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THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

OCTOBER, 1868.

DEDICATION.

To all earnest labourers in the Lord's vineyard; to all those who, obedient to the Master's command, are simply, lovingly, and strenuously seeking to rescue souls from everlasting burnings, through His own precious blood, who, believing in the promise of the Father, are seeking with strong cries and tears for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost to stem the rising tide of error and superstition, break up the slumbers of the professing church, arrest the attention of a dying world, and clothe the religion of Jesus with its primitive simplicity, fervour, and energy—to such, belonging to whatever division of the Church of the living God, or engaged in whatever department of Christian effort, with yearnings of deep sympathy we dedicate the "EAST LONDON EVANGELIST," wishing abundance of peace and prosperity in the Master's Name.

OUR PURPOSE.

In issuing this little periodical, we wish to set forth our purpose; and at the outset we would disclaim all rivalry with the journals of kindred spirit already in existence: we think we can discern a path of usefulness as yet untravelled, and we wish to walk in it in peace and good fellowship to all. Let us at once frankly state what we desire to accomplish.

While speaking especially for the East London Christian Mission, we propose none the less to advocate the interests of earnest Christianity in general, without respect to any peculiar opinions on minor points of doctrine and discipline; so that Christ and Him crucified be held as the only ground of a sinner's hope here and hereafter. In doing this we propose reporting monthly those Revival Facts and Incidents which are of public interest, gathering up from various sources of information the movements of those brethren whose labours are most owned of God, describing those outpourings of the Holy Spirit which, through mercy, are constantly taking place, and thus presenting a brief Monthly Report of Revival and Evangelistic Work throughout the World.

The publication of Revival Intelligence has often proved most profitable. Christians at a distance, hearing of the Lord's marvellous doings in one place, are stimulated to desire, pray, and labour for similar manifestations of His saving power in their own churches and neighbourhoods. Especially has

OCTOBER, 1868.

this been the case in America, where most of the secular newspapers have columns for religious intelligence, which spread the glad tidings of revival far and near. This is God's plan. Those glorious outpourings of the Holy Ghost which transpired in the early history of the Church, and shook the world, are recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and reading this "revival intelligence," many thousands have been led in every succeeding age to cry and wait for that purchased baptism of fire which is the characteristic, the need, and the glory of this dispensation. Will brethren thus favoured of the Lord send us notes of any real work of God of which they may have knowledge? Let them be brief and faithful descriptions, failing not to ascribe all glory to Him to whom all glory is due.

We desire also that our periodical should form a medium for the publication of those Plans of Labour which have been found most effective in bringing men to God. We propose to inquire into the reasons for the great success of the men and women whose names stand associated with the great revivals of the past from the time of Pentecost until now; and we shall welcome to our pages the publication of those measures which our readers may find to be most blessed by the Master, in their experience and neighbourhood. The mental condition and earthly circumstances of men are much alike in all ages and places, and the measures employed to bring the saving truth of the Bible before men, and the Holy Ghost upon men, in one age and place, might be tried, with, at least, a rational expectation of similar blessing in another. For ourselves, we confess, and we believe we may say the same of hundreds of co-workers in the vineyard, that we should be glad to sit at the feet of any in the Israel of God to learn lessons of usefulness in the divine art of winning souls to Christ. Let the learners who shall read this, ask questions; we will record them; and let those who have the experience and the wisdom which cometh from above reply.

We intend also to publish Brief Sketches of the Lives of the most useful and devoted Christians who have lived and blessed the world in the past, or who are still toiling in the vineyard, and doubt not that such biographies will prove of interest and profit to our readers.

We think we shall be able to add to the usefulness of our little book by occasionally introducing, for the benefit of those new at the evangelistic work, Outlines of Addresses suitable to the open air, mission hall, or village pulpit; also Facts and Illustrations calculated to arrest attention or explain and enforce the great truths of the Bible; while now and then Short Papers on Christian doctrine and sermons from some God-made preacher may prove interesting and profitable.

We also propose devoting a large portion of our space to the topic of Personal Holiness. The importance of this theme nor tongue nor pen can possibly overrate. Practical godliness is the great want of the age. The world lies in the arms of the wicked one, unmoved by all God's threatened woes, deeming the church's unfaithfulness a justification of her unbelief.

Souls are dying and stumbling into perdition over the dead, worldly lives of professing Christians. On the standard we propose to rear aloft, we hope to write in large and legible characters—**HOLINESS TO THE LORD.** On this topic we shall, primarily, carefully and reverently ask, What saith the Scriptures? and then, What saith those devoted men and women who have thought and prayed most on this subject, and whose lives and work bear most striking evidence of their having been taught of God? We believe there are thousands most anxiously asking if there be not in the Gospel a provision made for deliverance from the dominion of sin, and that to such we shall be able to publish the glad tidings of a faith which overcomes the world, quenches all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and inspires, even amid all the trials, tears, and temptations of earth, the song of heaven—Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb.

THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

SEEING that the "EAST LONDON EVANGELIST" will contain from time to time copious reports of the operations of this mission, some sketch of its history will, we doubt not, interest our readers. Its origin was thus described in a report of the Mission issued twelve months ago:—

In the month of August, 1865, being about to leave London for Derby, on an evangelistic tour, I was requested to conduct a week's religious services in a tent erected in the Quaker's burial ground, Whitechapel. These meetings were largely attended, gracious influences were vouchsafed, many sinners were awakened, and a very general desire was expressed, by Christian friends interested in the East of London, that I should devote the whole of my time to that part of the metropolis.

At first sight I felt the importance of the sphere. In every direction were multitudes totally ignorant of the gospel, and given up to all kinds of wickedness—infidels, drunkards, thieves, harlots, gamblers, blasphemers, and pleasure-seekers without number. Out of a population of nearly a million souls, it was confidently asserted that some eight hundred thousand never crossed the threshold of church or chapel. Here, in deed and truth, Satan seemed to have his seat. Sunday was regarded as a day of pleasure, idleness, or business. The strangest and falsest notions of God, religion, and a future state prevailed; and, consequently, misery and vice were rampant everywhere. To meet and stem this flood of iniquity, some few were labouring arduously and effectively: but around them was this vast and troubled ocean of depravity, foaming and dashing still.

