

and, in prayer, tried to persuade him to cry for mercy, but without a single response. The brother, quite done out, left him on his knees, passed on to speak to another, when, in a few moments, the young man burst out in praise; and, lying at the foot of the cross, he sang—

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me.”

“I'M TOO BAD TO BE SAVED.”

A young woman, though many had conversed and prayed with her, could find no relief, and seemed unable to give expression to anything but “I'm too bad to be saved.” She appeared perfectly overpowered with a sense of her awful state, and every moment grew worse. I spoke to her of a crucified Saviour, willing, able, and waiting to save unto the uttermost; prayed with her: but all seemed to be in vain. At last, I said, “The Hall must soon be closed. Are you going to take Christ?” No answer. As a last resource, I said, “It must be God or the devil. Now, which are you going to take with you?”

“I'll take Jesus,” was the glorious response; and, O, in a moment, her countenance changed, and was lit up with that radiant joy which fills a new-born soul.

AN ARROW IN A SURE PLACE.

As the people were retiring from the first meeting, a brother took a young woman by the hand, and said, “Will you not close in with Christ?” But, in a proud manner, she walked on, when another brother said, “You are grieving the Spirit; the Holy Ghost may never strive again.” The word took hold. She went home, but could not enter the door. She felt as if it were the last offer of salvation. Turning back, she stopped not, till on her knees, in the side room, crying for mercy, she found the Saviour ready to forgive, and left rejoicing in Jesus.

Sabbath, 23rd May.—Last night, Hall filled. Mr. Stuart addressed the meeting. All the powers of darkness were in opposition to the word; but, glory be to our Triune God, the Holy Ghost was also present. Upwards of eleven souls sought salvation through Jesus.

THE VEIL RENT.

One middle-aged woman, who had come eighty miles from the country, was attracted by the singing into the Hall. The Holy Ghost convinced her of sin; and, while a brother was praying with her, she started from her knees,

exclaiming, “Oh, where am I? where am I? O, what a sight. The glorious Redeemer, I have found him! Oh, where am I? Would to God my friends were here. My heart is too full.” And then, in strong emphasis, she added, “Yes, the veil is rent.”

She now enjoys the blessedness of sin forgiven, and peace through the precious blood.

While the anxious were being dealt with in the side room, Colonel Kirby addressed the Christians in the Hall. Prayer was then offered, and thanksgiving and praise for the souls God has saved. Notwithstanding all the opposition we have suffered, He has been gloriously with us, and we intend to go on proclaiming salvation through the blood of the Lamb.

THE NEW MISSION PREMISES.

On Saturday, 29th May, we entered our new premises, Chalmers' Close, St. High Street. A few yards down this narrow close stands the chapel. It is entered by an outside stair, and will accommodate upwards of 400 people. Below there is a small house and schoolroom.

THE TEA MEETING.

At five o'clock, the friends began to gather, when about 100 sat down to tea. Mr. Stuart opened by giving out hymn 241—

“Jesus the Conqueror reigns,  
In glorious strength arrayed

Mr. Donald gave thanks. After tea, there being some bread left, it was proposed that a few of the workers should go to the street, and compel some of the lame, halt, blind, and naked to come in and share the feast. Sixty were brought in; and after our guests were served, a number of the brethren rose, and told what the Lord had done for their souls.

Mr. Muxlow, Evangelist, has been with us for several nights, and we trust some have been brought to Christ through his labours.

The friends of the Mission are very anxious to have a free breakfast for the poor and the needy, when Mr. and Mrs. Booth are in Edinburgh. We trust the Lord will put it into the hearts of some who have abundance of this world's goods to supply us with the means, that we may feed the starving poor and preach Jesus to them.

From our hearts, we thank those kind friends who have sent us their subscriptions to aid in this work. We also request prayer from all the readers of the “Evangelist” for an abundant blessing in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Booth's expected visit to Edinburgh.

# THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

JULY, 1869.

## FLAMES OF FIRE.

THOMAS COLLINS.\*

THOMAS COLLINS was a Wesleyan minister, born in 1810, and died in 1864. His parents were poor, but pious. His father was a singularly devoted, earnest, and useful man. When Thomas was first brought to him, the father took him in his arms, “placed a Bible on his breast, and folded the child's left arm around it; then, after putting a pen in the tiny right hand, he knelt down, and prayed that God would accept the lad, and make him a faithful witness of that saving word, and help him with tongue and pen to bless his fellows.”

God accepted the offering thus singularly made; and after bearing evidence in childhood that he was a subject of the Spirit's influence, he was converted when nine years of age, under the ministry of that mighty man of God, Gideon Ouseley. For some time the boy ran well, giving evidence of the reality of the change; but his father's circumstances improving, he was sent to boarding-school for twelve months. Here his religion declined, and he became a miserable backslider. When sixteen years of age, however, Redditch was visited with a powerful revival, and hundreds felt its influence, one of whom was Thomas Collins.

“Approaching the chapel one Friday evening, he heard the loud cries of a young man, who was imploring mercy in great spiritual distress. Sarcastically he inquired, ‘Who is roaring there?’ The name given awoke strange emotions; it was that of John Wright, a youth who with himself had shared the blessing of the former visitation under the apostolic Ouseley; and who also, like himself, had let the good thing slip. Hastening on, he pushed away through the crowded vestry, until he stood beside his stricken friend; nor did he stand long, but falling at his feet, poured forth his soul in pleadings for salvation not less intense or loud. The prayers of each prevailed, and were soon exchanged for bursts of praise, and holy raptures of thanksgiving.”

“From this eventful day, until his final hour, Thomas Collins ever walked in the light of God's favour.” But it was four years afterwards that he made that full surrender of soul and spirit, and embraced Christ in all His cleansing, saving power, which made his whole after life so singularly holy and useful. It appears that—

“Early in the year 1830, Henry Breeden, a disciple fresh from the school of John Smith, came to Redditch. If possible, he outflamed his master. His sermons were numerous, but his topics were few. As in the broadside of a war-ship, everything was so directed as to strike one mark. Each shot was weighty, well aimed, and *red hot*. Nothing was thrown away. The whole force of the man was concentrated. Hear him when you would, the terrors of eternity, the freeness of salvation, the fulness of Christian privilege, and no other themes employed him. The issue of this earnest, pointed, vigorous preaching was a revival, wide-spread and remarkable.”

\* The Life of the Rev. Thomas Collins. By the Rev. S. Coley. Published by Elliott Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

JULY, 1869.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

FROM MAY 15TH, TO JUNE 15TH, 1869.

GENERAL WORK.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Quintin Hogg, Esq.	2 2 0	Friend	0 1 0	Dr. MacGill	1 1 0
A. L. Freeman, Esq.	5 0 0	Mrs. Crouch	0 1 0	Mrs. Fremlin	0 10 0
G. C. Courthorpe, Esq.	5 0 0	Friend	0 10 0	Rev. R. Roe	0 5 0
J. Wilson, Esq.	3 0 0	Miss Falconer	2 0 0	Miss Neate	0 10 0
Well Wisher	0 10 0	Friend, per Mrs.	0 5 0	A Dalry friend	0 5 0
Mr. J. Johnstone	0 1 0	Stocker	5 0 0	Miss Lightfoot	1 0 0
An aged Christian	1 8 0	E. Crossfield, Esq.	5 0 0	Mr. Alexander	0 5 0
A young Christian	0 2 0	Jas. Gingell, Esq.	0 2 0	Mrs. Pearse	0 5 0
Mr. Wakistin	0 2 6	Friend	0 5 0		
Harry C. Nisbit, Esq.	10 0 0	Mr. De St. Dalmas	0 10 0		
Mr. Redstone	0 1 0	T. H. S.	0 10 0		
Friend	0 5 0	E. M.	4 16 0		
Mr. Andrews	0 2 0	J. B. L.	25 0 0		
Friend	0 10 0	Mr. J. Andrews	1 0 0		
Mr. I. Marsden	1 0 0	Mr. Gloholm	0 5 0	OFFERINGS ON MISSION.	
Mr. Jno. Eales	1 1 0	Miss Marsh	0 5 0	Whitechapel	13 12 8½
Friend	0 5 0	W. J. C.	5 0 0	Shoreditch	5 11 10
Mrs. Bradford	1 0 0	Mrs. Newenham	1 0 0	Poplar	6 13 7½
J. B. Bacon, Esq.	10 0 0	W. H.	0 13 0	Limehouse	6 11 10½
M. F. A.	1 1 0	Mr. J. W. Wood	0 12 0	Bethnal Green	2 8 7
Coward's Trust Fund	15 0 0	Miss Fox	1 1 0	Sclater Street	1 5 3
		Mr. R. Alcock	1 1 0	Stratford	0 8 9
				Milwall	0 8 0

It was in a meeting held amid these soul-thrilling influences that Thomas Collins,—

“whose spirit for some time had been stirred with desires after holiness was enabled to believe the cleansing word; and in the strength of that faith to bow his whole will utterly to Christ, to whom he surrendered all authority in his soul. The act of devotion was complete. Thenceforth life was a priesthood, and sacrifice a vocation. The altar upon which self was dedicated sanctified the gift, and upon the living sacrifice which faith laid there, heavenly fire came down. The covenant that hour made was never revoked. ‘Not your own,’ was printed indelibly upon his heart. His daughter, during his last illness, remarked to him with joy upon his long testimony before the church, of the bliss and duty of perfect love. His reply was, ‘I got it; I kept it; I have it now, and it is in heaven!’”

