

The Christian Mission Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1875.

Salvador Socialism About Fraternity.

By G. S. RAILTON.



Nothing does the utter departure of mankind from the will of God appear more glaringly than in the want of brotherly love between man and man. We see the human race, which was intended to be a family under one father, torn into nations, tribes, and communities, feeling almost as completely severed from one another, as though they were different beings altogether. Until the ever-growing and spreading light of God's Word chased away the delusion, we actually saw one set of men, all over the world, treating whole races as mere brute beasts, to live, labour, and die for their superiors.

And within every nation the same state of feeling produces classes, parties, and leagues, which regard one another with an enmity sometimes rising to the fullest hatred. It has been well said that the history of a nation is the history of its wars; and it is equally true that the history of society is made up of the contentions of different sets of men. Yet even these parties are only banded together to a very slight extent. Easily broken up, and only associated for certain purposes, each individual attends for the most part to his own interests, regardless of those of others. "Every man for himself," is everywhere the motto acted upon. Even amongst Christians it is only very partially and by slow degrees that anything like real brotherhood seems to be brought about. Even in the sanctuary, as a rule, distinctions of caste are as marked as anywhere else; and the occupier of one seat knows no more of the fellow-hearer by his side, than of his next-door neighbour. In short, the whole constitution of society, and the relation of every man to every other, tell us plainly enough that our Father's will has been universally trampled under foot, and that all we "like sheep have gone astray." But, thank God, our great Elder Brother has come down to put matters right, and we, at any rate, who love Him ought to learn to have true fraternity with all men.

WE HAVE BROTHERS GONE BEFORE.

The gap which death so often makes in a family circle only ensures more than ever the portion of him who dies in the hearts of those who still live. And with proper feeling of our relationship to God and His people, even ages ought not to prevent our hearty good fellowship with those members of the heavenly family who have long since ascended to their Father and ours.

Jesus Christ came specially to abolish in His own body the partition between Jew and Gentile, and yet (marvellous masterpiece of the devil!) this very Messiah and His work have been represented as forming a great gap between us and the men of the "old dispensation," and Christians usually talk as though Abraham, David, and Jeremiah could have no more sympathy with us, or we with them, than the savages of some outlandish region. This state of thought and feeling necessarily separates us almost as much from the Apostles and their flocks, for these evidently drew very largely for encouragement upon the experience of the holy men of old. Paul, when he had no man to stand by him of all his living associates, felt himself surrounded by a cloud of witnesses who had passed away; and was cheered on by their brave looks, and gladdened by the sympathy he enjoyed with their loving hearts. We have need of these great big brethren of ours, or God would not have taken so much trouble to preserve for us a perfect record of their lives and feelings. How much of spiritual development and practical advancement has been lost through the separation of heart which the devil has wrought between us and our brethren round the throne, God only knows! Let us no longer treat the Old Testament as of inferior value to the New, or read it with the calumnious assumption filling our minds, that the holy men it describes knew nothing of spiritual religion; but let us pray God to destroy the horrid veil that is so generally on the hearts of Christians in the reading of the larger part of His book, and to enable us, through the Psalms and Prophets especially, to take sweet counsel together with these our elder brethren—gone before.

WE HAVE BROTHERS IN THE FIELD.

Thank God for each and all of them! To these, at any rate, the duties of brotherhood should surely be well performed. "Union is strength," and especially in the gigantic and overwhelming task of saving souls; we cannot afford to give up any of the force we can derive from one another's help.

WE OUGHT TO COMMUNE WITH ONE ANOTHER.

Many a battle has been lost through some want of understanding between different portions of the forces engaged, the results of which it has been impossible to remedy, until too late to prevent a great disaster. Oh! to how dreadful an extent has the work of God been hindered for want of more brotherly intercourse between the soldiers

of the Lord! Distance, coldness, offence, disregard, aversion, separation, mark the conduct of the professed servants of Christ towards one another continually; and meanwhile, the work of God devolves upon a few, whose efforts are ever and anon hindered and spoiled by the misconduct and neglect of the rest. What encouragement, what enjoyment, what love one to another should we realize, if we were only to treat our brethren in Christ with brotherly confidence. Souls once linked together in fraternal fellowship convey to each other in every word, deed, and look, sympathy and actual help, such as no outside influence can interfere with, and to which no other assistance can compare. The love of such souls for one another cannot fail to be observed by everyone around, and must in itself form one of the most heavenly sights on earth. And it is precisely this spectacle of Divine affection, high and profound as God's own nature, that Jesus requires us to present to the world, that they may know that we are His disciples. And the want of this love between fellow-soldiers, especially when caused, as is so often the case, by some mean, worldly consideration of different "position in society" or "circumstances," is a trace of the devil wherever it appears. Let us "love as brethren."

WE OUGHT TO BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

It is very easy to pray for our "dear brethren in the vineyard," and prayer must not for a moment be undervalued; but we must not expect the Lord to bestow blessings if we show no sign of our determination to secure them. How can people expect the Lord to "help the preacher," who will not help him themselves? We have even found a company of people, who had themselves been doing nothing to increase the congregation, praising God for their health and strength, and praying for the salvation of souls! Surely it would be more likely that the souls should be saved if these brethren would help to gather them in. How dreadfully common it is for work to be left to those who are willing to do it! Surely our brotherhood demands that we should rather struggle to relieve one another to the largest extent in our power.

"Oh, but," says some one, "I cannot preach—I cannot speak—I cannot pray aloud—I cannot leave my business during the week—I cannot give much—I cannot come to the services, because I should have so little time at home." Why not say, I will not? And so those who are willing must do your part as well as their own!

"Oh, but others are so much better qualified than I am." Very true, perhaps; and so they are always likely to be if you never give yourself to the work they do, and accustom yourself to the performance of it. But are the best qualified people to be worn out while you stand by idle? Come, is it that you are so jealous of the opinion your brethren may form of you, that you will rather neglect the work than subject yourself to their criticism, which you naturally judge to be as unloving as your own?

There are, alas! so many who cannot open their lips in public in the cause of Christ, and yet these very people may perchance be seen in a shop, or on the pavement, amidst a listening crowd, disputing some price affecting their own pocket. Now, if they were addressing the whole company, instead of one man in it, and were in the very same voice pleading for the interests of the kingdom of God, they would be doing just what they say they cannot do! This selfish and foolish bashfulness must be given up, and everyone must bear his and her proper share of the great work we have to do.

WE SHOULD DEFEND ONE ANOTHER.

Offences must needs come, but woe to him by whom the offence cometh; and alas! how often it is by a brother in the faith that this woe is deserved! It is natural enough for the world to attack us, and natural enough to defend a brother against unbelievers; but when brother complains of brother, it becomes difficult to avoid condemnation of one or the other, and too often, "for peace's sake," an evil report is received, and by-and-by repeated rather than offend the reporter. But how often such evils might be nipped in the bud, if each one felt that his brother's honour and credit could not be injured without harm to himself!

We must defend one another against ourselves. The world goes upon the principle of trusting nobody. Christ commits Himself to nobody, but trusts and believes in all who trust and believe in Him. We ought to do likewise, and never to be willing to believe harm of a brother without overwhelming evidence. If each one of us were guarded by all the rest, how secure we should all be against ill-fame or damage!

WE HAVE BROTHERS "BY THE STUFF."

The grand superiority of David's religion to that of most Christians appears conspicuously in his treatment of those who carried by the stuff, and whom he caused to share in the spoils taken from the enemy equally with the actual victors. Amongst these carriers by the stuff are found not merely some who cannot take part in the labour and glory of the front ranks because they have duties not less important, though not so attractive, to perform in the background, but some who stay behind only because they have grown weary and faint, which generally means faint-hearted.

With regard to these last we would have expected a hardy warrior to lose all patience; but no!—"We cannot afford to lose 'soldiers,'" says David. These men, upbraided and despised, as they deserve to be, will slink away, and, perhaps, not merely leave the ranks for ever, but go over to the foe. We must treat them with a great-hearted, brotherly kindness, which will not merely do more to shame them than any amount of scolding, but will bind them to us, and encourage them back to the front. Oh! what a pity that any other sort of treatment is ever shown to those who halt by the way! How

often is the feeble knee pointed at with a shake of the head, and even pushed aside by those who should confirm it! Let us rather encourage the disheartened; bear their share of the fight without grumbling, and with a loving pity cheer them up.

But there are wives, servants, and others, who cannot come out so much as they would, and who can only come out at all, in many cases, by the kind consideration of husbands, brothers, and sisters. *We want more of baby-carrying religion*, for though husbands be ever so devout, and spend their strength and time ever so earnestly in the service of others, they cannot be excused for neglecting "their own," and would be filled with anguish if some poor, home-bound one were to charge upon them the loss of heaven, by-and-by, through the omission of care to enable her to attend the means of grace. It is a melancholy sight to see a man so fond of the fireside that he cannot be got out to the battle; but it is not less sad to see a man so fond of the battle as to forget the fireside and the patient, weary watchers there. It is bitter to see a man or a woman too inconsiderate or not bold enough to bear some portion of the general public ministry; but it is not less bitter to see one too thoughtless or not brave enough to bear some earthly burden, that another may be set free, for heavenly enjoyment. Let us think of one another, and strive to lighten every burden, and make every burden-bearer as happy as we are ourselves.

