

COVENTRY.

The following programme has been issued for the opening of the Great Salvation Factory.

A building hitherto used as a coach factory in Freeth Street, Coventry, is to be opened for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 28th, 29th, and 30th September, 1878, when the following programme of proceedings is to be carried out, namely:

Saturday, 28th, 6.30 p.m.—William Booth, the General of the Salvation Army, will publicly enter the town at the head of the 35th (Coventry) Corps, who will march to the Salvation Factory, Much Park Street, in which they will pray for the blessing of God on all who have heard the Gospel there, and for a glorious opening of the large Factory.

7.0 p.m. March to the Great Factory, which will be opened by the General, when all who have been blessed since the Army entered Coventry will be invited to relate their experience.

Sunday, 6 a.m. The troops will rally at the Cemetery Gates and march to the Factory, where at

7.0 a.m. There will be a grand Salvation Concert.

10.30 a.m. The forces will encamp on Pool Meadow, where throughout the morning the kingdom of the Devil will be attacked vigorously on all sides.

2.0 p.m. The forces will assemble at Gosford Green and march to the Factory.

2.45 p.m. The Factory doors will be opened, and all who wish to be seated are recommended to be there then. Seats will be reserved for the soldiers.

3.0 p.m. The troops will enter the Factory and at once go through their exercises of prayer and praise. They will be addressed also by the General and a number of veterans of the Army from London, Leicester, Bradford, Leeds, and other places.

4.15 p.m. Tea will be provided for strangers from a distance.

5.30 p.m. The troops will meet at the Cemetery Gates and march along streets to be named in the afternoon, to the Factory.

6.15 p.m. The doors of the Factory will be opened.

6.30 p.m. The troops will enter, and all the rebels against the King of kings will be attacked by a number of the best marksmen present. If necessary the lower part of the Factory will also be thrown open to the public for the evening, and detachments of the Army sent to carry on the war there.

Monday, 10 a.m. "Pentecost" in the Factory.

2.0 p.m. Warriors of the 1st (White-chapel), 2nd (Bethnal Green), 4th (Limehouse), 17th (Hammersmith), 16th (Chatham), 13th (Wellingboro'), 22nd (Leicester), 35th (Coventry), 32nd (Sheffield), 45th (Barnsley), 21st (Leeds), 24th (Bradford), 36th (Bolton), 49th (Northwich), Corps of the Army are expected to attend and relate the wonderful battles and victories they have seen. Telegrams from all parts of the country relating to the conquests of the Sunday will also be read out.

5.0 p.m. Great Public Tea in the basement of the Factory. Tickets, 9d. each.

6.0 p.m. Grand march through main streets to the Factory.

6.45 p.m. The doors will be opened.

7.0 p.m. The troops will enter and take up positions reserved for them, reopening the attack of the previous evening. The basement will also be used if necessary.

Recruits wanted by the hundred! Remember 28th, 29th, and 30th September.

For full particulars of the events look out in November Magazine.

Anybody can share in the glories and joys of these days, even if they cannot be present, by sending help towards the cost of purchasing and fitting up the building, to Caroline Reynolds, 26, Freeth Street, C. Harris, Norfolk Street; and J. Maycock, 17, Butts, Coventry.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—"Very good beginning. Afternoon, 350; evening, 350. Three cases. £1 4s. We shall succeed. Hallelujah!"

ROCHDALE.—Good time. Afternoon, 1,000; night, 1,300. Eleven souls. Money, £2 12s.

BLACKBURN.—Monday, 17 souls.

The Christian Mission Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1878.

[We have no room for any leader other than our facts. Our facts are the leading features about us.]

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.
THE MONTH.

THE month that has passed since our War Congress will certainly never be forgotten in our history. It was quite natural that the glorious times of blessing then enjoyed should tell with mighty force throughout all our ranks, and we have not been disappointed, for from one old station after another we have had news telling of great advances made, and marvellous blessings received.

But it is hard to realise in one's own mind that in so brief a space of time the total of stations has sprung from 50 to 60, and of evangelists, or Field Officers, from 88 to 102. And yet this is not all, or nearly all, since the Congress. We have not only

ATTACKED 14 TOWNS,

but have arranged for buildings and officers, so that ere another month slips by, we hope to have commenced operations in *at least 14 more*. In fact, so far as men and means at disposal will go, we are determined, by God's help, to make the very utmost of this winter, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Yes, we are in a great hurry, in a desperate hurry, and we mean to be. We have flown to the rescue of something like 500,000 more people, adding the total populations of the towns entered this month together, and another half million must very soon be made to hear the same voice of warning and mercy, God helping us.

We have never moved so rapidly before, and yet we doubt whether the more careful and studied steps of the past have ever been attended with more glorious results. Indeed, it is a question whether in this warfare, as in every other, *surprise* is not one of the greatest helps to success.

The three days ending on Sunday night, the 8th September, were the grandest days, not even excepting the War Congress, we ever knew. A number of circumstances had so hindered a settlement as to buildings and

officers wanted for the Sunday, that with regard to three out of five towns all was uncertain up to Friday morning. Brethren and sisters, utterly indifferent as to their destination, were waiting and ready to go anywhere. Scarcely one of them had reached their town till late on Friday night. Scarcely any bills appeared till Friday.

But everyone went straight on before them, and in three cases the success of the Sunday was grand, huge audiences and twenty-seven souls being secured. In the other two towns, which were much smaller, there was no such sweeping victory, but the enemy was overcome with the shield of faith, and we look for greater satisfaction in the future.

In ten out of the fourteen towns we have already every prospect of forming entirely self-supporting Corps. Why should we not add FOURTEEN HUNDRED more, as God raises up suitable officers, and we find suitable buildings for them to use?

Besides occupying so much new ground, we have had to provide for the old, by a large number of removals, and we have been very thankful to hear so good an account of the results in most cases. There was no case wherein we had more reason to fear than Bolton, where we had determined to send two of our youngest officers to succeed one of the most experienced, in the midst of a huge population, and to carry on the work in one of the largest theatres ever used by us. But here God has set His seal on the new appointment in the most remarkable way, as the report shows.

It will be impossible for us any longer to present lengthy reports from many stations, and indeed we do not wish to print any more reports of the formal sort that we have so often received. It will be noticed that we have for the most part in the present number preferred extracts from letters, which are written in so much more free and natural a style. All who wish to have the work of their own Corps represented herein must write us in the freest way possible, on one side of the paper only, and not later than the 12th of each month. We shall then insert as much as we can, and for the remainder we have opened a page of Notes, so that every Corps may be at least mentioned every month. We have opened a page, "Latest from the Front," so that the stations opened up to the last day before the *Magazine* is printed may get their first telegrams at least to everybody's eyes.

We are late in getting the *Magazine* out. We are very sorry; but we think the reports, at any rate this month, show why it is. We are very busy.

PLYMOUTH.

WE commenced operations in this naval and military town against the three-fold enemy, on Sunday, August 25th, 1878. St. James's Hall will comfortably seat 1,500 people. This is for our Sunday services, and has been crammed from the first Sunday. And in it, already, scores of sinners have sought salvation, and in it we expect to see hundreds more saved. Our week night hall is the old Central Hall, Central Manor Street, kindly cleansed and fitted up with platform, table and chairs, and seated throughout for us by Mr. Spooner, the proprietor. It will hold 500 people. Just suited for our work, both for situation and size. It was consecrated to the service of God, with the salvation of souls, the first meeting, and many

has been saved since. Some of the greatest sinners have been brought in. One man described himself as being the vilest villain out of hell without being in it. I shall be able to give some interesting cases next month. Our congregation has averaged 500 people every evening from the commencement. In the open-air meetings we have good order, and large crowds are eager to listen to every word spoken. We have had no interference from anyone. There are large numbers here which the ordinary means cannot touch, specially the soldiers and sailors; but God has helped us already to catch some, and we hope to reach many more, as they can convey the Gospel into foreign lands.

Our dear friends, who have been praying for us, will rejoice when they hear that God has owned and blessed our labours, by putting His seal of approval upon our efforts in this western town.

Will our dear friends continue to pray for us that we may reap a mighty harvest this coming winter? Love to all. Yours in the battle field,

JAMES DOWDLE.

10, Hobart Street, Stonehouse,
Plymouth, Devon.

The following is one of several notices that have appeared in the Plymouth newspapers:

DOWDLE AND THE HALLELUJAH FIDDLE.—For the past few weeks no little curiosity has been aroused by a bill announcing that "Dowdle, of the Salvation Army," was coming; and the further information vouchsafed that he would be accompanied by "his wife and the Hallelujah Fiddle" served to increase the curiosity. The trio were advertised to make their first appearance in Plymouth at St. James's Hall yesterday afternoon, and at the appointed time a large audience had assembled. At first Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle and two supporters were the sole occupants of the platform. After the fiddle had been tuned, which operation excited the risible faculties of the greater part of the audience, the service was commenced by Mrs. D. giving out in a somewhat sepulchral tone, "There is a better world, they say; oh, so bright." Of course, the services of the "Hallelujah Fiddle" were called into requisition during the singing of the hymn. Mrs. Dowdle is a tallish person, with very homely features. Mr. Dowdle is a tall well-built man, and possesses a strong voice, but which is just now somewhat husky. The hymn finished, Mr. D. called on someone to offer a short prayer. This done, the meeting was invited to sing whilst kneeling "I need Thee every hour." After this Mr. D. also made a brief prayer, at the conclusion of which he espied among the audience the form of the City Missionary, who was at once invited to take a place on the platform. The Missionary accepted the offer, and met with a warm "Lord bless you, my brother." A few verses from St. Luke's Gospel were then read, and in the course of his comments Mr. D. remarked that many thought religion should be preached from nowhere but a pulpit; but Christ taught from a "stinking fishing smack." He then read various notices, and announced that the Central Hall had been taken for week night services. "The first three nights of the week would be devoted to Gospel services; on Thursday there would be an experience meeting; on Friday they would hold a meeting to consider the subject of experimental holiness; and Saturday they would hold a prayer meeting. He intended to interview the Mayor or the Chief Constable in order to get permission to hold an open-air meeting next Sunday morning. While he was explaining the *raison d'être* of the meeting and the motives of the promoters, a man in the gallery got up and went out, giving vent to his feelings in unmistakable language. Mr. Dowdle is doubtless well adapted for the work he has taken in hand. He is one of the people, in every sense of the word. His addresses are marked by much originality, and are in every way calculated to interest the class he especially desires to reach. Of

