

for them to be bowed down with care, and that their anxious, trouble-laden state arose from a want of full consecration to God and faith in Jesus as a personal, present Saviour, delivering them every moment. He said there was such a thing as living in the third heavens,—having, in every tribulation, victory through the blood of the Lamb. He said it was not true humility to be content with a little low flame of love to God, shut up and concealed within you. It was never meant to be hidden under a bushel. He exhorted all to let the fire of Divine love burn brightly, so that it might be seen through them, and felt by those around. This only would lay the walls of Satan's kingdom at the feet of Christ. The meeting was then closed with prayer.

The Lord continues to bless us and to save souls. On Saturday, April 4th, the Hall filled. Brother Stewart addressed the meeting. It was a powerful word; the Holy Ghost moved mightily in our midst, and a deep impression was made. Eleven souls sought Jesus.

Sabbath, 14th April.—Hall full. Brother Adams (Evangelist), addressed the meeting. Seven professed faith in Jesus. Praise His Name.

Sabbath, 18th April.—Hall filled. Edward Owen, Esq., Blackheath, London, and Mr. Muxlow (Evangelist), gave addresses. Praise God, a powerful meeting. Six souls decided for Jesus.

Thursday, 22nd, Fast day.—Brother Stewart spoke. God's presence and power were realised in our midst. Thirteen souls decided for God. All glory to Jesus.

Sabbath, 25th.—Hard work on the street. Brothers McNaughton and Ross gave addresses, and nine souls professed faith in Jesus.

Sabbath, 2nd May.—The Hall was filled. Brother Stewart gave an address. A solemn meeting. Eleven found Jesus.

Sabbath, 9th May.—Good meetings in the open-air. Hall well filled. Brothers McDonald and Stuart spoke, and six professed faith in Christ. L. T.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

MANY, many thanks to those of our readers who have responded to the appeal contained in our last. Still our necessities *require more aid*, and we are waiting on the Lord for the *full supply of our need*. The intelligence contained in this number will show how graciously our loving Lord continues to smile upon us, and surely, surely the Lord's stewards will save us from all pecuniary anxiety as to the maintenance of the work.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.  
FROM APRIL 15TH, TO MAY 15TH, 1869.

GENERAL WORK.		£	s.	d.	Mr. Grismore	£	s.	d.
A. . . . .		20	0	0	C. B. . . . .	0	5	0
Do., 2nd contribution.	50	0	0	Friend . . . . .	0	10	0	
F. Drury, Esq. . . . .	10	0	0	Mrs. Bird . . . . .	0	2	6	
Alex. Townsend, Esq. . . . .	10	0	0	Friend . . . . .	0	2	6	
Joseph Wilson, Esq. . . . .	5	0	0	Miss Diaper . . . . .	0	5	0	
T. M. Croomes, Esq. . . . .	5	0	0	Rev. T. H. Terry . . . . .	0	2	6	
Misses Charington . . . . .	5	0	0	Mr. Mackay . . . . .	0	3	0	
E. Crossfield, Esq. . . . .	5	0	0	Mrs. Jessop . . . . .	0	2	6	
J. Gingell, Esq. . . . .	5	0	0	Miss Alcock . . . . .	0	1	6	
Hon. C. Howard . . . . .	50	0	0	Chapelton . . . . .	0	1	0	
Malcolm Goldsmith, Esq. . . . .	2	2	0	NEW HALL.				
Mrs. E. Thomas . . . . .	2	0	0	Friend per Mr. Fletcher . . . . .	0	2	6	
Mrs. Young . . . . .	2	0	0	Mr. Lamb by box . . . . .	0	7	2½	
John Sands, Esq. . . . .	20	0	0	OFFERINGS ON MISSION.				
Mrs. Janson . . . . .	1	0	0	Whitechapel				
J. F. B. Tindling, Esq. . . . .	1	0	0	Sunday offerings . . . . .	14	0	3½	
Mrs. Pringle . . . . .	1	0	0	Br. Rouse's meetg. . . . .	0	4	5	
Mrs. Sturge . . . . .	1	0	0	Br. Clare's . . . . .	0	6	10	
Friend . . . . .	1	0	0	Br. Knott's . . . . .	1	6	5	
Mrs. A. Wilson . . . . .	1	0	0	Br. Flawn's . . . . .	0	12	0	
Charity at York . . . . .	1	10	0	Br. Collingridge's . . . . .	0	11	6	
Mrs. Death . . . . .	0	18	0	Sr. Collingridge's . . . . .	0	19	9	
Mrs. Gibbs . . . . .	0	2	0	Sr. Coates' . . . . .	0	17	8	
Miss Holmes . . . . .	0	6	0	Shoreditch				
Friend per Mr. P. Stewart . . . . .	0	5	0	Sunday offerings . . . . .	4	3	10½	
Mr. Johnstone, do. . . . .	0	1	0	Br. Dowdle's meetg. . . . .	2	7	9	

Our Edinburgh friends are still urging forwards their evangelising work, and are about to exchange their present Hall for larger and more suitable premises. This work necessarily involves much outlay, and, so far, the entire expenses of the Mission have been borne by our beloved Brother Stewart. Should any Christian friends desire, for the Master's sake, to share this burden, we shall be glad to receive their contributions, or they may be forwarded direct to Mr. Stewart, Morrison Street, Edinburgh. They will be gratefully received, and acknowledged in the "Evangelist."

THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

JUNE, 1869.

HEART BACKSLIDING.\*

AN ADDRESS ON REVELATION ii. 1—5. BY MRS. BOOTH.  
(Concluded from page 116.)

BUT further, repentance not only implies humiliation and confession, but RENUNCIATION, sometimes the hardest of all. "Put away the evil of your doings," is an indispensable condition of restoration to the favour and peace of God. Christ Jesus came to save His people from their sins, not in them; and those who will not be saved from their sins, prove beyond a question that they are none of His. I have known many professing Christians try hard to get peace while holding on to some sin, or allowing some idol, but I never knew one succeed. You may preach faith for ever to a soul thus temporising with evil, but its consciousness will be too strong for your theories. You must show that soul that it can never believe till it is willing to part with evil. Not that it must save itself, but that it must be *willing to be saved from sin*.

This was the principle on which Christ dealt with the young ruler, and which is insisted on again and again by Christ and His apostles. I am satisfied that thousands of professing Christians are kept in bondage and darkness through not understanding this fundamental principle of the economy of salvation. They hear so much about faith, and so little about the conditions of faith, that they get bewildered; and instead of repenting and putting away the evil, that their sins may be blotted out, they spend all their time in trying to work themselves up into a faith as unphilosophical as it is unscriptural. Consequently, they fail to get peace, and live in perpetual condemnation and misery. So it must ever be with those who ignore God's way, and take their own.

I remember a striking illustration of this, in connection with some services I held in a distant part of the country. A gentleman called on me, and sent in to ask if I would see him without an introduction, as he did not wish to reveal his name. I said, "O, certainly; if I could be of any service to him, I did not wish to know who he was. Accordingly, he came in, and told me his story. He said that he had been attending my Thursday morning meetings for believers, and he thought perhaps I could help him, as he was in a most difficult and painful position. I found that he had once lived very near to God, and known much of His grace and love; but, in a time of partial backsliding, he had been induced to enter into partnership in business with an unconverted man. His partner, though a respectable, moral man, after the standard of the world, practised and allowed things, in the management of the business, which my visitor's conscience condemned; "and though," said he, "I protest against them,

\* The Address of Mrs. BOOTH, of which the above is the conclusion, is published in a separate form complete, price One Penny. May be ordered of the Publishers, MESSRS. MORGAN & CHASE, 88, Ludgate Hill, &c., through any bookseller, or direct from Mr. BOOTH, post free for two stamps.

and have no share in their perpetration, yet I share in the profits of the business, and my name goes forth to the public as responsible for all that is done, and I feel condemned on account of it." He told me that he had lost his peace, and had tried in every way to regain it. He had fasted and prayed and wept and struggled, till his body was quite worn. He had been to seek the advice of every minister for miles round, and had sought the counsels and prayers of his Christian friends, in vain. "What am I to do?" said he. "I have considerable capital invested; my friends are very anxious that I should get on; and others are involved in my success."

