

The Christian Mission Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1876.

“Praying John.”

A brief memorial of JOHN SMITH, of Hastings, a man of God.



JOHN SMITH was born in 1806, at Ewhurst, Kent, a villager, and lived and died with the simplicity of a way-faring man. He was never an outrageously bad character, but when young was known to be always “in for a lark.” He married early, and lived without any regard for God for some years.

But when about twenty years of age he went one Sunday into a church at Staplecross professedly, to “take off” the Sunday scholars who were that day to recite their pieces. He had forgotten, however, that God would be there, and instead of coming away with a merry laugh, he went home trembling from head to foot.

“Whatever makes you shake like that?” said his friend.

“God has got hold of me,” was the simply grand reply; and from that day forth this was the most prominent fact of his life.

After a few days of deep conviction of sin John found peace, and began to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

But at that time it was not thought an ungodly thing to go a-hunting, and he dearly loved running after the hounds—which he had not yet seen the need of giving up. No doubt, as a result of this in part, he soon fell into darkness.

“You are not right,” suggested the evil one.

“Then I will be right, Mr. Devil,” was the instant reply; and in the middle of that night John came downstairs, and all in the dark, with his arms over his Bible, he pleaded with God to search his heart and put him right wherever he was wrong, until glory came streaming from on high, so that he said the room was illuminated, and he could even read his Bible. Fox-hunting and every earthly delight was laid aside, and he began to follow God more closely.

He had found something better than the hounds to run after. Many a time he walked 10 miles or more to a Sunday-morning prayer-meeting, and even 15 miles, and that before breakfast, to a six-o’clock Sunday-morning love-feast.

One of the roughest men of his acquaintance once said to him, "I'll go with you to the love-feast on Sunday morning if you'll call me up."

John kept the appointment; but the man preferred his bed to the 15 miles' walk to the love-feast. He could not get rid of the memory of that morning call, however, and it was not long before he was converted to God.

"PRAYING JOHN."

But early as the hour of his departure to such meetings might be, John rose still earlier, so as to secure an hour or two on his knees before leaving home. Indeed, it was his constant practice through life to rise long before it was yet day to pray. Hard as his daily toil with pick and shovel was—for he was a navy—and long as were the hours he worked, he always managed to get this time to pray; so that for 50 miles around he became known as "Praying John."

And he *did* pray. He seemed to pull heaven down to earth. He pleaded and wrestled, and God heard him, and sent answers down. He was an Israel indeed. He has said, "I have set up pillars in the woods, in the gravel-pits, in the stables, in the barn, and in all sorts of places."

When he became a class-leader in the Mission he found time every morning before going to his work to cry and wrestle with God for every member by name.

Meeting a gipsy woman on the road one day with her donkey when out with two friends, he said to her, "May we pray with you?"

She consented; and there on the road might have been seen all four kneeling to plead with God, while the dumb beast took the opportunity to kneel also beside them in the dust.

Unable to read much himself, a kind brother taught him some hymns, such as—

"My God, the spring of all my joys"—

which became the song of his pilgrimage ever after.

But he had not yet fully apprehended that for which he was apprehended of Jesus Christ. He had not yet learnt that he might not only be pardoned, but thoroughly purified and kept in heart and life free from sin by the power of God. The Rev. Thomas Collins came into the circuit where John lived, and led him and many more into the highway of holiness.

"Oh, how I loved that man!" John has said. "Miles and miles I've walked after him, carrying his coat, and putting my feet just where his had been."

And now John's great desire was to work for God. He had set his heart upon being a local preacher and a class-leader. At one time 30 members petitioned that he might be made their leader, and the refusal this request was met with almost broke his heart.

"They would not even let me open the pew to other folks," he said.

No. John was ignorant in this world's affairs. He was not a man either of striking ability. He was only a simple, humble, holy follower of Jesus, longing to do his very uttermost for Him; and the church, for 44 years, left him without any special commission.

WORK AT LAST.

At length the weary period of inactivity and consequent soul-starvation was over. The Lord had agents ready to set even John Smith to work. Six years ago, when the Mission was established in Hastings, John Smith sat upon the front seat in the Lecture Hall, drinking in every word that fell from the lips of Mr. Booth and the evangelists who accompanied him, his face radiant all over with joy. He had heard Mrs. Booth, and been blessed under her ministry, and now he had come determined to throw in his lot with the Mission. From that hour he spoke of Mr. Booth as his "big brother," Bro. Corbridge as his "little brother," and Bro. Ritchie as his "middle-sized brother."

He stood by the evangelists in the fish-market from their first service, and has never failed to his dying-hour to assist in the work of God with all his might. It was no joke to stand by workers who were pelted with rotten fish, rolled in the mud, and summoned before the magistrates; but John Smith helped to fight the battle, as well as to enjoy the victory.

HOLINESS.

The glorious state of purity he had possessed years before, but which in days of enforced idleness he had lost, was regained at the last meeting attended by his "middle-sized brother" at Hastings; and in the gladness of that hour John broke forth into praise, and thumped the table until the evangelist had to lift the candles from it to prevent their falling over.

From that time forth John Smith was a consistent professor and advocate of holiness, understanding and expressing the doctrine with a realising, simple clearness which was beyond all price. Upon the last evening of his life he set this great truth before his hearers at Croydon with a homely force we have rarely heard surpassed.

"I want you to understand me," he said, "for this may be the last time I may ever speak to you. You women know what it is to cut a cabbage. You leave the stalk, don't you? Ha!" (John's gleeful "ha" will never be forgotten by any one who heard it) "ha! bless yee, that's it! When the Lord saved me the whole of the cabbage was cut; but the stalk soon got full of sprouts, and I had to come to God and get rid of the stalk—I got perfect love."

"You profess to live a holy life?" said one to him at the conference of 1876.

"I am living with my heart fixed continually upon God."

"The Blood cleanses from all sin."

"Ha! it does, it does, it does!"

Those who knew John best will be most ready as most qualified to corroborate this glorious testimony. He was, in the simple, plain words of his Saviour, "pure in heart," and therefore pure in life. Not only were his sins forgiven, "the roots of bitterness" were taken out of his soul, the fountain was made pure, and the stream pure likewise.

GOOD DAYS.

And now he laboured for Christ with a will. Whether in the town or in the country stations, to which he would often walk 10 miles out and 10 home on a Sunday, he was always ready to preach Christ, and, indeed, to do any work that came to hand for Him. He would gladly go on commissions no one else would have cared for.

"I hope you will have a good day," said a sister to him once, as she saw him starting for a little preaching-place.

"A good day!" he exclaimed. "I be going on a good errand, and for the right Master. I be sure to have a good day."

It was indeed a privilege to walk and take part with him in these preaching-excursions. Always full of faith and power, no wonder he always had a good day. "I will trust and not be afraid," and "Let not your heart be troubled," were texts he was naturally fond of, and which he never found exhausted.

HARD LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

He frequently worked at a distance from home, and nearer to the Mission Hall than to his own house. In order that he might be able to get to the services in time every evening, his wife used to carry his clothes to him, and in the quarry, or in some neighbouring member's house, he would change and wash himself, and then hurry off to the service. The members of his class, not very long since, presented him with a carpet-bag, to make this operation easier.

He was always punctual to the minute. He meant to be there, unless the skies came down, and he rarely failed.

He generally carried a collecting-card in his pocket, and when he was not engaged in more directly spiritual work he would go amongst the rich and get money. He never went to any without preparing his way by prayer. He almost invariably talked to those upon whom he called about their souls, and he rarely found any one able to withstand his importunity.

Oh, for such zeal to be more generally diffused amongst the toilers of our ranks, whose daily labour leaves them little leisure for their greater Master's work!

John's daily work in digging out foundations, repairing roads, &c., was very hard. "Many a time," he said, "I have to look up and say, 'Lord, help me.'"

After toiling hard all day he would sometimes go home utterly

exhausted. "But," he said, "I go and shut myself up with God, and I get completely carried away with joy."

IN CONFERENCE.

What! the simple, wayfaring man in Conference to help in directing the movements of the Mission! Yes, and would to God we could have more such men at the wheel! True, he rarely spoke; but when he rose to his feet it was in the fulness of holy power. He could not always influence every mind; but he never failed to move every heart; and as he went on, glowing all over with heavenly ecstasy, the old man would jump for gladness and spread the contagion of his joyous tears on every hand.

The friend at whose house he stayed while in London last June said, when told of his death—

"Oh, the blessed man! We shall never forget him. We had made up our minds to ask for him another year, if we were spared.

"Nearly all our conversation was about passages of Scripture, blessed promises, and such like.

"I told him all about my conversion, and how the doctors said I might go any minute, but that I felt ready to die; and how his dear old face beamed with joy, and his eyes shone, as he clapped his hands and said—

"'Glory, glory, hallelujah! I shall be sure to know you.' The tears dropped from his face—his heart and soul were in it.

"One morning before he started for the Conference I said to him, 'Come, let's have some prayer together.' And when he prayed the old man was so filled with joy that he got up and jumped about the room like a child."

Yes, John Smith was a *child* of God. In his holy gladness he forgot the world, soared far above, and acted and spoke with the simplicity of apostolic times. Once, while preaching on Battle Green, he took off his coat to the work; and at times they thought he would have leaped over the table in Tanner's Row Preaching Hall, Hastings, while his heart was burning, and his lips were making other hearts burn too.

Immediately after the Conference he was laid aside with spasms of the heart. His only trouble in this and former illness was that he could not get to his class, and he would weep many a time lest any member should suffer.

When visited by the evangelist he looked up, and clutching him by the hand, said—

"Tell them all's well. John Smith's packed up, and ready to go."

