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Conscience.

By MRS. BOOTH.

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“And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.”—ACTS xxiv. 16.



PERHAPS there is no complaint more frequently on the lips of those who mourn over leanness of soul than this: “My faith is so weak: I want more faith”; and doubtless a weak faith is the secret of a great deal of the barrenness and misery of many Christians; but it never seems to occur to them to ask WHY their faith is weak? WHY they find themselves powerless to appropriate the promises of God? “Yes,” said a dying backslider to a man of God who was trying to comfort him by quoting the promises; “yes, I believe they are true, but somehow they won’t stick!” The fault was in the state of his own heart. He could not appropriate the promises, because he knew that he was not the *character* to whom they were made.

Now it seems to me that a great deal of failure in faith is simply the result of a defiled conscience, and if those who find themselves weak and sickly in spiritual life would turn their attention to the condition of their *consciences* they would soon discover the reason for all their failure. The fact is, we have a great deal of so-called Christianity in these days which dispenses with conscience altogether. We sometimes meet with persons who tell us that they are not under the law, but under grace, and therefore they are not condemned, do what they will.

Now the question is, Does the Gospel contemplate such a state? Does it propose to depose or abjure conscience, or to purify and restore it to sovereign control?

I.—LET US DEFINE CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is that faculty of the soul which pronounces on the character of our actions (Rom. ii. 15). This faculty is a constituent

part of our nature, and is common to man everywhere and at all times. All men have a conscience; whether enlightened or unenlightened, active or torpid, there it is: it cannot be destroyed. Therefore Christianity cannot propose to dispense with it, as God in no case proposes to *destroy*, but to *sanctify*, human nature.

There has been much philosophising as to the exact position of conscience in the soul—whether it be a separate faculty, as the will and the understanding, or whether it be a universal spiritual sense pervading and taking cognisance of all the faculties, as feeling in the body. It matters little which of these theories we accept, seeing that the vocation of conscience remains the same in both.

II.—LET US GLANCE AT THE OFFICE WHICH CONSCIENCE SUSTAINS TO THE SOUL.

This office is to determine or pronounce upon the moral quality of our actions—to say whether this or that is good or bad. Conscience is an independent witness standing as it were between God and man; it is *in* man, but *for* God, and it cannot be bribed or silenced. Some one has called it “God’s Spirit in man’s soul.” Another, “God’s vicegerent in the soul of man”; and certainly it is the most wonderful part of man. All other of our faculties can be subdued by our will; but this cannot: it stands erect, taking sides against ourselves whenever we transgress its fiat: something in us bearing witness against us when we offend its integrity.

Now it is a question of vital importance to our spiritual life whether the Gospel is intended to deliver us from this reigning power of conscience, and make us independent of its verdict; or whether it is intended to purify and enlighten conscience, and to endow us with power to live in obedience to its voice. Let us examine a few passages on this point. First, let us see what is done with conscience in regeneration. Heb. ix. 14: “How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?” See also Heb. x. 22. Second, let us see the office which conscience sustains in regenerate men. 1 Tim. i. 19: “Holding faith and a good conscience, which some, having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck.” Romans ix. 1: “I say the truth in Christ; I lie not; my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost.” See 1 Tim. iii. 9 and Acts xxiii. 1. We have also set forth the consequences of allowing conscience to become defiled. 1 Tim. iv. 2: “Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron.” Also Tit. i. 15.

There are many other texts quite as much to the point, but these are abundantly sufficient to show that Paul had no idea of a wild, lawless faith, which ignored the tribunal of conscience, and talked of liberty while leaving its possessor the bond-slave of his own lusts. The Apostles clearly show that true Christianity no more dispenses with conscience than it does with the great moral law by which conscience is set, and to which it is amenable. Hence Paul tells us in ou

text that he *exercised* himself to have always a conscience void of offence.

III.—WE WANT TO POINT OUT WHAT IS IMPLIED IN HAVING A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENCE.

This implies,

First, a “*purged*” conscience—*made clean*; must be made clean before it can be kept clean. The residuum of all sin settles on the conscience; and, as all have sinned, there can be no clean consciences by nature. There is only one way by which conscience can be purified—purged from guilt and made ready for new service. Heb. ix. 14: “From dead works”—from all pollution, uncleanness, sterility. Conscience is not only polluted by sin, but outraged, incensed, made angry; it needs to be pacified as well as purged, and this can only be done by the blood of atonement. Every believer remembers the precious sense of purity and peace which spread over his soul when first he realised a saving interest in the blood of Christ; how sweet it was to feel that all the stains left by the sins of a past life were washed out—to realise that the anger and vengeance of an aggrieved conscience were appeased—that God, having accepted the Lamb as a sufficient atonement, conscience accepted Him also, and was pacified! The offence and condemnation of past sin is washed away, and now the conscience is void of offence, clean, and ready to serve the LIVING God. There is a beautiful significance in the word “living” in this connection; it seems to intimate that there is a fitness, an appropriateness, between the character of the Being to be served and the quality of that faculty of the soul which has specially to preside over His service. It is now not only made clean, but light, quick, tender, ready to detect and reject everything old, rotten, impure, unholy, and to keep it out of the sanctuary of the believer’s soul, as unfit for the service of the living God, who sees every thought, motive, and desire. And oh, how true is conscience to its trust if only the soul would exercise itself *always* to obey!

The Apostle laboured to have always a conscience void of offence. This must have been possible, or he could not have exercised himself to maintain it; he was too good a philosopher for that. What unpardonable and wilful mistakes are made about Paul’s experience! His personification of the ineffectual struggles of a convicted sinner in the words, “Oh, wretched man that I am,” have been wrested from their explanatory connection and set in solitary and mocking contradiction to every exposition of his experience from the hour of his conversion to that of his martyrdom. Paul was either a sanctified man, “more than conqueror”—“doing all things through Christ strengthening him”—counting all things but “loss and dung”—knowing nothing amongst men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” or he was the greatest egotist that ever lived. Neither was he honest, for we have not a word about failure or defeat after he once attained the liberty wherewith Christ Jesus made him free; and yet no

Apostle gives us so much of his personal experience as Paul. He continually exhorts the churches to follow his example, to walk as he walked; and tells Agrippa that he would both he and all that heard him were **ALTOGETHER** such as he was, save his bonds. He continually challenged his enemies to point out a single selfish or inconsistent action, declaring that whatever he did, or wherever he went, or whatever he suffered, it was all for the interests of his Redeemer's kingdom; and when his work was done, like some mighty conqueror about to seize the crown of victory, he stretches forth his hand and cries, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Surely Paul had found it possible to maintain a conscience void of offence! And so may we; but this implies,

Secondly, systematic obedience to the dictates of conscience. Being made pure, light, and quick, and set on the throne of the soul to communicate the light and truth of God, and to witness impartially whether it is obeyed or not, of course there can be but one way to keep this conscience void of offence, and that is by so *acting* as not to offend, grieve, or incense it again! You see if the soul—nay, the whole being—refuses to be in subjection to it—will not obey it—then conscience must needs take offence again, because it cannot be cheated, or bribed, or silenced. To be kept void of offence it must be obeyed with *promptness*—to parley is to defile. How many a soul has dated its ruin to temporising with a suggestion which conscience asserted ought to have been put down at once!

Thirdly, to keep a conscience void of offence requires unremitting effort, exertion, "exercise," determination: a bringing up, so to speak, of all the other powers and faculties of the being; "herein do I exercise myself"—the whole man, soul, mind, body—myself.

Here is need for "exercise" indeed; this signifies no child's play, no mere effervescing emotion, expending itself in sentimental songs or idle speculations. Here is the "fight of faith"—**THE** faith of the saints, which can dare, and do, and suffer anything rather than defile its garments. Only those who thus fight have the Apostle's kind of faith. Satan knows this, and he waylays such souls with every temptation possible to them. He tries considerations of ease, interest, honour, reputation, friends, fashion, health, life! And sometimes puts all these in one scale at the same time, over against a pure conscience in the other. Alas, how many for such considerations "have put away a good conscience, and concerning faith have made shipwreck."

It is no uncommon thing to meet with people in this condition, who, "having built again the things they once destroyed, have made themselves transgressors." Conscience is defiled and incensed, and demands that the evil shall be put away and repented of, and the soul cast afresh on the blood of atonement for pardon and healing. Instead of doing this, however, we are constantly meeting with people who try to cling on to what they call faith, and who quibble and

reason to try to make it out that they are right; but between their sentences we can hear their consciences mutter, "You know you are wrong, you know you are guilty; confess, and forsake your sin." I know a young lady, a professing Christian, who was deeply convinced by the Spirit of God that the business in which she was engaged was inconsistent with her profession, and also with her becoming a *real* follower of Jesus. After much controversy she took three days to debate with conscience as to whether she should give it up or not. Minister, friends, everybody but conscience, said, No. She yielded, and "put away a good conscience" in order to keep a good business. Shortly after she married a young man with the same sort of religion as her own; they rushed into imprudent and extravagant expenditure; he soon failed, and now she is in seas of trouble and sorrow. Surely "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee."

IV.—**TO KEEP A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENCE REQUIRES THE SUBJECTION OF THE WHOLE BEING TO THE WILL.**

As conscience is the reigning power of the soul, the will is the executive, and in order to keep a pure conscience the will must act out its teaching. When inclination lures, when the flesh incites to that which conscience condemns, the will must say, No! and be firm as adamant, counting all things but dung and dross. When Satan takes us up to the pinnacle and says, "All these things will I give thee" if thou wilt do this or that, the will must say, No! and repel the tempter. This is just the point where human nature has failed from the beginning. Our first parents fell here. Their consciences were on the right side, but their wills yielded to the persuasions of the enemy. **THIS IS SIN.** The committal of the will to unlawful self-gratification. Joseph's conscience thundered the right path, and his will acted it out. Pilate's conscience also thundered the right course, but his will failed to carry it out. In one we behold a hero, in the other a traitor!

