

The Christian Mission Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Torpedoes.

By G. S. RAILTON.



THE art of war—of organised, systematised, wholesale murder—has made another grand advance, by the invention of an engine of destruction, more incalculable in its power, more sudden and awfully complete in its effect, than any that has gone before it.

Within a small metal case, such as any lad may carry, it is possible to enclose an amount of explosive material sufficient to ensure the almost instantaneous disappearance of a man of war, and the probable death of all on board her. Such torpedoes buried many feet below sea or land, and fired by electricity, may bring a sudden overthrow to the most confident and tranquil warrior. Driven through the water or over the land by machinery attached to them, or fastened by daring hands to the side of vessel or fortress, they may work more havoc in a moment than has been accomplished by many hours of cannon shot. That torpedoes, when more thoroughly understood and more efficiently worked, are likely completely to revolutionise the whole practice of war ashore and afloat there can be no doubt. The only question seems to be how far this revolution may go, and whether it may not eventually render war as we now understand it impossible as against a prepared enemy. Great, indeed, will this invention prove if it be found practicable to make every peaceful country safe from invasion, either by sea or land, by the simple substitution of a huge host of torpedoes, buried round coast and frontier, and city, for the great armies and navies upon which so many millions are annually wasted.

But, grand as such a result would be, we are far more deeply interested in the torpedo, because of the thought it supplies us with in reference to the kingdom of our God. We live in awful times; in days when sin seems to be overflowing and overwhelming every

boundary in the church as in the world. Spiritual death like a terrible storm night hangs with its dark dismal cloud over the world everywhere, and looks nowhere more dense and black and unalterable than in this lovely land of the Bible. Religion to a fearful extent, where it is professed even most loudly, is a cloak, a profession, an art, a science, a play, a performance, a trade, a sham, a hellish trap, anything but a divine reality. The great work of the churches would seem to be to teach men how most decently, most in order, most composedly to go to hell.

And as for the world, here is one steady progress of vice, unbelief, ungodliness, corruption, growing, spreading, deepening, with a terrible vigour and completeness everywhere. In the nursery, in the schoolroom, in the play ground, in the streets, in the place of business, in the home circle, in the railway carriage, quite as much as in the public house, the music hall, the theatre, and the race ground, millions are being trained to forget God, and to make war upon His Kingdom. Amongst the highest as well as the lowest circles, drunkenness, indecency, cheating, and villainy of every kind are cultivated with a refinement and a thoroughness hitherto unknown.

And all this without any such protest from the witnesses of God as the fearful case demands. Those who most boldly denounce iniquity, those few who in plain English show forth the devilish, brutal, ruinous character of sin, and the horrible end which is the inevitable portion for ever of all who continue therein, where do they speak? With rare exceptions from a pulpit, surrounded by a few sympathising friends! You may pass from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, for hundreds of miles through this country without being able to meet with one person who is lifting up a trumpet voice to the world for God, and truth, and salvation. "Idol shepherds" prate about the value of precious souls, but neither they nor their people gather any into the fold of Christ—enough for them if they can but replenish the pages of the church register. Well-meaning persons, roused for a moment to think of the multitudes who are dying in sin and going to hell, will tell you with a calm self-satisfied smile that "they wish something could be done," something they have never dreamt of attempting to assist God in doing. Thus the harvest of hell goes on. Men, women, and children never efficiently warned by anyone, amidst the quiet engagements of family life or the more exciting whirl of reckless sin are rushing onward with one awful certain unwavering progress to the bottomless-abys. And those who profess to be the Lord's people are doing nothing worthy of the name to prevent it. Oh, my God! what must be done? What can be done?

WE MUST HAVE SPIRITUAL TORPEDO WORK.

There are but a handful of us awake to all this, and prepared to go to any length for the salvation of these perishing masses. We

cannot raise long subscriptions lists, we cannot form great committees of the *élite* of the land, we cannot make any display that will attract very widespread attention, and indeed the sight of us will drive away rather than attract those who have position, reputation, honour, wealth, or what else the world prizes. We cannot even command respect, and influence minds by the display of genius, or by the production of a dazzling literature. We cannot stir the constituencies and the legislative bodies of the country by agitation for a satisfactory reform. We cannot with our whole organisation, with any number of services, with any intensity of devotion, save one person from going down to the pit. Of ourselves we can do nothing.

But, oh! Glory be to God, any one of us, the youngest, the weakest, the most ignorant, can if he likes bring the power of the Holy Ghost to bear upon some one spot in the Devil's kingdom, upon some soul or congregation of souls, and that in such a perfect manner that there shall be a mighty shaking, a heartrending explosion, a tremendous overthrow in far less time than it takes to read these lines. Whether it be in conversation by the way side, or in the midst of a great assembly, there is a power there can breathe through our lips which drives away the very Devil, turns darkness into light, searches the hidden corners of a stranger's heart, pours floods upon the dry and barren land, and scorches as with the lightning flash the fruits of the flesh. The power of God applied just where its exercise is most needed—in the hearts of men, and we can apply it if we like—is sufficient to bring about with inconceivable rapidity all that vast change in individuals and in society which we desire.

We are all fully satisfied that only the power of God can accomplish our object; but is there one of us who has constantly borne that in mind in our services? We have labored and toiled until we have been exhausted perhaps, and all for nought, simply because we have been trying to carry things by storm, by the force of our will, by the striking character of our thoughts, by the eloquence of our lips, by the liveliness of our singing, by the violence of attitude and speech, by the sensational anecdote, the good illustration, the wave of feeling, and the other machinery of propagandism. One touch of the power of God will do more than a lifetime of all this, even if done all the time with a single eye to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

What would be thought of the man who should labor to convert souls by the use of his fists upon men's faces? And yet is he any less ridiculous who strives to accomplish the overturning of the Devil's Kingdom in any human heart by any other power than that of the Holy Ghost? No one who is really converted could bring themselves consciously to make such an absurd attempt, but people forget God to an extent that no one else is ever forgotten, and they go on acting without Him.

Here is a poor sinner whom you are visiting. You may talk with

him, pray with him, sing to him, make a very favourable impression, lead him to confess that he is all wrong and that he ought to come to Christ. You may make him cry by talking about meeting the dear departed ones, whose cards are over the mantelpiece, in the better land. You may get his promise to come to your services, aye, to be converted, and may leave him feeling confident that you have done something grand there. But it may have been purely a human affair from first to last. You may indeed have done a little damage to Satan's kingdom; but, with a horrible leer he will send in a godless neighbour and repair the little breach in ten minutes. You did not use the torpedo power. If you had grasped the poor wretch's hand and looked into his eyes and spoken to him with the Holy Ghost for but one short minute, the result might have been very different. One sentence searching the very depths of his soul and the strong hand would have trembled and the manly face turned pale. He would have felt not for a few moments but for ever after the effects of that explosion.

And just so with a congregation. You may "do your best" until every power you have is spent and they may go home unchanged. Or you may bring all the power of God to bear upon a multitude of hearts at once with just one sentence—Bang! What commotion! What cries for mercy! What anxious faces! What trembling limbs! Killed, wounded and missing from the Devil's ranks on every side! Whatever has happened? A spiritual torpedo has just gone off, that is all. God has shaken the gates of hell and there is a crash.

Oh, that every soul of us may feel whenever and wherever the Lord calls us to work for him, like the giant hero of Israel in the last great agony of his life. "Only this once, oh, God! If it be the last word I shall ever speak, or write, or sing, do help me. I have been as weak as other men many a day; but, oh, just this once help me, and here goes for victory or death." God will help such people with all His might, and the stout pillars shall bend like tow, and lords and gentlemen as well as crowds of common folks shall tumble down at the feet of Jesus broken to pieces before Him.

WANTED TORPEDO MEN AND WOMEN!

People who, utterly reckless about their own comfort, their own "interests," their own reputation, their very life, and unboundedly confident in the power of God, shall bring his grace to bear upon sinners every day. Men and women who shall expect without a shadow of wavering, that whenever they prophesy publicly or privately there shall be a shaking, a very earthquake in a moment. Men and women who shall never be at ease but when they are forcing people either to yield to Christ or to run away from their reach. Men and women who shall wield the power of God and horrify hell itself day and night. My God, multiply them!

PAPERS ON SPIRITUAL LIFE. No. 3.

RESURRECTION.

WE think we should be perfectly safe in saying that the resurrection of one man from the dead would more widely and thoroughly startle mankind than any other event which could possibly occur. We get accustomed as the ages roll on to the most gigantic wars and calamities, to the most sweeping and mighty revolutions and changes of all sorts. Art and science, by their huge strides in the past half century, have prepared us to receive almost any marvel of discovery or invention with half care-less wonder. But let it be known beyond all dispute that some man who a few years ago was dead has come to life again, and there would not be a people on the face of the earth which would not be filled with enquiry and astonishment.

And yet this is just the special distinguishing feature of the gospel of Christ—that wherever it is received into the heart it raises the dead to life. Where men are not thus raised to a new life in Christ Jesus the Word of God has not come "with power." Christ is not yet glorified, but, on the contrary, His work is at a standstill. We cannot be too constant in insisting that the same power which raised Jesus from the dead should be shown forth in raising others from the dead also, not indeed in the body, but in the spirit. It is an utter fallacy to talk of "power" where resurrections do not take place, for the power of the Holy Ghost invariably produces this result wherever it comes freely into exercise.

Conversion must always be a "startling novelty," a miracle, giving the lie to hell, and consequently bringing down the fury of devilish beings, whether belonging to earth or hell, upon all upon whom or by whose agency it is wrought. Conversion is the raising of an entombed soul in broad daylight, in full view of the whole universe, to an open, unmistakably new state of being. To feeble human eyes, which can only see the outward, it may be necessary that time should elapse before the change is confidently ascertained. But to Him whose eyes search the heart, and to him who is raised to life, there cannot be a moment's uncertainty.

Talk about not knowing whether one's sins are forgiven or not; about not being quite prepared to say so much as that one is converted; about hoping that one is right and going to heaven; about not being sure, in short, whether one has passed from death unto life! A more outrageous absurdity could not be conceived of. If so vast a change has taken place that he who was under condemnation to hell is now a fellow-heir with Christ; that he who was a servant of sin is now king and priest unto God; that he who was a stranger, an outcast—aye, an enemy to God, is now His very child; that he is a new creature, old things being passed away and all things become new, then the happy individual who has experienced all this must be perfectly conscious of it. He who is not certain that he is a child of God has certainly good reason to fear that he is still a child of wrath.

