

wife farewell, rushed out, crossed the street, saw a crowd, drew near, got into it, came in here, but cannot tell how. I never was happy in my life till now.

'Jesus has plucked me from hell,
And planted me in heaven.'

Sabbath, 11th July.—Powerful work in the street; hall well filled; numbers inquiring; twelve decided for Christ. A railway guard said he had read in the "Evangelist" of a guard in London finding Jesus. He came in seeking, and, praise God, he professed to have found that same pearl of great price.

SAVED AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

In one of our first services in this place, an old man, seventy-five years of age, professed to find Jesus. He is rejoicing in God the Saviour, walking in the light.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

About a fortnight ago a temperance society was formed, in connection with this mission, and they have received 127 names. We also intend having a penny savings bank set a-going by another week.

OUR FEMALE BAND.

On Tuesday, 8th July, a few of the sisters met at three in the afternoon, took their stand on the High Street, and sang a hymn; a sister gave an address; a sister prayed and again spoke, and invited the females into the Mission House, when a short meeting was conducted by sisters, and four souls professed to take Jesus as their Saviour.

Tuesday, 13th July.—We again took our stand on High Street; sang a hymn; a sister prayed, addressed a large crowd; another followed up with an invitation to the meeting; a goodly number came in, when a delightful meeting was held, and ten dear women professed to find Jesus.

The crowds on the streets have been large, and not the slightest disturbance, not even a tantalising remark has yet fallen on our ears.

Will not our sisters rise and work for the Saviour? God waits to bless and save. O dear sisters, help to rescue a perishing world.

Go, labour in my vineyard;

You'll receive a sure reward:

You hear an inward whisper—

It is your dying Lord.

L. T.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

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

GENERAL WORK.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Jno. Borland	0	5	0	
Well wisher	0	2	0	
Mr. J. S. Clarke	0	10	0	
"She hath done what she could."	0	4	6	
Mr. Rutherford	0	10	0	
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0	
Miss Skey	0	10	0	
S. Evans, Esq.	5	0	0	
Miss Reed	1	0	0	
Mr. Williamson	0	5	0	
Mrs. Chilcott	0	8	0	
Mr. Gartner	0	10	6	
Mrs. Reed	1	0	0	
Mr. J. Wood	0	2	6	
Mr. Chance	0	10	0	
"for Miss Becknell	0	10	0	
Miss Odell	0	10	0	
E. J.	1	0	0	
Mrs. Arnold	2	0	0	
C. E. N.	2	0	0	
Mr. Lambert Gore	1	1	0	
M. W.	0	10	0	
S. W.	0	10	0	
J. K.	10	0	0	
A. Waterhouse, Esq.	2	0	0	
Miss Clarkson	0	2	6	
Mrs. Ives, sen.	0	10	0	
Miss Norman	0	10	0	
WHITECHAPEL NEW HALL.					
Mrs. Broomhead	1	5	0	
DESTITUTE SAINTS.					
J. K.	5	0	0	
Miss Reed	1	0	0	
OFFERINGS ON MISSION.					
Whitechapel	12	9	9	
Shoreditch	5	15	4	
Poplar	3	12	8	
Limehouse	5	0	8	
Bethnal Green	3	13	8½	
Slater Street	1	3	8	
Stratford	2	5	8	
Milwall	0	3	2	
EDINBURGH BRANCH.					
John Melrose, Esq.	2	7	6	
Mr. Wells	1	1	0	
Mrs. Stuart	3	15	3	
Mr. Fairbairn	0	10	0	
Mrs. Young	0	5	0	
Mrs. Kear	0	5	0	
Mrs. McDonald	0	5	0	
W. Lyons	0	5	0	
Mr. Donald	0	3	6	
J. Johnson	0	2	6	
A. Spalding	0	2	0	
Mr. Forsyth	0	3	6	
W. Milliar	0	2	0	
A Friend	0	4	6	

TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE past month has been one of great trial and equally great consolation. We have been brought into great straits financially, and have been driven up to cry to the Lord, and He has heard and delivered us. Our columns this month tell of the goodness of our Father in using this feeble Mission to the awakening and salvation of many, and surely *His* people will cheerfully sustain us in the conflict.

WE NEED HELP IMMEDIATELY.

In the summer months of previous years, offerings came very slowly, indeed, almost ceasing altogether. But it must not be so this year. Before we had a large balance; this year we had none.

Many of our readers have helped us most generously, and our Lord will

repay them. It has been done, we trust, to Him, and He will give back with abundant interest. In His name, again we lay the great need of this blessed work before them, and plead for means to carry forward the war with sin and misery and hell, still more effectively, and in a still wider sphere.

OUR POOR SAINTS.

MANY of our poor people are pining away in dreadful poverty, and many who are sick. The fund from which we help the poor of the household of faith is overpaid, and we have had to adopt the painful alternative of stopping the trifling weekly allowance we make to a few of these suffering ones. Will our readers think over and pray about this painful matter?

THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

AUGUST, 1869.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

THOMAS COLLINS.—*Concluded.*

MR. COLLINS'S preaching was often attended by divine unction, almost resistless. Large congregations bowed beneath its influence, as trees in a wood before a mighty wind. A hearer remarks, "While discoursing at Northiam, from Isaiah xliii. 25, 26, feeling grew until the people instinctively rose from their seats. During the final appeal, preaching merged into praying; all seemed carried to the throne. Many were saved, and more abundantly comforted."

Such a man as Mr. Collins must of necessity succeed. Such a ministry ever will be crowned with heavenly results. Such a life must be rich in incidents of surpassing interest. He expected them. Hear him.

"I expect salvation every sermon." Few were the cases in which he did not ask the people to remain to pray. For himself, he loved to stay until the jubilant shout of sin forgiven and doubt dispelled arose. He occasionally records, with evident sadness, 'Good feeling, but *no specific work done.*' It seemed to him like retreat to go from the field without spoil. His joy was victory won upon the spot. To achieve this, sometimes his pleadings became agony, and his meetings were long, but God 'caused him to triumph in every place.'"

From a multitude of illustrations of this, we select a few, in addition to those already given.

A MIGHTY FIGHTER.

"Thomas Eldridge was a wild young fellow, given to drink, and a Sabbath-breaker. Rude and burly, he was a mighty fighter, the terror of peaceable people. He had never gone near a place of worship, unless to scoff at those who went. Strange tales told of this new preacher led the man to think, as he expressed it afterwards, that 'it would be a *rare lark* to hear him.' Having heard that Mr. Collins often took hold of those he warned, he said to his wife, when starting, 'If that Collins puts a finger on me, I'll lay him on his back.' He went. Mr. Collins did not touch him, but the Word did. He stayed the after-meeting, and came home so changed in manner, that, at a glance, his wife exclaimed, 'Why, Tom,—throw Collins! He's thrown thee, I can see.' Answering not a word, he walked up to a box, pulled out dice, and cards, and balls, and all the *et cetera* gambling tools, and cast them into the fire straightway. Not long after the man found peace with God at a penitent bench while Mr. Collins was talking to him. From that time he seemed filled with attachment tender and ardent towards the instrument of good. Neither weather nor miles prevented him from hearing the Word from his lips. Every place in the Circuit found him there. He proved to be a genuine Christian, and became very zealous for God."

AN EARLY SERVICE.

"At the close of a glorious Monday service at Northiam, Mr. Collins announced that they would gather again for early prayer next morning. 'Will any this winter weather be such fools as to come?' said one of the auditors, August, 1869.

in his heart: 'they will not catch me there.' Ah, he little knew! He was so scared with dreams and visions of the night, that he gladly left his bed at three o'clock, paced the cold street with weight of trouble on him that made him forget the frost, and was the first, when the door was opened at five o'clock, to enter it. In that meeting the Lord saved him, and he remains to this day a local preacher and leader in the Society."

GOSPEL SUPERSADING LAW.

