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Reinforcements.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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HERE have been armies in the history of the world which, under the leadership of some wise and daring man, have marched against their foes with bold unwavering steps, have scattered every force which opposed them, captured every position they desired, and accomplished the whole purpose of their expedition without needing to halt anywhere or receive any additions to the numbers with which they started.

But such cases have been rare. As a rule, even the largest hosts which have had serious opposition to encounter have had to pause again and again in their onward course that fresh men might come to take the place of the fallen, or to swell the original numbers. And so it has been in the mightier achievements of peaceable organisations also. The great societies which have done so much to benefit mankind have almost invariably had to wait, and wait and wait again to gather fresh recruits before they have been able to succeed in sweeping away abuses, and establishing the good and true and righteous cause which they have pleaded.

And as for individuals, there never has been one, no, not the Son of Man Himself, who has been able to go through a "good fight," from beginning to end, without receiving fresh supplies of strength, failing which, the grand victory could not have been won.

The father of the faithful, standing alone with his giant faith in a midnight world, needs to be told not to fear, because his great Shield has come up, and will stay by to keep him safe. The "faithful servant," after humbling one great nation, and organising another, must needs have seventy helpers to partake his burden, and after seeing his hosts fed day after day with angel's food, requires to be reassured that God can really manage to provide the ordinary meat they preferred for them. Ah, our very Prince, the Lord strong and mighty, half fainting from the agony of the last great decision,

must be ministered to by angel hands before He can enter upon the awful duel that wrung life and immortality for us from the jaws of death and hell.

And we must be reinforced again, and again, and again, both as a mission and as individuals, if we are to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand, and above all, if we are to sweep on in the path of glory and conquest

WE MUST HAVE HUMAN REINFORCEMENTS.

We live to seize, to capture, to utilise, as soldiers of our King, those who stand in the foremost lines of the rebel army. Converts we must have. Converts not only at the penitent form, but converts really got hold of, transformed into men and women of God, and daily used to help us in the battle, until they become well seasoned, valiant soldiers of the cross. At some stations new speakers, new praying people, new prominent workers of any kind are only too rare. And it is not for want of converts. But the old soldiers of two or three or more years standing are quite sufficient and still eager for all the operations carried on, and consequently later recruits are allowed to fall into the reserve lines, until the fatal doctrine comes to be accepted that it is only a few who must presume to think they can do *much* for God. Hence there is little increase of work compared to what there might be, and the new recruits do not attain to anything like the boldness, skill, or power of the old.

No, no, no! this will not do. We must have fresh men and women to the very front. Let the veterans carry fire and sword farther into the enemy's ranks. Let them seek out and storm the hidden courts and alleys never yet regularly dealt with. Let them rejoice at times to stand behind and cheer on their young comrades. Where there have been two Sunday evening open-air bands, let there be ten. Where one open-air service every week-night, a daily one at noon, and three at night. Reserves to the front! What if they do seem a little awkward? What if they do tremble at first? Instead of blushing or grumbling, pray and believe for them; cheer and urge them on; keep them at it every day. Make soldiers of them, and then see what will happen. "Fall—disgraced." Of course some will fall. What does anyone expect in *war*. It is high time for the general to fall who cannot make up his mind to risk seeing his front men fall, or run, rather than give up the attempt to use them.

Oh, just watch their eager, happy faces. See how they rush on till strength and voice are spent for the day. Ah, these are the sort of people that preached, or whatever you like to call it, on the Day of Pentecost—people upon whom the Holy Ghost had but newly come. These are the men and women that turn the world upside down. The world considers, and so indeed do many professing Christians, that it is all upside down to allow such new-born babes to take any prominent part in the work. The world, the devil, and they that are at ease in Zion, are sure to object most violently to

reinforcements being brought really on to the field. But never mind, bring them out, bring them out, bring them out! And when anybody objects, send them to study our Commander's grand general orders—"Ye may all prophesy one by one;" and, "Let him that heareth say come."

But with all the human aid we can get we shall continually need to demand and receive far more from God.

WE MUST HAVE DIVINE REINFORCEMENT.

The happiest, the most daring, the most patient, are constantly coming to points where darkness, difficulty, sorrow, trial, exhaustion, or discouragement seems to sap their strength. They have fought hard and long. They are determined still to fight; but it seems as though but little progress were made. What is to be done? Only one of two things are possible, reinforcement or retreat. Which is it to be?

See that young officer galloping over hedge and ditch, beneath screaming shells and through a perfect rain of bullets, right up the steep hill whence the staff look on. What does it mean? "Reinforcements—must have them—at once—outnumbered—ten to one." "Can't be done—none to spare—must manage as you are."

He carries back the fatal message—and there is "heroism," hopeless, useless bloodshed, ruin, retreat, death, disgrace.

But we *never* get such answers if we really trust in God. No, no! Before the weary eyes can turn to the hills, or the faltering lips say "Lord, help," "our help *cometh*," not *will* come, *cometh*. Hallelujah! On again! On, on! Spend the last bit of strength. There will be more by that time. "As thy days." Amen! Amen!!

Why do not all the people get reinforcement from God when they need it? They pray, and pray, and pray, and then the next thing you hear is that they have given up, or settled down into quietness. It cannot be the Lord's fault. Everybody knows that. All these people who resign or grow lukewarm, or fall away altogether, know they can get enough help to conquer and triumph gloriously. Why don't they get it?

Is it not because when they pray they always forget the last and best part—the believing part, which people generally mumble or drop their voices to—"thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory."

They spend hours over "Thy kingdom come," and whole nights, if they are in earnest, over "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and with their groaning and struggling over petitions, they get too tired to say with a firm voice and a bounding heart, "*Thine is*." And they come away unbelieving, and but little blessed, if any.

"If—thou—wilt believe—THOU—shalt—SEE—the salvation of God." Grave-breaking, soul quickening, life-giving faith—that is it, and then we shall all be reinforced so as always everywhere to triumph in Christ Jesus. It's all up with the gates of hell!!! Tell everybody!

SHOUTING.

It is natural to shout. It is rational, proper, and profitable. Boys and girls shout at their play; they cannot help it. Men shout in the market-place; their business demands it. The crowd shouts when the orator grows excited and eloquent; for eloquence moves the soul. Sudden fear, or great and sudden joy makes almost anybody shout. The imperturbable and the dignified will get moved and startled sometimes. In fact, there is sense and philosophy in shouting. Its principle is hid in the nature of man.

Look a moment. Feeling is the heart in motion. And this motion is demonstrative; it shows itself; the fire blazes up. True, feeling is often too moderate for special utterance, and sometimes too deep even to speak. But how frequently is it too high to be shaded by an unimpassioned brow, and too tumultuous for the harness of surroundings. It must out—it will come out, be the consequences what they may.

But does the enjoyment of religion call for shouting? The question is answered variously. But the issue depends, primarily, whether or not grace spoils the desire and character of natural expression. Now, it does not destroy the merely human, it purifies it. It even brings out the natural and the characteristic, though it very often lops off and cures excrescences. It verifies individuality, it makes the human bold. It rectifies, modifies, curtails or enlarges, and directs, both passion and instinct; but the root of their power is left intact. Experience among the sanctified proves this, and the apostle Peter says, "We also are men of like passions with you." When you can hamper the soul's emotions to quietness, in all the concerns of every-day life, you may tell the Christian that it is wrong to shout.

Religious life is not long even. This is the common experience. Yet the wholly sanctified, as they grow in grace, many times get into a wonderful quietness before the Lord. Then also they have a wonderful power with Him, and perchance with their fellow-men. We need more of this. But, on the other hand, we do not think of arguing a loss of grace, if a fresh baptism extorts visible emotion. Under some visitations the Christian can no more keep silent than Niagara can stop its roaring. The physical, mental, and spiritual nature combined are in a tumult of delight. The Glory of God sweeps over the plains of the soul; its gusts and lulls succeed each other in quick and irregular succession; and when the final calm comes, it brings in with it no pangs of conscience, but the silence of unceasing love. "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." Isa. xlii. 11.

Some say that shouting is merely the result of excitement. Albeit, a blessed excitement. But if by "excitement" is meant an unbalanced state of mind, the statement is altogether unguarded. The soul is poised. It may have little regard for surroundings—perhaps none—but is full of earnestness and self-possession in its attitude towards God. There is the excitement of fixed attention, but not of wildness of mind.

It is one thing to tell a friend of our love to God; but it is a very different thing to tell him of that love to His face. And it is one thing

to say to a brother that we are thankful, but quite another to thank God. Yet He expects thankfulness, praise; and when bestowed, he is free to acknowledge it. But it is only the simple-minded who give abundance of praise, they delight in it. And what is shouting but a form of praise, the outcome of an inner glory? Sinful pleasure has its revelries, often unseemly; and why may not the purer, the sanctified joys of religion, likewise sometimes find vent in the noise of praise?

God is the "high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity;" but he invites his children to approach him freely, humbly, and yet boldly. We come as in household familiarity, where each knows his place. The lamb does not frisk by rule, nor the child play after a manners book; they are unrestrained, but natural, and therefore within the bounds of propriety. So shouting is a law unto itself; it is an instinctive outburst of reverence and love. We shout because it is due to our Redeemer, because it does us good and there is a blessing in it, and sometimes because we cannot help it.

And herein lies the sin of shouting—its utter friendliness and warmth, its informality and freedom with God. As if a man, a woman, a child, saved from the teeth of hell, may not feel glad and say so! As if the "power of an endless life" is not worthy of the biggest shout that earth can give! Men may shout in a political campaign, but how dreadful this in a religious campaign! No wonder that to the sinner afar off from God, such freedom in worship seems incongruous, and even silly, and that sometimes his lip curls in scorn; but why should Christians object to shouting? It must arise from the prejudices of early training, ignorance, low views of privilege in Christ, or lowness of grace. With many professors it is an utter emptiness of grace. Let them get awake, or their death will be eternal. With a new baptism of the Holy Ghost, the views of such persons are modified or entirely changed. Saul among the prophets is wonderfully different from the Saul who dwelt with his father, Kish.