WE HAVE BROTHERS STILL IN SIN,

No worse than we have been ourselves; no better than many who are damned—led captive by the devil at his will, though entitled to the same liberty we enjoy. Defiled and cursed with sin in every way, these poor victims are still our brethren, and have a claim upon us, which we ought every moment to be conscious of. This is the case with every sinner, no matter how low he may have sunk, and how degraded he may be in every way. It is this principle which makes respect of persons impossible, which is so conspicuous in all the dealings of God with mankind, and especially in the life of Jesus Christ.

The contemptible folly of attempting to make or keep up social distinctions and "positions in society" along with work for God was exhibited and condemned more fiercely than anything else by Him who came to seek and save the lost. None has ever held so lofty, so secure, so unchangeable a position in society as the Son of the living God, who descended step by step from the highest to the lowest circles, never losing the respect of the humble and meek, and trampling down with scorn the senseless pride of the haughty. The man who becomes really awake to the fact that *his own brethren* are perishing, will forget all the silly trifles of outer life in his earnest haste to save them. The rich officer doffs his splendid uniform as readily as the poor sailor throws off his jacket to plunge after the drowning; and the rich and poor are certain to meet together on

equal terms in soul-saving work, whenever both are equally awake to the realities of eternity. To give up everything for our fellow-men, to be brothers to them all, that is how to save them, and to gain, even amongst them—in the long run—the highest possible position.

This hell-born idea of "position in society"—with all the customs and arrangements which come from it—which has separated between man and man; which has perhaps more than any other outward arrangement kept souls from Christ, and kept Christ's servants from their work; which has defiled the sanctuary, and made the Word of God of no effect amongst the lower classes; which has made men, in their short-lived dignities, ridiculous in the eyes of angels, and left the worse victims of sin to perish unloved and unsympathised with—we must trample out in the name of Jesus, and act as if we really believed that God is the Father of all, and that all were really brothers born alike.

WE MUST THEN LABOUR FOR SINNERS AS BRETHREN.

Oh, how coldly it is possible to talk about sinners! How calmly and systematically it is possible to work for their salvation until one realises that they are brethren!

It is a common thing for preachers to draw amongst their pictures of the judgment day largely upon the awful parting scenes which must then take place between loving circles of earthly relatives which must break up for ever. But query—Will not the stupendous light of the judgment day utterly dissipate the horrible pall of separation which sin has wrought between man and man? And shall we not all see in every sinner who goes groaning and blighted away from the great white throne *a brother*? When it comes to eternity, will not our eternal relationship to God exercise far more influence on our minds and hearts than the special relationship of family here?

One thing is certain, Jesus knows no distinction in His labour for us. He has toiled for each of us as though we were His own and His only brother; and He will expect us to labour for others as brethren. Well may a man exclaim, "Would that I were accursed for the sake of *my brethren*." Once this great truth is received, men will find little difficulty in obeying to the last the glorious order to lay down our lives "for the brethren," in the widest sense of labouring to the death to save our dying brethren in sin.

THIS BROTHERHOOD MUST BE FELT.

Ah! this is nothing more nor less than the charity, without which all else is useless. God was in the flesh in order to be visibly, as well as eternally, a brother to us all, that He might save us. Until we have got this gloriously divine feeling of tender, brotherly interest in every child of man, we can be but sorry workers for men's salvation.

If the fatherhood of God be a reality, then every precious blessing we receive from Him we should be eager to share with all the family.

If it be really our elder brother, of our flesh and of our bone, who died for us, and rose again, and who pleads for us and all the rest to-day, surely our hearts should bleed and sigh for the perishing.

Thank God there are hearts that feel, there are eyes that are opened, there are ears that hear in every sinner's voice the cry of a brother for help; and while the plague is abroad, and the family passes one by one away, there are zealous, daring steps about the camp day and night, bearing brotherly aid and desperate devotion far and wide. But, oh, alas! how few!

Oh, God! wilt Thou not rouse our slumbering senses, and open our drowsy eyes to see that it is our brother who is in need, and that we must have compassion upon him, even if it cost us our life!

Preacher, Save Thyself.

BY REV. C. G. FINNEY.

"Take heed to thyself, and to the doctrine; continue in them: for, in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."—1 TIMOTHY iv. 16.



AM not going to preach to preachers, but to suggest certain conditions upon which the salvation promised in this text may be secured by them.

- 1st. See that you are constrained by love to preach the gospel, as Christ was to provide a gospel.
- 2nd. See that you have the special endowment of power from on high, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost.
- 3rd. See that you have a heart, and not merely a head call to undertake the preaching of the gospel. By this I mean, be heartily and most intensely inclined to seek the salvation of souls as the great work of life, and do not undertake what you have no heart to.
- 4th. Constantly maintain a close walk with God.
- 5th. Make the Bible your book of books. Study it much, upon your knees, waiting for divine light.
- 6th. Beware of leaning on commentaries. Consult them when convenient; but judge for yourself, in the light of the Holy Ghost.
- 7th. Keep yourself pure—in will, in thought, in feeling, in word and action.
- 8th. Contemplate much the guilt and danger of sinners, that your zeal for their salvation may be intensified.
- 9th. Also deeply ponder and dwell much upon the boundless love and compassion of Christ for them.
- 10th. So love them yourself as to be willing to die for them.

11th. Give your most intense thought to the study of ways and means by which you may save them. Make this the great and intense study of your life.

12th. Refuse to be diverted from this work. Guard against every temptation that would abate your interest in it.

13th. Believe the assertion of Christ, that He is with you in this work always and everywhere, to give you all the help you need.

14th. "He that winneth souls is wise;" and "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and he shall receive." "But let him ask in faith." Remember, therefore, that you are bound to have the wisdom that shall win souls to Christ.

15th. Being called of God to the work, make your calling your constant argument with God for all that you need for the accomplishment of the work.

16th. Be diligent and laborious, "in season and out of season."

17th. Converse much with all classes of your hearers on the question of their salvation, that you may understand their opinions, errors, and wants. Ascertain their prejudices, ignorance, temper, habits, and whatever you need to know to adapt your instruction to their necessities.

18th. See that your own habits are in all respects correct; that you are temperate in all things—free from the stain or smell of tobacco, alcohol, drugs, or anything of which you have reason to be ashamed, and which may stumble others.

19th. Be not "light-minded," but "Set the Lord always before you."

20th. Bridle your tongue, and be not given to idle and unprofitable conversation.

21st. Always let your people see that you are in solemn earnest with them, both in the pulpit and out of it; and let not your daily intercourse with them nullify your serious teaching on the Sabbath.

22nd. Resolve to "know nothing" among your people "save Jesus Christ and Him crucified!" and let them understand that, as an ambassador of Christ, your business with them relates wholly to the salvation of their souls.

23rd. Be sure to teach them as well by example as by precept. Practice yourself what you preach.

24th. Be guarded in your intercourse with others, so as to raise no thought or suspicion of the least impurity in yourself.

25th. Guard your weak points. If naturally tending to gaiety and trifling, watch against occasions of failure in this direction.

26th. If naturally sombre and unsocial, guard against moroseness and unsociability.

27th. Avoid all affectation and sham in all things. Be what you profess to be, and you will have no temptation to "make believe."

28th. Let simplicity, sincerity, and Christian propriety stamp your whole life.

29th. Spend much time every day and night in prayer and direct communion with God. This will make you a power for salvation. No amount of learning and study can compensate for the loss of this communion. If you fail to maintain communion with God, you are "weak as another man."

30th. Beware of the error that there are no means of regeneration and, consequently, no connection of means and ends in the regeneration of souls.

31st. Understand that regeneration is a moral, and, therefore, a voluntary change.

32nd. Understand that the gospel is adapted to change the hearts of men, and in a wise presentation of it you may expect the efficient co-operation of the Holy Spirit.

33rd. In the selection and treatment of your texts, always secure the direct teaching of the Holy Spirit.

34th. Let all your sermons be heart and not merely head sermons.

35th. Preach from experience, and not from hearsay, or mere reading and study.

36th. Always present the subject which the Holy Spirit lays upon your heart for the occasion. Seize the points presented by the Holy Spirit to your own mind, and present them with the greatest possible directness to your congregation.

37th. Be full of prayer whenever you attempt to preach, and go to your pulpit with the inward groanings of the Spirit pressing for utterance at your lips.

38th. Get your mind fully imbued with your subject, so that it will press for utterance; then open your mouth, and let it forth like a torrent.

39th. See that "the fear of man that bringeth a snare" is not upon you. Let your people understand that you fear God too much to be afraid of them.

40th. Never let the question of your popularity with your people influence your preaching.

41st. Never let any consideration deter you from "declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear."

42nd. Do not temporize, lest you lose the confidence of your people, and thus fail to save them. They cannot thoroughly respect you as an ambassador of Christ, if they see that you dare not do your duty.

43rd. Be sure to "commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

44th. Be "not a lover of filthy lucre."

45th. Avoid every appearance of vanity.

46th. Compel your people to respect your sincerity and your spiritual wisdom.

47th. Keep your body under, lest, after having preached to others, yourself should be a castaway.

48th. "Watch for souls as one who must give an account to God."