"The revival had happy social influence. Two families at Brede had been at feud about a well. Their houses belonged to different landlords, between whom understanding existed that the well on the one property should be common for the use of both. The tenant within whose holding the water was, refused admittance to it. Proceedings in the Court to test the right were about to be initiated; when, lo, the heads of both families were somehow drawn to chapel, and both converted. Gospel precluded law. The quarrel terminated; and the reconciled families learned to love, esteem, and help each other."

CURIOSITY REBUKED AND BLESSED.

"A baker finding a chapel lit up late one evening, walked in to see what was going on. The flour-covered garb of his trade made the man very conspicuous, as he stood curiously and undevotionally gazing in wonder at the scene. 'Lord have mercy on that baker!' cried Mr. Collins. The man started like a frightened deer; but the arrow was in him. 'Lord have mercy on that baker!' kept ringing in his ears until he made the prayer his own. It was answered then; and a few weeks after, happy in God, he joined the Society from whose sanctuary doors in such scared confusion he had fled."

THE HILL OF CALVARY.

"At Forest, a butcher, till lately very wicked cried in agony, 'I am lost, I am lost; I have nothing.' 'Nothing?' I replied, 'why, man, *all the hill of Calvary belongs to you!*' The word struck. The poor fellow's doubt fled like darkness before the morning, and he shouted, 'Glory! Glory!' till the place rang again."

In fireside work Mr. Collins was blessedly successful. Many were won to Jesus through his faithful, loving dealing in the social circle. His zeal for souls was not confined to the pulpit. The opportunity ever brought to him the call to speak for his Master, and to win, if possible, souls to Him. Take a few jottings:

PARLOUR WORK.

"At Mrs. Smith's, of Brede, one of the servants was saved at family prayer." "At Peasmarsh, at tea, at Brother Filmer's, a youth was filled with joy unspeakable." "On Saturday evening, at Salehurst Abbey, the neighbours gathered in; I talked to them awhile; we then fell to prayer, and five of them were saved." "We had tea last evening at Miss Apps's. Two girls found peace. Miss Hilders, Mr. W. Apps, and Oliver, with several others, were there. Next Friday, in the same way, Miss Dawes will gather a few friends. Carefully managed, good will come of it." Susannah Hodges writes:—"Mr. Collins met me at Mr. Francis's house. I had been a self-righteous Pharisee; but, in the morning service, the Spirit had opened the eyes of my soul to see its own vileness. Mr. Collins asked, 'Do you expect salvation to night?' I replied, 'Whatever good I may have, it is my resolve not to go away without it.' He said, 'I have pleaded with God this day for hours, in the wood, for souls: He will give them. I know His sign. I shall have souls to-night. Yours, I trust, will be one.' Well, night came, and with it such a power as I had never felt. Cries for mercy rang all over the chapel. Before the sermon was done, I, with many others, fell upon my knees to implore salvation. I found it; and to all eternity shall bless God for that Easter Monday."

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

"I stepped into the house next door to the cottage where I dined. I found the woman to be a backslider, and the man an anxious inquirer. We fell to prayer. The answer came soon and remarkably; both were saved there and then."

BODY AND SOUL HEALED.

"I went on to Mrs. T., who was supposed to be dying. Her husband sorrowfully said, 'It is hard to part.' During prayer the Lord spoke *peace to her soul and health to her body all at once*. In an ecstasy she rose from her bed, exclaiming, 'I am well now: sin and suffering are both gone.'"

LONGING FOR HOME.

"My pent up emotions thoroughly broke through in the afternoon, by the bedside of Carvosso's niece, old Mrs. M'Lean. Her daughter offered her some cordial to drink. She replied, 'I cannot, child; I am too weak.' 'Do not say so, mother dear. You will be down among us again yet.' 'Who says so?' 'I do, mother.' 'You! *you are always a-foreboding!*' Poor soul! she so longed for heaven that thought of recovery was an alarm to her."

"LIBERTY SUNDAY."

"Mr. Collins sought the lowliest. A maiden who, by her mistress, was permitted to spend each alternate Sabbath with her parents, was known by him to be in penitential sorrow. He writes:—"As it was her *liberty Sunday*, I just ran down, between the preachings, to her father's house to converse with her.' It was a scene of struggle, tears, and agonies; but, poor girl, it proved at length to be 'liberty Sunday' indeed to her, for her soul was set free."

A MIRACLE OF MERCY.

"About this time, Thomas Reed, who had been reserved, morose, and, as to religious things, utterly careless, fell ill. Slow but surely mortal disease was upon him. At length he awoke to his peril. To Mr. Collins's inquiry, 'What do you feel you need?' his answer was, 'A heart to praise my God, a heart from sin set free.' The young men of the Society made special prayer in his behalf. The very day they did so proved to be the birthday of his soul. He cried so vehemently to God that his mother feared his agony of prayer would be the death of him. At length his countenance changed, and he exclaimed, 'My heart is opening: the Lord is filling me with His love. O mother, though I am a great sinner, Mercy forgives me all. Though I am a worthless wretch, heaven's gate is open before even me.' Thenceforth, through months of weariness and pain, he continued praising God and exhorting men. There was not a relative he did not warn, nor an acquaintance for whom he did not pray. His days were passed in Divine communion, and his nights were cheered with song. To his mother's entreaties to spare himself, his reply was 'The Lord makes me speak.' But, dear, you must be quiet, the water is rising towards your heart.' 'Never mind, mother, many waters cannot quench love, and the love of Jesus aye keeps my heart warm.' 'Happy, happy, happy in Christ!' were his last full spoken words. Then followed many broken whispers of God's goodness, then a gentle, but unmistakably triumphant, wave of the hand, and then he sweetly rested in his Saviour's arms, April 5th, 1838."

The secret of Mr. Collins's success was, as we have seen, to be traced to his confidence in God. The Lord Jehovah was his strength. He trusted in Him and was not confounded. In writing to a young minister, he says, "Agree with God before you go forth. When Jacob had settled matters overnight with the angel, he found little difficulty next morning with his brother."

"When appointed to Coventry, a friend thinking it an undesirable station,

said to him, expostulating:—'Why, it is a perfect throwing of yourself away. I do not think an angel from heaven could raise Coventry.' 'Neither do I,' was the calm reply: 'but I believe the Lord from heaven can; and He is going with me.'

As a preacher, hear his advice to one just commencing. He practised himself what he urged on others,

PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.

"I rejoice that you begin to realise success. Never be content without it. If the promises be true, we may have it. If we may, shall we not? In order to preach so as to bring down blessing, you must come down. Christ must be all. Self and sin must be out of the way. Do not think to accomplish anything by clangour of words, or by attitudinising. Get your sermon preparation well done before the Sabbath; turn into bed in good time on Saturday night, and out of it early on Sunday morning. Get three hours with God before you go to the pulpit; get at Him by reading, believing, and praying over His book. Talk with Him till He talks with you, and says:—'Go, in this thy strength.' Then go, full of humility and tenderness, and you will have power. Do not clack of success to every one you meet. Keep the cork in your bottle, if you would have strength in your wine. As to study, calculate your time, prize it, consecrate it, apportion it. Every man can best form his own plan. Do not aim at too much at once. Let your scheme be simple and easy to be practised. Remember, the master rule of all is:—'Stick to it.' But whatever else you do, deal much with God. People say, 'This man has talent,' and, 'That man has talent;' depend upon it, the great secret of usefulness is close dealing with God."

SIMPLICITY.

"A field labourer followed Mr. Collins, one week night, from a village chapel. 'Thank you, Sir,' said he, 'for that sermon. I understood every word of it; and so I did when you were here on Sunday.' This praise from the lowly, even though balanced by scorn of the vain, he greatly delighted in. Mr. Collins's sermons, like a king in homespun, did not always get the respect they deserved. The feeble-witted folk, who mistook glitter for gold, and nebulousity for depth, sometimes pronounced his plain speech to be shallow and mean; but better judges wondered at his strength, and admired his simplicity. His power of searching the heart was not often equalled. A scholar and a gentleman, who was sometimes an auditor, said, 'All your discourses seem to be about me. None other, that ever I hear, get inside me as yours do.'"

Mr. Collins frequently preached in the open-air. Here is an incident:

OPPOSITION.