I felt the importance of the case, and truly sympathised with the young man; but to me his path seemed plain as daylight. I looked up for a word that should convince him, and then said, "Well, my dear sir, I can only say that, for myself, I should as soon expect the favour of God in hell, as on earth, while I was doing or allowing anything for which my conscience condemned me." The arrow went home. He said, "I see, I see; I shall have to come out at all costs." I said, "I believe you will;" and then I tried to show him how much richer he would be with an approving conscience and the smile of God, even in poverty, if the Lord should so will, than with wealth and affluence in his present wretched state of mind. I afterwards learnt who he was, and was most thankful to find that he had followed the light, and given up the ungodly alliance. Now, I say, this young man might have wept himself into the grave, and never have regained his peace, unless he had *renounced his sin*. It was utterly useless telling him to exercise faith for deliverance. It was as impossible for him to believe as it was for him to fly, while he was maintaining this controversy with his conscience and with the Spirit. He must *first* put away the evil, and then it was easy to believe.

Another case illustrative of what I have been saying occurred in connection with my labours in the north of England. The gentleman in whose house I was staying said to me, one morning, on our return from the chapel, "Mrs. Booth, do you know what I have done? I have thrown my pipe and cigars and tobacco-box on to the dung-hill, and I have made up my mind to smoke no more." He then said that he had waged a controversy with his conscience and with the Spirit of God for fifteen years about this paltry gratification, living in a state of perpetual condemnation, and sacrificing the power and usefulness which he had once realised for the sake of this idol. Immediately on putting away the indulgence, peace was restored to his soul, and he began to labour for the Lord as in days gone by.

I could give numbers of similar illustrations; but these will suffice to show you that it matters not whether the controverted practice involves the loss of hundreds of pounds, or only of a pipe of tobacco. It is not the greatness or smallness of the matter in itself, but the principle of obedience which is involved in the controversy. While there is a vestige of insubordination to the requirements of conscience and of God, there can be no peace. On this point thousands of professing Christians mistake. They allow themselves in things which they feel to be unlawful, and then strive and pray to obtain a sense of acceptance through Christ. They want the Spirit to witness with their spirits that their ways please God, while they know that their ways are such as *cannot* please Him; therefore, they want the Spirit to witness to a lie, which is impossible.

No! my backsliding friend, there is but one way back to peace and joy and usefulness, and that is your Lord's own way—repentance, which

always implies forsaking sin, putting away the evil. Christ Jesus is too much in love with His Father's will to dwell with those who will not obey it; the unalterable condition of His presence and His smile is doing the will of His Father. The "sons of God are led by the Spirit of God;" and if you refuse to be thus led, you cannot have the spirit of adoption. Do you see this? Do you feel it? If so, will you put away those sins and iniquities which have separated between you and your God? Will you let your idols go, and now and for ever renounce all that is contrary to His holy will? If you will, you will find it easy to take the next step in your Lord's way of restoration; nay, you will come with gladness to do "your first works."

I think the Lord has enabled me to show you that restoration to first love is impossible without the renunciation of evil; so I think by the aid of the Blessed Spirit, I shall be able to show that it is equally impossible without consecration to known duty. I have known backsliders in heart who have "remembered" till their hearts have been well nigh broken, and who, I believe, have honestly put away the occasions of their backsliding; who have nevertheless shrunk from embracing the cross in the form of some suffering or duty to which the Spirit has called them, and thus have found it impossible to exercise the faith necessary to their healing.

I once knew a widow lady, who, though she tried every method, and that for a long time to regain her peace, could not because she refused to conduct family prayer, to which duty the Spirit of God urged her. I have known others who felt that they ought to confess their backsliding state, and they have tried anything and everything else in vain, but immediately on confessing, have obtained a sense of acceptance. I have known some who felt it a duty to be baptized, but refused because of the cross, but they got no peace till they yielded. I know a lady who maintained a controversy with the Spirit for four years, about giving up her husband to a work to which she believed God had called him, but which involved much sacrifice and trial. Many a time she said, with anguish of spirit, "Anything but this, Lord," but this was the very thing which the Lord required; and not until, like Abraham, she gave up the best beloved of her soul to the will of God, did she recover her peace and joy. I am acquainted with a minister, who, after trying for a long time to lead a deeply convicted sinner into faith, paused, and said, "Excuse me, madam, but I think there is something that you are not willing to give up, or to do." After a few moments' silence, she burst out weeping afresh, and after a terrible struggle, said, "Oh, I cannot forgive the murderer of my husband." Surely, if any compromise in the conditions of salvation were possible in any case, it was in this. But no, the Spirit of God had already shown that lady what hindered her reception of Christ, and instead of urging her to believe, that minister, as a wise co-worker with the Spirit, told her that, difficult as the duty might appear, she must embrace it and forgive the man who had so deeply injured her. She made the effort; that is, her will submitted, and immediately the Spirit helped her infirmities, and enabled her fully and freely to forgive. Almost at the same moment she was enabled to believe unto salvation.

I might give you numbers of similar cases which have come under my own observation, but I trust these will be sufficient to show what I mean by consecration as a condition of faith. I think I may say without exaggeration, that I have conversed with hundreds of convicted backsliders

of different degrees, and I never knew one restored to first love who refused compliance with known duty. "To him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" and in wilful sin there is no salvation. Do you see this, my dear friends, you who are mourning an absent God! Are you willing to consecrate yourselves this day unto the Lord? Do you honestly renounce those things through which you have lost your peace, and brought leanness into your souls? Do you embrace the will, the *whole* will of God, as your rule of life? Will you bring in to His store-house the tithes of a whole-hearted service, and a cheerful obedience? In short, will you give Him that which He claims,—yourself, and your all? If so, His word to you is, "I will heal your backslidings; I will love you freely, for mine anger is turned away from you;" "I will betroth thee unto Me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord."

Satan tempts you to shrink from a full consecration for fear you should not be able to live up to it; but if you will comply with the conditions, God will fulfil this promise. If you will only yield yourself up without reserve, He will work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. Hear your Lord's word: "If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." Surely, with the Father and the Son, you will be able to do and suffer all things. The reason for your past failures has been the *want of God*. When God comes to dwell in you, when He betroths you to Him in faithfulness for ever, you will fail no more; His strength will be made perfect in your weakness; you will be able to do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth you.

I doubt not some of you are saying, "How shall I realise the fulfilment of these blessed promises?" I answer, by simple faith. Just as you trusted at first for justification, and rested not on your feelings, but on *His promises*, so now you must cast yourself on His blessed assurances of healing and of strength. Having the testimony of your own spirit that you comply with the conditions, in putting away the evil and embracing the will of God, you have nothing to do but to throw yourself on His bosom, and rest in His love. The mercy-seat is sprinkled with the blood of an all-sufficient atonement, so that He can receive and pardon even backsliders if they will only believe. He says, "Return unto me, and I will heal your backslidings." Now you *do* return, will you not believe that he heals you? He says he will; dare you make Him a liar? You have no alternative. If you come, he either does, or does not, receive you. He says He does. O believe Him, and he will betroth you unto Him in faithfulness for ever.

#### BRANDS PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

##### I.—THE IRISH MUSICIAN.

NOT twelvemonths since, a fair-haired young woman with a light step and figure, a face expressive of the most wanton carelessness, and all the air of a giddy thoughtless child of time, might be seen shouldering her violin, at which she was an adept; leading in the dance, the most clamorous and

noisy, and, alas, the most drunken and obscene in word and deed among the many companions which her jocundity of disposition rallied round her. She had a husband who was kind by nature, but almost broken-hearted with the irregularities of his wife, and whom, in her drunken freaks, she would often cudgel, but which treatment the broad-shouldered, honest man never returned. She was indeed, a brand in the burning,

when God, by the voice of a Bible-woman, invited her to a Mother's Meeting.