Young man! when you have got the fiat of your conscience **ACT ON IT.** *At all costs carry it out.* Better be counted a fool, and die poor, than be damned as a traitor to God and righteousness!

Young woman! what says your own conscience about accepting that unconverted lover? I entreat you, **OBEY!** Never mind what friends say—what inclination says—what apparent interest says; they *all LIE* if they contradict God! And miserable comforters will they all prove when His chastisements overtake you. Let your will be firm, though it slay you. Man of business! conscience intrudes even on the arena of trade. You hear its voice about this and that practice, or such and such a scheme. Does your will carry out its dictates? Do you resolutely say, I will not "do this thing and sin against God"? *This is the test of faith.* Real faith dares trust God with consequences; a spurious faith must look after consequences itself! It must save its life whatever becomes of a good conscience. Judge ye how much it is worth!

V.—TO KEEP A PURE CONSCIENCE REQUIRES GREAT VIGILANCE
LEST BY SURPRISE OR INATTENTION WE DEFILE IT.

"What I say unto you, I say unto all—watch." Our enemy is always watching to put an occasion of stumbling in our way. He knows the power of surprise. He lays many a snare to take us unawares; many a nicely-laid plot; many carefully adjusted circumstances to catch us by guile. Oh, what need for vigilance! If by subtlety we ever get overcome, what must we do? Lie down in guilt and despair—allow conscience to remain polluted and incensed? No! up and confess, and forsake, and wash again.

VI.—TO KEEP A PURE CONSCIENCE REQUIRES PATIENCE.

Often necessitates our walking in an isolated path—taking a course which men condemn. Men judge from outward appearance; they do not see the intricacies of individual experience. The very course which they condemn may be that which conscience insists on, and which must be done or suffered, or conscience and God be grieved and offended.

Patience will wait till God, by time and providence, justifies our course. Paul said it was a small matter with him to be judged of man's judgment. Why? Because his conscience acquitted—justified, and God witnessed that he was right. Such a soul can go on with all the world up in arms against it. This is just what the martyrs did—nothing more, nothing less.

LASTLY.—A PURE CONSCIENCE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

No matter who condemns, if it approves, there is peace and sunshine in the soul. And whatever our trials or persecutions, we can draw near to God without wavering, for "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God; and whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight" (1 John iii. 21, 22). As a clean conscience is its own reward, so an offended conscience is its own punishment. Conscience frequently offended soon becomes "seared"—mark, not destroyed; quick and raw enough underneath, ready to be probed and fretted by the worm that dieth not, and scorched by the fire that never goes out—but seared on the surface, of no use for present service: numbed, dark, useless. People with their consciences in this state often tell us they do not feel condemned, for dispositions and practices which are evidently forbidden by the word of God, nor for things which they once would have trembled to do. Poor things, they do not see that their consciences are seared. A lady once told us that early in her religious experience she would have felt very much condemned if she had gone to a theatre, but now she could go there, and feel that she was sitting with Christ in heavenly places at the same time! She had got such an increase of light, or rather darkness, that the godless entertainment, the worldly multitude, the flippant jokes, and pot-house songs, did not strike her as inconsistent with the teaching and profession of Him who said, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of

the world." Truly, it is an awful thing to have a seared conscience! There is but one step between that soul and everlasting death. Is there one of this class here? My friend, make haste back to the foot of the Cross, confessing and forsaking your sins, and get your "conscience purged again from dead works to serve the living God." For without holiness no man shall see the Lord!

THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

SEA-CLIFF GROVE, Saturday afternoon, July 13th, 1872, will ever be to me memorable. Alone with God, I received, in answer to prayer, by simple faith in God's word, that which I had distinctly sought—the Holy Ghost to be to me an ever-present Comforter.

I *knew* He came! And when the thought passed through my mind, "Will He always stay? Shall I never have to mourn again on account of absence?" I opened my Bible, and my eyes rested on these words: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." And I saw that the sweet privilege was to be mine of waiting on the Lord. That would not be a strange work. I had waited on loved ones, studied their pleasure, introduced them to those I wanted should know them, because they were so dear to me, and I had loved to wait on them. And my only apology for writing my new experience is the hope that I may induce some one to seek and *find* the Comforter.

At the time I speak of I did not seek to be entirely consecrated to God. I was consciously all the Lord's, and working out my consecration—doing all I could to lead on to this higher Christian life. More than that, I was really believing that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin, and had taken up my residence close to the bleeding side; and still there was a felt want. I had held myself during the meeting in a receptive state, determined, as new light should dawn on me, to walk in that light—not to be trammelled by the opinions of even very devoted people, so, when those were invited to kneel who felt any want that was unsupplied, I knelt with others, and asked that the Holy Ghost would come to my poor heart, that had known the bitterness of absence, that had so longed for an abiding presence. Then this word was applied: "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant *whom ye delight in.*" And I believed He would come! I went on working for others, and singing my little "Hope Song," which had a new meaning to me now—

"I hear it singing,
Singing sweetly,
Softly, in an undertone."

And singing, as if God had taught it, "It is better farther on." And I felt sure I should soon have something better than anything I had ever known, and God knew I had had much!

And so I waited; but on Saturday afternoon, while thinking of the little meeting we were to have in the evening, especially for those who were seeking the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, I felt drawn to go alone with God; and I began to see it was my duty to believe for what I had asked for. As I knelt before God, in that empty tent, having secured it so that I might be sure I was alone, I saw that it was a command—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost"; and in that moment I was determined to obey God, if He commanded me to believe that what things soever I desired when I prayed, I did receive them, then I would *believe* whether I had any emotion or none at all. And I said aloud, "I will believe that Thou wilt give me the Holy Ghost *now*." I do believe that Thou dost give me the Holy Ghost *now*." And then all was *still, so still*, down deep in my soul! and though I saw no vision, heard no voice, I knew He had come! The moments that followed can never be told. All I could say was, "Is it possible? Come at last?" I had often wondered how I should act if I ever had just what I wanted—that which I could not put in words even before the Lord; but—

"He knoweth more of all our needs
Than all our prayers have told."

But I never thought I should be so *still*; and for days, while I heard others speaking of "power," and "baptisms," I was so taken up with *Him* who had come to abide with me that, though I knew He had gifts for me, I felt as one might feel who was at last united to one that had been long waited for; and though the bride knew that the one she now called her own had brought her very costly gifts, when asked, "Do you not want to see the gifts I have brought you?" she would answer, "Yes, but there's time enough! I only want to see you now." So, though I knew beautiful gifts were mine, one thought absorbed me for days—"The Comforter has come." I had often sung—

"Give me Thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;"

and now my prayer was answered. Since that hour I have received "power," according to the promise, "Ye shall receive power *after* that the Holy Ghost has come." And I do prize the wonderful revealings that eye hath not seen or ear heard, but which are revealed to us by the Spirit; but the joy of my heart still is that the Comforter has come.

M. BOTTOME.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

LORENZO DOW, THE CRAZY MAN.

FOR the benefit of any of our readers who may not have seen our issue of December, 1876, let us just say a few words about the strange individual from whose journal we now propose to subjoin a few extracts.

Lorenzo Dow was an American, born, the year before the Declaration of Independence, of parents moderately well off; but without any saving knowledge of God. He grew up in heathen darkness about the thing

that made for his peace, though often distressed in his soul by means of dreams about his sins, until he fell down before God under the preaching of one of the early wandering Methodists, and soon found the great salvation.

The love of God burned in his soul; and although parents and friends and preachers and congregations did their utmost to deter and discourage him, he *would* go riding about the country, preaching in his rough-and-ready mission style to such congregations as he could get, mostly in the open air, and almost compelling multitudes of people to bind themselves before God to pray and meet him in heaven. Thus, without sanction from any religious community, and, indeed, under continual censures and discouragements, he travelled thousands of miles, holding from three to six services daily, addressing myriads of people, and unquestionably turning *many* to righteousness both in America and in this country, until the very Legislatures of American States were constrained to accord him the certificates of character and worth which the bigotry of the Scribes and Pharisees denied him.

An eccentric man, poorly dressed, with long flowing hair, and a thin weakly frame; so afflicted for a long time with asthma that he could only sleep on bare boards, prepared to endure and enjoy any amount of hardships in his flaming journeys across wild, almost trackless, country, in many cases with an empty pocket, and no prospect but such as the love of God gave him. We do not need to inquire whether there was any great fault in this man that he should be so hated and shunned by "religious" people, while so many millions of publicans and sinners listened to him. Lorenzo Dow had peculiarities and faults, but he really loved God, and spoke the truth. Therefore he was hated on earth until he went up to be honoured in the heaven to which we must diligently follow him.

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

His house-to-house visits, often paid to families far away from any other human beings, and from any place of worship, were not mere calls of invitation to some service, but desperate assaults upon soul after soul in each household.

"Here lived a young woman, whom I began to question about her soul, but met with cool answers. 'Well,' said I, 'I'll pray God to send a fit of sickness upon you, if nothing else will do, to bring you to good, and if you won't repent then, to take you out of the way, so that you shall not hinder others.'

"Said she, 'If you'll pray for such things as this, you can't be the friend you pretend to be to my soul, and I'll venture all your prayers,' and was much displeased, and so was her mother likewise. She soon began to grow uneasy, and restless, and went into one room and into another, back and forth; then sitting down, but could get no relief. The whole family, except the father and one son, began to grow outrageous towards me. (Was it any wonder? But observe the result.)