From this hour he was a soul winner. For some time he had been preaching the gospel; and in a sermon on the day that followed this baptism of fire, six souls found peace with God. Soon afterwards he offered himself and was accepted for the regular work of the ministry; and at the age of twenty-one commenced his ministerial career at Wark, in Northumberland, afterwards being appointed (as is the usage among the Wesleyans) at other different towns, finishing his career at Warwick, at the age of fifty-four.

The spirit in which he did his work as a minister may be gathered from the following extract from his first day's diary at Wark; for as he commenced so he continued.

“Oct. 28th, 1831.—Here I am—home left—a new circle entered—a new work before me. My soul trusts in God. Before Him I resolve:—

- “1. That I will rise early.
- “2. That every Sunday morning, upon my knees, I will solemnly renew my covenant with God.
- “3. That the whole time before breakfast shall be spent in Bible-searching, meditation, and prayer.
- “4. That from breakfast to dinner shall be given to regular and consecutive study.
- “5. That the entire afterpart of the day be sacredly devoted to active labour,—as visitation, preaching, or the like.
- “6. That I will always have some selected text to which—embracing opportunities as they occur—my mind may turn and keep itself profitably practised in the composition of a sermon.
- “7. That, unless compelled, I will leave no home without prayer.
- “8. That wherever I am received to lodge, I will, if possible, morning and evening, gather all together for united family worship.
- “9. That, if I can anyhow reach, I will never miss an appointment.
- “10. That I will neither jest, nor trifle, nor waste time in parties.
- “11. That I will faithfully rebuke sin wherever I see it.
- “12. That I will seek ever to act as one altogether given up to labour for the salvation of the souls of men, and the promotion of the work of God.”

He resolved early in life, and wrote down the resolution,—

“‘The solemn one thing of my life shall be to save souls.’ To that determination he was true. To that he devoted all. For this, family visits were postponed. He writes:—‘I love you and long to see you; but oh, my work! my work! I cannot leave it. Souls! souls! desire for souls swallows me up.’”

Mr. Collins was eminently a man of prayer. “Constant divine communion secured for him a fulness of the Spirit that inflamed his soul and melted it with pity. The anointing that was upon him caused his voice

to tremble with emotion, while it clothed his word with power. Such a man could not labour in vain.”

A farmer said of him, “Before he sowed the seed he took care to steep it well.” Another said, “Our house was his occasional home. A man so prayerful I never knew. Once, hearing, about 2 a.m., a gentle tap at my bedroom window, I looked out, and, to my surprise saw Mr. Collins. He asked me to slip quietly down and let him in. I did, and inquired, much wondering, ‘How have you been so delayed?’ ‘O,’ said he, ‘I had business to settle with my Father upon the road.’ It turned out that, communing with God in a wood—his oft-chosen closet—hours had passed unregistered, and time been forgotten.”

#### A CLOSET IN THE CLIFF.

“At Stronsay he gave himself up to prayer. As his lodgings furnished no convenience for vocal freedom, he was accustomed to retire to a sheltered cave in the cliff. Though he knew it not, loving people observed his frequent resort thither, and wonderingly found that their pastor often spent successive hours communing with God in that cold closet on the shore. Sometimes a whole day passed in fasting, intercession, and meditation. After one such season, returning home, he met an unconverted hearer. Conscious that a well of power had gushed up in his own soul, he longed that it should flow out upon others. ‘Donald,’ said he, ‘I wish to pray with you.’ Though quite unconcerned, the man respected his minister too much to refuse, and therefore, led the way to his humble cot. Mighty influence came upon him; and as his pastor urged the reiterated prayer, ‘Lord, break Donald's heart! Lord, break Donald's heart!’ the great, rough fisherman sobbed for mercy, nor did he get up from that floor until he arose in the conscious joy of a new creature.”

His journal goes on to record:—

“I went to my lonely retreat among the rocks. Having to form a new class this evening, my heart was broken with desire for conversions. I wept much as I besought the Lord to give me souls. I felt unusual nearness, sweetness of intercourse, and strength of faith; and came away *sure* that my covenant God had engaged Himself to me to make bare His wonder-working arm. Nothing wavering, in that belief I commenced the meeting; and that night Robert Williamson, Lawrence Irwin, and Miss Farquhar were set free.”

It was his custom to set apart an hour at noon for intercessory prayer; and that his prayers might be more comprehensive, he devised a scheme, which, with great benefit to himself and others, was permanently used. The following was his plan.

“*Monday.*—For my family and kindred. These, as is right, come first. What affection suggests, Providence endorses, by putting them nearer to me, and laying them more upon me, than others.

“*Tuesday.*—My throne of grace list:—enemies, if I have any:—friends, specially beloved, specially tried, or who have specially claimed an interest in my prayers.

“*Wednesday.*—My own Connexion in general, and my own Circuit in particular.

“*Thursday.*—The universal Church of God, with careful remembrance of its decayed branches, and consideration of its current wants, perils, or progresses.

“*Friday.*—The unsaved world. Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics, and all such as are out of the way. For this litany, prepare by study of the missionary map, and diligent perusal of all accessible reports of evangelistic effort.

“*Saturday.*—Implore heavenly blessing on the labours of the coming day.”

Placed at Dudley, among colliers, his sympathies were powerfully

awakened with that class ; and he resolved upon a special service for their benefit ; and to his friends in every direction he wrote, " Pray for my poor colliers."

" The Friday before the Sabbath was spent in fasting and special prayer. During those hours of wrestling, his whole spirit breathed itself in one definite, reiterated cry which swallowed up every other petition. ' A hundred souls ! Lord, give me and my brethren that work in this circuit a hundred souls. It is little for Thee, oh Thou, who didst in one day, at Pentecost, save three thousand. Give us next week a hundred souls.' On Sabbath morning, four o'clock found him again in the closet urging the same plea. What wonder that when one so prepared went up to the sanctuary the congregation should find that they had among them a man full-charged with heavenly power. In the first prayer strong men bowed and sobbed and the whole congregation melted before the Lord. The evening sermon was to colliers, and it is not easy to describe the scenes that followed. Cries for mercy rose in all directions. Here, a child of pious parents ; there, a chapel-going moralist ; yonder, a backslider. Here, an ignorant collier ; there, a fire-tanned puddler ; yonder, a burly navvy. But not only sons of toil,—sons of shame were weeping there. The very riff-raff of society, blacklegs, drunkards, and fighting-men lay smitten at His dear feet whose might alone can gather such outcasts in, and save from sin and Satan's power. Hours passed in prayer—forty-two new witnesses of grace were registered. All through the week the impulse continued ; souls were saved every day, and at its close Mr. Collins triumphantly records, ' I have no doubt that the hundred has been given to us.'"

Very near akin to the power he had in prayer was the delightful communion he enjoyed with God. The one was the result of the other. In answer to a letter, inquiring more particularly as to the meaning of that phrase, " the fulness of God," he thus describes what, for many years, he himself so blessedly realised :—

" God is light ; God is love ; fulness of God, is, therefore, fulness of knowledge and love. Not such a fulness as we shall have in heaven ; for that mortality could not bear. Not such a fulness as would make us cease to think and feel as men ; not such a fulness as would supersede effort in doing the Divine will ; but a fulness which interpenetrates God's will with all, and makes His glory the end of all. The soul is the fulness of the body, actuating each part ; God is the fulness of the soul : raising it, that there be nothing low ; filling it up, that there be no painful want ; filling it out, that there be no ugly wrinkle. The sea-plants lie flat, flabby, and formless, when the tide is out ; but when that returns, they rise, and stand, and beautifully wave themselves amid the vitalising element ; every stem full, every leaf full, every pore and vessel full. Thus is it with believers when flowed around and flowed into by the fulness of God. A heart enriched with this plenitude does more than occasionally advert to God, or draw near to Him at times, as a duty or a necessity : God is its atmosphere, its abode. The apprehension of Him is abiding ; the reference to Him habitual ; the help from Him unceasing. Into that soul Jehovah brings the court and kingdom of heaven, and makes it the wonder and the admiration of the very angels."