But can such a resurrection take place in a moment? Were it not for unquestionable instances in which the precise time of a conversion has never been known, we should almost be inclined to ask, How can such a resurrection ever take place otherwise than in a moment? Here is evidently a miracle to be wrought by the same God who made the world by momentary commands, who calmed the storm and wrought signs and wonders in the outer world almost the very instant He spoke, and it seems the most natural course of things that all such miracles should happen instantaneously. If it be possible for a poor sinner to place himself in a position in which God has engaged to pardon and renew him, then it is just the only reasonable thing to expect that the very moment that position is taken up God shall carry out His work in His own mighty, instantaneous way. And this is precisely what God has arranged for. Here is a mercy-seat; the moment you come here I will grant mercy. That is His system.

Have you never stood in some court of justice and seen the process of the law? Have you seen the prisoner, after his guilt has been proved beyond a doubt, when with tearful eyes he has looked up and appealed for mercy? What now? For hours, perhaps for days, months, years, that guilty man has lain under the condemnation of his conscience, and has been pursued by the agents of the law that this point might be reached. But is it now a question of hours, of so much as ten minutes, as to what shall be the result? Nothing of the kind! The judge looks at the praying prisoner and speaks half a dozen words which settle the whole matter. Either they are, in all probability, words of condemnation, or perchance they are words of mercy which discharge the guilty one from custody and send him off to a new life, or at the least to the opportunity for living a new life. And the Supreme Judge—how else should He deal with any guilty, burdened soul that casts itself on His mercy than by immediate pardon, instantaneous conversion, resurrection, cleansing, salvation? Whoever has known no such change is still under wrath, and in danger every moment of falling into eternal fire.

And wherever there is spiritual life souls are thus raised to a new being; where this is not the case, there may be numbers, money, influence, much that is sweet and beautiful, still more that the world admires, but there is no Divine life. In whatever individual, in whatever community, in whatever service the resurrection power is not displayed, always supposing that dead souls are brought into contact with the living, there must necessarily be an awful want of life of God. Look to it!

FATHER ABBOTT.

“A NEW CREATURE.”

FROM an obscure corner of the New World, in the dark times a hundred years ago, sprang forth a man whose whole religious history seems an astounding revelation of the power of the Holy Ghost. One seems, in reading his life, all at once carried back to the grand old times when the Spirit of the Lord fell suddenly upon some hitherto unknown individual, and made him not merely a mighty man of valour himself, but

a fully-qualified leader of others in paths hitherto untried and to victories hitherto utterly unexpected. Again and again and again comes home the piercing question from such a life—“Why do we not see the like of this now-a-days, and often?” May the consideration of the Lord’s wonderful dealings with this man stir us to pursue persistently and confidently after the realisation of greater things “than these.”

Unlike most of those who have been mighty for God, Brother Abbott was not converted in early life, but continued in sin for forty years, and became well known as a cursing, drinking, fighting, gambling farmer. His wife, although a member of a Presbyterian church, was utterly ignorant of salvation; and there were scarcely any persons to be found at that time even believing in the possibility of having their sins forgiven. He was repeatedly wrought upon very deeply during these years, and on one occasion he was thoroughly aroused by dreams of hell and heaven, which seem to us so very remarkable as to be worthy of repetition in his own words.

A DREAM OF HELL.

“About the thirty-third year of my age I dreamed that I died, and that I was carried to hell, which appeared to me to be a large place arched over, containing three apartments with arched doors to go from one apartment to another. I was brought into the first, where I saw nothing but devils and evil spirits, which tormented me in such a manner that my tongue or pen cannot express. I cried for mercy, but in vain. There appeared to me a light like a star at a great distance from me. I strove to get to it, but all in vain. Being hurried into the second apartment, the devils put me into a vice, and tormented me till my body was all in a gore of blood. I cried again for mercy, but still in vain. I observed that a light followed me, and I heard one say to me, ‘How good does this light appear to you!’ I was soon hurried into the third apartment, where there were scorpions with stings in their tails, fastened in sockets at the end thereof: their tails appeared to be about a fathom long, and every time they struck me, their stings, which appeared an inch and a-half in length, stuck fast in me, and they roared like thunder. Here I was constrained again to cry for mercy. As fast as I pulled out the sting of one, another struck me. I was hurried through this apartment to a lake that burned with fire. It appeared like a flaming furnace, and the flames dazzled. The devils were here throwing in the souls of men and women. There appeared two regiments of devils moving through the arches, blowing up the flames; and when they came to the end, one regiment turned to the right, and the other to the left, and came round the pit, and the screeches of the damned were beyond the expression of man. When it came to my turn to be thrown in, one devil took me by the head and another by the feet, and with the surprise I awoke and found it a dream. But, oh! what horror seized my guilty breast! I thought I should die and be damned! This brought seriousness to my mind for about eight or ten days, in which I made many promises to mend my life, but they soon wore off again.”

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

“About five or six weeks after this I dreamed that I died, and was carried into one of the most beautiful places I ever saw, and my guide brought me to one of the most elegant buildings I ever beheld; and when we came to it the gates opened to us of their own accord, and we went straight forward into the building, where we were met by a company of the heavenly host arrayed in white raiment down to their feet. We passed on through the entry until we came to a door on the right, which stood about half open. Passing a little forward we made a stand before the door. I looked in, and saw the Ancient of Days sitting upon His throne, and all around Him appeared a dazzling splendour. I stood amazed at the sight. One stepped forward to me arrayed in white, which I knew to be my wife’s mother, and said to me, ‘Benjamin, this place is not for you yet.’ So I returned, and my guide brought me back. I awoke with amaze at what I had seen, and concluded that I should shortly die, which brought all my sins before

me, and caused me to make many promises to God to repent, which lasted for some time; but this wore off again, and I went to my old practices."

And thus he continued for seven years more a slave of the devil, until at length one of the early Methodist preachers coming into his neighbourhood was enabled to overthrow the awful tyranny with a mighty blast. We have never met with a story of more overwhelming conviction or more glorious transformation. He was induced by his wife to go twelve miles to hear this man in the first instance, and while listening to his vivid descriptions of hell-fire the conviction felt under those dreams came back again and increased from day to day. A little while later the same preacher came nearer Mr. Abbott's home, and his distress of soul rose to fever pitch. We prefer, lengthy though it be, to insert in his own words the wonderful story of

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

"He took his text, and preached with power. The word reached my heart in such a manner that it shook every joint in my body; tears flowed in abundance, and I cried out for mercy, of which the people took notice, and many others were melted into tears. When the sermon was over the people flocked round the preacher, and began to dispute about religion. I said that there never was such preaching as this; but the people said, 'Abbott is going mad!'

"I returned home with my family in sore distress, and pondered these things in my mind. I saw it was the mercy of God that I was out of hell. I cried to God for mercy, but it seemed all in vain. It brought to my mind the many times His Holy Spirit had strove with me from time to time when I was a small boy; and from that time to this Satan suggested to me that my day of grace was now over, and that I was one of those damned reprobates that God had assigned over to him from all eternity; therefore I might pray and cry, but he was sure of me at last. Being brought up in the doctrine of election and reprobation, I concluded that I should be damned, do what I could. By this time my case became desperate. I knew not what to do, and was almost in despair.

"One day going to the mill I felt such a hell in my breast, arising from a guilty conscience, and being belated in my return, as I was passing through a piece of woods, the devil suddenly suggested to my mind, that, as I was one of the reprobates, and there was no mercy for me, I had better hang myself and know the worst of it. While I was looking for a suitable place for that purpose, I thought I heard a voice saying (alluding to the anxiety and distress of soul that I then felt), 'This torment is nothing to hell.' I immediately changed my mind, and drove home under the greatest anxiety imaginable; for it appeared to me the devil was behind me in the waggon, with his hand just over my head, threatening to take me away, both soul and body. I cannot express my feelings at that time. My hair arose on my head through fear. I was afraid to look back, lest I should visibly see him.

"In this deplorable condition I returned home. When I got into the house I dared not go outside of the door, for fear the devil would take me away. My wife saw that something was the matter with me, and inquired what it was, 'for,' said she, 'you look like death.' I was constrained to turn from her and weep, for I expected she knew my condition, as she had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years, and was a praying woman.

"Bedtime being come, I told her I should sleep by myself. When I lay down and fell into a doze, my mind was filled with awful apprehensions. I thought I saw devils ready to take me, hell open ready to receive me, and that I was rolling, bed and all, into the flames, while other huge devils stood ready to receive me. Then I would suddenly awake in the greatest distress imaginable, and so I continued during the night.

"Next morning, being the 9th of October, 1772, having a piece of grass to cut, I arose and went to it. As soon as I began to mow I was taken with fainting fits, and it seemed to me that the earth would open and swallow me up, while my heart beat so loud that I could hear the strokes, and could compare it to two men boxing or thrashing more than like its usual motion. It occurred to my mind, what is all

the world to me? I shall be dead and damned before the setting sun. This caused me to lay down my scythe, while I stood weeping for my sins; but, alas! all in vain.

"I still grew worse, and went back to the house under great distress, where I read some hymns that I had in a book, of the sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Here my heart was tendered and I could weep freely, until my very cheeks were sore with wiping them. It was pressed upon me to pray, and perhaps the Lord would have mercy upon me. I endeavoured to comply with the impression, and went to a lonely place and knelt down to pray; but the devil suggested to my mind that there was somebody hid in the woods, and they would laugh at me; so I arose and looked all round, but I could see no one; yet I dared not pray there.

"However, I went to the other end of my field, and knelt down again. Here the enemy suggested the same thing, but the Lord gave me strength to pray, it being the first time I ever prayed with a vocal voice. My prayer was not like the Pharisee, but like the poor publican. I cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner! God have mercy on me!' I believe I might have been heard half a mile. My distress was not so great when I arose from prayer as when I knelt, for I believe I could not have continued in the body if God had not moderated the pain and anxiety that I was in, but must have expired before the going down of the sun. Glory to God, I felt my distress somewhat removed! I then returned to the house and sat down to dinner, but my soul was still in so great distress that I could not eat. Although I put food into my mouth and chewed it, yet I could not swallow it, so in as private a manner as possible, that my wife should not discover my anxiety, I threw it to the dog, and asked her if she would go with me to meeting, as a Methodist preacher was to preach in the neighbourhood that afternoon. She agreed, and we went.