"Shortly afterwards the young woman began to seek God, and, with her two sisters, was found walking in the ways of wisdom; and a society was soon formed in the place, although I saw them no more."

PAYING A WOMAN TO PRAY.

"Here was a woman who found fault with me for exhorting the wicked to pray, saying the prayers of the wicked were an abomination to the Lord. But I told her that was *home-made scripture*, for that there was no such expression in the Bible; and after bringing undeniable passages to prove it was their duty, I

besought her to pray. She replied, 'I cannot get time.' I then offered to buy the time, and for a dollar she promised she would spend one day as I should direct, if it were in a lawful way, provided she could get the day (she not thinking I was in earnest). I then turned to her mistress, who promised to give her a day; then throwing a dollar into her lap, I called God and about thirty persons present to witness the agreement. She besought me to take the dollar again, which I refused, saying, 'If you go to hell, it may follow and enhance your damnation.' About ten days elapsed, when her conscience roaring aloud, she took the day, and read two chapters in the Bible, and retired thrice to pray to God to show her what she was, and what He would have her to be, according to my directions. Afterwards I had the satisfaction to hear that before night she felt distressed on account of her soul, and before long found the comforts of religion."

KEEPING THEM IN.

Utterly without regard for proprieties in his anxiety to secure the salvation of the people, we find him not merely compelling sinners to come in, but to stay in until they yielded to God.

"I went to East Town. Here the youth, under plain dealing, would frequently leave the house. Accordingly, after procuring the school-house, I invited all the youth to come, and I would preach to them, and the house was filled from end to end; and then, placing my back against the door, gave out the text, and did not spare, and was soon confirmed that God was about to visit the place. Solemnity rested on every countenance, and, in the morning, the congregation was treble its usual number, and there was shaking amongst the dry bones. This neighbourhood I visited from house to house likewise, and conversed personally with the youth; found that about two-thirds of them were under serious impressions, but durst not expose it to each other, for fear of being laughed at (though some fled from me to prevent being talked to); and in this private conversation they promised to pray for a season, one of whom broke her promise, and strove to escape my sight; but, following her to a neighbouring house, I sat in the door, and would not let her out till she promised to serve God or the devil for a fortnight. The latter she chose, saying, 'I can't keep the other,' and I called God to witness, and said, 'I'll pray that you may be taken sick before the fortnight's up,' and left her. Before night she began to grow uneasy, and was sorry she made the promise, and soon broke it, and began to seek the salvation of her soul, and, in about a week, was hopefully converted to God."

This system of catching people with promises, Lorenzo largely and constantly used, not only with individuals but with whole congregations sometimes, so that they said he "swore the people to be religious." For a flying evangelist who would be gone in an hour to return only after many months, if at all, this was an admirable device to permanently hold and influence multitudes of those whom he could never personally converse with.

"The next evening, after preaching, said I to the people: 'As many of you as will pray for yourselves twice in the twenty-four hours for two weeks, I will endeavour to remember you thrice, God being our helper; and you that will come forward, that I may take your names in writing, lest I forget. A few came forward that night, more next day, and so on; now and then serious countenances appeared in the streets; at length, one and another was telling what God had done for their souls.'

Again—

"The greatest part of the assembly were caught in a covenant to pray to God."

In some cases he would actually conclude a bargain for third parties in their presence with some one else, and yet rarely without securing, almost immediately, the desired object.

"Here I parted with my friends, and rode to Squire Evans, who hath three daughters and a son, whom the Lord gave me at a camp meeting, after I had

begged them of their father, greatly to the mortification of the daughters, who, with inward reluctance, attended to prevent their father's displeasure."

Again—

"Being invited to a local preacher's tent, I at first hesitated, till they agreed to give me their daughter, to give to my Master, which greatly mortified the young woman, and prepared the way for conversion. I found two young men and another young woman in the tent, with whom I conversed about their souls. The young woman was turbulent. I told her old Sam would pay her a visit, which reminded her of my description of a character some months before, pointing to her and saying, 'You, young woman, with the green bow in your bonnet, I mean.' Here conviction ran to her heart; her shrieks became piercing, and the three others also, which gathered the Christians around to wrestle with God in prayer, and He set their souls at liberty."

The fame of such a man could not but spread. Opposed, even bitterly at times, by professional preachers; shut out of pulpits, and, so far as was possible, even out of societies and neighbourhoods, the people soon began to flock in thousands to hear "the crazy man." He would send in a line of appointments for morning, noon, and night over hundreds of miles, and, marvellously assisted by Divine Providence, he rarely failed to arrive at the very hour announced, though, in some cases, the bargain as to day, hour, and place would be made even as much as eighteen months beforehand. He would preach sometimes even two and three hours at a time, and then mounting his horse, would be gone like the wind to another appointment. One day he preaches five times and rides thirty-five miles, the next he rides fifty-five miles, preaches five times, and speaks to two classes; the next he preaches six times, and rides twenty-five miles. The strange appearance of the worn, sickly invalid, with flowing locks and threadbare clothes, and his sudden arrival and departure, no doubt tended to make the burning words he spoke all the more impressive, and many thousands unknown to him must have followed him to heaven as a result of his ministry. Who could ever forget a scene like this?

He is speaking of a large congregation of all classes gathered near his native town:—

"After discharging my duty, as God gave me strength, to old and to young, to professors and non-professors, I said: 'You all see the decline I am in, and I take you to record my walk and conversation since I first professed religion, and my faithfulness to you now; and, if God permit, I intend to see you again at the end of eleven months: but it is impressed on my mind as though I should never see you in time (unless it should be in answer to many prayers); I therefore bid you fare well till the judgment-day; and then, taking my youngest sister by the hand (from whom I had obtained a promise to pray twice a day till I should be twenty-two years old) [He had once dreamt he should only live to be twenty-two], she then being in the height of fashions, pleaded she would have none to go with her. I said, 'I myself had to go alone, and was able to endure; and you, after I am two-and-twenty, if tired of the service of God, can turn back, and the devil will receive you again.' Then tears began to roll, and I bade her farewell, and urged her to strive to appear to meet me in heaven, and told her that, rather than have her turn back to sin, I would come and preach her funeral sermon. Another sister, and my mother and brother-in-law, I shook hands with likewise; and then, mounting my horse—all this being in the sight of the assembly—and the sun shining from the western sky, I called it to witness against that assembly, if they would not repent, that my skirts were pure from their blood; and then, putting the whip to my horse, I rode forty miles that evening before I dismounted."

The effect of such discourses was sometimes marvellously felt and seen on the spot.

"I arrived at camp-meeting at Rehoboth. I took 'MASTER, I AM' for my text, and, observing that He offered a great reward for runaways, whose marks I would describe, the auditory, amounting to about 5,000, sank into a solemn silence whilst I described the diabolical marks of sinners, and the reward for their return, and about fifty souls were born to God."

It would seem tedious, even if we had the space, to go on recounting in detail all the journeyings and victories of this mighty hunter for souls. Now amidst the tropical wildernesses of the South, now amidst the snow and ice, now on the prairies of the Far West, now scarcely able to walk, yet embarking for Ireland to carry the Gospel alone in the open air to Protestant and Catholic there; now laid low by fever, but off before he could even get on or off his horse unassisted, to preach fifteen times a week; for years so weak that he had to sit or even lie down invariably to conclude his discourses, yet never fainting or halting, he seems to have pushed on, hanging between life and death, as he always was, until more than thirty-five years of such labours had at length brought him to the entrance of his heavenly home.

Is it necessary to say that this life was entirely the Lord's? Surely not; yet it may be useful to explain by what means all the dross of the old man was purged away, and his whole being brought into perfect harmony with God.

"When I was on the Orange Circuit I felt something within that needed to be done away. I spoke to one and another concerning the pain I felt in my happiest moments, which caused a burthen, but no guilt. Some said one thing and some another, but none spoke to my case, but seemed to be like physicians that did not understand the nature of my disorder. Thus the burthen continued, and sometimes felt greater than the burthen of guilt for justification, until I fell in with T. Dewy, on Cambridge Circuit. He told me about Calvin Woster, in Upper Canada, that he enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I felt a great desire arise in my heart to see the man, and not long after I heard he was passing through the circuit and going home to die. I immediately rode five miles to the house, but found that he was gone another five miles further. I went into the room where he was asleep; he appeared to be more like one from the eternal world than like one of my fellow-mortals. I told him when he awoke who I was and what I had come for. Said he:—

"God has convicted you for the blessing of sanctification, and that blessing is to be obtained by the simple act of faith, the same as the blessing of justification." I persuaded him to tarry in the neighbourhood a few days; and a couple of evenings after the above, after I had done speaking, he spoke or rather whispered out an exhortation, as his voice was so broken in consequence of praying in the streets in Upper Canada, as from twenty to thirty were frequently blessed at a meeting. While whispering out the exhortation, the power which attended the same reached the hearts of the people, and some who were standing or sitting fell like men shot in the field of battle; and I felt it like a tremor to run through my soul and every vein, so that it took away my limb power, so that I fell to the floor, and by faith saw a greater blessing than I had hitherto experienced, or in other words, felt a Divine conviction of the need of a deeper work of grace in my soul; feeling some of the remains of Adam's fall still remaining, and saw it my privilege to have it eradicated or done away, my soul was in an agony. I could but groan out my desires to God. He came to me and said, 'Believe, for the blessing is now.' No sooner had the words dropped from his lips than I strove to believe the blessing mine now with all the powers of my soul; then the burthen dropped or fell from my breast, and a solid joy and a gentle running peace filled my soul. From that time to this, I have not had that ecstasy of joy or that downcast of spirit as formerly, but more of an inward, simple, sweet running peace, from day to day, so that prosperity or adversity doth not produce the ups and downs as formerly; but my soul is more like the ocean—whilst its surface is uneven, by reason of the boisterous wind, the bottom is still calm."

