

ago in this hall, and went about all last week with a heavy burden upon me; but last night I lost my burden and found Jesus."

Another young man rose, saying, "I am afraid to tell you what I have been, but Jesus has not rejected me, and surely his people will not do so either. I am a converted thief; I have been in upwards of twenty situations, and was turned out of them all for stealing, which landed me in the jail; but, praise the Lord, brothers, I have been living in the enjoyment of the Saviour's love for six months back, and by His grace I mean to follow Him."

A little lad said, "I was praying for this meeting in a cellar this morning at half-past four. Praise the Lord, I was led in here, for it was at one of these meetings I found Jesus."

A young woman said she was happy to say she came to a knowledge of the truth two days ago at the prayer meeting.

A converted mason said his heart was grieved to hear even elders of churches saying the work in this hall was all excitement; and with a most powerful burst, he exclaimed, "It must be a glorious excitement which makes a drunken man sober, and brings a returned convict to love the Lord Jesus. I praise the Lord, for I have got a great blessing to my own soul since I came here. I have been ten years in the good old way; but never was so happy as now. The Lord send more of the excitement!"

Fourteen others testified to the saving power of grace, many of them having been taken from the lowest depths of sin; yea, from the very verge of hell. To our true God be all the glory!

Sabbath, 21st. Thirty of the workers engaged in prayer in half an hour before going into the street; great gatherings in the street. Thanks to Mr. Booth's delightful hymn book, and Mr. Motherwell's excellent help in teaching us the tunes, the singing has become a great at-

traction. Afterwards there were fourteen anxious inquirers, and twelve decided.

Sabbath, 28th February. Twenty prayed in fifteen minutes before going to the street. Mr. Stuart addressed the meeting. Afterwards a young man told his conversion, thus: "I was coming up the mount last Sabbath, when I saw a young woman with a magazine or religious journal of some sort in her hand; the thought struck me; 'That must be a good young woman.' As she moved nearer I saw the words, 'The East London Evangelist;' and as she was just passing, I said to her, 'It is a fine night.' 'Yes,' she said, 'yes, if you make good use of it.' I said, 'Can you tell me how to do that?' She said, 'If you will go up to Dune-din Hall, they will tell you.' So I came, and last Sabbath night I found Jesus." Fourteen souls that night believed in Christ.

Our Sabbath afternoon meetings have been delightful times. The young converts get an opportunity of telling their conversion, some their experience during the past week, others of the workings and leadings of the Holy Ghost within them. Altogether, these experience meetings have been very precious seasons; nerving us for the work at night; firing our hearts with love for Jesus, and for the souls of our fellow men; and enabling us to enter more heartily into this great conflict with all the opposing forces of earth and hell. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

The work is increasing in blessing, in interest, and in numbers so much, that we have been obliged to look out for larger premises, and the Lord has given us a place in Chalmers' Close, High Street, of which we take possession in May, when we hope Mr. and Mrs. Booth will be able to come and help us in the opening services.

May God, even our own God, fill us with His glory. L. T.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

FROM FEBRUARY 15TH, 1869, TO MARCH 15TH, 1869.

GENERAL WORK.		£	s.	d.	Friend . . .	£	s.	d.			
Mrs. Gibson . . .	25	0	0	Mr. E. Thompson, jun.	0	1	6	John Ross, Esq. . .	5	0	0
John Churchill, Esq. . .	5	5	0	Dr. Henderson . . .	1	1	0	DESTITUTE SAINTS.			
Miss A. Wilson . . .	1	0	0	Rev. T. H. Terry . . .	0	10	0	L. E. W. . . . .	0	10	0
L. S. . . . .	0	5	0	Mr. W. Smith . . .	0	10	0	GENERAL POOR.			
Miss L. Harris . . .	1	0	0	Part proceeds of a sale				John Dugmore, Esq. . .	5	0	0
Lady C. Stirling . . .	2	0	0	at Stepney . . .	5	0	0	W. L. T. . . . .	10	0	0
Mrs. Brown . . .	0	2	6	Two friends at York . . .	1	0	0	OFFERINGS ON MISSION.			
Donation from the				John Andrews, Esq. . .	1	0	0	Whitechapel . . .	12	18	9½
Whitechapel Tem-				Mr. Edw. Wearne . . .	0	5	0	Poplar . . . . .	5	2	5½
perance Society . . .	1	0	0	B. G. . . . .	0	10	0	Limehouse . . .	5	2	4½
Jeremiah Fremlin, Esq.	2	0	0	John Russell, Esq. . .	1	0	0	Shoreditch . . .	4	1	4
Miss Whitehead . . .	5	0	0	Mr. Purser . . .	0	5	0	Bethnal Green . . .	1	16	8½
Mr. Paton . . . . .	5	0	0	A friend . . . . .	0	5	0	Millwall . . . . .	0	5	5
Miss Neth . . . . .	0	10	0	W. E. D. . . . .	0	5	0	Stratford . . . . .	0	4	5
Mr. W. Hamilton . . .	1	0	0	Mrs. Forsyth . . .	1	0	0	GOODS FOR SALE.			
Friend . . . . .	0	1	0	Friends per "Christian				Parcel from Mrs. Capper.			
Mrs. Boyce, per Cap-				World" . . . . .	4	10	0	Parcel from Mrs. Holme.			
tain Trotter . . . . .	5	0	0	Collected by Miss				Parcel from Friends in Edin-			
J. McLaren, Esq. . . .	1	0	0	Alsager . . . . .	6	0	0	burgh and Newburgh, per			
Friend . . . . .	0	5	0	Miss Emma Wells . . .	0	3	0	Mr. P. Stuart.			
Hon. Mrs. Waldegrove	5	0	0	John Ross, Esq. . .	1	0	0	Crate of China from Messrs.			
Hon. Mrs. Hobart . . .	2	0	0	NEW HALL.				Worthington & Son.			
Mrs. Thomas . . . . .	1	0	0	B., by box . . . . .	0	4	11½				
Mrs. Blagdon . . . . .	1	0	0	Mr. R. Dick by card.	1	11	6				
Mrs. Parkin . . . . .	0	2	6	Thos. Reeves do. . .	0	7	6				

THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

APRIL, 1869.

HEART BACKSLIDING.

AN ADDRESS ON REVELATION ii. 1-5. BY MRS. BOOTH.

I WANT to make a few very plain and practical remarks on this passage; so plain, that every one of my hearers may be able to make a personal application of them, and find out their exact position in the sight of God. May the Holy Spirit direct and accompany every word!

As introductory, I want you to observe that this is a direct message from Christ himself to a company of His own people in a certain state of religious experience. These Ephesians were Christians, born into the family of God, and for a long time, and to a great extent, had faithfully served Him. Hear what He says of them in this second verse: "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars; and hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted." He sums up their character most carefully, giving them the utmost credit for all the fruits of the Spirit found in them. He remembers their labour, their patience, their hatred of evil, their zeal for His glory in their intolerance of false teachers, their constancy in suffering, their purity of motive, and their continuance in well doing. Not one of their good deeds is forgotten before Him; but the brilliancy and preciousness of the whole is marred by one defect which only He could see, but which his love and faithfulness compelled him to reveal and to reprove. "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

After such a repetition of their fidelities and graces, we, in our carnal wisdom, might have looked for a *therefore*, instead of a *nevertheless*. We might have expected Him to say, "Thou hast laboured for me with much zeal, patience, and perseverance; therefore, I will excuse and pass over thy declension in love, thy defection of heart." This is the way in which many of God's people seem to imagine that he regards heart unfaithfulness; but not so the Lord himself. Notwithstanding all their labours, sufferings, patience, and zeal, He had a nevertheless against them, which compelled His reproof and endangered His anger.

And oh, is not this His attitude towards thousands of his people now? Is not this message to these Ephesian Christians equally applicable to multitudes in our day, who are serving Him with much zeal and patience; but they have left their first love, and are, notwithstanding all their outward professions and labour, backsliders in heart. Some of you start at the use of such a phrase, and you say, "But these Ephesians were not backsliders." Not in the general acceptance of the term, but in the estimation of their Lord they were backsliders in heart. They were partially fallen, partially gone from that whole-hearted service which once they rendered Him, and without which all outward works, however worthy or zealous,



will not suffice." I fear that after this manner the great majority of Christians are backsliders. I have conversed with numbers up and down this land, and many who have occupied prominent positions in Christian churches, who have confessed that they were secret backsliders, having lost much that they once enjoyed, and walking far less carefully than they once did. Taking these as representatives of others in similar circumstances, I say, I cannot but fear that a very large majority of professing Christians have, like these Ephesian converts, left their first love. I have no doubt there are many of this class here, this morning, and I desire to speak especially to these.

Let me entreat you, my dear friends, to open your hearts to the reception of the truth. Forget the feeble instrumentality through which it comes, and if it commends itself to your consciences as God's truth, let it have its full weight upon your hearts. If you are right, it will do you no harm to examine yourselves. It will establish you and help you "to assure your hearts before Him." And if you are not right, who can tell the importance of making the discovery in time, while there is opportunity and grace offered by which you may be made right. I beseech you be honest with yourselves and with God. There is nothing to be gained by crying "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. It is of no use trying to persuade yourselves that you are right with God if your consciences tell you that you are not. You will find your consciousness too strong for all the false theories of men and devils, and true peace will be impossible to you until you come back to your first love. I think I hear some one say, "Ah! that is just what I want; but how am I to do it? I know that I am a backslider in heart; it is not with me now as it once was; but I have tried and tried in vain to get back what I once enjoyed, and to live as I once lived. My dear friend, you have not tried in the right way. Try your Lord's way; take His counsel, obey His commands, and you shall not only get back all you have lost, but an abundant increase of peace and power. This way, as pointed out here, seems to me to be—

1. Remember:—realise your unfaithfulness.
2. Repent:—humble yourself, confess, and renounce your sin.
3. Do your first works:—consecration and faith.

1. Remember:—realise your unfaithfulness. Remember from whence thou art fallen. There are different degrees of backsliding; some have fallen from greater heights, and some to lower depths than others. But if you ever were higher on the ladder of Christian experience than you are this morning, to just that extent you are a backslider. Our Lord does not wish us to condemn ourselves for losing that which we never possessed; but to remember *from whence*, the exact degree of spiritual attainment we once realised, and to compare our present state with it. "Remember!" consider it, ponder over it; strive to realise it as the evil and bitter thing it is.

We fear that numbers of Christians reach a fearful degree of backsliding without knowing it. "Grey hairs are here and there upon Ephraim, and he knoweth it not;" and no wonder: they are so occupied with the externals of religion; they are so absorbed in business, or care, or pleasure, that they have no time to remember. They never stop to compare notes, to observe the landmarks, or take the soundings of their spiritual state. They have no time for the old fashioned duty of self-exami-

nation; or if they have, it is so distasteful that they prefer to read, or hear, or talk. Sometimes the Holy Spirit, by some word of God, some sermon, or some providence, flashes the conviction on their minds that they have lost ground, that they "have forsaken Him, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." But the conviction is painful; they are afraid of the revelation, they shrink from the consequences of its admission even to themselves, and instead of honestly examining into the state of their hearts, they fall back upon their conversion and early experience, and say, "Surely, it must be all right with me, although I have no communion with God, no sensible joy or peace, and but little power over sin. I must be a child of God. Salvation is by faith, not by works; God does not look at me, but at Jesus." Instead of remembering *from whence* they have fallen, they look only *to what* they have fallen, and try to accommodate the requirements of the word to their miserable experience. Having lost the faith that purifies the heart and manifests its existence by obedience, they try to take refuge in an antinomian faith, which does neither the one nor the other. A faith which makes void the law of God, and makes Christ the minister of sin. Thank God, however, they cannot get peace this way; their countenances belie their creed, and their powerless lives tell to all around that they have only got the shell without the kernel, the form without the power.

If there are any of this class here this morning, my friends, I beseech you take your Lord's counsel—"Remember from whence you have fallen." Reflect on what you once enjoyed. How was it with you in days gone by? Let me help you to remember, by a few practical questions. Did you not once realise a sweet and blessed sense of your acceptance with God? and did not His Spirit witness with your spirit that you were a child of God? and did you not realise that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit?" How is it with you now? As you received the Lord Jesus, have you so walked in Him, that your path has been like that of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day? or have you lost your roll, and with it your peace and the joy of the Lord, which once was your strength? Again; did you not once walk in daily communion with God, your prayers being not merely petitions, but mediums of sensible intercourse with Him? and did not His candle shine brightly on your head? What of your present experience in this respect? Do you still rejoice in this light? or are you groping after Him as an absent and far-distant God? You once realised the power of Christ to rest upon you, so that you were more than conqueror over the world, the flesh, and the devil; sin had no more dominion over you; "old things were passed away;" the old spirit of bondage and the helpless misery of a merely convicted state were passed away, and you could sing, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

How is it with you now? Do you walk in the liberty wherewith Christ made you free? or are you gone back to the spirit of bondage again to fear, and to the helplessness of your convicted state, by reason of which you are crying, "O, wretched man that I am?" If so, oh, "remember from whence thou art fallen."

Your conscience was once tender as the apple of the eye; you eschewed evil, and kept as far from its very appearance as you could. You had no



fellowship with the godless multitudes who crucified your Lord, and trampled under foot His blessed laws. You kept as far aloof from the world as you might, weeping over its sins, and looking down with pity on its hollow amusements. What is your present attitude in this matter? Are you still separate from sinners, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth? or has the daughter of Zion come down from her holy mountain, and defiled herself with the abominations of the heathen round about? You were once full of zeal for the glory of your divine Deliverer, and the salvation of those for whom He died. You could then reprove sin, and weep over and expostulate with sinners. You could deny yourself almost your necessary sleep and food, in order to promote the interests of your Redeemer's kingdom. Where is now your zeal for the Lord of Hosts? Can you deny self, sacrifice your ease, honour, reputation, or wealth, for His glory, as you once did? Remember! Compare your present state with your former one. Let conscience speak, let facts speak, and honestly admit the truth; and if you are condemned, write yourself down—Backslider in heart. You say, "I do not like the conclusion." Perhaps not; but if it be true, honesty will be the best policy here, as in everything else. Look the fact in the face, and try to realise its desperate meaning. I fear too many Christians have far too light an estimate of heart-unfaithfulness. I have sometimes heard them speak of five or ten years' half-heartedness as a very light thing, slurring it over, as it were, with a very thin and superficial sort of confession; but our Lord does not so regard it; He looks upon it as a very serious matter, a very heinous sin, a most God-dishonouring experience; so much so, that He threatens these Ephesian backsliders that, unless they repent, notwithstanding all their good works, He will come unto them in judgment, and remove their candlestick out of its place.