"Finding few in the chapel, he resorted to the streets. There gibes were not lacking. But as jokes did not drive this disturbing Methodist, his haters thought that there might be virtue in turf; great tufts were plentifully flung, but so wildly that not one hit its mark, though it much taxed Mr. Collins's gravity to observe one fit itself exceedingly well into the wide open mouth of a raving fellow, who for some time had been roaring ribaldry into the preacher's ear. The blow probably shook his teeth, and certainly silenced his tongue. A battery of rotten eggs was next tried, with some damaging effect on broadcloth. But certain rough navvies who were there, getting defiled by a stray missile of that odious kind, took offence, and threw brick-ends and pebble-stones at the persecutors so lustily that they were glad to seek for safety in immediate flight. Thus, after all, by aid of these irregular auxiliaries, the evangelist was left victor on the field, and the service ended in peace."

Mr. Collins was a holy man. One of his colleagues in the ministry who knew him well, thus speaks of him:—

"Of Christian holiness he was a beautiful example, and a constant witness.

It was continually urged in his preaching and in his conversation; but still more commended and illustrated in his life. Holiness seemed in him, not an effort, but a result; you were struck with its simplicity as much as with its dignity. He walked with God and with you too. No one can describe the happiness and sanctity that were blended in his spirit; the heavenly sunshine that seemed to come out of him and rest upon his features. In Mr. Collins's society you ever felt your own deficiencies; but never dreamt that he saw them."

An extract from his journal gives, as companion to this estimate of him by others,

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIMSELF.

"Apart from Thee—as I am in myself—I am all sin. If Thou wert to withdraw Thine own out of me, all, both of nature and life, would be alike vile. In me—except as Thou hast put it there—is no good thing. Show me self as—in *itself*—in the light of truth it is. Keep me from boasting as my own, such things as are in me only by Thy grace. Keep in me, inheritor of a fallen nature, memory of what I was when first Thy mercy found me: rebellious, malignant, filthy, and proud. I humbly confess that through all my days there has been no thought, word, or act, wholly mine, but has been evil: so evil that Thy holiness must detest its vileness, and Thy righteousness condemn its guilt. With Thy hatred of these my ill deeds I agree. I abhor them with all my heart. Thy sentence I justify.

"But, O Thou loving, glorious God, while Thou hatest my sin, Thou hast loved and pitied me, poor sinner, and graciously provided for my return unto Thee. To this, Thy love, I shall be eternally indebted. I now come in Thy way, at Thy call, to Thee. Thy mercy embraces me. Thy majesty covers me. I hide in Thee. Thou art all in all."

But we must close the book. Many other extracts fully equal in interest could be readily made; but our space will not permit. The book itself should be read. We should rejoice if the author saw his way to an abridged edition, at a price within reach of all. In the meantime we commend the character of Mr. Collins, as dimly shadowed forth in our pages, to the imitation of our readers. God is no respecter of persons. The grace that shone so brightly in his life, and which rendered him so mighty in the spiritual warfare, we may all attain. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

OLD MOSES.

MR. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf, with their various commodities for sale, he stepped over the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indications of distress; and he accosted him with—

"Hey, man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

"Ah, massa, I'se in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Kase I'se fotted to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing, or did you run away, or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o dat; it's because I didn't mind the audes."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I tell you. Massa Willum werry strict man, and werry nice man too, and ebery body on the place got to mine him, and I break trew de rule: but I didn't tend to break trew de rule, doe; I forgot myself, and I got too high."

"It's for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"O, no, sah, not dat nother."

"You are the strangest negro I have seen in a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did."

"Please, massa, don't frow de poor flicted nigger in de wata."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin, sah."

"For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"O, yes, sah, he let me pray easy, but I hollers too loud."

"And why do you hollow so loud in your prayer?"

"Kase de Spirit comes on me, and I gets happy fore I knows it; den I gone; can't control merself den; den I knows nuthin bout massa's rule; den I holler if ole Sattin hissself come out with all the rules of the quisation."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"O yes, no help for me now; kase when Massa Willum say one thing, he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa name Colonel Willum C—."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"

"O yes, Massa Willum good; no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you."

And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame, and Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve; his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yonder he is, just coming to the wharf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself and said:

"I understand that you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner."

Col. C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old is he?"

"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very, he never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir, he will eat as much as any

man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeys my orders.

As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any time I might want him, I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he begun his prayer, it was impossible to tell when it would stop, especially if (as he terms it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would send me almost frantic; and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbad him praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but when a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' quarters; I suppose from that he has a family."

"Yes, he has a woman and three children—or *wife*, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion he asked me if they might get married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the three children?"

"If you want them for your own use,

I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses for them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and I will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writing, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed on the deck, seemingly wrapped in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said:

"Well Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

"Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgy?"

"No," said Mr. B. "I am a merchant in the city, and yonder is my store, and I have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God for dat! And kin I go to meeting sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose, and get as happy as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or at church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children, and single-handed too; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do me no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of the name of B. in the state of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed right out with gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast, and his hearty response was,

"Bress God, bress God all time, and bress you too, massa. Moses neber tink bout he gwine to have all dese commodations; it makes me tink bout Joseph in de Egypt."

And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Col. C., bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed B. to the store, to enter on the functions of his office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was standing at the store door, he saw a man

leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognised him as Col. C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was upstairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and he heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing very violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected on Col. C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon his knees, with his arms around the Colonel's waist, and weeping audibly. As soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife, and all the children had been converted to God.

Moses responded, "Bress God, massa C., do I way up hea, I neber forgit you in my prayers—I always put de old massa side de new one. Bress God, dis make Moses think about Joseph in de Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that it was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at the age of forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold in Egypt, God overruled to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Moses eventually proved the instrument of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays, and shouts and shouts to his heart's content.

SINGING AND DYING.—What is said in story of the swan, is true of many saints; they sing the sweetest when they are about to die.

POETRY.

"TO GOD THE GLORY BE."

(TUNE—*Partant pour la Syrie.*)

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF
FOURTEEN HUNDRED MEMBERS AND FRIENDS
OF THE "EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION"
TO DUNORLAN, THE SEAT OF HENRY REED
ESQ., TUNBRIDGE WELLS, JULY 19th, 1869.

FROM lowly courts, from humble lanes,
From sorrow's dismal home,
To bright Dunorlan's glades and bowers,
With grateful hearts we come.
Here shall love's smile shed joy around,
Like sunshine on the lea;
Here shall our tongues with gladness
"To God the glory be!" [sing,

For one sweet day in all the year
We've left our ceaseless toil,
To hear the birds, and see the flowers
That deck the blooming soil;
To roam beneath the pleasant shade
Of each broad leafy tree,
And join the fervent chorus loud,
"To God the glory be!"

This day no cares, nor doubts, nor fears,
Our happiness shall stain;
Here we'll forget our sad distress,
Our poverty and pain;
Here will we dream of joys to come,
When Canaan's land we see,
And hear the golden harps resound,
"To God the glory be!"

With mercy kind, he brought us forth
From Egypt's sin and shame;
Our guide by day—the Gospel cloud,
By night—the Gospel flame.
Soon shall we reach the shining land
Where angels bow the knee,
Where ransomed saints for ever sing,
"To God the glory be!"

When weak and poor, He found us
friends
Whose words of Christian love
Consoled our hearts, and dried our tears,
And bade us look above—
The realms where Christ the Saviour
Where grief can never be, [reigns,
Where shout the white-robed heavenly
"To God the glory be!" [hosts,

May His rich grace for ever bless
The FRIENDS who bade us come
To this fair spot, where love and peace
Have found an earthly home;
Where kindly hearts stooped down to
The poor man's humble plea, [hear
And taught our grateful hearts to say,
"To God the glory be!"

J. PLUMMER.

EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

WHITECHAPEL.

In our last number we announced the commencement of special services here, by Mr. Morrison, from Newcastle. The beginning was auspicious, and the interest increased from night to night. When the first service closed, the large room upstairs was invariably filled with sinners seeking mercy, backsliders returning to God, or believers fully consecrating themselves to the service of Jesus.