Look a moment at Pentecost, so remarkable in the early day of the church. Here is a company of Spirit-baptized disciples. They sing, they exhort, they tell their experience, they laugh, they shout. The cold critic, on the outside of the group of believers and witnesses, looks on with amazement, and then disdain. "Ah," says he, "they are fools, they are mad, they are drunk with new wine!" And from the standpoint of moral frigidity, the Arctic belt of ignorance, carelessness and unbelief, who shall say the critic is not right? And so, also, of many a modern scene of heaven-like glory.

And yet, there is dignity in shouting. It is the open attitude of the soul towards its Lord. It occupies the supreme moment of consciousness, impressiveness, and of acknowledgment to God. It is born on the mountain-top of sublimity, stands out in the form of glowing apostrophe, and lays its tribute of glory at the foot of the Cross, and at the open door of Heaven. The holy but unredeemed angels, in their home on high, shout aloud; and who may deny the privilege to the holy but redeemed of earth?

A brother tells of a sister who moved to the West with her family. They nearly exhausted their means in building a house, but it took fire and was consumed. While it was burning, she sat on a fence over against it, and shouted. She was asked how she could rejoice so, when her house

was burning up. She replied, that she was rejoicing because her house could not burn up! The saint can shout when the world is on fire!

Many do not object to shouting, but never do it. Get "signally blest," and it may be you will. Undoubtedly temperament has much to do with religious demonstration, how much we cannot say, but be careful about excuses that may warp the soul. The suppression of exuberance will sometimes bring gloom over the soul. The shouting of the hypocrite is an abomination to the Lord. But some sincere people will shout from mere habit. As a rule, shout no louder or no more than the voice. To do otherwise will very likely produce disgust somewhere. It is sometimes noticed that strong emotions suddenly subside, and then it is impossible to praise, in form, as before. Why is this? Simply, the breath of the Spirit has spent itself, the attention has been diverted, or the nervous and magnetic forces, which are a medium of the spiritual, are abated. Again: when alone you are wonderfully filled, but, on entering company, feeling suddenly subsides. This is because the members of the company are unbelieving, or preoccupied, or less spiritually advanced, or less baptized; and in fact the highest united spiritual glow results from the highest union of those forces that are natural and divine.

Shouting his very varied effects on different occasions. It sometimes dissipates the Spirit's power to usefulness. This is if carried too far, or if the feeling in an assembly has become solemn. At other times it brings conviction to the unsaved or the lukewarm, or those needing entire sanctification, or a baptism of the Holy Ghost. At the same time, or at yet other times, it brings a comfort and a baptism to God's little children. It is all of the Spirit, who uses the voice as his channel of communication and of work. It is also one method the Lord Jesus takes of blessing the one who shouts.

Let us hear the Psalmist: "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." Amen and amen!—*The Christian Harvester.*

FATHER ABBOTT.

(Continued).

THE circumstances of his first interview after conversion with a real Christian which occurred shortly after this, are most interesting:—

"Some days after I went to Wood's Town, about twelve miles from home, where I met with an old acquaintance, who invited me to dine with him. I went; and when we were about sitting down to dinner I proposed to ask a blessing. As soon as I began the two journeymen burst out a-laughing, at which I arose and began to exhort them all in a very rough manner, thundering out hell and damnation against the ungodly, with tears in mine eyes. This broke up dinner, and neither of us ate anything. S. Smallwood, a young woman, being present, was much affected, and asked me home with her. Accordingly I went, and when we got there she related to her mother, Mrs. Sparks, all that had passed. The old lady and I soon fell into conversation. She was a pious Moravian. I was truly glad that I had found a witness for Jesus, she being the first person I had conversed with since my conversion, who testified the knowledge of sin forgiven. She knew that God for Christ's sake had freely forgiven her sins. We had a comfortable time in conversing together on the things of God. She told me that I was the first

person she had met with in that place who could testify that their sins were forgiven. I left her with strong impressions on my mind to preach the Gospel, and on my way home began to illustrate on the green tree and the dry: the dry times and the green times."

It was some time after his conversion before Mr. Abbott met with any one who knew their sins forgiven. His first meeting with such an one occurred under most peculiar circumstances. An old friend having invited him to dinner he went, and proposed to ask a blessing. When he began, two men present burst out laughing, upon which he arose, and began to exhort all, in a very rough manner, thundering out hell and damnation against the ungodly, *with tears in his eyes.* Dinner was broken up. Nobody eat anything. But a young woman present was deeply affected, and invited the stranger to come and see her mother, who turned out to be a happy Christian. Their conversation not only encouraged him; but he left her with strong impressions on his mind to preach the Gospel.

THE CONVERSION OF HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

I still continued to read and examine the Bible, being fully convinced that a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to me from the very hour I had found peace with God. From that time I exhorted all that I had any intercourse with. The scriptures were wonderfully opened unto me, and became my meditation by day and by night; for often when asleep, texts were brought to my mind, the Spirit divided them into heads, and I preached from them in my sleep. I frequently awoke, not knowing where to find the text I had been preaching from, and inquired of my wife if she knew; and upon her replying that she did not, I have lain a few minutes, and God has revealed to me both chapter and verse, which I desired her to remember, and in the morning found it as the Lord had revealed it to me. This so frequently occurred, that my wife used to say, "You are always preaching." However, it caused her to ponder these things in her heart. I saw that if ever I should win her to Christ it must be by love, and a close walk with God; for I observed that she watched me closely.

She went many times to her minister, and he so often daubed her up with untempered mortar, and she would return again strong in her own opinion. But when she observed to him that there was an alteration in me, he replied, that I expected to get to heaven by my works. When I told her that I should be a preacher, she replied, "You look like a preacher, and do not understand one text in the Bible."

However, I continued to go on, and about this time Philip Gatch, one of the Methodist preachers, preached about four miles from our house; my wife and I went to hear him. He gave us an alarming discourse, which reached the heart of my wife. She called him aside after preaching, and said, "If what my husband tells me, and what you preach, be true, I have no religion." He came to me, and told me my wife was awakened, and that we must go with him to the place where he was to preach in the afternoon; we accordingly went.

After he had done preaching, he asked me to go to prayer; this was a great cross, as I had never prayed in public, except in my family. However, I felt it my duty to comply, and accordingly took up my cross, and the Lord wrought powerfully on the people; among the rest, my wife cried aloud for mercy. So great was her conviction, that for three days she eat, drank, or slept but little. She now saw she had only been a Pharisee, and was in a lost condition.

On the third day, in the afternoon, she went over to John Murphey's, a neighbour of ours, a sensible man, and one well experienced in religion. After some conversation with him, she returned home, and upon the way the Lord broke in upon her soul, and she came home rejoicing in God. During her absence, I went from home to visit a sick man, with whom I tarried all night. On my return next morning, she met me at the door with tears of joy; we embraced each other, and she cried out, "Now I know what you told me is true, for the Lord hath pardoned all my sins." We had a blessed meeting, and it was the happiest day we had ever seen together. "Now," said she, "I am willing to be a Methodist too." From

that time we went on hand in hand, helping and building each other up in the Lord. These were like the beginning of days to us.

Our children began to yield obedience to the Lord, and in the course of about three months after my wife's conversion, we had six children converted to God: two sons and four daughters, the youngest of whom was only seven years old.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

On a Saturday night, I dreamed that the next day there would be a disappointment, and that the expected preacher would not come, and that the Lord said to me, "You must go and preach, for you must speak for me." I awaked my wife, and told her my dream. She replied, "You are always dreaming about preaching, there is no doubt but what the preacher will be there." I said, "Very well, we will go and see." Accordingly we went, and the people gathered, but no preacher came. One of the men said we ought not to let the people go away without singing and prayer, which I thought very right, and concluded within myself to preach. A hymn was sung, and one went to prayer, but the cross was so great that my heart failed, and I did not attempt to speak.

The people being dismissed, I returned home sorely distressed that I had been so fearful as to disobey the Divine impression that had attended my mind. Thus I fell into great heaviness and deadness, and wandered about the fields. At length I retired into the woods, and covenanted with the Lord, that if He would reveal Himself to me again, as He had done before, I would go and preach wherever He would send me, even if it were to devils. That instant the Lord broke into my soul with power. I arose from my knees, and preached to the very trees of the woods. I was resolved, through grace, the first opportunity that offered, to preach to men.

A few days after a neighbour died, and I was requested to attend the funeral. As I rode to the place, these words, "Circumcise your hearts, for to-morrow the Lord will do great things among you," rested weightily on my mind. When I got to the place I stood up, and said, "The Lord has shown us what we shall all come to, in taking this, our fellow-mortal, from time to eternity." Then went to prayer, and when I arose from my knees, I took my text and preached. The word had effect on many, and we had a weeping season. From that time I went on to preach as occasion served, from time to time, and the fruit which the Lord gave me was a satisfactory evidence that He had called me to the work of the ministry, and had committed a dispensation of the Gospel unto me.

It was no joke to be a Methodist preacher in America during the War of Independence, when every Methodist was regarded as a traitor to the cause of the people; but Father Abbott could not be frightened away from his work, God stood by him, and he triumphed.

VICTORY.

At a certain time I had an appointment to preach at D. G——s, in Deerfield, at which a mob collected and threatened to tar and feather the preacher, if he attempted to preach. Mr. G—— met me upon the road, and advised me to go back, for the mob had collected in order to tar and feather me. At first I thought I would return. Consulting with flesh and blood, I concluded it would be a disagreeable thing to have my clothes spoiled, and my hair all matted with tar, &c. But those words revolving in my mind, "The servant is not greater than his Lord," I immediately resolved to go and preach, even if I were to die for it.

