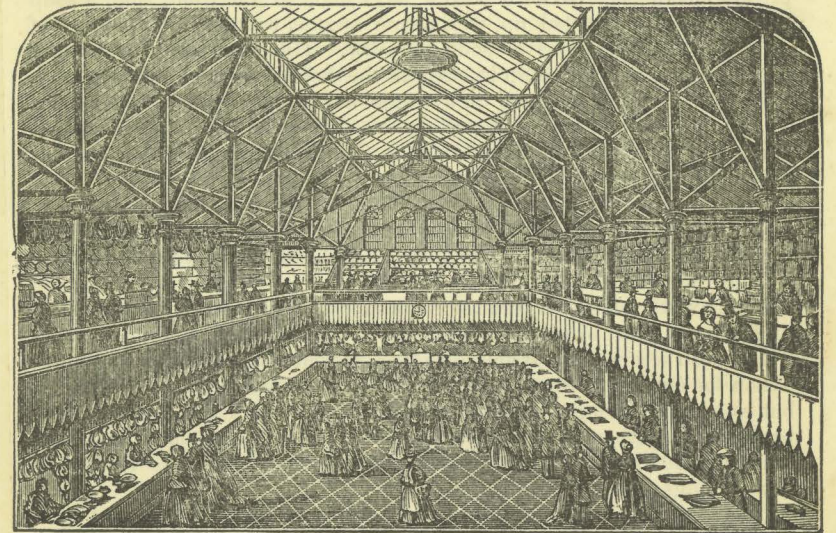


THE  
EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

NOVEMBER, 1868.



CONVERSION OF THE PEOPLE'S MARKET, WHITECHAPEL,  
INTO A  
PEOPLE'S MISSION HALL.

EVER since the commencement of the mission in this neighbourhood, the work has suffered greatly, and been prosecuted with difficulty, from the want of suitable premises. While our Sabbath evening congregations range from 2,000 to 3,000, our largest room for week-night work will not contain more than 350 people. This room is packed from end to end on week-nights, and could we accommodate them, we could readily obtain three times the number. Moreover, we have not nearly the rooms required for the private meetings, such as Bible Classes, Believers' Meetings, Evening Educational Classes, Mothers' Meetings, and others of kindred character, without which any and every mission work will be a rope of sand.

On the Sabbath we occupy the East London Theatre through the whole of the day, and in the morning and afternoon we find it dreary and comfortless in the extreme. Indeed I do not see how we can expect the poor half-clad people to attend in the coming cold weather. In the evening it is different, seeing we get more gas, and the great crowd warms the place.

And yet, insufficient as is this accommodation, it is fearfully expensive, the theatre and mission rooms costing over £500 per annum.

NOVEMBER, 1868.



An opportunity long yearned and prayed for is now presented, by which a large central hall for the East of London can be secured. The People's Market, a drawing of which, we present to our readers, has proved a commercial failure, and is now offered for sale.

It will seat on the ground floor and in the galleries around it, 1,500 people with comfort, while 2,000 people may be crowded into it.

In addition to the large hall, there are ten small rooms suitable for our private meetings. There is also a large shop to the front, and a soup kitchen, admirably fitted up, with steam engine, coppers, &c., capable of supplying 1,000 gallons of soup per day. Hundreds of poor hungry people frequented this soup kitchen in the hottest days of last summer, while sometimes over 1,000 in a single day were supplied last winter. The soup is sold at twopence per quart; this price being remunerative, and at the same time an untold boon to the starving poor, who come for miles around.

The entire premises are offered for £3,000. They are held on an unexpired lease of 39 years, at a ground rent of £135 per annum; and have been valued by Mr. Pite (of the firm of Habershon and Pite, architects) as being worth that sum.

We have the offer of a tenant for the shop and soup kitchen at a rental of £120 per year, which will more than pay the ground rent.

If we can secure these premises we shall not only possess ample accommodation for our Sabbath morning and afternoon, and week day services, but we can, by giving up the theatre for part of the Sabbath, and other premises altogether, at once effect a reduction in our annual expenditure of over £250, still retaining, as we propose to do, the theatre for Lord's day evenings.

There would then be a Hall to which we could invite Evangelists from all parts of the kingdom to preach the everlasting gospel to the crowds who would gladly throng to hear.

The premises will be put in trust to the satisfaction of the friends who contribute, and of the Committee.

Such a hall for the East of London has been talked about for years: the opportunity for securing it is now presented.

The matter has so far been only mentioned to a few individuals, and the undermentioned promises have been most freely and cheerfully given.

The poor people themselves have been contributing for some time towards a place, and have stored up something like £300; this we feel certain they will readily make up to £500.

Take the following incident as exemplifying the spirit that prevails amongst them. After naming the subject the other evening, a dear brother, a butcher, who was brought to Jesus some eight months ago, took me aside and said, "Since my conversion, the Lord has blessed me greatly. I am feeding eight pigs for Christmas, and I shall give Him four of them for the People's Market."

It is proposed to hold a public sale, either at the West End of London or at the East End, possibly at both, in aid of this project, at the earliest date possible. Articles of furniture, needlework, gold and silver ornaments, jewellery, new clothing, or such as has been cast aside, and goods of every description, can be readily disposed of and will be gratefully received. Goods may be forwarded to the Mission Hall, 188 Whitechapel Road. Ladies willing to co-operate, are requested to correspond with Mrs. BOOTH.

Will you help us, dear reader, to secure these large and roomy premises for the work of our Saviour? It is in His name we plead, and for the sake of the perishing thousands who may and will be won to Him in it. We know it may, and perhaps will be said, that we are always appealing. The other day it was to buy a Beer-House, then a Unitarian Chapel, then a Penny Theatre, now a People's Market. True we did desire those places for Jesus, and His people most cheerfully enabled us to secure them, and our columns to day show that real work for God and Souls and Eternity, is being done in them—work, the worth of which cannot be measured by any earthly standard. Let those who assisted us in these schemes of mercy say whether they are not satisfied with the investment. The mammon of unrighteousness sown in these fields of labour, watered by showers of divine grace, and nurtured by the tears, and toil, and prayers of God's people, is already bearing a rich harvest of souls.

And now we make another appeal to the Lord's people. His treasury is not empty; and it is for His work, and for the souls whom he bought with blood, and holds most precious, that we beg his stewards to give us of the gold, and the silver, with which he has put them in trust. If they will help us according to their ability, and to the need that we set before them, and for His sake who counted not his life dear unto Him, so that he might win them to God, the People's Market will soon be a busy centre of mission work for men's bodies and souls; a House of Mercy, open day and night; and we doubt not, the birthplace of thousands of immortal souls. And to our dear Lord we will give all the praise and all the glory.

Friends willing to help are requested to signify their intentions at their earliest convenience.

Contributions may be forwarded by cheques, P. O. orders payable at General Post Office, or postage stamps, to

WILLIAM BOOTH, Belgrave Villa, Gore Rd., Victoria Park Rd., N.E.