With a heart at perfect peace, because in perfect harmony with his God, no wonder that he could endure and perform what seems so far beyond the power of a weak, sickly man for so many years. Let us, with equal simplicity and determination, cast ourselves upon God for perfect cleansing from every remnant of sin, and we, too, shall be enabled to war a good warfare and lay hold of eternal life.

LITTLE PHIL'S SERMON.

WHEN teaching in Memphis, Tenn., I went to see some of our poorest poor in the barracks. There was old Philip, ninety-seven years old, sick and destitute, yet full of confidence in God. The old man suffered greatly, and had no comfortable bed to sleep on, and very little care. He seemed very patient, however, and it would have done you good to hear him talk. He said:

"Way down in Mississippi I found God when I was a boy of ten years. I never heard preachin', and knowed nothin' 'bout Jesus, but I was out in the woods a totin' wood for bakin', an' I heard a moanin' in the trees, an' it made me feel strange like; an' when I toted the wood in, I axed the woman the meanin'. She tole me, 'It's de Lord a callin' ye. I wish 'twas me. You must pray to God.' But I'd no one to tell me 'bout it till the good ole blind man, Massa Jenkins, came from South Carolina a preachin' 'bout Jesus. Oh, how I loved him! He's been dead a great while, but I shall know him when I see him in heaven.

"Massa Jenkins done went away, but I kep' prayin' an' prayin' till I got so happy I didn't know myself, an' dropped a whole armful of plates I was carryin' to the dinin'-room, an' broke I don't know how many; but I didn't stop for that, but cried, 'Bless Massa Jesus! Glory, glory, hallelujah!' and all the people came runnin' to see what was the matter of Philip.

"The next night July got religion while I was prayin' for him, and then we'd pray every night in the cabin, an' he ole folks gathered round us, an' Massa Malchi Murphy was awful angry. He swore he would not have any prayin' on his plantation, and he used to whip me to take the 'ligion out o' me; sometimes he'd scold, and sometimes he'd ake fun o' me, callin' me 'The eacher'; but it didn't put me down. "He tole me he'd build a pulpit in

the yard, an' he'd give out the notice that little Phil was to be the big preacher, an' I'd got to preach. I knew he'd make me do it.

"I tole July we'd try an' get some Christian man to go in that pulpit and preach, if we could find one. We stole out at night on adjoining plantations, but could get no one; an' sure enough there came a great crowd of people that filled all that great yard, an' there stood a great high pulpit, an' when the hour came Massa Malchi sat in his big chair in the door, with his big Bible open, an' called me out like a little prisoner, tremblin' like a leaf, an' the sweat poured off me as I walked up step after step on that high pulpit.

"I got July to go an' sit with me; he was my age; but oh! how I prayed God to be with me. I didn't know what to say. I could not think of anything but to pray God to help me.

"I thought I could sing—it 'peared like the Spirit of God came upon me, an' I grew strong after I got into the pulpit, an' I sung—

"My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?"

"Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

"My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

"How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeemed from sin and hell
Shall Thy salvation sing."

It 'peared like I felt every word I sung, 'an tears drippin' down my face. The people began to cry, an' before I got the hymn half sung through, a good many men an' women were on their knees cryin' for mercy.

"Massa Malchi got frightened, an'

threw down his Bible, shut the door, an' they said he jumped into bed an' lay between two feather beds all the balance of the day.

"I tell you the blessed Lord come an' preached for poor little Phil that day, for by the next morning thirty had experienced 'ligion, an' from that day I went on preachin' sure enough.

"God give me holdin'-out faith, that lasted all my life to this day. A church of 230 members was built up from those who, up to that day, had been wicked an' swearin' like Massa Malchi.

"I'se begged and prayed the Lord to take me out of my misery; but he knows best. I know in whom I'se believed. Don't ever be afeared of ole Philip. I'se toiled hard for my Massas, but dey never comes nigh me now. The Lord never forsakes me. Sometimes He sends me a bit to eat, an' [I'se trusting Him."

NEWS FROM THE GIPSIES.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I thought I should like to tell you how God is working with us in Cambridge-shire. We had a blessed day on Sunday last; the power of God was poured out on the whole congregation. Sinners were saved, and believers blessed; our hearts leaped for joy, and I felt that if ever I could die for Christ it was just then.

"Just before I went to the meeting on Thursday night I was reading the 126th Psalm, and the Spirit seemed to say to me that souls should be saved. I shut up the book and said, 'It is enough, Lord: Thy servant believes'; and, glory be to Jesus! some professed to find peace. One was between sixty and seventy years old. Just at the close of the meeting a woman came up trembling all over, and said, 'Sir, pray for me.' And pointing across the room she said, 'And for my husband.' The woman found Christ, and her husband wanted to, and I just told him how I did—I turned my back on sin, and accepted Jesus—and he said he would.

"Dear brother, it is like the old time over again; publicans and sinners are flocking to hear the gypsies, and God is rescuing some of the worst among them.

"Give our love to the friends, and tell them that the 'hallelujah fiddle' lives to-day.

"Yours in Christ,
"CORNELIUS SMITH and BROTHERS.
"Cambridge."

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

Who shall win them, who shall wear them,

Crowns immortal, golden, glorious?
Reap their ripened sheaves, and bear them

To the harvest-home victorious?
Who shall gain the starry prize,
Crowned and throned in Paradise?

Shall we, Lord, who faint and falter,
Droop and doubt, dismayed and daunted?

Shall we round that golden altar
Sing the song by elders chanted?
Find with kings and priests a place
In the rapture of Thy face?

Shall we, ever raising higher
Praise and blessing and salvation,
On the sea of glass and fire
Fall in holy adoration?

Sing the song till then unknown,
Cast our crowns before the Throne?

Draw us, Jesus, near and nearer,
Ever after Thee ascending;
Let our love grow stronger, dearer,
Upward to its perfect ending;
Lift us then into the light,
Let us walk with Thee in white.

HENRY HOGG.

THE MARKS OF CREATION.

A FRENCHMAN who had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the Author of all, was crossing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. At last, one evening, the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint is not that of a man."

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge" (Psalm xix. 1).

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

WE wish all our readers a very Happy New Year—that is to say, a year in which, if spent on earth, they shall grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, realise continually the virtue of the blood which cleanseth from all sin, enjoy the deep peace of God which floweth as a river, and win many precious souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

"'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus' name."

Thank God for the past year, with all its lights and shadows, joys and sorrows, victories and defeats. All has been ordered aright, and we are, or ought to be, far better men for all this discipline and experience as we stand panoplied and armed and determined, looking out on the battlefield of 1877. Oh, for a glorious year!—a year of jubilee to thousands! Let all our readers say, Amen.

But we have not quite done as yet with 1876, and the most important event to this Mission for the last month that we have to chronicle has been the sickness, nigh unto death by small-pox, of our Secretary, Mr. Railton, and the blessed manifestation once more of God's love and power and interest in all our concerns shown forth in His bringing him back to us again almost as one restored from the dead. Will our readers pray that his restoration may be completed and his prolonged life may be made increasingly useful?

During the closing week of the year we have been at our territorial aggrandisement again. When in the north a month ago the opportunity was given us of securing, not only for the Sabbath but all the week round, a theatre in East Hartlepool. This open door appeared so manifestly of the Lord that, full as our hands were, we could not, dare not, refuse to enter and occupy for God and souls, and accordingly we arranged for the commencement of a branch of the Mission there. The opening service, under the direction of Brother Allen, and in which Mrs. Ward has taken part freely, has been most hopeful, as our report will show—the people coming in crowds, and over fifty souls having sought the Saviour since the opening night. To God be all the praise.

But you must take care of the *old* stations, some of our readers say. "And so we must, and so we will, if God permit." And we must take care, every one of us, to keep to the old purpose, the old power, the old truths, the old zeal, and then the Ancient of Days will indeed be with us and lead us on to ceaseless victory.

OPENING OF A MISSION STATION AT EAST HARTLEPOOL.

STOCKTON is a success, Middlesboro' is a success, and our people at both stations have been saying to us, "Hartlepool is only ten miles away—why should we not go and do something among the thousands there as well?" We cannot be expected, even for a moment, to respect "the integrity and independence" of the devil's empire, and so we have thought and prayed about East Hartlepool. We found the theatre could be obtained on reasonable terms, not only for Sabbaths, but for every night in the week, and there seemed to us as great a need there as in any town we ever visited; and the result has been that the theatre was taken in the name of the Lord, and on Sunday, November 26th, Brother Allen went over and unfurled the flag of The Christian Mission. Concerning that day he writes: "We had a grand day on Sunday—morning, good congregation; afternoon, theatre nearly full, and at night crowded, many having to go away. The Lord came down and touched every heart: there was weeping all over the place, and one man ran out and cried for mercy as I never heard before."

In a later letter he says: "We have had a blessed week at Hartlepool—souls every night, praise the Lord." On the following Sabbath Mrs. Ward preached to crowded congregations, and eleven precious souls were seeking the Saviour.

Brother Allen reports that, on counting up the spoils, fifty seekers of salvation have already been recorded, and the work bids fair to become a mighty conquering power for Jesus in this town. Will our friends pray earnestly for Hartlepool?

WHITECHAPEL.

PRAYER and faith have again prevailed. Our pleadings have moved the omnipotent arm of God, and dear Bro. Railton is rescued from the grasp of death. This greatly rejoices the hearts of many dear friends, and the circumstances of his recovery greatly conserve to strengthen our faith in the power of a wonder-working Saviour.

