

"One day this past week, I had such a manifestation of divine glory, I was so filled with the fulness of God, that if God had not withdrawn, I must have fallen prostrate.

'O my Jesus, how sweet are the hours, When we spend them in prayer and in praise.'

I am a sinner saved by grace, but I want to camp awhile in the wilderness, if it is God's will. I haven't done enough for Jesus. Let me work for Christ. God help me to go on and tell the story of the cross, salvation for the chief of sinners. Yes, for the chief, for there is a big one here.

'We'll camp awhile in the wilderness.'

I bless God I am in the midst of such a people, where I feel the presence and power of God. The battle was fierce with my soul at the beginning of this week, but I was enabled to grasp the spiritual weapons. The Lord increased my faith and courage. What a mercy we have such a Saviour. He saves unto the uttermost, a compassionate Saviour. I have felt Him, in this satanic conflict, to be a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

'I am a warrior here below.'

I'm rejoicing, always rejoicing. Redeemed from hell, my feet placed on the Rock, even Himself, and made an heir of glory. It is ten years since I was converted. The Lord keep me near His wounded side."

'All glory to the Father.'

"I am happy through redeeming blood. The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost. I have the witness within myself. Bless God!

'Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends.'

Mr. Booth then addressed the meeting. August 8th, evening. Mrs. Booth preached a remarkable sermon to believers. It was a solemn and scrutinising word, which fell with power. A consecration meeting was held at the close, and from thirty to forty bowed at the anxious seat, some dedicating themselves afresh to God, and others wanting to be pointed to Jesus. It was a soul-refreshing season. Praise God!

"Display the banner of the cross,
Love that counted life but dross;
A saviour's blood for sinners shed,
Life to them who are but dead."
L. TAYLOR.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

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

| GENERAL WORK. | | | EDINBURGH BRANCH. | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|----|-------------------|---------------------|----|----|---|
| £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | | |
| An Old Disciple | 100 | 0 | 0 | John Melrose, Esq. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Drury | 5 | 0 | 0 | James Paton, Esq. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| B. G. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Weitch | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Wigginstone | 0 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Watson | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| John Moor, Esq. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Diaper | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Dennis | 0 | 6 | 0 | Miss Bell | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Friends at Tunbridge Wells | 0 | 7 | 3 | Miss Webster | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Friend | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. Robertson | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Miss Pollard | 0 | 6 | 0 | Mr. Forsyth | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| —, Kilner, Esq. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Nixon | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mrs. Grundy | 0 | 10 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Miss Gibbs | 0 | 1 | 0 | Two English Friends | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| S & T. | 50 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Lyons | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Mr. Bonney | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Johnson | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Two friends at York | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Motherwell | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Bukett | 0 | 2 | 6 | Mr. Milliar | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Fowler | 0 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Bodrich | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Weimorn | 0 | 7 | 6 | A Friend | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mr. W. Home, M.D. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Donald | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| John Melrose, Esq. | 3 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Taylor | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| | | | | Miss J. Dawburn | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. Kinnear | 0 | 4 | 0 |

OUR NEW NAME.

As we have now branch missions at Croydon and at Edinburgh, the name first adopted by us is no longer strictly applicable. We have overstepped our boundary and gone out of our parish. We think that we should now be more correctly termed

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

Still, as both these new stations are to be sustained by funds raised by themselves, all the money sent will continue to be applied, unless otherwise specified, to the work of God in the East of London. Instead of in any way limiting or circumscribing our operations in this sphere, we intend to push forward the work with still greater vigour. O for more of the energy of the Holy Ghost.

USEFULNESS OF THE EXCURSIONS.

We continue to hear of the good results of our visits to Tunbridge Wells. To some who lived in the neighbourhood the day was made a lasting blessing, and others who accompanied us were awakened and saved.

NEWSPAPER ABUSE.

DURING the last month, several slanderous letters and articles have appeared again in the newspapers. The services at Dunorlan, the camp meeting on London Fields, and other meetings have been specially distasteful, and mis-representations of the most scurrilous kind have been written and freely circulated. We have not replied, neither have our hearts fainted; we have fallen back upon Matthew v. 10, 11, 12.

PRAYER! PRAYER! PRAYER!

WILL our readers unite with us in a special month of prayer? The winter campaign fairly commences with October. Although soul-winning should be, and, thank God, always is, in season with the "Christian Mission," yet are the long evenings of autumn and winter peculiarly favourable to religious meetings. The unconverted attend more freely, not having the same out-door attractions. Consequently, we regard it as our harvest time. O to enter upon it ended from on high. O let all therefore cry mightily, continuously, and believingly for the Holy Ghost. BROTHERS, PRAY.

EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

PERFECT LOVE.

REV. JOHN FLETCHER, VICAR OF MADELEY.

THE following extracts are from the journal of that happy and suffering saint Miss Roe, recording some of her interviews with the holy and talented clergyman the Rev. John Fletcher, whose benign countenance possessed such an impress of the meekness and love of God, that his bitterest enemies were constrained, on seeing him, to exclaim, "Is this the man I have opposed? Oh that I were like him!"

"August 24th, 1781.—I was kept all morning in solemn expectation of blessings in seeing and conversing with Mr. Fletcher, till, just before he arrived, it was suggested, 'Thou wilt be disappointed; thou art expecting from man, and not from God.' For a moment my faith seemed staggered; but I fell on my knees before the Lord, owning Him as the only source of all my hope and happiness; and He so abundantly filled me with His love, that I was almost overpowered, and felt tears were my only relief.

"During these happy moments of communion with my God, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Bosanquet, and Mrs. Crosby arrived. When I entered the room where they were assembled, the heavenly man was giving out the following verse, with such animation as I have seldom seen,—

'We, we would die for Jesus too,
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood;
And all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God.'

After this he poured out his full soul in prayer to God. Indeed his very breath seemed to be a continuance of prayer or praise and spiritual instruction; and every word that fell from his lips appeared to be accompanied with unction from above. He then asked me to read Miss L.'s last letter to me, and kindly explained several things which he had written to her which she had not clearly understood—particularly that where, in his letter to her, he had said, 'All who enjoy perfect love possess also the gift of prophecy.' By this, he said, he did not mean the miraculous gift of foretelling future events, but the magnifying God, by speaking unto men, with the new heart of love and the new tongue of praise; as, on the day of Pentecost, those who were filled with the Holy Ghost glorified God by speaking of His wonderful works, as the Spirit gave them utterance. This utterance he called the gift of prophecy, and earnestly insisted that we might all prove the same baptismal fire of love that descended on that day on the primeval church, seeing the promise was unto them, and to their children, and to all them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call; that we, as they, if we assert our privilege, may, with great power, bear witness of the grace of our Lord Jesus, and spread the flame of love we feel, by speaking unto edification, and exhortation, and comfort, among all our acquaintance.

"But, he said, the reason why those perfected in love did not more fully spread the savour of grace, was, because they do not, in general, plead for a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, both in His gifts and graces. He then earnestly exhorted all present to seek this fulness of love, and this gift of utterance, and, taking my hand, said, 'Will you, my sister, be one who shall spread the sacred flame? Come, my friend, I will covenant with you: we will join to magnify the Lord, and bear our testimony before men and angels. Will you?'

"In deep humility, but filled with the presence and power of God, with irrepressible tears, I answered, 'In the strength of Jesus, I will.' 'Glory be to God, glory be to God!' said he, many times over, while his holy soul seemed filled with praise and gladness.

"Mr. Fletcher then stood up and said, 'My dear brethren and sisters, God is here! I feel Him in this place. But I am ashamed; I would hide my face in the dust. I have dishonoured my God, and denied my Saviour, by not confessing Him. I have grieved His Spirit, I have been ashamed and afraid to declare what He hath done for my soul; but I am sensible of my folly, and deeply humbled on account thereof, and He has restored my soul.

"Last Wednesday evening, He instructed and commanded me by His word, 'Reckon yourself, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.' I obeyed the voice of God, and now obey it, by declaring to the praise of His love, I am freed from sin; yea, I now bear witness to the glory of His grace; 'I am dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ,' who is my Lord, and reigns over every motion in my soul.