"When we got there, the people not being assembled, I retired into the woods to pray, and got in among the boughs of a fallen tree, and then, in the utmost anguish of my soul, I cried unto God for mercy so loud that the people at the house heard me. After this I felt something easier, but still had no peace. I then went to one of the near neighbours, and advised them to go with me and hear the preacher, whom I spake so highly of that they all went.

"When we got there the preacher had come, and there was a large concourse assembled: a great many more than could get into the house. I then went in, sat down, and took my little son upon my knee; the preacher began soon after. His word was attended with such power that it ran through me from head to foot, and I shook and trembled like Belsazzar, and felt that I should cry out if I did not leave the house, which I determined to do, that I might not expose myself by crying out among the people; but when I attempted to put my little son down and rise to go, I found that my strength had failed me, and the use of my limbs was so far gone that I was utterly unable to rise. Immediately I cried aloud, like the penitent of old, 'Save, Lord, or I perish;' but before the preacher concluded I refrained, and wiped my eyes. My heart gave way to shame, and I was tempted to wish that I was dead or could die, as I had so exposed myself that my neighbours and acquaintance would laugh at and despise me.

"When the meeting was over, I thought to speak to the preacher, but such a crowd got around him disputing points of doctrine, that I could not conveniently get an opportunity.

"That evening I set up family prayer, it being the first time I ever attempted to pray in my family. My wife being a strict Presbyterian and professor of religion, she was a praying woman, and much pleased with having family prayer, so that she proved a great help to encourage me in my duty, although, dear creature, she knew nothing of experimental religion.

"Saturday, 10th of October, 1772, my distress continued, although not so great as the day before.

"Sunday, the 11th, my wife and I went eleven or twelve miles to meeting, in order to hear the same Methodist preacher again. When we arrived at the place the preacher was walking across a field. I went and related to him my distress of soul, and told him that I had a desire to be baptized, hoping that it would be of service to make me better, and relieve me of my distress, for I had no idea of faith in Christ. He asked me if I was a Quaker. I told him no. I was nothing but a

poor, wretched, condemned sinner. He then exhorted me to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and applied the promises of the Gospel. I replied, I could not believe that Christ would have mercy on such a sinner as I was, and burst into a flood of tears. He then said I was the very man that Christ died for, or He would not have awakened me: that it was the lost Christ came to seek, and the greatest of sinners He came to save, and commanded me to believe.

"We then went to the house. He soon began to preach, and I stood outside the door, for I was afraid to go in lest I should expose myself again as on Friday before. In his prayer he particularly prayed for the poor, broken-hearted sinner. His cries to God on this occasion ran through my heart like darts and daggers. After meeting I returned and prayed in my family, and ever after I continued that duty.

"That night I lay alone, expecting to sleep little, but to pray and weep all night. Whenever I fell into a slumber it appeared to me that I saw hell opened to receive me, and I just on the point of dropping in, and devils waiting to seize me. Being thus alarmed it would arouse me up, crying to the Lord to save me; and thus I passed the whole night in this terrified condition. Just at the dawning of the day I fell into a doze more like sleep than any I had during the whole night, in which I dreamed that I saw a river as clear as crystal, in the middle of which appeared a rock, with a child sitting upon it, and a multitude of people on the shore, who said the child would be lost. I then saw a small man on the bank of the river, whose hair was very black, and he and I wrestled together. I heard the people cry out, 'The child is lost;' and, looking round, I saw it floating down the river, and when it came opposite where we were it threw up its wings, and I saw it was an angel. The man with whom I wrestled told me there was a sorrel or red horse chained head and hind foot in the river, and bade me go down and loose him. The people parted to the right and left, forming a lane for me to pass through. I immediately hastened to the river and went in, the water running over my head, and without receiving any kind of injury I loosed the horse, and immediately I sprang out of the water like a cork or the bouncing of a ball, and at that instant I awoke, and saw by faith the Lord Jesus Christ standing by me with His arms extended wide, saying to me, 'I died for you.' I then looked up, and by faith I saw the Ancient of Days, and He said to me, 'I freely forgive thee for what Christ has done.'" At this I burst into a flood of tears, and with joy in my heart cried and praised God, and said, 'Oh! that there was a minister to give me the Lord's Supper!' Then by faith I saw the Lord Jesus come to me as with a cup in His hand, and He gave it me, and I took it and drank thereof. It was like unto honey for sweetness."

No sooner was the mighty work accomplished in himself than he began to seek the salvation of others. He says:

"My heart felt as light as a bird, being relieved of that load of guilt which before had bowed down my spirits; and my body felt as active as when I was eighteen, so that the outward and inward man were both animated, and I felt as if I could have sprung from the bed to the fire, which was about fifteen feet.

"I arose and called up the family, and took down the Testament, and the first place I opened was the ninth chapter of Acts, where Saul breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the church and disciples of the Lord; and if I had had a congregation I could have preached; but having none, only my own family, I expounded the chapter and exhorted them, and then sang and prayed. After breakfast I told my wife that I must go and tell the neighbours what the Lord had done for my soul.

"The first place I went to the man and his wife were both professors of religion, and members of the Baptist church. I expected they knew what these things were and would rejoice with me; but to my great surprise, when I related my experience, and told what God had done for my soul, it appeared as strange to them as if I had claimed possession of Old England, and called it all my own.

"I then set out for Jacob Elwell's mill, about two miles off, where I expected to meet with divers persons, and to have an opportunity to exhort them, and tell them what I had found. On my way there I exhorted all I met with to turn to God. When I got to the mill, while I was telling them my experience, and exhorting them to flee from the wrath to come, some laughed, and others cried,

and some thought I was distracted. Before night a report was spread all through the neighbourhood that I was raving mad."

His wife, although for many years a professor of religion and member of a church, knew nothing of the forgiveness of her sins, and frequently had recourse to her minister for help against the earnest exhortations of her husband. The minister, elders, and members of the church assured her that she was right, and that her husband was deluded by the devil. They lent him books to convince him of his errors, but he returned them with the assurance that they were "full of lies." The minister invited him to an interview, and did his utmost to convince him that he was wrong; but falling on his knees in the road, he cried to God to undeceive him if he was deceived, and receiving the immediate answer, "Why do you doubt? Is not Christ all sufficient? Is He not able? Have you not felt His blood applied?" he sprang to his feet and cried out that not all the devils in hell nor all the Predestinarians on earth should make him doubt, for he knew that he was converted. He then felt filled with unspeakable rapture.

When he got home his wife asked what the minister had said. He replied that the minister had no religion. Such a pronouncement upon their minister grieved the wife so that she burst into tears, and charged him with hating her and all the Church. "No, my dear," he replied; "I love you all, but as yet I have not found one converted Christian amongst you."

It was thus in fact for a long time with him. God had filled his soul with a light utterly unknown in the dark region in which he lived, and sustained by God alone he had to fight his way out of the gloomy circle of religionists around him to the freedom and fulness of godly living. To be a Methodist in those days was no light matter. Perhaps no term now in use, except the word "Bashi-Bazouk," will convey anything like the impression of hatred, contempt and disgust, which was implied a hundred years ago by the name "Methodist." He hesitated, and searched the Scriptures and confessions of faith for a long time, hoping to see his way to join some of the churches around him, there being, in fact, no society of Methodists as yet formed in his immediate neighbourhood. But God put him right at last.

"While I was thus meditating, the Lord by His Spirit in power spoke in my mind to the following effect: 'I have shown you the way wherein you ought to walk; but your ways are a grief to My Spirit.' I then recollected that at my conversion the Lord had shewed me that it was His will that I should join the Methodist church, and that I had been putting it off for six months, trying to join either the Baptist or the Presbyterian church. Such a shock of conviction ran through my soul upon this reflection, that on a sudden I cried aloud several times, 'I am a Methodist! I am a Methodist!' I then returned home fully resolved to be a Methodist, although I well knew that persecution and reproach would be poured upon me from every quarter. However, I was resolved to obey God, come what would. Accordingly, I told my wife that I was a Methodist. She asked what was the matter now. I told her that God would not let me be anything else."

We think that every happy Presbyterian or Baptist of to-day will approve of this when they read the following illustration of the characteristics of the Churches around him:—

"A few days after, an elder of the Presbyterian meeting came to talk with me, to whom I told my experience, and that I knew that God, for Christ's sake, had

forgiven my sins. He replied, that he had been a member of the church twenty-five years, and never before heard any one say that he knew his sins were forgiven; and for any one to say that he knew that his sins were forgiven he ought to be burnt, for he made himself as perfect as an angel in heaven. 'Nay,' said he, 'I would help to burn such a man myself.' I told him if he had never felt such a conviction for sin to make him cry to God to save him a poor sinner, and hath not felt the blood of Christ applied to the washing away of his sins, his religion was still no better than the devil's. This shut him up, and he went away silent, and afterwards told his minister that he slept none that night. When he afterwards related this to me I told him I wished he had never slept any more until he had found Christ."

(To be continued).

THE HOLY GHOST'S ENGLISH.

WHEN William C. Burns, the mighty Scottish Evangelist was scouring the Highlands and preaching in the open air several times a day to immense congregations who thronged to listen to his words, it was remarkable that those who could hardly speak a word of English, seemed to understand plainly the testimony that he brought. One old woman, who literally did not know *one word* of English, yet always sat on the pulpit stairs while he preached, was asked what was the use of her hearing him preach. "Oh," said she, "I can understand the *Holy Ghost's English*."

Preaching in English in Kenyon, Canada, many Gaelic people waited to hear him. A pious old woman was asked why she remained. She replied; "I thought it would be a privilege to be included in that dear man's prayer; and another thing did me good, he seemed to dwell particularly on one word, spoken in such sweet tones it sent a glow to my heart:—the word '*salvation*,'—what does that mean?"

A white-haired old man in the Highlands of Scotland, after attending his meetings stood in a gate weeping bitterly, and saying: "Oh! it is his prayers, I canna stand his prayers!" And it was his prayers, which gave such a mighty power to "the Holy Ghost's English" which he spoke. To Burns, eternal things were real, and God was not afar off. Riding one day through the almost impassable snow-drifts of Canada, in remarking on the state of the roads his companion said: "This is awful!" but was instantly checked by Burns saying: "O my dear sir, there is nothing *awful* but the *wrath of God*."

