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## CONSECRATION SERVICE.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 3rd, in the New East London Theatre, there will (D.V.) be breaking of bread and a public consecration service for the members and friends of the mission from its various stations. These services have heretofore been special seasons of divine blessing, and we affectionately invite Christian friends from a distance to unite with us in a fresh and full dedication of ourselves to the Master's service for another year. The service will commence at quarter to three o'clock precisely. Tea will be provided at the Mission Hall, 188, Whitechapel Road, for friends from a distance.

Service in the evening at the Theatre at seven o'clock as usual, conducted by Mr. Booth.

# THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

[JANUARY, 1869.

## WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IN 1869?

"O what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do? You have thought of some useful labour, But what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your boy, And just in the bloom of youth; [hood Have you tasted the sparkling water That flows from the fount of truth? Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping? Remember he died for you. Then what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do?"

"Will you honour his cause and kingdom Wherever your path may be, And stand as a bright example, That others your light may see? Are you willing to live for Jesus, And ready the cross to bear? Are you willing to meet reproaches, The frowns of the world to share? Your lot may, perhaps, be humble, But God has a work for you; Then what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do?"

The great test of character is *doing*. God, the church, the world, all estimate men, not according to their sayings and feelings or desirings, but according to their *doings*. Every tree is known by its fruit. He that doeth righteousness is righteous. He will reward every man according as his work shall be. Dear reader, you profess to be serving the Lord; what have you been *doing for Him* during the year that is just closing? What are you going to do in the next, should you be permitted to enter upon it? In an oft-repeated story, it is said that a gentleman travelling on the continent was smitten with conviction as to a wasted life, and induced to offer himself a *living* sacrifice to his lawful Lord, by looking on a picture he met with in the dining room of an hotel. This picture had been painted by a master hand, and represented the Saviour in the last agony on the cross. The crown of thorns was on his brow, and with bleeding hands and feet, it seemed as though His mighty heart was breaking, and the dying cry, "It is finished," was just issuing from his lips. Underneath that picture was written, "I did this for thee. What hast thou done for me?" And, dear reader, not from that cross of anguish, but from his throne in glory, that same Saviour bends down, and, pointing to the manger of Bethlehem, the wilderness of Judea, the bar of Pilate, the garden of Gethsemane, and the cross of Golgotha, says, "I did that for thee. What hast thou done for me?"

What have you done for Jesus in the year just past? Do you answer, Well, I have done a good deal of business, and made large profits: I am in a better position than I was this time last year? Very good, if you have done it on the principles of eternal truth and rectitude; but this has been for yourself. What have you done for Him?

Perhaps some who read this will reply, Well, this is a never-to-be-forgotten year to me. In eternity I shall have to say, It was in the year of redeeming grace 1868 that I was awakened by the Holy Ghost to see myself a sinner deserving eternal woe; in 1868 I sought and found the pardon

JANUARY, 1869.

of my sins, was adopted into God's family, and obtained the sweet hope of eternal life. Very good, dear friend, but all this is for yourself. What have you done for Him?

But do you say, I have attended regularly the means of grace, and often been much blessed in them: I have read my Bible and prayed every day, and often realised God's presence in my soul, making me sing for joy? That was for yourself, my friend. What have you done for Him?

Again I think I hear you reply, I have brought on my family another year in comfort and prosperity, and worked hard early and late to do what I could for them domestically and educationally. But this has been for your family. What have you done for Him?

What have you done for Jesus? In all this, your righteousness has not added to the Lord nor saved nor benefited your fellows. How much of your increase have you devoted to His service? and how many souls have you won or tried to win for Him? What self-denial have you practised for His glory? what sacrifices have you made for His sake? Can you answer these questions satisfactorily to your own conscience?—Nay, if your once crucified Lord were to appear, and ask the question, What hast thou done for me? as ask, one day, He surely will, could you so answer it as to win the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?"

Alas, we fear that such an inquiry with respect to the past would cover many of us with shame. The bringing together of the little done for Him who sought and found and redeemed us with tears and prayers and blood would appear so insignificant, as to fill us with sorrow and regret. In this respect, we cannot cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." We would prefer that He should tarry awhile, that He should dig about us, and spare us at least another year, that we may better answer the end of our redemption by bringing forth more fruit to the praise and glory of His holy name.

*This may be His gracious will.* It may be that 1869 is destined for us. Every one of its precious moments may be ours. Its three hundred and sixty-five days, each one freighted with opportunities for honouring God and blessing men, opportunities the greatness and grandeur of which no angel mind can measure, no angel tongue declare, may be for you, dear reader; for you, whom Satan often tempts to repine, as having nothing worth living for. Here is a work, a trust, a privilege, that unfallen spirits envy, and which it seems almost probable that departed saints covet once more to be theirs. They may be three hundred and sixty five days of trial, of poverty, of affliction, of persecution, of tears, of suffering; but if yours, assuredly they will be days wherein, as they pass away, one by one, devils may be defeated, sinful propensities may be conquered, holy habits may be formed, souls may be saved, high fellowship with the Father, through the Son, by the Spirit, may be held, and work be done that will last for ever, covering your spirit with immortal honour, gladdening the heavenly hosts, and glorifying the triune Jehovah.

What, then, dear reader, will you do in this solemnly important year of redeeming love, 1869? Suffer the word of exhortation. Specially and lovingly do we tender it, regarding you either as a member or a friend of the East London Christian Mission.

1. Waste not an hour in useless regrets. On no account yield to despondency. Beware of the devil. His favourite method is to lead

God's people to indolence, to worldly-mindedness, and to sin; and then, when the Spirit of God convinces the soul of its unfaithfulness, to attempt to throw it into despair, as to the realisation of anything holier or more God honouring in the future. We say again, waste not a single hour in useless regrets. If the past merit condemnation, repent honestly and fully before God, lay aside every weight and the sin which doth most easily beset you; and seek through the ever-availing blood of atonement, a renewed sense of the divine favour. Without this unquestioning assurance of the smile of Jehovah, a holier and a happier year will be impossible. But, thank God, "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father; and if we confess and forsake our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sin, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Be clear here. Start fair. O! ten thousand thousand hallelujahs for this precious blood, which washes whiter than snow!

2. Set your heart on living such a year as God himself desires for you. Aim at nothing short of this. What a curse comes on the Church and the world through Christians copying the miserable examples, and being satisfied with the narrow, lean attainments of each other! The vain custom of measuring ourselves amongst ourselves, is not wise. Practise it not. Have a holy ambition to do the will, the whole will, and nothing but the will of God, here in this world in 1869, as the holy angels will do it in heaven. Take the written, explicit, and unchanging requirements of Jesus, and all the possibilities of holy living, and all the attainments of eminent saints, as your standard. Do what God appoints and the Saviour wills. Laugh at what your own fainting spirit and cold, half-hearted professors call impossibilities, and cry, "If it be the will of God, if all needed strength has been provided for its accomplishment, though self, and earth and hell be in the way, IT SHALL BE DONE!"

3. Remember that, to live a holy life, you must be a holy person. Don't be deceived on this point, as thousands are. To do God's will, you must be a man of God. Vain and fruitless is the attempt to keep God's holy law with an unholy heart. Justification through the blood of Christ is a blessing of untold value, but sanctification through the Spirit is of equal worth and of everlasting necessity. Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord. Dear reader, Satan will beguile you with the notion that the white robe of purity is indispensable to the employments and felicities and associations of Paradise, but that for earth and its duties a lukewarm, backsliding condition will suffice. No more deadly, subtle poison was ever injected into a human soul. O, pause, think. Never, though you should, as I trust you will, live on eternally with heart and mind ever expanding in a sphere of employment ever enlarging,—never, though you should be called to minister at the very footstool of Jehovah himself, will there come a period when it will be so important to Christ and the universe that you should be holy as in the year 1869, if you should spend it in the midst of this dying world.

Do you believe this? Will you, then, act upon it? Spared, in infinite mercy, to live this high and honourable and God-like life, will you not rise up at the threshold of another year, and present the only acceptable offering within your ability? The altar is ready. Offer YOURSELF, body, soul, and spirit, a holy, acceptable sacrifice, which is your reasonable service. Alone in your closet, give yourself up unreservedly, heedless of loss or gain, the smiles or frowns of men, the opposition of earth or hell.

Give yourself to God in deed and in truth, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for time and for eternity, in an everlasting covenant never to be broken, and believe that He receives and sanctifies the gift which you present; that He receives and saves you *now*, on the authority of His own words—"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Believe that He will save through the year 1869, however chequered and trying its course may be, and through all coming years, nay, through all time and all eternity, seeing that He saves to the uttermost all them that come unto God through Him.

#### WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS CHALKLEY, AN EMINENT QUAKER, PUBLISHED AT LONDON, IN THE YEAR 1751.

"ABOUT this time (the good man was now on his passage from America to this country) our doctor dreamed a dream, which was to this effect, himself relating it to me. He thought that he went on shore at a great and spacious town, the buildings whereof were high, and the streets broad; and as he went up the street he saw a large sign, on which was written in great golden letters, SHAME. At the door of the house, to which the sign belonged, stood a woman with a can in her hand, who said unto him, 'Doctor, will you drink?' He replied, 'With all my heart; I have not drunk anything but water a great while;' (our wine and cider were all spent, as we had had a long passage); and he drank a hearty draught, which he said made him merry; so he went up the street reeling to and fro, when a grim fellow coming behind him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, that he arrested him in the name of the governor of the place. He asked him for what? and said, 'What have I done?' He answered, 'For stealing the woman's can: the can he had indeed, and so he was taken before the governor, which was a mighty black dog, the biggest and grimmest that he had ever seen in his life; and evidence was brought against him by an old companion of his, and he was found guilty; and his sentence was to go to prison, and there to lie for ever.

"He told me this dream so punctually, and with such an emphasis, that it affected me with serious sadness, and caused my heart to move within

me, for to me the dream seemed true, and the interpretation sure. I then told him he was an ingenious man, and might clearly see the interpretation of that dream, which exactly answered to his state and condition; and I thus interpreted it to him:—'This great and spacious place, whereof the buildings were high, and the streets broad, is thy great and high profession; the sign, on which was written *Shame*, and the woman at the door, with the can in her hand, truly represent that great, crying, and shameful sin of drunkenness, which thou knowest to be thy great weakness; the grim fellow which arrested thee, in the devil's territories is *Death*, who will assuredly arrest all mortals; the governor which thou sawest in the form of a great black dog, is certainly the devil, who, after his servants have served him to the utmost, will torment them eternally in hell!' So he got up, as it were, in haste, and said, 'God forbid! It is nothing but a dream.' But I told him it was a very significant one, and a warning to him from the Almighty, who sometimes speaks to men in dreams."

After a single paragraph, relating to their passage, weather, &c., the good man resumes his story thus: "Now about this time (being some days after the doctor's dream), a grievous accident happened to us. We meeting with a Dutch vessel in Lime Bay, hailed her, and she us. They said they came from Lisbon and were bound for Holland. She was loaded with wine, brandy, fruit, and such like commodities; and we, therefore, having little but water to drink (because our passage had been longer than we expected), sent our boat to them, in order to buy us a little wine to drink with our water. Our doctor, and a

#### AN UNDIVIDED HEART FOR JESUS.

I HAVE given God my undivided heart; believing that he does accept it, and believing that "the blood of Christ cleanseth me from all sin." Like a stone which the builder takes and puts on the foundation, so do I lie on Christ's blood and God's promises; giving God my soul and body, a living sacrifice, and covenanting with him, never to doubt more: my language is, sink or swim—lost or saved—I will believe; I will sooner die than doubt. This decision of mind, attended with a refusal to regard frames and feelings as any criterion of my state—but believing he does save me, whether filled or emptied—raised up or cast down; leaving the quantity of comfort to God's wisdom, knowing I am not saved by feeling, but by faith. It is holiness I want, and have—not *ecstasy*. A solid peace is my birth-right; with that I am content. If God give me more, I am thankful; if not, I am content, knowing that the trial of my faith is more precious than uncertain extasies. I never look at my imperfections and shortcomings without believing that His blood does, *that moment*, wash them all away. One act of faith does more good than twenty years' prayers and duties without it. My prayer is now different from what it formerly was. I don't ask, expecting an answer at some other time, but I believe *I receive it now, while I am praying*, and the Holy Ghost says, you have it.

#### PREVAILING PRAYER.

To *pray effectually*, you must pray with submission to the will of God. Don't confound submission with indifference. No two things are more unlike. I once knew an individual come where there was a revival. He himself was cold, and did not enter into the spirit of it, and had no spirit of prayer; and when he heard the brethren pray as if they could not be denied, he was shocked at their boldness, and kept all the time insisting on the importance of praying with submission; when it was as plain as anything could be, that he confounded submission with indifference.

So again, don't confound submission

merchant that was a passenger, and one sailor, went on board, where they stayed so long, that some of them were overcome with wine, although they were desired to beware thereof; so that when they came back, a rope being handed to them, they being filled with wine unto excess, were not capable of using it dexterously, insomuch that they upset the boat, and she turned bottom upwards, having the doctor under her. The merchant caught hold of a rope, whereby his life was saved. The sailor, not getting so much drink as the other two, got nimbly on the bottom of the boat, and floated on the water, till such time as our other boat was hoisted out, which was done with great speed, and we took him in; but the doctor was drowned before the boat came. The seaman that sat upon the boat saw him sink, but could not help him.

"This was the greatest exercise we met with in our whole voyage; and the more so, as the doctor was of an evil life and conversation, and much given to excess of drinking. When he got on board the aforesaid ship, the master sent for a can of wine, and said, 'Doctor, will you drink?' He replied, 'Yes, with all my heart, for I've drunk no wine a great while.' Upon which he drank a hearty draught that made him merry, as he said in his dream. And notwithstanding the admonition which was so clearly manifested to him but three days before, and the many promises he had made to Almighty God, some of which I was witness of, when strong convictions were upon him, yet now he was unhappily overcome, and was in drink when he was drowned.

"This is, I think, a lively representation of the tender mercy, and just judgment of the Almighty to poor mortals; and I thought it was worthy to be recorded to posterity as a warning to all lovers of wine and strong liquors.

"This exercise was so great to me, that I could not, for several days, get over it; and one day, while I was musing in my mind on those things relating to the doctor, it was opened to me, that God and his servant were clear, and his blood lay on his own head; for he had been faithfully warned of his evil ways."

in prayer with a general confidence that God will do what is right in all things. But this is a different thing from submission. What I mean by submission in prayer, is, acquiescence in the revealed will of God. To submit to any *command* of God is to obey it. Submission to some supposable or possible, but secret decree of God, is not submission. To submit to any dispensation of Providence is impossible till it comes. For we never can know what the event is to be, till it takes place. Take a case:—David, when his child was sick, was distressed, and agonised in prayer, and refused to be comforted. He took it so much to heart, that when the child died, his servants were afraid to tell him the child was dead, for fear he would vex himself still worse. But as soon as he heard the child was dead, he laid aside his grief, and arose, and asked for food, and ate and drank as usual. While the child was yet alive, he did not know what was the will of God, and so he fasted and prayed, and said, "Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that my child may live?" He did not know but that his prayer and agony was the very thing on which it turned, whether the child was to live or not. He thought that if he humbled himself and entreated God, perhaps God would spare him this blow. But as soon as God's will appeared, and the child was dead, he bowed like a saint. He seemed not only to acquiesce, but actually to take a satisfaction in it. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." This was true submission. He reasoned correctly in the case. While he had no revelation of the will of God, he did not know but what the child's recovery depended on his prayer. But when he had a revelation of the will of God, he submitted. While the will of God is not known, to submit, without prayer, is tempting God. Perhaps, and for aught you know, the fact of your offering the right kind of prayer, may be the thing on which the event turns. In the case of an impenitent friend, the very condition on which he is to be saved from hell, may be the *fergency and importunity of your prayer* for that individual.

It must be persevering prayer. As a general thing, Christians who have backslidden and lost the spirit of prayer, will not get at once into the *habit* of persevering prayer. Their minds are not in a right state, and they cannot fix their minds, and hold on till the blessing comes. If their

minds were in that state, that they would persevere till the answer comes, effectual prayer might be offered at once, as well as after praying ever so many times for an object. But they have to pray again and again, because their thoughts are so apt to wander away, and are so easily diverted from the object to something else. Until their minds get imbued with the spirit of prayer, they will not keep fixed to one point, and push their petition to an issue on the spot. Do not think you are prepared to offer prevailing prayer if your feelings will let you pray once for an object, and then leave it. Most Christians come up to prevailing prayer by a protracted process. Their minds gradually become filled with anxiety about an object, so that they will even go about their business, sighing out their desires to God. Just as the mother whose child is sick, goes round her house, sighing as if her heart would break. And if she is a praying mother, her sighs are breathed out to God all the day long. If she goes out of the room where her child is, her mind is still on it; and if she is asleep, still her thoughts are on it, and she starts in her dreams, thinking it is dying. Her whole mind is absorbed in that sick child. This is the state of mind in which Christians offer prevailing prayer.

What was the reason that Jacob wrestled all night in prayer with God? He knew that he had done his brother Esau a great injury, in getting away the birthright a long time ago. And now he was informed that his injured brother was coming to meet him, with an armed force altogether too powerful for him to contend against. And there was great reason to suppose he was coming with a purpose of revenge. There were two reasons then why he should be distressed. The first was, that he had done this great injury, and had never made any reparation. The other was, that Esau was coming with a force sufficient to crush him. Now, what does he do? Why, he first arranges every thing in the best manner he can to meet his brother, sending his present first, then his property, then his family, putting those he loved most farthest behind. And by this time his mind was so exercised that he could not contain himself. He goes away alone over the brook, and pours out his very soul in an agony of prayer all night. And just as the day was breaking, the angel of the covenant said, "Let me go;" and his whole being

was, as it were, agonised at the thought of giving up, and he cried out, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." His soul was wrought up into agony, and he obtained the blessing, but he always bore the marks of it, and showed that his body had been greatly affected by this mental struggle. This is prevailing prayer.

Now, do not deceive yourselves with thinking that you offer effectual prayer, unless you have this intense desire for the blessing. I don't believe in it. Prayer is not effectual unless it is offered up with an agony of desire. The apostle Paul speaks of it as a travail of the soul. Jesus Christ, when he was praying in the garden, was in such an agony, that he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. I have never known a person sweat blood; but I have known a person pray till the blood started from the nose. And I have known persons pray till they were all wet with perspiration, in the coldest weather in winter. I have known persons pray for hours, till their strength was all exhausted with the *agony* of their minds. Such prayers prevailed with God.—*Finnery*.

#### AGONISING PRAYER.

Why should it be thought strange that those that are full of the Spirit of Christ, should be proportionably, in their love to souls, like to Christ? who had so strong a love to them and concern for them, as to be willing to drink the dregs of the cup of God's fury for them; and at the same time that he offered up his blood for souls, offered up also, as their high priest, strong crying and tears, with an extreme agony, wherein the soul of Christ was, as it were, in travail for the souls of the elect; and therefore in saving them he is said to see of the travail of his soul. As such a spirit of love to, and concern for, souls, was the spirit of Christ—so it is the spirit of the church; and therefore the church, in desiring and seeking that Christ might be brought forth in the world, and in the souls of men, is represented, Rev. xii., as "a woman crying, travailling in birth, and pained to be delivered." The spirit of those that have been in distress for the souls of others, so far as I can discern, seems not to be different from that of the apostle, who travailed for souls, and was ready to wish himself accursed from Christ for others. And that of the Psalmist, Psalm, cxix, 53, "Horror

hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law." And v. 136, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." And [that of the prophet Jeremiah, chap. iv. 19, "My bowels! my bowels! I am pained at my very heart! My heart maketh a noise in me! I cannot hold my peace! because thou hast heard. O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war!" And so, chap. ix. 1, and xiii. 17, and Isaiah, xxii. 4. We read of Mordecai, when he saw his people in danger of being destroyed with a temporal destruction, Esther iv. 1, that he "rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry." And why then should persons be thought to be distracted, when they cannot forbear crying out at the consideration of the misery of those that are going to eternal destruction?—*Jonathan Edwards*.

#### A STRANGE WISH FULFILLED.

A WOMAN in the town of Frome was taken ill. She was urged to repent, but refused, saying she saw no necessity for it—she was not such a great sinner as to need repentance. The doctor came: he saw at once she was very ill, and frankly said to her, "If you have not made your peace with God, do so at once, as you are near death." She replied, "Doctor, I would rather recover and have seven years of pleasure in this world and go to hell hereafter, than die now to go to heaven." Strange to say, she got better, had her seven years of pleasure, and then sickened and died. Her death was an awful one. So great was her mental anguish, and so piercing her shrieks, that her friends could not endure to be in the room; and in this agony she died.

#### BE SOMETHING.

BE something! Something that God and good men will admire—something that will command the approbation of your highest judgment. The church is full of automatons. NOTHINGS! Mere professors! The profession and a decent outside is all they have and all they care about. Let it not be so with you. Be a worker, a doer, living out before men the blessed and beautiful religion of Jesus, a pattern of holiness, for others to fall in love with and copy, winning by your words, and example the unsaved around you to purity, paradise, and to God.

## QUENCHING THE SPIRIT.

"Ephraim is joined to idols. Let him alone,"—  
Hosea iv. 17.

THERE is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of man,  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,—  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,  
To die as if by stealth.  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirits light and gay;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And can be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set  
Indelibly a mark,  
Unseen by man, for man, as yet,  
Is blind, and in the dark.

And yet the doom'd man's path below  
May bloom as Eden bloomed:  
He did not, does not, will not know  
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,  
And every fear is calmed.  
He lives, he dies: he wakes in hell,  
Not only *doomed*, but *damm'd*.

O, where is this mysterious bourne  
By which our path is crossed,  
Beyond which God himself hath sworn  
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end? and where begin  
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:  
Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called *to-day*, REPENT,  
And harden not your heart.

J. A. ALEXANDER.

MY FATHER.—The sun does not shine upon a few trees and flowers, but for the world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little violet lifts up its cup of blue and whispers, with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." So God sits in heaven, not for a favoured few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, who may not, through Jesus, look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father, thou art mine!"

## NEW BOOKS.

EARNEST HEARTS; or, Words of Love.  
By Wm. Quin. Book Society, 28,  
Paternoster Row.

This little book is, as the title page implies, a brief appeal for earnest-hearted labour in the Sabbath-school. O, the untold value of such labourers among the young, as are herein described! May God, in infinite mercy, multiply them! The following little incident, related in the book, will give its character:—

"A tract distributor, who was generally most attentive to his duty, allowed himself to be detained at home one Sabbath afternoon, on account of the excessive rain. When his little daughter returned from the Sabbath-school, she saw his bundle of tracts lying upon the table, and immediately inquired,

"Father, haven't you been with your tracts?"

"No, my dear."

"Are you not going with them, father?"

"Not to-day, my dear: it is so very wet."

"O father, let me go with them. I have got my bonnet on, and I shall soon take them round."

"No, no! It is too wet for any one to go this afternoon. We must stay at home, my dear."

"The child, however, was very urgent with her father. She said she thought it would be such a pity for the poor people to be disappointed of their tracts, and she would take great care not to get wet. At last the father gave his consent, and away went the child with the bundle of tracts.

"Amongst other houses, she came to one where there was no response to her knock. She waited patiently and then knocked again. Still no reply. The rain was coming down fast, and the afternoon was particularly gloomy. There were many reasons why she should leave that house and go to the next.

"But perhaps the person belonging to the house was taking a short nap, or had gone upstairs to dress; so she knocked again, much louder than before. Then she thought she heard somebody moving about, and after another knock the door was opened, and a respectably-dressed but unhappy-looking woman took in the tract. The child finished the round and went home. On the next Sabbath, when the father came to the house where his little daughter had been waiting so long, the same woman appeared, but with a countenance very different from that which she wore on the previous Sabbath.

"Who was that dear child," she asked, "that brought the tracts last Sunday?"

"My little daughter. I wasn't inclined to come myself, because it was so very wet. But when she came from the Sunday-school, and found that I had not gone with the tracts, she begged very hard to take them for me; and I have really felt ashamed ever since that I allowed the wet to keep me at home, seeing that my little girl was not afraid of it," replied the distributor.

"Well," said the woman, "I shall have to bless God to all eternity that child ever brought the tracts round last Sunday. I had been in a very bad way for a long time and had got so low, that I felt as if I could not bear to live any longer; and last Sunday afternoon I went upstairs with the intention of destroying myself. I had fastened a rope round the bed-post, had made a noose in it, and was just slipping it round my neck, when your little daughter knocked at the door. I did not know who it was, but thought I would wait until the person had gone away. She knocked several times. Then I thought it

would be better to go down and see who it was, and afterwards come back and complete my wickedness. When I found it was nothing but the tract, I felt very angry; but your dear little girl handed in the tract with such a loving look, that I was obliged to take it; and God made the tract the means of turning me from my wicked purpose, and of dispelling all my gloom and doubts. It led me to Christ. And now I am happy in His love, and rejoice that God has spared my life."

## EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

## WHITECHAPEL.

ON the evening of the 29th November, the service at the East London Theatre was conducted by "an aged disciple," who has seen much service for the Master, in different parts of the world, and who has been privileged to shout victory in many a conflict for Him, with the powers of earth and hell. The sermon was founded on the lingerers in Sodom, and a powerful, clear, and loving appeal was made to those who were undecided about their soul's salvation. At the close there were over thirty anxious souls. The people of God were greatly cheered. It was a blessed night. To God be all the praise!

We have been favoured with a visit from Mr. P. Stewart, of Edinburgh. He came at a most opportune moment. Laid aside ourselves, he took our place, and conducted meetings almost every night, at which many were awakened, and some, we trust, saved for eternity. In another column we give a brief report of a work which God has used our brother to originate in Edinburgh. From what we can gather from this report, and from what we saw of our dear Brother Stewart, the spirit of this movement seems to be in thorough harmony with the East London Mission. May God use it to save myriads of the neglected outcasts in that highly-favoured city.

## OUTDOOR WORK IN DECEMBER.

BRO. DEMALINE writes;—Our out-door services are still full of interest, and great good is being done. We have been surprised and much encouraged by the attendance of so many people during the late cold damp weather; sometimes hundreds have stood listening while the rain has been falling.

In connection with the Whitechapel work alone we keep up eight meetings per week in the open air. When the weather is bad, we make our stay shorter, telling the people we are going indoors, and inviting them to accompany us; and when too stormy to stand at all, we sing through the pouring rain, and the raging wind to the theatre, mustering the people as we go.

While we have to encounter much persecution, and are treated with scorn on every hand,

yet the blessed results we meet with almost daily cheer us on. We often see tears flowing and hearts melted down on the crowded road side, while we are telling of Jesus. One night, after a meeting in the Mile End Road, a man came to the Mission Hall, asking to see the person who had been speaking, stating that he had been saved on the spot. Another night, at the close of a service in Gibraltar Walk, three people came to me, and said they would join with us, and give up their course of life.

Another time, while engaged in prayer in the midst of a large and attentive congregation, the Lord answered and came down, and sweetly opened the heart of a woman in the crowd as he did that of Lydia. She burst into tears and wept and prayed during the address that followed, and ere the service closed, laid hold of her Saviour by faith, then received the pardon of her sins, and shouted for joy among the people.

In Sutton Street, Commercial Road, we have had many excellent meetings, indeed we never have a barren time. Many, many broken hearts have rejoiced on this spot of ground, and have blessed God that we ever went there. The other night two men came here to make game of us. They kept talking loudly and laughing, but soon their mouths were shut; tears were seen running down their faces, deep conviction took hold of them, and they confessed that we were right, and that they would like to live the life and die the death of the righteous. All glory to Jesus.

From all parts of the mission, similar evidence is borne of the effectiveness of the open-air work, although carried on, as will be thought by many, at a time altogether out of season. From a letter sent in by an indefatigable worker at Shoreditch, we make one or two extracts.

I am happy to say the work of God is still going on in and out of doors with us. The other day two fine looking Irishmen came to me at the close of the service, one of them said that when he first came up to the crowd he felt as though he would like to oppose me, but in some way he felt that what I said was true, that he felt he was a poor lost sinner, and asked what he must do to be saved? I advised him as well as I could. He grasped my hand, at parting, with the tears in his eyes, and said, "God bless you wherever you go, and wherever you preach. I am a man of five languages, and in a good position, but never felt like this before." His comrade appeared equally moved.

Last Sunday, although the morning looked very unfavourable, we commenced our service at Selater Street about ten, but between twelve and one we were compelled to give up by a heavy rain. As we went towards home we found numbers of people sheltering under a railway arch, we thought we ought not to let these people escape without a word or two, so we sung a hymn and asked them to give their hearts to God, and after I had got home, a friend brought a man with him, who had been convicted out of doors, for me to pray with him. He professed to find the Lord there and then in my house, and he has been with us ever since, praising God in every meeting.

## IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS.

A DEVOTED sister labouring as a Bible woman in Whitechapel, sends us the following:—

There is that in religion which is suitable for every circumstance in human life; whether

It be poverty or riches, sickness or health. It suits the poor, for it reminds them that there is the kingdom of heaven. It suits the rich, for it reminds them that they are God's stewards, and under solemn obligation to use their wealth for his glory. It suits the afflicted, for it tells of a heavenly inheritance in the land where Jesus lives, and the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." It suits in health, for it causes the heart to overflow with gratitude to the Giver of every good gift, and impels its possessor to use the strength given, in working for Him who has purchased all things for us by his precious blood. I was much pleased and edified with the experience of a poor woman whom I visited the other day, and found happy in the deepest affliction and poverty.

The first time I went to the house was to see the daughter, who had professed to give her heart to God at the New East London Theatre a few weeks ago. I knocked at the door, asking God to give me a word in season to whoever I might see. It was opened by a little girl, and on going in, I found a man sitting quietly by the fire, taking very little notice of any thing. I saw at once he was suffering very much, and on making inquiries found he had been laid up several years with a bad leg, and what was more sad to hear, there was no hope of it ever being cured. The daughter was not at home, so I talked to the father, and found he was a stranger to the peace which passeth understanding, and that he had not learned the grand lesson of submission to the will of God. I could see he knew the plan of salvation, but thought it hard of God to afflict him in such a way, and his heart rebelled against Him. He told me he could not bear to sit there and see his wife and children nearly starving. He could not bear the thought of her slaving from morning till night to earn a crust of bread for them. There were six children besides themselves. I talked to him as well as I could, and tried to persuade him that God does all things well, but he could not see it in his case. I left him promising to call again. I did so the other day, and met with a very hearty reception from his wife. I soon found that she was no stranger to the love of God; we were old friends in a few minutes, and talked together of the Saviour's love and grace. She scarcely hinted at her trials, but I could see she was very delicate, and quite unfit to work as she did for her husband and family. I asked her if she was not very tired sometimes. She said, "Yes, but, bless the Lord, he helps me on, and I am happy in his love. I fear nothing. I always get on very well." Her husband turned round and said, "You do not look fit for much when you come home at night half dead from your day's work." "Oh well," she said, "God gives me more strength next morning, and I go on again. He gives it as I need it, and no more." And so she continued, all the time praising God for his goodness. I could see she made it her business to make her afflicted husband as happy as she could, and the little ones were clean, though poorly clad, neither had she forgotten to teach them about her Jesus. She regretted that she was not able to attend the means of grace oftener. "But, thank God," said she, "I can find Him anywhere, and he can bless me just the same at home, or at work, as if I were at the meetings with his people." Indeed, it did my soul good to hear her, for she was one of those who thank God for all things. Before leaving I proposed to have a little prayer. We all knelt in that humble little room, and I felt it good to pour out my heart in prayer to Him who is no respecter of persons, but who hears all who call upon him, and stoops to form acquaintance with those who seem forgotten by the great ones of the earth, and condescends to dwell

beneath the roof where poverty and suffering are the guests. Truly I felt God is here. I thought as I walked along home, that woman has got the religion of Jesus, and it enables her to rejoice evermore, and in everything to give thanks. She is one of those, I trust, who will stand among the multitude who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." We rejoice to know she is not the only one. Many whom the world have scarcely known, and who have been the subjects of poverty here will be found at God's right hand, having exchanged their rags for his garments of beauty: their sorrow will then be turned into joy, they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, but with the palms of victory in their hands, and a crown of glory on their heads, they shall "Sit down with him on his throne, even as he overcame, and is set down with his Father on his throne."

#### POPLAR.

THE brother stationed here writes:—"I am happy to inform you that the Lord's work is progressing, and immortal souls are being saved; all glory be to Jesus! The Lord has very much blessed us these last three weeks. Our preaching services have been accompanied with much of the power of the Holy Ghost; and our private meetings have been the means of much blessing to our souls. Last Thursday, at one of our believers' meetings, over eighty were present. We all consecrated ourselves afresh to Jesus, and the spirit of prayer came down on us most richly. Some present seemed to be literally "filled with the Spirit," and enabled through his power to exercise faith for the salvation of precious souls. It was a glorious meeting—a time never to be forgotten; to God be all the glory. On Sunday last we had forty-four at our breakfast meeting; and as it was so wet that we could not go into the open air, we held a meeting in the hall. A young man, a navvy, who was present, came forward and gave his heart to God. He wept and trembled in an agony for about an hour and a half before he found the pearl of great price. At last, however, he was enabled to cast his guilty soul on Jesus, and went home rejoicing, knowing that all his sins were washed away through the blood of the Lamb. In the afternoon we broke bread together, and a blessed season we had. The Holy Ghost broke our hearts afresh, and we rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. In the evening Brother Stevens preached at the Oriental Theatre, with unusual power, and many sinners were pricked in their hearts. At the commencement of the prayer meeting a poor backslider, who has been wandering round to all

our meetings for some time, came forward, crying aloud for mercy, and the Lord soon saved him. Eight others professed to find Jesus. One, a poor woman, who once knew the Lord, but for a long time had forgotten Him, was restored, in answer to the prayers of a Christian husband. To God be all the glory!

#### A TERRIBLE BLASPHEMER, DRUNKARD, AND INFIDEL.

THE following are two of the facts referred to by the brother stationed here, in his letter in our November number, but for which we had no space.

S. H. is above sixty years of age, is an iron ship-builder, and for many years he earned above £5 per week, and spent it in drunkenness and debauchery. He has been several times to Arbour Square police-station, and had to pay five shillings and costs for being drunk and incapable. He was a terror to all the men who worked under him; he attended our open-air service, and God sent the Word home to his soul with power. He afterwards came to the Oriental Theatre, and again the Word went as an arrow to his heart. He was so deeply convicted of sin that he could neither sleep nor eat. He came to the Temperance Hall one Monday evening, and gave himself up to God, but he did not get peace that night. He was out of work at the time, and had to apply at the workhouse for relief. On the following Thursday, while waiting to go in before the Board, his distress reached such a climax that he felt as if he were going to die, and sink into hell there and then. He began praying for mercy just where he stood, and the Lord at once shone in upon his soul; he perceived that Jesus was willing to receive him; he believed, and was filled with joy and peace. When he went in before the Board he told them that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned his sins, and that whether they gave him anything or no, the God who had saved his soul would supply the need of his body. He went home and told his wife what the Lord had done for him, and she thought he had gone out of his mind. And she has since proved that he had gone out of his own mind into the mind of Jesus. I visited them regularly; the wife was soon brought to see herself a sinner. She came to the Oriental Theatre, and gave her heart to God, and now they are walking in the way to heaven together.

It is six months since his conversion. After this man had spoken his experience one Sabbath afternoon, a Christian brother got up and said: "I know that man's former character; I worked under him for some time, and almost every word he uttered was an oath. After God has saved a man like that, no one in London need despair."

#### AN OBSTINATE CASE.

Another dear woman, Mrs. W——, came to the temperance hall to return thanks for her recovery from illness. During the service she saw for the first time what a sinner she was, and went home very miserable. She came again and gave her heart to God, and went away rejoicing. When she got home she told her husband what God had done for her. He was very much annoyed, and opposed her attending the services, but she persevered, and special prayer was offered for the husband. Shortly after, he was persuaded to attend the Oriental, and God sent the Word home with power to his soul. He was deeply convicted, and felt ashamed to let any one know of it, but the wound was deepened in his heart, and he became very miserable. One Monday morning his wife came to tell me that he was so wretched he could not sleep. I told her to persuade him to come to the Temperance Hall at night, but he would not. His wife came, and we prayed mightily for him; and when she went home he was crying for God to have mercy on him and pardon his sins. After praying together until about half-past one in the morning, light shone into his soul, and he was enabled to believe unto salvation. Husband and wife are now walking very consistently in the ways of the Lord.

I could give you many similarly encouraging cases, proving the power of God to save to the uttermost all who call upon His name through Christ; but I fear my letter will be too long, so I must reserve them for another time.

Yours in Jesus,

JAMES DOWDLE.

#### SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN.

A BROTHER writes:—We are having good meetings here, and souls are being awakened and anxious at almost every service.

Last Sunday, a man, about fifty years of age, made the following statement:—

"I have been a dog fancier and a pigeon flyer, but, through all, felt there was something more I needed which I did not get either by the pigeons or the dogs. On Sunday last, I was coming down Club Row with my boy, to buy two bird cages, when my attention was taken by the out-door preaching. I stayed and listened, and was much affected. I turned to my little boy, and said, "That is very good, isn't it?" and he answered, "Yes, it is, father." I was invited to the meeting, and, in the evening, I went. The truth laid hold of me, and I gave my heart to my Jesus, and I have never been so happy before. I awoke this morning feeling so light; the burden had gone off my heart. [He attends every meeting, and seems happier every day.]

### TROPHIES OF GRACE.—No. 3. CONVERSION OF A MORMON.

MY DEAR SIR,—Knowing that many persons will not believe in theatre or music-hall preaching, I have taken the opportunity of stating that I myself was converted through this instrumentality.

I was born at the back of Shoreditch Church, and brought up without education or moral training of any kind, being left an orphan at the age of fourteen. I got employment, and for a short time went on tolerably well, but that failing, I was compelled to take up my abode at a common lodging house. Now came the hardest part of my boyhood, sometimes without food, and sometimes in the depth of winter without firing, and even without proper clothing, and sometimes in the casual ward of the workhouse. This mode of life did not last long. I went to Hackney in search of work, and, happily for me, I succeeded in obtaining employment at the shoemaking. A short time after this, I went to work for an infidel, who took a great deal of pains to show me what he called the folly of religion. This brought me into company with those who were fond of the public-house; and I not only became fond of the public-house, but of the skittle-ground, concert, and bagatelle-room. After a time, feeling that I was going dreadfully wrong, I moved a short distance into the country, which took me from my companions, and at the age of nineteen I got married. I now determined to lead a different life, and for some time I went on very well; but I returned to Hackney, and by degrees fell into my old habits.

Years rolled on, my family increased, and I gradually sank deeper and deeper into sin. Through my dissipation I was compelled to work on the Sunday, for I found, or fancied I found, I could not get a living in the week. A continuance of this mode of life brought us down to the greatest depths of poverty.

In 1856 my wife's brother, being an elder in the church of latter day saints, or Mormons, made great efforts to induce me to become one. He told me a great deal about their miracles, about polygamy, and about their doctrines in general. My curiosity was fully aroused, and I determined to join them in order to know what the thing really was. But I had not belonged to them long before Brigham Young had a revelation of which I could not approve at all. This was, that every Mormon was to pay a tenth of the whole of his wages or produce, or whatever he might have coming in. This I strongly objected to; it was too hard upon the knuckles; but I continued with them until they treated me with coldness, and then I left them, much to their surprise. While I was with them I was often disgusted with their teaching. Rough as I was, I knew right from wrong, and I knew truth from such lies as these:—That trees have souls to be saved; and that as Jesus

Christ was not on earth we must worship Brigham Young; and as Brigham Young was not in England, we must worship the apostles or the elders who are present; and that if I continued a Mormon I should at some period of my existence be as great a being as God himself now is, and that he, being subject to this law of progress, would then be as much greater than I was now. The only benefit I received from associating with the Mormons was a desire for knowledge, and I determined to learn to read. Still my character was unchanged, and I was the same dissipated character as before.

Taking a walk through Shoreditch, one day, I was attracted by a placard at the corner of Worship street, announcing that Ned Wright, the converted burglar, would preach for the East London Christian Mission, at the Cambridge Music Hall. Out of curiosity I went to hear him; and I then thought I would go again, which I did for a week or so, until one Sunday Mrs. Coates was to preach, and I took my wife to hear her. During her preaching I was much affected. Her subject was, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." I remained at the prayer meeting, during which time Bro. Monks came and spoke to me about my soul. I told him I was a sinner, and I felt the need of a Saviour. He requested me to kneel down, which I refused to do. He turned away from me as I thought offended, but he prayed for me, although I would not pray for myself. I was very much affected by his words and the interest he felt for me. During this time, Mrs. Coates had been speaking to my wife. After leaving the music hall, we determined to lead a different life. The next morning, when I arose, and the family were ready for breakfast, I assembled them all round the table for family prayer. They all readily obeyed, except the eldest boy, who is about ten years of age, who looked up in my face and laughed. I looked down at him, and told him it was no laughing matter; and I felt at that moment that I was reaping the reward of my example to my own children.

From this time a great change has taken place in our home. We continue our family worship. The Sabbath breaking has given place to the Sabbath-school for our children; and we ourselves have joined the East London Christian Mission, and likewise have become teetotallers, and I myself labour in the streets, striving to point others to the blood of Christ that has so effectually saved us.

Trusting these few remarks may be beneficial to some poor wayfarer who is plunged as deep in the gulf of wickedness as I was, and that they may feel the happiness attending the service of God as greedily as I do, is the earnest prayer of a  
SINCERE BELIEVER.

### OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

#### 2.—SUSAN SADLER.

WHEN we first opened the East London Theatre, it was deemed very desirable to have some place for week-night meetings. No more suitable room could be found than a shop to the front of Whitechapel. Not far from this place we held our open air services, in the conducting of which we encountered much opposition, both from the roughs of the neighbourhood and the police. I remember one evening, while a very successful service was going on, a policeman came and ordered us off the stand. We left at once, inviting the people to follow us to the shop, which many did, and amongst the crowd was a dear sister who has just fallen asleep in Jesus. The word that evening penetrated her heart, and she came forward, there and then, confessing herself a

sinner, and seeking Jesus. Shortly after, she joined in fellowship with us, and for some time walked steadily and happily in the ways of the Lord. After a few months, however, one of her brothers, who had been away in the army, returned, and was much disconcerted to find his sister professing to be a Christian. He laughed at and ridiculed her, and in a little while prevailed on her to accompany him to the theatre. She went, but her conscience smote her, and she was very unhappy. She confessed her sin to one of our helpers and asked his advice. He directed her afresh to Jesus, and from that time she has walked consistently being most regular and zealous in her attendance on all our means of grace, and a constant supporter of our open-air services. Her mother told one of our friends that she would get up from bed to go into the Mile End Road as long as she could possibly walk as far; and when her strength entirely failed, and she was obliged to go into the hospital, she wrote letters expressive of the deep interest she still felt in those services which had been instrumental in leading her own feet into the paths of righteousness. Through a long illness, in deep poverty, surrounded by relatives who had no sympathy with religion, did this young disciple picked up in the Mile End Road hold on to Jesus and adorn His glorious doctrine. As her deadly malady increased, her faith and hope grew stronger and brighter. To one of our friends who regularly visited her, she said, "Sometimes I think I would like to get better; but I try always to say 'Thy will be done.' I am quite ready; all is well." In this blessed state of mind, "waiting," as she expressed it, "till her time came," she passed triumphantly home, another precious grain gathered into the heavenly garner, through the instrumentality of out-door preaching. How the opposition and persecution we have endured in connection with our open-air work dwindles into insignificance when compared with such results as these! To God be the present and everlasting glory!

### REVIVAL WORK FAR AND NEAR.

#### DUNEDIN HALL, EDINBURGH.

THIS Hall was opened on Sabbath, 4th October, for evangelistic meetings by Mr. Stewart and a few others, whose hearts were yearning for the salvation of souls. We commenced with a prayer meeting, dedicating it and ourselves over again to the Lord and His work, pleading most earnestly for one soul, as a token of His approval of the effort. We then went out to the street, sang a hymn, invited the people down, and filled the hall; the Lord was present. His power was felt, and glory be to His name! two souls gave themselves to Jesus, and there were others inquiring the way. Such was our first meeting.

Sabbath, 11th.—From twenty to thirty present at the prayer meeting, and much nearness to God. Mr. Stewart spoke in the street with great earnestness, the people listened with marked attention, and the hall was filled. At the second meeting, one precious soul found the Saviour. Believers all seemed to have got a refreshing and a blessing.

Sabbath, 18th.—Meeting for prayer well attended. It was a sweet time. Believers did lay hold on God in prevailing prayer: we felt as if we were in the atmosphere of heaven. Good gathering on the street. Brother Wells addressed inside meeting. Fourteen remained, all inquiring after salvation, and five professed faith in Jesus. Glory be to God! Every individual got a tract on leaving the hall.

Sabbath, 25th.—Good time in meeting for prayer; rather wet on the street, but a full and delightful meeting. Five gave their hearts to God. The Lord will work, for the Christians abound in prayer; they seemed to be able to do nothing but pour out their hearts to God. A coloured brother from America, who had been a slave for twenty-five years, came in and joined us at the throne of grace, pleading for the same blessing. It was felt to be holy ground.

Sabbath, 1st November.—A glorious prayer meeting. The Lord sent a fine band of praying ones to help us. A night of pouring rain; it seemed almost useless to go out; but Brother Stewart said we would not think we had done too much for Jesus when we looked back from eternity; so out we went, sang a hymn, invited the people down, sung down the street into the hall; but when the devil saw he could not keep us in by holding forth the wet night to us, he made some poor agent of his turn off the lights. He is the father of darkness, and his deeds are like himself. 170 present in the hall. God's presence was with us; His Spirit was at work in the hearts of sinners, for eight souls subscribed their names to the Lord, as decided for Him.

Sabbath, 8th.—Good prayer meeting, great liberty in prayer. Gathered a full meeting off the street; crowds came down. The Lord wrought his own work in some hearts. Eight souls professed to accept Jesus as their own personal Saviour; other six left trembling under conviction. Believers rejoicing much over the work.

Sabbath, 15th.—A warm, delightful meeting. Eight souls decided for the Lord. Eleven souls found the Saviour. The more we ask, the more the Lord is showing us of His work. Blessed sight to see eleven souls seeking Jesus, some weeping bitterly, others crying for mercy, and others anxiously drinking in the Word.

Sabbath, 29th.—Great liberty in prayer. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Hard work on the street; hall comfortably filled. Brother Gray's address was very powerful. The Spirit blessed the word. Eleven came into a side room and gave their names, some saying, "I do trust Him, I will trust Him; I believe Jesus died for me." One young woman started to her feet, saying to her companion, "O Mary, if you only saw it; if you only felt it." Many more were anxious.

November 6th.—We opened a week of meetings in New Street, Canongate; carried them on by singing, speaking, and inviting the people in off the street. The first night, one man in the middle of the address said, "Yes, I will take it, I will." There were four decisions that night; the next night two, the next six anxious and four decided.

November 11th.—We sang up through the Canongate, and gathered a large meeting. Ten remained, seeking salvation; five left praising God and returning thanks for a Saviour found. The next night we had two, and the next, three, clear cases. This week's work was finished up with a tea meeting in Brother Gray's house. We have also meetings for prayer every Saturday night. At some of these nothing is heard but souls crying, "Glory to God!" "Praise the Lord!" and "Hallelujah!" some saying, "Lord, it is enough." "Lord, give us bigger hearts to hold a bigger blessing."

You will ask, but do these continue to follow Jesus? Praise the Lord! I saw one of the two, who found the Saviour the very first night, the other day. She said, "O, I am happy in Jesus!" Her face was lit up with that joy which the world cannot give. Another said to me, "O yes, I do, I am trusting Him, but am weeping over my long-rejected Saviour."

Parents have expressed themselves with gratitude because of their children mingling with us. A wife told me her husband had been a drunkard; but there was a great difference since he had been to the meeting. That woman offered me her house for a meeting, and said she would ask all her neighbours into it. We have only to look at those who are working, and lo! they are the fruit of this work. Praise the Lord! When He works, who can hinder? The battle is the Lord's. There is many a black diamond in the mire of sin yet; much of the pure gold among the clay. Let us dig them out, pick them up, and help them to the Fountain which washes from sin.

Friends of Jesus, work on, with hearts filled with the Spirit; hearts inflamed with tender love to souls; hearts eaten, yea, burned up with zeal for our Saviour's right; hearts which cannot live without seeing souls saved. Some of our Edinburgh Christian friends tell us it is excitement. Praise God, we admit there is excitement, and we rejoice in it as a sign of and attendant on spiritual life; better live with excitement than die without it. Did not our Lord Himself tell us that there was more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons? and were not the disciples told to rejoice, because their names were written in heaven? And shall not we rejoice over both our own salvation and that of others, even at the risk of being called fanatics?

### THE ALDERSHOT MISSION.

TO THE READERS OF THE "EVANGELIST."  
As the "sower goes forth to sow the seed" "beside all waters," he is greatly refreshed when he finds that he is led to spots where there are indications of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.

Such was my experience when invited to hold services in connection with that deeply interesting mission which has been established at Aldershot for our much-neglected military. I shall not soon forget my first impression, as I stood up to address the defenders of our country, who thronged the noble hall in which the Sabbath services are held. I found, at once, an attentive and intelligent audience, with whom a kindly word goes a long way. The weekly bible classes and meetings for prayer are well attended, and these are held in admirably arranged rooms, set apart for the purpose. The reading and dining rooms are tastefully hung with appropriate texts, pictures, and maps, and the tables supplied with the judiciously selected books from a capital library. The arrangements of the cooking department are most complete, and offer inducements to those quartered at Aldershot to make this "Home" a place of rendezvous, instead of the concert halls and taverns which abound there.

The practical result of this work is to be found in the conversion of many who are, in the fulfilment of their duties, removed to other places, and carry with them the good seed, which, by the blessing of God, has been planted in their souls during the term of their encampment. When we contemplate the numerous difficulties which attend a Christian soldier in his camp life, our deepest concern should be enlisted in favour of an effort so calculated to afford him effectual aid and sympathy; and I would therefore affectionately lay this institution upon the hearts of the readers of the "Evangelist." I shall be most happy to furnish any required information or reports.

May I, in conclusion, ask for special prayer

for that dear lady whose name has become a household word, and whose health has severely suffered from her unceasing labours of love in connection with this and kindred movements.  
Yours in the gospel, affectionately,  
CHARLES OWEN.  
110, Burdett Road, Bow, E.

P.S.—In connection with this interesting mission, Bible women are appointed to visit the wives of the soldiers and the sick.

### NEW YEAR PROSPECTS IN EAST LONDON.

VERY dark and dismal are the New Year prospects of the East London poor. Their cup of sorrow and affliction is full, even to overflowing; but they remain marvellously patient beneath the burdens which crush them to the earth. They know that there are numerous loving hearts striving to ameliorate their miserable condition, that there are countless souls full of true and unselfish Christian sympathy for their misfortunes; and this knowledge lightens in some degree the terrible monotony of their helpless condition. To the earnest and self-denying labours of the Christian missionary, no less than to the ever-ready assistance offered by the religious world, may we attribute the fact of having been spared the danger and mischief of food-riots, of armed insurrections of starving myriads. Day by day the mass of pauperism is becoming intensified. Hunger and misery reign supreme in the homes of the poor. The work-houses are filled to overflowing, and the hospitals are crowded with patients; sickness and fever tread closely on the heels of want, and in the thin, pinched features of many a little one, in their wasted arms and shrunken hands, we read the saddening story of parental privation and suffering.

Another danger, also, is springing up. Large numbers of young women, usually employed in the manufacture of articles of clothing, find themselves deprived of work, and, having no friends or resources, are being helplessly driven into a life of shame and misery. Our gas-lit streets are crowded with these unfortunate victims of lust and poverty. In the district embraced by the operations of the East London Mission there are thousands such, and but for the operation of the sewing classes formed and supported by people of the good Samaritan spirit, there would be many more. It is painful, absolutely sickening, to contemplate the extent of the evil. The

annals of ancient heathenism display nothing like it. Then there are the thousands of little ones growing up in utter ignorance and irreligion, children unacquainted with the name of their Maker, who know nothing of their Bible, but who are awfully familiar with the oaths and coarse language of the workshop. These are those from whom the ranks of chronic pauperism and habitual crime are systematically recruited. These as they grow up form the "roughs" of the streets, the standing danger of order and society.

The public have, as yet, little real knowledge of the actual extent of the canker in the rose. All the poverty of the metropolis, together with no small proportion of that from the provinces, seems steadily gravitating towards East London, even as the bulk of metropolitan ease and affluence inclines towards the west. London is becoming more and more closely divided into two great sections of rich and poor, which will ere long prove as wide asunder as are the two poles. Legislation may do much to counteract the mischief, but the spread of religious feeling will do more. The true Christian is a real self-helper. In bringing the truths of religion before the suffering masses we are also assisting in the great work of social reform. The god-fearing, sober, and industrious man has a better chance of improving his condition than has his ungodly brother, whose evenings are passed in the public house and whose notion of Sabbath observance consists in regular attendance at Sunday markets. When we have taught people to be religious, half the battle has been won. But every existing metropolitan agency put together is insufficient to meet the crisis. We must evangelise, evangelise, evangelise, without ceasing.

We must have more stations, more workers, more resources. To procure these, funds are necessary. Who will help in the great work? Who will assist the cause of Christ in East London? Who will labour in relieving the spiritual destitution of the metropolitan poor? Help! Help! Help! Let the cry ring far and wide throughout the land. Here are the starving myriads; who will bring them spiritual succour? Who will aid us in alleviating their unhappy lot? Oh! Christian men and Christian women, think of your poor fellow-creatures. In their poverty, hunger, and cold, they are to be pitied; in their spiritual destitution they are

to be compassionated. Let not the appeal go forth in vain. For the sake of Him whose natal day the Christian world has just been celebrating, Him who endured for us the dread agony of Gethsemane, think of these things; let them touch your hearts, let them inspire your souls, and awaken within your breasts the grand and glorious enthusiasm which knows not fear nor danger. There is work for you in East London. Aid us as you will, with labour or with money. Both are welcome, for both are needed; and the more we have of each, the brighter will be the New Year prospects of our wide and ever-enlarging field of operations.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

From Nov. 20th, to Dec. 15th.

FOR THE GENERAL WORK.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Drury		5	0	0
Miss Webster, by card		3	0	0
Mr. Hill		1	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Ewer		1	0	0
Mrs. J. Holmes		0	6	6
Mrs. Keers		0	5	0
Miss E. Pool		1	5	0
— Barron, Esq.		10	10	0
Fredk. Ashby, Esq.		5	0	0
Mr. R. Rurge		0	1	0
A. Suttaby, Esq.		1	0	0
Mr. Radford		1	0	0
Miss Carver		0	11	6
Mr. C. Dorsett		0	5	0
Mrs. Lardner		5	0	0
Mrs. Admans		2	12	10
Miss J. Pennington		1	1	0
Miss Oldham		1	0	0
Mrs. Oldham		0	5	0
Miss Robertson		0	2	6
Jas. Gingell, Esq.		10	0	0
C. Griffith, Esq.		2	5	0
Miss Cooper		1	0	0
W. Morris, Esq.		2	2	0
S. Chivers, Esq.		0	10	0
Two Friends		0	5	0
Mr. W. E. Malcolm		1	0	0
John H. Lydall, Esq.		3	0	0
Mrs. Woods		0	3	0
Mrs. Keers		0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Ouin		0	10	6
H. B.		0	6	0
H. Bedwell, Esq.		2	2	0
A Thank Offering for a Legacy		2	10	0
Mrs. M. Capper		5	0	0
Ditto for Mrs. Ridgway		1	1	0
A Friend at Dalry		0	5	0
Mrs. Newton		0	5	0
Willed by a Deceased Friend		10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Clarke		1	0	0
Mr. Woodham Death		3	0	0
J. T. Campbell, Esq.		5	0	0

### OFFERINGS ON THE MISSION.

At Whitechapel	11	18	½
Poplar	4	2	¼
Shoreditch	2	19	¾
Limehouse	3	16	¾
Millwall	0	4	11
Mrs. Clarke, by box	0	7	10
Mrs. Schroeder	0	7	10
Mrs. Coles	0	7	2
	24	3	1¼