HIS LAST DAYS.

The last few weeks of his life were spent with Bro. Corbridge at Croydon, and the season of prayer and praise will never be forgotten by any one privileged to be a member of the little household.

The Croydon Hall sadly needed cleaning, the woodwork inside

being coated with dirt. To thoroughly scour it all would cost, it was estimated, 25s. "If I can save the Lord that," said John, "I will." And tucking up his shirt-sleeves, and donning a huge apron, the dear old man laboured with a will. Having finished the scrubbing, and finding a little red baize necessary to finish the look of the platform, John stood with his hat at the door the night before his death, and collected the sum required. Ready to do anything whatsoever for God, he was always at home in any sort of work for the Master till the great call came.

He had become much interested in the case of a young woman dying of cancer, to whom he had almost daily carried rags and food of some kind to alleviate her sufferings. His last visit to her was paid upon the very day of his death.

HIS FAREWELL SERVICE.

He had wished to say a few words of farewell to the Croydon friends, and had set his heart upon devoting the Tuesday evening to the purpose. A sister from Ninfield, who was to assist him in the service, had gone to London for the day; but though urged by friends to stay there for the evening, felt constrained to return.

A little while before the hour of service Bro. Panter came into the hall, and found the old saint on his knees upon the platform.

He spoke with even more than usual power, taking his theme from the fourteenth chapter of John, and dwelling especially upon the mansion he was going to. He walked and danced about as was his wont, though with less energy than usual.

Taking one brother by the arm, he said, referring to the many mansions—

"There is one for you, my aged brother, and there is one for me. I be going soon; but I will look out for you."

He talked in the same familiar, loving style to every man and woman present.

Then turning to the Bible, he took it up and pressed it to his heart, saying—

"I should like to swallow that Book. It's a book of love all over, inside and out."

He then spoke to the children present, manifesting once more that fondness for the young which always endeared him so much to their hearts, and made him the natural confidant of every young convert who had the privilege of knowing him. He especially charged Bros. Corbridge and Panter and Sister Holland upon this occasion to take care of the lambs.

HIS DEATH.

After saying farewell to one and all, he sat down. A few verses were sung, and Sister Holland had commenced to speak, when John began to shake on his chair. Bro. Corbridge prevented him from falling; and after rubbing his hands and bathing his head with

vinegar a little while he returned to consciousness, and at once thanked each friend present for their attentions. They laid him on two forms, and looking up to heaven, he said—

"Let me go. I be a child of God, and I be happy; let me go." He then quoted a favourite verse—

"How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in Thee,
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

"I do love God. Let me go, bless ye. I be happy," he added.

Bro. Panter closed the meeting with prayer, and, though racked with pain at the time, John said, "Amen."

With some difficulty he was taken home to the evangelist's house. But neither the doctor's skill nor the kindness of friends around could prolong his life, and after an hour of pain and praise the happy child went home to the Father's house on high, leaving behind him the testimony written indelibly on thousands of hearts that "his ways pleased God."

John Smith was thoroughly true to God in his private life, a most tender, affectionate husband, and a loving father. One who lived nine years in his house came from St. Leonards to his funeral out of respect and affection for his godly career.

In what manner his body was laid in the grave we tell below. But oh, how many of our readers, ere they turn from this page, will covenant with God to live as John Smith lived, that they may be used of God as he was, and may inherit such a crown as he wears to-day?

John Smith walked with God, and God took him.

HIS FUNERAL.

Short as was the notice possible, the London stations were nearly all well represented, as well as Hastings and Portsmouth, around the open grave of this saint of God, whose sudden departure had gone home with force to so many hearts.

We were there not merely to show how we had loved our brother John, but in confident expectation of meeting God together, and of coming home better fitted than ever we had been to follow in the footsteps of all who through faith and patience inherit the promises. And we were not disappointed. The rain came down rather heavily at times that Saturday afternoon; but a far more copious shower of heavenly grace was poured into every heart.

The funeral was a model of godly simplicity and economy. One decent carriage bore the corpse and the nearest kindred of the deceased along, while the remainder of his friends and old comrades walked singing behind.

Surely a more happy funeral was never seen. Not one was there sorrowing without a certain prospect of a joyous meeting above. Nay, more, every heart and mind seemed to be far more occupied with the

glory John Smith was then partaking than with the fact that he was gone from amongst us.

“My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,”

we sang as we left the door of the house whence he had gone up on high, and that was just what we all felt the whole afternoon.

The streets were lined with people looking out for the funeral of a volunteer, who was to be buried with military honours. It was as though the Divine government had specially arranged for John Smith, body and soul, a triumphal conclusion to his earthly career. Oh, that many of the thousands who that day heard and saw something of the gladness of all who believe may speedily join the happy throng of God's children!

After a brief and blessed service in the cemetery chapel, we went to the grave singing—

“Oh, for the robes of whiteness, oh, for the tearless eyes;
Oh, for the glorious brightness of the unclouded skies!”

And then beside the grave we bowed down before God, and gave ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, to Him. Then we read the following

LETTER FROM MR. BOOTH.

“DEAR, September 8th, 1876.

“DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD,—

“With feelings of deep emotion, I have learned that it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take to Himself our dear friend and fellow-labourer, Brother John Smith; and from my enforced retirement, I send a word of greeting to those who gather round his grave.

“The tidings of his departure did not take me by surprise. When I saw him in Hastings, some two months ago, although apparently in the possession of a goodly amount of vigour, he was perfectly aware that the summons might come for him *any moment*—that, truly he had not *an hour to call his own*. But he was *ready*. Death to him had long ago lost its terrors. I have had the particulars as to the manner of his departure, but cannot doubt but it was peaceful and triumphant. His was the sort of life to terminate in satisfaction and felicity. He lived in the continued assurance of the Divine favour. From day to day he had the testimony that he pleased God. In due course his *translation* has followed. He walked *with God* on earth, and now he stands *before God* in heaven.

“He was, I believe, *a holy man*. He had, in common with the best of men, infirmities—infirmities that were evident to his brethren. He did some things, perhaps, that some of us would not have done, and left undone some things that some of us would have done; but they were things not essential to godliness. *HERE* he had, so far as I could judge, one *steady, undiverted aim, day by day, the year in, and the year out*, to live a *holy, blameless* life.

“And I think those who knew him best will say that he was successful. He was known, and, I may say, revered, as a good man—a man of great simplicity—a man who, above all other things, loved and feared God.

“As a *natural* consequence to all this, he was beloved by his brethren; his presence was hailed with pleasure at all their meetings, and few ever listened to his experience and counsel on the things which concerned the

kingdom without interest and profit. Some of you will remember the holy enthusiasm kindled at our last Conference when, amidst shouts of triumph and tears of sympathy, he gave his last testimony to the joy that filled his soul, and exhorted us all, with full purpose of heart, to *walk with God* and be *filled with the Holy Ghost*.

“And, brethren and sisters, he has gone to his reward. He is safe landed above. I cannot doubt but the angels and the saints whom he had loved on earth, but who had gone home before him, gave him an *abundant entrance*, and conducted him in such triumph as only heaven can show through the gates into the city, over the golden streets to the foot-stool of the *Great King*. There for the present we must leave him. *He is safe*. The Christian Mission has one more ‘friend in heaven.’ Nor summer's sun, nor winter's cold, can harm him there. Nor *fiends*, nor *wordlings*, nor *sin*, can reach him. With him, at least, ‘all is well.’ He cannot come to us. We will wait awhile, and we shall go to him.

“I have, as most of you know, myself been down to the banks of the river, and from the border-land have looked across to the goodly country on the other side; and now my eyes and yours are verily dazed by looking at the golden gates through which our brother has just so triumphantly passed. But our turn is not yet. We must wait; and meanwhile we must listen to, and be instructed by, the voice of these events. What do they say? Oh, do they not cry out, ‘The *day* is waning—the night comes on apace, and, alas! alas! how little has been done?’ How much awaits the labour of our hands and hearts?

“*WORK—THE WORK OF GOD—WORK FOR ETERNITY—work that shall be rewarded, and well rewarded too—meets our eye whichever way we turn—work that we can do—work that Christian Mission people have been taught how to do—work which, if we do it not, will cover us with everlasting shame. Does any one here ask what it is? I answer, To stem the surging tide of iniquity flowing everywhere—disappoint the infernal designs of hell upon our kindred, friends, and neighbours; to snatch the souls—the precious souls of men, and women, and children—from the verge of the bottomless abyss; to increase the joys of angels and of God, and to gratify and glorify the Redeemer of mankind by advancing the interests of that kingdom, the foundations of which He laid in His own sorrows, and toils, and tears, and blood.*

“Oh, my brethren, my sisters, here is work for the least and meanest amongst us. This is *our work*; and, hallelujah! *we are doing it—and God, and men, and devils, know we are*. But is there not room for the exhortation that we should more thoroughly, and with a more deadly earnestness, give ourselves to this divine, this Christ-like, this godly enterprise? I feel the urging of the Holy Ghost in my own heart; I hear the wailing cries of the perishing for help; and in anticipation I join hands with you round the grave in a solemn vow and engagement to make *this the great business of our existence*. Yes, we will *pray, live, think, weep, work*, and, if called thereto, *die* for the salvation of the souls of the people!

“And now, my brethren, I must say farewell. I have written this with some difficulty. I am still far from strong. Pray for me. I desire life and strength as I never did before, I think, in order that, with you, and amongst you, I may be helpful in carrying on this great and glorious Mission.

"Let us be true to our principles. By the brink of the River of Death, every one of us will soon be asking ourselves how far we have been true to them. Ask yourselves by this grave to day, Am I honestly and consistently maintaining and carrying them out? There they are. A child can comprehend them, and a child can fulfil them. Every man saved, with a *conscious, conquering, holy salvation*; and every man at work, always at work, to save other people.