This is a far greater sin than any you ever committed before you were converted; and you must look at it, reflect on it, remember it, until you have realised its bitterness. Do not be afraid because of the painfulness of the process. Painful operations are often necessary to save life. If you had a bad wound on your arm, which required examining and probing, you would not say to the surgeon, "I cannot bear to look at it; I cannot endure the pain of dressing: cover it up, and let it alone." No! you would know that, painful as would be the process of probing and dressing, it was necessary to save your limb, and perhaps your life; and you would, like a reasonable being, endure the pain and save your life. Just so, if you have spiritual wounds, they need probing, and perhaps cauterising, before they can be healed; and it is of no use to shrink from the knife of the Great Physician. He knows that it will cause pain; yea! bitter anguish; yet He says, "Remember!" Oh, my backsliding friend, bare your heart before Him who walks amid the golden candlesticks, and ask Him to search it as with a lighted candle. Ask for the realising light of the Holy Spirit to reveal to you your backslidings, and to set your secret sins in the light of His countenance. Ask Him to help you to remember, by quickening your spiritual conceptions, and opening your eyes to see the monstrous ingratitude and cruel infidelity of which you had been guilty. Instead of refusing to remember, because of the mental suffering involved in the process, methinks we should rejoice to suffer. Seeing that we have wounded our Lord in the house of His friends, we ought to be willing to weep our lives away, at the remembrance of our sin, and,

if we could, to shed tears of blood, as an evidence of our penitence. To have been unfaithful to His saving grace; to have been untrue to His dying love; to have withheld from Him that which He purchased with His heart's blood, demands a deeper grief, a more bitter repentance, than that of our unconverted state. May the Lord help those of you who are convicted of this sin to Remember! until the fallow ground of your hearts is broken up, and your souls cry, "O, remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us: for we are brought very low. Help us, O God of our salvation, and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake."

(To be continued in our next.)

## HAPPY AND MISERABLE DEATHS CONTRASTED.

"Look on this picture, and on that!"

### HAPPY DEATHS.

#### QUITE READY.

*John Dodd.*—"I am not afraid to look death in the face! I can say—Death, where is thy sting? Death cannot hurt me."

*Robert Bolton.*—"O! when will this good hour come? When shall I be dissolved? When shall I be with Christ?"

*Halyburton.*—"Here is a demonstration of the reality of religion, that I, a poor, weak, timorous man, as much afraid of death as any, am now enabled, by the power of grace, composedly and with joy, to look death in the face."

*Risden Darracott.*—"Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulate angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well."

*John Owen.*—"O! brother Payne, the long-looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever yet done, or been capable of doing."

*Edward Deering.*—"As for my death, I bless God I feel and find so much inward joy and comfort to my soul, that if I were put to my choice whether I would die or live, I would a thousand times rather choose death than life, if it may stand with the holy will of God."

#### "I SHALL SUP WITH CHRIST."

Mr. Robert Bruce, the morning before he died, being at breakfast, having, as he used, eaten an egg, he said to his daughter, "I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg." But having mused awhile, he said, "*Hold, daughter, hold; my Master calls me.*" Having said these words, his sight failed; whereupon he called for the

### MISERABLE DEATHS.

#### NOT PREPARED.

A minister called to visit a young lady who was very ill, and asked her how she felt. "Dying, sir; I am going," was the reply. "Be calm," said he; "I hope you soon will recover." "No," said she. "If you feel yourself to be dying, how does your spirit feel in the prospect of another world?" "Not prepared," was the answer. He directed her to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of sinners; but in a few moments, she looked around her, reclined her head on his hand, and almost instantly expired. How awful! not prepared, and yet entering eternity! Reader, seek the Lord *now*, that you may be always ready to die.

#### "I AM LOST."

I learned that a young man had been thrown from his horse, and dangerously injured. On pressing through the crowd to the chamber where they had placed the sufferer, I found him whom I had warned so emphatically the day before. He was shockingly injured; and as I passed into the room, a thrill of dismay seemed to pass over him. A physician soon arrived, and pronounced the case hopeless, and declared he could not survive two hours; and never shall I forget the agonised countenance of the youth when he learned his fate.

"Must I die?" he exclaimed. "Is there no hope? Oh! I cannot die, I cannot die!"

I endeavoured to direct him to the cross, and remind him of the crucified thief.

"Alas!" he replied, "he never sinned against such light as I have



## HAPPY DEATHS.

Bible, and said, "Turn to the eighth chapter of the Romans, and set my finger on the words, 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, &c., shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'" When this was done, he asked, "*Now, is my finger upon them?*" Being told that it was, he added, "*Now, God be with you, my dear children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night;*" then he expired.

## DYING WORDS OF DR. PAYSON.

Dr. Payson, when dying, said, "My God is in this room: I see Him; and O! how lovely is the sight! how glorious does He appear! worthy of ten thousand hearts, if I had so many to give." At another time, when his body was racked by inconceivable suffering, and his cheeks pale and sunken with disease, he exclaimed, like a warrior returning from the field of triumph, "The battle's fought! the battle's fought! and the victory's won! the victory is won for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity!" At another time, he exclaimed, "The celestial city is full in view—its glories beam upon me—its breezes fan me—its odours are wafted to me—its music strikes upon my ear, and its spirit breathes into my heart; nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears as a narrow rill, which may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission.

"The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and larger as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

## REV. WILLIAM DAY.

"The Bible," said the dying saint, "is nothing to me, the Bible is nothing to me, but as it reveals to my soul a covenant Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Here I see perfection. When I look at man—when I look at myself—I see nothing but vileness:—a rent

## MISERABLE DEATHS.

abused. What shall I do? Pray for me. O pray for me!"

We knelt down in the chamber, but his agonising groans struck all with horror and confusion. I arose, and endeavoured to direct him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

"It is too late," he exclaimed. "Oh! what would I not give, if I had heeded your warning yesterday; but it is now too late!—I am lost!"

His parents and sisters soon arrived; but the scene which followed I cannot describe. The groans of the poor sufferer only ceased with his life: he seemed stunned with the sudden and terrible summons, and unable to command his thoughts sufficiently to pray.

## "TELL ME NO MORE ABOUT IT."

A young woman, about the twentieth year of her age, broke a blood vessel. An apothecary was sent for immediately, but no relief could be afforded. On the day after this circumstance, I visited her.

I reminded her that Jesus Christ would in no wise cast out those sinners who come to Him, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin. She said, "The blood of Christ will be the greatest torment I shall have in hell; tell me no more about it." I then left her with feelings not to be described. She died next morning at six o'clock. I inquired of the woman who attended her, if she continued in the same state to the last: she said she was much worse after I left her, and that they durst not stay in the room with her. She was heard to exclaim several times, about an hour before her end—"ETERNITY! ETERNITY! O! to burn throughout Eternity!" Thus died, at the age of twenty, this miserable mortal.

"Horror past imagination,  
Will surprise thy trembling heart,  
When thou hear'st thy condemnation,  
'Hence, accursed wretch depart!  
'Thou with Satan  
'And his angels, have thy part."

## UNPREPARED.

A dying man said to his minister, "The day on which I should have worked is over, and now I see a horrible night approaching. Woe is me! When God called I refused; now I am in sore anguish. Yet this is but the beginning of sorrows. I shall be destroyed with an everlasting destruction!" How grievous to die under unpardoned guilt.

## HAPPY DEATHS.

here, a chasm there. It would drive me to despair. Oh, when," he wept profusely, "when shall I behold Christ as He is, and cast myself at His feet? He has offered me a pledge of this beyond all your imagination can conceive. I have seen Him rising before me in all the majesty of the Godhead. The world has shown me its favours, and has taken them away again. I have enjoyed many tokens of the loving kindness of my God; and I have, at other times, been stripped of what I most valued. But, oh, my God, my Redeemer, thou hast never failed me!" Then, stretching out his hands to his family around his bed, he cried, "O Lord, shine forth in thy glory upon these dear ones. Thou wilt never leave them—Thou wilt never forsake them." It was an affecting, a sublime scene. It was like a patriarch standing on the threshold of heaven, looking back to bless his family, and looking forward, earnestly longing to take his last step.