When we arrived at the place, there was a large congregation assembled, so that the house could not contain them, and a number stood round about the door. I went in among them and gave out a hymn, but no one sang. I then sang four lines myself, while every joint in my body trembled, and then said, let us pray; but before the prayer was over, the power of God fell upon me in such a manner, that it instantly removed from me the fear of man, and some cried out. I arose, took my text, and preached with great liberty; and before the meeting was over, I saw many tears drop from their eyes, and the head man of the mob said, that he had never heard such preaching since Mr. Williams went away. So I came off clear. Glory be to God who stood by me in this trying hour. I then asked if

I should give out for preaching again, but the answer was, "No." So I returned home happy in my soul.

ANOTHER.

An appointment was made, and we had a crowded house. While I was speaking a mob of soldiers came with their guns, and bayonets fixed, and one rushed in, while the rest surrounded the door. The people fled every way, and he presented his gun and bayonet as though he would run me through: it passed close by my ear twice. If ever I preached the terrors of the law, I did it while he was threatening me in this manner, for I felt no fear of death, and soon found he could not withstand the force of truth; he gave way, and retreated to the door. They endeavoured to send him back again, but in vain, for he refused to return. However, I went on and finished my discourse, and then asked the man of the house if I should preach there again, he said, "No, for they will pull down my house." But Dr. Harris told me I might preach in his house. In two weeks I attended at the Doctor's, and found about one hundred men under arms. When I began to preach, they all grounded their arms, and heard me in a quiet orderly manner.

THE CAPTAIN CAPTURED.

I went to brother S. F——'s and preached in the evening to a crowded congregation, and God poured out His Spirit in such a manner, that one fell on the floor. A captain and some soldiers came to take me up, but the Spirit of God took the captain up in such a manner, that he returned home, crying to God for mercy. For six weeks his distress was so great that they had to watch him for fear he would make away with himself; but the Lord sent the Comforter to his soul, and filled him with joy unspeakable. I saw him some time after happy in God. We spent a precious time together, and parted in love. This meeting was a time of God's power, and many were awakened to a sense of their danger, and the people of God were happy; and for my part, I was very happy.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

The young convert was already a bold and mighty witness for his Master, but there was still that great work needed in his heart which alone can make any one perfectly free from sin and perfectly and constantly happy.

Meeting with one of our preachers, I told him what great things the Lord had done for poor me. He replied, "It is nothing to what He will do for you if you are faithful, for it is the will of God, even your sanctification." "Why," said I, "I am happy in God already; but if there is such a blessing to be had, I am determined to have it;" and from that time I began to seek for it.

In examining, I found in the Bible that it was the will of God, even our sanctification. I soon hungered and thirsted for full salvation. In family prayer, one morning, the hand of the Lord came upon me in such a manner, that I felt the impression, as though one had laid a hand upon me, attended with such power, that I thought I should die. But unbelief took place, and the power withdrew, or I believe God would have sanctified me that moment. At night I was afraid to pray for such power, for fear that God would kill me, therefore my prayer was only lip language; by this time I got very dead. However, next night I prayed from my very heart, for the power again, live or die; and God poured out His Spirit upon us all in such a manner that the place was glorious because of the presence of the Lord, and His dying love filled all our hearts.

I was now engaged for the blessing more than ever. Soon after D. Ruff came upon the circuit, and my house being a preaching place, he came and preached; and in the morning, in family prayer, he prayed that God would come and sanctify us, soul and body. I repeated these words after him, "Come, Lord, and sanctify me, soul and body!" That moment the Spirit of God came upon me in such a manner, that I fell flat to the floor, and lay as one strangling in blood, while my wife and children stood weeping over me. But I had not power to lift hand or foot, nor yet to speak one word; I believe I lay half an hour, and felt the power of God running through every part of my soul and body, like fire consuming the inward corruption of poor depraved nature. When I arose and walked out of the door, and stood

pondering these things in my heart, it appeared to me as if the whole creation was praising God; it also appeared as if I had got new eyes, for everything appeared new, and I felt a love for all the creatures that God had made, and an uninterrupted peace filled my breast. In three days, God gave me a full assurance that He had sanctified me, soul and body. "If a man love me he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him." John xiv. 23. Which I found day by day, manifested to my soul, by the witness of His Spirit; glory to God for what He then did, and since has done for poor me.

MIGHTY WORKS.

Filled with God, looking daily for increasingly grand manifestations of His power, the faithful witness was not disappointed. Not merely in connection with public services, but in private intercourse the Lord wrought so marvellously that many fell prostrate bodily as well as spiritually at the feet of Jesus, and a great and general awakening spread all round the country side.

The work became pretty general; we used to hold prayer-meetings two or three times a week in the evening, and often they have continued until twelve or one o'clock in the morning; sometimes we would begin preaching at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and meeting not break up till night; many long summer days we thus spent. Sometimes we used to assemble in the woods, and under the trees; there not being room in the house for the people that attended. Often, some of them would be struck to the ground in bitter lamentations. The Lord wrought great wonders among us. It was truly a fulfilment of that scripture which says, "I work a work in your days, a work in which ye shall no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."

FELLING MEN.

We had a weeping time, and one fell to the floor; this alarmed the people for they had never seen the like before. When the meeting was over, we took him to a friend's house, and prayer was made for him till the Lord set his soul at liberty, and he rejoiced in the love of God. Word being sent to his sister, that he had found the Lord, she said, "If my brother has found the Lord, I will never rest until I find Him." She locked herself up in a room, and there prayed all night. In the morning the Lord broke in on her soul with such rapture of joy that she alarmed the town, and many came to see what was the matter; she told them that she had found the Lord.

Next day I preached, and the Lord poured out His Spirit among us, so that there was weeping in abundance, and one fell to the floor; many prayers being made for him, he found peace before he arose. He is a living witness to this day. I saw him not long since, and we had a precious time together.

Many fell under the mighty power of God like dead men, being alarmed of their danger. We appointed a watch-night; this brought so many to see what it meant, that the house could not contain the people. One of our preachers preached and then an exhortation was given; the Lord poured out his Spirit in such a manner, that the slain lay all over the house; many others were prevented from falling by the crowd, which stood so close that they supported one another. We continued till about twelve o'clock, and some stayed all night, and in the morning others came; several found peace, and many cried to God for mercy; it was a powerful time to many souls.

I went to a quarterly-meeting at Morris River, and we had a powerful time; the slain lay all through the house and all round it, and in the woods, crying to God for mercy, and others praising God for the deliverance of their souls. At this time there came up the river a look-out boat; the crew landed and came to the meeting; one of them stood by a woman that lay on the ground, crying to God for mercy, and said to her, "Why do you not cry louder?" she immediately began to pray for him, and the power of the Lord struck him to the ground, and he lay and cried for mercy louder than the woman. This meeting continued from eleven o'clock in the forenoon till night. How many were converted or sanctified, is to me unknown. Next day I preached at Brother Goff's, and had a precious time.

At my next appointment, the Lord made bare His arm of almighty power in such a manner that many fell to the floor: their cries were very great, the sinners sprang to the doors and windows, and fell one over another in getting out; five jumped out at the window; and one woman went close by me, and cried out, "You are a devil!" A young man cried out, "Command the peace!" But the magistrate answered, "It is the power of God." Another, with tears in his eyes, entreated the people to hold their peace, to which an old woman replied, "They cannot hold their peace, unless you cut out their tongues." Glory to God, this day will never be forgotten, either in time or eternity! I was as happy as I could contain.

I went to Mr. Smith's on Tuckehoe River, and preached; and the Lord attended the word with power. One fell to the floor: I then asked the people what they thought of it, and if they did not think it was of the devil. "If it is," said I, "when she comes too, she will curse and swear; but if it is of God, she will praise Him; therefore, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." The people stood amazed, while she lay struggling on the floor for life. When she came to, she praised the Lord with a loud voice, and every power of her soul, declaring that God had sanctified her soul.

(To be continued.)

REPUTATION.

REPUTATION-HUNTING is worse than house-hunting for comfort, or tiger-hunting for safety. Of course, it is a pleasant thing to be thought well of by men; but a proper self-respect is better; and to be thought well of in heaven is best of all. Many a one has a good reputation with the Great King who has scarcely a friend on earth. The Lord Christ made himself "of no reputation," though he "thought it no robbery to be equal with God."

The reputation that the Holy Ghost gives is substantial. When He puts on us the mighty hidings of His power, men feel it. They may affect not to, or use it despitefully, yet it haunts them like dreams of death, to lead them, if they will, to heaven, but if they will not, to push them into hell. They know that God is with us.

In order to get this heavenly style of reputation, we freely, gladly, give up the earthly. "We are made as the filth of the world, and are as the offscouring of all things unto this day." This is entire consecration of reputation. It is one of the greatest items on the road to entire sanctification and fullness. We must come to it. We will come to it. We now come to it. We have come to it. If we do not yet feel the utter loneliness of the Cross-Journey, still, as the sanctified, we are there in spirit, and faithfulness will yet drain the bitter cup. "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me." Amen! Praise God!

Yet not alone. Omnipotence lays his broad hand under ours. He who was "separate from sinners" finds us in our separation, sends the angels, if need be, to minister to our necessities, and fills the empty spaces of the heart with the largeness of Himself. Isa. lx. 1.

TALKING ABOUT BRASS.

WHEN I was in business, said Major Whittle, a lady came to me and said, "My husband called the other day to talk with you about religion."

I thought a moment, and remarked that he came in a week before to sell me some brass—two or three tons of brass filings to melt up for castings.