"I have received this blessing four or five times before; but I grieved the Spirit of God by not making confession, and as often I let it go. I lost it by not observing and obeying the order of God, who hath told us, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation,' which latter I neglected. Once the tempter suggested, 'What you feel cannot be the blessing; perfection is something higher. You are not delivered from mistakes, ignorances, real errors in judgment, in memory, &c. &c.; therefore, though you are delivered from sinful tempers, you ought not to make a profession that you are holy.' I listened to these things, and soon discovered I had lost what God had bestowed.

"When I had re-obtained the same glorious deliverance, the bait was offered under another form. The enemy now said, 'Wait a few weeks, or days, and see if the fruits of sanctification appear, before you profess so great a salvation!' I had no sooner yielded to wait for the fruits, but I began to doubt of the witness, which before I had felt in my heart; and was in a little time sensible I had lost both.

"A third time, with shame I confess it, I was kept from being a witness for my Lord by the suggestion, 'Thou art a public character, a city set upon a hill; the world and professors have all an eye upon thee; and if some future trial should overcome thee, or if, as before, thou shouldst by any means lose the blessing, what a dishonour and reproach will it be to the doctrine of heart holiness!'

"A fourth time Satan prevailed over a worm by 'It is true, thou art now freed from sin,—thou knowest that gospel perfection is perfect love; that love is the fulfilling of the law, not of Adam, but of Gospel grace;

and that many ignorances, mistakes, &c., are consistent with perfect love; but how many thousands will not believe this! How many affirm that every transgression of the Adamic law—the law of perfect innocence suited to Adam's sinless nature. Every transgression of this law is sin! and, therefore, if thou profess thyself free from sin, all these will give thy profession the lie. Enjoy, therefore, what God hath wrought in thy soul, and hold it fast, without declaring publicly I am freed from sin; I am holy; I am perfect in love." But again I found, "He that hideth his Lord's talent, and improveth it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath."

"Now, my friends, you see my folly. I have confessed it in your presence; and now I resolve in your presence also, henceforth I will confess my Master to all the world. And I declare unto you, in the presence of God, the holy Trinity, I am now "dead indeed unto sin." I do not say, I am crucified with Christ, because some of our well-meaning brethren say, by this is meant a gradual dying unto sin, for a man who is crucified is a long time in dying; but I profess unto you I am *dead* unto sin, and that as effectually as my original nature was free from righteousness. But then, if our good brethren will still insist every ignorance, every involuntary mistake is sin, we will not quarrel: then in this sense I am not freed from sin. But if I may venture to believe my Lord Jesus, if love be the fulfilling of the law, then I know that these things are consistent with love, with a single eye, and a pure heart; and I therefore dare to reckon thus in the presence of you all; and I mean to declare myself henceforth, before men and angels, "dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ."

"Mind it is still *through* Jesus, and *in* Him; not independent of Him, or separate from Him. He is my indwelling holiness. He is my *All* in *All*. He is all I want, and I wait for the more full and entire fulfilment of that prayer of His, "Let them be one in Us." O for the fulness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! O, my brothers and sisters, pray, pray for this outpouring of the Spirit! Wrestle, agonise with God till it is given.

"And now, you who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, what wait you for? Delay not, unite yourselves to Jesus, your Holiness, by believing; take to yourselves this great salvation; take it now. You must receive it by faith: faith lays hold, and says, "It is mine." As when you reckon with your creditor, and when you have paid all, reckon yourself free, so now reckon with God. Jesus hath paid all for thee;—purchased not only thy pardon, but thine inward holiness. Now it is God's *command*, "Reckon thyself dead unto sin," freed from sin, and alive unto God, now, this moment.' O, reckon now! Fear not; believe, believe, believe! and continue to believe every moment; for it is retained as it is received, by faith alone. Whosoever thou art that wilt perseveringly believe, it will be as a fire in thy bosom, and constrain thee to confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and in spreading the sacred flame of love, thou wilt be saved to the uttermost.'

"After Mr. Fletcher ceased to speak, about thirty rose and witnessed for Jesus, that they also, through grace, were dead to sin, and alive to God. Numbers were so affected that they could not speak. I felt what was truly unutterable; I sank into nothing, and was lost in the fulness of the True God.

"25th. I was so filled with the Divine presence, I could only pray and praise instead of sleeping in the night. The select band at the preaching-house this evening was a time of many blessings. Many testified to the Lord's goodness, and spoke with demonstration of the Spirit and power. My soul was as a watered garden while I declared his love to me."

FALL OF JERICHO.

WHAT is this we now behold? All the Levites are in the slaughter-yard making trumpets out of rams' horns, for the purpose of blowing down the walls of Jericho. The Lord had given the order of battle to Joshua. It was a strange one indeed. One of our modern generals, if a little sceptical, would have lit his cigar and puffed the smoke in the face of the angel who served as aide-de-camp to the Lord, and called him a fool. But Joshua, though a skilful officer, knew that spiritual weapons were more potent to pull down strongholds than all the battering rams and other engines of war invented and constructed by men. God was determined to have the glory to Himself; and it is with this purpose that in all ages he chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, things that are base to bring to nought those that are lifted up. Even in the nineteenth century He uses crooked rams' horns, jaw bones of asses, and ox-goads, to demolish the high walls that oppose the progress of His army, and pile up winrows of Philistines on the spiritual battle fields.

The hour to march has come. The ark-bearers have taken their stations. The Levites have their trumpets in their hands. Judah is in the van, with his lion floating in the breeze. And now comes the order—Forward! Six hundred thousand men, with steady, measured steps, make the earth tremble under their tread, and rend the heavens with their songs and the sound of their trumpets. Nothing can give us an adequate idea of such a scene, unless it be a camp meeting, where thousands are singing and shouting. Ah! what power there is in music. We read of two ministers whose songs at midnight shook a jail all to pieces.

But the army has passed around the city, and is pitched again at Gilgal. No sign of a revival yet. They did not so much as mar the whitewash on the outside of the wall; and some of the brethren thought that the time had not come for the revival to commence. But Joshua looked again to his orders,

which read as follows: "I have given thee Jericho with its kings and mighty men." Its terms are unequivocal—the promise cannot be mistaken, and Joshua resolves to proceed.

The second morning dawns. The brilliant oriental sun shines equally on the just and the unjust. And now the army starts off, in grand procession as before, the ark bringing up the rear, the music sounding as sweetly as ever on the ear, and finally back they come again to Gilgal, seemingly nothing done. Thus matters continued until the seventh morning. Joshua now draws up his army, and says: "We are to march around the city seven times; let every man be at his post, and at the word of command shout at the top of his voice, and let the priests give a long and loud blast with the trumpets." The enemies heard this curious order, as they looked over the wall, and put their ears to the key-holes of the gates, and had a hearty laugh at the expense of the leader who read the ridiculous order, and of the fools who were to obey it. Who ever heard of shouting a wall down? and shouting down gates of brass which almost defy the artillery of heaven? Ah! infidels, you are just like the inhabitants of Jericho. You have laughed many a time while the minister has blown the gospel trumpet around the whitened walls of your self-righteousness. You have ridiculed the Christian's mode of warfare. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are only spiritually discerned; but he that is spiritual judgeth all things.

The final hour of the devoted city has come. But it cannot fall until the righteous in it are safe. The fire could not fall on Sodom until Lot had escaped; and the walls of Jericho cannot fall until believing Rahab is secure. Do you see that scarlet thread suspended from a window? There is Rahab's dwelling, and that is the cord with which she let down the spies from the wall, whom she had concealed from the searching eyes of their enemies, under the flax. She shall not lose the re-

ward of her kindness. And no person shall lose an ample reward who gives even a cup of cold water to a child of God. Rahab's reward was the salvation of herself and household from the impending destruction.

Joshua is now preparing to give the order to shout. The brethren and sisters are getting ready, and the priests are adjusting the rams' horns to their sanctified lips. O! what an awful moment. Our hair begins to stand on end. When Prof. Webster was hung in the jail yard in Cambridge, the adjacent buildings were covered with persons anxious to witness the horrible scene; and when the platform fell and left him suspended between heaven and earth, females groaned, screamed, fainted, and fell as men on the field of battle. But here is a scene a thousand times more terrific. The inhabitants of a whole city are to perish. And let our brethren and sisters stand with us on one of the high cliffs of Canaan, and witness the mighty power of the invisible Spirit of God, called into exercise by the faith of God's chosen people. Hark! The awful command is given. A terrible blast of trumpets, and the shouts of the army are heard. The mighty wall trembled like hypocritical Felix. Before the enemies had done mocking, they began to feel as obstinate sinners will when Gabriel shall blow. Again and again the trumpets sound and the people shout, and, as if upheaved by some mighty earthquake, the walls were thrown from their strong foundations; and the thundering crash, together with the cries of the terrified inhabitants, form a scene unparalleled except by the crash of worlds and the terrors of the judgment.