Hardly knowing what it would be like, she came, and the word went to her heart. Again and again she came, and an uneasiness of spirit made her tongue falter when she would have sworn, as once she did. The cup which had been once a maddening pleasure, lost its power, and the name of Jesus became the name of power to her soul. She came to a prayer-meeting for the mothers when few were assembled; the lady who held it, perceiving her distress of mind, spoke to her alone, and showed her that the sins she now was groaning over, were all laid on Jesus, who died a ransom for all, and that whosoever believed on Him was not condemned. It was a new and blessed message to her heart which the Lord owned. The violin was laid aside, and now she would come to a nightly meeting for the preaching of the Gospel, bringing, as in triumph, her big husband with her. She signed the pledge, and persuaded him to do the same. One evening he said to her, "Nell, have ye got a penny?" "And what for d'ye want a penny?" was her reply. "Well, I feel I'd like a sup o' beer." "Then ye are not going to have a penny for that," she said. "Come, now, girl," he said, "don't be angry; I only did it to try ye, and I have more pleasure with ye now, than all the time we've been tied together." She is now most earnestly seeking to influence her neighbours, several of whom have been brought more or less under impression, and some have found Jesus too. Surely, this, then, is a brand plucked from the burning.

##### II.—THE WOODEN LEGGED DANCER.

THIS man worked as a sailor by day, and danced with his one leg in the lowest haunts of vice by night. He lived in one wretched room, containing nothing but rags, with a wife as degraded and loathsome as himself. In a state of drunkenness which accorded well with the rags which partly covered him, he was induced one evening to sign the pledge, and afterwards was persuaded by a lady to attend a religious meeting held in the same room. Scarcely had the word of the Gospel been uttered for five minutes, when the tears flowed profusely down the cheeks of the poor outcast; and he continued weeping in the most broken-hearted way until the meeting

was concluded. The lady then spoke to him, and he fell upon his knees and groaned out a confession of sin with passionate cries for pardon. Suddenly he looked up, and though his face still bore the unmistakable marks of recent drink, he declared that he was pardoned. The Christians around were hardly prepared for this, the transition was so marvellously sudden; but God who seeth not as man seeth, had indeed renewed this brand, and plucked it from the burning. Night after night he was present at the religious services, earnest in prayer, and studying the Bible with enthusiasm. The change was indeed a great one; but soon there was a burden on his mind. His own appearance and manner were so wonderfully altered that it was hard to recognise him. But he had learned the power of prayer, and he urged the entreaty, "Will you pray for my missis?" The "missis" was prayed for often and earnestly, and one day he brought her to be introduced. She was an Irishwoman of the lowest type, with features indicative of low cunning, and fearful depravity. Those who knew her had always shunned her, and looked upon this pair as hopeless and beyond the reach of any Gospel messenger. Her clothing, if such it might be called, accorded well with the almost revolting face and abject look and manner which accompanied what she said.

But the Lord was kind to the unthankful and the unworthy, and kindness was tried with this poor child of sin. She was clothed, which was a first necessity, and fed; and then effort was made to touch her heart. She came to one of the prayer meetings which were held for women; and when it was asked, was there any request for prayers from any present, one asked prayer for a sick parent, another, a drunken husband, and poor Mrs. T. said, weeping, "Pray for me." "What shall we pray for for you?" "That my sins may be forgiven." The request was urged—alas, doubtfully, for there was suspicion of her sincerity. After this, we found that her husband had begun to instruct her, teaching her hymns and how to speak to God; and one day he came to tell the glad news that she too was pardoned. It was but a few weeks afterwards that Mrs. T. was taken ill. Then those who visited her heard from the neighbours something of the state of these two poor souls when without God—the loathsome drunkenness on both

sides, the cruelty and starvation, the almost hell their room was. But a light was there, and the squat features of the poor old woman were brightened into a wondrous intelligence as she spoke of the love of Jesus to her soul. Sorrow knit these two ransomed and restored ones in a wondrous way, and the tenderness of T. to his wife was most touching; he would not leave her. They heard that the lad who had first led him to the place where he heard the Gospel had fallen into backsliding. The old woman sent for him. "R—," she said, "we have often been companions in sin, here, in this room; don't leave the Lord: He is everything to me now. R—, promise me that you will meet me in heaven." The heart of the young man failed, and the place was indeed, as Bochim. The promise was made, and he, with a companion, and poor T., all knelt around the dying woman's bed, testing the power which God can give to even so worthless a brand plucked from the burning.

### III.—THE THOUGHTLESS YOUNG LADY.

The arrow of conviction, guided by the Holy Spirit of God, penetrated deeply, about fourteen years since, the heart of a young lady living in one of our midland cities. She had been up to this time a darling of the world. Gifted with great musical talents, she was a welcome guest almost every evening where the world with its vanities took the lead, and its many votaries gave themselves to thoughtless and careless enjoyment.

But the voice of God had spoken, and there was no rest for her out of Christ. Many a night during four long years, she would wake, startled by dreams of eternal perdition, rush to her father's room, and say, "Papa, papa, I'm lost!" Alas! her father knew not how to comfort her; and she groped her way in such abject misery, that it was thought her reason must have left her. She went to visit an aunt in London, and while there, bought poison one day, intending to put an end to her existence, for the horrible thought possessed her, that, to live on, was but to increase the number of her sins: they never lessened: the number, the weight, the heinousness of them was always augmenting, and it was madness to live on, as she could not live without sinning.

One Sunday she went to the Temple Church, and there, while pleading as a miserable sinner in the Litany,

a gleam of light entered her mind, that for such an one Christ had died. From this time her sorrow was turned into joy. The poison was thrown away, and with it the poisoned darts of the great enemy. She began to tell others of the good news, and gave herself indeed a living sacrifice to God. In the same city where she had been so eager in the pursuit of pleasure, she was equally so in the blessed work of seeking the lost. There were lanes and alleys where no lady, it was said, might enter. But she was not to be hindered, and at all times she might be found in and out among the poor degraded ones. Every one looked upon her with love and respect, for they felt she loved them, and many were brought to know Jesus.

It was said by a magistrate, that the improvement in this part of W— had been so great since Miss L. had worked there, that the police force had been reduced by three men in consequence. Having occasion to leave W—, she went to Manchester, and was there much used of God; and now, in company with another devoted sister in Christ, to whose conversion she was blessed of God, she is giving herself to win souls in one of the worst parts of our great metropolis.

### WORK FOR JESUS.

To every soul saved by Christ, the command is given, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Christian reader, have you obeyed this word? Are you working in the vineyard? You profess to be a servant; does your practice correspond with your profession? Are you serving your Lord, or are you standing idle in the market place? If the latter, tarry there no longer, but though it is the eleventh hour, enter the vineyard and work—work doubly hard to make up for wasted time, and who can tell how much good you may be the means of doing in the little that still remains?

"But," say you, "I am so weak, I cannot work." True, you are weak, but God is mighty; and in His strength you will be able to slay giants, rend lions, and do wondrous exploits to the praise and honour of His name. "Go in this thy might," and like Gideon of old you shall overcome the countless hosts of the enemy. Trust to yourself and you are sure to fail, but relying upon Omnipotence, failure is impossible. Without Jesus you can do nothing, but with Him you can do all things.

"But," you tell me, "I feel so unfit to work in the cause of Christ; I should

certainly break down." Perhaps you would if you tried to do what is beyond your power; but surely there is something which even you can do. If you cannot be a builder, you can carry the bricks and mortar for the builder's use. If you cannot preach, you can doubtless give away a few tracts; if unable to deliver a sermon, you can drop a word in the workshop or by the wayside. It is true you might fail if you attempted to address a crowd; but you could surely speak with an individual. Come forward then, and if you are weak, go "in the strength of the Lord," knowing that if your two talents are used faithfully, you will receive as hearty a "well done," as he that has had *five*.