Dwelling upon eternal realities, ready to go at God's command to the very ends of the earth to proclaim salvation, going

without the camp bearing Christ's reproach, living and dying in poverty like his Master, it is no wonder that the English he preached was "the Holy Ghost's English," and that it found its way to many a heart, even when the language itself was to them as an unknown tongue.

DE RESOLUSHUNS.

THERE is an old story that will bear frequent reviewing. In one of the mission congregations, in Jamaica, a collection was to be taken for missionary purposes. One of the brethren was appointed to preside, and resolutions were adopted as follows: 1. "*Resolved*, That we will *all* give. 2. "*Resolved*, That we will give *as the Lord has prospered us*. 3. "*Resolved*, That we will give *cheerfully*. Good rules, that might each be clinched with a Scripture text. Then the contribution began, each person, according to custom, walking up to the communion table to deposit his gift under the eye of the presiding officer. One of the most well-to-do members hung back until he was painfully noticeable; and when he at last deposited his gift, the brother at the table remarked: "Dat is 'cordin' to de fust resolution, but not 'cordin' to de second." The member retired angrily to his seat, taking back his money, but conscience or pride kept working till he came back and doubled his contribution with a crabbed: "Take dat, den." The brother at the table again spoke: "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolushuns, but it isn't 'cordin' to de third." The giver, after a little, accepted the rebuke, and came up a third time with a still larger gift, and a good-natured face. Then the faithful president expressed his gratification thus: "Dat's 'cordin' to all de resolushuns."

Music.

Who'll be the Next? 8s & 7s.

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?

Some one is rea - dy, Some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low

Je - sus? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Follow His weary bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden,
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
Who'll be the next, &c.

Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next, &c.

- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed
Singing upon the other side?
Who'll be the next, &c.

- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His
name?

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

THE month which is passed by so many in fashionable idleness under the name of rest, change of air, or other smooth sounding title, has been one to us, thank God, of blessed and successful activity. There have been some amongst us wearied, some even unwell indeed from over-exertion amidst the oppressive heat; but wherever there has been a break in the ranks someone has been eager to leap into the gap and the battle has gone on without intermission.

The growth of real life amongst us is being manifested in the establishment of noon-day preaching on week days in several localities. But it is singular that these services have been originated not by the strongest of our workers, but by our sister evangelists, and that too, not in localities where the large numbers coming up to the help of the Lord in the evenings left the evangelist comparatively little to do in the open air then, but in places where the evening work was hardest. As it is written "Many that are last shall be first and the first last," may the love of God and souls burn yet more and more brightly in every breast amongst us.

WHITECHAPEL.

"And I will make the place of my feet glorious."—Isaiah lx. 13.

THE blessed Lord has fulfilled to us this promise, He has blessed our assembling together, saints have been quickened, and sinners have been saved.

OUR FIRST SUNDAY

Here was a blessed season. One man found the Saviour before he had his dinner. How he wept and sobbed; he said, "You have broken my heart, but Jesus has bound it up. My father is a minister, and sin has brought me to this; but I will write and tell him what great things God has done for me. I am going home to tell my wife and read God's Word to her. Oh, my brother, pray for me! ask all the friends to pray that I may be kept faithful." After-noon experience meeting—four more got salvation for tea. Hallelujah! At night eight more ventured their all on Jesus. A blessed day. Glory, glory!

Porch meetings every day well attended—nearly all salvation meetings; sinners losing their sin and finding the Saviour.

Sunday, July 8th, was a hallelujah day. Mr. Booth was with us the whole of the day, and the Lord was there firing our hearts and souls in the morning, and sprinkling us afresh with His most precious blood around the communion table—glory! and in the hallelujah meeting at night it was good to be there; ten souls ventured their all on Jesus, and He did not cast any away.

The Lord is pouring out His spirit, and He is bringing to His fold rich and poor, and young and old. Hallelujah! Some of the cases are blessedly interesting.

Two wanderers came to our meetings weeping over their lost condition, and with broken hearts and contrite spirits they found Jesus to be the friend of the fallen. He spoke their sins forgiven,

and we got them both admitted into a home; one of them has since gone to service, and the other will be glad to do so too.

SAVED JUST IN TIME.

A dear young woman, a servant girl, having left her situation, feared to go home to her wicked family. She walked the streets two or three nights, coming into the porch meeting day after day, sighing and sobbing. At length she unfolded her condition, and by faith ventured her all upon Jesus, the friend of the helpless; and she finds Him to be a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Sister Reynolds obtained for her a situation, and now she is a member of our society, and doing well.

A THIEF AND A PERSECUTOR.

This young man was a pest and a nuisance to our meetings, but the Lord has put him all right. After being tormented with him one night, he came into the meeting, the Lord soon changed the lion into a lamb. In the experience meeting he spoke as follows: "I have been a thief, and they used to turn the key upon me in the cell, but Jesus has set me free. When I came to the meetings my old chums says, 'Hallo, Charlie, you are off to them rangers again, are you?' I says, 'Praise the Lord, yes; I am going to meet my blessed Jesus.' They says, 'Do you have any four ale there?' and I says, 'No; praise the Lord, it is all wine—no half-and-half.' I am going on in spite of all—Jesus saves me out and out. Glory be to God!"

BACKSLIDERS ARE COMING HOME.

One brother, after years of wandering, came to himself, and then came to his Father, and he said, "I had scarcely started before the Lord came and met me, and throwing His big arms of love round my neck, He gave me the kiss of reconciliation. I wanted to be made a servant, but He said, 'No; you are My son: this day have I begotten thee.'"

It was good to be there to have some of the fatted calf, and share the music and rejoicing!

And so it was when a dear sister came home. How she wept and sobbed; but she said in one of the meetings, "He healed my heart wandering; He has dried my tears, and now

"The past is under the Blood,
I am trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God:
He saves me altogether. Glory!

Our Friday night holiness meetings are a great blessing. The brethren and sisters seek and find a full and entire salvation. What a power there is here; may all our members enjoy it. Amen!

The all-night of prayer, which was mentioned in last month's Magazine, was indeed a time of quickening and power. Many of our people were greatly and lastingly blessed.

If any are led to send us help of any sort—tracts or money—it will be gladly received and acknowledged by

Yours,

W. G. THOMAS.

114, Cambridge Road,
Mile End, E.

OUR EXCURSION.

WHAT, Southend again? Yes, people seem to like it; and certainly there are many charms about the journey and the place, and year after year is piling up pleasant memories and associations too, which will speedily have hallowed us to every part of the locality and the railways in the bargain.

It was at this little station that the train unexpectedly stopped one year from some cause, giving us the opportunity to rush out of a victorious prayer-meeting in one carriage to another not as yet at its meridian in another.

It was just round this curve that we heard such a triumphant singing of a well-known song of ours from several carriages at once. It was while we were kneeling all together in a compartment just like this, that that poor woman, broke down in penitence before God, sought and found mercy.

We were nearing this station when Bro. Wide Awake was telling us the wonderful story of that ruffian's conversion and first open-air speech the day before.

We shall never be able to look at one of those large sailing boats, sixpence a seat, without remembering the story of the prayer-meeting in one of them, when the boatman's hands, trembling under conviction, could scarcely hold tiller or rope, while tears coursed down the faces of some who had never heard the like before.

To every sea-shore donkey along with the Hosannah story from Jerusalem we must henceforth for ever associate the sight of Bro. Allprayer turning upon the poor man who invited him to ride, and pouring the burning stream of life

and truth in upon his soul till he scarcely knew which side of the road he was on.

And probably no day at Southend was more replete with such incidents than this 30th July, 1877. All the journey down, all the day there, all the return, were prayer and praise to many, and the beaming faces in carriages and processions, and rings, and wherever seen, in fact, all day, told of unearthly joys and feastings unseen.

We never remembered a day when there appeared to be so much and so deep conviction amongst strangers, for while the 81-ton gun at Shoeburyness was sending up its great clouds of smoke upon the borders of our horizon, for the amusement of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, far heavier shot than Woolwich can produce was falling thick and fast from humble lips upon eager listeners, and tearing away through Pharaonic indifference and reckless profanity into the depths of many a soul.

The sight of an old man in his white slip rolling in the ring utterly broken down beneath the weight of his sins, and then waving his hands and singing with us when the burden was gone, filled some with half-doubting astonishment, never having seen it in this fashion. But not to him alone we trust, but to many, many more, this will be a day never to be forgotten.

The description of the day which we have heard from many of our dear friends, "It was like being in heaven all day," was undoubtedly the bare truth with regard to all who spent the day purely in converse with God. May another twelve months of faithful testimony and toil vastly multiply the number, for Christ's sake. Amen!

PORTSMOUTH.

God's work here is prospering. Our congregations have increased in spiritual power, and in finances we are advancing, and I am hoping before long to be able to report great things in the name of the Lord. Among some who have been saved and added to our numbers, let me give you the story of one or two.

BY FAMILIES.

A few days before I arrived here a dear man was saved and immediately set to work to rescue his wife from the power of the devil. She soon saw the change, and God answered his prayers. She became greatly alarmed at her condition, and at last cast herself on Jesus

and received the witness of the children of God. Then mother and father set to work to pray for the daughter, and a day or two after she wept her way to Jesus also. Hallelujah! A week or so after this our dear brother was seen leading his sister to the penitent form, pointing her to the Lamb of God, and then rejoicing over her as a sister, not only by earthly ties, but as a sister in the Lord.

Miss Booth's visit was made a great blessing, both to saints and sinners. Many of our people received a blessing they will not forget, realising that their offering of themselves to God was accepted by Him both for time and for eternity.

A dear woman who told us she was saved, but who was resting upon her own good doings, has seen by the Spirit's power her folly, and at length has placed her trust in Jesus, and now goes on her way rejoicing. May she be kept to the end.

Pray for us. We need traces.

J. TRENHAIL.

21, Nelson Street, Landport,
Portsmouth.

POPLAR.

My first thought on entering upon my new sphere of labour when I beheld the teeming masses around me on every hand, was, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

I have been astonished at the crowds of people night after night that have been compelled by God's spirit to stand riveted on the spot. All I feel we need is a larger band of Holy Ghost men and women; there is nothing to prevent us having it. Thank God our little band is increasing. The converts have already put on a bold front, and are marching through the streets singing and preaching Jesus. May God fire every heart and enable us to put our arms of faith around Poplar. We have already sent some to foreign parts. Several have found the Saviour, whose business is on the mighty deep. The open-air mid-day meetings as well as the evening's, have been well attended by crowds of working men—just the sort the mission wants. We have a nice stand outside the Dock Gates at noon.

