

The Christian Mission Magazine.

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About Repentance.

By G. S. RAILTON.

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IS there an act required of men called repentance? There certainly was a time when God commanded all men to repent; but from what we hear from many to-day, one would naturally suppose that the time for repentance is past and gone. Indeed, there are people who go so far as to condemn repentance, and who are never tired of urging the importance of laying "deadly doing down;" in which "deadly doing" they include repentance as one of the deadliest and most ruinous doings of men.

So clear are the commands to repent all through God's Word, so numerous and so detailed are the repentances recorded in the histories and in the Psalms, and so evident is the need of repentance to every thoughtful mind, that it would seem absurd to argue for it were it not for the persistence of many in denying the need of it. We cannot imagine that any one, however, could gainsay the necessity of repentance, except from confusion of thought or confusion of terms on the subject, and it is, therefore, of the greatest importance to express clearly what is true on this vital question.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE?

We fear the world has been kept very much in the dark on this subject through the use of this word of Latin derivation, instead of the plain Saxon "turning back," which would convey at once to every mind the whole meaning of repentance.

There are only two ways of living, two ways of thinking, feeling, and acting—the one pleasing to God, according to His will, and leading to heaven, the other displeasing to God, breaking His laws, and ending in hell. Every human being naturally starts in the latter course, and none but those who turn back can ever reach the City of God. Can anything be simpler than this? How can any man fail to see that to get out of the wrong way into the right way we must retrace our steps? This turning back on the part of man must necessarily affect his whole being, seeing that the mind, heart, and body of man, must all be travelling together, no matter on what road he journeys.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE OF MIND?

We know well what it is after dealing for years with some house of business to make up our mind to have done with it, and to buy elsewhere. New information has led us to turn away from that door, and to seek another. Just such a change of mind takes place when the soul that has long been travelling the downward course turns round, and begins to flee from the wrath to come. But mark, this is not salvation; it is only repentance. You may leave the shop that has given you underweight only to enter another where you are overcharged, and many, alas! who turn away from the empty world nowadays, are, we fear, deluded into the acceptance of a false peace, which will cost them an eternity of woe.

It is customary with some constantly to teach that "there is life for a look at the crucified One." So, thank God, there is; but no one can take that saving look at Christ while their backs are still turned upon Him; no one can get a fine view of what is behind them by looking over their shoulder. We can most of us remember the pleasure we had in childhood's days in running backwards, especially when running on some soft footing, where frequent tumbles were of no consequence. We can also remember that next to the pleasure of the runner was that of the onlooker, who could see the zigzag course which the other necessarily took. We have, doubtless, a lively recollection of the fatigue this attempt at reversing the order of nature produced; but which of us can remember a journey of importance performed successfully backwards? No, no; common sense should assure everyone that a man does not come to Jesus till he has first turned his back upon the devil. There must be a complete change of mind before there can be a change of conduct.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE OF HEART?

Ah, how common an experience amongst men, even in relation to their everyday affairs! "How is the gold become dross?" might we not truly say of the cherished treasures of many a heart. Men toil and long and weary themselves in seeking something which when found their poor weary hearts turn from with loathing, until, by-and-by, we have, alas! too often either the abandonment of every lofty aim, or despair and suicide.

Perhaps no one so frequently and so terribly presents us with a picture of heart repentance as the poor drunkard. The night of his revelry and sinful pleasure past, he wakes to find out how low his folly has sunk him, and how baseless were the frenzied joys of his night's debauch. The exhilarating influence of the drink gone, he sees himself the poor wreck of human nature, the sport of folly and of every weak impulse. His head aches, and his heart grows sick at the sight of his misery, until, goaded by the pangs of his physical and moral nature alike, he starts on the desperate errand of drowning his senses again, or even of drowning himself.

Such is precisely the condition of every truly repenting sinner's heart when he sees his vileness, and sees how far he is from hope, and happiness, and God. But, alas! how seldom, comparatively, do we hear and see men and women thus filled with shame and sorrow on account of their sins! When such an one comes trembling, groaning, and weeping to the foot of the Cross, the very professors of religion stare and say, "Oh, what excitement!" Would to God there were more of it! More of it now—more of it at once, for there will be plenty of it by-and-by when it is too late for ever.

Not that we would for a moment attempt to prescribe the depth and length and breadth of the godly sorrow that repentance unto life worketh. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and no one can say to what extent a man is sorry for his sins. But whether the anguish convulse the whole nature, or be scarcely visible without; whether it last a few moments only, or endure for months, there must be this turning back of the heart from sin and death ere a man will seek the only Saviour. It is perfectly true that sorrow for sin will not save a man, and there is no merit about such sorrow. There is no merit about the downcast looks, the tears, and sighs, of the child who disobeyed his parents, nor will they in themselves save him from punishment; but forgiveness can neither be granted nor received—even if pronounced by foolishly indulgent lips—forgiveness cannot be realized, by that child until it has first felt the grief of a convicted offender. And, doubtless, in most cases where we find people reckoning themselves Christians, and yet admitting that they have not the witness of the pardon of their sins, the truth is that there never has been the earnest sorrow of the penitent night of weeping, which must precede the morning joy of reconciliation.

WHAT IS PRACTICAL REPENTANCE?

Call it, if you please, repentance of life or of conduct; a turning back in practice from sin to right-doing. Not that a man must, in order to gain Salvation, begin "to do well." That is impossible; for "he that is in the flesh cannot please God;" but before a man can be saved he must "leave off to do evil." He must, in fact, commit himself to a life of resistance to his old master—the devil—and of obedience to God, whom he has, up to this time, treated as his enemy. Now it is just this committing oneself to God's side which men are, above all things, loth to do. Under the mighty influence of the Holy Ghost men cannot avoid such an enlightenment of the mind as almost compels the formation of good resolutions, and such a softening of the heart as almost amounts to grief on account of sin; but when the question comes home to the will—Shall I yield or not? alas! how many millions turn away their faces from Jesus and plunge into deeper darkness, rather than turn round and follow Him. To meet this case, so fearfully common, the devil has invented one of his most plausible and most heartless lies—"not to-day," words in

which countless myriads of the hearers of the Word yearly pronounce their own doom.

To retreat is a disgrace against which human nature universally revolts. It is a total denial of oneself, a self-abasement which strikes at every idol in the heart's temple at once. To say, publicly, "I have sinned, entreat the Lord for me," is bad enough; but even proud Pharaoh got so far, again and again. But the most terrible of all the plagues of Egypt were necessary to lead him to abandon his sinful course and let the Lord have His way; and then the consequences of the submission were no sooner realized than Pharaoh, like millions of little-earth hearers of to-day, repented of his repentance, and went forth to fight with God again—and to die. When generals are beaten and have to return from the foe, they never "retreat" if it can be avoided. They "execute strategic movements," or "reorganize their forces," or "await reinforcements in strong positions;" anything, rather than confessedly *turn back*. Just so with sinners; seeing and feeling their guiltiness and need of salvation, they will do anything rather than turn round before men and publicly admit that their life, so far, has been wrong, and that they have been on the way to hell. Alas! how many will be for ever degraded by this fatal pride to the lowest depths of horror and darkness!

Let us at least warn our fellow-men always, and in all possible plainness, of the necessity of turning back to God with full purpose of heart. The more deceit prevails amongst religious teachers, the more unfashionable it becomes to demand of all men everywhere, in God's name, a thorough humbling of themselves before Him, the more let us insist upon this requirement of common sense as well as of Scripture.

To pretend that men inquire after salvation before they feel their own danger of destruction, to talk of men "believing the word of God," when it tells of Christ's love for sinners, before they have felt their own sinfulness, is to mock the intelligence of an average child. If the word of God be true at all, then we are all "by nature the children of wrath"—of God's wrath, on account of our abominable doings. Ere that wrath can pass from us we must drink to the dregs the cup of trembling before our God, for however men may trifle with themselves and one another, they cannot mock God. The man who has sown to the flesh—and who has not?—will as surely reap corruption as there is a God in heaven, unless, becoming thoroughly conscious of the wickedness of his past sowing, he confesses it, giving it up, and asking God's forgiveness for it. There is no way of escape but one. Every human being must turn back to God, or go on to the devil. May God help us ever to sound aloud a clear trumpet-warning on the subject to our poor, wandering fellow-men!

The world is willing to hear a great deal about the excellence of Christ, the salvation of humanity, the elevating influence of Christianity, the value of religion, and so forth; but to tell men that they are all condemned criminals, who must repent or die for ever—

all that is rant and enthusiasm. The world strongly objects to such teaching—hates it, in fact—and will, we trust, always hate us as its faithful witnesses. God grant us grace to stand by the truth, and "having done all, to stand"! Amen.

Flames of Fire.

THE REV. WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.



HE was born September 3rd, 1708, at Brindle, in Lancashire, and educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. For three years after his ordination he followed the course of this world; but in 1734 he felt his need of Salvation, and began to pray in secret four times a day. For several years he sought the Lord with strong cries and tears, when his sorrow was turned into joy. In 1742 he quitted Todmorden for the perpetual curacy of Haworth. The church was soon filled, though he preached in it three times on the Sabbath. He preached in the hamlets in his own parish, and also in the adjoining parishes, sometimes as many as thirty sermons in a week. Those who were converted under his ministry he formed into classes. In 1745 he united with Mr. Wesley, though his church was always open to Mr. Whitefield and other Gospel ministers. He often preached out of doors, at feasts or wakes, and was useful to thousands. During his late affliction, when asked by the Rev. H. Venn the state of his mind, he replied, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I was in it." At another time he said, "I have nothing to do but to step out of my bed into heaven. I have one foot on the threshold already." His last words were, "Here goes an unprofitable servant." He died April 7th, 1763, in his fifty-fifth year. He was buried at Ludenden, in the parish of Halifax. Few men have been more zealous, laborious, self-denying, or successful. He was a burning and a shining light. A few such ministers would soon turn the wilderness into a fruitful field. The following anecdotes will interest and edify devout readers.