We ought to work for Jesus when we think how He worked for us; His life was spent in our service, shall not ours be spent in His? He loved us, died for us, sought us, washed us, and will finally exalt us to be with Him on His throne. Our physical strength is His gift; the air we breathe is provided by Him, and we only live by daily drawing upon His mercy and power; yet, how little we serve Him! O! to get on fire with zeal; to serve the Lord with heart and soul and strength. Sometimes we do manage to do a little for Him, but how little it is compared with His love for us; and often this is done with so little earnestness, that we are quite ashamed of it. We want to work with more zeal and love, more faith and perseverance, to get away from self, and have nothing but the glory of God before our eyes. We want to feel that Christ has *really died* for the ungodly: that millions of sinners are now lost eternally; and that millions more will soon be with them shut up in eternal darkness and despair. If we realised these things, we should bestir ourselves and begin to work earnestly for the Lord; and that, doubtless, with success, for He never lets His servants work in vain. Up, then, and work for your Master; gird yourselves for labour, and set about it courageously, confidently, and with your whole heart.

The unconverted man cannot serve God aright if he would. Until he come to Christ, all his efforts to do good are unaccepted by God, for he is all the while serving sin, Satan, and self, a tyrannical firm that pays terrible wages. "The wages of sin is death"—death to hope, comfort, joy, and peace—eternal death. Oh sinner, leave these black masters, and yield yourself the willing

servant of Jesus Christ. He is a kind, compassionate Master, who never overworks His servants; and who, when their work is over, takes them to His home to spend a happy eternity. Sinner, come and try Him; hearken to His invitation, and may God the Holy Spirit help you to obey it. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Matt. xi. 28-30. ABDIEL.

### HINTS TO A PREACHER.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY HENRY BREEDEN, TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

"WITHOUT holiness no man shall see the Lord." Holiness is everything. O what beauty there is in holiness! Let us seek her, court her, win her, love her; and that for her own sake alone.

There is power in holiness. I want you to have as much of this power as any man under the stars. Stick to your Bible. Be much on your knees. Follow Jesus. Thus get power that will make strong-hearted sinners bend.

I often wish that I had opportunity to converse with you. Perhaps I may pass over a little instruction to you that I have received from others.

1. Be a man of decision. An administrator, a popular man, a winner of souls,—which is it to be? At Madeley the very worldlings said of Fletcher, "There goes the soul saver!" Make up your minds whether you will be a soul saver or not.

2. If you decide to be one, thenceforth make that your business; be devoted to it; compel everything to bend that way; throw all your energies into it.

3. Be restless. Success is not likely in our age to overtake the world's necessities. While we live, we can never have done. Be always tenderly yearning for sinners. This is a happy unhappiness. A man full of Christ-like tears is a noble creature. Such concern melts men and tells with God.

4. Keep your eye single. Having chosen your aim, be true to it. Do nothing idly, or without meaning. Be not of those who do with the right hand, and undo with the left.

5. Study the acts of the apostles. In those acts lie the seeds of all evangelistic methods. Cultivate fertility of expedient. In principle be fixed, but in action manifold.

6. In composing sermons, first fix your eye on what you mean to hit. Let nothing in that is not meant to strike. Ask not, "Is it pretty?" but, "Will it do the thing I wish?"

7. In selecting the sermon to be preached, consider the people, not yourself: take not the one that will give you the least trouble, nor the one that will win you, as a preacher, the most credit; but that which is most appropriate to the current need. If the people be hungry, it is better to feed them than to dazzle them; even though you were able to do it with the sheen of diamonds.

8. Choose your hymns carefully. Give them out heartily, and with much inward devotion. In your first prayer plead until the people move; wait until the baptism of power falls. You must not preach without the power,

9. Preach as a dying man to dying men. How would you speak if you were sure that in sixty minutes you, with nineteen others from that room, would be in eternity? And at present, of all the score you only saved? In such a case how would you intreat, and warn, and weep. Do as much like that as you can every time you stand with God's message of mercy, among poor sin-smitten, dying hearers.

10. Never doubt either God's presence, God's word, God's pity, or God's power.

11. During the closing prayer remember that success or failure will be protracted through eternity. Dash jewels to atoms rather than miss your point.

12. If strength permit, marshal the after meeting yourself. Study the peculiarities and tastes of the people among whom you labour. In mode be pliant. Let not the lion of your will roar about mere methods. Meet prevailing notions of decorum as far as may be consistently with the work being done.

Teach the people to confess what they receive, and, for yourself, watch, pray, and believe.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

**MY BRETHREN IN THE REVIVAL.**—Be assured that you are in God's work, and that it is God who works in you to bring fruit to the glory of His name. Be not dismayed, my brethren, nor be discouraged if the world understand you not, it is because that which works in you is not of the world. The Spirit of God which hath brought you to taste of

heavenly joys is able to preserve you unto the day of glory, when the Lord and all the holy angels will joy with you if you hold fast the faith wrought in your hearts by the Holy Ghost. Be assured, my brethren, that this is not the end, but the beginning of your calling, and God wills that you abide in Him, and go on to eternal life.

As many of you as have this hope, I exhort that you measure yourselves not by one another, nor by dead professors, who possess no part or lot in your visitations, but who deride them. Rejoice, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord, who hath called you. Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing, who regard the outward semblance of order, and who would crush God's order,—the order of the Spirit of God, that worketh in you to utter by the power of God truths which may not be palatable to the carnal mind. Put on all the armour of God, and go forth and stand before the unrighteous world, which denies the power of godliness, while professing the form. You, my brethren, have nothing to depend upon but the power of God in your hearts, and your love for one another.

Many will chide you, and say that it is all excitement; but you who have partaken of the refreshing influence of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good things of God, will know the reality and blessedness of the work. As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus, so continue to walk in Him. Let no man persuade you into forms and ceremonies, and inventions of men, which destroy the liberty of the Spirit of Christ, and lead to the setting up of men's teachings, instead of those of the Holy Ghost. Reject no man because of the imperfection of his education; but rejoice in the Spirit, remembering that God once spoke through an ass, which is an inferior medium to that of an unlettered man. God can work through whom he will work. Judge then not God's instruments, but glory in the Lord that He may lead you. Despise not the day of small things, nor the utterances of small minds; but glory in the Lord. Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; labour for the gift of God; dwell with God in your going out and in your coming in. Be instant in season and out of season; abide in God and let His word abide in you; and He will lead you on from grace to grace, and from glory to glory.

"Let each esteem other better than themselves."

In love, your Brother, W. E.

### POETRY.

"STEER, FATHER, STRAIGHT TO ME."

OH! wildly blows the wind to-night,  
As swift the gale sweeps by;  
The timid heart beats with affright,  
To think of tempests nigh;  
Fearfully—on the rock-girt shore—  
The waves of ocean beat,  
While clouds of foam, amid the roar,  
Are hurried to our feet.

'Twas on a stormy night like this,  
Close by the dashing spray,  
A youthful voice was heard to call—  
"My Father—come this way;  
Avoid the rocks on either hand,  
And oh! steer straight to me,  
Behold this light upon the shore,  
Where I am waiting thee."

The Father heard his darling child,  
And, guided by the ray,  
Was thus enabled to escape  
The dangers of the bay.  
And soon upon the solid ground  
He clasped him to his breast,  
Then quickly, in his cottage home,  
Slumbered in peaceful rest.

But ah! ere long, that treasured boy  
Was doomed to pass away,  
Borne from the darkness of earth's night  
To realms of endless day.  
Yet still his parent hears him call,  
Across life's troubled sea,  
"Avoid the rocks of sin and shame,  
Steer, Father, straight to me.

"I've passed the bounds of time and space,  
I've gained the wished for shore;  
Once met upon that peaceful strand,  
Partings shall be no more."  
"Ay, by God's help," he cried, "I will,  
Whate'er I suffer here;  
I'll strive to gain that heavenly shore,  
And meet my darling there."

J. R. ROBINSON, LL.D.

### EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

#### WHITECHAPEL.

THIS we look upon as the mother station; here we have the largest and most numerous gatherings, and here we continue to see the arm of the Lord displayed.

We are about to continue our open-air services all through the Sabbath, and to hold a public service for children in the Whitechapel Hall, and private meetings for those who may be impressed during the week.