The influence of Mr. Morrison's preaching on the whole society has been good. Many who had been living in a state of heart-backsliding have been graciously quickened, and some who were led to Jesus by his preaching are already bringing others to the cross.

Mr. Morrison has returned to the north. We wish him great success. Our prayers and the prayers of our people follow him, and ere long we hope to meet again in the field of labour. He is a true worker, shoulder to shoulder with whom we can stand with confidence, and work with great delight. May he be strengthened, and taught of God, and made a hundredfold more useful.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.

The congregations here keep up wonderfully in the hot, sultry evenings, averaging on four Sabbath evenings in the past month nearly 2,000 people, and there have been at least sixty anxious inquirers in that time. Some of these have been most hopeful and interesting cases of conversion. To God be all the glory.

FEMALE PIONEERS.

In connection with this society, fourteen of our sisters have banded themselves together to strengthen each other's hands in the Lord's work. Seven or eight meetings are held weekly. A children's service is held every Sunday evening at Whitechapel Mission Hall, and two weekly juvenile classes, for those who are seeking Jesus. We give a few instances of those who, through these meetings, have commenced to walk "the narrow path that leadeth unto life."

A little boy, about nine years old, when asked by his mother to go for some beer, mildly refused, saying, "No, mother; I have given my heart to the Lord, and now I must serve Him; I can't fetch beer on Sunday." The woman, struck by the boy's reply, came to our mothers' meeting, and has since shown great anxiety about her soul.

Two children (belonging to one of our sisters) were converted in the first meeting, and have since been very zealous little workers amongst those of their own age. The girl, seven years of age, anxiously inquires of every child that she speaks with as to whether they love Jesus, because she does.

Her brother, aged nine, followed a little boy of seven, and tried to get him to accompany him to the Mission Hall. The child was with great difficulty persuaded, and seemed strangely hard-hearted, for one so young. But during the evening, while a brother was addressing them, the little fellow burst out crying, and was one of the first to come out to the penitent form.

Last Sunday, after I had spoken to them, he got up and said, with countenance beaming with joy, "I am so happy I have given my heart to Jesus. I wish you all felt as happy as I do." So noticeable is the change in him, that his mother has commenced a Sunday-school in her own house, with the hope that other children may be thereby saved.

A girl of fifteen, who went up among the

anxious on the same evening, came, the other Sunday, weeping bitterly, saying that her mother had made her go out to buy something. "What shall I do? Will Jesus ever forgive me? I couldn't help it." We told her to obey her conscience, in the future; and she has since walked humbly trusting in her Saviour's forgiveness of the past.

J. P., a little girl of six, is very happy, and gives sweet testimony weekly of the Lord's working. Friends residing near are much pleased in witnessing her home life.

We are very much encouraged to go on in this work. Many children come in from curiosity, frequently shoeless, bonnetless, ragged, and dirty in the extreme. They sit and listen with eager faces, catching every word; and although, when personally addressed, sometimes laugh right out, still a falling tear and quick glance show that kind words strike home; and when we think of their unhappy surroundings, we pray for more patience, tenderness, and love in dealing with them.

M. C. B.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

This interesting work is now being carried on successfully at three of our stations. About fifty of our brethren and sisters are engaged in distributing 2,000 tracts weekly, from house to house. In the face of much discouragement and, at times, persecution, they pursue their way regularly and bravely; and, although most of the streets which they visit bear a very bad character, for we aim at taking up the courts and alleys left by surrounding places of worship, they meet with a measure of success. The following are a few cases gathered during the last fortnight.

The history of one poor woman, visited by Sister Baylis, is a sad one, and to have been the means of bearing the good news of the gospel to such a broken heart is indeed matter for thanksgiving. She had lived for nineteen years with a husband who had shamefully treated both herself and children. Three separate times she had been in the hospital, with broken ribs, dislocated ankle, and a broken wrist, as the result of his drunken ill-usage. Her little girl, too, is a cripple for life, from the same cause. Four years ago, he left her with the two children to support. With shattered nerves and little strength, she struggled on, scarcely gaining sufficient to sustain them, until a few weeks since, when the last stroke of his brutality came. A kind brother had rendered her some assistance, and had taken the little cripple girl to his home, promising to keep her as long as she lived. The husband, thinking that the boy might some day bring him some money, tore him away from his mother. Heart-broken at hearing no tidings of her boy, the poor creature gradually wasted away. One morning, as her mother met the man in the street, and asked after the little boy, he gruffly replied, "If she wants to see him, she must make haste and come to such a place, for he is to be buried to-day." Scarcely believing her ears, she hastened to her daughter, and frantically they both ran to the house. Alas, it was too true. The boy, compelled to call a strange woman mother, was dead, and she had only arrived in time to see the closed coffin. Compelling them to raise the lid, she fainted across the corpse, and was carried senseless away. Fever followed, and at this time Sister Baylis met with her. For some time she would not be comforted, refusing to believe that there was any mercy for her. At last the consolations of the gospel crept in, and while upon their knees, one morning, she yielded herself to Jesus, and is now rejoicing in her Saviour. Her words to

me were as follows: "I was unhappy, I was wretched; I wanted to die, but I should have gone to hell; but since that dear young woman talked and prayed with me, I have found Jesus. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour He is." She is very anxious to get to the meetings, and has already joined a believer's class. Oh, should we not strive to pluck such brands as these from burning?

Sister Rouse met with much opposition in her district for some time, the people slamming the doors in her face, and refusing to listen to a word. Her patience was particularly tried at one house. The man was a Sabbath breaker. After continued perseverance, however, she succeeded in getting them to take the tracts, and at last in selling the "Evangelist," and gaining occasional bits of conversation with the woman. Since this our sister has been delighted to see that he has discontinued Sunday work, and attended the meeting. We are hoping and expecting farther good, as the result.

Bro. Burton, a coloured brother, attends one of the worst streets in the East of London, leading out of Ratcliff Highway. Strange to say, he is welcomed among the most degraded inhabitants of this most degraded neighbourhood, with some of whom he frequently converses and prays.

One woman has been induced to listen to the word and attend a place of worship.

A mother, living with her two daughters, previously quite unconcerned, was taken ill. Our brother could not well go inside, but talked through both door and window. The word went home to her heart. She sought and found her Saviour. The girls were awakened, and a great change is noticeable in them all. On the evening that Bro. Burton told me this, he was waiting outside the Mission Hall for these three poor women to accompany him and join the private believers' meeting with which he is connected. M. C. B.

SHOREDITCH.

This station continues to prosper. The week-night meetings fill the Hall to the door, and seldom a night passes without anxious souls. The believers' meetings are filling up; one formed only some three months ago, and conducted by Bro. Longmore, has already forty members in it. The bible class keeps up its interest and has a good attendance, notwithstanding the long summer nights. The increasing prosperity of these classes for believers is especially gratifying, indicating that the new converts are holding on in the divine life.

The open-air work is also well looked after. We have a service alongside the Eastern Counties railway station from ten every Sabbath morning until two. Here we have much opposition from the infidels. Lately these opponents have organised themselves, and brought out a regular rostrum, from whence, alongside our stand, they expatiate on their dreadful, doleful, hopeless creed. Well, blessed be God, we shall hold to it. Of whom should such a people as we are be afraid? With such a Captain, and such a cause, we will not fear what men can do unto us. O for still greater faith in the living, the Almighty God. The following is a specimen of the ordinary opposition met with at

AN EAST END OPEN-AIR MEETING.

Thursday. The Fountain, Commercial Street. Singing attracted a crowd of people. Knelt down and prayed. Sang again. While singing, a very respectable man came up under the influence of drink, with his wife. As soon as she heard it was a hymn we were singing,

she wanted to go away; but the husband was so interested that he would not go, and began helping us to sing. His wife tried to drag him off, but he would not move. I spoke of Jesus, and invited every sinner to come to him and be saved. The man wept and said, "It is all true, sir; I know it is true."