A REMARKABLE REVELATION.—After he had been for some years under deep convictions for sin, one Sabbath morning, while reading the service in the church, he was seized with a dizziness, so that he could not proceed. He was helped out of the church to the clerk's house. Expecting it to be death, he earnestly exhorted the people, as he passed down the aisle, to fly to Christ. As soon as he was seated his arms and legs became as cold as death. Those about him kept rubbing him with hot cloths more than an hour, but he got no heat. While this was doing, with his face erect and eyes open, he fell into a trance, in which he saw a dark, foul passage, into which he must go; and being entered saw a very high wall on the right hand, on the other side of which was heaven; and another on the left hand, on the other side of which was hell. He heard somewhat of a conference betwixt God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, concerning him, and for a long time it seemed to go hard with him; for God the Father would leave him to be punished, because

he had not wholly relinquished his own righteousness, to trust solely to Christ; but the Lord Jesus pleaded for him. A long time he was held in suspense, hoping, yet fearing, till at last he saw the Lord Jesus thrust down His hands and feet, as it were below the ceiling, while he remarked that the nail-holes were ragged and bluish, and streamed with fresh blood. Instantly he was filled with a joyful assurance. His arms and legs at once grew comfortably warm; he rose up, found himself perfectly well, was filled with joy in the Holy Ghost, and cheerfully performed the afternoon service.

PRAYER AT THE RACES.—Mr. Grimshaw frequently attempted, by kind entreaty with the innkeepers and others, to put a stop to the mischievous custom, but in vain. Unable to prevail with men, he addressed himself to God, and for some time made it a subject of fervent prayer that the Lord would be pleased to stop these evil proceedings in His own way. When the race-time came, the people assembled as usual, but they were soon dispersed. Dark clouds covered the sky, which poured down such excessive rains, that the people could not remain on the ground, and it continued to rain excessively during the three days appointed for the races. The people said, "Old Grimshaw put a stop to the races by his prayers." There have been no races at Haworth from that day.

DUES NOT EXACTED.—When the dues were brought, he received them, but never exacted them. He used to tell his parishioners, "I will not deserve your curses, when I am dead, for what I have received for my poor labours among you; I want no more of you than your souls for my God, and a bare maintenance for myself."

HIS INTERRUPTION OF WHITEFIELD.—When the Rev. George Whitefield was preaching in Haworth Church, he intimated that it was not necessary to enlarge on certain evils before hearers who had long enjoyed the benefit of such a faithful preacher. This aroused Grimshaw, who instantly stood up, and interrupted him, saying with a loud voice, "Oh! sir, for God's sake do not speak so; I pray you do not flatter them: I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."

PRAYER AFTER A SERMON.—The Rev. John Pawson once heard him offer the following prayer after preaching from Psa. xxxiv. 9:—"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; take all these poor people under thy care, and bring them in safety to their own houses, and give them their suppers when they get home; but let them not eat a morsel till they have said a grace; then let them eat and be satisfied, and return thanks to Thee when they have done. Let them kneel down and say their prayers before they go to bed; let them do this for once, at any rate, and then Thou wilt preserve them till the morning."

DRUNKARDS RUNNING FROM THE PARSON.—While the psalm before the sermon was singing, he would frequently leave the church to see if any were absent from worship, and idling their time in the churchyard, the street, or the alehouses. A friend of the Rev. J. Newton was passing a public-house in Haworth, on a Sunday morning, and saw several persons making their escape out of it, some jumping out of the lower windows, and some over a low wall. He was at first alarmed, fearing the house was on fire, but on inquiring what was the cause of the commotion, he was told that they saw the *Parson* coming.

HIS HOSPITALITY.—He had occasionally many visitants. When the house was full, he would lodge as many as he could, would give up his

own bed, and then he would retire to sleep in the hay-loft, without giving his friends the least intimation of his purpose. A friend was not a little surprised to find Mr. Grimshaw early one morning cleaning the boots of his guest.

HIS REPROOF TO A NOBLEMAN.—A nobleman, who was very fond of disputation, was anxious to draw Grimshaw into a dispute, but was met thus:—"My lord, if you needed information, I would gladly do my utmost to assist you; but the fault is not in your head, but in your heart, which can only be reached by a Divine power. I shall pray for you, but I cannot dispute with you."

NEGLECTERS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.—He could go and stand before the doors of such and preach, telling them, "If you will not come to church to hear me, you shall hear me at home; and, if you do perish, you shall perish with the sound of the Gospel in your ears."

THE BISHOP AND MR. GRIMSHAW.—The bishop, thinking it his duty to lay some restraint upon him, announced his intention to hold a confirmation-service in Mr. Grimshaw's church; and expressed a wish to have an interview with him on that occasion. They accordingly met in the vestry of Haworth Church on the day appointed; and while the clergy and laity were assembling in great numbers to see his lordship and be present at the confirmation, the following conversation took place:—"I have heard," said the bishop, "many extraordinary reports respecting your conduct, Mr. Grimshaw. It has been stated to me that you not only preach in private houses in your parish, but also travel up and down, and preach where you have a mind, without consulting either your diocesan or the clergy into whose parish you obtrude your labours; and that your discourses are very loose; that, in fact, you can, and do, preach about anything. That I may be able to judge for myself of both your doctrine and manner of stating it, I give notice that I shall expect you to preach before me and all the clergy present in two hours hence, and from the text which I am about to name." After repeating the text, the bishop added, "Sir, you may now retire, and make what preparation you can, while I confirm the young people." "My lord," said Mr. Grimshaw, looking out of the vestry door into the church, "see what multitudes of people are here! why should the order of the service be reversed, and the congregation kept out of the sermon for two hours? send a clergyman to read the prayers, and I will begin immediately." After prayers Mr. Grimshaw ascended the pulpit, and commenced an extempore prayer for the bishop, the people, and the young persons about to be confirmed; and wrestled with God for His assistance and blessing, until the congregation, the clergy, and the bishop were moved to tears. After the service the clergy gathered round his lordship, eager to ascertain what proceedings he intended to adopt in order to restrain Mr. Grimshaw from such rash and extemporaneous expositions of God's holy word. The bishop looked round upon them with paternal benignity, and taking Mr. Grimshaw by the hand, said in a tremulous voice, and with a faltering tongue, "I would to God that all the clergy in my diocese were like this good man." Mr. Grimshaw afterwards observed to a party of friends whom he had invited to take tea with his family that evening, "I did expect to be turned out of my parish on this occasion; but if I had, I would have joined my friend Wesley, taken my saddle-bags, and gone to one of his poorest circuits."

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INSURE AT ONCE!!

Pull for the Shore.

1. LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Heaven's land.
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er;
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore!

CHORUS—Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore;
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

2. Trust in the life-boat, sailor; all else will fail;
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale;
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar,
Watch for the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
3. Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" Pull for the shore.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

WHEN crosses are nearest,
When losses thou fearest,
When friends beloved dearest
Are missed from thy side;
When heart-strings are breaking,
When joys are wings taking,
When hope's throne seems quaking,
The Lord will provide.

When earthly friends leave thee,
When bitter words grieve thee,
When loved ones deceive thee,
In Jesus confide.
His fond arm shall press thee,
His true love caress thee,
His word is to bless thee,
The Lord will provide.

When hot tears are falling,
When troubles appalling,
Seem constantly calling
All faith to deride;
When almost despairing,
When life seems past bearing,
When "no one" seems caring,
The Lord will provide.

His grace shall sustain thee,
His mercy constrain thee,
His goodness maintain thee
Whate'er may betide.

His word stands for ever,
His help faileth never
In all thy endeavour,
The Lord will provide.

PEACE.

To get permanent rest and calm, which no wave of circumstances can overwhelm, we must look off from frames and feeling, and let our mental eye be fixed only on the unflinching perfection of Christ's power and faithfulness and love, and on the unalterable stability of the finished work. Let these only be our constant reliance and content; as we can more clearly realise the experience of these attainments, we shall be kept from unbelief and depression in seasons of cloud and weakness. Let us in no wise allow ourselves to rest on anything we may do, or look for an instant on any strength of faith for support, or seek consolation in the fervency of our prayers. Say to the loving, precious Jesus—Thou only art my hope, my peace, my joy—Thou hast begun, carried on, and Thou wilt finish the work of my salvation—to Thee, and to Thee alone shall be all the glory, and all the praise.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

CHILDHOOD is the playgame of our existence in this life—maturity of age is its earnestness.

This life is the playgame of our being—eternity is its earnestness. S.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

The Month.



THE time of excursions and holidays, of vacation and leisure, has not brought to the Mission any relaxation in its labours or any alleviation of its conflicts. We have had our excursion, and a glorious time of power and salvation it was; we have enjoyed the beauties of nature and praised the Lord for renewed health and strength; but the conflict has been intensified and the army has pushed on unintermittingly.

The beautiful weather has made our open-air work unusually attractive and successful, and instead of hearing, as might well have been expected, of diminished congregations indoors, we find that station after station is able truthfully to say that their Sunday evening congregation has been larger than ever during the month.

The month will ever be remembered as the one in which we commenced one of the most desperate assaults upon the kingdom of Satan ever engaged in by the Mission, and we are most thankful to be able to say our entering into Soho has not been in feebleness, but in power and victory, as we think all our friends will agree after reading the report.

With regard to the further extension of the work, our cry is still for men, and we trust that ere long we shall be so far provided for in this requisite as to be able, at any rate, to enter upon some of the spheres into which we are urged. On this subject we cannot rest. Millions are around us in the arms of death and hell. We must push on without hesitation or misgiving to carry the loud voice of warning to these perishing ones.

THE EXCURSION

To Southend on the 28th July was, undoubtedly, the best in the history of the Mission. The heavy rain which fell on the early morning of the day was, no doubt, the means of keeping back hundreds who would otherwise have been with us, yet in the numbers present, as well as in every other particular, the day was full of blessing and success.

Quite a strong company from Hammersmith arrived at the Bishopsgate Station, mostly wet through, but the rain seemed utterly incapable of damping any one's spirits all through; in fact, one woman gave us no little amusement at the very break of day by remarking, as she stood dressed on her doorstep, "Here's a soaker for us," as though the Mission could appreciate and enjoy a

wet day quite as much as a fine one. And so, thank God, it can! Crowds were waiting for the first train at Bethnal Green, Old Ford, and Stratford, where it was filled up, the second train taking up the Poplar Circuit friends at Barking.

