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HOW TO REACH THE MASSES WITH THE GOSPEL

SHOREDITCH

About four years ago a Mission was opened in this district, which is as destitute in every way as Whitechapel. We first occupied a large old chapel, which we held for about eighteen months, at a rental of £60 per annum; but the lease expiring then, and a much larger sum being required for a renewal, we relinquished it, and obtained premises which, although smaller, were situated in a densely crowded thoroughfare. The place had been the lowest of lodging houses, in which, huddled together, some hundred harlots, thieves, drunkards, and all kinds of utterly destitute or dissolute characters had been accustomed to harbour for the night. This place we took, fitted up, and opened as a Mission Hall and Bible and Tract Depot; and in it for nearly three years we held every night an evangelistic service. Though not holding quite three hundred people, still there was a never ending change of congregation, as the result of its prominent situation; and, consequently, the gospel was preached there to a very large number of people. But the Board of Works deciding to pull these premises down, for the widening of the adjoining street, we had to move elsewhere. And, though the whole neighbourhood was searched, no suitable place could be found. Consequently, we had to go anywhere that offered us a temporary refuge, and an old house was taken for the time being, in Hare Street, once more among our old friends the bird and pigeon fanciers. Here, though the place is about as wretched and uncomfortable as can well be conceived, good services are held, and by holding one meeting upstairs, and another down, and occasionally taking the overflowing people off, and talking to them in the open-air, a good work is going forward; and a goodly number of those gathered to the Saviour at the services in the places we have already named are kept together, and all are happy and praying for more suitable and commodious premises.

In this district we also occupied for Sabbath evening services, for nearly three years alternately,

THE CITY OF LONDON THEATRE, THE CAMBRIDGE MUSIC HALL,
AND ST. LEONARD'S HALL,

In all of which the Lord was very graciously pleased to manifest his presence, and to rescue souls from the power and kingdom of Satan, who are now with us testifying for



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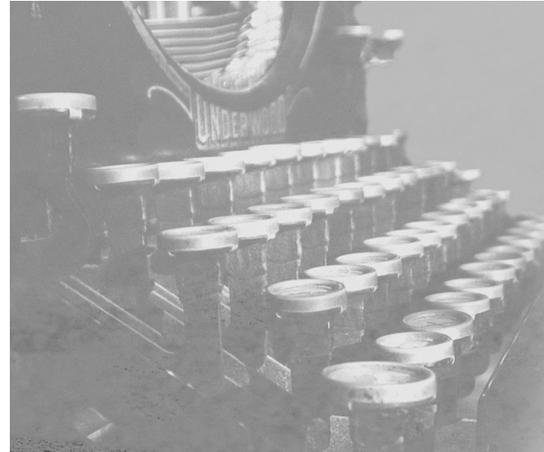
Jesus, and walking consistently in circumstances calculated greatly to test and try their faith and patience.

AN INTENDED SUICIDE.

One evening a man, partially intoxicated, came to the door of the Mission Hall while the meeting was going on, asking if he might sign the pledge. There was a peculiar expression of despair in his countenance which touched the heart of the brother keeping the door, and he invited him into the hall. He was by no means a quiet hearer, neither did his presence add to the comfort of the congregation, and some requested that he might be put out, but the brother before named kept him as orderly as he could, and he was allowed to remain till the meeting was closed, after which he signed the pledge, and was invited to come again. The following evening he came perfectly sober, and sat during the meeting, drinking in every word of the preacher. At the close, anxious souls were invited to decide for Jesus, and this brother among others, sought, and found mercy through the precious blood. He has been happy ever since; and his life has given evidence of the reality of the change. He may be seen at all the meetings, indoors and out, rejoicing in his Saviour. He has since told us, that the day previous to his coming to the hall, he had been meditating self-destruction, and at the time a friend led him into the hall he was on his way home, his brain maddened with drink, to cut his throat, and thus end his miserable existence, little thinking that it would commence one far more miserable, which would never have ended. Oh, how can we sufficiently praise God for this merciful interposition; surely we may say this is a brand plucked from the burning.

A POOR DEGRADED DRUNKARD.

