

THE
**CHRISTIAN MISSION
 MAGAZINE**

(FORMERLY THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST),

A TREASURY OF REVIVAL LITERATURE,
 AND
 A RECORD OF EVANGELISTIC WORK AMONG THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

“And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great multitude believed and turned to the Lord.”—Acts ii. 21.

JANUARY, 1870.

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THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

Under the Superintendence of WILLIAM BOOTH.

THE NECESSITY FOR THIS MISSION.

THE appalling temporal and spiritual destitution of the East of London, with its population of nearly a million souls, not one in a hundred of the great bulk of whom attend either church or chapel. In the Whitechapel Road, only half-a-mile in length, 18,600 persons may be seen enter the public-houses on the Sabbath; while the most squalid poverty, the most hideous vice, the most dreadful crime, and the most abject misery abound in every direction.

THE OBJECT OF THIS MISSION

Is to evangelise by extraordinary efforts these outlying crowds who are not reached by the existing ordinary instrumentalities.

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 Mission Hall, River Street, Bow Common.
 Mission Rooms, Three Colt Street, Old Ford.
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 Workman's Hall, Croydon.
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 Mission Hall, Croydon Common.
 Chalmers' Close, High Street, Edinburgh.
 St. Andrew's Hall, Leith.

ACCOMMODATION FOR 7,000 PERSONS

Is provided Free in these places.

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At which the Gospel is preached on an average to OVER 14,000 PEOPLE.

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THE
CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1870.

Do it with thy might.

AN ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Do it, and do it at once. Your life is uncertain; your days are numbered, and at the longest, in view of what you have to do, they are very few; therefore take the work that God has by His Spirit and providence made evident to be your work, and do it at once, with all the energy you possess of body and soul. DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.

We have a conviction that this might-work is the great want in the Christianity of the present day. Men take up religion with the tips of their fingers, as a matter of little or no importance; worthy of being considered and attended to, but only in its place—and that mainly on the Sabbath, and always in subordination to considerations of reputation and pleasure and gain. No wonder that such persons make no progress, and have no strength, and find no inward peace and gladness in the Saviour's cause. The great God, whose first claim is the *heart*, and who will go no further with any man, under any circumstances, until that claim is complied with, spurns such worshippers, and disowns such disciples. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

Dear brethren in a crucified and risen Saviour, fellow-soldiers in the army of Immanuel, at the beginning of a new year, we urge upon you this exhortation, that whatever the Master requires, you should gird up the loins of your mind and, trusting in Him only for strength, go forth and do it with your *might*.

I. SEPARATE YOURSELVES FROM ALL EVIL. You are called to a separate life from the worldling. "Come out from among them, and be ye *separate*." Renounce the pomps of the world and the works of the devil in *reality*. Put away from you all known sin, of whatever kind and whatever degree. Have no communion with the unfruitful works of darkness. Touch not the unclean thing; that is, whatever God by His Spirit or Word makes you to feel to be unclean, *touch it not*: and if on any questions you are uncertain, whether any course or thing be right or wrong, give your soul the benefit of the doubt, and have nothing to do with it until you can enter upon it with a good conscience, and with the full assurance of the Divine blessing. Oh, how sin will plead for life! how it will entreat to be spared! Oh, what plausible arguments Satan will bring to move you to pity, and at least postpone for a season the putting it away. And oh, how friends near and dear will join to entreat you not to be too severe on yourself, not to be legal, not to be a melancholy fanatic! But, like Pilgrim, you must put your fingers in your ears, and escape for your life. You must turn you from *all* your iniquities, lest they prove your ruin. How useless to complain of the lack of peace while you allow these Philistines to remain in the land—to mourn the absence of assurance of the Divine favour while you take pity on the Lord's

enemies, and, when He has commanded you to slay every one of them, you allow them to live. If you would have a better year, let there be a faithful search for all these troublers of Israel, and bring them forth, even Agag the king, and slay them before the Lord. Rouse up your soul to this duty, and "*do it with all your might.*"

II. THIS MIGHT-WORK IS ALSO REQUIRED IN THE WORK OF CONSECRATION. The great sin of the race is setting up for itself, and the present perpetual duty of every man is to go back to the footstool of Jehovah's throne, and acknowledge His sovereignty, and lay self and substance at His feet, prepared then and for ever after to obey His every word and do His perfect will. But this will require *might-work*. This is no light matter. No half-hearted, hesitating, undecided souls will hold on to this, though they may attempt it. Look at Abraham, how he must have felt when God first gave him the command to offer up his son Isaac. What a trial it must have been to all the finest, strongest feelings of his nature; and what an effort the decision to obey must have required. Yet, though difficult, it was done; and we read that Abraham rose up early the next morning to comply. But it would not have been done had he conferred with flesh and blood. Had he consulted his friends, and waited and argued as thousands do, his heart would have failed him, as their hearts do; but he did it at once, because he did it *with his might*. He would never have started, he would never have gone the three days' journey, he would not have had strength to ascend Mount Moriah and roll the stones together for an altar, and pile the wood, and lay his darling boy thereon, and bind him with cords, and lift his arm to slay him, had he not have done it with his might.

And so, dear friends, in the consecration God requires from you, I see no hope of power, and peace, and victory, except you are prepared, like Abraham, to do it with your might. The half-hearted fail here, and fall out of the ranks by wholesale; their bones whiten the wilderness. Only the Calebs and Joshuas, who follow God *wholly*, go through the Jordan of difficulties, and take possession of the promised land. You must be thorough. We have any amount of half-and-half consecration—consecration which lacks the very element of *honesty*, which is not in *reality* before God, which is only in imagination, which does not extend to practical every-day life, which fears the Lord in church and chapel and mission-room, on Sabbaths and new moons and fast days, while hymns are sung, and prayers are offered, and exhortations are made, but which extends not to the stern work of every-day life—to money, and dress, and business, and conversation. But this is what God requires. This was the ground of His controversy with His people of old: they wanted an outside religion of form, and ceremony, and sentiment; He asked for a religion of real love and service; they refused to render it, and He cast them off. Brethren and sisters, His requirements are still the same; you must, you can, comply, but only by doing it with your might.

III. BELIEVE WITH YOUR MIGHT ALL HE HAS SAID IN HIS HOLY WORD. Not only the world, but the professing church is full of infidelity. The stream of scepticism is flowing strongly against you, and you must set yourself to meet it with all your might.

Those religious sceptics say it requires an effort to believe that God suffered and went through the change which we call death; and so, admitting the Cross, they deny the divinity of Him who hung upon it. Or they say, they find it difficult to believe that God will send all those to hell who reject the salvation He bought for them on the tree. So they interpret hell to signify the grave, and damnation to mean annihilation. Again, others will say that, admitting that the wicked are cast into hell, they find it hard to believe that a loving God will keep them there for ever; they say their hearts rebel against the doctrine; and so they have a scheme for the destruction of the worm that Jesus Christ said never dies, and for putting out the fire which He said never would be quenched. Now, we admit difficulties in the way of your faith on these and other topics. The Bible admits this when it enjoins you to fight the fight of faith. Without opposition there can be no conflict; but you must meet them by a determined holding on

to the simple word: you may have a sharp contest now and then, but you will be sure to have an easy and a glorious victory, if you do it with your might.

But not only do we urge you to be a bold believer in the statements of the Book, but in its promises. Ask, What is there offered me? How far am I interested in the death and will of my Lord? What is there bequeathed me? And, having settled that by carefully inquiring, not what saith the creed, catechisms or experience of the Church, but what saith *the will* itself. Then claim the legacy in all its fulness, height, depth, length, and breadth; and finding, as you will find, that your being saved to the uttermost, and filled with all the fulness of God, hangs on this condition of *faith*, set yourself to *believe with your might*.

Oh, this believing is the hinge on which your peace, power, and enjoyment of God turns. Oh, this is the door into the storehouse of the Divine fulness, before which so many sit down empty, and blind, and naked, mourning over their wretchedness and leanness, instead of pressing in and on to the realisation of all the inward heaven bought by the love of Christ, and which the Father longs to bestow. But this faith requires *might-work*: the world, the flesh, and the devil, are against it. At every step ten thousand difficulties will rise, every one of which will be sufficient to vanquish you, unless you are solemnly in earnest—unless you believe with your might; then you are more than conqueror.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done."