A voice seemed to be ever sounding in my ears, "Why go to Derby, or anywhere else, to find souls who need the gospel? Here they are, tens and hundreds of thousands, at your very door. Preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. I will help you—your need shall be supplied."

"I deliberated and prayed, consented, and went to work.

At once God set to his seal by converting souls; and services were continued in the tent for about six weeks. Meetings were held three times on the Lord's day, and every night in the week, seldom without some penitents seeking the Saviour, and frequently as many as twelve and fifteen in

one evening. But the tent was an old one; soon the wind tore it to pieces, and we were driven out of it by bad weather to

A DANCING ROOM.

the only place we could procure. This room, which we could have only on Sabbath, was a miserable affair, seating but 350 people. We had to find our own forms, and some of our brethren had to come in their week-day clothes early on the Sabbath morning to move them in. The proprietor was a thoroughly godless man, a photographer, doing a large trade on the Sabbath; and while we were preaching, his customers were passing through the end of our place to his studio, his wife meanwhile sitting in the front room, colouring and getting up the pictures. We often talked to her concerning the godless life she was living, and she would frequently listen to the preaching; but she belonged to the class who assent to all that is said, and go on quietly in their sins. Her husband always kept out of the way.

Notwithstanding this wretched accommodation, and such unfavourable surroundings, we had many precious meetings here, to which some of our people often look back with pleasing memories, and many were, I doubt not, born here for heaven.

The following description of

A SABBATH'S SERVICES.

in connection with the dancing room, jotted down in my journal at the time, will afford a tolerable idea of our work in this place:—

Morning.—Open air preaching in Whitechapel, at the end of the New Road. Afterwards, in the Hall, an address, with the breaking of bread. The Lord was most manifestly present. Two backsliders wept much, one sobbing aloud while we commemorated the death of our crucified Lord.

Afternoon.—Preaching in the Commercial Road, and experience meeting in the hall.

Evening, from half-past five to seven. Mile-end-road; excellent service. Hundreds appeared to listen with undivided attention. The Word was with much power. Every sentence seemed to penetrate the hearts of the listening throng. We then formed a procession and sang down the Whitechapel Road to the Room. We had an efficient band of singers, and as we passed along the spacious and crowded thoroughfare, singing, "We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy," the people ran from every side. From the adjacent gin palaces the drinkers came forth to hear and see; some in mockery joined our ranks, some laughed and sneered, some were angry, the great majority looked on in wonder, while others turned and accompanied us, as on we went, changing our song to "There is a Fountain filled with blood;" and then again to—

"With a turning from sin, let repentance begin;
Then conversion of course will draw nigh:
But till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord:
We shall never be ready to die.

The hall was filled. The power of the Holy Ghost was with the word. Three-fourths of the audience stayed the after-meeting.

A more interesting and useful work could not be conceived than that of going

from seat to seat for conversation. Here was a poor, painted, fallen female, weeping at the remembrance of a praying mother, while sisters kneeling around her offered a pardoning Saviour. There was an intelligent, respectable-looking young man, who had some time back been anxious about his soul, and, as he said, often prayed for mercy, but having failed to obtain any satisfaction, had of late given it up, and ceased attending any place of worship. I tried to show him the simple, easy way of peace by the present acceptance of forgiveness as the free gift of God in Jesus. He said, "I have often tried, sir, but have not succeeded." I said, "Did you ever come to Him as *your* Saviour, and believe that He did there and then receive and forgive you?" He replied, "No; I never did that." "Will you do so now?" I asked. He said, "I will!" And as I passed up and down the meeting, while others were singing and conversing, I marked him bowed, as I trust, before the Lord in the exercise of that faith which brings salvation.

On another form sat an aged man and woman; he never attended a place of worship, and she but seldom, and though both nearly seventy, they were clinging to the idea "that it would take some time for such as they to be saved."

Further on was a group of sailors, evidently interested and impressed, but they had to leave early to go on board their ship, which sailed on Tuesday. They could not, therefore, come again next Sabbath, but promised to do so on their return to London.

At the door, just about to retire, was a troubled and trembling woman, halting between two opinions, and a brother pleading with her not to go away until she had sought and found Jesus. I took her hand and joined my entreaties to his, when, thoroughly broken down, she yielded, went back, and gave her heart to God.

One aged woman found the Saviour, and before all the people poured forth her heart in thanksgiving and prayer. She was a wanderer from the fold; many years ago she had known the Lord, but had deeply fallen. Passing along, she heard our singing, listened to the message of mercy, with tears confessed sins which lay like a mountain on her conscience, especially that of keeping her shop open on the Sabbath, and then joyously embraced the Saviour.

(To be continued.)

SOULS CAN BE SAVED!

THANK God, souls can be saved! God the Father says, that the repenting, believing soul shall be saved: "Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin." Jesus Christ also showed the possibility of saving souls, when he said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Holy Spirit also has confirmed this doctrine when he said: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." The angels in heaven believe that a repenting sinner will be saved; hence, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." The redeemed saints who are in the

presence of God, are of opinion that a returning penitent will find grace; hence, they warned sinners to repent before they died; and there is "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." The old serpent also knows, that the penitent will find grace; hence, when a man begins to repent, the devil begins to tempt him. The very damned in hell believe, that repentance will save a man from torments; hence, Dives prayed that Lazarus might be sent to warn his five brethren to repent, lest they also went to that place of torments. Good men on earth experience that repenting and believing save the soul from sin and the fear of death. And even the wicked know, that if they repent, the Lord will have mercy on them.—Glory be to God, it is gloriously possible for

the soul to be saved; because it is possible to bring men to repentance. Men are generally brought to repent by the instrumentality of men; therefore let us labour to get sinners to Christ, lest their blood should be found in our skirts at the last day. Let us all be doers, and let us always be doing. And may God add his blessing, and bring souls to Christ.