Sir, – I have to thank God that I ever was led to hear out-door preaching. I have many times listened to Brother M –; at the corner of Sclater Street, when I have been under the influence of drink, and I have felt, if I died in this state, hell would be my doom. I have gone home and prayed to God to forgive me, but all in vain. Twelve months, last November, I signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. A short time after I was led into St. Leonard's Hall, Shoreditch; I there felt God had pardoned my sins; I came out of that place rejoicing. I went home and told my wife I had found peace, and I kept on trying to get her to the meetings. At last I got her to accompany



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me to the City Theatre, and she found peace there the first time going, and now we can both rejoice in Jesus. Previous to this, my home was wretched one; I spent three hundred and fifty pounds in five years, seeking pleasure in the world, and found nothing but misery. Under the influence of drink, I have thrown a large knife, many times, at my wife's head, but I never could hit her, and have frequently taken it up to bed with me, and threatened to cut her head off, so that she was afraid to come to bed, and many a night has had to sit on the stairs in the cold, and sometimes had to jump over the wall, into the next yard, for safety. I thank God it is not so now; we are happy now, and feel like singing all the time. Sure enough I have been born again. I hope by the help of God, to continue in the same, till it pleases God to call us. I remain your brother in Christ.

T.L.

SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN.

Amidst the bird fanciers of Club Row we occupied for about two years a small, dirty, ill-ventilated room, with an entrance all but through a shop, at which rabbits, rats, mice, fowls and ferrets were being offered for sale at the same hour that we were offering the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Outside and inside this place a brave little band of self-denying men and women, themselves just plucked from the fire, labored in season and out of season, and in that most unlikely place were born of the Spirit some of the most devoted workers in this Mission. But, on account of the bad drainage and other reasons, we gave the place up, and the friends who labored in it divided themselves between several of the stations nearest hand.

POPLAR.

For a considerable period the Oriental Theatre was occupied for preaching on Sabbath evenings, while meetings were held on the Sunday morning and on week days in the Union Temperance Hall; but finding the theatre so wretchedly draughty and dirty, and at the same time very costly, we gave it up, and fell back on the smaller place. This Hall is a wooden building, fearfully cold in winter, and proportionately hot in summer; and in consequence of being separated only by a thin partition from a large stable, the smells in the summer time are intolerable. Nevertheless, in it much blessed work has been done, there seldom being a service without some token of the Master's presence and blessing. For three years we have been looking out for a site



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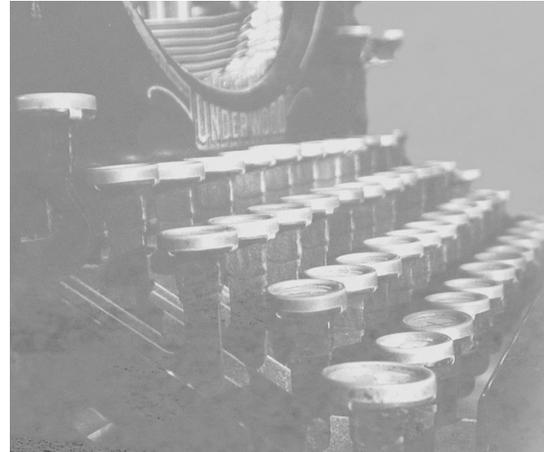
on which to build a Hall. One is now under consideration, and we hope to be able to announce early in the coming spring the commencement of the undertaking.

In this district, from the beginning, we have been enabled to do a large amount of work in the open-air; all through the summer and right into the winter very numerous attended meetings have been held, and a very blessed harvest has been reaped. The dreadful poverty that has prevailed has scattered many of the converts far and near in search of employment, some of whom have gone to distant lands; still there are many remaining, toiling for the salvation of their old companions and friends. The following letters will speak for themselves.

ONCE A DRUNKEN SWEARING NAVVY.

Dear Sir, – I shall always feel thankful to God for sending you into the East of London; and if there was only my poor soul rescued, it would pay for all the labour; but eternity alone will tell the good that has been done through this Christian Mission. It rescued me from a life of sin and slavery. My great delight was going to the public-house, drinking and swearing. I could scarcely utter a sentence without an oath; fighting, and cursing God to His face, and tilling up my measure of iniquity as quickly as possible. I was out on what I used to term my evening's pleasure, with my boots unlaced, and a short pipe in my mouth, when coming to the corner of a street I heard some singing; I stopped to listen, and it seemed as if somebody took hold of me; I felt as if nailed to the ground. The preacher gave a very pointed address, and I thought that he was speaking to me. At last a ring was formed, and sinners were invited there and then to the Saviour. Such a thing I had never seen before, and felt inclined to go at once and seek salvation, but like many others I listened to the voice of the devil, and went home as miserable as a sinner could be out of hell. Thus I continued for a fortnight, afraid to sleep at night for fear I should wake among the lost. At last I was invited to the mission hall; there the preacher spoke of eternity, and of being prepared to meet God. After the service, a prayer meeting was held and sinners were exhorted to seek salvation then and there. I felt that I could not be any worse, so I fell trembling on my knees and cried to God to save me. The brethren prayed with me and pointed me to the cross, and God in His mercy snatched me as a brand from the burning, washed me in the blood of the Lamb, and set me on the way to Him rejoicing.

R. A.



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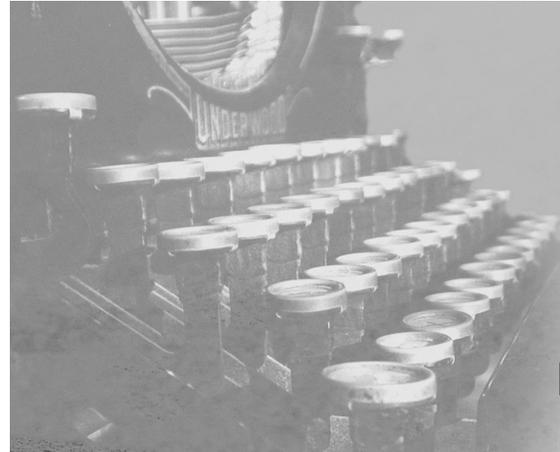
A FULL SALVATION.

Dear Sir, – I was a regular attendant at a chapel, and a member; and I professed to be converted, and I thought I was. Sometimes I thought I was, and other times I doubted it, and became very miserable. I used to pray to God to convince me that I was saved through the precious blood of Jesus; and then I got a little feeling; and as soon as I got a bit of feeling, I thought I was saved; and as soon as I lost it, I thought I had lost all my religion.

As we came out of chapel on a Sunday morning, we used to find some members of the East London Christian Mission holding open-air services in the East India Road; and my husband always liked to stop to hear them, as he said, it did him more good than what he got in the chapel; but I always wanted him to come on, and not to stop. But he often prevailed on me to hear them; and I got as I did not want to go to chapel; I felt that every word they said was true; and I found I was more benefited in my soul by stopping with them than going anywhere else.

I then became a regular attendant at the Oriental Theatre on Sunday, and the Mission Hall on week-nights. They preached to give up all for the blessed Saviour. I knew there were many things I had not given up, and I was convinced I could not enjoy true religion and have the world; so I made up my mind to serve God with all my heart. I was proud, and prayed to God to humble me. I was a great novel and newspaper reader; and I saw that I wasted my time in this, and I was convinced I must give them up. So I packed up all my books and papers, and sold them for waste paper; and I would not have the money I got for them, but gave it away.

Still, I thought there was no harm in having one newspaper a week. I had it brought to me on Saturday night. But I had no time to read it then; and on a Sunday morning, while I was reading the Bible, the devil would keep telling me, "If it was not Sunday you could read your newspaper." I was convinced that this kept me back, so I gave it up. And now I dislike them, and I will not allow such things to come into my house; and the time I used to waste reading them I spend in reading the blessed word of God.



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God knows the way to draw us to Himself; He laid me on a bed of affliction. I was very ill, and I was not prepared to die. When I thought of death, I was afraid, I began to cry unto God to help me. My pillow was wet with tears, when I thought of what Christ had suffered for me, for such an unworthy creature as me. I had the Bible in bed with me. I read the promises of the blessed word of God, and believed them. I took God at His word, and learned to walk by faith in Jesus Christ. All my doubts and fears left me. I was not afraid to die. I was quite prepared to go any time, if it was God's will. I was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." I was truly happy. I rejoiced so that I could not sleep night or day.

God, in His mercy, restored me to health; and now my peace flows as a river. I rejoice continually. I then became very anxious about the conversion of my children. There was not one converted at that time. I prayed to God continually for Him to save all my children; and the power of the almighty God came on them, and they cried for mercy; and He saved them.

I have now a happy home, as my husband and all my children, but one, have started for the kingdom.

"I am happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And I hope to never grieve Him any more;
For my Saviour He has washed me
In His all-atoning blood,
And I hope to see Him washing many more."

S.W.

A DRUNKEN SAILOR RESCUED; OR, THE PRODIGAL FOUND.

"To God the Glory Be."

The leaving of my cottage home
Through many changing scenes to roam,
Never changed my love of sin;
I found, alas! No change of lot
Could make the leopard change his spot,
Or Ethiop his skin.



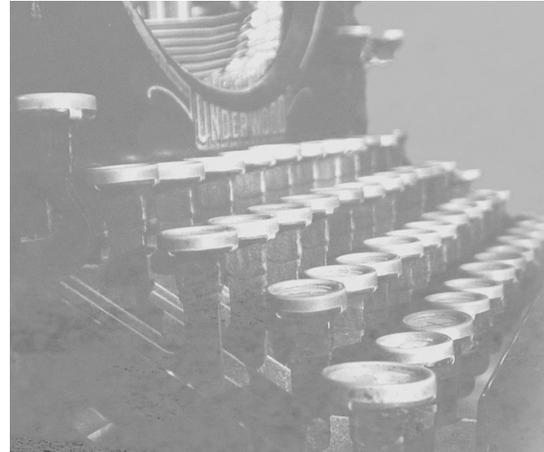
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I am the youngest of nine children. I was left fatherless at sixteen' months old, but was blessed with a praying mother, who toiled hard, and prayed much, and spent many a sleepless night for her children. She toiled hard, and by God's help, brought us up in an honourable though humble manner. At a very early age, much against my mother's wish, I went to sea. When about to leave my childhood's home, my poor old mother, with many bitter tears, prayed that God would watch over and protect her poor unruly boy. After leaving home I soon forgot the prayers of my mother, and, alas! soon learned to drink and swear and fight, and that especially on a Sunday, which is generally the day for the dirty work of the devil. I rapidly grew worse and worse. Being on shore one Sabbath, and passing a Sunday school, I heard them singing "I love Jesus!" and although drunk at the time, I remembered my Sunday-school days, and wept large and bitter tears, but still went on in my sins – seldom going to see my poor mother, and when I did I mocked her prayers. Yet I confess that, in times of great danger, I have been coward enough to rely upon the prayers I had so often despised.

At last I got so that I was a terror to all around me; I have drunk till I wished myself dead. Many a time I have nearly lost my life through drink, and under its influence have done horrid things. I have been three times in gaol – once sent there by my own brother. Twice I have well-nigh committed murder – once upon a shipmate and once upon my wife. The last time, my hand was uplifted, and the knife had already begun to descend, when, by the mercy of God, aid came; they grasped my arm; else we both had now been cold in death.

But wonder of wonders! I am now converted. My poor old mother used to tell me, "It was a long lane that had no turning." Being on shore, one Sunday, I called at the Oriental Theatre with my wife, she then being a backslider. I went in to laugh. As I entered, dear Mrs. Booth was giving out a hymn. I had heard unmoved many a stern voice, both in anger and amid the howling of the storm, but the voice of this kind lady made my whole frame tremble, and the words she spoke fell upon my sinful heart like a thunderbolt. I sank upon a seat, not to laugh, but to weep; I stayed all the time and after the service Mrs. Booth came and spoke to me so kindly that I was surprised that any one should care for a poor drunken sailor. I wept, and I even had to hold myself down to the seat with both hands, the spirit strove so hard with me. She went away very sad: I have grieved many times that I caused her pain. I rushed out of the place,



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not to laugh, but to weep. I could think of nothing but the hymn she was giving out when we entered. I shall never forget the words –

"O should the door be shut, When you come;
Should God in thunder say, Depart from me away;
It will be too late to pray: Be in time."