IV. WORK FOR JESUS AND THE SALVATION OF SOULS WITH YOUR MIGHT. The Church and the world don't want for effort merely; we have an immense amount of it. Look at this city—nay, look through this kingdom—what an amount of preaching, singing, praying, visiting, and tract-distributing there is! but, of this pile of labour, how little *might-work* there is in it all! and yet this is what we want. Not a lazy, mechanical, heartless round of duty, just to get a living, or fill up time, or satisfy conscience; not to amuse yourself, or amuse other people; but, with life or death depending on your faithfulness, and energy, and promptness, we want you to do it with your *might*.

Around, on every hand, you may see men weary themselves out, filling asylums and crowding early graves with the wasting wear and tear of body and brain, by labours more abundant in the strife after money, and knowledge, and pleasure, and fame. And oh, shall we be sluggards and laggards? shall we be half-hearted, neither hot nor cold, in the great and godlike enterprise of saving our fellow-men? Nay! God and angels, and heaven and hell, alike cry out to us, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Brother, if you *preach*, do it with your might. Mind your aim—the glory of God and the salvation of those who hear you, and see that you adhere to it. Oh, how many begin in the spirit in this respect, and end in the flesh. They are like coals of living fire for a season, and then they grow weary; and earth, and hell, and cold-hearted Pharisees will try ten thousand arts to draw you from it; but you must cleave to it with your might.

Oh, strive to your uttermost to bring poor sinners to God *at once*. Show them the cross, and urge them to be saved; not at some other time, but there and then. Mind that the devil and the example of other poor, fallen, sleepy preachers do not lead you off into the ruinous notion of educating the people preparatory to their being converted at some other time. The devil cares little or nothing for sinners being instructed, or forming good resolutions, or for what are sometimes called delightful influences and good feelings. He looks on, perfectly indifferent, until he finds the sinner on his knees crying, "Lord, save me *now*!" or boldly laying hold of the offers of grace, going at once through the gate of faith into the way of life.

O my brethren and sisters, who go forth in the name of the Master to invite sinners to repentance, whether in the open air, or mission-hall, or wherever it may be, be faithful to your Master, and be in earnest with the people. It is

said that when a once-popular minister, who had won very great applause as a flowery, pleasing preacher, came to his death-bed, he was in great darkness and fear. A friend present reminded him, as ground for comfort, of the beautiful sermons he had preached. "Hush!" said the dying man, "I was fiddling while Rome was burning." Brethren, don't go planting thorns in your dying pillow after this fashion. Be faithful with your hearers; cry aloud, and spare not; show the people their transgressions; uncover the bottomless pit, on the crumbling edge of which they are standing, and then, by all that is solemn and sacred, implore them to fly at once to Jesus; and, oh, be *sure and do it with your might*.

You must *pray* with your might. That does not mean saying your prayers, or sitting gazing about in church or chapel, with eyes wide open, while some one else says them for you; but it means fervent, effectual, untiring wrestling with God. It means that grappling with Omnipotence, that clinging to Him, following Him about, so to speak, day and night, as the widow did the unjust judge, with agonizing pleadings, and arguments, and entreaties, until the answer comes, and the end is gained. This kind of prayer be sure the devil, and the world, and your own indolent, unbelieving nature will oppose. They will pour water on this flame. They will ply you with suggestions and difficulties. They will ask you, how you can expect that the plans, and purposes, and feelings of God can be altered by your prayers. They will talk about impossibilities, and predict failures; but, if you mean to succeed, you must shut your ears and eyes to all but what God has said, and hold Him to His own word: and you cannot do this in any sleepy mood; you cannot be a prevailing Israel, unless you wrestle as Jacob wrestled, regardless of time or aught else, save obtaining the blessing sought—that is, you must pray with your might.

Go about, pleading with men and women for their souls, but do it with your might. Visit them from house to house, but not for mere chit-chat. Much house-to-house visitation, we fear, amounts to little more than gossip. Merely talking about the Gospel, and giving good advice, will not go far. A few kind words are useful to introduce you, and then introduce your Master, and sit down if you can, but only preparatory to kneeling down; and be sure and deal faithfully with every soul with whom God gives you opportunity. Visit the open shops on the Lord's-day; plead with the people who are on the way to hell, wherever you meet them, and do it with your might.

Oh, my brethren, what a blessing this might-work has brought with it in the past! What wonderful things are recorded of it!

Look at your great example. Look at Jesus: how true He was to His aim; how steady to His purpose, from His childhood to His grave; how, with undivided heart, he went about His Father's business, undiverted by all the opposition of earth and hell. See Him where and when you will, whether working, praying, preaching, suffering, or dying, He did it *with His might*.

Look at the long array of prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors who have gone before you, and "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." But they were conquerors; they overcame, through the blood of the Lamb, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, the world, the flesh, and the devil. This was the work God gave them to do, and they did it *with their might*.

And, oh, what a wonderful blessing this might-work would bring to the world now! God is as willing as ever to bless. The Bible says so. This is the condition. God is in earnest, and He wants those who are co-workers with Him to

be the same. Wherever you find men or women now, who are truly in earnest, no matter where their sphere or what their capacity, there you find the windows of heaven opened, and blessings pouring down upon them. Brethren, read the promises again. Look at the wonderful engagements God makes to visit and bless those who seek Him and the advancement of His glory with the whole heart. Be in earnest! *Be in earnest!* **BE IN EARNEST!** Heed not the smiles or frowns of men. Read your Bible. Avoid sin as you would the fires of hell. Pray without ceasing. Look to God for strength for all duty. Seek constantly to bring souls to Christ. Aim at nothing less than *holiness* of thought, word, and life; and try every hour to bring honour and glory to the Lord God of your salvation, and **DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT.**

The Soldier's Prayer.

It was the evening after a great battle. All day long the din of strife had echoed far, and thickly strewn lay the shattered forms of those so lately erect and exultant in the flush and strength of manhood. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night, was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him, he at first thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

As he finished he opened his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed, "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for 'Jesus' sake;' but, before I die, I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and a letter was written to his mother, which he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. He was calm and peaceful. Just as the sun arose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being,

"I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died William B—: the prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood.

The Child and the Queen.

BEFURCHTE (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II.) had one little

daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Shonhausen, and was so much pleased with her that, a week afterward, she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took the seat which had been placed for her by the queen's order, near her own person. From this position, she could overlook the table at which the queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendour on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted; and then folding her hands, she sung with a clear, childish voice, these words:

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendours of thy throne!"

All the assembly were struck with surprise, at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"

Power of Personal Holiness.

NEVER will the Church meet her solemn responsibilities until her children, bursting asunder the shackles that bind them, and rising out of the slough of earthliness in which they are sunk, come up to that high measure of evangelical sanctification which the voice of Scripture and the exigencies

of a dying world alike demand of them. There is a moral omnipotence in holiness. Argument may be resisted, persuasion and entreaty may be scorned. The thrilling appeals and monitions of the pulpit, set forth with all the vigour of logic and all the glow of eloquence, may be evaded or disregarded. But the exhibition of exalted piety has a might which nothing can withstand; it is truth embodied; it is the Gospel burning in the hearts, beaming from the eyes, breathing from the lips, and preaching in the lives of its votaries. No sophistry can elude it, no conscience can ward it off; no bosom wears a mail that can brave the energy of its attack. It speaks in all languages, in all climes, and to all phases of our nature. It is universal—invincible; and, clad in immortal panoply, goes on from victory to victory.

Let Zion, through all her departments, but reach this elevated point, and how rapid and triumphant would be her progress! With what overpowering demonstration would her tidings be attended! What numerous and ever-flowing channels would pour into her treasury the requisite means; and what hosts of her consecrated sons would stand forth to publish on every shore the mandates of her King; and how richly would the showers of Divine influence be shed down, quickening into life the seed which she scatters, filling the desolate places with verdure and joy, and changing this blighted earth into the garden of the Lord.—*Rev. Geo. B. Ide.*

The Earnest Preacher.