## MISERABLE DEATHS.

## A TERRIBLE UPBRAIDING.

A young girl, when dying, called her parents to her bedside, and addressed them in the following affecting manner: "You have been the unhappy instruments of my everlasting ruin. You have led me in the paths of sin; you never warned me of my danger; now it is too late. In a few hours you will have to cover me with earth; but remember that then my soul will be in hell, and yourselves the miserable cause.

Then, stretching out his hands to his family around his bed, he cried, "O Lord, shine forth in thy glory upon these dear ones. Thou wilt never leave them—Thou wilt never forsake them." It was an affecting, a sublime scene. It was like a patriarch standing on the threshold of heaven, looking back to bless his family, and looking forward, earnestly longing to take his last step.

## LETTER FROM WILLIAM BOOTH

TO THE BRETHREN AND SISTERS LABOURING FOR JESUS

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

DUNEDIN HALL CHRISTIAN MISSION, EDINBURGH.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—Though I have not been privileged to see you in the flesh, yet have I heard with great thankfulness from time to time of your work of faith and labour of love; and I rejoice greatly in the abundant blessing granted to your labours, and bless God for every brand plucked from the everlasting burning through your instrumentality.

I earnestly pray that you may be made a hundredfold more useful in the future than you have been in the past.

The work in which you are engaged is the most important that can engage the attention or call forth the energies of any being. In it both angels and devils feel the deepest interest, and put forth their mightiest energies. To promote it, the best, wisest, and holiest men have studied, suffered, bled, and died. Nay, we have every reason to believe that the Triune Jehovah feels a deeper interest in it than in all the material affairs of the vast universe beside. For it the Father has been working for the last 6000 years, the Son of God humbled himself to our nature, died upon the cross, and now intercedes in heaven; and the Holy Ghost strives hourly, using every conceivable agency and influence to bring a sinful world to repentance. How great, then, the honour

conferred upon us, that we should be called to be co-workers with God; and how important that we should seek humbly, prayerfully, and thoughtfully, to qualify ourselves to the utmost for the right discharge of so important a duty.

Success in soul winning work, like all other work, both human and divine, depends on certain conditions; and the simple reason why there is so much failure is just because these conditions are not complied with. If you want to succeed; if you greatly desire to have a crown gemmed with many stars to cast at the feet of your Saviour, you must be careful to comply with these conditions; and if your life be spared, the desire of your heart shall be granted you. I believe—nay, I am sure—that many to whom I write do earnestly desire this honour; and to you, dear friends, and to others similarly exercised with yearnings after usefulness, I desire to give a few brief and practical hints. O may the blessed Spirit condescend to use my pen, and help those who read to put into immediate practice such suggestions as may commend themselves to their judgment as being of the Lord.

And first and foremost I commend one qualification which seems to involve all others. That is, *the pentecostal baptism of the Holy Ghost*. I would have you



settle in your souls for ever this one great immutable principle in the economy of grace, that *spiritual work can only be done by those who possess spiritual power*. No matter what else you may lack, or what may be against you, with the Holy Ghost you will succeed; but without the Holy Spirit, no matter what else you may possess, you will utterly and eternally fail. Without Him you can do nothing; with Him you will be able to do all things. Spiritual work requires spiritual power, and you cannot substitute any other power in its place. There must be the actual possession of divine ability. For every kind of work there is a power adapted for and equal to its performance. For instance: suppose I want to move any great weight; my possessing great mental gifts, or strong desires, or deep feelings, or strong resolutions on the subject will not accomplish my object unless I can bring to bear upon it the required and appropriate physical force. And so with spiritual work: you may possess all other kinds of power; you may have mental gifts in abundance, combined with stores of biblical intelligence; and you may desire to bring souls to Jesus, and feel till your heart is nigh to breaking about their perishing condition: nay; you may resolve ever so strongly on their salvation; but all this together will fail in the accomplishment of your purpose, unless you possess the needed *divine ability*. "It is not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Many mistake here. Aroused by the inward urgings of the Holy Spirit they endeavour to comply with the call which comes from the word, and the necessities of their fellow men; but, being destitute of this power, they fail; and, instead of going to the Strong for strength, they give up in despair. Again aroused, again they resolve, and venture forth; but having no more power than before, they are as impotent as ever. And fail they must, until baptized with power from on high.

The Saviour saw this clearly. To this he referred on that last great day of the feast, when he stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters. This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." And for this baptism he bade them wait before going forth on the mission to which he had called, and for which he had trained them—the preaching

the gospel to the world. "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." You know how they obeyed this injunction, how they waited on the threshold of their work, and how mightily they were baptized with the Holy Ghost, and how wonderfully that visitation transformed them.

These poor, weak, worldly disciples, who had hitherto seemed almost helpless, nay, a positive hindrance to the progress of the gospel, at once became fully equal to the work which the Master had given them to do. They were now filled with the Spirit, their bodies were the temples of an indwelling God, and their lives and ministry testified to the glorious fact. The work they did bore witness of them, and the testimony was that God had "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things and things which were despised, yea, and things that were not, to bring to nought things that were." And with stripes, bonds, and imprisonment awaiting them in every city, they sang "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." What that baptism did for these men, it can do for us. They were men of like passions with ourselves. The works that they did we may and shall do also, if we have the same measure of divine ability.

This I am convinced is the one great need of the church. We want no new truths, agencies, means, or appliances. But only the God of them, the living God. We have the armaments and munitions of war, we only want more of the fire of the Holy Ghost. This is what we are crying for in the East of London. This is what you dear Edinburgh friends need! The baptism of the Holy Ghost, and of fire.

I would not have you think that I imagine for a moment that you have not the Spirit. By your fruits I know you. No men could do the works that are being done in your midst, except God was with them. All glory to Jesus, He is enabling you to give proof of your heavenly calling. But how much more might be done had you *all* received this Pentecostal baptism *in all its fulness*. If every soul were inflamed, and every lip touched, and every mind illuminated, and every heart purified with the hallowed flame. O what zeal, what self-denial, what meekness, what

boldness, what holiness, what love would there not be? And with all this, what power for your great work? The whole city would feel it. God's people in every direction would catch the fire, and sinners would fall on every side. Difficulties would vanish, devils be conquered, infidels believe, and the glory of God be displayed. As it is written, Every valley would be filled, and every mountain and hill be brought low, and the crooked would be made straight, and the rough ways be made smooth, and all flesh would see the salvation of God.

This is the consummation you desire; I know it. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness," even the righteousness of others. You do desire to see signs and wonders wrought in the name of Jesus. To see a great awakening among the careless crowds around you. To see hundreds, nay, thousands of feet turned into the way of life, would, I know, put gladness in your hearts more than in the time when your corn and wine increase. O, my dear friends, I show to you the way, an *easy way*, a *sure way*, in which your most sanguine desires may be fulfilled, and your brightest hopes realised. He is able and willing to do for you in your own souls' experience, and in the vineyard in which He has sent you to labour, exceeding abundantly above all that you ask or think. But he will do it in His own way—after the same wonderful fashion of working in which he has gained so many glorious victories in days of yore. That is, by men and women who, having laid themselves on the altar of the Lamb a whole-hearted sacrifice, have received the baptism of holy fire, purging them from all iniquity, and making them vessels unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and fully prepared unto every good work.