49th. Be a diligent student, and thoroughly instruct your people in all that is essential to their salvation.

50th. Never flatter the rich, and be especially attentive to the wants and instruction of the poor.

51st. Repel every attempt to close your mouth against whatever is extravagant, wrong, or injurious; but in all things maintain your integrity and independence, lest you sear your conscience, quench the Holy Spirit, forfeit the confidence of your people, and lose the favour of God.

52nd. Be an example to others, and let your life illustrate your teaching. Remember that your actions and spirit will teach even more impressively than your sermons.

53rd. If you preach that men should offer to God and their neighbour a love service, see that you do this yourself, and avoid all that tends to the belief that you are working for pay.

54th. Resist the introduction of tea-parties, amusing lectures, and dissipating sociables at all times. Be sure the devil will try to lead you off in this direction. When you are praying and planning for a revival of God's work, some worldly members will invite you to a party. Go not, or you are in for a circle of them, that will defeat your prayers.

55th. See that you personally know and daily live upon Christ.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

RICHARD BURDSALL.

THERE is a peculiar charm to us in the history of this noble son of toil, for he appears to represent more accurately than most of those whose lives we have sketched in these pages, the Christian Mission man of the last century—not to be ranked amidst the greatest names of his time, chiefly because he could not like others leave worldly business for the work of God. He has left behind him a record of devoted service, which may after all have won for him a more distinguished place above than many who are much better remembered on earth.

He owed his first deep religious impression to one of those plain, piercing remarks which godly men in those days never thought it rude or improper to make in order to awaken a sinner.

"You had better tread barefoot on red-hot bars of iron all your days than go to hell," said one, and the lad, then only ten years old, never forgot it.

When fifteen years of age he went to hear William Grimshaw preach, and his account of the service gives us a most interesting view of the character of the worship then in vogue amongst earnest people. The place of meeting was a barn, full of people, evidently deeply solemnised by the power of God at the very outset. But says Burdsall, "The people sang like thunder."

Attempts have frequently been made (with the psalms still in existence)! to excuse cold and powerless services, "perfectly free from excitement, on the plea of solemnity;" but here is evidence that in times past as well as present, the most solemn and realising views of God's truth may be found where there

is the most emphatic and unfettered demonstration of feeling.

No wonder that after such singing the solitary voice of the man of God, in prayer, "seemed as if it had been the voice of an angel," and that the preaching of the truth was like gleams of lightning on the dark, guilty conscience of the hearer. Overpowered by the force of the truth, he hastened home to impress all he had heard upon his parents, and to warn them to flee from the wrath to come. But instead of receiving the important message from their son, they laughed him to scorn for having "turned Methodist," and as he had not as yet received the grace of God himself, soon overcame his scruples and caused him to wander for years longer from the right way.

DEEP CONVICTIONS.

Ever and anon, however, the old fear would arise to disturb his peace of mind. Again and again he went to hear the Gospel, and his conviction of sin became more and more intense as years passed away. He thought that perhaps, if settled, he would be able to live a better and happier life; but he was bitterly deceived, and soon became so terribly troubled about sin, that his wife feared his reason must give way, and threatened that she would take away either his life or her own if he did not keep away from religious meetings. But meditation at home only made the poor man more full of anguish than ever. God was at work in his heart, and he could not flee from His presence.

Reading a sermon on "Awake, thou that sleepest!" he became so much distressed that, falling on his knees, he vowed, amidst a flood of tears, that he

would never sleep again until he had found peace with God. It was Sunday, and he slept no more until the following Friday. Then the mighty Saviour whispered, "Peace, be still," and with a strange quietude the horrible conflict ended, and his soul believing entered into rest.

CONVERSION.

It was while he was at work that the great change came. An unusual calm coming over him, impelled him to sing. "As I sang," says he, "I wept; and yet my sorrow was so sweetly mingled with joy as to be unspeakable and full of glory. In the midst of these delightful feelings these words came to my mind. 'I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool.' In a moment, I beheld, as I thought, the vision spoken of by Daniel. My flesh seemed to shrivel on my bones, and my blood to chill in my veins until those words were applied to my mind, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Instantly my heart rejoiced in the Lord, and heaven was opened in my soul. I felt that my sins, though many, were all forgiven; and I gave God glory for the expression of His mercy, thinking that I would tell it to all the world."

Richard Burdsall, like so many in his time, had been made heartily sick of sin, had groaned beneath its burden, and was then set free. This was what was called conversion in those days, and whether it was that being born again which Christ demands let his after life tell.

He soon was thrust into public work for Christ. Attending a meeting to which no speaker came, he was called upon by the people to conduct the service, and exhorted them with a comfort and liberty that astonished him. Yet he shrank from this work, and on a second occasion, when placed in the same circumstances, instead of preaching he ran away from the place. But his conscience was so troubled about this that he resolved never to refuse again if the Lord give him opportunity. And so manifest to all was his calling to preach the Gospel, that he was compelled ere long to engage constantly in this service.

A MISSION PREACHER.

He had a good voice, and his blue

eyes sparkled as he spoke. He threw his whole heart and soul and mind and strength into every part of every service, and if his arms and hands were not moved with the grace of a polished orator, but with the rough energy of a working man, they helped to drive home the truth to men's hearts. He used the plain rough English of the people, rivetting the attention of his audience from first to last, enlivening his discourse at times with a touch of homely humour, but always maintaining the intense earnestness of Jesus.

While hymns were being sung he would often burst out between the verses in burning words of exhortation. In prayer he had power with God and prevailed. It was his custom in preaching frequently to quote the Scriptures, stating the place where such words might be found, and he was nick-named "Chapter-and-verse."

Realising with all the intensity of his soul the truths he preached, he used to impress them upon others with mighty power. Clutching his snowy locks while preaching one of his last sermons he cried, "Look at these grey hairs. If every one of these were a soul I would venture it upon His merit." No wonder that the people flocked to hear such a man, that hundreds of them were convinced of sin and brought to God under his preaching, and that he was gladly listened to even by people much better educated than himself. Only the duty of providing for those dependent upon him prevented his going forth to devote his life entirely to the work of preaching the Gospel.

GOING TO WAR.

Like all the rest in his day, he had to surmount severe opposition at times in order to carry on the work. Here is his account of one service held by him alone: "When I entered the village, the people came out of their houses just like bees out of a hive that has been disturbed. Having no other help, I prayed to Him who alone can still the tempest and silence the clamours of the rude. Both men, women, and children mocked and derided me as I walked along the street. About the middle of the village stood a large tree with a stone against it. Round this tree the people were assembled in great numbers, both horsemen and footmen. At a little distance behind I beheld a

gentleman in a white wig and two others with him hastening to meet me. I soon learnt that this gentleman had come to act as the justice's deputy, not in making peace, but to cause a riot; for as soon as he saw me he began to shout as though the whole place had been on fire, bawling out, 'We want none of thee here to-day.' When I had advanced a little nearer, I replied, 'I do not dispute that, but I shall not be governed by your wishes at this time.' Then, getting on to the stone which was against the tree, and taking my Bible in my hand, I demanded their attention, saying, 'If I speak according to this book, at the peril of your souls let you hear me; and if I do not, I leave you to use me as He may give you leave who caused this book to be written.' When they heard this, many of the women went near to the gentleman and desired him to be peaceable. But instead of paying any regard to them, he stormed the more furiously; nevertheless, he dared not to lay hands on me. A person on horseback, who apparently was much affected, desired him to be quiet, observing to him, 'He says nothing amiss, and we are not so well served in the church.' But he still continued to act for his master, keeping a great noise, and saying, 'He shall not preach here.' At length a butcher who knew me well, and had embraced the Gospel, stepped up to him and said, 'Snowden, thou behavest thyself just like a swine or a brute. If thou art determined to go to hell, go by thyself, and let the people hear what the man has got to say.' This language so irritated Snowden that he swore the butcher's teeth should go down his throat if he spoke again. The butcher, then stepping up close to him, said, 'Only strike me, and I'll bray thee as small as dust.' So much was Mr. Snowden terrified by this threat that he and his two companions betook themselves to a house-side during the remainder of the service, where they stood like statues while I preached to the people. Many received the Word gladly; and although my mind was pained on account of what was said at the beginning, my soul rejoiced before we concluded, perceiving how the Lord had brought good out of evil. This day I was hit on the head with a stone, but I was not much worse, for my Saviour more than compensated my hurt by the comfort which He afforded me."

SOWING BY THE WAYSIDE.

He laboured as boldly in private as in public for God, and from many a word in season spoken by him good fruit sprang up. Riding one day on a stage-coach, one of the horses became very restive. "He wants breaking," said a passenger. "Ah," said Richard, "so do we all." "Pray, have you been broken?" scornfully asked the other. "Oh, yes," was the reply; and the story of his broken and healed heart was told to all who could hear him.

A young soldier, bearing on his helmet the words "Death or glory," stepped into the shop where he was engaged, and Richard spoke to him of death and everlasting glory till he burst into tears, and kneeling down then and there sought mercy, never resting till he had died indeed unto sin, and been made alive unto God's glorious righteousness.

Such was the impression made by Mr. Burdsall's thorough integrity of character and life, that he was on one occasion invited to a banquet by the Lord Mayor of York. After prayer he went, and astounded the whole company by an earnest and loving declaration of his concern for their salvation. The servant who waited upon him there and then determined to turn to the Lord.