Brother Harrison next addressed the meeting, and the people were riveted.

Now a man came up riding on a horse, swearing he would ride over us. And the people did not move, so that he could not carry out his intention, and had to pull up, and turn round, and ride away. The power of the Spirit was resting upon the people.

Then a half-drunken Irishman came from the public-house close by, with the blood running down his face: he had been fighting, or something of the kind. He came raving, pushing his way through the crowd, crying out he would speak. The Spirit of God took hold of him, and he said to us, "That's right enough, old fellow;" and he listened until the meeting was over; then we knelt down and prayed, and the Irishman fell upon his knees also, and with the clotted blood upon his face, he said to me, "I am such an awful sinner, can God save me?" O that it may be the means of the conversion of these two men. They both accompanied us to the meeting in the Hall.

AN INVITATION TO TEA.

F. W. has been coming to our meeting for a long time under deep conviction; but we could not get her to decide for Jesus. I received three letters from one of her friends, telling me how miserable she was, and asking me to speak with and pray for her. I did so, but it appeared only to make her more unhappy, and she was almost ready to give up in despair.

But her friends wrote to me, and asked me to let my wife invite her to tea at our house. My wife did so, and she came. After tea we read and prayed with her; and after having a hard struggle with the powers of darkness for an hour and a half, she found pardon through the precious blood of Jesus, and then she could sing and pray, and praise the Saviour. Hallelujah! She is still very happy in Jesus, attending the meetings as often as she can get out. J. D.

POPLAR.

LIKE men who have to remove mountains, we continue boring and blasting, and are cheered by seeing continually hearts of stone moved and broken. The word of God is our armoury, the sword of the Spirit our weapon, Poplar for Christ our motto. By the way side and in the theatre we sow seed, and in the Hall we gather fruit.

OPPOSITION

continues to do its worst. We have to listen to the vilest oaths, and at times calmly bear a few blows. On Saturday evenings the arch fiend rages most ferociously. The fact that they hate and curse us is of small moment in contrast to the painful truth that many of them have passed through Sabbath schools, and intellectually know the way of salvation. Such are the most profane, and invariably possess a double portion of the spirit of Satan. When we find it impossible to continue the meeting out-doors, we join rank, and in a singing procession march to the Hall.

A week ago we were beset by a gang of six or eight mechanics, emptied from a public house, but God restrained their violence. Several of them accompanied us to the temperance meeting, signed the pledge, and are now sober men. Amid all this opposition God keeps us strangers to fear. And while rough

hands are upon us, we experience our deepest yearnings for the conversion of men. God so often interposes for us that we are always persuaded the victory will be on Israel's side. Though often prevented by the cries and yells of wicked men making ourselves heard by the people, a calm endurance for truth's sake creates conviction in many minds, and begets sympathy with the work.

ENCOURAGING INCIDENT.

Last Saturday, June 10th. After beholding the out-door meeting an old gentleman followed us to the Hall, and with tears in his eyes, begged us to let him speak. He then said, "I have three sons in the ministry. What I have witnessed to-night reminds me of what I have heard my grandfather tell of the time when he stood by John Wesley, as he was persecuted and stoned at Oxford." He then blessed us, and having offered a fervent prayer for the success of our mission, asked us to receive 5s. as a thank offering for the quickening which his soul had received.

On Sunday night, July 11th, at the close of the address several called on the Lord, after the short prevailing fashion of the ancient publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." In one part of the theatre a woman obtained pardon, in another part a man received the same good gift. These were

BROTHER AND SISTER

seeking mercy unknown to each other; but in the excitement of their joy they noticed each other, and however unseemly it might appear to the uncircumcised, it must have been pleasing to the eye of heaven, to behold these two greeting each other with a holy kiss.

Several young women, brought to God during the month, have obtained situations. We ask the readers of the "Evangelist" to pray for them, that they may make a good confession, and hold fast their confidence.

An increased interest is being felt in our believers' prayer meeting. Last night we experienced

A GALE OF GRACE.

A quiet looking young man, who had been attending all the week, was set free. A stout-hearted young navy, twenty-five years of age, who professed to be a backslider, gave thanks aloud for being restored. A young woman, a member of the Baptist church, was much affected, for a new light broke upon her mind. At last, in great excitement she cried out aloud for mercy, and though the benediction had been pronounced, she continued in agony; until, believing in Jesus' boundless love, she was made as rapturous in joy, as she had been wretched in sorrow. O, let us magnify the Lord. Let us laud Him high over all, and bless Him for evermore. W. J. SHEEHAN.

LIMEHOUSE.

We have been holding extra services here, and have abundant reason to believe that they have not been in vain. We had been praying previously that God would bless us, and on Thursday evening we joined together in earnest prayer for the conversion of souls.

"I'M TOO BAD TO BE SAVED."

While we were praying we heard a noise at the door, as of some one in great distress. I made my way up there, and found several people curiously looking on, as people often do. Amongst them was a young woman in great distress, weeping bitterly, and crying out, "I am wicked, I am wicked; I'm too bad to be saved."

I begged of her to come down and join us in

our meeting, telling her, at the same time, we would pray for her, and that God would save her. She hesitated at first, saying, "Oh, I am such a vile sinner, I'm not fit to come there; I'm too bad to be saved; God can never save me;" but at last we prevailed upon her to come; and she fell on her knees and cried to God to have mercy on her soul, and to forgive her for being such a wicked girl to her mother.

Before she left she said, "I believe God has pardoned all my sins, and, oh, I am so thankful I came in. I have a bottle of vitriol I was going to throw upon a man, and then I meant to cut my own throat; and the things are in the churchyard over yonder." Glory to Jesus for thus meeting this poor lost one!

The Sunday following was a good day. In doors and out the services were well attended. In the evening the hall was crowded to excess, to hear Mrs. Henry Reed, of Dunorlan, preach. The word was with power, and many a sinner was pricked to the heart, as Mrs. Reed delivered her message that God had no pleasure in the death of the wicked. In the prayer meeting, saints and sinners came forward to crown Him Lord of all, and many will never forget the night.

One man was there who had been coming to the hall for some time, and was very miserable. To use his own words, he said, "I was the greatest sinner in Limehouse, and I should never have thought of coming to a place of worship, only one of your people asked me." He said he had been

A DRUNKARD NINE YEARS.

and since he came there he had been very unhappy. At first he was ashamed to come, for his clothes were so bad; but the brother looked after him, and persuaded him to keep coming. After a little time, he became a teetotaler, and he soon got some better things, so he came oftener. I went to him the other Saturday, and asked him how he was. He said, "Very unhappy. I don't know how it is I am so unhappy. I cannot be happy now with my old mates, and I have been up in the park this afternoon because I would not be in their company." He came to hear Mrs. Reed, and went away as soon as she had done speaking. He could not rest afterwards, and the next day, while out seeking work, he went about praying along the road. The Lord met with him, and on the Tuesday he told me he was as happy as he could be.

Bro. Morrison has been preaching with us the last few days, and souls have decided for Jesus.

Sunday was a good day. In the morning the hall was nearly full, and at the close of the service we held a consecration meeting, when several believers came out, and gave themselves wholly to God. In the evening the hall was crowded, and the power of God rested on the people. While Bro. Morrison was preaching, a poor backslider came out and knelt down at the penitent form, and when he had done speaking, we pointed her to Jesus, and she was enabled to cast her sins upon Him. She is now rejoicing in salvation.

Another man said he was in the public-house, and heard us singing in the open-air. He thought he would just go and hear what they were singing about, and he found himself drawn in with them to hear the preaching. While there, the Spirit of God so wrought upon him, that he came out, confessed his sins, and sought and found pardon through the blood of Jesus. We are praying and believing for still greater things. Will our readers continue to pray that still further and more glorious showers of blessings may come down in the PENNY GAFF? STEPHEN KNOTT.

BETHNAL GREEN.

