

God did not lead her to repentance. There appeared to be no fear of death, and there was no cry for mercy.

A dear sister in the Lord, who cannot herself read, went to attend her, and exhorted her to flee to Jesus, praying with her and for her, as she had done for years. All was of no avail. Books, tracts, the word of the living God, the prayer of faith, all apparently failed. Her life trembled in the balance, and yet there was hope. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." However, one word was to break up the frozen deep, and the Holy Spirit was yet to lead the sinner to her Saviour.

The doctor called and said, "I can do no more; is she resigned?" The dear sister who would not leave her, waited a day, and then asked, "Are you resigned?" The Holy Spirit carried this arrow home, "How can you ask me? You know I am not; I have resisted all your entreaties; I have treated the invitations of Christians with scorn; I am lost." The night was spent in wrestling with God, and then her soul woke up to the nearness of death and judgment, and her need of a Saviour. Freely she confessed her sins, mingled with lamentations; and earnestly she sought Him whom she had treated with so much contumely and hatred.

The next night Jesus met her in mercy, and spoke peace, and she shouted for joy. The way was still narrow; but the friends of Jesus were her friends, and she kissed the dear sister who had so long borne with her coldness and want of love.

Amongst other things she said, "I used to hate you as much as my greatest enemy, when you urged me to repent and turn to Jesus. Those who came to see me little knew how ignorant I was." All her desire was for prayer, and her trust in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. The sting of death was gone, and He who had lovingly extracted it received her unto Himself. Amen. Hallelujah.

Thus, brother, the Lord again triumphed gloriously; we are full of joy, and comforted in all our tribulation.

"Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mercy I found."

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We this month present our readers with our Balance Sheet, for the year ending Sept. 30th. From it our friends will gather how graciously our Heavenly Father has sent us help in this great work during this period. From far and near funds have been sent us. Though often brought to the very verge of a complete standstill, yet we have never had to give up work for want of money. Our conviction is that God is leading us forward, moulding, and fashioning the work, and opening for us spheres as rapidly as we have the right kind of workers to fill them.

In the meanwhile we must hold the ground already occupied. For this end our friends must continue to sustain us. We are deeply impressed with the conviction that any philanthropic or religious work, to be widely useful, must be largely SELF-SUSTAINING; and looking at this mission from this aspect, we are full of hope. Many of our stations are gradually becoming self-supporting. All do something towards their own sustentation. A long way on for £20 per week is being raised by the poor people themselves.

Nevertheless, our extensive operations, and their purely missionary character, render the work very costly, and only help from without,—from those whose hearts yearn for the salvation of the heathen of their own land,—can enable us to go forward in the coming year as we believe our God has enabled us in the past, carrying pardon and peace to the hearts and homes of hundreds.

THE

EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

DECEMBER, 1869.

EXAMPLES OF HOLINESS.

II.—REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

WHAT did I need? Not the witness of my personal acceptance; that I had gained before, and had never fully lost, though I had held it with tremulous, loosening grasp, as a mariner overboard in the ice-waves of the pole, clings to a floating berg. I wanted the proof of my call to the ministry; that only could fix me. I had been taught that reason, Providence, and such outward signs, enough proved a man's call; and that anything inward was vanity, yea, fanaticism. But now I said, "Lord, if there truly be such a thing as an inward call,—a clear, positive witness of my fitness for the ministry, and Thy purpose for me in it,—give it to me; for without such assurance, I shall never abide."

Two weeks of prayer brought it. O! it came, blessed be God, clear, strong, full, unmistakable. The spirit witnessed thus: "Yes, you were born for this, created, fore-ordained for it, and in this work you are henceforth to live and die; so that no authorship, professorship, or teachership,—nothing whatever,—shall allure." "Ah, then," I said, "I shall stand now sure, firm, fixed, never wavering. The problem is solved, doubt is all gone, and my work is settled."

How my future path then glowed! How life then charmed! How toil became pastime! Two years have passed since then, and daily, hourly,—even amid trials, hatreds, curses, and afflictions,—this pillar of fire by night goes before me, brightening at each step. But this was only the opening eyelid of the morn. Full-orbed glory was yet to come. One ray but wakened the breath for more and many. Christ, too much to me as to others, had been one far off, over the sea, a proprietor or principal, for whom I was steward and agent, and to whom I sent back my account, imperfect indeed, but true; for which I received the recompensing commission. That was not sufficient. Ah! I wanted Him to come to me, or myself to go to Him, and be united in a life partnership, in an eternal fellowship. All through the winter's remnant and the summer's fulness, the prayer for this divine realisation was offered. One more specialty was added to it, and sought amid other things. I had bid souls to God because He was great and worthy; because His service was their duty and mine; because, if it was not given, they and I should be lost. If loss came, then it was just and right. But oh, there was not in my soul tender compassion, ardent, burning love, for the poor, sinking sinner. I wanted this, for it was needed. So my prayer was, "Lord, give me an unction for souls,—the baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I may compassionate the lost, and win them to Christ."

Alas! it seemed as if these two prayers, daily, hourly going up to God in clouds of importunity, would never be answered. But the delay was only to accumulate the blessing. One day, in the first autumn month, the Methodist brother having charge here, came to me. He told how

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

FROM OCTOBER 15TH, TO NOVEMBER 15TH, 1869.

