

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.

JUNE, 1871.

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LONDON:

MORGAN, CHASE, & SCOTT, 38, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;

MISSION HALL, 272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD.

EDINBURGH:—J. TAYLOR, 31, CASTLE STREET.

AND BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

Under the Superintendence of Rev. 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 those outlying crowds who are not reached by the existing ordinary instrumentalities.

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BIBLE CLASSES.
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TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.
CHILDREN'S MISSION.
BANDS OF HOPE.
TRACT SOCIETIES.
SUNDAY and DAY SCHOOLS.
PENNY BANKS.
RELIEF of the DESTITUTE and SICK POOR, by the distribution of Bread, Meat, small sums of Money, and by SOUP KITCHENS.

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Mission Hall, Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green Road.
Mission Hall, River Street, Bow Common.
Market Hall, High Street, Hastings.
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Good Intent Hall, Scotland Green, Tottenham.
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Mission Hall, Cubitt Town.

ACCOMMODATION FOR 8,000 PERSONS

Is provided Free in these places.

200 SERVICES OUT DOORS AND IN ARE HELD WEEKLY,

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

We have also SOUP KITCHENS AND CHEAP FOOD DEPOTS at 188, Whitechapel Road, and 272, Whitechapel Road.

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This Mission is entirely dependent on the Voluntary Offerings of the Lord's people. Over £50 are required weekly. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. N. J. POWELL, 161, High Street, Whitechapel, or by Mr. BOOTH, 3, Gore Rd., Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.; or may be paid into the account of the CHRISTIAN MISSION at Messrs. DIMSDALE, FOWLER & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill. Small Sums may be sent by P. O. O. should be made payable at the London General Post Office.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1871.

Chapters from the Story of a Sanctified Life.

CHAPTER I.

"And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."—MALACHI iii. 3.

I WAS the second daughter and fourth child of my parents. In infancy I was dedicated to God by my mother, in the church of which she was a member. I was from childhood surrounded by religious influences—brought up and indoctrinated in the true faith. From my earliest recollections I felt the movings of God's Spirit upon my soul. As I listened to those older in years who enjoyed the favour of God, while they talked of their trust in Christ and their hope of heaven, I felt an intense desire to be a Christian.

When I was sixteen years of age, there was a great awakening in the place where I lived. It commenced with a very powerful work in the Methodist church. But all of the churches were more or less visited by the Holy Spirit. The church of my mother felt deeply the workings and movings of the Spirit. I was powerfully awakened; felt that I was a sinner in the sight of God, and that without pardon and a new heart I would be for ever lost. I attended all the anxious meetings, and was a sincere seeker after God.

At this time a friend, whom I highly respected and loved, while endeavouring to point me the way to Christ, said to me: "Why do you not go and hear the great revival preacher at the other church?" I was astonished that she should ask me such a question, and replied: "Our own pastor is good enough for me, and besides, I despise those people. I would not degrade myself by going into their church." My friend replied that I was wrongfully prejudiced against them; that if I would only hear this minister I would think differently. Before I left her I gave my promise that I would go that evening. I went. As I entered the church I looked around to see if any one present knew me, feeling myself degraded by being seen in such a place. I sat down near the door. The minister was in the pulpit; he arose and read the hymn, prayed, and took his text. As he spoke it appeared as the voice of God to me; as if he saw right into the depths of my heart. It seemed as if every word he spoke was meant for me. I bowed my head, I could not look up, the great deep of my heart was stirred. The minister closed his sermon, came down and invited all who desired to be saved, to come and bow at the footstool of mercy. I wanted to be saved, oh yes, I wanted to be saved; but I felt that I would almost as soon be lost as to accept this invitation. Then, oh how clearly, I heard the voice of God saying to me, "choose."

At this moment a tall, ungainly woman came to me, and put her hand upon my shoulder, as I was bowing my head on the front of the seat. She called me by name, I knew her voice, I believed that she was a true Christian; but her manners were so masculine and uncouth that I despised her. I am sure that one week before I would not have been seen walking across the public square with her, for anything that could have been given me. Yet this same despised disciple of Christ stood at my side and invited me to go and do as I had been

requested. I arose and followed her. As I bowed down I felt that all of the world was given up; my pride was humbled in the dust. Now in deep humility I could seek the Lord. I saw that I was a sinner in the sight of God; that without pardon I was for ever lost; that I would sink into perdition. I cried to God for mercy. I was told to believe; to cast my sins on Jesus; but oh, how dark to my mind was the way of faith! I knew not how to believe. Night after night I continued to bow at the same place; but found no comfort, no peace.

The fourth night after leaving the church, I was almost in despair. I went to the house of my brother-in-law—who was also seeking the Lord—to pass the night. In the morning I felt more encouraged. I was praying earnestly, when some Christian friends came, and proposed I should join my brother-in-law, who was in another room of the same house, seeking the Saviour, and they would pray with us until we found peace. After earnest prayer, my brother-in-law was converted. Then all came and knelt about me, encouraging me to believe. It appeared to me as if they almost carried me on the wings of their faith; that they almost believed for me. By degrees light broke in; I felt that Jesus was near, and I just trusted my all to him. I said, "I do believe; Jesus saves me *now*." A great calm followed; peace rested on my soul. The language of my heart was:

"My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child, I need no longer fear."

Clearly did the Spirit witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. I felt great love for all Christians of whatever name. I loved the Bible; I loved prayer as I never loved it before. I no longer feared to die, but earnestly I desired to live a consistent Christian.

CHAPTER II.

"Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

The first cross that I really felt after joining the church was speaking in class-meeting. It was so different from the customs of the church in which I had been brought up. But feeling it such a cross led me to pray more fervently that Jesus would give me grace to bear it and follow Him. I well remember the first time I arose to speak in class. With much emotion, and a tremulous voice, I said that I believed I was a child of God; I felt the Spirit of God bearing witness with my spirit, and I earnestly desired to live a true Bible Christian, and prayed God that if He saw anything that would prevent my being wholly His, if it were as dear to me as a right hand or a right eye, He would cut it off, or pluck it out; but make me and keep me wholly His. This was said not as a mere form of words; but it came from the deep recesses of my heart. Truly I was but a babe in Christ and of weak faith, but I was sincere, earnestly sincere, and admitting that I had but little faith, yet it was *real faith*, and it took hold on God. My after life will reveal how God my Saviour recorded my prayer, and fully, completely answered the desire of my heart. To His honour and glory be it made known.