SICK VISITATION

was a work in which he delighted; but he carried into the sick room the same fearless out-spoken testimony which he was ever ready with in all companies.

Visiting one poor woman he so violently attacked her conscience, that while on his knees laying her sins before the Lord in plain English, she actually struck him. After awhile he rose and spoke to her again as boldly as before, and then urging those present to join in prayer he knelt again to plead for the poor dying sinner, and continued until at length a hearty "Amen" came from her broken heart, and she was ere long enabled to rejoice in pardoning mercy.

A DEATH SCENE.

Upon entering the room where a poor woman lay dying, and asking her if the Lord had convinced her of her danger, she replied, "I am convinced that if I die as I am, I shall be damned for ever," and then shouting aloud so as to be heard in the street, she said, "I shall

"UNTO ME."

A POOR wayfaring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came,
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word He spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock, His strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked His thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,
I drank and never thirsted more.

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes;
He spake, and my poor name He named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou did'st it unto Me."

THE IMMOVABLE.

THERE are many Christians, like young sailors, who think the shore and the whole land do move, when the ship and they themselves are moved; just so, not a few imagine that God moveth, and faileth, and changeth places, because their godly souls are subject to alteration; but the foundation of the Lord abideth sure.—*Rutherford.*

THE END OF
ALL THINGS
IS AT HAND.

perish for ever." Not discouraged, however, he pressed her to think of the mercy of God in Christ. "Oh, what shall I do?" she cried; and after pointing her to Jesus he knelt to pray. Finding her still in despair he said to her, "Put your soul into the hands of Jesus whether he damn or save you." The idea, new and strange as it was, just met the poor sinner's case. She afterwards said, "I have left my soul with all my sin, guilt, and vileness, in the hands of the Lord, that He may do with me as He shall see good; I believe He will save me. He has saved me already. Oh, the precious blood of Christ! What a fool I have been!" and her joy from that day until she died, a fortnight later, was visible to all around her.

HIS OWN DEATH

was drawing nigh, and, like so many of the incessantly active labourers of his day, God permitted him to work on almost to the last. He preached for the last time only a fortnight before he died. The day after this last public act a severe shivering fit announced the approach of the end, and he at once said, "I am quite ready, whenever the Lord shall please to call me; I would not wish to live a moment longer, or die a moment sooner than He pleases."

While they read to him the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he appeared so extraordinarily elated that some one remarked, "You seem to feel the effects of this precious faith." "How can I help it?" he replied, and who that believes in God can help being filled with exceeding great joy in His presence, and in recalling His glorious faithfulness to those who have trusted Him in times past?

When unable any longer to speak, he raised his hands in token of victory, and died at eighty-eight years of age, full of glory.

In reading the career of this truly great and noble man, one can hardly help wondering whether after all one has not stumbled across the Mission intelligence of the *Magazine* somehow, so strong is the family likeness between him and many who are beside us in the field. Oh, that all may catch the flame, all partake the glorious bliss, and rise to join with that part of the host which has crossed the flood in eternal victory!

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



HE spoke last month of sickness, but the month just over will be remembered as one of the most trying the Mission has ever had to pass through. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, who seemed to be steadily recovering, have been compelled to prolong their stay in the country, and even now appear very unfit to return. Bro. Clare, of Portsmouth, seized with English cholera, has been left so weak as to be quite unable to preach; and Bro. Allen, of Cardiff, who has for some months been struggling on with the greatest difficulty and no little risk, has at length been compelled to stop for the much-needed rest. Bro. Jones, of Croydon, has been suddenly prostrated, and confined to bed; and Bro. Garner, of Hammersmith, after having been so unwell as to be unable to preach on several occasions, has been forced to go away for a little rest. Owing, too, we presume, to a peculiarity of the air, we have found the whole body of open-air workers at several stations labouring away with throats utterly exhausted, and many of them sick.

But all this has only demonstrated all the more the favour of God towards us, and the overwhelming strength with which He has made us strong, even in our weakness. Never has the power of God been more generally felt amongst us, and never has the work more signally prospered. At station after station we find congregations increased, signs and wonders wrought in the name of Jesus, and, best of all, scores of persons coming forward to speak for Christ who never stood up for Him before. Thus the number of services held is increasing, and the Mission—weaker this month in its principal labourers than it ever was at any recent period—has done more than ever to reach the masses with the Gospel. God has chosen us to confound the mighty, and to bring to nought things that are; and, trusting in Him, we shall still continue to do both.

THE EXCURSION TO SOUTHEND.

LAST, but not least, of the excursions of the year, the day at Southend will be remembered almost as long as the great excursion of last year to the same place. The weather, from first to last, was as lovely as could have been desired, and this perhaps conduced to the assembly of a considerably larger number than had been anticipated. There

was plenty of carriage room, however, and the railway arrangements were throughout most satisfactory.

Profiting by the experience of the Chatham excursion, we did not select the cliff as our meeting place; but took up our stand on the lower ground near the town, where in 1874 the London and Chatham branches were visibly united by Mr. Booth. If we were not so high

up, and had not so fine a sea view, and such abundant grass to kneel upon, we had what seemed to us far more important, people in abundance to hear us all day long show forth our Sun and our song.

About a hundred hymns were sung, and addresses given in the course of the day, and as the congregations constantly changed it is impossible even to guess how many heard us from first to last.

At half-past five there was a general flocking to the spot for the love-feast, and we soon were provided with a very large congregation by unexpected means. A sham Irishman, with white wig and shillelah, came within a few yards of our meeting and began his foolish performances. He soon had a crowd which, however, speedily passed over to us, leaving him shortly with a ring of children. This was too humiliating a defeat to be brooked by the performer, and was still more vexatious to some publicans and others, who had been expressing their opinion that we were "going too far," that it was "perfectly ridiculous," and so forth, all day, and who now thought they might find a fit occasion to spoil our service. So, encouraging the man with drink and money, they induced him to come nearer to us still, and distinctly to oppose us by burlesquing our devotions. By this means a very large number of people were speedily gathered within the sound of our voices, and the comic song was soon drowned by the song of praise. In vain did he throw up his shillelah from time to time, for the cry that went up to God to save his soul attracted everyone, and when a brother whom God has blessed with a gigantic body stepped into our ring to speak all eyes followed him. The poor mountebank himself was soon peering into our midst and listening with the rest, and we continued till seven with the largest number of strangers that we have had around us at any excursion this year.

The singing of the procession on the march back to the station seemed to us extraordinarily full of zest and power. It was quite amusing to notice the puzzled look on the face of some street musicians who continued to strike their instruments though they could scarcely have heard them at all themselves, as we swept by singing—

"I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes I do,
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles and loves me too."

Several of our party, who were not then able with heart and voice to join in that chorus, found the Saviour on the journey homeward, and although not favoured with lights in the carriages we saw the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ there, and arrived at Fenchurch Street praising God for all the blessings of the day, and, some of us, for a safe and satisfactory conclusion to the last excursion of the year.

WHITECHAPEL.

As we shall be represented partly by the account of our excursion this month, we can hardly claim much space for report, and yet would fain say that God is still with us indeed, and of a truth, and is making Brother and Sister Neal a great blessing.

The greater services here engross so much attention as almost to crush out of notice much of the work that is going on behind the scenes; but God is doing great things for our tract distributors, and for many others who labour with prayer and tears amongst the people at home.

A DYING MORALIST.

A poor old man, who had long hardened his proud heart against God's mercy, thinking himself quite good enough without it, when he felt the approach of death a few weeks ago, sent for the tract-distributor, and two sisters were soon in his room. As they prayed and spoke with him he listened eagerly, and sent word that what they said had made so much impression upon him that he hoped they would soon come again. "It was so plain and simple," he said, "it went right to my heart, and I have not forgotten it." He was soon aroused to thorough concern about his soul, and at length, while one sister was showing him that he must give up entirely to Christ, he clasped his hands and said, "Then I will;" and he was enabled to rejoice in God his Saviour.

The visitation of this blessed death-bed gave opportunity to the sisters very faithfully to warn some in the house, who were, like the father, trusting that they were righteous though far from

God; and, thank God, not a few of our workers here are going about warning every man and teaching every man with authority.

A GENTLEMAN

passing by the porch one day at noon, was arrested by the service, and soon appeared deeply moved by what he heard. He came into the prayer-meeting, and we shall not soon forget the grief that seemed to overcome his heart, as with convulsive sobs he knelt amongst the poor to seek the mercy that abounds to all alike. Ere long he was able to say that he was fully satisfied that God for Christ's sake had pardoned him, and in this assurance he went on his way rejoicing.

Thus we continue to sow and reap, and we shall all be astonished by-and-by to find how great is the harvest which in one way or another has been gathered out of this neighbourhood.

HAMMERSMITH.

By God's grace we are still at war with sin and Satan, and the Captain of our salvation is adding to us almost daily some who once were the terror of the neighbourhood in which they lived.

"IT IS THE LORD THAT HAS DONE IT."