"One word more. Strangers will be with you—strangers to Christ, to His grace, and joy, and service. I would speak to them. From our ranks a warrior has fallen—fallen with the cry of victory on his lips. Who to-day will volunteer to take his place? A hand that held the holy standard of the Cross—a Mission standard!—has forgot its cunning, and grasps the flag no longer. Who from this throng will rise up and unfurl yet wider to the world that sacred banner which bears that glorious inscription—'Salvation through the blood of Christ for every man from every sin'?"

"Brethren and sisters, kindred of the departed, and friends of our common Lord, comrades in this Mission warfare—for a season, farewell. We shall, by God's grace and goodness, meet again on the battle-field to share the toils and honours of the glorious conflict; but if not here, we shall meet with the sainted spirit of John Smith before the throne.

"Yours washed in the blood of the Lamb,

"Affectionately for ever,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

A little more prayer, a farewell hymn, and then we turned to march on still to conquer.

The glorious power of that season of communion with God round the grave will never be forgotten by any who were there. The very grave-diggers, hardened as such men usually become, wept, and one of them said to a bystander, "Oh, sir, I've seen many and many a funeral, but I never saw anything like this."

"I believe in these people," said another stranger. "The volunteers have been firing over that man, and now they're gone all over the town to enjoy themselves; but these people still keep on singing."

As we marched singing back to the hall through the most crowded streets, the gladness of every heart seemed each moment to become more and more intense, and rarely have we seen a larger congregation than gathered around us as we stood at the crossing of two of the main thoroughfares of the town. No wonder that the congregation at the hall was doubled the next evening. Oh, that many of these poor, cold outsiders may come into the warmth of our family circle ere long!

In the hall during the evening our souls were greatly blessed as one and another related their recollections of their departed brother, and all present praised God and went away determined to cleave closer to Him and serve Him more faithfully.

Funeral Sermons were preached at most of the stations on successive Sundays, and we have reason to believe that the very death of our dear brother has been made, in God's hands, the means of an incalculable amount of spiritual growth throughout the Mission.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints!"

FLAMES OF FIRE.

THE REV. C. G. FINNEY, THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST.*

(Concluded.)



WE cannot attempt to produce in anything like an exhaustive manner the glorious story of spiritual success which Mr. Finney's life presents. We would strongly recommend his own book to the perusal of all who can by any means purchase it. It is the sort of book that can never grow old, full of the life and freshness of the career it represents.

But we cannot conclude our notices of this holy life without quoting the account of one of the most marvellous scenes of spiritual power we ever remember to have heard of. It occurred at a town called Rome. The pastor of the church there having heard of Mr. Finney's services at a neighbouring place, persuaded him to exchange for a Sunday.

On the Saturday before the day of our exchange, on my way to Rome, I greatly regretted that I had consented to the exchange. I felt that it would greatly mar the work in Western, because Mr. Gillett would preach some of his old sermons which I knew very well could not be adapted to the state of things. However, the people were praying; and it would not stop the work, although it might retard it. I went to Rome, and preached three times on the Sabbath. To me it was perfectly manifest that the Word took great effect. I could see during the day that many heads were down, and that a great number of them were bowed down with deep conviction for sin. I preached in the morning on the text: "The carnal mind is enmity against God;" and followed it up with something in the same direction in the afternoon and evening. I waited on Monday morning, till Mr. Gillett returned from Western. I told him what my impressions were in respect to the state of the people. He did not seem to realise that the work was beginning with such power as I supposed. But he wanted to call for inquirers, if there were any in the congregation, and wished me to be present at the meeting. I have said before that the means that I had all along used, thus far, in promoting revivals, were much prayer, secret and social, public preaching,

personal conversation, and visitation from house to house; and when inquirers became multiplied, I appointed meetings for them, and invited those that were inquiring to meet for instruction suited to their necessities. These were the means and the only means, that I had thus far used, in attempting to secure the conversion of souls.

Mr. Gillett asked me to be present at the proposed meeting of inquiry. I told him I would; and that he might circulate information through the village, that there would be a meeting of inquiry on Monday evening. I would go to Western, and return just at evening; it being understood that he was not to let the people know that he expected me to be present. The meeting was called at the house of one of his deacons. When we arrived, we found the large sitting-room crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Gillett looked around with surprise, and manifest agitation; for he found that the meeting was composed of many of the most intelligent and influential members of his congregation; and especially was largely composed of the prominent young men in the town. We spent a little while in attempting to converse with them; and I soon saw that the feeling was so deep that there was danger of an outburst of feeling, that would be almost uncontrollable. I therefore said to Mr. Gillett, "It will not

*Memoirs of Rev. C. G. Finney. Written by Himself. F. E. Lengley, 39, Warwick Lane, E.C.

do to continue the meeting in this shape. I will make some remarks, such as they need, and then dismiss them."

Nothing had been said or done to create any excitement in the meeting. The feeling was all spontaneous. The work was with such power, that even a few words of conversation would make the stoutest men writhe on their seats, as if a sword had been thrust into their hearts. It would probably not be possible for one who had never witnessed such a scene, to realise what the force of the truth sometimes is, under the power of the Holy Ghost. It was, indeed, a sword, and a two-edged sword. The pain that it produced when searchingly presented in a few words of conversation would create a distress that seemed unendurable.

Mr. Gillett became very much agitated. He turned pale, and, with a good deal of excitement, he said, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" I put my hand on his shoulder, and, in a whisper, said, "Keep quiet, keep quiet, Brother Gillett." I then addressed them in as gentle but plain a manner as I could; calling their attention at once to their only remedy, and assuring them that it was a present and all-sufficient remedy. I pointed them to Christ, as the Saviour of the world, and kept on in this strain as long as they could well endure it, which, indeed, was but a few moments.

Mr. Gillett became so agitated that I stepped up to him, and, taking him by the arm, I said, "Let us pray." We knelt down in the middle of the room where we had been standing. I led in prayer, in a low, unimpassioned voice; but interceded with the Saviour to interpose His blood, then and there, and to lead all these sinners to accept the salvation which He proffered, and to believe to the saving of their souls. The agitation deepened every moment; and as I could hear their sobs, and sighs, I closed my prayer and rose suddenly from my knees. They all arose, and I said, "Now please go home without speaking a word to each other. Try to keep silent, and do not break out into any boisterous manifestation of feeling; but go, without saying a word, to your rooms."

At this moment a young man by the name of W—, a clerk in Mr. H—'s store, so nearly fainted, that he fell upon some young men that stood near him; and they all of them partially swooned away and fell together. This

had well nigh produced a loud shrieking; but I hushed them down and said to the young men, "Please set the door wide open, and go out, and let a' retire in silence." They did as I requested. They did not shriek; but they went out sobbing and sighing, and their sobs and sighs could be heard till they got out into the street.

This Mr. W—, to whom I have alluded, kept silence till he entered the door where he lived; but he could contain himself no longer. He shut the door, fell upon the floor, and burst out into a loud wailing, in view of his awful condition. This brought the family around him, and scattered conviction among the whole of them.

I afterwards learned that similar scenes occurred in other families. Several, as it was afterwards ascertained, were converted at the meeting, and went home so full of joy that they could hardly contain themselves.

The next morning, as soon as it was fairly day, people began to call at Mr. Gillett's, to have us go and visit members of their families, whom they represented as being under the greatest conviction. We took a hasty breakfast, and started out. As soon as we were in the streets, the people ran out from many houses, and begged us to go into their houses. As we could only visit but one place at a time, when we went into a house the neighbours would rush in and fill the largest room. We would stay and give them instruction for a short time, and then go to another house, and the people would follow us.

DEEP CONVICTIONS.

We found a most extraordinary state of things. Convictions were so deep and universal, that we would sometimes go into a house and find some in a kneeling posture, and some prostrate on the floor. We visited, and conversed, and prayed, in this manner, from house to house, till noon. I then said to Mr. Gillett, "This will never do; we must have a meeting of inquiry. We cannot go from house to house, and we are not meeting the wants of the people at all." He agreed with me, but the question arose, Where shall we have the meeting?

A Mr. F—, a religious man, at that time kept an hotel, on the corner, at the centre of the town. He had a large dining-room, and Mr. Gillett said, "I will step in

and see if I cannot be allowed to appoint the meeting of inquiry in his dining-room." Without difficulty he obtained consent, and then went immediately to the public schools, and gave notice that at one o'clock there would be a meeting of inquiry at Mr. F.'s dining-room. We went home, and took our dinner, and started for the meeting. We saw people hurrying, and some of them actually running to the meeting. They were coming from every direction. By the time we were there, the room, though a large one, was crammed to its utmost capacity. Men, women, and children crowded the apartment.

This meeting was very much like the one we had the night before. The feeling was overwhelming. Some men, of the strongest nerves, were so cut down by the remarks which were made, that they were unable to help themselves, and had to be taken home by their friends. This meeting lasted till nearly night. It resulted in a great number of hopeful conversions, and was the means of greatly extending the work on every side.

I preached that evening, and Mr. Gillett appointed a meeting for inquiry, the next morning, in the court-house. This was a much larger room than the dining-hall, though it was not so central. However, at the hour, the court-house was crowded, and we spent a good part of the day in giving instruction, and the work went on with wonderful power. I preached again in the evening, and Mr. Gillett appointed a meeting of inquiry the next morning at the church, as no other room in the village was then large enough to hold the inquirers.