NEW HALL.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Mrs. Morris	-	3 0 0	Miss Kelly	-	0 6 0	Mrs. Dursey	-	0 5 0	Mr. Carter	-	0 10 0
Friend at Stowmarket	-	0 10 0	Barnstaple	-	1 0 0	Major South	-	0 10 0	Jas. Barlow, Esq.	-	2 10 0
Sir F. Crossley	-	10 0 0	GENERAL POOR.			Mrs. Hogg	-	0 5 0	J. A. B.	-	0 10 0
Anon.	-	0 10 0	Jas. Barlow, Esq.	-	2 10 0	Mrs. Spenser	-	0 10 0	Miss Oldham	-	1 1 0
Barnstaple	-	1 0 0	GENERAL WORK.			Miss Diaper	-	0 5 0	Friend	-	0 3 0
Mrs. Bradford (sale)	-	1 0 0	Miss Northmore	-	0 5 0	Mrs. Ferguson	-	0 5 0	Mr. F. Brown	-	1 7 0
DESTITUTE SAINTS.			Jos. Huntley, Esq.	-	2 10 0	Friend	-	0 5 0	Friend	-	0 5 0
W. and E. McGan	-	0 12 0	Miss Wilson	-	1 0 0	PERSONAL ACCOUNT.			Barnstaple	-	1 0 0
Mrs. Keer	-	0 6 0	Mr. Belemore	-	0 5 0	W. S. Lean, Esq.	-	1 1 0	EDINBURGH BRANCH.		
Jos. Huntley, Esq.	-	2 10 0	Rev. H. Cooke	-	5 0 0	Miss Hurley	-	0 1 0	On the Mission	-	3 8 3½
J. F.	-	0 2 6	Friend	-	2 10 0	A. N.	-	0 5 0	John Melrose, Esq.	-	0 10 0
Mrs. Dennis	-	2 0 0	" at Brighton	-	0 10 0	W. N.	-	0 5 0	Mr. Fairbairn	-	0 5 0
E. O.	-	1 0 0	Miss Skey	-	1 0 0	Miss Chapelow	-	0 2 0	Mrs. Nixon	-	0 5 0
Miss Ar hington	-	10 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson	-	0 5 0	Mr. J. Wilson	-	0 5 0	Mrs. Hunter	-	0 5 0
Mrs. McInnes	-	2 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Webster	-	2 10 3½	Mr. Miller	-	0 2 6	Mr. Lyon	-	0 1 0
Mrs. Taylor	-	2 0 0	Jas. Paton, Esq.	-	1 0 0 0	Self-denial	-	0 3 0			
Mrs. J. Lambert	-	5 0 0	John Sands, Esq.	-	10 0 0	John Sands, Esq.	-	10 0 0			
Miss Alecock	-	0 2 0									
Mr. Young	-	1 0 0									
Mrs. Freeman	-	1 10 0									
J. S. R.	-	0 5 0									
Hy. Roper, Esq.	-	0 10 0									

that at a camp meeting, just closed, God was present; how that the Spirit had come with his brethren as with a cloud into the sanctuary; how that his faith foresaw, nay, the present sight even declared a great work of God. He told me that if I and my people wished to be blessed, "it would be well to follow where God led, dropping all distinctions, and working together in Christian fellowship." I listened doubtfully, shrugged my shoulders, and shut up my heart. Candidly I told him that I did not like his sect, its shouts and groans, its methods and teachings; and that neither I nor my people could labour well with him and his. Like Abraham, but without the old saint's largeness of heart, I bade him, like Lot, go his way, and I would go mine. This was not like Christ; but, as Paul did, I sinned ignorantly in unbelief, and God had mercy on me.

My brother begged me to come and see. I went. I saw young men, but a little while ago thoughtless and hardened, now bowing there at God's feet, and I said, "This is a divine work; only the Spirit could thus humble." So at once I laid all my bigotry, my prejudices, my conventionalisms, and my sectarianism, in one black bundle at Christ's feet, and pledged myself to my brother, in my Master's name, to help him as the Lord should will. My own people were not alive. Alas! they did not at first hear my own or their Master's voice; and I went on alone and unapproved. Sabbath night came, when my Methodist brother asked me to preach for him. I consented, there not being service with us. God gave me the right text: "Rejoice, O young man," etc. While I spoke, the veil was lifted, time fled away, and eternity with its judgment appeared. Oh God! I saw poor souls, precious beyond myriads of worlds, sweeping up thither without hope. My heart broke, it melted, it ran, so much did the power of truth and love flow together within, that I was like an over-freighted bark, nigh to sinking. Therefore, I cried out for God to stay His hand, for it seemed more than I could bear and live. It *was* stayed, but to my grief; for, though that night many souls were pricked and wounded, and though I went home peaceful at first, the light within was veiled, the chains around were renewed.

The evening before the Sabbath came. Meantime I had peace again. Then we met,—disciples, young and old, to tell of Jesus' love. It was a pleasant, cheerful meeting; no excitement whatever there, but a sweet, pervading breath of joy. At its close, souls were called to the altar. Then a neighbouring Congregational brother spoke, telling of his own experience. His word was powerful. As he exhorted, I stood beside the pastor, and my eye ranged over the souls yet unborn, many of whom I had warned, and prayed over in love. These, and others of my own flock, dead in sin, came to my thought. Alas! how dreadfully gleamed their guilt,—how luridly flashed their sins on my soul. The terror of their doom in unbelief blackened on my view. What if they should be lost! What a death must be theirs for ever! At that moment a strange sensation filled me. My heart began, as it were, to collapse, and shrivel far within, like a parchment-roll in the flame. What spiritual agony was that! I turned to the pastor and said, "My brother, I am dying." "You are not sick or faint?" he asked. "Oh no," I answered; "my soul is sorrowful, even unto death; I shall fall." "No matter," he replied; "let go of yourself." I fell; instantly his arms embraced me.