It would have cheered any one to have heard a stalwart man in one of our believers' meetings, only a fortnight old in grace, tell how God had saved his soul. "If you want," said he, "to know what God has done for me, go and ask my poor wife, whom I have beaten in my maddened fury until I have endangered her life, and smashed everything I could lay my hands upon. If you want to know what God has done for me, go and ask my dear little children, who used to fly out of my way and get behind their poor mother and hide their faces in her petticoats, anywhere to get away from me, and they will tell you that God has turned me right about, and converted my soul. Brethren, it is the Lord that has done it, bless His name, and He has converted the house too. Once it was like a hell to me, and everybody that was in it, but now it is like a little palace. Hallelujah! And it is the Lord that has done it, and now my wife and dear children love me, and I love them, and there is plenty for them to eat, and my poor wife gets a joint of meat now on a

Saturday night instead of a black eye. Glory be to God! it is the Lord that has done it! and the landlord knows I am converted, for he gets his rent instead of a cursing, and the little lambs are going to school next week, and they are telling everybody that 'father is converted, and joined the ranters'; and so I am. I used to rant for the devil until midnight, and then come home and disturb the whole neighbourhood with my dreadful oaths, and the shrieks of my wife, but it is all over now, and it is the Lord that has done it. All glory to His Name!"

A PERSECUTOR.

Another dear man, who used to delight from the earliest days of the Mission in persecuting God's children in the open air, and more than once, sent by the publicans, he has brought a pot of beer and offered the speaker in the open air; but at length he was persuaded by an old companion to accompany him to the Town Hall; he came, and the Word went home to his heart; he at once threw down the weapons of his warfare, and there and then embraced the Gospel he had so long despised, and to use his own words, "Jesus set me free in a moment."

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

One Sunday morning, after the service, a young woman, who could not go away until she had given her heart to Jesus, with two others, came out to the front and sought and found the pearl of great price. Her father, who was a member with us, and a zealous worker for the Lord, came and embraced his daughter, saying, "You have long lain very heavy on my heart, but the Lord has answered my prayer and saved my daughter, and now my burden is gone." One could easily discover the truth of what he was saying by his happy face.

I might add many more testimonies to these men and women, who tell out of a full heart what God has done for their souls.

Suffice for me to say that the Lord God of Hosts is with us. Praise His holy name! Many of our converts are very anxious for something to do in the way of tract-distributing, for there is a Sabbath-breaking place, the Kew Gardens, bringing multitudes of pleasure-seekers. If any of our readers have any tracts, especially bearing on a

Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness, and will kindly forward them to my address, I will see to their immediate distribution. Thank God, we can boast of a band of men at Hammersmith who do not count their lives dear unto them, but are ready for prison or death if it should be the Master's will.

I am yours in the battle-field,
WILLIAM GARNER.
Hope Cottage, Windmill Street,
Turnham Green.

SOHO.

We thank God that souls are being saved at nearly every service we hold, and even the condition of our hall doors and windows proves that we are making the enemy feel more and more uncomfortable in losing his soldiers, and in the prospect which, I rejoice to say, is daily improving of his losing many more.

I will give you a short account of one night's operation. At 7 o'clock, having passed through some of the dark and wretched streets of Soho, which almost seem to foreshadow the darkness of the eternal abode whither its countless inhabitants are tending, we reach the Grafton Hall, and finding a few of our friends, we repair to the corner of Litchfield Street, about 200 yards distant, for the open-air attack. Soon the crowd gathers round. Truly there seems to be represented every form of sin and every class of sinner; and as one's eye wanders over their anxious faces, wondrously different, and yet, in all the marks of woe and sorrow, so terribly alike, one's heart aches at the thought of the enormous odds against which they must contend, even if they can be won to the Saviour's feet. But the hour is soon gone, and as we leave we can often see the tearful eye, and are almost invariably followed by some to the service within, which commenced on the night of which we speak at 8 o'clock. The meeting is opened by singing and prayer, and then, as it is the evening for testimony and counsel, one after another recounts how God has dealt with them during the past week, and speak with joy of battles fought and victories won in His name. Says one sister, "I am glad my sins are washed away, and that God gives me grace to keep from what was my ruin—the drink." Says a brother, "I feel to-night that 'all the way long it is Jesus,' and

I intend it always shall be." Another sister says it was the best thing she ever did to come inside the Soho Hall, for there she found the sinner's Friend. Many others speak and hear words of comfort one to another; here and there we sing a verse, and every face reflects the joy of every heart. Then any stranger or young one among our number is invited to say a word. A sister says, "I have come, friends, to beg your pardon for what I did the other night. I came in this hall and laughed, thinking what a funny lot of people you were; but after I left I got right with God, and I have begun to work for Him." This young woman has already brought several to the meeting, and some have found peace. Then we sing, and with prayer, and pointing any seeking sinner present to Jesus, we conclude, thankful to our Father that we are permitted amongst much that is discouraging and distressing, the joy of rejoicing in one another. Oh, may our numbers yet more and more increase!

Asking your prayers for our work, and still reminding friends of our need of tracts,

I am yours in Jesus,
GEORGE MACE.

17, Hunter Street,
Brunswick Square, W.C.

STRATFORD.

We are still at work here in the Master's name, and although we have had much persecution and conflict, we are not without constant tokens of victory and blessing.

The other Thursday night when a dear sister from Whitechapel was speaking, we noticed a tall man on whom the Spirit of God was evidently at work, and in the after-meeting he sought and found salvation. We said, "Now, you must give up the drink—that is your besetment." He hesitated a minute, then said, firmly, "Get the book;

"I'LL DO IT,"

and there and then he promised, by God's help, never again to touch the cup. We found he was a bargeman, gave him a Magazine, and committed him to the Master's care.

A young woman came up to the door the other evening and told us that nearly a month ago she wandered in, and the Word went to her heart, that she had had no rest, although trying to stifle her

convictions; she came now to the class, but not until the following Friday was she able to realize salvation, when the burden fell off, and she was happy in the Lord.

Our open-air meetings are still the scene of opposition. A few evenings back we were *peeled with fried fish*, but we never give up, and in God's name we shall triumph in the end.

F. H. BYFORD.

BARKING.

The work's reviving all around,
And many have the Saviour found;
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosanna to His name.
And all around they spread His fame.
That's the news.

WE rejoice still to be able to report prosperity at this station, and that our members are rallying to the work. We find that, notwithstanding some difficulties, our open-air services have been specially blessed. May the Lord help us all here in Barking to come up to His help in the out-door work!

A YOUNG MAN

hearing a female's voice in the open air, uttering words which pierced him to the heart, though he fain would have closed his ears, being ashamed to be seen in the crowd himself, gave a child a halfpenny to see who it was speaking. The child returned, saying it was the *little woman that preached at the Bethel* (the name of our hall). The spirit of God strove with him mightily. He came to the hall, heard me preach, and found the pearl of great price, and is now an earnest follower of the Lord.

Another is a young man, the son of Christian parents, whose mother said she would give anything if her child would accept this salvation. I could see God's Spirit was striving with him, and he did not want much persuading, but soon got on his knees, and after battling with the powers of darkness for about half-an-hour, he said, "Oh, I did not think it was so easy; oh, I am so happy the load of sin is gone." He said he went home feeling so happy that he could have jumped over anything. Praise God, he is still in this mind. Our last report spoke of a band of sisters. We are glad that our brothers are not asleep, but are determined to show to whom they belong. It was good to hear some for the first time stand up and tell the simple story of

the Cross, and then to see four sinners weep their way to Calvary.

Amongst them was a woman who had grieved God many years, and who thought she was much too bad for the Lord to save; but bless Him, He can save to the uttermost, and she, with the other three, was enabled to cast all her sins and doubt on Jesus. I could easily lengthen this account of God's dealings with us, and ask your earnest prayers on behalf of Barking. Victory is on our side.

Yours in Jesus,

ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Hart Street,
Barking, Essex.

A VILLAGE RAID.

THE bean-feast of the Jute Factory at Barking was looked forward to this year with some apprehension, lest any of the young converts should be led astray thereat, and as the best possible safeguard against temptation it was determined to spend the day in assaulting some village for Jesus.

Sister Davis, at the earnest request of some of their relatives, had visited one or two old people in a village called Aveley, near Purfleet, and this was selected as the most likely place for a successful attack. Accordingly a party of about 20, leaving Barking about 10 a.m., went by train to Purfleet. Arrived there and seeing that we were not a large enough company to make up a heavy procession, we formed like policemen in single line, and found the plan succeeded admirably in attracting the attention of the villagers.

A walk of about two miles brought us to Aveley, and we at once began a general visitation of the people. Every house in the place was called at, the company breaking up into couples, and each party taking a small number of cottages.

Our visits were generally well received, and in some cases people even welcomed us; but a few informed us, with great decision, that they went to their own church, and seemed to think that a complete settler for us on the score of their religion.

After careful inquiry, we could not find half-a-dozen people in the place who really knew Christ as their Saviour. Surely, it is time for someone to visit and arouse such populations, as well as the larger ones in our great towns and

cities! The doctor, upon being asked whether he found evidence of any religion amongst the people in going his rounds, said, "No, there seemed to be nothing of the kind, beyond a mere passing feeling on account of the trouble the people might be in." Alas, alas! how generally is this the fact with regard to our countrymen everywhere!