The following extract of the manner in which he employed his time during a three-hours' ride illustrates the foregoing :—

" I asked myself, How may I best improve these three hours upon the coach top ? It darted through my mind, with vivid light, as a beam from the Lord, that a man can do no better thing than believe the love of God to himself and to his species. I saw—as I never saw before—how all stimulus to holy work comes out of that. I therefore at once gave myself up to a believing meditation of the truth which, with this unusual demonstration, the Spirit had borne home upon my heart. As I did so, the meaning of the cross marvellously

shone out. My faith strengthened. I took such hold of God's love to me and to man as I had never done before. The journey seemed done too soon. I got down from that coach-top with an indelible lesson and a soul on fire."

Towards the close of life, he thus spoke :—

" I have not strength to keep up those varied intercessions which I have been wont, in daily order, to make for all things relating to the Church, and for all sorts and conditions of men. Intercourse with God—rather fellowship than petition—is all that my feebleness now can bear. To suit present weakness, I have, therefore, of late, in devotional exercises, acted according to a new scheme, which I call *My short almanack*. It lasts three days. On Monday I set my soul to meditate upon the Father's majesty, and love, and unspeakable gift. I address Him, adore Him, embrace Him. On Tuesday, the glories of the eternal Son, the merit and mercy of the Redeemer, the compassion of the great High Priest, and the royalties of the enthroned Mediator, become my theme. I draw nigh to Him, claim Him, trust Him. On Wednesday, the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, the Witness for Christ, the Spring of all benediction and sanctity, is the Object of my thought and faith. I open my heart to Him, yield to Him, commune with Him. On Thursday, I just begin at the beginning, and, following the same order, run through it over again. As for the Sundays, well, they are all "*Trinity Sundays*" with me now."

Mr. Collins was wise in the high and holy art of winning souls. As we have seen, he set his heart upon it at the commencement of his career. " Soul saving was his business." His work was not to preach so many sermons, and attend to so many church duties merely, but to seek and to save lost men and women. To this everything else was secondary in his estimation and practice. He lived, thought, and laboured for this ; and more than that, he wrestled in mighty, believing prayer, in secret places, night and day ; and, as the result, he was endued with a divine wisdom and influence that made him excel in his holy and Christ-like vocation. He understood his business, and fulfilled his calling. Hear him on a question which often causes perplexity to amateurs in the Lord's vineyard.

#### PREACHING TO SINNERS AND PRAYING FOR THEM.

" Man possesses, and often employs, the terrible power of resisting God. In preaching, I deal with man ; my chief business is then, of course, to get him to cease the exercise of that awful power. In prayer, on the contrary, I deal with God, and ask the gift, the plenitude, and the continuance of the Spirit. Addressing the penitent, I bid him believe ; addressing the Lord, I say, ' Lord, help this poor creature ! ' This is my way. I find it succeed, and do not intend to alter it."

#### FACING THE ENEMY.

" Numbers of the baser sort often gathered rudely round the chapel doors, and saluted this evangelist of their villages with odious epithets. Into the very centre of many such a crowd did Mr. Collins walk manfully ; never debating, but in few words announcing his Master's love, he would bid them ' kneel down.' Many, awed by his tender authority, seemed to be upon their knees ere they were aware. The effect of these pointed, touching, chapel-door prayers was almost magical. Scoffers ran, but left of their band wounded mourners behind ; who, entering the sanctuary, cast in their lot with God's people, and bade their bad companions and bad ways a solemn and lasting farewell."

#### TACT.

" On walking to a preaching appointment, he came up with an angler on

the bank of a stream. 'Any success to-day?' 'Fair.' 'I had a good *take* yesterday, myself.' 'Roach?' 'No; souls.' 'La! Soles? Can't catch soles about here.' 'O, yes, I can. I catch nothing else. The Lord has made me a fisher of men. My bait, and hook, and line, and net, are all for never-dying souls. I catch, not to kill, but to save; and nothing would please me better than to catch you.'

## IMPORTUNITY.

"At Rickmansworth Mr. Collins stayed at the house of Mr. H. The son, Henry, was a backslider. He would not go to the meetings; and slipped off to bed to avoid family prayer. Mr. Collins called in at his room, knelt by his bedside, and prayed for him. Next morning, at half-past five, there he knelt again. This, each night and each morning, he continued until Friday, when the pent-up, long-resisted feeling could be restrained no longer. The youth arose, went to the prayer-meeting, and, with tears, submitted his heart to Christ."

## INSTRUCTING THE ANXIOUS.

"In the prayer-meeting, a very simple-minded person—in from the country—came out among the anxious. I asked, 'Are you convinced that you are a sinner?' 'O yes.' 'Are you sorry for your sins?' 'Very.' 'Will you forsake them all?' 'I should like.' 'The decision must lie with you: will you?' 'Yes.' 'When?' 'When God pleases.' 'My friend, God says now.' 'Very well, then I say now.' 'Who—by His own death—redeemed such poor sinners as you?' 'Christ.' 'Do you love Him for doing so?' 'Indeed, I do.' 'Tell Him so, then.' At the word, the teachable old creature cried aloud:—'I love Thee, O Christ; for Thou diedst for me.' In such correspondence we continued, until we both, and all around us, were gloriously happy together."

Take another instance. Mr. Collins had been preaching; and one of a class not uncommon, who seem to be always seeking, but do not find, came forwards. Mr. Collins asked—

"'Are you a believer?' 'No.' 'How long have you been seeking salvation?' 'Years.' 'Who is it, whom through all those years you have not believed?' 'Christ.' 'What? not believe Christ! Is He a liar?' The youth paused, then slowly and firmly answered, 'He is not.' 'But He says, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life," and you can't believe Him.' 'I can.' 'You won't.' 'I will.' 'But you don't.' 'I do.' 'You won't continue.' 'I will.' 'Then, man, if these things be so, you are a believer.' 'Yes, now I am, and, hallelujah! I, this moment, *feel* that God is my salvation.'"

## FAITHFUL DEALING.

"'Have you peace with God?' 'No, Sir.' 'How long have you been among God's people?' 'Fifteen years.' 'Fifteen years! Ah, I see how it has been; *ding, dong, bell; ding, dong, bell*. Ordinances round and round, but no Divine conviction of sin; no tears at the Saviour's feet; no clasping of the Crucified; no agonising resolve, "Lord, I will not let Thee go." How long is this inertness to last? Down on your knees, man.' Stung to earnestness by admonition so strong and faithful, the laggard of all those years knelt, and wept, and wrestled, and prevailed, and home he went that night a happy man."

(To be continued.)

## THE CHILD ANGEL.

THE Nelson Hotel was the largest and most fashionable house of resort in a town on the sea-shore, a popular watering-place, famous in the annals of the wealthy. It stood not far from the

brink of the sounding sea, and commanded a prospect of surpassing beauty.

Among the very select few who came here for the purpose of invigorating and improving health, were a young

couple by the name of Hayden. Harriet, the wife, was an interesting woman, not yet thirty, with a quiet, gentle manner, and a voice whose every tone was music. She was a New England woman, of Puritan extraction, and a sweet, practical Christian. But the sweetest creature in this beautiful group was Antoinette Hayden, a child of three years. She was not in flounces, or laces, or ribbons. Her little limbs were unfettered by fashion, and had the freest play; her ways were all natural: her walk and talk and play were as a child's walk and talk and play should be.

Loose Ben was an uncouth caricature of a human being, of some sixteen years of age, slouching in his dress, dirty, sometimes ragged, bearing all the gibes put upon him with a sullen mien and stoical silence. Loose Ben shuffled, looked suspiciously at everybody from under his eyebrows, shrank from every human voice, never seemed to care whether they called him fool or knave, and only cared to gather his loose limbs together in some sunny place after his services were over for the day, and think—what could the poor outcast think? He was a German, and possibly never knew his parentage; he would not say whether he had any father or mother. It was his duty to make fires in the rooms of those who were invalids, in the early morning, and for this purpose the father of little Antoinette employed him: for though it was summer time, yet the chill air of the sea made the early morning raw and cold.