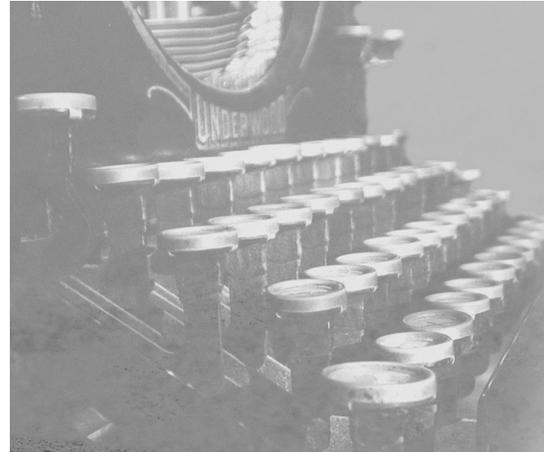
We both went home, but not to sleep; and all the next day, "Be in time," rang in my ears. On Monday night I went to the Union Hall. Thinking I had a dreadful ordeal to undergo, I left my waistcoat at home; I prayed and wept till I felt quite ill. No peace yet. I went home, not to go to bed, but to pray; and, bless God, I wept and prayed till I felt quite well again. That night, was the best I ever knew: both self and wife found peace through believing, and we are now on our way to heaven. So great was my agony that night, that the neighbours were frightened, and the people in the house were afraid my brain was turned. But, bless the Lord, it was not my brain but my heart. O praise God for the Christian Mission! May God bless it, and all that pertain unto it, and help me and others to do all we can for it, and for His name and glory. Amen.

J. H.

LIMEHOUSE (THE PENNY GAFF).

As such our hall at Limehouse is generally spoken of amongst us, and such it was when, two years ago, it came into our possession; and when thus occupied it was certainly one of the most effective agencies for destroying sons that Satan possessed in this part of the East of London. A writer, who subscribes himself "Iron Pen," thus describes the place in a paper in *The Evangelist* at the time:

Wherever established, the presence of the Penny Gaff has invariably been found to produce a moral blight on the whole neighbourhood, seriously counteracting the work of the servants of God, and ceaselessly sowing seeds of future life-long misery. The Limehouse Penny Gaff, has been no exception to the rule. Situated in one of the largest east-end thoroughfares, in the very heart of a densely populated neighbourhood, it has for years exercised a terrible evil effect on the impressible minds of the thousands of its juvenile frequenters, impregnating the inexperienced young with an irresistible desire for the evil company of thieves, prostitutes, and other



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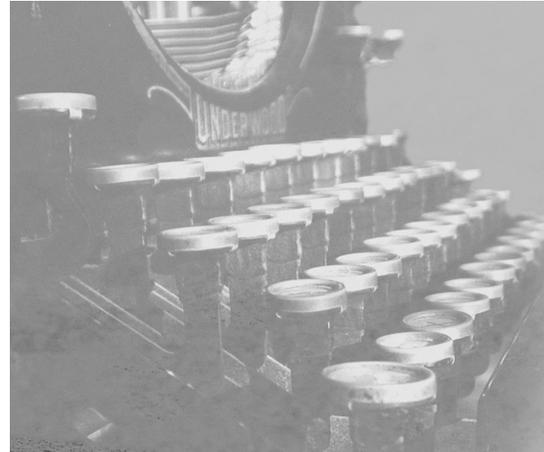
children of vice and crime. The ribaldry and blasphemy, which were here to be heard from the lips of boys and girls, have been described as dreadful, sickening even to old and hardened swearers. Two or three performances generally took place each evening, and while one was going on, those who were to form the audience of the next, were huddled indiscriminately together in a low, ill-lighted cellar, where the language and demeanour of both sexes were horrible and revolting in the extreme. This cellar was a perfect Pandemonium of vice, worthy of Sodom and Gomorrah, and from its hordes of child-frequenters, were constantly recruited the teeming ranks of fallen and miserable women, who drag on a wretched existence in the many houses of ill-fame, which are to be found within a stone's-throw of the gaff. No wonder that in the eyes of those who feared the Lord, the place had become a crying scandal.

Fortunately for the sake of the youthful poor of East London, the people connected with the Limehouse Penny Gaff overstepped the strict line marked out by the law, and were at once pounced upon by the watchful police. Eager to prevent the building falling into the hands of others who would experience no compunction in procuring their livelihood by continuing its use as a gaff, an attempt has been successfully made to secure it as a station for the East London Christian Mission, so that the walls which have often mug with coarse jokes and ribald songs, may echo in future with inspiring hymns of divine praise, heartfelt supplications for grace and mercy, and glorious utterances of sweet and blessed gospel truths.

The same writer describes the opening in another paper in the same periodical.

A PENNY GAFF FOR A MISSION HALL,

Very changed was the aspect of the building from the appearance presented by it when its walls rang with the lewd songs of painted mountebanks, and its child audiences shrieked their delight at the disgusting antics of shameless female dancers and comic singers. The filth and dirt which encrusted roof and walls had disappeared, the "boxes" had been taken down, the stage converted into a respectable platform, and the whole place so completely transformed as to be scarcely recognisable. The earthen floor, trampled into hardness by the feet of thousands of boys and girls, had become covered with substantial planking, and the crazy forms had made way for strong and comfortable seats. The change was marvellous. True, the interior retains its



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humble and almost primitive aspect, there being an utter absence of the merely ornamental; but, contrasted with its former appearance, it is as if it had cast aside its robes of evil, and had donned new and more cleanly attire preparation to recommencing life afresh.

The congregation was so numerous that the gates had to be kept locked for the purpose of preventing overcrowding. Far and wide had spread the strange rumour that the Gaff was about to be turned into a Mission Hall; but people would scarcely believe it. The drunkards and courtesans who haunted the neighbouring gin-palaces and low beer-shops, made merry with the idea, and laughed at the proposal to turn a building, so vile in its uses as to deserve the designation of "an ante-room of hell," into a place where salvation might be preached to the lost and erring, where the converted might be initiated in the divine mysteries of faith, and where straying lambs might be safely guarded back to their heavenly Father's fold. But the change did take place. The work of the Almighty is not to be stayed by the doubts and sneers of the children of the world; and when, at last, the gaff was opened for the purposes of prayer and preaching, it seemed as if a new life had dawned upon the neighbourhood. During the whole of the opening services, a great crowd was assembled outside the place. Some, who had come for the purpose of showing their dislike to the new order of things, indulged in language of the most horrible description; numbers of children, whose morals had completely disappeared under the olden pernicious influence of the gaff, and who were fast ripening into juvenile drunkards and thieves, every now and then shouted out the foul and blasphemous slang expressions with which – with painful precocity – their lips had become so familiar; but among the crowd there were who seemed to ponder thoughtfully over the change, listening with quivering lips and moistened eyes to the hymns of praise and salvation which arose from the band of believers congregated within the building, and gazing with a strange yearning look at the closed doors behind which were being uttered the glorious tidings of God's undying love for man, of Christ's terrible sufferings on the blood-stained cross in proof of that Divine affection for those fashioned in His wondrous form.

As if impressed with a due sense of the importance of the great work commenced that evening, Mr. Booth, and those assembled with him, preached, prayed, and sung without a moment's intermission, throughout the whole evening, the loud "amens" of

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the congregations continually showing how their hearts had been stirred to the uttermost depths. Nearly all seemed to belong to the humbler classes. There were mechanics, labourers, seamstresses, sailors' wives, work-girls, costermongers, and others to be found amongst them, their clean and orderly appearance testifying to the social improvement which had rapidly followed their conversion. And this is what our rulers would do well to study. The work of religious teaching is invariably followed by a vast amount of moral regeneration. When men and women are gained over to the service of God, they begin to understand better their duties both to themselves and their fellow creatures. For several hours was the service kept up, the enthusiasm of the congregation increasing every moment, every one present being seemingly eager to display his ardour in the great work; and when, at last, the lateness of the hour necessitated the conclusion of the evening's proceedings, there were few who did not feel stronger and happier for the words of cheer and holy exhortation to which they had listened, or thankful at having assisted in the commencement of what, with God's blessing, bids fair to become a means of much good and usefulness in one of the most wretched, neglected, and irreligious neighbourhoods in this great metropolis.

And since that night the work to which this place was thus dedicated has gone steadily on; and not only is the gospel preached and sinners converted, but from it there go forth bands of men and women to spread the knowledge of salvation in the dark neighbourhoods round about. Take a few illustrations of the work done.