DURING the past month God has been with us in saving power. On Sunday, June 27th, Miss Billups preached; and at the prayer-meeting, which followed the evening service, five sought and found the Lord. Amongst them was

A YOUNG MAN,

who for years had been resisting the strivings of the Spirit; but this evening, with broken heart, he came to the penitent form, where, for nearly an hour he knelt, bemoaning his sins, and crying aloud on God to save him; and at last, with a triumphant shout, he stepped into the liberty of the children of God. The following week we saw him earnestly engaged in talking to penitents, saying to them, "If you only knew the happiness which I have found."

"If all the world my Saviour knew,
All the world would love Him to."

He is now living happily with his wife, from whom, for some time he had been estranged. She has also accepted Christ as her Saviour, and both bid fair to become useful workers in the vineyard.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Sunday July 4th, Mr. Booth preached the anniversary sermons of our Sunday-school. We had a good day. The word was plainly and powerfully proclaimed; and after the evening service eight persons decided for Christ. It was a precious meeting. O, what rejoicing there was over the Spirit. It was with difficulty the people could be persuaded to leave the place. Again and again they broke out in song:

"Sing glory, glory. Shout glory, glory.
Soon in heaven we all shall be,
And there enjoy the glory."

A BACKSLIDER RESTORED.

Among the saved was one who particularly interested us, and over whom we rejoiced greatly. She was a backslider. At one time she walked in close fellowship with God, and was very useful among His people. But getting reduced in circumstances, despondency robbed her of her confidence, and with unbelief came unfaithfulness, and so she fell away from God and happiness. On this glad night she came home again, and after many tears and prayers, she again rejoiced in the pardoning love of her loving Father.

Our meetings among the children continue to be blessed. At every meeting of our week-night class, some are added to our numbers. Some of them have already commenced to tell their companions of Jesus, determined, as one little boy about twelve years of age, told us, "To win a soul for the Lord." J. F. R.

STRATFORD.

THIS is a quiet place, and yet thousands of the people here seem literally given over to the devil; and the choicest sport of many of them consists in persecuting and blaspheming God's children.

Though all denominations are represented in the neighbourhood, street preaching is so peculiarly confined to us, that for this one thing we have become the butt of the scoffers, and the song of the drunkard. But the saints are firm. Hallelujah. And God is faithful, and "the word which goeth forth out of His mouth shall not return unto Him void!" June 28th was set apart for holding

A CAMP MEETING.

At 7 a.m. a prayer meeting was held for

a baptism of fire. Before 10 a.m. the Poplar band of navvies and coal porters, with several brethren, came to the hall. After prayer, a procession was formed; and, defiant of perils, and fearless of men, they marched on, making Bow Bridge and the Old High Street ring with the hymn,

"Jesus, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

With this and similar strains, prayer and exhortation, a number of streets were missioned. Some of the people blessed us, some cursed us, and we were made a gazing stock to all. But heaven smiled, and God was with us as, in the dust of the high road, our company knelt, and amid the commotion of excursion trips, and the grimaces of the infatuated crowds hastening out of London to a Sabbath's revel at Epping Forest, asked the convincing Spirit of God to come down upon Stratford.

At a little past eleven we got to the stand, where a van and forms had been placed. These helped the order of the meeting very much. The sun struck down its burning heat on that 28th of June so that the speaker perspired as much on that day as on any of the previous six spent in the docks and coal barges, toiling for a crust to keep up the strength thus spent in the cause of God. They spoke, sung, and prayed only as men can speak, and sing, and pray, who are fully persuaded, blessed with a faith that works, a hope that's lively, and a devotion that presents the body a living sacrifice.

In this spirit the services were continued through the day, and some of the roughest, rudest men and women in the East of London were constrained to listen for hours in unbroken attention, and on departing to confess, that a religion like ours must be of the Lord.

At 7 p.m. the singing procession was reformed and marched to the Mission Hall, where an experience meeting was held. The Hall was filled. Those who stood up told with much feeling of the Divine power, which took them from drunkenness, uncleanness, and all kinds of iniquity. And all hearts were stirred as these brands plucked out of the burning "sang unto the Lord a new song."

The next day a tent was pitched in the fields. After tea the service was commenced by Mr. Booth, and as the factory hands left work, crowds came to hear. Many who had heard the word sounding through their windows on the Sunday came to the tent.

A RAGING MOB BAFFLED.

The speakers were enabled to put the plainest truths in the most homely way. But gradually a crowd gathered, who were evidently bent on mischief. Outside the tent half-drunken fellows beat the tent with sticks, threw stones, and flung children through the canvas. A large number of low Irish Romanists, especially females, did their best to provoke a riot. Inside a number of youths intoned *amens* at the close of every petition, laughing at the sport, and others made most awful mockery. One batch of men who had come to cut the ropes, caught in the act, came by invitation inside, and these unexpectedly took up cudgels for us, and spreading themselves through the tent, did good service in ejecting four or five roughs, and holding in awe most of those who remained to annoy.

By this time many hundreds were come together in the field, and it became a necessity to close the meeting. This was a signal for a general tumult, in which the ropes were cut, the lamps seized and emptied on the ground,

which set fire to the grass; and but for the diligent care of many hands, would have burnt up the tent.

Several of our friends received heavy blows, our opponents thus signifying their willingness to fight: but the Lord reigned, and kept his people in peace.

Several things were stolen, the tent sorely rent, and much crockery was smashed. About 10.30 the police came to our assistance, and very near midnight we returned home with hearts full of gratitude to Him who had restrained not only our enemies, but the hearts of many of His own children; who, with far less provocation, a few weeks ago would have fought like demons.

On the following Wednesday we held a meeting at the Hall door, after which Mrs. Booth preached inside. The attendance was better than had been for some time.

Sunday, July 5th. Mr. Brice held a service in the morning, and Mrs. Booth in the evening; and through the day the attendance was on an improved scale.

Wednesday 8th. We held our meeting again at the Hall door, after which we had a prayer meeting inside. Several were present professing to have got blest at one or other of the previous meetings, and several believers gave their names to join our society. So we take courage, knowing our help is in God. Here we have to do our work as if we were trying to gain the salvation of heathens; but He who is to have the heathen for his inheritance, has surely a blessing for Stratford. We will preach Him, trust Him, and look for present success.
W. J. SHEEHAN.

CROYDON.

COMMENCEMENT OF A BRANCH MISSION.

In our last number we reported the conclusion of special religious services in the Public Hall, Croydon, conducted by Mrs. Booth. As these services closed, a few of the friends who had taken a prominent part in them, became very anxious for the continuance of meetings of a similar character, but still more adapted to reach the crowds of working people who never attended any place of worship.

Thinking that the agencies and measures so much blessed in the East of London would be useful in Croydon, we were requested to establish a branch mission there; and, regarding it as manifestly of the Lord, we consented. Accordingly, we engaged the Workmen's Hall, a large room capable of containing 700 people, and two mission halls in different parts of the town were most cheerfully placed at our disposal. We have arranged to hold services three times on the Sabbath in the Hall, and twice in the open-air, and every night in the week in the mission room, together with occasional open-air meetings.

Brother Dowdle spent the first week here, and held some precious meetings. After his first address to 600 or 700 people, eight souls decided.

A number of new converts have banded themselves together in fellowship, and on the part of all working in the movement there is a very laudable determination that the mission financially shall be sustained on the spot, and not take away a penny from the funds of its struggling parent in the East of London.

On Sunday, July 11th, and the following Monday, Sister Coates preached, and she thus speaks of the meetings:—

"After the benediction had been pronounced in the morning, and while the congregation were slowly retiring, a man broke out in prayer

and praise, and in the fulness of his heart cried out, "Now I know my sins are forgiven." He had been coming to the meetings, and had obtained a blessed sense of sins forgiven during the sermon.

"Praise the Lord! I took this as an earnest of greater things to be done for us during the day. "In the afternoon the Lord's presence was powerfully felt in the prayer-meeting; and in the evening, though weak in body, the Lord helped me to speak to a crowded congregation. The word was with power; many were convinced of sin; and several, I believe, obtained a well-founded hope of heaven.

"Among others, I observed a man kneeling and weeping a long time. I spoke to him. He said, 'I am weeping for joy. That man,' he said, pointing to a person I had been talking and praying with, 'is my father, and now, to see him happy in Jesus, makes me weep for joy.'

