

them, about the age of fifteen, and gradually grew more hardened and abandoned.

God led me, one night, into the Christian Mission. Every word spoken I took to myself. The prayers touched my heart, and shook me with fear. I saw I was lost—lost. I cried to God to turn me from my evil ways, and forgive my many sins.

On the 6th of October, I came back to the meeting; and the prayers, through the Spirit's power, melted "my hard heart." Satan strove hard to keep me from the penitent form; but I thought seriously, and defied the devil, and went.

That night, by prayer and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, my sins were freely forgiven, my eyes were opened, and my heart was filled with joy. Glory be to God, I am not ashamed to tell you I know my sins are now forgiven, and I am rejoicing on my way to heaven. Hallelujah! My work is now to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, and try and bring others to Christ. His burden is light, and His yoke is easy.

A. C.

OPENING OF A NEW MISSION HALL AT BOW COMMON.

EVER since we became more particularly acquainted with the spiritual destitution in the East of London, we have felt specially interested in this deplorably dark district. Here, amidst manure manufactories, gas works, chemical works, match factories, and other similar establishments, live thousands of people in utter indifference and ignorance of spiritual things.

Having at last the opportunity of taking a good hall, capable of seating nearly 300 people, we at once secured it; and on Sunday, Oct. 17th, two days after it came into our possession, we opened it.

The neighbourhood was well visited the preceding day, and an open air meeting held prior to the Sabbath evening service, after which Mrs. Coates preached. The place was crowded, so much so, that the adjoining vestry had to be opened, and that was filled. God blessed the service, and some precious conversions followed.

Every night since open air and indoor meetings have been held. Our Bro. Lamb, who has come from Stratford to live close by, has gone out after his daily toil, with a board announcing the meetings, and with tracts from house to house. And on Thursday the place was nearly full. This is a glorious commencement, for which we are very grateful. Will our friends pray specially for BOW COMMON?

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

GENERAL WORK.		FROM SEPTEMBER 15TH, TO OCTOBER 15TH, 1869.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
John Melrose, Esq.	10 0 0	Mr. Chamberlain	0 5 0
A friend from Brighton	0 10 0	Mrs. Pearse	0 5 0
Mr. G. Davies	0 10 0	A. P.	0 10 0
Hy. Stephens, M.D.	3 0 0	Miss Diaper	5 0 0
Miss Garnett	0 10 0	Two friends at York	1 10 0
Mrs. Gladen	1 0 0	Barnstaple	1 0 0
L. Glenton, Esq.	5 0 0	Mrs. Gibson	5 0 0
A. Sherbrooke, Esq.	1 0 0	E. M. L.	5 0 0
Sunnyside	5 0 0	A friend, per Mrs. Booth	2 10 0
The Sunny Side	0 10 0	Friend from Dalry	0 5 0
Mr. Sawyer	1 0 0	PERSONAL SUPPORT.	
J. C. B.	0 1 0	Major Shadford, Esq.	5 0 0
Friend	0 2 9	Barnstaple	1 0 0
"	0 2 9	EDINBURGH BRANCH.	
Mr. Jno. Andrews	0 5 0	Offerings on Mission	3 0 3/4
J. C.	0 2 0	M. Wells	1 0 0
		Mrs. Wells	0 10 0
		M. Lawson	0 10 0
		Miss Gealleately	0 5 0
		Mrs. Stuart	0 5 0
		Miss Swan	0 5 0
		Mr. Millar	0 2 6
		Miss Matheson	0 2 0
		D. Hamilton	0 1 0
		Mrs. Kerr	0 1 0
		A friend	0 1 0
		Mrs. McKimmie	0 1 0
		M. Brown	0 1 0
		Mrs. Temison	0 0 6
		Mr. Howie	0 2 6
		T. Calder	0 0 6
		T. Ross	0 0 6
		S. Swart	0 0 3
		Friend	0 0 6

MRS. BOOTH AT BRIGHTON.

Mrs. Booth continues preaching on Sabbaths at the Pavilion Dome to large congregations. In the afternoon about 1,500, and in the evening 2,000 persons are present.

Many tokens of the divine presence have been realised, and many testimonies borne as to blessings received both by the Lord's people and by the unconverted. Continued prayer for these services is earnestly requested.

THE EVANGELIST.

WILL our friends pray for the usefulness of the EVANGELIST? We occasionally receive letters and hear testimonies to the effect that Christians are being quickened and souls awakened by it. It was so with our last number. A lady writes us from the country this morning:

"We have extracts from the 'Evangelist' read in meetings here, and they have been greatly blessed in stirring up Christians to work. I trust the coming winter will witness still greater blessing upon your work."

Could not a similar plan be adopted elsewhere? We are sure that many of the papers and much of the intelligence might be read in little gatherings with great profit.

OUR NEW TITLE.

ON and after January, 1870 (God willing), the Evangelist will bear the name, "CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE: a Treasury of Revival Literature, and a Record of Evangelistic Work among the People." We think the character of our Paper will be best indicated by this title, and we hope our friends will endeavour to secure for it a

LARGER AND MORE GENERAL CIRCULATION.

We need not say that at present the Evangelist involves the Mission in a loss, which would be avoided could we double our circulation. If every subscriber would secure one other, this would be done. *Who will try?*

THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

"UNDO YOUR WORK!"

I was early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favourably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up, "if it was in me." So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticised. O! how often have I thought since then—had my Bible but been my text book!

I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of Him. Many of my companions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was Althorp—a fine fellow in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There was John Monk and Fred Larrys—O yes, a host of them; I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings, and finally, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I agreed to remain with L—, a popular stage manager in one of our largest and wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general favourite with the public, and my appearance never failed to call forth vehement applause, so that I became vain of my own personal beauty, and of the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept me from the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with contempt on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which, I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L—, I began to notice sitting in the pit, a fair-haired boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited, always entering into the spirit of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft and delicate as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he oftener made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more

excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten *me*. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair woman. She could not have seen more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the candour of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life; I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the flitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling, for what I had come; and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and His cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far out-weighting that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in — street, wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from its broad arch swept masses of silken light hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grieved, and careworn look gave to features exceedingly

youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awe-struck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the Gospel now? Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement. He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend; I say you have ruined me! Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres from hell, worse than ever the imagination of men could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thrall'd by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. Come"—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with horror—"undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, *my* destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"O! do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Surely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! Never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn—his deep-drawn gasping sobs, heaving chest—and tears heavily falling over the white face, while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honoured—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how in my eager admiration I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you!"

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony: but oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your own sight and the sight of Heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the

vile, the very vilest. Oh! will you forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—

"Do this—give me hope—hope—a little hope that Heaven will accept me—oh! pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency! Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he *would* and *did* give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed blinds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of the night.

I was led again into that room—led, half-blinded by tears, to the bed. Serenely beautiful gleamed the noble brow. The locks, no longer damp, were not tossed back in a troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said I must tell you that he was willing to die—that there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and subsequently, as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me!" the blessed, heavenly message that my soul has longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.