This terrible victory of the Lord's army was the result of faith. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days." And observe that it was a faith that developed itself in shouting. Faith, shouted out, overthrew the mighty walls.

The number seven, so frequently occurring in the Bible, is not always to be understood literally. It signifies perfection. Naaman dipped in Jordan seven times and his purity was complete. Had he dipped but six times, the condition of his recovery would not have been met, but the seventh dipping perfected the performance. Christ once found a woman at the mourner's bench with seven devils in her, that is, she

was perfectly devilish; but he routed the whole of them and made her a perfect saint—a temple of the living God. When the army marched around the city seven times, a perfect victory was won. Six times around left the walls standing, the seventh time perfected the conditions of the promised victory. Had Joshua adopted any other plan, one that seemed wiser in his own mind, the walls of Jericho might have been standing to-day. The foolishness of God is better than the wisdom of men. The preaching of the Cross, as the blowing of a ram's horn, is foolishness unto them that perish, but unto them that believe, the power of God.—*G. W. Henry.*

HAPPY PETER.

"HAPPY PETER is gone to glory. If all tales be true, the world has had a loss in him. Well; but who was Happy Peter, people will say? Happy Peter was not an Archbishop, nor a Bishop, nor an Archdeacon, nor an eminent Dissenting minister; but he was a great preacher for all that. Happy Peter's parishioners were a rough lot, who did not dwell in any particular parish at all. As for his church, it was the first door-step, the first tree, the first bit of open ground. He was not the sort of man to adapt Christianity to the West-end; but he turned many a wayward heart from wickedness and sin. He spoke the language of the poor, for he knew no other. Dives would have passed him by as an ignorant, howling fanatic; but he was Lazarus's own chaplain. Neither Cambridge nor Oxford had examined him or given him a degree. The fact was, he had graduated as a 'navy;' and, when he had learnt his lesson, it was to the navvies that he repeated it. Peter Thomson—for that was his name—was of the John Bunyan order of men. 'The human heart is evil—think of the judgment to come—sin no more'—such was the burden of his song. He spoke to men, ay, and to women too, whose vices were broad and unmistakable. Let there be an end of violence, of drunkenness, of profane swearing; for the violent man, the drunkard, and he that pollutes his soul with foul and noisome speech, shall never see the better land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Peter was great with the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. See that your lamps be trimmed and your house in order, for no one knows at

what hour the Bridegroom cometh. Surely it was so in his own case; for the other day, during the intense heat, Peter was addressing a large crowd, and had been very instant both in preaching and in prayer. He had ended his sermon—this happened in Chatham—and had just uttered a very solemn ‘Amen,’ when he staggered, and fell back in the arms of the bystanders. It was his last speech. With that word of faith upon his lips, the spirit of this poor earnest man flew away to Him who gave it. Surely this was a fine end of a man’s life. We would speak of him with reverence. As far as men can be judges of their fellow-men, we have a right to say that Peter Thomson was—what he held himself out to be—a preacher whose heart was in his work, and to whom the saving of a human soul was the true business of life.”—(From the Daily Telegraph.)

Peter was born in 1828, converted in 1849, and died in July 11, 1869. Two weeks before his death he attended a lovefeast in George-street chapel. In relating his experience, he said, “During the last twenty years I have only once felt afraid of death. Black Face came to me and said, ‘Peter, what will you do in the valley?’ I felt afraid for a moment, then I replied, ‘Is that you, Black Face? Christ has gone before, and has brightened up the valley. I will fear no evil.’” Then he added, “Come and see happy Peter die. I should like you all to see me die. I know how it will be: the Master will come and say, Peter, ‘step into my chariot and let us away.’”

On Sunday evening, July 11, after delivering an earnest exhortation in George-street, to a large crowd of hearers, Mr. Ferry, a Primitive Methodist local preacher, gave out the hymn 269, when he announced the following lines:—

“Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;”

Peter said, “Amen!” staggered, and fell into the arms of the bystanders. This was his last word, and thus ended the useful life of happy Peter.

YOUNG CONVERTS SHOULD WORK FOR CHRIST.

BRING a number of persons together, and call them a church of Christ, introduce what form of church government you please, adopt what creed you choose, but if the members are not

employed for God, they will be for Satan. When every member is active,—active for God, and the good of souls, the church may expect to be happy; but only then, for idleness generates every species of evil. It should, therefore, be the object of all our pastors, deacons, and senior members to find work, suitable work, for the young, to induce them to enter the field, and lay themselves out for God; it is too frequently the case that our aged members look with a jealous eye upon young believers, and think them too forward. They forget that they are full of the fire of youth,—that they are animated with the love of Jesus, that they feel themselves in a new world; to them “old things are passed away, and behold, all things have become new.” They cannot be still; the mercy shown to them appears so great, the sense of pardon which they enjoy is so sweet, the influence they feel is so powerful, that if they were to hold their peace, the very stones would cry out. They should not be discouraged, but directed, they should not be suspected, but employed. Perhaps, their zeal, animation, and readiness to every good work, may reproach us, but we should feel the reproof, confess our sin, and reform our conduct, but not attempt to cool their zeal, and bring them into the cold atmosphere in which we live.

HAPPY CHRISTIANS.—We are often unjustly accused on this point. David Hume observed that all the devout persons he had ever met with were melancholy. On this Bishop Horne observed, “That might very probably be; for, in the first place, it is most likely that he saw very few, his friends and acquaintance being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy any time.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—The absurdity of the doctrine once appeared in a curious manner, on the public examination of a Christian convert by a Roman missionary. “How many gods are there?” asked the Catholic priest. “None, sir,” said the humble convert. “None, none!” exclaimed the astonished priest; “why have I not always told you there was one?” “Yes, sir!” replied the new convert; “but you know I ate him yesterday.”

THE BIBLE.—A blessed revelation that opens such wonders. A dreadful revelation if it opens them in vain.

FALSE PEACE.—Beware lest you mistake the slumber of conscience for a settled peace. The serpent may be frozen in your bosom when you think him dead.

NECESSITY OF A NEW HEART.—There cannot be gracious *practice* without gracious *principles*. Can anything fly to heaven without wings?

PRAYER.—When you pray, rather let your heart be without words, than have your words without heart.

POETRY.

OVER THE RIVER.

LOVED the river they beckon to me;
Loved ones who’ve crossed to the
further side!
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the
rushing tide.
There’s one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven’s
own blue;
He crossed in twilight, grey and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from
mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him
there;
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome
me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle
gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled
hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom
bark;
We watched it glide from the silver
sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely
dark.
We know she is safe on the further
side,
Where all the angels and ransomed
Over the river, the mystic river, [be;
My childhood’s idol is waiting for
me.
None, none return from those quiet
shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and
pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—

And lo! they have passed from our
yearning heart,
They cross the stream, and are gone
for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates
of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o’er life’s stormy
sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen
shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait
for me.

I sit and think, when the sunset’s gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boat-
man’s oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the
flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the
strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boat-
man pale
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone
before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting
be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

UNION OF THE EDINBURGH CHRISTIAN MISSION WITH THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

DURING our recent visit to Edinburgh, reported in another column, the question of the amalgamation of the two missions to be worked under one superintendence, was urged upon us by our Edinburgh friends. In favour of this it was advanced,

1. That the work had grown beyond the expectations of Bro. Stuart, who has been the means of originating it, and that its supervision required more time than he could now spare from the claims of a large business.

2. That with a thorough organisation much more evangelistic work could be done. Surrounding stations might be opened and worked usefully, and some oversight might be taken of the converts, many of whom were outcasts alike from church and society.

If we would take it, the friends engaged,

1. To give all the time and labour they possibly could to it, as hitherto.

2. To be responsible for the expenses incurred, so that it should not involve the mission in further outlay.

After much deliberation and prayer, we agreed to the proposed amalgamation, and at a meeting of the friends who had been most active in the work, a resolution was passed to that effect, and we consented to remain in Edinburgh a week longer than intended, in order to make all the necessary arrangements for working the mission on the plans and principles acted upon in the East of London.