A PRISON BIRD

has just been caught. Only just come from Chelmsford gaol, and was passing the porch when the call of God's mercy reached his guilty soul, and brought him to repentance and salvation. In his experience he said, "I see I must give up the drink, or I shall soon fall away." He has since signed the pledge, and by God's help is still walking in the freedom of His dear children.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED WELSHMAN.

This brother had just come from Australia, and was staying a few days in London before going to Wales. Hearing us sing, he stood and listened, until he was overcome by the remembrance of past days, when the candle of the Lord had shone brightly around him. Oh, how he wept! Soon as I had done speaking he requested me to let him say a word to the people; but his heart was too full to say much. He however managed to tell us that he had never been in any place of worship for twenty years; that since he had been in Australia he had buried a pious wife who had often prayed for his conversion, and who, when dying, gave him her Bible. We prayed with him, and the Lord blessed him with a sense of forgiving love. He shook hands, bidding us farewell. We hope to meet him in heaven.

THE SONG-BOOK TORN UP.

A young man, who, by his bearing and intelligence, seems to have seen better days, was induced to step into our hall through hearing one of our sisters say, "Where are you going to spend eternity?" The wound made by the Spirit was deepened by the powerful appeals made by Sister Mathieson. God sent the word to his heart. As an evidence of the genuineness of his conviction that he was wrong, he pulled out of his pocket a song-book, saying, "I have no business with this when in the house of God;" then tore it up into shreds and threw them on the floor. Praise God! he comes now to help us to sing the songs of Zion, and is taking up his cross in prayer in the very presence of the vilest persecutors. In one of our meetings he was telling us how they had been throwing the pillows at him while on his knees, but that God had influenced a man of colour whom they call "Darkie" to guard him, and that since that he has been allowed to pray without molestation.

ANOTHER SEAMAN.

In one of our meetings I noticed a seafaring man keep smiling. I went to him, and asked him if he loved Jesus. "Why," he said, "don't you know me? I heard you before going to sea some three or four months ago, and I got saved. The voyage was the happiest I ever spent. There was none of the crew serving Jesus besides; but I found a few Christians among the passengers, who used to read to me, and encourage me on, and, thank God! I am still on my way to heaven."

A few days ago he came to say that he was called suddenly away to see mourning friends. Unknown to him, his mother had died while he was away, but he was not going to stay long. He should soon be back, he said, to our happy meetings.

Thanks for tracts; more needed.

Yours, in the Gospel,
W. J. PEARSON.

2, Queen Street,
Cambridge Heath Road,
Mile End, E.

BETHNAL GREEN.

We have conquered, and intend doing so—can't help it while God is with us. When we look back, remembering all the way the Lord our God has led us,

we can indeed take courage. During the past month several have found the pearl of great price. Amongst others

A YOUNG MAN,

with whom the Spirit had striven for weeks. He seemed to be held back by fear of his workmates; but at last he ventured his all on the atoning blood. He finds Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour. May he prove a champion for God!

"Oh, if I could be as happy as you!" said a dear woman the other day. "Well," I said, "so you can. Jesus waits to make you happy." And, with the tears streaming down her face, she came forward and asked God for a new heart, and, bless Him! He gave her what she wanted. She is now walking in the light of God. Since then her husband has found the Saviour too, and her joy has been doubled. Hallelujah!

Pray that God will enable us to go on plucking men and women as brands from the burning.

Yours, at the Master's feet,
ANNIE DAVIS.

11, Waterloo Terrace,
Arundel Street, Mile End.

BARKING.

"Though devils rage and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through;
Though foes unite or friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due."

ON Sunday, October 1st, we commenced the day with a love-feast, at half-past six. About 30 present; and we laid all at the foot of the cross for God's service. At ten in the open air we went down the back streets and alleys, singing, "Turn to the Lord and seek salvation," and at eleven in the hall; a good time. One dear old man was pricked to the heart and gave himself to God, exclaiming, "I did not know it was like this, or I would have had it before." We processioned the town from two to three, and then went in the hall, and God was with us of a truth. Six o'clock again found us upon the devil's territories, and God gave us victory; when we reached the hall we found it full already, but we got in somehow. Before we closed, eight souls came out with broken hearts and fell into the arms of Jesus.

On Sunday, the 9th, we had a good love-feast at 6:30. Before the meeting

was over, the Lord made bare His arm, and saved precious souls.

A band of soldiers preached and sang. The hall was well filled all day. God was with us, and many came trembling to the foot of the cross.

We had a good week, and on Sunday, the 16th, a blessed day.

"OH, WHAT SHALL I DO? WHERE SHALL I GO?"

exclaimed a poor woman, who was powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Ghost at one of our meetings. She rose up early one morning and went to one of the sisters and told her that she was very near mad. "Oh, I am such a great sinner. Oh, what shall I do?" Mrs. F— inquired into the cause of her grief, and found she had been living in sin, and at once pressed upon her the necessity of giving her heart to God. But she resisted. Two of our sisters then called day after day, until she resolved to end the conflict; but still there was the burden of sin. I went to see her. When she saw me, she said "Oh, I am such a wretched sinner, there is no mercy for me." "Thank God," I said, "there is mercy for you." I then read the 53rd of Isaiah and 4th of John, and got her to repeat after me the 4th and 5th verses of the 53rd of Isaiah. I showed her that God had laid her sins upon the Lord Jesus, and venturing her all upon Him, she said, "I do believe that God for Christ's sake has pardoned all my sins. Hallelujah!"

On the 26th Bro. Bramwell Booth met the society here, and the Lord made his visit a blessing.

Our quarterly tea-festival was a success. Souls were saved and the funds increased.

A PERSECUTOR.

A young woman who had persecuted our people a long time and had frequently interrupted us in the open air, trying on one occasion to throw down the leader, has been stopped at last. She came in one Sunday evening, and during the preaching God broke her heart, and she expressed her sorrow at ever having interrupted God's people. She did not decide then, but went home with tears in her eyes. She could not rest that night or next day, so came in the evening, but again would not yield. On Tuesday night she was there a third time, and God met with and healed her broken heart. She then said, "Mr.

Blandy, I told you a lie. I was not a Roman Catholic. I said that to get rid of you." Turning round to her companions, she said, "You know me, what I have been; but Jesus Christ has saved me. To Him be all the praise."

Thanks to Mr. Atkinson for tracts, and Mr. Glenn, Mr. Davison, and Mr. Marchant for Christian sympathy and help. Greatly in need of tracts for the jute factory, gas works, ships, barges, and for general distribution.

Yours in the vineyard,
E. W. BLANDY.
Bifrons Lodge,
Barking, Essex.

SHOREDITCH.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

WE have had a month with little opposition. Our enemies have been very quiet—a shower of paper and a few threats have been all they have ventured. God has wonderfully blessed us; His arm has been made bare at nearly every service.

"Oh, I am so glad I came in! Thank you, sir, for asking me to put out my pipe and come in," exclaimed a young man to Bro. Cornish. I was preaching, and just as he came in was relating an instance of a pious mother's pleading with a wayward son. The Holy Spirit sent the words through his soul like an arrow; he ran to the top of the hall, trembling all over, and crying for mercy. "I shall come again, I shall come again," he repeated, and so he has. "Oh, do listen to her!" he said to another young man. "I am glad I did; I was a thorough infidel."

ONE OF THE LORD'S JEWELS IN RAGS AND SUFFERING.

This dear man has particularly interested me. He lives in a lodging-house; when he kneels to pray they pelt him with boots and other things. Still he perseveres. We give him all the help we can, temporally as well as spiritually.

The work must go on. Poor sinners die summer and winter. If this should meet the eye of any of the Lord's stewards—and I pray that it may—I crave assistance in the Master's name.

JANE WOODCOCK.
33, Buxton Street,
Mile End New Town.

CANNING TOWN AND PLAISTOW.

THE Lord is with us at these stations.

We had the converted policemen, led by Brother Flawn, the other Sunday, and one dear man got hit so hard with the staff they used that he had to fall on his knees and cry for mercy, and, thank God! there he found pardon, and not imprisonment. Running home, he put his arms round his wife's neck, saying, "God has forgiven me all what I have done against Him, and now you must (and she did) praise the Lord."

I never shall forget the case of a backslider here the other night; he had an awful struggle, but, glory be to Jesus! victory came, and then he *went for his wife*, who was also saved. The Lord pardoned her as well. Hallelujah!

Pray for us, and help us if you can.
Yours in the Master's service,
J. BORRILL.
15, Ivy Cottages, Bath Street,
Poplar.

HACKNEY.

WE have put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. He is raging very much, and his arrows have flown very thickly about us.

On Sunday, while passing a public-house, they threw two paper bags of flour at us, which made us black and white, and then brought beer, the pot-boy putting this to a brother's mouth, but he pushed him away. Then he tried me. We were singing, and I was beating time with my stick; he thought it was coming down on the glass, and in snatching it away he spilled the beer. They sent for the policeman to order us out of that street. He came, and found we were covered with flour. The publican said we were a nuisance, coming round there every Sunday, and he would have it stopped. Some gentlemen that lived close by came and defended us, and told the police we were not so much nuisance as he was, for men were turned out of his house drunk after closing hours, and that sent him in. A woman sent us a brush to get the flour off, but I refused it, and a number of people followed us to the hall, wondering who had done the mischief. Our open-air services are well attended, and the results are glorious; sinners frequently tell us that they will

give up their drink and sins and turn to God. On one occasion a tipsy man came with a pot of beer in his hand, offering it to me; but not taking any notice of him, he placed it on the ground in the ring. A poor woman in our congregation said it should not be there, and kicked it over. This poor woman afterwards came into the hall, and wept before the Lord.