course there are many things to which an educated audience would object, but the rough and ready way in which Mr. Dowdle presents religion is not likely to meet with cavillers among the subjects of his mission. The following is a brief summary of his address yesterday afternoon:—He took his text from Luke v., 11, and likened his mission in Plymouth unto the incident connected with the calling of the apostles. They had been fishing all one night, and caught nothing, not so much even as a sprat—(suppressed laughter). But when Christ came and told them to launch out into the deep, the disciples immediately had their net filled with fish, the multitude being so great that the net was likely to break. So with the present mission. If they were honoured with a large number of converts, there would certainly be found a crack somewhere. Somebody would not be satisfied. The fiddle would be found fault with—(laughter). Its musical capabilities would be questioned. But if God blessed them, he (Mr. D.) would listen to no objections against the fiddle, or anything else connected with the service. When the disciples got the great multitude of fish, the Devil at once tried to hinder the blessing and endeavoured to break the net. But they did not read of even a haddock being lost—(laughter). Then the Devil tried to swamp the boat. His address consisted mainly of interesting but somewhat sensational anecdotes connected with his own experience. A collection followed the service, and a liberal sum was contributed. It may be mentioned the movement is connected with the Christian Mission, a London Association which has for its object the bringing of the masses of the people, who never enter a place of worship, under the influence of the Gospel. It is not to be expected that every one will approve of the sensational way in which the work is carried out, but there can be no doubt but that the society has been instrumental in doing good. It is proposed to establish a branch of the mission in Plymouth. The meetings at St. James' Hall, it is probable, will be continued for some months.

ABERDARE.

THIS great mining centre, round which 40,000 people cluster and thrive or starve as times change, has long attracted our attention. We have got there at last in the person of a good woman and her daughters who, although unable to buy themselves so much as a bed to lie on at first, have conquered already to the extent the following letters will explain:—

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

Hall crowded. Three souls. Lot in pickle. Collections £1 4s. 3½d.

To have the Temperance Hall—which holds 1,200 people—crowded, was something. No wonder they should write us:

"I never saw such a crowd in my life. We had hundreds round us in the open air. They were crying all over the place, indoors and out. We had three grand cases, and they stayed very late. We could not get rid of the people. They were so anxious, and yet would not give in. I know we shall have a smash. The police are on our side. They told us we can preach in any part of the town."

"We are crowded like herrings when we come in out of the open air. We cannot get in. The people come soon to get in. I give a little Welsh, now and again, to the Welsh in their homes."

"I had a blessed time yesterday. God is good to save my children. The people come from miles to hear us from the villages round, and when the girls speak old men and women cry."

"We are laying on the floor."

"We had a good day on Sunday, but it poured with rain all day. The hall was full."

"Bless the Lord we have some of the biggest drunkards in Aberdare converted, and they are not ashamed to come and stand by us in the open air. They say they were not ashamed to serve the Devil, and they are not going to be ashamed to serve God. The people can't understand the change in them, and the poor wives are so thankful to God; and the people say, 'Look at so and so, how respectable he is getting,' and so on. The Lord is blessing us greatly. Mind we have not got any respectable sinners, they are all the worst sinners in the place. We have got about thirty converts since we have been here. We are going to have a smash, I know, soon. Pray for us."

PAMILLA SHEPHERD.

48, Gloucester Street, Aberdare.

BLACKBURN.

IN this grand town where so lately riot and trouble and dismay were everywhere, we have taken our stand for God in a huge theatre, supposed to hold several thousand people; and God has granted us a huge success.

A number of brethren and sisters went over from Bolton to help at the first, and the first telegram read as follows:—

"Three open airs, Saturday; three Sunday; two processions; twelve hundred all day inside, sixteen souls, twenty-eight shillings."

The following letter from Brother Edmonds, to whose wise and energetic efforts the splendid successes of the first Sunday, both here and at Accrington, were so largely due, explains how such results were achieved within so brief a space of time.

"We had three splendid open-air meetings on Saturday night. Our helpers were not there from Bolton; but they came.

We had three good open-air meetings on Sunday. Also out all the morning, processioning sometimes. Processions to the Theatre twice, singing all the time. A great number followed us. We had a good number inside, I suppose about 11 or 1200. Everybody very still with the exception of a few boys. In the evening, we had the people all in the pit, and a most solemn silence there seemed to be—people crying all over the place. Power came down. Very large crowd of people in the open air."

Of the week nights which followed, one of the sisters writes:

"On Tuesday night we had the place (the Spinner's Institute) packed full of great big men. They thought they were going to do as they liked with us; but, glory to God, at the close of the meeting, seventeen souls found Jesus. *Glory!* I have seen some grand times of sinners coming to Jesus, but I have never seen such times as I have here. They are crying all over the place."

A subsequent letter says "forty-two souls last week. Glory to God!" I mean to fight till Jesus comes.

MARY ANN SMITH.

47, Riley Street, Audley, Blackburn.

ACCRINGTON.

THE Town Hall, one of the finest buildings we have ever used, seating at least 1,500 persons, having been secured for Sundays, and the Ragged School for week nights, we commenced on Sunday, 8th, and had one of the grandest successes ever achieved in so short a time. The Sisters appointed wrote as follows:—

"I am very happy to tell you that the work of the Lord is going on in this town. We had the Town Hall nearly full on Sunday, both afternoon and evening. Offerings, £112s. Eight souls.

"We get plenty of people to talk to in the open air. On Monday, when we got to the open air meeting, there were about two hundred people waiting for us, and we no sooner began to sing than they came crowding around us, so that we had no room, and we had to ask them to stand back.

"After the open air meeting we went to the Ragged School, and the place was crammed. We had twenty-seven souls.

"Last night, when we took our stand in the market for the open air, we got hundreds of people, for it was market day, and when we began to sing they all left the stalls and came to hear us, so that, in about ten minutes, we had such a crowd of people that we could not move.

"After the open air we sang to the Primitive Schoolroom. The place was full. We had four souls. Pray for us, for we mean going on. Filled with God we'll shake the kingdom.

"I am glad to tell you we had good meetings all through Sunday. It was very wet, but there were 1,400 in the hall in the afternoon, and 1,500 in the evening, and twelve souls, and last night there was not standing room in the schoolroom. I wish we had a larger place for week nights. The offerings of the second, wet, Sunday amounted to £3 3s., so that there is every prospect of a self-sustaining Corps. Pray for

"LOUISE BOURNE.
"SUSAN WALES."

BURNLEY.

WITH the Theatre for Sundays, and a well-known lecture-hall for most nights of the week, we opened with every prospect of success, on Sunday, the 1st September.

The simple report of the opening day, by telegram, runs:

"Theatre full. One pound thirteen. Six souls."

The first letter said:

"I do thank God for the success we had on Sunday. I was so glad of the help of the brothers from Bolton—four of them.

"We processioned up about fourteen streets in the morning, gave invitations, and spoke in every street for two hours, having had a prayer meeting before.

"Went home to dinner, and out again at half-past one; processioned the town streets for an hour, up to the Theatre. Hundreds waiting to get in. Full in the afternoon and evening. The week which followed is thus described in the next letter:

"We could only have the lecture-hall for three nights—Wednesday,

Thursday, and Friday. We had the hall nearly full every night that we were there. We have had some grand open-air every night in the week, but there were no souls till Friday night, and we felt we were ready to say, 'We have toiled all the week and taken nothing.' But glory be to Jesus He showed us where to cast the net on Friday, and eleven precious souls came out, all of them smashed up. We felt so happy."

The Sunday was a day of glory and victory.

"We had a good day. Seven o'clock, sixteen to the prayer-meeting. Two came from Bolton. Think we shall be able to do without any lent helpers, as I had a band of about twenty men in the morning, the same in the afternoon, and about thirty at night—two or three women.

"Two souls in the morning, thirty in the evening, praise the Lord, professed to find peace, some of them very young; but Jesus said 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and I felt they were in earnest."

NORTHWICH.

AMONGST the rich pages of our history, which we have formed during the past month, none will read better than the story of Northwich. Two of the youngest and most inexperienced officers of the Army were sent down one Thursday to a town where no one knew us, where no building was as yet taken for services, and no arrangement whatever made. They were unable to secure the week-night place we had believed would be available at once on application. But they secured the Sunday service room, borrowed a school room for week nights, overcame every difficulty, and in three or four days' time, had the town at their mercy.

From the hour of their departure, we heard nothing of them until the Monday morning. They had no time to write, and no wonder. But we were all the more pleased at 10.30 or so on the Monday to read in their first telegram, "We had a glorious day yesterday, eight souls, three good open-air services, one pound collected."

On the Tuesday, a strange report reached us, that one of the two was starving. The next evening an officer from head quarters reached the town, and his observations were as follows:

The streets were full of people. Fine boney men strolled along everywhere, and everybody who was spoken to was fully aware that two sisters from London were in the place holding services. It was too late to see the open-air meeting.

Standing outside the school-room in which their service was going on it was scarcely possible to believe one had not got to the wrong place, for it was evidently a very large congregation which was singing so briskly there. But the cheery voice of the supposed "starving" soon settled the matter.

"Do I look like starving?" she asked. "I have just had my turn, and now sister D. is going on. Come in."

There were four hundred people, a great many of them no doubt rightly brought up; but not a few fine men who had not seen much of religious services, probably for many years.

The singing might well be brisk, for the sisters would make it so, utterly

disregarding the fact that their hearers had not been used to such a pace. On they went till everybody caught the speed, and though with perhaps a needless amount of effort they made a real hearty song of it, just such a song as one might have expected to hear after three months instead of three days.

Venerable fathers and mothers, as well as strong men and women, sat listening with the intensest interest and the deepest reverence to what? Not the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but to the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth.