"Another, the father of a young woman brought to God at one of Mrs. Booth's services, found the Saviour. He cried out, 'I know I am saved.'

"Another, a woman with a babe in her arms, in the agony of her soul broke out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' A lady came forward, took the babe from her arms, and the woman fell on her knees; and when I told her of a willing Saviour, she ventured her all on Christ, and cried, 'I have found Him.' I saw her next day, and at the first glance, felt that she was a changed and happy woman.

"A young lady, convinced under Mrs. Booth, also found Jesus. A young man praying very earnestly for his wife, had the unspeakable joy of hearing her tell how she felt Jesus saved her.

"The Spirit was indeed powerfully present. I am very grateful to the Christian friends who so kindly sympathised with and helped us in the prayer-meeting. On Monday night, the people came to the Hall, eager to hear the word. The Holy Spirit moved again amongst us, and when I ceased speaking, four persons at once came out and sought mercy. Among these was the wife of a man brought to God at one of Mrs. Booth's first services in Croydon. I cannot describe the joy of this dear brother when he saw so soon an answer to his prayers.

"On the Monday afternoon I attended a mothers' meeting, and the simple story of the cross was listened to with the greatest attention; and of those dear mothers, I hope many will be found at God's right hand, and free from pain His glory sing. To God be all the praise!

"I believe God will make our Mission a great blessing in Croydon; and I hope that God will strengthen Mrs. Booth, that she may continue to preach on with the same blessed results that have attended her word in this place.

"Praying that our loving Lord may continue to supply the means to carry on this great work, and that your motto may still be 'Holiness to the Lord,' believe me yours in Jesus."

M. COATES.

EXPERIENCE MEETING OF THE ENTIRE MISSION.

On Sunday afternoon, July 18th, an experience meeting of the East London Mission was held in the Wesleyan chapel, Approach Road, kindly lent for the occasion, and conducted by Henry Reed, Esq. About 1,500 persons filled the place. No language can possibly represent the enthusiasm which prevailed, the blessed experiences that were described, the rapturous songs that were sung, or the happiness with which every heart was filled.

It was heaven begun below.

EXCURSION OF HELPERS.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of June, Henry Reed, Esq., invited seventy of the principal helpers in the Mission to spend a day at his residence in Tunbridge Wells. The party left London by the 6.40 train, and arrived at Tunbridge Wells at 8.15, when they were met by carriages to convey them to Dunorlan, where breakfast awaited them. Several ministers and friends from London and the neighbourhood had been invited to meet them; and perhaps one of the happiest days was spent it ever was the lot of mortals to enjoy on earth. Religious exercises filled up the day. In the afternoon an experience meeting was held, and at night a large public service on the terrace. Addresses were given by workers in the Mission, and at the close many anxious inquirers sought and found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

We could write columns about this visit, but the printer wants to go to press, and we have but little time and space to note the event of the month, the

GENERAL ANNUAL EXCURSION.

This had been planned for Upton Park, but at the close of the visit already spoken of, Mr. Reed proposed that it should be to Dunorlan, and generously offered to pay the difference in the railway fare, so that it should cost the poor people no more than to go to Stratford. This kind offer we gratefully accepted.

At 8.30, on the 19th of July, 1,420 persons left London in two special trains for Tunbridge Wells. At the station Mr. and Mrs. Reed and family and friends met us in carriages, and we went in procession to our destination. First came three large vans, tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers and mottoes, containing the aged and the infirm and mothers with little children. After these came the friends from Whitechapel; then an open carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Reed and Mr. and Mrs. Booth, followed by the other portions of the Mission in order; each headed by their principal preachers and leaders, with a number of friends in carriages following. Placeards with striking texts of scripture were held up through the procession, and revival hymns sung. The whole presented a most soul-stirring sight. At the lodge gates banners were displayed, with the mottoes "WELCOME TO DUNORLAN;" "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to man."

After a few words of instruction as to the day's proceedings, given on the terrace by Mr. Booth, the people separated for refreshment; and very soon in every part of the grounds the voice of prayer and praise was to be heard.

In the shade of a wood, on the brow of a hill, opposite the house, Bro. Knott and our Limehouse friends held a meeting, from half-past twelve till two; and Poplar, led by Bro. Sheehan, from half-past two to four; while Whitechapel, with Bro. Clare, were carrying on a service alongside the mineral springs. In an arbour on the lawn we heard the voices of our Bethnal Green friends engaged in singing and prayer. At the same time, on the side of a hill, between the wood and the farm, Bro. Dowdle and the Shoreditch friends were alternately telling of the goodness of God, singing His praise, and praying for still further manifestations of His glorious grace. This meeting was afterwards adjourned to the shade of a cluster of trees, near a lovely waterfall, and there continued till 3.30, when it branched into two meetings, which were continued till the gong announced the great meeting of the day, the

LARGE EXPERIENCE MEETING.

This was held on a beautiful slope at the

end of the house. Not less than 2,000 people gathered, mostly seated on the beautiful green sward, which was smoother and softer than any carpet; and there for two hours testimonies were borne by converted infidels, drunkards, blasphemers, formalists, and pharisees, interspersed with mighty praying and glorious singing. Every heart was stirred; many wept; and every now and then some fell out from the crowd, and went aside to pray, and believed unto the salvation of their souls.

As the meeting closed the heartfelt thanks of all privileged to be there were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Reed for their munificent kindness, and the hearty, genuine manner in which they had fraternised with the mission and the people. After a few loving words from Mr. Reed, the meeting closed, and preparations were made for the walk to the station.

Again the same thoughtful care was taken of the weak and invalid portions of the party, who were sent off in vans and carriages; and then, in one large procession, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Reed and Mr. Booth, immediately followed by the preachers and workers, the company moved to the town. The enthusiasm of the procession is beyond the power of words to describe. It was a glorious walk. Outside the station a ring was formed, the doxology was sung for all the blessings of the day, and again prayer was offered, and in two trains the company left for London.

In most of the carriages prayer meetings were held on the way to town, and seven or eight sought salvation,—one, the wife of a most earnest worker, whose conversion has long been sought and prayed for.

In the Cannon Street and Broad Street stations hymns were sung, and the different bands sung as they walked home through the crowded gaslit thoroughfares.

Our Poplar friends began with prayer in the station at 7.30 in the morning, and ended with prayer outside the station at eleven at night. It was a day of singing. It was a hallelujah day. It was a day of thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed during the four years of the existence of the mission. It was more than this,—it was a day of salvation, we doubt not, to many.

One lady professed to find Christ as she walked along the corridor at Dunorlan.

One of the first to come inside a ring at one of the afternoon meetings for full consecration, was a gentleman of wealth and position from the north of England.

In the same meeting young women took the gaudy ear-rings from their ears, and gave them up to those conversing with them; and men as well as women wept and renounced, we trust in all sincerity, their sins, and gave themselves to Jesus.

We know not how to conclude; but, hurried as is our notice, we must acknowledge the loving and fraternal sympathy of the Wesleyan and other ministers who were invited to meet us. The Revs. A. M'Aulay and G. Scott spoke with much power and feeling during the evening. About 150 of their people accompanied us, many of whom, we trust, shared the blessed influences of the day.

TROPHIES OF GRACE.

17.—MOTHER AND CHILD.

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—I purpose telling you how and when I became acquainted with you and your Mission.

One evening in the month of September, 1867, walking down the Mile End Road, I was attracted by the singing of a well-known hymn, which I had not heard since my childhood. I at once went in, and thought, by the unpre-

tending-looking building, it must be something of a Latter-day Saints' place of worship. I inquired of a man at the door what religion they were. He replied, "We are the East London Christian Mission." I thought, this does not enlighten me as to the doctrine much; but I will hear for myself. Thank God, I had not to wait long. I had previously been very anxious about my soul, and had prayed that Jesus would direct me to some place of worship.

Brother Tomlins was the preacher, and he gave out as his text, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and my soul endorsed every word that fell from his lips, and earnestly did I cry to God for the possession of this purity of heart.