This baptism, then, is your first *great need*. If you think with me, will you not *tarry for it*? Offer yourselves to God for the *fulness*. Lay aside every weight. Examine yourselves as to what there is in your hearts, heads, and lives, inconsistent with the possession of the abiding Spirit. Cast out every thing that exalts itself against his complete sovereign sway in your bosom. Lay yourselves at his feet. Consecrate mind, and heart, and brain, and goods, and hours, and influence, and reputation to Him. Resolve in the sight and strength of the great Jehovah to live only for Him, to follow

the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; to be, in short, a living sacrifice, and then believe that according to His word He accepts the offering, that the blood cleanses, and the Spirit fills. Claim him with humble boldness as your own. Don't doubt, or fear, or reason; but steadily believe, though the fearful flesh, a lying devil, an infidel world, and cold-hearted professors all suggest that it is impossible that God should, according to his unfailling promise, cleanse you from *all* unrighteousness, and preserve you blameless, and fill you with all the divine fulness. Hold on! Though your feelings are barren, your way dark, and your difficulties be multiplied, steadily hang on to the word of God. You cannot possibly be wrong here. Keep your offering on the altar. Maintain the truth of God's word; He has spoken, and shall it not come to pass? Most assuredly it will. You are His by creation, redemption, and now by covenant. He will surely claim, fill, and satisfy His own. If God be not a liar all things are yours; *believe* this, *rest* upon it, and you will soon *feel* it. Remember, the most naked faith is the most efficacious. Expect the baptism every hour; wait if He tarry. "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting;" and the Lord whom you seek shall suddenly come to his temple.

I have more to say to you, but must wait another opportunity. Meanwhile pray for us.

Yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,  
WILLIAM BOOTH.

#### THE PLANK THAT BEARS.

"COME," said a minister to his congregation, as he was closing his sermon, "come with me to the edge of the vast ocean. How still the waters are! There is not a ripple on the sea—the waves scarcely tremble—how fearfully quiet! Surely, this is the calm before the hurricane! What a dark cloud gathers! See that vivid flash of lightning! Hark!—'tis a distant peal of thunder! Now the storm awakes and rages—the waves toss and foam. See, over the dark waters, that vessel labouring in the storm! How she rushes on! *Breakers ahead!*—breakers ahead! Heard you that fearful crash? She has dashed upon the rock! The poor seamen are battling with the waves. Hark!—'tis the wild, piercing scream of the drowning men, rising above the roaring of the storm. See!—see!—a plank floats out, and a poor



sailor gets on it;—it sustains him—it bears him up. The waves wash him nearer and nearer the shore—he is saved!—he is saved!”

Here the minister said to the congregation, “My friends, time is the sea; you are the shipwrecked mariners. The waves of death will soon break over you. Christ is the plank.”

The sermon closed. Some years rolled away; and one day, a person was seen rushing to the minister's house, to request him to go and see a dying man. When he entered the room, there lay a human being, hovering between the two worlds. The power of speech was gone; but the lips moved, and the minister put his ear to the lips of the dying man to catch the last faint whisper, and heard—“O, sir, *the plank bears up!—the plank bears up!*”

My friends, get on this plank. Before you are the swellings of Jordan, and the day of judgment; and you will need a foundation on which to rest. Get on the plank!

#### THE DEVIL CHEATED.

FATHER HULL, now deceased, was a preacher of the old school, in South Carolina. Passing along the highway one evening, in a strange, wicked country, he called at a good looking house for lodgings. Weary and faint he sat him down by the fireside. After a while, as night began to close in, companies of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen flocked into his room. One drew out his violin and commenced playing. Away scampered the youngsters, hopping and leaping. It was a ball! Here sat the stranger looking silently on. At length a partner was wanted, and one ventured up and asked Mr. Hull if he would take the floor. “Certainly, Madam!” said he, rising and walking out on the floor as he spoke; “but I have long made it a rule never to commence any business till I have asked the direction of the Lord, and his blessing upon it. Will you all join in prayer with me?” As he spoke these words, he fell on his knees and began to pray. Some kneeled, others stood, all petrified with astonishment. In the mean time, being a holy, faithful man, and peculiarly powerful in prayer, he seemed to draw the very heavens and earth together. Some groaned, some shrieked aloud, and many fell prostrate, like dead men on the floor. Truly the place was sweet and awful on account of the divine presence. In short, the dance

was turned into a religious meeting, from which many dated their conviction and conversion, and the commencement of a powerful revival. Behold thus a great matter a little fire kindleth! O, had we more faith and intrepidity, what good we might do! How glorious to attack and drive the devil from his own strongholds!

### POETRY.

#### PRAYER.

Philippians, iv. 6.

HAST thou a care within so deep  
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?  
To thy Redeemer take that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart

Would feel it almost death to part?  
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,  
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear  
May prove an idol worshipped here?  
Implore the Lord that nought may be  
A shadow between heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,

Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,

Spread before God that wish, that care,

And change anxiety to prayer.

#### EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

##### WHITECHAPEL.

THE following notes from the journal of our Brother Dimaline will show that an abundant blessing is still vouchsafed to the open-air work and noon-day prayer meetings.

On closing an open-air service in the Commercial Road, a woman came and told me, with tears in her eyes, how the Lord had blessed her soul while standing there, and how very happy she felt. She said she had three sons, young men, and wanted to know if I thought the Lord could do the same for them. With her heart full of gladness, she went home to tell what great things the Lord had done for her.

The other day, a young lady came into our noon-day prayer meeting. As we prayed, the mighty power of God came upon her, she broke down, fell upon her knees, and cried out to God to have mercy upon her. The Lord answered, as he always does, and said, “Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee.” She arose from her knees, with her face shining with heavenly radiance, and went on her way rejoicing, having dined on angel's food. On inquiring afterwards, I found that she had been first impressed at the open-air meetings, then attended the theatre, and was now saved

at the noon-day prayer meeting. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Last night, another young person of respectable appearance came into the hall. She was dressed up in fine worldly style, with ribbons, and ringlets, and feathers, and a world of show. But God was there, and his word took hold of her. She resisted for a time, then gave in, fell on her knees, and in anguish, pleaded for mercy. The ringlets shook, the frame shook, the heart shook, the tears flowed, faith sprang up, and God appeared with his voice of forgiveness. She arose and sang the praises of her Saviour, and the next night came to the believers' meeting without a trace of the finery with which she was decked the previous night. Praise the Lord!

The other night a middle-aged woman was attracted by our singing in the open air, and followed us to the theatre. The word of God was like an arrow in her heart; she was overcome with the old story of the cross; she yielded, and was saved. She had been a wretched backslider thirty years. She comes regularly to the meetings, and bids fair to be very useful. Her husband is very much wrought upon, and since her conversion has been to the meetings to see for himself. May God save him!

A day or two ago, a man gave me the following account of himself. He was convinced of sin when standing in the Mile End Road, listening to the preaching. He became very miserable, found his way to the theatre, came on to the stage, offered himself to God, and obtained an assurance that his sins which were many were all forgiven. Ever since he has been a happy man. It does our hearts good to see him enter our noon prayer meeting; we know he comes to worship. He kneels down, closes his eyes, and at the first opportunity lifts up his voice, and in thankfulness and sincerity, gives utterance to words something like the following:

“Lord, thou knowest that everybody is against me,—my family, my shopmates, my wife, and the devil; but thou art more than all that can be against me.” He then prays for the Mission, and for all who are at work in it, and then for the Church generally, and the world at large, and closes with a thankful heart and fired soul, and goes to his work again more determined than ever to serve his God. The man is over fifty years of age on whom this miracle of grace has been shown. To God be all the glory!

#### A WORLDLY COUPLE.

FROM a report of a dear sister labouring here, we take the following extract:—

The other day I visited a young woman who was lately converted at the East London Theatre. She said in her early years she had pious teaching from her parents, and was brought up to attend the house of God regularly; she had also been a Sabbath school scholar; but like many others, when they go out into the world to seek for themselves a livelihood, she forgot all her pious instructions, and yielded to the temptations around her, and gave herself up to follow the course of this world. For some time she tried to find happiness in pursuing its pleasures; but like all who have tried, she failed. And often, when returning from journeys of pleasure on the Sabbath, her conscience has sorely troubled her. Indeed, as she said, her life was a miserable one.

She went on for some time in this unhappy state of mind, resisting God's Holy Spirit; which was continually urging her to return to

God. Then she got married, but her husband was an ungodly man; and so, of course, she had no help from him to seek a better way. A short time ago, it pleased God to direct him to the East London Theatre, where Mr. Booth was preaching; and while there the Spirit of God strove mightily with him. He saw he was a poor lost sinner and felt he needed a Saviour. He repented of his sins, and cried to God for pardon, and like all who come to the Saviour, was not cast out. He went home rejoicing in the fact that his sins were forgiven, and he was now on the way to heaven. He told his wife what God had done for him, and as she witnessed the happy change in him, she began to long for the same in herself.

From that time she began to seek Jesus, she saw her need of him, and desired to be made a new creature, and walk with her husband in the heavenly way. She came with him to the theatre shortly afterwards, and while there, she too came out and gave herself up to God; and now they are both happy in his love. She says that the religion of Jesus makes her happy here, and gives her a bright prospect for the future of an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away; and she hopes, by the help of God, to follow on to know more of Him, and to make it her daily study to please Him. O that she may continue steadfast unto the end!

#### A GAMBLER AND DRUNKARD.

Another case was of a young man, about twenty years of age. He had spent the earlier years of his life in gambling, and had indulged in all the sinful practices which usually accompany that vice. He had not a thought of God, but served the devil to the utmost of his power. He earned good wages, but spent them all in drink, and even sold his clothes to satisfy his appetite for intoxicating drink.

“Such,” he said, “was my condition, a vile hell-deserving sinner, not fit to live, and certainly not fit to die; when a young friend induced me to go to the theatre to hear Mr. Booth preach. I did so, and, while listening to the sermon, began to feel very uneasy, and tried several times to get up and go out; but could not, for something held me back. I was so miserable, I did not know what to do. I longed to get away from the place; but all in vain; there I sat, unable to move. At last I made up my mind to seek pardon. I felt I had been a great sinner, and deserved nothing but hell; but I would now give it all up and serve God. I went on the stage and cried to God to have mercy upon me, and he heard and answered; and I know he has pardoned all my sins. I feel they are gone, and I am really happy now. I tried hard to be so before, but sin only made me miserable, and I am very glad I have been brought to leave it, and I mean by God's help to lead a new life; and instead of wasting my money as I have done, I shall take care of it, and spend it usefully.” He said he had to work with ungodly companions, who amused themselves with laughing at him, and were continually taking God's name in vain; but said he, “I take no notice of them, and my mind is made up to have nothing to do with their sins; but to let them see me serving God with as much earnestness as I did the devil.” May God keep him faithful to the end!

CATHERINE WADE.

Mrs. Coates sends us the following interesting account of

#### A LION CHANGED TO A LAMB.

DEAR SIR,—A dock labourer, living in one of the worst localities in the East of London, who



was converted in this mission, called and asked me to visit a neighbour who was dying. My husband being unwilling for me to go into such an awful neighbourhood, went himself. When he got there, the man, who was very ill, refused to hear him. My husband, however, continued speaking, and after a while knelt down to pray, on which the man sprang out of bed, and seizing the poker, with fearful imprecations threatened to take his life, and so drove him from the room.

A fortnight afterwards, whilst admonishing my hearers on the subject of doing their duty, I felt deeply convicted by the Spirit of God that I had neglected my duty in not going to see this man myself, and decided to go in the morning. Accordingly I went, and on entering the chamber the dying man told me with an oath that he did not want to see or hear me; all he wanted was sleep. In bed with him was his little daughter, a child of about twelve years of age, sick with a fever. Thinking that perhaps I might be able to reach the heart of the father through the child, I commenced talking with her about Jesus, and found her totally ignorant of the children's Saviour. I now spoke again to the man, and found him a little softened, and I asked if I should read to him a story about a man who was once in trouble like himself. To this he sulkily consented, on which I read some of the experiences of David when in affliction. So ignorant was the man, he had no idea I was reading from the Bible. I then asked if he would allow me to pray with him, promising not to be long. To this he made no answer, so I knelt down and prayed. As I rose from my knees, to my great joy, I saw that the man was bathed in tears. The Lord had entered and broken his heart. I then told him, to his great surprise, that I had been reading the Bible. I then gave him a copy with large print, and talked to him further on the way of salvation. On leaving, he begged me to come again, saying his hatred to God's word and people was all gone.

When I called again I found him anxious about his soul; but he had not as yet laid hold of Christ. I urged upon him the necessity of being born again, and left him deeply convinced.

At my third visit I was privileged to see him cast himself at the foot of the cross; where he found peace through the blood of a crucified Redeemer.

He lived after this about six weeks, during which time I visited him every two or three days. Throughout he was enabled to rejoice in a pardoning Saviour. The last time I called, I found him imploring his family, who had come to see him, to seek Christ. We read and prayed, and had a blessed season together; four appeared anxious. When he bade me farewell, he expressed his confiding dependence on Christ, and told me that he would meet me in heaven.

#### A FLASH IN THE PAN.

DEAR MR. BOOTH,—A few days since, I had occasion to call upon a gentleman who is the principal of a thriving firm in the city, and who has all his life deeply interested himself in the relief of the suffering poor. I asked him to come and see the work being carried on by the East London Christian Mission. He promised to do so; but at the same time told me that in conversing with some gentlemen the previous evening, he had been informed

that it was all "a flash in the pan"—a little excitement that would soon wear off. Fearing that some few, into whose hands the "Evangelist" may fall, may have heard the same, I send you an account of several cases which I have watched over myself for a long time, and in whose lives I have seen the truth of the words, "Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

J. F., who had lived all his life without hope and without God in the world, and who had not entered a place of worship since the day he was married, was induced, about three years since, by a friend who had himself been converted under Mr. Booth's preaching, to attend one of the services then being held in a tent in the Friends' burying-ground. He was very much impressed with the whole service. He returned home unhappy, and went to the meetings again and again; and one day, in the Ragged Church, King Edward Street, found peace, through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. He has, for the three years past, lived a most consistent Christian life, though much persecuted by his fellow-workmen, and is doing all he can to bring sinners to the Saviour.

G. T., who had always lived a strictly moral and respectable life, was awakened by hearing the singing in the street. He was asked to attend the theatre service, which he did; and was there enabled to feel the power of God unto salvation. In the experience meeting, a few weeks since, he said how deeply he regretted that the best years of his life had not been devoted to the service of Him "that loved us and washed us from our sins;" for now he feels he has but the remnant of his days to work for Jesus.

W. C. attended one of the breakfasts given last winter to the starving poor in the East London Theatre. He was there led to the desire for Christ, and since, though very much tried in circumstances, has held fast the profession of his faith.

Afterwards his wife went to the women's breakfast, and there she found Jesus as her Saviour. She was one day asked whether things were better or worse (temporarily) with her now she loved God. She replied, "Worse! Oh no, but a great deal better; for since we have known the Lord, we have never wanted a Sunday's dinner, while last year we had not more than twenty out of the fifty-two Sundays."