Then it seemed (I say it *seemed*, not because it was not reality, for it

was, deep and intense; but because figures only, and those but faint, can express what imagination did *not do*,) it seemed as if a heart ten thousand times greater than my own, was projected into it, till it filled, swelled, and burst. Then came arms, as if Infinite and Omnipotent, passing up through my soul, and reaching towards those and other souls, with wide sweep gathering them up and bringing them into me, to press them through my soul, till, like a travailing woman, I writhed and groaned and cried. Then a deep, majestic current came sweeping on, and surging me high up over the eternal shores, where the Judgment throne was fixed. And then rose the Sinai of eternity, where blackness and darkness rolled in massive clouds, frightening the soul of sin. There Holiness, Justice, and Truth reigned over the guilty. "Before Jehovah's awful throne" souls swept, receiving their doom. My soul was tortured with grief for them, as through that gloom a voice of divine wrath spoke in spiritual tones, "Tell them,—tell those unbelieving souls that here, if they come in sin, I will say to them, 'Because I called and ye refused, I stretched out my hand, and ye regarded not,' therefore your fear and desolation shall come as a whirlwind." I told them so. Some believed, some feared, while others mocked.

All this time personal consciousness of place and circumstances remained. Neither air nor water I wanted; for I was not faint, nor sick in body,—only in soul. At last the calm came, when prayer began. Then faith lived; then peace flowed. Souls, yet unborn, in fact, were seen passing through birth. Troubles, fears, anxieties, doubts, cares, were all sunk in an ocean of love, and I was borne along in an ark of faith on the upper wave. They lifted me up, for I was weak of frame, though strong of soul. I spoke to them of unbelief; of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which I then saw; of the judgment to come; of the celestial home; of the eternal hell. Ah, it was the place of God's presence there,—the ante-chamber of the great future. Souls trembled and wondered. They took me home, a wonder to many, not less a wonder to myself. It was all a new and strange thing to me, for I had never seen an instance of the so-called "power," which this was, although I had never doubted its reality. After sweet and tender prayer, I laid down to rest. Almost instantly, like a tired babe embraced in love, I dropped into a slumber, such as never before since childhood I had known for its sweetness and fulness. Long before dawn it ceased. Waking as by a touch, the Divine Spirit communed with my soul; bade me in clear, unmistakable language, what to do.

Among many things that Sabbath night, I was to preach, at God's bidding, on the words, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." It must be in the church where I had been the evening previous. Though I had not been invited, my brother, on being told of it, recognised the divine direction. God promised to show me Christ's love as I had never before known it. That morning, on rising, strength came into my frame. Oh, how like a giant's members mine seemed. It was Elijah's power,—or rather, like it. Never before had I felt so strong in body, never, likewise, so clear in mind, so bold of soul. Thus did I go to the sanctuary. My text was this: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." God aided me in speech. He seemed to give me the spirit

of one of the old prophets. I cried aloud and spared not, telling my people of their sins, seeing them at the judgment seat, and alarmed in soul at their danger. Night came, and with it a crowd to the church where I had engaged to preach. Not to hear my poor speech, but drawn thither by the Unseen. I told them of Christ's love; for it came to me then as a present reality, an intense conception, almost like a pictured vision. Ah, such love, so marvellous, so infinite! But, alas! the guilt so terrible of its rejection,—the baseness so damning of its despoliation! This made that love a terror to the soul of sin. Yes, this was the new light in which God showed to me Christ's love. It did not melt, but smote; it did not comfort, but condemn. Nevertheless, it saved.

Now, then, came the power of the tempter. Next day, complaints, censures, revilings, sank like spears and arrows into the already wounded heart. They called the preacher wild and fanatical. Only a few spoke words of kindness. One chiefly, and most tenderly of all, was the brother who stood to receive the smitten. I said to him in anguish, "My brother, they pierce, they crucify me, even my own people." "No matter," he replied; "so it was with the Lord." At my request, we went into his empty church, and sat down in the pulpit. We agreed to a mutual consecration, and together knelt in prayer. At the very outset God took my soul into His hands, and bore me up to the presence of ineffable glory. Through this, the Spirit of His Son, with a clearness and definiteness of tone that spake with power, in my heart and through my lips, asked me for each and every one of my life's cherished treasures. I pleaded with God. I reasoned with Him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. No: all or none! I yielded all, and He took all. Oh, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left on a desert island in mid-ocean. Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life seemed broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. In that hour I saw before me in the world only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ, I beheld inwardly, truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. All hopes, all ambitions, all interests, all affections, every thing of life, then stripped off; passed completely into God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion," "the circumcision of the heart." The will of self fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current. Thus began the union of the human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in my life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. One thing was still needed after that burning,—the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endued with what seemed superhuman strength, yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quick and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habitudes of

mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes common-place expression entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive, glorious. The Sabbaths came not often and nigh enough. Study and prayer, and converse on religious themes, are an intense delight, unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration, in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost. Oh, it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "glory" meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket-wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realises* himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding: its joy is unspeakable.

SEEKING A CLEAN HEART.

A LETTER WRITTEN JUNE, 1, 1777.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am glad that you have already experienced redemption in the blood of Jesus—the forgiveness of your sins; and I hope you are continually seeking that perfect love, which casts out fear and expels all the carnal mind. Indeed, my dear Brother, you cannot expect it too soon; for to every one who feels his need of it, "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." Therefore, you should in the use of every means of grace, be looking up, and expecting, till God shall come and destroy the works of the devil within you.

When you experience this degree of salvation, you will feel yourself calm in the presence of God: your soul will rejoice before him as a little child possessed of great simplicity of spirit; while your heart will not dare to move in his presence, but with full submission to his will. You will see the eye of God fixed upon your heart, while the loving, obedient eye of your soul is fixed on the Lord.

How sweet must be the communion which such a soul enjoys with God. My brother, look for this blessing to-day. Strive to fix your wavering mind on God, as you would if you were at prayer. Endeavour to keep it at this point, recalling your heart to this simple exercise as often as it inadvertently starts aside. Do this without fretting at your wanderings, or plunging yourself into unprofitable reasonings. Do it till you find the witness of God's

Spirit springing up in your heart, that the blood of Christ has cleansed you from all sin. Do this till prayer in your heart becomes ecstasy, and perpetual as breathing.