FLAMES OF FIRE. No. 2.

HOWELL HARRIS,
THE WELSH EVANGELIST.
(Concluded.)

ON the following Sunday Harris stood in a church in Carnarvonshire, and heard himself denounced, in a sermon preached by the "Chancellor," as a minister of the devil, an enemy to God, to the Church, and to all mankind. The enraged Churchman called upon the people "to join unanimately against such a man;" the people obeyed their teacher, and as Harris passed from the church for his horse many stones were flung at him; "but," he writes, "the Lord saved me from receiving any considerable harm, and kept them from laying violent hands upon me. Thus I was greatly endangered all this week,

and often thought that I should not be permitted to return alive from this county."

He frequently passed over the line into England, where similar trials beset him. While preaching at Swindon, with Cennick, they were assailed by the mob, who "went the length of their chain" in venting their rage upon him. They brought horns, guns, and a fire-engine. "When they presented a gun to my forehead," he says, "my soul was happy; I could cheerfully stand as a mark for them." A ruffian struck him on his mouth till the blood came; but God was pleased to endow him with uncommon patience and meekness, and "great power to speak to the people, and many listened with great seriousness." After the sermon the itinerants walked up into the town, exhorting those who opposed them, though

smear'd with mire, gunpowder, and the muddy water thrown by the engine. They were followed by a wondering concourse of poor husbandmen and mechanics; and when they had borrowed a change of clothes, and had washed themselves, Harris again came forth and preached to the crowds who lingered in the yard of the house where he was entertained. Such was the spirit of this extraordinary man; and it was what the times required. His renewed appeal had immediate effect. "I am persuaded," he says, "that some of them were convinced of sin; and they begged us earnestly to come to a village about a mile distant, which we promised if God would so permit. Then we went to that village, where the word of God runs and is glorified."

The moral strength of the suffering evangelist grew under his trials. "O what experience," he exclaims sublimely, "I gained by this perilous journey! The Lord by degrees continued to show me more of the height, depth, length, and breadth of his love in Christ; and led me to know, by experience, more of his sufferings, death, and resurrection, love, and faithfulness. . . . The cross was burdensome to my flesh; but I felt my soul growing sweetly under it. . . . My faith and love increased more and more in beholding the glory of the God-Man, whom I now beheld clearly the wonder of all worlds, the terror of devils, the delight of angels, and the real and only hope of poor sinners."

He was known by the title of Howell Harris, Esq.; so his memoirs called him, and so he is named on his tombstone at Trevecca; a lay evangelist, a memorable example for such through all coming time.

When his health failed, Harris located himself at Trevecca. Here his home became a sort of Mount Zion to Wales, "beautiful for situation." Many of his religious friends and converts resorted to it, and joined their resources and labours with his to sustain the common household. He preached to them daily, sometimes when he was not able to move from the chair from which he addressed them. A "great number of people flocked to him from all parts, many of them, under conviction, merely to hear the word, and others partly from curiosity; the report of his preaching daily at Trevecca having spread throughout Wales." He soon had a hundred resident under his roof; the men working on two hired farms, the women spinning

wool and attending to the domestic cares, and he preaching to them every morning as soon as the family arose. Good men often sent him donations of ten, twenty, and a hundred pounds for the expenses of the establishment. Many families settled on farms in the neighbourhood to enjoy its religious advantages. Several evangelical labourers, exhorters or lay preachers, were raised up in the family, and went forth continually proclaiming the truth in the adjacent villages. Many went up, from the domestic sanctuary, rejoicing, to the "building of God, eternal in the heavens;" "praising," says one of the inmates, "and testifying of Jesus, how dear and precious he was to them in their dying moments."

The staunch old Puritan spirit lingered, and still lingers, among the mountains of Wales; and the Welsh if not the Christian spirit of Harris, was roused by alarms of an invasion from France. Being a layman, gentlemen of his county, who knew his courage and his influence, proffered him a commission. He considered it entirely from a Christian point of view. He submitted the proposal to his large family, and after much prayer they bade him go, and commended him to God. Twenty-four men of the household went with him; twelve of them at his own expense for three years. He had stipulated that he must be allowed to preach the Gospel among the troops wherever he should go. This conceded, he marched with his brethren, being made an ensign, and soon after a captain. "I am," he wrote, in a strain which would have delighted Cromwell, "resolutely and coolly determined to go freely and conscientiously, and die in the field of battle in defence of the precious word of God, the Bible, against Popery."

He spent three years marching about the kingdom with his regiment, and preaching continually in his regiments. His character as an officer enabled him to preach with less molestation from the mob than he would have encountered without that distinction. A remarkable example is recorded by a contemporary Wesleyan preacher. On the arrival of his regiment at Yarmouth he immediately inquired if there were any Methodists in the town, and was informed that attempts had been made by them to preach there, but that the itinerants had very narrowly escaped violent deaths from the enraged populace. Nothing daunted by this intelligence, he employed the town-crier to

give notice, that on a given day and hour a Methodist would preach at the Market-place. At the time appointed a large mob collected, furnished with stones, brickbats, bludgeons, blood, and filth, vowing that if the preacher came he should never depart alive. Harris, who had been exercising his men at a little distance, went to the multitude, when the clock struck, and inquired what was the matter. They replied that a Methodist preacher was to have come, but it was well that he had not, for he certainly would have been killed. He told them he thought it a pity they should be wholly disappointed, and that if they would favour him with their attention he would sing a hymn, and pray with them, and also give them a little friendly advice. He then mounted a table which had been prepared for him; his men, who surrounded him with their arms, joining him most devoutly in singing and prayer. The novelty of the scene and the presence of armed troops, who were ready to defend their officer and their friend, struck terror into the mob, and prevented the execution of their design. Harris preached with his usual power; many of his hearers were visibly affected; "prejudices vanished, and some were awakened to a serious concern for their souls, and led to inquire how they might be saved." From that time he preached nearly every evening with increasing effect, and afterward sent to the itinerants in the neighbourhood to come to Yarmouth and form a society. His request was readily met, and a zealous Church was formed. A commodious chapel was built by a gentleman of the town, and let to them at a yearly rent, and two local preachers were raised up. "The word of God had free course; it ran and was glorified."

At the end of the war Harris retired to his domestic sanctuary at Trevecca, where a hundred and twenty inmates had maintained the daily preaching and other meetings, and "the outward affairs of the family had gone on regularly at the same time."

His health at last declined rapidly, and the decease of some of his old fellow-labourers and fellow-sufferers in the Gospel admonished him that he too must depart hence.

Through months of agonising disease he lingered at heaven's gate, longing to enter, but ministering meanwhile sublime words of consolation and exhortation to the brethren he was about to leave. "I find," he said, "the Saviour's will is my heaven, be it what it may; but

I have, I think from him, insatiable cries to go home, out of this body, to my Father, Saviour, and Comforter. I feel my spirit eats his words, and I could wash the feet of his servants. My spirit adores him for giving me a hope that I shall come into his presence; that my work is done; that I am at the door; and that I, a poor sinner, that have nothing but sin, should lay hold of his righteousness, and wisdom, and strength, for I have nothing of my own. . . . My spirit is like one at the door, waiting to be called in. I could have no access to ask for anything, but that I may go home, and that he would make haste, and make no long tarrying."

When he was in the greatest pain, he often cried out, "O this cup! Blessed be God for this last cup! Jesus drank it all for me. I shall soon be with that God who died for me, to save me to all eternity." On the ceiling of his chamber was inscribed, in gilt letters, the Hebrew name of God—the ineffable name; it flashed upon his dying gaze. "Thus," says one who stood by his bedside, "he went home to rest in the Lord, July 21st, 1773, in the sixtieth year of his age."

A grand scene was presented in Trevecca at his funeral. The news of his death sped rapidly over the country, and thousands of pilgrims wended their way to the consecrated place, praying, weeping, and also rejoicing, for their great apostle had fought a good fight, and had left them with the crown of glory upon his brow. The day of his interment, "was one never to be forgotten, and ought to be remembered with holy wonder and gratitude, for the special seasons of divine influence" which attended it. The town was filled. Twenty thousand people were present, the preachers and exhorters flocked to the solemn ceremony from all directions. Three stages were erected in the open air, and nine sermons delivered from them to the vast multitudes, hundreds of whom were dissolved in tears. Fifteen clergymen were present, six of whom, in characteristic style, "blew the Gospel trumpet with great power and freedom. Though we had enjoyed much of the gracious presence of God in our assemblies before, yet I think I never saw so much at any time as on that day; the Lord's Supper was administered, and God poured out His Spirit in a wonderful manner. . . . Many old Christians told me they had never seen so much of the glory of the Lord and the riches of his grace, nor

felt so much of the power of the Gospel before." It seemed a spiritual festival, and the weeping yet exulting thousands bore the warrior to his grave in triumph.

REPROVING SIN.

ALWAYS reprove sin, wherever you see or hear it, by *look*, or by *book*, *tract*, or *letter*; but do it in love, purely for the sinner's good—the glory of God, and because it is your duty. If you cannot reprove a sinner in a mild, kind, loving (yet faithful and serious) way, you will do ten times more harm than good. If the devil gets them to storm, swear, bluster, and threaten to ill use you, still be patient—mind and stand fast in God. If you fly into a passion, or speak roughly, or unadvisedly, Satan will leap for joy, and the sinner remain hardened in his sins. If the people of God were *bold*, *holy*, and *unflinching* in reproving sin, the black tide of death would be rolled back, and its polluted fountains dried up speedily. Let holy men and women visit all the open shops every Lord's day morning, and boldly, yet weepingly reprove them,—give them suitable tracts,—reason with them, point out the sin and danger as well as the curse it speedily brings upon the business; and request them to read the sixteenth of Numbers, and then tell you plainly whether breaking the sabbath is the way to get gain, etc. If you treat the wicked like slaves, they will rebel and hate you. A few plain, pointed words out of the book of heaven (said in strong faith), often do the most execution.

The reasons why so few of God's people reprove sin, are,—First. A low standard of piety. Second. Fear of persecution. Third. It is such rough work. Fourth. Sham or artificial humility. It would have a fine effect upon the wicked, if the people of God went to their houses to talk with them respecting their souls. It could not—it would not fail setting them to think seriously respecting their awful state. The plan only wants trying, to afford satisfactory proof of its utility.

PREACHING FOR A CROWN.

HOWELL DAVIES had to struggle with poverty as with persecution. As he was walking early on a Lord's-day to preach, he was accosted on the road by a clergyman on horseback, who was on the same errand, but from a different motive. The latter gentleman was complaining that the drudgery of his profession was unprofitable, for he never could get above half a guinea for preaching. The earnest Welshman replied that he preached for a crown. The hireling retorted and said, "You are a disgrace to the cloth." "Perhaps," said Davies, "I shall be held in greater disgrace, in your estimation, when I inform you that I am now going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in, and do not expect the poor pittance remitted that I am now in possession of. But I look forward for that *crown of glory* which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me when he makes his appearance before an assembled world."

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET FOR A PEOPLE'S MISSION HALL.

WE have once more to introduce this subject. Our readers will remember that an effort was made last winter to purchase the People's Market; but which, for various reasons, was not completed. The following considerations have induced the Committee to reconsider the subject, and to decide on purchasing the Market:—

1. It is offered now for £1750, being £1000 less than on the previous occasion.

2. A further consultation with an experienced architect assures us that we have nothing to fear as to the acoustic properties of the building.

3. Although we have sought most carefully for a suitable site elsewhere, we have been unable to obtain one; and seeing that we are not only hindered from effectively carrying on evangelistic operations, but are suffering daily the most serious loss for want of better accommodation,

and as this place appears to have been kept open for us, and *no other can be had*, we have been led to think, after much prayer and deliberation, that Providence points this way.

Another most important consideration has influenced the Committee, and the few friends with whom we have been able to advise during the short time we have had for negotiation; namely, the great desirability of immediately lessening the serious outlay for rent of halls and theatres.

At present we pay for preaching places at Whitechapel, Poplar, and Shoreditch, £648 per annum. This large sum might be much more advantageously spent in breaking up new ground, and in carrying the gospel to other dark regions, could we secure places of our own.

The Committee have therefore resolved to endeavour to obtain, not only a place in the People's Market, for Whitechapel, but also funds to erect two *plain* substantial buildings at Poplar and Shoreditch, each capable of containing 700 or 800 people, and which they are advised can be erected for about £1000 each.

If this can be accomplished, these three stations will, by voluntary offerings, be at once, not only self-supporting, comfortably meeting every expense, and easily sustaining three paid evangelists, but each will, in addition, be able to assist in missioning other dark districts around.

To carry out this scheme we shall require:—

For purchase of People's Market	£	1750	Towards this we have already in money in hand and promised, including those sums expressly for People's Market	£	s.	d.
Estimated cost of lowering galleries, new floors, warming apparatus, &c.	850—2600		Anticipated product of "Sale," for which we have many valuable contributions.	250	0	0
For new Hall at Poplar	1000					
For new Hall at Shoreditch	1000					
	£4600			£3337	14	7

It will be seen that about £1300 will complete this undertaking. Of this we doubt not £200 will be raised by the poor people themselves.

The Whitechapel Hall will be completed first, then Poplar, for which a site is ready, and Shoreditch, when money is provided. "No debt" is our rule. The property will be settled on trust, on behalf of the Mission.

The offerings of any friends who sympathise with the effort will be gratefully received by N. J. POWELL, Esq., Treasurer, 101, Whitechapel: or by WILLIAM BOOTH, Belgrave Villa, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, N. E.

THE SALE.

In view of the above announcement, we now think it best every way to hold the sale in the beginning of January or February next, and we shall be able with a new spirit to push forward the matter. We expect a lady almost every day who is coming to spend the whole of her time in the Mission, who will lend us efficient help, and Mrs. Booth or Miss Billups will be glad to correspond with any ladies who are willing to assist.

Not having a definite plan for the proposed Mission Hall to lay before our friends has been felt to be a great difficulty in the way of securing goods, and funds. This hindrance is now removed. We have a noble plan

to offer, and we doubt not it will evoke a most gratifying amount of co-operation and sympathy, and we think it will please all our friends, and be greatly to the advantage of the effort that there should be opportunity for its manifestation. We have already received many valuable contributions, and there is time for many more. Will our lady friends help us in this direction? Many who have not the ability to give large sums of money, can contribute small parcels of ready made clothing, &c. &c., and we need not remind our friends that "many littles make a mickle." We hope to realise £250 by the sale, and we *shall* if our sisters will be answerable to this opportunity. We would again assure our readers that we intend a simple sale without any ordinary bazaar nonsense. The goods will be arranged on the stalls by a general committee, and ladies appointed to superintend without respect to any contributions of their own whatever. Every article will be marked at a *reasonable* price, and in plain figures, from which no abatement will be made under any circumstances.

If any lady, with time and ability at command, could come and help us with the general arrangements for the sale, we should be unspeakably thankful.

EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

FUNDS.

MANY thanks to those kind friends who have so sympathetically responded to the appeal in our last number for help to carry on the work. This response has enabled us to keep going; but as this supply has only been from day to day, we are still as dependent as ever.

THE LORD'S POOR.

WE beg to remind our friends that they can render us important help at this season, by sending cast-off clothing, old blankets, quilts, &c. &c. Many of the Lord's poor are almost destitute of clothing by day, and covering by night.

All parcels to be addressed to MR. BOOTH, 24, Victoria Street, King Edward's Road, South Hackney.

WHITECHAPEL.

BRO. FLAWN writes:—

The Lord continues to bless our OUT-DOOR MEETINGS, in the face of great opposition. Men curse us to our faces, while dealing out to them the word of life. I have often felt that, while they have been cursing, the Lord has been blessing, and prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The following proves that the Lord is still with us in saving power.

A LAWYER AWAKENED.

While speaking, the other Sabbath morning, in the Mile End Road, I felt assured the Lord was working, as I looked on the faces of the people. While pleading with them to get ready to meet their God, I noticed a young gentleman listening very attentively, drinking in every word I said. I hoped and prayed that the Spirit was at work in his heart.

On returning from dinner to the Mission

Hall, two hours afterwards, I found that he had been waiting some time to see me. As soon as I came in, he grasped my hand, and asked me, with much feeling, if there was any hope for him. He said, "I have cursed God to His face, and sinned against Him for the sake of grieving Him. I am so vile a sinner, that there seems to be no hope for me. I have seen a deal of trouble, but that has not saved me."

He seemed to fear that he had committed the sin unto death. I assured him that, if he had, the Spirit of God would not be thus striving with him. With this he was comforted, We then prayed. I pointed him to Jesus, as His Saviour. He rested on His precious blood and went away full of hope and peace.

We have received the following letters from brethren converted at this station:

A SAILOR EVANGELIST.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—On the 18th of last April, I had the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of hearing you, in the East London Theatre, preach on the words, "For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." I was powerfully convinced by the Holy Spirit, which ended, through this precious gift, in the conversion of my sinful soul. I had to leave, on the 19th, for Scotland, to join my vessel; and the Lord has enabled me to take up my cross and follow Him. Truly, at first, it was a cross, but, glory be to God, He lightens it. My cross was speaking for Him; but now He enables me to speak to crowded meetings of what the Lord has done for my soul, warning souls outside, and distributing tracts.

Having finished our summer's cruise in the yacht, I am now, by the will of God, with the prayers and earnest entreaties of His dear people, staying behind to preach Christ and Him crucified; and all praise be to God, He has blessed and is blessing His word to the saving of many souls.

I write these few lines to encourage your heart in the Lord, and to ask your prayers, and not only yours, but the prayers of all your dear people, for the Lord to strengthen me for His work, and to save souls in this corner of His vineyard. Ever remembering you and yours in love in my prayers, I remain, your spiritual son in Jesus,

ALEX. RITCHIE.

FROM A SICK BED.

MY DEAR PASTOR.—And more than that, for you are my spiritual father. I recollect you putting your hand on my shoulder, and telling me to get it settled, and so I did, and have been enabled to keep it settled. Glory be to His holy name for it. God bless you and your dear wife. I long to hear her dear voice again, telling us some more of the Lord's dealings to her soul.

I feel so happy, although confined to my room through illness; but the Lord has brought me through. Bless His holy name! During this sickness, I have had a severe struggle with the powers of darkness; but I trusted in Jesus, and He brought me off more than conqueror, through His most precious blood.

I feel so happy, because He has let me be the humble instrument in bringing to the Saviour a dear old woman, ninety-two years old, in our back room. She has been my only congregation, during my illness. Last Sunday, while my dear wife and two boys were at the Theatre, we had some happy hours together. I was led by the Spirit of God to read and explain some chapters in the Bible, and direct her to Jesus; and now she rejoices in her sins being pardoned through His blood. Hallelujah! It would have made your heart leap for joy, for it did mine, when she sang—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

I suppose you never had such a small congregation, my dear pastor! but I think, if you had only one soul saved every day, that would be 365 a year, and all genuine ones; that would be hallelujah! for ever. Oh! Lord, help me by thy Spirit to convince and convert our landlady and her husband and family. Thou canst do it. Oh Lord, bless all belonging to the Mission. Bless our dear Brother and Sister Reed, and all their family, and send thy converting power all over the world, and convert infidels, Romanists, ritualists, and all sorts and conditions of men, for thy great name and mercy's sake. Amen. J. T. S.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The following is from a dear coloured brother, whose conversion was related in a former number of the "Evangelist." We rejoice to have good tidings respecting him, and shall hail his return with gladness:—

It gives me more pleasure than I have had for many days to be able to write, "We are loading for home." It is not quite certain whether we go at once to the continent or to some port in England; but when this reaches you, we shall be "homeward bound."

Oh, I am so glad, so glad. Just think, nine long months have passed since I heard any one say, "Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord." Nine months since I have seen those that fear the Lord, and speak often one to another. Nine months since any one has joined with me in calling upon the name of the Lord. And there are yet four more of those weary months at least. Oh, won't I know how to prize the means of grace when I get back! As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, as the servant earnestly desireth the shadow, as the captive hopes for his pardon, as the starving wretch wishes for food, so I pant, long, hope, wish for the house, the hour, of worship. Well is it for such as me that our Elder Brother said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." I am very happy.

"There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes."

Day by day, Jesus becomes to me more precious, as the hope of glory. I look to the cross of Calvary, and there see Him who is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy. Thanks be to His name for ever and for ever. He has kept me thus far, and, as we used to sing,—

"He'll keep me to the end."

No wonder the apostle said, "Unto Him be glory, and majesty, and dominion, and power, both now and ever. Amen." We here on earth can join our voice with the voice of much people in heaven, and say, "Hallelujah! Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power be unto the Lord our God. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." I feel, to-night, like the man Mr. Booth told us about in the tea meeting, who was going to heaven in a gig, and who, when put out of the gig, was still going to heaven, although it was on foot. I am so happy. God bless you all. Love to all. Look for one more letter, and then, God willing, for myself; until which time may God protect and bless you. "Christ for me."

HENRY HAMMOND.

SAVED THROUGH SUFFERING.

Some few months ago, Brother Flawn asked me to visit a woman, apparently dying, and in great distress of mind.

I found her in a wretched state of backsliding. She had once enjoyed the fullness and presence of God, but having gradually yielded to worldly and selfish interests, was now without hope. Her darkness had become so great that her once quickened conscience seemed almost dead. "It's no use trying; I don't care," was her frequent response to the remonstrances of her friends.

At last, God, seeing fit in mercy to lay his hand upon her, visited her with a fearful disease. Unable to get about, in the extremest suffering, she now woke up to the true state of her soul. "I'm lost! I'm lost! what shall I do?" was her constant cry. In vain I strove to comfort her by reading the precious promises of holy writ.

As I rose from my knees on one occasion, she exclaimed, "If I could but meet once more with the Lord's people, perhaps I might then get peace; but no, this can never be again. I must die here as I am." A plan struck me, and I felt assured the Lord would enable us to overcome this device of the devil by simple means. Fearing, however, that if I held out the hope the tempter would only present some other difficulty to her tempest-tossed and troubled soul, I remained silent.

Telling two or three brethren and sisters, who instantly concurred, we repaired at the earliest opportunity to her little room. Without any ceremony, and with but slight explanation, we went to our knees. God was in our midst. We had especially committed our errand to Him while walking thither, and we had the earnest in our souls that He would bless this feeble effort.

Gradually, as we prayed and softly sang the hymns she had once loved, the mist passed away, and as she tremblingly caught hold of her Saviour's garment, she heard His voice saying in loving, cheering tones, "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." Instantly she was filled with joy and praise. From that time her experience has been a blessed one, her faith has never wavered; she sweetly rests on Jesus. With an unclouded sky she calmly awaits the call that shall summons her ransomed spirit, now

prisoned amidst poverty and suffering, to the bright inheritance prepared for those who have thus been "washed in the precious blood of Jesus."

M. C. BILLUPS.

SHOREDITCH.

BRO. TIDMAN writes:

Though of late Satan has been raging, and this society has been like a little vessel in the mighty billows; thank God, we have, through His abundant mercy, been so far enabled to weather the storm. God has been our refuge.

On Sunday, Oct. 17, we had a blessed service. The word was to believers. All present, I think, felt it good to be there.

The experience meeting in the afternoon was a good one. Twenty spoke.

A young man said he was convinced at an open air service. A brother asked him if he were saved. The Spirit owned that word, and the same night he found peace.

Another said, "I was invited by my wife to see how great a change had taken place in my brother; on reaching the house, I found he had gone to the Hall. A strange place, thought I, but I will go and see, and have a look in at the door. I was soon handed in; our revival friends know how to do it. I fell on my knees, but did not find peace for eight weeks; but one day while working in a building, I heard a voice saying, 'He will;' and I said 'I will;' and I found peace and am happy."

Another said, "I thank God I ever heard the Gospel in St. Leonard's Music Hall. I have been looking unto Jesus ever since. Praise His name!"

A man said, "His grace I long have slighted, but now I feel Him mine. I wore myself out in the devil's service. I was a wretched drunkard in the army, when God met with me and saved my soul. I served under two kings and our beloved queen. Left the country four times. The devil persuaded me I could fight, but I generally came off second best. I hate the drink now. I am still trying to do something for Jesus, and if we meet no more here, may we all meet in heaven."

A Scotch woman said, "I canna say Jesus died for me, and yet I hate sin. I want to trust Jesus in dark clouds as well as in bright sunshine. May God go with our dear brother to my native land. This is just the work we want. We have too much of stiff preaching. We want more of the simple story of the cross. God bless our dear brother and his wife."

"Praise God!" said another, "I'm a sinner saved by grace. I am in a good regiment, and Jesus is my king. I served in the army under Sir Chas. Napier, and he used always to say, 'Now men, go forward;' and we did, and gained the victory; so I mean to go forward and gain a crown of glory which will never fade away."

After this meeting tea was provided upstairs, where many assembled, after which there were open air meetings. And at seven o'clock we commenced service in the City of London Theatre. The word was with power. Several who were laughing at the commencement of the meeting were moved to tears, and at the close were found on the stage seeking mercy. Hallelujah!

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free."

At the close of this meeting we were enabled to rejoice over seven precious souls, one of which was a soldier in uniform, just come home on furlough, and intending to have a spree with his brother; but finding that his brother was converted to God, he was induced to come with him to the Theatre and hear for himself. He was broken down, and saved

through believing in the blood. Hallelujah! We went home praising God that our prayers were answered, and the name of Jesus glorified.

POPLAR.

BROTHER TIDMAN writes, concerning this station, that—

On Sunday, October 10th, they had much blessing on believers in the morning and afternoon, while at night the power of God rested on the people in the Theatre, and many were bathed in tears. The Lord drew very near to us.

On the following Monday, a tea was held, to defray the expenses of cleaning and repairing the Mission Hall. The place was crowded, and a good meeting was held afterwards, and addresses were given by Mr. Booth and the leading friends. All seemed much blessed, some wept, and we trust much good was done.

Our friends here have had much disappointment and many trials, but they must remember that—

"The darkest hour of night
Comes before the dawn of light."

They have also had great encouragement and glorious success. We recommend them to hold on to Jesus, and never give up.

"Be not weary, *toiling* Christian,
Good the Master thou dost serve;
Let no disappointment move thee,
From thy service never swerve:
Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing;
Lack not patience, faith, or prayer;
Seed-time passeth—harvest hasteneth—
Precious sheaves *thou then* shalt bear."

"Be not weary, *praying* Christian,
Open is thy Father's ear
To the fervent supplication
And the agonising prayer;
Prayer the Holy Ghost begetteth,
Be it words, or groans, or tears,
Is the prayer that's always answered:
Banish then thy doubts and fears."

BETHNAL GREEN.

DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote to you, the cause of Christ has been prospering in Bethnal Green. Sinners are being saved, backsliders reclaimed, and God's own children stirred up to greater diligence and concern for the perishing thousands in this dark and sinful neighbourhood. Persecution is as fierce as ever; but, praise God, He has preserved us.

One Sunday evening, whilst Bro. Tidman was preaching, a large stone was thrown through the window; but the hand of our Father turned it aside; and, notwithstanding, this part of the Hall was crowded, it fell harmless at the feet of the people. In the prayer meeting, which closed this service, God revealed himself in saving power, and eight precious souls left the Hall that night rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. Glory be to his name for ever! He is still mighty to save.