THE INFIDEL'S DAUGHTER.

FROM FINLEY'S "SKETCHES OF WESTERN METHODISM."

THERE lived in 1814, not far from Steubenville, Ohio, an infidel of wealth and distinction. He belonged to the French school of infidelity, which, in the Reign of Terror in France, had, in consequence of its disgust at the crimes and corruptions and mummeries of Romanism, renounced all religion, vetoing Christianity, defying reason, and writing over the cemeteries, "Death, an eternal sleep." He was a devoted student of Voltaire, and Rousseau, and D'Alembert, and being educated and talented but few were able or felt disposed to meet him in argument on the subject of religion. Indeed, he was a terror to all Christians in the neighbourhood, and he never lost an opportunity to instil his infidel principles into the minds of all who would listen to his deceptive and dangerous philosophy—falsely so called. He was a man of great influence in the country, and all that influence was thrown into the scale of infidelity. His principles were not only destructive to the general morals of the community, but were insidiously working their way into the impressible mind of the young and rising generation, poisoning them with infidelity. When he met with one equally well skilled in argument, and capable of showing the sophistry of his reasoning, and of tearing off the vail from the hideous form of the monster infidelity, he never would fail to fly to that last resort of infidels as their test of truth, ridicule, well knowing how potent such a weapon is in skilful hands. Where few can reason all can laugh, and as the depraved human heart is always on the infidel's side, often has the multitude, which usually collected

in those days around disputants, been excited to laughter at the sallies of wit and ridicule the infidel would bring to bear upon his antagonist.

This infidel would not attend any religious meetings, and paid a total disregard to all the institutions of religion. Strange as it may seem, with all his avowed infidelity and unblushing opposition to religion, he was chosen to represent the county in the legislature of the State. His family consisted of a wife and one child—a lovely daughter, beautiful and accomplished, having received what is termed a polite and fashionable education. The mother was alike infidel in sentiment with the father, and, of course, as it was with the father and mother, so it was with the daughter. Her youthful mind was made to take into its first impressions the blank and cheerless doctrines of infidelity. One has said, "Of all the melancholy sights that meet the gaze of mortals, nothing is half so drear and desolate as that of an infidel mother. For her there is no God and Saviour; no bright and cheering hopes of immortality and eternal life beyond the grave. Home, with its endearments and angel faces, was designed to remind us constantly of the family of God in heaven; but where the cold night of infidelity reigns, and no voices of prayer and praise are heard, life is a dull leaden dream, and death an eternal sleep." This lovely girl, notwithstanding the cold and dreary sphere in which she had taken her existence and moved, was, nevertheless, of an amiable disposition. She was the infidel's daughter, and the child of a prayerless mother; but yet she possessed a genial mind and a trusting heart. We have heard it said of some, "they are naturally religious," and if it were possible for any to have a native religious character such might be ascribed to her. But, like the young ruler whom Jesus loved for his amiability of disposition and morality of conduct, she lacked one thing, and that was the regenerating grace of God, without which all natural graces will prove unavailing as requisites for heaven.

Not a very great distance from her

father's residence there was a preaching-place, where the Methodist itinerants held meetings regularly every two weeks. A special meeting had been appointed to continue several days, and as the father was absent at the legislature, she went to the meeting without the knowledge of her mother. Dressed, as she was, in fashionable style, when she entered the rude cabin, and took her seat among the old fashioned Methodists, she became an object of general attention, quite as much so as an old-fashioned Methodist now would be if she were to come into one of our fashionable congregations with her plain gown and Quaker bonnet. But she did not come out of mere idle curiosity; she was strangely drawn to the house of worship, and there was a power at work, in regard to the nature of which she was unconscious. She had, as we have already seen, been reared in utter ignorance of religion, and all that she was taught concerning it was, that it was a system of priestcraft; and though there might be some honest, deluded professors of religion, the most of them were arrant hypocrites. She never read the Bible; for her father considered it too immoral a book to put in his daughter's hands, preferring the writings of French infidels, and even the blasphemous scurrility of Paine himself, to that book. Beside this, she never heard a Gospel sermon, being prevented from attending all religious meetings. Of course to her everything was new; and though she could appear with ease and grace in the drawing-room or gilded saloon, she felt embarrassed in the midst of a worshipping assembly. She composed herself, however, as well as she was able; and when the preacher rose, and with solemn voice announced the text, "God so loved the world that he gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," her attention was absorbed. This was the first and all of the Gospel she had ever heard, and it sounded strangely in her ears. She had read Rousseau's opinion of Jesus Christ, and was disposed to look on him as an innocent, upright man,

and she coincided with him in opposition to other infidel writers who had asserted that he was an impostor. When the preacher fully opened his theme, representing God's love in sending his Son into the world to die for us, and the love of Christ in coming and taking upon himself our load of guilt and shame, illustrated by scenes drawn from real life, and enforced and applied to the listening audience, the heart of the young girl was broken up, and she wept aloud. Every eye was suffused in tears, and many were the warm and ardent prayers that went up to heaven in behalf of that weeping one.

When the meeting was ended she returned home, but so deeply was she affected by what she had heard that it was impossible for her to conceal her feelings from her mother, who, in a stern voice, asked her where she had been, almost as soon as she entered the sitting-room. On being informed that she had been to the meeting, she became very much excited, and said in an angry tone, "If you go again, those ignorant fanatics will ruin you for ever; and if it comes to your father's ears that you have been to a Methodist meeting, he will banish you from the house; besides, you ought to know better. The instructions you have received should guard you against all such improprieties, and I hope hereafter I shall never hear of your being at such a place."

Night came, and with it came the hour for meeting. Now commenced a conflict in the mind of the daughter. She had never disobeyed her mother, nor did she ever feel disposed to act contrary to her wishes in any respect; but her heart longed for the place of prayer, and she felt strongly drawn to it by a secret, invisible agency she could not resist. "Shall I," said she to herself, "disobey my mother, and incur the displeasure of my father, and perhaps banishment from home? But the preacher said that the 'Saviour of the world declared that "whosoever loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and whosoever will not forsake father and mother for my sake and the Gospel's, shall not enter heaven."'

I will forsake all for Christ." The crisis had come; the gate was passed; and her joyous destiny was sealed for ever. She left her home and went to the meeting. An inviting sermon was preached, at the close of which seekers of religion were invited to kneel at the mourner's bench, and pray for pardon. No sooner was the invitation given than she pressed her way through the crowd, and fell upon the bench, crying for mercy. Her full heart now poured forth its griefs in sobs and fervent prayers. The whole congregation was taken by surprise, and filled with utter astonishment at the scene, knowing, as the most of them did, the utter contempt in which her father and mother held religion and all religious exercises. Surely, they thought, this must be the special interposition of God, and every heart was lifted up in fervent prayer in her behalf. There, at that mourner's bench, she struggled in agonising prayer for two hours. It was apparently the noon of night, and yet she was not converted. Never was mourner more deeply engaged. She had made the last resolve. One after another of the faithful had poured out their hearts at the mercy-seat in her behalf; hymn after hymn was sung, as only those can sing who sing with the spirit; but still she came not through the dark valley. Faith began to flag, and some thought the penitent must disrobe herself of her hat, and plume, and flowers, and ruffles, ere the Lord could bless. But God looks at the heart, and he saw, down deep in its own recesses, a soul absorbed in grief, conscious of nothing but its guilt and sin. At length the last hymn was rolling up from swelling hearts and tuneful voices to heaven. The last stanza was reached, "Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hopes, still hovering round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair;" and as the last strain sounded in the ear of the penitent, she gently threw back her head, and opened her calm blue eyes, yet sparkling with tears; but they were the tears that told of

sins forgiven. She had emerged from the darkness, and the light of heaven was beaming upon her happy countenance, and an unearthly radiance gleamed like a glory on her brow. If before she was beautiful, now that she was adorned with heavenly grace, one might think she could claim kindred with the skies. She arose, and embraced in her arms the sisters who had prayed with her, and pointed her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. She had passed the noon of many a night in scenes of guilty mirth and revelry, where she was the foremost of the band, the fairest of the fair; but never did such joy and gladness come to her soul as she experienced on that occasion. She returned home, feeling now that she could gladly bear anything for the sake of her Lord and Master. When she arrived she related to her mother what had occurred, and exclaimed, "O, how precious is the Saviour!" She would have embraced her mother in her arms; but she repulsed her and reproached her, telling her that if she did not cease her nonsense she would drive her away from the house, and that she had disgraced her family and ruined herself for ever. She retired to her room, and spent the remainder of the night in prayer and praise to God.

Soon it was noised abroad that the infidel's daughter was converted; and some of his friends, supposing, doubtless, that they would render him great service, wrote to him on the subject, giving him the most absurd and ridiculous accounts of her exercises while at the mourner's bench, and after she was converted. When Mr. P. received this intelligence he was greatly enraged, and swore that he would banish his daughter from his house, and she should be entirely disinherited and disowned. All this moved not the converted daughter; for she realised the truth of the Divine declaration, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The day was at length fixed for his return home, and Eliza—for that was the daughter's name—placed herself at the window to watch his arrival. In the afternoon he was

seen approaching on horseback, and Eliza hastened out to the gate to meet her father. When she stepped up to her father to embrace and kiss him, he rudely seized her by the arm, and, with his horsewhip, whipped her out of the gate, telling her to begone, and, with many curses, forbidding her return. Sadly she went weeping down the lane; but she thought of what her Saviour had suffered for her, and her heart was staid up under the mighty load which oppressed it. She realised then what it was to love the Lord Jesus more than all else besides. Though she had lost natural friends, she had found spiritual friends.

Not far from her father's residence lived a pious Methodist—a poor widow—who knew the state of things at the house of Mr. P. When she saw Eliza coming to her house one evening, she was not at a loss to conjecture the cause. The poor widow gave her a cordial reception, and spoke to her words of kindness and comfort. Eliza asked permission to go into the little room, and be allowed to remain there undisturbed. No sooner was she alone than she fell upon her knees, and commenced pouring out her soul to God in prayer for her wicked father and mother.

But we must return to the father. As he gazed after Eliza, who went sobbing down the lane, it seemed as though a thousand fiends of darkness had taken possession of his soul. He went to the house, and met his wife; but she was equally wretched, having witnessed what was done. He sat down. They spoke not, except in monosyllables. The supper-hour arrived, but he refused to eat, though he had been riding all day. Now and then a groan would escape his lips. He went to his library, and turned over his books and papers in a hurried manner, and with a vacant look. At length he retired to his chamber, but sleep had forsaken his eyelids, and if he did close them, the sweet, angel face of his banished daughter would send daggers to his soul. Next day he wandered about like one seeking with the greatest anxiety for something that was lost. It was evident to all that there was something resting upon his mind that greatly troubled

him. The cause of that trouble his proud, infidel heart would not allow him to disclose. Unable to find rest, he again sought his chamber; but, alas! his anguish increased, and he began to see the shallowness of his infidelity, and also its dark, horrid nature, in that it could prompt him to drive his daughter from his house, simply because she had become a Christian. From that moment he was a changed man—not that he was converted; but from a hard, impenitent sinner, he was brought to relent and pray. There he prayed for hours, without one ray of hope. His abused and banished Eliza would rise before him, and his convictions increased, till he raved like the demoniac among the tombs of Gadara. It seemed as if he would not be able much longer to support the mountain weight that was crushing him; for the sorrows of hell got hold upon him, and he anticipated the pain of the second death. Flying from his room, he called his servant-boy, and ordering him to saddle Eliza's horse and mount another, he directed him to go to every house in the neighbourhood in quest of his daughter, and to bring her home. Seeing his orders obeyed, he returned to his chamber; but the load that pressed upon his heart was removed, and the anguish that drank up his spirits was gone. He was comforted, but not converted. The raging deep was calmed, but the sun shone not upon its waters. He walked out into the garden, and there, beneath Eliza's favourite bower, knelt down, and again lifted up his heart to God. Scarcely had his knees touched the ground when the Sun of righteousness arose, with healing in its beams, upon him, and pervading all the great deep of his mind, lighted it up with the peace and calm of heaven.

For twenty-four hours, without eating or sleeping, Eliza remained in that widow's room, engaged in earnest supplication for her father. The pious mother of Israel, looking out of her window as the day was drawing to a close, saw the servant coming with two horses, and ran immediately into the little room, exclaiming, "Eliza, arise, your father has sent for you. I see John coming with your horse

and saddle." The happy child arose, and burst out in rapturous exclamations of praise to God for his goodness and mercy in touching her father's heart. She was soon in her saddle, and the faithful charger bore her fleetly to her home as if proud of his burden. When in sight of home she saw her weeping father, standing at the same gate from whence, on the evening before, he had driven her a fugitive abroad. She sprang from her horse into his arms, and embracing his child with a love he never experienced before, he exclaimed, "My angel of mercy, I give you my heart and my hand to travel with you to the heavenly inheritance." It was a happy family; for the mother was converted, and joined with the father and daughter in the service of God, and they all continued faithful disciples of Christ till they were called from the Church militant to the Church triumphant in heaven.

OUR ALTAR.

We have an altar! Hast thou offered thy sacrifice upon it? Dost thou remember what a complete sacrifice it requires?

It must be a whole burnt offering without spot or blemish. The Israelites were not permitted to offer the lame or blind, but the best of the flock. Equally perfect must be our offering. Our altar is Christ, our sacrifice is ourselves and our friends and all connected with us; it is incomplete and therefore must be unacceptable if we fail to place upon the altar the smallest thing.

As whatever touched the Jewish altar was holy—not because of any merit in the offering, but the altar—so when we present ourselves "a living sacrifice, the altar sanctifies the gift."

The offerings were presented by God's people with songs of joy and thanksgiving; in the same manner should ours be offered, not regretfully as if loath to render that which is only our reasonable service; rather let us be thankful that we are permitted to place our all upon the precious altar.

Let us so truly consecrate ourselves that henceforth we can say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Then will the Father be glorified in us, because we shall bear much fruit. Those who served at the altar had no part nor lot with their brethren, but were partakers with the altar. Why should we who "have an altar whereof they have no right to eat," seek to possess all that *seems* to contribute present pleasure?

Is it not enough to be partakers with Christ? If some vast earthly inheritance had been given us to share with a prince, would it trouble us if the country through which we must pass to reach our new possessions, had some forms of gratification which we could not take time to enjoy?

Would we not rather hasten forward eager only to receive the riches awaiting us?

Why then toil, weary one?

Hast thou not found that those gems which seem to sparkle with such enticing brilliancy perish as soon as attained? Is it not better far to accept the inheritance offered in the better land, even the heavenly, and as joint heirs with Christ, share his glory forever?

Could we in the smallest degree realise what is offered to us, we would joy in temptations and trials, knowing that they only bind us more closely to our altar, and make us more like our precious Saviour.

THE LIMEHOUSE PENNY GAFF.

AMONG the many mischievous agencies, which seem devised for no other purpose than that of corrupting and destroying the pure and virtuous instincts of youth, none have proved more fatal than the Penny Gaff. The arch enemy of mankind, could not have contrived a more effectual or destructive weapon with which to completely undo the work of the ragged-school, or the Sunday class, and lure the children of the poor into the darkened paths of sin and crime. Wherever established, the presence of the penny gaff has invariably been found to produce a moral blight in the whole neighbourhood, seriously counteracting the work of the servants of God, and ceaselessly sowing the seeds of future life-long misery. The Limehouse Penny Gaff, has been no

exception to the rule. Situated in one of the largest End-End thoroughfares, in the very heart of a densely populated neighbourhood, it has for years exercised a terribly evil effect on the impressible minds of thousands of its juvenile frequenters, impregnating the inexperienced young with an irresistible desire for the evil company of thieves, prostitutes, and other children of vice and crime. The ribaldry and blasphemy, which were here to be heard from the lips of boys and girls, have been described as dreadful, sickening even old and hardened swearers. Two or three performances generally took place each evening, and while one was going on, those who were to form the audience of the next were huddled indiscriminately together in a low, ill-lighted cellar, where the language and demeanour of both sexes were horrible and revolting in the extreme. This cellar was a perfect Pandemonium of vice, worthy of Sodom and Gomorrah, and from its hordes of child-frequenters, were constantly recruited the teeming ranks of fallen and miserable women, who drag on a wretched existence in the many houses of ill-fame, which are to be found within a stone's-throw of the gaff. No wonder that in the eyes of those who feared the Lord, the place had become a crying scandal. But the authorities were powerless to interfere, so long as those who had the management of the gaff kept within the strict letter of the law, they could not be prevented from persevering in their evil and soul-destroying labours. The police know that such places are the habitual resorts of thieves and loose characters, and Mr. Inspector Reason recently stated before a Parliamentary Committee, that they were frequented exclusively by the poorer class of children, mostly of the criminal order, as the places "are too dirty inside to invite any person of respectability." The inspector also declared that it was "pitiful to see the poor faces there, the dirt and filth they were in." Mr. George Godwin, Editor of the *Builder*, describing one of these gaffs, says:—"There are infants in the arms of mothers, who have scarcely passed the years of girlhood; the 'two years'

child,' with staring eyes and open mouth, is looking with wondrous intentness on the scene passing on the small, ill-decorated stage; mixed in the group, are boys of elder growth and some very young girls." Watching the children come out of the gaff, Mr. Godwin states, that he "counted out 680 boys and girls, many of the worst possible character, and there were nearly as many waiting, who went in immediately afterwards." Who can presume to measure the vast amount of irreligion and soul-destruction, of which these social pest-houses, these Satanic charnel houses of all that is good and holy, have been the accursed cause! Parliament may legislate, social reformers preach their doctrines, far and wide, nay, even the ministers of the Gospel may proclaim aloud the soul-saving truths, of which they are the zealous missionaries, but so long as these abominable penny gaffs are tolerated, so long will the children of the poor be continually tempted by hundreds and thousands, into the ways of hell and destruction.

Fortunately for the sake of the youthful poor of East London, the people connected with the Limehouse Penny Gaff overstepped the strict line marked out by the law, and were at once pounced upon by the watchful police. Eager to prevent the building falling into the hands of others who would experience no compunction in procuring their livelihood by continuing its use as a gaff, an attempt has been successfully made to secure it as a station for the East London Christian Mission, so that the walls which have so often rung with coarse jokes and ribald songs may echo in the future with inspiring hymns of divine praise, heartfelt supplications for grace and mercy, moving prayers for forgiveness of sin, and glorious utterances of sweet and blessed gospel truths. But, as mentioned elsewhere, this involves a heavy expenditure. Yet, if the children of Christ will but help, even if the contribution from each be of the smallest, the work can be carried on. For the sake of the poor little ones, of those whom our great Redeemer bade come unto him, these children—the waifs and strays of fallen humanity, O! stretch forth

a helping hand. Christian mothers, Christian fathers, Christian men and women of all denominations, aid us in the good work of raising the fallen, and teaching the lost and erring the everlasting truths of the blessed gospel, by the influence of which we are made the heirs of life everlasting.

IRON PEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I should like you to find me a corner in your journal, to express my best wishes for your new effort to make the Christian world acquainted with what the Lord is doing in the East through your Mission; and I trust this publication may also be the means of inducing many to aid by their prayers and with their substance to carry on a work which I esteem to be the most successful effort which has yet been attempted, to stem the tide of sin and wretchedness which has set in with such appalling force and energy.

It would truly concern me if any expression of sympathy for the labours of the East London Christian Mission, indicated any want of Christian interest with all who are labouring faithfully for the Lord. Affectionately and earnestly do I pray that success may abundantly be bestowed upon every dear labourer for Jesus.

Shall I create surprise if I say that, after a four months' sojourn among the charms of Galloway, North Britain, and after enjoying the health-giving influences of the mountain air, in those parts, I found a very striking contrast, as I took up my abode in the desolate East. Indeed, I seemed to have found myself in another world. The quiet delights of the country were exchanged for the noise, jostle, and jar of our big city; instead of the bronzed faces and stalwart forms of my late friends, I found myself amongst a people of sickly countenance, crushing each other in the daily strife for bread, and thousands of them steeped in poverty, crime, and misery.

This, then, is the material with which the Mission has to deal, this is the condition of a large mass, to

whom the Word has to be taken; and although at times the burden and charge seem too weighty to bear, yet our hearts are permitted to rejoice in seeing precious ones brought out of this state of woe, and clothed in their right mind.—The sinner is saved.

This is the work bequeathed to the Mission; this is the labour which fills the soul with intense concern and interest, and which has enabled the writer to relinquish home and business claims, in order to enter on a sphere which presents so blessed an opportunity for preaching the Gospel of Our Lord to the lost and wandering. Yours affectionately in the Gospel,

6, Bennett Park, CHARLES OWEN.
Blackheath.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE THEATRES.

THE congregations are increasing, and the meetings rising in interest and power. At the

CITY OF LONDON,

on Sunday, Sept. 13th, a powerful service was conducted by William Stevens, of Paddington. At the close some most precious and remarkable cases of conversion followed. One man, who had not been inside a place of worship for years, and who would not have attended one on any account, was seized by a strange desire to go to the theatre on this evening, and had waited two hours for the place opening. He called on the preacher the following week, and told him a melancholy story of the debauchery and wickedness of his past life. He was so altered for the better in his outward appearance that at first Mr. Stevens did not know him again. It was very remarkable that while he was absent from home, weeping and seeking Jesus at the theatre, his wife was awakened several miles away, at a mission hall near her own dwelling.

Another man sought mercy. He was a backslider and had been a local preacher. On Sunday, the 20th, the congregation was larger still, and several persons came out, asking, What must we do to be saved?

NEW EAST LONDON (late Effingham),
WHITECHAPEL,

ALL through the summer months, even during the late very hot weather, the attendance has been very large. Now

the congregations increase every night, and we soon expect to see the spacious top gallery crowded to the ceiling. The morning service is well attended. The afternoon experience meeting, is one of the most interesting, as a rule, we ever took part in, and the evening service must be attended before any person can form a true idea of its usefulness and power.

We could fill many pages with the recital of most precious instances of conversion that have taken place in this Theatre. We will give a few in our next number.

COMMENCEMENT OF A BRANCH MISSION AT NORWOOD.

NEAR to the Gipsy Hill station, and not far from the Crystal Palace, quite a little township of working people has, during the past few years, sprung into existence. Having no church or chapel accommodation, J. E. Everett, Esq., a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, feeling anxious for their spiritual welfare, established a mission and built a good hall with school room attached. At considerable expense and with much anxiety he has sought to carry this mission on; but the success among the working class, for whom the means were designed, was but small. Conversions were rare, congregations grew less, and at last the conduct of the missionary employed nearly annihilated the little cause that had been gathered. Twelve months ago Mrs. Booth held a few services here, which were much blessed; and, in his disappointment at the previous failure, our friend gave a cordial invitation to the East London Christian Mission to work the place by those measures which have been so much owned elsewhere.

Services were commenced on Sunday, 20th September; and the following extract from a communication received from the brother working there will show that a hopeful beginning has been made.

“On Wednesday afternoon we started with the bible carriage to Norwood. We found the journey very heavy, and were at last compelled to borrow a horse to help us up the hills. The people flocked to their doors, wondering what was coming, as besides our books and papers, we had large bills up announcing the services. We went all round New Town, selling Bibles and other books, giving away tracts and the ‘British Workman,’ and speaking to the people

about their souls. We had a very successful day, but at night we were in a fix for a place in which to put our carriage—we did not like to put it in a public house, so we asked the Lord to find us a coachhouse, which He did, just where we wanted it, at the top of the hill.

“We met with several Roman Catholics, there being a nunnery and a Catholic chapel close by. In our visits amongst the people many spoke of the priests and sisters of mercy, who go among them to get their children to their schools: they give them clothes and help them in other ways, in order to get hold of their children. One poor woman asked us what we were, said she had only lately come to New Town, and would like her child to be a Protestant. I gave her a suitable book, and she promised to let her boy come to our school. Another poor fellow, a Catholic, was standing talking to me, when his wife came out in a great rage and ordered him in. I said a few words to him, and he bought a ‘Pilgrim’s Progress;’ and may God bless it to his salvation! The people of this neighbourhood are much given to drink. A policeman told me that it was time something was done. He thought that there was great need for a temperance meeting and a band of hope. Another man living in New Town told us that he was kept awake till twelve o’clock on a Sunday night by drunken men singing low songs in the street.

“We had a good open air meeting, Sunday afternoon: the men at the public house near where we were standing came out and for some time laughed and made fun of us. A man came running out in a rage, saying ‘What have you come here disturbing us for?’ One of our brethren told him that they had better be disturbed here than to be disturbed in hell. Three of us prayed one after another, and a brother spoke with the power of the Holy Ghost. They seemed stricken, and remained quiet. Many were looking out of their windows, others standing at their porso listening to the words of mercy; and I believe the Lord gave his blessing, and some were ‘pricked in their hearts.’ The congregation in the morning was very good, the people were very attentive, and the Lord helped His servant to preach. At night the hall was nearly full, and the power of God seemed to rest upon the people. One woman has confessed since that she was deeply convicted, and is now

wretched on account of her sins. A retired publican and his wife were present, and were both observed to be weeping during the service; the man was evidently deeply convinced, and promised to come again.

"There seems to be a decided spirit of inquiry amongst the people. Sinners are asking us to pray for them; and we hope we shall be able to report good things in a short time."

POPLAR.

THE brother in charge of Poplar says: that "The open air service, on Sunday the 13th, conducted in front of the East India Dock gates, was indeed a happy one. The power of God came down upon the people; and their hearts seemed to be broken. An old sailor, over sixty years of age, gave his heart to God. He came and knelt down in our midst, before hundreds of people, and was converted there and then. He has been attending the meetings regularly ever since. On Sunday, the 20th, we had a blessed day. In the afternoon, at the fellowship meeting, the Spirit of the Lord was present: the hearts of His believing people were melted into tears, praying fervently that God would bless the night services, and save the people. In the evening Miss Matilda Harris related her "Vision of heaven," and restoration to health in a moment, after seven years' affliction, in answer to prayer and faith. We were obliged to close the doors before the service commenced, the crowd being so large. God was present with us, the people wept and sobbed out, and many sought Jesus. The work is still progressing; but our place is altogether too small. The temperance hall is crowded to the door every night in the week.

OPEN-AIR WORK IN SHOREDITCH.

A BROTHER writes:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Lord is blessing our labours in Shoreditch. Our open-air meetings at the corner of Sclater Street continue almost through the entire Sabbath. We begin in the morning at ten, and keep on till two in the afternoon, and again from three till half-past four, and from six to seven. Crowds of working men stand and listen to the gospel, instead of filling the public-houses around. It will give you great pleasure to hear that we have extended the work to Norfolk Gardens, a place inhabited by street

singers, beggars, thieves, and prostitutes. A policeman was found dead here a month ago, murdered, it was thought, by some thief who had a spite against him for having been the means of bringing him to justice. So bad is the character of the inhabitants, that no policeman will go into it alone after a certain hour. This man had done so, and, it is supposed, paid the price of his life for his temerity. Last Sunday evening, when we took up our position, they were having what they call a lark. A poor abandoned woman had her face blacked, and was running and hallooing like one out of her mind, while others followed, shouting and blaspheming. We commenced by singing—

"The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill."

I then addressed them for a short time. Order was soon gained, and the people began to make their appearance at the doors and windows, and appeared very much interested with the story of the woman that was a sinner. At the close, I gave them a pressing invitation to the City of London Theatre.

As we were leaving the Gardens, a young man, who had been standing at some distance, tapped me on the shoulder, and asked if I would do him a favour. I said yes, if I could. He said, "There is a poor woman living down here who has got a boy. His father was a companion of mine; but he has got into trouble, and is in the country for a year or two. You know what I mean. Well, the mother must live somehow: so she is obliged to go out at nights; and her boy, who is about seven years old, runs the streets, turning somersaults alongside the omnibuses with a blackened face for coppers. If he is left to himself, the ha'pence he picks up at this game will not be enough for him soon; and though I am a thief myself, I should not like the boy to become one. If he once enters a prison he will not mind going there again. Now, sir, if you can get him into a reformatory you would save him from ruin, and perhaps prove a great blessing to his mother." I promised the man that I would do what I could, and appointed a time to meet him. Now, sir, if you can find a home for this boy I shall be very glad." [We hope to get the boy into the "Revival Refuge."]

MISSION HALL, HACKNEY ROAD.
THE brother in charge of this station writes: "God is with us here, and does

not leave us to labour without encouragement. The open-air gatherings at this prominent corner are very large, and we frequently hear of souls being awakened. A few days ago we were complaining that so little was done, when an old woman came up and said, 'Look here! don't you ever say that you are not doing any good here, because after you had finished preaching last night, a man came to me weeping and said, "Do you think I can be forgiven?" Yes, I said, you can. Then he asked if I would pray for him. I told him that I would, and we knelt down just there in the street, and prayed, and he rose up saying that he felt that God had saved him.'