"That was only an excuse," said she. "He came in to talk with you."

I remembered then that he came in and talked as much as twenty minutes about that brass, without coming to any point. He wanted me to speak to him concerning his soul's salvation. I made up my mind after that, if any man came to talk with me about brass, or anything else, I would say a word to him, and find out if he didn't want to talk about his salvation. When I was under conviction myself I went to the store of a man who was a Christian, hoping that he would say something to me on the subject of religion. I hung around that store two hours, waiting to have him speak to me, but he never said a word to me on the subject.

There are a good many people in these days who are talking about brass, and

gold, and silver; or railroads and stocks, and bonds; or fashions and follies and real estate; but who beneath it all have deeper, more solemn thoughts; thoughts of God, of Christ, of truth, of salvation; they feel the hunger of the prodigal in the far-off land. They weep in secret places; and their hearts are burdened with unutterable longings which only Christ can satisfy. They faint for the bread of life; they thirst for the living water, and they come into the presence of Christians, who know the grace of God, shyly, timidly, shamefacedly and hesitatingly, and begin to talk about brass!

When a fisherman sees a fish swimming around in the vicinity of the hook, he begins to take measures for his capture; and with patient skill, and gentle endeavour he very soon secures him. A great many people who are talking about brass want to talk about Christ. Will you, Christian reader, see that your conversation touches something better than brass, and that those who come to you talking about brass, and wood, and hay, and stubble, may hear from you something about gold well-tried in the fire, something about the pearl of greatest price

AN UNANSWERABLE TESTIMONY.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favoured it. One man only spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or

once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you (pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor) as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another was conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poorhouse—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's Word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spiritous liquors?" the unanimous response was "No!"

Music.

187

Travelling On. L.M.

Hymn 284.

1st time.

A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;
He just - ly claims a song from me, His

2nd time. CHORUS.

lo - ving - kind - ness, oh, how free! Tra - v'ling on . . . so glad and
Come and join . . . our mis - sion

1st time.

free, so glad and free, To a home . . . for you and me,
band, our mission band, Trav'ling for you and me,

2nd time.

to the promis'd heav'nly land.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness oh how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness oh how strong!

- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has ever stood:
His loving-kindness oh how good!

- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

May also be sung to

184 Hymn.—A Home in Heaven.

A home in heaven! What a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart opprest, and with anguish riven,
From his home below to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds,
Oh, then what bliss in a heart forgiven
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

Our home in heaven! Oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit joined with the Bride says, Come,
Come, seek His face and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

IT would be hard to say where the hand of the Lord has been most gloriously seen amongst us during the past month. The following report of the services held by Mr. and Miss Booth in Stockton and other northern stations, will, we are sure, be read with the deepest interest:—

At Hastings, where for a long time the want of anything like a suitable week-night hall has been severely felt, the acquisition of an old chapel admirably situated, will, we trust, open the way for a great increase of the work. One of our greatest snares and dangers is lest those who cannot without great effort come to week-night services should allow themselves to rest content with a great weekly demonstration without any corresponding daily work. We must have *hosts* of people so intensely devoted to the service of the Lord, that only daily efforts and daily successful efforts to save souls will content them.

VISIT OF MR. BOOTH TO THE NORTH.

ON Saturday, August 11th, in company with my daughter, I left London for a flying visit to our Northern Stations. At Leeds we divided, my daughter staying to help Brother Robinson there, while I went on to

BRADFORD,

to assist Brother and Sister Dowdle. Some twenty-two years before, I preached a fortnight, and saw a few souls saved in this town; but what a change has taken place in its population and wealth since then, and what a sphere for soul-saving labour does it now present. The Sabbath made this still more evident. We were outside all the morning, and should have had a very large concourse of men but for an infidel controversy got up within a few yards of us. There was a good force of our own people, considering that the Station is a new one, and the speaking was simple and effective. I was much pleased all the way through my visit with the fervour and energy of a band of youths. There ought to be some daring and successful evangelists come out of that band, and there will be if they are rightly trained and kept at work. The finish up in the centre of the town was good, as was also the other open-air work of the day, so far as I saw it. Pullan's Theatre—a big grand place for

our work—will hold, I should think, some 2,500 people. I was somewhat disappointed with the attendance both afternoon and evening, but the closing prayer meeting was mighty; there must have been between thirty and forty on the stage seeking for mercy, and the wounded were all over the house.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evening meetings were times of power, and I never witnessed more precious conversions nor saw services that more blessedly indicated the possibility of a great work. The time has come for remarkable things to be done in Bradford, and we shall be much disappointed if Brother and Sister Dowdle do not have the most wonderful soul-saving movement this winter they have ever yet experienced.

LEEDS.

On Thursday I came on here, and found that God had been blessing my daughter with a crowded tabernacle, and souls at almost every service. On the preceding evening, as on this, a very heavy storm just at service time greatly spoiled our congregation; but God was there, and souls sought the Saviour. On the Friday morning at 11, we had a wonderfully precious

HOLINESS MEETING.

For half-an-hour all was hard, and the exercises dragged wearily, and then the Holy Spirit fell on us, under whose overwhelming power some were laid prostrate, and all rejoiced exceedingly.

At night we had a blessed service, at which some, who had halted all the week, decided, and entered into the liberty of God's children with exceeding joy.

On the Saturday we bade farewell to Brother Robinson and his united fiery band of co-workers, and came on to

STOCKTON.

We found, as we thought, a great contrast in the first meeting on the Saturday night, as compared with the societies we had left at Bradford and Leeds. The temperature seemed cold, and the people stiff and distant. We read and expounded Isaiah xl. 3 and 5, and without a fear as to results went to work.

THE FIRST SABBATH

filled us with confidence. God began at once to kill and make alive, and, bless His name, He has gone on working mightily until now. A handful of people, with Brothers Clare and Russell, took their stand at once by our side, and right manfully and without any sign of flagging they have gone forward with us. We at once resolved on earnest measures. Issuing an address to the town, we decided on the following course of meetings:—

SABBATH—Love Feast at 7.

Market-place and procession through the town at 10.

Indoors at 11.

Open-air, two bands, at 2.

Theatre at 2.45.

Open-air, three bands, with one united procession, at 5.30.

Theatre at 6.30.

WEEK-DAYS—Market Place at 12:30.

Indoors at 1.

Open-air, Market Place and South Stockton, at 6:30.

Indoors, private meeting for anxious inquirers, at 7; and public service at 7:30.

These meetings, with very few exceptions, arising from occasional bad weather, have been well sustained, and God has been with us. Difficulties have been encountered of various kinds, but they have been overcome. When we came, misconception and misunderstandings prevailed; but explanations were offered and, in nearly every instance, frankly accepted. As the light broke in darkness fled away, and where there was a little time before suspicion and bad feeling, love and peace and joy sprung up, and shoulder to shoulder and side by side we fought and won blessed victories for our glorious King. Of the results we cannot speak with exactness. Many have been blessed and many saved who have not been forward confessing the same, while doubtless some have been out who have not reaped any decided advantage. The names and addresses of about 270 persons have been recorded, and more are deeply convicted. As we have before remarked, a large proportion of these were backsliders, and a larger proportion than I ever remember in any religious movement are there. One night we had fifteen cases, all men. Indeed, I never saw so large a proportion of men in any audience, both outside and in. Of that Market Cross, as a sphere and opportunity for preaching Christ, I cannot speak too highly. I have had some glorious seasons there. The surrounding shops make it almost as easy to speak as in a building, and the readiness and eagerness with which the men, both week-day and Sabbath noontide and night, crowd round with anxious eyes and ears to drink in the message, made it a positive pleasure to speak. So much so, that I seldom gave over or left the lingering crowd but with regret.

THE WEEK-DAY NOON OPEN-AIR

meetings must have been very useful. Very frequently we took out a harmonium, which served the double purpose of attracting the people and making the singing easier. At first it seemed a little strange to the shopkeepers and the buyers and sellers, and loungers opened their eyes as the unexpected sound of religious song and exhortation fell upon their ears in the very middle of the working day, and the very centre of their worldly business. We never failed a congregation, attentive as attentive could be; occasionally there would, of course, be a jeer or two, but so seldom as not to be worth notice. When we spoke the little knots of betting-men, who regularly hold *their noonday meetings*, would often gather up, and often we processioned and sung to the hall with sometimes as many as fifty men following us to the indoor meeting. I hardly think it is easy to over-rate the importance of such meetings. I would suggest that they are held in one place for a time, and then changed to some other part of the town. As I have gone about Stockton it seems to me there are many spots where, in the afternoon especially, the women, and men too, lounge about with nothing to do, when a short meeting might be held, followed by a cottage meeting, with good effect, if too far away to the hall.

I cannot stay to write more now. With the open-air work in general I have been much pleased. The last Sabbath we had a little novelty, which

apparently worked well. Among the converts are two members of a brass band—one plays a cornet, and to utilise him at once, Brother Russell put him with his cornet in the front rank of the procession from South Stockton. He certainly improved the singing, and brought crowds all along the line of march, wondering curiously what we should do next.

The following cases, hastily written from memory by my daughter, will perhaps illustrate the character of the movement:—

“I FEEL SO HARD,”

said an aged man. We replied, “It was a mercy he had made the discovery in time; it might have come too late. Now he could come to Jesus,” and pointing to the penitent form, said that was the place to get it softened. Tears ran down his face like rain as soon as he decided, and said, “I will try.” The Lord soon met him in mercy, and, we hope, gave him a new heart.

“I CAN’T SEE MY WAY CLEAR.”