On Sabbath, August 15, we preached afternoon and evening. The hall was much crowded, and many professed to decide for Jesus.

On the Monday a tea meeting was held, when between 300 and 400 persons sat down to tea. After tea the Revs. Messrs. Morgan and Baxter prayed, and addresses were given by Mr. Stuart, and Mr. and Mrs. Booth.

Mr. Stuart announced the amalgamation of the mission with the East London Mission, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Booth with a beautiful copy of Bagster's bible, as a memento of the event. The meeting was a hallowed one. The addresses were listened to with the deepest attention, and we hope and pray that they may be long retained in the memory, and exemplified in the lives of all present.

Will our readers pray for Edinburgh? Here is a wide and open door. We were very much pleased with the people. Their religious simplicity and intelligence delighted us. Never did we find a people apparently more willing to receive the gospel, and never, during many years' evangelistic wanderings, did we enter a place that seemed so ripe and ready for a great revival. "The fields are white over to the harvest." On the first Sabbath over fifty souls came out seeking Jesus, and the unconverted who stayed at the after meetings, and they comprised nearly the whole of the congregation, appeared more or less anxious.

The appeals made in favour of a "higher Christian life" also met with a hearty response. Numbers accepted the invitation, and came forward to make a new and full consecration; and on every hand we were met with, "This is what we want." Yes, dear Edinburgh Christians, this *is* what you want:

Holiness unto the Lord;" and with this, your city, would soon become as renowned for its piety, as it is for its natural and architectural beauty. You have the form of godliness as we never saw it elsewhere. O for the mighty heaven-sent pentecostal power! Edinburgh would then be able to shake the world.

Since our return we have received the following letter from Bro. Stuart:—

BELOVED BROTHER.—I trust you all got safe home, and dear Mrs. Booth none the worse for the journey. We all feel very dull since you left. After such *blessed meetings*, you will be interested to hear how we are doing. Well, we are all at the work again. Mr. Adams is with us, and all seem to be in a good state. There have been souls brought in each evening. Mrs. Thompson is to preach on Sabbath night. We purpose having a believers' meeting on Sabbath forenoon, and then we will arrange for the meetings afterwards.

We must have *full consecration*. I feel I need it. Brother Wells and I have got a lift, but we need the plunge. Entire holiness is our cry.

A lady who had a great blessing under Mrs. Booth has sent us 10s. for the Mission; another who was blessed, 2s. Praise the Lord, there has been a great impression upon many. Mr. Wells tells me that there was great power at the mid-day prayer meeting to-day. We believe we are on the eve of a great work. *Glory be to our God!* We hope, by the time the preacher you are to send us arrives, we shall be ready for full fire on the hosts of hell. I feel my whole soul on fire. I feel the burden of souls. My faith hangs on God. We must have a work. The hosts of hell must be driven back. Souls must be saved. The Christian Mission must spread. O for a few true men and women to stand round the cross! Pray for us. I feel my mind at rest about the Mission. I see and feel the Lord has done all well, and led us right.

I have been stopped. A lady has just called for some of Mrs. Booth's sermons, and another, who was at the Mission, and did not believe in female preaching, has sent 5s. for the Mission. I have prayed with them both, and led them to the cross. Hallelujah!

Pray for us. Yours in Jesus, P. STUART.

WHITECHAPEL.

▲ WANDERER RECLAIMED.

On the evening that the "band of navvies" gave their experience, at the New East London Theatre, a young man sat and listened attentively throughout the service. At the close, noticing that he did not join with the rest in singing and prayer, I asked him if he had ever thought about his soul's salvation, and where he should spend eternity. He said that he hoped to go to heaven. Lifting my heart to Jesus for direction, I replied that the hope was a vain one unless he had been born again. A conversation ensued. He confessed we were right. Tears came to his eyes, but for some time he refused to yield. At last, hastily walking across to a few of our brethren, who were praying, he cried aloud for mercy. The Lord answered his prayer, and we soon heard his voice exclaiming, "I've found it, I've got it."

He joined Bro. Knott's believers' meeting, and was weekly giving testimony of the Lord's presence and favour, until, a short time ago, he went into the country, and, by not confess-

ing Christ amongst his old companions lost his peace of mind.

Upon his return, he sought out his Christian friends, and before God and them confessed his backsliding.

The wanderer was reclaimed, and is now happily pursuing his way "onwards and heavenwards," more than ever determined to be nothing of himself, but let Christ be all in all.

RESISTING THE SPIRIT.

On Wednesday, July 28th, at the close of our morning prayer meeting, we had but just risen from our knees, when a message came that a woman was anxiously inquiring for some one to visit her husband, who, she said, had called the whole household up on the previous night to pray with him, and was then in such agony of mind, that he threatened self-destruction.

Bro. Wright immediately set forth, and found the poor man pacing the room, wringing his hands, and crying out that there was no mercy for him now, for God's Spirit had ceased striving with him. Interrupted every now and then by groans and tears, he gave the following:—"I went to the East London Theatre seven weeks ago. At the sermon, Mr. Booth, who had been preaching, put his hand upon my shoulder, and asked me to give my heart to the Lord. I was then deeply convicted, but resisted the Spirit, and went home very, very wretched. Now I am afraid to go to sleep; hell seems all around me. I asked God to show me my sin. Instantly everything that I had done from my childhood rose before me, like a great black mountain. The first thing I could remember was, when a very little boy, killing a robin by putting a pin through its eyes. It's no use; I'm too wicked."

Bro. Wright replied, "You have asked God to show you yourself as a hell-deserving sinner; now ask Him to reveal Himself as a sin-pardoning Saviour." Our brother read John iii., and remained with him for two or three hours. During this time, light broke in upon his soul, and he was greatly comforted. Happily rejoicing in Jesus, his faith and peace are daily increasing.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Since February last I have anxiously watched the following A dear sister, who, for more than a year, had been one of our most zealous tract distributors, suddenly left, without assigning any reason. I was much interested in her, and regretted her loss; for I felt assured the district which she had weekly visited for so long would sadly miss her. In order, if possible, to discover the cause of so sudden a change, I frequently conversed with her, and, from time to time, on various occasions, learnt her history.

In the year 1867, a young girl, loosely attired, and with language and habits equally loose, might be seen as the foremost amongst a group of girls similar to herself, striving to annoy those "devil dodgers and ranters," as she termed our brethren and sisters, who daily proclaimed the gospel upon the Mile End Waste. On the 24th June, while Sister Collingridge was addressing the crowd upon the word "sin," this girl (generally known amongst her companions as the "little un") attempted to interrupt, by saying, "You're all sinners and going to hell;" they meanwhile urging her on by such sentences as these—"Go it, little un," "Now, then, give 'em a good un."

When our sister had concluded, Brother Knott gave out the hymn—

"We are travelling home to heaven above;
Will you go?"

A sudden change came over her—silence was

the only answer to the taunts of her companions, and as they sang the last verse—

"Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go;
I'll start this moment—clear the way,
Let me go!"—

she exclaimed, "At any rate, I will see where they devil dodgers be going to," and followed the procession into the Mission Hall.

I cannot here do better than give her conversion in her own words:—"I came next evening—the text taken was, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell,'—and went away more wretched still. On the following day, I was sitting in my room, singing and thinking over the hymn—

'Hast thou just begun to pray?—
Never give up!'—

when I said, 'Well, them people seems happy; if there's anything to be had, I'll have it.' I began to pray, and ask God to change my heart. I believed Jesus, and instantly felt, oh, so happy. I spent the whole day in singing and prayer. My sister and some of the neighbours came and rattled a tea-tray down the stairs, sang songs, and tried to knock me over; but this only drove me closer to Jesus, and He helped me through. Oh, I was happy then."

Soon after her father turned her out of doors for attending a midnight prayer meeting. Finding shelter for the night, she passed two days without daring to go home, and without tasting a morsel of food. She has since told us that she felt so full of the love of Jesus, that she did not want anything to eat. From this time, she endured weeks and months of persecution without wavering. Formerly in the front rank for Satan, she now showed her colours bravely for King Jesus.