SAVED AFTER TWELVE YEARS' SEEKING.

This dear woman was herself saved at this station. Hers was a remarkable case. She had been under the bondage of Satan nearly as long as the woman in the gospel, and was delivered almost as suddenly. She was observed to be weeping bitterly in one of our evening meetings; one of our sisters went to speak to her, when a person present stopped her, saying the woman was deranged, that she had been weeping in that way for over twelve years, and it was useless speaking to her. Our sister, however, nothing daunted, went, and kneeling by her side, pointed out the simple way of salvation by faith in Christ. The woman saw it, laid hold of Jesus, wiped away her tears, and went her way rejoicing. This is more than a year ago, and she is rejoicing still, and is one of the most active members of a neighbouring Primitive Methodist Church.

POETRY.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray;
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face;
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

From Aug. 20th to Sept. 24th.

FOR THE GENERAL WORK.

	£	s.	d.
Well Wisher	0	10	0
Major Phillips	1	0	0
A. L. Freeman, Esq.	5	0	0
Miss Deme	0	5	0
T. Latchmore, Esq.	1	0	0
Miss Robertson	0	3	6
Mrs. M. Stevens	0	10	0
Friend	0	2	0
Evangelisation Society	20	0	0
Mrs Temple	2	0	8
Mrs. Norman	0	10	0
Dr. Macgill (personal support)	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Bogg	0	7	0

PER "REVIVAL."

E. and M. H.	0	5	0
G. T. Bedford	0	10	0
M. C. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Haining	0	2	6
Mrs. Hall	0	2	6
Mrs. Ramsey	1	0	0
Mr. Smith	0	3	6
E. M. L.	1	0	0
One who loves Jesus	0	8	0
Two Brothers	5	0	0

— 9 1 6

OFFERINGS ON THE MISSION.

At Whitechapel	21	7	1
„ Poplar	2	16	5½
„ Shoreditch	2	14	5
„ Stratford	0	17	3
„ Sclater St.	0	7	2
Mr. McDougall, card	0	1	3
Mr. G. Thorpe, „	0	11	7
Mr. Musgrove, box	0	3	4
Mr. Talby „	0	6	8
A Friend per Mrs. Blackman	1	0	0

— 30 5 2½

CONVERSION OF A PENNY GAFF INTO A MISSION HALL.

FOR twelve months past I have greatly desired to secure this place, (opposite Limehouse Church, Commercial Road, a description of which is contained in a previous paper,) for a mission-station, and have made two or three attempts to do so, but insurmountable difficulties prevented. At length, however, in the good providence of God, the way is open and I now hasten to lay the matter before the Lord's people, and to ask their prayers, thanksgiving, and help in the undertakings.

I have taken it on a lease of three years, at £52 per year. I am to give £30 for present fittings, and £60 more is required to make it more comfortable for our work. However, it will be worth it; prominently situated, with a ceaseless stream of people passing and repassing it day and night, near to good stands for open-air work, and with a resident population ignorant as heathen and black as midnight, it will be one of the most important mission stations in London. I have no funds in hand to appropriate to this object, therefore the question as to whether this den of iniquity shall be closed, and turned into a fountain of righteousness and peace, devolves on those stewards of the Lord who have the ability to help.

The following subscriptions have already been received. Others will be duly acknowledged.

FOR THE PENNY GAFF.

Mrs. Keers	0	10	0
Friend	1	0	0
C. O. (savings from beer and wine)	1	0	0
T. W. Croome, Esq.	2	0	0
Dr. Macgill	1	1	0
Miss E. A. Crothers	0	10	0
A. L. Freeman, Esq.	2	0	0
Mr. W. G. Crothers	0	10	6
G. Welhorn, Esq.	0	3	0
Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. Brown	0	15	0
W. Pollard, Esq.	5	0	0
M. A. R.	1	1	0
R. C. Allen, Esq.	0	10	0

WHO WILL HELP IN THIS GREAT UNDERTAKING?

WE hope to be able to present our readers with a Balance Sheet for the last year in our next number. In the meanwhile, we can only say that all our funds are exhausted, and that unless IMMEDIATE and GENEROUS help is forwarded, we shall have to relinquish some

important stations, as we cannot, on any consideration, go into debt. But we have no fear; and believe that we have only to make our need known to the Lord's people for it to be at once supplied.

Contributions may be forwarded by cheques, post-office orders, or postage stamps, to the Editor, 1, Cambridge Lodge Villas, Hackney, London, N.E.; or to N. J. Powell, Esq., 101, Whitechapel; or may be paid into the account of the East London Christian Mission, at Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill.

We hope no one will be deterred from sending us SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.—Mark xii. 41-44.

All offerings of 5s. and above will be acknowledged per return of post, and all, of every amount, will be inserted in the following number of the EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

A friend, recently persuaded to give up the use of intoxicating drink, gave us a sovereign the other night towards fitting up the "Gaff," as the first fruits of his savings from ale and wine. Is there any pleasure like that which flows from the practice of self-denial for Christ? Who will go and do likewise?

We have to express our thanks to A. L. Freeman, Esq., for the two noble parcels of tracts, and to Mr. Warren Hall for 1,500 copies of the "Sinner's Friend." May God abundantly bless the donors.

A Christian firm in Sheffield has promised a yearly contribution of £10 worth of cutlery, for which we are very grateful. We beg to inform our readers that in our shops at Shoreditch and Whitechapel we can dispose of any and every kind of goods sent for the benefit of the Mission.

STRONG CHRISTIANS.—The way for a Christian to grow strong, is to come out of himself, and learn to feel and act for the salvation of a dying world.—*Dr. Hartford.*

FAITHFUL MINISTERS.—Only let ministers live in the full glory of entire sanctification, and in all their studies, prayers, preaching, visiting, singing, and reading aim at God's glory in the salvation of souls, and souls will be saved. There never was a holy, faithful, heaven and church sent minister, who fixed his whole heart upon the conversion of sinners, that failed. No, nor never will, while the truth of God remains.