I went again on the following night, and saw dear Sister Clay going up the stairs, and, seeing in her happy countenance something which corresponded with my heart's feelings, I spoke to her, although an entire stranger, and asked what meeting she was going to attend. She answered, "A believers' meeting, led by Bro. Knott. Come along." I accompanied her, and went on my knees, thanking God for sending me straight in to a people after mine own heart; and then and there I found Jesus, and went away very happy indeed, with a sense of sins forgiven. I was at once enabled by the blessed Spirit of God to realise my relationship as His own child, and knew and felt my adoption.

The following Sunday I heard Mrs. Booth preach, and oh, how my soul got blessed during that service, and how many times since, when listening to your earnest and soul-stirring addresses, have I been similarly blessed. Oh, may God continue His richest, choicest blessings on you both, and all the many souls to whom you have been made a blessing. As for myself, I do thank God for ever disposing you to settle amongst us in this East End, where vice and crime of every kind abound.

I am still holding on to my Saviour, and will not part with my hope for all this world calls rich or great. I have passed through deep waters, how deep none but my Father knows; but, bless God, in every trial His grace has proved more than sufficient, and He has fulfilled His rich promise; He has never left me, no, not for one moment. Praise His holy name for ever and ever! To-day, this 5th July, 1869, the language of my soul is,

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

Oh, my Father, if there are any more idols in my soul, with weeping eyes and bleeding heart, I ask thee, for Jesus' sake, to help me—day, do it thyself; cast them down, and out, and give me grace to worship only thee. My dear sir, I must tell you before I close that during the August of last year my heavenly Father saw fit, in His infinite mercy, to remove my dear child, a lovely blooming boy of three years.

Oh, I shall ever regret because, in that darkest hour of my life, I failed to recognise my Father's loving hand, and did not glorify Him as I ought. Although so young, my dear child loved to accompany me to the theatre and hall, and hear your people sing. A few days before his death, on hearing some of the band singing as they passed, he desired me to carry him to the door to see and hear them; and when dying, he said, "Mamma, sing to me;" and, with a breaking heart, I asked what I should sing. He replied, "One of Mr. 'Boove's' hymns." I said, "Which one?" He gasped for breath, and said, in clear tones, "Sing 'Over Jordan,' mamma." His dear little feet were in the river, and in a few hours he died. Oh, Jesus, help me to meet him in heaven, Amen.

EDINBURGH.

Chalmer's Close, 81, High Street.

BELOVED BROTHER,—The Lord reigneth; let the earth be glad. This past month we have experienced much of the faithfulness and lovingkindness of our covenant-keeping God. We have seen the arm of the Lord revealed, and have felt His presence and seen His power and glory displayed in our midst.

Our stand-point on the battle-field is not so agreeable to flesh and blood as when in Dundee Fall. The people we are among now are a few paces further on the broad road. Their souls are nearer the mouth of the pit; but, all praise and glory to our triune God, "the battle is the Lord's." Our glorious Conqueror is on the field. The prince of darkness has been dethroned from some hearts. Truly, brands have been plucked from the burning. Praise God!

The fine weather has been no hindrance to the work; we have never had a single meeting without anxious souls; even in the prayer meetings souls have sought Jesus. We can really say, God has done exceedingly abundantly above what we asked or thought. We can only sing—

"All glory to the Father, who gives us every good; [His blood;
And glory be to Jesus, who bought us with
And glory to the Spirit, who keeps us to the
end: [Friend."
Unto our God be glory, the sinner's only

Through the liberality of John Melrose, Esq., and friends, their evangelist, Mr. James Adam, has been allowed to assist us, and we have been enabled to have meetings every night. This beloved brother has been six weeks with us, and God has greatly owned and blessed the word spoken by him.

On Sabbath, 13th June, hard work on the street, but a good meeting inside. Mr. Stuart spoke, and fourteen professed faith in Jesus.

On June 14th, our dear Brother Adam commenced work with an entire week of prayer, and precious were the hours spent at the mercy-seat, "agonising for souls."

Sabbath, 20th June.—Hard work on the street. Mr. Adam addressed inside; several anxious, and three decided for Christ.

Monday, 21st June.—Mrs. Thompson addressed twice on the street. A glorious meeting in the Mission House. Bro. Adam spoke; upwards of forty earnestly seeking salvation, glory! glory!

Wednesday, 23rd June.—Brother Adam addressed; very short, much prayer. Very few left when first meeting closed. Deep impression, weeping penitents all over the hall.

One of these was a woman who had been a teacher in a Roman Catholic School; but being dissatisfied and disgusted with the example of those who had rule over her, and they seeing that, turned her out of her situation. We give a short extract from one of her letters, received since.

HOW A POOR WOMAN CAME TO THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

"I wandered for days up one street and down another, in hope that some one would give me something to do; but no, every one said, 'The priest has told us not to give you so much as a drink of water.' Without hope, without friend, I prayed, as of old, to the Virgin Mary; but no help. Every day seemed worse than the one that had gone. I thought I must die, and die without hope. I thought of confession, but got no comfort; all seemed of no use. I could not look into the future. In my misery, I thought there was no God. In this state, I wandered down the High Street,

and thank the good God I did so. A woman asked me into the meeting, and fairly forced me in. I saw every one in earnest, no one seemed to care for ceremony; every one was praying and asking God to have pity upon each and all. I was prayed for too, and wept bitter tears. I tried to pray, but could not. I came back again, and, thank God, I can now pray, and believe in Him, and trust in Him. My prayer all my life will be, God prosper and bless the Christian Mission."

Sabbath, 27th June.—Large crowds on the street; very good meeting inside. Five professed faith in Jesus; three backsliders broken down.

Monday, 28th June.—Bro. Adam addressed. Thirteen souls sought salvation. Praise the Lord!

Thursday, 1st July.—Delightful meeting; power of God in our midst. One man was going out, when Mr. S. got hold of him, and prayed with him. After continuing in prayer for some time, the man said, "I ha'e lang sought this, but, thank the Lord, I ha'e now found Jesus."

Another old woman, while a sister tried to point her to the Lamb of God, burst out in prayer herself, exclaiming, "Ay, Lord, I'll tak' Him, just because I'm a sinner."

Saturday, 3rd July.—Prayer meeting. One man, a stranger among us, but known to some as one of the great scoffers at religion, was got to his knees, and, while he himself was crying for mercy, all of a moment he took out his watch, and said, "Twenty minutes to ten. I will take the Lord Jesus as mine for ever, and become a member of this Mission." Then he thanked God for pardoning his sins.

Sabbath, 4th July.—Bro. Adam addressed. Much impression; melting influences of the Holy Ghost in the meeting, fourteen inquiring the way to eternal life.

THREE OF A FAMILY.

A husband, wife, and daughter were three of these. Their son, a young lad, found the Lord in Duncedin Hall. They inclined to the Catholic religion, but appear to have given up all, and laid hold on eternal life. They have been back among us, rejoicing in God. Praise Him!

Wednesday, 7th July.—The power of God felt to accompany the word on the street. A night of God's power. Not enough of help to undertake the work. About fifty anxious. O what a delightful scene to behold sinners flocking to Jesus.

One of these, a man who apparently had seen better days, was on his knees, seeking for mercy. A very few years since he was receiving a salary of £500 a year, but now brought very low. He has come about us since, and, to outward look, he seems a changed man. He says himself he feels a great change within.

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

In the far corner of the chapel a deep-toned voice cried out in agony for pardon. Then there followed a sad, sad confession, and then, just as if a victory had been gained, he exclaimed,

"Jesus has plucked me from hell,
And planted me in heaven."

"I left my house with the full intention of committing suicide. How I got into this place I don't know. I was just like some one under the influence of chloroform. I was in the infirmary for eight weeks; just got out two days before, could get no work, wife and children in starvation. My wife said, 'What are we to do?' My little girl, six years of age, looking into my face, said, 'Daddie, can ye no give me a piece?' These words went like a sword through and through me. I bade my