Another aged man came to the meetings regularly. The first time we spoke to him, although evidently deeply convicted, he refused to come out, saying, “Directly I see my way clear I will go without any inviting.” We wanted to know what more light he could possibly need; but it was in vain, and he went away with this excuse on his lips. The next night he was there again, and as he turned to go away I met him in the aisle. A brother, who had been pleading with him, saying, “This friend can’t see his way clear.” I pleaded with him for immediate surrender, but he replied, “Not to-night.” “Not to-night,” we urged; “you should be the last to say that—never say it again. You should be bemoaning a wasted life, and seeking for mercy without a moment’s delay”; and then like a child he followed me to the penitent form, and fell there crying for that mercy that never is denied to those who seek it with all their hearts.

“I KNOW IT’S ALL TRUE,”

said a young man. “Then why do you not act as if you did?” I answered. “You know what you ought to do now?” “But I am afraid I should not keep it,” he replied. “What a poor opinion you have of God. If He is able to save is He not able to keep? You try Him.” With this he went forward, and Brother Clare told me he got sweetly saved.

“I AM ALL RIGHT.”

In one of our prayer-meetings a friend said, “Will you speak to that woman with a baby on her lap?” I did so, asking her if she was ready to die. She did not speak. I continued to talk to her, urging her then and there to get her soul saved. All at once she gave her baby to a woman sitting next her, and hurried on to the stage. I afterwards found her among the penitents, pleading and sobbing for mercy. When I got near her she said, “Oh, Miss Booth, forgive me; I told you a story the first Sunday you preached in the hall. I said I was all right, and I have been wretched ever since. I am all wrong. I am a miserable backslider.” Then, turning from me in an agony of soul, “Oh, Jesus, take me? I do come to Thee again; take me in?” She was soon made blessedly happy.

“I’LL GO IF SHE DO,”

said a big man, pointing to his wife, who sat by his side. After a little conversation, as the meeting was just closing, I left them with the promise they would come the next night. Accordingly they were there, and I went to them in the after meeting to urge them to come at once to the Saviour; but he said, “No,” and she chimed in the same. I left them much disappointed; but presently, to my surprise, while engaged in another part of the meeting, my father told me that the big man was at the penitent form. I looked, and there he was crying to God to have mercy on his soul; but still, strange to say, his wife seemed as reluctant as ever, though evidently deeply convicted. Standing on the nearest form, I said to the people, “Here is a man at the penitent form who has a wife somewhere in this hall. Is he to go to heaven without her?” And then the meeting went on praying. I tried her once more, but she was still unwilling to move. Looking at the two beautiful children whose heads were nestled slumbering in her lap, I said “Who is to lead them to heaven if their mother does not, and who will lead them

to hell as surely as you can?" She dropped her head, and one by one the tears fell; then she got up, went and joined her husband, when side by side they sought and found the Saviour. They come to the meetings, walk in the street procession, are anxious about the salvation of their friends, and it does us good to look into their happy faces.

"CAN I FIND IT?"

said a man to me in one of the anxious meetings, evidently very miserable. "I have almost been round the world seeking it, and have been more miserable than ever since coming here the other night. After telling me how he had tried endless worldly amusements to satisfy his hungry soul, I told him that in Jesus only could he find what he wanted. "Yes," he said, "I know that now, but *can I find it?* Do it for me," and then putting his head on his hands, he said, "there is no hope for me," and I assured him there was, and I prayed with him, accompanied by his sighs and groans. He afterwards came to the penitent form, gave himself to the Saviour, and went down to his house praising God.

"Will you come to-morrow night," said one of our earnest helpers, who has himself been restored from backsliding in these meetings, to a young man who was deeply convicted of sin, and who had been resisting the Spirit of God for two previous evenings. "No, I won't," was the reply, "I'll never come inside the hall any more," and taking his hat he left the place. The brother was not to be beaten like this, and prayed for him through the whole of the next day. God heard the prayer, and the next night he was there again, rolled up to the penitent form, and was soon washed in the blood of the Lamb.

We are looking forward to a blessed and effective conclusion of the effort, and yet we must not call it a conclusion, it is really only a new commencement. To-night Mrs. BOOTH gives an address to the new converts. May she be sustained in this effort. It is a considerable risk for her, but she was anxious to lend a hand to encourage and direct those just entering on the heavenly road. On Sunday we have farewell services from the early morning Love-feast till we hope very late at night, and on Monday a closing tea, for which provision has been gratuitously made for a thousand people. We expect to leave brothers Clare and Russell with a united and holy and earnest society, and to hear from time to time of their still greater progress in the great work of bringing Stockton to the Saviour.

WHITECHAPEL.

"And make them joyful in my house of prayer."—Isaiah lvi. 7.

PRaise GOD! we have been enjoying this promise to the full—our meetings, our joyful gatherings. God's own children have been quickened, blessed, and sanctified, and wanderers from a Father's home have been brought back; and we have had joy on earth, and set the joy-bells ringing in the skies, while the gladsome song has been heard, "The dead's alive, the lost is found."

Some of the cases are interesting.

A CONVERTED DUTCHMAN, who found the Saviour in the hall, spoke as follows: "Thank the blessed Lord, my sins are pardoned, mine soul is free, and the precious blood of Jesus does now cleanse me from all sin.

The wicked old devil wants me to believe I am not saved; but I say, 'Mister Devil, you are a liar!' Jesus do say, 'Whosoever does believe on Him, does have eternal life.' So have I, because I do believe, and I follow Jesus all the way."

A dear woman, who is now a member of the Mission, having been pardoned, she went in, using her own language, "For all the fulness of God's salvation, and found Satan trying to prevent my obtaining it. My husband and daughters and all the family, have done their utmost to prevent me enjoying a holy life and a clean heart. I have trusted Jesus for all, and in spite of friends, the devil, and all the powers of darkness. Jesus says, 'Whosoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it.' I rest

there, and amidst it all, my peace does flow as a river. All glory be to God!"

Sunday, September 2nd, was a good day. Brother Bramwell Booth was with us. The morning service was a very gracious time; the people wept and shouted; it was good to be there. Afternoon experience-meeting the Lord did come down and warm our hearts. At night six precious souls asked the jailer's question, and, obeying the answer, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and found joy and peace to their souls.

On the Monday night following, there was a most solemn influence in the meeting, and while Brother Bramwell Booth was preaching from "It is appointed unto men once to die," a man sitting about three seats from the platform, suddenly sprang to his feet, rushed half-way up the hall, and then fell down on his face; he was carried out by some of the brethren, who found the spirit of God working mightily with him, and he afterwards came back and found his way to the penitent-form, where he signed the temperance-pledge, and promised God to serve Him all the days of his life. When this man had been carried out, our brother went on with his sermon, and a young woman, smitten by conviction, fell in a fit, and then the friends had to direct their attention to her. The devil endeavoured to upset us, but God blessed, and two notorious characters got salvation before we left.

Sunday, September 9th, was a blessed day. We had the converted gipsies with us at night, and the hall was nigh full, and eight precious souls found the Lord. Hallelujah!

The holiness-meetings on Friday night continue to improve. The room being uncomfortably crowded, we shall soon have to go into the large hall.

We have been asked the question very often, "What use are your

PORCH-MEETINGS,

and do you think you do any lasting good at them?" We give the following case out of a goodly number which we have:

Sister R—, a dear woman who was saved some time ago, under our brethren, the converted gipsies, and a member with us, is an under-nurse in the London Hospital, and she brings us the following report. She had been hard pushed for some time on account of the numerous cases brought to the

hospital, and was ordered home for rest; but had not been at home long before she was sent for by the doctor, who, when she got to the hospital, said, sending her to a bed, "There is a case for you; go and do your work." And when she got to the bedside she could not tell whether it was a man or a woman, the body was so huddled up. She heard the voice exclaim—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more."

And further,

"I'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
And anchor by-and-bye."

She said, "Do you love Jesus?" and the answer was, "I should think I did. What could I do without him? I have enough to do to bear this pain, without having to seek the Lord." Then, thinking this was like the answer of a Christian Mission convert, she asked further. He said, "About two years ago I was working at the new railroad station, Whitechapel Road, and one dinner-time, having a stroll by the new market (the People's Hall), I heard a converted bricklayer telling the people of the love of Jesus, and how it helped him in his work; and afterwards they held a prayer-meeting. I went in, and a dear sister came and asked me to give my heart to God, and I got down to the penitent-form, and God pardoned all my sins. I had been a very wicked, bad man." Sister R— then said, "I go there," and he said, "Oh, then you know Mr. Booth?" and she answered, "Yes." And he then said, "The last time I was there was at the all-night prayer, led by the Rev. W. Booth, in July last, and then I got a clean heart, and was wholly sanctified to God." And then, putting his hands, burnt as they were, together, and holding them up, he sang out—

"I'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
And anchor by-and-bye."

He was seventy-two years old, and so infirm he could scarcely get about, and one night, while in the act of reaching his Bible from the mantel-piece, he upset the spirit-lamp, his clothes caught fire, and he was unable to help himself, the other inmates of the house were so helpless through the awful effects of drink that the old man could only lay and burn. At last his cries brought a policeman to his aid, and he

removed him to the hospital, where he patiently endured the most awful pain with meekness, exclaiming, when his wounds were dressed, "Oh, this pain is nothing to what Jesus suffered for me, and what the martyrs endured for Jesus' sake." After two days and two nights intense agony he changed sorrow for joy, and pain for endless glory.

Many thanks for a parcel of books from Brother Allen, Whitechapel, and packet of small books and tracts from J. Atkinson, Esq., London Bridge, and donations from various friends, whom I refer to subscription list in present magazine. Further help, both in money and tracts, greatly needed, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours, washed in the blood,
W. G. THOMAS.

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

POPLAR.

A MONTH of hard work, of heavy fighting, of constant victory and joy, and now of precious memory.

