

I was soon home. The house was full of friends weeping over him; thought he was going, and I thought so too. He said to me, 'George, be faithful, and meet me in heaven.' So he said to all in the room, and then looked up to us all and *actually laughed, and asked us what we were crying for.* He said, 'Shout glory, for it is all right. I shall soon be in heaven.' And from that time to the time he passed away, the house was full. The change was at two on the Friday. His sufferings were greater. All who came to see him he charged to be faithful; and sinners he warned to flee from the wrath to come.

"One remarkable thing I noticed was he never requested prayer but once, that was on the Saturday afternoon. When the change came he called me to him, and asked me to sing, and we sang the hymn he always requested.

'There is sweet rest in heaven.'

When we had got through, he beckoned to me again, and in all the earnestness of his soul he said, 'Pray, pray.' I saw at once there was something wrong, as did all present. Bro. Clarke engaged in prayer. While he was praying I noticed Tom's face was ironlike. His brow was knit; I felt sure it was a shot from the devil. Clarke prayed, and about half way through he said, 'Lord, help Tom now; Thou seest how the devil is trying to trip him and shake his faith. Lord, chase him away, and give him the victory for Jesu's sake. Just as this was said his face shone beautiful, and he placed the finger and thumb of each hand together, and passed them by each other, and cried 'Hallelujah! I've got the victory—victory!'

"I thought we were all in heaven, the place was all glory. This was the last shot the enemy fired at him I believe, and it was a failure. Glory be to God. We were then waiting to see him summoned home, for he said, 'I shall soon be there, the angels are come to take me home; see, they are there and there,—my Jesus too! Hallelujah!' He had been laying quiet without saying a word, but with his eyes fixed up. Then he lifted up his arms as though he was embracing some one, and said, yet taking no notice of us, 'When I get Bro. Thomas in my arms we will range the sweet plains on the banks of the river, and shout of salvation for ever and ever.' Soon after he raised

his hand and told us to shout 'Glory,' but our feelings prevented us, and he looked disappointed; and, though we wept, he smiled and praised God. He was conscious until 9.30 on Sunday night, talked with all about Jesus and heaven, and warned sinners of their danger and the coming judgment. Called his mother to him, said, 'Good-bye, I am going. I'll soon be in heaven. Glory,' were the last words he spoke on earth, stretched himself out, fixed his eyes upward, and there he laid until 4.20 on Monday morning, May 27th, when, without a pang, he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. A most triumphant death. He has gone—we mourn his loss. If I could have died with him I should have been happy, for it has been the hardest trial that has fallen to my lot. . . .

"Yours in Jesus,

"GEO. WINTERSGILL."

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

MANCHESTER.—New station opened at Bradford. "Folks amazed. Good time. Near full at nights. Lots in pickle. About 30 at 7 a.m., p.m at Boundary-street."

ACCRINGTON.—"Good day yesterday. Town Hall packed at night. Thirty-one brought in. Offerings, £2 14s." ATTERCLIFFE.—"The Lord blessed us all day; 22 came out. Glory to Jesus. £2 12s. offerings."

NORTHWICH.—"A glorious day yesterday; 23 souls blessedly saved and £2 3s. collections. I do not know what to do with all the people. The gentleman cannot get the license for the theatre. If we can have it it will make us a grand place. It will want the floor boarded."

WOLVERHAMPTON.—"Sunday morning prayer-meeting, about 20 came to it."

MOUNTAIN ASH.—"We have now 10 members, and they help us in the open air."

RAMSBOTTOM.—"An improvement as regards attendance. About 50 roughs present."

BEDLINGTON.—"God is with us. We have a tough job. Glorious open air. Theatre full at night; 16 souls."

DUDLEY.—"A grand day on Sunday. There was not standing room. The arm of the Lord was made bare, and 17 precious souls professed to find peace. On Monday night 60 souls got blessedly saved—some of the worst characters in Dudley."

The Christian Mission Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 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.

IF we followed the customs and practices of the world we ought to come out with black edges this month, for we have lost by death Brother Allen, one of the oldest members and the first evangelists of the Mission.

But we do not go in for mourning paper, or mourning dress, or mourning notes upon such occasions. We sorrow, as we ought to sorrow, when one of the most faithful fails from amongst the children of men, when one of our most precious loved ones passes away, leaving wife and children so sadly desolate. But whilst we sorrow we rejoice and triumph. Another warrior has not only fought the good fight through, but has laid hold on the Crown of Life. Unseen though he be, we triumph with him as the higher hosts triumph, and we wipe our eyes and see the road to victory more clearly than ever.

The opening of the great Salvation Factory at Coventry, together with the adoption of a flag and motto and the grand demonstrations accompanying these acts, mark a distinct point in our onward march. Nothing can ever excuse us if we fail to take possession of every town we go into in future as fully and more fully than we have already got hold of Coventry.

In addition to those reported on in our last we have gone in for

FOURTEEN MORE TOWNS,

And although, owing to several of these being opened so near the end of the month, and the comparative smallness of some of the places, we have not got reports to present equal to those of last month, yet we thank God that the work begun is real and the victory general.

Readers will observe that the older stations take their turn to a large extent this time, and we are very thankful to be able to show that we have not only extended the work within two months to an extent equalling the whole extent of the Mission at the beginning of the year, but we have kept up and, we believe, greatly improved the efficiency of all the old Corps.

The newspapers naturally give us increased attention as we come more and more to the front, and we have chosen this month to make use of their testimony very largely, because, however inaccurate they may be and even sometimes unkind, they show to what an extent we are arousing general attention, and this is what for Christ's sake we have got to do.

In Lancashire we have been troubled with riots carried to an extreme we have never before experienced. But we trust that the same patient continuance in well doing which has so gloriously triumphed in Bolton will carry us to equally glorious victory in all the other towns.

In Dudley and Crewe and Oldbury and Wolverhampton we have in the first instance failed to succeed, brethren having in each case tried to attack the chapel-hating masses with plans we do not recommend; but sisters have in two cases already turned defeat into victory, and we are confident ere the year closes, by God's help, to triumph everywhere.

The General is now on a tour through the northern stations, Mrs. Booth accompanying him and presenting colours to each Corps.

OPENING OF THE GREAT SALVATION FACTORY, COVENTRY.

THE programme we published last month was bold, and, in fact, bolder perhaps than any ever issued by us before. But the highest expectations raised were far exceeded.

We prefer to adopt, as far as possible, the descriptions supplied by independent witnesses whose testimony shows we think not only the prominent facts of those three days, such days as neither Coventry nor the Mission ever witnessed before, but something of the impression those facts made on the hearts and minds of outsiders.

The description of the proceedings from the *Coventry Times* reads thus:—

Last week the services of the "Christian Mission," which have been carried on in the city for some months, were removed from the old "Salvation Factory," Much Park-street, to a building hitherto used as a coach factory in Freeth-street, Coventry, which was announced 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 was 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 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." In anticipation of the arrival of Mr. Booth and his friends great crowds assembled near the railway station, and followed the procession to the old "factory," and afterwards helped to fill the new one. On Sunday, no less than ten services were conducted. Great excitement was caused in the city, among the class whom the missionaries ask to attend their services, and it is estimated that the number of people in the Pool Meadow, between 11 and 12 o'clock in the morning, was no less than three or four thousand. Nor was the number much less on Sunday night on the London-road, while the new factory would not contain all those who sought admission.

The meeting on Monday night was very enthusiastic. It was, as Mr. Booth stated at the beginning, "a Hallelujah meeting." A number of telegrams of a

satisfactory character were read from various stations about the country, and addresses delivered, after which a statement of the accounts of the Coventry branch was read. It showed that the receipts from all sources during the seven months that the work had been carried on in Coventry were £165; the expenditure had been £148; there was now due for timber, £20; and for etretas, £5; total, £173; leaving them in debt, £8. It was further stated that their present building cost £580. Of that amount £60 had been deposited, and if the remainder was not paid by the 28th of October, the place would be taken from them and sold, and if it did not fetch as much as they had agreed to give for it, they would have to make up the deficiency. It was added that Brother Irons received £1 1s. per week, and Sister Reynolds £1 5s.; and that the first had given up a lucrative situation, and the latter a good business, to "fight" in the "Salvation Army." Several of the "soldiers" promised donations of a guinea and smaller sums, towards the payment of the money required for the building, and a collection was made in aid of the same object. Addresses of an evangelistic and revival character were given by Sister Rachel (Bolton), Brother Fawcett (Leicester), Sister Dexter (Northwich), Sister Burrell (Manchester, formerly of Coventry), Brother Whitehouse. Mrs. Booth delivered an earnest and pathetic address, and Mr. H. J. Hodson invoked generous support for the "Mission" because they aimed at rendering people happy and holy, because, also, they went in for sweeping away drink, tobacco, and snuff—(these allusions excited cries of "Ah," "That's it," and laughter). A concluding address was given by Mr. Booth, several prayers were offered, and the meeting closed with singing, prayer, and benediction by the President.

Thus far the secular papers; but Mr. Morgan was with us the latter part of Saturday evening and the whole of Sunday, and wrote in *The Christian* as follows:—

THE SALVATION ARMY AT COVENTRY.

It was worth travelling to Coventry and back to see 5,000 people march in procession from the cemetery gates to the Old Factory, which was opened for salvation purposes on Sunday, and to hear them roll out the chorus:—

"We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't hang on behind."

It was worth the journey to hear those two words—"Jackson knows!"—spoken where they were, and by the man who uttered them. It was at an open-air meeting, in the midst of the circle of the 5,000. The speaker was a reclaimed drunkard, a burly, thickset, determined John Bull of the grosser sort. If you met him in the street, you would think he was on his way to or from a boxing saloon. He told of his past and present; of six months ago and now; of his years of sin, and months of grace; of what he had suffered of the devil, and what Jesus, through suffering unto blood, had done for him; and he cried, "Jackson knows!"

When the Church can put forward preachers of the John Baptist sort, who speak that they do know, and testify that they have seen, the clandestine trade in second-hand or spurious sermons will be superseded. Heaven and earth, the world and the Church, cry out for preachers like Peter and John—men who have been with Jesus, and who cannot but speak the things they have seen and heard; men with whom God Himself bears witness, both with signs and wonders, and divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost. If there are any scribes and Pharisees in Coventry, they are in the position of their *confrères* of old, who said, "For that indeed a notable miracle had been done by these men is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it." There were others—men and women—similar trophies of God's power, who testified of the grace of God in that great ring on Sunday morning. Pray for these "miracles of grace," that they may be "kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

This work at Coventry is being carried on by the Christian Mission, or the Salva-

tion Army, under the generalship of William Booth. This is one of the most remarkable evangelistic movements of this century, and it seems to us that God, taking compassion on the multitudes, who are like sheep having no shepherd, is about, on a large scale, to solve the problem, how to evangelize the working classes. This army is shaking many other populous towns as Coventry is being shaken.

Fourteen years ago, Wm. Booth, then a minister and a stranger in London, called at the office of *The Revival*, and talked with us of the thoughts that were stirring in his heart. The word of the Lord had come to him—as to Abram of old time—bidding him go forth to a place which God would show him; and he obeyed, and went out, not knowing whither he went. God sent him to the East of London, where for years he worked among the poor, always going deeper down into the lower strata of the population, rather than rising to the higher.

His Methodist antecedents led him to organize, to multiply stations, to set other men and women to work. Thus the work was extended, until the Mission has now branches in about forty populous towns. The object kept steadily in view is to reach the poor, the outcast, the degraded, and the lost.

Mr. Booth has been marvellously helped by his devoted wife. Few men have been blessed with so true a helpmate. Her power of thought, of speech, and of writing, her deep womanly sympathy with sorrow, her unflinching will, her consecration of spirit, soul, and body to the Lord's service, combine to render her one of the most remarkable women of the day. But in nothing has her excellence been more manifest than in the training of her children. Her eldest son was in the North some time ago, where Mrs. Booth had before been speaking about the training of children; and a shrewd matron of the working-class said, "Ah! I see your mother knew what she was talking about when she was telling us about bringing up our children." We do not know any husband and wife more truly united in Christian service, nor another family so solely, so sedulously, so simply brought up for God. And this assures us that the churches which are being planted in so many towns under the oversight of Mr. Booth will prosper, because one of the chief requirements in a bishop, episcopos, overseer, is that he be "one that ruleth his own house well, having his children in subjection, with all gravity (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the house of God?)"

About six months ago two feeble women went to Coventry to beg a work in connexion with the Christian Mission (or, as it is apparently more ostentatiously, but really more appropriately, now called the "Salvation Army"). Last week Mr. and Mrs. Booth visited the town, and meetings were held, at which several men and women, who had been great sinners, testified of the grace of God in saving them from their sins. We referred to one of these in our last, but he was only one. Another was a Mr. Harris, from Leicester, a respectable and superior-looking man of mature years. No one would take him for a drunkard so recently reclaimed. He brought tears from all eyes as he told us that he was the seventh son of as lovely a couple as ever lived; his mother, a saintly woman like Mrs. Fletcher, died praying and believing for her prodigal son. But for thirty years he had been a drunkard, and he had spent three fortunes before he was thirty. The publicans and parsons alike said Harris would never be saved. No minister ever came to seek him out, but Mr. Booth sent William Fawcett (the superintendent of the work at Leicester), and through him he had found the Lord. There was an undertone as of the mother's believing and now answered prayer, as the wanderer told his sad yet joyful story.

Mr. Booth said that four or five months ago this man came to him in the horrors, and looking in his face, the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "Why don't you look after me?"

He asked Mr. Fawcett to put his name down and to look after him, and they saw the result before them.

There were many other witnesses—a drunkard who had been in prison thirty-three times; a cheap-jack, a bright clever-looking young fellow, who thanked God he had saved a blackguard like him; a woman who had kept a brothel, who summed up her experience in three words, "Saved, sanctified, but not satisfied"; two sisters whose two brothers had been saved through the same instrumentality in

London; a sweet little child of six years old; an old woman who rejoiced that she belonged to this "low lot," as some people called them; a young soldier who six weeks ago that Sunday morning woke up lying on the floor, for he had been "incapable" of finding his way into bed the night before; and so on—now "a drunkard and a ragamuffin," then a staid and sober woman; now a palefaced and timid girl, then a thimble-rigger; now a Magdalen, and then a matron.

This was the early Sunday morning meeting. Then followed at ten a great procession and a greater crowd for the open-air meeting. In the afternoon a meeting in the Factory, and in the evening a still larger procession than in the morning, and two meetings in the two floors of the Factory, packed like bees in a hive. The whole town was moved.

And this is going on in forty other towns, and I have no doubt that it will go on and multiply. There are many things that might be criticized, but the people among whom the work is done, and especially those who are saved, do not criticize. "And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

Neither of these witnesses appear to have seen the great praying ring of men and women kneeling on the grass at half-past six in the morning, the dense crowd who were unable to enter the Factory that Sunday evening, hundreds of whom accepted the invitation to the basement, where, there being no seats, they stood throughout the service, or contentedly sat down upon the sawdusted floor, till the time came for all to kneel, when several penitents fell at the feet of Jesus. Neither of them were there when the company of more than a hundred-and-twenty met for Pentecost on the Monday forenoon, ordinary work-day as it was, and when after some plain straightforward testimonies as to holiness, men and women threw themselves down on the floor before the Lord, and rose up beaming with His peace and joy.

None of them saw the gathering in the afternoon, rising to near five hundred as the hours passed on, nor heard the marvellous stories of spiritual miracle and victory told by the captains of Leicester, and Manchester, and Northwich, and others; when Warren, about to go forth to the conquest of Houghton-le-Spring, declared, amidst the delighted roars of the whole assembly, that whereas he felt his foundation shaky when after his conversion he still tampered with tobacco, now that he had given up all for God he felt that he was founded on a rock, and cried, "*Even if the gates of hell prevail against me, I'll stand as firm as a rock!*"

They did not see the great crowd on Pool Meadow gathered in spite of the rain on that evening, nor the march to the Factory, and last but not least, they did not see and hear the poor sinners who sought and found the Lord.

Two of these cases from amongst the many was peculiarly interesting. We noticed a big strong navvy in a white slop on the Saturday evening, who was set upon the moment he entered the building, and prevailed upon to stay to part of the prayer meeting. He would not yield that night, however; but on the Sunday afternoon he was there again, and was kept to tea, and forced to submit. To our great joy we saw him once more in the procession that evening, marching with a beaming face and a springing step like all the rest.

That night, very late, when we were almost closing the prayer meeting, (it had been closed already) a big stout man pressed forward to the penitent-form and cried for mercy in right good style. "Oh God," he

said, "you know how we used to know one another and to walk and talk together, and how intimate we used to be, and now *if we get to love one another again we'll see what we can do.*"

His story as told by his own brother is as follows :—

I do feel thankful the Lord impressed you to send the Mission to Coventry. Only three weeks ago my brother was drunk and left his watch on the table of a public-house while he went to drown himself. But some one let his wife know. She followed him and stopped him. He has been a poor prodigal almost 20 years. He helped to break my poor mother's heart who died last Christmas.

He was on Pool Meadow last Sunday, and a shot reached his heart which brought him to the penitent-form at night. He went home when the first part of the meeting was concluded, but had to return to the Factory during the prayer meeting, where he found salvation. His wife went with him two nights after and plunged in the fountain. They go every night and he speaks like a bold champion before the public-houses where he spent his money. It has set this part of the town all on a move. Hallelujah. His wife told me there is a difference at home—bible and prayer, instead of swearing and drunkenness.

While he was speaking on Pool Meadow this morning he said :—

"Last Sunday I had hard work to prevent throwing my hat into the ring and following it, and kneeling down on the ground and asking for pardon."

Souls saved every night, the devil's kingdom has had a mighty shake here. Thousands on Pool Meadow this morning, the multitude bathed in tears. Hallelujah. My heart swells within me, and is more attached to the Mission than ever, and feels greatly indebted to you and the Mission, and this is the feeling of all our family. The Lord still bless your efforts in the salvation of thousands like my dear brother, who has been our greatest trouble to us.

The services were very remarkably successful financially, considering that almost all present were poor people. They gave £4 on Saturday night, £10 on Sunday, 700 paid 9d. for tea on Monday, there was a collection; and subscriptions to the amount of £20, or thereabouts, to be given or collected, were made on the spot in addition.

We need scarcely point out, of course, how far short this all comes of the total of £580 to be paid, but if the richer servants of the Lord gave us liberally in proportion as these poor, who have had much forgiven, we should soon be able to open many a factory for saint making.

The Factory, by the way, is the most wonderful piece of property we ever acquired. There were seats for over 1,200 on the main floor, where the meetings are held, and room to seat 1,500 at least. The floor below contains an evangelist home, and a number of rooms where a whole school of prophets might live. The main portion of the basement is a room where 400 at a time can comfortably sit down to tea, besides abundant storage room in other cellars. There is a garden, a yard, a tall chimney (our first spire by the way), and in short, one of the completest and largest buildings for our use we ever got—all at a total cost of £660, or thereabouts, freehold. If it was the devil who manœuvred us out of the Theatre in Coventry, he made a dreadful blunder.

On the Tuesday evening, Bro. and Sister Warren had their farewell tea. They were the first fruits of the service to go out from Coventry to preach Jesus. But since then, we have got six Coventry lasses into our officers' list, and we expect many more yet. May God Almighty set everybody on fire for His service.

And may God incline the hearts of some of the stewards to send cash help to Caroline Reynolds, Salvation Factory, Coventry.

BURNLEY.

BROTHER FLEMING from Bolton, who was sent to take up the work here, has been able to report glorious successes time after time in spite of the rowdies, who have almost pulled the clothes off his back at times. He has had as many as sixty-six souls on one Sunday; but instead of a report he has simply sent, what is eloquent report enough, the following string of converts' testimonies, for which surely everybody will join us in praising God :—

A SWEARING MINER.

On Sunday I went to the Theatre Royal, Burnley, to hear Jane Cook, but with no intention to give God my heart, but to make sport and to scorn and to mock at His people, and revile. One of God's children was talking about the goodness of God. I was swearing and cursing and saying that it was time for him to stop; but I was not left to carry on any longer, for God sent His Holy Spirit to strive and convince me of my sins. I was sitting in the front of the gallery, but I could not rest there any longer. I gave one jump right out of the gallery, and went on my knees to ask God to pardon my sins for Christ's sake; but I did not find peace. But on Tuesday, the 24th, I found my sins were all forgiven, and now I can bless the Lord in the coal-pit or in the street. May I always look to Him for Christ's sake. Amen!

COAL MINER.

MADE A SOLDIER.

I thank God that He ever spared me to make an open confession before the world, bless His holy name, for I have been of the very worst. I have been reared and brought up in the very midst of sin and drunkenness through life; but, bless His holy name, I have joined His noble troops, and I mean to win the Victoria Cross and the Legion of Honour, by God's grace; and may He make me the means of enrolling thousands under His holy banner before the end of my service. Thank God for what He has done for me! Bless His holy name!

H. L.

MADE A HAPPY MAN.

O Lord, I do heartily thank Thee for what Thou has done for me, for you have set me on the Rock of Ages. I thank Thee, O God, that I am happier since I joined Thy noble army than I have ever been through life, though I have been little over a week.

May the blessing of heaven rest on those two sisters that God sent to Burnley, for they have made many happy homes. Praise Thy holy name!

M. T.

PEOPLE TAUGHT OUR SONGS.

I was a stranger to God, but Jesus took me in, and freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sin; and now Christ is mine and I am His, and I give all the glory to Jesus my Saviour.

J. C.

I am happy to tell you that I know my sins are all forgiven, and my will is the will of my God. May He keep me safe! I am, yours in Christ,

J. W.

I bless God that I am a sinner saved by grace, and soon I hope to have a place in glory, thank God.

"Let trials and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, what'ere may befall,
One hour with my God makes up for it all."

Convince me if you think I am wrong. Christ for me!

H. H.

A WRETCHED DRUNKARD.

Previous to September 30th, for many weeks I had no peace of mind, and tried to drown all sorrow with the cursed *Cup*. My family was entirely upset with my

conduct. But thanks be to God, after wrestling with Him in prayer, I found peace in the Blood of the Lamb, at the Mission House, in Burnley. J. C.

Surely such a work deserves help, and money help is greatly needed by

J. FLEMING.

34, Rectory Road, Burnley.

CONSETT.

To the Editor of the "Consett Guardian."

"DEAR SIR,—It gladdens my heart to be able to tell you that since the coming of the 'Salvation Army' (and they have proved a real salvation to many a poor drunkard) to Consett, upwards of a couple of hundred men, women, and young people (many of them being the most abandoned and unhappy wretches in the town) have been converted, and are now at peace. It is a common expression to say that 'the house has been crowded out,' but though the Town Hall has been crowded nightly, it has not been for the purpose of mocking God, but for His glorification. The efforts of Miss Agar and Miss Jackson, the missionaries, assisted by an enthusiastic and willing band of workers, are being felt all over the district, among the audience each night being people who come all the way from Dipton, Annfield Plain, and even places further off. Their influence is even extending to the publicans, several of whom have been conspicuous by their presence, and who are, I am told, deeply concerned about their eternal interests. God grant that they may be led by what they have heard to abandon their present calling, which is daily sending many of our poor working men to perdition. The public-houses, I am thankful to say, have been almost deserted. Misguided young men, who had usually spent their cash and their evenings at the beershop, have attended the services, and many of them are singing the songs of Zion, and are now on their way to Heaven.

"Your obedient servant,

"ONE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

"Consett, 18th Sept., 1878."

The sisters seem to have been quite a trouble to some folks in Consett. In the first place they said the town was dark, and what town would like to be called dark? Well, thank God, nobody wants to call it dark now.

In the second place they have had some very noisy meetings, and somebody is sure to object wherever there is a noise.

But worst of all, they have not been content with noisy meetings at night, but have been at it at half-past five in the morning. It will be seen from the sisters own account that 166 were present one morning. *Fancy a hundred and sixty-six new converts having a meeting at half-past five on a work-day morning!*

No wonder somebody complained; but the following conversation in the Local Board, as reported in the paper, was happily the only serious result:—

THE SERVICES AT THE TOWN HALL.

The CHAIRMAN said he did not see that the Board had any power to interfere with the people who were conducting services at the Town Hall.

Mr. COLLINSON thought it would have been as well if the parties interested had brought the matter before those who were holding the services.

The CHAIRMAN: I think so too.

Mr. DUNNE: We cannot do anything in it.

Mr. SHELL: Is there any more noise now than there would have been if the Hall had been occupied by a theatrical company?

The SURVEYOR: I don't think there is any more.

Mr. HUDSON: They say that these people stay longer in at nights than the others did.

Mr. ROUTLEDGE: Longer!

Mr. HUDSON: That is what I have been told.

Mr. SIDDELL: What kind of a noise is there made in the Hall?

Mr. SHELL: Singing.

Mr. COLLINSON: I see that they hold a service at five o'clock in the morning. That, I think, might be discontinued.

The SURVEYOR: When the matter was mentioned to me, I did not see that we had power to interfere, but I said I would bring it before the Board.

Mr. SIDDELL: Have these people the Hall taken?

The CHAIRMAN: Yes, for twelvemonths.

Mr. STEGGALL: Religious services are being held in the place every night.

Mr. SIDDELL: Are they doing good.

The CHAIRMAN: Yes, I suppose so. At all events, they have been the means of reclaiming a number of drunken reprobates.

Mr. HUDSON: I hear that they have converted about 300 altogether.

Mr. SIDDELL: Are not the publicans complaining?

Mr. ROUTLEDGE: I don't know.

The matter then dropped.

Never did I witness such scenes as I have in six weeks here. One man that used to act on the stage as a clown came and threw himself down at the feet of Jesus and cried for mercy, and God set his captive soul at liberty, praise the Lord.

Since then the Lord has laid hold of drunkards, backsliders, and wife-beaters. Some that used to delight in spending their Sabbath in public-houses, to-day are singing the praises of God.

At our five o'clock prayer-meeting in the morning there were 116 whom God had laid hold of, and who are willing to do anything for God.

One of our brothers, before he was washed in the Blood, had a craving so great that he sold a horse and a donkey for drink; but, praise the Lord, he is now drinking from the Fountain of Life.

The town is all on fire, so great is the power of God in the town. In six weeks the Lord has saved very nearly 400 precious souls, the worst of characters. Oh! for a mighty outpouring of God's holy spirit, that it might run through Consett like fire.

The place is crowded every night. Hundreds have to go away that cannot get in. While we hold the meetings inside, we have had to have meetings outside as well, feeling that there is a work to do in Consett that nothing else can do but the power of God. Needing your prayers that the Gospel's chariot may still be rolled along in Consett.

36, Sherbourne Terrace, Consett, Durham.

L. AGAR,
E. JACKSON.

ABERDARE.

THE following testimonies, fresh and warm from new hearts, need no comment:—

I was a great sinner. I was fishing on Sundays, and drinking about the public. I used to knock at the doors on Sunday mornings; but since Mrs. Shepherd was down here, the first Sunday I heard her speak, *something struck me*, and I kept up following her till I gave myself up to the Lord, but I had a hard struggle; but

since I have joined the Christian Mission I find myself happy, and there is nothing troubling me; and, by the help of God, I mean to stick to it.

D. L.

I was in Aberdare one Sunday and my wife with me. She had invited me with her to hear the woman preaching. I thought that it was a new thing, and I consented to go with her to hear the woman preaching; and when I got in the town I heard that J— H— had joined the woman, and he had begun to preach too; and I heard one talking about J— H—, and the other saying that J— H— was praying about the streets. I was quite ashamed, for J— H— is my brother-in-law. So we walked up through the street, and we met John coming down against us, and when he and my wife began to talk I wanted to run away, but my brother-in-law invited me to come down street for a walk. He and my wife began to read the little hymn-book, and I did feel quite ashamed then, for I was afraid that some of my old companions would see me with him, and up to the public I went, and left them in the street. *But something was telling me for to go and hear the woman preaching*, and I did go, and Mrs. Shepherd was addressing the people when I went in. She was inviting the drunkard and the wife-beater to come and join the army of the Lord; and thanks be to the Lord that the words reached my heart, and thank the Lord for sending the woman preacher to Aberdare. Now I have turned from all my wicked ways, and have joined the Army of the Lord, and by his help, I think to find my way to glory. A happy man to-day,

Brother G. G.

Mrs. Shepherd adds :—

I have got a lot more. An infidel who was so wicked he would not let a Bible be in the house, and everybody gave him up; but now he is so good that his wife is ready to carry me about. A man who was in the Market-place the first night we began, thought it was some one selling pills. He said he had a pill that worked the devil out of him.

A large mill has been secured as our regular place for services, and needs fitting up. Help is needed, and may be sent to

PAMILLA SHEPHERD.

48, Gloucester Street, Aberdare.

PLAISTOW.

THE first evening I came here, just in time for the indoor service. Looking around me, I saw a very nice hall, nearly empty; the congregation was about 10 or 12. I thought, "what a pity to see such a few" in number.

I felt quite discouraged coming here from the north, where we had such good meetings and large congregations; and the next evening, going into the open-air meeting, I found it worse. On inquiring the reason, I found there had been a lot of opposition to contend with here lately, but I soon found the only thing we had to do, the few of us that were here, was to unite our prayers and bless God. Although we have not made very rapid progress, yet we are rising. The Lord has saved a few souls.

One young woman used to come nearly every night. It seemed to us as though she came on purpose to laugh and make others laugh. I spoke to her

nearly every night. She said she was all right. At last we agreed to make her the special object of our prayers, and of course, the Lord saved her, and she is now one of us, happy in the Lord.

Last Sunday we had a good day. We had a little persecution to contend with in the afternoon, at the Park Gate, by the same one that comes every Sunday afternoon; but Him that is for us is more than all that can be against us. At night the power of God came down amongst us. Three souls were saved, and several went home under conviction.

On Monday we held our first tea meeting, and had a better attendance than we expected. We feared we should not have much help, but presently there came Brother Skidmore, with his army and hallelujah fiddle, and right glad we were to see them, it cheered us up so. We all processioned the streets, after which we had a good meeting.

Still help is needed. Money or tracts will be thankfully received and acknowledged by yours, in the army of King Jesus,

CHARLES HAYTER.

4, Stock Street, Plaistow, Essex.

CANNING TOWN.

WE have begun our work here. On the first Sunday three souls were brought to Christ.

One dear woman, a poor widow, said she thought she would come to the hall, but the Devil said "Don't you go," and the Lord said "Go." She came, and after many conflicts gave herself fully up to Christ, and went home happy in the Lord.

Another dear young woman said she had come to the hall for months making a sham of religion, but after I spoke to her she came forward and publicly acknowledged that she did not belong to Christ. She cried out for mercy, and the Lord pardoned her. She now speaks out boldly for Christ. The Lord bless and keep her.

Another dear woman said she came to the hall to hear Mrs. Wilson sing. She was so touched by the words and the singing that she felt glued to the seat. My wife spoke and prayed with her, but she would not come out. She came again and again, and one Sunday she said she had been miserable all the week; she had not had one moment's peace. I spoke to the people, and asked those that were saved to hold up their hands, and then, when I asked them that wanted to be saved to put their hands up, this dear woman held up her hand, and then came boldly out and knelt down, and after a hard struggle with the devil, found joy to her soul, and got up and praised God. She told my wife that she had been going to chapels and halls for years, but could get no good; but she blessed God that she ever came into Salvation Hall, Canning Town.

One young man, who had been
THE GREATER PART OF HIS LIFE IN
PRISON

(he had been in for two years, twelve months, and several times for six months), came to kick up a row and to disturb the meeting, but was so struck by the singing and speaking that he could not go away after we had invited all that wanted salvation to come out. He came, and cried for mercy. He

said he was too bad; God would never pardon him, for he had been a thief. We pointed him to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. He has since come up and spoke in the open-air meetings. Bless God for all!

It has been hard fighting here, but we hope to triumph through the blood of the Lamb.

Money or tracts will be thankfully received. Pray for us.

Yours in the Salvation Army,
JOHN WILSON.
4, Spire Terrace, Barking Road.

POPLAR.

I COMMENCED in this station on the 8th of September, and found the tide at a low ebb; but thank God it is rising, though slowly, surely. God has given us six precious souls and on Sunday, Sept. 22nd, about twenty members laid themselves afresh on the altar. Six have signed the pledge and one has given up smoking, and several others are under conviction. Sinners are very hard here; pray for us that God may bless us here. Yours, washed in the blood of the Lamb,

WILLIAM FOSTER.
151, Christ Street, Poplar,
London, E.

PORTSMOUTH.

The following, mockingly as it is written in *The Monitor*, seems to us in spite of mis-statements which our readers will easily detect, to give one of the most lively and interesting pictures of heartfelt religion we ever saw:—

"MISSION HALL, LAKE ROAD.

"A good sized room, but a very small 'Hall'; a number of narrow, uncomfortable school forms; a gallery; a low platform, railed off between two large square boxes, presumably vestries; everything quite plain and bare, save for huge texts of Scripture, such as 'Come unto me,' 'Rejoice in the Lord,' &c., painted on the wall and gallery-panels in flaring red and black letters; two or three enormous collecting-boxes, with mendicatory placards to match, hung about; and rows of hats on pegs, completed the still life of the place.

"Though it was early when I arrived, I found a good many people already there; hard-featured working men and women chiefly, with a good sprinkling of the naval and military element. Those nearest the platform, the regular at-

tendants evidently, were beguiling their time by singing, or rather shouting, hymns of the camp meeting, revival sort, with an accompaniment of foot-stamping. After a little while the platform was taken possession of by a dark, slightly-built, good-looking young man, and he was shortly afterwards joined by another, who was sandy.

"The former of these opened the proceedings by reading, with much energy of voice and gesture, the first verse of a hymn, commenting on phrases which struck his fancy in an excited, ejaculatory manner, the congregation responding with parenthetical 'Amens' and 'That's its.' Then they sang the verse; and they *did* sing! Under the leadership of the minister, who hurled about his arms, his head, and himself generally in a way that really perturbed me as to how soon epilepsy might supervene: under his inspiring influence they got tight hold of the tune of that hymn, and in the course of five minutes took more out of it than I should have thought any tune could have yielded; and it was a good, sturdy, decided, muscular sort of tune, too; such as would not have disgraced any Music Hall in the land. They sang, they roared, they yelled, they stamped with ever increasing enthusiasm and power of lung. They sang the verse right through, then the last half again, and then all through again; they treated every verse this way; and if any particularly pleased the minister, at his request they sang it at least half-a-dozen times, each more loudly and furiously than the last.

"Then they started praying, and the minister was very soon literally 'wrestling' in a very rough-and-tumble devotional fight, swaying backwards and forwards, wildly swinging his arms about, smacking his hands loudly together, writhing, twisting, and howling at the top of his voice. He very soon worked the people up to a fearful pitch of hysterical excitement; kneeling and crouching about in all directions, they interrupted unceasingly with groans and other ebullitions of irrepressible feeling. The fervency and activity of one gray-bearded, rather frowzy old gentelman, who took the duty of verger, was especially noticeable. He bustled about and found people seats 'instant in prayer' all the while, much in this way: 'This way, mum (Be among them, Lord'—menacing the Lord with outstretched fist.) 'Further up, please (Ah, that's

it'—endorsing with a wag of his head some expression of the minister's). 'Wanter seat? (Now, Lord, *now*.) Here you are,' and so on the whole time.

"The Deity was evidently regarded as a very 'hard man,' and difficult to be propitiated, and accordingly there was a wild, wailing, yet fierce urgency in their praying, which was half pitiable, half revolting; their anxiety was never for themselves, however; they wasted no prayers on themselves; they felt perfectly safe, it was clear; it was everybody else's imminent peril that excited their compassionate fears and importunate petitions: in which there was certainly 'much speaking' and many 'repetitions,' though not 'vain' ones, let us hope. This was about the style of it:

"Save them, Lord (Amen). Save them, Lord (*Do*, my Lord). *Save them, Lord* (Just as they are). **SAVE THEM, Lord** (*A-a-a-men*). **SAVE THEM, LORD** (A-MEN). **SAVE THEM, LORD** (NOW, *Lord*). Hell encompasses them (O-o-oh). Hell encompasses them (O-o-o-oh). Come, Lord (Come). *Come, Lord* (Now, Lord).

"Not until the minister had pretty well groaned and screeched his voice away did he give in, which he had no sooner done than the other young gospel-ler commenced in the same strain; and when he had ceased, an elderly member of the congregation started off, and when he had finished they sang a triumphant hymn with unabated zeal, and with solemn self-satisfaction beaming from every pore of their perspiring faces—for it soon grew intolerably warm. They had evidently just given a good lift on the heavenward road to those else utterly lost sinners, the other people of Portsmouth.

"The minister then taking as his text 1 Cor. xv. 55, treated us to a forcible, but rather jerky, discourse, embellished with much gymnastic display, wherein we were informed that death would be everlastingly uncomfortable for everyone save those who had fulfilled the law by 'getting Christ;' in other words, himself and the regular attendants at the Mission Hall, Lake-road.

"We were taught that the beauties of Nature and the triumphs of Art were creatures and snares of the Evil one—who seemed to have it pretty much his own way in everything; that virtue and vice were matters of small difference

and smaller consequence: that if you were 'washed in the Blood,' it was all right, and if you weren't, it wasn't. After a great deal more to similar purpose, they all plunged into prayer again, in which they endured prolonged agonies.

"This being the end of the service, I was about to leave, when a fat, elderly female on my right, besought me to stay to the prayer meeting, which was to follow immediately. So I did, with a good many others; but as it seemed to be of much the same character as the previous service, save that the ministers mixed among the people; and as the atmosphere was by this quite Black-holeish, I paid it little attention; especially as the old lady before-mentioned engaged me in conversation. She enquired with much solicitude about my spiritual condition, and dilated unctuously on the joy and peace she had experienced since a twelvemonth ago, when she had 'known Christ,' and had been given grace to deny herself, for His sake, of bonnet-flowers, ear-rings, and supper-beer. When I had exhibited a proper amount of interest in this gratifying state of things, she proceeded to exhort me to 'give up the world.' On my demurring that, without previous choice on my part, I found myself in the world, with certain duties to perform towards it, she observed with intense commiseration, 'Ah, I see you're a moral young man;' and, on my admitting the soft impeachment, she was about to reveal to me the dreadful dangers of morality, when the dark-haired minister came up and addressed me in an awe-inspiring undertone with 'Are yer saved?' But my 'scared conscience' rejected the words of the good man. Affecting not to have heard, I said, 'Beg pardon?' whereupon he repeated his question, 'Are yer saved?'—'From what?'—'From sin?'—'Don't sin.'—'Arst the Lord, an' 'ell show yer.'—'Don't want to be shown.' The rev. gentleman paused, and—passed on to a much more congenial subject, in the person of a young lady on my left, whose feelings, like Mrs. Cluppins's, having been too many for her, had been snivelling and wiping her eyes without intermission all the evening; and, while they were engaged in their whispered conference, I seized the opportunity, and my 'stove-pipe,' and escaped into the street."

May our Portsmouth Corps grow more and more to outrage the sensibilities of

such critics by more and more of this fierce, determined, burning soul-saving sort of religion!

MIDDLESBRO'.

ODDFELLOWS (20TH CORPS).

WE are glad to report a better state of things: congregations larger; our week night place packed nearly every night; open-air services and processions better attended; members more of God in their own hearts; men giving up their flash watch-chains, drink, and tobacco; women discarding their finery; speakers giving up feathers and flowers and wearing bonnets. This honours God, and brings more of His presence in all our efforts for His glory. Many are seeking and obtaining full salvation.

Twelve souls came forward on Sunday, Sept. 29th, eleven for *pardon* and one for *purity*. Amongst the number was an infidel, a Roman Catholic, a backslider, drunkards, and others.

YEARS UNDER CONVICTION.

One dear man, who had heard me in Leicester, has been attending our services here two or three weeks. Night after night he writhed under the influences of the Spirit, and when spoken to he would sob and cry, and sometimes rush out, as though afraid of us. At other times he would hide his face and cling to the form or window, as though he feared we should take him to the penitent-form by main force. On Sunday night he shook the form where he sat, and when invited he laid hold of the window and said, "I can't go there; my pride won't let me." As we still pressed him to decide, he said "If Brother Taylor will fetch me I will go." We said "All right, we will fetch Bro. Taylor, and he shall fetch you." They were soon together at the feet of Jesus, and in less than five minutes the broken heart was bound up, and he said, "Oh! how sweet! how sweet! If I had known it was like this I would have had it twenty years ago!"

FOUR FOR TWOPENCE.

On Monday, Sept. 30th, our week-night place was packed in every part. Four precious souls professed to find peace. Offerings at the door, twopence. Oh, Hallelujah! four for twopence!"

Another night, when a number of young converts were speaking, a stout man about 25 years of age said, "I was saved last night; I am so full of God I feel I could jump through the ceiling." Another said, "I used to think religion

was not for young men, but now I see different; I feel almost like an angel."

A SAVED INFIDEL.

Who had been offered money to become an infidel lecturer, said, "At one time I took so much spirits that had it not been for my brother, who held me up and prevented me from choking, I must have died. My appetite for drink was so strong that had I seen a glass of beer at the mouth of hell I should have gone to fetch it."

IN OUR VISITS

We never met with more poverty and more blessing. Again and again, where people have been almost starving, we have been made instrumental in their salvation, or helping them into a higher state of grace. It is very sweet to see how wonderfully God sustains those who trust Him in the midst of the deepest poverty.

DYING WITHOUT GOD.

"Will you please come and see a woman who is dying without God," was the request made at our door the other night. We went at once, but found the room full of people and the woman unconscious, so we called again after our meeting, and in answer to prayer found her conscious. Whilst we were praying she sang like an angel, "I can, I will, I do believe that Jesus died for me." Her face beamed with joy, and though the dear and earthly friends said there was no hope, a bright, beautiful hope of heaven sprang up in her soul.

A FARTHING MEAL.

One morning we called upon a dear brother, and found him sewing on the sole of his boot with a piece of string, so that he could come to the meeting. He has been out of work twelve weeks, and has walked all about the neighbourhood seeking work until his feet were blistered, so that he could not walk. And often have he, his wife, and six children had to sit down to a meal with *only a twopenny loaf* on the table, which the Lord has sent them in answer to prayer, and thus eight have dined for twopenny; and amidst all this poverty they can praise the Lord.

Another dear mother told us she often gave her dear little children bread when she was hungry and faint with want.

Any help in any way will be thankfully received by the honorary treasurer, Mr. Huggins, 34, Park St., Middlesbro'; or

Yours in Jesus,

CORBRIDGE & TAYLOR.

6, Union Street, Middlesbro'.

LEICESTER.

DURING the last month this, the 22nd Corps of the Salvation Army, has been engaged in hot conflict with the artillery of hell, and have won many victories.

The races were held last week, and proved a curse to thousands; and notwithstanding our special efforts to keep our soldiers together, we had to send out the picket after two or three deserters, found them, picked them up, and brought them safe back to the Hallelujah Barracks, and they are now in the ranks as before.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we had a visit from the General and Mrs. Booth. We all felt this to be a grand treat. The same evening Mrs. Booth presented us with the colours of the corps, and gave a thrilling address on the motto, "*Blood and Fire*," which was well received, and proved a blessing to everybody present.

The same evening the General selected four brothers and six sisters to send into the army as officers. This is a rather heavy draught all at once.

However, we expect soon to fill up their places with others, as souls are getting converted at almost every meeting.

OUR RACE MEETINGS.

During the race week we had special prayer meetings every morning at seven o'clock, open-air meetings at twelve, tea meetings at half-past four, which were well attended, there being about 600 people present. After tea each day we had a great open-air meeting, and at half-past seven each night we had some real hallelujah meetings, when souls were saved and believers sanctified. Only eternity will be able to reveal all the good that was done during those meetings. During the month many have signed the temperance pledge, and not a few of them have afterwards been led to Christ. We are hoping to see greater things yet.

Thanks for tracts; more needed.

Yours in the army,

W. FAWCETT & D. MORRISON.

127, Birstall Street, Leicester.

CARDIFF.

WE are glad to report the work here is increasing rapidly. We scarcely hold a service without getting someone saved. Men of all colours and from all climes are to be seen and heard night after

night; crowds have flocked to our meetings. "What's up now?" cried a man, as we took our stand at the docks one noontime, the thirsty crowds drawing near, so ready to drink in the living water as one after another spoke of the love of Jesus. Our answer was we mean to cry aloud till this town is moved to feel the realities of an eternal world. One dear old man says, with beaming countenance, "It's all through the dock services I got saved."

O, may thousands have to say it!

A RITUALIST.

When urged to give himself to God, exclaimed, "I never saw religion like this," adding, "I would rather go to hell wrapped in my mantle of pride, than have such a simple salvation." He continued coming while the loving Spirit continued striving. One night, after a tremendous appeal, he retired to rest and had a remarkable dream, which evidently brought him to a decision, came the following night, and rolled his poor guilty soul on Jesus.

ARRESTED IN THE OPEN-AIR

On his way from work, deeply wrought upon by what he heard, rushed home, washed himself. After the invitation had been given he was the first to cry for mercy, and got it.

SPLITLANDS.

Numbering some twenty thousand inhabitants, and just the sort of people the Army delights in. Some marvellous things have taken place since our flag was unfurled in their midst. Sin and misery are abounding, showing us our zeal must abound. Recruits are enlisting, and not a few.

WHETTING HIS KNIFE.

A wretched backslider who frequently stayed from home day and night drinking, a few days before he got saved was sharpening a knife to cut his wife's throat. He is now praising God.

A NEW SUIT.

This poor fellow had a drunken wife, who thought nothing of pawning or selling his clothes. He is saved, and his wife not far from the kingdom.

FILTHY TALK.

A man and his wife who had given themselves up to cursing and swearing, have been blessedly saved. The Lord has cleansed their filthy tongues, and they are living in the light of God.

SKIRMISHING.

The devil thought to upset and frighten us one night by offering the speakers some beer. One wretched man

who had joined in the giddy laugh, was not comfortable in what he had done, seemed suddenly to have felt his need, and began at once to repent. His mates laughed. He cried, wiping his eyes with his slop sleeves. They tried to drag him from the meeting, but no, they could not prevail. He went with the procession to the hall, dropped on his knees, crying, "Can the Lord save me?" He has proved it was no false report.

We cannot possibly tell of the grand things God is doing at these stations. We mean victory.

Yours in the army,

W. & A. RIDSDELL.

T. MAY.

16, James Street, Roath, Cardiff.

ROTHERHAM.

THE thirty-eighth corps of the Salvation Army, is marching forward with firm step and strong heart, hard at cheek, breast and brow, face anything, invincible in purpose, determined to have the town for Jesus. There is at this time a move. Prayer meetings are held every day, and the dear colliers and plate-layers, and ironworkers and their wives, are being saved.

I will give you one or two cases. A dear collier, who had sunk so low through sin, drinking, and gambling, was led by the cruel cunning devil to the river brink, and then said, jump in, and make an end to your miserable life; but, fortunately, the mercy of God around his soul held him back. The spirit led him to the meeting, where he heard the words, "Set thine house in order," and he trembled all over—the Word upset him top and bottom. I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "When shall your house be set in order?" He replied by saying, "I hope to night." I took his hand, and said, "Come to Jesus;" he at once came. And his wife and son have been saved since. They are a happy family.

A COLLIER'S WIFE SAVED.

In the theatre there was the wife of one of our happy colliers, with the baby in her arms. I made my way to her and said, "Mother, will you come to Jesus?" Her head fell. I said, "It must be Jesus to night, give me the baby." I took hold of the sweet flower and laid it in my bosom, and the mother was soon nestling her head in

the Saviour's breast. She is sweetly saved. Oh, Hallelujah. May God keep them.

ANOTHER COLLIER SAVED

Says, "I thank God, dear brothers and sisters, that I am saved. I could not say so a few weeks ago. I have wished Happy Joe and all them into hell many a time; but now I hope we shall all get to heaven. I came to the theatre a few Sundays ago, and heard them talking and singing. I then felt I was a sinner. I was a big sinner. I once was in prison, and there got into the garden and stole the jailor's goose-berrys, but that didn't do me much good. I wasn't satisfied then, but I came to Jesus, and he satisfied me. He pardoned my sins, and filled me with his love, and now I am happy all the day." He is a good fellow. I trust God will keep him, and save many more. Amen.

PLATE-LAYER FULLY SAVED.

He had an idea that the publican had swelled wonderfully in front, and become awfully broad at the back. "God help us," he said, "if we all keep away, the swell will go down." His money goes home to the wife now, and not to the publican. The swell and broadness looks as well in him and his family, and more so, than in the other. He has made a clean sweep of sin, beer, and tobacco, and fully given himself away to God. Oh, for more like this, saved, sanctified, and filled with God and heaven.

Hallelujah with us. It is Jesus first and last. We are rising and swelling our numbers. Warehouse too small for us. Full last night, a hundred and five bravely stood up to speak, burning with hallowed fire and love, a living energy in their words, and faces shining all over with light and heavenly joy, clearly demonstrating to all present, their change of heart, and newness of life. We were in the glory.

Yours faithfully,

HAPPY JOE HURRELL.
FRANK TUCKER.

1, Keneth Street,
Rotherham.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

PRaise the Lord! He is with us, and making bare His holy arm, and saving to the uttermost. One night in the prayer meeting I spoke to an aged man about giving his heart to God. He said,

"MY HEART IS TOO HARD."

I said, "If you break your heart it will be hard still. Come to Jesus, and ask Him to melt it," which, thank God, he did, for he soon found God true to the promise He hath made, "A new heart will I give thee."

"AM I IN THE RIGHT WAY?"

said a young man to himself, when he looked upon his dead child. He loved the child, and wanted to meet it in heaven; but he found he was on the wrong track with a lot of sin which he could not get rid of. So one Sunday night, while we sang,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

he rushed on to the stage, and with many more sought and found salvation, and started for heaven to meet those who have gone before. May God keep them faithful.

"HELL!"

said some young men, "I don't believe there is such a place." I said, "I will ask God to give a foretaste in your bosom," which of course He did, and the dear Lord gave them such a taste that it kept them awake by night, and would not let them rest by day until they came and laid themselves at Jesus' feet, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The brother of one of my people at Merthyr, whom we found in a backsliding state, has after five sleepless nights returned unto the Lord, who has healed all his backslidings. Bless His dear name.

We are going to have a tea on the 18th of November, God willing, and donations will be thankfully received by

KATE WATTS.
PRISCILLA PRICE.

8, Sydney Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

On the 3rd of October, Bro. Corbridge preached in the Old Theatre, Green Dragon Yard, Stockton. Whilst describing a drunken man, a rough man on the front form shouted out,

"YOU'VE GOT ME."

A few minutes later he took his pipe from his pocket and smashed it to pieces with his foot.

"That's right, my brother," said the preacher to the man, "smash it," and then to the congregation said,

"Here's a fellow smashing his idol beneath his feet."

At the close of the meeting he fell at the penitent-form, and said to the preacher,

"You're the only man that's ever got at my heart. That pipe I broke, sir, has cost me three halfpence a day; but I will never smoke any more."

"That's right," said the preacher. "Begin to pray, my brother."

He commenced the Lord's Prayer, and breaking down in the middle said, "You must excuse me this time. I'll go back and begin again."

He soon got through the Lord's Prayer, and into the fountain, clapping his hands and shouting, "I do believe it. I have turned the devil out of my heart, and put him in a box to-night, and never mean to let him out." He then asked, "Do you believe in the ten commandments?" The preacher said, "Yes, you must keep them now." He said, "I will, sir, and the eleventh—love everybody, and God and all."

MERTHYR.

PRaise the Lord, His arm has been made bare since we have been here. We have seen sinners saved and saints laying their all on the altar.

Never shall I forget Friday night, September 27th, nor will our dear people who were present. We went in for a big blessing, and we got it. Many testified that they had got the blessing of a clean heart, and have since publicly testified that they have it, and are ready to do anything for Jesus, are standing up as they never did before, giving up pipes, tobacco, beer, &c. Bless the Lord for ever. We have had some good cases of conversion. I give you just one or two.

One dear man, a *spiritualist*, has got saved, and is with us every night.

Another came to the first ten o'clock meeting I held, and gave himself to Jesus, and is going on well. His little girl asked her mother, "How is it father does not swear now?" His dear wife has prayed long for her husband, and now God has answered her prayers.

A FEW TESTIMONIES.

1st. Fifty-three years a drunkard, tried to leave it off in my own strength, but never could. But now I am washed in the blood of Jesus, and if you gave me £5,000 I would not drink a glass of beer. Bless the Lord!

2nd. Thank God, Jesus has washed me whiter than snow. Before I was

saved, if everything was not to please me in the house, I used to curse and swear at my wife; but now I am singing all the day. Praise the Lord!

3rd. I cannot make out what is the matter with the people. When I was drinking I could walk the streets quiet, but now some one or other is always crying after me. The publicans are losing their customers. When I was in Dowlais yesterday, one cried out, "There goes Cheap Jack, he's saved!" as if Cheap Jacks can't go to heaven! Glory be to our Lord and Saviour!

4th. One cried out after me, "There goes 'Mackerel!'" Praise God He can save fishmongers as well as anyone else. To Him be all the glory.

5th. I feel happy. I am getting happier every day in the love of God.

These are only a few cases, I could give you many more. The newspapers have been writing that we let

CONVERTED BULLIES speak. