

THE
EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

DECEMBER, 1868.

PREVAILING PRAYER.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

I FEAR there are comparatively few Christians who know what prevailing prayer is, because they do not comply with the conditions on which alone it can be offered. I regard these conditions as threefold :

- 1st. Living and abiding union with Jesus. "*If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.*"—John xv. 7.
- 2nd. Systematic obedience to the teaching of the word and of the Spirit. "*Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.*"—1 John iii. 21, 22.
- 3rd. Unwavering faith in the veracity and faithfulness of God. "*But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.*"—James i. 6, 7.

Of course there are many other passages of similar bearing and of equal weight, but I regard these three as clearly setting forth the conditions of prevailing prayer, constituting, as it were, the three steps of successful approach to the mercy seat. They are like three links of a golden chain connecting our souls with God, and if one be missing or defective, the power to prevail in prayer is lost. Does not this explain the reason why there is so much ineffectual prayer in our day? Christians get hold of a promise, and try to work themselves up to faith for its fulfilment, but, alas! one of the conditions is wanting, one of the links is broken; their own hearts condemn them; "then have they (no) confidence toward God, and whatsoever they ask they receive (not) of him, because they keep (not) his commandments, and do (not) those things that are pleasing in His sight." How can a man approach God in confidence when he is living in the daily practice of something for which his own heart condemns him? Impossible! As soon might Satan offer effectual prayer. Before that man can truly approach to God, he must "cleanse his hands," "purify his heart," and "put away his iniquity."

No matter what our creed or opinion, God has made it a law of our spiritual being, that without submission and obedience there can be no confidence. Faith in Jesus is God's expedient for bringing us *back to obedience*, and not for saving us *in disobedience*. And all the way through the New Testament he refuses to accept any other proof of discipleship than that of obedience. No less than six times in the 14th and 15th chapters of John is this criterion insisted on. "Faith without works (obedience) is dead," and therefore has no power to take hold of God, or to

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appropriate his promises. I am satisfied that this is the "missing link" in the experience of multitudes of professors; and in vain do they cry "Lord, Lord, while they do not the things that he says." In vain do they try to assure their hearts before him, while they love not in *deed*, but only in word and in tongue. I am afraid there is much antinomianism abroad, which makes Christ the minister of sin, and which is always crying, "Faith! faith! only believe!" while consecration and obedience, as indispensable conditions of faith, are entirely lost sight of. "How can ye believe," said our Lord to some in His day, "while ye receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" And we may say to some in our day—how can ye believe who prefer self-indulgence, wealth, or worldly conformity, to Christ and his cross, and the extension of his kingdom? Is it not still true that "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," and that "the friendship of the world is enmity towards God?" Saving faith in the sinner, and prevailing faith in the believer are alike impossible without full consecration to known duty. If any one disputes this, let him try to exercise faith in any given promise or for any given blessing, while he is refusing obedience to the claims of God, or withholding part of the price which God requires, and he will find, whatever may be his preconceived notions on the subject, that it is *simply impossible*. Herein is the solution of the question so often asked—How is it that there are so few answers to prayer? David affirmed it when he said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Neither will God hear and answer us, call we ever so loudly, and ever so long, if we willingly consent to any known unrighteousness. How fares it with your prayers, dear reader? Do you know that God hears you by the answers he vouchsafes? If not, may not this be the reason for the miscarriage? God is unchanged and unchangeable, the promise faileth not. "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." God must be true; and if your experience contradicts the sure word of promise, you may be certain that it is your experience which is at fault. Examine yourself. Repent, and do your first works. He is faithful and just to forgive the sins of his people, and to cleanse them from all unrighteousness. And then bring all the tithes of a whole-hearted, loving, and believing service into his storehouse, and prove him therewith, and see if he will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION,
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

(Continued from page 3.)

DURING the early part of the occupation of the Dancing Room, spoken of in our first number, we had no place for evening meetings. Fortunately the season was unusually fine, and during the long autumn nights we held meetings in the open air, commencing at seven o'clock, and continuing until late in the evening, announcing at the close that we should be glad to speak personally to any who were anxious to save their souls, and, after having pronounced the benediction, go in among the crowds and speak to them personally of Jesus. And often had we there the privilege of seeing tears of penitence, and of pointing anxious souls to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

As the weather grew more severe an indoor station became a necessity, and about this time we were offered a room in Three Colts' Lane, Bethnal Green. It was the best place we could procure for week-night meetings, and being the only one, was soon crowded to excess. In it we had to endure much petty persecution. If we opened the windows, mud and stones, and occasionally fireworks, were thrown through; consequently, we had to sit and endure the stifling heat, until it was impossible for delicate people to remain in the place. Sometimes trains of gunpowder were laid; the dress of one devoted sister was thus actually set on fire during the service; while at every interval the doors and shutters were battered. Outside, the open-air gatherings were harassed by the police and the landlords and frequenters of adjacent public-houses. Nevertheless, the Lord was with us, and numbers of sinners were awakened in this humble place, some of whom are now labouring in season and out of season for the salvation of their fellow men.

About this period, also, a series of meetings were held at the Free Church, King Edward Street, Mile End New Town; at Alfred Street Chapel, Stepney; and at Satchwell Street, Bethnal Green. At each place souls found Christ. At the latter place, one evening, a man cried out in much distress for God to have mercy upon him. He was a drunkard, knew his Bible, and had walked in the way of peace, but had grievously fallen. The Lord heard his cry and pardoned his sin. A short time ago we stood by his death-bed, and heard his confident assurances that his feet were on the Rock. He died in the faith. Shortly after his conversion, his wife, son, and daughter were brought to God, and remain with us to the present. They are all useful, rendering valuable help at an outlying station, two miles distant, the son acting as door keeper, an important office with us, and secretary to the Bible class.

In the meantime, our efforts were largely directed to

THE OPEN-AIR WORK.

This we regarded at the outset, and consider still, our special sphere. It was the throngs in the great thoroughfares, roaming about on the Lord's day, thoroughly indifferent to spiritual and eternal things, that first woke up our sympathies. It was these that God laid on our hearts. On coming to closer contact with them, we found that, though the aversion of the working classes to churches and chapels was as strong as could readily be conceived, yet would they eagerly listen to any speaker who, with ordinary ability, in an earnest and loving manner, could set before them the truths of the Bible in the open air. At any season of the year, in nearly all kinds of weather, at any hour of the day, and almost any hour of the night, we could obtain congregations. As a rule, too, there was but little interruption. Occasionally a sneering infidel or a bitter papist would ask a question, or an intoxicated man, stimulated from some neighbouring gin palace, would try to divert attention; but, met with a little tact and good humour, they were easily silenced, and we have usually found the crowd take sides with the speaker.

Of this facility to obtain an audience we tried to take advantage to the very uttermost, and thus reached with the glad tidings of mercy multitudes who could not in any other way be brought under the word. At the same time, our experience taught us that every outdoor service should, if possible, be connected with an indoor meeting, where, free from those dissipating

influences which more or less always accompany outdoor preaching, especially in the streets of London, the gospel could with greater clearness be set forth, further appeals could be made in favour of an immediate closing with Christ, earnest prayer could be offered, and an opportunity secured for personal conversation with the people. Acting on this opinion, thousands have accompanied us from our open-air stands to our halls, rooms, and chapels, and there many have been led at once to the Saviour.

In this actual closing with Christ consists the only or chief ground of hope we have for sinners; without it, all mere resolutions and head knowledge will avail but little; therefore, we attach but little importance to instructing men's minds or arousing their feelings, *unless* they can be led to that belief in Christ which results in the new creation.