Our first tea-meeting was a great success; but previous to the tea several of us had had a good shoulder to shoulder fight with the devil at a boat

race at Blackwall. Hundreds heard the word. Some railed and gnashed upon us with their teeth; but God blessed His faithful children, and in the evening souls cried out for mercy in the middle of the meeting. We closed up a little after ten with twelve souls for King Jesus. Those are the tea-meetings that warm and make glad the hearts of God's children. May we always go in for such. They were springing up on all sides testifying for their Master. The words were red hot from clean hearts. We did see the devil fly while young converts cried, "Glory be to God on high." We have had souls saved nearly every night since I have been here; that is sufficient to carry us on and urge us to greater diligence in our Master's cause.

We mean victory or death.

Yours at the Master's feet,

ANNIE DAVIS.

17, Albert Street, St. Leonard's
Road, Bromley-by-Bow, E.

CANNING TOWN.

THANKS be to God who giveth us the victory!

It is up-hill work here, but the Lord has been my helper. Bless His name for ever.

I want help in the open air on week-nights. Our people work very late, and cannot get up as well as we could like; but I am out with a bundle of tracts. I kneel on the ground and pray a bit, and the children gather round and shout, "It's Happy Jim saying his prayers," and the people gather up and listen.

I was speaking on Saturday night when a woman gave me sixpence towards the work, and came to the hall. Said she, "I have sat under the sound of the Gospel from my childhood, but never had my heart broken till I heard you give your experience," and with tears running down her face she said, "The Lord has saved me. I am happy now."

A man, who came to the meeting one Sunday night with his wife who was saved, went away awfully miserable. Next day, at his work, he met with an accident, and was brought home and laid in his bed, where he had a dream of heaven. When he awoke he immediately began to seek mercy and found it, and would not rest till his wife came and told me all about it.

SAVED AND SPEAKING THE SAME HOUR.

This man followed to the hall one Sunday night, and heard me speak from Proverbs iii. 17, and God caught hold of him. At the close he gave himself to Jesus, and received the pardon of his sins. Hallelujah! Half-an-hour afterwards he was giving his experience to a large crowd in the Barking Road, and the word was with power. He is still working with us.

On August 5th, we began at seven in the morning and went on till ten at night. Brother Thomas, the converted comic singer, and the converted milkman from Birmingham were with us. The hall was full, and sinners were saved. One poor man, who had scarcely any clothes on his back and no money in his pocket, but large in stature, came weeping like a child to Jesus, and went home rejoicing.

If any friends can send us either money or tracts to carry on this blessed work, it will be thankfully received by
Yours, happy in Jesus,

J. PARGETTER.

5, Spire Terrace, St. Peter's Street,
Barking Road, E.

HACKNEY.

"When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses and chariots, and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them: for the Lord thy God is with thee."
—Deut. xx. 1.

THE past month has been one of hard fighting and glorious victory. Like Nehemiah I have walked round and viewed the havoc made by Satan in the hearts and lives of men and women; and the scenes witnessed have caused my heart to ache, and led me to exclaim, "Where is the arm that is long enough and strong enough to lift up these priceless gems?" And the answer has come, "Is My arm shortened that it cannot save?" No, Lord, Thou art "mighty to save." Thou and Thou alone art sufficient for these things, and in His great strength we have advanced to meet the foe, coming off each time victorious, bringing some poor soul that had been led captive by the devil, laying him at the feet of Jesus until the precious blood has been applied, and he has risen to fight against his God no more. We just give a few cases.

"I'M NOT SAVED."

A carpenter followed the procession from the open-air meeting, and wa

found one Sunday afternoon weeping bitterly in the hall. We had been speaking of loved ones gone before, and he said, "Four years ago my wife died. I know she went to heaven because she led a Christian life. On her death-bed she entreated me to prepare to die, to meet her in heaven. I gave up the drink, and tried my utmost to lead a different life; but I'm not saved. What shall I do?" We led him to the penitent form, and after a short but severe struggle he left it all with Jesus, and went away rejoicing.

SALVATION WITHOUT SURRENDER.

A silk-weaver followed us from the open air; and, while preaching, the arrow of conviction entered his soul; and in the prayer-meeting he came sobbing to the penitent-form. We urged him to give up all for Christ, and he went away happier, believing that Christ saved him. He came again, and we found him exceedingly miserable; and for three weeks at nearly every meeting he cried to God for mercy, but always remained in the same condition. At last he attended class; and almost at the close he arose and said, "I may as well be honest, friends. God has shown me the reason I am not saved. I have been accustomed to have a glass of beer occasionally. I felt that I ought to give it up, but was not willing to do so; but I know if I do not my soul will be lost; and to-night I promise God to part with it for ever." Praise God! he made a FULL SURRENDER and received a FULL SALVATION.

A shoemaker who was terribly addicted to drinking, and when in drink on several occasions threatened to murder his parents, has been rescued from the power of Satan. We give you his own words at our Saturday evening experience meeting. "Oh, friends, I don't know how to praise God enough for what He has done for me. A short time ago at this hour I might have been seen walking between two men almost as drunk as myself, they trying to show me the way home; but now, glory to God! I'm spending Saturday night in His house among His people. I find God's service the best. Oh, pray for me that I may be kept from the drink! It has been my ruin."

"ALL THE OTHER WAY."

A wood-turner, giving his experience, said, "This has been the happiest fortnight of my life. My mates call me a happy ranter, and, praise God! so I am.

I wish they were as happy as me. Not long since I used to take pleasure in persecuting the people in the open air. I did all I possibly could to upset their meetings, but I'm all the other way now. Instead of persecuting them I love to stand among them and show my colours."

WHAT THE DEVIL CAN'T GET OVER.

"I know I'm saved," said a young man. "I heard the singing in the open air, and thought I should like a hymn-book, so came to the hall to buy one, and go away again; but once in the meeting it was impossible to get away. God showed me what a sinner I was. I came to Jesus and He saved me. This was last Tuesday night, and it has been the happiest week of my life. It's no use people telling me I'm not saved, I *know* I am." Glory to God! this is a testimony that even the devil cannot get over.

Mr. Bramwell Booth spent a week with us which will long be remembered. Sinners were saved, backsliders reclaimed, and God's people blessed in a marvellous manner. The watch-night conducted by him was a blessed time. We commenced inside at half-past eight, and continued until two o'clock. Friends from various stations attended, and the power of God was manifest the whole of the time. Many that night found the highway of holiness, and are walking therein now, while all went away strengthened for the fight.

On Bank Holiday we commenced outside at three, and for two hours we held the ground amid terrible opposition from those who were maddened with drink. It was a severe struggle; but, praise God! we gained the victory. Many followed the procession to the hall, where at five we partook of tea. The meeting commenced inside at seven. Mr. Ballington Booth took the chair. It was a blessed time; and at the close some precious souls sought and obtained pardon.

Miss Watts has arrived from Chatham, and already God is using her. Together we intend to go forward in the name of King Jesus, praying, working, weeping, for the salvation of those around, having for our motto, "Hackney for Jesus!" Friends, pray for us!

Yours in the battle-field,

EMMA M. E. STRIDE.

12, Trelawny Road,
Paragon Road, Hackney.

BETHNAL GREEN.

WE are conquering. At nearly every service since my coming here we have heard the song of triumph from the lips of those just entering the "straight gate." God's almighty power has been shown forth. Black and dying men and women have been rescued from the power of the devil, and even amidst the sin, and ignorance, and drunkenness of Bethnal Green, we have a band of God-fearing children of the light, who reckon themselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Some of our meetings have been wonderful times—times of extraordinary power. Praise the Lord.

ALL DAY MEETING.

Sunday, May 5th, we met in force at 6 o'clock, and round the Lord's table reconsecrated our all to Him and His service. The meetings continued from this all day without breaking up. In the prayer-meeting at night sinners wept their way to Calvary. Truly this was a foretaste of the time that is coming,

"When congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath's never end."

BANK HOLIDAY

was a high day. Mr. Bramwell Booth was with us. We met at 10 o'clock and held an open-air service, processioning the streets till one. Hundreds of people of all sorts and sizes listened to the story of the cross, some raged and some laughed, and some wept. God shall give the increase.

At three, on our famous space at the corner of Bethnal Green Road we began again. The people listened well. God was there. One big man who tried to upset us was soon weeping like a child—the spirit of the Lord took hold of him. All the afternoon, as one after another testified for Jesus, we felt indeed the Mighty power of the Holy Ghost. Another dear man was broken down, and came in with us, getting his tea and salvation on the spot.

After tea we processioned down the road. The great big ring of praying men and women on their knees at the corner of White Street, pleading with God for the salvation of those around, was a sight over which the angels must have rejoiced—anyhow, we did. The hall was full. We had a free experience meeting. Truly, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *liberty*; and at the

close several poor sinners cried aloud for mercy, and Jesus set *them* free.

We are not satisfied; we believe God is going to move this neighbourhood. Pray for us.

Yours in the War,
ERNEST BLANDY.

HAMMERSMITH.

ALTHOUGH the way seemed rather cloudy when we set foot in this station, the Lord has appeared as our helper. The police were hunting our open-air bands from one street to the other, and the first Monday after my arrival I was hauled off

TO THE POLICE-STATION, and our enemies, with the devil at their head, seemed to be determined to put us down, and stop the proclamation of the everlasting Gospel in the streets of Hammersmith. So we laid it all before the Lord in prayer and faith, and glory be to God the clouds are breaking, the schemes of our foes have broken down, and by the kindness of some friends we are to-day established in the open air, in the very centre of the place, and close to the very spot where the bitterest opposition has been displayed.

THE OPENING OF OUR

OPEN-AIR TABERNACLE,

Next door to the "Sussex Arms," a large public-house, with two other drink shops hard by, that is the sort of a stand for us, and by God's goodness, and the kindness of some friends, that is the stand we have got. A large piece of ground has been placed at our disposal, and on July 28th, Saturday night, we opened fire from this new position upon the strongholds of sin in the hearts of the throng of busy passers by. Several friends were present from various stations, and Mr. Kailton's voice announced the first hymn, and uttered the first invitation, then a word or two of earnest prayer, and the crowd gathered up thick and fast. Several speakers followed. The enemy sent a drunken man, who, for a while, disturbed the quiet, but did not prevent the proclamation of Jesus, nor the silent tear of penitence stealing down first one face and then another; indeed, God was with us that first night.