Soon after we got away from the second place the rain ceased, then the clouded sky began to clear, and before the journey came to an end, the sun was shining brightly, and we saw that we had got one of the finest days imaginable for our holiday. It must, however, be confessed that little attention was paid to the weather during the morning, for the company in every compartment seemed to be fully occupied in singing.

About ten o'clock we arrived at

Southend, some 1,100 strong, and forming a procession, marched off singing to the cricket-ground. After prayer and refreshment here, we set off for the cliffs, where a great prayer-meeting was held. By this time the boat which conveyed the Chatham friends had arrived at the pier-head; the pier being upwards of a mile long, however, some time elapsed ere this reinforcement came fairly ashore. Up they came at length, however, a hundred strong, led by Bro. Dowdle and Bro. Carter, once renowned as the terror of Bombay. The meeting between Chatham and London was a scene never to be forgotten. It was the junction of two sections of a victorious army, and the bystanders might well look on in amazement as the men of both divisions, with heavenly joy beaming on their faces, mingled their shouts and songs of praise together.

Then we went singing on to an open space at the lower end of the town, where we formed a ring, in which, after some prayer and singing, Mr. Booth performed a sort of marriage ceremony between the Mission and Chatham. A gentleman, struck by the harmony and practical Christianity displayed, sent a marriage fee of 10s. towards the funds of the Mission.

The Chatham friends now went off to the cricket-field for refreshments, after partaking of which they formed a large ring and commenced an experience-meeting, in which many wonderful stories of redeeming love were told; after which a prayer-meeting was held where several poor sinners, kneeling on the grass, wept their way to Calvary. In the meantime Miss Pollett was holding a Drunkards' Rescue Demonstration at the foot of the main street, near three or four large hotels. Several dear brethren were having prayer-meetings and giving exhortations on the pier, and another large open-air service was in progress on the cliffs.

The two open-air companies processioned to the cricket-ground at tea-time, and came up in time to relieve the Chatham friends, whose prayer-meeting was continued during the tea hour. So great was the increase of would-be tea-drinkers upon last year's number, that the contractor's arrangements were found to be quite inadequate for the supply, and thus we had the opportunity of exhibiting passive as well as active religion. Tired, hungry,

and thirsty as the people were, they bore the disappointment with remarkable equanimity, and marched off, in many cases tealess, but not joyless, to the great

DEMONSTRATION ON THE CLIFFS.

The members of the Mission are often showing forth the praises of Him who has bought them with His precious blood, and they have had glorious times while so doing amid the lovely scenes of Dunorlan, Hampton Court, and Richmond, as well as amid the crowds of the East End; but never before was there such an assemblage of witnesses as on the Southend cliff, and never such a time of glory and joy. Let us try, without mentioning names, or pretending exactly to repeat over the substance of all that was said, to give enough of the experiences there told, to convey to those who were not present with us some idea of what we heard.

Mr. Booth, on opening the meeting, said—"That as the Chatham friends had to leave soon, he would like Bro. Dowdle to say a few words on their behalf, in the first place."

Bro. Dowdle then told us how, in the open air, the Lord was still blessing Chatham labourers:—

The landlords of the public-houses facing our main open-air stand on the Military Road had engaged the best soldier singers they could get, to come and sing, with the hope of drowning the sound of the open-air service; but, with a concert going on on each side of them, the voices of the followers of Jesus still prevailed, and their notes of praise swelled above every other sound; the glorious work of salvation was still going on—whole families being brought to Christ. He hoped we would all remember Chatham in our prayers.

No sooner had Bro. D. concluded, than a brother rushed into the centre of the ring to secure the next turn; indeed, no one got a chance of speaking, without a very rapid seizure of fleeting opportunity. The speeches were short, and each one confined to personal experience.

Said No. 1.—I was indeed low sunk in sin when the Lord saved me. Indeed, I was so miserable, that I attempted to commit suicide; but a man seeing me by the canal side, called after me, "Come away from there," and compelled me to go home. Notwithstanding my sad state, however, when I was asked to attend the Mission services, I said, "I

shan't go among those ranters!" But, praise God! at length I was induced to come to an excursion, and I brought my flute with me. But I could not play that day; I felt wretched, and I got no rest till I knelt down upon the grass and sought salvation. Now, praise God! I stand opposite the very public-houses where I used to drink, to preach, and when the publican would like to shift me, my old companions say, "No; let him alone, we know he's right, and he wants to do us good."

No. 2 entered the ring with a satchell slung over his shoulder.

Mr. Booth.—You look as though you were on tramp. I have heard you say that you have drank old ale to make you happy in every county town in England?

No. 2.—Oh, yes! and if I had to go on tramp again, I should know well enough how to tie the "hoppers" (shoes) on with a clothes-line; but, thank God! I have learnt better things than that. It was the best day's work I ever knew when God saved the journeyman tailor. My poor old mother's prayers were heard at last, and now I am on my journey home to meet her there.

No. 3.—Well, if God can save men of all trades, I am here to say that he can save navvies too. I thank God for the women. It was Mrs. Booth that came and laid hold of my heart. May God send many more female preachers! I had been a thief, a swearer, and a drunkard; and if God can save me, I am sure he can save any one here to-day.

No. 4.—You have heard about people being saved in all sorts of towns. I praise God He can save not only in any town, but where there are no towns at all. He can save the poor gipsy; and since I was converted I can count up fifty gipsies that have found salvation. (Noticing two policemen on the outskirts of the crowd, the speaker went on—) Praise God! He can save policemen, too. It is sin that has made policemen necessary, and I am always glad to see them, and to speak a word to them about their souls. A policeman I know on Wanstead Flats told me that, the other day, as he was reproofing a prisoner he was taking up, for swearing, he had such a sight of Jesus as filled his soul with glory, and from that hour he has been rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Oh, yes, praise God! He can save anybody, anywhere. Do give your hearts to Him to-day.

No. 5.—Praise God, He can save farmers too! The grace of God found me when I was hoeing turnips in a field. When I sought for mercy, God said to me, "But you won't give up all?" "Yes, I will," I said; and the hunting, the silver spurs, the yellow kid gloves, and the silver-mounted whip, were all put away. The last four months have been the happiest I ever had, and I am determined to do all I can for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

No. 6.—Well, I can tell you that God has saved a sailor, 53 years before the mast, a drunkard, and one of the worst men that ever lived. I have been in irons 90 days, have been in prisons in all parts of the world, and have had many a dozen lashes at the gangway, in the service of the devil; but now God has saved my soul, and I'm on my way to glory.

No. 7.—As I have been listening, I have thought, "Well, God can save anywhere, and those who are not saved will be damned, wherever they come from. I used to think myself happy, and believed I was converted, when I was not; but now, praise God, I am journeying to a brighter country than Southend. May many of its inhabitants meet us there!"

No. 8.—Thank God, He saved me when I was a potman, standing behind the bar of a public-house! I was a drunkard too, for I knew how to get into the cellar and have a "skinful" of drink. I have been in "college" too—not in Oxford or Cambridge, but in gaol. And my soul was in prison too; but now I am free, body and soul, and have got something to shout about. Many a time in the dark night I have crept about among the trees poaching; but now I love Jesus, and I can sing His praises.

No. 9.—I know my sins are all forgiven. I have been "in college" too more than once, for I was a thief; but now I am on my way to heaven. I am sure all my sins are forgiven. I was bound in strong irons; but Jesus set the prisoner free. He saves the gipsy in his van, for God can find a sinner out anywhere. The Spirit of God has followed me through a wood on a dark night, when I was poaching, and now it is six years since I found the Lord.

No. 10 (the wife of No. 9).—I don't think the men should have all the speaking to themselves. God has got my heart, and I am sure He shall keep it, for Jesus is the best Friend in the world.

A servant girl said to me the other day, "Will you tell me my fortune?" "No," I said, "I've done with all such as that; but I'll tell you what Jesus has done for my soul. God has said, 'Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; and He means you and me.'" I talked to her about her soul till the tears came into her eyes, and she promised me to pray for herself. When we parted she begged my pardon for insulting me by asking me to tell her fortune. I often get insulted, but the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. My husband said to me, one day, "I'm going to chapel, to give up all for Jesus." He could not get me to go with him; but his words set me thinking about my good old mother. I sat sewing when my boy brought home the news that his father had got converted. I got on my knees alone to pray, and then went to bed. When my husband came home he wanted me to get up and pray; but I wanted to keep my soul's trouble all to myself. But I couldn't sleep; I lay there and wet my pillow with my tears. Ah! those are the tears God wants to see shed. In the morning I got on my knees, and sought and found salvation.

No. 11.—Christ is my salvation. I am not hoping to be saved; I am saved by the blood of the Lamb. My wife is on the way to heaven too. My mother, when she was a-dying, clapped her hands, and said, "Praise His holy name!" That's the religion for me! Seven of the family are on the way to heaven too. When I was in the world I thought I knew more than most folks; but when I came to Jesus I found I was like a little wasp, knowing nothing and unable to do anything. Do you think now that religion ummans me? Do I look any the worse for being a Christian? [No one who looked at the happy face of this six-foot believer could possibly think so.]

No. 12.—God can save eostermongers. I could scarcely read two words when the Lord saved my soul. The Spirit can change any one as much as me—there must be a change of heart. If you only knew how happy the Lord makes us, you would at once give up your sins and come to Jesus.

No. 13.—I think we are like a lot of rough trees out of the wood that God has taken in hand, and He will make us beautiful by-and-by. The devil led me far astray; but I never forgot my dying mother's words—"My boy,

meet me in heaven." Those words came into my mind once in the middle of a fight. The tears came into my eyes, and I couldn't see to fight, and got beaten. Any time is God's time, and any one can be saved. If God can save such a fellow as me, He can save any one else.

No. 14.—As we were beating along in the wet this morning I heard no grumbling, for the grace of God in a man's heart will put everything right. I believe that true religion, as enjoyed and lived out by the members of this Mission, is the thing to make any man happy. I would sooner lose a limb than give up my Jesus. Last night I saw two men come to the penitent-form, who were at our Sunday-evening service. They ought to have yielded to Christ then, but they would not, and they went home to bed, but not to sleep. Oh, that the power of God may so be felt in all our meetings that sinners shall be compelled to yield to Jesus!