N. J. POWELL, 101, Whitechapel Road, and Shortlands, Kent, *Treasurer*.

CHARLES OWEN, 110, Burdett Road, and 6, Bennett's Park, Blackheath, *Hon. Sec.*

Contributions may also be paid into the account of the Whitechapel People's Hall, at MESSRS. DIMSDALE, FOWLER, & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED.		£	s.	d.
A Friend	.	250	0	0
Samuel Morley, Esq.	.	200	0	0
Hon. C. Howard	.	100	0	0
R. Baxter, Esq.	.	100	0	0
N. J. Powell, Esq.	.	100	0	0
R. C. L. Bevan, Esq.	.	100	0	0
F. H. M.	.	100	0	0
E. E. A.	.	30	0	0
W. G. G.	.	25	0	0
Chas. Hooper, Esq.	.	20	0	0
W. H. Crispin, Esq.	.	15	15	0
Messrs. Morgan and Chase	.	10	0	0
George Hamilton, Esq.	.	10	0	0
William Booth	.	10	0	0
Dowager Lady Buxton	.	5	0	0
Rev. W. Tyler	.	5	0	0
Mrs. F. Reid	.	5	0	0



## LIVING FOR SOULS.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF HARLAN PAGE.

It was the burden of his heart and the purpose of his being. When engaged in his usual business, the religious welfare of persons with whose state he had become acquainted was generally pressing on his mind. And it is now known that, for several years before he died, he almost always had by him a memorandum of the names and residences of a few individuals with whom he was to converse. On these he would call as he went to and from his office, or religious meetings; and if no names were on this list, he felt that he was doing little good. He also uniformly had in his hat more or less awakening tracts, that he might present as he judged them adapted to the state of those whom he met. Not unfrequently he would seize a few moments from his usual occupation, to go out and address some individuals; and when the business of the day was closed, he hastened to some meeting or other religious engagement for the evening. It is believed that an entire month has frequently elapsed, during which he did not sit down for an hour, even in the bosom of his own family, to relax his mind, or rest. Every evidence of good accomplished gave him new joy; and every opening for usefulness added a new impulse to his efforts. He felt that, under God, the eternal joy or woe of immortal souls depended on his fidelity. Each evening and each hour brought its duties, which, he felt, could not be neglected or postponed. The present was still before him; and, though faint, he was still pursuing. His labours on the Sabbath were not less exhausting than on other days.

When urged, at the close of a day of fatigue, to spare himself, and spend the evening at home, he would say, "Do not attempt to persuade me away from duty. I have motive enough within myself to tempt me to enjoy repose with my family; but that will not save souls." A little previous to his last sickness, as he returned from church coughing, he was asked if he had not spoken too much in the Sabbath-school. "Per-

haps I have," he replied; "but how could I help it, when all eyes were fixed, and the children seemed to devour all I said?"

It was not uncommon, at different periods of his life, for him, in sleep, to imagine himself addressing the impenitent, and to wake in a high state of excitement and in tears, occasioned by the deep sympathy he felt for their perishing condition. It is also known, that, when he saw no manifestations of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he would be at times in deep distress, would wrestle more abundantly in prayer, renew his efforts to arouse Christians to duty and awaken the impenitent; and more or less conversions were almost always the result.

In short, it was the great object of his life to glorify God in winning souls to Him. He ardently desired to devote the whole undivided efforts of his life to this work, and nothing but the duty of providing for the support of his family prevented him.

He had the clearest view of the necessity of every man of being born again. As soon as an individual came into his presence, it seemed to be the first question of his mind, "Is this a friend or an enemy to God?" The next thing was, if impenitent, to do something for his conversion; or, if a Christian, to encourage him in duty. Whatever else he saw in an individual, he felt that it availed him nothing, unless he had received Christ into his heart by a living faith. This he felt and urged to be the sinner's first, great, and only duty in which he could be acceptable to God.

He brought his efforts to bear upon individuals, and followed up impressions made. All the triumphs of the gospel, he knew, consist in the conversion and sanctification of individuals; and he was not satisfied with merely praying and contributing for the salvation of the world, as a whole, or leaving a general impression on the minds of a congregation. His intense desire was, that individuals should be turned from sin to God. Not unfrequently he would observe in the congregation a person unknown to him, who seemed to give solemn attention to divine truth; ascertain who he

was, and seek a personal interview; and, in all cases, if he left an individual to-day in an interesting state of mind, he would endeavour to see him again to-morrow, and follow up the impression at brief intervals, till there was no longer encouragement, or he had evidence of true conversion.

He had a clear sense of obligation, both in the sinner to repent, and in the Christian to devote all his powers to God. He felt, and laboured to make others feel, that if any one neglected duty, the guilt was all his own; that God was ever ready to receive the returning prodigal; and that if any withheld their hearts or aught they possessed from him, in the day of judgment they would be speechless. This sense of obligation he urged with unabating fervour; his heart was intent that it should be felt, and immediately carried out in an entire consecration to God.

"Brother," said he to a lowly Christian who watched with him, "when you meet impenitent sinners, do not merely say calmly, Friend, you are in danger; but approach them with a holy violence, and labour to pull them out of the fire. They are going to perdition. There is a heaven and a hell."

As a brother from Boston, to whom several of his letters were addressed, had called for a few moments, and was about taking his leave, he asked the dying man if he had any particular thought on his mind to express, as he bade him farewell. "Ah, I can say nothing," he replied, "but what has been repeated over and over; but could I raise my voice to reach a congregation of sinners, I would tell them their feet shall slide in due time,—they shall slide,—there is no escape but by believing in Christ."

He not only endeavoured to alarm impenitent men, but to bring them to a decision that they would be the Lord's.

While in his native place, he was absent one evening till so late an hour, that his wife remonstrated with him for unreasonably tasking his own health and separating himself from home. "I have spent this time," said he, "in trying to persuade your poor impenitent brother to give his

heart to Christ." That impenitent brother was soon brought to accept of mercy, pursued a course of theological study, and is now serving God in the ministry.

[There are, we suppose, different kinds of Christians. We are often told this, that we ought not to expect all to come up to one standard. Well, perhaps so; but it is strongly borne in upon our minds, that the man described in the foregoing sketch is the sort specially required by the world in general, and the East of London in particular. Alas! what

## A CONTRAST.

does the life of Harlan Page present to the money-loving, pleasure-seeking, fashion-following professors that abound. We are afraid there are thousands who regularly gather round the table of the Crucified, and call themselves the followers of Him who went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men, who seldom or never try to pull a sinner out of the fire.

We are afraid there are thousands who never seriously strive to save even their own kindred; but who, on the contrary, watch father or mother, husband or wife or children, go step by step down to eternal death; not only without tears and expostulations, but with actual indifference. How will such meet again the souls of these lost ones, on the morning of the resurrection? and how will they stand before the Judge when he maketh inquisition for blood? We wonder whether they ever read the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel. We commend that chapter, with the foregoing sketch of Harlan Page, to their careful and prayerful perusal.]

## MY CONVERSION TO REVIVALISM.

It is now nearly two years since I was first made conscious of the necessity of a religion that would not only save in the hour of death, but would pervade every action of my daily life. This conviction has led me, after many a battle with the world and myself, to the present realisation of my assured acceptance with God, through Christ Jesus, my Redeemer and Deliverer.



I had, for some time previously, been a member of a Congregational Church, a Sabbath-school teacher, and an energetic promoter of many of those societies so universally formed for the relief of the poor, &c. Still, I was a stranger to God and to the power that could enable me to overcome temptation—so much so, that my loved ones, who plainly witnessed the discrepancies between my home-life and my outward profession, frequently assured me of my unfitness for the position I then occupied.

Practical religion, through pulpit teachings, good books, and the converse of friends was frequently held before me as a beautiful picture of what ought to be; but when I inquired as to its present personal attainment, I was ever unable to obtain any satisfactory answers to my questions, so that I grew into the belief that living to God and for our generation could only be practised by a few eminent Christians, who were especially called to be the "lights of the world."

At first, hating hypocrisy, I strove hard against what I knew to be wrong; but, accustomed to the frequent arguments that those scriptures demanding holiness of life and separation from the world were not intended as literal rules for our conduct, knowing no higher object than self, too proud to own my utter helplessness, and, concentrating all my hopes and aims upon pleasurable occupations for the passing moment, I sank first into indifference, and then into despair.

In common with those around me, I had an intense dislike to all religious movements outside the church, thinking them to be of anything but God. I fancied that there were a few people of an extremely emotional tendency who were led, through fear, to cry aloud for mercy, &c., and went so far as to say that it was all very well for navvies or the poorer classes, who had no reputation; but how any one who had received an education, or mixed with society, could attend such meetings I could not understand. As to men being, in our day, filled with the Holy Spirit, as they were in the times of the apostles, I conceived to

be an impossibility. Consequently, I persistently refused to attend any of these meetings, and, instead of seeing and hearing for myself, was contented with receiving the reports of those who chiefly assisted me in keeping this decision; partially fearing that, if I were to go, I too might be touched with this monomania, and become a laughing-stock. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe my utter wretchedness at this time; seeing my own sinfulness, I refused for months to join in the commemoration of the Lord's Supper, or in any meetings, especially for believers. Still I continued to work.

I now gave myself entirely up to reading and music. Formerly, I had been somewhat particular as to the kind of books I read; now, nothing but the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, or Walter Scott would allay my thirst; and as so many of my friends, themselves professing Christians, indulged in reading the same, I comforted myself with the thought that, at least, I was no worse than they. At last, when every source of comfort failed, every project of happiness which I had formed seemed out of reach, I determined to seek some occupation, some object in life that should take my thoughts from this now unbearable theme.

At this juncture the Lord, to whom I had frequently appealed in my distress, although, as I have since felt, my prayers, from their selfishness, could have been little more than mockeries, in His tender love and mercy led me to reside amongst the very revival friends whose spirit and measures I had hitherto avoided. Very unwillingly I followed this direction, and determined, by shutting myself up still more securely in the shell of cold reserve in which my pride had so long encased me, effectually to close every door of communication between my heart and theirs. Gradually, however, and almost imperceptibly, the icicles of pride and reserve began to thaw beneath the loving and enlivening influences of this new kind of Christianity, for truly it was new to me.

Curiosity led me to attend the long-despised services; but, although from

the very first meeting I secretly resolved never again to go, for from each one I came away more and more wretched, *I could not stay away*. At last, after bitter strivings against the Holy Spirit, God conquered, and I was compelled to yield. Never can I forget the last few hours' fight. Clearly, on that Sunday morning, the command seemed to come from the speaker's lips, "Leave all, and follow me." Oh, the *all*, what a power it had over me! and, during the following three or four days, Satan had me at his will, to torment with the probable consequences of my yielding. On the next Thursday evening I went again, but, at the second meeting, literally ran away, for fear that I should be compelled to kneel amongst the penitents. Hastening home, impatiently shunning the gaze of all, I shut myself in my room, and there, for hours, almost rolled with anguish of soul. In that short space of time I foresaw what I should have to give up—friends, the world, and all its pleasures. Should I? Could I do so? At last I yielded; saying, "Lord, I am willing to give up anything and everything for thee." Instantly I was filled with peace and joy, and, on the following Sunday, all difficulty of kneeling in the presence of the congregation, and there consecrating myself to Jesus, was removed. I could scarce wait the conclusion of the discourse, ere I hastened from my seat, fearing that Satan might again withstand me.

Twelve months have elapsed since that memorable evening. During this time many of the temptations that I then feared have really been encountered; and although they have sometimes left me weaker for the battle, still, step by step, my Lord has led me on, and my cry is "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb." It is sweet to watch His guiding hand; and, although at times slight mists arise to veil the sunlight of His smile, yet faith in the precious promises contained in my chart enable me to see the path of duty.

Would that those professors who are walking so near the world that it is surprising to hear them claim

the name of Christian could but once realise the peace of conscience flowing from a fully consecrated heart. Methinks they could scarce bear the thought of again turning their backs upon Him. To point the erring wanderer to the only Refuge—can any known pleasure vie with this one? Delightful indeed is the work to which my Master calls me. My continual prayer is, that I may daily grow in grace, and in that strength that will enable me more effectually to work in His vineyard. M. C. B.

#### THE ANGEL'S TREASURE.

It was midnight when the angel of light sprang from the earth to go upwards. There were sobbings and groans as he left, for he came out of a half-lighted chamber. Upward and upward he flew, and soon soared out of earth's night. Then he saw the sun before him. Onward and onward he flew, leaving the planet Venus on the right hand, and then Mars and Saturn, and Jupiter, and the great Sun himself, were left behind, far behind. Still upward he bent his flight, through the Milky Way into the vast regions of space, passing worlds and systems of worlds, straight upward and onward. At length he met a fellow-angel on his way to a distant part of God's creation, so distant that it would take many thousands of our years to reach it. The beautiful and noble beings paused to greet each other.

"Whither bound, my friend?"

"To that far-off world never pressed by angel's feet."

"How long have you been in the Presence since your last great work?"

"About two thousand years; yet they are as a few hours. Time with us is scarcely worth mentioning. I may now be absent many thousand years; but they are nothing—a mere drop dipped out of eternity. What have you there so carefully folded up, and carried in your bosom so tenderly?"

"A jewel from earth."

"Earth! Earth! O how much I have heard of that little world, since the Son who is on the throne, went there to do his great work. I have



never yet had the opportunity to visit it; but I know all its history; and I have the promise that I shall go there some day before it is burned up and destroyed. Perhaps I may be sent on some errand of great mercy! I have seen multitudes who were created there, who came up here to live with us in heaven. I have heard many songs, but none so loud or so sweet as theirs. They sing of redeeming love. How they sympathise with all that is done in their world! But I will not hinder you, nor will I inquire further as to your precious charge. Farewell!"

"Farewell, noble one. May every blessing attend you."

So they separated. Then upward still darted the angel, straight towards the heaven of heavens. As he entered the golden gates all made way for him, for they saw that he had brought something very precious. No one stayed him to ask a question. Through the ranks of glorious ones he passed, till he stood before the great white throne, where was light greater than a thousand suns would emit. As he bowed in awe and love, a voice came forth, "Good servant, hast thou done thine errand?" Carefully and gently the angel took from his bosom a beautiful thing. It seemed lighter than air, sweeter than the breath of morning, and seemed to float like music. The everlasting arms were stretched out to receive it. *It was the soul of a little Child!*

"Suffer it to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The beautiful little thing uttered no sound, but it seemed to thrill with joy unutterable. Then ten thousand voices broke forth into songs of praise, and all the harps of heaven seemed to awake, and the daughters of music came forth from every quarter, and uttered praise. For through all the courts the tidings spread, that another jewel had come to shine in the eternal crown of Christ.

On earth there was a funeral. That night the mother dreamed that her little one was with her, and stretched out her arms to take it, and it was not there as she awoke in tears. The little coffin held the beautiful form. Friends had put white flowers in the

waxen hands, as they lay folded on its bosom. The whole house was in deep mourning, for the sunbeam had been quenched. The mother sobbed, and kissed the cold face of her child, and called it dead. And she thought of it as dead. She could not realise that Christ could love her child more than she did, or that any one could take care of it as she could, or that any other world would be as good a place to educate and train it as this, or that any bosom could shield it as could hers, or that it was far better off than to be here. Will she ever meet it again? Will she know it among the angels of day when she next sees it? Will it have anything about it by which any one would know that it was earth-born? Will it be *her* child to fondle and love? Who can tell? Ah! mother, if you are a Christian, when you come to see as you are seen, and to know as you are known, you will see and feel that this removal of your child was all right, and just as you are glad to have it. Dry up your tears, then, and trust all to the wisdom and goodness of your blessed Redeemer.—*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

#### IN AND OUT OF THE PULPIT.

A LADY, anxious to hear a very popular preacher, since deceased, called upon a member of his congregation, and accompanied her to his chapel. The subject on which the doctor expatiated that evening was the Judgment. This he dwelt upon with great force and solemnity; so much so, that the lady was deeply affected. At the close, she was invited to supper with the preacher, when he, who had only a few moments before been thrilling a congregation with a description of the world's great reckoning day, and earnestly exhorting the listening throng to prepare to meet their God, conversed, and smiled, and jested on the most ordinary and unimportant topics of the hour. The lady was so surprised at the contrast of the man in and the man out of the pulpit, that she dismissed all the anxious concern about the day of judgment which, a short time before, had possession of her heart, and, to this hour, it has never returned.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

#### POPULAR MOTHERS' MEETING.

EIGHTEEN months ago, a dear sister, yearning to find a sphere in which she could labour for Jesus, sought us out, and freely offered to devote the whole of her time and abilities to the East London Christian Mission. Never shall we forget how welcome was this co-worker. She came in an hour of great need; numerous and pressing were the demands made upon her by the temporal and spiritual wants of the people; and so freely did her anxious heart respond to them, that the work of a lifetime was crowded into a few months. But, alas, overtaxed nature gave way, and, with physical powers spent and nerves all unstrung, she had to leave her loved employ, and wander away, seeking in quietness and solitude the restoration of the blessed ability to labour for her Lord. Will our readers pray that God may heal and bring her again amongst us? From the country, she writes as follows. Thinking it applicable to others than those to whom it is addressed, we insert it.

"29th Sept., 1868.

"My dear Mothers,—The longer I live, and the more I know of human nature, the more deeply am I convinced of the immense importance of the influence which every one of you exercises over the children which God has given you. Under Him, their eternal destiny for weal or for woe is in your hands. What, then, are you doing for them? Are you leading them upwards to the throne of God and the Lamb? or downwards to the depths of dark despair? Which way does the whole bent of your life point?—for that is before their eyes, and engages their attention from day to day. Do they see that, whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, you do all for the glory of God? Or do they see that, really and truly, your God is 'your belly, your glory is your shame, and you mind earthly things?'"

"I bless my God for every one of you in whom I have read, in any measure, the former character; but are there not those who, in the sight of God, can only lay claim to the latter? whose own heart condemns them? and God is greater than their heart, and knows all things. To such I would say, in God's name, REPENT, or else you must

perish; BELIEVE in the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may have life everlasting, and, O, PRAY for the gift of the Holy Spirit, that He may make you pure, as Christ is pure. Ah, beloved, if you will but daily exercise yourselves in these things, ye shall never fail; for then the beauty of the Lord your God shall be upon you, and His blessing upon your children. O, don't you see how that Divine beauty will captivate their young hearts, and draw them, in those sweetest of all bonds, to the feet of Jesus? The Lord make you willing in the day of His power, and take all the glory, is the prayer of your sincere well-wisher,  
"FLORA REID.

"33, West-st., Newbury, Berks."

## INTELLIGENCE.

### EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

##### OPENING OF THE PENNY GAFF.

THE good work has at last, with God's blessing, been accomplished, and another stronghold of vice and sin rescued from the tenacious grasp of the Evil One. On Friday evening, October 2nd, a date long to be remembered in the annals of East London mission work, the notorious Limehouse Gaff, which for years has been a constant source of moral pollution to the young, a focus of all that is bad and wicked, was solemnly dedicated, with prayer and hymns of praise and thanksgiving, to the service of God. At an early hour the place was crowded with friends from almost every station in the mission, and those whom they had brought with them, in the hope that they also might be led to join in the good work of winning souls to Christ. Very changed was the aspect of the building from the appearance presented by it when its walls rang with the lewd songs of painted mountebanks, and its child audiences shrieked their delight at the disgusting antics of shameless female dancers and comic singers. The filth and dirt which encrusted roof and walls had disappeared, the "boxes" had been taken down, the stage converted into a respectable platform, and the whole place so completely transformed as to be scarcely recognisable. The earthen floor, trampled into hardness by the feet of thousands of boys and girls, had become covered with substantial planking, and the crazy forms had made



way for strong and comfortable seats. The change was marvellous. True, the interior retains its humble and almost primitive aspect, there being an utter absence of the merely ornamental; but, contrasted with its former appearance, it is as if it had cast aside its robes of evil, and had donned new and more cleanly attire, preparatory to re-commencing life afresh.

The congregation was so numerous that the gates had to be kept locked for the purpose of preventing overcrowding. Far and wide throughout the district had spread the strange rumour that the Gaff was about to be turned into a Mission Hall; but people would scarcely believe it. The drunkards and courtizans who haunted the neighbouring gin palaces and low beer-shops made merry with the idea, and laughed at the proposal to turn a building, so vile in its uses as to deserve the designation of "an ante-room of hell," into a place where salvation might be preached to the lost and erring, where the converted might be initiated in the divine mysteries of faith, and where straying lambs might be safely guarded back to their heavenly Father's fold. But the change did take place. The work of the Almighty is not to be stayed by the doubts and sneers of the children of the world; and when, at last, the gaff was opened for the purposes of prayer and preaching, it seemed as if a new life had dawned upon the neighbourhood. During the whole of the opening services, a great crowd was assembled outside the place. Some, who had come for the purpose of showing their dislike to the new order of things, indulged in language of the most horrible description; numbers of children, whose morals had completely disappeared under the olden pernicious influence of the gaff, and who were fast ripening into juvenile drunkards and thieves, every now and then shouted out the foul and blasphemous slang expressions with which—with painful precocity—their lips had become so familiar; but among the crowd there were many who seemed to ponder thoughtfully over the change, listening with quivering lips and moistened eyes to the hymns of praise and salvation which arose from the band of believers congregated within the building, and gazing with a strange yearning look at the closed doors behind which were being uttered the glorious tidings of God's undying love for man, of Christ's terrible sufferings on the blood-stained

cross in proof of that Divine affection for those fashioned in His wondrous form.

As if impressed with a due sense of the importance of the great work commenced that evening, Mr. Booth, and those assembled with him, preached, prayed, and sung without a moment's intermission, throughout the whole evening, the loud "amens" of the congregations continually showing how their hearts had been stirred to their uttermost depths. Nearly all seemed to belong to the humbler classes. There were mechanics, labourers, seamstresses, sailors' wives, work-girls, costermongers, and others to be found amongst them, their clean and orderly appearance testifying to the social improvement which had rapidly followed their conversion. And this is what our rulers would do well to study. The work of religious teaching is invariably followed by a vast amount of moral regeneration. When men and women are gained over to the service of God, they begin to understand better their duties both to themselves and their fellow creatures. For several hours was the service kept up, the enthusiasm of the congregation increasing every moment, every one present being seemingly eager to display his ardour in the great work; and when, at last, the lateness of the hour necessitated the conclusion of the evening's proceedings, there were few who did not feel stonger and happier for the words of cheer and holy exhortation to which they had listened, or proud of having assisted in the commencement of what, with God's blessing, bids fair to become a means of much good and usefulness in one of the most wretched, neglected, and irreligious neighbourhoods in this great metropolis.

The brother stationed at Limehouse writes as follows:—

I am sure your readers will be glad to hear good news from this place. On Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, we commenced an open-air service. A goodly number of people soon gathered around us. We held a short prayer meeting, and gave a short address, and then went to the Hall. There was about one hundred present. We thought this very good for a morning, as a beginning. In the afternoon we held a fellowship meeting: it was well attended, and a very good meeting. In the evening we had a large crowd at the open-air service. Two brethren gave short addresses, and invited the people to the Hall, towards which we marched, singing,—

"There is life for a look at the crucified One."

At seven the Hall was full, and hundreds outside could not get in. After the sermon, we held a prayer meeting, to which we invited all

to stay; and if any were anxious about their souls, to come to the bottom of the room. Three at once came out, and sought and found the pardon of their sins. On Monday I held a meeting in the open air, from seven till eight. The people flocked around, as we sang—

"I'm a pilgrim bound for glory;  
I'm a pilgrim going home.  
Come and hear me tell my story—  
All that love the Saviour, come."

At the evening service in the Hall, there were about 300 present. The word seemed to go home to the hearts of the people.

#### CONVICTED ON THE WAY TO THE THEATRE.

In the after-meeting, I saw a young woman weeping very bitterly. I asked her what she was weeping for. She answered, because she was such a great sinner. I told her Christ was a great Saviour. She burst into tears again, and said she was lost. I told her that Christ came to save the lost, and begged her to come Him. She said she could not. I told her to try, and pointed out the way. After a pause, she sprang to her feet, and cried aloud for mercy. She told us that she was going to the theatre; but she came in to see what we were about; and the Spirit convinced her that she was a sinner; so she stopped with us instead. Another woman came in, who had been quarrelling with her husband. She came to the Hall to pass the time away; and while there the Spirit convinced her that she was a sinner; and she stayed to seek the salvation of her soul.

A young gentleman said to me, "It is a blessing that gaff is done away with, for my Sunday scholars, as well as many others, used to be drawn away by it continually."

Another woman told me that a nephew of hers was ruined there: he mixed with others worse than himself, and was drawn on in sin till at last he was transported.

The other night, a man came up to me and asked if he could speak to me. He said that thirteen years ago he was a member of a Christian Church, but had fallen from God, and disgraced his profession through drink. He said that he thought he was too bad to be saved; but he would come again. I think a gleam of hope had penetrated his soul.

#### A PRODIGAL SON.

On Tuesday evening, a man told me that he had been going to different places of worship for years, and thought he was right, until he came to our meetings, when he found that he was wrong. This was the first time he had stayed to an after-meeting: on former occasions he had run away as soon as the address was over, for fear any one should speak to him; but this evening he remained and prayed fervently for mercy. He did not find peace, but went home in the gall of bitterness. He read the Bible, prayed, and went to bed, but could not sleep. He got up and prayed again until about three o'clock, when he found peace, and is now happy in Jesus. About nine years ago, this man ran away from home, after quarrelling with his father, and said he would never return; but on Saturday he went home, told his father what the Lord had done for him; and to his great joy found him reading the Bible—such a thing he never saw before.

Praise the Lord! He is able to save sinners in the gaff as well as in any other place. His presence has been with us from the very opening service, making even this a Bethel to many poor outcasts and wanderers. Friday evening we held

#### A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The place was well filled, and the people were very attentive. At the close, twenty-four signed the pledge; two of them had been great drunkards for many years, and one had formerly been a member of a Christian church. These two we intend to visit and pray for, hoping to lead them to repentance and faith in Christ.

#### TO ALL WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TOWARDS FITTING UP THIS PLACE.

We rejoice to be able to state that the Lord has disposed the hearts of His people to send us *all we needed*. Join us, dear friends, in thanksgiving; and O, help us continually in prayer for the hundreds of poor lost wanderers who will night after night hear the gospel in this place; and for the brethren and sisters who labour here. And O, may the Lord, whom we serve, abundantly bless and reward you.

#### POPLAR.

DEAR PASTOR,—I am glad to inform you that the work at Poplar is progressing and deepening, praise the Lord. In our fellowship meetings the Holy Ghost has descended upon us gloriously, so that several of the Lord's people have broken down through emotion whilst telling their experience, and many are seeking the sanctifying power of the Spirit, and living day and night to the glory of God.

The young converts are coming forward and meeting with us in fellowship, and many of them bid fair to be useful men and women. The Lord has very much blessed us in our open-air meetings, and the last few weeks we have had an increase of people and of power. Sunday week there were about 600 in front of the East India Dock gates listening with great attention for an hour. Some of the worst men in Poplar were there, and said we were right and they were wrong. Last Sunday we had about 800 people; while two of the brethren and myself addressed them they seemed spell-bound. At the close of the meeting, while the brethren were praying, I went amongst them. The scalding tears were running down many faces; one, a very respectable-looking man, who had formerly been a member of a Christian Church, came to me weeping, and asked if there was any mercy for a backslider. I told him there was mercy for *all* in Jesus. He sobbing, said, "then I'll seek for it till I find it." I quoted that passage of God's Word, "*Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings, I will love you freely.*"



He went away, saying that he would have forgiveness if it was to be had; and I trust, by this time, he has obtained it through the precious blood of Jesus.

Our open-air Sunday evening services at the corner of the New Road, have been much owned of God. Brothers Smith and Clark have had to put up with very much persecution from the Romanists at that corner, but God has interposed and removed some of the opponents out of the way. One, a respectable shopkeeper and owner of much property in the neighbourhood, said open-air preaching ought not to be allowed; opposed it violently himself, and got all the opposition he could to bear upon the preachers; but a few weeks ago, the Lord laid His hands upon him, and he was taken suddenly with a fit and died in a few hours. He was not sensible after he was taken, and died as he had lived; but the preaching is still going on, bless the Lord; He lives to bring his people through.

The Sunday Evening Services at the Oriental Theatre have been attended with much power and blessing; souls have been brought to God at every service, praise the Lord. My own soul is prospering. I never realised so much of the presence of God as of late. The death of my dear father has been blessed to me, and shown me more than ever the blessedness of living fully to Jesus. He was so filled with God the last few hours of his life, that his room was like a heaven upon earth. He is now singing—

"Beyond the river where the surges cease to roll."

I intend to meet him in glory; but I hope first to see a precious harvest of souls brought to Jesus, and the East End deluged with a flood of saving mercy.

To show more particularly how God is working here, I have jotted down a few particulars respecting some of our converts. There is nothing like facts, and such as I can give by scores prove the work to be of God, done not by human might or power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts. These, however, must be deferred till next month.

#### WHITECHAPEL.

##### NEW EAST LONDON THEATRE.

In the last notice of the meetings here, we promised our readers a few instances out of the hundreds of blessed conver-

sions that have transpired in this place. Our space will not allow us to go back further than the last month; and a dear friend has just given us the following, which will serve to show that God is still with us, mighty to save.

DEAR MR. BOOTH.—To encourage you and all those dear friends who are assisting us in this important and blessed mission, I send the following incidents, which are only a few among many that have come under my own notice during the last fortnight.

#### THE FIRST STEP BACKWARD.

A young girl, about seventeen years of age, came upon the stage, the other evening, with her eyes suffused in tears and her heart rending, saying that she had taken her first step back from her Lord, and felt that unless she had come up there that evening, she would take the second, and so deny Him altogether. On inquiring into the nature of her sin, she said she had met some acquaintances and been induced to walk with them for a short distance, laughing and talking instead of distributing tracts and doing her Lord's work, as was her custom. I spoke to her of the necessity of being as far as possible separated from the ungodly, and that whosoever loved father or mother, &c. more than Christ could not be His disciple. She said, "I have forsaken all for Christ." This led me to inquire further, when she told me that after she was converted at the Mission Hall her father turned her out of doors, and said she should not go there again if she went with that people who were turning her brain; and that all she wanted was to see more of life. Her father, being a very bad man, persecuted her greatly. She weighed the matter; and after much prayer threw herself upon the good providence of that God who had said, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up;" and so He did. So she obtained lodgings a short distance away, with people who went to a place of worship; and they were and are still very kind to her. She went out in pursuit of work, and although knowing nothing of the business, obtained work at a cap factory, where she has been ever since, receiving five shillings per week. She said that ever since her conversion she had been the happiest girl possible, until that afternoon. I have seen her twice since, and she is still rejoicing in God her Saviour, although she had only one shilling to buy her food for the whole of the week.

Another case, on the same evening, was

#### A MISERABLE BACKSLIDER.

A. B. was converted under your preaching in the tent in the Friends' burial ground, and for some months walked well; then she wandered from her Lord. She was seized with fever, from which she recovered; and, from remorse of conscience, took to drinking; but was that night brought again to her Saviour's feet, to seek for mercy, and He, according to His promise, did not send her empty away.

#### GIVING UP THE WORLD.

Last Sunday evening a young person, dressed after the fashion of the world, came on the stage among the anxious. We talked and prayed with her for a long time, but apparently without effect, as she said there were things and persons she could not give up for Christ. We showed her what He had suffered and given up in order that her soul should be saved; but still she could not leave all, take up the

cross, and follow Him. After speaking and reasoning with her for more than an hour, we had to part. I asked her to call upon me at my house the following evening; but this she would not promise. However, at the time I had named she came, and we fully went into the case. I found that she had, on that very evening, started to go to a concert with a gentleman paying his addresses to her. They reached Mile End Road, where our people were singing, when she stood still, and said she could go no farther, and asked him to return, but he would not, and went angrily on to the gay concert room, while she came on to see me. Mr. H. and myself talked and prayed with her from eight till half-past ten; and I believe she then and there gave up all to follow Jesus, and went home rejoicing, having lost her burden. I saw her last evening, and she was fully determined to press forward. She had occasionally been into a suburban church near her home (for she is on a visit to a friend); but never had she understood the way of salvation until she came on one occasion to the theatre, and after that she could not keep away.

Brother Dimaline, who is specially devoted to the open-air department of the Whitechapel branch, sends the following pleasing instance of God's blessing on out-door work.

#### A CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE AWAKENED IN THE OPEN AIR.

One week-day evening, some six months ago, amongst a crowd gathered at one of our meetings in the Mile End Road, stood a captain and his wife, listening attentively to the truth. The Spirit of God sent the word home to their hearts, and they were both deeply convicted of sin. They came at night to the Mission Hall, heard the word again, stayed at the prayer meeting, and gave themselves at once to God. I saw them frequently during the following four or five weeks, and I never saw a happier couple. At this time the captain had to sail for the West Indies, and his wife went to stay with her friends in Cornwall during his absence. They requested us to keep their names on our register, and to remember them in our prayers. I have had three letters from the wife since she left, and am happy to say that she not only continues steadfast, but appears to be growing in grace and rejoicing in Christ. She tells me, in a letter just received, that her dear husband writes from the West Indies that he is holding on to Jesus, and still praising the Lord. He left there the latter part of August; so that before long they hope to be with us again, to join in giving public thanks to God for his many mercies.

#### SEWING MEETINGS.

For the last nine months, sustained by the East London Mission and Relief Committee, we have had a sewing class for the starving poor. Widows and wives of men incapacitated for labour by illness or accident attend three times per week, and receive sixpence per day and their tea. The word of God is read, prayer offered, and the way of life explained. God has blessed these meetings every way. A brother writes respecting them:—

I am sorry to find these meetings are likely to come to a close from the want of funds. Never had we a clearer prospect of good being done than we have at present. I have for the last four months given these meetings a good deal of attention. I have gone to speak and pray in them twice a week, and never attended better meetings since I have been in London. On Tuesday, Oct. 6th, we had more of the power of God upon the people than I have perceived before—all hearts appeared to be sweetly affected. Two women, who had been previously anxious, received the blessing of pardon—a good beginning for a day's work. On Monday, Oct. 12th, the Sidney Street room was filled with people; and the best of all, the Lord filled it with His presence. The poor women listened apparently with interest. The tears were running down many faces, as we pointed them to Jesus, as their sympathetic friend and willing Saviour.

#### STRATFORD.

A SHORT time ago, the Lord's people enabled us to purchase the Unitarian Chapel here. God has greatly blessed us in it. A correspondent there writes as follows:—During the past month our services have been conducted principally in the open air. We have met with much opposition; but God is with us, and every day fresh converts are being added to our little band, and some of them have indeed been desperate cases. On one occasion, whilst conducting our Sunday afternoon out-door services, the interruptions of the mob gathered about were so loud and frequent, that to make himself heard, the speaker was compelled to raise his voice to a very loud pitch. In a bird-shop opposite, was a young man bargaining for a bird, and had we been speaking as on ordinary occasions, he would not have heard a single sentence, but now he heard all, not a word was lost. He had evidently been brought up under the guidance of pious friends, for the preaching, to use his own words, reminded him of former happy times. He at once gave his heart to God, and is now one of the most useful helpers we have here. Our workers at Stratford have been greatly persecuted; often have their persons been threatened; and on one occasion, when our Mr. Lamb was preaching there, the mob pressed on him, calling on him to stop speaking, and threatened to throw him into the water, and, evidently, would have put their threat into practice, had it not been for three men, who came to his assistance. None of this, however, has disheartened us, but rather prompted us to work with greater vigour, placing our safety in the hands of Him who noteth even the fall of a sparrow.



## NORWOOD.

THOSE who read the account of the opening services of our new Mission at Norwood, in our last number, will be glad to hear that the promise so blessedly given, at the commencement, is being more than fulfilled. Our most sanguine hopes are being realised, and we now feel confident that God will make this station a great blessing to the neighbourhood. Services have been held, as is our custom, every night in the week, and Bro. Longmore, who is stationed there for the present, says:—

"The week-night meetings have been well attended, often eighty and ninety present; while on Sunday evenings the place, which will seat, comfortably, 30 persons, has been nearly filled. Many who were opposed to our stirring measures and lively singing are now just as much in love with it. Some of the professors say that they could not make us out at first, but they believe now that our ways are best, and most calculated to lay hold of the people and do good. But, best of all, God is saving souls.

"One night, a gardener came to the hall, to hear Mrs. Coates preach. His landlady, a Christian woman, had been praying for him for years. He was powerfully awakened, there and then. When Bro. L. spoke to him, he was in an agony. He told him to pray the publican's prayer. The man put his hands together, and cried, with tears, "O Christ, be merciful to me, a sinner." Friends gathered round, and showed him the way of salvation, and he embraced Jesus as his Saviour, and, from that time, has rejoiced greatly. He comes every night, and is as happy as a man can be.

"Two persons living in one house, the landlady and her lodger, have been under conviction ever since I came down here. The first of my getting to know them was by going to their house, and reading and praying with them. They became very anxious to enjoy the same happiness which we enjoyed. For a while, they were kept back by a fear that they did not feel the burden of their sins as they ought to do. A night or two after, I spoke from the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In the prayer meeting afterwards, one of them experienced the saving change, and rose, and was about to tell the glad tidings to the people, when a brother interrupted her by inquiring how she was getting on. She told him God had saved her. The other one felt more miserable now than ever. The next night, she came again, cast herself on Jesus, and found peace. She is now anxiously seeking the salvation of her neighbours. Others have been saved, and many are under very powerful convictions. I am hoping to see more glorious things than these. To God be all the glory."

## POETRY.

## THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.

TUNE—*The Voice of Free Grace.*

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—Jeremiah xii. 5.

POOR Christian, look up to the joys set before thee,  
And haste on thy way to the regions of glory.

A crown and a kingdom thy faith may discover,  
Thy troubles are great, but they soon will be over,

For Jesus hath suffered, thy soul to deliver,  
And light up thy passage through Jordan's dark river.

The world, flesh, and Satan their forces are sending.

With footmen and horses thy soul is contending;

But dost thou grow weary and faint with thy burden,

Then what wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?

O cry unto Jesus thy soul to deliver,  
And he will support thee while crossing the river.

Christ is a sure help to the children of Zion,  
But if thou hast any false props to rely on,

Thy soul is deluded, think what thou art doing;

O cast them away ere they sink thee to ruin;  
For none but Jehovah has power to deliver

And bear up thy soul in the midst of the river.

The clouds gather blackness, the night is fast coming,

The river swells high and the billows are foaming;

On what wilt thou lean when thy strength is all wasted;

Thy reeds will all fail and thy hopes will be blasted;

O cry unto Jesus thy soul to deliver,  
Or soon thou must sink in the midst of the river.

But in thy true character am I mistaken?  
Hast thou by thy conduct thy Saviour forsaken?

Then come again to him for peace and for pardon,

And ask for his aid in the swelling of Jordan:  
Thy soul from all danger he then will deliver,

And nothing shall harm thee in crossing the river.

But if in His mercy thy soul is relying,  
Thou never need'st fear, neither living nor dying;

The footmen and horses shall fall down before thee,

And Jordan shall open thy passage to glory;  
Then when thou art landed safe over the river,

When time is no more, thou shalt praise him for ever.

## REVIVAL WORK FAR AND NEAR.

RICHARD WEAVER is in Scotland, preaching with all the force and fire of other days. Mighty meetings have been held in the open air, churches crowded night after night; and it is believed that many have been awakened and saved.

Henry Reed, of Dunorlan, Tunbridge Wells, has, during a health-seeking

tour in Scotland, had an open door in many churches for the proclamation of the blessed truth that God saves to the uttermost all those who come unto Him. He is now at Harrogate, from whence a line just received says: "God is with us here. Glory be to His name. Last evening, the communion-rail would not hold the penitents and seekers after holiness. We have another meeting to-night. On Sunday evening, about thirty penitents soon found mercy. The work in Scotland goes gloriously on. Unto Him be all the praise."

William Taylor, of California, has been called away from the West Indies, on account of the illness of his son. He has been preaching, with his usual force and perspicuity, at Bethnal Green, and many have been led to Jesus. He has just sailed to India. Will our readers pray that his words may be as greatly owned of God among the Hindoos as they were among the Kaffirs, and as they have been in all other places where God has called Him to labour?

Philip Phillips, the American Singing Pilgrim, has been singing for Jesus, the last five months, in old England. He spent Sunday evening with us at the New East London Theatre, and over 3,000 people listened to him with unmingled delight. He is a charming singer, but his loving and earnest spirit give greater sweetness and melody to his voice and greater force and urgency to the earnest appeals for his Master contained in every song he sings. His visit will not soon be forgotten, and many prayers will follow him to his home across the Atlantic. He visits Birmingham, Sheffield, and Liverpool, sailing for America on the 15th November. We have long had the conviction that the Church of God knows but little of the power of music as a means of disseminating the glorious truths of the gospel. Mr. Phillips has confirmed this conviction. We intend, if spared, to act upon it more than ever. We give one of his most pleasing pieces.

## SING FOR JESUS.

BY PHILIP PHILLIPS.

I will sing for Jesus,  
With his blood he bought me,  
And all along my pilgrim way  
His loving hand hath brought me.

CHORUS.

O help me sing for Jesus,  
Help me tell the story  
Of him who did redeem us,  
The Lord of life and glory.

Can there overtake me  
Any dark disaster,  
While I sing for Jesus,  
My blessed, blessed Master?  
O help me sing for Jesus, &c.