MANY years ago, two young men were strolling, on a Lord's-day, through the streets of London. One of them, named Henry Barrow, was a barrister of fine talents and good education, but given to reckless dissipation, and by his jovial humour and rare social gifts enticing others into vice. His companion, named Sutton, gave evidence that he had spent the previous night in debauchery, and had not recovered from its influence. He was in a half-penitent mood, and, suffering keenly from the effects of vice, was prating of reform. Barrow, whose strong constitution was yet unharmed by indulgence, could not resist an inclination to banter his moody comrade. He made sport of his serious words and inward remorse; asked him if he had turned preacher and taken orders; threatened to complain of him to the church authorities, and have him apprehended for heresy; and finally advised him, like Falstaff, to take another bottle of sack, as a potent medicine.

While using his sharp wit, to the great discomfort of the unhappy Sutton, they passed an open church, from which rang out the voice of an earnest preacher. Barrow stopped to listen.

"Let us go in," he said.

"What for?" said Sutton, "to hear a man rant?"

"Yes," was the reply; "this man is worth hearing, for he is evidently in earnest. I don't care for the priests who repeat their lessons parrot-like—but a live man is always worth listening to."

Sutton would not be persuaded, but went in search of more sack, muttering something about "mad freaks." But Barrow kept to his purpose of hearing the earnest preacher. He heard to some purpose, for the minister was a man of fervid zeal, and by the sharpness of his rebukes against sin, and pungent warnings of the judgment to come, startled Barrow's slumbering conscience. The man of pleasure was sobered, and went from the church to his rooms to think of his ways. The arrow of truth had reached its mark. The profligate was tortured by the agony of shame and remorse. His days were full of gloomy unrest—his nights were sleepless. At length he could not bear the burthen alone, but sought for Christian counsel, went often to the house of God, read diligently the Bible he had scorned, and, like the pardoned prodigal, found peace in the blood of atonement. The gay worldling, from that casual attendance on an earnest preacher, became one of the most earnest and useful preachers of his age, and sealed his testimony by an exultant martyr-death.

Charles Septimus Mitchel

(A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR)

WAS born at Woodford, in Northamptonshire, on the 18th of July, 1817. He was the youngest of seven sons. His parents dying when he was only nine years of age, he was early left to commence a life of care, which was continued with little or no intermission to the day of his death. After receiving a moderate education, he was apprenticed to a business which he did not fancy; and having some knowledge of the dairy trade, acquired on his father's farm, he came to London and commenced in that line.

About twenty years ago he had severe losses in business, losing some thirty cows, which led to his removal to the East of London, where he resided until his death.

The exact date of HIS CONVERSION is unknown. Nevertheless, doubtless there was a moment when he passed from death unto life, although we know it not. At the age of

twenty-four he joined the church of the Rev. S. H. Hinton, of Devonshire-square, Bishops-gate. On his removal to the East of London, he united himself with the Rev. W. Tyler, and became one of his deacons, and for a little season he was a member of Mr. Stovel's, Commercial-street; and ultimately he settled down in the fold of the Christian Mission, and we believe that he felt thoroughly at home with us. He approved and loved our work and people deeply; and among the crowd who will gather round the gates of the city to welcome us home, none will sing a sweeter, louder greeting than Charles S. Mitchel. On earth he could not sing; but already his tongue is loosed, and he has learned the song they sing whom Jesus has set free, not only from sin, but from sorrow and pain and death, and, with his golden harp, he is singing among the blood-washed through the praises of God and the Lamb. Hallelujah! we have another friend in heaven.

Our brother was a TRUE PHILANTHROPIST. His heart was in deep sympathy with suffering; no matter wherever he saw it or knew it to have an existence, there he felt inwardly urged to lend a hand in its alleviation or removal. His public efforts commenced in Dolphin-court, at a ragged-school there. After a while other friends took up that work, and he, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Heeps, opened another, well known as the City of London Ragged School, which continues in active and useful operation to this day. A while after his settlement in the East of London, he, in conjunction with several other friends, obtained funds and erected the Free Church in King Edward Street, and here for a long time he laboured incessantly. The care and burden of this place rested mainly on him; and here, at a public meeting, the poor people designated him their bishop.

Since his union with us, our friends in London are familiar with his many labours. Latterly the sewing-classes, at which the very poor received each day sixpence and some refreshment, were managed almost solely by him. He attended to the detail. He knew each person, her family, her husband, her affliction, and her poverty, and though last mentioned by us, not of least importance in the estimation of our friend, he knew her state of mind, and sought, as God gave him opportunity and ability, to minister to each according to their necessity.

After many hundreds had received temporal help and religious instruction at these sewing-classes, the funds failing, a few friends at the West End—prominent among whom was the Hon. Mrs. Hobert—with hearts yearning over the continued dreadful poverty of the people, turned their attention to the subject of emigration, and raised some funds to help a few starving families to a home across the sea. Of these friends Mr. Mitchel at once became the right hand. Our rooms at Sydney Street were daily thronged with husbands and wives and little children, who had to be fitted out with clothing and every necessary for the voyage, and who, meanwhile, were prayed with, and instructed, and in some instances, there is reason to believe, were converted. Our

dear departed brother was the soul of this work. He gave himself up to it. His anxiety never ceased about them, not only as a whole, but individually, until he bade them farewell on the deck of the outward-bound vessel. Nay, not then; for most anxiously did he pray for them, and long for tidings of their welfare, and most exultingly again and again did he bring us good news how that first one, and then another, had written that they were being prospered temporarily and spiritually in their new home.

He was a WORKER. He died, doubtless, of overwork. He was an anxious man. He gave to his labour, not only head-work, but heart-work. He was none of your flippant talkers—your parrot men. He went into the business of helping men and women out of the horrible pit of starvation and iniquity with a will,—indeed, with all his soul. It was with him a ruling passion. When we met, we seldom talked of aught else. He loved it. It was his life-work. Naturally of a retiring disposition, he seldom talked much in committees; he would leave others to plan and arrange. Not that he was backward in this; but he was not a great talker in public, as to what wanted doing, or how it was to be done. But often have we noted that, before the meeting was well over, he would be at work to carry out the resolutions which had been decided on.

He was a GODLY MAN: He had a great reverence for God and eternity, and he sought to square his everyday life by the standard of His sacred Word. His timid and anxious disposition led him, naturally, to be of a fearful and doubtful spirit with regard to his acceptance with God, and his interest in the Saviour's love. It is probable that he was much influenced by the notion, held by many of the Lord's people, that the blessing of assurance is beyond the walk of ordinary experience, and only within the reach of a few. He was, however, always since our acquaintance an earnest seeker after God, always delighting in spiritual conversation, and at any moment ready to join in prayer. Latterly, his soul rose and sought a higher, holier walk. His peace became settled and constant, and His confidence in God's acceptance and favour strong. We well remember how that, at a recent meeting in the Whitechapel Mission Hall, he told us all, with his face beaming with joy, that he never realized such religious peace before. This growth in grace was apparent to all who were much with him, and to some of those who only saw him occasionally. On a visit, during the last summer, to his native village, his friends perceived this increase of meekness for the enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance; but little did they, or we, think that he would be so soon removed to its actual possession.

HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH.

On the Tuesday morning before his death, he was noticed to have a severe cold, and in the evening he attended a meeting of the poor people at the Free Church. When he

returned, he complained of being inwardly chilly. His wife suggested that the place must have been cold; but he replied that he could not take much harm, seeing that he had his overcoat on; but he feared the poor women with their thin shawls must have felt it much. On the whole, however, he appeared better than usual, in both health and spirits; and he prayed at the family altar with more than usual fervency, and at greater length.

In the middle of the night he was taken with a shivering fit, and it was thought he had an attack of ague. The doctor was called in on the following morning. We saw him that evening. He was evidently very ill; but we thought it was nothing beyond a severe cold, from which we all expected he would soon rally. He talked, notwithstanding his aching head, freely of various plans of usefulness we had in hand, and joined earnestly in prayer for the work of God, and that he might speedily be raised up, if His will, to labour a little longer in the vineyard.

On the Thursday, however, his friends feared he was seriously ill; and on Friday further medical advice was sought, and the painful announcement was made that he had typhoid fever, and was in great danger. Still immediate death was not apprehended. On the Friday evening, Mrs. Mitchel asked him if he was happy, and resigned to the will of God. His face brightened, and, looking up, he said, "Oh yes, oh yes; just which He pleases;" and afterwards repeated it to himself two or three times. Between nine and ten o'clock he got up, walked to the fireplace, and sat in the easy chair, while his bed was made, and walked back again without assistance. Near one o'clock, he had a cup of tea, which seemed to refresh him. He then asked for his medicine, drank it, laid his head back, and died without a sigh. He fell asleep in Jesus.

THE FUNERAL

Took place on the following Tuesday, and was fixed for half-past two. Long before that hour the people began to assemble. On our way we called at the Mission Hall, Whitechapel, and found a large congregation singing hymns and offering fervent prayers for the Divine blessing on the solemn service about to take place. Around the house, very soon the footpaths and streets were blocked with people. From Stratford, and Poplar, and Shoreditch, from Bethnal Green and Limehouse, from Old Ford and Bow Common, but specially from the courts and alleys of Whitechapel, they had come to pay the last and only mark of respect possible to them to the memory of their departed friend. It was emphatically an East-end gathering. But there were none of that class known as roughs present; with a good sprinkling of respectable working people, the immense proportion of the crowd had the appearance of being intensely poor. And yet how decent they were; and a very large number had managed to scrape up some kind of mourning. How this had been done we cannot tell: we guess there had been much borrowing and lending. To this the very poor are accustomed, specially

on funeral occasions; and sometimes five or six individuals will each lend some particular article, and so make up a decent outfit for one. However, the appearance of this concourse was as mournful as the occasion; and the occasion was adapted to make them mournful. He had been their friend, and a friend in need; to many of them, almost the only friend they had; any way, the only one to whom they could apply for a meal or a sixpence with the prospect of success. Excepting one, and that the doctor's, there were no carriages, and, we think, only one cab. No shops were closed, save those in the Mission: the tradesmen pushed on with their trade, too busy to note, and feeling no reason to mourn, this event. But many a poor woman laid aside her needle, and in doing so sacrificed a meal, and many a poor man lost half a day, to follow in this funeral train, and stand by this open grave.

In-doors we took our seat among the mourners, and the Rev. W. Tyler read the 103rd Psalm, and a friend present offered prayer. As the soothing words of the Psalmist were being read, all unexpectedly, there rose, with strange and thrilling effect, from the crowd outside, the song—

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To wait my soul on high.
There'll be no more sorrow there,
There'll be no more sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

Other appropriate hymns were sung, and then the mournful procession left the house. First came the hearse, and then two mourning coaches containing the relatives and one or two immediate friends of the deceased; and then the doctor's carriage. Immediately after came the preachers in the Mission; and afterwards a great many of the members. As the procession moved slowly forward, appropriate hymns were sung. The throngs of people in the great Whitechapel thoroughfare stopped and wondered at the sight. To sing a hymn in the open air makes the saints and sinners of London marvel; but to be singing hymns on the week-day, amid the rush and racket of business, and that in a mournful funeral train, seemed most astonishing. Onward, however, the procession moved until the Cemetery at Bow was reached.

To have attempted any part of the service in the little church would have been cruel; it was therefore decided to conduct the whole of it round the grave. Here Mr. Tyler read the ordinary funeral service, and then was sung the appropriate hymn, commencing—

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his fight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden above."

Then we gave an address, and prayer was offered, and the service closed. It was a most impressive and affecting scene. Some 2,000 people or more were crowded closely round the grave. Alternately weeping, in some instances sobbing aloud, and then singing as

only Christians can sing, face to face with death and the grave, not mournful, melancholy dirges, but inspired by that glorious gospel which has brought life and immortality to light, they lifted up their voices with solemn and triumphant songs; and then reverently, fervently, and believingly they united in prayer that the event might be sanctified to the salvation of the unsaved, and the quickening of God's people to a more earnest Christ-like life, that by a little more service given to the Saviour on the part of all present there might, by so many littles, be supplied the great loss the cause of Christ had suffered by the removal of Charles S. Mitchel.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

The solemn event was dwelt upon with a view to the improvement of the living, by Mr. Tyler, at the Free Church, King Edward Street, and his own chapel in Church Street, Mile End New Town, at both of which places large audiences were gathered and solemn words were spoken, while we dwelt upon the same theme at the East London Theatre. An immense congregation thronged the spacious building, and a solemn and important service followed. After reading a

TO OUR READERS.

OUR friends will see by the notice on the cover, that the long-projected sale is to take place at the Lower Room of Exeter Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 24th, 25th, and 26th of January. Will our readers help us successfully to complete this undertaking? We shall be glad to receive goods up to the day named. Will our friends kindly make the sale known, that we may have not only goods to sell, but purchasers? We shall be glad to send circulars, announcing the sale, to any who will distribute them.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

Whitechapel.

THE following extracts from the journal of the brother at present in charge of this station will, we are sure, interest our readers, and show how blessedly God is working in this district, amid the poverty, wretchedness, and vice with which it abounds:—

Mrs. Brice tells me that, the night she preached at the hall, a poor woman, after an hour's hard struggle, obtained mercy. Afterwards she confessed to Mrs. Brice that twice she had taken laudanum to destroy herself, but that each time God had interposed and prevented the desired deadly effects. And now she exultingly exclaimed, "I've found the Saviour. Oh, what a hell I am saved from!" This woman has only missed one evening meeting since. She is evidently truly changed. I hope she is really born again.

In the evening the open-air congregation was very large, and the usual opposition was quelled by a friendly policeman. Preached in the streets to an immense congregation.

brief sketch of our friend, a sermon was preached, founded on the words—

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Revelation xiv. 13.

The spirit of hearing was given. A solemn awe rested on the crowd. Very few moved to leave the place till after nine o'clock, and then a powerful prayer-meeting followed, in which many sought to be made ready to meet our departed brother in heaven. And we trust that the reporting angels present bore away to his glorified spirit the welcome intelligence that his death had been the means of leading hundreds to a closer walk with God, and inducing many others to fly to the open arms of a loving Saviour.

Will the readers of this paper pray that our loving God may sustain and comfort the bereaved widow and daughter, who specially feel this heavy loss? and will they also pray that God may raise up some other kindred spirit to take the place of our friend, helping, as he helped us, to sympathize, befriend, and instruct the starving, ignorant, friendless thousands, among whom we labour in the East of London?

Mr. Marsden preached in the theatre, and there were several good cases. One poor woman was deeply in earnest. I spoke to her of the Saviour. She wept aloud, and said she would weep her way to Calvary, if Jesus would save her, which I verily believe He did.

NOVEMBER 29.—A blessed time at the mid-day prayer-meeting: a large number present, and one woman who was under conviction. In the evening Miss Gee commenced preaching with us. The service was a very good one. A young woman was converted who had been under conviction two years; and a thief sought mercy who was detected only on the previous Saturday stealing a shoulder of mutton. He was forgiven on the spot that offence, and on this night we trust God pardoned all his life's offences.

TUESDAY.—Good open-air service (very cold). People very attentive. Crowded hall. Good influence in the prayer-meeting. Four cases. One, a young man brought back after two years' wandering away, under the impression that God was the author of evil; but he prostrated himself full length upon the floor, and pleaded for salvation, which, I hope, he found. He has attended the meetings regularly ever since.

WEDNESDAY.—Good night. Good congregation. Several under deep conviction, but went away without the blessing. The Lord save them.

THURSDAY.—Congregation large. Two drunken women came out to seek salvation, and one, I hope, found it. Praise God. A young man also, who has been attending our meetings for a long time, but could never realize the blessing, went home rejoicing, in a knowledge of sins forgiven. Hallelujah!

FRIDAY.—Several under deep impression. One woman, who had been seeking some time, was made happy.

SATURDAY.—A blessed meeting. Good number present.

SUNDAY, 5th.—A good attendance at the breakfast, and a blessed time out in the streets. Numbers listened.

Afternoon, breaking of bread. God was, indeed, in our midst.

The number at tea was but small; but the open-air meeting was very good. More order among the young. An intelligent, well-dressed man, deeply convicted, followed us to the theatre. I left him in the hands of Brother H. The prayer-meeting was one of the best I ever attended at the theatre. A large number professed to find Jesus. Praise God for such a Sunday.

MONDAY.—Tea-meeting at Old Ford. Traversed the streets after tea, and filled the place, and had a good service. There was a crowded meeting at Whitechapel, and three professed conversions, one of whom was the wife of a converted man, who had prayed for her for years. God answered to-night. Praise Him.

TUESDAY.—A large number to the mid-day meeting. One poor old sinner brought to Jesus. Praise God. Blessed time in visiting. A good open-air meeting. A row among the ungodly brought us a fine congregation. Afterwards the hall was crammed. The power of God rested on the people. At the after-meeting, a poor backslider was brought to Jesus, who had known the Lord from a child, but, in an evil moment, had married an unconverted man, who turned out a dreadful character, and the result was, she fell into sin, and became a miserable woman; but the Lord met the man in the theatre, to the great joy of the poor woman, and now she herself has come to the Lord again. Hallelujah! The Lord preserve them both.

WEDNESDAY.—The mid-day meeting was a blessed one. Several cases of reclaimed backsliders. Among the number was a poor blind girl; but, praise God, she told me she could see Jesus.

Our new week-night stand in the open air has proved very successful. We had a larger congregation, and I was led to speak longer than usual. A deep solemnity rested on the people.

MONDAY.—A good open-air meeting. Excellent attention. The hall was filled; but no conversions. The meeting was very dead.

FRIDAY.—Brother Corbridge preached. The preacher said it was the best night he had had in London. A man and his wife sought the Saviour.

SATURDAY.—Very wet. Small attendance all day. Sad, on account of the death of Mr. Mitchel.

SABBATH, 12th.—Missioned the streets. Many of our hearers in the open air were seen in the theatre, which was well filled; and many sought Jesus, and I believe some found Him.

MONDAY.—The hall was filled, although very wet. Several sought the Saviour. May God keep them!

TUESDAY.—A very impressive meeting, numbers being there that had been to the funeral of our dear friend, Mr. Mitchel.

FRIDAY.—Brother Corbridge preached. A good open-air service (although short), and a very happy meeting in the hall. My soul was much blessed in the private believers' meeting; thirty present. In the prayer-meeting down-stairs three sought Jesus.

The services of our dear friend, Miss Gee, have been much blessed, and everlasting good has been done. Oh, may God continue to bless her more abundantly.

A LANE.

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Poplar.

A LETTER from the brother having the oversight of this station brings the following cheering intelligence.

During the past month twelve souls have professed to find peace amongst us through believing in Jesus. Some of these have joined our society, and their walk and conduct says, louder than any words could, that they have not only put on Christ, but that Christ lives in them the hope of glory.

Our station generally is in a healthy condition, and its members are praying for showers of heavenly rain. Oh, may God send it down, so that not only twos and threes, but scores and hundreds may be brought to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

T. W.

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Whitechapel.

THE PENNY GAFF.

THE work of God is still progressing here, though not so mightily as our hearts would like to see it. Still we feel there is great cause for thankfulness when we see many, who have been made partakers of the grace of God during the past year, humbly striving to follow in the footsteps of Him who did no sin, and who left us an example that we should follow in His steps. They have already proved, that the way to heaven is not in silver slippers; but we constantly hear them bear testimony to the fact, that narrow but pleasant is the road; and they love it notwithstanding its difficulties, and would on no account go back to the service of their old master, the devil.

When we think of the sin and temptation by which many of them are surrounded, we often tremble for them, and pray earnestly that God may give them grace for every time of need. We know it is much easier to be

religious when all around are loving God; but it is a different thing when their nearest relatives and friends strive in every possible way to oppose, and call them hypocrites for attempting it. We have mothers amongst us, who are serving God in the midst of ungodly families; children, whose parents sneer at their religion; and many who are engaged in workshops, where they hear scarcely anything, from morning till night, but the name of God blasphemed, and laughs and jeers at them for not joining in this dreadful blasphemy. It is, indeed, very encouraging to see so many friends, with all their might, praying continually for the conversion of their associates and relatives.

A CONVERTED THIEF.

SOME few months ago, a young man, who was leading a very wicked life, heard some of our brethren preaching in the open air: the word arrested his attention, and he stopped to listen, and came several times to hear them afterwards. One night, he followed them into the hall, to the temperance meeting, and was induced to sign the pledge; but he still remained a stranger to God. The Holy Spirit was at work with him, and he could not rest, but continued to attend the meetings. One evening, after the preaching, he stayed the prayer-meeting, but was so miserable, he went in and out seven or eight times; at last, he came to the penitent-form, and was saved. He then told us some of his difficulties, and asked us how he should act. He said, he had been very wicked, and had maintained himself by thieving. Some time ago, he had garrotted a gentleman, and stole from him a watch and some money, and ran away to this end of London, to escape being taken by the police. He now saw the evil of it, and wished to do what was right. He was advised to go to the gentleman, and tell him all about it, which he did; and he promised to forgive him, on condition that he paid £2 10s. in a year. He promised to do it, and is now paying it off as well as he can. He is persevering in the midst of many difficulties, being at the present time out of employment.

We have all been interested lately, and rejoiced very much over

A CONVERTED ACTRESS.

WE will give a short outline of her life, as we had it from her own lips. When about five years old, she was sent on to the stage, by her mother, to perform, with other children of her own age and size; and, attracted by the scenery and music and gaiety, she came to take a delight in it; and as she grew up, having no one to care for her, and no other way of obtaining a living, she followed the profession of an actress for some time. By-and-by, she got sick of it, and began to wish for a different way of living. She often felt that she would like to be good and religious, but did not know how to set about it. She tried to earn her living by needlework; but, that failing, she took a situation to go abroad with a lady, but the gentleman died soon

after their arrival, and she had to come back again. She then did as well as she could at her needle, and in her way tried to be good, and leave off her bad ways; but all seemed dark to her, and there was no one to show her light; and, being again out of employment, her only resource was to return to her mother's house. Here she soon lost all her good inclinations, and again gave herself up to the stage.

Some time ago, she came to London, that she might get engagements at the theatres here. Until the theatrical season commenced, she took a situation in a dressmaking establishment. She says—

"I now hated religion and all who professed it, and spent my time and thoughts entirely in planning schemes for future success. My Sabbaths were my most miserable days; I knew not how to get over them; sometimes I passed most of the day in bed; at others, I would look over my acting-dresses, or study my pieces for the stage. There were others working in the same room, as giddy and thoughtless as myself. When I went among them, they told me they had a religious young lady working with them; but she happened to be away the day I entered, so I did not see her at first. But, though unseen and unknown to me, I hated her in my heart, and made up my mind I would have nothing to do with her, and on no account would I have my seat next to hers. I kept to my resolve a short time, and joined the others in ridiculing her.

"One day, she asked me where I lived; I said, 'At Limehouse.' 'So do I,' she said, 'so we may as well be company for each other to and from work.' I had no good excuse to offer for not doing so, and I said, 'Very well' (though I did not half like it), and we began to walk to and fro together. One morning, I began telling her how I spent my time, and what I intended to do, as soon as the theatrical season commenced. She listened to my story, and then told me a little of her religious experience, and how differently she had felt since her conversion; and asked me, if I would not like to live such a life. I felt in my heart I should, so I said, 'Yes; but I did not know any other way in which I could get my living, and I did not think it could ever be so with me.' 'Well,' she said, 'I go to a little meeting of Christians every Tuesday evening; will you come with me to-night? I am sure you will be very welcome.' After some hesitation, I consented, saying, 'I think they will turn me away, when they see me.'

"Evening came, and she gave me no chance to get out of my promise; so I thought, 'I will just go and see how they go on.' When we came in, they were at prayer; but I knelt down with the rest, so that I might not look particular, saying to myself, 'When you are in Rome, you must do as Rome does.' When we rose from our knees, a hymn was sung, with the chorus,

'For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.'

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I could not make out what was meant by the Lion of Judah, and thought, what a queer lot they are! but, at the end of the hymn, I began to like it, and wished they would sing it again. During the evening, I had a good look round at everybody, especially noticing the leader, and trying to make up how I could take off these Methodists, as I termed them."