As to the usefulness of this mode of labour, take the following

INSTANCES OF CONVERSION,

which occurred about this time.

One Sunday evening, an Irishman was passing down the Mile End Road. He had long been a wanderer on the face of the earth, and for many a year had lived a life of drunkenness, debauchery, and almost every kind of sin. He had just returned from Canada, and in the few days that had elapsed since landing he had spent some £20 in riot and dissipation. On this particular evening he was far from being in a very happy mood, when he met us singing,

"We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?"

He said to himself, "Sure that is the very place where I would like to go." He followed us to the dancing room, and was deeply convicted. The following Sabbath he came again, and was retiring, when we met him at the door, and urged him at once to fly to Christ; he returned with us up the room, and sought and found Jesus. He has ever since walked with God. He works among many hundreds of men of the most debased character. In the midst and in the face of much persecution he has been enabled to witness a good confession, and is now a very useful helper in the mission.

A BACKSLIDING LOCAL PREACHER.

One morning, a few weeks before, as I was walking in the city, a man stopped me by offering his hand. I remembered him as one who, amid a crowd of others had listened to me in the Mile End Road the night before. He had appeared to give such an intelligent and glad assent to all I said that I concluded he was a Christian. But alas! I found he had long given up all profession of religion. Once he was united with the Lord's people, and had worked for God as a local preacher for seventeen years; but on coming up to London as a merchant he neglected to join any Christian church, and gradually lost his peace of mind, failed in business, and at last took to drinking. "And now," said he, "I am ashamed to tell you how many years it is since I was in a place of worship, till last night, when I went to your tent." He continued to attend the services during these intervening weeks without receiving any deeper impressions; but this evening I found him among the penitents, deeply affected. "Oh," said he, "I am miserable—miserable! My health is breaking up from the sorrow of my mind. Oh that I could regain my peace with God! Is there yet hope for me? How can I be saved?" I laid before him the blessed simple gospel plan, and asked if he felt willing to forsake all and follow Christ. He heartily declared his desire to do so, and followed me to the other end of the hall, and there, after a short and severe struggle, to use his own words, "once more laid hold on Jesus."

This dear brother has since gone home. Though sorely tempted, tried, and very heavily afflicted, he was upheld by the mighty power of God, and enabled to triumph in the swellings of Jordan. He is now among the multitude before the throne, who have come out of much tribulation—who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

(To be continued.)

"NOT LOST FOR EVER."

A CHRISTIAN lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a gin palace just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very pale, and his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was far gone on the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged on the young man who ill-used him. He was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady who stood very near him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking what was the matter.

At the first kind word, the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then with a sigh of relief he said: "I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it; but her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother then," said the lady. "And she loved you?"

With sudden revulsion of feeling, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "O yes, I had a mother, and she loved me. But since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost, lost for ever."

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling, which had long been untouched in the young man's heart, waking a host of tender emotions which had been hidden very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More words were spoken, and when the lady passed on her way, the young man followed, marked the house she entered, and wrote the name on the door-plate in his little memorandum book. Then he walked away with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper and still more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years passed by, and the lady had forgotten the circumstance, when, one day, a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering who it could be, she went down to the parlour, and found a noble-looking and well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her.

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," he said, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have forgotten me; but though I only saw you once, I am sure I should have recognised you anywhere, and your voice too, it is so much like my mother's!"

These words brought to the lady's remembrance the young man to whom she had spoken before the gin palace; and the two wept.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down, and told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was.

"The earnest expression,—*No, not lost for ever*, followed me wherever I went, and it always seemed the voice of my mother speaking to me from her tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to do so."

OVERCOMING FAITH.

In an old city in the old time, when Christianity was a new religion and Heathenism was trying to subdue it, there dwelt a woman named Agatha, with her husband and two children. I don't know whether she was handsome, nor whether her children were beautiful; I don't know whether her husband was rich, nor whether their house was a grand palace with pictures on the walls, and marble floors, and fine statues, and leaping fountains; but the beauty of holiness was upon them all, and the "true riches" were in their dwelling. The mother had heard of Christ, and had believed; she had taught her little ones to trust in Him; the husband

had been won by the conversation of the wife, and they were all bent on the same journey that had the golden city in the skies for its end.

Their religion was not popular; it did not, as old John Bunyan says, walk "in silver slippers." Ah, no—it went barefoot for the most part, and was terribly wounded and bruised by the stones of stumbling over which it passed. When Agatha went with her husband and children to worship, it was not in some comfortable chapel or grand old church, but under ground, where slaves were buried, and in the dead of night. They were in danger even there, and worshipped there with the full knowledge that, before the last Amen was said, rough soldiery might fall upon and kill them, or drag them off to grace some holiday fête, and be torn to pieces by wild beasts as a public show.

Well, this did not happen. They sang their hymns in peace, offered up their prayers, and listened—oh, how devoutly!—to the reader as he unrolled his book and went through some passage in Christ's story. And Agatha rejoiced, with all that were in her house, that the lines still fell to them in pleasant places. But there were betrayers in that little company of Christians with whom they met,—betrayers who did not die with shame and fear when they heard it read how Judas kissed his Master, and with that kiss betrayed him. The betrayer made it known to the governor who those Christians were who worshipped in the tombs. None escaped notice; the rich lady, who came veiled; the Ethiopian who came with her, "no longer a servant, but a brother beloved in the Lord;" the little hump-backed shoemaker; the centurion; the dancing girl, with her light graceful form; the old gladiator, with his strong limbs; the rough labourer, with his iron hands; the young noble, with his satin skin; all were marked, and all their names written in a book—the governor's criminal list; ay, but in a better and more lasting volume—in the Lamb's Book of Life.

One night there came a messenger to Agatha's house, and a guard, who bore a letter from the governor commanding the arrest of all the family,

and their committal to the town prison. So they were hurried away; but instead of as they expected, being separated from one another, they were all lodged in the same ward. On the morrow there came a messenger, saying that Agatha was to appear before the governor. The hour of trial had come. She had anticipated this. When she became a Christian she knew that a crown of glory would be hers; but a cross and a sepulchre lay between her and its possession. She kissed her children, and embraced her husband, and felt only as a wife and a mother can feel when separated from all they love; and was sustained only as a Christian can be, by God's grace in the hour of adversity.

Through the gloomy passages into the presence of the governor, Agatha advances, the guards leave her at the door. She anticipates her fate; death in some cruel form, in the flames, in the torture room, by the wild beasts on a holiday. And she prays as Hannah prayed, her lips moving but no sound heard. She is ready to die. "For me to die is gain." She has read those words in a letter from a faithful missionary, and she repeats them now. But she is prepared for the trial. The governor commands obedience—expostulates—threatens. But his words move her not. Now comes the test.

"Woman, by this new doctrine you have lost a wife's affections and a mother's love. By it you have seduced others into your own error, and made them the sharers of your punishment. It is written in your books that a wise king found out the true mother when he ordered her child to be slain, and that, rather than the child should perish, she would give it up to a strange woman. See, if you do not resign this new faith—this Nazarene doctrine—I will order the execution of your first-born; if you recant, for your sake yours shall be spared."

The Christian woman bowed her head, and was silent. Prayer from her heart went up to God's throne, and strength from God came down to her heart. So she made answer:—

"They who love their children more than Christ are not worthy of Him. If God take my children to Himself,

shall I complain? Unjust judge, I trust in the judge of all."

At a motion from the governor, the guards advanced towards her. She fainted, and they carried her back to her husband and children. When she recovered, the guards waited with the order for the death of her youngest born. He was a brave boy, with light hair and blue eyes, and a great heart. He bade his mother and the rest shed no tears for him. He would soon be with Christ, and sing with the children cruel Herod slew when Christ was a child himself. He hears that they will expose him on the bleak mountains, and that he is to die of hunger and thirst; but he answers, "he has meat to eat they know not of," and that in the land he is going to, "they neither hunger nor thirst." So they led him away to death; and the mother covered her head and wept bitterly. Her first trial is over.

Next day the guards return. Another interview, with a like result, ensues. It is a girl—a girl just blooming into womanhood. The mother and father tremble and shed tears, but they feel they must not surrender. It is all happiness in their sorrow that their children are brave-hearted. The girl throws her arms about her mother's neck, and whispers that her brother and herself are but going to heaven first—that they will meet again—that in the world above the stars there are no tears and no more parting. She is to die in what they call the arena, before holiday folks, by wild beasts. So she whispers that God took care of Daniel, and that God will do better still for her; he will take her to Himself. And the second trial is past.

Agatha is childless, and she fears that some new terror may come upon her; but her trust is in God. She prays that God would make her strong enough to bear all trials, and her husband joins her. Next day her husband is the victim. "Resign," says the unjust judge, "thine husband or thy faith." And she answers and says, "Christ, the Saviour, will help me; the Lord will enable me to bear them all." The husband comforts his wife with hopeful happy words, and so they part. And the third trial is over.

A week has passed, and the widowed wife and childless mother sits in the cell alone.—And it is night. There comes a visitor: he bears a lamp with him, and is troubled as he enters. It is the unjust judge. The captive lifts her head. "I have no treasure now," she says: "do with me as you will. They are all gone; why should I tarry? O Lord, send Thy chariots,—the chariots of Israel, the horsemen thereof!" What does the man mean? He bids her come with him, and she mechanically follows. He leads her through the passages, ascends stone steps, crosses a garden, and there—What a scene bursts on her sight? Is she in a dream?—Is she in heaven? There—here—around her—weeping on her neck, clinging round her waist—are the loved ones—husband, children—alive from the dead! How is this? The unjust judge tells the story. Touched by the constancy of these Christians, he had resolved to test them by the sharpest trials. He wrung the mother's heart, appealed to her tenderness for her children; and found that her religion enabled her to sustain that trial. He found that her children—her brave boy, her gentle girl, were as immovable as their mother; and he preserved them from the threatened sufferings. He aroused all the wife's affections—tore from her the husband of her youth; and found her still faithful. The faithful woman gave up her husband for the Lord's sake, and the husband resigned his wife. He felt that the religion which could so strengthen them to endure all this must be no light matter. He sought to know more. He had been almost—ay, and altogether—persuaded to become a Christian; and his object now was to fly with them from danger, and seek safety on a foreign shore.

So they fled together, and were saved from peril and from persecution, and saved with an everlasting salvation. The noble fortitude of this Christian family had accomplished its work.

SURPRISING A CONGREGATION.

It is said that, at one time, when Lorenzo Dow preached under a large spruce pine, in South Carolina, he

announced another appointment for preaching in the same place, on that day twelve months. The year passed, and as Lorenzo was entering the neighbourhood the evening preceding his appointment, he overtook a coloured boy who was blowing a long tin horn, and could, as I have often heard them, send forth a blast with rise, and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills.

Overtaking the blower, Dow said to him: "What's your name, sir?"

"My name Gabriel, sir," replied the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa, I've been dar many time."

"Do you remember a big spruce pine-tree on that hill?"

"O yes, massa, I knows dat pine."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow had an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"O yes, massa, every body knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go, to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine-tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa, I takes dat dollar."

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree-top in due time. An immense concourse of persons, of all sizes and colours, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of the resurrection and grand assize, at the call of the trumpet peals which were to wake the sleeping nations. Then, said he, "Suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose you should hear, at this moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet." Sure enough, at that moment the trumpet of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast; some

ran; others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt, for a time, that the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the driving storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the coloured angel who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying: "I forbid all persons from touching that boy up there. If a coloured boy, with a tin horn, can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when you shall hear the trumpet thunder of the archangel? How will ye be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?" He made a very effective application. That was better than a long, dry sermon, conveying no impression, except that the tidings of Gospel mercy were of no moment at all, and sinners in no danger, or in danger so trifling as not to wake up the souls of either the preacher or his hearers. —*Taylor's Model Preacher.*

POETRY.

THE PRAYER OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

OH! Thou who didst, with pitying
Look down on such as me, [smile,
With falt'ring lips, and tearful eyes,
I raise my prayer to Thee!

For father at the alehouse stays,

While mother weeps alone;

And little Charlie ever cries

For bread, and there is none.

And people look upon me so,

As something strange and wild:

Whene'er I pass, I hear them say,—

"There goes the drunkard's child.

Oh! Thou, whose every look is love,

Whose eye each heart can see,

Hear Thou my prayer—a drunkard
vile

Let not my father be:

Teach him, O Lord, for mother's sake,

To end our care and pain,

To bring into our lonely home

The light of joy again.

Let not, O Lord, my father's lips

With drink-stains be defiled;

And then no more will men, with
scorn,

Call me "The drunkard's child."

And brother Charlie food will have,

And mother weep no more;

And father will be happy, too,

Nor seek the alehouse door;

While I shall go each Sabbath morn

Unto the house of prayer,

To bless the mercy and the love

Which saved my heart from care:

And thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
thus

On me in kindness smiled,

Nor spurn'd the prayer which came to
Thee,

From one—a "Drunkard's child."

EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

AMIDST much trial and persecution, and notwithstanding the excitement attendant on the general election, the work of God continues to prosper through the entire mission, and the most convincing evidence of God's presence and blessing is afforded in the awakening and salvation of souls at each of the stations. The following reports have been sent in.

WHITECHAPEL.

THE attendance at the theatre on Sunday morning has not been so numerous in consequence of the cold weather, but in the evening the congregations have been immense.

On Sunday evening, October 27th, William Stevens conducted the service; at the close many were deeply affected, and in bitterness of spirit cried, "What must we do to be saved." Amongst others who came on to the stage with the penitents, was a dear widow and four daughters. On Sunday, the 13th, John Hambleton preached with his usual power to a great crowd of people, on Jesus the mighty Saviour; thirteen souls at the close sought an interest in the Saviour's blood. The Temperance and Band of Hope meetings have been crowded, and many pledges have been taken. Such incidents as the following are frequently occurring at the private meetings:—

A poor woman, who found Jesus about six months ago in the Mission Hall, came to my private believers' class, and has been present at nearly every meeting since. She used to come sad and downcast on account of her husband, who was an ungodly man. He was converted under Robert Aitken, but for 20 years he had been a backslider. She used to ask us to pray for him, and often tried to get him to come with her, but tried in vain. One night, however, he came. When I saw him, I said within myself, "As he is come, I will get on my knees and

pray till the Lord saves him;" and I believed the Lord would save him before he left the room. The Devil said: "Oh, he will think that you and his wife have got him here to get him converted." I answered: "Well, he may never come again, if he does not get saved to night;" and I cried all the more. We prayed about an hour with him, when he cried out, "I will believe; Lord, help my unbelief!" and then he confessed how miserable he had been through the long years of his backsliding. When in the concert hall, and at the dance, when those about him thought him happy, he had been so miserable that he felt as though he must run out of the place. He told us how he had promised to return to the Lord when he got settled, and then when he had children, and then some other time; and so had gone on until he had been a prodigal twenty years. He now comes regularly to the meetings, and the other night broke out in prayer to his reconciled Father.

One dear brother, who was converted three months ago at the theatre, has just gone home triumphantly. Another, visited by a dear sister, and who professed to find Jesus on his death bed, has died in peace. Thus, the people blessed in the mission are passing away to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

A CONVERTED THIEF.

THE following account is from a brother at Whitechapel, who was asked to write it by one of our elders. It tells its own story in a far more interesting way than we can give it.

I WAS BORN on the 22nd of May 1849, and am therefore in my twentieth year. My parents were married two years before I was born, during which time, my father never ceased praying for God to bless him with children; so that my birth was an answer to prayer, and so was my conversion; for from the day I was born to the time of my conversion, he never ceased praying that I might be brought into the fold of Christ on earth, and afterwards meet him in heaven. And here let me press upon parents the necessity of not giving up praying, even if they see no signs of amendment.

I see, by looking into the Bible, where my father has registered my birth, that I was christened by T. M. Rodham, Wesleyan Superintendent, at Peterborough, which is my birth-place.

In my eleventh year, I was put to school in Bethnal Green. I owe what little learning I have got, to my grandmother. I left school at fourteen, and went to a place in Moorfields, where I stopped three years, nothing particular happening to me there. I left on my own account, and went selling programmes at nights for the Christy's Minstrels at the Standard Theatre, telling my father that I had nothing to do. I then got work at the Great Eastern Railway; going as van boy, where I first commenced taking what was not my own, and learnt to smoke, drink, and swear, thinking it very manly to do these things. I was about seventeen years old when I left there and went to work in Leadenhall Street. While there I used to go up to a prayer meeting in that street, held from 1 till 2, where I was made very mis-

rable, but not converted. I now left this place, and tried to get a ship and go to sea, but the Lord ordered it otherwise, and I would not go. I now grew worse and worse, and could not get any work, till my dear mother, who is now in heaven, got me a place in Thames Street, where I was apprenticed. I had not been here long before I got the character of being the worst in the shop, and I deserved it. My master made jam tins for a large firm, and when they poured the hot jam into the pots, if any leaked, they were returned, and he had to pay cost price for the jam. The men who made the pots, and my master, used to have half each; and the men used to be glad to let us have a pot for 6d, what it cost them. The master kept his in the counting house till he had a large quantity, and then sold them wholesale. I soon thought of a plan to possess myself of some of them; and persuading three others to join me, we put our plan into execution. There were two foremen, and if one came before the other, he used to open the door and wait until the other one came, and then the two would go out and get their coffee at the bottom of the street, leaving us alone in the shop. We then used to go into the counting house and bring four pots out, that was one for each of us. Things went on in this way for a long time, taking property, as my master afterwards said, to the amount of £20 or £30. Being one day in the cellar beneath the counting house, I happened to hear my name mentioned, and putting my ear close to the boards, I heard them speaking about the robbery, and saying they suspected I was at the bottom of it. Hearing my master say he should call some of the others into the office, I went upstairs to tell them to deny all about it, but I was too late, he having had one in, and got him to tell all, by promising that he would forgive him: after that, he had the other two in; but, contrary to my expectations, he did not call for me, telling my father afterwards, that he knew I shouldn't tell anything, being too hardened. He was going to lock me up, but said if my father would cancel my indentures, he would let me off, which was accordingly done. I was now out of work a long while, and very miserable, my conscience tormenting me so. One day I started off to Chelmsford, but night coming on, I lost heart, and turned back, taking the wrong road, and getting lost in the forest. It being dark I was very much terrified, running about here and there among the horses, uttering screams that somebody might hear; my conscience and imagination making me think I could see devils with great glaring eyes pursuing me. Hearing the sound of wheels, I made towards them, and so found the road, the man in charge of the cart which I had heard putting me into the right way. The remembrance of that night so worked upon me, that I made great resolutions to alter, but being in my own strength, I soon forgot them and grew worse. Coming to London again, I got work to do in Limehouse, where I met with a chap with whom I made an agreement to get rid of certain property he was stealing from his master, I knowing persons to whom I could sell it, though for very little, the other chap and I going halves,—or, at least, I told him that he had half, for I used even to cheat him: showing the fallacy of the proverb, "Honour among thieves." But with all the money I gained, I was never happy, and never had a second change of clothes, for I used to attend concerts and bagatelle rooms to get rid of my miserable feelings, where parties more skillful than I was used to case me of it: but I got so miserable, that I broke this off, thinking to lead a better life, but soon began to regret the opportunity of getting money, which I had as I thought thrown away; and not having any strength from above to sustain me, and not

caring much for work, I soon took to it again. About this time my mother was taken ill, and I went to see her about two hours before she died, having at the time some of the stolen things in my pocket.

I thank God, that He so ordered it, that I should not see the inside of a prison. Perhaps, if I had been once imprisoned, I should have hardened down into the regular street thief; but it was not to be. About this time, one Sunday, I had a narrow escape of my life, in the Lea River. I and another chap being in a boat and the day very hot, stripped, and got into thirty feet of water, holding on to the rudder, which came off; but I managed to clutch hold of the side of the boat and was pulled in, or I should have been drowned, not being able to swim. I now got more miserable every day,—the Spirit striving with me so, though I did not then know what it really was,—that I often used to try to keep awake all night for fear, if I went to sleep, I should not wake again. I can safely say, that I never spent one happy day since the death of my mother, till the day of my conversion, some eleven months after.

This is how that was brought about. I had been to hear the old Scotchman speak on Mormonism, in the Mile-end Road, one morning, and started out to go and hear him again at night; but passing the East London Theatre, and feeling tired, I thought I would drop in to pass an hour away. Mr. Booth preached about where Paul was brought before Agrippa, and Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But it was more the singing than anything else which affected and broke me down. I think somebody must have lent me a hymn book; for I remember joining in the hymns, and I did not know any. They sang, "There is sweet rest in heaven;" and when they came to the second verse—

"Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away."

I was fairly broken down, and was in such misery on account of my sins, that I was crying the whole of the evening. After the service I was spoken to, and in the pit of the East London Theatre I went down on my knees, and sought and obtained forgiveness, and have never regretted it. It was rather uphill work at first, especially at my shop, where I thought I should not be able to tell my mates: so I bought a hymn book, and laid it on my bench, that they might ask me about it, which they soon did: and the Lord gave me strength and words to answer them; since when I have been the instrument in the hand of the Lord in bringing two poor souls to Christ, my ever blessed Saviour; and I hope I shall be the means of bringing many more; and may the Lord keep me steadfast to the end, for his name and mercy's sake! and may I meet you in heaven, for Christ's sake. Amen

SHOREDITCH.

A BROTHER, engaged much in open-air work, writes as follows from his station:—

Brother R. asked me to send you a few facts for "The Evangelist," which I gladly do; for it seems to me that facts are best, as so many eyes are on our work, and, in many cases, with suspicion as to its truth and permanency; though we know all about it, thank God; that it is as true as God, its Author; and many of its results will endure for ever. I was called on one side, the other Sunday, at Sclater Street,

at our open-air meeting, by an old man who said that he had been an infidel all his life, and he was more than sixty; but he thought it was time he sought for the light and life of which I had been speaking that evening; for it really did seem to him that there must be something more than he had ever known. He hoped I would try and lead him right. I said by God's help I would, if he would follow. He attends all the meetings, and seems to be increasing in knowledge and submission. May God fully save him!