Oh, what a time we had one night, while three men, mates of one ship, sought the Lord. One with the tears streaming down his cheeks telling God

ABOUT HIS DEAR OLD MOTHER

who had given him good counsel, and begged him to pray always. But he, like many others, had forgotten all about it. His mother's prayers were answered; as soon as he got the blessing himself, his whole heart was set on getting his mates converted. Oh! how he shouted for God to save them. And while we sung

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,"

another joined in—

"And there do I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

They went away with beaming faces and were in the open air with us the next night, and every night till their vessel sailed for another port. I have since heard from them: they say, "It is the best voyage they ever had," and they have followed the sea for many years. They have been able to sing the songs of Zion while the waves rolled mountains high. Several

COLOURED MEN

have left us for India, and have taken with them not only the mission fire but a great number of magazines and hymn

books, and intend doing what they can to set up a mission where they are going. In their broken English to hear them talk about Jesus, and what he had done for them, was really touching. Another young man

SIX FEET HIGH, found his way to Calvary. He had a hard struggle with the power of darkness, but at last light broke in. When saved he felt he could not do enough for Jesus; every service found him by our side when he could get leave. He is the only converted man on board a large vessel; he has since sailed for Australia. May God give him grace to live! With tears in his eyes he said by the help of God he would meet us on the banks of the river.

While so many have left us to toil on, our numbers are still increasing. Congregations inside as well as outside have more than doubled. We are expecting to reap a rich harvest.

The midday preaching service has been attended with the Divine smile; big men and women stand and weep while the story of the cross is told from a loving heart. We are getting a little company to rally round us, fired with the same burning zeal as their Saviour manifested, and with Him as our Leader we shall come off more than conquerors.

Yours at the Master's feet,
ANNIE DAVIS.

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

HACKNEY.

God is working mightily in our midst. Souls are stepping into perfect liberty, and testifying for Him to crowds of men and women in the open-air. Work for God and Eternity is occupying our whole time and strength.

A SCOFFER.

A woman has attended our hall on several occasions to amuse herself at the expense of some of her neighbours who have become converted, and are working for God; and one night after preaching we knelt praying silently for the salvation of souls. The silence became awful. God's presence was felt. Suddenly this woman cried, "Oh, God, save me!" her cries rang through the place, we sang

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

And, Hallelujah! while singing the

fire descended and consumed the sacrifice; and this dear woman, with others went away rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. She is now working earnestly for Him, both out-doors and in.

JUST AS I AM.

So said another dear woman. She had come at our invitation to the hall, and while there, God convinced her of sin. We had been singing

"Just as I am without one plea."

I was passing the form upon which she sat, and she caught my arm, saying "Just as I am, Miss Stride, I'm coming, just as I am," and dragged me to the penitent form, where after a short but severe struggle, she laid hold upon Christ for salvation, and is now living for Jesus. Oh, that thousands more may find the same welcome, pardon, cleansing and relief.

E. M. E. STRIDE.

12, Trelawny Road,
Paragon Road, Hackney.

CANNING TOWN.

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest."—Isaiah lxiii. 1.

THANK God for his goodness to us here, goodness both to saints and sinners. We have had some blessed cases of conversion lately, the devil has been driven back, and both men and women have been saved through the blood of the Lamb.

I will give you one or two instances. A dear man who had been a wanderer from God for some years, accepted the invitation, and came out after the service seeking pardon; he wrestled with God for about half-an-hour, then stepped into liberty and sang with us, while tears of joy were rolling down his face.

A young man said in one of our experience meetings that he was very thankful God had directed his steps to the hall, the devil had been at him all the day, but God had helped him. He says that the first time he came to the hall he had got a bottle of gin in his pocket, but now there was a well of living water in his soul.

Our open-air meetings are times of power and holy unction. Great crowds listen, and many weep again and again. Some come to shake hands and thank me for the words that have been spoken. Our hall is too straight for us on Sunday nights. We are hoping the way may open to increase our accommodation.

Friends, pray on, and help us if you can.

Yours, happy in Christ,
JAS. PARGETTER.
5, Spire Terrace, St. Peter's Street,
Barking Road, E.

CHATHAM.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

AMIDST the awful wickedness of this town we are realising the presence and power of God. The meetings both out of doors and in the halls are better attended, and men and women, some of the darkest, are being plucked as brands from the burning.

By the kindness of the Mayor of Rochester, Mr. Wheeler, and others, we have been able to provide a free tea, followed by a

MIDNIGHT MEETING,

and many were deeply impressed. Three stayed to seek the Saviour, and found the pardon of the past. One of these said in her experience on the following Saturday, "At this time last week I was a wicked, bad girl, my heart was as black as it could be, because the devil was in me; but Jesus came into my heart and put the devil out, and made it whiter than snow, and now I'm so happy—I'm so thankful for those kind friends who asked me to come to the hall." Many have come to the meetings to hear these young women testify, and already others have been added to them. May God keep them to the end. We have had

A NIGHT OF PRAYER,

when Mr. Railton was present, and many were greatly blessed, receiving a rich outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

On September 2nd, we held our services on

THE CHATHAM LINES

all day; hundreds listened, and after six hours in the open air, we finished with a public love feast in the Lecture Hall, four souls professing to step into liberty.

We have a good work going on among

THE SOLDIERS.

Some have been crying to God for mercy, and are now fighting in the barrack room, on the parade ground, and in the open air for King Jesus. On Tuesday night at my class, when I gave the invitation to the unsaved, an officer's servant immediately came forward, saying, "He was as miserable as

he could be." But the Lord soon set him at liberty.

The next night three or four soldiers had spoken, and we got another of these servants of the Queen as a recruit for the King of Kings. He said, "For a time I have not been able to sleep, I've been so miserable, and trying to work these feelings of conviction off, trying to persuade myself that there was nothing in religion, but, thank the Lord he has pardoned all my sin, and now I'm really happy."

Another who had been a Roman Catholic had been coming to the meetings for some time: at length he came out and cried aloud to God to save him, and soon was rejoicing in the fact that, as he said, "The Almighty had come into his heart." Hallelujah! God bless the soldiers of Chatham.

At our open-air service at half-past five on Sunday, September 8th, the devil made an attack upon our position; some of his followers tried to drive us off with sticks and stones, cold water, and cold potatoes, but we stood our ground; the water fell on some of the enemies own followers, and they immediately broke open the door of the house from which it came, smashed two of the windows, and we hope taught the owner a lesson. The Lord save him.

Help us all you can, and in all the ways you can for Christ's sake. Tracts or contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by
Yours, trying to rescue the perishing,

W. WHITEFIELD.

4, Alma Terrace, High Street,
Chatham.

P.S.—Thanks for a parcel of tracts per post.

LEICESTER.

"WELL, Bill, on my word, this is a licker!" said a big, broad-shouldered fellow with his braces tied round his waist, and having a general appearance of being just awakened from sleeping off the debauch of the night before, at about half-past six on Sunday morning last, as some 120 people, headed by three banners, and singing with all their might—

Oh, I'm happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And I mean to never grieve Him any more.
swept round a sharp corner, formed a ring, and with their song of praise

awoke the street from its morning slumber. And all day, as I gazed on the crowds of upturned faces in the streets, at the windows, in the Salvation Warehouse, and, glory be to God! at the penitent form, those words came back again and again, and my heart responded, "Yes, thank God, 'this is a licker.'"

The morning's procession of one hour and a half, interspersed with prayer and experience at twelve or fourteen stopping-places, reached the Warehouse at 7.30, and by five minutes past eight we had heard forty testimonies to the power of God to save, made a collection, and one man, who told the Lord he was "the biggest reprobate under the sun," professed to obtain the pardon of his sins.

At ten o'clock, in Russell Square there was a large meeting, and of course a crowd of men with dogs, and women with baskets and babies, were waiting for us when the time came; "They always are," said Brother Corbridge. The hour was soon gone: singing, prayer, experiences, now and then a most touching appeal from some new convert to his old mates in the crowd, a bit more prayer, and then away to the Warehouse for eleven o'clock. A good meeting, which closed at 12.30.

Perhaps the afternoon open-air meetings and processioning were the most lively of the day. The public-houses were shutting as we passed, and their occupants, being compelled to come out, gave us some attention; but the opposition only increased the song and interest and the congregation.

At night when the two bands met, after separate meetings in the Belgrave, there was a huge crowd of people of all sorts and sizes. All went off well. Some cabbage-stumps and mud flew here and there, and once or twice there was a little pushing on in front by two or three of the roughest. But the singing was at its best, and the enthusiasm of our people increased every moment; truly they sing with their whole souls, and rarely have we heard such swing and time as was thrown into the good old

Hold the fort for I am coming,
on Sunday night in Leicester.

The night service was very crowded, and a time of power and the presence of God. The collection made for the

INDIAN FAMINE

realised some £6 (the majority of course

in copper), and there was a long row of penitents at the close.

What struck me very much during the day was the evident zeal of the people and their determination to "git all they could of it," as one of the speakers put it. Here is a body of men and women who are ready for anything, willing to attempt anything, able to accomplish anything to which they are led in their new-found Master's name. Glory be to God for these trophies—these brands, these drunkards, thieves, liars, swearers, and outcasts—made KINGS and PRIESTS and followers of the Lamb! My God, increase their number!

Surely this work shall not be hindered for want of funds; but if funds are not sent it will be hindered, because into debt we must not go; so send what you can, and send it soon, to the hon. treasurer, Mr. R. Lawrence, 78 and 90, High Street, or to W. Corbridge, 48, New Bridge Street, Leicester. W. B. B.

LEEDS.

HALLELUJAH! My soul, with many here, is full of glory.

We have had a very successful month. Many have been plucked as brands from the eternal burning, saved from the jaws of hell, and have been made happy partakers of the grace of God.

MISS BOOTH'S VISIT.