At evening, if I rightly remember the order of things, we undertook to hold a prayer and conference meeting in a large school-house. But the meeting was hardly begun before the feeling deepened so much that, to prevent an undesirable outburst of overwhelming feeling, I proposed to Mr. Gillett that we should dismiss the meeting, and request the people to go in silence, and Christians to spend the evening in secret prayer, or in family prayer, as might seem most desirable. Sinners we exhorted not to sleep until they gave their hearts to God. After this the work became so general that I preached every night, I think, for twenty nights in succession, and twice on the Sabbath. Our prayer-meetings during this time were held in

the church in the day-time. The prayer-meeting was held one part of the day, and a meeting for inquiry the other part. Every day, if I remember aright, after the work had thus commenced, we held a prayer-meeting and a meeting for inquiry, with preaching in the evening. There was a solemnity throughout the whole place, and an awe that made everybody feel that God was there.

Ministers came in from neighbouring towns, and expressed great astonishment at what they saw and heard, as well they might. Conversions multiplied so rapidly that we had no way of learning who were converted. Therefore every evening, at the close of my sermon, I requested all who had been converted that day to come forward and report themselves in front of the pulpit, that we might have a little conversation with them. We were every night surprised by the number and the class of persons that came forward.

At one of our morning prayer-meetings, the lower part of the church was full. I arose, and was making some remarks to the people, when an unconverted man, a merchant, came into the meeting. He came along till he found a seat in front of me, and near where I stood speaking. He had sat but a few moments, when he fell from his seat as if he had been shot. He writhed and groaned in a terrible manner. I stepped to the pew-door, and saw that it was altogether an agony of mind.

SCEPTICS CONFOUNDED.

A sceptical physician sat near him. He stepped out of his slip, and came and examined this man who was thus distressed. He felt his pulse, and examined the case for a few moments. He said nothing, but turned away, and leaned his head against a post that supported the gallery, and manifested great agitation.

He said afterward that he saw at once that it was distress of mind, and it took his scepticism entirely away. He was soon after hopefully converted. We engaged in prayer for the man who fell in the pew, and before he left the house, I believe, his anguish passed away, and he rejoiced in Christ.

Another physician, a very amiable man, but a sceptic, had a little daughter and a praying wife. Little H—, a girl perhaps eight or nine years old,

was strongly convicted of sin, and her mother was greatly interested in her state of mind. But her father was, at first, quite indignant. He said to his wife, "The subject of religion is too high for me. I never could understand it. And do you tell me that that little child understands it so as to be intelligently convicted of sin? I do not believe it. I know better. I cannot endure it. It is fanaticism; it is madness." Nevertheless, the mother of the child held fast in prayer. The doctor made these remarks, as I learned, with a good deal of spirit. Immediately he took his horse, and went several miles to see a patient. On his way, as he afterward remarked, that subject took possession of his mind in such a manner that it was all opened to his understanding; and the whole plan of salvation by Christ was so clear to him that he saw that a child could understand it. He wondered that it had ever seemed so mysterious to him. He regretted exceedingly that he had said what he had to his wife about little H—, and felt in haste to get home that he might take it back. He soon came home, another man; told his wife what had passed in his own mind; encouraged dear little H— to come to Christ; and both father and daughter have since been earnest Christians, and have lived long and done much good.

But in this revival, as in others that I have known, God did some terrible things in righteousness. On one Sabbath while I was there, as we came out of the pulpit, and were about to leave the church, a man came in haste to Mr.

Of Mr. Finney's last days his autobiography naturally says little or nothing.

"His last day on earth was a quiet Sabbath, which he enjoyed in the midst of his family, walking out with his wife at sunset, to listen to the music, at the opening of the evening service at the church near by. Upon retiring he was seized with some pains which seemed to indicate some affection of the heart; and after a few hours of suffering, as the morning dawned, he died, August 16th, 1875, lacking two weeks of having completed his eighty-third year."

So quietly ended a life perhaps more powerfully possessed by the Holy Ghost and more gloriously and widely used for the salvation of souls than any of our times.

The secret of that life is told in one word—God. Let us all know Him, dwell with Him, abide in Him, walk with Him, wrestle with Him, trust Him, love Him, live for Him, and Him alone; then we too shall be mightily useful and unspeakably blessed.

Gillett and myself, and requested us to go to a certain place, saying that a man had fallen down dead there. I was engaged in conversing with somebody, and Mr. Gillett went alone. When I was through with the conversation, I went to Mr. Gillett's house, and he soon returned and related this fact. Three men who had been opposing the work had met that Sabbath-day, and spent the day in drinking and ridiculing the work. They went on in this way until one of them suddenly fell dead. When Mr. Gillett arrived at the house, and the circumstances were related to him, he said, "There! there is no doubt but that man has been stricken down by God, and has been sent to hell." His companions were speechless. They could say nothing, for it was evident to them that their conduct had brought upon him this awful stroke of Divine indignation.

As the work proceeded, it gathered in nearly the whole population. Nearly every one of the lawyers, merchants, and physicians, and almost all the principal men, and, indeed, nearly all the adult population of the village, were brought in, especially those who belonged to Mr. Gillett's congregation. He said to me before I left, "So far as my congregation is concerned, the millennium is come already. My people are all converted. Of all my past labours I have not a sermon that is suited at all to my congregation, for they are all Christians." Mr. Gillett afterward reported that, during the twenty days I spent at Rome, there were five hundred conversions in that town.

ALL THIS FOR ME.*

A GENTLEMAN, a merchant of large fortune, had built for himself a beautiful and costly residence. The grounds were extensive and tastefully laid out, and adorned with arbours and statuary.

It was not long before he was visited by an old friend, recently from California, who had there acquired great wealth, and had returned to the more eastern States to enjoy it. He was shown through the elegant establishment and beautiful grounds, and was so much pleased with the whole, that he immediately proposed to purchase the entire property, offering a liberal price for it.

"No," said the merchant, "nothing would induce me to sell it. I have expended upon its plan much thought, and given to its execution much careful attention, in order to adapt it, as far as possible, to the convenience and comfort of my family; and here I expect to spend with them the remainder of my days."

His friend retired, convinced that it was use less to urge the matter.

That evening, as the merchant, surrounded by his family, sat in his sumptuous apartment, engaged in family worship, he read the chapter containing that touching declaration of our dear Redeemer, respecting His own extreme poverty: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

As he read, his attention was arrested as never before by the words, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." He paused, and gazed around upon the splendid establishment, and his heart smote him. "All this for me," he said to himself, "and yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." He was greatly troubled. As well as his state of mind would permit, he closed the evening service, and retired to his private apartment.

Here, again, as he looked around upon the luxurious couches and various arrangements for comfort, the thought occurred to him, "All this for me, and yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." He passed a sleepless night, this one idea constantly revolving in his mind, and arose feverish and unrefreshed.

Descending to his dining-room, as he surveyed the elaborate table-furniture

* The above from No. 168 of Norwich Tracts, published by S. Jarrolds, Norwich.

and expensive food, his heart again smote him, and he mentally exclaimed, "All this for me, and yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head."

He walked forth into his garden. There the rare exotics, the beautiful statuary, the arbour'd walks rebuked him as he thought, "All this for me, and yet my Divine Lord and Redeemer had not where to lay His head." He went to his office, but found himself incapable of attending to business, this one thought being ever present in his mind, "The Son of Man had not where to lay His head."

As the day wore on, he became more vividly impressed with the thought of his own unfaithfulness as a steward of God, and his extreme selfishness in expending so much for himself, and comparatively so little for that dear Saviour who had sacrificed so much for him. He saw that this same selfish and extravagant expenditure must prove a snare to his soul, estranging him still more from Christ, and greatly increasing that love of the world which already had much too strong a hold upon him.

Toward the close of the day, he sent for his friend of the previous evening, and said to him, "Sir, were you in earnest in offering the sum you did for my residence?"

"Yes," said his friend, "I should be but too happy to purchase it."

"Then," said the merchant, "the place is yours. I dare not keep it, for the Son of Man had not where to lay His head."

The property was soon transferred, and a comfortable but far more humble residence secured, into which the merchant and his family cheerfully removed.

The large sum received for the splendid mansion was as cheerfully given to that Redeemer who had "not where to lay His head," now ten thousand times more precious from a new and wonderful manifestation of His love, filling His soul with a peace and joy before unknown.

"Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Luke xviii. 29.

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*" Acts xx. 35.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.



The Month.



WE regret that we cannot open our intelligence with very welcome news respecting Mr., Mrs., and Miss Booth. Their recovery, we are sorry to say, is exceedingly slow, and though we must not, and will not, repine or despond, we would call upon all our friends to persevere in prayer, that at length there may be needed and longed for return of health and strength such as the exhaustive toil of the Mission demands.

And as the shades and chills of winter begin to close in upon us, our forces are falling into closer order, and our congregations are swelling, while the shout of victory resounds more and more loudly all along the line. Praise God! we are going to have a winter of glory and power from on high, both outdoors and in. We look forward to a host of recruits soon to join our ranks.

We must have a week-night hall at Hammersmith up before the winter renders building all but impossible. We call attention to the advertisement on the cover, and trust the Lord will incline many of his people to assist us; for in view of the urgent necessity of such a building we commence with an all but empty exchequer. The letter of Major Ferris, describing the work at Hammersmith, will be read with great interest we are sure.

Perhaps the most striking event of the month has been the death of our beloved brother, John Smith. Oh, that from henceforth such glorious, spotless, heavenly living may be common amongst us!

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF OUR WORK.



PARK COTTAGE, RAVENSCOURT PARK, W.,

August 14th, 1876.



MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Deeming it might be of some good to you in your fight for the Master's cause to know what is thought of you and your brothers in arms in this place, I take upon myself, having for the last six months attended and watched the workings of the Holy Spirit in your midst, unhesitatingly to say there is not in my present knowledge such a band of workers in all this great city more earnest for their Master, nor is there a band of men and women more blessed than you are.

Being much myself employed in the Lord's work, I have been placed in circumstances where I have had good opportunity of forming a truthful judgment on the subject. The power of the Holy Spirit being marvellously present, and that to bless, is most pre-eminent amongst His poor, and particularly in the streets. There is a spirit of, as I might say, *mute astonishment* among the poor. As I have oft to go among them quite separate from anything of your Mission, I can very truthfully assert this. I ascribe it all to *the fire of the Lord* being in the hearts of those at work with you.

A true earnestness for the Lord must of necessity redound to His glory, and men and women, boys and girls, are, week by week, and, I may almost say, day by day, in this town giving themselves to the Lord.

I am not aware of any other agency here in this town (Hammersmith) to get at the great untouched masses, as the work of other ministrations tends only to their own people who attend the places of worship; but your Mission goes into bye-ways, hedges, and houses, where no message of God's forgiving love through Christ Jesus ever gets admission.

Will you pardon my expressing myself to you in this matter, but, as a child of God, one's heart aches when you see so many of our fellow-men going so *thoughtlessly* along the road to ruin. May the Lord greatly increase your power in the Spirit, as also your numbers, to help you on in your most glorious work.

Fire and zeal for the Lord in *one* engenders it in *another*, and I must confess during the time I have been visiting your Mission my own soul has been fired more than in any other period of my former Christian life.

There are many with you you know not of, for the many whose prayers go up to the Father for you are all enlisted on your side (2 Cor. i. 11).

I was much hurt and grieved yesterday to hear of your dear superintendent being taken seriously ill, Dear Mr. Booth; may the Lord in His great love and merey look upon him, bless every means that may be taken for his recovery, as he—as far as our poor human sight can go—is much needed to follow up what has so gloriously been begun. May the Lord make all his bed in his sickness, and, if it is His will, soon again restore him to his beloved work. May He bless and support his poor dear wife and dear ones, and give them strength to still bear up.

I am, my dear friend and brother,

Yours in the Lord Jesus faithfully,

E. F. FERRIS, Major,

Secretary to late "Marylebone Theatre Mission."

WHITECHAPEL.

AT nearly every service the Lord still makes bare His arm. Our faith has been much tried, and Satan has done his utmost to hinder the work; but the Lord is on our side, and we will not fear. Some of our friends are in good trim for work, and the Lord is drawing us closer together. This is a good sign. United prayer and effort will secure greater success in the coming winter campaign.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

A stalwart sailor, attracted by our porch-meeting, came in to hear the Word. With three others he came forward, and resolved not to leave the meeting until he had found peace. For years his mother had been praying for his conversion, and he has got saved at last. Finding he was to sail to Belfast on the following morning, I exhorted him, with full purpose of heart, to cleave to the Lord. Before going away

he said, "I will go and tell my mother what the Lord has done for my soul."

"EVERYTHING THAT'S BAD."

This is what a poor sinner said he had done, and he did not think he could be saved. I assured him, let him have been what he might, that Jesus would not cast him out. Drink had been his ruin. It had been the cause of all his wrong doing. While making a full surrender Jesus took his guilt away, and then sent him home rejoicing.

HOW TO BEGIN

a married life. It was delightful to see a newly-married couple seeking together the pearl of great price. One day found them at the altar, the next at the throne of grace. On the night they were saved several others stepped into glorious liberty, and God's own dear children were greatly quickened.

It is impossible to tell the good that is done at our services; eternity alone will reveal it. Our porch-meetings are pushed on with vigour. Many a passer-by reaps the fruits of the noonday and evening services. Neither the devil nor the scoffer shall prevent our attacking the sins of this great city.

Our people, through depression of trade, and other causes, are very poor. Help is greatly needed. We are asking the Lord to send us money to enable us to carry on this great undertaking, and we believe He will answer our prayers.

Yours in Jesus,

W. J. PEARSON,
2, Queen Street, Cambridge Rd.,
Mile End, London, E.

Miss WOODCOCK,
20, Mount Street,
Whitechapel.

SHOREDITCH.

WE have been steadily rising during the past month in every way. The power of God is felt at every meeting, and some have been truly converted to God, and are holding on amid terrible persecution from their homes, work-mates, &c.

One of these was a dear woman who followed the procession from the open air, heard the preaching, and came out crying for mercy. She had been a regular attendant at a place of worship for five years, had the appearance of a child of God, but had not experienced a

change of heart. She is now simply trusting in Jesus.

A young man, who had once known the love of Jesus, but had wandered from the fold, was found sitting in a back seat. God's spirit arrested him, and he remained after the service seeking pardon. Jesus gladly received the wandering sheep back to His fold, and we have every reason to believe in his sincerity.

ANOTHER BACKSLIDER.

This dear sister had been a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus for several years, but in an unguarded moment her foot slipped, and Satan said, "Now you are down, keep there." He bound her tightly with his chain. For some time she struggled to get free, but at last gave up, believing from her heart there was no hope for her. She, however, continued regular in her attendance on the means of grace, but was no hypocrite; she told everyone plainly that she believed herself lost. She attended all our meetings, was wrought upon mightily by the Holy Spirit, but continued to listen to Satan's suggestions that she was lost. One Sunday, however, God's Spirit shook the place, and at every service sinners cried for mercy. Twelve souls found peace; but this sister remained trembling in her seat, afraid to go away, yet unwilling to yield. At last we all broke down; saints, and sinners, and young converts wept together, and this woman became an humble suppliant at the footstool of mercy, and now testifies to all around that Jesus saves to the uttermost.

Other cases could be mentioned. God is with us.

OUR FINANCES.

"How are you getting on in Brick Lane?" was a question put by a Christian man to our treasurer the other day. "Well," was the answer—"spiritually, never better. But I have just been telling the Lord about our finances. We are rather low in that respect." "Well, if that is all," said our friend, "good bye." And shaking hands, they parted. Our treasurer, however, found a bright half-sovereign in his hand. Thank God! Will other friends help us also?

EMMA M. E. STRIDE,
16, Mount Street,
Whitechapel, E.

BETHNAL GREEN.

"The Lord your God fighteth for you."

WE have had proofs during the month to show that He is fighting for us; and through Him we shall conquer, though earth and hell oppose.

But, says someone, don't you think you could do without so much fighting? I answer, No; not if our aim is the glory of God and the salvation of souls. That's the way our Leader trod, and He says to us, as plain as ever He did, Follow Me. And we must expect to go in the fire. It is not pleasant, but we know—

The pleasing way is not the right;
He that would conquer heaven must fight.

Our meetings are successful and well attended. Somebody says there's a great deal of excitement. Ah, but that is not all, for we have had some genuine cases of conversion, some who are enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Hallelujah!

A young man said the other day, "I shan't be contented till I have spoken to my fellow-creatures about this great salvation. Oh, how happy I am, living in the light of God!" He looks happy, too, but he finds it hard fighting in the workshop; but God helps him.

Another that has held on his way says how sorry he is so many years have been wasted in the devils service. "Yes," says his wife, "before he got converted he has been

"DRUNK FOR WEEKS TOGETHER.

Our home is quite different now." Of course it is. He says it isn't an easy way, but it's a blessed way.

We are looking forward to the time when our converts will boldly stand forth for the truth. Thank God! they are beginning. Many others have been blessed, but space will not permit to tell now. God helping us, we will go on fighting in His name, for victory is sure. ANNIE DAVIS.

HACKNEY.

WE are making a powerful attack upon the devil's kingdom in this neighbourhood, fighting under the banner of the Cross; King Jesus is our great Commander, "Death or Victory" our motto, and heaven the prize for which we contend. We have an army here that will face the world, the flesh, and the devil. All are volunteers; they have joined the

army because they love Jesus and hate sin. We are determined to push the battle to the gate, and rescue those that are being slaughtered by the devil. The Turkish war is bad, and the cruelty horrible—but what is that compared to the great slaughter of precious souls which is continually being perpetrated by drink, the devil, and sin? Christians, come to the rescue; do and dare all things for Christ, and souls and victory shall be ours.

The royal flag is unfurled, and war declared in the open air at this station; four times on the Sabbath, and every week night, the Gospel trumpet sounds to battle by the evangelist; then the brethren and sisters rally round, and commence the attack with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Sinners are wounded; we invite them to the hall, which is a hospital for souls, and afterwards lead them to the penitent-form, or surgery, where the Good Physician meets them, and applies the healing balm of Calvary, binds up their broken hearts, and sends them home happy to tell their friends what the Lord has done for their souls.

Glory be to God! sinners are weeping at all our services; and though opposed by publicans, infidels, and devils, we have happy and successful meetings.

A DETECTIVE CAPTURED.

On Saturday, August 19th, the Spirit of God captured a detective in the open air; he wept before the Lord, and came with us to the hall, and raved about like a madman. He asked me to shoot him. Thank God! he was shot already; the arrow of Divine truth had entered his soul. He had come from Manchester after a man; the particulars we will not mention here; though he did not catch the man in London, the Lord caught him in His loving arms, and he went away rejoicing in Jesus.

On Sunday, August 20th, sinners came to Jesus. One man said his home was in the country, and his mother lived there, and was in a good position, but he, through strong drink, had become a prodigal, and spent his substance in riotous living, and lost many a situation. He was passing our hall, and thought he would come in. Every word I spoke, he said, it cut him to the heart. He said he would live to God for the future, signed the pledge, and went away thanking God for a praying mother.

On Sunday, September 10th, Bro. Blandy, of Portsmouth, preached at night; we had a glorious season, and souls were brought to Jesus.