Oh! how this one exercise will enliven your soul in all religious duties. What deep, heartfelt peace will you have in Jesus. How serious and pure will be all your conversation. How deeply humbled in the dust will you feel your soul before God, experiencing that you are nothing, and that God is all in all.

Beware, however, my brother, that you do not urge your poor weak body farther than it can bear. The body must have food and raiment, and sleep enough to keep it in health and vigour. A neglect of the body's wants, will, in the end, if God prevent not, exceedingly try and oppress the soul. The Lord bless you, and screen your naked head; defend you from every enemy, and keep your soul simple, ignorant of ill. Yours,
SAMUEL WELLS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

A CLERGYMAN once paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London for the express purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of divine truth. A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took up the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the

world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eyewitness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance, as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

DRESS.

It is recorded of Mrs. Fletcher, that in one year she spent upon dress but nineteen shillings, while she distributed to the necessitous £180. Oh, that women of our time would follow in this track of simplicity and charity.

POETRY.

NO MORE SORROW.

TUNE, *Hard times, come again no more.*

WHAT to me are earth's pleasures,
And what its flowing tears?
What are all the sorrows I deplore?
There's a song ever swelling,
Still lingers on my ears.
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

'Tis a song from the home of the holy;
Sorrow, sorrow is for ever o'er;
Happy now, ever happy
On Canaan's peaceful shore.
O sorrow shall come again no more.

I seek not earthly glory,
Nor mingle with the gay,
I covet not this world's gilded store;
There are voices now calling
From the bright realms of day,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

'Tis the loud pealing anthem,
The victors' holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er,
Where the saved ones for ever
In joyous notes prolong,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

Let us hear, then, our Saviour,
Whatever be His word,
And His lightest whisper we'll obey;
That in peil and sorrow
We still may hear our Lord
Bid our sorrows and perils flee away.

EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

WHITECHAPEL.

THE brother who has recently been appointed to take the oversight of this station, writes:—

The Lord having led me to work in Whitechapel, I waited upon Him, and got several of His dear people to continue in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and I rejoice to say that His blessed work is prospering.

While superintending the tea on Sunday, Nov. 7th, I endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the people, that we must eat and drink to the glory of God; and exhorted those who were unsaved, to delay their soul's salvation no longer. The Lord blessed the word of exhortation, and two precious souls gave themselves to him, and were made very happy.

On Monday night it was announced that we would wait upon anxious souls at their own homes if they wished it. Immediately an old man begged of me to visit him.

AN UNCHANGED PROFESSOR.

I went to see him the next day, when the following conversation took place:

"Sir," said the old man, "I am a great sinner. My wife is just dead. We lived together nearly fifty years, and during the whole of that time we made a profession of religion, but never had a change of heart; in fact, sir, we were vile sinners.

"At last the Lord afflicted her with insanity: but during her sane moments, she would continually cry out that she was going to hell, and she died saying, 'Hell! hell! hell!'

"Her awful end has led me to inquire about my own position before God; and I want you, dear sir, to pray that God will create in me a clean heart."

Having a dear brother with me, we prayed for him; and I trust our prayer was answered, and that the poor grey-headed sinner was saved on the spot. Praise His name for ever!

A PUBLICAN SAVED.

He once knew the Lord, and preached His blessed word; but fell away, and became a wretched backslider. The devil now had him in his power, and induced him to take a public house; but he was unsuccessful in it.

He took another, and again failed; till at last he found he had lost all his £500. This proved a great blessing, as it led him to consider his position before God; and he came to the Theatre several times. Praise God for the Theatre services.

There he came to the conviction that he must seek first the kingdom of God, before he could expect His blessing. He resolved to do so, and in his own room he again cast himself on the atoning blood of Jesus, and was restored to the favour and family of God.

He attends all the meetings, both indoors and out; and will, I think, be very useful. O may he be kept by the power of God! He is to tell what the Lord has done for him next Lord's day in the Mile End Road.

Great crowds of people flock to hear the word in the Theatre Sunday after Sunday; and at the week night meetings, and in the streets also, in spite of the bad weather.

Of course there is great opposition; but there always was, and always will be whenever the blessed gospel is faithfully proclaimed.

O that the Lord may send you the necessary funds to enable us to carry on the blessed work in this wicked neighbourhood! And O may thousands of souls, now in sin and misery, be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus. A. L.

SHOREDITCH.

BRO. W., who has recently taken charge of this station, writes:—

On Sunday, Oct. 31, we commenced a week's special services. The previous Saturday evening we set apart to pray for God's blessing on this effort.

In the morning we endeavoured to point out the evil of little sins; and had a blessed time.

The afternoon experience meeting was well attended. The speaking was short, and to the point. Amongst the thirty that spoke in about forty minutes were three soldiers, two of whom had received their discharge.

One was an aged man, who said: "I served my country faithfully for many years, but I did not enjoy that happiness in the service of my queen and country that I have enjoyed in the service of King Jesus."

Another said: "Though I was in the army many years, I never saw a battle-field; God always turned my steps in another direction; so that I have not to look back on a life spent in taking away the lives of my fellow men. Nevertheless, though I was not a murderer, I was a very great sinner; but, bless God, I found in Christ a greater Saviour, and I am happy now."

The third said: "Though my comrades scoff and jeer at me, yet I am happy in the Lord, and have been the means in His hands, I am thankful to say, of bringing some of them to know of Jesus."

At night, we had a blessed time in the City of London Theatre. It was better attended than usual; and, best of all, three found peace in Jesus. Glory be unto our God!

On Monday, at noon, we had a prayer meeting; and a young man, a backslider, was reclaimed. He formerly was in the society; but, led away by evil companions, fell into infidelity.

The Spirit of the Lord had laid hold of him at the theatre, on previous evening; and, unable to rest, he sought us out, found mercy, and is now rejoicing in God as the God of his salvation.

In the evening, the hall was crowded; and another backslider came home again. This man had been very useful, He fell through drink. May he be kept steadfast.

On Tuesday, again, the Hall was well filled; and the influence of the Most High was felt throughout the meeting. As soon as the preaching concluded, a poor woman cried out for mercy. She was soon joined by another. They went home happy, happy in the Saviour's love. The remainder of the week was equally marked by God's presence.

We are praying, expecting, and believing for greater things. R. W.

MILLWALL.

A FAMILY OF NINE PERSONS SAVED.

Too much watchful care cannot possibly be bestowed, when recording instances of professed conversion. It has been not unwisely remarked, "that it is necessary to *live* with an individual, before you can know him;" and those who attempt to describe the supposed influence of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts and lives of men confess themselves often deceived by an outward profession. Their experience of the instability of the affections and minds of men often obliges them to adopt the words of the apostle Paul, and say, "I marvel ye are so soon removed;" "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?"

On the other hand, be it observed, Christians often manifest a painful scepticism as to the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion.

This arises either from a lack of true concern for the conversion of souls or from a want of confidence in their own salvation. For my own part, I can only add, that at the close of a service, when I have been permitted to experience the presence of God with me, instead of being surprised to see a small handful of inquirers gathered from the midst of my hearers, I have rather watched with anguish and amazement the crowds of men and women who have turned their backs upon the gospel offers of mercy.

The East London Christian Mission will have a place in my heart, and in my prayers, so long as she continues to make it her one great business to win souls to our blessed Lord and Master.

Let me record, for your encouragement, and the encouragement of those of the readers of the "Evangelist" who remember us in their prayers, the conversion of a whole family, which occurred at Millwall in the early part of the year.

In the month of April, a week of special services was held. At the first meeting, I so well recall to memory the tall and manly figure of a navy who took his seat amongst us, a stranger alike to grace and to our mode of service. During the address, it was manifest that the word had found a way to his heart; and at the close, we knelt and prayed with him.

He came again and again; but we were unable to induce him to utter one single word expressive of his state of mind; and we feared that some darling sin kept him spell-bound in its iron chain.

A grey-headed old man and his wife also formed a part of our congregation; and I shall not soon forget the startling effect produced upon the poor fellow, as I gently laid my hand upon his shoulder, asking him at the same time, in kindly accents, some question with reference to his preparation for judgment. He recoiled from me as though I had meditated his destruction, and "shot out" of the building as though it were on fire.

My concern was great, fearing that my proffered help might tend to drive him farther from God. I, however, derived no small comfort from the ejaculation, "Praise the Lord!" which fell from the lips of a much more experienced worker for the Lord than myself, who told me that he had seldom seen a "better case," and that "I should certainly see my friend again," for the "arrow of conviction had evidently touched a vital part."

My spirit was also much tried as I approached his wife. She looked "very daggers" at me, and declared, in no tempered language, that "she would never be found in any room with me again." "She wondered why poor people could not be left alone."

Our sympathy was much awakened for this woman. She had seen the best of her days (?), and was "without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world."

It had been announced that a temperance meeting would close the series of services; but finding that the Lord was so graciously with us, we resolved to hold another preaching service instead. This alteration in our plan brought us in contact, as we afterwards learnt, with some who "would not have come amongst us, had they known we were up to our preaching game." One of these, a head stable-man, told me that he "meditated flight," for "he found himself, for the first time for he did not know how long, in the midst of praying people."

The reader will once more allow me to appear to break the thread of my narrative, before I attempt to point out the wonderful connection between each stage of this history of "a family saved."

Two young women were observed to take their seats at one of our gatherings, with an air which indicated that they half regretted having entered the place. Soon, however, from a condition of vacant thoughtlessness, they became attentive and concerned. The new, new (?) story of "Jesus and His love" awakened their interest. The after service upon that evening proved to be one of the most calm, and solemn, and holy that I have ever been privileged to attend; and its influence was felt by these two young women. They were overwhelmed with the consciousness of their ruined state.

Their distress of soul was most touching. While engaged in prayer for them, our hearts were filled with joy in hearing their married brother pleading for his sisters, in terms which would have almost melted a heart of stone.

His words were, in effect:—"Lord, Thou hast saved me, the vilest of sinners, a swearing, cursing man; Thou hast washed away my sins in Thy precious blood; and I am so happy: and, Lord, I know Thou canst save my two sisters. O Lord, save them now."

The good Lord heard and answered the prayer of faith; and those young women experienced a sense of sins forgiven, and a peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, the most complete and triumphant.

The "swearing" brother had now become a pleading one, and a worker for Christ, and a worker together with God. The Lord had also a work for these young disciples to do. While we were adoring our God for the manifestation of His power, some of our party were engaged in earnestly pleading for our navy friend, of whom we spoke at the opening of this letter.

He continued to observe the same remarkable reticence. Presently, to our surprise, one of the young sisters in Christ above alluded to was seen to place herself by his side, and, in loving and childlike simplicity, was heard to pray—

"O Lord, do save. Thou knowest, Lord, that he wanted to be saved, and to give his heart to thee; only I laughed at him, and made mock of these meetings, and only came, Lord, to-night to make fun of these people. But, dear Lord, as thou hast been so good and kind as to save me, do save my friend."

The spell was broken. The one hindrance to our dear navy friend's coming out for God had, through grace, been removed; and that young woman now was permitted to become a spiritual help-meet to him with whom she had been "keeping company."

Before this blessed meeting broke up, the son and daughters raised their supplications to the throne of grace for their "grey-headed old father and mother."

The heart of the old man was obdurate as ever; each meeting he attended was "to be the last he would ever be present at;" and yet was convicted, was wretched.

His wife had become somewhat softened, both towards our dear people and myself.

The old man's early days had been bright days, when regarded from a worldly point of view. "He had possessed a few houses, and need not have worked for his living." But a course of open sin had been entered upon, and he "ran riot." "He was a Sabbath-breaker, and attended cock-fighting, and other scenes of immorality, on the Lord's day." "He took to drinking, and got a name for himself as a blasphemous and awful swearer." This course obliged him to "part with everything, and take to the line" (navy work).

I am informed that his rage against his Maker had now, strange to say, become very awful. In one of his paroxysms, he aroused every member of his house at four o'clock in

the morning, and threatened to kill them all. "He was determined he would not become a Christian." "He was not going to be made a fool of, like the rest." But a stronger than he very soon afterwards entered the house of his heart, and a voice was heard to say to the evil spirit, "Come out of him."

These old people now live by the faith of the Son of God, and have given every indication of a true change of heart. They have become a little centre for good in the neighbourhood to which they have removed, and rejoice together in "the blessed hope."

The reader of this hurried narrative will rejoice to know that the wife of the navy first mentioned also found peace in Jesus at a meeting which I was permitted to hold in Poplar; and his two children give unmistakable evidence of being born again.

Of the true conversion of these nine persons I have not a shadow of doubt. Time has fairly tested their sincerity.

I was informed, last week, that it was "quite beautiful to see the joy of the old man;" that my "tall navy" friend was a "marked man" amongst his mates, and "never swore and drank now;" and one of the young women is a teacher in our Sunday-school, and it is a refreshment to my own soul to come in contact with her genial spirit. Her love to "her Jesus" is simple and childlike.

If space permitted, I might tell of the conversion of four other members of this family. It would not, however, be in my power to speak from personal knowledge of these latter, and therefore I feel it to be an additional reason to forbear.

And now unto Him who is able to keep them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God and Saviour, be all and alone the glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

Yours ever faithfully,
CHARLES OWEN.

STRATFORD.

SINCE I last wrote, our numbers have decreased by removals. Five or six have joined the society at Bow Common; four or five others have gone away in search of employment.

We felt much grief at having to part with one young brother, who had been very useful amongst us, instant in season and out of season, especially in the open air. We wept together, when we thought of seeing his face no more in this world, but hope to meet again on the right hand of God.

Although our little cause may suffer from the loss of these brethren and sisters, we trust and pray that they will carry the earnestness and zeal for God and souls shown in Stratford to other towns and localities equally needy.

Sunday, Oct. 31st, was a good day. One woman, on a visit to the place, was attracted to the hall by the street preaching. The Lord met with her, and at night she came out boldly, yielded her all to her Saviour, and went away in peace.

Thursday night. Believers' meeting. Was a blessed time; and Saturday night again the Lord came in our midst.

Nov. 14th. A good day throughout. Seven o'clock prayer meeting well attended. Bro. H. preached in the morning. Some amongst us got up the mountain, and realised it good to be there.

In the afternoon, Bro. C. commemorated with us the dying love of Jesus. I believe that all felt it to be a solemn and profitable season.

In the evening, Bro. C. had a blessed time while speaking. In the prayer meeting, four came out for Jesus. Two of these have been under conviction for some time past. I trust they were truly saved. Several others were powerfully wrought upon. May they have no rest until they find it at the foot of the cross.

J. B.

LIMEHOUSE.

OUT-DOORS and in, God continues to bless the work at this station. Notwithstanding the foggy atmosphere, and the damp standing-ground, the people stop and listen with attention, and often weep under the word, at our open-air gatherings, following us to the indoor meetings, where, every now and then, they are gathered to the fold of Christ.

From a letter from the brother in charge we extract the following instance of the kind of work being done.

A little while ago, a young woman was on her way to church, one evening, when she heard some people singing. She stopped and listened while they prayed; and then a brother spoke.

In his address, this brother was led to speak of the finally impenitent, and to say that with such there would be a time when God would laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear came. She went on to church; but all the time she sat there these words were ringing in her ear—"I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." She went home so unhappy that she could not sleep.

This continued for a time. One day, one of our brethren, who is a chimney-sweep, went to sweep the chimney. While doing his work, he talked to this young woman about her soul. She told him that she went to a place of worship sometimes. "But," said our brother, "are your sins pardoned?" "No," she replied. "Do you want to be forgiven?" he said. "Yes!" she replied. "Do you think Jesus is willing to pardon them?" he asked. "Yes," she said, "if I ask Him." By this time the sweeping machine was up the chimney; so he left it there, and said, "Let us ask Him now;" and down they fell on their knees, and prayed God for Christ's sake to have mercy on her; and before they rose she had left her burden at the cross, and trusted Jesus as her Saviour.

"Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood, For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

BETHNAL GREEN.

You will be pleased to learn that the Master is graciously working with us in Bethnal Green. Since I wrote to you last, the angels in heaven have rejoiced over many a poor sinner saved in the old tin worker's shop in George Street.

On Sunday, Oct. 17, we commenced a week's special services. The word was owned of God during the week to the salvation of about fourteen precious souls. Amongst those who ventured their all on a risen Saviour was an old man, who had been the subject of

A WIFE'S PRAYERS FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Most of his family were already on the way to heaven; but the chain was incomplete without this link. Night after night we noticed him as one of the most attentive listeners to the word. Still he resisted; but towards the end of the week he became deeply convicted, and fell at the penitent form subdued by the mighty power of God. His heart was broken, and with tears and groans he sought the Saviour. It was a time to be remembered. While the praying friends were pleading with

and for this aged brother, his dear wife sat alone, her eyes closed, and hands clasped in earnest entreaty that this might be the long expected answer to her prayers. She was soon rejoicing in the glad assurance that God had heard in heaven, and that her husband was rejoicing in the favour and family of God.

To Him be all the glory! How wonderfully He works! In that white-headed old man, who is now to be seen at our evening service, his face radiant with joy, you would scarcely recognise the poor drunkard; but, hallelujah to Jesus! our Jesus is the drunkard's Saviour; He makes drunken men sober, desolate and wretched homes happy, fills those who love and serve Him with joy and peace, and at last brings them to

"Range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

SOME OF OUR PERSECUTORS

were also led to see their sinfulness, and brought out for Jesus, and are now walking with His people. Will our friends pray that our heavenly Father may keep these young men watchful against the devices of Satan, who will leave no means untried to get them back again into his cruel grasp.

Sunday, Nov. 14th. Miss Gee, of Sunderland, commenced a fortnight's special services. God was in our midst in saving power. In the evening five souls laid their sins on the Lamb; and went away rejoicing; whilst numbers, deeply convicted, left the Hall with sorrowful hearts. Some of them came again on the Monday evening, and our loving Father again spoke peace to three troubled ones. To Him be all the glory.
J. F. R.

BOW COMMON.

THE opening of a new station in this populous and wicked neighbourhood was announced in our last number. Finding the roof bad, and the place miserably cold and comfortless, we resolved to ceil it, and make it otherwise clean and comfortable. This has been done; and it was re-opened on Sunday, the 21st, when the Lord blessed the meetings.

OPENING OF A MISSION ROOM AT OLD FORD.

Two of our people moved away from White-chapel here. They were at once deeply impressed with the open and avowed wickedness of the people; and the question rose to their lips, Can't we do something? They thought, if a branch of the Mission were established, then a testimony could be borne for God in the open air, and a few souls might be gathered in.

But where must it be? They had two rooms which they could knock into one; and these they invited us to occupy. We consented; and on Sunday, Nov. 14th, the flag of the Christian Mission was unfurled in Old Ford by Bro. Jermy and a few earnest pioneer souls. The streets were missioned, and a nice little company gathered to hear the truth as it is in Jesus. May our loving Lord bless the effort, and may it be but as the beginning of a glorious work.

OPENING OF A NEW STATION AT CANNING TOWN, PLAISTOW.

For some time, three or four brethren residing here have attended our meetings at Poplar. Finding the distance considerable, and anxious to do something for their own families, friends,

and neighbours, they implored us to open branch there. They were willing, they said, to take the financial responsibility of a station, and do their utmost to sustain its services, if it could be worked in connection with the Mission.

On inquiring, we found that the public rooms could be had at a reasonable rent; and therefore they have been taken for Sabbath services and four nights per week, and were opened on Sunday, the 21st, with every promise of success.

EDINBURGH.

OUR Brother Tidman, who has just commenced labouring at Edinburgh, writes as follows:—

My dear wife and self left London for Edinburgh on the 19th October, fully believing that the Lord had sent us; and we have been more and more assured ever since that such was the case, in seeing the arm of the Lord made bare through our poor labours.

We found that much prayer had been offered, that God would send us full of the Spirit of God, and that many souls might be brought out of darkness into His marvellous light.

We were not here long before we found the Lord giving us favour in the eyes of the people, and their warm hearts soon began to glow with love. We had very refreshing seasons on the Thursday and Friday following the day of our arrival. Much power in pleading with God was realised, and the souls of believers were very much blessed.

At the Saturday night prayer meeting we gave a short address on the higher Christian life, we felt much of the Lord's presence with us, and we could all cry out, Jehovah-Shammah—the Lord is there.

On Sunday, Oct. 24th, we addressed Bro. Wells' class on holiness to the Lord (being the motto of our London Mission). It was a good time. God was in our midst, watering every soul, and the cry of many hearts was,

"Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free;
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for Thee."

This meeting closed with a strong conviction that God would be with us all day.

Afternoon. Experience meeting. Many testified what God had done for their souls, some of whom had been soldiers in the army, had lived a life of sin and rebellion, had gone to many chapels; but no one asked, Have you a soul? until they came down to Chalmers' Close, and there they were kindly asked by the friends who are ever ready to speak to a poor sinner.

Thank God we have quite a hallelujah band of men and women, who are not ashamed to stand in the public thoroughfares and speak for Jesus. The Lord increase our zeal and number.

Tuesday night, the open air service was much blessed, and many who were listening were in tears, and seemed riveted to the spot, notwithstanding the great opposition around us.

At 6.30, the hall was well filled, and again tears flowed, and great power rested on the meeting. At the close nine professed to find peace. Hallelujah! Christ receives poor sinners still.

During the following week we held special services, which were greatly blessed to the Christians in bringing them up in power with God, and also in awakening sinners.

Saturday we held our usual prayer meeting for renewed consecration, and after a severe conflict with the powers of darkness, were filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

Sunday, Oct. 31, was a good day. Preached in the morning to believers. The word was in season.

Afternoon. Experience meeting. Many told how happy they had been since they found Christ; and how all their past lives, spent in the service of the devil, appeared a wretched blank.

One dear brother said that he was very happy, could not express his feelings, had been in war, had seen comrades dying on the battle field by his side, shots flying and shells bursting, and he was spared; was glad there was a mission here in earnest to save souls, and therefore would be delighted to join it.

Sabbath evening, 5.30, we commenced a

CHILDREN'S MEETING.

A large number present, very attentive. Several wept, and at the close fourteen sought Jesus. Thank God the young are coming to the Friend of sinners. All glory to His name. Have visited the homes of some of these dear children. The parents say a great change has taken place. They retire to pray, and are trying to live to praise God. Bless His holy name.

Afterwards a good service in the Hall. Was enabled to preach with power, and we had unmistakable signs of the presence of our God.

The following week was a blessed one, especially when we were all met with one accord. The Holy Ghost fell upon us, and we felt as though we were filled with the new wine of the kingdom.

Sunday, Nov. 7th. The afternoon experience meeting was conducted by Bro. Stuart. Much power was felt, while many bore testimony of Christ. One of these was

A CONVERTED CABMAN.

He had many times read his newspaper in the stable on the Sabbath. No one could have been a greater sinner than he had been; but he had found a great Saviour, and meant to live for Christ, and tell to all around what God had done for his soul.