We noticed her careless behaviour, but went on with our meeting as usual; at last we spoke to her, asking if she would like to be converted, she said, "Oh, yes," in a very careless manner. We then spoke of the danger she was in, and what a miserable end such a course of sin would lead to; and pointed her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. She said she was quite sure God could never save her: there was no salvation for such. "Well, let us ask Him," we said; so we all went to prayer on her behalf. We entreated her to give up her sins, and yield herself to God; but she seemed determined not to do so, and said so. "I have two engagements at the theatre," she said, "and I cannot give them up;" and, brushing away a tear that would come, in spite of all effort to keep it back, exclaimed, indignantly, "What a fool I am to cry!"

We continued praying, and felt determined not to give up till God had saved her, if we stayed there all night. For some time she continued to resist; but at last she gave way, and cried out, "By God's help, I give it all up, and will never again darken the theatre doors. Oh! Heaven help me!" This encouraged us to plead on, and we now felt sure of victory. We urged her to cry for mercy till God saved her; which she did, crying out, "O Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, help me." At last she cried out, exultingly, "Oh, He does save me—I believe He does;" and, looking round the room in astonishment, she asked, "Oh, wherever am I?" We assured her she was quite safe, in the company of God's people; and told her to thank Him for saving her, and we all joined in praising God for her deliverance. She then earnestly entreated Him to give her strength to stand firm, and courage to tell her companions she had done with their ways for ever; and begged that God would save them too.

We asked her if she would not like to get a lodging with some Christian people, where she would be away from those who would jeer at her, and try to turn her aside; but she replied, "Oh, no; God has saved me, and I am sure He can save them, and perhaps He will use me in doing it. I must go back to them, and tell them what God has done for me. I came into this room a hardened sinner; but how different I leave it: it seems too wonderful to be true." So we left her, and, praise God, she is still going on, though, as she said, no one but God and herself knows what she has passed through. But, she says, "I served the devil long enough, and I do not mind bearing a cross for Jesus." Her only desire seems to be to tell everybody what God has done for her, and that He can do the same for them. She has been out of employ-

ment nearly ever since, and many are the suggestions of Satan to go back to the stage and earn plenty of money, instead of fighting with poverty. But, she says, "I look up to God, and He helps me; and I feel I would rather starve than go back."

She is now waiting for God to open a way by which she can earn an honest living; and should not the prayers of God's people continually go up on her behalf, that she may be kept steadfast, especially when we remember that, as far as earthly friends are concerned, she is alone in the struggle? May God bless and preserve her, and save many more such.

Bethnal Green.

I REJOICE to be again able to report spiritual prosperity at this station. "To God the glory be." Our services continue to be honoured with the presence of the Master, as you yourself can testify; and allow me to say, that the Sabbath you spent with us is only a sample of the "earthly Sabbaths we enjoy" at the Bethnal Green Mission Hall.

The work, thank God, grows wider and deeper. Sabbath, the 5th instant, was one long to be remembered. In the morning, at the breaking of bread, we experienced a solemn blessing. At the experience meeting, in the afternoon, as one after another rose and testified to the power of the grace of God, the holy fire fell on us, and believers rejoiced exceedingly. But the evening service was a time of crowning blessing. Sister Billups preached with more than usual power; and the sword of the spirit wounded on the right hand and on the left. The sermon over, we went to prayer; and the first to pray was a youth, about fifteen or sixteen, who prayed most earnestly for a companion by his side, in these words:—

"O Lord, thou knowest I have been after this, my companion, for about three weeks. I thank Thee, Thou hast brought him here to-night: oh, do save him, &c.;" whereupon, he came out and gave himself up to the Saviour, and found peace.

While pleading and believing on behalf of this youth, our attention was arrested by the sound of deep distress, and, turning round, we found two females making their way to the penitent form. They were bowed beneath the weight and burden of their sins, and with difficulty reached the spot, and there fell and wept at the feet of Him who said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." One of them was in great anguish; but, after near an hour of wrestling, she believed, and Jesus said, "Peace, be still." Her tears were wiped away, and the troubled sea of her soul was calmed.

There were other cases of similar interest; so you will see that we have great cause to magnify the Lord.

Those who were blessed in the late revival services, I am happy to say, are still holding on. Praise the Lord, we are also gathering around us a band of young people, whom we regard as the nucleus of an army which shall wage future warfare against spiritual

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1870.]

Millwall.

THE Spirit of the Lord is amongst us here. Souls are being added to the church from time to time, and some of our members are growing unto man and womanhood in Christ Jesus. The open-air meetings have been much blessed, especially in one case over which we have all greatly rejoiced. It is that of

A DRUNKEN SHOEMAKER.

He had been a master-man in the country, but had fallen a victim to the monster vice of intemperance. He had been the leader in all the chief drinking-frolics of the neighbourhood, till, from being a fine, tall, strong man, he was reduced to a wreck; his body was at the verge of the grave, and his soul at the mouth of hell. But, praise God, while we were preaching in the open air, the spirit of conviction laid hold of him, and he followed us to the Mission Hall, where the hammer of God's truth laid him low in the dust. And then he came to Calvary, and plunged by faith in the purple flood, and was washed from all, yea, all his sins, and made happy in Jesus; and now he and his wife are members of our little band, rejoicing daily in a sense of sins forgiven. Hallelujah!

J. M.

Canning Town.

IN the December number of the "Evangelist," we announced the opening of a mission here. We called it Plaistow in error; it should have been Canning Town. Plaistow is a mile away. Concerning it, our brother White, a working-man, who takes the oversight of the station, writes as follows:—

"The Lord is with us, bringing the navvies to Jesus. One who has found peace has been a backslider for twenty-eight years. Another has been one of the worst drunkards in the place: now he is found at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.

"Eleven have joined our society. Our numbers at the preaching-services are not large; but the Lord is with us in great power at all our meetings. We have a good open-air stand, and we preach the glorious gospel of our blessed Jesus to great crowds of people who throng to hear us.

"Last Sunday morning, Brothers Knott and Higgins spoke with much power to the people. Many stood and wept in the street. At nearly every meeting some give themselves up to the Lord. I believe God is about to do a great work here. We are praying and believing for it.

"Go on, dear brethren. God will help you, and your largest wishes shall be gratified. Watch and pray. Wrestle with God, night and day. Oh, give Him no rest, and He will arise and come out of His place, and flood Canning Town with salvation. Hallelujah! There is a sound of abundance of rain."

J. B.

wickedness in the low as well as in high places that are to be found in this part of London. May the Lord Jehovah be our strength.

Our Sabbath-school and Children's Meetings are exceedingly encouraging, and we have to rejoice over many who bear that fruit which proves the tree has been made good; and we feel assured that we have some growing up around us who will be able to take our places when our work is done.

And as regards our work in general at this station, we are full of expectation, and are determined to press onward. Our motto is, "Work here: rest in heaven."

We hope, with our little army here to help forward the new station at Old Ford, likewise to open fresh places; for, after all, we have still to say, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." May God baptise the believers at Bethnal Green with spiritual power, and nothing shall withstand our onward progress. Amen.

J. A. J.

The Sabbath we spent at Bethnal Green, referred to above, was indeed a precious one; the evening service being of unusual liberty. Oh, what a blessed band of praying people, young and old, gathered round the group of penitents who, bowed low at Jesus' feet, with much weeping, sought and found His pardoning love! But we were specially charmed, and moved, and blessed with the fervent prayers and rejoicing songs of the young. They carried back our thoughts to the time when we ourselves started in the heavenly race. Oh, how our hearts yearned over them; and how earnestly we prayed that they might be saved from the snares of the great adversary, and from the fashion, influence, and spirit of the ungodly world around them. God bless them, and make them a hundred-fold happier and more useful than they are.

EDITOR.

Stratford.

WE have had our Quarterly Tea-meeting. We gave the provisions among ourselves. The tickets were sixpence each. Forty-nine sat down; and we have a balance of £1 1s. 9d. towards the support of the Mission. We had a good gathering after tea, and a good meeting.

On Sunday, the 5th, Sister Mathieson was with us all day. In the evening she and some of our friends went out, and missioned the streets and brought some in with them. While our sister was speaking, several were powerfully moved; and in the prayer-meeting two professed to find the Saviour.

We have had many precious seasons since I last wrote. Our private believers' meetings are specially blessed. Oh, what happy seasons we have. We prove the truth continually, that they which trust in the Lord shall renew their strength. Our hearts' desire and prayer to Christ is that this branch of the Mission may prove a great blessing.

Croydon.

We have not room for our Brother Ritchie's report. It tells of some small showers of blessings received, and also of some few things which the Lord has allowed to come upon our friends there, as a trial of their faith. But they must hold on. God will visit them, and that right early. We are glad to hear that the Workmen's Hall, which seats 700 people, and has only been had hitherto for the Sabbath, has been obtained altogether. Mrs. Booth has promised to preach on the first Sabbath in the new year, and to attend a tea on the following Monday. Miss Gee is to spend a fortnight there, commencing on Sunday, the 9th. Will our friends cry to the Lord on behalf of Croydon?

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Edinburgh.

THE members of this mission are, we think, growing in grace. Among the workers a spirit of earnest wrestling prayer prevails, and we are in full expectation of a glorious revival. May the Lord purify every heart, that we may bear fruit to His honour and glory!

SUNDAY, November 21st.—A blessed day. Notwithstanding the cold weather, many were present at both open-air and indoor services, and salvation was with us. The holiness-meeting, on Saturday, was a time of much conflict with the enemy; but upon our knees, through grace, we were enabled to defeat the powers of darkness, and victory was ours throughout.

SUNDAY, November 28th.—We had glorious manifestation of His presence. In the evening Mrs. Thompson preached. The hall was well filled, but, best of all, we felt it was filled with God. Many sought and found pardon through the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah! On the following Tuesday our sister again spoke, and souls went away rejoicing in Christ.

SATURDAY, Dec. 8th.—Holiness-meeting commenced with much confession and contrition: all were humbled in the dust before God. The Holy Ghost fell on us, and we were constrained to cry, "Enlarge every vessel, Lord." A man, passing by, stopped to listen to the singing and praying. He was so much affected that he fell upon his knees in the passage, and cried aloud for mercy. We brought him inside, and, after much pleading, he was enabled to trust in Jesus as his Saviour.

SUNDAY, December 4th.—Sister Tidman preached. Though in great weakness, much liberty was graciously given. Seven professed to enter the household of faith, and many went away with sorrowful hearts. The experience meeting of this day was rich in blessing. Numbers stood up for the first time and bore testimony for Christ.

SUNDAY, December 11th.—Brother Tidman all day. The morning service was a time of self-examination and fresh consecration. In the evening the hall was crowded. The Holy Ghost was in our midst, working upon the

hearts of the people. During the sermon, a young woman fell from her seat, imploring God to save her. Very soon the penitential form was crowded with anxious souls, nearly all of whom professed faith in Christ. "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be all the glory. Amen."

LEITH.

WE have much up-hill work here. We find a great difficulty to get the people into the hall. We mission the streets, and visit from house to house, and we trust that in a little while we shall be able to give you a more encouraging report. We are looking above for help. "Lord, increase our faith." We have to mourn over our financial state. Yet we rejoice in seeing the working of the Holy Spirit in souls being made happy in the Lord.

O. TIDMAN.

This Mission needs and deserves help. Will our readers, specially our Scotch friends, who feel an interest in Edinburgh, help to sustain this work? Contributions may be sent us, marked, "For Edinburgh," or to the Treasurer, Mr. Wells, "North Bridge, Edinburgh."

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A Branch Mission at Brighton.

Mrs. Booth's services at Brighton were closed with a social tea-meeting. By invitation, we went down, and made the acquaintance of many loving people. The subject of a branch mission was at once started, carefully discussed, and decided upon.

The Town Hall has been obtained for Sabbath afternoon and evening meetings; and a good new room, which will seat over 300 people, has been taken for Sabbath-morning and week-night work. The Lord has graciously smiled upon the opening services, as the following letter from Brother Wilson, who, for the present, has charge of the station, will show.

On SUNDAY, December 5th, we unfurled the "Christian Mission" standard in the Town Hall; and a goodly number flocked around it, considering that we had little more than a day to publish the services.

During the week, we were very busy obtaining and fitting up a room. It is in Windsor Street, about the centre of the town.

SUNDAY, 12th.—We again preached in the Town Hall. The congregation in the evening was much larger than on the previous Sabbath; and, best of all, the Spirit of God moved in our midst. Many wept during the service; and several, at the close, came forward, and found peace at the feet of a loving Saviour.

MONDAY.—We opened our new hall. Though very wet and stormy, a goodly number came to hear the word of life. The following night we held our first believers' meeting. Over sixty were present. It was a blessed season; and, at the close, many gave in their names, desirous of becoming members of the Mission. On Wednesday, we were pleased to see a number of poor people present. Among others,

four wild young men came in; two of them had just come out of prison; one had enlisted for a soldier; all came for fun, but their laughter was soon at an end. Two seemed much impressed. All were serious, and promised to come again. May our God save them. On Friday we held our first weekly temperance-meeting. The chair was taken by Mr. Winterbourn, who has taken a lively interest in Mrs. Booth's services and our work. The writer gave an address, and we had a happy meeting. With preaching on Friday, and a prayer-meeting on Saturday, we closed our first week's services in Brighton, which we count a great success, and give thanks to the God of all blessing.

We have met with a very warm reception. Many wish us God speed. We have had two Bibles presented for the use of the Town Hall and the Mission Hall: one by a gentleman, who was blessed under the preaching of Mrs. Booth; the other, a very handsome one, presented by two ladies.

Before closing, I must say a word about Mrs. Booth's services here. Very much lasting good has been effected. Many believers have been quickened. Wherever we go we meet with some who have been benefited. We are informed that over a hundred souls found peace. We have met with many of those who are now rejoicing in God, as the God of their salvation. Oh! may they be kept by the mighty power of God!

R. WILSON.

CONVERSION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The following letter from one who has found Jesus at these services, will, we doubt not, deeply interest our readers:—

DEAR MRS. BOOTH.—Perhaps you will remember, after your last Sunday afternoon's address in the Dome, my telling you how much your sermon, "On Justification by Faith," had been blessed to my soul. You were very pleased to hear it; but, pressed for time, you gave me your address, and asked me to write to you. Gladly, joyfully, do I avail myself of your kind invitation. You are indeed my "mother in Christ." My loving wishes and prayers will ever follow you. I will tell you briefly a little of the inward conflict I have experienced, that you may be better able to comprehend the greatness of the salvation that has been wrought in me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

Like yourself, dear madam, from childhood my thoughts seemed bent on religion. I thought at one time I was a Christian, and yet I had an earnest longing, a yearning, for something, I hardly knew what. I remember thinking, if I joined myself to some sect, I should be satisfied. That involved a study of their different views. From one to the other I turned: my relations belonged to different denominations; and over and over again have I heard their different doctrines all proved from Scripture, yet all so opposed one to the other. What foolishness, what blindness,

not to have looked beyond the sect, entirely to Him; but it seemed as if my Heavenly Father let me have my own way for the time, to let me see how fruitless all my efforts were.

Then, when so tossed about, circumstances drew me into a Roman Catholic family. I stayed with them about a twelvemonth. During that time I gave myself up. I think I may say entirely, to the study of their creed, and thought, "At last I have found that which I have sought so earnestly after—peace and rest: here is the unity of God's church,"—unity, as I believed, being the distinguishing mark of God's people—but blindly mistaking outward unity of doctrine, church government, &c., &c., for the unity of the Spirit.

For a time I did rest; but doubts arose in my mind whether or no, after all, I was on safe ground. Oh, how I quenched the Spirit! I tremble now to think of it,—believing those very doubts a sin against God, who had promised infallibility to St. Peter and to his successors for ever, and that, therefore, they could not err or lead into error, and that I was perfectly justified in giving my soul into their keeping. How my loving Saviour bore with me! I love to trace His guiding hand through all.

Time after time, the day has come for me to be confirmed in that faith, but something has prevented: He has interposed. I have been quite on the verge of entering a convent—I may say with one foot in, and the other hardly out; yet His strong arm kept me, His deep love yearned for me.