Although I daily enjoyed much of the presence of the Lord, yet I soon began to feel the rising of pride, anger, and unbelief. What a struggle it was for me to believe, to take God at His word! Yet I realised that I was kept by Divine power, and that the Holy Spirit was striving to keep my evil propensities in subjection; yet I much desired that God would more entirely take possession of my heart; that all pride, all anger and unbelief might be rooted out, and God possess me entirely. I daily attended to secret devotion, the reading of God's word, and the duties of my class.

After a few years, death entered our family circle—a lovely sister, next younger than myself, was taken from us; and soon after, the husband of my eldest sister was taken, leaving her a widow with an only child, a little boy nine

months old. My path to heaven was made more thorny; I began to realise that life was indeed a warfare, that we must fight if we would win, and I earnestly prayed, "Increase my courage, Lord;" deeply realising that it was only through Christ that I could conquer and gain my crown.

In a few years my eldest sister was taken seriously sick. At the commencement of her illness she was so unwilling to die, that I prayed God to spare her and let me die in her place; but my heavenly Father willed otherwise. My work on earth was not yet done, God's will was not yet fully accomplished in me. My sister before her death became fully resigned, gave up the world, gave up her child, and was fully prepared to meet her God. She gave her little boy, then three years of age, to me. At the time I did not realise the heavy responsibility she laid upon me. After her death I took the child and cared for him, with the assistance of my mother, as if he had been my own. He soon wound himself about my heart. It was no hardship to care for him; indeed, it was my pleasure, my life. Fervently did I pray to God to give me grace and wisdom to train him for the Lord.

Three years after this, death again entered our family, and took my youngest and only remaining sister. I was now left the only daughter of my parents, with two elder brothers. I felt these bereavements, which came in such rapid succession, most keenly. They showed me the vanity of all things earthly, and led me to realise that this was not my home. I began to understand that it was good for me that I had been afflicted, that afflictions led me nearer and nearer my Saviour, to drink in more of His Spirit, to become more like Him; my faith was increased, yet still I struggled much with unbelief.

As my nephew advanced towards manhood I felt more deeply my responsibility, realising that God would hold me accountable for his soul. He had now arrived at an age when he was prepared for college. He left me. I felt so deeply the dangers that would surround, and the temptations that would be presented before him to entice him into evil, that in my agony I engaged in secret prayer five times a day, pleading with God to deliver him from temptation, keep him from sin and the evils that surrounded him.

Just about this time God allowed me to be severely afflicted, yea, sent upon me such deep, terrific, heart-rending suffering, that it well-nigh took my life. I was by nature proud; not vain, but *proud*. Perhaps few have ever lived upon earth as proud as I was. I felt a conscious superiority of intellect, and looked down upon those about me, believing myself better than they. I needed but a few moments' conversation with any person to measure his intellect; then in my own opinion I placed him on his proper level, and imagined myself greatly above him. I had a will, a strong, iron will. God only knew how to break it. I tell this of myself to show why God, my Father, took such severe measures to break that will, and completely to eradicate my pride, empty me of self, and fully prepare my heart to be truly a temple of the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER III.

"Glorify me in the fires."

I was at one time bowed before God in prayer, beseeching Him to tell me why I was called to endure such suffering and shame, appealing to Him for the uprightness and integrity of my motives, and groaning before Him for the afflictive hand that seemed to lie upon me more heavily than I could imagine I deserved. My heavenly Father spoke to me, yea, lifted the veil, and let me see myself, the natural depravity of my heart, the hideousness of inbred sin, the terrible corruption of my nature. Oh, how fearful was the sight! I loathed myself, and stood appalled before God. I shrank in terror as I saw and deeply realised the odiousness of the sin of my heart. The sight was so dreadful that I could not endure it longer and live. I cried to God to drop the veil and hide it from my view, or I should die. Never since that time have I felt that I by nature was any better than the vilest wretch that ever

lived. If my life had been upright and consistent, it was not that I by nature was any better than others, but because I had been religiously trained and educated. I had grown up under the constant influence and restraining grace of God. Had I been brought up under corrupt and vicious influences, I should have been just as vile as others. I could stand before God only as clothed with Christ's righteousness, and as I had His spirit in my heart. I was greatly troubled as I lay before God and begged Him for the sake of Jesus, and alone for His glory, to grant me grace to live to His will.

There was a series of meetings held at this time in our own church. Our pastor had engaged a brother minister from a distance to assist him. During a call which he was making at our house he told me that the minister he expected was a very holy man; that he lived in a higher state of grace than ordinary Christians. He knew that I would enjoy a conversation with him as well as be delighted to hear him preach. This gave me a great desire to see him and listen to his teachings. He came, and it was my privilege to hear him. As he stood before the people with power and unction proclaiming Jesus as a perfect, complete Saviour, one who saves to the uttermost, and that it was possible for professing Christians to live in a state of grace in which they would have no will contrary to the will of God, and that the blood of Christ cleansed them from the least and last remains of sin, all my attention and interest were aroused. I thought, Can it be possible that I can attain to a state of grace where I shall have no will contrary to the will of God? Again and again I went to hear him proclaim "full salvation." I was hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

One day, as this brother was at our house, conversing with me on the possibility of Christians living in the higher state of grace, I asked him if he thought it possible for a child of God to have enough of grace to be willing to be traduced and grossly slandered; willing to be wrongfully accused of great wickedness? He replied, Why, yes, sister; and then told me of his own experience, where wicked, designing persons had raised reports detrimental to his character. He was willing that men should do and say about him just what God permitted them to do and say. I replied, It must require a great degree of grace to be willing to have such things said of you.

The same afternoon, this brother, while preaching, explained and made very clear the way to enter into the experience of full salvation. He said, We must not only feel a deep conviction of sin in order to this more perfect work of grace, but we must make a complete and entire consecration of ourselves to God. We must lay self upon the altar; give up all, our will, our character, our time, talents, property—everything; be willing to be anything, or nothing. And as we thus abandon ourselves to God we must believe that He accepts the offering, and we should soon realise the Holy Spirit bearing witness that the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin. I returned home from church: felt that I now knew the way; that I had light, and was fully resolved, come what would, that I would comply with the conditions required. I entered my room, closed the door, and knelt before God; and as I knelt, I said: Lord, help me now to consecrate my all to Thee! As I commenced praying, it appeared that my petitions went right to the throne of God; and the throne was near to me, just above me. My heart seemed like an over-burdened vessel, from which I commenced casting overboard one thing after another; my character, my good name, my time, talents, the world, honours, riches, health, life, *every thing*; and as the last idol of my heart was cast into the deep, I said to God, *I do believe*, and immediately, just above my head, was a light above the brightness of the sun. It shone upon me, covered me; it filled the room; and such a deep, deep peace filled my soul as I have no language to express. Yes, I was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. All my agony of feeling, all my torture of mind, was gone. The opinions of men, or what might be said against me, were but motes in the sunbeam. God filled my soul; I felt swallowed up in Him. It appeared as if heaven had come down to earth, God was so near to me, so filled me. Oh, what love! "Let rocks and hills their lasting silence break!" What a sacred awe, what a silent heaven of love occupied my heart;