No. 15.—We are so glad—I am so glad—that Jesus loves me, and not only so, but that we know it. All classes of sinners are here who have come and sought for pardon, and now they know that they have got it. Pharisees, some of us were, going to the house of God, and thinking ourselves good Christians, till God revealed to us our need of salvation, and now we know that Jesus loves us. A little while ago I was away ill and almost blinded, but I felt sure that Jesus loved me, and that He would do the best for me. It makes us doubly glad to tell others we love Jesus.

No. 16.—You perhaps think it a strange thing to see a black man stand up to speak for Jesus. It's pleasant to know that God gave His Son to suffer and die for us all, and that all are specified. There are multitudes of all nations in heaven. I have got a "darkey" mother in heaven; she said, when she was dying, "Willie, meet me in heaven." She prayed for me in death, and at last her prayers were answered. I was digging for gold in California when God found me out. He dug the horrid, dark, damp devil out of my heart, lifted me up and showed me how to dig for gold that will not decay. We shall all make fortunes. The devil was whipping me round this way [running to the left], but Jesus stopped me, and turned me right round, and now I am running towards the Sun of Righteousness, which shines brightly on me.

"On ruin's brink, I almost fell—
Glory to God! I'm out of hell."

No. 17.—I heard the preaching in the open air and was led to Christ, and there has been light ever since I came to Him. I have three little children gone to glory, and I am going to meet them there. My dear husband's gone there too. My son was at a meeting the other night, and Miss Booth spoke to him and got him to come to the penitent-form and give his heart to Christ.

Our time was gone, and the experience had to be concluded, in order that there might be an opportunity for strangers to come and yield themselves to Christ. Three large rings were formed, and while the united prayers of God's people rose on the evening air, several poor sinners pleaded for mercy. Hundreds of visitors and residents were around us, some evidently under conviction, some well pleased, while others, mocking, said, "Madness—excitement." Traveling musicians were there waiting, non-plused, while their music was silenced by the sound of prayer and praise; and when we rose from our knees and marched off singing to the railway station, the whole town was moved at the sight. The last moments remaining at the station were employed in proclaiming salvation to the multitude gathered there to witness our departure, and even as the train moved off, kind words of warning and mercy were addressed to the porters and others on the platform.

But the starting of the trains was only the commencement of a new series of services carried on in the carriages. Here souls were pleading for mercy, and while earnest prayer was put up to God in one compartment, sympathetic listeners in the next would make their responses heard through the crevices of the partition, even amidst the rattle of the journey. Thus praying, wrestling, and rejoicing together, we were borne homewards, and we trust that many will look back upon that day as the spiritual birthday of their souls.

WHITECHAPEL.

SINCE we wrote last, the Lord has been evidently with us, confirming the Word, with signs following. The daily porch-meetings, from one till two o'clock, have been blessed to the salvation of many. Not unfrequently have people stayed after the singing and address, and been

enabled to rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven. One day we had

AN OLD MAN SAVED,

who, for forty years, had been resting in a mere form and profession of religion; but, stopping to listen to the singing and address, found there was something more needed than a profession of religion, and in a short time he was brought to realize that which for forty years he had only professed. He continues steadfast, and appears to be ripening for heaven.

A SCOFFER SAVED.

For some time we had observed, and prayed for, a man who was in the habit of attending this dinner-hour service, and now and again disturbing both speakers and hearers by scoffs and ridicule; but at length God found a way to his heart, and he has publicly declared himself on the Lord's side. He has likewise signed the temperance pledge; and, as an evidence of the change, has joined the Drunkards' Rescue Band, and is endeavouring to bring others to the same Saviour, who has done such great things for him.

A YOUNG MAN ON TRAMP

had not been many hours in London when the porch-meeting attracted his attention. He stopped and listened. The Spirit of God awakened him to a sense of his need of Christ; he sought and found salvation, was made happy in redeeming love, and the change is now apparent outwardly as well as inwardly. He has since publicly testified for the Saviour. But the work has not been confined to the porch-meetings. The Lord has blessed the services indoors to the conversion of many. Generally, on a Sabbath evening, after the preaching service, ten or twelve may be found inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" Nor yet is the work confined to the Sabbath; but on the week nights, after preaching, often some are found inquiring their way to Zion.

OUR DRUNKARDS' RESCUE SOCIETY.

THE work of this society is being carried on amidst pleasing signs of the Divine favour. The Lord is indeed forming for us a new society of converted drunkards.

About a month ago one of our people, who had herself been a drunkard, was standing at one of the open-air services

on the waste, when she observed a woman who had formerly been one of her bad companions suddenly leave the crowd and walk quickly away. Hurrying after her, she found this poor drunkard in great distress about her soul. "Oh!" she said, "I listened to the speakers; but when I saw you standing there so wonderfully changed from what you used to be, I could stand it no longer." She was induced, however, to return to the meeting, and then to attend the service in the hall, where she found salvation. She is now another living witness of the power of Christ to save the drunkard. May God preserve her faithful unto death!

LIMEHOUSE

DRUNKARDS' RESCUE SOCIETY.

THIS society is at work in right good earnest. Men are out on Saturday nights picking up the drunkards and taking them home. They are again visited in their sober state, and the result has been that *over two hundred drunkards have been rescued* from that terrible enemy that devours so many of our fellow creatures. Some of these were in a most wretched state through drink. Home all gone; work lost; children afraid of their parents, shoeless, nothing to wear, wretched, miserable. Some have had good situations, and lost them through the drink.

We listened with pleasure to a dear friend who gave us a short address a few weeks since, in which he told us not to pretend to wipe the dust off the chair when asked to sit down in a drunkard's home. We went to a home the other day—home shall we call it? in our opinion, the best term would be the "drunkard's abode." It was impossible to wipe the dust off the chair at this place: there was not a chair nor stool. True, the fire-grate was there, and a woman and four children—wretched, forlorn, and miserable. In one corner of the room lay some straw; in another was a box; and that was all the furniture I saw. When I inquired what was the reason, the reply was, "The drink." I asked the woman if she drank. She confessed she did, for her husband had gone on so it drove her to it. Her husband was a good man when he had no drink; and I found out that was when he had no money. I talked and prayed with the woman; she and her husband promised to come to our meetings, and have been once. We

hope soon to see them at the feet of Jesus. This is the work we are doing at Limehouse in the name and strength of our God. We intend to go on fighting the great battle until we shout victory in the arms of Jesus, and praise Him evermore.

We are in great want of help. Wind and water come into the place we now have, and it is almost suffocating this hot weather. God has greatly blessed us in the old place this past twelve months; but if we had a larger and more comfortable hall, five times the good might be done for the welfare of our fellow men. We are led to weep when we look at this. Will our dear readers make this a matter of earnest prayer, that God will incline some of His stewards to come to the rescue. A freehold site is offered us. We only want the funds.

JOHN ALLEN.

SHOREDITCH.

THE success which has crowned my first month's labours in this Circuit gives cause both for gratitude and encouragement.

The stations have not only been quickened, but many precious souls have been saved.

MY FIRST SABBATH IN SHOREDITCH

was a good one. The rain hindered us from standing in our usual place, but the railway arch in King Street gave us shelter. Like ourselves, many had flocked in to escape a drenching, and this afforded us the opportunity of preaching to them the word of life. Nearly all listened attentively.

Before going to the hall we sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," when many appeared to be deeply affected. The services throughout the day were refreshing. Five souls professed to find faith in Jesus. A man and his wife were smitten by God's Spirit while listening to God's word in the open air. Both wept bitterly. We strove to point them at once to the sinners' friend. As they did not then find peace, we invited them to our experience meeting, and the Lord met them. No sooner had we opened the meeting than both of them fell on their knees, crying to God for mercy. The man was in great agony of soul. After struggling awhile, both stepped into liberty. It appears they had come four miles, not knowing why. Praise the Lord! they went back better than they came.

BETHNAL GREEN

is doing well. Truly God is with us at this station. During the past month upwards of thirty souls have been rescued from Satan's grasp. To God be all the glory!

THE BANK HOLIDAY

was quite a field-day at Bethnal Green. Friends came from all parts of the circuit.

Fresh air was obtained, and a keen appetite secured, by lively and earnest exercises in the open air. Satan sent one of his messengers to try to buffet us; but his effrontery and buffoonery failed to upset our meeting. "Though an host should encamp against us we will not fear." Many thought he belonged to us, but his cut and bleeding face showed what side he was on. This, instead of harming us, only served to show what drink and the devil does for a poor sinner. We hope the Lord will save the man.

After tea we again rallied our forces. Satan and his agents had quitted the field, and we continued the open-air services for over three hours to large and ever varying audiences.

The public meeting in the hall was well attended. It was a meeting that will not soon be forgotten. Many said they never felt so much of the power of God before. Praise the Lord! Four souls found their way to the Cross.

HACKNEY

is looking up. Many are believing we shall see better days. We are anxiously waiting for the erection of our new hall, which will be in a better position for reaching the masses than our present one. We have had some good open-air services, especially on Thursday nights. The services in the hall are improving, and souls are being saved. We want more help, and a deeper baptism of holy fire; then we shall rise.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

At this place we are reviving a little. The classes are getting together, and the friends are expecting to reap a grand harvest of souls as soon as the new hall is ready. At present our labours are chiefly in the open air, yet good is being done, and God is with us.

TOTTENHAM.

OUR congregations at this place are gradually increasing. There are signs of future prosperity. This little society is struggling to overcome difficulties which awhile ago seemed insurmountable. The Lord is evidently leading them on to victory. Oh, that the Lord may make us a thousand times more than we are!

There are several poor persons at Tottenham who would attend our mission had they clothing fit to come in. Will the friends look their wardrobes over and see what they can spare? Remember the poor.

W. J. PEARSON.

LIMEHOUSE.

THE Lord is still blessing us. Praise His holy name! Sunday, June the 28th, was a day long to be remembered at Limehouse. At 5 a.m. we commenced prayer; at 10 we were at our fight in Salmon's Lane; at 11 preaching indoors; at 2 p.m. prayer meeting; at 3 service indoors; at 6 preaching in the open air; and at 7 indoors. At the close of this blessed day ten souls professed to find Jesus; to God be all the praise and glory!