### CHRISTIAN FEMALE PIONEERS.

A few sisters, anxious to work for Jesus, have formed themselves into a Christian Pioneer Band, and meet together on the Friday evening from seven to eight, to devise and carry out plans of usefulness. They have already established a cottage prayer meeting in one of the darkest streets in Bethnal Green. Other meetings will be added, and they will specially work among the children. May God bless and encourage them!

### THE SICK POOR VISITATION SOCIETY

still pursues its quiet and unobtrusive way. In no more useful way can money be spent in relieving the poor than in visiting them when sick and dying. A little help is very welcome, and ensures a quiet hearing for gospel truth. Several brethren and sisters devote the leisure moments between their hours of daily toil to this kind of work for the Master, and also contribute liberally according to their small earnings to its funds. The following will give some idea of the wretched condition in which these visitors often find their fellow creatures:

### ANOTHER LION TURNED INTO A LAMB.

A woman called on Mrs. Coates and said she had seen the account of the lion turned into a lamb that appeared in the March number of the magazine, and as she knew another lion, she wished Mrs. Coates would call on him.

At once our sister went to the address given, and there found the man referred to, who by his drinking habits had nearly been the death of his wife, and the eternal ruin of his soul. He had broken his foot, and from going to work before he was well, had fallen down and broken his shoulder bone, and now lay helpless. His wife had been confined five days back, having had little or nothing to eat for three days before that event (2s. per week from the parish being all they had to subsist upon). There was neither food nor clothes in the house. A poor woman had given 6d. for a bag to wrap the baby in, and a very poor widow had taken the sheets off her own bed to cover this wretched mother and child.

Mrs. Coates at once went to the Mission Hall for a box of clothes for the baby as a loan for a month, obtained some food for the famishing mother, and then turned her attention to the lion, who lay at bay, groaning in a corner of the miserable room. His poverty and pain made him accessible, and Mrs. Coates was enabled to deal faithfully with him as to his soul's danger; and for the first time in his life, he listened and thought about Jesus. Again and again he was visited, counselled, and prayed with. Gradually light broke in, and he saw his sin and danger, and fled to Jesus for salvation. Both he and his wife professed conversion, and one of the first places visited on recovery by them was the Mission Hall, where many hearts danced for joy as they saw how another lion had become a lamb. Glory to Jesus!

Miss Billups gives the following as illustrative of the work God is graciously carrying on at this station. We may call it

### ONE DAY'S INCIDENTS AT WHITECHAPEL.

A thunder storm was raging furiously just at the time a woman was passing the hall. She had been often urged to attend there by a brother and daughter who had both been saved in our meetings. The daughter was with her at

the time, and pressed the mother to take shelter in the noonday prayer meeting, which she knew was just being held. At first she refused, but so furiously did the storm rage that she was glad to get inside. At the conclusion of the meeting one or two spoke to her about her soul, but she said it was not the slightest use her trying to serve God; she was a great deal too bad. As she was retiring I put my arm around her, and urged the claims of Jesus; whereupon she burst into tears, fell upon her knees, and with great earnestness sought mercy, believed in Jesus, and I have no doubt, according to his word, found it, for she sought Him with all her heart.

In the evening she brought another daughter, and she too professed to be saved through the precious blood. I called on her the next day, and she wept and prayed for blessings on the mission and every one in it, and specially praised God for the arm that had been put round her neck the day before to press her to come to Jesus. She is now deeply anxious about her husband.

#### SAVED AFTER FOUR MONTHS' SEEKING.

A Christian servant, converted three years ago in this mission, brought with her a fellow servant who was in great distress about her soul. For four months she had gone about hearing sermons and asking counsel, but getting no relief; her anxiety seemed to have settled down into a fixed melancholy, when she came with the all-important question,—What must I do to be saved?

She was at once directed to Calvary, and the simple fact that Jesus had atoned for her sins was in various ways and by different illustrations set before her. But alas, alas, she was shut up in unbelief, and went away, with more light, perhaps, but no comfort. This had been repeated again and again during the last month with no more success. Still she sought on. She believed there was salvation for her, and she was resolved to seek until she found.

On this evening she was present with a few sisters who had met together to strengthen each other's hands in the Christian life. I laid her case before them, and at once it was made the subject for believing prayer, and again she was urged to cast herself on the sure word of promise. While we prayed the Holy Spirit fell upon us, and her heart was broken up. Oh, how she wept, and then, with a mighty effort, cast her heavy burden on her Saviour. At once the prison doors of unbelief in which she had been so long shut up were opened, and she went forth free. Triumphantly again and again she exclaimed, "My Saviour; yes, he is my Saviour."

Ever since she was awakened to care about her own soul, she has been anxious about her family. This concern is now doubled, and she wants all to unite in prayer for their salvation.

#### HOW TO SPEND A HOLIDAY!

At the same meeting was a young woman who has been in a similar state for even a longer time, who also obtained an assurance that Jesus loved her, and gave Himself for her. The previous night, she had dreamed that she had attended this meeting, and had found peace then. The following day, she came to the noon prayer meeting, and said she had been so happy since, that she could not sleep the whole of the night. She had got a half-holiday, and she wanted to spend it for Jesus, in doing something that would lead others to the same happiness she then enjoyed. She went away, with heaven in her face, and a large bundle of tracts in her hand. Hallelujah!

The following are extracts from a worker's journal at this station:

#### A WOMAN OF FASHION.

One night, a 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 upon her. She resisted for a time, then gave in, and fell on her knees in anguish, pleading 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 sung the praises of her Saviour, and the next night came to the believer's meeting without a trace of the finery with which she was decked the previous night. Praise the Lord!

#### THIRTY YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

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, 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 much wrought upon, and since her conversion has been to the meetings to see for himself. May God save him!

#### SERVING GOD WITH EVERYBODY AGAINST HIM.

A day or two ago, a man gave me the following account of himself. He was first 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!

#### SHOREDITCH.

OUR Brother Dowdle has now the oversight of this station, and he reports as follows:—

God is blessing this mission. The meetings are crowded almost every night, sometimes to the very door, and souls are being saved continually. During the last five weeks over seventy persons have sought the forgiveness of sins; many, if not all, of whom have professed to obtain mercy. Every name is registered, and they are afterwards visited at their homes.

At the weekly temperance meeting many sign the pledge. The out-door meetings are also well-attended, and are frequently seasons

of great power. Though interrupted again and again, God confounds our enemies, and gives us the victory often in the sight of all the people.

#### THE POWER OF THE WORD.

This was apparent at a meeting held the other evening in Commercial Street. After singing I knelt down to pray, when the power of God fell upon me as I have seldom felt it, and I was enabled to plead, kneeling on the stones, for the perishing multitudes around. There is not a worse neighbourhood, perhaps not one so bad as this, in all London, and my heart was moved in sympathy with it. I prayed specially for drunkards, thieves, harlots, blasphemers, and adulterers.

As I rose from my knees a man pushed his way through the crowd of people that had gathered, and in an excited, angry voice asked what I knew about adultery. I replied I knew it was a sin, and that God had sent me to warn him to repent and come to Christ. He said, "What has it to do with you about people's adultery?" I said, "God says, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'" "What do you know about what God says?" he asked more angry still. I replied, "I know He says, 'Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled; but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.'" Looking him straight in the face, I repeated these solemn words, and his countenance fell, his tongue clogged to his mouth, and self-condemned before all the people he walked away, leaving us to have a blessed meeting without further interruption.

#### A NEW WAY OF STOPPING THE MOUTHS OF LIONS.

Another evening we were at the same spot, and soon after we had commenced the meeting two men came up swearing at us, and sneeringly saying that I could spout about religion, but that real religion was to help the poor, and give them something to eat. One of them I saw was a regular loafer, and I told him that when in the past he had been able to help himself he had helped the publican, and now he had to suffer for it, and that if I did give him anything he would take it to the public-house. The other one here put in and said, "All that's true, sir, but I have a wife and family all starving at home for bread, and if you could help me I should be so thankful." I turned round and sent a brother for a quarter loaf. When he brought it, I told him to stand by me; and while he stood with it under his arm, I went on with the meeting, telling how Jesus could save beggars and paupers, the tears meanwhile running down the poor man's face. I then gave the poor fellow the loaf; but taking him by the hand, I said, "Let us all pray that God may bless the food to this poor man's body and save his soul." The people wept, a great congregation had gathered, and the man, very thankful, went home with the loaf. He washed himself, and came to the Mission Hall, where he knelt and cried to God to have mercy on his soul, and I trust his conversion will be the result.