But another trial awaited her. Her father, from whom she had suffered much, had become somewhat reconciled, when she feared losing her eyesight. Well do I recollect her sweet look of resignation, as she brought her tracts one evening, and asked me to find a substitute for a few weeks, for she was compelled to go into the hospital.

We prayed with and for her; but she was so happy and resigned to this increased affliction, that it seemed scarcely needed. After weeks of partial and eight days of entire blindness, the Lord unexpectedly answered our prayers by restoring her eye-sight, and she quickly resumed her place amongst us.

Strange to say, with prosperity came loss of first love. Repeated petty home trials accomplished that which great ones had been unable to touch; and, yielding to a sudden temptation, she fell, lost her peace of mind, and left the people of God.

Having openly done that which she knew to be wrong, she felt that she could no longer take out her tracts. We were much grieved, but agreed with her that while in this state of mind, she must refrain from taking any part in the Lord's work. Still we did not fill her place, feeling assured that, after so fully experiencing the presence of her Saviour, she could not be happy until she felt His arms once more around her.

She having named her father as the chief difficulty, I went to see him, and found him so wrapped up in self-righteousness, that he was almost impenetrable by the word of the Lord. Late one night, our sister came and asked me to go and see him, for he had been suddenly taken ill with cholera, and she feared that he was dying. I was unable to go, and a brother went in my stead. He visited him several times, with but little apparent success.

However, after his recovery and return from

the hospital, a great change was noticeable. Now that his daughter had grown cold, he seemed anxious, and wished her to attend the meetings, saying, "he would go if she would not." Still she refused.

On Saturday, August 6th, she was much surprised at his saying that he wished her to make arrangements for his going to service on the following day, with a fellow cabman, who had been lately converted, and had promised to call for him; also that she should come for money that evening in time to buy in the things for Sunday, so that she might not break the Sabbath. This had first occasioned her fall from God. He, staying out later than usual one Saturday night, through drink, had compelled her either to purchase the dinner on Sunday or leave her home.

On the following day, he attended the Mission Hall morning and afternoon, and the theatre in the evening. At the close of the latter service, we could not help shedding tears of joy to see the self-righteous father and backsliding daughter kneeling together at the same penitent form, both seeking the same Saviour, and unitedly crying, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

He has since been much tempted, through his old associates asking him to drink with them, but has as yet withstood bravely. Our sister, sincerely regretting the past, is humbly, we trust, retracing her steps. Father and daughter, who previously seemed but to live for each other's discomfort, are now united in the love of Jesus. The once wretched home is now happy. She tells me I should not know the place, it is so altered. All glory be to Him who has wrought this wonderful change!

M. C. BILLUPS.

SAVED IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

WHEN about to retire to rest, the other night, a person came to request me to visit a dying woman. I went at once, and found her very near the grave. She had broken a blood vessel, the previous day, and was told by the doctor that death was certain, and must be soon. I asked her whether she had made any preparation for dying. She looked at me with a look of despair that I shall never forget, and said, "It is too late now. Ah! if I had but embraced the Saviour the last time I heard you speak, in the Mile End Road, how differently would it have been with me to-night! but it is too late now." I said, "While there's life there's hope. If you will only venture your all upon the atoning blood, there is sufficient efficacy in that blood to cleanse you. Jesus Christ says, 'I am the way;' and if you come in that way, he will in no wise cast you out." She said, "Do you think God will save me?" I said, "I am sure He will, if you comply with the conditions." In an agony, she wept and prayed till quite exhausted. I said to her, "Now, trust Jesus: simple trust will bring to your soul the blessing that you want;" but she could not lay hold; and being afraid of exhausting her too much, I prayed and left her.

I went home, and spent some time pleading with God in her behalf, and felt in my heart the assurance that He would save her. In the morning, about 9 o'clock, I called again, and found her calm and composed. They informed me that she had spent the night in prayer. She looked at me, and said, "I am trusting Jesus." I said, "Do you think He will save you?" She answered, "I do." I asked, "When?" and added, "He says, 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'" She saw it, believed it; and instantly her soul was set at liberty, and she began to praise God.

I called again in the evening, and found her sweetly happy. She gave a most pleasing testimony to the power of God in her soul's salvation. On the following day, she fell asleep in Jesus. I saw her a short time before she died, and found her rejoicing in the Lord. She sang as she passed through the river, and now she is singing the song of redeeming love in heaven. Glory be to God for another sinner saved by grace.

E. COLLINGRIDGE.

SHOREDITCH.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WORKER AT SHOREDITCH.

SUNDAY, July 11th. A good day at Shoreditch. Open-air at ten. Good meeting. I preached at eleven in the Hall. Good influence; my own soul was much blessed. Praise the Lord! Went up to the great love feast at Approach Road chapel. Sang up in procession, and back the same. It was a blessed time to our souls. Hallelujah to the Lamb for ever!

Open-air at six. Many people, and good attention. The power of the Spirit was with us. Several wept while the story of the cross was told, and at the close we sang in procession to the theatre.

Mr. Hamilton preached. Six came upon the stage seeking mercy. One, a black man, who had been to the open-air meetings all day, and had listened very attentively; he had been getting his living by conjuring and the like in public-houses; but now he was convicted that he was wrong. I spoke to him about his soul, and saw how deeply he was convicted. He trembled from head to foot, fell upon his knees, and cried aloud for God to have mercy upon him, for if he died as he was he would go to hell. After a mighty struggle he cast his guilty soul on Jesus, and believed that His precious blood cleansed him from all his sins, and then he rejoiced in a sin-pardoning Saviour. He then began to point others to the same Saviour. Six obtained the blessing of pardon, and went home happy in His love. Hallelujah to the Lamb, He can save men of all nations, and of every colour.

Monday. Good open-air meeting. Well attended, and good attention. Brother Harrison and myself spoke. The working men from Spitalfields market listened with tears in their eyes while we told them their sins could be forgiven through the blood of Jesus, who came to take away the sins of the world.

Afterwards I preached in the Hall, which was crowded, and there was a good influence. We are increasing in numbers and power. The Lord is with us. Several were anxious about their souls. May God lay the weight of the perishing thousands around us on our hearts, so that we may travail in birth for them; for when Zion travaileth she shall bring forth. I want to be useful in winning souls for my Saviour.

Tuesday, July 20. Preached at Shoreditch. Had some opposition from a Romanist in the open air, but God gave us the victory. Hallelujah!

The Hall was crowded, and the word was with power. The Spirit deeply convicted many sinners. When I finished preaching, I invited those who wanted salvation to come to the platform. Five came up at once, and sought pardon at the foot of the cross. It was a blessed sight to see them so deeply in earnest. They were soon enabled to rejoice in Jesus. "Not by night, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." This was a service not soon to be forgotten. Hallelujah!

Friday, July 23rd. Open-air: began with the

Lord and myself only. Commenced by prayer. Some people came to see what was the matter with me kneeling down on the ground alone praying in silence. Then I sang. God helped me to speak. My tongue was loosened, and we soon had a great crowd of people. One man, under the influence of drink, came to oppose us; but the people were so anxious to hear what I had to say about my Saviour saving me from strong drink and sin, even to the uttermost, that he was soon obliged to go, or the people would have dragged him off. I spoke for forty minutes. When I finished we had about 400 people standing listening to God's way of saving people from sin and hell.

Many followed us to the Hall, which was crowded. Several signed the pledge, as it was a temperance meeting. May God help them to stand true to it!

Sunday, July 25th. Poplar all day. Preached at eleven in the Hall. The Lord was very powerfully with us. My own soul was much blessed, and God's people were stirred up. Hallelujah!

In the afternoon a fellowship meeting, and a very good one indeed; the place seemed all on fire for Jesus; three and four got up to speak at a time. I felt at home.

At six we were in the open-air. The people listened with great attention. Sang away to the Oriental. Good congregation. Mighty power upon the people. Six came to the penitent form for salvation; and, hallelujah, they got it and went home happy. Praise the Lord, it was a good day. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord for us all.

Sunday, August 1. Preached at Whitechapel in the morning. A good service. I felt much liberty in speaking. Afterwards a brother said, "Your sermon was all for me this morning, it just fitted me, every word of it; it was just what I needed; for I was getting cold and indifferent. But I prayed this morning before I came from home that God would give you something to say that would do me good; and bless His name, he has answered my prayer, and I'm going home quite a different man, very happy, praise the Lord." This cheered my soul, but I thought what blessed services ours would be if we soaked our words with tears before we left home, and how many more would be blessed if they prayed before they came from home, as this brother did. May the spirit of prayer come upon us!