Last Sunday, a man, about forty-six, called me from the meeting in Sclater Street. He said he was well educated, had kept several public houses, and ruined himself and family. Although he might have saved thousands of pounds, he had spent it all in drink, and had now to work for his living. He said when alone in his workshop, the words he had heard in the open air were ringing in his ears, so that he could not rest. He was with us again in the evening, and went with his wife from the open-air service to the theatre. May the Lord speedily convert them. Many others have been deeply convicted at our open-air meetings; and we are looking for a great breaking down amongst them shortly.

A young man, who carelessly looked in at one of our meetings, some time ago, has continued to attend ever since. He says he is a member at a regular place of worship, but has been so blest and built up by attending every night in the Hall and the Bible class up stairs, that he is enjoying a really new and blessed spiritual life.

The other night, I was going out of the hall, when a fatherly-looking man took hold of my hand and said, with much emotion, "Sir, you have my hand and heart; I cannot rest anywhere; what shall I do? Pray for me! O do pray for me! I must give in, and come on your side. I have heard you when you little knew what I felt;" then off he went across the road, wringing his hands. May the Lord bless him! Another man came and said, "I am an Irishman. I have been away from my wife, but I am going back to her. Come, I beg of you, and speak to her; you may be as great a blessing to her as you have been to me." I went the first opportunity, and visited them. I found the wife and one son, very respectable looking. I left them quite reconciled, with the promise that they would seek the Lord and love each other, and strive to promote each other's welfare and comfort. I could give you many more similar cases, but I fear I should take up too much of your time. May the Lord bless your work of faith and labour of love.

After attending the out-door services, a young man came to us and said he was very sad in his mind, and did not know what to do. He wished us to visit his wife, who was sick. We found she had been brought up by pious parents, but, having married an ungodly man, had lost all the joy and influence of religion. That night she turned again to God. The husband promised to seek Jesus and attend the meetings. He did so until last Sunday week, when he was much impressed at the City Theatre, and, on coming out, asked me if I would go with him somewhere where we could talk and pray. We went to the Mission Hall and took a few friends with us. He was very anxious, and cried to the Lord for mercy, and not in vain, for God came into his heart and spoke peace. He then prayed for his wife, and blessed the Lord with all his heart for what He had that night done for his soul. The following week, to save expense, a few of us had agreed to do up the Hall, and this man came the following day, and many nights afterwards, and whitewashed the whole of the ceilings, and helped us to paper the walls; and at the tea

meeting that followed, he, with his wife and friends, were with us, as happy as any of our happy band. O for more prayer, faith, and labour!
J. C. MOORE.

LIMEHOUSE. (LATE PENNY GAFF.)

NEVER was there a more blessed transformation than this. During the past month there have been showers of blessings. Sunday night, October the 25th, was a very stormy one. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents; nevertheless, the friends turned out, and held a meeting in the open air. We were passing on our way to Poplar at the time, and were surprised to see what a crowd had gathered, and felt we never need despair of getting a congregation in any weather after that. We walked in amongst a few who lingered after our friends had left for the hall, and overheard a navy say to his two mates, "Well, we might as well go, we must get under cover somehow;" and so they followed to the meeting. That night our Brother Owen spoke, and God helped him. The Spirit of God came down upon the people like the rain upon the mown grass; thirteen anxious souls professed to find peace, and many others wept and promised to come again.

Another brother writes as follows, concerning a subject of a later date:—

I have just a word or two to say respecting the progress of the work of God, last Sunday, at the once notorious Penny Gaff, Limehouse. In the morning, there was a comfortable attendance, and the Lord's people found it a precious time. While Jesus was being exalted, several shed tears of joy at the thought of his exaltation and glory. In the afternoon we had a good company and a good meeting; but at night God seemed to open the very flood-gates of heaven. For three quarters of an hour the attention of the people was riveted while the preacher spoke on the woe of the last day, and the wrath of the Lamb. At the conclusion of the service, most of the crowded congregation retained their seats, and remained for prayer. As Brother Knott pleaded, in an agony, for the Holy Spirit on the sinners present, one young woman sobbed bitterly, and came forward to be prayed with. Altogether, there were eleven seeking mercy. It was a happy and blessed night.

SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN.

THIS place has suffered through the absence of Brother Longmore, now working at Norwood. But the cause is looking up again. The friends are rallying to the open-air work. We rejoice to hear that two open-air meetings are now held in Sclater Street, on Lord's day evenings; and last Sunday we hear that our Brother Rouse had a

powerful service in-doors, and several souls seeking Jesus. All glory to his name! The following communication concerns one of the new converts at this station, and it will, we doubt not, be read with deep interest:—

A CONVERTED DRUNKARD, LIAR,
AND BLASPHEMER.

MISERABLY clothed without, and still more miserable within, a husband and wife were slowly passing along the Bethnal Green Road over twelve months ago. The wife had a dreadful black eye, the result of the husband's ill-usage in his last and recent drunken bout. They were met by a brother who goes about speaking a word for the Master, literally in season and out of season, no place or hour are unseasonable to him. As he met them, though a perfect stranger to both, the forlorn appearance of the poor wife arrested his attention; he guessed how matters stood, and, pausing, faced the man, and, pointing to the woman, asked—"Is not that the woman whom you promised to love, cherish, and protect? Is that the way you have fulfilled your promise?" And herewith he passed by, looking on, and spoke to him of justice and mercy. They parted, but the man never forgot the words of the stranger; they followed him everywhere, no doubt preparing him for receiving the truth in the manner described in the following letter, which was written at the request of a friend who thought it would interest the readers of the "Evangelist." No alterations have been made in it, beyond the rectification of errors in orthography and punctuation. We shall be glad to receive letters from others, telling the story of their conversion to the praise and glory of redeeming grace.

Oct. 12, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I have reason to bless the hour that God put the thought into your head to open the Mission at the East End of London, for it has been the means of making me and my family happy in the love of Christ; it has turned me from a drunkard, blasphemer, and liar to a true believing Christian.

At the age of thirteen, I went as a pot-boy, and remained so until I was sixteen. Here I got the flavour of drink, and I never lost it till I was converted to God, through the blessed words of Bro. Longmore and Bro. White. When I look back and think how I have beaten my poor wife—it was through the drink—it makes me ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blow, but sometimes the blow first. After I got sober, sometimes it would make me ashamed to look at her black eyes; but I do thank God there is no fear of black eyes now. We are very happy together. I thank God for the many mercies he has shown me. I wonder I have never had an explosion, for I have been drunk for a week at a time. I am stoker and engine-driver. On one occasion, I had been