The text of that hot quarter of an hour's address was, "It is my meat and my drink to do the will of my Father which is in heaven." Everybody present felt that it really was the meat and drink of those two followers of Jesus to do the Father's will, and that it ought to be their meat and drink too. In hundreds of cases the conviction that this had not been so was burnt deep into the hearts of the people, and the confessions of some even of the oldest Christians in the salvation meeting were thorough and heart-felt.

Some 26 persons came out that night to seek mercy, amongst them being a rough-looking man whose cries for salvation and joyous thanksgiving struck all the people with wonder.

After that sight can anyone be surprised at our hastening on to other towns, and casting aside all doubt as to whether young inexperienced officers may safely be trusted with great enterprises. "It is not my strength," said one of them that night to a stranger who expressed his surprise that she could stand up so boldly in the streets and anywhere for her Master, "It is God's. I know He will go with me, and so I am not afraid to go anywhere." She told the secret of the army's power in telling the secret of her own. May she and all our officers ever be enabled to walk thus humbly with their God.

The following extracts from letters tell a little more of this wonderful victory:—

"We entered this town very tired, and sought lodgings and found none until about nine o'clock, when the Lord touched some one's heart to give us shelter. On Sunday, August 25th, we took our first stand in one of the back streets, and as I looked around I could not help noticing how dark and black everything seemed here; I put my books in the middle of the road and we struck up singing

"We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide,

when crowds immediately came to hear us. They seemed somewhat amazed when they saw two small females standing up alone singing God's praises."

The Crown Room, formerly used as a court, in a building whose foundation has given way, causing it to bend over to such an extent as to look really in danger, was secured for week-nights, and of the first night they write—the room being capable of containing say upwards of 400 people:

"On Friday night there was not standing-room in the Crown Rooms for the people, and they jumped over the forms to seek salvation. We had 26 souls blessedly saved. Great rough men, who never go to a place of worship, wept like babies. I should like a little help, as there are more penitents weeping to seek the Lord than we can talk to.

"Happy to say we had a glorious day yesterday. Our open air meetings were grand all day. We had a glorious procession to the Drill Hall. The power of God was somewhat great in all our meetings. They came in crowds to hear us. The Drill Hall was packed full. There was not standing-room for the people, and I am quite sure if I had help we should have had the Crown Rooms as full as the Drill Hall. There was over 100 people could not get in at all.

"But oh, hallelujah, we had a glorious time. Thirty souls sought and found the Lord. We only had £2 2s. 3d. collections. I am going in for a grand broken-hearted meeting to-night, for the people say we are breaking all the people's hearts."

"Many had returned to their Father, and to-day they are rejoicing in the sunlight of heaven. It rejoices my heart when I look upon their faces and see how blessedly the Lord has saved them.

"I want to say how kind the brethren and sisters of various denominations have been. They have come up to help us in every possible way they could. I do not know when I saw open-air meetings attended with such attention as they are in Northwich. The Christian people have not turned their backs upon us but have given us the right hand of fellowship. I do not think the people of Northwich will ever forget The Salvation Army entering this town. Some of God's children were astonished when they saw us stand in the open air alone, but yet not alone, for the power of the Holy Ghost came down and filled our souls so unutterably full."

We do want a permanent week-night place of our own badly. Tracts and offerings will be thankfully received towards the support of this great and important work by

SARAH ANN DEXTER,
JANE HOCKEY.

8, Greenhall-terrace, Northwich.

CONSETT.

HERE, in the midst of a population of miners of the very roughest type, it has pleased God to give us a triumph perhaps without any equal even in the strange records of the past six months.

A closed-up theatre was secured for the year at a rental that gave every hope of the expense being met on the spot.

In some other cases it has seemed as though there was no difficulty, so sudden and glorious has been our success. Here it was not so. The darkness at first was felt, and it was only before patient, unflinching faith and effort, that the great enemy fell. But we leave the sisters' letters to tell the tale.

MIDNIGHT.

Things are not so pleasant as I should like them to be. Most of the people here are Irish.

We went out on Sunday, and we had a good open-air meeting, and in the afternoon the place was full.

I never saw such a lot of ignorant people before; lots of them seem like heathen. When we go to them and talk to them about their souls, they seem as if they did not understand what we meant, and I feel it will take time to get to their hearts. I feel there is a work to be done here. Oh, may God help us to do it!

Miss Jackson went to one man to ask him about his soul, and he actually asked her where God was. It's very hard work to get to the hearts of such ignorant people. I went to another man and asked him if he was saved, and he looked at me so hard that he made me tremble to see him, and said to me, "Do you ever think you will get to heaven?" and I said "Yes," when he replied, "I would not like to swop with you." This is the way they talk.

At night we had a good company. The power of God was in the meeting, and

it seemed hard work for Miss Jackson and myself, as we had to sing every hymn by ourselves. Both of us had a very bad cold, and we made an awful row.

Before we could get off of the stage on Sunday night the people were all flocking out like a lot of bees, and we were very nearly left by ourselves. No one came out to be saved; that seemed to get over me more than anything. But we are leaning on the Lord for help. We had to shut up and go home; and when we got outside there was a lot of people waiting there, who hooted us along the streets. A brother and a policeman sent them off, and enabled us to get home.

On Monday night it was much better, and masses of people were waiting for us in the open air. We had a good company inside; two came out and got saved. I feel that it only just wants the ice breaking, and I believe we shall then have a mighty smash. Oh, may God hasten the time! Weak of ourselves, but strong in the Lord. Our collection on Sunday was £1 11s. 4½d.

Oh, this dark town!

DAWN.

The next letter was as follows:—

We have had some good meetings during the week. The place has been full every night since Monday night. Twenty-six have professed to find peace, and many more in pickle. Every night we have a policeman come inside, and one stands at the door. They seem to be taken up with the work very much, and I believe we shall soon have them crying for mercy. Oh for a mighty outbursting in this town, for I feel it is needed.

The people seem so dark and ignorant. We have them crying and wanting to be saved, but don't understand coming out. O may God open the flood-gates of heaven, and let the converting power fall on these people. In our meeting at night you could hear the ticking of a clock, so anxious they seem to listen to every word.

THE MORNING.

The next letter describes the end of the first week, and of the old state of things and the beginning of the new.

Glory be to Jesus! Happy to tell you that we have had some blessed meetings in the week.

On Saturday night we had a hallelujah love feast, and we had a blessed time. The place was full. At the prayer meeting two young men came out, and they made the place ring, crying, "Lord save me," and four followed, and they all got saved. Glory be to Jesus!

Our collection on Saturday was 17s. Praise the Lord.

On Sunday we commenced our 7 o'clock prayer meeting, and there were forty-four there, and we had a blessed time; and at ten o'clock in the open air we had one of the best meetings that ever I had yet, and in the afternoon the place was full.

At night, before I could get inside the hall, the people was cramming in all round the door, so that we had to go through a lady's house to get in the back way. When I got inside, I never witnessed such a scene. It seemed as if all the people was walking over one another, and at last the place got so crowded that we had to shut the doors, and many went away that could not get in. We had a powerful meeting. Twenty-six came out and cried for mercy. Glory be to God!

Feeling weak of ourselves; but, hallelujah! strong in the Lord, trusting that the work will still go on. Our collection was £2 15s. 8d. Oh, bless the Lord we are rising.

DAY.

Next we have a sight of the work in full swing.

Things here are better than ever, praise the Lord. Since Sunday thirty-eight precious souls have got saved, glory be to Jesus. I never had such good meetings. On Wednesday it was the Flower Show. I had an open-air meeting outside it. The people seemed to rush round us, and we very soon had hundreds of people round us, praise the Lord.

The young converts come up to the meetings grand. They walk round the streets grand, like a lot of soldiers. We have got some of the biggest rough men in the town, glory be to Jesus.

If you was to see how they throw themselves down at the feet of Jesus, it would do your heart good to see them. The men shake and tremble while sitting on the forms. We have to lead them up to the penitent form, and before we can get them up to the form they fall down, praise the Lord.

The place is crowded every night; lots of the people cannot get in.

Some of the men that we have got used to act at the theatre; but glory be to Jesus, they are now acting for the Lord, and bold soldiers they are too.

SUNSHINE.

The next two letters need no comment. They tell the simple story of a glorious triumph too manifest and complete to need a more detailed description.

I am happy to tell you that the work is still going on, praise the Lord!

At our seven o'clock prayer meeting we had a blessed time. There was eighty-three great rough men whom God had saved. I know it would do your heart good to see them pray in the meetings.

In the open air, at ten o'clock, about twelve of them stood in the streets and told their old companions what the Lord had done for them, and that He could do the same for them. It made my heart leap for joy to see them, glory be to Jesus!

In the afternoon the theatre was crowded out; they were packed in all round. The platform was crowded with our own converts. I hardly knew what to do with the people. The place was crowded inside, and there were hundreds outside waiting to get in and could not. So while I led the meeting inside, Sister Jackson had to lead an open-air meeting outside. Glory be to Jesus.

And it was the same at night. Sixteen got saved, and now are telling to the people what the Lord has done for them. Our collections was £3 10s., praise the Lord! God is working.

A week later—

I am very happy to tell you that the work is going on grand here, praise the Lord.

Last Thursday, at our twelve o'clock meeting we had sixty-four men and women present. We had a pleasant time. Glory be to Jesus!

At our seven o'clock meeting on Sunday there was 110 present; in the open air at ten there was 100 of our own converts standing in the ring and telling the people what the Lord had done for them.

At night, seventeen came out and cried for mercy, three at the seven o'clock meeting, and one in the afternoon.

In haste. Place is crowded every night. Weak of ourselves, but strong in the Lord, Consett for Jesus.