Our passage lays across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
And hell expects to see us sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

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

Yours in the Lord,
E. CADMAN.
3, Havelock Road,
Well Street, Hackney.

LIMEHOUSE.

THE same God that was with Gideon and his three hundred men is with a band of men and women here, and although the people, like the Midianites, are as grasshoppers for multitude, still God is in the midst of us. This past month we have been in the back streets, where, in three minutes, we are thronged with poor people. Tears soon run freely, and some, thank God, are coming to the Blood.

On Monday, just as we began to sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," round come a brass band, with some two hundred following. We could scarcely hear ourselves speak for the yells of drunken men and lads, but every time the devil fetched breath, we advertised the services, and so kept our stand, and stuck to our work.

Last Sunday week four young sisters came out boldly for Christ, and to-day they are happy in a Saviour's love. Last Sunday a backslider came out and sought and found that peace which he had lost.

Contributions and tracts will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours, at Jesus' feet,
FREDERICK LEWINGTON.
10, Clemence Street,
Burdett Road, Limehouse.

POPLAR.

"LET us have it, guv'nor," said a rough young man the other evening, as we took our stand in the open air. And by the power of our God we have let them have it all round, without sparing or compromise. A milder Gospel might be more popular and attractive, but we

prefer to preach the kingdom of God, and to let every one understand before they join themselves to us that we will give no quarter to sin, worldliness, self-indulgence, or formalism; but that we want men and women who will live for God alone, and serve Him every day with all their might.

And it would be marvellous that people should come and stand and wait, to be faithfully preached to did we not understand that it is God the Holy Ghost who takes hold of them by the conscience while we speak. They know we are right, and, thank God, one after another acts upon the knowledge.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC

young woman came into the hall one Saturday evening to see what it was like, and as she heard one after another tell of the love of Christ, she felt they had got something she was a perfect stranger to.

At the close of the meeting we entreated her to yield at once to God, but, although deeply moved, she said, "No; to-morrow evening." We prayed God to give her no sleep nor rest till she accepted Him, and He heard the prayer. The next evening she was there, utterly broken-hearted, and came to the penitent-form; but in the extremity of her sorrow, being only convalescent from severe illness, she fainted several times. It was touching indeed to hear her cry with the first return of consciousness, "Lord, save me!" but the terrible conflict of her soul, who can describe? Fully convinced of her need of Christ, and anxious to be saved, she feared her parents, who had actually refused her food that day because she had come to the hall. Finding it impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, we were compelled again to commend her case to God, and let her go.

On the Monday evening she came again; but, fearing to have a repetition of this fruitless prostration, and finding her no further resolved, we did not press her to come to the penitent-form.

On the Tuesday afternoon, having had no sleep since Saturday, and being utterly sick of sin, she came to Ivy Cottages, and there at once surrendered herself to God. She went away rejoicing, and the next Saturday evening was able publicly to testify to the mighty change. A few days later she showed us, with natural triumph, her Bible—

the first she ever had the privilege of reading. She broke with the young Roman Catholic with whom she had been keeping company, and, though now in a situation at too great a distance from the hall to attend service there, she is still praising God, living to Him, and looking forward to getting nearer to us. "God is with me all day long," she says; "I keep praying and working, praying and working. My only longing is to get to the open-air services again."

[A number of other interesting cases are reported, but excluded this month for want of space.]

Pray for Poplar!

RAILTON AND BORRILL.

CANNING TOWN.

THE Lord of Hosts is with us at this station, confirming His word with signs following.

The other Sunday morning a poor backslider went home, considered his ways, gave himself again to the Lord, and came and told us the story at the hall on the Monday night. The week before his wife gave herself to the Lord and to us, and is going on her way rejoicing. Oh, may they be kept faithful to the end!

On September 3rd and 4th we had our quarterly festival, and the Lord was with us. We had a good tea-meeting, and realised upwards of £5.

We are looking for richer manifestations of saving power.

J. TETLEY.

PLAISTOW.

THE Lord has been smiling upon us at this station, and souls have been brought to God.

Amongst others, a servant-girl was found at the feet of Jesus, inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" She attends class, and I trust will prove faithful.

The other Sunday night a poor backslider was induced to return to the Shepherd and Bishop of her soul.

A SEAFARING MAN,

who in a few days was expecting to embark on the mighty ocean, was anxious to get on board the Gospel ship. Before he left he believed that Christ did then and there save even him.

On Sunday, September 10th, at the

close of the morning service, a man came forward and gave himself to Christ.

On the Wednesday following God's Spirit was blessedly felt, and at the close of the service two young women were made happy.

Upon the whole, we are in a hopeful condition at Plaistow. May God still continue to bless us, and save many more!

Yours in Jesus,
J. TETLEY.
51, Croydon Rd., Barking Rd.,
Plaistow.

CROYDON.

ON Sunday, August 27th, when inviting sinners to come to Jesus, a young woman said—

"I WANT TO BE SAVED, SIR."

We invited her forward, and she soon professed to find peace. We have received a letter from her, thanking us for our prayers and help, in which she says, "I went home, took my Bible, and I opened on the 5th chapter of John, and the 14th verse. 'Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.'"

INTERESTING SCENE.

A woman that had found peace the previous week was very anxious about her husband's soul, and began to pray for his conversion as only a burdened soul can plead. She cried out, "Lord, canst Thou not save him? Save him now Thou hast saved me. Save him, save my husband, for Christ's sake save him! Can I go to heaven alone?" Then she took him by the hand and urged him to come and be saved. He said, "I am unworthy." His wife said, "So am I; but He saves me." He gave in, came to Jesus, and was soon made happy.

MR. OWEN'S VISIT.

On Sunday, September 3rd, Mr. Owen assisted us, and God blessed us together. In the evening we had closed the meeting, and were just leaving, when we found a sister anxious. We prayed with her, and she found peace. She is still trusting in Jesus. Hallelujah!

On Monday evening Mr. Owen gave us a lecture on his visit to Australia.

At the close of the lecture our sainted brother, John Smith, made his last collection for the Lord and the Christian

Mission. He, his wife, and Sister Holland, had been doing the cleansing of the hall, putting some new baize round the platform, and John felt the friends should help in the expense incurred, so he raised the money in his hat at the door. The following night our dear brother gave a farewell address to Croydon friends, and soon afterwards exchanged earth for heaven. For particulars, we refer our readers to another part of the *Magazine*.

On Sunday morning, September 10th, a man was convinced in the open air, who had been a local preacher, but now had been a backslider twenty years. He came to the hall in the afternoon, found peace, and testified for Jesus.

In the evening I preached a funeral sermon for Brother John Smith from Isaiah 26th chapter, and part of the 19th verse. "Thy dead men shall live: together with my dead body shall they arise"; and Psalm 17th, and last verse. "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." We had a good congregation, and blessed feeling at the close. Three professed to obtain the blessing of a clean heart.

We thank those friends who have helped us during the past month. Further help greatly needed. Money or tracts may be sent to Mr. H. Holme, 3, Clarence Road; or

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
86, Waddon New Road,
Croydon.

CHATHAM.

I AM thankful to say that the soul-saving work of God still continues to go on with us here. Praise God! we are praying and believing for a harvest of souls, and I believe we shall have them.

Amongst those who have found salvation is a dear man who was on his way to the hop-gardens, and was attracted by our singing until he came into the hall to our believers' meeting. We talked to him about his soul; but he left without finding peace. He came the next night, and the Lord saved him, and I shall never forget his look when he said, "Have you got a pledge-book, for drink has been my ruin? I have held a good position in society; I am a ruined man, and it is all through drink, that I am sunk so low; but I will give it up," and down upon his knees he went and signed the pledge.

"There," he said, "I have given my

heart to God and signed the pledge, and, by God's help, I will keep it. Friends, pray for me, will you?"

There and then we all got down before God, and prayed that the Lord might keep him faithful. Since then I have seen him, and, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I do thank God that ever I came to your hall, and gave my heart to God. It has saved me from committing suicide."

We ask all our readers to pray for this man, and may we meet in heaven.

We could give more cases, but space will not permit.

Tracts needed.

Yours, in the field of battle,
W. RIDSELD.
4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

HASTINGS.

WHAT a world of professions we live in! People who hold high positions in this life, and a fine-cushioned seat in a large church, these are often our greatest persecutors. One of them came out the other night and declared that our noise and hubbub stops her from reading her Bible, and she said that she actually could not get ready for church, and if we did not move, she would go to the station and have us moved. Praise God! we are going on, and mean, by God's mercy, to make cold professors shake, and sinners cry for mercy. Praise God, we are doing it!

THE NEWSPAPER CHANGED FOR A HYMN-BOOK.

A young man who used to come and stand with a newspaper in his hand and mimic us in our open-air services on Sunday night was found on his knees, crying, "Lord, save me, and blot out my many sins!" Now, instead of the paper, he has bought a hymn-book, and comes boldly out to help us in the fish-market.

I could give more cases, but am unable, having been ill in bed nearly all the week. Will write more next month. Brethren, pray for me.

Thanks for tracts received, more are needed. Donations will be thankfully received by G. Bristow, 17, London Road, St. Leonards; S. Thorp, 17, Alexander Street, St. Leonards; or by

Yours washed in the Blood,
C. HOBDAY.
Beulah House, Plympton Rd.,
Hastings.

PORTSMOUTH.

IN view of the past month's labour, our souls swell with gratitude; for amidst continued storms of persecution we have had some born for God.