#### SEEKING PLEASURE AND FINDING HAPPINESS.

At the same place, we were holding a meeting one evening, when an aged man, a backslider, was passing. Years ago, he was a member of the Spitalfields Methodist Chapel, but had left the Saviour, and was now, as he said afterwards, a miserable man, and on this evening had left home to seek amusement somewhere. On his way, he heard us; out of curiosity, stopped to listen; and was riveted to the spot. He could not get away. When I

invited the people to go to the Hall, he said he was obliged to come.

After preaching, I asked those who wanted to be saved to hold up their hands; and he held up his. He at once came on to the stage, fell upon his knees, and cried, "Lord, save me, for I am a miserable backslider." The Lord healed his backslidings, and again loved him freely. I have been to see him since at his own home; and he is very happy, and appears, in every way, a changed man.

#### A BACKSLIDING SAILOR RECLAIMED.

On Lord's-day, May 2nd, Mr. Booth preached at St. Leonard's Music Hall, and there was a great blessing. Many sought Jesus, and among others was a sailor. He tells his own story in the following letter, which he wrote only a few days afterwards. He now attends the meetings, appears very sincere, and will be, I think, a very useful man.

"DEAR BROTHER DOWDLE—for so I must call you, for I believe you are Christ's, and I know I am.—Two years ago, I gave my heart to Jesus Christ; and I do not think that there was anybody happier than I was. I used to walk about the streets, singing and praising God. But, oh, I had a great fall a little while ago; to my sorrow, I went into a great sin. But I found the world was a hard master. There was no comfort for me; it was like a bubble upon the water: as soon as it came, it was gone: and I was very unhappy.

"But last Sunday night, I went to St. Leonard's Music Hall; and as soon as Mr. Booth had done preaching, a dear brother came to me, and asked me if I was on the Lord's side. I told him I was once, but I had gone back into the world again; and I asked him to pray for me; and then we went on to the stage; and now I am happy in the Lord, and mean to do something for Him, who has done so much for me. Bless His name!

"Dear Brother, plead with God's people to work for Christ, if they want to grow in grace and live to Christ. If a man is out of work, he is gaining nothing; he sits down and gets drowsy; and I believe, if God's people don't do something for Christ, they get drowsy, and are gaining nothing. There is nothing like working for Christ; it is our duty. Others had to work, to bring us in. I pray God to prosper His work, and save souls, and bless all those who are in the work. I remain, yours in Jesus, "F. S. S."

The other Sunday evening, there was great rejoicing among God's people over

#### THE SALVATION OF A FAMILY.

The father is dead, and the mother has been a Christian for many years; but her son and his wife, and her two daughters were unconverted. The mother came to our meetings; and, being much blessed herself, induced, first her daughters, and then the son, to attend; and one Sabbath evening all were broken down by the power of God, and came on to the stage among the anxious to seek salvation. It was a blessed sight, to see the sister and brother and wife all weeping at the feet of Jesus, while the mother was in the gallery, pleading for her children. The other sister was saved soon afterwards; and they are now all very happy in the sweet sense of sins forgiven; and wherever they go, they tell what great things God has done for them.

#### POPLAR.

BROTHER SHEEHAN, who has succeeded Bro. Dowdle in the superintendence of this mission, reports continued prosperity. We hope to be able to furnish

a lengthened and more particular report in our next number.

Many of the friends here have made a fresh start in the divine life, and with quickened pace are urging on their course, and adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Many of the meetings are seasons of great blessing. A new week-day believers' meeting has been commenced, and others are in contemplation. The open-air work is being pushed forward in every direction.

The temperance meetings, both out doors and in, are crowded, and generally ten or twelve sign the pledge of an evening. In the open-air we have occasional interruptions from drunken men, infidels, and others, who threaten to smash us up and put a stop to our preaching in the streets, but we go quietly on with our work.

On Sunday, May 16th, we had a blessed evening at the Oriental Theatre. A powerful feeling at times ran through the people while at the word of God was being preached, and at the close of the address four came out at once, asking God with deep emotion to wash their sins away. As we sung praise to God for saving these four, three backsliders came forwards seeking to have their backslidings healed, and they soon rejoiced in the sin pardoning God. Several more went to a friend's house, where fervent effectual prayer was continued until past midnight, and three more were saved through the blood of Jesus, one of whom was a local preacher's wife.

On Whit-Monday a number met at the Mission Hall at one o'clock for prayer, afterwards we walked to the Mile-end Road, and held an open-air service. The lively singing attracted many hundreds of persons who heard of the "love of God," "the blood of Christ," and "the power of the Eternal Spirit," from the lips of five brethren. One infidel worked hard to interrupt the meeting, but we agreed to go on preaching "Jesus only," and the power of God was so manifest, that deep concern sat upon the countenances of all. Several dropped upon their knees, and one in the fulness of pent up feelings, cried aloud for mercy. She was taken to the Whitechapel Mission Hall, and professed to obtain salvation.

O that many more may know the Saviour!

### LIMEHOUSE.

#### THE PENNY GAFF.

This is now one of the most successful stations on the Mission. A large number of men have been converted, and are working earnestly in connection with it. We never attend a meeting at it, but we are greatly cheered and encouraged. The services are always lively and spiritual, and therefore profitable. Close to it are two excellent open-air stations, and here night after night the gospel is faithfully proclaimed, and at every service strangers are thus enticed into the place to hear about Jesus. We give a few extracts from the journal of Brother Knott, who works specially here.

#### PASSING THE EVENING AWAY.

Sunday, March 18.—A gay worldly woman came into the Hall just to pass the evening. As she listened, the word came with power; she thought upon her ways and became very unhappy. In the afternoon meeting I spoke with her; her father and mother and brothers are converted. I pressed her to yield to Jesus. But no! she went away in her sins. The following Lord's day she was there again, still unsaved and therefore miserable; and well she might be, for the Spirit of God was striving powerfully with her. We prayed for her, and while we sang those blessed words,

"Though late, I all forsake,

My sins, my all resign;

Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take,

And seal me ever thine;"

she fell down before the Lord, gave up her dancing, and all her worldly ways, believed in Jesus, was washed in His cleansing blood, and rejoiced in God her Saviour. Her husband was converted in this Mission about two years ago.

#### BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

Sunday, May 2nd.—After I had done speaking in the open air, a man came up, and taking me by the hand, said, "I thank God I ever heard you speak in the Mile End Road. While I stood and heard you there, I was convinced I was a sinner on the way to hell. I was so much affected that I could scarcely stand. I went home, shut myself up in my room, fell down on my knees for the first time in my life, and with the tears running down my cheeks, cried out, 'Lord save me.' I obtained mercy, joined the Methodist society, and have ever since been travelling with rejoicing in the way to heaven."

"The other week," he went on to say, "my father came to see me from the country. I tried hard to get him to either church or chapel, but could not; so I brought him to the Gaff, where he was awakened, and he has gone home very miserable. O may He speedily find Jesus."

#### THE PROCRASTINATOR CAUGHT.

J. S. has been coming to the Gaff ever since we opened it for Jesus. Time after time, as the Spirit has striven, and the word has come home to his heart, he has wept, but he has ever pacified his conscience as Felix did, by saying, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will send for thee." The other Lord's day evening, however, he decided, ventured on Jesus, and was immediately made very happy. He went home, and as he entered the house, cried out to

#### THE LODGERS.

"I have given my heart to Christ, where is the Bible." One of the lodgers said, "Now, don't make a mockery of it." He replied, "I don't mean to, and I don't intend going to prison any more." He then read a portion of God's word to them, and with the tears running down his face, prayed in their midst. Since then one of these lodgers has been converted, and the two are walking consistently and happily to heaven.