The following extract from a local paper is just enough to confirm the accounts given by the sisters themselves, and to show how manifestly to every one, as well as to themselves, the work has been of God and not man.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.—For the past two weeks the local representatives of this mission—Misses Agar and Jackson—have laboured with great earnestness in the open air and in the Town Hall, Consett. These ladies are no sermonisers—and they wisely claim no especial gift in the art—but no one can doubt their earnestness and their self-sacrificing zeal. We were pleased to observe, on our visit yesterday evening, that already great good appears to have resulted from their visit, the spacious platform of the hall was crowded with converts, while the hall was literally crammed with attentive hearers. The addresses were exceedingly plain and commonplace, but the earnestness and fervour of the speakers won the sympathies of the audience, and the results of a continuance of such services cannot but be productive of great, and, we trust, lasting good to the people.

We confess that when the founder of the Christian Mission left the church with which he was connected to commence as an evangelist, we had our doubts as to the result of the step he took; but we are glad to know that the labours of the Rev. W. Booth and his assistants have been attended with great success; and that they are doing a great work, the records of our various newspapers abundantly testify.

Will not everybody pray that God will more and more gloriously use our sisters?

LOUISE AGAR & LIZZIE JACKSON.

46, Sherburne-terrace, Consett.

JARROW.

WE have attacked another Tyneside neighbourhood, and the battle has been one of the fiercest we ever fought; but we are conquering and bound to conquer.

The first telegram seemed to give good promise.

"Holy Ghost Day. Good open airs. Four hundred and fifty-eight indoor service. One soul. Lot pickling. One pound twelve."

The first letter said:—

We had a good day yesterday, some folks from Sunderland came to help us, and some from Shields, making in all about twenty.

We started about half-past ten with a prayer meeting in the open-air, God came down on us and blessed us, after which we processioned through the streets making a great stir and excitement.

ONE MAN GOT SAVED IN THE STREETS.

He had followed us for some distance, and God broke his heart. We formed a praying ring in the middle of the street, and he gave his heart to God there and then. He did shout too, Hallelujah! It was good.

At a quarter-to-two we had another open air, and the people were riveted to the spot. At half-past two we were inside the hall, our congregation numbering about four hundred and fifty, and we had a good time. Another splendid open air at a quarter-to-six; a good crowd of people. Indoors again at six-thirty, about the same number of people, a good time but none came out. But a lot were taken hold of and are in pickle. Glory to God. We are expecting great things.

But great things are generally to be secured by great fights, and our brothers soon found it out, as their second letter will show. They have given their week-night place the name of "*The Salvation Synagogue*."

We are rising and are confident of victory for God is with us, Hallelujah. During the week we have had very good times, and souls have been saved every night. On Monday, Brother Lawley and I started by our two selves in the open-air, and soon gathered a crowd of people who listened very attentively to us, for a solemn Holy Ghost power rested on the meeting.

After the meeting, about four of us processioned the streets to the Synagogue, and never in my life shall I forget the stir that we made as we sang "I'm a Pilgrim bound for glory." It seemed as though the whole place turned out, and a thousand men, women, and children followed us down. A large number of them Catholics who yelled and shouted and threw lighted matches at us and all manner of things. Oh, Hallelujah! it was good.

Inside we had about 150. Some roughs got in and made a bit of a bother; but God came down and saved one fellow—a real good case; he comes out like a brick in the open air.

Another good open-air on Tuesday, great stir as we sang through Armonde Street; a larger crowd followed us than on Monday night. The Catholics made a tremendous row again; about 250 inside. Three souls.

On Wednesday, another great stir outside; but the lads and young men were terrible; we could scarcely walk for them, in fact we had to let some feel the weight of our umbrellas. Inside there were about 300 or more people; a powerful meeting. Two souls. Hallelujah! but we had to put several Catholic rowdies outside.

The place seems teeming with Catholics, but we shall conquer. I am certain God is working among the people, I was never more confident of victory in all my life.

Still there was "more to follow," for we read next day:—

I write again to-day to tell you of our go last night.

It seems as though the whole town is in an uproar. We had such a rough time on Wednesday night that I went to the superintendent for a policeman to stand at the doors.

Last night the chapel was full, some sitting in the rostrum. But I should think there were 200 rowdies outside, who made a tremendous hubbub. They were so rough that one policeman could not manage them, so the authorities sent four and a sergeant to keep order, so you may guess within a little how things were.

But one of the policemen in plain clothes caught one fellow making a disturbance inside, and we are going to summon him to start with, so as to nip it in the bud.

They were making such an uproar as we were singing through the streets last night that the superintendent of the police requested us not to sing, so we shall have to have silent processions for the future.

Brother Lawley and I are determined to fight till we conquer, if we get killed in the attempt, and we are sure that this is paying the way for a great work.

P.S.—I might say that a kinder lot of policemen I never saw.

The prompt assistance thus rendered by the police seems to have answered the purpose admirably. But it was still very tough work, as the next letter showed:—

We have been having a hard pull here, and have not as yet been so fruitful as I should like at present. But, glory to God! there is a sound of abundance of rain. We see the cloud as big as a man's hand, which we believe will soon darken the heavens, and from which will descend showers of blessing.

On Sunday we were very poorly off for help, but we went into it. In the morning we were by ourselves, and likewise in the afternoon, but we got good crowds of people. Inside we had pretty fair congregations, both afternoon and night, but not a very large offering, which was 16s. 9d. But it's better on before.

Our meetings for power were the best we have had yet, but the folks are a hard-hearted lot. They were sitting in the place looking as wretched as can be, but wouldn't give up, neither could they go away. One fellow tried to leave; he took up his hat and went out of one door, but had to come back through the other. [But, praise God! this same man came last night and gave himself to God; you should have heard him shout for mercy. Oh, hallelujah!] One soul got saved—a real good case, a young man whom I think will be useful.

We are holding prayer-meetings at five o'clock every morning this week, at which we have half a dozen folks.

The rowdies are a bit quiet now; I think they are frightened, as they see that the authorities are on our side. I think I told you we had four policemen to protect us last week, but I have since ascertained that there were seven constables, two sergeants, and the superintendent.

Those five o'clock prayers and hard battlings were bound to tell, and we were not surprised to hear of victory in the next letter, though we were grieved and astonished to hear of the privations our officers had borne in silence before they gave us the opportunity to relieve them. Such men cannot fail.

We are rising. We have about 17, our own converts, whom I am expecting will join right off.

God has been blessing us. Bless Him. We have had in all 17 souls. I think real good cases come up every night, some big blackguards too.

Oh, hallelujah! It's getting better, though the money is coming in poorly. We have only six shillings for our salary this week; but we shall triumph. We mean beating the Devil, if it is on penny loaves and water. All we had for the two of us last week was twenty-four shillings, but we have managed. It has been a blessed week. I will write more fully on Monday.

Victory came at last, as the following will show :—

Praise God we are rising. We had a good week last week. Sixteen souls gave their hearts to Jesus, and have come up grand. Some fine rough fellows, do your heart good to see them. I call them my lions. Every night we have a procession of about a dozen or fifteen of our own converts. Glory to God! We sing, and I lead the van with my concertina. Oh, hallelujah! We could not put up with silent processions; the fellows would sing.

Our congregations are good, between two and three hundred on an average; some nights our place is filled. On Sunday we had Miss Hugill and Coombs, and we had a good day. We had twenty at the prayer meeting in the morning. There was a splendid feeling in the meeting, and folks were weeping all over the place, but none came out. The Mechanics' Institute was filled both afternoon and night. At night some were standing, glory be to Jesus. Amen. There were good collections all day. They amounted to £2 3s., which has given us a lift.

Last night the Synagogue was full, platform and all. An excellent meeting. We could not close it. Sinners kept coming out one at a time, till nine stepped into liberty. When the last one got through, it was twenty minutes to eleven o'clock.

One fellow, who has been to our meetings nearly every night, was as wretched as he could be, sprang over the pew in which he was sitting, rushed up to the penitent-form, and fell on his face and got saved. Hallelujah. They are the sort.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

"First-class meeting last night. Synagogue filled. Very rough time outside. Great stones flying about.

"Remember in all your prayers 'The Converted Ragman and the Jolly Engineman,'

"JONATHAN RAYMOND BROCK,
and his armour-bearer,

3, Peel-street, Jarrow-on-Tyne.

"JOHN LAWLEY."

ATTERCLIFFE.

WE have had from this station during the month one of the most charming records of simple loving labour and glorious blessing we ever read.

For a long time it had been found so difficult to meet the expenses of the place that the dear brother (Skidmore), who had laboured there from the first, had gone so far as to ask whether the large hall used for Sundays might not be given up and the work confined to the week-night hall.

Instead of consenting to this we sent two little sisters from Leicester, intending, however, very soon to remove one of them and send another in her place.

But the Lord so blessed their labours from the first that instead of having to report difficulty they soon had to describe a glorious success, and they begged that they might not be parted. But let their letters speak for themselves :—

Glad to say that the Lord has blessed us here. We arrived here on Friday. We were met by Mrs. Giddard, and she took us to our lodgings. We had a good

meeting that night, but no souls. A good open-air meeting on Saturday and a love feast inside, where five souls fell in love with Jesus. Praise the Lord!

This encouraged us to go in on Sunday in the open air all the morning. We told the people that we had not been to college, but to Jesus. Good meetings all day. Six souls in the afternoon, and seven at night. Offerings 14s. 6d. Four souls on Monday night. Glory!

A week later :—

We are glad to say that the Lord has blessed us in the past week, and souls have been saved.

On Sunday we had nine souls. We were singing, "We'll roll the old chariot along," when a big man came to help us. Praise the Lord! We had more people than the first Sunday, and £1 11s. collections.

The men come from their work to hear the Word of God in the open-air, and they do cry. Praise the Lord! I do believe that the Lord is going to do a great work here.

I should be very glad if you would let us stay together, because we are one in heart. We do not have said to us "You have got to preach to-night." You know we never learnt how. We take the meetings between us, and no one knows which is the leader. A gentleman asked us the other day which was the leader, and we said we were sisters.

Of course we could not resist such an appeal, and consented to let them remain a little longer together, but the Devil was not content to leave this scene of peace and love undisturbed.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Matthew Kirk, a moulder, living in Cottingham Street, Attercliffe, was charged with having been drunk and disorderly, and having assaulted Police-constable Bowler. The evidence showed that on Saturday night a revival service was being held near the Salvation Mill, Carlton Road, Attercliffe, and two sisters of the Christian Mission, named Fray, were conducting. The prisoner, who was drunk, pushed himself to the front of the meeting, and asked one of the young ladies who was the wife of Cain. He was asked to be quiet, and was told that when the meeting was over the sisters would speak to him. He refused to be quiet until the question had been answered, and Police-constable Bowler was called in to remove him. He struck the constable in the face and knocked him down, and whilst the officer was on the ground he was so severely kicked that he is now unfit for duty.—One of the sisters was called in support of the case, and harangued the court from the witness-box, stating that she prayed for the dear man (the prisoner) that God would save his soul. She expressed the same wish for everybody in court, and in the meantime the other sister stood by the witness-box in an attitude of prayer. With a face upturned, eyes closed, and hands clasped in front of her bosom, the movement of her lips indicated that she was in prayer.—The prisoner admitted the offence, and was fined in all 55s.

May God save him and thousands more by the instrumentality of Annie Jackson and Lizzie Fray.

175, New Hall Road, Attercliffe.

BOLTON.

THANK God His arm has been made bare in Bolton. Our first meeting was crowned with fifteen souls, and on the next day, Sunday, God gave us 107 precious souls. Some of the roughest sort have been enlisted in our army. Six hundred precious souls have professed to find the Lord during the three weeks we have been here. Homes have been

made happier, hearts have been made light, and many can say, "Whereas once I was blind, now I see"; to God be all the glory.

When we are out in the open air hundreds of people gather round us, and the police, who are our friends, have to work before us to clear the way. It is something new to see two women walking backwards leading a procession of blood washed men and women. We get the Opera House, which holds 4,000 people so crowded, that we have to shut the doors shortly after we begin our service on Sunday night, and our hall which we have for week-nights gets so crowded that we get a good Turkish bath for nothing every night. Hallelujah.

We have one penitent-form for saints and another for sinners. We never have a meeting without some of our brothers and sisters coming out for the blessing of a clean heart. Bless the dear Lord! We mean preaching holiness to the Lord. Oh may God help us to live it! A brother who came to our services one Sunday afternoon was in such a state about the blessing that he had no sleep. On the Saturday night he came out to the penitent-form weeping; he had been a preacher of the Gospel for years, and he was to have taken a service that night, but could not because he was so wretched. Hallelujah! We would like the Lord to serve every preacher so that has not got the blessing of a clean heart. We got him on his knees and pleaded till he got it. He has given up all for God, and now he is one of the happiest men in Bolton.

Another brother who had given himself to the Lord while brother Corbridge was here, who had been a wrestler, last Sunday morning brought a brass knuckle-duster, and gave it to me, and preached a funeral sermon over it. He had often said he would never part with it, and made a god of it, but he had to give it up, now he is shining for God. Time and space will not permit us to go on. Sinners of the deepest dye have been saved. The Devil is being defeated. God's dear name has been glorified. Yours in the Salvation Army,

4, Birmingham Street, Bolton.

RACHAL AGAR,
NELLEY COPE.

LEICESTER.

THE white flag of the Salvation Army is flying high in this wicked town. God has been blessing our labours in a wonderful manner. During the last month some of the most desperate characters have been brought to God. Our open-air meetings have been a mighty power for good. Sometimes the drunken rowdies have broken into our ring and swore they would break up our meetings, but thank God they have never been able to do so. We have got down on our knees before God, and they have been as helpless as children before us. Hallelujah!

We have a strong corps of soldiers in the Salvation Army in Leicester. A band of men and women that nothing can stop.

Sunday morning, August 25th, was a mighty time. After the service an old man, 75 years of age, came down to the penitent form, cried for mercy, and God blessedly saved him. A short time before, another old man, 73, got saved. They can now both rejoice together. The same

evening we had an experience meeting for twenty minutes. Such a mighty meeting I hardly ever saw, we had some quick, mighty Holy Ghost speaking, we sang four times, and 105 spoke in that short time, and I then spoke for half an hour. God was in the work and in the prayer meeting which followed, twenty-five precious souls wept their way to the feet of Bleeding Mercy, and found salvation through the blood of the lamb. Hallelujah!

A man (SIX FEET HIGH) came down; he measured well at the penitent form, God saved him. He is doing well, and bids fair for a useful soldier in the Salvation Army.

To sit and listen to some of the dear men and women who have been saved the last few weeks, is enough to melt the hardest heart. One man said, I am an old man, but only young in grace, but thank God my worst hours now, if I have any worst, are better than my best used to be before I was converted to God.

A GREAT DRUNKARD. A man, about 50 years of age, came out the other night of his own accord and cried bitterly that God would have mercy on him, one of the greatest drunkards in Leicester; and the loving Father heard and answered his prayer, and sent him home rejoicing, the next night he came to our holiness meeting, and at the close, volunteered to keep the door for a fortnight, feeling that it would be better to do so than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. The Lord bless him.

Time and space forbids us saying much more, but I may just add that during the month we have had some

120 AT THE PENITENT-FORM

and we expect to raise some real good sound desperate soldiers for our army out of them; about

50 HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE

during the month. We go in against the Drink, Snuff, and Smoke. Bro. and Sister White have given themselves to the Mission, and have gone to labour in the North of England as officers in our army; and another brother will be off in a few days, which makes eight who have gone the last five months, and thank God we have some more coming on, and will be ready by and by. Oh that they may go through the country like fire, binding themselves to nothing but truth and righteousness. Hallelujah! *Hold me, my soul* is all in a flame. Notwithstanding all that has been taken away from us, we are stronger than ever, and mean to do more than ever for God.

We commenced well for the first Sunday after the War Congress, had thirty-five saved; this sent Bro. Morrison, our new evangelist, very near off his feet. Our congregations get larger every week. Full last Sunday, about one hundred standing. Twenty good cases of conversion. Our people are very poor, we need a little help. Will the Lord's stewards help us in tracts or money, which may be sent to Richard Lawrence, Treasurer, 80, High Street, or to yours, very busy in the work

127, Birstall Street,
Leicester.

WM. FAWCETT.
D. MORRISON.

MEXBRO'.

One of the most sudden and least announced descents has been upon this town, where, with the continuation of it called Swinton, a large collier population is to be found. We have got the theatre both for Sundays and week-nights, and the following letters will show with what result:—

"We are having some glorious victories here at Mexbro. Souls have been saved every night but two. The people say they never saw it like this before. We do get the people to come, bless God. Sunday morning prayer-meeting at seven; there was fourteen there. It was a blessed time. Glory, glory! hallelujah! Amen. 10.30, went to Denaby Main Colliery with about fourteen men and my wife. As soon as we got there we went down on our knees. The people did not know what to make of us. We announced ourselves as the Salvation Army. God was with us. Bless His name. The people seemed to be as much surprised as if we had dropped down from heaven among them. All the place was in a commotion, running from all parts to see what was the matter. Never heard speaking with so much of the power of God in it as on Sunday morning. We went all round Denaby singing and speaking and inviting the people to the theatre. Afternoon: went out and began at New Mexbro' with as much vigour, or more, than in the morning. Well, to tell you, in short, the place is moved from side to side, and from end to end. The Devil does not know what to do, and what to make of us, the attack is so sudden, and with so much power. Place full; Hallelujah Band; very, very good time. No souls, though very much moved. Night: packed to excess. Not room to move about in. Place full till after ten. Eight souls professed to find the Lord. We have had some of the best cases that I ever saw. When the invitation is given they jump up and come out and weep for salvation, and wrestle till they get it."

It will be seen from the above that success has not come, as it were, unsought, but has been won by hard, persevering toil. The next week was better still.

"Last Saturday night we had a glorious love feast. Packed to excess. Offerings, 18s. 6d. Bless the Lord.

"Grand day on Sunday. The Lord

was with us, 5 saved in the afternoon. Night: no room to fairly walk about. Thirteen souls.

"The latest news is still crowded houses, souls, and victory. Pray for the converted jockey,

GEO. ROE.

54, Garden-street, Mexbro'.

SAVED.

By ELIZABETH CORBRIDGE.

Suggested by an inquiry made by Mr. Booth as to my own experience.

Tune of "*I left it all with Jesus.*"

I gave *my all* to Jesus long ago,
Spirit, soul, and body were laid low;
Then He freely took me. Through His blood

Rectified my spirit, made me good.

Sanctified me wholly, by the blood.

God *is* good.

From then and now I reckon myself
dead;

Nevertheless I'm *living*. As Paul said,

'Tis not I, but Jesus lives in me;

And the life I'm living, full and free,

Is by faith in Jesus—the *true Vine*.

He is mine.

He gives me life eternal, calm and sweet;

Finding grace sufficient. At His feet

Resting and rejoicing, washed in blood.

All my foes o'ercoming by His blood.

Oh, how safe the keeping, in the blood!

God is good.

NOTES OF THREE STATIONS,
BY THE GENERAL.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE hand of our God has been heavily laid on our dear brother Allen, and ever since the Congress this station has been without its commander. He came to the Congress with typhoid fever in his veins, and was just enabled to get back so as to be watched and nursed by his dear wife in his own home. For these long weeks he has been laid down by the burning, wasting fever, and is now only slowly creeping back to the strength of former days.

We went down to Portsmouth to see and comfort him, and to have a day's campaign with Brothers Allison and Body, who have led the Lord's host there during our Bro. Allen's absence.

We had a happy day. It was cheering to see congregations equal to those

of our early and prosperous days in this town, and to find everybody pleased and contented.

God was with us in the morning, and at night the Spirit of God fell on the people, and eight precious souls sought the Saviour. It was a good meeting, and there will be better still before long.

We have been a long time finding our feet again, after the stunning blow dealt us by treachery and ambition; but having found them, we must make use of them, and march straight on for victory. God bless our Portsmouth friends.

Our dear friend Mr. Warn has gone home since we were here last. We left him a little indisposed, but little did we think it was a sickness unto death. Oh, how ignorant we are of the future. It is, indeed, the great unknown. Our dear brother was a friend indeed to the Christian Mission, and stood bravely by us when nearly every other friend forsook us. Thank God he lived to see us fairly afloat again. We have spent many a happy hour in pleasant communion under his hospitable roof. He is at rest. *We shall meet him again in the morning.* Meanwhile, may God comfort those who mourn his loss, and quicken us to greater diligence in duty and devotion.