On Saturday, the 2nd December, we held a meeting at the top of Havelock Road, and many people came round to hear us. Towards the close a publican came elbowing his way through the crowd to get at me; but the friends that stood round would not let him, and cried shame to him, and told him to go home. In spite of this, God did bless our meeting. I invited the people to the hall. Many came in, amongst them two men that were convinced of sin. One went on his knees and commenced crying for mercy. The other came to me and said, "Oh, sir, I am such a wicked sinner; your words have struck me to the heart." He then knelt down, and cried to God for mercy, and before the meeting was closed he found the Lord, and said he should like to sing a hymn he knew which he had learnt at school—

"Oh, that will be joyful."

He afterwards said, "Sir, I do feel so happy. I feel it here," placing his hand over his heart. "I will go home to my wife, and tell her all about it. She will think I am gone mad; but I will tell her I am saved."

On Sunday, December 3rd, we held a Pentecostal service, commencing at seven in the morning—continued throughout the day till ten at night. There were many anxious inquirers, and souls were saved, and God's people received a special blessing; and after the fifteen hours' service they went away refreshed and comforted.

"We are rising, we are rising,
And the foe shall be driven;
As warriors bold let us sing,
We have victory and heaven,
By the Cross."

Friends, pray and believe for Hackney.

Yours in the King's army,
E. CADMAN.
3, Havelock Road, Hackney.

HAMMERSMITH.

"The Gospel of Christ, it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Our services, both in the Town Hall and the streets, have been characterised with the union of the Holy Spirit.

Crowds continue to press into the Town Hall on Sundays, and, praise God! some have received Jesus as "their light and salvation."

A woman was awakened the other Sunday, and at the after-meeting came forward and prayed most earnestly for God to save her. She found peace, and rejoicingly said, "I have not been here before, but, praise God! He makes the blind to see." Hallelujah! and so He does.

Recently we have made an attack on

SHIP LANE,

one of the darkest streets in Hammersmith, where, from its appearance, the devil reigns supreme, blasphemers curse, and drunkards stagger, while little shoeless children and haggard, wretched-looking women add to the misery of the scene. But one Sunday a band of us got down Ship Lane, and woke it up with—

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky."

Men, women, and children rushed out to see what was up; and whilst one and another spoke of their precious souls, some wept on account of sin, and very soon after one offered us his cottage to hold a meeting, and, bless God! some gems have already been gathered from this neighbourhood. Two young women were induced to come to our hall, and they came out boldly for Christ, sought salvation, signed the temperance pledge, and went home happy. I was visiting the other evening, and a brother said, who lives there, "Why, you can't imagine the change there is down here since you came." Pointing to a shop, he said, "That man has shut his shop on Sundays, and a family that used to quarrel and fight have given over." The Lord is evidently doing a great work here, and I believe many of them will deck the Saviour's crown.

Little George Street is another very low neighbourhood, where we have recently published the glad tidings of salvation, and that not without signs following.

We held our quarterly festival on December 3rd, and God was with us. Rev. W. Frith, F.R.G.S., preached a powerful sermon from Psalm cvii. 29, 30.

J. T. Campbell, Esq., took the evening service, and spoke with unusual power to a crowded congregation.

Our fortnight of special meetings God has wonderfully blessed to His own people; many have believed for a full salvation. Praise the Lord!

"Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above."

J. P. GRAY.

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

PORTSMOUTH.

"ONWARD!" has been the cry of the faithful soldiers of the Cross here this month. And it is no feather-bed work either; in one instance our open-air band met with a shower of cabbage-stumps and mud; and in another they brought beer and put into the speaker's face, and tried to drown our voices by beating a large tea-tray, and, when they found they could not stop us in any other way, they scrambled coppers amongst the boys, but our people stood and prayed and wept for the crowd. The mob, egged on by the publican, literally gnashed on us with their teeth, and cried "Lock him up! Lock them up!" But, praise God! we have stood until our very enemies, some of them, have been obliged to say, "Well, surely these people must be Christians indeed." Hallelujah! the papers are taking it up. "Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed; and we shall prevail against him; but the Lord is with me as a mighty terrible one: therefore my persecutors shall not prevail, they shall be greatly ashamed." Yes, amidst all this clash of arms and din of battle, there is peace which nothing can offend in the breasts of our dear people. To God be all the glory!

A FAMILY MADE HAPPY.

A man working with one of our brethren was invited to come to the hall; listening to the word of truth was convinced of the necessity of being altogether a Christian; went home to his wife, told her; she came, and the

Among those who have just started for the kingdom are several most interesting cases.

KNOCKING.

One old woman, who has been one of the most desperate characters in the town, after a great struggle, got saved. I give you her own words to Miss Stride in the class-meeting: "I heard you last Sunday morning, and thought I would not come again; but could not stay away. At night I was packed in so close, or else I'd a gone out. You kept talking about knocking, and something kept on a knocking at my heart. When you'd done, I went home, and went straight upstairs, and prayed as well as I knowed how, and such a lump rolled off, and now I'm happy, praise the Lord!" On the last Sunday her husband was saved also, and now together they are travelling to the better land.

CONFESSION.

"Shall I have to confess all my sins?" said a dear man, on Sunday afternoon; "because it'll take me two years." But, praise the Lord! he soon found out it did not take long both to confess and get forgiven, and go on his way rejoicing.

SEVENTY YEARS A SINNER.

What a catalogue of evil to be wiped out in a moment! but, hallelujah! it was done, and the dear old man exclaimed, "Oh, I didn't think religion was like this!"

We went to see a dying woman the other day, and, after prayer with her, succeeded in pointing her to the Lamb of God. Just as we left Miss Stride spoke with her daughter, who burst into tears, and down by the death-bed mother and daughter wept and rejoiced together in God's pardoning love.

THE OATH AND ALL TO JESUS.

"I'm too bad, I can't be saved," said a poor woman who had taken an oath about something; but at last she brought it with her to Jesus, victory came, and now she is serving and praising the King of kings.

Two railway men were seeking the Lord one night, and it was blessed to see them at the close of the meeting grasp one another's hands with beaming faces, now both servants on the heavenly line. The wife of one was

preacher in his sermon spoke of the Prodigal's ingratitude; she said, "That's me!" Never shall I forget going into that home some three weeks after, the father with his child on his knee, the mother's face beaming with joy as she exclaimed, "I bless the day that ever we went into that Mission Hall. I used to be afraid to be left alone, but now I don't mind my husband going out, for Jesus is with me, and I can talk to Him."

Lord Radstock gave us a service, and a precious time we had; five souls gave up for Jesus. To God be all the glory!

Our tried friend, Mrs. Col. Urmston, has also been made a great blessing to us, and precious souls brought to the Master's feet. Many thanks to the dear friends for their prayers, and to Mr. Atkinson for tracts; we are in great need of more. I want to visit every house in the neighbourhood.

We especially ask the prayers of our friends just now, as it shall soon be turned to praise.

Yours humbly at the Master's feet,
THOS. BLANDY.

21, Nelson Street,
Landport.

WELLINGBORO'.

"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"—Neh. vi. 3.

THIS was one of the texts with which Miss Stride commenced a fortnight's special services here, and it has proved a great work indeed. The fortnight was extended to a month. Very many precious souls have wept their way to Calvary, and are now rejoicing in the pardoning love of God, while believers have been quickened and blessed. All our meetings have been attended by the mighty power of God, and the word spoken by our dear sister has indeed been quick and powerful. The very crowded services have made us long that our hall were twice the size, and we have been asking the Lord about this matter; perhaps He may guide some dear friend to help us. All around have felt the influence. "Well," say some of the work-mates of our members, "you have gone mad at last." But, praise the Lord! Wellingboro' can do with some more of this kind of madness yet!

already saved, and the wife of the other has since found salvation. Hallelujah!

We have had two tea-meetings during the month. At the last Miss Stride preached her farewell sermon, and thirteen precious souls were seeking salvation.

Friends, go on praying for us here. Thanks for tracts from Mr. Atkinson and other friends. Help us all you can in every way you can.

Yours in Christ,
W. WHITEFIELD.

4, Havelock Street,
Wellingboro'.

CARDIFF.

WE have again to record victory through the great Captain of our salvation. We have received a few letters from friends, and subjoin extracts which will tell their own tale.

A WEATHER-BEATEN TAR.

"GIBRALTAR, November 23rd, 1876.

"Dear Brother in Jesus,—I trust in God you are all well as I am, and fighting the Lord's battles as you were when I left Cardiff. You have very likely forgotten me, but, glory be to God through Jesus our Lord, I have not forgotten you, although our acquaintance was but brief, and I trust in God it shall last to all eternity. I heard you speak on the widow's son of Nain being raised from the dead. I shall never forget it—at least, part of it, as it came home to me. Oh,

dear brother, pray for me, that, being pulled into the boat myself, I may stretch forth my hand and try and save my drowning shipmates. Please look over all errors, as I am neither scribe nor scholar—only a weather-beaten tar—and praise God with me for directing my course to your Gospel-ship, where I have found a better course to steer and a truer chart to guide me."

The next is from a brother whom we were called upon to visit when, to all appearance, he was at the point of death; we found him in a wretched backsliding state. He writes under date Dec. 6th, 1876:—

"Have I not a perfect right to write to those I love? Dear brother in Christ, what a season this is to my soul! Teach me to find expression to my great joy!

Now can I say, whatever others do or say, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' My inner nature is too small to contain the great love with which Jesus has filled me. Glory for ever to His great and matchless name! Pray for me, and with me, my dear brother, that I may be now thoroughly purified—that every blot may be removed, and that I may stand spotless through the precious blood of Jesus. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His wonderful works to the children of men."