One of these was

A DRUNKEN WATERMAN,

who through the service in the fish-shop in Salmon's Lane first heard the word of truth. He had lived a dissipated life—as many watermen on the river do. Drink had been his ruin. He carried its mark on his face; but the Spirit broke down his hard heart, and like a little child, he fell on his knees and cried to the Lord to save him; and the Lord answered his prayer, and he returned home a new man in Christ Jesus.

A DRUNKEN SAILOR.

This dear man told me that he had ruined his parents through drink. Many times his mother has wept over him and said if the whole world was hers she would give it if her son was converted. "There," he said, "no tongue can tell how bad I have been; go to sea—come home—spend my money as soon as possible—a disgrace to my friends and society; but now I have done with it all. I can sing, and I mean it, too, that beautiful hymn—

"My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell."

"My old shipmates tried to get me in the 'Standard,' but I began to sing—

"My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,"

and walked off about my business."

Will our dear readers pray for this dear brother—it is truly a miracle of grace. By the time this is in your hands, this dear brother will be on the sea; pray for him.

This is the eighth vile sailor won within this new year, and we have seen each of them off to sea happy in the Lord, their colours hoisted on board ship, with a bible and hymn-book in their possession. Oh, may the God of all grace richly bless and keep them steadfast, unmovable, amidst the scoffs and jeers of the ship's company!

ONE OF THE HIGHER CLASS DISGRACED BY DRINK.

The cursed traffic has no respect of persons. If men will take the enemy down their throats, it will steal away their brains. This dear man is of superior education and training, and master of seven languages; but drink had put him to shame. His frailty had quite broken his mother's heart, and his dear wife hardly knew what to do in the matter. Their extremity was God's time to knock again more loudly than ever. On the first Sabbath in July he was passing our hall, on a drunken spree, but the sound of the singing reached his ears. To use his own words, he "wondered what was going on in a broken-down old place like that." He thought he would come and see, and, descending the steps, one of the brethren saluted him with a shake of the hand and "The Lord bless you," and put him in a seat. There he sat and wept as he listened to the Gospel in its simplicity, and thought of his mother's prayers. He was quite broken down, and, when spoken to in the prayer-meeting about his soul, said, "Will God save a wretch like me? I am the worst man in the world. I have disgraced myself and friends beyond measure. Will God save me?" We assured him he was just the man Jesus died for. "What! me?" he replied; and when we answered, "Yes," and asked him if he was willing to take up his cross and come out publicly and acknowledge Jesus, he rose at once, came forward, and, like a little child, cried to God to save him. He was soon set free, rejoiced in God his Saviour, and publicly told us what drink had done

for him—the money he had spent in it, &c.; adding, "But I have done with it all. I mean, by God's help, to meet my mother in heaven." He signed the pledge, declaring solemnly, on his knees, he would neither touch nor taste the drink any more. Friends, pray for him!

A NOTORIOUS DRUNKARD FROM THE BACK SLUMS OF LIMEHOUSE.

For a long time we have sought this man. Again and again he has put us off, making excuses of every kind. He seemed to get worse instead of better; but we laboured on, in the face of discouragements and persecution, in the strength of our great Captain. At last he came to the cellar where we hold our meetings, and the joy of every heart no tongue can tell—especially when he began to cry—yea, roar—out, "O Lord, save me! O Lord, have mercy on a wretch like me!" Many wept for joy. We pleaded with the Lord on his behalf, and soon, through faith, his sins were pardoned. He rejoiced, and it was a time of rejoicing: the prodigal had returned, the wanderer had come home, and the Father received him gladly. Oh, may he be kept steadfast to the end!

A RINGLEADER OF A BAND OF SCOFFERS CAUGHT.

This man for several Sundays had led in persecuting and scoffing in the open air; but at last the Spirit accompanied the word to his heart, and he followed us to the hall, where he was found weeping at the feet of Jesus, and soon was clothed in his right mind.

POPLAR.

God is with us, and sinners are giving their hearts to Him, and their hands to His people.

We are marching on into the devil's territory, singing as we go—

"The lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory, again and again."

We wish some of our country friends could see Crisp Street, Poplar, on a Sunday morning. The scene of ungodliness and misery it presents is enough to convince any one of the urgent necessity for our work. The butchers are crying, "Buy—buy—buy!" the poor half-starved women with black-eyes and bruised faces, and scarcely clothes enough to hide their nakedness, turn-

ing over the block-ornaments on the stalls in the street; the fruiterer is selling his strawberries and cherries, and the fishmonger his fish; the whole street filled with the lowest and worst characters in this part of London, and from almost every other part of the world. Great big navvies with their short pipes stuck in their mouths, and their breeches tucked up to their knees, the filth and debauch of the over-night stained on their slop, going into the dens of infamy and low drinking-houses with which this neighbourhood abounds, to get "a livener," as they call it. Men of a still worse character, known by the name of bullies, carrying the mark of a brute in their faces; a great many Irish Roman Catholics, who have perhaps been to Mass that morning, but who have come out, at any rate, to buy cabbage for their Sunday dinner, and who don't forget to curse us in the name of their Holy Father—all, or some, of these composed the assemblage in the face of which the Christian Mission has planted one of her batteries. While we pour the red-hot shot of the Gospel of Calvary into the devil's fort, they fire at us cabbage stalks and rotten fruit; but, praise the Lord! our men and women can stand fire, for we have a shield that will quell their rage and drive their alien armies back.

A TROPHY.

One of these poor fellows, commonly called "a touter"—one that stands outside of the public-house and gives the signal when the police are coming—was got hold of while standing at his post. One of our men happened to know all about him, took hold of his arm, and began to talk to him very plainly about his soul. The power of God took hold of his heart, and he went with us to the hall. Our friend put him in front; the word went home to his soul, he wept and prayed, and before he left the hall, found peace. He at once signed the pledge, and promised God on his knees, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, that he would never touch the drink any more.

OPENING OF THE SOHO HALL.

"ARE we safe?" asked a friend who came up to us as we stood in Newport Market preaching the other evening, while the butchers threw bad meat at us from the top windows of the houses near. And the question gives no unfair idea

of the new position which we have taken amidst a population perhaps more widely and thoroughly imbued with contempt and hatred of true religion than any even in London. But we can answer, praise God! We are safe; not only safe from injury, but safe to win.

Early on the opening day, the 2nd of August, a noble band of men and women, most of whom had walked several miles, assembled to pray, and then went forth to show their colours in the Newport Market. Here, amidst a dense throng of Sabbath-breakers, the Lord was with us, and our first words in Soho were with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

"Hymn books can be had, a penny each" were the first words heard that morning, as a nice congregation entered the new hall. And if the words grated on some ears, they were anything but displeasing to people who wish to see the masses christianised and not pauperised.

Miss Billups' sermon on the subject of God's separation of a people to himself under both dispensations seemed peculiarly suited to indicate the nature of the work just commencing here, and at the close a strong man knelt in tears seeking mercy.

In the afternoon we missioned the streets at the back of the hall, and surely never was such a hue and cry got up so rapidly. The streets are narrow, and consist of houses four to six storeys high, and each containing one or more families, and as we passed along, every window and door was thrown open, and even over the parapet of the roof the people leaned out of garret windows to see and hear us. A loud howl arose when we essayed to sing; but most of the people listened with great attention while we spoke.

In the evening we formed a large ring in Newport Market, and one speaker after another told their own experience of redeeming love, while the crowd looked on in wonder, and in some cases in tears. We can never forget the faces of some of these people. Women especially were there whose faces bore unmistakable traces of cruel violence. A considerable number of these people followed the procession to the hall, and at the close of the service several sought salvation.

Each night of the following week, in the streets and in the hall, the Gospel was preached with an ever-increasing

interest, and with a great and manifest result on the hearts of the people. In the open air our difficulty was to find any spot where we could be allowed to remain, for we so readily got congregations that "an obstruction" of the whole street was unquestionably created before we could get through a short address. At length, however, we found a street near the hall where a long, blank wall on one side makes it possible for us to stand on the pavement, and a small amount of traffic gives us but little disturbance. But the whole population seems to be imbued with a spirit of suspicion and hatred of Christians such as we have not seen so generally in any other place. We are listened to with great attention, as people who have got something to say, and who are determined to say it; but looks and words in abundance testify to the belief of the onlookers that we are "all paid for it."

The second Sunday-evening service was much better attended than the first, although the open-air work had to be done by a smaller number of workers, and although heavy rain fell during a considerable part of our evening meeting in the open air. Again the convincing Spirit wrought mightily in the hearts of the people, and sinners sought the Saviour.

The gipsies have followed up with the second week, and their mere appearance in the street was sufficient to bring a large crowd together. The lower part of the hall was nightly filled to hear them, and a great many have been deeply moved as they have listened to the simple story of the Cross from their lips. The Lord is with us, and we cannot for a moment doubt that many will speedily be brought to a knowledge of the truth in the very building where the violence and subtlety of the devil have exerted their combined influence upon the people.

CANNING TOWN.

I WILL try to give you a picture of one day's work in this place. Our people met at six o'clock in the morning, and began in right good earnest.

At half-past nine we assembled on the Barking Road Bridge, some forty or fifty strong, and sounded out far and near—

"Hark! the Gospel news is sounding."

A large crowd gathered at once, listening most attentively. The rain

now unfortunately began to fall; but the people stood still, though I, and several of our friends, had by this time got wet through. Many unconverted people turned up their coat collars, listening with an eagerness which the teeming rain could not quench; but it came on so fast, that we were at length obliged to ask our audience to go with us to the hall, and in the prayer-meeting that followed, one man professed to find peace. Hallelujah!

Shortly the rain ceased, the clouds passed away, and we had a beautiful afternoon.

We met again at half-past two, processioned the streets, preaching the Gospel at every corner. Thousands in Canning Town heard the Word that day, who are living in the very depths of sin. Some of the very worst streets and lanes in the place were missioned. When we got down among the Irish, some of them fired at us from over the walls with cabbage stalks and the heads of fowls smeared with blood. Halting in the very midst of the den—two public-houses—our gipsy brethren spoke with great power. Near this spot, a gang of some thirty men and women were playing at pitch and toss; as soon as they saw and heard us marching towards them, upwards of two hundred strong, they made off in all directions, and left us masters of the field.