Bro. Stuart preached at night with great power, addressing the varied characters present. Some scoffers were evidently much convicted, and souls came to Christ. Our

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS

are well attended, and many sign the pledge.

OPENING OF A NEW MISSION AT LEITH,

Leith is the port of Edinburgh, with a large population, great numbers of whom are ignorant of the way of salvation, and given up to all kinds of iniquity. Our friends had long had the place on their hearts, and after looking about it, we took

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

which will seat 500 people, for a trial; and after due announcement, opened it on Friday, Nov. 13th, with a meeting at which we advertised that converted blasphemers, thieves, convicts, formalists, &c., would testify to the power of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin.

About eighty of the friends met, and processioned through the place, carrying our gospel lamp at our head, and singing the songs of Zion, and announcing our meeting as we went along. It was a new scene for Leith, and a large number of people gathered round us in the streets, and a good service was held in the Hall.

On the following Sabbath evening Mr. Tidman preached. There was a large audience, and three sailors and one young woman gave their hearts to the Lord, all belonging to one

ship. The people were most anxious that we should continue these meetings.

On the same day that St. Andrew's Hall was opened, we had good services in Edinburgh.

In the afternoon about eighty of our society broke bread together. It was a precious season. While bowed in silent prayer, we did, indeed, by faith gaze on the pierced hands and feet and thorn-crowned brow of our dear Redeemer, and hear Him say, "I suffered this for thee."

At the close of the evening service a soldier in uniform came up to the penitent form and gave his heart to God. He asked us earnestly to pray for him, for he expected many temptations in the barracks. Another man also cried for mercy.

We are cleaving to the Lord. We have trials and difficulties; but they will only serve to sift us, and to purge us as a people, that we may be fruitful and multiply and be a praise in the land, to the honour and glory of our God.

CHILDREN'S SALVATION SERVICES.

God continues to graciously work among the children, and many are being brought to a saving acquaintance with Him who willeth not "that one of these little ones should perish."

Sunday Oct. 17th. We opened children's services at our Hall in Shoreditch. After missioning the neighbouring streets, about 200 were brought in to hear about the way of salvation. Though very rough, the very sweepings of the lowest courts of Shoreditch they were very attentive, and many were in tears, whilst listening to the "melting story of the cross."

At the close we held a prayer meeting; and over fifty cried to God to save them. Many professed to find peace. They have since attended the meetings regularly, and many give hopeful signs of a change of heart.

On the following Tuesday, we held an opening tea and experience meeting, when about twenty little ones testified to the love of Jesus, whilst others sought to know the children's Friend.

Tuesday, Oct. 26th. Children's tea and experience meeting at Whitechapel. The Hall was crowded, and our hearts were refreshed to hear the little ransomed ones witness for their Master, and invite their companions to come to Jesus.

Sunday, Nov. 7th. We opened children's public services at Bethnal Green. God was with us. The place was crowded, and we were compelled to refuse admittance to several. We have only a cellar to hold our meetings in; but we have already received evidence that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Three trusted in Jesus. J. F. R.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

No. 6. MARY BROWN.

THIS dear sister was, for a number of years, a public advocate of temperance, and a mother in Israel; but, meeting with trouble, she allowed her feet to slip away from the Rock of Ages, and drifted about on the dark ocean of sin and misery, until the opening of our Hall in Bethnal Green. She came here, and heard the proclamation of the precious promise of our loving God, "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely;" but her fears were so great, that it was weeks before she would close in with His offers of mercy. At last,

however, she trusted, and was restored to the joys of salvation.

It was but just in time; for only two or three months had elapsed, when God called her into eternity. A few days before she died, she was at the children's tea meeting at Bethnal Green. We asked her how she was getting on,—if she was still resting on God's promise. She clasped her hands, and, lifting her eyes to heaven, told us that, through grace and mercy, she was enabled to trust in Jesus as her Saviour.

No. 7. "JUST IN TIME."

ON Sunday evening, Nov. 21st, Miss Gee preached to a crowded and attentive congregation in our Hall in Bethnal Green. There were over a score of infidels present, some of whom have repeatedly created disturbances at our meetings; but this night they paid eager attention, and one of their number sought and found pardon. Truly we felt that God was in our midst, and that the Holy Spirit was working in a remarkable manner upon the hearts of the people. Amongst those who that night came out for Jesus was a young girl, about eighteen years of age. She knelt at the penitent form, bemoaning her sins, her companion kneeling at her side, urging her to give up the world, and cling to Christ. For a long time she remained in darkness, and we were fearful lest she would go away unsaved. But, thank God, in a little while she was enabled by faith to plunge into the purple stream, and was filled with peace and joy. She had found the pearl of greatest price; but 'twas only just in time; for eighteen hours later she was in the swellings of Jordan; and, what a mercy! all was well. She

"Crossed the river
Happy in the Lord,"

on the following Monday afternoon.

Thank God, though our Hall at Bethnal Green has only been opened a few months, already there are three before the throne who found peace in it through the blood of the Lamb. We will take courage, and go forwards, giving all the glory to Him to whom all glory is due.

MRS. BOOTH AT BRIGHTON.

Mrs. Booth concluded the series of special meetings at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Tuesday, Nov. 30th, with a farewell tea meeting. We believe numbers will have to bless God through all eternity for these services. The congregations continued large to the last. O may those who have been blessed be enabled to retain the savour of their consecration to the end.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

"GLORY to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men." Such is the disposition of God to the present moment, as illustrated in the following display of saving grace.

I frequently visited J. W., and read to her; yet there was no response. I could easily have believed her possessed with a dumb spirit; but I should never have deemed it possible that she had a hatred to the Book containing the truths to which she listened with such indifference, and to those who sought her everlasting peace.

She was rapidly sinking in decline, though not long confined. The child was taken. Then the Lord visited her by causing an elder boy to be laid on a bed of sickness with a broken thigh for nine weeks. But the judgments of