SUBDUED AT LAST.

"FALMOUTH, November 25th, 1876.

"Dear Sir,—It is now five weeks since I last saw you, and perhaps I may never see you again on earth; but I rejoice to tell you I have a hope of meeting you in a land that is fairer than day. You will remember me when I tell you I am the one that had been prayed for so long. I resisted the strivings of God's Spirit, always longing to taste the joys of His people, always wishing to be one of the flock, but was too proud to let any one know my feelings; but, thank God! He subdued my proud spirit, and I am now washed white in the blood of the Lamb. I shall never forget that sweet text, 'Come, and let us reason together.' I often wonder I could have rejected God's offer of mercy so long. With God's help, I am determined to fight my way through. I find I have to watch and pray constantly. Please pray that I may be kept."

"December 12th, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Clare,—What a God is ours! I should like to tell all the world what He has done for me—for us as a family. I may not give the plain facts, but one thing I can say from experience: that He is a God at hand, and not afar off; that He is a mighty deliverer; His power is almighty, and His mercy and love infinite. Praise the Lord!"

On Sunday, Dec. 3rd, and Monday, Dec. 4th, we celebrated our second anniversary. The Revs. J. Lee, Primitive Methodist, N. Thomas, Welsh Baptist, and Mrs. Hollyer, whose former labours in this town are well known, preached for us, and, with our three open-air services, we had a good day. The tea-meeting was a success, and a very blessed meeting followed,

addressed by the Revs. J. Watkin, W. Watkin, Mr. Hordon, Mrs. Hollyer, and other friends. Mr. Billups kindly presided, and the report given, among other things, stated that during the last five months 44 have joined our ranks by enrolling their names with us; 14 have joined other churches in the town, the Baptists taking seven out of the number, and a good number who have gone to sea expressed their determination to be united with God's people in church fellowship. Thus we praise God and take courage, asking, dear reader, a continued interest in your prayers that we may still be made a blessing to poor perishing souls.

Yours in Jesus,
JOB CLARE.

16, James Street, Roath,
Cardiff.

STOCKTON.

SINCE our last we have buried two of our dear people. They have changed worlds triumphantly, and entered into the presence of the King. Although we are two the less on earth, there are two more in glory.

So, dear reader, we are passing away. One by one we cross the river. One by one we are going home. Oh, may we have a triumphant departure and an abundant entrance into the fulness of joy at His right hand for evermore!

Many are still stepping into the kingdom. We give a few cases specially under our notice.

AFRAID TO SLEEP.

This dear man had been to our Sunday-night service, and the Holy Spirit worked powerfully with him. He wept bitterly, and while others were stepping into liberty, he said, "Not to-night," and went home and retired to bed, but not to sleep. He tried to shake it off, but could not; the conviction became deeper, the consequences of sin became plainer and plainer to his trembling soul, until he awoke his wife, and asked her to get up and pray with him, for he was afraid he should die and go to hell. They arose, and spent the night in prayer, but got no peace. A dreadful day followed, and at night he was at the meeting, and there he took up his cross, came forward seeking Jesus, and found Him, to the joy of his soul.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

A dear man who found Jesus at our meeting when some of his workmates were there, was severely tried the next morning at his work. When breakfast time came the champion for the devil began, "I hear you have been with Allen's lot." "Yes, I have, thank God!" was the bold answer. "I suppose you got converted?" was the next question, with a sneer. "I have, bless the Lord!" was the answer, "and God will convert you too, if you will let Him."

This dear man's wife and some of his friends have since been saved, and he is boldly working for Jesus. Pray for him.

TOO BAD.

This man sat weeping in one of our prayer meetings, and when we spoke to him about Jesus his reply was, "I am too bad to be saved." We told him that Jesus was able to save the worst of sinners. "Ah, you don't know what a great sinner I am." "But the Lord knows, and He will save you. Try Him, taste and see." He said, "You don't know I have broken my dear wife's heart, and many other things, and do you think God will forgive me?" We told him what God had done for us. Then he said, "Well, I'll have a try." And so he did, and a blessed one it was. He soon found a great and willing Saviour, and peace and joy unspeakable.

ONE OF THE WICKEDEST.

One night, in a powerful meeting, one of the friends, directing me to a man sitting near, said, "That is one of the wickedest persons in the world. If God can save that soul, He can save any one." Bless the Lord! He can and He saved this man, and everybody knows it in his street, and many other streets too. Some can hardly believe it; but it's done—the darkness is removed, and a wonderful change has been wrought by the power of God. Pray for this dear one.

HEAVEN ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

A young woman accepted Christ at one of our meetings. He was so precious to her soul. Next day she said to one of her friends, "If this is religion, it's heaven on the way to heaven. I am so happy!" May she be kept faithful to the end!

AN INFIDEL.

This dear man for a long time has tried to deny God, and all that belongs to Him; but the other week his dear wife was brought to the feet of Jesus, and there her "burden rolled away," and she went home to her infidel husband a new creature. Still the dear man felt determined to oppose religion, although he saw a wonderful change in his wife; but he was at last persuaded to come to our free-and-easy temperance meeting on the Saturday night. He said that he very much enjoyed himself, and saved some considerable amount of cash, and was induced to come on Sunday with his wife, and the Holy Spirit accompanied the word to his heart. Tears began to flow freely, and after a long struggle he came out seeking that Jesus he had so long despised, and soon found Him to the joy of his soul.

On Monday morning came the testing time. It was down to the works that "Mr. T— is converted." First they jeered at him, then one of his old companions said, "Is it true that you are converted?" "Yes, it's quite true. My sins are all pardoned, praise the Lord, and I am going to heaven." From this time persecution began; they mocked and scoffed in a dreadful manner. He told his wife at night that he had it very hot, but he held on to Jesus. We were told the other day by a friend that every one in the neighbourhood knew that Mr. and Mrs. T— were converted by their change of life. Dear reader, pray for this dear man and his wife, and for this town.

Tracts or contributions will be thankfully received by R. Ward, Esq., The Balconies, Yarm Lane, Stockton-on-Tees; or by

Yours in the Gospel,
J. ALLEN.

35, William Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

NORTH ORMSBY.

"One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the King of Babylon that his city is taken at one end."—JER. li. 31.

THANK God we have had glorious success. Already our rooms are crowded to suffocation, in fact, our dear Brother Hobson, who loves to see men saved, brings all his chairs, and twice he has had his sofa brought into the hall to

seat men and women who have never thought of going to any place of worship till the Mission came to North Ormsby, and many a poor lost one has, while listening to the Gospel on Brother Hobson's chairs and sofa, turned from sin and trusted Jesus.

OUR HOLINESS MEETINGS

are the secret of our prosperity. We meet and consult God's word upon the subject of entire sanctification. Many of our people enjoy the blessing, and many more are earnestly seeking to obtain it.

THE LANDLADY OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE

said, the other day, "Who are these men and women who sing and preach in our street?" "They are The Christian Mission," was the answer; "men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." She then said, "If they would not sing in our street I would give them ten shillings, and would contribute to the work, *for they are singing and preaching all my best customers away from me.*" "But," says the man, "we can afford to give The Christian Mission more than that now. We are converted to God. We have happy homes, happy wives, happy children, and money to spare."

A DRUNKARD SAVED.

He came to the open-air meeting, and heard some of the young converts speak, and by-and-by one who used to sit with him and drink in the public-house all day on a Sunday got into the ring, and said, "You all know what a bad man I have been, and what a drunkard I have been; but I am now saved." These words went to his heart, and at the close of the meeting he said, "I will give my heart to God." He came to our service, and was that night born again. At the time I write this man and his wife, who has been saved since, are members of the Mission here. May heaven keep them faithful!

A DOG FANCIER,

who delighted to rove in the fields with his dogs all day of a Sunday, and who was always betting on them at the public-houses of a week-night, heard us in the open air. The testimonies went to his heart, and he came to the meeting in the Assembly room, and, with nine others, gave up dogs and all for Christ. He is now an open-air speaker here.

TEN YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

A poor woman who, ten years ago, was a church member here, but who had fallen away, and who, as she said, had been wretched all that time, came to our meeting, and while she sat and heard the happy mission men and women speak she burst into a flood of tears, and, without any one asking her to come, she walked, while I was talking, up the aisle, and threw herself at the foot of the cross. In our class-meeting she said, with tears, "I have not long to stay here now, and I cannot expect the Master to say to a poor backslider, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' but I do hope to be faithful and to meet you all in heaven."

What we want is a place to seat a thousand people. We are praying that God will clear our way. We have got a promise or two, and other friends we have laid on the altar, and He will, we are confident, move their hearts towards His people.

Will our friends remember our hall in their prayers? and then God will give it us right early.

Yours in JESUS,
C. H. PANTER.

North Ormsby, Middlesbro'.

LEICESTER.

THANK God there are a few dear ones who still have a mind to work, and how much it is needed would soon be seen if you lived in the town a month. We learn that there are 1,000 names on the books of the Secular Club.

Dr. Lankester, in his able temperance address last Saturday evening, said to an astonished audience that there were 500 public-houses in this town, or one to every 35 families; that drunkenness was sadly on the increase, especially among women, and that during the time which elapsed between two and eleven p.m. the enormous number of 5,700 people were counted to enter into three public-houses alone. Surely, with these facts before us, the Lord's people have need to work on, and work with all their strength.

Many of our readers will, I am sure, rejoice to know that, although driven out of our tent by cold winds and heavy rains, we have had placed at our disposal for the winter the Friends' old Meeting-house, situated in the very

midst of the poorest people, and surrounded by squalor and vice, so we have now a splendid opportunity of testing the power of the Gospel to save the worst of sinners, which test, thank God, it stands admirably, for several of the worst in the town have been brought to God since we have been here. Our congregations have also been considerably increased, and altogether this work is at this moment more like a branch of The Christian Mission than I have ever seen it before. To our God we ascribe all the glory, and ask a continuance of your help and prayers, so that in the year 1877 we may witness the salvation of thousands of precious souls.