FIRST FRUITS.

When we closed at 9 o'clock, three dear navvies followed to the hall, broken down, and, like little children, wept

their way to Jesus. One of these dear men was just leaving the town, intending to desert his wife and family, but hearing the singing he listened and followed, and, of course, when the Lord had saved him, set off home and told the wife all about it. On the Thursday he brought her with him, and Jesus met and saved her on the spot. One of their daughters has since been saved. Hallelujah!

We have again commenced open-air work at Fulham, and the Lord has blessed our effort there. Many have listened to the word of life, and wept beneath its power. On last Tuesday the power of God came down and touched many hearts. One young man sought and found the Lord.

Sunday, August 14th, was a grand day, good seven o'clock meeting, good open-air, grand processions, and the glory of the Lord filled the Town Hall. Many wept; seven found Jesus, and others went to one of our friend's house and held a prayer meeting till, at one o'clock on Monday morning, two more poor penitents stepped into liberty.

Our people have consecrated themselves to God, and are bound together to work for the salvation of precious souls. Hammersmith for Christ.

I find we are somewhat behind in the general working expenses, and I am very anxious to clear it off at once. If any kind friend can help us, we shall be very thankful in the name of the Lord.

Yours in the Gospel,
J. ALLEN.

8, Percy Cottages, Bradmore Park Road,
Hammersmith, London, W.

BRADFORD.

"But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."—Acts i. 8.

THE past month has been a blessed season to us in this station; we have had some of the best and most powerful meetings I ever witnessed. God has displayed his matchless power in the salvation of sinners and sanctification of believers. Glory be to His name! Over a hundred and twenty have given in their names as being converted to God. A glorious work is going on amongst the young. We have a large

band of converted lads and lasses with us in the open air to sing, and we believe some of the young people will become men and women of God, and be very useful in their day and generation. We give you a few cases out of many.

A NEWSAGENT.

As I and Brother Hurrell were walking down by the Town Hall the other day, a man came up to us and said, "I am in the Slough of Despond, can you tell me what to do? I was at Pullan's Theatre last Sunday and heard you preach, and have never been happy since; the drink is my curse, and I cannot get on like this." We told him to go to God for deliverance, as He could save him from drink and every other sin. He came to the meeting a few nights after and God gloriously saved him, and although a desperate sinner he came and threw himself down and cried aloud for mercy. Since this he has been constantly attending the meetings.

BROTHER C—, THE FIGHTING MAN, writes: "Dear Brother Dowdle,—I thank God that ever the Christian Mission came to Bradford to pick up such a rough, wretched sinner as I was. I have a dear, good praying father and mother, who have prayed for me many years, but are now rejoicing that I have turned to God and given him my heart; and this is how it came about. I went to the theatre to hear you preach, and the words spoken seemed to pierce me like a two-edged sword and made me feel as if my heart would burst. I went home but could not rest, so I came again at night, and every word which was spoken went to the same old sore place in my heart, and I could not leave the theatre, so I stayed to the prayer meeting, and you came and spoke to me about my poor soul; but I could not speak a word, my heart was so broken down, so you took me on to the stage, where I fell upon my knees and cried for God to have mercy upon me with all my heart. I had a hard struggle, but praise God, He blessed me and saved my soul. Then I went home rejoicing and praising God for what He had done for me. I have not tasted beer since, and only smoked one pipe of tobacco; but have given that up, and all for Christ. We have now a happy home. I have been a very great sinner—fond of fighting and drinking; but now, thank God, I am fighting for King Jesus, who has washed me in His blood.—Yours affectionate, J. C.—"

A BACKSLIDER AND THEATRE-GOER.

"I have been in the habit of going to theatres and concert halls as many times a week as I could until I went to the theatre on Sunday and heard the Gospel, which stopped me in my mad and wild career. The Sunday night I went you read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, which I felt was for me. Then the text was, 'It is time to seek the Lord,' and I began to tremble, as it all seemed for me. After the preaching I thought I would not stop to the prayer meeting, so I went out, but could not go home, I was so miserable and broken down; so I went back again and sat down in the first seat thinking no one would come to me, but they did come and asked me to decide for God that night by coming to Christ; so I went up on to the stage and sought God and found Him, and he pardoned all my sins. Glory be to God. Since then five of my companions have given their hearts to God, and we are determined to work for God. Two of them were great novel readers. I went home with them that night they got converted, and burnt their books and papers, some in the fire and some in the gas. Since then they have given up smoking, and now giving the money that was spent in novels and tobacco to God's work; and now we are preaching Christ and Him crucified. May God keep us faithful until death.—Yours, in Jesus, J. S.—"

CONVERTED WAGGONER.

"Twenty-two years a backslider—one of the worst of sinners, because I sinned against light and knowledge with my eyes open, knowing I was doing wrong and going wrong. I came to Pullan's Theatre and heard Mrs. Dowdle preach from the words, 'Come now, and let us reason together,' &c., and I was melted right up. Her words was like needles piercing me, and especially that little word, 'Now.' I could not get over that, it was the voice of God speaking to my conscience. However, I came to the meeting at night and heard the husband preach, and he came down upon me like a big sledge hammer and drove the needles right into my heart; so I could not hold out any longer, but went to the stage and fell upon my knees and sought God. I found Him, to the joy of my heart."

(This brother is working for God with all his heart. Some of his own family have been converted since.)

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

When the Christian Mission was first commenced in this town, a brother, who is now a very active worker among us, especially in the open-air meetings, was then a cold, formal professor. When he heard of our meetings in the theatre he said, "I will go and hear this man and his wife preach and sing, and I will take my weights and scales with me and will weigh them up." So he came, and God put him in the scales of divine justice and weighed him up, and he was found miserably wanting. He gave himself to God afresh. He was a great snuff-taker of twenty-nine years standing, but he has given up this idol, and God blessed him; he has now a clear head and a clean heart, and a burning love for souls. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

A LION TURNED INTO A LAMB.

On Thursday, July 5th, while the open-air meeting was being carried on, I felt God was present helping me to speak. A respectable looking man came up under the influence of drink, began to shout and rave, cursing me and all our people, saying what he would do to me if I did not stop at once. He tried several times to break into the ring and get at me, but the people kept the ring and stood firm, trusting in God. At last I said, "Let him come in," and he rushed at me like a raving lion to stop me, but I took a firm hold of his hand and fell on my knees and began to pray for God to awaken him and let him see his danger, and I believe every Christian standing in the crowd lifted up their hearts to God in prayer for present help. The man, without doing anyone any harm, came down upon his knees on the paving stones; the Spirit of God took hold of him and broke his heart; he began to weep and acknowledge his sins and said, "I will go into the hall with you," and he went with us. When we rose from our knees he was as quiet as a lamb. With my arm round his neck I appealed to the people, for we had an immense crowd, to look and see how soon the lion was turned into a lamb; and when people cannot be managed any other way, we bring them to Jesus, and His Almighty power has never failed, and never will, to turn and change the heart of man, even as the rivers of the south. In the indoor meeting he was anxious to tell the people what a bad sinner he was; he declared he was the greatest sinner out of hell. We urged

him to decide for God at once. This way of dealing with men and women seems to be somewhat novel in Bradford, but we must beat the lion in his own den.

A BANJO PLAYER.

This man writes to us: "Dear Friends,—I have been one that has lived in sin and wickedness. From the age of fifteen I used to go and sit and drink in the alehouse, and have gone with a black face and a long tailed coat, with a banjo or tambourine under my arm, from one beershop to another, and sing nigger songs, and this brought me from the south into Yorkshire. One Sunday I heard you singing in the streets of Bradford, and I went into the theatre out of curiosity, and I liked the meetings, so I continued to go for six weeks and then I got saved, and now I am washed in the blood of the Lamb. Since I have been converted I have written to my parents, and my dear mother was so overcome with joy, that she wept while she read it. Oh, may I be faithful to the Cross.—E. B."

Although God has so abundantly blessed us, we are behind in our finances; rents of theatre, and halls, &c., are so heavy. Will our readers remember us and send us help, so as to get out of this difficulty. Donations for our work will be received and acknowledged, with thanks, by

JAMES DOWDLE,

41, Burlington Terrace, Manningham Lane, Bradford.

[Tracts and books for distribution will be received with thanks.]

LEEDS.

DEAR BROTHER,—We have had some blessed meetings since I came here; the power of God has been manifested, and our souls have been filled and flooded with the glory of the Lord. We had a hearty reception from the people. Brother Dowdle had smoothed the way, and they promised to help and work with me, and, hallelujah! they are doing so.

We have a good deal of opposition from the atheists in the open air, and although the fight has been hard and keen and the battle fierce, we have, with Jesus as our leader, driven back the powers of darkness, and rescued men and women from the jaws of hell.

One night, while some of the Lord's people were seeking the blessing of a

clean heart, an old woman of seventy years was overcome by the power of God, and she fell down and cried for pardoning mercy. And the Lord had mercy, light broke in, the seventy years' burden rolled away, and she went forth rejoicing.

Two men had been seeking peace and happiness in various ways. Tried christening, but that did them no good: their burden increased. So one night at our hall I spoke to them, and they came and cried aloud for mercy. Soon the light of heaven broke in, and now they are triumphing in Jesus.

A young man who had long been employed by the devil to interrupt our meetings and stop the progress of the Gospel, and who has been turned out of our hall for unruly conduct more than twenty times, has been caught at last. The power of God laid hold of him, and he cried out so that everybody in the place heard him, then when

"The Spirit witnessed with the blood,"

He shouted again, "Glory be to God."

A drunkard, who the devil had wrought up to such a pitch that he was twice about to commit suicide, came to our meetings. A brother spoke to him about his soul, and down he came, crying, "Lord have mercy on a wretch like me!" and our Lord, who is nigh unto a broken heart and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit, set him at liberty. When he got home he told his wife, but she would not believe him. So the next night she came to see, and now, glory be to God, they are travelling the way to heaven together.

The other day four came to my house seeking the way of holiness. I instructed them as well as I could, then we had some prayer, the Holy Ghost fell upon me, then upon one of the brothers. He shouted, and down he fell—the flame increased, he said he had never felt such power before. There are many getting into the pool. Praise the Lord. I am filled with redeeming love.