These are only a few of the almost numberless instances I could adduce as to the permanent character of the good effected by the instrumentality of this mission. These indicate, I think, something more than "a flash in the pan." If any doubt, or would like more satisfactory evidence than that given from month to month in the pages of the "Evangelist," I entreat them to come and see for themselves. If they will send me a line, I will gladly make an appointment, and introduce them to hundreds of persons, either at the meetings they attend, or, if they prefer it, in their own homes, when they shall hear from their own lips of the marvellous changes the religion of Jesus has wrought in

their hearts, homes, and daily lives, through the instrumentality of this mission. Yours affectionately,

C. C. MITCHELL.

89, Turner Street, London Hospital, E.

#### SHOREDITCH.

THIS mission is rising in power and interest. The meetings in St. Leonard's Hall, on Sabbath evenings, and in the Mission Hall on week nights are well attended, and souls are being continually brought to Jesus. It was very pleasing to hear a German tell yesterday, in broken English, how he had met and found the Saviour of the world there. The following is from a recent convert:—

DEAR SIR,—I have often heard the remark, What is the good of street preaching? I have been a drunkard twenty years, and the last two or three years have been in the habit of going to that hell at the back of Shoreditch Church on Sunday morning, to get drunk. I term it hell for want of a better name. I have seen drunkenness of the worst kind there, from 6 o'clock till 1 o'clock on Sunday morning. Once I was, with thirty-two men and three women, caught by the police in a stable-yard at the back of a public-house there. I speak of this place as hell, because with me it has attracted hundreds of others.

On my way to this hell, I had to pass the end of Sclater Street,\* where working men preach the gospel. Sometimes I have stopped to listen to them, and so have not gone to the public-house; and other times I have listened as I have come back. I should never have heard the gospel, if I had had to go to church or chapel. I could stop and listen to the gospel in the street when I should have been ashamed to approach a chapel, on account of my clothes. And I have seen hundreds more coming from Club Row, that great market of the bird fanciers, stop and listen, with their little birds under their arms. Through standing in the street, I was led to the Mission Hall, Shoreditch. There I sought and found Jesus as the Saviour of my soul. Only those who know the drunkard can form any idea of the change that takes place when a drunkard is reclaimed. I thank God for the change. I am a happy man; and now, instead of the ale-house and the awful den at the back of the church, I am at the Mission Hall, or at home in the bosom of my family. My wife and children do not tremble now when I am out, for fear of my coming home drunk. No; they are happy to see me go out, and happier when I return; and we can all sing together all day long. My wife and daughter followed me to the Hall, and my daughter, eighteen years of age, soon was converted, and is walking in the footsteps of Him that was crucified for our sins.

May your labours in the vineyard be rewarded with a rich harvest. J. R.

#### POPLAR.

BRANDS PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few more brief sketches of some who have been

\* One of our open-air stations.

brought to Jesus here, and who are now with us, rejoicing in God and working night and day. I wish all your readers could hear them tell the story in their own way, with their own lips. If we could but get some of the Lord's wealthy stewards down to Poplar, to listen to these and others who have been brought out of the horrible pit of drunkenness, blasphemy, and all manner of wickedness, you would not have again to tell that mournful story contained in the February number of the "Evangelist," about being short of funds, and not being able to sustain and extend this blessed work. But I am sure our Father won't let you stick fast. The Lord bless you and all your readers. Yours in Jesus,

JAMES DOWDLE.

#### A NAVVY.

A., who was a very great swearer and drunkard, lying about all the day on Sunday in his dirty working clothes, half drunk, when he had money to get drunk with. He came to our open-air services in the East India Road; and while he was standing listening, God sent the word as an arrow to his heart. He went home; but he was spoiled for the world. He felt that, if he was to die, hell would be his home. He came to the Oriental Theatre; but he did not get his soul liberated there; but conviction was deepened. He was invited to the Temperance Hall; and he came determined to have the matter settled. After the address that night, he fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy with the greatest earnestness. And God heard the cry, and set his soul at liberty. Since then, he has brought his wife, and she has found the pearl of great price; and they are now both rejoicing in Jesus—going to heaven together. Soon afterwards, he brought one of his mates to the meeting; and he was saved; and last Monday night this man's wife was found at the mercy seat, asking, What must I do to be saved? After a long struggle, she found the blessing already obtained by her husband. They are all four members with us, and walking consistently before God and man. Praise the Lord! He lives to save.

#### A SAILOR.

R. B. is brother-in-law to Mr. H., one of our old members. He has been to sea all his life; but his mother and sister and brother prayed for him continually. He was an awful swearer, could not speak without an oath, and was always drunk when on shore. On this occasion, they brought him to our temperance meeting, where he signed the pledge to drink no more. On the following Sunday, he came to our breakfast meeting, and got down upon his knees for the first time for very many years. The Spirit laid hold of him, and he began to see what a sinner he was. He attended the meetings through the day, and was conversed with by the people about his soul's salvation, and went home at night with a broken heart. All day on Monday, he was so miserable he did not know what to do. At night, he came again, and his brother and sister prayed for him; and he cried aloud for mercy. It was a very hard struggle; but before he went to bed, he believed on Jesus; and God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all his sins. Glory to the bleeding Lamb! He is gone to



sea again: but this time he is on board the gospel ship, whose captain is Jesus. May God help him to remain faithful.

#### A ROUGH.

W. B. was training for a fighting man, when he first came to our meetings, and the Spirit of God convinced him of his sinfulness, and he came among those seeking salvation, and confessed his sins to God, and believed on Jesus to the saving of his soul. He became at once very bold for Jesus, and would go and speak to his mates about their souls; but Satan tried very hard to ensnare him, and, alas! alas! some of his companions persuaded him to have some drink. He soon gave up the meetings. His old associates got hold of him again, and took him to the Hall where we hold our Sabbath meetings, but which, on week nights, is a low theatre; but he was miserable there, for it was there where God saved him, and he could not forget it: he thought of God's love and his own sinful backslidings. I was then away; but as soon as I returned, I inquired after him, and went and found him out; but now he was hardening his heart. I talked to him about his fall, and of Jesus. At first, he tried to laugh it off; but God was in the word; the tears began trickling down his cheeks. I asked him to come back to Jesus. He now said he was too bad. I showed him that there was forgiveness even for the backslider. He promised to attend the meetings again; and he came; but it only increased his misery. The devil now tempted him to cut his brother's throat, who had been the means of his fall, and then his own; and he actually sharpened a knife, and took it upstairs to do so; but prayer was made without ceasing, and God prevented him doing this horrible deed, and made him so miserable that he could not keep away from the meetings. One night I spoke to him; and, bursting into a flood of tears, he confessed, upon his knees, what he had been intending to do, and all his guilt; and Jesus met him as He met backsliding Peter, healed all his backslidings, and restored unto him the joys of his salvation. Praise the Lord! He is now happy all the day, blessing and praising God.

#### OLD BETHNAL GREEN ROAD.

The report from this place unfortunately came too late for insertion, and must be laid over until next month. We cannot help saying, however, that the success of this mission far exceeds our expectations. The hall has been crowded every Sunday night from the commencement; and as many as eleven persons have sought Jesus at a night service. A large and zealous band of workers has been formed, and we have no doubt but great things are in store for our friends there, if they only keep humbly, steadily, prayerfully, and believingly working on, doing all that human heart can conceive to advance the cause of Jesus, and yet relying for all blessing on the Holy Ghost. Readers, pray for Bethnal Green.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

A CONTINUED stream of blessing has flowed in here ever since the place was opened. During the last three weeks special meetings have been held every night. At the first service thirteen cried for mercy, and almost every night afterwards signs and wonders were wrought. Frequently two open-air services are held prior to the meetings in-

doors, and at these large crowds listen to the word of life. A large society of earnest men and women is being gathered for Jesus in this place, once such a dreadful den of iniquity that it is still remembered with horror by all who knew it. We hope to make it a centre of mission work, from which bands of labourers will go out and form other branches in the densely populated neighbourhoods around. Will our readers continue to pray for the Penny Gaff?

#### RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bitter persecution reported in our last, our brethren continue the meetings. Instead of opposing, the police have protected them, and many have listened attentively to the Word. Last Sabbath morning, notwithstanding the rain, a meeting was held, and many gathered and heard the gospel.

#### OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

##### 4.—MARY DOBSON.

ANOTHER redeemed one has gone from the East of London to join the ever-increasing multitude who have gone out of much tribulation, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. What a change for Mary Dobson! Only a little time ago, our Sister Coates found her in the greatest destitution, and the grossest ignorance of God and eternity, in a small room, some eight feet square and seven feet high. In one corner was an old bed on which she and her husband slept; in another was a bundle of dirty rags on which four children, the eldest a girl of fourteen, and the next a boy of ten, laid their heads; in another corner of this same little room was a shoemaker's seat at which the husband earned their daily bread. They had lived there fifteen years; all the children were born there; but the last three years it could hardly be called living; they had all but starved, the husband's earnings not averaging over seven shillings per week. When our sister first visited them, the mother, far advanced in consumption, was being held on one of the chairs, in an upright position, attempting the task of mending an old pair of trowsers. When asked if she had any food, it came out that there were but two slices of bread between the six, and that as she could not eat bread, she was starving. Her looks only too plainly confirmed the story; and worn by disease and want of food, she appeared on the very brink of the grave.

Her bodily wants were ministered to, and she was urged at once to seek Christ with all her heart, as it was evident she would soon have to leave this world; and before she could enter heaven she must be converted.

"Converted," she said; "what do you mean? Is that what has been done at Bill C—, my brother-in-law? Something has come to him. He goes to some mission place, and does not get drunk and beat his wife and abuse his children, but brings his money home, and he's got a pair of black trowsers. Is 'converted' what's been done to our Bill?"

Some twelve months since, this Bill C., who is a dock labourer, and who was a lost drunkard, was awakened and saved in the Theatre, and in consequence, a great change had taken place in his home. Instead of living in a cellar, he had got into a nice little house, and had got some decent clothing for himself and family. This was a wonderful change, and the poor woman's first idea of conversion came through the change which she had seen with her own eyes in her brother-in-law, Bill C.

The plan of salvation, through faith in Jesus, was set before her by our sister, who left with her Mr. Gurney's tract on "The Blood," remarking that the blood of Christ, like the waves of the sea, washes away all filth.

"O yes!" she exclaimed, "I see that." After three days' earnest seeking, she obtained a blessed sense of sins forgiven, and rejoiced greatly in the liberty of God's dear children. Her peace from that day flowed like a river, and no doubt ever crossed her mind. For one whole week she ate nothing, and during two days she did not speak; but on the following day she revived, and told those about her what God had done for her soul. She said, "The first day I tried to pray, but could not; and it was the same on the second day; but on the third I prayed, and the door of mercy flew open, and I entered in; and since then it has been easy work to pray. I pray day and night. Oh!" she exclaimed, "I see troops upon troops of angels; and Jesus stands in the midst of all, waiting to take me home to heaven."

There were at this time four women in the room. She called them each by name, and with a death-bed solemnity, urged them to give their hearts to God.

In a lower room in the house lived an old navy, blackened by iniquity, and as hard as a rock; but what he saw and heard so thoroughly melted him, that he sought mercy and found it. A day or two afterwards, on our calling, he told us what God had done for him. We had the other members of the house together, and prayed in the navy's room, and found it good to be there.

Three days before the death of our sister, she called her husband and said, "Bill, sign the pledge, and give your heart to God, and train the children for heaven, and have no companions but Bill C.; for he will point you the way to Jesus. Oh!" she said, "if I could get out, I would make Burners Street (here her two sisters live) ring with the songs of Zion."

Just before she died, on seeing some in the room, she cried in a rapture of joy, "Come and help me sing, come and help me sing!" and the rough voices sang our 327th hymn that some of them had heard in the Theatre:—

"Come, sing to me of heaven,  
When I'm about to die;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To wait my soul on high.  
Then to my enraptured ear  
Let one sweet song be given;  
Let Jesus cheer me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven," &c.

Then, "There is rest for the weary," &c. was sung, and then she exclaimed, "There is rest for me, rest for me!" Then was sung the 13th, "There is a better world, they say," &c.; and on Friday evening, 19th February, 1869, Jesus said, "Come away," and that redeemed spirit took its flight from that wretched abode of poverty and suffering, to stand before the throne of the Lamb, clothed with a white robe, and with a palm in her hand. There shall she "hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed her, and shall lead her unto

living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes." May we all meet there!

#### REVIVAL WORK FAR AND NEAR.

##### DUNEDIN HALL, EDINBURGH.

DEAR BROTHER,—The Lord is among us: there is the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, a saving of souls from the dead, a plunging in the purple stream, a turning from sin to God, a reclaiming of backsliders, a reviving among Christians. The past month has been a time of great blessing, as you will see from the following brief report of our meetings. *To God be all the praise.*

On Sabbath, 7th February, there was much of the presence and power of God realised in the prayer meeting, large crowds in the street, hall filled to excess, two useful addresses, and eighteen souls professed faith in Jesus.

Every night during the week, commencing Monday, 8th February, we had open-air meetings in the principal thoroughfares of the city. There were great crowds, marked attention, and the standard was raised aloft for Jesus. Praise the Lord for the witness bearing.

Sabbath 14th, blessed meetings in the street; hall quite packed; a most respectable audience. Two powerful addresses, and fourteen souls found Jesus.

On Monday, 15th February, above 120 of the workers met for tea. Meeting opened with thanksgiving, and the hymn commencing, "The ransom of the Lord are a happy band." Tea served at seven o'clock, after which five brothers engaged in prayer. Mr. Stuart opened the meeting with a short address, urging the Christians on to personal holiness, and at the close of which he intimated that the meeting was open to male or female to rise and tell what the Lord had done for their souls.

Immediately a man stepped forward, saying, "I am a stranger to you all, and am almost ashamed to state what I am. I have been a drunkard and one of the vilest of sinners. For forty-eight years I was never within a church door, except the prison chapel. I have been twice banished, and have spent twenty years of my life in confinement, and am now a returned convict. On Saturday, 13th February, I was twice drunk, and on the following Sabbath evening I went all over the south side of the city seeking drink, but failed to get it; when, as a last resort, I came to the High Street thirsting for it. As I wandered down the street, a large crowd of people arrested my attention. As I drew near I heard a young lady praying. Something touched me, and I followed them, as they sang up the street, into the hall; and, thank God, I was led last night in this place to accept Jesus as my Saviour, and I am now the happiest man in the world." Then we sang the hymn, "He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay."

A city porter then said, "I was for many years a drunkard, but can now say my sins are all forgiven, I am only three weeks old last Sabbath night."

Hymn, "Now will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found."

A young man said, "I have been a scoffer and a great mocker at religion, and came into this place for that purpose; but on Sabbath week I saw myself a sinner, and can now say, 'Christ is mine.'"

The next speaker was a poor ragged looking man, who said, "I was impressed a fortnight