So, with an armful of wood, Loose Ben wended his way to No. 56, a large room on the second floor. As he entered, Mr. Hayden glanced up from his dressing table, and followed his lazy motions with his eye for a moment. Little Antoinette sat on the floor by the bedside, half covered with the lace curtains that fell like spray over her spiritual face and figure. She, too, looked on earnestly, suspending her play for a moment, and then, as his labour progressed, she stood by his side. He gazed towards her, and seemed paralysed into greater stupidity at her sweet smile. She did not mock him, scream out, or spring from him, as other children did, nor call him unfeeling names; but she stood there with a saintly light on her brow, she laid one white, dimpled hand on his ragged sleeve, and with winning voice asked, "Does you love God?"

He was too much startled for the moment to speak, but the great shining eyes beamed into his lack-lustre orbs, and again that voice of surpassing melody asked, "Does you love God?" He looked up, he looked down awkwardly, and in his broad Dutch dialect said half sheepishly, "Ya-as."

"Does you pray to God in the morning?" persisted the little one, still keeping her hand upon him—and he in the same voice answered, "Ya-as."

Then the little one seemed satisfied; she danced and capered about—chatted with this coarse, boorish boy—watched the curling flame as it ascended, and built all unconsciously a fire of love and gratitude on the altar of that uncultivated heart.

The season went on, and Nettie's mother improved in health. The thin figure rounded out, the pale cheeks grew flushed, and she took long walks and drives along the quiet beach. Every morning, when Loose Ben came up to build the fire, that dear little voice would say, "Does you love God?" and when he had answered with his stereotyped "Ya-as," she would add in precisely the same words as before, "Does you pray to God in the morning?" and again with that stupid, wondering look, he would say, "Ya-as." But there was a change in this semi-barbarian. Gradually, the rough, heavy locks were trained to fall back from his low, but full brow; his wood-coloured face grew clean, and his hands evinced some mark of attention. By some mysterious process his clothes were mended, and little by little Loose Ben seemed to emerge from his loutish shell into a region of more thought and freer scope. The hotel loungers still jeered him, still called him all kinds of strange and original names, but he did not mind them; and had one seen him going up to his daily duty to Room 56, a smile might have been detected lighting up his homely face, till it was almost handsome. And as he entered day after day, came the same questions about love and prayer.

One Sabbath morning, a never-to-be-forgotten day (for I am telling no story of fiction, dear reader), the rap came as usual at Room 56, and when the door was opened, in walked Loose Ben, worthy of the name no longer. He brought the wood not in his usual way, but in a basket, and, wonder of wonders! he was attired in a neat grey suit, from head to foot, and under his left arm he carried a straw hat, bound

with black ribbon. Leisuredly he went up to the hearth-stone, and leisuredly set the kindlings and the wood in their place. Then he turned round and looked for Antoinette. A little voice came from under the curtains—"Billy, does you love God? Does you pray in the morning?"

The boy drew his hands before his eyes, and as Nettie made herself visible, he went toward her, and fell upon his knees at her feet.

"You dear little angel," he sobbed, taking her dimpled hand, and covering it with kisses; "every morning you ask me that, and every morning I lie to you. Yes, I lie to you; for I love no God as you say. Then you ask me if I pray every morning, and I lie to you again, and keep lying to you, because I didn't know no better; because I poor Dutch boy. But this morning, you dear little angel, I tell you I love God. I tell you I pray to God; yes, I love—I pray," he added, the tears running down his coarse cheeks, while Mr. and Mrs. Hayden stood looking on full of astonishment. "You made me go to God, you little angel, you—you make me pray to God, and I tell you no lie any longer."

Tears choked his utterance. Antoinette, scarcely knowing what it all meant, stood looking gravely toward him, a childish wonder in her face, until John Hayden snatched her from the floor, and folded her with many kisses to his bosom.

The scene changes to a handsome dwelling in the city. Snow lies on all the streets, white and glistening—the naked trees, the grey caps of the houses, the iron railings, all are robed in the shroud of the autumn days. Ah! some cold wind, some snow has entered that house; the white drapery of the windows is unlifted; children go in and come out again with sorrowful faces—the passing traveller looks mournfully up as he wanders by—there must be gloom in that house—yes, the white snow of death lies upon the forehead of an only child.

She is in her coffin now, with roses above her pale bosom, and the little silver plate says, "Antoinette Hayden, aged seven." What! is her mission done so soon? Does the angel bathe her wings in the light of heaven? Even so!

In a darkened chamber sat the mother of this lovely flower, bearing her grief alone with God. No sigh broke from her bosom—no tear fell from her eye; she looked calm—she was calm;

but resigned as she evidently was, the stern immobility of her features told that grief, deeper than could find any outlet, lay heavy at her heart.

Rising up after her long vigil, she went noiselessly down stairs towards the room where her child slept the last long sleep. As she was entering, a voice struck her ear, as if some long-remembered music had just sounded; the chord vibrated against her heart. She paused; the voice asked for Antoinette—little Antoinette Hayden—and another voice mournfully murmured the sad truth.

"Dead!" exclaimed the stranger—"little angel! dead."

And then came feet along the passage—and a tall dark man stood before her.

"You do not know me, Mrs. Hayden," he said, as, after a moment, striving to possess his self-command, he spoke.

"I do not, indeed," replied the bereaved mother, in low tones.

"Ah! my dear madam, I am he whom your child's artless questions, morning after morning, pierced to the heart; I am poor Loose Ben. Day and night have the lovely features of that angel babe been before my vision. Every morning the clear, sweet tones have sounded on my ears—Does you love God?—and O! I have come to find her in heaven." He bowed his head and wept, then softly followed the mourning mother into the shaded parlour. Death had not even kissed the freshness from the lips of the sweet child. Death, as if he had no power to mar such loveliness, had not drawn one blue tint along the marble temples, or under the closed eyes.—Death had not stolen one line of beauty from that heavenly face—it smiled in spite of death.

"O! Antoinette—dear little Antoinette," sobbed the strong man—"you found me ignorant, and blessed me with those holy hands—they were the first pure fingers that touched me with the touch of love, and made my buried heart throb with new life. O! little Antoinette, you were the first one to lead me to my Saviour—on your infant breath my name was first carried up to Christ. O! my lamb, canst thou not look down upon me, and see me bend over thee, blessing even thy inanimate clay? But the tomb cannot hold thee, my darling, thank God!—the tomb cannot hold thee, infant disciple. Already is she up there!" he cried, lifting his streaming eyes. "The brightness of Thy glory, O! Lord God of hosts, falls

upon her temples. She hath led souls to Thee, mighty Redeemer, and Thou wilt give her a crown of life."

He ceased, and bowed his head upon the coffin. He had been converted through her ministrations, and since his entrance into the Gospel ministry, he counted those who believed on Jesus through his faith and his ministry, by hundreds; and he laid his trophies in the name of Jesus beside the gentle child who had taught him Christ.

Reader, may not you and I win some stars to our crowns of eternal rejoicings?

#### TRUBLE.

It is said that the pearl oyster, when enjoying its meal in the depths of the sea, sometimes takes in a sharp, pricking grain of sand, which it is unable to throw out again, and which, getting under its soft and tender body, causes irritation and pain. The oyster, therefore, covers it over with some of the white glossy matter with which it lines its shell, and makes it perfectly smooth. It thus not only finds relief from suffering, but converts the cause of it into a beautiful pearl, which may shine on the neck or brow of beauty, or even adorn a monarch's crown. Try thus, through the help of grace, to turn your trials to account, and you will find them to yield to you "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," or to produce in you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

#### TRUST JESUS.

A CHRISTIAN lady from the country was standing on Broadway, at one of the crossings waiting to pass over. The broad thoroughfare was, as usual, thronged with carriages rapidly rolling along right and left, and making it dangerous for any one on foot to attempt to cross.

For a long time she waited, yet dare not venture, for fear she should be thrown down. Looking over to the opposite side of the street, she saw a policeman standing, and beckoning with his finger for her to come to him. He was one of the "Broadway squad," on special duty to protect all footmen, possessed of absolute authority over all vehicles, to halt at his command whenever and wherever he would.

The lady being assured by his uniform and beckoning finger that his authority was her protection, stepped unhesitatingly down from the sidewalk among

the fiery horses. Instantly every rein was drawn up, the rolling carriages stood still, and she walked over, passing through them as safely as on her parlour floor.