At the campground we were surrounded by a host of Sabbath-breakers and pleasure-seekers; but the word was with power; hell was defeated, and God was glorified!

At a quarter to six we assembled again on the bridge, and commenced singing—

"Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers."

Before we had finished the hymn, hundreds gathered around us; old grey-headed men and young men, old women and maidens, sobbed under the word. By this time the road and bridge were thronged with people, and when we began to sing—

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,"

I shall never forget to my dying day the impression made on the crowd.

We then marched off to the hall, singing—

"Christ, He sits on Zion's hill,
He receives poor sinners still."

A great many followed us, and the

hall was filled to the door. The King came down; the people shouted; sinners trembled, and five or six rose up at once to tell what God had done for their souls. Eternity itself will only tell what good really was done that day in Canning Town.

WILLIAM GARNER.

15, Ivy Cottages,
Bath Street, Poplar.

HAMMERSMITH.

COULD our readers see the crowds who gather round us in the Broadway, and the thousands who pass us on their way to the railway every Sunday, they would appreciate the necessity for our work here; but it would be necessary for them to accompany us in our house-to-house visitation, in order to see the low neighbourhoods so full of sin and misery which are to be found within a stone's throw of the mansions of the wealthy and of roads frequently traversed by the carriages of royalty.

Great, indeed, is the necessity for special efforts here to reach the masses of the people; so great, in fact, that we are taxed to our utmost to supply their spiritual need.

I thank God our little band is increasing in power as well as numbers, and many have been the hopeful cases of conversion since our short term of labour here. We select a few for the benefit of our readers, not forgetting Him who has conferred such honour upon us as that of pointing a poor sinner to Jesus, sincerely praying that the number of such may be greatly augmented during the coming month.

BINDING UP A BROKEN HEART.

Noticing in one of our meetings a poor woman with a very sorrowful countenance, and weeping bitterly, a friend accosted her, saying that she looked very miserable, but was met with the answer that she was really more miserable than she looked; and among other things she said that for three months she had not had one night's rest. She was a wretched backslider, with a broken, repentant heart. She was led to come back to her Father's home, where, heaven be praised! she found a hearty welcome. The change was so marked in her face that all present united in praising God, who so readily, for His Son's sake, bound up again that poor, broken heart.

LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVE.

Praise God for open-air preaching! Attracted by our singing some well-remembered hymn, a man listened attentively outside, then followed us into the hall, where the Word was with power; but still he seemed as if he were held by a legion of devils, and was some time before he yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit. At last, throwing himself at the feet of Jesus, he cried most earnestly for pardon. He soon sprang to his feet, exclaiming, in a manner that I shall never forget—"Glory to God, He has pardoned all my sins! Glory to God, they are all gone! Glory to God, I am as light as a feather! Glory, glory be to God, although I came in miserable, I am going out happy!" And after praying that that might continue to be his experience, we sang—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

We rejoice to be able to add that within a fortnight two men and their wives have been pointed to Jesus together. They are now meeting with us in class. One of them had heard me some time ago in Southsea, and in a mysterious manner we met here, and coming to the Town Hall to make sure I was the same man, the Lord met her, and, with her husband, she was led, like a little child, to Jesus's feet, where they together sought and found that which is the secret of true domestic as well as all other joys, namely, the favour of God, which is better than life. May the union between Christ and their souls never be severed, either in this world or the next!

A PUBLIC CONFESSION.

Some of my brethren seeing me speak to a man in the meeting who was well known to them, said, "Oh, Mr. L—, that man has been one of the most violent we have ever known—when he was drunk, a blasphemer, a fighting, quarrelsome fellow, both at home and abroad. If he only gets saved, his wife will rejoice to her dying day." We gave ourselves to prayer, which never fails on such occasions. Down went the man on his knees in the middle of the hall, and, after a time, he jumped up and rushed to the penitent-form. Knowing how publicly he had sinned, he felt he ought to come out publicly for Jesus. He soon obtained pardon, and went home praising God for his wonderful

deliverance. Since then he has told me of the change in his conduct at home. No longer now cruel words, and sometimes worse; he now prays with his family, reads his Bible, and chimes in, now and then, with a spiritual song. All glory to Jesus for His unspeakable goodness in breaking in upon the darkness which overshadowed this highly-favoured part of the world! May the glorious work begun never stop until our Heavenly King comes to gather His ransomed ones home! Heaven grant it. Amen.

I sincerely thank those friends who have so kindly assisted us during the past month; but we ask for further help, as it is greatly needed. Money or tracts may be sent to Miss Bazett, 25, Richmond Gardens, Uxbridge Road, W., or to Abraham Lamb, 12, Hetton Street, Hammersmith, W.

CROYDON:

In the name of the God of hosts we are going forth scattering the seeds of eternal life among the perishing sinners of this town. We are keeping an eye on the great object of the Mission, which is to preach to those who attend no place of worship; and to do this we have to take the word of eternal life to them at their homes. While we have much persecution in our open-air efforts, I am thankful to say that we have the practical sympathy of many dear Christians, for we frequently get cheered with a "God bless you," and "I wish you success," which, to us, is like a rift in the cloud, through which the sunbeams reach the soul, that warms and animates us as we journey along sometimes in the gloom. But the joy is great as we remember that—

"Soon we shall pass the desert weary,
Soon we shall bid farewell to pain,
Never more be sad or weary;
Never, never sin again.
Hallelujah!
As kings we shall for ever reign."

There is a vast population scattered about the suburbs of this town, where the Gospel is never proclaimed in the open air, the result of which is, "The news of pardon and joy" never salutes the ears of the people, because there are so many of them who never think to cross the threshold of a place of worship. Where are the helpers?

JOSEPH HEATHCOCK.

86, Waddon New Road, Croydon.

BROMLEY.

WE have just ended a week of special prayer that God will make our new superintendent a great blessing to us, and that this next year may be better in every way than the last. God gave us an earnest of the great blessing to come by bringing one soul to Himself, praise His name! Our friends here can say I stand upon the mountain-top with sunlight in my soul, and they enjoy it, too. Hallelujah! We are in good working order, and neither lack will nor power. Six services on Sunday is our regular work. Three times on Sundays we unfurl our colours in the open air in the face of

CONTINUED PERSECUTION.

Our foes, after having tried to beat us off with scoffs, jeers, stones, fish-bones, rotten apples, bread-crumbs, bunches of turnip-tops, yells, hootings, hot cabbage-water to scald us, cold water to drown us, pushing us about, tearing our clothes, spitting in our face, pulling and rubbing our hair, are now, after having signally failed in that line of business, getting the police authorities on their side; but we shall conquer or die. Some say we are a nuisance, and are getting up a petition to have us removed from the market-square on that ground. Others say we cause "an obstruction"—they have to get off the path when going to church, and walk in the road. "Lock them up," say others. Some are kind enough to say, "Burn them, drown them, do anything with them, only get them out of the way." Will our friends pray for us? The whole place seems up in arms against us. Especially pray that *we may not lose the good stand we have held so long in the market-square*. Any one not labouring here would hardly credit the animosity there is shown to the Gospel. It seems literally that the people will not have it; but our God is with us, and He will bring us off more than conquerors.

On Sunday, though threatened with the lock-up, we were at our post at our usual hour, singing

"Wicked men I'm not to fear
Though they persecute me here."

God was with us, and after a nice service we marched to the hall, singing—

"My Jesus doeth all things well."

Some who thought to see us defeated had to bear the mortification of seeing

us triumph. Hallelujah to our Jesus! It is better than before.

June 28th.—Mr. Railton was with us, and spent a very happy and profitable day. Believers were blessed, and at night three souls found the Saviour, and to the joy of their hearts. Praise the Lord!

Sunday, 5th.—The Lord again made bare His arm, and two poor prodigals returned to the Saviour's arms. We shall not soon forget seeing the husband and wife seeking mercy together. This dear woman was so wrought upon by the blessed Spirit that she left her child in someone's arms while she rushed out to the penitent-form, seeking mercy; and mercy she found, for she soon said, "Oh, He does save me! He does save me!" May they be kept faithful, for Jesus' sake!

R. LANE.

PENGE.

WHAT is Penge like? many of our dear friends who have never seen this new station may well be inclined to ask, and I was very thankful for an opportunity to hunt up an answer to the question by paying the place a visit on the occasion of its first festival, on Tuesday, the 11th August.

Walking, first of all, over the district south of the Crystal Palace Railway, between the Penge and Anerley Stations, I found that in several different neighbourhoods there were not only a large working population already, but that streets of workmen's houses were being built, while I saw no church building making any pretence to adaptation for the working classes within half a mile of our hall.

Long before I reached our headquarters I heard the voice of brother Heathcock leading some twenty people in singing the grand old song—

"I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free,"

and I was delighted to find so many already able and willing to sing this aloud before all the world. Up and down the long street in which the hall is situated, in front of private and public houses alike, the people came out to hear us; and, as our voices were borne on the cool evening air of this almost rural place, I felt how easily we could force the Gospel on the attention of everyone in Penge, till the whole region round about shall at least be

brought under the power of Gospel preaching.

The neat little hall was soon nicely filled, and I was at once struck with the fact that we had already got a real mission congregation in Penge. The singing was full of joy and power, and while the audience within was thoroughly permeated with the mission spirit, I found, when I left the place before the conclusion of the speaking, some gathered round the door, under the same spell of interest and awe which seems to lay hold of the people wherever we go, and makes poor sinners hesitate whether to come inside or run away.

Mr. Field, the brother who used to conduct services in the hall, told us that he had been led to take the hall out of pure love to perishing souls, and he had done what he could there. He had not seen so much fruit of his labour as he should wish, but he believed God would yet show that he had not laboured in vain. Since he turned the place over to the Mission, however, there had been a revival—many had been brought to God, and he was very thankful that the Mission had entered upon that sphere of labour.