A list of cases will (D.V.) appear in our next report. We would like them to remain a little longer under the present test, which is a strong one, for they have been drunkards, blasphemers, attendants at the secular meetings, and there used to play cards until morning; now, through grace, they are confessing Christ before large numbers of their old associates, and are doing without beer, tobacco, or cards.

The enemy is enraged, all hell is moved from beneath, but we shall conquer through our beloved Captain, whose servants we are.

Yours, for Christ's sake,
LAMB AND RUSSELL.

58, Evington Street,
Leicester.

LEEDS.

WHILST the new hall was being built we held our meetings in the old Ebenezer Chapel, kindly lent us by the committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, until our wooden tabernacle was finished; and the old chapel, which has been the centre of several revivals, was again visited by the power of the Holy Ghost, awakening and convincing and converting sinners, and sanctifying believers.

On November 7th and 10th Mr. Joshua Dawson, of Weardale, was with us, assisted by Jabez Wooley, Esq., of Leeds. The power of God fell upon the people in a remarkable manner, and several, by faith, entered into the land of perfect love, saved from every plague of the human heart. Hallelujah! He came to save His people from their sins.

November 18th we opened the

NEW MISSION TABERNACLE,

which is a wooden building erected on the site on which the tent stood, built on purpose, and well adapted for our mission work. It will seat about six hundred people. The first meeting was owned of God to the salvation of souls. About 350 sat down to the opening tea, although a very wet day. Mr. Booth, our General Superintendent, was with us and conducted the after-meeting. Addresses were given by Mr. Booth, the Rev. Edward Smith, and other friends. We had a blessed time, and the place was fully consecrated to God.

Sunday, November 19th, we opened Adams'

GRAND CIRCUS

for our Sunday afternoon and evening meetings. Although a very large building, and many fears were entertained by some of our friends, who thought and said it was not the place for us, we found, as we invariably do with this kind of buildings, that the class of people who we are trying to reach with the Gospel will come if we mean to succeed. The circus was not too large, but was well filled each service, and has filled each service ever since. If we can secure it all the year round, it will prove a blessing to thousands in this town. Mr. Booth preached, and God blessed the word; at the after-meeting in the evening, hundreds stayed, and many sought and found salvation. Thus the opening services were powerfully owned and blessed of God.

Monday evening, November 20th.—Mr. Booth preached in the Mission Tabernacle. Good congregation. Some young men from the infidel's hall over the way came in to annoy, but God gave us the victory; several sought and found salvation. Tuesday evening Mr. Booth held a holiness meeting, which was well attended, and will not be soon forgotten by many. Addresses given by Mr. Booth, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Wooley, and myself, and several testimonies from those who have obtained the blessing. A goodly number sought the blessing with all their hearts, laying themselves on the altar a living sacrifice to God, and were enabled by His Spirit to realise their full deliverance.

Help will be gratefully received by our Treasurer, E. Miller, Esq., Providence House, North Street, or by

JAMES DOWDLE.

16, Trafalgar Street, Leeds.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER YOUNG, OF RYE,

was born at Rye, in Sussex, on October 9th, 1848, and while yet a young woman came to a knowledge of God's saving grace. Soon after her conversion she found by experience her need of a "clean heart," and, seeing others in the enjoyment of perfect love, her hungering soul sought until she was indeed filled and made meet for the Master's service.

Soon after this she was much drawn out in constant prayer for the people in her village, and one morning, while on her knees pleading with God, she heard a Mission man give out in the street under her window—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Immediately she joined, and helped him sing, and at the close said, "God has sent you, sir, in answer to my prayers." Then she spoke a bit, and none of us who heard her will ever forget her pleadings that morning. From that time she cast her lot with The Christian Mission, and worked hard, and worked always in the hall or in the open air to reach the dying crowds with the story of the cross.

Some time after this she became a Bible-woman under Mrs. Ranyard, but her failing health—a cold she had taken and renewed while at work in the open air at Rye having developed into a serious chest affection—compelled her to relinquish that post. For the last nine months of her life she was Bible-woman at Leytonstone, under Mrs. R. W. Fowler, in connection with the Society of Friends.

When first she was laid aside from work, she said, "Can it be true I am going to see my Master's face?" On September 2nd I saw her for the last time. I found her still enjoying a full salvation, and she told me she had "more of Jesus than ever."

In bidding farewell during her last hours she said to those around, "Stick to your Bibles; never mind man. Seek God in all things."

It was a pleasure to her to remember that her wounds had been received in the battle-field; she counted it an honour indeed to die in the service of one who had given Himself for her, and on September 19th she departed to be like Him, and to see Him as He is.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

NEWS FROM MRS. IRVINE.

(Formerly Miss Billups.)

223, Palisade Avenue,

Jersey City Heights, Dec. 5th, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I feel very desirous to be especially remembered by you at the Christmas and New Year season. I know I shall think so much of you all—shall recall the days when at this time of the year I was usually busy among the busiest, so very happy in your society and fellowship. I do, I shall ever thank God for those bygone years. Yes, I am glad I was brought to the Lord in the dear old Christian Mission—that there I was taught *Jesus*, a Saviour from sin—that in your midst I learned the value of precious souls: and, although often faulty, that I there partook somewhat of the Mission love and zeal in winning souls to Christ. You will be pleased to hear those lessons of the past are not forgotten.

My husband and myself are more determined than ever to live and work for Jesus, assured that as children of God, heirs of heaven, walking in the light of the Holy Ghost, it is our privilege to gather gems for our Saviour's crown, to sing and tell of the all-cleansing power of Jesus' blood—the mighty baptism of holy fire.

Since my marriage we have travelled hither and thither, first on the continent of Europe, and have seen something of the varied Mission works, and Mr. Irvine preached in several of the towns where they had English-speaking congregations. What do you think was my wish then and now? That The Christian Mission might be carried into these lands. The great fault of the Christian Protestant work in all these countries is the lack of spiritual power—too much sectarianism and anxiety to build up certain churches. If only some one like yourselves would go and fearlessly preach *Jesus the only Saviour from sin and hell*; just get the people savingly converted, make this their one aim, and let churches come merely as a result of these conversions, how many would gladly receive the truth! I converted with several of them individually, and am convinced that they would much more willingly hear than English Roman Catholics.

I do not say the people are hungering for the truth, for there, as in every other place, sin is welcomed, and will

not easily be parted with; but they are rapidly seeing and feeling the fallacy of Roman Catholicism. The fearless, truthful, powerful mission preaching would no doubt bring some persecution, but it would reach hundreds of hearts, win hundreds of converts.

I presume you know we came to America last July, just in time for the camp-meetings. I attended several, and found them deeply interesting. We are now fully in for winter's work. The work here differs from that in the old country. Nationalities are much mingled, and in turn you have the peculiar difficulties of each nation to contend with. At our last work there were four churches in the town, three of which were German—the German language being generally used and understood. At another place, a farming district among the mountains, we met with a few American difficulties—rowdyism from rough youths, determined opposition from professing Christians, who did not want to hear of "holiness," and publicly denounced our teaching to the congregation; but God gave us the victory, and brought many of them to their feet crying for mercy. From my short experience, I understand quite well how the necessities of this country brought forth a downright, upright, fearless, eccentric Peter Cartwright.

So far God has been with us, souls have been saved, precious souls; backsliders in heart and life have been reclaimed; Christians have sought and, I believe, found "purity of heart."

Pray for me! I feel that I am all the Lord's, but I want true womanly Christian courage to go without flinching into the thick of the fight; a heart to meet with the new difficulties with which I am surrounded.

I join hands across the mighty waters and wish you a very Happy New Year, a victorious year, a mighty and complete salvation in your own souls; more and more of the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost. Brethren, hold up the White Banner of Purity; unflinchingly tell of a Saviour from all sin, a pure and holy life on earth.

Christ wants, must, and will have a pure bride with spotless garments.

Believe me ever to remain

Your sister in Jesus,

MARY COUTTS IRVINE.

448 I Look for Stormy Days.

1st time.

I look for stormy days I look for hours of care,
I wel - come all, they bear me on Where
D.C. Can turn my footsteps from that shore Where

2nd time and FINE. *D.C. al Fine.*

God and the an-gels are.
God and the an-gels live. I wander now no more, Nor all this world can give

2 Only a narrow path,
In sight a boundless sea;
Where one, by one, my friends are gone,
And soon will they call for me.
Jesus is all my strength,
To Him my soul I give,
O meet me there, in that pure air,
Where God, and the angels live.

3 Farewell my comrades all,
I seek that purer air;
No power on earth can touch my soul
Where God and the angels are.
O! I am well content,
These fleeting hours to give,
To gain a home no more to roam
Where God and the angels live.

449 Where do You Journey. 8s. H. Hymn 82.

Where do you jour-ney, my bro - ther, Oh, where do you jour - ney, I pray?
jour-ney-ing on-ward to Ca - naan, Thro' suff-'ring and tri - al, and care,
FINE.

Where do you journey, my sis - ter, For stormy and dark is the way? We're
When we get safe-ly to glo - ry, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?
D.S. when we get, &c.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? And

2 What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mission is practising mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above.

3 Oh! yes, you will meet us my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavour to win.
We'll walk thro' the vale and the shadow,
Through suff'ring and trials and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet us, you'll meet us all there.

The above is page 290 of REVIVAL MUSIC. See Advertisement on 3rd page of cover.