SALISBURY.

On our way from Poole, where Bro. Wood is just unfurling our flag, and that with signs which promise well for the future, we called in at this ancient city to see how the battle was going with Bro. Watts and his detachment. We found they were manfully maintaining the ground won in many a hard fight in the past. In the market-place it seems, at the onset of Bro. Watts, all was wonderfully quiet for a few days; but latterly the enemy had been raging as much as ever.

We commenced at half-past six, and soon had a considerable crowd.

There was any amount of mockery and some of the vilest and filthiest language I ever listened to poured into our ears while speaking; and there would, doubtless, have been still more determined opposition but for the watchful eye of a policeman who had kept the roughs in awe. Nevertheless, a very large number of working men listened most attentively, and filled the Salvation Stores to hear further of the matter.

We were very much interested in that

congregation, and in the zeal of those new converts, and although no one came out for salvation, we have never a doubt that God spoke powerfully to many hearts; and we expect to hear by every post from Bro. Watts that God has broken in upon them in mighty sovereign saving power.

Oh, may it be so. Salisbury for the Man who died for it. Amen and Amen.

CHATHAM.

Oh! for this town. I spent a few hours in it during the past month, and felt something of the Saviour's yearning over Jerusalem. Oh, what blasphemy, what drunkenness, what harlotry, what devilry of every kind. Surely the hearts of God's people should bleed, and their tears flow, and their prayers and cries ascend without ceasing for this place. And oh, surely the efforts of the Salvation Army should never tire.

Our people are doing a little, but considering the years we have been established, I could not but feel disappointed. There were three marches carried right through the heart of the enemy's territory, and some open-air speaking that was to the point, but much more is needed. More men and more women, full of zeal and fire.

The night service pleased me much with the attendance of so many soldiers, and two souls professed salvation.

Will our friends, through the Mission, pray for Chatham? And will our friends on the spot, unite with Brother Newell, and go in for shaking this wicked town? Only earnest, Godly men can do this, and there are some of this class in the Salvation Army at Chatham, if they will close up and open fire, and stand firm as a rock, in the strength of the mighty God of Jacob.

BETHNAL GREEN.

By BALLINGTON BOOTH.

"Oh, I believe those people are doing a real good work," said someone in my hearing, as he passed, our army having a little open-air drill in front of the hall, at the corner of Bethnal Green Road. "There are some good folks there." And so there are brethren. The Lord has led on our band here under the command of Brother and Sister Trenhail, to see strange things,

and yet things unquestionably of God. I was delighted to find that the brethren had all flocked round their new leaders, entering into their spirit and giving themselves to the great fight with the Devil and sin. God bless them!

Oh, that our readers could see some of the streets of this neighbourhood, up which our band sings—some of the low degraded places that it visits—and best and foremost, some of the pitiless, wretched men and women it succeeds in reaching and turning to God.

Calling in on Monday, September 9th, my soul was much cheered and blessed by what I saw and heard. The platform was full of young soldiers, who sat eagerly waiting for the meeting to be opened. Round, and indeed all over the hall, were others with hearts so full they could scarcely sit on their seats. In a few minutes the meeting was opened with "Hark, listen to the trumpeters," and they sang as if they intended someone to listen to them. Then short prayers, and then a verse or two, and they were speaking to their souls' delight. It was truly "Rolling the old chariot along." Some told us they had been thieves, some liars, some hypocrites, some Sabbath-breakers, some drunkards, some wife-beaters, some, ah! the worst men in London, but that God had washed their hearts from every stain. So He has, so He has. Bless His name! There were gray-haired saints, and young saints, but all alike joined in the good old song—

"I never shall forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day."

Something like forty-five spoke, short and to the point; with a chorus between every three or four speakers. A short prayer-meeting concluded; and at a quarter past ten we all went off, singing Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

THE HOLINESS MEETING.

Few holiness meetings that I have been to have exceeded this for hallowing power.

In one large circle we knelt; and one and all cried to God for the outpouring of the Spirit. At first all seemed hard, very hard, but the break came. We were agreed, and our cry reached the throne. Every heart was touched, and

soon, after describing the blessing and urging all to surrender, we went down for silent prayer.

While singing, "Thine and only Thine to be," five or six came out for liberty; more soon followed.

God manifested Himself with mighty power, and before the meeting closed over twenty cast themselves on our Almighty Saviour, trusting Him to keep them from sin.

God continues to bless, help, and crown our soldiers with success at this station. They have need to fight for the Master here. They have need to sing, pray, speak, plead, weep or do any and everything to get those heedless, Godless sinners saved. Brethren, we will pray for them; and a band of holy, earnest, loving, godly, daring salvation men and women shall be raised up in Bethnal Green that shall snatch hundreds from their misery and woe, and bring everlasting praise and honour to the name of our God.

SHEFFIELD.

PRaise God for what He has done through another month. It has indeed been one of victory and joy. We have seen many weeping their way to Calvary, and thank God they have not wept in vain, for the friend of sinners was there, and with the handkerchief of His love He has wiped their tears all away. Bless His dear name.

One blessed case is a soldier. He is A GUNNER IN THE ARMY of the Queen; but thank God he has joined the army of King Jesus, and since that time he has come to the front of the ranks, and it does us all good to see his happy face, and time after time he tells us how good this religion is, and the good it does him in the barracks. Oh that he may be kept faithful till death, and then he will receive a soldier's reward.

A DEAR MAN AND HIS WIFE had not long been married, and I, by God's help, tried to have them married to Jesus. They came, and thank God they are going ahead, and mean to get to heaven. Glory be to God!

A POOR WANDERER.

This dear man attended nearly all our meetings, and many and many a time has God laid hold of him so that he could not scarcely sit on his seat, but has from time to time put off his soul's salvation, and would not yield; but oh,

BARKING.

BY BALLINGTON BOOTH.

SEVERAL times I have been to this town, but was never so impressed with the overwhelming necessity for the work our army is doing as on the occasion of my last visit. Oh, the crowds of people that thronged the public-houses, and the fearful language! I thank God that ever the Mission came, and that we have a band of real godly hot saints, who are prepared to go any where and do any thing for the salvation of their fellow-townsmen. The Sunday I spent with our brethren will long be remembered as a day of blessing and power. The Lord was indeed in our midst. At the close of the morning service, while on our knees pleading with God, two sinners fell at the penitent-form crying for mercy, and twelve or thirteen consecrated themselves afresh to God.

After a refreshing open-air service in the afternoon for an hour we went inside for an experience meeting, and a blessed hour and three quarters it was. After over forty-five short sweet experiences, we fell on our knees and received another outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Seven or eight more laid their all on the altar, and rose with beaming faces, singing,

"Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

Then we hurried home for a cup of tea, to meet again in the Broadway for more close-handed work.

And it was work. We strove to make the most of every moment. It was cheering to see them march down arm-in-arm, five in a row. All sang; then two prayed; then nine or ten spoke about two minutes each, and on again we tramped to the little hall, which was packed. Good singing, searching prayers. Many hearts probed. Much weeping. Some saved. Many blessed. And after a little fellowship we ended the day with blessing, singing, shouting, and praising God.

FRIDAY, HOLINESS MEETING, On September 13th, was a wonderful time. Never shall I forget it. Oh, God did search hearts that night. After speaking about giving up all and being kept by the power of God, and singing, "I am trusting, Lord, in Thee," we fell on our faces for silent prayer. Then God Almighty began to convict and

thank God, he had to yield. At last God took hold of him, and he fell like a dead man at His feet, and cried for mercy. A brother tried to show him how plain it was, but it seemed as though the heavens were brass to the poor man. He was like many more, he wanted to feel that God had saved him before he was willing to give up and believe. We tried again to show him the simple plan of salvation. I told him that he would never be saved until he could believe, and he looked up into my face, and said, "Is that all—is that how to be saved?" We told him yes. Then he commenced to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." God came to his help, and saved his soul. He shouted, "I have it now. I am saved!" got off his knees, and sang,

"I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me."

I believe he will yet make a useful man. Oh that he may endure to the end.

OUR HALLELUJAH EXCURSION

to Cleethorpes, the first of the Sheffield branch, on August 19th. We started out of our homes about five in the morning, got to the place appointed for an open-air meeting, and found a large number of the friends waiting. We fell into ranks like soldiers, and sang up to the station. We took about two hundred of our people. Everybody enjoyed themselves on the way down. At Cleethorpes we formed another procession, and sung on to the sands. Held a meeting with a large number of people. Later in the day we held a camp meeting. The day was beautifully fine. We commenced by singing that dear old hymn

"The Gospel ship along is sailing."

And thank God we did not stand long before hundreds were listening, and large numbers of them were in tears. I believe much good was done. We closed and sung up to the station. It was one of the best days our people ever had. I pray that year by year it may be better and better—more Christ-like. Thank God for what we do feel of his love. Brothers pray for us. Thanks for tracts. Many more needed.

Yours in the battle-field,
MARY M. GODDARD.
WILLIAM F. SALES.

43, Mount Pleasant Road,
Highfields.

strive. Some began to weep, some groaned, some cried out aloud to God. One man said, "If I cannot get this blessing I cannot live"; another said, "There's something, there's something. Oh, my God, my God, help me. Set me straight; put my heart straight." and while we sang,

"Saves me now, saves me now,
My Jesus saves me now,"

a dear young sister stepped up to the table, then two more followed, and now we sang again

"Saves me now, saves me now,
Yes, Jesus saves me now."