The way to Jesus seems to many beset with difficulties insurmountable. They stand at life's crossings earnestly desiring to go over; but, through unbelief, afraid of the horses. They wait, hoping for a more convenient season, when this evil, and that trial, and the other cross, shall be taken out of the way, and then they will pass easily over to him. But difficulties and troubles roll on and never cease. On the other side Jesus stands, having "all power in heaven and earth," and gently beckoning, without "lifting up his voice in the street." He softly says, "Come to me." Step down off the curbstone of unbelief, looking unto Him, not fearing in thy heart, and at once all earth and hell is "reined up short" to make thee a safe passage through.—*Guide to Holiness.*

#### EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

##### WHITECHAPEL.

THE work of God still progresses. Mr. George Morrison, evangelist, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, commenced a series of special services here on Monday 17th. The Hall was crowded, and the solemn, illustrative, and pointed method of the preacher gained every ear, and, it is hoped, proved useful to many present.

One man, from Sunderland, who had observed the bill announcing a preacher from the canny north, came out of curiosity to the first service, and was met by the Spirit of the living God, and led to the Saviour. The services since have grown in power, and there is much expectation for a great blessing.

##### THREE LOST DRUNKARDS.

From Brother Flawn's journal we make the following extracts.

##### THE FIRST.

After Mr. Booth had preached at the East London Theatre, one Sunday evening in April, among others, three men, all confirmed drunkards, came on to the stage, seeking salvation.

During the following week, I called on one of them. He was very glad to see me. I asked how he was getting on. He said, "Well, I am very happy;" and, clasping his hands, he said, "Is it not wonderful that I, who was drunk, swearing, and fighting, last Saturday night, should be as happy as I am to-day. I used to sell birds and pigeons about Club Row on Sunday mornings, and have been drunk for a month at a time.

"A while ago, my wife, who is a Christian woman, had a good laundry business in the country. We had a horse and cart of our own; but I drank it all away. Last Sunday, I promised my wife I would go to chapel with her. But I altered my mind, and thought I would go to the East London Theatre, where I could

have a quiet night, and no one would know me. But I was mistaken; for, after the sermon, some dear females came and spoke to me about my soul; and I took their advice, and gave my heart to God then and there, and signed the pledge on my knees; and I felt a great weight had gone off me; and I am happy now." He comes to the meetings regularly, blessing and praising God. May he be kept in the hour of temptation.

#### THE SECOND.

I called on another of these three, and found that the change here was also a most blessed one. He was convicted at the open-air meeting; and, dirty and miserably clad, he came on to the theatre. A wonderful change has taken place in his outward appearance. His wife is very thankful for what the Lord has done for her husband. So bitterly was he opposed to her going near church or chapel, that he would threaten, if she did go, he would come and pull her out of the place, and the parson out of the pulpit. But now they come to the meetings together, and appear very happy. Praise the Lord!

#### THE THIRD.

The third of these poor drunkards had been, years ago, not only a professed Christian, but an active worker in the church. He had fallen through strong drink, and been long ensnared by it. On this night, God broke his fetters, and set him free. He may be seen now at the meetings, a happy, changed man.

#### A WICKED OLD MAN.

A woman came to the Mission Hall for some one to come and see a very wicked old man, who was dying in her house. I went to see him, and found a hardened sinner, of some sixty years of age. I talked with him, and got him on his knees, and prayed for him. He appeared affected, and, with much simplicity, he followed me in my prayer word for word.

A few days after, I called again. The woman in the house said he had been different ever since my visit. I asked him how he was getting on in his soul. He said he believed God had saved him. Again and again I saw him. He continued trusting in Jesus. And, the other Sabbath evening, they fetched me out of the theatre to see him die. I found he had been longing to see me all the day; and when I got there, he took my hand, and said, "God bless you." He was happy. He said the blood cleansed him, and, without fear, calmly and peacefully, he passed away. I hope to see his wife, and another man who lives in the same house, brought to Jesus.

#### SHOREDITCH.

WE extract the following from Brother Dowdle's report for the month:—

Lord's Day, May 16th, was a good day. In addition to the service in the Hall, we kept up an open-air meeting from ten until two, with short speaking and lively singing. The attendance was good. The people listened well, and many wept. The word was with power. At the same time Mr. Hamilton preached with liberty in the Hall, which was full.

Afternoon. Good experience meeting. A blessed time to my own soul.

At 4.30. Tea upstairs for the helpers and friends.

At 5.30. Prayer meeting. One present was very anxious about her soul.

At six we went to Old Street Road for open-air meeting, and had a great crowd, when the police ordered us away.

At seven I preached in the St. Leonard's Music Hall. The power of God was present. Very much liberty in speaking. Many tears were shed, and in the after-meeting ten gave their hearts to Jesus, and went away rejoicing in a sin-pardoning Saviour. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

Monday 17. This was our Whitsuntide festival. Prior to the tea we held an open-air meeting, and the Lord was with us. After speaking, we held a prayer meeting, and two souls cried for mercy kneeling in the open street. We pointed them to Jesus, telling them of his all cleansing blood. We hope they were washed in it. The meeting that followed in the Wesleyan chapel will long be remembered by many.

Wednesday, 19th. The midday meeting was a blessed one. Just as it closed, we found a woman anxious about salvation, and so we had another meeting. A backslider, who had been sitting looking on, apparently unconcerned when spoken to, now joined in the all important question, "What must I do to be saved?" Both believed, and were made very happy.

Saturday, May 22nd. While visiting one of our members in a dreadfully wicked neighbourhood, I gave away a few tracts, and among others, one to a woman standing at her door, saying as I handed it to her, "We want you to go to heaven, for there is no happiness in sin." She replied, "Not much." I rejoined, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked, and the wages of sin is death; it brings misery, remorse of conscience, and everlasting destruction." At this she burst into a flood of tears, and went into her room. I followed her, and spoke to her about Jesus. She walked about the room weeping, and saying, "It's all true, and I'm lost! I'm such a sinner." I told her of the willingness of God to save the chief of sinners, and prayed God to save her; and, inviting her to the meetings, left her. O may this bread cast upon the waters be found after many days!

Monday, May 31. We were out in Commercial Street, at seven o'clock. The singing was lively, and a large crowd gathered. The people listening attentively. After Brother Harrison had addressed the meeting, I spoke for a few minutes, and then went to prayer, and the brethren began pleading for souls. All at once a big rough bricklayer fell upon his knees, and with tears streaming down his face, and hands clasped above his head, he cried, "O Lord, save me! O Lord, save me! I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm a lost man. Can I see Mr. Booth? I heard him preach last night at the Theatre." I told him he wanted Jesus, and not Mr. Booth, and He was there, close to him, waiting to pardon his sins. He got into an agony for his soul. Some said we were killing him; some that we were driving him mad; but his cries drowned their remarks, and we sang away to the Mission Hall, where God, for Christ's sake, pardoned his sins; and, with four others, he rejoiced and sang Glory to the bleeding Lamb. It was a blessed meeting. Hallelujah.

Saturday June 5th. A blessed meeting at the Hall. A railway guard and three others cried out, "Lord save us." The prayer was answered, and they went away rejoicing.

Sunday, June 6th. Open air at ten. Brother Monks and myself spoke. I noticed a big man in the crowd looking very serious. I asked him how matters stood with his soul. His frame shook, and the tears started from his eyes. I invited him to the Mission Hall; and while we prayed with him, he burst into a flood of tears, crying aloud, "I'm too bad, I'm too bad for God to save." We prayed on, and pointed him

to Jesus, and I trust he embraced Him as his Saviour, for he went away at peace.

In the afternoon we broke bread.

At six we held open-air meetings, and at seven we re-opened the

#### CITY OF LONDON THEATRE.

St. Leonard's Music Hall was too small and badly ventilated. Mr. Booth preached a powerful sermon on profit and loss. There was a large congregation, and God sent the word home to many hearts. Numbers, we doubt not, went away deeply convicted, while eighteen came on to the stage, and with tears and prayer sought Jesus. It was a glorious sight. A mighty influence filled the place, and we were constrained to say, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes." Hallelujah. To Him be all the glory. *O for showers of blessings!*

#### POPLAR.

BROTHER SHEEHAN writes from this station:—

The light shines! Indeed, of many in this part of the mission it may be said that they who "sat in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death, have seen a great light." During the hot weather we have to give our bodies a sacrifice to the insufferable heat in the small hall in which our week-night and Sabbath morning and afternoon meetings are held. Many of our friends are obliged to stay away, while others have every now and then to go to the door to get a breath of air. Had we a hall large enough, and conveniently adapted to the manifold agencies employed, I doubt not it would be an easy matter to fill all the pages of the "Evangelist" with reports of blessed work accomplished in Poplar. Now, I am thankful to be able to say that more is being done for souls than can be recorded with ink and paper; but the judgment day will report it, and admiring saints will read it in the bright blaze of the full orb of heaven!