what feelings of supreme adoration reigned within me! I wanted nothing, I desired nothing but God. How changed was every thing to me! How fully I realised things unseen and eternal! How insignificant were the things of time and sense! how fleeting, how vain, were all things here below! How easy was it for me to believe my loving God! It was as easy for me to believe as it was for me to breathe. What a calm rest my soul felt in Christ, like a vessel on the ocean in a terrible storm, well-nigh engulfed by the furious waves, and suddenly anchored in a calm harbour, *safe, safe from all harm*. I felt a rest in Christ which no event of earth could disturb. For days I did not wish to see any one; all I desired was to be alone with God, that I might commune and talk with Him.

(To be continued.)

"HE'S COMING TO-MORROW."

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND."

My soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Was it true: The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire, *is it almost over—is the day at hand?*

Again: "THEY SHALL SEE THE SON OF MAN COMING IN A CLOUD WITH POWER AND GREAT GLORY. *And when these things begin to come to pass, look up and rejoice, for your redemption is nigh.*"

Coming!—The Son of Man really coming, coming into *this* world again with power and great glory.

Will this really ever happen? Will this solid, commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash, and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see Him coming?

So our minister preached, in a solemn sermon; and for moments, at times, I felt a thrill of reality in hearing. But as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbour Mr. Stockton whispered to me not to forget the meeting of the bank directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaite poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Thursday; and my wife, as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Pennyman.

"So absurd," she said, "when her income I know cannot be half what ours is, and I never think of sending to Paris for my things—I should look on it as morally wrong!"

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon!—so solemn. I wonder that all are not drawn to hear our rector. What could be more powerful than such discourses? My dear, by the bye, *don't* forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one—dear me! The Christmas presents were all so on

my mind that I was thinking of them every now and then church—and that was *so* wrong of me!"

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our life were unreal. We go to church, and the things we hear are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! For instance, these Advent sermons. If we are looking for *that* coming, we ought to feel and live differently from what we do! Do we really believe what we hear in church, or is it a dream?"

"I do believe," said my wife, earnestly—(she is a good woman, my wife)—"yes, I do believe, but it is just as you say—oh, dear! I feel as if I am very worldly—I have so many things to think of!" and she sighed.

So did I; for I knew that I too was very worldly. After a pause I said, "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas—and it should be authoritatively announced that He would be here to-morrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there would be some embarrassment on the part of our great men, legislators, and chief councillors, in anticipation of a personal interview. Fancy a meeting of the city council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Perhaps," said I, "he would refuse all offers of the rich and great. Perhaps our fashionable churches would plead for His presence in vain. He would not be in palaces."

"Oh!" said my wife, earnestly—"if I thought our money separates us from him, I would give it *all*—yes, *all*—might I only see Him."

She spoke from the bottom of her heart, and for a moment her face was glorified.

"You *will* see Him some day," said I, "and the money that we are willing to give up at a word from Him will not keep Him from us."

That evening the thoughts of the

waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream.

I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange vague sense of *something* just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mysterious voices.

There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stand at the corners of the street and discuss an impending something with suppressed voices.

I heard one say to another, "*Really* coming? What? To-morrow?" And the others said, "Yes, to-morrow—on Christmas Day He will be here."

It was night. The stars were glittering down with a keen and frosty light, the shops glistened in their Christmas array; but the same sense of hushed expectancy pervaded everything. There seemed to be nothing doing, and each person looked wistfully on his neighbour as if to say, Have you heard?

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous, phosphorous radiance of light, purer than any on earth—a light of a quality so different from that of the street lamps that my celestial attendant seemed to move in a sphere alone.

Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said, "Tell me—is it really true? *Is* Christ coming?"

"He is," said the angel. "To-morrow He will be here."

"What joy!" I cried.

"Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many in this city it is only terror! Come with me."

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlour of one of the chief palaces of the City. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and gems, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of *virtu*—everything that money could buy—was heaped together; and yet the man himself seemed to me to have been neither elevated nor refined by the confluence of all these treasures. He seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow and spoke.

"I don't know, wife, how *you* feel; but *I* don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything that *I* know anything about."

"Oh, John," said the woman, turning towards him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you say so?"

And as she spoke I could see breaking out above her head a tremulous light, like that above the brow of an angel.

"Well, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off? What does He want of me? I'd be willing to make over—well, three millions, to found an hospital, if He'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'd give three millions—to buy off from to-morrow."

"Is He not our best Friend?"

"Best Friend!" said the man, with a look of half fright, half anger. "Mary, you don't know what you're talking about! You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact, I *hate* them."

She cast on him a look full of pity. "Cannot I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he added, pointing to the papers, "here is what stands for millions! To-night it's mine, and to-morrow it will be all so much waste paper, and then what have I left? Do you think I can rejoice? I'd give half; I'd give—yes, *the whole*, not to have Him come these hundred years." She stretched out her thin hand towards him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see?" said the angel to me, solemnly; "between him and her there is a '*GREAT GULF fixed*.' They have lived in one house with that gulf between them for years! She cannot go to him; he cannot come to her. To-morrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the sun, and he will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him—not because Christ hates *him*, but because *he* hates Christ."

Again the scene was changed. We stood together in a low attic, lighted by one small lamp—how poor it was—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner—where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things, the air was so frosty that their breath congealed upon the bed-clothes, as they talked in soft baby voices. "When mother comes she will bring us some supper," said they. "But I'm so cold!" said the

little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a fire when she came in if that man would pay her." "What a bad man he is," said the oldest boy; "he never pays mother if he can help it."

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in, laden with packages.

She laid all down and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Joy! joy, children! Oh, joy, joy! Christ is coming! He will be here to-morrow."

Every little bird in the nest was up, and the little arms around the mother's neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus; He had been their mother's only friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not He was coming.

"Oh, mother, will He take us? He will, won't He?"

"Yes, my little ones," she said, softly, smiling to herself; "He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom."

Suddenly again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was present.

We stood in a lonely room, where a woman was sitting with her head bowed forward upon her hands. Alone, forsaken, slandered, she was in bitterness of spirit. Hard, cruel tongues had spoken her name with vile assertions, and a thoughtless world had believed. There had been a babble of accusations, a crowd to rejoice in iniquity, and few to pity. She thought herself alone, and she spoke; "Judge me, O Lord, for I have walked in my integrity. I am as a monster unto many, but Thou art my strong refuge."