The visitation over, we gathered at the top of the village for an open-air service, and felt the Lord's presence most blessedly in singing, speaking, and prayer alike, while the faces of the crowd indicated a very deep impression made upon them.

After this meeting we sat down to refresh our bodies a little outside the village, and then knelt again for prayer, in which everyone took part.

Brother Gray, of Poplar, and some further reinforcements having now arrived, we marched into the village again, this time throwing our single line right across the road, a plan which seemed even more effective and enjoyable than the other, though of course only practicable where there is no traffic. Taking up a stand at the bottom of the village this time, we spent the whole afternoon in addresses, singing, and prayer. The people listened with great seriousness and respect, with the exception of one man, a shoemaker, who seemed to consider himself far superior in understanding to everyone else. What his own creed was, if any, we did not find out; but one article of it certainly was that we were all wrong. He seemed to look upon us as a sort of light-headed fanatics, well intentioned and tolerably harmless; but he did not succeed in preventing others from hearing us or from feeling very differently, we doubt not.

During the afternoon a second party was met at Purfleet by Brother Russell, and a service held in that village before coming on to Aveley.

After tea the largest meeting of the day was held, and was a glorious time of the passing by of the Son of Man. Many wept and begged for another visit at some future time.

In accordance with this request, a party left Barking on the first Saturday afternoon in September, and spent the afternoon and evening in the same blessed work. The evening meeting was even more largely attended than the one before, and many who had never before spoken for Christ gladly

testified to the change wrought in them. We have often heard people pray for a moral earthquake, and we returned home thinking how easily such an earthquake might be accomplished in any place if the people of God were sufficiently in earnest. A party of 20 people might go out any evening to thousands of little spots in our land, and come away certain of having, by God's help, deeply stirred every soul in the place.

POPLAR.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel."

HALLELUJAH! we have realized that the promises of God are yea and amen. While men have been gathering the material harvest, we have been gathering sheaves for the heavenly garner, and we have abundant cause to "thank God and take courage." Glory be to His name! The Lord's own people are bearing striking testimonies to the sanctifying power of the Spirit, and backsliders have had the joys of salvation restored to them. Said one, "My place is at the penitent-form, and there I shall go; who will copy my example?" Another, "Bless the Lord, I can say to-night what I could not say before—I feel my sins are all forgiven."

I will report a few cases rescued during the past month. A middle-aged man came to the temperance meeting, and was induced to sign the pledge; having given up the drink, he came on the Sunday. The Lord opened his eyes. He stayed to the prayer-meeting, and a brother spoke to him. He said,

"I FEEL I AM TOO BAD

to be saved," but he was told it was for the chief of sinners Jesus died. We knelt at His feet and prayed for pardon, and soon he sprang up, saying, "I believe God has pardoned all my sins."

A seafaring man was convinced of his sins, and when spoken to, said, "I should like to be saved, but I am such a sinner." We prayed with and directed him to the great Sin-bearer, and he professed faith in Christ. A third was a remarkable case. A young man came to the hall, before the time of service, and recited to the hall-keeper how miserable he was; he at once prayed with, and pointed him to Jesus; he got a little comfort; he stayed to the believers'-meeting, and in the opening prayer he cried for mercy; and so great was his

distress, that he seemed like one beside himself; but after a severe struggle, liberty came, and springing to his feet, he said, "Bless God, I see Jesus; my sins are all forgiven; how was it I could not see this before? I thought when people were flocking to hear Moody and Sankey, that they were mad, but

"I WAS THE MADMAN.

This is in answer to my mother's prayers." He further briefly related his experience. He said, "Twice I have had delirium tremens, twice I have tried to commit suicide; but the Lord has saved me," &c. When he went home, the first thing he said was, "Mother, I am saved." Hallelujah! Our quarterly festival was a time of joy. Miss Pollett preached to large congregations, morning and evening. A hallelujah experience in the afternoon; and the day finished with four penitents at the foot of the Cross. Our open-air work is most pleasing. We have divided the district into three circles of operation, thus preaching to thousands. We have already found the plan answer well, and crowds have heard the story of the Cross.

Yours in the kingdom,
J. P. GRAY.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

THE good old Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and during the past month there have been some sinners proving its power.

While at our open-air meeting one Saturday night, a young man came up and listened for some time. He told me afterwards that while he stood there and heard our message, the Holy Spirit so impressed the truth upon his heart that he was on his way to eternal death, that he went home and thought upon his ways, and for a fortnight had no rest, until he gave up all to Jesus. He said, a few months ago his mother was taken to heaven, but since that he had been living in sin and drunkenness. But now his heart is changed. Praise the Lord!

On Sunday last Mr. Ballington Booth preached in the evening. One woman was convinced of her sins, but left the hall without accepting Jesus. She went home, determined to know that God had forgiven her, and she can testify to His saving power. Many

thanks for the tracts sent; more will be gratefully received by

Yours at the feet of Jesus,
J. TRENHAIL.

5, White Hart Court,
Stoke Newington.

SHOREDITCH.

"I FEEL as light as a feather, and get lighter and lighter every day!" was the quaint exclamation which dropped from a woman's lips at one of our experience-meetings; who, on the Saturday previous to her conversion on the Wednesday, might have been seen in one of the streets adjoining the hall, fighting with her husband, the result being that both of them received a black eye, the woman lost her bonnet and got her dress pulled about, and the husband's coat was torn literally to ribbons. She told me she summoned him, but the magistrate dismissed the case, thinking, no doubt, that he had received enough punishment already. Both husband and wife are now on board the lifeboat, and by their happy countenances you can indeed see what is going on within. Passing a public-house near the hall with some of our brethren, she said, "Ah! I've spent many a pound in there, and had to serve seven days for an uproar created by me in the same place!"

The wife of the man referred to in the September Magazine has now found salvation, and as they sat in the hall on Sunday last, a dear sister said to me, "Does not that look well?" and glancing across, I saw he had another coat, and his wife looked quite comfortable, the sight of which, of course, was very acceptable, and proved to me that old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Souls are finding the Saviour nightly here, and the tide is slowly coming in. Trusting to be able to give you a still more cheering account next month.

I am yours in the War,
G. WATERS.

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

CHATHAM.

"A bruised reed shall He not break and smoking flax shall He not quench till He send forth judgment unto victory."

HALLELUJAH! God continues graciously to work still in our midst, and sinners

are rapidly coming to Christ at our meetings.

But while we are working the devil sleeps not; he is as bitterly opposed to us as ever, and at times the conflict is very sharp. One night he set upon us A BROKEN-DOWN BEER-HOUSE KEEPER AND A TRAVELLING TINKER.

They came with the tinker's barrow right into the middle of our group, and some companions brought out an old rusty axe to grind, at which they set to work. But we sang and prayed, while the people gathered in crowds. Then we sang—

"Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

When we got to the second verse the power of God fell on the people, and the tinker and his mates fled with their barrow, leaving us the masters of the field. We sang our way to the hall, shouting victory, where we had a precious meeting, souls crying for mercy, and finding Jesus present and mighty to save.

Another night

TWO COSTERMONGERS

tried to stop our meeting. They fixed their barrows one on either side of our gathering, and commenced, at the top of their voices, to scream out their wares; but we persevered, and finding this did not rout us, they started to run their barrows through and through the crowd. But here again they were disappointed; so we sang—

"I will not be discouraged,
For Jesus is my Friend,"

and marched off to the hall.

NEW BROMPTON.

On the 25th of August we opened the Workman's Hall in the High Street, New Brompton. This is a thriving place, a little way from Chatham. The hall was formerly a public-house, but God converted a man in one of our afternoon meetings at Chatham, who has taken it, and it is now a house of spiritual entertainment for eating and drinking and making merry over sinners returning to God. The hall will hold two hundred people, and in it already God has given us evidence that He is with us as elsewhere, and expectation is strong that we shall see the arm of the Lord made bare and many souls won to Christ at New Brompton.

Donations and tracts (much needed) will be thankfully received by Captain Timmouth, R.M. Barracks, Treasurer; W. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace, or CHARLES HOBDAV, 4, Alma Terrace, High Street, Chatham.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

"And He said, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

THE past month at this station has been a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Although sickness, disease, and death have been amongst us, He who chastises in love has enabled some to kiss the rod and say, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done." Praise His name! One of our sisters has crossed the flood, leaving behind her a clear testimony that she is gone home to be for ever with the Lord.

The Sunday services at the Theatre are special times of fishing in the name of our God, and by His help we are still enabled to get on to the Rock of Ages, many who were fast sinking in the mire and the clay of sin.

The Lord is hearing prayer and saving the North Eastern Railway Company's servants. Several of them are on the up line now, travelling first class to glory. Others are under deep conviction. May God save the railway men! An engine-driver, whose fireman and guard are also converted, says, "I was very pleased to see so many railway servants at the meetings, some quite broken-hearted on account of sin, others pleading with God for pardon."

Our open-air meetings are a great power against the devil; many who have heard the Word in these services have been deeply impressed, and have come to the indoor services and found salvation. A brother in Christ told me that some of the worst drunken and swearing men and women in Linthorpe have become changed, and are now living to God, happy in His love.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

One woman, who was known all over the neighbourhood as a drunken, swearing woman, is now living in the fear of God, striving to bring others to the Saviour's feet; she is a member of the female believers' class, clothed, and in her right mind. One who knew her said, "If God can save her He can save anybody." Yea, He is mighty to save.