The 27th was a mighty day. Our forces formed up for prayer at seven o'clock. At half-past nine they came out in good numbers; a precious time, with an attentive open-air congregation. At 10:30 we had a soul-hallowing time inside. At 1:45 Bro. Body marshalled his host in one of the back streets, and the first word that met his ear was, "If they fellows come here, I'll pitch a bucket of water over them." But "Onward!" was the cry of the conquering few; "fire cannot burn or water overflow them that are working for the Lord." They did preach the Word of life with power and much assurance, and the man did not pitch the water over them, but he was very near pitching someone else into the gutter that was trying to upset them.

One very interesting case was that of a young woman. After listening to the Word of life at the open-air stand, she there, on the spot, decided for God, but she did not get peace. The next morning she came to my house with her heart burdened. While pointing her to Christ as the Saviour from sin, she said, "I see it; I'm pardoned. Oh, praise Jesus!" She had no sooner found peace herself than she broke out, "Oh, sir, my husband—I think he has only been waiting for me to be saved; and now he will come." And looking into my face she said, with all the simplicity of a little child, "Won't Jesus be glad if I bring my husband to Him?" But he has not come. Friends, pray for him.

A SECOND ENLISTMENT.

A soldier came in from our open-air meeting, heard the word of life, and fell down before God. He said, "I am so glad that I came here. It is so good to be a Christian. My dear mother will be glad to hear of it. I want my comrade to come; he sleeps next bed to me. But it is not easy work." Pray, dear friends, that he may be kept faithful in a barrack-room.

Two sisters, sitting at one of our love-feasts listening to the testimonies of the brethren and sisters, before the meeting was half over got up, came boldly out, fell down at the penitent-form, and yielded their all to Jesus. May they

help one another, and may God help them!

MY VISITATION

has been abundantly blessed. I was sent for to a man who was under conviction, and while pointing him to Christ, the Holy Ghost came on the wife. A friend coming in, stood; all together wept before God. The dear man yielded, the wife believed, and the visitor realised a want of more grace. Glory for ever be to God! Although the devil is raging outside and in, the Lord is saying!

A poor woman, coming from Portsea, was attracted by our singing on Thursday night in the open air, came and stood and heard, and was convinced, and wept. She begged for someone to visit her. I did; and not only she, but another of the family at the same time professed to yield their all to God.

While preaching from "Run, speak to that young man," on the 3rd, the Lord graciously poured out His Spirit, and my soul was affected to see a grey-headed sinner, mighty in build, and a frail girl of 17 summers kneeling together. The young woman is coming boldly out for Jesus in the open air. Not unto us, but unto the Lord be all the praise.

Help for this work for God and souls thankfully received by

Yours for Jesus' sake,
THOS. BLANDY.
21, Nelson Street,
Landport, Portsmouth.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

"WHY don't you stop in your chapel and preach there, without coming into the streets? We've had plenty of your noise, we shall try and have a stop put to it!" Well, this is just what we may expect if we will put our hands into the wasps' nest. We must not be surprised if they sting us, and this they do not forget to do by reproaches and scandal, and if those and other little persecutions could only put an end to efforts for the salvation of souls, how they would rejoice! but it is the Lord's work: He bids us go forward, and He goes forward with us, and forward we mean to go.

During the month we have been doing a little, but we are expecting to see greater things. On Sunday evening we had six cases, the next Sunday we had ten, at the penitent-form. On the

last-named evening a young brother who was preaching at a village at a distance felt irresistibly drawn to hurry away to Wellingborough to assist in the prayer-meeting, feeling sure that God was at work. Another brother who had left the hall, and had his supper, felt he must come back to help us. We had a good time.

Last night we had three more at the feet of Jesus. Two were backsliders. Thinking there was no harm in a little drop of the cursed drink, they had fallen again into the power of the enemy. I showed them the necessity of a dead stand against the evil things of this world if they wished to be safe—the result was, they signed the pledge, and one of them threw his tobacco-box away. By God's help, I will give no quarter to strong drink. Nor will I allow anyone to take any public part in the work of God under my care who dabbles in it. All who bear the vessels of the Lord must have clean hands.

"Oh," said one of our converts, "I did not think religion was like this." 'Twas

"THE HAPPIEST SUNDAY THAT EVER I SPENT."

She had been going to church, and thought she was all right, but found she was all wrong until she came to Jesus, who set her right. She is still rejoicing. "Mother," said a dying young man the night before he died, "the Mission is doing a good work, give them a sovereign to help on the cause." He had lived unconcerned about his soul, and had been blessed by our Mission people visiting him. And so it is, and so it will be, in spite of all that are against us.

Thanks to all who have helped us. We have many dear friends: may they be rewarded! We still need tracts and money, for we are still a little in debt.

Tracts or contributions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Sears, Park Cottage, or by yours in Christ, trying to rescue the perishing,

W. WHITEFIELD,
4, Havelock Street,
Wellingborough.

LEICESTER.

As a good part of the *Magazine* is wanted to let the world know something of our late Bro. Smith, I will not occupy much space this month with Leicester.

There are a few things, however, that I desire to ask and to say to the Lord's people.

1. After numerous struggles and a terrible hand-to-hand fight with the enemy we have at last the unspeakable privilege of witnessing a real move amongst the dry bones in the valley, and some very precious cases of conversion. This is indeed cause for joy and gratitude.

2. We are on the eve of the races, which will be followed by a nine days' fair, held close to our tent; so at a glance it will be seen that the devil will hold high carnival, and do his utmost to divert the minds of the people from the revival work, and turn aside the young converts. So pray, dear readers, that his hellish designs may be frustrated.

3. Also we desire at these times to exhibit texts of Scripture, and scatter thousands of tracts. Pray that they may be sent to us, and kindly send some, for Jesus' sake, and at once.

4. In this town the young converts have to meet stout opposition from their relatives and workmates, many of whom are *notorious infidels*. Pray that they may be kept steadfast.

5. Also for myself, that God may use us mightily for His glory. This is the hardest and most difficult town we ever laboured in; and yet so urgent is the need of a work like this that we only desire strength and grace to carry it on. God help us, and the dear friends who are one with us here.

Yours very truly in the Gospel,
LAMB AND RUSSELL.
Hardingstone Villas,
Evington Street, Leicester.

LEEDS.

THE past month has been one of victory. Many precious souls have sought and found salvation, and are with us every night rejoicing. Hallelujah!

Our tent has become too small for Sundays, and will soon be too cold for week nights; therefore we propose to try and get a theatre or music-hall for Sunday services, and build a wooden hall for week nights upon the site where the tent now stands. Will our friends pray that we may be directed aright in this matter?

Mr. Wm. Stevens, of Paddington, has been and given us a helping hand. Large congregations came every night to hear him, and his plain, practical

style of preaching, and his homely dealing with the conscience, was blessed to the salvation of souls.

Our friends will see by the following cases we have not laboured in vain.

A DRUNKARD AND HIS WIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. D—-. Mrs. D—- was the first to come to the tent. She keenly felt herself a sinner, lost by sin and wicked works, and at once came out and sought salvation. After she obtained salvation she prayed with great earnestness for her husband, who was a drunkard, and we all united in asking God to save him, believing the promise, "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." The next evening her husband was at the meeting, and I spoke to him about his soul, and urged him to give himself to God at once. But he said, "Not to-night." The arrow of conviction had, however, gone deep into his heart, and though he tried to drown it in drink could not, only increasing his misery. After drinking all day, partially intoxicated, he came to the tent, and was the first to come boldly out seeking mercy. Some of our friends despaired of his getting any good in this state; but believing that whatever state a man may be in, if he is *perfectly sincere and in earnest*, God can, and will, save him, I called upon him to make a full surrender, which I believe he did. He signed the pledge upon his knees, trusted God to save him, and, praise His name! He did. The husband and wife are now travelling home to glory together. Some members of their family have also since obtained mercy.

A RUNNING MAN.

Bro. G—-, a man noted for fast running, came to our tent out of mere curiosity, and there found out he was fast running down the incline to hell. He clearly saw his danger, and therefore made his escape, flying to the loving arms of Jesus, and finding refuge in the precious Blood. Of course, he at once gave up running for the devil in the way of sin, and commenced to run the race set before him in the Gospel. His wife has since started to run the same race. God help them to run to the end, looking unto Jesus!

A POACHER.

Bro. L—- was a poacher, dog-trainer, and desperate Sabbath-breaker—altogether a notorious character. He came

from home one evening to have a spree at Leeds Fair; but seeing the tent, and thinking it was a drinking and boxing booth, he came in, and when he found it was a preaching-place he sat down just inside the entrance, when the word preached came with power to his guilty soul, making him feel that he was the very chief of sinners. He came again; the wound was deepened, and he went home and told his wife the state of his mind, confessing how he had wronged and deceived her, and how dreadfully he had sinned against God. This had wonderful effect upon her mind. He came again to the tent, decided to be saved, and gave his heart to Jesus. Now he went home and told his wife what great things God had done for his soul. He said, "I'm gotten saved to-night, my lass," and at once fell upon his knees and began to pray for God to save her. Immediately he burnt his poaching nets, and got rid of his dogs, and now he is with us night after night, trying to save his old mates and others of a class to which he so recently belonged. Since then his wife has been saved, and they have now a happy home, and it is delightful to hear them praise God together, and sing heartily—

"We're redeemed,
We're washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

May God keep them to the end!

ANOTHER DRUNKARD.

Bro. S—- was arrested at an open-air meeting. He was so drunk that he could only stand by supporting himself against the people. He came in the tent, and helped us to sing. When we all knelt down to pray, he prayed also, and kept on, in a very low tone, all the time the meeting was going on; and then he confessed his sins, and appeared very anxious to be delivered from the terrible power of the cup. He signed the pledge on his knees. We prayed especially that God would save him, and asked him to come to the seven-o'clock prayer-meeting the next day. Next morning he was there, and although suffering from the barrel-fever, he sought God with all his heart, and the Lord saved and blessed him then and there. He is now a useful man, walking in the ways of peace and righteousness.