A GAROTTER SAVED, AND MAKING RESTITUTION.

Some few months ago, a young man 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 garotted a gentleman, and stole from him a watch and some money, and ran away to this end of London, to



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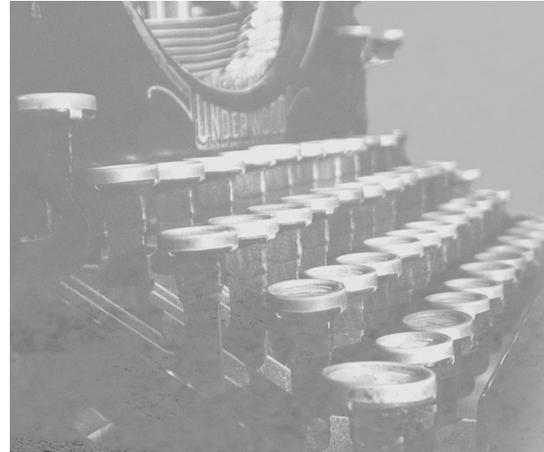
escape being taken by the police. He now saw the evil of it, and wished to do what was right. He was advised to go to the gentleman, and tell him all about it, which he did; and he promised to forgive him, on condition that he paid £2 10s in a year. He promised to do it, and is now paying it off as well as he can. He is persevering in the midst of many difficulties, having been out of employment much of the time since his conversion. He holds on, however, to God and his people.

THE CONVERSION OF AN ACTRESS,

We will give a short outline of her life, as we had it from her own lips "When about five years old, I was sent on to the stage by my mother, to perform with other children of my own age, and, attracted by the scenery, music, and gaiety, soon came to take a delight in it; and as I grew up having no one to care for me, and no other way of obtaining a living, I followed the profession of an actress for some time. By and by, I got tired of it, and began to wish for a different way of living. I often felt that I should like to be good and religious, but I did not know how to set about it. I tried to earn my living by needlework: but, that failing, I took a situation to go abroad with a lady, but the gentleman dying soon after our arrival, I had to come back again. I then did as well as I could with my needle, and in my way tried to be good, and leave off my bad ways; but all seemed dark to me, and there was no one to show me light; and, being again out of employment, my only resource was to return to my mother's house. Here I soon lost all my good inclinations, and again gave myself up to the stage.

"Some time ago, I came to London that I might get engagements at the theatres, and, until the theatrical season commenced, took a situation in a dressmaking establishment.

"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



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would have nothing to do with her, and on no account would I have my seat next to hers. I kept 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.'

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 –



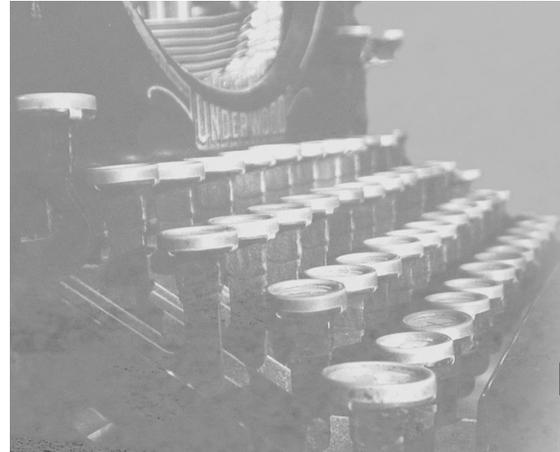
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there was no salvation for such. "Well, let us ask Him," we said; so we all went to prayer on her behalf. We entreated her to give up her sins, and yield herself to God; but she seemed determined not to do so, and said so. "I have two engagements at the theatre," she said, "and I cannot give them up;" and, brushing away a tear that would come, in spite of all her efforts 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 God 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 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 employment nearly ever since, and has suffered continued opposition from her friends and the members of her family; and many are the suggestions of Satan to go back to the stage and earn plenty of money instead of fighting with poverty and persecution. But, she says, "I look up to God, and He helps me; and I feel I would rather suffer and starve than go back.



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As we write these lines she is still waiting for God to open a way by which she can earn an honest living; and should not the prayers of God's people 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.