During the past month poverty has sent several of our friends to the workhouse; sickness has laid others up in the hospital; and emigration has taken away some who were noted for their piety, and praiseworthy for the service they gave at our meetings, both indoor and out; and several have joined different churches in the neighbourhood. The converting power is felt at our meetings almost without exception, and strangely diverse are the characters brought under its influence. Formal professors of many years' standing, depraved young men, loose young women, and aged profligates are alike smitten, broken, and blessedly saved. Glory be to God! Most of those converted on Whitsunday are holding on, praising and glorifying God.

#### THE SWEARER STOPPED.

One Monday night, a robust young navy was heard cursing in the High Street. When he got to the hall, attracted by the singing, he turned in; the Spirit of the Lord smote him down; he came right out, and at half-past eleven, after one of the hottest struggles with the powers of darkness I have seen for some time, he was enabled to cast himself, just as he was, on the atoning blood; and, though he came in cursing, he went out singing praises of Jesus. I have heard of him since, and he is doing well.

The same night a man known as "WOODEN-LEG SWEETY," who through the rain had been obliged to close

his stall in the street, came into the hall to know what the singing and praying was about; he had not been in long before he was powerfully awakened by the Spirit. He was in deep distress for some time when Jesus gave him life. He rose up from his one knee, signed the pledge, and renounced that which had been a curse to him from youth to manhood, and went home rejoicing. I often see him. He still depends upon his tuffly stall and fine days; but has never opened his stall, or sold a "farthing's-worth," on a Sunday since the Lord blessed him.

Sunday, June 6th, was a memorable time at the Oriental Theatre. As though to make up for the absence of many of our helpers, six of our navvies being engaged speaking for the Master at the New East London, and four other brethren being at Millwall, and several elsewhere, the Spirit of God fell on us at the beginning of the meeting. While the Scriptures were being read, a professor of many years standing fell on her knees in the pit, and cried for pardon. The regular service was brought to a stand, several offered prayer, and the woman was made happy, at which the whole mass of people sang with joy,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The regular service was then proceeded with, and an exhortation given on Malachi iv. 1, "For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." At the close four came out seeking mercy, among whom was

#### A BACKSLIDER

who had fallen awfully through drink and bad company. He wrestled as only men in earnest do wrestle, pleading the promise, "I will heal your backslidings;" and rose, saying, "The Lord has taken me on again." He has begun to attend the Hall, and signed the pledge.

#### A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Another was an old man, 74 years of age, who, to get a moment's relief from "devilism," as he called it, had crept out of one of the narrowest, darkest dens of drink, prostitution, and blasphemy in the East of London. Passing up the High Street, and seeing the theatre open, he walked in, was shaken over the mouth of hell, and convinced that that hell would soon be his doom, unless he repented and got converted. With much brokenness of heart he called upon God, and in mercy Jesus found and healed him at the foot of the stage.

I have since seen him in his so-called home. He has lived in Poplar 65 years. For a long time he was constantly employed in a steamer plying between Glasgow and London, but drink had swallowed up his wages, broken up his home seven or eight times, leaving him at one time so destitute of clothes, that he had nothing but an old flannel and trowsers to work in. His wife had several times become a harlot on the street. For the safety of his own life he had had to pay for her keep in the workhouse, and then for neglecting to pay had been sent to prison. At last his wife lost her life in a drunken row. Since then he has been living with a daughter, in whom all the wife's bad qualities seem more fully developed. She takes up his money at the union, spends it in gin, goes home drunk, swears most awfully at the old man, then leaves him for days without fire or food. Yet, notwithstanding all the horrors of such a miniature damnation as this place is, when I called unawares, the old man had the Bible by his side. Since then, the daughter

has been to the hall, and signed the pledge. O may God have mercy on her soul!  
Another case was that of

#### A BIG NAVVY.

who, though much affected, did not seem to know the meaning of anything that was said to him. He was willing to be done anything with, or to go anywhere; but there was no clear and scriptural confession unto salvation. He was, however, in earnest, and came to the Hall on the Monday night afterwards, and again on Friday night, when he was able to say, "I know that God, for Christ's sake, pardons my sins."

Here we are walled in by the direst poverty, and the grossest ignorance, and vice in its every form and deadliest character. Often we are led to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" but God helps, bless his royal name. O, that He may bestow on us all in Poplar, more and more graciously, the mind of the High Priest, who "had compassion on the ignorant, and them who are out of the way."

Brother Dowdle makes the following statement:

I was called up one morning, between five and six o'clock, to visit a woman who was dying. When I got to the house, I found her rejoicing in Jesus. I asked her how it was with her soul, and taking my hand, she said, "I am dying, but I am happy;—sing for me." I asked her what I should sing, and she told me,

"For ever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be."

I sang it to her and then said, "Come, let us pray now," she replied, "No! I am so happy, sing again; sing,

"Come, sing to me of heaven  
When I'm about to die;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high."

While we were singing her husband came in and said, "My dear, I hope you are not dying; I can't give you up;" "But I am," she answered, "and you *must* give me up, because I am going to heaven." I then said, "Come, let us pray now;" but she said "No; sing again; sing,

"My Jesus, I love thee,  
I know thou art mine."

After singing this hymn through, we knelt and prayed. The Spirit of the Lord was present; it was like heaven below. I called afterwards and found her much weaker. Her experience was still brighter, confident that she was going to heaven. On the following day she peacefully fell asleep, resting in the precious blood of Jesus, which cleanses from all sin.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

##### THE PENNY GAFF.

BRO. KNOTT writes from this station:

We are thankful to say that the Lord is still blessing the feeble efforts of his people at this station. We have abundant proof that it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. If the work were of man it would soon come to nought, but we believe it is of God, and are not afraid that it will be overthrown. On Sunday mornings, while the different congregations are gathered in their own places of worship, we preach Jesus to the immense crowds outside who cannot be prevailed upon to enter.

The other morning, just as the service commenced, and we were singing the well-known

hymn, "Will you go," some poor man who we could see had not long left the ale-house, came up to a brother, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Yes, I will go, you are right: I will never get drunk any more;" and when the brethren knelt to pray, he knelt too; and when they had finished he walked quietly away.

The indoor meetings are not quite so numerously attended on week evenings, and the number of conversions have not been quite so numerous, but we have seen with joy the deepening of the work of grace in many hearts, who but a short time ago were strangers to the precious blood that bought them.

Having felt in their hearts the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, it constrains them to do all they can for Him, and by living, praying, and working, to bring to Jesus more of those who know not God. Thank God, the people have a mind to work.

#### CHANGED INSIDE.

A young man who had been converted some time ago, but had wandered back again, came to London a few months back. He was taken ill, and sent for some Christian friend to pray with him, who strangely neglected to visit him. The young man foolishly thought, if that was religion, he would have no more of it. It pleased God to restore him, and he went one Sunday to the Oriental Theatre, and heard the Gospel: then he wandered into the Gaff, and while Mr. Owen was preaching about the prodigal son, he felt very unhappy, went home mourning over his backslidings, and sought and found forgiveness, and is now praising God. He says he is something like the old Gaff, not much difference outside, but he feels a glorious change within.

#### SUICIDE PREVENTED, AND THE SOUL SAVED.

One Sunday evening, a note was passed to me, asking prayer for a poor woman in the meeting who had that day been saved from committing suicide. Bro. Hipple was preaching, and we all joined in earnest prayer that God would save her soul. As soon as he had done preaching, he said, "Now, if that person is here, Jesus is willing to save her now." All at once she got up in the midst of the congregation, and said, "It's me, it's me!" and began weeping bitterly. We assisted her to the penitent form, and I told her of the sinner's Friend. She seemed so thankful that she was saved from her wicked purpose, she could hardly think of anything else.