Mrs. Dowdle's female believers' meeting has proved a success in every way; Oh! that God may save some of the sisters' unconverted husbands! Will our readers pray for this? We are furnishing a home for the Evangelist stationed here. Donations for this, and our general work, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by William Hutchinson, 82, Milton Street, Secretary, and Mr. George Chapman, Treasurer, 151, Stockton Street.

Thanks for books received. Tracts for distribution needed.

Yours in the Cause,

JAMES DOWDLE.

22, Clarence Street, Middlesbrough.

A LETTER FROM AN OUTSIDER.

DEAR BROTHER RAILTON,—I am out here for health and a holiday. I chose Redcar because it was so near to Middlesbro', and I wanted to see what the work there was really like. I went to the Saturday evening prayer-meeting; it was just a fair good meeting, and I thought well conducted. I went to the open-air meeting on Sunday morning, at 11, in the market-place. There was a good crowd gathered round, and, with two or three exceptions, all were evidently working men. One of the Mission converts spoke in the style you have often heard: "You all know me, mates; you know what I was. I sought happiness where you are seeking it, but never found it till I heard Mr. Dowdle, felt myself a sinner, and went to the cross of Christ, and I am now washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am happy now, thank God; and I want you to be." The men looked on with an attentive, half-puzzled look, knowing the man, and evidently wondering what had come over him. At the theatre in the afternoon we had, I think, over 1000 people, and I had an opportunity of speaking about the unsatisfactoriness of a half-and-half religion. After a short open-air service at night, in which three short and warm addresses were given, we went to the theatre. There God helped me to speak to such a crowd of people as I never faced in a building before. There would be from 2500 to 3000 packed in. We had a blessed prayer-meeting, nine professed to get pardon, and four wanderers were reclaimed; it was almost amusing to see the joy of one young convert over his old mate whom

he had been praying for; he put his arm round him, and I think would have kissed him had such a thing been proper. Mr. Dowdle announced that I would speak about scriptural holiness on Monday night. The little hall was packed, and we had a warm meeting in more senses than one. The power of God came down, and about twenty went down for full salvation, and three for pardon. Oh, what a holy influence filled the place! we could hardly get about; the place was full, and people would not go away. After prayer and singing—

"My whole is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire,"

and also that sweet hymn—

"I'm coming to the Cross,"

one and another thanked God for heart purity, and I never before saw the glory of God shining through men's faces in such a manner. I attended the believers' class on Tuesday evening. About fifty spoke their experience in as many minutes. A short exhortation was given, and in the face of the whole meeting four men and one woman came out as volunteers for God. I believe the work is doing good to the churches in the town. I heard the senior deacon of a large Baptist church say that, "they have not had a communion since the Mission began but they have admitted some of the Mission converts to their church."

I long to see a work like it in Leeds. May God in His Wisdom open the way! Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and say that I trust God will soon restore them to such a glorious work, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

JAMES BROADBENT,

Redcar, Sept. 8.

Of Leeds.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

THE tide of prosperity which flowed over the north of England five years ago has evidently taken a turn, which at first sight appears to be unfavourable to the men, but which I verily believe will come to be acknowledged by them as a very great blessing, for it is an undoubted fact that high wages found them unprepared to spend their money in a manner that should prove beneficial either to them or to their children. Now a reaction has set in, and

I rejoice in my inmost soul (not because it is a loss to the men), but because now many of them are giving heed to those things which are essential to their well-being. Large numbers in this town listen attentively in the open air, and come to the Star Theatre, where, thank God, a goodly number have found the pearl of great price. I earnestly beseech the Lord's people to join with me in asking the God of all grace to grant us this coming winter the most blessed harvest of souls it has been our lot to witness, and that they may be laid at the feet of Him who shed His blood for their redemption.

During the past few weeks we have had much blessing, and many souls have been pointed to Jesus; among whom was

A YOUNG IRISHMAN,

who had been impressed at our open-air meetings in South Stockton, and although brought up in the blind folds of superstition, and taught to do anything but listen to the preaching of heretics, yet he came to the theatre, and was soon found among the penitents seeking salvation, to which, as he said, notwithstanding all he had done, he was still a stranger. But he with others soon found that it was gloriously possible to have peace with God. He has since signed the pledge, saying, "I am determined to have all the blessings possible for me to enjoy on earth."

ANOTHER ROMAN CATHOLIC,

who sometime ago heard Mrs. Booth preach, was powerfully wrought upon, but could not see the necessity of renouncing the religion of her forefathers, and yet, do what she would, could get no peace to her troubled heart. In fact, she had no more rest. At last, on the same Sunday that she buried a darling child, she came to the theatre with a heart doubly burdened, but heard of trusting Jesus to take away all her sins, and then and there she sought Him in a most determined manner, her crying and tears deeply affecting the friends around. But, oh, praise God, her sorrow was soon turned into joy, for she found more joy in trusting Jesus five minutes than in the use of her rosary in a lifetime. May these dear ones be kept trusting alone in Him for ever!

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN STOCKTON.

At the close of the prayer-meeting the other Sunday evening, the peni-

tents were asked to stand up and join in praising God, from whom all blessings flow. In the centre was a very tall man, conspicuous by his great height, who, with his wife, that night sought and found Jesus. His mother had, a few weeks before, found the Saviour, and had often been seen entreating her son to yield to Christ, and up to this time he had withstood every appeal, but here he was an earnest seeker and joyous finder of salvation; and it was well for him it was so, for a day or two after he was seized with an illness which laid him low, and when one of the brethren went to see him on the following Sunday (although then almost past human aid), he said: "Oh, the joys of religion! Little did I think of this a week ago; but go and tell the people I am so happy, and all is well;" and my friend added, "I believe, sir, he is the happiest man in Stockton." Oh, may we triumph so!

A very affecting scene was witnessed in our hall one night. Among the penitents was a man and his wife, who were both seeking the Lord, and both were weeping bitterly. The woman received Christ first, and at once she embraced her husband and besought him in the most earnest manner not to leave the place until he had found salvation. Thank God this advice he took, and was able to rejoice before leaving; he had a sad experience to tell. Among other things he had become an unbeliever through argument and controversy, and what disgusted him most was to see some professing Christians often quarrelling over the Bible and its precious truths.

Preaching one night on "Remember Lot's wife," which sermon God wonderfully blessed to the awakening of many, I was rejoiced to find in the prayer-meeting a man coming up to the front with a determination seldom seen, nearly knocking me over in his haste. This caused me to ask him where he was going. Said he,

"To ZOAR, SIR;

for I am convinced that if I stop in the Sodom where I lived for years, I shall soon be dead and damned," and, hurling his hat from him, he fell on his knees by the side of some weeping puddlers, and it was not long before there was great rejoicing among them, for the puddlers had been persecutors of some of our men, and when saved

they, with others, praised God together, this man's voice being heard, "Thank God I am out of Sodom!" May he never look back!

As far as we are able to judge, we are doing everything we can to rebuke sin and rescue the sinner. We have just added to our Mission efforts a stall in the midst of the market on Saturday, from which we offer for sale all that we can get of a religious tendency to the crowds of work-people who flock around, and who, if they do not buy, can hear religious conversation, and receive a small book or tract. Will our readers help us in this work by sending some good books, testaments, or tracts which we could give away? Dear Christians, come to the rescue, and with united effort let us go and claim these souls for whom Christ died, and who are by thousands rushing headlong to ruin. Up, Christian, up! and in the name of Christ arrest their progress, and pulling them out of the fire, lay them at Jesus' feet, and God will reward you in time and in eternity.

Yours in His name,
ABRAHAM LAMB.
Cecil Street, Park Field,
Stockton-on-Tees.

HASTINGS DISTRICT.

THE work of God is still prospering here. The services are increasing in interest and power. Believers are being filled with the Spirit, and precious souls are being saved. The world is opposing and Satan is raging, but the Lord is in the midst of us and He will save. We have just had

AN OLD SEAMAN
converted, who for sixty years has been making long voyages without a thought about the salvation of his soul. The Holy Spirit found a way to his hard heart while we were holding an open-air service in the Fish Market. By inquiry I found out he had been one of the worst of sinners.

He declared that all his delight had been cursing, swearing, and drinking; sometimes when ashore he drank himself nearly crazy.

"I was struck," said he, "with the happy faces of those men and women. I felt convinced they had something I had not got. I felt myself a poor, miserable wretch. Thank God, I am changed now. And I mean to hold on my way."

Knowing the value of out-door meetings, we have held extra

SERVICES ON THE BEACH

after the Sunday evening prayer-meeting, which have been well attended, and great good has been done. After one service a butler expressed his joy at our coming out. He said he had not had the opportunity to hear the Gospel for more than two years. At another,

A WORKING MAN,

who was considered case-hardened, was deeply wrought upon, and it is hoped that the impression made will lead to his conversion.

We are having good meetings in the Fish Market. Some one keeps complaining, and the police are sent to order us away, but hitherto we have kept our ground.

ST. LEONARDS.