In a moment the angel touched her. "My sister," he said, "be of good cheer. Christ will be here to-morrow."

She started up, with her hands clasped, her eyes bright, her whole form dilated, as she seemed to look into the heavens, and said with rapture—

"Come, Lord, and judge me, for Thou knowest me altogether. Come, Son of Man, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded. Oh, for the judgment seat of Christ!"

Again I stood in a brilliant room, full of luxuries. Three or four fair women were standing pensively talking with each other. Their apartment was bestrewn with jewellery, laces, silks, velvets, and every fanciful

elegance of fashion; but they looked troubled.

"This seems to me really awful," said one, with a suppressed sigh. "What troubles me is, I know so little about it."

"Yes," said another, "and it puts a stop so to everything! Of what use will all these be to-morrow?"

There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room who now spoke. "We shall be ever with the Lord," she said.

"I'm sure I don't know what that can mean," said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder; "it seems rather fearful."

"Well," said the other, "it seems so sudden—when one never dreamed of any such thing—to change all at once from this to that other life."

"It is enough to be *with Him*," said the poor woman. "Oh, I have so longed for it!"

"*The great gulf*," again said the angel.

Then again, we stood on the steps of a church. A band of clergymen were together—Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old School and New School, all stood hand in hand.

"It's no matter now about these old issues," they said. "*He* is coming. He will settle all. Ordinations and ordinances, sacraments, creeds, are but the scaffolding of the edifice. They are the shadow, the substance is CHRIST." And hand in hand they turned their faces when the Christmas morning light began faintly glowing, and I heard them saying together, with one heart and one voice,

"Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly!"

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate to his bones. Still, for a time, he struggled on, but at last his limbs were benumbed—a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him—his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he certainly would never have awakened again in this world. Just at this moment he saw another traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself for he, too,

could scarcely move, all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die. When he saw this poor man, the traveller who was going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up and crawled, for he was not able to walk,—to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them, he chafed his temples, rubbed his feet, applied friction to his body, and all the time he spoke cheering words, and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man revived, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all, for his kind benefactor too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off—he no longer wished to sleep—his limbs returned to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape. Soon the snow storm passed away, the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

Christian, if you feel heart-cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another to life, and the result may, perhaps, be as gladsome as in the case of the two travellers. Christians, help one another.

PRAYER.

A MISSIONARY from one of the most fruitful fields in China—a field upon which there has been of late a very remarkable outpouring of God's Holy Spirit—tells us that the most striking feature among the converts is their prayerfulness. They accept the privilege as if freshly granted—as, indeed, it is—to each new partaker in the life of Christ; and with them it is the constant, hourly necessity of their lives. "They spend," we are told, "hours in prayer. They pray about everything. They feel as if they could never sufficiently make use of permission to pray, almost as if time were lost when otherwise occupied. They, in fact, carry out the precepts which we all accept," "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

And what is the result? The answers to prayer are so marked, so extraordinary, so definite, that the same

missionary has stated that he almost fears to make them publicly known in England, lest we, in this Christian country, professing to believe in prayer, should incredulously receive as the report of an enthusiast tidings of its having had the promised power with God, and prevailing. The heathen, however, realise that these converts from among them command in prayer machinery, so to speak, to which they are strangers, a power bringing down visible and marked results which cannot be gainsaid; and a large number of inquirers after Christianity have first become such from seeing the answers given to the petitions of these despised Christians.

WATCH!

"WATCH and pray," saith our Lord. Whatever sin you pray against, if you are not careful to watch against it too, you have little reason to expect your prayer should be answered; and though to a person of your slothful, indolent temper this may possibly appear a severe injunction, yet, what God your Saviour hath joined together, you must in no wise put asunder. In order to perform this duty aright, you must observe these rules:—Preserve a sober, equal temper; an habitual advertence; use frequent recollection; sincerely pray for Divine assistance; sobriety and equality of mind consist in freedom from all perturbation, for any passion in excess does as certainly inebriate as the strongest liquor immoderately taken.—*Mrs. S. Wesley's Journal.*

DIVINE UNION.

WHEN he was able to converse, his favourite subject was, The promise of the Father, the gift of the Holy Ghost, including that rich, peculiar blessing of union with the Father and the Son, mentioned in that prayer of our Lord in John xvii. "We must not be content," said he, "to be *only* cleansed from sin: we must be filled with the Spirit." One asking him, "What was to be experienced in the full accomplishment of that promise?" "O," said he, "what shall I say! All the sweetest drawings of the Father, all the love of the Son, all the rich effusions of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; more than ever can be expressed, are comprehended here! To attain it, the Spirit maketh intercession in the soul, like a God wrestling with a God!"—*John Fletcher.*

QUESTIONS FOR HELP IN SELF-EXAMINATION

1. Did I rise this morning with a grateful sense of the goodness of God?
2. Did I offer myself anew to Him in consecration?
3. Do I deny myself at all times, and take up my cross, as the Spirit of the Lord leads me?
4. Is the life I live by the faith of the Son of God, so that Christ dwelleth in me?
5. Do I feel any pride? or am I partaker of the meek and lowly mind that was in Jesus?
6. Am I firm and resolute in duty? and does any part of my time run to waste?
7. Have I always the presence of God? and am I saved from the fear of man?
8. Am I improving all my opportunities for doing or getting good?
9. Am I just,—doing in all things as I would others should do unto me?
10. Do I indulge in evil speaking to any extent? Do I mention the faults of any in their absence?
11. Am I becoming more scrupulous? and do I faithfully listen to the whispers of conscience?
12. Do I love the searching means of grace? Does plain dealing in the pulpit find sympathy in my heart?
13. Have I meekness? Am I poor in spirit? Am I temperate in all things?
14. Do I daily search the Scriptures? and has the reading of the Scriptures profited me?
15. Am I now fully consecrated to God? and now trusting Him for a present and full salvation?
16. Have I the witness of the Spirit, testifying to the sanctification of my soul?
17. Have I the fruits of the Spirit without alloy? and am I now breathing out love, and gratitude, and praise?
18. Have I sweet, sensible communion with God now? and is my soul now resting in Jesus?

President Edwards says, "*Slothfulness in the service of God is as damning as open rebellion.*"—*J. A. Wood.*

CONSECRATION AND MEANS OF GRACE.

My consecration to God must include these three things:—1. A determination, by His grace, never to indulge in any conversation, follow any pur-

suit, or read any books, not, in my conscientious opinion, calculated to increase my holiness and usefulness. 2. That I will attend to all things which I believe are calculated to help me in these two particulars. 3. I will allow a considerable portion of time every day, to be spent in reading the word of God and prayer, that I may know what I should do, and what leave undone, in order to be entirely holy, and as useful as it is the will of God I should be.

One thing I must keep in mind, and that is, that I must fully believe that my Heavenly Father is of the same mind as myself in these particulars, and that He will manage my outward affairs so as to promote my holiness and usefulness, as well as bless the use of the means. There are two classes of means of grace: those which we use, and those which God uses. Those which we use may be called "Instituted and Prudential." Those which God uses are of two kinds: such as are particularly calculated to make us thankful, and those that are more particularly calculated to humble us. All our blessings and all our trials are intended to be means of grace.—*John Hunt.*

RESIGNATION.

I CANNOT sufficiently praise the Lord for the calm and immovable resignation which he continues to give me. I seem as if I had to do with nobody and nothing but God! I am trying neither to be cumbered about life or death, *strength or weakness*, usefulness or uselessness, but to "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

I feel increasingly that we must not be careful about anything. The moment feverish solicitude takes possession of our bosom, there is not only an obstruction of divine influences, but also a waste of such energies as we do possess.—*W. Lamb.*

HOW TO OBTAIN A SINGLE EYE.

IN order to live singly to God, the best method is to desire it with meekness; to spread the desire in quietness before Him who inspired it; to offer Him now all we have and are, *as we can*; and to enlarge our expectations that He may satisfy us with good things, yea, with all His fulness; or *that He may try our patience*, and teach us to know our *total helplessness*.—*John Fletcher.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

"JESUS bids us shine with a pure, clear light, [night, Like a little candle burning in the In the world of darkness; so we must shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine. Jesus bids us shine, first of all, for Him; Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim;

He looks down from heaven to see us shine— You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine; yes, for all around: Oh, what depths of darkness in the world are found! There's sin, there's want, and sorrow; so we must shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine."

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

HOLINESS.

THERE is a higher life than that ordinarily lived by the Lord's people. Call it assurance, purity, perfect love, holiness, or what you will. "His name was called Jesus, because He should save His people from their sins." And He is Jesus, a Saviour, and a Saviour to the uttermost still. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And throughout the Mission there is a stirring among the people, and a rising up and seeking after power over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and God is revealing Himself to many of His people, and in the strength of this revelation they rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. Hallelujah! From time to time we hope to give some experiences for the encouragement of those who are inquiring how far there is redemption for them in the blood of Christ, from the power and indwelling of sin.

The following was put into our hands the other evening by a brother in whom all around have not failed to mark evidences of a precious change:—

"I LIVE, YET NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."

was the language of a man; and if so, another man of like passions may say the same by heartfelt experience. One of the Lord's children reasoned thus with himself three years ago, and saw the possibility of preaching from the heart the great truth of God, viz., full salvation, and yet not preach it with the heart. He fully made up his mind to know the truth, and earnestly set his heart and mind to find, in persons and books, traces of the inner life.

A lady, a member of his class, one day remarked to him, "Do you not think there is spiritual rest for a Christian? Should your life be spiritual turmoil?" These words set him a step or two farther on, and Upham's "Hidden Life" came to his aid, which, with the "Still Hour," and the Bible, formed his library. During the time spent in research, many very blessed tokens of the Lord's favour were experienced, and every little ray of light gave new zeal and desire. The lady referred to, and a dear

friend, a retired minister, were the living witnesses of the blessing sought. Those were consulted whenever a favourable opportunity offered itself. About this time the subject of this paper engaged fully in the work of God, and saw the life lived and heard it taught. He says that, at this time, he was thoroughly tired of being partly a child and partly a slave, and coming short of that spontaneity in duty which is the result of perfect love. He preached sanctification as being without condemnation, not perceiving that the tendency which produces the act is as hateful to God as the act itself.

One evening, being much moved by the hardness and dryness of his experience, he with tears and solemn vows besought a blessing from God and obtained it. He then consecrated himself fully to the service of the Lord, but still lacked faith in God's ability to keep him from sin. Soon after this, a deep sense of the exceeding sinfulness of the heart by nature was revealed to him in a prayer-meeting. An utter abhorrence of sin was then experienced; the lurking enemy was hunted up and driven out into the light, and when the leader of the meeting called upon all present for a full surrender, he then offered again his little all, this time publicly, and God took it. His heart was melted under the influence of the love, and while praying, "Lord, keep me," a dear man of God said, "He will keep;" and faith laid hold on these words; the blessed Witness came; and now, he says, "I live daily in the light; my foot is on the neck of my enemies; they cannot rise. I do not say, Lord save me from my temper. He does it. My soul is at times full of glory. I weep and rejoice. My unbelief was at the bottom of all my trouble, but now it is gone. I have a present God. Bless His holy name. It is sunshine in my soul. The Day-star has arisen, hallelujah! There is a beautiful serenity within. I am fond now of being silent and alone. I am filled with awe. I wonder more and more. I am at times afraid to speak. 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,' who is my present and future glory."

WHITECHAPEL.

GOD has been pleased to answer the prayers of His earnest, believing children, and is reviving His work in this branch of the Mission. These drops of blessing and power are very precious; we receive them as the earnest of showers that are to come. On Sunday, April 23rd, Miss Short preached with touching earnestness, and in many instances the hearing ear and the understanding heart yielded to the appeal given. In the after meeting eighteen came forward, and with bitter weeping for their past sin and folly, gave themselves to Jesus.

Amongst these was the following: A brother who, as he afterwards expressed it, seemed

HARD AS A FLINT.

Two Sundays previously he had listened to our beloved sister Mrs. Booth; but although strongly convicted, was unyielding. After pleading with him for some time with apparent fruitlessness, Mrs. B. left him with the words, "Remember, I am clear of your blood."

This followed him. He came again on the evening mentioned. The text, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" struck home with peculiar force.

The preacher had spoken of being converted at fifteen years old, and of her grief at spending so many years away from God. Fifteen years, thought the man; I have been nearly four times that, and here am I a cumberer, living, as I have done, in the midst of light and knowledge, and my heart as hard as a flint! Can there be mercy for me?

Thus he pondered, and half in desperation, determined to hasten away. But his hat was at the top of the room, and ere he had time to get it, our sister had forestalled his plans, and was at his side entreating him to give himself to God.

Praise God, he yielded, knelt down, and with strong cries and tears besought mercy. The assurance that "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out," brought peace to his soul. He has since been most earnest in attending the means, and in using every effort to bring others to the same source of comfort, sweetly testifying that Christ is his Redeemer.