In July I wrote of the conversion of a young man who had been resisting the Spirit for eight years. He is now one of our most useful helpers, always ready to stand at the street corner and invite the passing crowds to come to Jesus. The following letter describes his conversion:—

MISERY CHANGED TO GLADNESS.

"DEAR BRO.—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how unspeakably happy I am in the pardoning love of Christ. And what a change God has wrought in me. Until the 27th June last I knew no peace, and that day above all

others my sins brought me misery and despair. It was the Sabbath day, but to me there was no rest. My home broken up, my wife driven from me, and my little ones left so young, so helpless, to look upon their father as the cause of all their misery. My many past resolutions made and broken all crowded upon my mind. My heart was too full, my trouble too great for me to bear.

"I stood outside the park gates in the midst of hundreds passing to and fro, but I saw none. I was too deep in thought. Not thinking of life, but how I could best extinguish it. From this mood I was aroused by the singing in the Iron Chapel, and I determined I would have salvation if it was to be had. I went in, but something told me I couldn't get it there, and so I came out again, and sought for some other place. Suddenly I was reminded of a place which my wife had attended a few weeks previous, and for so doing I had quarrelled with her. I decided I would go to the Bethnal Green Mission Hall.

"You know how miserable I had been for eight years. Well, I brought all my misery with me into the Hall that night. Miss Billups was the speaker; the word seemed for me only, 'Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.' With my heart full I went to Jesus, and He took me in. I gave Him all my sins and a broken and contrite heart, and He gave me pardon and joy unspeakable; and while I have breath I mean to praise Him. Bless His name.

"Now my song is 'Christ for me.' My prayer is that God will keep me unto the end, watchful and prayerful, and that He will take my poor heart away from earth, and keep it in His bleeding side, until He calls my soul to glory.

"* * * * *

Glory be to God, the gospel is beyond a doubt the power of God unto salvation. It melts hardened hearts, it breaks the chains of sin, it opens prison doors, it sets sinners at liberty. Hallelujah to our Jesus! there's power in it to save. Witness the following:—

A GREAT SINNER.

A few weeks ago a woman came into the Hall during a prayer meeting. Her face was cut and bruised, and her general appearance gave evidence that sin had done, and was still doing its work. Her little girl, about eight years of age, sat by her side weeping. A brother went and asked the woman if she was going to heaven; she said, "I am going to begin a new life." We asked her if she would sign the pledge, and upon her knees she covenanted with God never to drink again. We wrestled for her, she all the time crying aloud to God for salvation. In a little while her chains fell off—her sins were all forgiven. To God be all the glory.

It would do you good if you could hear her now stand up and tell the wondrous works of the Lord. There is an improvement in her appearance every time she comes, and the little girl has found Jesus too. She says, "I used to think it a great treat to be able to get to the play; but oh, what a treat I have here; 'tis like another world, heaven on earth."

God grant that she too may be kept unto the end by His marvellous power. J. F. R.

CHILDREN'S TEA AND EXPERIENCE MEETING.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11TH.

At about half-past five, some fifty children seated themselves at a long table, which extended the entire length of our lower hall, a table being reserved in one corner for visitors. The waiting was done by the elder members of the "Little Ones' Class," who were indefa-

tigable in their endeavours to make the others comfortable. While they were running here and there, getting things in readiness, the children kept up a continual singing. All being ready, grace was sung, and the despatch of eatables commenced with a vigour only to be met with at children's tea meetings. In a very few minutes, they once more began to sing, and so heartily did they enjoy their songs of praise, that we could not help but think that it came from the heart, when they struck up—

"I feel like singing all the time."

Having returned thanks, we repaired to the upper hall, and the "experience meeting" was commenced by singing—

"We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the angel;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er," &c.

Two little boys then engaged in prayer. While upon their knees, we sang, "Even me;" and so earnest were the little ones in their entreaties that God would "let some droppings fall" on them, that the room was filled with hallowed influence. Prayer was then offered, after which was sung—

"Say, hast thou found a friend?
Is Jesus thine?"

Bro. R., who conducted the meeting, then described how God led him into this work among the children. And then was sung—

"Children, go, and tell of Jesus,
How He died your souls to save,
How from bondage to release us,
He Himself a ransom gave."

Little S. C. (aged nine years) said: "I am very happy. I love Jesus, and I'm going home to glory. I have been happy all the week. I want some of you to come and be happy too. You can all have Jesus, and you'll be happy till you die, singing, 'Glory be to God.' The Lord bless us, and may we all meet in heaven Amen."

B. E. (aged twelve) said: "I love Jesus. I have had trials; but my Jesus has been with me all the week."

R. D. (aged fourteen) said: "I feel very happy to-night. I have had my trials and temptations, but Christ has brought me through them all; and I mean, with God's help, to press forward, in spite of everything. May I meet you all in heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Hymn—
"I know my sins are all forgiven;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

T. C. (aged fifteen) said: "I am very happy to say that I am on my way to heaven. A little while ago, I couldn't say, 'Jesus is mine;' but, bless the Lord, He is mine now; and if I were to die this moment, I should go safe home to glory. I've got my ticket, and there's a name upon it, and the name is Jesus. I don't intend to let Satan rob me of my ticket. I want to belong to Jesus until I die, and then I know I shall be with Him right through eternity."

L. E. (a little girl, aged twelve) said: "I gave my heart to the Lord a long time ago. I will not let Satan rob me. Jesus will keep him away. I want to see many come to Jesus to-night. Try Him, and see if you will want to let Him go. Oh, no; He'll do too much for you to do that; He'll make you very happy."

Hymn—
"Oh, what has Jesus done for me?
He pitied me, my Saviour!
My sins were great, His love was free;
He died for me, my Saviour."

B. B. (aged twelve): "It makes me feel so happy to hear so many say, 'I love Jesus.' I can say I love Jesus, and I am on my way to heaven; but we do not want to go alone. We shall not want a train to take us. We shall go very much quicker than a train could take us; for if 'tis sudden death, 'twill be sudden glory. Praise the Lord! I am very happy, and 'tis Jesus that makes me happy. When we've got Jesus, we carry Him about in our faces. People can see who we belong to. I was down at Cardiff, and a gentleman came to me, as I was walking along, and said, 'What is it makes you look so happy?' 'Oh, I said, 'I've got Jesus.' 'Bless the Lord,' he replied, 'so have I.' Will some of you children come to Jesus to-night? He died for you all. I trust I shall meet you all above."

C. B. (a little girl, aged ten) said: "Hallelujah! I am happy in Jesus. I cannot say much, because I have not been well; but I have had Jesus with me. The Lord bless and save you all. Amen."

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

C. S. (aged fourteen) said: "Hallelujah! I am on my way to heaven. Christ has washed all my sins away, and I am happy in His love. He wants to wash your hearts. Won't you let Him? I wish you would. I want to see you all saved."

E. B. (a little girl, aged nine) said: "I can't say much; but I can say I love Jesus. I have many trials, but—

"When fierce temptations try my heart,
I sing, Jesus is mine;
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time."

J. S. (aged fourteen) said: "I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me. May God bless you."

Hymn—
"My heavenly home is bright and fair."

A little girl, aged twelve, said: "I am very sorry to say that once I went away from Jesus. I was always very miserable; but when I came back, He took me in again; and to-night I am very happy."

W. B. (aged thirteen) said: "And I love Jesus. Bless His dear name! And I feel very, very happy, and I want that you should all feel equally happy. May God help you. I have been much blessed here this evening. I have never been to any of these meetings before; but I am very glad that I came to-night, and I think I shall come again. I want some of you—all of you—to give your hearts to God.

"He's knocking—let Him in;
There's no other friend like Him;
He'll cleanse your soul from sin,
Take Jesus thine!"

Hymn—"I have found a precious Saviour."

After some brief remarks from Miss Billups and another sister, the meeting was changed to one of prayer. Several children prayed with great earnestness. Others went from bench to bench, telling the little ones of "what a Saviour they had found," and, with loving entreaties, begged them to "come to Him." Five dear ones believed unto salvation, and several others were crying for mercy; when it was thought necessary to close the meeting, first inviting the anxious to the "little ones' believers' classes. May God help us to go on in this glorious work.

LIMEHOUSE.

It is now twelve months since the Penny Gaff was turned into a Mission Hall, for which many

will have to praise God through eternity. Some who formerly were foremost among the crowds who frequented the place, and in all the iniquity practised in it, are now as prominent in their efforts to prevail upon sinners to seek happiness in the ways of God, and in the company of his people.

During the past year we have met with some little opposition; but, praise God, wicked men and devils have not all power, though they have a great deal. Our Captain, who bade us start in His name, has always been with us, and through Him the victory is and shall be ours. To Him be all the glory.

In the Penny Gaff many a rebellious sinner has laid down his weapons of rebellion, and resolved instead to serve the King of peace. Many a poor castaway has there heard of Him who casts out none, and has been constrained to run into his loving arms. Some whose delight it was to spend their precious hours in singing the song of the devil's captives, have there learned the song they sing whom Jesus hath set free. Blasphemers have there learned to pray, and drunkards been taught to become sober men. The widow's heart has been made to dance for joy, and the tongue of the dumb to sing.

Some of these have left us to join other churches. Some have crossed the mighty deep, and we hear with thankfulness of their happy progress heavenward. Some have gone to heaven, and many are still with us, and we constantly hear them testify of the blessedness they find in serving God,

A FAMILY SAVED.

One young girl came to hear the word; she was deeply convinced of sin, and found forgiveness through the blood of Christ. Having made Jesus her friend, she went home and told to the other members of the family what a Saviour she had found.

After a time she persuaded her sister to accompany her, and she too saw herself a sinner, and found peace in Jesus.

Then they brought their brother, and also their widowed mother, and they were converted. They are now a happy family travelling forward, and their home resounds with the praises of God, and their neighbours wonder what it is that makes them so happy, and sometimes are not very well pleased at being sung to sleep by their songs.

BREAD FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

Another young woman, passing with a friend one day up the Commercial Road, heard some of our brethren singing in the open air. While they listened our friends sang over and over,

"Oh Father, Thou knowest he hath died in my place."

The words, "Oh Father," followed her for some weeks; when one night, just after the Gaff was opened, she went in out of curiosity, and there saw the brother who, louder than any others, had sung,

"Oh Father, Thou knowest he hath died in my place."

She went home and told her friend that those people had come to the Gaff, and that it had been turned into a Mission Hall. They both came and heard the gospel and were saved. They are still holding on, and leading their little ones to Jesus.

One of them has lately lost her little boy; but she has the comfort of knowing that he has gone home to God. The other has been for some months laid upon a bed of suffering, and she feels it is a good thing to have chosen God in health, and finds he does not forsake her in sickness.

AN ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER.

Last Tuesday night was set apart for prayer and praise for the many blessings of the past year, and to seek power and blessing for the future. We commenced at ten o'clock, and many earnest prayers ascended from hearts who, a short time back, were in the gall of bitterness.

At half-past twelve we paused for a little refreshment. Then one of the brethren gave a short address, and invited any sinners who were there to come forward and give their hearts to God. Four came out and did so, and also nine or ten believers came out and made a new and full consecration. Then we went to prayer again, and at four o'clock we held an experience meeting, when about sixty stood up and told in a few words what great things God had done for them. At half-past five we closed the meeting and went home, feeling that it had been good to wait on the Lord.

C. K.

STRATFORD.

The following are extracts from the journal of a dear brother, who labours in season and out of season here:—

September 16th. After an afternoon of unusual conflict with the enemy of souls respecting the evening meeting, and thinking of my own inability to say anything to the people, I laid the matter before the Lord in secret, and wrestled with God for help. After an hour's pleading, the Lord gave me such a manifestation of His love to my own soul that I felt persuaded He would be with us in power at night; and, of a truth, it was a glorious time.

19th. Brother Tidman was with us all day. A solemn and refreshing season at the Lord's table, in the afternoon.

Evening. A good congregation, and six penitents.

20th. Another soul found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write.

21st. Cottage meeting. House full.

22nd. Preaching, and a blessed prayer meeting.

23rd. Mr. Booth met the society.

24th. Such a meeting as we have not had before. We shouted for joy.

Six have, this week, given in their names to unite with the society. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that they may be found among His people when He comes to gather up His jewels. May the Lord not only increase our numbers, but our piety, and make us men and women after His own heart, ornaments to society, and a blessing to the world.

The following week, we held special meetings in the chapel. Bro. Tidman was with us every night. We missioned the streets round about; and, though pelted, and hooted, and persecuted, in various ways, both inside and out, we had the satisfaction of seeing large numbers gathered to hear the gospel; and we trust some were added to the Lord, such as shall be eternally saved.

Oct. 7th. Believers' meeting. Two were added to our numbers. It was a blessed time. Two hours and a half passed away, and so happy were we that we felt quite surprised when we knew the time.

8th. A day of weeping, in looking over the list of members, to find that some had been absent from the private means for three and four weeks, and that others, who had appeared for a season to run well, had grown careless and lukewarm. I felt as though I could shed tears of blood over them, were it possible. May the Lord restore them.

J. BARBER.

MILLWALL.

BROTHER MARTIN, who has now the oversight of this station, writes:—

I feel it a great privilege to be able to report that the work here is progressing favourably. The Holy Spirit is with us, convincing sinners, breaking down, and making alive. There has been a move among the dry bones. The rough ram's horns are being used of God in sounding forth the gospel tidings, at which the walls of sin are being shaken, and the poor captives are flying for shelter to the open arms of Jesus.

It does my heart good to see some of the greatest reprobates in Millwall sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds.

Our meetings are well attended, and good is being done. The publicans try to annoy us by sending bands of thoughtless youths, or drunken men to disturb us; but the Lord enables us to go on praying, singing, and talking, and they get tired first.