Many more were smitten. We dropped on our knees again. Five or six more came forward. One dear man took his pipe from his pocket and laid it on the table, resolved that it should stand between his soul and God no longer. Then six or seven more came forward. We could scarce then sing or pray. Everyone was overpowered by the Spirit. One dear young man, after struggling and wrestling for nearly an hour, shouted, "Glory! glory! glory! I've got it. Oh! oh! Bless God!" One young woman shook her head, saying, "No, not to-night," but soon was seen on the ground pleading mightily with God. Every unsanctified man and woman felt indescribably. Three or four times we cleared the tables and forms, and again and again they were filled. And all joined in singing the words:—

"I have thee, oh! I have thee,
Every hour I have thee,"

and one brother said, "Oh, oh! if this aint heaven, what'll heaven be?" Another brother said, "I must jump." I said, "Then jump," and he jumped all round. So we sang, cried, laughed, shouted, and after twenty-three had given their all to the Master, trusting Him to keep them from sinning, as He had pardoned their sin, we closed singing, "Glory, glory, Jesus saves me."

The Lord give us many more such nights in our army all over. Amen.

Just let me add that last Monday tea and meeting here were seasons of joy and triumph to many souls. Officers, captains, and other soldiers from several stations helped—satisfactory report—hot meeting—fifty speakers in less than thirty minutes. Good break up. Hallelujah! Dear brethren, thank God for the effort put forth here, and still continue to pray and believe that our officer

here, Bro. Skidmore, and his regiment may yet see a greater, grander, deeper and more blessed work. It is to be done, it *can* and *shall* be done. Amen.

BARNSELEY.

WHILE the devil and wicked men have plotted and planned, written and talked against us, we have held our peace. And the Lord our God has fought for us, and worked for us, and when God works who can hinder.

On returning home from the Congress, though late, we called in at our hall. They had not all gone home, and I began to tell them of the refreshing times we had in London, and the mighty hallowing power we felt at the all-night of prayer. Then I invited all those who wanted a clean heart to come and seek it; and men and women from every direction came out, and fell prostrate at the Cross, under the power of God.

THE WORST MAN IN BARNSELEY came to the theatre Sunday night, not thinking to go out saved; but God laid hold of him, and soon he was led as a little child to the healing stream, stepped in, and soon found he was healed. Jumping up he shouted, "Glory be to God, this is what I wanted." They say he is the greatest wonder in Barnsley.

AN INFIDEL

came into our theatre to see what the sisters could do; and God soon showed him what He could do with him. On going there he said he had once been a Christian, but through bad companions he got drawn into infidelity. He told me how wretched he was. In an instant he fell on his knees, and we heard the cry, "God save me." Very soon his wretchedness was turned into peace; and, glory be to God, he has been a useful man ever since.

CONVERTED PIGEON-FLIER.

"I was a great gambler and drunkard; used to spend all my time in pigeon flying. My wife and family have often suffered through what I have given to the publican, but bless the Lord that ever the Mission came here to pick me out of the sink-hole of sin. I have now sold my pigeons, and built up a family altar. My wife and I are now going to heaven. I have been the greatest swearer in Barnsley; but I came in here last Wednesday night. God laid hold of me. I felt that one more step would launch me into hell. I thought that I must go to the penitent-form before the invitation, but how I

SPENNYMOOR.

It has been said by one of this town, "I could do with you people if you wasn't to be at it so often." Well I must own we have been at it, we are still at it, and are going to be at it quite as much or more in the future. No matter where it is, nor what time, we have made up our minds to go in for God and souls. Since our last report we have gone at it preaching the Gospel to crowds of people flocking to the horse races and flower shows, which means God has owned and blessed and brought honour to his name. A woman said the other day, "I think the meetings get better." Whether better or not we are feeling more of the power of God. More people flock to hear the word of life. Some are lightsome, others have become serious, and have thought on their ways and turned their feet unto God's testimonies. Nearly every night some precious soul or souls are stepping into liberty. Glory be to God, we have not only had good meetings at nights, but our Sunday morning meetings have been some of the best, and have ended in the salvation of souls, praise God.

We have had to exclaim This is good, as some 40 or 50 rose from their beds and sang through the street, seven o'clock Sunday morning,

"Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb."

The following will be ample proof to show we have not been at it in vain:—

SEVEN DAYS IN GAOL.

"I am glad to say I have found peace with God once more. I was a backslider for two years and nine months; it was through drink I fell back, but I was so unhappy I could not stop in one place above six or eight weeks. I used to go from place to place, but ah, what a miserable life to live! I could not sleep; half my time I could not forget God, for he strove with me wherever I went. On the 21st June I was in Leeds, and being drunk I thought I would have a bit of fun with the mission people. They were holding an open-air service, but my fun brought me to gaol for seven days, but while I was serving my time it brought me to myself and to think what God had done for me. I am glad to say my peace is made with God and I am happy. Glory to God for what he has done for me."

got up to the penitent-form I don't know, but I did get up. I got washed in the blood. Glory be to God!" Now the tongue that used to swear is speaking every night in the open-air. THE MAN WITH THE HAPPIEST HOME IN THE TOWN.

"I came to the hall, laughing like the rest of the folks. When hearing the young Lasses speak, I was soon turned into tears. My breast was hell. I had been a member for years, but I never felt as I felt the night when I came in here. Glory be to God. When you look at me you are looking at the happiest man in this town."

THE HAPPY HORSE-RACER.

"I came into this town poor, and despised by everybody. I have been a very gay young man. There has never been a horse race in Epsom but what I have been to; but hearing them sing in the open air, I followed them in. God's Holy Spirit flashed on my heart. Every word that was spoken seemed to suit my case. I made up my mind to start for heaven that night. When I got to the penitent-form I said the Lord's prayer, but that was no good. Soon as I said, Lord save me, He did save me, bless His name. My delight is to tell others of His love. Praise the Lord. I am not afraid to speak for Jesus. I work in the pit. They call me the 'Happy Collier.' It is true I know I am the happiest man in our pit; for I have been head and heels in the fountain. Amen."

THE HALLELUJAH SISTER.

"I am gloriously happy in the Lord. I am saved all over. The landlord says we make too much noise. He will turn us out. Then we will shout in the streets. I heard you singing past my door, when, seeing you pass, I got convicted; so I ran out without my jacket. God saved me. Glory be to His holy name."

HAPPY GARDENER.

"I have not got much to say, but I have got very happy in the Lord."

We rejoice to tell our friends that we have taken a little cottage. Furniture, tracts, or smallest donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Mr. Renowde, 2, Peel Place; the Treasurer, Mr. Firth, 1, Summer Lane, or to

ROSE CLAPHAM.
BESSIE JONES.
GIPSY LILLY SMITH.

3, Park View, Park Road,
Barnsley.

He came to Jesus one night in the people's hall. Hallelujah!

"I HAVE GOT THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD."

So says one whose wife was converted first. After her conversion he tried to keep her from the meetings. He says "Hallelujah to God, I have got the best thing in the world. I was a heavy sinner and drunkard, but now I am happy in the Lord. Before I gave God my heart I went to the races. There I lost all my money. This made me so miserable. I was asked to go to the meeting. I went at night, after being at the races during the day, when I gave up all and enlisted in the Salvation Army. I tried the world for happiness, but never could find any; but bless God, I have found it at last. I have had many a happy meeting since the 9th of July, when I gave God my heart, and I can sing:

"I have been there, and still will go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

I have now a happy home; me and my wife are both serving God. Others may have the world, but as for me and my house, we will have the Lord. Thank God I have now a strong foundation. The foundation I was on before was rotten. Friends, pray for me.

PUBLIC-HOUSE SINGER.

A young man says: "I have enlisted in the army of Christ. 'Tis with regret that I relate the unfruitful part of my life. I have been a great drinker; have spent as much as a pound in drink in a day. I have danced and sung from public-house to public-house; in fact I have danced for all night at pleasure-parties to please them. Now I can dance and sing for joy in Christ.

"Oh, hallelujah! The other Sunday night I came out from the meeting. Some of the young converts got me into one of the member's houses with the intention to sing with them; but I was caught in the Lord's trap. Hallelujah! It was a good trap for me, for now I can sing for Jesus. I wandered far from home, but Jesus has taken me in, hallelujah!"

A great number of others, quite as bad, have been saved, praise God.

Friends, pray for these that they may be kept, and that others may still be saved. Tracts will be very acceptable

for visiting. Money is needed towards fitting up a hall for week-nights.

Yours, in the Salvation Army,
ALFRED RUSSELL.
113, Craddock-street, Spennymoor,
Durham.

SEAHAM HARBOUR.

NOWHERE has God wrought more gloriously, moving a whole population, by us than in this place, as the following letters, received since the last report, abundantly show.

"On Sunday night forty-three precious souls professed to find peace in Christ. May God Almighty keep them.

"I have been trying to get the young men to give up their pipes. I have prayed that God may give them light, and I believe it is working upon their hearts."

Shortly after the Congress, we were alarmed to hear of the serious illness of Sister Look. But the receipt of the following letter was a great relief:—

"I am glad to tell you that I am quite well. Last week I thought I should have to come home. I never felt so ill before; but praise God that He has given me strength again.

"We had a grand day yesterday. I went and took the open-air in the evening, and God came down in such a way that the people stood and couldn't move.

"We came inside. I opened the meeting. The place was crowded. I never saw such a sight before in my life. Our own people could not get in, so they had an open-air meeting.

"After I had opened the meeting, and the collection was made, all was silence, Miss Brewer preached her farewell sermon: and after we had sung, 'Oh, do not let the world depart,' twenty-four precious souls came out crying for mercy, including some of the greatest drunkards in the place. So we had a grand time of it. Hallelujah!

A LITTLE HELL.

"This morning I went visiting down some of the horrible streets, and I was talking to a dear man and woman and some great rough man came and insulted me. I took hold of the man and talked to him about his soul, and while I was speaking to him some people got around me sobbing and crying. If ever I felt the need of being earnest it was this morning.

"Fine men and women, who might have been of a great use in this world, were sunken in drunkenness. They call the street a little hell, and I should think it is. Some of my people was afraid that they would abuse me; but, oh, I thought, 'Filled with God we'll shake the kingdom,' and oh, I find it is true. May God help us in this Seaham Harbour. I feel quite sure He will.

AN AWFUL EXAMPLE

"One publican yesterday stood at his door while I was leading the band along the streets. He laughed and went on about us. He was well and hearty, and this morning he got up the same as usual; but before long he was found a corpse.