I will sing for Jesus;  
His name alone prevailing,  
Shall be my sweetest music,  
When heart and flesh are failing.  
O help me sing for Jesus, &c.

Still I'll sing for Jesus,  
O how I will adore him,  
Among the cloud of witnesses  
Who cast their crowns before him.  
O help me sing for Jesus, &c.

The large Assembly Room of the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has been opened on Sunday afternoons for special religious services, and so far has been crowded in every part. God grant that those who have the high privilege to speak to the crowds that gather here and at the theatres and halls now open in London and the provinces for the winter season, may seek and realise that anointing of the Holy Ghost which will enable them to speak with point, and power, and success! The heart cry of every preacher to those thousands ought to be, Souls! souls! souls! Blood-bought deathless souls for Jesus! at every service.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond has visited London and held a series of meetings for children at the Lecture Room, Midway Park. From 1000 to 1500 children were present each evening. Many sought Jesus. Mr. Hammond is now at Chelmsford. O that Christians would follow up this blessed work among the young. If the Church had divinely-qualified nursing fathers and nursing mothers, these children's meetings would become an untold blessing; their importance would be second to no other existing agency.

## GOSPEL HALL AND SCHOOLS, OLD CASTLE ST., BETHNAL GREEN.

Brother Jarvis has been working here rather more than twelve months, in the face of much opposition. A note just received from him, says:—

"We have had great obstacles. Some, who came professing to help, proved unfaithful; some dear friends anguished ill success, and advised giving up; but I felt it to be God's work, and went on in faith; and now, what hath God wrought? The results, though small compared with some missions, are wondrous, looking at the neighbourhood and the difficulties to be encountered. Many dear young ones have been converted, about twenty-five poor girls are placed out in respectable situations, many of them loving the Lord Jesus. Upwards of thirty, nearly all brought to Jesus here, gather from time to time at the Lord's table. Over 200 children are taught in the day school; and numbers now promise to come when we get a better place."

Our brother has had a great disappointment. All was arranged for the building of a hall, when difficulties arose with the Board of Works, and the erection had to be given up. He hopes, however, to obtain the premises next door, in addition to those at present occupied, and so make one good place. Brother Jarvis asks for sympathy and prayers that the Lord may send the required help. Our brother's address is 2, Derby Road, Victoria Park Road, N.E.

WILLIAM STEVENS is still working for the Master with untiring zeal and unwearied energy at Providence hall, Edgeware Road. Almost every Sabbath souls are awakened and converted.



MANY of the readers of the EVANGELIST, who have sympathised with Mrs. BOOTH in her long and painful affliction, which has laid her aside from public work for the Master, will rejoice to hear that in a remarkable manner and to a great extent she has been restored. A little longer, and we hope again to see her at the blessed employ with which an angel's work cannot compare; pointing dying men to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

From Sept. 24th, to Oct. 2nd.

FOR THE GENERAL WORK.

	£	s.	d.
Evangelisation Society, for three months (in advance)	50	0	0
Lord Cecil	20	0	0
E. J.	5	0	0
The girls of the Great Queen Street Wesleyan School, Bermondsey	0	15	4½
S. Saddington, Esq.	10	0	0
Tinnie	0	1	0
Lewis Glenton, Esq.	5	0	0
Emma Wells	0	1	4
Mrs. Reid	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrett	1	0	0
Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Sprunt	0	10	0
Mr. Wippell	1	0	0
Friend	0	2	6
Mrs. France	0	5	0
Mr. Stevenson	0	5	0
C. N. S.	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Alsager	10	0	0
Misses C.	1	0	0
Christian friends at Thetford, per Mr. Fison	0	19	0
R. F. R.	0	2	6
Mr. Lionel Heppell	1	0	0
J. Dixon, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. Cary	0	2	6
Miss E. Alcock	0	2	0
Miss Helen Brown	0	2	6
S. P.	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Rintone	0	5	0
Nevill Sherbrooke, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Pickering	0	5	0
Miss Gregory	1	0	0

Per REVIVAL:—

Mr. F. Crowley	5	0	0
Miss Gairdner	3	0	0
Matt. vi. 33	2	10	0
Mr. Budd	2	2	0
C. M. T.	2	0	0
Claremont	0	5	0
Y. L. R.	0	1	6
T. C. S.	1	0	0
Anon	0	5	0
Windsor	0	0	6
K. K.	5	0	0
Mr. Warburton	1	10	0
W. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	10	0
Mary W.	0	10	0
Mrs. Millard	0	7	2
C. M.	0	5	0
Friend	0	3	0
			10 0 8

OFFERINGS ON THE MISSION.

At Whitechapel	25	2	9½
Poplar	6	15	9
Shoreditch	4	12	6½
Sclater Street	0	16	3
Stratford	0	19	5

	£	s.	d.
Three Colt Lane	0	5	0
Limehouse	2	18	0
	41	9	9½
Mrs. Clark, by box	0	5	4½
Miss J. Dean	0	2	6
Miss F. Prong	0	1	9
Mrs. C. Teare	0	2	4½
Mrs. West	0	4	7
Mrs. Cade	0	4	1½
Mrs. Blackman	0	3	8½
Miss Benfield	0	1	10
Miss Buckea	0	0	7
Miss Graham	0	3	5½
Miss F. Prong, by card	0	4	3
Mrs. Catchpool	0	5	0
Mr. Howell	0	13	4
Miss Beatty	1	0	5

OFFERINGS IN AID OF THE GAFF.

Jno. I. Briscoe, Esq., M.P., per Mr. Gent	50	0	0
W. H. Lloyd, Esq.	10	0	0
M. W.	0	1	0
Friend	0	0	6
J. B. St. Leonards	5	0	0
Mr. Elhison	0	2	6
Mr. Denham	0	5	0
C. C. F. A.	0	5	0
It is the Lord's	0	2	6
Mr. Virtue	0	5	0
Faith	0	5	0
H. E. A.	0	10	0
Jno. Wilson, Esq.	0	10	0
F. Draper, Esq.	0	11	0
Edw. J. Upward, Esq.	0	10	0
Mrs. Margaret Cupper	2	0	0
Friend at Birmingham	2	2	0

OFFERINGS ON THE MISSION.

Wm. Burton	0	2	0
Friend	0	2	6
Miss Trompass	0	2	0
Friend	0	0	8
Mr. Skilton	0	2	6
Mrs. Oram	0	3	0

WHO WILL HELP TO SUSTAIN THIS GREAT UNDERTAKING.

THE Balance Sheet, through a delay of the Auditor, is unavoidably deferred until our next number. In the meanwhile, we can only say that *all our funds are exhausted*; and that we must either spend the money the poor people have stored up towards the purchase of the Mission Hall, or give up stations and discharge workers; otherwise, GOD'S PEOPLE MUST COME TO OUR HELP. They must say which it shall be.

Friends will perceive that this is A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR THE MISSION. With the People's Market before the public eye, attention will be momentarily diverted from the support of the ordinary work. We cannot endure the thought of giving up an inch of the ground occupied, or being compelled to dismiss one of the little band of helpers who have gathered round us.

WE WANT SPECIAL AID TILL CHRISTMAS.