In the evening, preached at the City Theatre. Good congregation, and more power than usual. Four came on to the stage and found the Saviour. Spoke to a backslider. She was convicted at the excursion, but she would not go into the ring among the anxious. The devil told her she could get the blessing at home. She had broken down at the theatre, but would not come out. After we came out of the theatre, I spoke to her; she burst into tears. We took her to our house where we had a hard struggle for an hour, after which she got the blessing of forgiveness, and went home praising God.

Monday. Preached at Whitechapel. Good service. Hall crowded. Several under deep conviction. The power of heaven seemed to rest upon the people while I was speaking. Great liberty. Want more power—more of God; less human—more divine. Brother Knott preached at Shoreditch. Two souls decided. Praise the Lord! I long to be valiant for the Lord, and to be strong in his might.

Wednesday. Led the class at Croydon. Hallelujah, things are looking glorious! The Lord has been with Mrs. Collingridge. Many have been saved. Hall fills every night, and the Workmen's Hall on Sundays is well attended.

Fourteen souls last Sunday. Hallelujah to the Lamb! We are increasing in numbers and in power. Satan has begun to find it out; but we are routing the foe, and making the tempter fly. The Lord of hosts is on our side, what have we to fear? He will give us the victory over all our enemies.

Sunday, August 8. I was at Bethnal Green all day. In the morning we broke bread together. It was a time never to be forgotten. We were blessed above measure. One man who has a part of his family saved and connected with the mission, some of them that morning sitting at the Lord's table, said to me he wanted to give the Lord his heart, and be converted. I told him the Lord was willing to save him just then and there. He was broken up, and at the close of the meeting we prayed with him, and pointed him to Jesus. And then and there he obtained mercy, and went home a new creature in Christ Jesus. Hallelujah!

In the afternoon he was at the meeting to testify of the saving change God had wrought in him by His Spirit. It was a good time. Nearly all in the meeting were saved, and gave their experience.

Open-air at six p.m. The people listened well to Bro. Fisher and myself who addressed them.

The Hall was crowded. The Spirit of the Lord was in the meeting. One backslider found peace. Not many unconverted in the Hall. Some under convictions, but would not yield. But I trust and pray they may never rest until they find Jesus.

Brother Longmore was at the City Theatre the same evening. Good meeting. Six souls. Praise the Lord for all His blessings! The Lord is blessing us at Shoreditch, finding out the hypocrites, reclaiming backsliders. Still help us, O Lord, for Thy name's sake.

Tuesday, August 10. This was a powerful time. Spoke in the Mile End Road with Bro. Flawn. The Mission Hall comfortably full. Spoke specially to backsliders. And when I left off preaching, three came weeping, seeking to have their backslidings healed. Hallelujah! Two were weeping, but would not yield. Five were saved, three signed the pledge, and God blessed us abundantly. We have a right to expect mighty results from preaching Jesus. I want to be better acquainted with Him, and with His word, and to be filled with His Spirit, so that I may be useful in winning souls.

JAMES DOWDLE.

POPLAR.

STREET PERSECUTION.

On Sunday, Aug. 1st, we held seven services, four in-doors, and three in the streets. Our meeting at the Dock gate, and the procession from the gate to the theatre will long be remembered, from the opposition made by the sons of Belial. Mr. Owen tried in vain to explain to the persecuting crowd our intentions in holding open-air services; but, true to the old adage, "We don't like it, and won't have it;" they were proof against remonstrance; and as we moved on to the theatre, showers of stones and clouds of mud were thrown at us. One woman was very much cut under the eye by a stone thrown at Bro. Owen. A brother got his clothes very much torn, and his head bruised, as he got between five or six roughs who wanted to lay hands on myself; and others were torn, kicked, and covered with mud; but they stood firm, and took "joyfully the spoiling of their goods," for Christ's sake.

The meeting in the theatre was of the true revival sort, and forgetting their own sufferings, several of the friends besought God to forgive their persecutors, and unitedly sang,

"We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm,
It's rage is almost over;
We'll anchor in the harbour soon,
In the land beyond the river."

Br. Owen was filled with the Spirit, and with much warmth exhorted the people simply to look to God in Christ for salvation, and to confess their conviction by coming out. One man, two women, and several youths obeyed the call, and rose professing a sense of God's love. One man called out for permission to sign the pledge, as he would have no more to do with drink, seeing that it had upset him all the way through life.

The next night we held a very successful service in the Woodstock Road; a crowd followed to the Hall, and five confessed Jesus.

A DAY IN THE STREETS.

For Sunday, Aug. 8, we had made arrangements for a camp meeting, but the day dawned amid showers of rain. The first service was appointed for seven a.m.; and, undaunted by wind or wet, the friends met for prayer, and were much blessed. The second service was announced for ten a.m.; but the rain continuing, it was resolved to mission the streets, into which we started; and from 10.45 a.m., to 5 p.m., seven services were held, the last in Crisp Street, where a very large congregation was drawn together to hear the gospel.

At six p.m. the evening services were begun in the field, while a second service was going on in the High Street. A little before seven p.m., a procession was formed, and singing,

"We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,"

proceeded with a goodly number of people to the theatre, where a love feast was held, and with unflinching interest kept on until ten p.m.

Monday, 9th, we had the free use of the Baptist chapel and schools for a public tea. Afterwards a good meeting was held. The minister and several of the deacons were present, and one of them spoke with much good feeling of the work the mission is doing in Poplar.

W. J. SHEEHAN.

LIMEHOUSE.

PENNY GAFF.

We are happy to report that the Lord is still with us, saving sinners and blessing His own people. Many of the new converts are earnestly seeking, by their daily walk and conversation, to show to the world that the religion they have embraced has made them new creatures. They are also earnestly trying, in different ways, to persuade others to flee from the wrath to come.

The open-air meetings have been well-attended, and, notwithstanding much opposition, the Lord has given his blessing.

The other night, as a large crowd was listening to a brother speaking, some man came up, and said we ought to be put in prison;—why could we not keep in the churches or chapels?—and seemed determined to put a stop to the meeting; but the ungodly took our part, and one of them called out, "They are right, and we are wrong; so if you don't like it, you had better go about your business; we will hear them;" so the man quietly went away, and left us to go on in peace. The man who had taken our part said, "I have been drinking for nine weeks; I will now give it up;" so he followed us into the hall, and signed the pledge.

A MODEL TEMPERANCE MEETING.

One evening a man stopped to hear us sing-

ing; and as he stood listening, the Spirit of God took hold of him, and made him feel what a sinner he was. He followed us into the hall. We had a temperance meeting that evening, and he signed the pledge, which, we hope, was only the beginning of better days. That night the Spirit of God was present most blessedly, and it was a salvation as well as a teetotal meeting. While a brother was speaking and inviting the people to sign the pledge, and also to get down upon their knees and ask God to save their souls, some man cried out, "I will;" and he came forward and signed it. I spoke to him about his soul, and he said he was such a great sinner; but I told him Jesus was a great Saviour, and how He saved the dying thief, and that He was willing to save him. He said, "I will try," and knelt down, and, with the tears running down his face, ventured himself just as he was on Christ, and went away happy.

Another young man, who had been coming to the hall for some time, said he had made up his mind several times not to come any more, for the more he came, the more miserable he was; but it seemed as if he could not help coming, and, however much he had resolved to stay away, when the time came for meeting, he was sure to be there. On Sunday he came to the penitent form and got saved; and he says he is now very happy. His old mates laugh at him, and tell him hell soon turn again, and that he'll be sure to die soon now. He has bought a twopenny Testament to carry about in his pocket; and when he is reading it, they laugh and throw things at him; but he says, "I tell them I am very happy, and I mean, by God's help, to keep on in this good way."

Sunday, August 8th, was a good day. In the open air many listened to the word, and afterwards followed us into the hall, where the power of God rested on the congregation. At the close of the meeting, five came forward and sought and found Jesus. One of them was a young man who, while listening, felt the Spirit striving with him; but he resisted, and cried out, "I will not be saved, I will not be saved." He went out and came in again several times; but at ten o'clock he could hold out no longer, and came down to the penitent form, and cried to God to save him; and at last he believed He did save him, and went away trusting and rejoicing.

