Saviour at a meeting in a farm-house kitchen, a few days since.

On the 3rd of Sept. Miss Billups again visited this neighbourhood; several meetings were held during the succeeding fortnight. Amongst others, a tea-meeting on the 10th, in a tent kindly lent for the occasion by W. H. Bathurst, Esq., and erected in a field belonging to the above-named farmer. A very happy evening was concluded by some twenty seeking the forgiveness of sins.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

HOME AGAIN.—Our readers will rejoice to hear that after many dangers by land and by sea our dear Brother Owen, who so long and so arduously laboured as hon. secretary and preacher in the Mission, has been safely brought home. We were very much surprised to find him in the Friday morning prayer-meeting a fortnight ago, and as delighted as surprised. With gratitude to the God of Providence we embraced our brother and rejoiced in the evident improvement in his health. Mr. Owen has gone North to visit his mother and brother, but has promised us a visit and a public narrative of the Lord's dealings with him during his voyage round the world.

BROTHER LANE, of Bromley, has been engaged by a gentleman to spend a month in Westmoreland, to visit the cottagers in their homes and preach the Gospel as he shall have opportunity. Our brother has gone away with large expectations, determined to spare no effort, or time, or fatigue, in order to win souls to Jesus. We wish him God-speed.

BROTHER JOHN WATTS, formerly of Truro, Cornwall, has been accepted as a preacher on probation, and been appointed to labour in the Poplar district as a colleague with Brother Garner. The simplicity, zeal, and evident sincerity of our young brother, have already gained him a warm place in the hearts of his brethren, and if we are not mistaken there is a future of great usefulness before him. May he be kept at the Master's feet! He will be safe there.

MISS SHORT still writes to us by almost every mail. Although still occasionally preaching and engaging in soul-saving work, her health is far from being fully restored. Her heart still clings to the Mission, and we fully believe that if God were miraculously to make her strong again, we should soon see her in full work in our midst. Shall we not some times pray that if it be the will of God the miracle may be performed?

BROTHER JAMES PRICE GREY, who has for several years laboured successfully at Fareham, Hants, has been engaged by the Portsmouth Circuit, and entered on his work with the hearty love and welcome of the people.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A YOUNG MAN'S TESTIMONY.

DEAR SIR,—A month ago I came to London, and took up my quarters in the East-end. Away in the north I had heard a great deal about the wickedness of this mighty city, but its daily scenes of drunkenness and vice, of poverty and woe, have rung my heart, and made me long to live and die in trying to stem the rolling tide of iniquity. I find the Sabbath, with all its pleasant associations in my experience, here a market-day, a high day with the street traders of every description, and with the pub-

licans the time for getting more than week-day gain, and shedding around on every hand more than ordinary desolation.

In the very heart of this great camp of the forces of hell I found the headquarters of the Christian Mission. Thanks be unto God for men and women who, though living by their daily toil, are not less arduous now in the service of king Jesus than when wrapped in the arms of the wicked one, and seeking pleasure in the world. Men and women who, from early morn on Sabbath after Sabbath, speak, sing, visit, or distribute tracts anywhere and everywhere where the perishing multitudes are found in connection with this branch. I believe there were, on the Sabbath of which I speak, some eleven services held, and at the close of the day we could rejoice, together with the angels in the presence of God, over sinners receiving the forgiveness of sins.

On my second Sabbath, sir, I visited one of your smaller stations. Here, among butchers, bird-fanciers, and costermongers, crying aloud the nature and value of their wares, was held an open-air meeting, at which the word was faithfully proclaimed, and all day long services of some kind were going on.

My next visit was to your lately-opened station at Soho, surrounded everywhere by thousands who seemed to me to be worse than the savage heathen. But I found the same manifestation of God's power: men and women loving and serving Jesus, who but a few short weeks gone by were without hope either for this or the world to come.

It seems to me that the Christian Mission is what is wanted all over this land, to go down to the people and bring up out of the darkness those who do not know of "His mighty love"—those who never even heard that He was "mighty to save."

I pray that God will give you still greater conquests.

Yours in the Gospel
of our coming Lord,
J. H.

SPEAK KINDLY.—A man once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him: "What can I do for you, my boy?" "Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes: "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

Our Friends in Heaven.

BROTHER RICHARDSON, OF SOUTHSEA.
The Lord has taken one of our elders
from his eldership on earth to his eldership
before the throne,

"Where sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

He was brought to Christ during the
special services held last year in the
Portland Hall, by Mrs. Booth. So
powerfully did the Spirit strive with
him, that it took two brethren to support
him. He shook like an aspen-leaf.

Previous to his conversion he spent
his Sabbaths chiefly attending to his
flowers, birds, and other pets; in the
evening going out in quest of other
amusement, although his dear wife
wrestled with God seven years for the
salvation of his soul. Yet, to use her
own words, nothing moved him until
he heard that sermon from Mrs. Booth.
From that time to the day of his death
he walked with God in humility, dis-
charging his duties at home and in the
church with an eye single to his Mas-
ter's glory.

During his illness, which lasted a few
hours only, he rested in Christ, and
while suffering the most acute pain,
calmly said to his wife, "I shall never
get over this illness, but I can praise
God for His goodness. I do not fear
death." And then he sang—

"Oh, I am going to wear that crown,
To wear that starry crown.
Away over Jordan with my blessed Jesus,
Away over Jordan to wear that starry
crown."

Feeling his end drawing near, he
called his wife and said, "My dear, did
you not think I was going this after-
noon? but how good God is to spare me
to you a little longer!"

And then they sang—

"Shall we gather at the river?"

At one o'clock the next morning he
said, "My dear, I am going to die. I
am going to leave you. I am going to
Jesus; but you will never want, God
will provide for you and the dear chil-
dren. Oh, how good the Lord is! How
good the Lord is! Bless His name!"

He said to the doctor, "I hope the
Lord will bless you. He has been good
to me; oh, how good He is!" And
then, fixing his eyes upon his wife, he
said, "I am going home. I am going

to Jesus!" He kissed her for the
last time, and then sang—

"The precious blood of Jesus—it washes
white as snow—
Lord, believe it, for Thou hast washed me.
Shout, shout the vict'ry, I'm on my journey
home."

And when his voice failed he waved his
dying hands to the tune, and whispered,
"All is well! all is well!" and sweetly
fell asleep in Jesus. It can be said with
truth—

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

He leaves a wife and two children
unprovided for. He had just com-
menced in business. Will the Lord's
stewards help? I shall be pleased to
convey anything to the bereaved family.

J. M. SALT,

92, Lake Road,
Landport, Portsmouth.

JOHN YOUNG, WHITECHAPEL.

Our dear brother has during this month
been introduced to the joys at God's
right hand. He was brought to God
under the preaching of Mrs. Booth,
and afterwards led a consistent life,
being very anxious to do something for
that Saviour who had done so much for
him. But this was not to be; his place
and work were to be elsewhere. Between
four and five months ago it was evident
that his health was failing, and then
consumption showed itself, and death
soon followed. But his end was peace.
In the midst of great pain he was al-
ways happy. His favourite hymn was
often on his lips—

"There'll be no more sorrow there."

And as he drew near the river, he looked
on with satisfaction and joy, exclaim-
ing—

"Oh, there is a happy home for me."

Shortly before his death he waved his
hand, and said, "The angels are com-
ing!" and then he sang once more—

"There'll be no more sorrow there."

Then he said, "I am going home," and
then peacefully resigned his breath, and
passed away from the chamber of suffer-
ing to the home of God.

"Oh, may we triumph so

When all our warfare's past!"

J. TETLEY.