I went back to my relatives, and soon after had such a longing to read His holy Word, I felt I must read it, no matter what were the consequences, and I did; but in so doing I was wretched; I felt I was disobeying the church, disobeying God, and that in so doing, unless I again rendered entire allegiance, I should be eternally lost. What agony of mind I endured no tongue could tell: at times I seemed verging on madness. I have paced my bedroom with my hands clenched, my nails buried in my flesh, through very despair. I shrink to think of it. After some time I came to the conclusion that I would again yield obedience to the Roman church. Deeply humbled, I did so, though it caused me much agony, and I again for a while felt a kind of peace.

Again my loving Father interposed: He took my precious mother from me. Oh! what earnest, heartfelt prayers have gone up to the mercy-seat from the very depths of my soul whilst kneeling by her coffin. Thank God. He is the hearer and the answerer of prayer. After that time again I read God's Word, and attended Protestant places of worship: still I could not find rest and peace; and, with a deep sense of my frailty and humiliation, again fully determined steadfastly to resist every thought, every doubt, opposed to the Romish creed. But, oh! how I thank my loving Saviour for His strength, His power, His love. He led me to Brighton on a visit to a Protestant family; again the Holy Spirit pleaded with me, my soul was shaken to the very foundation; the doctrines upon which I

rested seemed like planks which were one by one being drawn from under me. I passed weary days, weary nights; life seemed a burden; but oh! how *His love* was watching over me, keeping me, guiding me. "We love Him because He first loved us."

One Sunday I was invited by my friends to hear you preach. I heard you. What you said I felt was right, but it did not *come home*. The following Sunday, the first thing when I awoke, I felt my very soul moved to plead with Him that that day He would direct my steps to the place of worship He would have me attend, and that He would bless the word to my soul. I knew you were to preach that evening, and that your subject was to be "Justification by Faith." I never shall forget the longing I had to hear you; it seemed just as if I could not get to the Dome quick enough; even now I cannot help smiling at the thought, how I hurried my companion along. How I drank in your every word, as if my sentence of life and death hung on your lips! and was it not a matter of life and death for me? I stayed to the prayer-meeting. I shall never forget how I felt—I cannot describe it; yet I was quite calm. I knelt there the whole while, as if I could not move: *I felt a blessing was coming*. At last I was obliged to go home. I left the Dome with that strange calm yet deep feeling (I do not know how to describe it, so it is of no use trying to). I went right to my room, sat for a while as if in a dream; then I knelt down by my bed for a while speechless; then from my very soul burst the cry, "LORD, I WILL NOT let Thee go unless Thou bless me." I think I took the kingdom of heaven by violence. *But He blessed me*. He has been with me ever since; I feel Him with me. My spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour: at last I have PEACE, REST IN JESUS.

I feel I must be doing for Him now, telling others the way, pointing to Him. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." *The cry of my heart* is, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" and I make no doubt He will show me where my work lies. You will, my dear, dear friend, sympathize with me when I say, when I have been asked which denomination I should like to join, that it is with a feeling akin to pain that I shrink from the very word. I leave myself in His hands: He will continue to be my guide even unto death. God will bless you, dear Mrs. Booth, for your labours of love; He will make His face to shine upon you, and give you peace. He is, indeed, signally blessing your efforts: how I thank His dear name for it. Before I close this I must give you *my Psalm* cvii.

Still pray for your spiritual children, dear Mrs. Booth, that we may be "faithful unto death," and so receive a crown of life.—*Your loving child in Christ Jesus,*

M. E. S.

Children's Mission.

God is still moving among the little ones. In the daily walk of numbers who, at our Children's Meetings, have become followers of the meek

and lowly Jesus we see encouraging evidences of the work of the Holy Spirit. Many of these have to endure great persecution from their companions and friends, and in some instances from their parents. A few have gone back to their old habits; but many remain faithful to the Master's cause, and the gentle and loving manner in which they endure the taunts and jeers of their companions encourages us to believe that they truly have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. And there are some who, not content with just their own happiness, go about telling their little friends of a dying Saviour's love. Oh! how our hearts have rejoiced while listening to their simple testimonies, and hearing them sing—

We are "Pilgrim Pioneers,"
Set out to work for God;
Winning little souls for Jesus,
Telling of His precious blood.

Since my last letter, we have commenced children's services at Old Ford, and God has blessed us in the salvation of precious little souls there. To our God be all praise.

Will our friends remember the Children's Mission, when at the throne of grace?

—* * * *—

Isaac Marsden.

THIS old veteran in revival work has recently spent a week with us, labouring at White-chapel and Limehouse. We rejoiced to find him in excellent health, and his heart as warm as ever in the soul-winning work. God gave him precious souls, and greatly blessed the people at some of the meetings.

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Daily Soul-work.

THE world is full of broad, popular, shallow religious life. There are multitudes of religious books, enterprises, societies, assemblies, and associations. There is, no doubt, much piety, zeal, and enthusiasm in all this, as well as much speech-making, self-praise, and trumpet-blowing.

But men's sins are not pardoned, nor are their souls saved, by the glittering generalities which go to occupy the attention of the religious world. Men will be ignorant, even in colleges, if they do not learn; hungry in cooks' shops if they do not eat; and lost in the midst of religious tumult, if they do not have personal dealings with the Lord.

We must have our daily soul-work between ourselves and God, our secret communion with Him, or we shall starve, even though surrounded by plenty. We must read our own Bibles, do our own praying, and believing, and weeping before the Lord, conquer our own enemies, in the strength which Jesus gives, and grow in grace and in the knowledge of God singly and in His sight. We cannot be pardoned in masses, or saved in crowds. Strait is the gate, and each must find it and enter it for himself alone. Let us beware lest, in seeking outward excitements, we forget and lose the blessedness of inward Christian life. Let us walk with God.—*The Christian.*

THE
PROPOSED PUBLIC SALE
 IN AID OF THE PURCHASE OF THE
PEOPLE'S MARKET, WHITECHAPEL,
 AND THE ERECTION OF
MISSION HALLS AT POPLAR AND SHOREDITCH,
 WILL TAKE PLACE ON,
**Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 24th, 25th,
 and 26th of January, 1870,**
 AT THE
LOWER ROOM, EXETER HALL.

Goods of every description will be gratefully received, such as Ladies' and Gentlemen's Under-Clothing, Children's Clothing of all descriptions, Boots and Shoes, &c.; Jewellery, Plate, Pictures, Models, Drawings, Cutlery, Furniture, and Toys.

Unmade Material, such as Cloths, Calicoes, Prints, Linseys, Merinos, Flannels, Muslins, &c., Cast-off Wearing Apparel, both Ladies' and Gentlemen's, can be readily and profitably disposed of.

THE MOST USEFUL ARTICLES WILL SELL BEST.

We have already received many valuable contributions, and there is yet time for many more. Will our lady friends help us? Many, who have not the ability to give large sums of money, can contribute small parcels of Ready-made Clothing, etc., etc., and we need not remind our friends that "many littles make a mickle." We hope to realise £250, and we *shall* if our sisters will be answerable to this opportunity. The goods will be arranged on the stalls by a General Committee, and ladies appointed to superintend without respect to any contributions of their own whatever. Every article will be marked at a *reasonable* price, and in plain figures, from which no abatement will be made under any circumstances.

GOODS MAY BE FORWARDED TO

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|---|--|
| Messrs. MORGAN and CHASE, 38, Ludgate Hill, E.C. | Mrs. HALLIDAY, 21, Belmont Park, Lee, S.E. |
| Mrs. HAMILTON, 72, Whitechapel Road, E. | Mrs. TEMPLE, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells. |
| Mr. IVES, 18, Princes Street, Cavendish Square. | Mrs. HOLME, St. George's Hill, Bath. |
| Mrs. LAWLEY, Circus Road, St. John's Wood. | Mrs. CAPPER, Edge Lane, Liverpool. |
| Mrs. COLES, 21, Wellington Street, Upper Street, Islington. | Mrs. ADMANS, Dame Hill, Margate. |
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| Mrs. MACKAY, 43, York Road, Brighton. | Mrs. BREWIN, 29, George Street, Croydon. |
| | Mrs. WALTERS, Ewell, near Epsom. |

Goods may be forwarded to Mr. Booth, 24, Victoria Street, King Edward's Road, South Hackney, N.E.

Mrs. BOOTH, *Treasurer*, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, N.E.
 Miss DIAPER, *Secretary*, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, N.E.