She told me, in her early days she had been taught to love God by pious parents who were now in heaven; and many a blessed hour had she spent in the Sabbath school; but as she grew up she had forgotten it all, and by giving way to drinking, had nearly lost body and soul. She said she earned good money, but it all went for drink, and she had neglected her husband and children, and all their clothes had gone for the same thing. When sober for a little time, the memory of her early days would come up before her, and as she saw the awful contrast in her present position, it was more than she could bear, and that very morning she had put on her worst clothes, and started out determined to put an end to her miserable life, for, said she, "I felt I could not endure it any longer."

She was walking down by the canal, intending to jump in, when she saw one of our brethren giving away tracts, and she felt as if she must speak to him before she went into the water. She went towards him for that purpose, and he offered her a tract, this encouraged her to speak to him, and she told him her intention. He at once sympathised with her,

and talked to her about Jesus; he went to her home, and prayed with her, and promised to call in the evening and take her to the Mission Hall. He did so, and she said she would never forget his kindness in saving her life. She seemed surprised to see the people so happy, and as I knelt beside her, she said, "Oh, do you think I shall ever be so happy." We sang about the blood of Jesus, and as well as she could, she joined in. She said, "I shall pray to night, whatever my husband says, and read the Bible to my children; they will like to hear it."

I visited her a few days after, and her husband said there was a great difference in her. She had signed the pledge, and God had enabled her to keep it, and by His help she was determined to go on. She went one day to take home some work she had been doing, and as she passed the public-house, Satan suggested she should have just one glass, but in an instant, she replied "No, not another drop," and went on victorious. Praise God for such a brand plucked from the burning. Hallelujah! again and again!

#### A LETTER FROM A SHIP CAPTAIN.

We last month referred to the conversion of two ship-captains. The following letter has been received from one of them.

Ship "Sea Breeze."

Cardiff, June 8th, 1869.  
Dear Brother,—Through the help of God, we have arrived here safe after ten days' passage from London. I am glad to inform you that I am still clinging to my Saviour. I want more of Him; the more I read my Bible, the more I want to be like Him in everything. Bless the Lord that He guided my steps to the "Gaff." Oh, how I do praise the Lord night and day. I am continually praising Him for His goodness and lovingkindness to me, for He has saved me from the bottomless pit; and I feel and believe I am one of His. Oh, may the Lord help me to continue so. Brother, I wanted to see you concerning my wife; I wish you to call on her. Do, for the Lord's sake, find her out, and see what you can do in bringing her to God, for my heart is sore for her soul; and do, for the Lord's sake, write and let me know the result. Now, brother, may the Lord still continue breathing His Holy Spirit upon you and Sister Knott. May you both, with the help of the Lord, prosper in all your undertakings, morally and spiritually. Remember me to Brother Williams, in fact, to all the Christians I have been in contact with at the "Gaff." More in my next. May God bless you all, is the sincere and heartfelt desire of, yours truly,  
C. A. J.

#### BETHNAL GREEN.

AN earnest brother, labouring in season and out of season, at this station, writes as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Knowing how deeply interested you are in the cause of Christ, here, I am sure you will be glad to hear what God is doing for us. Our people are hungering and thirsting after the fulness of God. There is much of the spirit of prayer and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Many are much concerned for their friends who are out of Christ, and the prayers offered for their conversion are being answered.

#### THE PERSECUTOR SAVED.

One of our young women has been much persecuted by an ungodly sister for coming to the Hall. She has gone so far as to threaten to drive her from home; but, glory be to God

for ever! the wicked sister has been brought to Jesus, and you may see them on their knees together at home, in the Hall, and even in the open air. We have been much blessed in

#### MISSIONING THE STREETS

where the poorest reside. As we go singing down a street you may see the doors fly open, and windows shoot up, and soon we have crowds of eyes and ears upon us from all sides. Every now and then we make a pause, sing a verse or two, and then give a short address, publishing the glorious Gospel, and then we fall upon our knees, and offer a few short, earnest prayers; and then up and to another corner, and there to a fresh crowd tell the old, old story of the cross. By this method we preach Christ to hundreds who would never go so many yards to church, chapel, or an open-air service. This seems to us to be one way of taking the Gospel to the people.

#### SONS OF BELIAL.

On Sunday, May 30th, while singing down a street, a number of half-drunken, wicked men came up, and commenced jeering and mocking us. One man threw water at us, others burst in among us, and fell upon our Brother Dowdle, who was on his knees praying, but he kept on crying to God for them, and answered all their jeers and oaths with prayers to heaven on their behalf. A great crowd gathered—many accompanied us to our experience meeting in the Hall; some of our persecutors came in also, and at the close, one of the ring-leaders in the outside riot got up and asked if he might speak. Brother Dowdle, who was leading the meeting, saw the tear in his eye and consented; whereupon, he got up and said that he felt he was wrong and that we were right; and if we would forgive him, he hoped the Lord would have mercy upon him, for he wanted to be ready to die and go to heaven. We talked and prayed with him, and others who were deeply convinced. May God save them!

Hallelujah! The Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad.

On Sunday evening, June 20th, we held a public love-feast. It was preceded by two open-air meetings. We had a large gathering in the Hall, and a very blessed time. The singing was cheerful and the speaking lively, and before we commenced the after-meeting several came up with weeping, seeking mercy, and we sang in triumph,

"See the tempter fly;  
Hear young converts cry,  
Hallelujah! Glory be to God on high."

Their tears were soon dried up, and we changed our song to

"I am a sinner saved by grace,  
And soon I hope to have a place—  
In glory."  
Yours in Jesus, JAMES JERRY.

#### MILLWALL.

CONCERNING this station Brother Sheehan writes:—

This place is looking better. A few have been brought to God. The believers' meeting is well attended. The saints are living in peace.

Sunday, June 13th, was a day looked forward to, and, when it came, proved a season long to be remembered. A number of our Poplar navvies and coal porters, went to hold a "camp meeting." The weather was fine. The Spirit breathed. The glory of the Lord "shone round about." Hundreds of the sons of toil employed in the docks, with many of the destitute and wretched poor, were drawn out by the street singing, and the bold, homely thrusts made at them by the speakers. In the evening a love-

feast was held. The Hall was crammed, and scores were not able to get in. They patiently listened at the door, under the windows, and about the walls. Not a moment was lost by the various speakers. The singing was lively, and the prayers were the fervent, effectual kind. On Tuesday, 15th, a tent was set up, but the wind was high and blew it down again, and the company adjourned to a large chapel kindly lent us. The tea was well attended. For numbers the Sunday evening scene was repeated. An unction from the Holy One baptized the throng. The saints sang, sinners wept, and the Spirit wrought mightily. At an early part of the service we were obliged to begin a prayer meeting, at which one sailor, a navy, and three women, were brought to their knees in tears, and finally rose rejoicing in a sin-destroying Jesus.

### TROPHIES OF GRACE.

#### A RESPECTABLE SINNER.

DEAR BROTHER,—There are a great many people who condemn the out-door preaching; but, bless God, it was the means of leading me to think of my lost condition. I was brought up, in a quiet country village, to a strict moral life; and in London, the den of vice and wickedness, God kept me from these great open crimes of sin. Still, I was what I call a respectable sinner. But when I heard working men preaching Christ in the open air, at the corner of Sclater Street, oh, I thought what a form and emptiness my religion was; and that led me to the Cambridge Music Hall, where they preached in the evening; and I was deeply convicted then that I was a sinner; but it all passed off in a little while.

Still I could not keep away; but, being ashamed to come forward for Jesus, I used to go away miserable; but at St. Leonard's Hall, the first time it was open, a brother came and asked me to give my heart to Jesus, and I did not want much persuading; so I went on to the stage, and gave my heart to God; but I did not feel the evidence; but when I got home, I prayed for the first time for years; and, what a relief to my soul, I found peace of conscience. Jesus washed all my sins away; bless His holy name! I went to bed happy in Jesus; and a few weeks after, praise the Lord! my wife gave her heart to God also, and we were filled with joy which none but God could give. Now we are happy all the day long, growing in His love. Bless His name for what He has done for us!

After that, I attended the Mission Hall nightly, where I received spiritual instruction, which encouraged me to press forward for the prize of my calling in Jesus. May the God of love and mercy bless the Mission, out-doors and indoors, abundantly, and bless its workers; and may you have a rich and plentiful harvest for the Lord. Praise the Lord! May He save the thousands of poor guilty souls in Shore-ditch, for Jesus' sake.

#### A GENUINE SICK-BED CONVERSION.

J. B. came to our Temperance meeting at Poplar, and signed the pledge. Then he brought his wife to the Oriental Theatre, and she was converted; but he refused to give God his heart, and his companions soon persuaded him to break his pledge, and he fell into his old drinking habits. The wife also neglected the means and went back into the world.