drunk overnight, and not very sober in the morning,—I went to work at half-past five, instead of five, and, without looking to see if there was any water in the boiler, I began stoking the fire up. In twenty minutes' time the boiler was red hot. The water had gone from one boiler to the other, through me leaving a tap open that I should have shut. Had I started the engine with the pipe on, the boiler must have burst. It was a very large boiler, in the centre of about sixty houses. But the fright sobered me. There was about forty men at work there. It cost above £100 before it went to work again. But that did not alter me, only for the worse; for I went home, and broke up all my home. I got worse, after that, for I did not care for nothing. Half my wages went for drink, and my wife very often was afraid to speak to me; the poor children would get anywhere out of my way. In a few months after, I was discharged; but I soon got another job: but I could not leave off the drink. I was reckoned a regular "lushington." If my employer said anything about my drinking, I would promise to keep steady; but I soon got as bad again, till, at last, I was discharged. I was out of work seven weeks, for they did not care to employ a drunkard. I went about selling sawdust, for I could get some beer by that; but very little money went home for food for my family. But I thought, if I could get a job again, I would be steady; but it was no good. I got a job, a very comfortable one; and I got drunk as ever; but I left that before they discharged me, to go to another job where I was not known. It was not long before I was known as a drunkard. I would have been somehow, I did not care how, so that I did get it. I have given one and sixpence for the loan of one shilling, and perhaps sometimes there was not a bit of bread at home, but the shilling would go for beer. I have often had the police called in to me for ill-using my wife. On one occasion, I had been ill-using my wife. She ran down to her mother's, with her face bleeding very much, and stopt there, but I went to bed. When I woke, I saw my wife was not there; so I went out and got drunk again. I came home, and got a large carving-knife, put it up my sleeve, went down to her mother's, with the intention of killing her; but they saw the knife. Police was called in; I was taken to Spitalfields Station; but no one coming to press the charge, I told them at the station that my wife had been out all night, and left her little children, and I did not know where she had been; but I found her, in the afternoon, quite drunk, at a house in Sclater Street; so the inspector let me go. He kept the knife, and told me to come for it when I was sober. I went for it, about a week after. They gave me the knife, but told me not to come there again, or I should not get away so easy. For some months before I was converted to Christ, I could not sleep at night unless I was drunk; very seldom I went to bed without cursing and swearing until I went to sleep, and woke up the same in the morning—waking everybody in the house with my cursing and swearing sometimes in the middle of the night, if I woke. God thought fit to lay me on a bed of sickness for thirteen weeks, eight years ago. I was given up by all the doctors. When I got better, people thought I would alter my life, and become a steady man; but no, I was as bad as ever. While I was at work, another time, drunk, God thought fit to take one of my eyes. I felt the pain of that for about three years; but that did not make me a sober man, nor make me leave off swearing and cursing. I was, in general, drunk two or three times on Sundays. The Sunday that I was convinced I was a sinner, I had been drunk twice. I did

not think there was so much happiness for me, but I do thank God for what He has done for me. He has changed my heart, He has filled me full of the love of Christ; my greatest desire is to tell sinners what a dear Saviour I have found, and to tell them how I found Him.

FROM A CONVERTED DRUNKARD,
BLASPHEMER, AND LIAR.

Should this fall into the hands of any poor drunkard, and he would like to hear more of me, I should be happy to see him at the Mission Hall, Sclater Street. I will tell him how to find a Friend.

As companion to the above, we insert the following letter from the wife of the writer:—

DEAR SIR,—It was a happy day for me and my children when my dear husband was converted to God through Brothers Longmore and White preaching at the corner of Sclater-street. Seven months since, on a certain Sunday, he was standing at the door, when the singing attracted him. He went to listen, when a dear brother came and spoke to him, and induced him to go with them to the Apollo Music Hall, where he was convinced the Saviour died for sinners, asked for mercy, and obtained it through the blood of the Lamb. He has been the means of me seeking the Saviour, and finding mercy—also two brothers and a sister of his own; and we hope, with the help of God, to be the humble means of bringing many more sinners to know and love the blessed name of the Saviour; for it is a happy life to love and to serve God. We have five young children to bring up: may the Lord help us to bring them up in the way of religion. I have been a wife sixteen years, and never knew happiness till my dear husband was converted by the work of the glorious mission. Long may it prosper, is the earnest prayer of

A CONVERTED DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

MISSION TO GAMBLERS AND
DRUNKARDS.

THE writer of the following account, having been a gambler himself, feels specially called to mission that class in their various haunts, and make efforts to save them from this ruinous vice, publishing the gospel of grace even to them.

Under the railway arches and down the back turnings of Bethnal Green, on the Lord's day, multitudes of young men assemble regularly to play at pitch and toss. The Lord laid it on my heart to mission them. I once was a gambler myself. The dominoes and dice and ninepins were my gods, and the public-house parlour and skittle ground were my favourite haunts. God in mercy saved me, and my heart yearned for others led on blindfolded by the devil in the same delusive and dangerous path. I felt that no man cared for their souls, and with fear and trembling, knowing what a godless, wicked class of men they were, I went to speak to them of Jesus.

At my first visit, I spoke to a group of about twenty, as they stood gambling. Some laughed; others said, "Hear the man's sermon;" while some hung down their heads and appeared much affected by what I said. I went to the leader of another and a larger group and said to him, "The Lord will bring you into judgment for the way in which you are spending this Sabbath." At that they stopt, and I gave them a "British Workman" each, told them that every one of them would have to meet God,

and urged upon them the necessity of leaving their present mode of life, and seeking that God whom they had so offended.

About three o'clock, on Sunday afternoons, when the public houses and beer shops close, the men are turned into the streets, and before dispersing they gather about the doors in knots of five and six, and sometimes quarrel and fight. I go amongst them, talk to them, distribute tracts and the "British Workman," and invite them to the theatre. When I started on my mission I feared that I should receive insult, and perhaps bodily injury; but I rejoice to say that I have always been received by these poor, uncared-for ones with the greatest kindness and courtesy. I have distributed hundreds of tracts and our mission hand-bills, through which many have been prevailed on to attend our services. Several instances will show the willingness of these men to listen to the word of God. One Sunday afternoon, two men, aged respectively about 80 and 50 years, were standing outside a low beer shop: I went up to them, and, as an introduction, offered them each a "British Workman," which they received kindly. I said to them, "The Lord wants you." The elder of the two replied, "I am not fit to go, because I am such a great sinner." I spoke to him of the mercy of God, and told him that He was ready to receive the greatest sinner, and that he would receive him if he would but come. I told them that years ago I trod the same path which they were now treading, and felt the same as they did that afternoon; but God, in His great mercy, turned me out of that way, and made me what I am; and what He had done for me He could do for them. They asked me how they were to go about it, and I pointed them the way of salvation. One of them said to me that sin had driven him from home, wife, and children, and brought him down to his present position. During the whole of our conversation he appeared greatly affected; and when I was leaving them, he asked me if, when I got on my knees with my brethren that night, we would ask the good Lord to have mercy on a poor, miserable, broken-hearted drunkard.

Standing at the door of a public house in Brick Lane I found three young men, dirty and very poorly clad. I spoke to them about their way of living and the way they might live if they would serve God. I gave them a "British Workman" each. One of them opened a paper while I stood speaking to them: his eye caught a piece headed, "Show your Colours." He said to the others, "Truly, we are showing our colours this afternoon;" and I said, "Yes, I know you belong to by the state I find you in." They listened, and one of them said, turning to his companions, "Yes, all that money I earned last week is gone in beer and gin, and what better are we for it?" The others said, "We are as miserable as we can be; and you are right. Good bye, old fellow."

I found a man leaning against a post, by the door of another public house. He had been drinking. I said, "How are you?" He replied, "I am very unhappy. I am in deep grief: I had a good wife, and in two days I lost her and my child with cholera." It was very affecting to see him as he wiped his tears away, and said, "I have no one to care for me, now my poor wife is gone. I am waiting till the public house is open to pass away my time. I have not got a friend in the world." I said, "Yes, you have; Jesus is your Friend. God is willing to help you;" and I was willing to take him by the hand, if he was willing to give up drink, and give himself up to God. He said, "I don't want any one to give me any thing—I only want a friend," and I took him to the Mission Hall, and left him with the brethren, who gave him some tea, and talked, and prayed

with him. He has been attending the theatre since. I spoke to him there the other night, and urged him to give himself up to God. He seemed much affected by the truth, and said he had determined, the Lord helping him, to lead a new life.