A woman came forward and cried for mercy. Her agony was great, but she continued until the power of God was manifested to her broken heart, then she rose from her knees, stating that Christ was precious. She went home, fetched her husband next night, and after Miss Booth gave the invitation, down he came like a man anxious to find the pearl of great price. He sought and found the Lord to the joy and satisfaction of his soul. They are both on their way to glory, rejoicing daily in the blood of the Lamb.

A THIEF

came one night while Miss Booth was preaching. The Holy Spirit accompanied the word; it was quick and powerful, and penetrated his hard heart, melted and subdued his stubborn will. He cried out for mercy, and the Lord, who is nigh unto a broken heart, heard and answered. Then the Spirit witnessed with the blood, and told him he was born of God. He returned to the gentleman's stall off which he had taken

a book without paying, and acknowledged his theft, and made restitution.

The last night Miss Booth was with us, the power of God was displayed among us. It fell upon a black woman, and her head dropped. Miss Booth gave her an invitation. She fell down at the penitent form and cried for mercy, then all at once sprang into liberty, jumped and leaped, and clapped her hands, shouting, "I have got it." She got up to speak a week after, and told the people that God had pardoned all her sins, and invited the people to give their hearts to God, and sang, "Come to Jesus." The whole congregation was moved. May the Lord keep her as the apple of His eye, and use her mightily in the salvation of souls.

A young man came to our meeting, and the first time I gave him an invitation to the penitent form which he accepted, and was not long finding pardon and forgiveness through the Blood of the Lamb. He had been seeking for Christ a long time, but at last he has found him whom his heart longed for. He is becoming very useful in speaking and praying. Hallelujah for this blessed work.

The Lord is blessing us much, but I am not content, I want to have hundreds saved at a time. We are still in need of financial help, in order to pay for the furniture for the evangelist's house. All donations for our work will be received and acknowledged with thanks by Mr. Broadbent, 10, Trafalgar Street, or by

Yours in the love of God,

JAMES ROBINSON.

19, Lower Brunswick Street,
North Street, Leeds.

Tracts and books for distribution will be received with thanks.

We came upon the Christian Mission, Leeds, the other evening suddenly at a street corner, and the first sight and hearing of them was certainly a very pleasing surprise. A ring of men kneeling close together on the ground, all praying and responding together as heartily as though they were in a cottage room, while a sneering crowd looked on, keeping, however, two or three yards away, as though half afraid of the praying saints.

A few minutes later, the Mission company swelled by the arrival of a number of sisters and brothers, was singing with a heartiness and strength of lung that was really delightful. A

few short straight hitting addresses, and we sang away to the hall, followed by a congregation mainly consisting of young men who listened with great attention, although evidently perfect strangers to religion. The prayer meeting was a time of earnest determined pleading, in which several sought the Lord.

The next evening there were very few members absent from the believers meeting. And very few of those present seemed unwilling to speak, until a fine lad rose and declared he had come to give God his heart, when all with one consent fell to prayer, so that he was able in a few moments to rise and give glory to God. We trust the daily life of all was fairly represented by one who told us how that evening past, as he was leaving his work he had led one of his mates to Jesus. This fellow-workman had said "Where are you going to night?" "To the tabernacle," was the reply, "I mean to go every night I can." This produced some sneering remarks, such as he had often had to endure before. Looking up to God, the mission man turned upon his opponent, and so spoke that in a few moments he was on the workshop floor crying for mercy, and the two went home both rejoicing in the same Saviour.

In Leeds, there is a great circus, empty, idle, just the position and place for us. We have been there, and still would go, and make it like a heaven below. G. S. R.

WELLINGBORO'.

"WHAT'S on to-night?" I asked, upon arriving unexpectedly the other Monday evening at the evangelist's house. "We have just altered our arrangements for the winter this week. A class meets in the hall, but instead of staying outside all night, as we do on the long summer evenings, we are going to have an hour's open-air meeting and then two cottage prayer-meetings."

"Broad Green" does not sound like an attractive or useful spot for a dark evening, but the breadth consists in the distance you must look to see any green, the grass having, we presume, been trampled off the broad waste space upon which we stand in one of the main thoroughfares of the town. A show stands not far away, but its drum and din cannot compete with even the first-comers of our band. Before eight

o'clock there is a ring of hearty, happy people; splitting it in halves, two good processions are formed, and marching to different parts of the town commence the prayer-meetings.

Twenty-five people in a small back-room—two penitents at the table—listeners in the passage—listeners at the gate—and no return of the number of angels hovering round! Pretty close! Such is Wellingboro'.

Forty people or thereabouts at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting, and the hall stifling on a Sunday evening; all the talk about enlarging it. Several people are shown me in the streets as new converts. Perhaps some of them answer to the following descriptions by Brother Pearson. G. S. R.

JOY

is the name of a young man who has been joyfully saved, and is now happy in the work of Jesus. He says: "I never was so happy in my life as I am now." He is the most at home in the outdoor work, where he loves to recommend a joy-giving Saviour.

MY BIBLE

is read by me every night now," said a young man. "I never used to look at it at all. I am happy in Jesus, and mean to work for him."

SAVED AT MOTHER'S.

While visiting her mother's house this dear woman came in. I spoke to her about her soul, and found she had left the fold. Her mother and myself knelt down and prayed earnestly for her salvation; then we sang "Just as I am," and the Lord wiped her tears away with His sweet forgiving love.

TROUBLED.

A dear man has come several miles to give his heart to God; he could not rest. After getting saved he said, "I was so troubled at night I could not sleep. I knew my mother was in heaven, and I was living a very wicked life. Now I am saved, I trust the Lord will keep me. There is not a worse set of men anywhere than those I work with, but I am sure the Lord can keep me." Our friends say this dear man was one who helped our mission when the tent was used at this station. He was a good worker then, but fell away. Thank God he is now restored, and many others beside have been saved. Tracts needed. May be forwarded to

W. J. PEARSON,
26, Havelock Street,
Wellingboro'.

MIDDLESBRO'.

ODDFELLOWS' HALL.

IN reporting the work of this station I cannot but magnify the Lord. He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. In all my warfare I have never seen a harder battle, a more desperate resistance by the great enemy; but, glory be to God! I can say with the Psalmist, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. I will be glad in Thy mercy, for Thou hast considered my trouble."

Our forces have rallied again and again around the cross, advancing shoulder to shoulder they have attacked the enemy's forces, and led on by the Great Captain of Salvation, we have proved once more that greater is He that is for us than all them that be against us, and that light and truth and Calvary must prevail. Glory be to God! the shout of faith has been heard, the walls have fallen, and the slain of the Lord have been many.

LIBERATED CAPTIVES.

A dear man, whose father was a local preacher for fifty years, had just been released from prison, and while liberty for the captives bound by the chains of the devil was being proclaimed through faith in Jesus, he was convinced of sin, stood up right at the back of the hall, and came forward with a loud cry for mercy. God heard and pardoned his sins. He is working for God to-day. His is a remarkable experience: pious father and mother; broke their hearts; wandered into sin of every description; bound by chains of every evil habit; but they are broken, and he is at liberty. All glory be to Jesus!

Another blessed case was that of a man and wife who had grown old in sin. They refused at all times to go to the house of prayer, but they heard us singing in the market, were deeply convinced, came the next night, and got gloriously saved, and are both witnessing to the power of God. The dear woman said, "I am so light and happy; I don't know what it is; I never felt like this before." May God keep them. Another

CONVINCED BY THE DEATH-BED of his friend. I was called to visit a dying man. There were a number in the room, and amongst them this young man, to whom I spoke solemnly of the necessity of his also being ready to die. He promised he would prepare, and, praise God! the next night found him

at the house of God weeping his way to Calvary. He found the Saviour. His testimony was: "I have not been a good father, but I will be; I have not been as good a husband as I might have been, but by the help of God I will be; I have never prayed in my life before, but I did last night, and I mean to continue as long as I live." Oh, may God keep him! Amen.

A BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.

Another said: "I am a poor backslider. I have wandered away from my God; I used to work for Him, and as soon as I left off working for Jesus I fell, and oh! how wretched I have been; but I heard His voice in your meetings, and I came back to Him, and glory be to His holy name! He received me again, and restored unto me the joy of His salvation. May He help me to work harder than ever."

Mr. Joshua Dawson paid us a visit, and we had a marvellous time of spiritual power and blessing. A vast number of believers came to God night after night for sanctification, and many precious souls fell down before Him for pardon. Glory be to God!

Many thanks to the friends who have so nobly come to our help with money, tracts, and personal co-operation in this glorious work. We want to claim all Middlesborough for Jesus, to accomplish which we shall require all the help our dear friends can afford us. Tracts or money for carrying on the work amongst the masses will be gladly received by Mr. Huggins, 34, Park Street, Middlesborough, or by

Yours at work for God,

THOS. BLANDY.

7, Taylor Street, Gilk Street,
Middlesborough.

MIDDLESBRO'.

PRINCE OF WALES' PALACE.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that we are still going ahead with the soul saving work. This last month has been one of victory, believers have been quickened into newness of life, backsliders have been restored, and some of the most miserable sinners have been made happy through the precious blood of Jesus.

Our open-air work, we believe, has been made a great blessing to many, both on the Sabbath and week nights. We can always secure a crowd of people to listen to the simple story of the Cross.

I have been struck with the marked attention that has been paid to the singing and speaking of those who have been recently saved; while they have told in a few simple words what the Lord has done for them. I have seen great big men with tears in their eyes, and they have exclaimed, "That's true, they are right, and we are wrong." We have laid ourselves on God's altar, and we mean, by His help, to carry the gospel into every street in the district. We are living, working, and believing for a rich harvest of precious souls.

I give our readers a case or two of interest.

A HORSE RACER.