This valuable testimony was plainly corroborated by the congregation present, most of them won for Jesus in connection with the services held here. Nowhere has the power of God been more gloriously present to heal than in this little place. The other Sunday a young woman came to the morning prayer-meeting on purpose to seek salvation. "Oh, sir," she said to the leader of the meeting, "I want to be happy." She soon had the desire of her heart satisfied, and another at the morning preaching service also found peace through believing, while scarcely an evening meeting passes without the salvation of some. I came away rejoicing that in Penge also God has made us the instruments of proclaiming His salvation, and of leading sinners to the Lamb of God.

G. S. R.

HASTINGS.

"THE Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble." The Mission here has passed through seas of trouble, but now we can sing—

"His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support us in the 'whelming flood.

When all around our souls gives way,
He then is all our hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, we stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

In answer to prayer He has supplied our every need. Hallelujah! Mrs. Guinness preached in the Market Hall, on Sunday, July 28th. This was indeed a time of much blessing; in the evening one soul came forward, cried for mercy, obtained peace, and went home rejoicing. July 5th, the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness came to our help, taking the services in the Market Hall, and also two open-air services. At the close of the afternoon service we went to the Fish Market, accompanied by many of the congregation, and there Mr. Guinness preached to the crowds streaming through this noted place. On this, and the day previous, a number of excursion trains came in from London, and this service proved a fine opportunity of telling the excursionists the story of the Cross. At the close of the indoor evening service Mr. Guinness took a few friends on to the beach. A crowd of people, numbering between four and five hundred, soon gathered, and listened with great attention. A number of us had stayed in the Market Hall, with the anxious, and indoors and out we had marked signs of good. The following evening one soul cried for mercy in the British School. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

OUR MOTHERS' MEETING

is a great success—composed chiefly of fishermen's wives. We are doing a work here that we could not do in any other way, and are helping some of the most needy in Hastings. We have been led (in connection with it) to establish a Penny Bank and a Maternal Bag.

Will friends please join us at the Throne of Grace that God will raise up friends to help us in this direction?

A TRACT SOCIETY

has been formed, to visit the courts and alleys—but we need tracts. Will a few friends send us 500 of each of the penny numbers of Ashworth's Strange Tales, or something of a similar kind, for this purpose?

NINFIELD.

OUR friends here have been holding camp meetings in the villages round, and so carried the news of mercy to many who do not attend any place of worship.

Friends, please pray for Hastings, Ninfield, Rye, and district. Help, in money to carry on the work, tracts, small books, or cast-off clothing, to distribute amongst the poor, is urgently needed, and may be sent to

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
4, Plynlimmon Road, West Hill,
Hastings.

RYE.

THE Lord is with us here. During this past month the power of God has been wonderfully manifested in our midst, and sinners have been turned from darkness to light. Of these, one had been amongst the worst sinners in Rye, a dreadful drunkard, and everything else that was bad. He had been

TWENTY YEARS BOUND BY THE CHAINS OF STRONG DRINK,

when he came and heard me preach the first Monday night I was here. He was convinced of sin at that meeting, but he went away without giving God his heart. He says, "When I got outside of the chapel that night, I was afraid to move, either to go home or come back to the chapel." He came again the next Sunday, and after a dreadful fight with the powers of darkness, Jesus got the victory, praise His name! The next Sunday he was with us in the open-air, telling his work-mates and companions what the Lord had done for him. He has signed the pledge, and is now trying to do all he can for Christ. This man has been the subject of many prayers. His father has prayed for him for years. He has been a source of great trouble to his dear old mother; and although a lot of people in the town have been praying for his conversion, yet when they heard of it they thought it impossible, and said, "Any one might be saved before this man." But, blessed be God! He can save to the very uttermost.

We have commenced some

COURT AND COTTAGE MEETINGS.

The first one we held, Sisters Y., H., and myself, went to one of the worst courts in Rye, and there, amid the din and noise of tin-kettles which some boys drummed to drown our voices, and while an old man was raging at the top of his voice, we felt that indeed Jesus was precious. At the other end of the town we held another such meeting,

which we shall not very soon forget. Here are a lot of poor people so poorly clad that they never think of going to a place of worship; it did our hearts good while we were talking about heaven to see the poor mothers take the corner of their apron and wipe the tears away. The Lord is blessing the meetings; the people have been praying for a revival, a long time, and now they believe it will break out through these court and cottage meetings. God grant that it may be so! Will our dear brothers and sisters pray for Rye? it is a dreadfully dark, sin-benighted place. We need the prayers of God's children.

LOUISA WALES.

PORTSMOUTH.

PRAISE the Lord! during the month forty-five precious souls have professed to find peace through faith in Christ; but we are praying for the mighty outpouring of the Spirit. We have here a band of self-denying, god-fearing men and women, that are working, praying, and giving for the evangelisation of this borough, which is one of the worst I ever visited. There is a mass of human beings floating to hell on the sea of sensual vice and pleasure.

I spent my first Sabbath at Lake Road. In the morning we gathered round the table of the Lord, and while commemorating that death which purchased our life, we experienced that God did manifest Himself to us in deed and of a truth. At this, our first service, our hearts were knit in brotherly love, and we consecrated ourselves to the God of all grace, to labour lovingly and willingly together in this part of His vineyard.

In the afternoon we sang our way to the open-air battery on Southsea Common, and there preached Christ to the people. While the meeting was going on my heart was rejoiced to see the silent tear stealing down the faces of the hearers. In the evening the hall was well filled to hear the new preacher, and, while speaking, God applied the word to the hearts of many, and at the close three broken-hearted penitents wept their way to the Cross, and sought and found peace. Oh, how our hearts were rejoiced when the husband and wife stood side by side and testified that they had found the pearl of great price! The husband said, "I have been a vile, wicked man; I have run into great

lengths of sin; I have resisted the strivings of the Spirit for many years. I do pray God to keep my wife and me faithful until death." We all praised God and returned home. So ended our first Sabbath.

On the 26th we commenced in right good earnest, having gained the assurance at our Saturday evening prayer-meeting that God would save souls. In the evening I spoke on the "Worth of the Soul," and, while describing the sufferings of lost souls, never shall I forget the awful darkness that pervaded the meeting; it seemed as if Satan was determined to secure the victory. But, praise the Lord! the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" gave us the victory—bless His name! We all pleaded with God for souls, and when I asked any that were desirous of making their peace with God to come forward, sixteen sobbed their way to the penitent-form, and poured out their souls in prayer for the forgiveness of sins. One of these, a young woman, groaned and cried aloud until strong men and women trembled. Never in my experience have I seen anything like this; if ever the devil held supreme power over a soul, he did over this. She cried, in the most plaintive tones, "What can I do, what can I do? Oh, what have I done that I cannot be saved? You say there is mercy for the vilest, what shall I do, what shall I do?" We pointed her to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and for over an hour she wept and prayed, and writhed in agony of soul, until at length she accepted of salvation on God's terms. The calm peace that filled her soul, and the simple, child-like faith she evidenced, caused us all to praise God, saying that "this is marvellous in our eyes." She has since joined the believers' meeting, and testifies that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth her from all sin.

On the following evening I followed up the service in the same train of thought, and God met four others in mercy. We followed up these services, still trusting in our loving God.

Brother Warn, Sen., gave us on the next Sunday morning, one of his touching addresses on the book of Psalms. I followed up in the evening with a band of working men, and God gave us two souls.

On the following Tuesday evening, while speaking from "What think ye

of Christ?" three women cried to God for salvation. One of these said, "I believe that Jesus died for the world, but I cannot believe He died for me," and with a look of despair she asked us to pray for her. We did so, and she did for herself, and presently light shone in upon her soul, and she said, "I do believe, I do believe that Jesus died for me," and with the smile of peace upon her face, she said, "Will all kneel down once more, and ask God to keep me?"

Brother Richardson, one of our elders, has gone home to enjoy the fulness of the Redeemer in that sweet haven of rest. His end was peace. I hope to give a full account of his death in our next.

Will my old friends pray for me, that I may be made a great blessing to this town?

J. M. SALT.

92, Alma Terrace, Lake Road,
Landport, Portsmouth.

CHATHAM.

THE past month has been the best we have known for spiritual power and blessing. Souls are being converted every week, and our members are consecrating themselves afresh to God.

Our open-air work continues to be owned in the salvation of souls. Four open-air services are now held weekly in Chatham; one on the Beacon, and one at Strood.

THE MATTER PUT RIGHT.

A man, while listening at the Military Road, Chatham, was deeply impressed, but went away to try and drown conviction in the public-house. Strolling into Strood one morning when we were preaching in the open air, he listened again, and bought a magazine. In this he was struck with the advertisement about getting pardon of sins, and went home miserable. His wife asked him what was the matter, and he told her he had been to the open-air service, adding, "if I live till Sunday I will have this matter put right." Accordingly, next Sabbath he was at the hall; after the sermon I walked down, took him by the hand, and said: "When are you going to have the matter settled between God and your soul?" He said, "Now, I've come for that purpose." And rising from his seat, he at

once followed me to the penitent-form, where, with the advertisement open before him, he found the pardon and peace of which it told, and in less than five minutes, jumped on to his feet, and told how the Lord had made him happy. Since then his wife has found salvation, and they are both serving God together.

I have received the following from one of our new converts. Oh, may she be kept faithful to the end!

"I can praise the Lord that ever I came to the Lecture Hall. My little boy came home one day and asked me if he might come to the hall, for where he was at work there was a man who had been to the hall, and who said that he had 'been going to hell for nine years, but now he was going to heaven.' When I heard that, I thought I would come myself."

After relating how she came to the service again and again, and how she resisted the powerful influence of the truth, the letter goes on:—

"I could not sleep of a night, I was so unhappy. I tried sin, but that stung me like a serpent. I did not know what to do. I had a besetting sin, which, it seemed, as if I could not part with. Satan kept saying, 'You know you can't give it up.' Then I began to read my long-forgotten bible, and then I prayed that God, for Christ's sake, would pardon all my sins; but I did not get the blessing. Oh, how I longed to go down to the hall again! for I had made up my mind if I was lost it should be at the feet of Jesus. And after the sermon, I could not hold out any longer; and on the 27th April I went to the penitent-form, and Jesus pardoned all my sins. I came home a new creature. 'Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.' Oh, I do feel so happy! and I am determined to do all I can to tell others what a dear Saviour I have found. Oh, may He keep me faithful to the end!" M. B.