I feel much encouraged to persevere in this mission. Will you pray that God may give me wisdom and courage to qualify me for dealing faithfully with these miserable and wicked men.—Yours in the gospel, JAMES FLAWN.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

UNDER this heading we propose recording, from time to time, short notices of those who have been converted in the Mission, but who have been called away to their reward.

1.—THOMAS MUSGROVE

Was awakened and converted in the East London Theatre about three months ago. His father, who also found Christ through the instrumentality of this Mission, says of him, "My son, was ever a sober and steady young man, but, like many others, thought nothing of Christ. He was fond of music halls, theatres, concerts, and similar places of amusement, and all the pleasures of this life, until about three months ago, when he was induced to give his heart to God, and found peace and pardon through the blood of the Lamb. He was very soon afterwards afflicted, but Christ never forsook him. His whole confidence was in the blood. In the midst of his sufferings, which were very great, he would cry unto God for more of His Holy Spirit. "I know," he would say, "the devil often tempts me; but I rest in the blood, which gives me peace." He was never so happy as when friends spoke to him of Christ. When his mother was standing weeping over him, he would say, "Mother, don't weep for me; for I am going where there is no sin or sorrow. I shall have a crown for my head, and a palm for my hand." On one occasion he said—

"If this be death I soon shall be,
From every sin and sorrow free,
The King of glory I shall see.—All is well."

Just before his death, his mother said to him, "My dear, have you anything to request." He was silent for a time, and then he said, "Yes, mother; it is that you will dry up your tears, and meet me in heaven."

Brother Dimaline, who visited him, says, "I never saw a young man happier, and more meet for heaven, than this one. I visited him four or five times a week, during his illness, and always found him in a sweet frame of mind, waiting for the change."

On the night before he died, the family being present, I called to see him, and while engaged in prayer, the power of God fell on us all. Never but once before did I feel so near heaven as that night, and he was made inexpressibly happy. In this state of mind he lived ten hours after, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

REVIVAL WORK FAR AND NEAR.

THE Christian conferences commenced by the Rev. W. Pennefather at Barnet, and continued since his removal to London at Mildmay Park, grow every year in influence and importance. The one held during the last month, has been very largely attended. Some very useful addresses have been given, and it is hoped, that the hundreds of Christians who have come together from all parts of the three kingdoms,

have separated, renewed in spirit and strengthened in purpose to follow Christ and live for eternity.

Some time ago, God moved Lord A. Cecil and several officers, in the army stationed in Canada, to preach Christ to their comrades and others. This coming to the knowledge of the authorities, an order prohibiting such irregular proceedings was issued; whereupon Lord A. Cecil and other officers resigned their commission, and in company with other brethren gave themselves up to Evangelistic work altogether. In many places God is working mightily; at Ottawa, the seat of the Government, the theatre has been opened on Sabbaths; near Cumberland, a tavern keeper has shut up his liquor shop, abandoned the business, and confessed Christ; and the work is rapidly spreading. May it spread through the whole colony! God speed these labourers in the vineyard.

All our readers will have rejoiced over the downfall of the rotten jesuitical despotism, misnamed monarchy, under which Spain has so long groaned. But most of all that there is now good reason to hope that a great and effectual door will be opened for the entrance of that word of God which giveth life. General Prim, the most influential and popular man in Spain, has declared to the agents of the Spanish Evangelisation Society, and two other exiles, that they may enter Spain with their Bibles under their arms to teach its doctrines. What a marvellous change!—the Jesuits gone, their property confiscated, a free utterance for the Gospel, and an unfettered circulation for the word of the living God. Seldom has there been such a revolution, and never did a nation so greatly need our prayers as Spain does at this moment. Will all our readers daily present her claims at the blood besprinkled mercy seat?

From Providence Hall, Old Church Street, Paddington, Brother Stevens writes:—

I rejoice to inform you we still have a blessed work going on at Providence Hall, Paddington. Nearly or quite every Sunday, souls are awakened and brought to Jesus. Here Sabbath breakers have learned to love the Sabbath-day and the house of prayer. Swearers have left off that horrible practice, giving their hearts to God, and are now clothed and in their right mind, and drunkards have become sober. All glory to the bleeding Lamb! We have many interesting cases we could name, such as the following one. A young woman brought up by pious friends was, a few Sundays ago, about to return to the country, but was too late for the train, so came with her brother to the hall, and was there convinced she was a sinner. She came forward among the penitents trembling, was pointed to Jesus, the Friend of sinners, and enabled to trust in the cleansing blood, and went home the next day to tell her friends what great things the Lord had done for her. I rejoice to say we have a blessed work going on amongst the boatmen. Many have been brought to the hall by a dear fellow of their own class, who himself, with his wife, have also been brought to the Lord here. Feeling deeply interested in them, he invited them to come with him; and, blessed be God, they have been slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword, and are now happy in Jesus, and some of them are engaged preaching the glorious gospel, and pointing sinners to the same Jesus who has made them so happy. These things, dear Sir, encourage us to go on amid opposition and difficulty.

On Boxing-day, December the 26th, we propose, God willing, to hold our sixth annual tea meeting. Tea at 5 o'clock. Tickets 8d. each, or pay at the door. We shall be glad to see any of our friends at the West-end interested in the cause of Jesus.

Praying to God to bless you, dear Sir, in your work of faith and labour of love, yours truly in Jesus. WILLIAM STEVENS.

THE COMING WINTER.

THERE is every probability that the approaching winter will be one of greater destitution in the East of London than the last. Already the workhouses are crowded, and cases of death from actual starvation are occurring. The tales of distress we are called to hear are harrowing in the extreme. One of our helpers has just been in with the following:—

I was called yesterday to visit a family in great distress and affliction. The father is near seventy years of age, quite blind of one eye, and the sight of the other failing fast. The wife, an aged woman, is bed-ridden with the dry dropsy, and suffering acute agony. The daughter has just had one of her eyes taken out to save the sight of the other. They are very poor, employed in mottling the paper used for bonnet boxes, all they get for colouring twenty-four sheets and finding the colour being five farthings. "After the rent is paid," said the daughter, "we have scarcely anything left;" and yet they are all Christians, and appeared happy in their deep poverty.

Many such tales of woe are brought to us from every side. The visitors say they cannot go to the homes of the starving people with the messages of mercy without at least some little relief. What is to be done?

Only the Government can give effectual assistance; but it is to be feared that, in the coming short session, too many things of national importance will crowd on the attention of Parliament for the East of London to get even a passing notice. It appears certain, therefore, that between hundreds, if not thousands, and slow starvation, there is only the scanty pittance of parish relief when it can be obtained, supplemented by the contributions of those whose hearts have learned, from the practice and precepts of Jesus, to pity and remember the poor.

The whole subject of poor relief is beset with great difficulties; but whatever controversy there may be as to the mode of its administration, there cannot be two opinions as to the duty of those who have wealth,—specially of those who name the name of Christ,—to stretch forth a helping hand in this season of dreadful distress, to help the suffering members of the household of faith.

For these we would specially plead.

Our balance sheet, given on third page of cover, will show that the fund appropriated to relieving the wants of destitute saints was £17 overpaid in September. *One of our members and family go into the workhouse next week.* A dear sister, awakened and saved in the mission, after many weeks of lingering disease, has just died in Jesus, and her mother, utterly destitute, knows not how to get her into the grave. Ought we to allow our brothers and sisters in Christ to stand shivering at the relieving officer's door, to end their days in the Union, or be buried in a pauper's coffin? Let those who have wealth answer.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

From Oct. 20th, to Nov. 20th.