In our out-door services here we are fiercely opposed. A set of violent, drunken men surround us, singing, hooting, and groaning at the top of their voices. They have tried the expedient of playing a fiddle, a flute, and a kettledrum. One night one of them brought a large piece of gas-piping, blowing through it to make it answer the purpose of a horn. Several times water and stones have been thrown at us, but hitherto the Lord has shielded us from harm.

Our female workers are indomitable in their pluck and courage; though rudely pushed about and grossly insulted by the roughs, they nobly and bravely face the foe.

A LAWYER'S DAUGHTER.

This young lady had been under conviction for five months. The agony of her mind nearly drove her to distraction. At one of our prayer-meetings the Lord was pleased to take her burden away. She is so happy now that she wants to be at work, and has already publicly confessed Christ.

THE FALLEN ONE RESTORED.

A young woman came from North Wales to take a situation in London, where she was ruined and deserted. Some of our friends induced her to give up her life of shame and attend our services. There she was thoroughly broken down under the sense of her sins, and was made happy by believing in Jesus.

The labours of our Mission at

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

have not yet died away. A lady visitor who has just given herself to the Saviour declares that she has had no peace of mind since the Mission left that place; she was then convicted of sin, but did not enter into rest. Thank God she is at peace with Him now.

NINFIELD.

My second visit to this station was a blessed one. The services were powerful and the congregations good.

RYE.

A backslider has been restored, and a woman saved who was wrought upon at our last camp meeting.

A DAY AT NEW ROMNEY.

Myself and Bro. Agate paid a visit to this place. From the low spiritual condition of the churches and people, we agreed that the Mission standard ought to be planted, not only here but also in the adjacent towns and villages. The devil is evidently rocking the people to sleep.

We spent the day in visitation from house to house, intending to preach the Word of Life at night in the fair. Two or three sisters who had lost the blessing of holiness again sought and obtained a pure salvation.

A BACKSLIDER RESTORED.

At one house, while conversing about the work of God, I saw a woman intently listening behind the door. Presently she joined us and entered into conversation by asking how the Christian Mission was getting on at Chatham. I asked her what she knew about the Christian Mission there. She replied, I once belonged to them there, but through my removal and the influence of an ungodly husband, I have lost my hold of Jesus. I pressed her to give herself again to the Saviour. I then fell on my knees and requested her to pray, which she did in the most earnest manner, until the Lord graciously restored unto her the joys of His salvation. She had no sooner found peace than she began to pray for her husband and the little girl then kneeling at her side.

W. J. PEARSON.

Beulah House,
Plynlimmon Road, Hastings.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

At the close of the evening service on Sunday, the 12th, a poor man, who had been a

BACKSLIDER SIX YEARS,

professed to find peace in Jesus; others ventured on the same Saviour.

EXTRA OPEN-AIR BANDS

have been selected from among our young converts, to mission the lanes, courts, and alleys of this town. We hope soon to send a band into every street, and so preach the Gospel to the whole population. We commenced this special work last Sunday. The whole effort was attended by a blessed influence, and at the close of the evening service we saw five precious souls come to Jesus. One of these cried, "Lord, save me!" I said to him, "You are a backslider, and you will have to pray very earnestly for forgiveness. Don't you think you had better pray all the week and get saved next Sunday?" He said, "I don't want to wait as long as that." I said, "Well, do you think if you pray all night He can save you to-morrow?" He said, "I think so." "Can He save you to-night?" "I hope so." "Can He do it in ten minutes?" He said, "I believe He can." I said, "He cannot do it in two minutes, can He?" "Yes," he said, "I believe He is able." "Then," I said, "if He can save you in two minutes He can save you now." Just then and there he stepped into the fountain and was made happy. Hallelujah! We have had other precious cases during the month.

Help in furnishing Evangelist's house, tracts, tract covers, or small books for distribution, greatly needed.

WM. CORBRIDGE.

4, Havelock Street,
Wellingborough.

NORTH WALES.

I AM sure the readers of the Magazine will rejoice to hear of precious souls being saved in a remote and almost unknown part of North Wales. Our dear friend, J. T. Campbell, Esq., having a lead mine out there, felt the need of doing something for the precious souls of the men, mostly from Cornwall, employed there, so a preaching room has been built over the mine,

and in this place several of God's honoured servants have preached, and much blessing has been given. Mr. Campbell, who during his stay in the neighbourhood frequently holds meetings, invited me to spend a few days among those dear miners, and God so influenced the hearts of the people that they came some of them long distances to hear the glad tidings of salvation, and to the joy of angels and men a considerable number have received these blessed tidings and are now rejoicing in the Lord.

I have often heard of Cornish revivals, but it had to be seen by me to know how determinedly these Cornish people, when moved by God's Spirit, seek salvation. To hear some of them walk up to the penitent-form was enough to make you tremble, and hurling themselves down they cried aloud for mercy, and would continue to do so until they did realise salvation, and then they were as loud in their praises to God, and sometimes springing over the forms they would hug me in a way I shall not soon forget; some men and their wives were brought to love Jesus, and their homes became so altered that you could never cross the threshold without praising God. God has already amply rewarded Mr. Campbell for his outlay and trouble, and one cannot help wondering why other employers of labour do not see the advantage and blessing to be gained by looking after their workmen's eternal interests.

Yours in Jesus' name,
ABRAHAM LAMB.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

"SISTER WINNER, OF MIDDLESBRO',
THE first trophy of grace who has passed from the ranks of the Christian Mission in Middlesbro' to join our Mission friends in heaven, leaving, Praise the Lord! a blessed testimony behind.

Our sister lived a moral, quiet, and self-righteous life, seeking pleasure and happiness in the world, where it cannot be found, until, with her husband, she came to our Theatre services on Sunday, May 9th, 1875. The Word went with power to their hearts, and they were deeply convinced of sin. Her husband came on to the stage with others, and sought and found salvation, after giving up his idol (the tobacco). Immediately

his cry was, "Save my dear wife!" He continued to pray, and she became very unhappy, but did not decide for Jesus—although present at the services of the following Sabbath—till Monday evening, May 17th, at Wilberforce Hall, when her husband led her to the penitent-form, pointing her to Jesus, on whom she cast her sinful soul, and was enabled to sing—

"The blood of Jesus cleanseth me:
This moment I believe."

From this time husband and wife rejoiced together on the way to heaven.

Sister Winner walked in the light of God. Attending the meetings, she gave her testimony to His grace, and spoke of what He had done for her soul; and although spared but three short months, they were indeed months of true joy and usefulness. The last time she came to the Theatre service she brought some one with her to hear of Jesus. In the bloom of life and health, suddenly death came. Stricken with typhoid fever, her sufferings were very severe, and when I called to see her she was unconscious, but her sister told me she had been singing one of our hymns, and was happy in her soul.

She sang sweetly, and her favourite hymn in sickness and in death was—

"Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Sweeping through the gates of the new
Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

She was perfectly resigned to the will of God—willing to go to His right hand, or stay yet a while longer here. Just before she passed away she said to her husband, "I am dying, but washed in the Blood. I'm going to heaven. You will meet me there. *Live nearer to God*"—and she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. God grant that many, many in Middlesbro' may, with us, meet her in the skies!

We had a Mission funeral. A good number of our members and friends followed to the grave. We met at the house, and as the coffin was brought into the street, we sang the hymn commencing—

"Though often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above—
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love."

"Oh, let us, then, press forward,
That glorious prize to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain."

It was a touching time. Friends and neighbours wept as we sang—

"Loved ones are gone before,
They beckon us away;
O'er heavenly plains they soar,
Blessed in eternal day."

After prayer that God would save the relations, we marched in procession to

the cemetery. I conducted the service, and some of our sisters carried the coffin from the church to the grave; after which I gave a short address: thus ending a most solemn service. On the following Sunday I preached a funeral sermon from "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." It was a powerful time. Ten souls professed to find salvation. Glory be to God! "In the midst of life we are in death."

JAMES DOWDLE.

Middlesbro'.

PORT OF LONDON.

NOTICE TO MARINERS ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

WHEREAS, of late a number of very serious and disastrous

COLLISIONS

have taken place, owing to the fact that so many persons regard chiefly their own interests and feelings, and do not keep a sufficiently careful look-out to avoid hurting the feelings and hindering the usefulness of others,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

to all parties concerned, that they are carefully to watch against offending any, even the least, follower of Christ, and diligently to observe the

RULE OF THE ROAD.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them."

Music for the Million.

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Sing Glory. L.M.

Hymn 302.

I am a sin-ner saved by grace, And soon I hope to have a place, in

CHORUS.

glo-ry, In glo-ry. Sing glo-ry, glo-ry! Shout glo-ry, glo-ry! Soon in heav'n I

hope to be, And there en-joy the glo-ry. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah

- 2 I am a warrior here below,
And have to fight where'er I go, To glory,
- 3 There I shall meet the blood-washed throng,
And sing the everlasting song, In glory.
- 4 There I shall meet the faithful few,
And there I hope to meet with you, In glory.
- 5 A glorious crown by faith I view,
And there is also one for you, In glory.
- 6 And if no more on earth we meet,
May we again each other greet, In glory.

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To Die No More. L.M.

Hymn 102.

We go the way that leads to God - The way that saints have e-ver trod;
So let us leave this sin-ful shore, For realms where we shall die no more.
D.C. Shall die no more, shall die no more, We're go-ing home to die no more.