STEPHEN KNOTT.

BETHNAL GREEN.

PERSECUTION.

The work of the Lord still prospers with us, and our hearts are being continually refreshed with the victorious songs of liberated souls. We nightly meet with much persecution, often during the services large stones and other missiles are thrown through the windows and at the doors, sometimes rendering it almost impossible for the preacher to proceed. Now and then they manage to evade the doorkeeper, and enter the Hall, and when inside they never neglect a single opportunity of interrupting or disturbing the meetings. When unable to obtain admittance, they congregate around the door and under the windows, singing low songs, and uttering profane language.

At one time, whilst our brethren were speaking in the streets, a man raised an upper window, and threatened that unless we moved away he would throw the contents of a pitcher of water over us, and as if to suit the action to the word, lifted up the pitcher; whereupon a brother replied, "We are not afraid of fire, and it's not likely that we are of water; but listen, my

friend, to the promise of a loving God, and receive the water of life freely." The man at once closed the window, the meeting was proceeded with, and at the service in the Hall which followed, souls were brought to Christ. But through all, the angel of the Lord encampeth round about us, and delivereth us.

Our people are hungering and thirsting after a higher, holier spiritual life, longing more and more to do God's will on earth as it is done in heaven.

A FAMILY SAVED.

On Sunday morning, Aug. 11th, a man whispered in Bro. Dowdle's ear that he had determined not to leave the hall until God had spoken peace to his soul. At the close of the service a few remained to pray with him, and after a short struggle he was enabled to rejoice in a knowledge of sins forgiven. For some time he had been the subject of the prayers of his wife and sons, all of whom have been converted in the mission. The night afterwards his young daughter was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth at the "Little ones' believers' meeting." To God be all the glory.

WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

We have also been greatly encouraged by the continued presence of God's saving power among the children. Some of our happiest seasons are in their meetings. At one of them a little girl, whilst relating her experience, spoke of her temptations, and said that sometimes Satan would tell her that it was no use, it would be impossible for her to keep her religion. She was followed by a little boy scarce nine years of age, who commenced by saying, "I thank God because I know that my sins are all forgiven; when I was converted I slept right into liberty. I haven't got to keep my religion, it keeps me."

We have been praying for a mighty revival, and are ever on the watch for its appearance. May God hasten it!

J. F. R.

CAMP MEETING ON LONDON FIELDS.

On Sunday and Monday, July 25th and 26th, we held a camp meeting in the London Fields. The Sabbath meetings were conducted by Bros. Eason and Jermy, and addressed by the Bethnal Green pioneer band, by Bro. Smith, from Poplar, and other friends. The services commenced at 10.30 in the morning, and were continued until 11 at night. During the day there were many anxious souls. Bro. Dowdle has sent us a fuller report of the proceedings on—

MONDAY.

The day was very hot, and the wind blew the dust in all directions; consequently, we could not begin the meetings till both tents were up. At three o'clock our arrangements were finished, when I addressed the meeting in the small tent, and then Bro. Knott. The people listened well, and the Spirit was manifestly striving with many. We followed the speaking with a prayer meeting, when four souls professed peace through believing. Brothers Stevens and Jermy then gave short addresses, followed by another prayer meeting, during which several others came out to seek mercy.

A FAMILY SEEKING PARDON.

Two lads, about thirteen years of age, brothers, and their father and mother were weeping and praying for God to have mercy upon them and pardon their sins at the same time. It was a blessed sight. Many hard hearts were melted, and eyes not accustomed to tears were compelled to weep at the sight of parents and children, with an old man seventy-five years

of age, clinging together at the foot of the cross. The old man's face shone with delight, while one of the lads, clapping his hands, shouted at the top of his voice, "I do believe; He has saved me, bless His name!" This was a problem that London-fields infidels and sceptics could not solve. It was victory on Israel's side. Hallelujah!

Ten was provided in the large tent, where about 100 sat down. After tea was cleared away, we held another meeting in each of the tents. The large tent was crowded, and the speaking was with much power. Many who were stricken under the word were taken to the other tent to be conversed and prayed with, and several found peace while the meeting was progressing. At the conclusion, we held a prayer meeting, at which some dreadful backsliders were restored.

While we were praying with these, God was working amongst the people, and sinners kept coming into the ring and giving themselves up to God. All praise be to our Jesus given!

I am sure this was a blessed day. Unbelievers, infidels, and scoffers had no power with us. They tried their arts, but they perceived that God was with us, and they had to give way, and, with their master, the devil, quit the field. Hallelujah!

It seems to me that a field day like this would often do us good, and be owned of God in saving numbers who never go inside a place of worship. I believe we should storm the citadel of Satan, as it seldom gets stormed, on his own ground. May God help us and clothe us with power. Oh for more power! to be filled with the Spirit, men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, knowing nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified."

STRATFORD.

SOME time ago a misunderstanding arose at this place, and the brother who had the oversight of the station left, with the greater part of the people. Since then we have had uphill work, but the few left behind have kept struggling on. In our last number we narrated some of the measures taken with a view to a revival, and the following letter from a dear brother who labours in season and out of season here tells of prayer answered and persevering labour crowned with blessing.

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—The Lord has begun a good work at Stratford, and I have no doubt a few lines respecting it will be interesting.

July 1st. Prayer meeting. After a few words about giving ourselves afresh to God, in order to get a revival of His work, we had a blessed time. Some of the friends shouted aloud for very joy.

Sunday morning. Prayer meeting at seven o'clock. Eight prayed, and the Lord was present in a very powerful manner. In the evening Mrs. Booth preached, and I trust everlasting good was done. The people were much wrought upon.

Tuesday night. Cottage meeting. Room full, and several seeking the Saviour.

Thursday. Believers' meeting. After being engaged in the blessed work two hours and a half, we were constrained to say—

"When together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We are loth to leave the place."

Saturday night and Sunday morning at seven o'clock the Lord was very gracious. During the day the congregations were larger.

Tuesday night. Cottage meeting. Several inquiring after salvation.

Thursday. Believers' meeting. Was a night

long to be remembered by us all. Five men and women joined us. They all bid fair to be useful, and so will be a great help to us.

Another evening, Brother and Sister L. returned again to us. We welcomed them with all our hearts. We had a glorious meeting.

Saturday night, Brother Lamb went out to invite the people to the hall. Calling on one of our sisters, he found her very sorrowful. Her son was at the public-house getting drunk. He went and fetched him out, got him to his mother, and talked and prayed with him till he fell on the floor and cried to God to spare him till he got sober, and then he would come to the hall. He did so, and has been attending the means ever since. He has been to the penitent form; and to see his dear mother standing between her son and his wife, pleading with God, and to hear their cries for mercy, was a sight to make saints and angels rejoice.

Bro. Lamb has commenced out-door work in East Street, one of the worst parts of Stratford. On Sunday the publican—a publican living close by—brought out his bottle and glass to treat him; but he told him that he was a teetotaler, and drank water. On this, the publican threatened that if he came there any more, he should have plenty from the chamber window. But we have been again, and I think the Lord is giving us favour in the sight of the people. Four of the cottages—one at each end of the street, and two in the centre—have opened their houses for prayer meetings, and the Lord is with us at each of them, and sinners are crying for mercy. To God be all the glory.

July 29th. Believers' meeting. God's people were much encouraged and strengthened. Two fresh members.

Sunday, seven o'clock, prayer meeting. One man found peace, after a fortnight's weeping and prayer. At night his wife was at the penitent form, crying for mercy, with three others.

Monday. Preacher disappointed us, but the Lord was with us.

Tuesday. Cottage meeting. Five crying for pardon. One woman, an awful backslider, found peace.

Wednesday. Brother Sheehan preached. Three came to the penitent form. One, I trust, found the Lord.

Thursday. Believers' meeting. Twenty-one present. After a few words on the verse, "The praying spirit breathe," a baptism of the Holy Ghost fell on every one present, and we had a blessed time. Four fresh converts had their names entered, not only in our book, but, I trust, in heaven. We went home rejoicing.