Yours in Christ,

JAMES ROBINSON.

19, Lower Brunswick Street,
Leeds.

MIDDLESBRO'.

PRINCE OF WALES.

HALLELUJAH! We are moving in every direction. Since my arrival we have scarcely held a service without seeing

the penitent's tears and hearing the penitent's cry. Some of the vilest have been rescued from the service of the devil. I find that our holiness meetings are a marvellous help to our success. Last Thursday night was a time which will not be forgotten. While giving ourselves afresh to God and His work we received and realised a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. May we live in the Fountain!

Last Sunday was a blessed day. About fifty of us met at seven o'clock for prayer. We had no sooner commenced than the power of God was felt all over the room. At a quarter to ten we met again in the open air, and thoroughly missioned the streets; there was power in the singing and speaking which riveted the attention of the people, and we closed the day with eleven precious souls weeping their way to Calvary. To God be all the glory!

Here are one or two cases that have come under my notice.

TWENTY-THREE WEEKS UNDER CONVICTION.

"No one can tell the wretchedness and misery that I have passed through during this time, but God and myself; if ever there was a miserable soul out of hell I was the one; but, glory be to God! to-night I am saved, washed, made clean, through the precious blood of Christ."

I shall never forget the night this dear man gave up for God. He trembled and shook from head to foot, the devil had got so fast hold of him; but while we were singing "Plunge in the Fountain," he laid hold of God by faith, and jumped upon his feet and exclaimed, "The blood cleanses me now! I do believe! I feel the burden has gone!" Since then his wife and daughter have both been saved and made happy in the Lord.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

"God moves in a mysterious way" to bring sinners to Himself. This dear woman had been laid low by affliction, and while in great pain of body she sent for one of our sisters to pray with her, and promised the Lord there and then, if He would spare her to get better, she would lead a different life; and God did spare her, and she came to one of the meetings, and before we were half through the service began to cry for mercy. She took up her cross at once, and came out to the penitent form and cried, "Lord, save me!"

And, praise God! He did save her. She rose up, and gave evidence of her acceptance with God, and went home to tell her husband and make him miserable. Soon he began to seek the Lord in his own way, but failed. While he was walking in the street one day he heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me;" and at once laid hold of Christ by faith and rejoiced over sins forgiven.

A SAILOR.

While we were holding an open-air service I noticed a man standing with tears running down his cheeks, and looking as miserable as sin and the devil could make him. He followed us to the hall, and got down upon his knees, and wrestled and groaned for God to have mercy upon his soul. Before the meeting closed he told us what he had received. He said, "I have been round the world, and I can speak seven languages; but though I can do all that, I know more now than ever I did in my life. I know my sins which were many, very many, are all forgiven. I feel it in my heart. I am going away a happier man than I was when I came into this room." May he be kept faithful until the end! Will our friends pray that God may save hundreds of souls in Middlesbro'? Tracts are much needed. Will our friends remember

Yours in the blood,

WILLIAM RIDSDALE.

59, Church Street,
Middlesbro'.

LEICESTER.

THE blessed soul-saving work is still going on. Good congregations listen to us in the open air, and crowds of poor people flock to the Warehouse, and at nearly every meeting souls are made happy. We will give one brief sketch of the penitent form at the close of one meeting.

SIX SOULS

are side by side, all deeply convinced of sin and crying to God for pardon.

No. 1 IS A BACKSLIDER, and cries out, "Oh Lord, I'm such a sinner! I'm such a sinner! I'm a big backslider, do take me in. I've not come here to see these people, nor yet to show myself. I've come to be saved, oh, Lord, save me! if thou can'st save a poor backslider, do save me!" We sang

"He does all my backslidings heal
The moment I believe."

and very soon the Lord received the returning Prodigal.

No. 2 A RANK INFIDEL sobbed aloud for mercy. Again and again he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" while we sang

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,"

and when we had sung it through a few times the man started singing

"I believe I shall be saved,
The moment I believe."

He soon ventured on Christ Jesus, and then jumped for joy. Clapping his hands, he shouted, "I'm so happy, it's heaven to be here; I'm sure He saves me, I'm so happy."

No. 3 WAS IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, and all his other clothes in rags; he had followed from the open-air service, convinced of sin, a poor miserable undone sinner; but the Lord heard him, and we shall never forget the man's face when he rose to his feet as he said, "I feel so light, my burden is all gone. I feel as though I could jump through a needle's eye—the burden is all gone."

No. 4 A POOR GIRL had also followed us from the open-air, confessed her black catalogue of crime to God, fell into the fountain, and went away rejoicing.

Nos. 5 & 6 WERE MAN AND WIFE, recommending life at the foot of the cross; both soon ventured, and were made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

The above is a fair specimen of the general work in Leicester.

MR. BOOTH'S VISIT

was made a great blessing to many souls. On Sunday, all the meetings were times of special blessing, and at night we had

A LONG ROW OF PENITENTS, of nearly all sorts and all sizes, men, women, and children, wanting mercy. Then a man came from the far end of the Warehouse, and fell at the penitent form and cried "Oh, Lord, do save me! Oh, Lord, do save me!" groaning and sobbing until the congregation rose to their feet to see the sight; the praying host took hold of God and hold of the sinner, and very soon the same man shouted out "Oh, Lord, I do believe! I do believe it! I am saved!"

"STARKEY'S FUNERAL SERMON will be preached this evening, Tuesday, at 8, by the Rev. Wm. Booth, in the Sal-

vation Warehouse, Foundry Lane, Belgrave Gate, Leicester." So read the 5,000 hand-bills which we had in the hands of our friends, many of which were distributed in the crowd of people which had assembled round the Borough jail at eight o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July, 1877, to witness

THE EXECUTION OF JOHN H. STARKEY, for the murder of his wife on the 4th of April, in Cedar Street, Leicester. No sooner was the black flag hoisted above the prison walls than the hand-bills were distributed in the crowd. The same words were used in the advertisement in the *Midland Free Press*, a special edition of which was published and sold all day after the execution, containing a full report of the confession and execution of the murderer. Another announcement was carried about the town all day on a pole; the consequence was at eight o'clock in the evening, we had the largest and

ROUGHEST CONGREGATION

I have ever seen in the Salvation Warehouse. Nearly 2,000 were closely packed together, and a crowd round the door outside. Many who saw the crowd inside and out dare not venture to stay, so went away disappointed. Inside were men and women of every class, rough and ragged and respectable. People of both sexes, half-drunk, swearers, thieves, and infidels; men (as Mr. Booth said) who were murderers of a worse class than the poor man who had been hung that morning; for although Starkey had taken the life of his wife he had taken it quickly, and some that listened to the sermon were doing the same thing, only more slowly; they had fetched their wives from their parents and good homes, took them to God's altar and promised to love and cherish and take care of them in sickness and in health, and as soon as they had got them fully into their own hands and under their own power they made slaves of them and brought them by cruelty and neglect to an early grave.

THE TEXT.

was Luke xiii. 1-5 verses. Mr. Booth said, that although the man had committed this terrible deed and suffered his terrible punishment, it did not follow that in the sight of God he was a greater sinner than other sinners in Leicester; or deserving of a greater punishment; but all were alike, depraved by nature, and that the ways in which this depravity manifested itself depended

much on the restraining influences of education and grace, and that it was of the mercy of God that we had not all been hurried along to the commission of sins and crimes sufficient to destroy both body and soul long ago, driving home every few moments with terrible effect the demand of the text on every unsaved person in the Warehouse, "Except ye repent," &c.

At the onset, the rough crowd started to clap and stamp as though at a lecture; but the preacher knew how to tame them, and never in our lives did we see so wild an assembly so orderly and attentive. Strong men, some without either coat or waistcoat, with wills like lions, and hearts as hard as steel, stood and listened while the preacher alternately poured forth the thunders of the broken law, portrayed the coming judgment, and described the terrible punishment which must overtake unrepentant sinners, or pleaded with them on behalf of their precious souls, offering mercy to the vilest through the blood of the Lamb. He said "As I take my stand beside that gallows and look at that rope, that poor murderer, and that executioner, I can't help my mind wandering back to the early training of the victim. If the report in your papers be true, John H. Starkey never had a praying mother, whose loving words taught his infant lips to pray, or led him to the house of God, or turned his feet into the way to heaven." An appeal then followed to the mothers present which moved many a heart. After speaking of the hardening character of sin, the speaker showed how it deceived and deluded them. Starkey had been beguiled by the devil and his own heart, to think that he could deceive Christ's justice, and avoid the consequence of his bloody crime; with cold-blooded ingenuity, after taking the life of his victim, he had placed the mangled body of his poor wife on the floor, and in her poor bleeding hand he had placed the knife, to make the impression that she had committed the deed herself. But the lie, acted with such skill, soon exploded, and his crime was soon dragged out to the light of day. And so the preacher reminded his audience sooner or later every man's sins, no matter how concealed, would find him out. The bitter disappointment that sin had brought on him was then dwelt upon.

He intended a new wife, a home at

Lincoln, and all manner of pleasure as the outcome of his sin; but, alas, for him, it had brought him to that fatal drop, that very morning at 26 years of age, and if he had died without repentance it had taken him to hell.

And as the preacher described the trial, the condemnation, the execution, the coffin, the burning lime, and eternity, we shall never forget the feeling that thrilled the congregation. "Ah!" he said, "we shall all have to face our trial: not an earthly court, but the high court of heaven, and our maker will be our judge, and unless saved, he will pass upon us the sentence of death, and the executioner from hell will do his work; and we must endure not the heating lime but a burning hell for ever and for ever."

"No voice was raised, no friend interceded for Starkey; among the members of his family, his friends, his work-mates, his fellow townsmen, not one single word was uttered in mitigation of his crime, no hope, no help came to the doomed and dying man; but, here to-day, Jesus is pleading for you sinners, here to-day he is offering you a pardon which is the priceless purchase of his precious blood—pardon for the vilest, the furthest away from God, pardon for the nearest to eternal woe and pardon now."

We turned into the prayer meeting and the penitent form was soon filled with anxious souls. Others went away under conviction, and we believe an impression was made upon a great crowd, who had never heard the gospel for years, and which could not have been brought to hear under any other circumstances. For further report of the work and quarter's balance-sheet, send stamped address to yours in Jesus,

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,
48, New Bridge Street,
Leicester.