One Sabbath afternoon, while conducting a service at the Temperance Hall, a person came for me to visit a man who was dying. I went at once, and on the way met the man's wife

coming in great distress to hurry me. She was afraid her husband would die before I got there. I found him very ill, looking like death. He had broken a blood-vessel, and had bled profusely at the mouth, nose, and ears. As I entered his room, I said, "Brother, I know you." "Yes," he said, "I have been to your meetings, but I refused to give God my heart, and now I am dying and going to hell. O, do pray for me, do pray for me!" I read and prayed with him, and he cried out in agony all the time for God to have mercy upon him until quite exhausted; his wife, meanwhile, walking to and fro in the room tearing her hair and wringing her hands and saying, "Oh, John, if I only knew you were converted and going to heaven, I could give you up. Do believe, do believe."

But he got no comfort. I visited him again several times, and prayer was made without ceasing for him; and on the Wednesday following, when praying with him, he entered into liberty. Lifting up his hands, he said, "I can believe it now; He does save me, He does save me, He died for me. The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin." Looking at me, he said, "I'm weeping, but these are tears of joy. I am now ready to die.—I'm not afraid."

Contrary to our expectations, he recovered, came out again, and now walks consistently. He attends the meetings every night, and is a happy man of God. His wife was reclaimed immediately afterwards, and she too is walking in the fear of God. Hallelujah. J. D.

#### A FULL SALVATION.

DEAR SIR,—I was a regular attendant at a chapel, and a member; and I professed to be converted, and I thought I was. Sometimes I felt I was, and other times I doubted it, and became very miserable. I used to pray to God to convince me that I was saved through the precious blood of Jesus; and then I got a little feeling; and as soon as I got a bit of feeling, I thought I was saved; and as soon as I lost it, I thought I had lost all my religion.

As we came out of chapel on a Sunday morning, we used to find some members of the East London Christian Mission holding open-air services in the East India Road; and my husband always liked to stop to hear them, as he said, it did him more good than what he got in the chapel; but I always wanted him to come on, and not to stop to hear such a lot of noisy Ranters, as I termed them. But he prevailed on me to stop to hear them; and I got as I did not want to go to chapel, as I felt as every word they said was true, and I found as I was more benefited in my soul by stopping with them than going anywhere else.

I then became a regular attendant at the Oriental Theatre on Sunday, and the Mission Hall on week-nights. They preached to give up all for the blessed Saviour. I knew there were many things I had not given up, and I was convinced I could not enjoy true religion and have the world; so I made up my mind to serve God *with all my heart*. I was proud, and I prayed to God to humble me. I was a great novel reader and newspaper reader; and I saw that I wasted my time in this, and I was convinced I must give them up. So I packed up all my books and papers, and sent them off, and sold them for waste paper; and I would not have the money I got for them, but gave it away.

Still, I thought there was no harm in having one newspaper a week. I had it brought to me on Saturday night; but I had no time to read it then; and on a Sunday morning, while I was reading the Bible, the devil would keep telling me, "If it was not Sunday, you could read your newspaper." I was convinced that this kept me back; so I gave it up. And now

I dislike them, and I will not allow such things to come into my house; and the time I used to waste reading them I spend in reading the blessed word of God.

God knows the way to draw us to Himself; He laid me on a bed of affliction. I was very ill, and I was not prepared to die. When I thought of death, I was afraid, I began to cry unto God to help me. I cried then, my pillow was wet with tears, when I thought of what Christ had suffered for me, for such an unworthy creature as me. I had the Bible in bed with me. I read the promises of the blessed word of God, and believed them. I took God at His word, and learned to walk by faith in Jesus Christ. All my doubts and fears left me. I was not afraid to die now. I was quite prepared to go any time, if it was God's will. I was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." I was truly happy. I rejoiced so that I could not sleep night or day.

God, in His mercy, restored me to health; and now my peace flows as a river. I rejoice continually. I then became very anxious about the conversion of my children. There was not one converted at that time. I prayed to God continually for Him to save all my children; and the power of the almighty God came on them, and they cried for mercy; and God saved them.

I have now a happy home, as my husband and all my children but one have started for the kingdom.

"I am happy all the day.

Since He washed my sins away,  
And I hope to never grieve him any more;  
For my Saviour He has washed me  
In His all-atoning blood,  
And I hope to see Him washing many more."

S. W.

#### SAVED AFTER SEVENTY-NINE YEARS WITHOUT A THOUGHT ABOUT RELIGION.

I was requested to visit an aged man, seventy-nine years of age, by his niece, who, with her husband, had been very much blessed at our meetings at the theatre. I found the old man's mind quite dark. He was an entire stranger to God, and I spoke to him as the Spirit enabled me. He did not talk much, and so I left him, praying that God would open the eyes of his understanding; for I felt that He, and He only, could do this.

When I called again, he told me he could not forget me at all. He had been thinking about me by day, and dreaming about me by night. I said, "Have you been thinking about what I said? and have you been practising it too?" He said, "I have; and I will tell you the truth: until I saw you, I had never given religion a single thought; but, thank God, since then I have thought of nothing else." I said, "Well, you will soon have to die; how is it with your soul?" He said, "I thank God because He has pardoned all my sins; and now I am not afraid to die."

His complaint being dropsy, I thought it was very probable he would die suddenly; and I felt very anxious to know the real state of his mind, and said to him, "Perhaps death will come to you in some unexpected moment; and if it should, how then?" He answered, "Well! my dear, it won't matter how it comes, or when it comes; there is no sting in death to the believer; and I am quite ready; and so, if you hear of it, you may know I am gone to heaven, and we shall meet there."

I did not think it was so near. On the following morning, at three o'clock, the summons came, and he went to be for ever with the Lord.

Oh, what a miracle of grace! Blessed be His holy name.

E. COLLINGRIDGE.

### MRS. BOOTH AT CROYDON.

LORD'S-DAY, June 20th, was Mrs. Booth's twelfth Sabbath in Croydon. She has preached twice each day, and on one week-night. From the commencement the attendance has been excellent; and throughout, very gracious influences have rested on the congregations, and accompanied the word. The good pleasure of the Lord has prospered, through the instrumentality of His handmaid. In much physical weakness, she has sown the seed of divine truth; and the word of the Lord has not returned to Him void, but has prospered in the thing whereunto He has sent it.

It has prospered in the conversion of sinners. There have been about 100 anxious inquirers on the course. Some of these have been remarkable conversions; and already by many evidence has been borne as to the genuineness of the change so satisfactory as to fill the hearts of God's people with joy. Will the readers of the "Evangelist" pray for these new converts?

One young woman wept and sought the Saviour, one Sabbath, and professed to find Him as her Saviour on the way home. Before another Sabbath came round, she was in the grave!

The word has also prospered in the quickening of believers. It has been pleasing to see so many of different denominations sitting together, service after service, hearing, and uniting in the after meetings, pleading for the salvation of the people, or pointing the anxious to the all-atoning Lamb. Night after night, a little band of earnest workers has stood by Mrs. Booth, labouring most cordially and affectionately with her. And many have felt quickened and encouraged to live for God and eternity. *O may they be kept near the cross.*

We have been glad to find that there is some real persevering and effective mission work being done in Croydon. Several ladies devote their time, energies, and means in raising, and blessing with the gospel, the most destitute and degraded parts of the place, where squalor and vice run rampant; not only employing and superintending Bible women and other agencies, but going themselves among the people, and laying their hands upon them and blessing them, as the Master did. This is as it should be. May God bless them abundantly!

During the time Mrs. Booth has been preaching on Sabbaths in Croydon, Lord Radstock has preached three nights in two separate weeks. The attendance was excellent for week nights, and there were many anxious inquirers.

Mrs. Booth preached her last sermons on the 27th of June, and this special effort closed with a tea meeting, on the following Tuesday. May the work of the Lord continue to prosper in this place.

### EDINBURGH.

#### LAST NIGHTS IN DUNEDIN HALL.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am now (first) to give you an account of our last nights in Dunedin Hall. Praise the Lord! the last was as good as the first. It was a favoured spot to us, and to many a precious soul.

Sabbath, 16th May. Easy work in the street. People flocked into the Hall. Bro. Ross and a sister gave addresses. Fourteen decided. There was much of the melting influence of the Spirit. The following are some of the cases.

#### A SOUL PASSING FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

This young man, while a brother strove to point him to the Lamb of God, never opened his mouth. The brother got him to his knees,