One Sunday a publican came himself and ordered us to desist; but the Spirit came down on all present, and the publican had to fly, and we had a glorious meeting.

While at prayer one day, a man threw a quantity of cold potatoes at us; but in a few minutes afterwards, the power of God fell on him, and his wife came to apologise.

Another time some Romanists threw bricks at us. Notwithstanding all this, our labour is blest, and souls are being added to our number continuously.

Drunkards, blasphemers, and backsliders are taking Christ as their Saviour. Blighted homes are being made happy, and many a tongue which was employed in cursing has learned the song of redeeming love.

Though many have looked on Millwall as a hardened and benighted place, which it is; yet the morning star has appeared, and the day of revival has dawned; and the convincing Spirit is moving among sinners, and the Comforter is breathing the spirit of gladness and glory upon the children of God.

You will rejoice to know that the sanctifying power is at work; and Christians are seeking holiness, laying themselves daily on the altar. As good soldiers of the cross, they fight shoulder to shoulder, and hand to hand, with the powers of darkness, and their aim is precious souls and the glory of God.

CROYDON.

The work is steadily progressing here. All the means are well attended and enjoyed. Of course far greater success may be hoped for when we have a missionary fixed here, who will have time to take the oversight of the work.

Nevertheless, the open air and other meetings are well kept up, and although we have three halls for week-night meetings, we have hardly sufficient work for the new converts, so zealously are they affected in the Saviour's cause. On Saturday evening, Oct. 2nd, we opened with a prayer meeting.

NEW MISSION HALL,

in Middle Row, one of the most destitute portions of Croydon. It is surrounded by lodging houses, and a people as ignorant of God and salvation almost as the heathen. Any way if they are not as ignorant, they are equally destitute.

Our dear friend, Miss Edwards, has worked this district for some time, not only by superintending the labours of a Bible woman; but by personal visitation and various kinds of mission work. She has just taken larger premises, and has made this a hall on the ground

floor, which she has kindly placed at the disposal of our Mission.

It will seat nearly 100 persons. In it already a small society of believers has been gathered. Regular indoor and outdoor meetings are held, and we hope to see hundreds born for glory within its walls.

EDINBURGH.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Since we wrote you last, we have commenced our first

BRANCH MISSION AT MUSSELBOROUGH.

A suitable room having offered at a reasonable rent, we took it, and our Brother Motherwell kindly promised the rent for the first six months. On the day fixed for the opening, a few friends turned out, and missioned the streets, preaching Jesus, and inviting the people in. The room was filled. Bro. Stuart spoke, and souls sought Jesus.

The meetings for the first three weeks of this past month at Chalmers' Close have suffered through the illness of our dear Bro. Adams, and the absence of Mr. Stuart, who has been labouring at Musselborough, while others have been obliged to take a little rest; but, bless the Lord, He fainteth not, neither is weary. "I am the Lord, I change not."

We bless God for the droppings we have had; for souls have been saved, and many seeking.

On Sabbath, 19th September, Mr. Adams spoke; and ten decided for God.

Sabbath, 26th, Mr. Waterson addressed; and four professed.

Sabbath, 3rd October, Mrs. Thomson. Five sought salvation.

THE GOSPEL LAMP.

Monday, 4th October. The gospel lamp appeared for the first time at our open-air meeting. It is four square; on one side is printed our name—"Christian Mission"—in large letters; between the two words is a ribbon band bearing the motto "Jehovah Tsidkenu;" on the left, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" on the right, "Now is the day of salvation;" on the back, "Prepare to meet thy God."

It has, this past week, attracted a large crowd in a very few minutes; but the malice of Satan has been stirred up, and stones, bottles, and pieces of coal have been thrown down upon us.

Saturday, 9th Oct. Prayer meeting. Quite a soul-reviving time. Jacob prevailed over the angel of the covenant.

Sabbath, 10th. Believers' class. God felt to be divinely near. We experienced the sweetness of that Name like ointment poured forth.

Afternoon. Bro. Ross spoke. A melting influence in the meeting.

The evening was a glorious season. God was very near. Praise the Lord, one little girl trusted Jesus. While the service was going on, she took a chain and cross from her neck, and said she would give up all for Christ. Hallelujah!

Be not weary, toiling Christian;
Good the Master thou dost serve;
Let no disappointment move thee,
From thy service never srieve.
Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing,
Lack not patience, faith, or prayer;
Seed time passeth—harvest hasteneth—
Precious sheaves thou then shalt bear.

L. TAYLOR.

P.S.—We have received the following letters from new converts, which will no doubt interest the readers of the "Evangelist":—

THE SHOWMAN.

DEAR BROTHER,—I rejoice to tell you of my conversion. While in England, I was much impressed under the preaching of Mr. Booth at Walsall, five years since. Soon after, I fell in with my old companions, who succeeded in getting me to go to the theatre; and from that time I have been living the life of a showman, till I came to Edinburgh. Here I met with a young lad, on the 6th of September, who spoke to me about my soul, and made an engagement with me to meet the next night and take me to the Christian Mission.

We both went to the meeting. Bro. Adams was the speaker. One of the brothers conversed with and prayed for me. That night I felt the power of the Holy Ghost descend upon my heart. Thank God for it!

"I will believe, I do believe,

That Jesus died for me;

That on the cross He shed His blood,

From sin to set me free."

Blessed be His name! Hallelujah! hallelujah!
W. H.

THE PLEASURE SEEKER.

October 11, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER,—When coming up the street, one night, for pleasure, I saw a crowd, and went to see what it was about. I there heard a brother proclaim salvation, and then invite the people down to the meeting. They sang that beautiful hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" I went down with them. The text was, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; I will give you rest." A sister urged me to take Jesus for my Saviour, which I did; and I am still going on the good old way. Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! By His grace, I mean to serve Him more and more.

"My soul is now united

To Christ, the living vine."

I thank God I am growing in grace. His word is a lamp to my feet and a light unto my path.

J. R.

FIRST LOVE RESTORED.

DEAR BROTHER.—I thank God that ever I was led to the Christian Mission, for I had left my first love. I was beginning to wander from God; but it was there I again found Jesus precious. I am now happy all the day long. Glory be to God. Heaven is my home.

M. B.

THE BLACKSMITH'S CONVERSION.

DEAR SISTER.—It gives me much joy in being able to tell you how I found Christ.

My mother and I came to the Christian Mission, one Sabbath evening. I was not five minutes in the Hall till I was struck with the prayer that was offered. I do not think there was one word in that prayer that struck me so forcibly as the manner of it.

A brother asked me if I had found Christ. I said, "I hope so." Then he suddenly called out, "Pray for an unconverted soul." This was a double stroke on me, so that I cried like a child.

Oh, how I lamented the sins I'd been guilty of. Glory be to God. He has turned me to the cross, and I am resolved, with His help, to walk in the path my Saviour trod.

J. W.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

October 11th, 1869.

DEAR SISTER,—These words come from one who has been a servant of the wicked one for the last nineteen years. When young, my parents taught me about Christ; but I left