Any help will be gratefully received

by our treasurer, E. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street; or by the secretary, J. Broadbent, Covered Market; or by

JAMES DOWDLE,
16, Trafalgar Street, Leeds.

STOCKTON.

"There shall be showers of blessing."

THIS past month has been one of great blessing. Thousands have heard the truth, and many have received it to the joy of their souls. Drunkards have become sober, and swearers have begun to pray.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE RACES

We went to Hartburn, a little village just outside Stockton. There we hoisted the banner of the Cross, and cried life to all around. At seven o'clock we were at the market cross, Stockton, in larger numbers than I have ever seen there before. The power of God came upon us; many wept, and men, who had spent their time and money on the racecourse, stood spellbound. At eight we sang to the hall. Again we were filled with anxious hearers, and at the close four accepted Christ.

Friday was

NORTON FLOWER SHOW.

We felt anxious to meet the pleasure-seekers with the Gospel. A large number of our friends left Stockton at two o'clock for Norton Green, where we held a camp-meeting. Many listened to the Word of Life, and tears were seen rolling down the faces of many unused to weep, as one after the other told what great things the Lord had done for them.

At seven we returned to the market cross, where hundreds again listened with great attention; at eight the hall was filled, and three sought salvation.

On Saturday, at seven o'clock, in the open air we declared war against "the demon drink." Soon his agents turned out some of the articles they manufacture at fourpence per pot and sixpence per quart, and they came out on us like mad bulls, but we "held the fort," and the Lord gave us a glorious victory. At eight we sang to the hall, had a good temperance-meeting, sixteen signed the pledge, and three of them sought Christ the following Sunday.

The last nine days have been better

than ever. Over thirty sinners have professed to find Christ. To God be all the praise! We again ask prayers for a continual outpouring of the Spirit. We have taken

AN OLD THEATRE

for week nights and Sunday mornings and afternoons. On the first Sunday in October we expect to open it. It has been a den of infamy, we are told—the lowest place in the town. We have a dear man with us who took part on the stage when the devil had it, but God has changed his heart, and he is now acting for God. We are at a large outlay to make it comfortable, and shall be thankful if some dear friends will assist us.

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

Yours in the Gospel,

J. ALLEN.

28, Prince Regent Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

MIDDLESBRO'.

I CANNOT refrain from writing you a few lines to inform you that the work the Christian Mission is doing in Middlesbro' has far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. The 10th was my first Sabbath here, and when I saw the hundreds of working-men that stood and listened with rapt attention to the preachers, I was nonplussed. Truly it was a wonderful sight. *It moves heaven and binds hell*, and I am confident the Mission people have got the blood-bought power to bring Middlesbro' to Jesus.

Brother Garner and I have put our arms of faith around Middlesbro' and the adjacent places, and with holy John Smith have said, "Soul-saving shall be our business."

Trusting that God will make the Mission a ball of living fire throughout the land,

I am, yours in the Gospel,
C. H. PANTER.

23, Hymers Street, North Ormesby,
Middlesbro'.

CARDIFF.

THE good hand of the Lord is still with us, and, indeed, we may say the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Our

open-air meetings are a decided success. We take our stand each evening in different parts of this thickly-populated town, and in four districts we have houses opened to us by the friends, where, after the open-air service, we hold prayer-meetings; and, already, praise the Lord! in three of these houses Jesus has condescended to meet with poor sinners, and sent them away in each case rejoicing in His pardoning love.

We have also opened our Gospel Hall for a Childrens' Mission-meeting on Sunday evening, and, under the leadership of our dear brethren, we are looking for great things in that direction. Already a goodly number of poor children are gathered in, and He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," is putting forth His hand to bless.

Our temperance meeting is well attended, and weekly we are adding to the roll those to whom the cause will be a great blessing. Then we are pulling away with a loving, earnest band of men and women, whose song is—

"We'll have old Satan's kingdom down,
Glory hallelujah!
We'll have it down and wear the crown,
Sing, Glory hallelujah!"

Our Sunday evening services in the Stuart Hall are increasing in interest, and every Sunday souls are crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

"OH, MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS!"

sobbed a poor harlot, who, attracted by our singing, came in with us, and joined heartily in singing a hymn that she used to sing at home in the days of her girlhood. "I can't get away from my mother's prayers. What a wretch I am! But I can't be good here." "Well, what will you do?" "Why, I will be good if Jesus will only help me; and I will go back home again, if the Lord spares my life till to-morrow, to my poor, broken-hearted mother. I feel that she has never left off praying for me."

"I've been looking for this this three years," said a poor, penitent sinner the other Sunday evening, after having, by a simple act of faith in the precious blood of Jesus, received the witness that her sins were all forgiven. "I have been looking for it for this three years, and now to think it so simple, and oh! how good!"

"I wouldn't give this up," said another, who had just found peace through believing, "for all the world. Jesus is mine, and, oh! how happy He makes me feel! Why, He has taken all my sins away, praise His name!" Her faith was very soon tested, for the next week her husband said, "If you persist in going to that Gospel Hall, and being religious, I'll leave you to yourself. Either you will leave that, or I will leave you." But she stuck to her old text, "I wouldn't give it up for all the world;" and the husband has kept his word, and gone off she knows not where.

"I have been trying to persuade myself that it was all right, and yet I felt in my heart it was all wrong, and I have had no peace night or day."

"Well, my brother, is it right now?"

"Yes, bless the Lord, it's right now Jesus has washed my sins away."

"And you really feel that Christ saves you now?"

I only wish that the reader could have seen this dear man's face as, lit up with joy, he answered, "I know He does," and to have heard him sing—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

Hallelujah! will my dear friends still remember Cardiff in their prayers? We are thankful for the droppings, but we want the showers. Sin abounds in every conceivable shape in this town, and nothing but a large outpouring of the Holy Spirit can effect the end we have in view. Oh, for more power! Will my friends help me in believing for it?

Thanks for two small parcels of tracts received per post. We want large quantities. Who will help us?

Yours in Jesus,
JOB CLARE.

16, James Street,
Roath, Cardiff.

BARKING.

Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

I REJOICE to report that souls continue to be gathered to Jesus at our meetings. Many will have to bless the day that

the tent was pitched in Barking, but a very severe storm made it a complete wreck, and we were compelled to return to our little Bethel. Here, however, we have the Divine blessing, and I am glad to furnish an instance or two in proof thereof.

A STUBBORN BACKSLIDER.

He had been resisting a long time, but God's Spirit strove so mightily that he could not but give up, saying, "I yield, I yield. I can hold out no more."

A HUSBAND'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

The wife of one of our members, long prayed for, and who had often trembled under the mighty power of God, was shown the way to salvation. She came to the Great Physician, who applied the healing balm, cured her disease, and gave her power to conquer.

A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

Brother Batten, going round with his tracts, fell in with a set of men whom he found trying to be infidels. He had a long conversation with them, and, using the sword of the Spirit with courage, smote them hip and thigh. He succeeded in bringing one with him to the experience-meeting, who, while there, saw himself such a wretched sinner, that he exclaimed, "What a wretch I have been! I once was a local preacher, a class leader, and Sunday-school teacher, but drink overcame me, and I feel I have been going wrong ever since." He sought mercy, and professed to find it through the precious blood.

OLD R—.

"Who was that you had with you last night?" was asked by a tradesman in the town. I answered, "They call him Old R—." "What! never him? He is the greatest drunkard we have in Barking." I replied that Jesus came to save drunkards. "Dear me! you get hold of them somehow." "Oh, and more than that," I said; "I have agreed to take tea with him this afternoon." My friend left me, and I went to tea with Old R—. When I got there, in great surprise, he said, "I did not expect you, Mr. Blandy. I was drunk last night, and did not know what I said." I replied, "All right, God means you to come with me to-night."

He said, "I cannot; I have no clothes to come in, and all the people will laugh at me. I have been in a large way of business here, and I should be ashamed to be seen in such a place in this plight." But that difficulty was soon overcome, clothes were found, and he came. The subject was "The wedding garment," and, praise God, before the service was over, he saw himself vile and undone, knelt at the foot-stool of mercy, and, oh! his dear wife does bless the day that the Christian Mission found her husband.

SOWING THE SEED.

With the return of the bean-feasting at the jute factory came the anxiety lest any of the weaker members should be carried away. We resolved, as last year, to have a day's services. On our way we had the Master's presence of a truth, scattering broadcast the seed of the kingdom. The clergyman of the place gave us the use of the national schoolroom, and visited the people. We found them mostly ignorant of their fearful danger, and careless of their souls' eternal welfare.

The clergyman kindly lent us the national schoolroom, where we had a good tea; we then sought God's guidance and blessing, which was blessedly manifested. We then processioned the place, gave addresses, and closed the day with a Mission love-feast, and as one and another told out the story of God's great love, tears were shed. We formed a penitent-ring. When we rose from our knees a man, filled with a spirit that was not of God, came into the ring, carrying a pot of beer; but he found there a power that subdued the demon within him. He was shown his guilt and danger, and, though not able to break away from his companions in sin, he went away quieter than he came.

The quarterly sermons were preached by Mrs. Hayward, of Wandsworth, on Sunday, September 3rd. Souls were in distress. On Tuesday we had our quarterly festival in Mr. Glenn's schoolroom, kindly lent for the occasion.

Thanks for tracts from Mr. Atkinson of London Bridge, and for donations.

I am yours in the truth,
E. W. BLANDY.
Bifrons Lodge,
Barking.