Lord's Day, May 9th.—We had a good day. The Lord was with us in the open air. Hundreds listened to the word, and the tears ran down many cheeks while Mrs. Knott spoke on the sufferings of Christ. The hall was crowded afterwards to hear

#### THE POPLAR BAND OF NAVVIES

speak of Jesus. It was delightful to hear their earnest exhortations. In the prayer meeting the power of God was present in a remarkable degree. One young man seemed as if he could do nothing but weep. We gathered round and prayed for him. At last he fell on the floor and lay there for some time like one dead. At this many were alarmed, some ran away, others wept and sought Jesus in earnest, and others praised God. All the people present were moved, and the young man and many others were happily saved. Praise the Lord again and again. Hallelujah.

#### TWO CAPTAINS CONVERTED.

The other day a ship captain came into the hall, and gave his heart to Jesus. A day or two

afterwards one of his mates, another captain, met him, and asked him how he spent his time. He replied, "Well, on Sunday I went to Limehouse church, and on Monday night I went to the Limehouse Gaff, and was converted." "Well," said the other, "I have the advantage of you in one thing. I am a teetotaler." Then said the other, "I will be a teetotaler too." Then said the other, "I will come to the Gaff, and hear for myself." He came, was convicted, and sought Jesus. He told me he had not been on his knees for many years. He was saved that night, and is now so happy—O! so very happy. He is so fond of his Bible, that his wife tells him he is Bible-struck.

One of these dear men is just gone on a voyage, and the other is going away in a few days. They both ask the prayers of God's people. O may they be preserved amid the dangers of the mighty deep, and above all may they safely reach the land that knows no storms!

### BETHNAL GREEN.

SINCE I last wrote to you, it has been again our delightful privilege to see the arm of the Lord made bare. We have not filled our hall as we could wish on week nights, nevertheless, sinners have sought Jesus at nearly every service.

On Sunday, May 2nd, Miss Billups preached morning and evening. At the morning service there was present a young man who, the day previous, had travelled some sixty miles on a visit to his friends. The Lord met with him here, and sent the word home to his heart with convincing power, and at our afternoon experience meeting he found peace through the blood of the Lamb. In the evening God was with us, and at the close five embraced Christ as their Saviour.

A good work is still going on among the children. Lately we started a week night class for the little ones, which about twenty-three regularly attend, all, I have reason to believe, being seriously anxious about the welfare of their souls, whilst a number of them are enabled to rejoice in a knowledge of sins forgiven, and take delight in telling their young associates of that Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." J. F. R.

### TROPHIES OF GRACE.

#### 11.—GREENGROCER NOBBY, THE FIGHTING NAVY.

W. W. was one of the most notorious drunkards on the river; indeed, he was accounted the very worst. None surpassed him at blasphemy, fighting, and the long list of similar hellish accomplishments. A short time before he was converted, he fought a man two hours, and so terribly did he punish his opponent, that he was not expected to survive; and for some time after God saved him, his wife was expecting the man to die, and the police to take her husband on the charge of manslaughter.

One day six months back, after a drunken bout, he came to our Temperance meeting and signed the pledge. I took him by the hand, advised him to give God his heart, and ask Him to help him to drink no more. He at once began attending the religious services, and was deeply convicted. I have seen the tears running down his face while I have been preaching; but he would not give me the opportunity to speak with him personally. At the Christmas Tea Meeting at the Gaff, however, he was fairly broken down, and fell upon his knees and cried for mercy in real earnest. We gathered round him, and prayed for him. He

believed to the salvation of his soul, and we all rejoiced greatly. He at once abandoned his companions, and has ever since walked as becometh the Gospel. He is to all who know him, a miracle of grace. No one can doubt the power of God to save to the uttermost when they look at GREEN GROCER NOBBY.

#### 12.—A CONVERTED SAILOR.

DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of thankfulness to God that I now write to you. I feel that He has been very merciful to me; and although I have been such a great sinner, I feel to-day I am saved through the blood of Jesus. Oh, I do love Him. It was through going to the East London Theatre, and hearing you preach, that I became convinced that I must lead a new life; for hitherto my life has been one of wretchedness and sin.

I was well brought up; my parents were Christian people, or rather professed to be; but, oh, sir, I am afraid they had not the true religion of God in their hearts; the religion which I was taught was only an outward form for the Sabbath-day. I was sent to church and to school twice every Sunday. Not because I loved God did I go, but because I was obliged; and when there, instead of listening to the service, I was engaged in laughing or talking, or staring round at the people. Oh, sir, it grieves my heart, when I think how I have sinned against my God. I also went to a day-school regularly, for my father wished me to have a good education, and got on very well until the age of twelve or thirteen, when I was removed from that school to another, about four miles from home; and there, through the influence of a few wicked school companions, I launched into every kind of wickedness and sin. There I learnt to use tobacco and to curse and swear. Although a little while before I should have been ashamed and afraid to take God's holy name in vain, I soon got used to it; the devil kept hardening my heart; and I went on from one sin to another, stealing, and then lying to hide my fault; but I skillfully and cunningly kept the knowledge of my sins from my friends, as I was afraid of my father hearing about my goings on. Oh, what towards sin does make us.

One besetting sin that I had was love of praise. I liked to hear them praise me, when I had accomplished some extraordinary feat of mischief or wickedness; and I used to be considered a hero among them in doing such things.

The master knew me above all the scholars in the school. I recollect, one time—it was the first morning after the Midsummer holidays—when I met the schoolmaster, he said, "Have you come back again?" I said, "Yes, sir." Then, looking me full in the face, he said, "Well! I would sooner have seen a bare place." This he repeated over again. I shall never forget those words.

Soon after this, when about fourteen years old, I was taken from school, and went to sea. There I got more initiated into the works of the devil. I left off praying altogether, and also reading my Bible; and I got in such a state of deep and guilty sin, during the eight years I was at sea, that, when I came home this time to London, I hated God and the very sight of His house; and when I got my money, I launched into the giddy round of amusement and pleasure; but my heart was heavy; it was not real pleasure.

I had heard of the Ranters, as we are, in derision, sometimes called, because we go out into the streets to preach and pray; and I was greatly prejudiced against them. When I first went to hear them, I thought they were only a set of fanatics; and I used to laugh and to

mock at them, to please the devil and my companions: but conscience told me they were right; and when they used to come round, and speak to me about the love of Jesus, I felt regularly uneasy. One thing that troubled me greatly was the noise they made. I, who had been brought up to the quiet service of the Church of England, was greatly astonished to hear them shouting aloud and praising God. But the Spirit of God was working in me, and I still kept coming to hear His word.

On Sunday, the 22nd of November last, I went to have a look at the Music Hall in the Cambridge Road, intending to go there on the following evening. I had been to nearly all the other places of that description in London. This night I felt very miserable; and, coming back, I turned into the Pavilion Theatre; but I felt so wretched, I did not stay there long, and I was impelled to cross over and hear you at the East London. I only heard the latter part of the sermon; but I was deeply impressed with a sense of my great sins, and felt I was on the very brink of hell. I thought about it when I went home, and resolved to start from that very day.

That night, I prayed God to forgive me; and then I felt a great deal better; but I was not right yet; the load was there still. What must I do? I felt a great desire to go to some meeting on Monday evening, and hear more about God; and then I recollected there was service in the Whitechapel Church on that evening. So I went; and when I came out, I went to search for the Mission Hall. I was not satisfied; I wanted to drink in more of the precious truths of the Bible.

I heard the blessed promises of God's word for the first two or three weeks; but I could not believe they were for me. The devil used to say, You have sinned too deeply; you have gone too far; it's too late. But, glory to God! it was not too late. As soon as I took hold of God by faith, then, and not till then, I lost my burden. O praise Him for ever! Oh, I do love Him; and I feel His love working in my heart more and more every day, and I feel a greater desire to serve Him, and to do His holy will; but the devil often tempts me, and since I started, I have often stumbled and fallen; yet Jesus has always helped me up again. Glory to His holy name.

I have felt He has blessed me greatly this last week or two; but I have not served Him so well as I might. May He give me strength to do better; and He will. Pray for me, sir, that God may help me to give up everything for Him. I heard you in the Mission Hall last night asking for help; so I determined to help God's work a little. It is not much I send; but every little helps. I only wish it was a hundred pounds. May God bless you and yours, and bring us safely to heaven. J. B. H.

### OUR MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

Our mothers' meetings at Whitechapel, Poplar, and Stratford have, through my own sickness, and the removal of dear Mrs. Read, suffered much; but I am, however, thankful to be able to report a real improvement, and I trust to be able, ere long, to say that we have great prosperity.

During the last month, we have had a tea for each of the meetings; and the mothers are much pleased with a sort of tea club that we have formed. They are to pay a halfpenny per week, and, at the end of three months, to have a tea meeting, to which they will bring their husbands. The only drawback to the pleasure of the meeting at which this was resolved upon was that the husbands were not present to listen to the conversation.

Our aim is, in all our measures with these struggling mothers, first, to touch their hearts—then their homes.

I will let the experience of one or two, given by themselves over the tea-table, tell its own story.

"Talk about a wretched home," said a dear sister, "mine was one, if you like. Mrs. Coates, sitting there, can tell you. When she first came to see me, I had scarce a bit of furniture in the room; the walls and floor were covered with filth. Now, come into it at any time you like. It is clean; I have a good bedstead, table, and chairs, that haven't their legs broken all off; and we eat our meals in comfort. But it is all through religion. Praise the Lord! there is a change since I and my husband gave our hearts to Him. I am happy. Yet we haven't any more money than we had before; but we don't waste it, like we used. Seek Jesus, if you want a happy home."

Another said: "There is nothing like religion for making any one happy. I have sweet times over my wash-tub. I sing and talk to Jesus all the time. Oh, he is a precious Friend. He can help you through your troubles. I do not think I could have lived through the last year, had it not been for Him. You will not wonder at my saying this, when I tell you that my five children, husband, and self have had to live upon 7d. a day and two quarter loaves weekly from the parish; but God is good. He will never let us starve, I know. I can trust in Him."

No one could have imagined, from the neat appearance of this dear woman, that she was in such poverty; but there are many who are struggling on amidst greater trials than these.

By the means of these meetings, we come in contact with many who have never known what it is to have a comfortable home; and while their hands are engaged with the needle, we can read and converse on topics calculated, not only to win them to Christ, and lead them on in the way of holiness, but also instruct them in many matters bearing on their home duties. As an instance of this, the other afternoon, I had been reading upon the desirability of cleanliness and neatness in little things. One who had professed to give her heart to the Lord, but who had been noticed as particularly untidy, was present. A day or so after, Sister Coates visited her, and was struck at the great change. Door-handle and knocker, clean hearth, and, above all, a white tablecloth, with cups and saucers neatly spread, met her eye. "Why, how is this?" she exclaimed. "I am pleased. I scarcely knew the room again." The poor woman appeared confused, and muttered some excuse; but her husband put in, "Now, wife, you know it's no good; you know you came home and told me what the lady read the other night; and that you intended turning over a new leaf; and I am glad she did; for you've been different ever since."

The temporal distress and spiritual destitution of the East are very great, nay, beyond description. They cannot be realised, unless actually witnessed. Would that our Christian lady friends would come and see for themselves, walk up and down the great thoroughfares, look into the gin palaces, go through the close alleys, enter some of the houses, and look on these real living pictures of misery. Do not say it would be unpleasant. Do it, dear sisters; and then tell me if the condition of these perishing thousands does not call for self-denying effort, for a few, at least, to lay aside ease, and comforts, and luxuries, to take up their cross and follow in the footsteps of the Master. Mothers are training their children for Satan and for perdition. Young girls, scarce in their teens, are commencing a life of vice and wretchedness. Let us bestir ourselves

to more earnest, determined efforts for their salvation. Much is being done. God is with us. O, for more prayer, more zeal, more love, more labourers, and more souls for Jesus.

Yours in a Saviour's love,

MARY C. BILLUPS.

### OUR WHITSUNTIDE FESTIVAL.

We were afraid that we should have to forego this annual gathering, for want of a place large enough to meet in; but, at the last moment, the Rev. E. Telfer kindly granted us the use of the large Wesleyan Chapel and Schoolroom, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.

The tea was preceded by large open-air meetings in Gibraltar Walk and on Mile End Waste, at both of which the word went home, and souls were in distress.

About 600 took tea, for which a charge of 6d. each was made. After tea, a meeting was held in the large chapel, when this company was joined by hundreds more; and one of the happiest and most enthusiastic meetings was held that it ever was our lot to attend.

Mr. Booth presided, and brethren and sisters from the different stations gave addresses. It is utterly useless for us to attempt to convey any idea of the spirit of the meeting. It was impossible for any one to look upon it without being deeply stirred. Hundreds present had been rescued from the lowest depths of vice and misery; and, what was better, there were hundreds present who were serving God with a whole-hearted service. All felt it was an evening set apart for thanksgiving and praise, when a review of the past year was taken, and the mercies of God to ourselves in particular, and the mission in general, were counted up, acknowledged, and sung about. In short, as was said during the evening, it was a hallelujah night.

At the close, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed for the loan of the premises, which was acknowledged by the Rev. Mr. Telfer, who, in a short but effective speech, expressed the pleasure he had experienced in being present, and how glad he should be, at any future time, to serve the mission. After prayer, the friends divided into bands, and made the streets resound with the songs of Zion, as they journeyed to their various localities.

### EDINBURGH.

AN AFTERNOON IN DUNEDIN HALL. On Sabbath, 9th May, the friends met at a quarter past two, to tell what the Lord had

done for their souls. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn commencing,

"Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known."

After which six engaged in prayer, and then a brother rose, saying, "My happy soul is free. There's not a cloud that doth arise to hide my Saviour from my eyes. Brethren, I mean to live for God and heaven; souls are perishing, and I care not what cold, half-hearted professors think, I am determined to be the means of saving some, to pull some out of the fire."

Hymn—"Come, sinners, will you meet us  
On Canaan's peaceful shore."

Another said, "I was in the valley last week, but, praise the Lord, I am on the mount to-day, and can really say, God is in my soul. Yes, I do enjoy the power of God in my heart. Bless the Lord, I am really very happy."

Hymn—"Let us march along in faith, if we wish to wear a crown."

The next said, "I desire to bless God for the grace He has shown to me. I was one of the greatest sinners, but through the mercy of God, and the blood of Jesus, I can say I am a child of God. Believers, consider your position. God wants to convert sinners through your instrumentality. How many are in hell through our unfaithfulness! The Lord baptize us with the Holy Ghost, and make us a living fire."

Hymn—"I'm glad I am converted,  
Before my dying day."

A man that had spent more than twenty years of his life in prison, who was converted some months ago, gave his experience thus, "I am very happy. The Lord is never out of my mind; even when I am asleep the landlady says she hears me singing the praises of the Lord. Ay, it is an awful change to me; there is a vast difference between the service of the devil and the service of God. I can pass the public-house, and all my old companions now. Praise the Lord for it."

Hymn, "The ransomed of the Lord are a happy band."

Another said, "Bless the Lord. Down in my soul I have the deep peace of God. I thank God for this place, and am determined, by the help of God, to go on, live holly, and try to glorify Jesus in bringing sinners to the foot of the cross."

Hymn—"O for the robes of whiteness,  
O for the tearless eyes."

A brother said, "It is nine months to-day since I met the Lord in a church. I bless God for a church; but my soul is vexed by the railing, scoffing company I work amongst, and I cannot well understand how you all seem so happy here. My experience is often to cry to God to be merciful to me a sinner. I have stormy weather to fight against, and Paul felt so too." (One here cried out, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; cast down, but not forsaken.") "Yes," said he, "in it all God has made His promise good. 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.'"

Hymn—"I have glory, glory in my soul,  
Before my dying day."

A brother then read Romans xiv. 17-19; he said he could sympathise with those who had spoken; he could rejoice with those who did rejoice, and he knew the experience of those who were in heaviness and anxiety; not having that joy of the Holy Ghost welling up within them, enabling them to live above their troubles. He thought there was no necessity