FOR THE GENERAL WORK. £ s. d.	
Mr. E. Miller	4 14 10
Mr. Burgess	0 5 0
Matthew vi. 3	2 0 0
Major W. Montague	0 10 6
Mrs. Taylor	2 0 0
Mrs. A. Field	0 5 0
Captain Greenfell	1 0 0
Mrs. C. Humphrey	1 0 0
Mr. S. Saddington	10 0 0
Well-wisher	0 3 0
Miss Emma Wells	0 3 4
F. A. Bevan, Esq.	20 0 0
Mrs. H. Perfect	0 3 0
A Friend	0 10 0
A. N.	4 0 0
Jno. Dugmore, Esq.	5 0 0
E. F. G.	1 0 0
C. E. N.	0 10 0
Mr. Jno. Gholohm	0 5 0
W. E. D. K.	0 5 0
Mr. C. H. Waterhouse	0 10 0
Mrs. T. Young	5 0 0
Mr. Atkinson	3 0 0
Mr. F. Olivers	0 5 0
Mrs. C. Johnston	10 0 0
The Misses Dewe	0 10 0
Mrs. Broomhead	5 0 0
Mrs. Mary Sewell	10 0 0
Mrs. F. Reid	1 0 0
Mrs. R. Wauchope	1 0 0
Ditto, for a Friend	1 0 0
Mrs. C. Smith	0 10 0
Friend	0 2 6
Mr. J. W. Little	0 5 0
Mrs. G. A. Eastwood	0 10 0
Mr. G. M. Hinds	0 10 0
Mrs. Mary Stockbridge	0 10 0
A Friend, Greenock	0 9 0
Mrs. Oakes	0 10 0
John Frazer	0 5 0
Miss Elliot	1 10 0
Miss Garnet	2 10 0
Mr. Geo. Beby	0 5 0
Friend, Stowmarket	0 10 0
W. J. N.	0 2 0
Miss Skye	2 0 0
Offerings on the Mission	35 14 8½
Mr. Bishop, by Card	0 8 6
Mr. Ross	0 12 0
Mr. Hind	0 10 0
Mr. Fage, by Box	0 6 0
Mr. Chivers	0 2 10½
Miss Jolly, by Card	1 9 0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mone	0	5	6
Miss E. Heward, by Box	1	3	3½
Miss Trompass, by Card	0	5	3
Mrs. Manson, by Box	0	3	11½
Mr. Felton, by Card	0	7	7
Mr. Taylor, by Box	0	3	1¼

OFFERINGS PER "REVIVAL," FOR
PEOPLE'S MARKET, ETC.

Mrs. Gregory, for Penny Gaff	0	5	0
Mr. R. Mullings	20	0	0
Lord's Portion	0	10	0
C. M.	0	5	0
O. O.	10	0	0
A. Z.	4	0	0
Mr. Beecher	3	0	0
Sale of Jewellery	2	1	6
M. N.	2	0	0
J. A. M.	1	0	0
Rev. J. M. Fenton	1	0	0
G. S. W.	10	0	0
O. O.	5	0	0
A Friend.	3	0	0
F. Smith, Esq.	1	0	0
Anon	1	0	0
A Friend	0	3	0
M. A.	0	2	6
A. P. Y.	5	0	0

PEOPLE'S MARKET.

Sums announced in our last number	1085	15	0
A. J. Larking, Esq.	50	0	0
A Lover of Jesus	50	0	0
A. L. Freeman, Esq.	25	0	0
Lord Henry Cholmondely	25	0	0
Matthew, vi. 3	20	0	0
Joseph Mead, Esq.	20	0	0
Joseph Tucker, Esq.	20	0	0
C.	10	0	0
H. T.	10	0	0
Mrs. C. M. Campbell	10	0	0
Martin Hope Sutton, Esq.	10	0	0
A. A.	10	0	0
J. Palmer, Esq.	10	0	0
Thomas Ashby, Esq.	5	5	0
Robert Charlton, Esq.	5	5	0
Benjamin Beddow, Esq.	5	5	0
John Fuller Maitland, Esq.	5	0	0
C. H. F.	5	0	0
Joseph Wilson, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Drury	5	0	0
Miss K. Stileman	5	0	0
James Gingel, Esq.	5	0	0
A. Sutton, Esq.	5	0	0
Edward Budd, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Broomhead	5	0	0
Edmund Ives	5	0	0
Mrs. Getty	5	0	0
R. C.	5	0	0
E. F. G.	4	0	0
Mr. Eason	2	0	0
Mrs. Ellen Wright	2	0	0
S. Bosanquet, Esq.	2	2	0
E. & H. Adams	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Chance	2	0	0
Miss Langdon	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Miller	2	0	0
Mrs. Stobart	2	0	0
E. P. & C. C.	2	0	0
Rev. H. Mallet	2	0	0
Mrs. Blackman	1	0	0
Hon. Mr. Hobart	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. H. Bowen	1	1	0
C.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hamilton	1	0	0
Mr. Frank Pool	1	0	0
Mr. Wright	1	0	0
Mr. Camps	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Dennis	1	0	0
Mr. W. Fisk	1	0	0
Mr. Lambert	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Arthur Pim	1	0	0
A. N.	1	0	0
Miss Skey	1	0	0
Mr. Matson	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Moore	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. John Andrews	0	10	0
Annie	0	10	0
Mr. Sherwood	0	10	0
T. W.	0	10	0
Mr. Babbs	0	10	0
H. A. K. W.	0	10	0
Mr. Dines	0	10	0
Mrs. Randal	0	10	0
Mr. E. Ives	0	10	0
Miss Odell	0	10	0
Two Friends.	0	7	6
Friend	0	5	0
F. Sawyer	0	5	0
Josephine	0	5	0
Mr. Little	0	5	0
Mr. G. Pratt	0	5	0
Mr. C. Clark	0	4	0
Mr. J. M'Dougal	0	4	0
Friend	0	3	0
P. W.	0	2	6
W. & A. H.	0	3	0
Mrs. Swan	0	2	6
Widow's Mite	0	2	0
Mrs. Mathews	0	2	0
Mrs. Clark	0	2	0
Friend	0	2	0
Friend	0	1	2
M. H. T.	0	1	0
G. W.	0	1	0

FOR POOR.

Mrs. A. Wilson	0	10	0
FOR DESTITUTE SAINTS.			
A Grateful Orphan	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Reid	1	0	0
Miss C. Layton	2	0	0
FOR BIBLE CARRIAGE.			
A Grateful Orphan	0	10	0
FOR THE PENNY GAFF.			
Mr. Wm. Girling	0	5	0
E. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Franco	0	10	0
Friend	0	1	0
T. W.	0	2	6
Miss Marsh	0	5	0
Mrs. Byron	0	5	0
The Men at W. & R. Johnson's Lead Works	1	16	0

THE PUBLIC SALE FOR THE
PEOPLE'S MARKET.

FRIENDS are writing us most kindly from different parts of the country, promising help in this undertaking. Mrs. Booth will be grateful for the addresses of other ladies willing to receive goods, or to form working committees. We want an address for every town in the kingdom.

The sale, we expect, will take place about March. We have already received some goods, an account of which will be given in our next number.

SPECIAL SERVICE ON
CHRISTMAS DAY.

God willing, a special experience meeting will be held at Whitechapel, on Christmas Day morning, at seven o'clock. Breakfast meeting at nine. Open-air service at eleven, weather permitting. Tickets for breakfast, sixpence each. A tea meeting for the entire mission will be held on the day after Christmas Day. Tickets sixpence each.