Sunday, the 30th. A band of gypsies addressed the congregation. God was with both speakers and hearers. Much interest was manifested, and many sought the Saviour. The 31st was—

OUR GENERAL FAST-DAY.

The meetings for prayer throughout the day were blessed times.

Addresses were given by various brethren and sisters. Many believers were aroused to the necessity of experimentally realising a full salvation. At the commencement of the evening service, the verse was given out—

"Take my poor heart, and let it be For ever closed to all but Thee;"

when a poor man called out, "Mine, mine! Take my heart!" Some of us took him aside and prayed with him. He had been a wretched drunkard, was among the eighteen who sought on the 16th, was earnestly desirous, but had not exercised conquering faith, and in an unwary moment had, on the Saturday, yielded to the tempter. Extremely wretched at the discovery that this week's efforts had been useless, he came again; this time in the right way—yielding all, he simply trusted in Jesus. A wonderful transition took place immediately. From dread of sinking into hell, he imagined himself almost in heaven. As he rose from his knees he looked round. "Where am I? Why, it is 'love, love, all love!'" From strongly depicted misery, his countenance was lit up with transports of joy. He has since been enabled to hold on and conquer in the strength of Jesus. Already he has brought one companion who has also, we trust, experienced the change of heart.

May 7. Mr. Booth preached all day,—in the morning with peculiar force and power. Many believers have since testified to a renewal of love, and have dated their revival of heart and life to that service. In the evening many came forward: sinners to get their load of sin removed; backsliders to obtain again their first love; and believers seeking full deliverance from sin. The precious blood of Jesus was proved that night to be sweetly and wonderfully efficacious in the healing of all kinds and degrees of spiritual disease.

Delightful testimonies have since been given that, on that night, those seeking found the blessing sought.

On Monday night, and throughout the week, God continued to bless.

Our folks are meeting with some opposition from the unbelieving, who cannot grasp the idea that anything can be realised beyond what they experience. Where God works, Satan will surely come in if possible.

We are earnestly praying for a continuance and a still greater manifestation of God's presence in our midst.

Will our friends pray for and help us? The migratory habits, the poverty, and ignorance of our people, call for much patience and love.

Frequently our hearts are rent with the extreme temporal distress of those who are anxious about their souls. Our inability to relieve the one, renders it difficult to deal with the other. Nevertheless, our faith is unshaken in the all-sufficient power of the Gospel to raise and renew and bless those most deeply sunk in misery and vice and crime! We shall go forwards. Friends and brethren, pray for us.

MARY C. BILLUPS.

THE GIPSIES AT WHITECHAPEL.

"God is no respecter of persons." Surely Christians forget this, or they would not

so easily cast the look and word of reproach upon those men and women, workers in God's vineyard, who are less educated than themselves.

What kind of preaching is the most acceptable in the present day? Spirit-stirring, soul-saving truth? No, no; poetry, sentiment, theory, discourse, are enliterated and sought after by the greater portion of the professing Church. Oh, may the day speedily arrive when Christians shall lay aside the puny intellect, and allow the Spirit of God to have its free course. Not that we would underrate education and talent,—they are gifts of God,—but let them have their proper place and be subservient to the grander, the nobler gift, the inspiration and power of the Holy Ghost.

On Sunday, April 30th, it was our privilege to listen to some of the rougher, more unpolished gems, but to men who were none the less God-sent, heaven-taught messengers of truth.

Gipsies are universally looked down upon, and deservedly so, for crime is abundant in their midst, and with careless freedom they do not hesitate to proclaim the fact; but "Twas sinners Jesus came to save," and many of this benighted, wicked race have learnt this precious truth to their souls' salvation, and are now rejoicing in the light and liberty of the gospel.

A band of these men from their camp at Plaistow Marsh addressed the Sunday evening audience in the Whitechapel Mission Hall. With earnest, almost child-like simplicity, yet marked with much native-born, real eloquence, each one gave his message.

The meeting was commenced in the usual way, singing, reading, and prayer.

Brother White led the band. While giving out the verse, "E'er since by faith I saw the stream," he said, "And that's not a few years sin'. Twenty years ago the Lord pardoned me. I found it the happiest road to tread, and I find it the same now. You Christian men and women here, pray for the speakers. I wish you could come to their encampment and hear them singing, praying, and praising God; you would then witness the truth of what they tell you.

"Some in this congregation have come out of curiosity to hear the gipsies; may God's Holy Spirit convince, meet with, and save you."

Brother Bottley (first gipsy) said, "I feels won'erful 'appy, though I can't neither read nor yet write. It was three years ago at Epsom races the Lord saved me. I can't tell you how wicked I was. I was the vilest of the vile; but it isn't what I was, it's what I am. God knows all about it; that's why He saved me.

"I was a-going to a skittle ground, but it wasn't so. A dear old Christian woman begun to talk and pray for me, and took me to a meeting.

"I saw myself a hell-deserving sinner. Oh, I was miserable. I fell right down, and cried out for Jesus to save me. I warn't

ashamed to let people hear me. I tell you what, friends! when a man's real converted he ain't 'shamed. When I got off my knees I could get up before the whole congregation, and tell them all I was saved.

"My wife did not know the Saviour. I thought I should like her to be saved as well as me, and I used to go away by myself and pray for her. Warn't it sing'lar! she came back to the same place and found it in the same tent as me. That's the way God answered my prayer. She was changed too. As she got off her knees, she put her arms round me and said, 'I've found the Saviour. I've found Him.' We've bin very 'appy since, I can tell you. I don't know how other people manage. I couldn't keep my 'appiness to self. I must tell all my unconverted relatives. Oh, I would like to tell the whole world.

"Friends, what have we come here for to night, but to tell you what Jesus has done for us? If He can save a gipsy, He can save anybody. Won't you try Him? We had to leave our teas behind us, for it's a long way from Canning Town; but I would go anywhere for Jesus."

After singing a hymn, "Come, brethren, dear, who love the Lord," Solomon Smith (second gipsy) said, "I believe in amens, and hallelujahs, praise the Lord! Religion makes me real happy, you know, friends.

"But I must tell you it wasn't al'ays so. I was one of the wretchedest men going. I was up to everything bad; a runner, a jumper, a Sabbath-breaker, a swearer. I was convinced of my sin when beastly drunk. Some people say it can't be so. Wa'al, it was a queer thing, but true. I saw all my sins like a black hill before me, but Jesus took them all away. Bless Him! Ain't He a Jesus!

"I soon had plenty of jeers. 'Ah,' they said, 'wait a bit; Solomon will soon give up for half a gallon.' But God gave me power. You see, friends, I gave back the devil all his dirty goods. I gave up all my idols for Jesus. I wouldn't have anything to do with them. I put them all away, but my Father has paid me back. He gives me all I ax for. When going with my old bunch of canes across my back, I creep under an 'edge and ask for souls. I al'ays go believing. My Father says He'll give me what I ask for.

"My wife was converted in my tent soon after me. My mother wasn't saved; but I would pray for her. I took her on my knees and said, 'Mother, I've got 'demp-tion in the blood. If you won't go to heaven, I've 'termined I won't go to hell.' We cried together, and the Lord has saved her too.

"I soon became a preacher. I'd cry from here to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 'The blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin.' Christ for me. If you hear I'm dead, be sure Solomon's gone to heaven. What I that dirty, filthy, swearing fellow that used to be? Yes, washed now in the pre-

cious blood of Jesus. Say, Solomon's gone to heaven."

The gipsies then, with sweet intonation, sang a hymn of their own. A deep feeling of interest ran through the congregation as they gazed upon these men, their countenances so rapt, so joyous, as they sang their heavenly song. Truly God had done much for them. The tears of both speakers and listeners flowed freely.

Cornelius Smith (third gipsy), brother of the latter, was the next to speak.

"I am very happy to see so many faces. Some look as if you do love Jesus. Oh, you've much to praise Him for. What do we stand here for?—only to tell of the blood of Christ. I promised the Lord to go anywhere he wanted me, and He has given me souls. No one ought ever to stop at home if they've been used to snatch one poor sinner from the pit of hell.

"A brother asked me what it was to be born again. I said it was to commence a new life, to begin over again. When I was converted, I gave the devil my fiddle. I put my two hands together, so, and said, I never will put the neck of a fiddle here again, and I never have.

"If any one here has seen more trouble than I have, then you have seen trouble indeed. But God did it, and that caused me to cry for help. I warn't ashamed; I roared like a bull.

"Six years ago the Lord took my dear wife away. Ah, if there are any here trusting in their strength and health, let me tell you, my wife was as big and bonny a woman as ever trod in two shoes nine days before she died. I am not ashamed to say I loved her. I'd have had all my limbs chopped off sooner than have lost her. Well, she lay there dead, a little baby nine days old, and four children, two of whom had the small-pox. That was sorrow, I can tell you.

"They were taking the coffin (big tears fell down the dear fellow's cheeks as he recited his sad history) out of the caravan when it caught fire. The sparks were flying about. There was no water to be had within half a mile. The children that had the small pox, and those that hadn't, all ran out together, crying, Murder.

"I was afraid every minute the coffin with my poor dead wife in would take fire. I was well-nigh mad. How I got through I don't know. We buried my wife at midnight. I crept behind the coffin with a candle, with never a soul to say, Cheer up, brother. But Jesus helped me, and has since saved me. Oh, I am happy now. You should come to our encampment, and hear us there. He can make us happy in the midst of poverty. Although I only sleep in a poor, humble cot here, I've a mansion above.

"I'm on my way to glory."

With zest the congregation joined in singing these words. Every heart seemed touched; but the dear fellow's beaming, peaceful countenance recalled the thoughts

from earthly sorrow to expected heavenly joy.

Bartholomew Smith (fourth gipsy), another brother of the two former, said, "There is a sect called Peculiar People. I think we are the 'peculiar people;' at least we're very 'appy,

"I can't tell you how bad I've been. I see a policeman yonder; well, I've shook them just as I would a dog. I am sorry now, but it is past. I was under conviction for several months. My wife was reading the Bible where Jesus was crucified, and as I thought of the nails being put in His dear hands, the thorns on His brow, all for me, it seemed too great to believe. I prayed and prayed, but only got more miserable. I said to my brother, 'I know the Lord will save us when we give all up for Him.' But I couldn't see it was to be done all in a minute like, but I see it now.

"They were singing, 'I do believe,' I was on my knees—would not leave until I got God. I had nothing to give but my wicked heart but Jesus took that. I soon begun to tell others; my wife was the first, she was not saved, no more than me; though she 'ad read the Bible; but like as I was saved on the night at ten o'clock, she found peace the next morning. We are eleven in family—eight are on their way to heaven.

"God has chosen to work among the gipsies for a wise purpose, to show what He can do; for we've been as deep as ever we could go in sin. There's no shame in religion, for it makes a good husband, and a good father. I was what you might call dragged up. But as soon as I was converted, I sent my children to school. I got a little girl seven years old, who can read and write as purty a letter as need be, that I can send to any part of the world. My intermination is to live for God.

"I give up all pleasure, not one particularly, and can sing from the bottom of my heart.

"My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine."

For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign."

Our next and last on the list is a gipsy named Taylor.

"I am a child of God. I never stood before such lots of people before. I never could, but for Jesus.

"I am very unlearned, never had no scholarship; but I bless God to-night to think that 'I'm a sinner saved by grace.' He has been very, very good, I never could express it all. I want to be a light. I've been an outcast; Jesus knows all about it; that's why he saved me. I feel assurance Jesus died, and that he has washed away my sins. I want to live the life of a Christian. We have come for the purpose to see sinners saved. Will you all come to Jesus? He can save you, as he has saved me."

Brother White concluded the speaking, by saying, that he wished again the friends

present would pay the gipsies a visit at their encampment; that there were many women gipsies, as well as men, that could testify for Jesus. One of them, a girl, when asked if she would tell a fortune, replied, "Yes, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin."

At the close of this very interesting meeting, some six or seven sought the Saviour. We parted with our interest in our gipsy friends much strengthened, and more than ever convinced that when God takes possession of a man, he can and does work marvellous changes in a very short period of time. O may the blessing of our heavenly Father follow our dear friends, and may they in their wandering life be made useful to many precious souls.

LIMEHOUSE.

On Sunday, the 16th, I spent the day at this station, and the Lord was with us. In the afternoon we held a meeting specially for believers; several came forward and gave themselves afresh to the Lord.

We held a lovefeast in the evening, when three or four precious souls sought the Saviour. One was an old man, a sailor, who had been

A PROFESSOR THIRTY YEARS,

but found that night he had only had the form of religion. He cried earnestly to the Lord to save him, believed, and entered into the liberty of God's dear children. May he be kept by His mighty power.

T. W.

POPLAR.

We have had many tokens of the Lord's presence with us during the past month.

THE RIGHT KIND OF BUSINESS AT A BUSINESS MEETING.

Among several cases of hopeful conversion, is that of a young woman who came into the Hall while we were holding a business meeting. With a very distressed look she asked if she was too late for the prayer meeting. "I am such a great sinner," she said, "I don't know what to do with myself." We left our business, and kneeling by her, sought to show her what Jesus would have her do; and, praise the Lord, she yielded her heart to Him, and went away rejoicing in the sense of pardoning love.

T. W.

POPLAR—NEW HALL.

The agreement for the site for the long-talked-of Hall for this station is now completed and signed, and the plans and specifications are decided on. A plain building is to be erected, to contain 500 people, at the very low price of £350. Of this sum £200 is already in hand. The friends at this station are, and have been for a long time, very poor; many of them out of work; nevertheless, they will do what they can. It is resolved upon that there shall be no debt upon the building, and we

are looking to the Lord and to His servants to enable us to complete the long-desired work. Charles Owen, Esq., Millwall, is the treasurer of the building committee, by whom, or Mr. Booth, contributions will be thankfully received, and acknowledged on the cover of the magazine.

CANNING TOWN.

We are still pressing forward, and the Lord continues to bless our efforts. Sunday, the 7th, being a fine day, we mustered our forces for a campaign in the streets. We opened fire in Nelson Street, where there had just been

A FIGHT, ALL ON THE DEVIL'S SIDE.

The crowd soon gathered round us, as we started singing "Christ for me;" this was a signal for an assault from the enemy: men from their open shops, others from the public houses, maddened with drink; and women of loose character, hooted and yelled at the top of their voices; but we sang and prayed on; and He who stilled the tempest quelled the tumult of the people, and they began to listen.

LICENSED TO PREACH!

When singing again, a poor man, far from sober, and who had evidently been roused from his Sunday afternoon sleep, came from his house without hat or boots: he wanted to know what we made such a noise for, telling us to be off, we had no business to preach. We told him we were licensed to preach; which information made the man quite polite: "I hope, sir," he said, "there is nothing wrong between us?" We told him he would be brought to answer for such conduct, which increased his anxiety to make up matters; he followed us up the street, and promised to come to the open-air service at six o'clock. True to his word, he came; the melting story of the cross reached his heart, he went with us to the Hall, and at the close of the service was one of the first to come to the penitent form, and went away professing to have found the Saviour.

We had great opposition in the evening. Among other opponents was

A MAN WITH A MONKEY.

While Brother White was praying, the monkey was climbing a post, surrounded with a host of boys, shouting and making a great disturbance; but soon our shots became too heavy for him, and to our great relief he started off, taking both the monkey and the boys.

Around this neighbourhood are numbers of ragged children, who cannot enter any respectable Sunday-school. They are totally uncared for, spending the holy Sabbath day in swearing, gambling, and fighting. And now we have commenced for the summer holding our afternoon services in the streets, two or three of our brethren and sisters have gathered in these outcasts, and commenced

A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

They are willing to come, but our friends have no books, and are too poor to buy them. We shall be very thankful for any help to enable our brethren to carry on this work. T. W.

HACKNEY.

AFTER being laid aside for several weeks with small pox, the prayers of the Lord's people have been answered in bringing me back from the jaws of death to my work. Praise His Name. I observe with joy fresh evidences of life and power among the dear people at this station; many are striving more accurately to understand and more perfectly to do the will of God. Past history shows that an uncommon attention to divine things, and an earnest desire for purity of heart, have always preceded a revival of God's work. The little cloud is upon the distant horizon, and we are looking for it to spread over the heavens and bring to us an abundance of rain.

We have commenced special meetings for the promotion of holiness. Last Saturday evening, a little company met to hear an address from a dear sister whom God has lately graciously led into the enjoyment of this great blessing. How much better is example than precept!

A very gracious influence pervaded the meeting, and several earnestly sought this full salvation.

OUR CHILDREN'S WORK

is steadily progressing. The Saturday meetings are seasons of refreshing. Little ones are often in tears seeking the Saviour. Several have found peace.

THE TENT SERVICES ON THE LONDON FIELDS

have commenced in good earnest, and large numbers of people are thus brought under the sound of the Gospel. In the midst of the infidels and scoffers who congregate here, we lift high the banner of the cross.

OUR NEW MISSION HALL.

Arrangements are all but completed for taking possession of the ground, and plans for the building are being drawn up. We purpose to erect a plain structure without a gallery, capable of containing about 550 persons, with a good school-room, class rooms, and kitchens underneath. We expect to do this for about £550, over £100 of this sum being promised; and we appeal to the friends of evangelistic work to help us in the undertaking. The whole will be settled, when completed, in trust for the preaching of the gospel to the poor. No sittings will ever be let in it, and we shall set it apart to be a house of mercy for the common people for ever.

Offerings for this object will be gratefully received by Mr. Booth. A. B.

HASTINGS.

"Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." (Ps. xc. 16, 17.)

THE above is the prayer of all our hearts. We are travelling in birth for souls, and praying for a great revival. A goodly number of our people have, during the past month, obtained the great blessing of holiness of heart, others are anxiously seeking. We feel the effects of this every day,—as we visit we get blessed. In the Fish Market we feel our strength is in God; and indoors sinners cry for mercy. We cannot state the exact number who have professed to find peace during the month; we may say, however, that it has been harvest time, and many have been gathered into the fold and family of Jesus.

We still meet with opposition and persecution; but this we expect, and are willing to bear for Jesus. Our daily cry is, "Lord, save our persecutors."

RHUBARB LEAVES AND SAND.

One evening, in the Fish Market, our opponents hooted and howled and tried to sing us down; but we took hold of God and conquered. Then a drunken man attacked us, using some very abusive language; then a lot of rhubarb leaves and sand were thrown at us; but this only made us cry more earnestly to God for help, and then we got the victory. When we reached the school, five came out for Jesus.

MR. BOOTH'S VISIT.

The last Sunday in April, Mr. Booth paid us a visit. The day's services were much blessed, and at night several sought the Saviour.

MISSION STYLE.

On Monday we had a Believers' Tea, in the School, and then went into the Fish Market for an open-air service. We were soon surrounded on every side by a host of foes, who, headed by a drunken man, mocked and jeered us most bitterly. When we moved to the Market Hall, we were followed by a crowd of roughs, singing one of our hymns in derision. Inside we all felt the presence of Jesus; and at the close of Mr. Booth's sermon, a great many came out, seeking the blessings of holiness and pardon, most of whom were met and blessed by our Saviour Lord.

"I BELIEVE, BUT I DON'T FEEL."

One soul at the penitent form seemed quite broken up; I said, "Do you believe in Jesus?" She said, "Yes, sir; but I do not feel happy." I said, "Believe till you do." Then a sister spoke with her of Jesus, and she soon rejoiced in God her Saviour. I said, "Do you believe now?" She said, "Yes, sir." "And are you

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