Our part of the

EXCURSION

was a great success. We marched down to the pier from the People's Hall, and had meetings on the boats all the way there and back. Hundreds of people came to meet us on returning, and we processioned through the town with striking effect, closing up with prayer and thanksgiving for the blessed day we had been permitted to spend.

Mrs. BOOTH

has paid a visit, which was a time of much blessing. On the Sabbath day the large lecture-hall was crowded, and never did we hear her speak with greater power and unction than she did on the following Tuesday night. Several soldiers and others professed to find Christ.

A woman, whose son was gloriously converted a few weeks ago, was heard to say, "I'm afraid my son's going out of his mind, for he goes to those people on the Brook, and is always singing and praying now; so very different to what he used to be. He says he is converted, and if it's nothing worse than that I don't mind; but I'm afraid he's got too much of it for his health." Hallelujah for the mother's testimony!

CAME TO LAUGH, BUT REMAINED TO PRAY.

Two women came up as we were commencing an open-air meeting, and took a hymn-book from one of our lads; but I stopped them, saying I wanted him to help me sing. So they looked over the book, sometimes singing, and sometimes laughing and making others laugh; but we prayed, and the Holy Spirit helped the speakers. I saw we had their attention, as they looked very serious, and at the close I invited them to the hall. They came, and the Holy Ghost took hold of them. As soon as we commenced the prayer-meeting, one fell upon her knees, and cried out, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" The other, weeping, gave her baby to one of our sisters, and came to the penitential form, where the two sought forgiveness together, and, glory be to God! not in vain. Hallelujah! I am asking for 500 souls in Chatham, and for all the region round about.

Help is urgently needed for this station. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Heath, 14, Otway Terrace; Capt. Tinmouth, Royal Marine Barracks; or to

J. DOWDLE,
4, Alma Terrace, High St.,
Chatham.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

I HAVE been trying to get a report ready for you, but am so much taken up with hall building, that I can't manage. Praise the Lord! we are going on—souls are being saved, believers quickened, the town aroused, and we are believing

for better things yet. About thirty have professed to find peace through believing, since Conference. We shall want you all down to stone-laying.

J. CLARE.

KETTERING.

PRaise God! there is in this place a sound of abundance of rain. Oh, that it now from heaven might fall! In sending this, my first report, I am glad to say that the Lord has wonderfully blessed us. Scarcely a service has passed without manifestations of His saving power.

Sunday, July 12th, was

MY FIRST IN KETTERING.

We turned out morning and evening to declare war against the kingdom of the devil, and while we sang our war-songs and proclaimed a full and free salvation, many wept; others seemed to wonder what it was all about; but we told them that

"The love of Christ did us constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from a gaping grave."

In the evening afterwards we had a glorious time in the hall, and five souls found peace.

On Sunday, the 19th, was another blessed day. In the evening the people, not being able to get into the hall, a brother preached to the overflowing crowd outside, while I spoke in the hall. The power of God fell upon the people as we sang the opening hymn, and eight souls professed to find salvation at the close.

One of these had been a somewhat notorious blasphemer, but the Lord in mercy met and saved him. Next morning, a brother took him by the hand, as we always do our new converts, and asked how he was getting on. "Why," said he, "I never eat a breakfast like I did this morning. My wife would not let me go to work, until I promised that I would take her to this Mission." They came at night together, and the wife stepped into the fountain that cleanseth the soul. All can see the great change that has been wrought in them.

At the close of the service I went to visit a woman anxious about her soul.

I found her in deep distress; I asked how the matter stood with her; she instantly burst into a flood of tears, and said—

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER BARBER, OF STRATFORD,

has during the past few weeks exchanged the word of testimony on earth for the song of praise in paradise.

In recording his earnest career in the Christian Mission, and his happy transition to a brighter and better sphere, one note alone may be strung, and that the note of praise, thanksgiving to our living, loving Redeemer.

Our brother was converted in his youth, and for some years lived in the conscious witness of sins forgiven, became a local preacher, and was owned of God to the winning of many souls. But, alas! some unfaithful professors of religion were first used by Satan to his downfall. The downward path once entered, our poor friend *fell, fell* until his backslidings and misery were so apparent to others, and felt by himself, that he utterly despaired of light or peace ever being his again, and recklessly sought some measure of forgetfulness in drink and immorality of varied kinds.

Thus he continued until grey hairs came, and his family, reared in the evil example, were utterly beyond his influence or control.

Thus he came to our hall at Stratford in the year 1869.

I have often heard him tell, with streaming eyes, how he has watched Bro. Lamb as he courageously took his stand among persecuting crowds, and regardless of taunts, jeers, or flying brickbats, would fearlessly preach the Gospel, and recalled the time when, as a young man, *he* would start from home at six o'clock on a Sabbath morning, with some bread and cheese in his pocket, walk twenty miles, preach three or four times during the day, and return home late at night, praising and blessing God for the privilege; but now, how changed!—a wretched backslider, with no hope, nothing but misery, in time or for eternity.

One Sabbath a sister was announced to preach in the mission hall. He thought, "I believe in those people; I'll go and hear what this woman has to say." He came. God sent the right word; he saw his guilt, his need, and ere the meeting closed, taking that sister's hand in his, he solemnly promised to seek back his "first love."

With bitter tears he sought forgiveness. God, who "willeth not the death of a sinner," pardoned him, and one

"Oh! what peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill."

She soon found Him that has said—
"I will heal all your backslidings, and love give freely."

Bro. Clare, from Wellingborough, has paid us a visit, which was blessed to our people's souls. We are sadly in want of tracts; will our friends think of us in this respect, and bear us up in prayer.

C. PANTER.

4, Newland Street.

BUCKLAND.

DURING the month Miss Pollett has held special services here, and twenty-two precious souls have professed to find salvation.

Amongst these are two soldiers. The face of one of these shines with happiness. He brought his comrade with him to the services after his own conversion, and had the joy of seeing him leave the meeting, rejoicing in a reconciled Saviour.

The first Sunday evening Miss Pollett preached here a husband and wife were among the penitents, and on the following Sunday another couple started for heaven together. They attend the meetings constantly, and appear to be full of joy. A young man, a giant in size, who has gained a notoriety for fighting and other evil practices, came and humbled himself at the feet of Jesus; we helped the angels to rejoice over this lion changed into a lamb.

CAUGHT IN THE LOBBY.

A man who would not enter the meeting lest he should be caught, stood in the lobby for a little time; the Holy Spirit applied the word with power to his heart. He could not stand it any longer, rushed into the hall, fell upon his knees, and cried aloud for mercy. God heard and answered, and he left the place singing with joy,

"My God I am thine,
What a comfort divine," &c.

Oh, may he remain faithful! We are making arrangements to commence a Drunkards' Rescue Society as soon as possible.

J. M. SALT.

day-dawn sweetly witnessed that His redeeming love and mighty salvation was all-sufficient.

With the joy of returning love, he sprang from his bed, shouting, "Glory, glory! Hallelujah to God! He can save even a backslider. Praise Him for ever!" His wife declared he must be mad; his friends would not believe that he could be converted; but we trust that over four years' consistent walk amid trial and difficulty, and a happy death, has convinced them of the reality, and that his prayers for their conversion may be ultimately answered.

His Christian course was one of great trial; he had to withstand bitter persecution from the very first from his friends. In one six months he lost from twelve to fifteen cows, besides a heavy crop failure; but amid trial and loss he praised and blessed God, frequently getting up at three or four o'clock in the morning, that he might go into the fields and pray or praise. One of his favourite spots was a corner of the little vestry in the mission hall, where, as he said, he could get away from everybody. He always termed these moments his "blessed season" alone with God.

His last illness commenced some six months since; from that time his strength has surely and slowly failed. Through the constant and trying weakness and pain, Satan strove hard to shake his confidence; but his testimony remained clear and certain to the last.

A few days before his death he said to the writer, "Bless you! you know how I like to see you! If I may, I shall come and see you at your meeting; I shall wait for you at the gates. Don't flinch—we have not long to live—preach a full, a free salvation. I've only one regret. Oh, if I had only used all my strength for God, for souls! it's going now fast. I must leave it all with Jesus; but go on, keep on, you must preach to ruined souls; there's nothing like it."

He was much delighted with a visit from Mrs. Booth—again and again told her it was "all light—light, joy, peace;" "Jesus was so good—he should soon be home;" "he was so full of glory, he must burst with its weight." Soon after he was quite delirious, remaining so for days. Upon awaking from a heavy sleep, a few hours before death, he remarked, "I did not think to wake on earth again; I thought it would have been in glory." He went home amid

terrible bodily suffering, caused by internal cancer, but with sweet inward peace and trust in Christ in the darkest hour of suffering and temptation.

"When he was dying, in the arms of His love,
On the wings of faith he went to the palace
of God,

By the Cross."

Praise God! Our brother is safe over the river. May we follow on in the consciousness of pardon and peace to purity and paradise! M. C. B.

ALWAYS HELPED.

WHAT a passing mercy that my weak frame yet lives amidst the tumult of the dark waters which surround me! Blessed Jesus, feed still my dull lamp with Thy divine oil; brighten its feeble glimmerings, that Thy beauteous image may shine more distinctly through the increasing light given me, that the power of the hidden life may be more manifest day by day, in my advancement in holiness and Christ-likeness, looking to be saved apart from any and everything in myself.

ADOPTION.

WE are waiting until we shall put on our proper garments, and shall be manifested as the children of God. We are anointed kings, and are waiting to be crowned. We are chosen to be priests, but are not yet clothed in full sacerdotal robes. We are sons and daughters taken into the family of the Most High, waiting death's signal that we have come to the age to take possession of the beautiful estate purchased for us by a precious Christ. We are young nobles, and have not yet worn our coronet. We are young brides elect, and the marriage day is not yet come. By the love our Spouse bears us, we are led to long and sigh for the bridal morn; our very happiness makes us groan after more; our joy, as a swollen spring, longs to well up, and like an Iceland geyser, it heaves and presses within our spirits for want of space and room to expand itself to the skies.

WHAT shall I say, and how shall I say it, so as to glorify God, and benefit the souls of men?—BOSTWICK.