"On Sunday we had a grand time. Twenty precious souls came out crying for mercy. Great men and women. Praise God! Conviction is going from street to street, and when we stand out in the open air they are crying for mercy. Sister Hugill and myself were praying last night for God to send conviction to the people, and this morning a young woman came into our room, and said, 'Oh, Miss Look, I have good news to tell you. I was not converted last night, but when I got into bed the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I was obliged to rise and cry for mercy: and God has saved me, and I am so happy! Oh, glory to God!' Last Tuesday night I explained the rules of the Christian Mission to the meeting, and God took hold of me, and I spoke to them. I told them about dress, smoking, and drinking; and when I told them if they did not comply with the rules, and were not led by God to join, they could have their names removed from the book, and go where they wished, and God bless them. But praise God, instead of leaving me, over fifty joined us, and said they were willing to do anything for the Lord, willing to be trod upon for God. Oh, God bless them! God has given us the victory over the Devil."

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS.

The other night a lot of Spiritualists had a meeting in the house, and they got us in by telling us there was a man who did not believe in Christ, and they said we might have a prayer meeting and get him saved, so being willing to do anything for the Lord, we went in, and they shut the door, and the table was dancing, and the spirits were talking through them.

I sat down as if I was struck; but after they had done for a short time I got up and spoke to them. They were struck at me talking. They said if I would only let the spirit enter me I'd make a good one. The Lord save the people! They told me not to let you know anything about it. I told them we did not do anything or go anywhere and be ashamed to let you know. Before my sister and Miss Hugill and I left them God took hold of them, and I believe some of them will be saved. I only wished Mr. Cadman had been here. He would have done them good.

The following is part of a letter received the other day from one of the converts:—

"MY DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST,—

"I am very thankful that by the grace of the great God from above that He put the desire into your hearts to come to Seaham to open the Mission here. Although I was so far sunken in sin and distress, the Lord has, by His great mercies and loving kindness, given to me to see the state that I was in.

"I well remember the time when the person appointed came to me, and she asked me how I was. And, as you may think, as she went on talking to me about my soul's welfare the Devil was by this time very sharp, and the words that the appointed one said to me were that I was going to hell as fast as time could take me there, but the answer which I gave to her was that the Devil would not have anything to do with me, and the reply was, 'Bad is your lot unless you turn from the error of your ways.'

"I still followed the meetings, and the Devil with me. And it was given out that on Saturday evening there would be a Hallelujah Free and Easy, and I thought that, as I had been used to such-like places, I would go and see what sort of things they were. So I went, as I did regularly, to the beer-house first, and got well on in drink, to make a noise, but there I was stopped in my wild state. Although my bones were as it were sprung from one another, thank God in His infinite mercies before I left the house my bones were sinewed together in Christ the Lord. May He ever keep me faithful for His name sake. Since I have enlisted in this army I can stand the name of a fool for Christ's sake. This army is not the army that I used to sing about, the 75th, but this is the army that Christ Jesus

came into the world to seek and to save And now I have reasons to thank God, for once I was blind, but now I can see."

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BROTHER WILLIAM BURRETT, LEICESTER.
BROTHER BURRETT was one of the worst men in Leicester before he was converted to God. He was a pea hawker, going from public house to public house with hot peas; and he gave way to sin of every sort. Very often he would drink both stock and profits, and would go home with all his pea-plates broken and his tin sides bulged in, so that he had to have a new rig out before he could do any more business; and thus he carried on year after year, until about Easter, 1877, when he was invited to the service held in the Salvation Warehouse. After the first meeting he attended, he went home, said to his wife, "I have been to the Salvation Warehouse; I like them very well; I am going to be a better man." This was on Sunday morning. He went again in the afternoon, and was pleased with the meeting; but at night he met with some of his old mates, they got him to the public house, and he became as bad as ever. About a month after this he attended the meetings again, and gave himself fully to God, and from that time to the day of his death he lived a blessed Christian life. He was always at the meetings, and ever ready to speak for his Master. He often spoke in the open air, among his old drinking mates. I have heard him say to them, "Now, my lads, chuck up the drink, and go along with me to heaven. What did I get by serving the devil all them years? Nothing but poverty, misery, and destruction. But now, thank God, I am saved."

He was taken ill with brain fever, and for three weeks was a great sufferer, but, without a murmur, he endured his pain. Brother Hurrell and myself visited him, and always found him trusting in God and happy in Jesus. A day or two before he died he wanted to be carried in a chair to the Warehouse, to tell poor sinners with his dying breath how sweet it was to enjoy the religion of Jesus Christ when death was staring him in the face. His trust in God was firm to the last. His last words were, "*Jesus, I am ready. Be quick, do be quick. Jesus, come, come, I am ready,*" and thus he passed away, on Thursday,

May 30th, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

We had a real mission funeral. Met in Russell Square at 2 o'clock, on Monday, June 3rd, had a short open-air service, then went in procession to the house where we sang over the coffin his favourite hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for me," and spoke to the hundreds of people round. By this time our own people had come up in strong force, and we formed a procession to the cemetery. The chapel was crowded and it was a melting time. God was in the midst of us. At the grave I gave an address to the hundreds who had assembled; we then sang—

Oh, when shall I sweep through the gates,
The scenes of mortality over;
What then for my spirit awaits?
Will they sing on the glorified shore,
Welcome home?

May God save many more such in Leicester for His name's sake.

W. FAWCETT.

NOTES.

WHITECHAPEL.—The other Sunday Bro. Blandy, the ex-bargeman, preached on the loss of the "Princess Alice," and got £2 13s. for the sufferers, in addition to £1 17s. 6d. ordinary offerings. This tells a tale of the congregations and the liberality here.

HACKNEY.—A brother writes that, after days and nights of thought and prayer about a certain spot in Hackney-wick, where men used to play for cocoa nuts on Sundays, he went one Sunday and found our "lions," as he calls them, preaching there.

STOKE-NEWINGTON.—Sister Caswell reports that they have had quite a number of converts lately, and are steadily rising.

LIMEHOUSE.—We have got one sister out of Limehouse for the work at last, and shall soon get more we trust. May God thrust them out.

MILLWALL.—We have quite a little company of young candidates here. May God train and fit them all to do a great work.

POPLAR.—In order to distinguish him from his namesake at Wellingbro', and from all ordinary mortals, we have dubbed Bro. Foster from Middlesbro', now labouring at Poplar, the Red Prince.

PLAISTOW.—One of the gipsy converts here has just been scalded to death

through the bursting of a boiler. We hope to give particulars of his glorious life and death next month.

HASTINGS.—Miss Booth, suffering most acutely, under medical treatment here, has nevertheless been preaching in the Market Hall.

CARDIFF.—Not only is the work in the town very blessedly increased, but a second hall has been opened at Splottlands, which has been filled.

MERTHYR.—Sister Sayers says, "We have 22 new praying members since I have been here."

DOWLAIS.—Here they have had a night of prayer, with a policeman inside and another out, to insure quiet, and they had a glorious time of it. Amongst others a doctor of divinity's son got sanctified, and has been going out in the open air with Sister Shepherd at Aberdare ever since.

DUDLEY.—Everybody very poor. Chapel lent us free for a month. Thank God and take courage.

CREWE.—Everybody too wise. May God open their eyes.

NANTWICH.—"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

MANCHESTER.—Sister Burrell writes, "Last night had a good time. Another of the scoffers saved. That makes four this week of the worst of them." No wonder Sister B. rejoices, as she and the sisters helping her have had to put these rough men out with their own hands time after time.

LEEDS.—The circus is closed, and a room in Kirkstall is about to be opened.

BRADFORD.—On leaving, Brother and Sister Dowdle were each presented with a purse. *They returned the money towards meeting the debts of the station.* Brother Pearson and Sister Kelley have not only had great congregations indoors, but have recommenced the open-air processions, and have even had two bands out at once.

WHITBY.—Sister Parkins has been having the Congress Hall full, and many souls saved.

STOCKTON.—Sister Davis was married by Brother Corbridge, on the 7th September, to Brother Ridsdell, when the following telegram was received from head-quarters:—"The General congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Ridsdell, and prays that this union, and all its consequences may be promotive of the glory of God and the success of the army."

MIDDLESBRO'.—Brother Corbridge continues very poorly, and unable to use his pen; but Mrs. C., though herself unwell, writes that there is a steady improvement in the Corps.

MIDDLESBRO' 2.—We have to announce, with regret, the death of Brother Lowe, so long the esteemed treasurer of this Corps.

NORTH ORMESBY.—Here, although many are out of work and in distress, Bro. and Sister White have made a good beginning.

HARTLEPOOL, E.—We have just seen Bro. Marsden, who says that 19 spoke in the open air last Monday night. The Corps must be getting into better fighting condition.

HARTLEPOOL, W.—A local paper is indignant at the innovation of a "Black Prince" and a "Gipsy" preaching. But the Lord is blessing their labours. Being unable to secure the theatre any longer for week nights, they have got the Druid's Hall.

SUNDERLAND.—Bro. Robinson has been ill and away resting; but is better, and back. In his absence Bros. Brock and Stevens, who supplied for him, had blessed Sundays and many souls.

NORTH SHIELDS.—At last we have got the desire of our hearts here in the way of a week night place, Broad-bent's Hall, a large wooden building. But Bro. Coombs has been taken ill just at opening time.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Bro. E. Blandy's wife has been helping him to preach.

FELLING.—Brother and Sister Bates have had a severe struggle with some opposing influences; but mean to conquer.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Sisters Carry Smith, and Milner, have had some blessed times here. Twelve souls last Sunday night.

SPENNYMOOR.—We have got our first Officer out of Spennymoor, in the person of Brother Hayter, now at Plaistow. Brother Russell, though poorly, has had scores of souls. Fifty outside the other Sunday morning at 6.30.

BLAYDON.—Brother Borrill, who said at the Congress he had only a dozen members, says he has now about fifty. He has got a better place for week-nights than the room where the floor was mud, and the live things ran over the walls, and has every prospect of a glorious winter.