This man had been the subject of many prayers, and the Lord has saved him at last. I will give you his own words. He said, "I am a converted horse-racer. I got saved one week night at the Mission Hall, after being a faithful servant of the devil for thirty years, and a lover of all that was evil. I had been convinced of my sins many times, but sin was so sweet to me, and I was lothe to give it up; but the Lord broke my heart at last, and saved me out and out. Bless his Holy name! The day before I got converted, at night me and my fellow workmen was going to send for some tips for the next week's races; but I got converted, and on going to work the next morning, told my mates that I had sent for my tip and I had the answer, and they all wanted to know what it was, and I told them that it was to 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' They laughed and said, 'Oh! he has joined the ranters.' And I said, 'I have, praise the Lord, and instead of reading the newspaper about horse-racing I can read my Bible with a heart full of glory.' Bless the Lord! One day as I came to my dinner the spirit of God told me 'That I should have to make away with my idols,' and that was some cards and my company; and He told me 'that I could not be clean while I was sucking a dirty pipe,' so I had a clean sweep for Jesus, and I feel that I am washed in the precious blood. On the Monday after I gave my heart to God, my mates wanted to know what sort of a day I had on Sunday, 'O,' I said, 'I had a glorious day, the happiest day I ever had in all my life. The Lord has saved me, and he can save you.' I will trust the Lord to the end."

Pray that this dear man may be kept

faithful unto death. Other cases of interest we will reserve for another time.

Thanks to friends for tracts, more are needed.

Yours at the feet of Jesus,
W. RIDSDALE.

59, Church Street,
Middlesbro'.

HASTINGS.

"For me to live is Christ."

SINCE my appointment to this district I have experienced much of the Divine blessing in the Lord's work. During the last two months the Lord has displayed His mighty power in the salvation of souls and sanctification of believers. Glory to His blessed name! On my first Sunday here two backsliders were reclaimed; one of them has become a zealous worker for the Lord.

A young man who was saved after the service one Sunday morning had a hard struggle, but he exclaimed, "He does save me!" and went home happy. He said in the afternoon, at the experience meeting, "I came into this hall with only twopence in my pocket, but I got salvation for nothing."

A visitor who came to the hall said, "I never saw the necessity of a change of heart before. I feel I am a sinner, and need salvation." We told her of "Jesus the crucified, mighty to save."

The open-air services in the Fish Market are some of the best and most important that I have ever seen. Crowds of men assemble here every Sabbath morning and evening to hear the Gospel.

The visit of Mr. R. Paton was made a great blessing. He preached with power, both in the hall and open air. After the close of one Sabbath-evening service, St. Leonards' Society joined that of Hastings, and led by Mr. Paton we held a meeting

ON THE BEACH,

and, bless God! we were able to preach and sing the Gospel to hundreds of people till after ten o'clock.

BANK HOLIDAY.

About fifty of us found our way to Ninfield, having delightful times all the way there and back. A tea and salvation meeting, much crowded—a soul finding Jesus—believers finding the blessing of perfect love, made up one of the happiest days we have ever spent. Our

CAMP MEETING

and love-feast was a time of refreshing.

A large company on the West Hill were told to repent and believe in Jesus, after which twenty-eight gave clear testimony that Jesus saved them from sin. Glory to God.

A NEW HALL

for week-night work; for a long time our work has suffered for the want of a suitable place, for week-night services. Thank God, I am glad to report that that necessity is now met. We have just taken a hall, situated in the midst of a dense population of fishermen and others, which will seat about 200 persons.

This (D.V.) will be ready to open in October. We shall need some financial help, will our friends prayerfully consider this?

NINFIELD.

We have had, and are still having, glorious times here. There is the sound of an abundance of rain.

The hall is frequently crowded with eager listeners, and the careless are arrested. May God save them!

Tracts are needed.

Yours in Christ,
J. P. GRAY.

Beulah House,
Hastings.

P.S.—Thanks for two small parcels of tracts from Mr. Atkinson.

CARDIFF.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

HALLELUJAH! The work is reviving all round; sinners are being saved and saints sanctified. Having myself proved the worth and power of Holiness meetings, while labouring in Middlesbro', I resolved, by God's help, to commence my labours in Wales on the same lines: and my first service was a Holiness meeting, and this has been followed by others. The second, when I gave an address on "Holiness: What it is; How to get it, and How to keep it," was a time of mighty blessing. Hallelujah! The power of God fell upon the meeting—many were led to see their need of something more—and while we sang

"I claim the blessing now,"

many came to the front and fell down, and found this full salvation. To-day they are walking in the light. Glory be to God! We have had

A NIGHT OF PRAYER.

Mr. Railton was present. We com-

menced the service at half past ten, and remained upon our knees nearly all night. God came down upon our souls in a glorious manner. A poor woman cried out with all her soul, "Oh, my Lord, *save me! save me! save me!*" and God did save, praise His name! Another cried out, "Oh! my Lord, turn sin and the devil out of me." We shouted—Amen; and victory was on Israel's side. Hallelujah! Some of the people who did not attend the all-night meeting said, "I could not sleep, and more than once I wished I was with you."

I think I will give you a few cases of conversion since I came here. These I give in as few words as possible.

A RESPECTABLE MAN AND HIS WIFE hearing a new preacher had come from Middlesbro' to labour in Cardiff, came to the hall to have a look at me; and while they looked at me, God looked at them. They felt they were sinners, and trembled from head to foot. They came again to the Stuart Hall, and after hearing a sermon from the "Rider on the Pale Horse," the dear man came with his wife, who sobbed aloud for mercy at the penitent form, and God soon set them at liberty. They are now members with us. The Lord bless them!

A PRODIGAL CHILD

who had wandered from home and gone far into sin, and who was before the magistrate in the morning, was invited to the hall by a brother; she came, and after hearing a few words from the lips of the preacher, found salvation, saying, "Oh, Lord, I am a vile creature." Through the kindness of some Christian ladies she has got into respectable service, and is happy in Jesus. May she continue to the end.

"THERE IS A POWER IN SINGING" said a young woman of very respectable parents to me. "I heard that Mrs. Panter was going to sing to night—her singing *has broke my heart*. I know that I am not ready to meet my God." "Can he save me, will He save me?" "Yes," said I, "He is waiting to save you now." She came out, and God saved. Her life proves the change wrought in her soul. May God keep her faithful to the end.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER came into the hall and heard me preach like many others then present. He trembled—he went home, but the spirit of God let him have no rest. He came the next night and God saved him. He

has spoken in our meetings, and told us of the wonderful things God has done for him, also of his temptations. But, he says, "Pray for me that I may be faithful."

A SAILOR

came into the hall one night, and when we commenced to sing, a friend offered him his book. This was a Christian brother, the mate of a vessel then in the docks. The young man looked at him, and saw that he was the mate of a vessel in which he had himself been fifteen months ago, and at that time was serving God. They had had some glorious times together while at sea; but for fifteen months they had been parted, and knew nothing of each other, until they now met in the house of God. The young man said, "Why, mate, it is you; how are you?" The mate said, "Full of glory, my friend; how are you?" The young man confessed he had lost his peace, and wept bitterly, and God saved him before he left.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Yes, the Lord has taken two dear ones from us to join the company of the redeemed in glory. We hope to meet them by-and-bye; one of them joined our society, and in about a fortnight he was gone to glory. His foreman on the day of his funeral said, "He knew he was ready to die."

Cardiff is rising, and I don't mean to be satisfied until a very great deal more is done here and in the towns around. Oh, for more weeping and mourning for precious souls. Pray for Cardiff that we may continually have souls, SOULS.

Yours in Jesus,

CHAS. H. PANTER.

16, James Street, Roath, Cardiff.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER SHERNWOOD, OF WHITECHAPEL.

SHE was born in Staplehurst, Kent; but her mother, who was a good woman, died when she was only five years old, and her stepmother and father so ill-treated her that the parish authorities took her from them and placed her with her grandfather and grandmother, who were Wesleyans. She was converted very early, and became a member of the Wesleyan Society at the age of 17. She continued to walk in the right way until her husband—a godless, dashing young sailor, hove in sight. Shortly after marrying him she made shipwreck of faith, and continued for many years in a miserable backsliding state.

In 1866, however, her son William fell in with the mission people singing and preaching in the streets of Whitechapel, was converted, and then led his poor mother back to her God. Soon afterwards the father was induced first to sign the pledge and then to give his heart to God, so commencing ten happy years of real heavenly fellowship, in which both husband and wife profited continually together.

Mrs. Shernwood was a bright and shining light in her own neighbourhood. She had fearful family trials, and suffered much from sickness and the growing infirmities of old age; but she clung to Christ, and, although she never took a prominent part in His work, she was always taking opportunities to speak to people at home about their sins. She has often been seen near the penitent form trying to lead and weep her sons to Calvary.

A SUDDEN CONCLUSION.

The last Sunday of her life she attended the Limehouse Hall, to which she often went after becoming too ill to get frequently to Whitechapel. Her husband coming home late found her lying on the sofa reading the Bible. "How late you are," she remarked to him. "There were some penitents," he replied, "and I was lending a hand to get them saved."

She told him what difficulty she had had to find the text and hymns, her eyesight being so bad; but she said, "We had a beautiful sermon from Bro. Robinson; it did my heart good."

After breakfast the next morning she remarked, "I shall be able to walk up with you nicely to the hall to-night." She was preparing to go to Brother Pearson's farewell tea at Whitechapel that evening.

But only a few minutes afterwards her husband was called back to the house to find her lying unconscious on her bed. Three hours later she had passed away from infirmity and care for ever to the great home on high. A great company gathered round her grave, and the addresses delivered then and her funeral sermon have, we trust, been the means of making many ready for the death summons, however suddenly it may come.

N.B.—We much regret that the notes of Brother Weakley's memoir have been mislaid. All being well, we shall insert them in our next number.