I am about to establish a new meeting for those who cannot come on Thursday evening, and I expect a room full. The people are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. May the Lord fill them! We are all praying for the publican. We have got three of his best customers. May the Lord convert his soul, and turn his house into a Mission Hall,—it is just in the right place.
J. BARBER.

CROYDON.

OUR Sister Collingridge having lately held a week's meetings at Croydon, we requested her to send us a brief report. The following is her reply.

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—I rejoice greatly to tell you that my visit to our new Mission Station at Croydon, has been made through God the means of great blessing to myself as well as to many others. I have enjoyed the sweetest communion with my blessed Saviour, and my soul has been filled with glory and with God. Praise His dear name.

On Sunday, July 25th, we had a good day; a very blessed influence was felt in the morning by all present, and the prayer-meeting in the afternoon was good too, the friends all seeming to have the spirit of believing prayer.

At six o'clock the brethren held an open-air service. Conviction seized the hearts of some of the standers by, and they followed our friends to the Hall, after which I preached to about 500 people. The word was with power; many were pricked to the heart, and at the close of the service, nine dear souls came out for Jesus, two of which were backsliders in heart; and they went away, realising a sweet sense of pardon. It was a time never to be forgotten.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings I spoke again to attentive audiences. Souls went away each night much impressed, promising to come again, saying, "We have never heard the gospel so plainly preached in our lives as your people preach it."

On Wednesday night we had an experience meeting, conducted by Brother Dowdle, when several friends related the history of their conversion.

SAVED AT THE EXCURSION.

One dear sister said, "I am so glad I went to Tunbridge Wells with your excursion, for I was converted there. I was very miserable when I went down in the train, but, thank God, I came back very happy." This dear sister brought her persecuting husband with her to the meeting on Sunday night, and he was smitten to the heart.

BELIEVING PRAYER ANSWERED.

Another dear sister, brought to God at one of Mrs. Booth's meetings, told us how happy she was, and how she was praying for her husband, and how hard his heart was; "but," said the dear woman, "I mean to pray on, and I feel sure God will hear me, and some night you will see him come in at the door."

He came the next night, and every night till the following Monday, when he ventured his soul upon Jesus, and went home a changed and happy man.

On Friday night, assisted by two warm hearted brethren, I held a Temperance Meeting, at the close of which six signed the pledge.

On Sunday, August the 1st, we had greater blessing than the previous Sabbath; larger attendance at all the meetings, good open-air services; large gatherings in the evening. Preached from "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." It was a time of great power; twelve souls came out, weeping penitents at the feet of Jesus, and two others were seeking Jesus down the Hall. It was a scene which angels rejoiced over, as one after another found the Saviour; and doubtless they sang, "The dead's alive, the lost is found."

DELIVERANCE TO THE CAPTIVE.

On Monday, a good time again; when about to close the meeting, I spoke to a dear brother who had been in bondage for many months, and found him in great distress of mind. I asked him if he would come out for Jesus; seeing he hesitated to do this, we gathered around him on our knees, and commenced offering prayer on his behalf. No sooner had we done this, than he fell down and began to pray for himself. After two or three brethren had prayed, we sang, while still on our knees, "The precious blood of Jesus washes white as snow;" he sang it too, and sang it believingly, and as he sang he realised in himself the blood applied, and then he sang, "Lord, I believe it, for Thou hast washed me," as loudly as any one else. The joy of the wife was beyond descrip-

tion; she told me when I saw her the following day, as soon as he got home he fell on his knees praying, and praising God; and she said, "I never saw him do that in my life before."

On Tuesday I spoke for the last time, and we had a similar blessing. When leaving, we had to go back and pray with a young woman in great distress of soul. She, too, found the Lord.

Will the readers of our magazine pray for these lambs of Christ's flock, that they may be kept steadfast? I believe what we have already seen in this place is but the beginning of a great and mighty work.

One lady said, "This mission has been the instrument in God's hands of doing a large amount of good in Croydon." Some of those brought to God have been among the most degraded, and from the lowest neighbourhoods. God is working, and His work must go on. None can hinder Him. All the glory be to Him alone.—Yours in Jesus,
E. COLLINGRIDGE.

EDINBURGH.

10th August, 1869.

"His name for ever shall endure,
Last like the sun it shall endure;
Men shall be blessed in Him; and blessed
All nations shall Him call."

PRaise God, that name is our banner; we follow a mighty Conqueror to mighty victories; we march by faith to blessed triumphs. Faith prevails with God, overcomes the world, sin, and Satan, treads down impossibilities, and leaps to victory. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The cause of Christ prospers among us. When we look around, we see souls flying to the cross, as doves to their windows. When we look forward, we see fields ripening for the harvest. Bless His holy name!

"The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war."

"This is our victory—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe and conquer all."

The work of the past month was commenced with an entire week of prayer. Believers experienced great liberty of soul, with much of the presence and power of God. At the close of each meeting, numbers remained, anxiously inquiring, and praise God! many professed to find pardon through the sin-cleansing blood of the great atonement. Hallelujah!

Sabbath, 18th July. Mr. Adam addressed the meeting. Nine professed faith in Jesus. One of these was a man who said he had been in this same house six years ago, and was faithfully spoken to about his soul. "I was miserable for three days and nights after it, but I threw it off; and from that night till now I have never been in a place of worship.

"But this night I see Jesus
Hanging on the cross."

Wednesday, 21st July, was a good meeting. While the people were being urged to take Jesus, one woman cried out, "I'm a sinner; I'll take Jesus." From the platform, Mr. A. pointed out the way of salvation, and asked her to accept of it; upon which she clasped both hands upon her heart, and said, "I have it, I have it."

The brethren sang—
"Happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

VISIT OF MR. AND MRS. BOOTH.

A free breakfast was provided for 400 of the poor on the morning of Sabbath, the 25th July.

The house was crowded to the door. Mr. Booth gave an address, at the close of which the "anxious seats" were filled with those who earnestly desired to be prayed with and pointed to the Lamb of God. Twenty out of these professed to take Jesus as their own Saviour. Glory!

Mr. Booth also preached a thrilling sermon in the afternoon. A glorious time. Numbers inquiring; twelve professed to find salvation. Praise the Lord!

In the evening hundreds could not get admittance. Mrs. Booth preached a heart-searching sermon, and in all parts of the chapel weeping and seeking souls were to be found. From twenty to thirty came to the penitent forms; old and young, acknowledging their need of Christ, fell on their knees, and cried for mercy. Upwards of twenty professed to find Jesus. Hallelujah!

Monday, 26th July. Mr. Booth again preached, several inquiring the way to eternal life.

Tuesday, 27th. Meeting only of those who were workers in the Lord's vineyard. Many mingled with us from neighbouring missions. Mr. Booth gave some of his experience in the work, and gave directions to those who were desirous of working for the Master.

Wednesday, 28th July, was a good time. One man, a backslider, was just leaving, when we said to him, "Well, have you accepted Jesus?" "Yes, I have accepted Jesus, but I'm not pardoned." "Man," we said, "that cannot be; you cannot have accepted Jesus, and yet not be pardoned, for Jesus is everything that you can desire; He is pardon, righteousness, peace, joy, holiness, sanctification, complete redemption. Jesus is all God can desire or demand. Will you not be satisfied with such a Saviour?" After a minute of silence, he looked hard at me, and said, "I will be satisfied with Christ, I will." We sang—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done;"

and just as we finished, he broke through the group, fell on his knees, cried for mercy, and asked God to magnify His grace in him, and then earnestly prayed for his friends.

August 6th.

EXPERIENCE MEETING.

Opened with praise and prayer, after which a brother rose and said—

"When first the Lord brought me out of the mire and clay, I used to look up for heaven; but now I have heaven in my soul, and the more of heaven I have in my soul, the more of heaven's power will I carry about with me."

'Come, sing to me of heaven.'

"I am enabled to shout, Victory through the blood of the Lamb; I am a sinner saved by grace. I am very happy. It was a lucky thing for me when I was brought to the Lord."

'I am a sinner saved by grace.'

It is seven months since I found the Lord. He was exceedingly precious to me at that time. My shopmates tell me there is a great deal less swearing in the shop since I turned revival.

'Now will I tell to sinners round.'

It is two and a half years since I gave my heart to God. My home was then like a little hell; now it is like a little heaven. Glory! I find it a glorious thing to work for Jesus.

'My heavenly home is bright and fair.'