NORTH ORMESBY.

God has been wonderfully blessing us. Sinners saved, saints sanctified, the devil defeated, and God glorified! Hallelujah! Since the entire separation of this station from Masboro' we have been able to increase our meetings. I have not been long fully engaged in this grand and glorious work, and I have a great deal to learn yet, but, praise the Lord, I have already found

the absolute necessity and easy possibility of making an entire separation from sin and of being fully given up to God! I want to be, with my brethren, so entirely the Lord's, that at all times and under all circumstances we may be able to say, "Thy will be done." Oh to realise that all we do is done to win souls; to be able to meet the enemy like the good man who, on his way home alone one night from preaching, was attacked by Satan with, "What a failure you made to-night." "Never mind," said the preacher, "I'll fail in preaching to save souls." The next time the tempter came in the opposite direction. "What a grand sermon you did preach to-night." "Never mind," said the preacher, "I'll preach well in order to save souls." Glory be to God, I have set my heart on the salvation of sinners, and God will not, cannot disappoint me.

Saturday evening, July 28, we met together to ask God's blessing on the services of the following day, and He came down in mighty power, two sisters fell on to the floor overpowered by God's presence. Everybody felt like thanking God for what He was going to do, and praise high heaven we were not disappointed, as from 7 a.m. till the close of the day, His power was felt. One dear sister came out and professed to find peace in the afternoon, and several were seen weeping their way to the foot of the cross at night. When I reached home a young man that had been a backslider for two years came in with his dog behind him, I asked him if he was saved; he said, "No, but I'm as miserable as I can live." We went to prayer. He, like David, said, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation;" prayer was answered, he got saved, and shouted "Hallelujah" over and over again, and began to sing, "The blood of Jesus cleanses me," &c.; he had not been home all day and his wife, expecting him to come home drunk and quarrelsome as usual, was sitting on the doorstep crying, but how gloriously disappointed was she to hear that he had returned to the backsliders' Saviour.

Last night, August 5th, was a night of much spiritual power, I spoke from the words, "There is but a step between me and death"; it was a solemn time. At the close several came out to get washed in the blood of a crucified Lord, and thus be made ready to die. Amongst others were a young couple just married,

who gave themselves to the Lord. Oh may they continue to live to Him.

Yours truly, a lover of souls,
JOHN ROBERTS,

90, Telford Row,
North Ormesby, Middlesbrough.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

MRS. ATKINS OF WHITECHAPEL.

"Is it only Thursday? How long Sunday is of coming!" said a poor woman lying in extreme pain to a sympathising fellow-sufferer who was waiting upon her. The idea that Sunday would bring her endless rest turned out to be correct, for at ten minutes past midnight of the following Saturday our sister's glorious everlasting Sabbath began.

She was a remarkable example of what the great Saviour can do for a poor East-ender. She has told the well known "missionary to the thieves," who was the instrument in God's hands of leading her to Christ, how she had toiled sometimes from four o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock at night sewing slops at threepence each, earning barely a shilling a day to support herself and two children. Sometimes she could only get three halfpence each for the slops, and living on potatoes only, became so utterly reduced, that she was at last compelled for a season to accept parish relief. But she always managed to maintain a clean and decent appearance, in spite of all her dreadful battlings with starvation and sickness. It was while dragging on a miserable existence amongst the poorest of the poor that she was induced to attend meetings in the Irish Free Schools, Goodman's Fields, where many a poor soul was born for glory.

One evening the missionary dwelt particularly upon the hopelessness of ever being saved without the abandonment of many besetting sins, using as his illustration the fact that a small leak would sink a big ship. At the conclusion of the meeting our sister was found seeking the Lord in deep anguish of soul; but she went home still unsaved, because still clinging to one bosom sin. She passed a restless night however, and rising, knelt in the corner of her little room to seek the Lord. There she had an awful struggle with the powers of hell. To give up that one sin seemed like tearing the very flesh from her bones; but fully convinced it must go if she was to find peace, she at length surrendered without reserve to God, and

felt in a moment that Christ was her all-sufficient Saviour. She was ever afterwards particularly fond of that beautiful hymn:—

"I've found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy,
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
Oh what a Christ have I!"

She immediately began to attend a neighbouring church, became a communicant, and steadily grew in grace. The missionary says: "I cannot recollect that I ever had occasion either to reprove her or to warn her of imminent danger with regard to any thing, fault, or wandering whatever. On the contrary, she not merely watched most carefully over her own conduct, but never feared to point out in the plainest words of love, to anyone around her anything she might see inconsistent in their conduct. She was very helpful in missionary work, for she would never flinch from kneeling beside the most utterly degraded and dirty people to point them to Jesus, and would constantly exert herself to bring others to the meetings, and to visit and watch over any who professed to be anxious about their souls. In fact several of the people looked up to her as a sort of leader, although she never would undertake any prominent post in connection with the work of God, her feeling always being that she was scarcely worthy to take the humblest place amongst His followers.

For fourteen years she acted as a pew opener at the Whitechapel old church without fee or reward beyond the smile of Him for whom she did it all. She was one of the first ragged-school teachers in the East End.

In 1867 she heard Mr. Booth, and feeling that the Christian Mission was entering upon the very work that was dearest to her heart, she threw herself heartily into its ranks, and persuaded her husband to do the same. Although always inclined to shrink from the front line, she continually strove to keep on the work with all her might. She was particularly fond of hunting up any who went astray from God, and used therefore to call herself

"A PIGEON-FANCIER."
May God rouse up many more such! As a member of Sister Durnall's band she went about from station to station preaching the gospel and gathering souls to Christ.

Soon after her conversion she heard Christians talk so much about troubles

and trials, that she began to wonder whether she could really be one of His at all, seeing that in the fulness of her joy she seemed to have neither trials nor troubles. She went to inquire of the Lord about it and got reassured; but from that time the cause of her surprise seems never to have troubled her again, for of all whom we have known, few have had to tread a more thorny and bitter path. Not only had she with her husband to endure poverty, at times bordering upon starvation, but sickness continually preyed upon her, until at length it confined her entirely to her room, she became so dreadfully diseased that even powerful opiates injected under the skin almost ceased to ease her agonising pain. But far from murmuring, she seemed only to gather from each pang an intenser feeling of delight in God, with whose loving-kindness she was so overflowingly satisfied.

While able to get out at all she would always strive to come to services, and in all her afflictions she always found heart and time to sympathise with and visit other sufferers, whom she would often help far beyond her reasonable ability.

Again and again she has gone home and taken down some of her own clothes from her room to give to some one needier than herself. On one occasion, when her husband was out of work and they were reduced to the *last half crown*, she went to see a poor dying fellow-member, and, finding the family in great distress, gave them the half crown, and went home to rejoice in the friendship of God without supper or breakfast.

When no longer able to leave her bed she became even more precious as a succourer of many spiritually than she had been as a voluntary relieving officer before.

HER RECEPTIONS.

Her sick chamber was like a heavenly palace where "by command" receptions were held on behalf of the King of Kings, and the select circle who gathered there were ravished with the good things of the better land. Some of our readers will remember that it was in that little room that Bro. Crowhurst's soul received its last Sunday feast before his departure to glory.

We shall never forget Sister Atkins' look of triumph as she waved her hand and said to us one day, "Oh! it's

glorious! glorious!! glorious!!! This weak tabernacle is fast giving way; but I'm going to a far, far better home." And this was just the spirit in which she spoke when a little relaxation of pain or weariness would allow of speech to all who came near her.

The following testimonies delivered over her grave bear witness to the value of such a sick room:—

Sister Sayers: We know our dear Sister Atkins has gone to be with Jesus. When visiting her she has often encouraged me in my work. "Go," she has said, "and tell the people that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. Be faithful in your district. Oh! how precious Jesus is." I have seen her in the greatest agony praising God, because ready to depart.

Sister Reynolds: I visited Sister Atkins several times. I always found her resigned to God's will. There was one thing that seemed to trouble her—being kept in her room she thought her life was useless. I assured her it was not so, for she had been a blessing to me. Instead of me comforting her, she comforted me.

The last Sunday I was permitted to see her she was suffering acutely, but was very happy. "We'll cross the River of Jordan happy in the Lord," burst from her lips, and again she sang "The angels will come with their music, will come." Looking at her, I thought the power must be Divine that holds this sister up.

I went from the room to the open air and told her dying testimony to a crowd of men and women, who became deeply impressed. When I told her what I had said to the crowd she was cheered. Clapping her hands she praised God for making her useful in suffering.

THE END.

She was waiting for death. In a drawer lay every article needed for her interment, down to the smallest, carefully prepared with her own hands. Three months before her death her brother died in a distant town, and her husband, fearing to distress her with the news at a time when she had so much pain to bear herself, would have kept the matter from her, but she said to him, "What's the use of trying to keep it from me? I knew it. He came to me robed in white and beckoned me away, and I shall not be long in following him."

A week before she passed away she

called her husband to her and said, "If I never speak again, remember this is my dying testimony. I am trusting in the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and my hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

From that time she seemed to be constantly in prayer. Even when she made no audible sound the movement of her lips showed that she was still earnestly engaged with God. She replied invariably with intense earnestness that she felt the Lord very precious whenever she was asked about her state.

The day before she died she was asked if she had any fear. "I cannot have any," she answered, "with such a friend as Jesus to lean on." In the night she called one of the faithful watchers to her side and said, "Pray."

"Shall I pray for you?" she was asked.

"Pray with me, and whisper Jesus in my ear," she replied.

At nine o'clock on her last Saturday evening she called on everybody in the room to pray, after which she sang more loudly than ever before the hymn:

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

At half-past ten she said to a sister: "I love you and my dear husband and everybody, but I love Jesus best," speaking with such rapture, that it was as if she would have leaped up to meet Him.

At half-past eleven, when her husband asked if she still felt Jesus precious, she could not reply, but nodded her head and waved her hand.

About five minutes before her death she asked them to wet her lips, and then motioning a sister to bend over her she whispered, "Jesus is precious," and slipped away so quietly, that the exact moment of her departure could scarcely be observed.

How large a company of devout men and women followed her body to the grave we told in our magazine for June. From amongst the great company who heard her funeral sermon on the following Sunday, several persons were gathered to the Lord, and will build upon the sure foundation, till every other shall have passed away for ever. R.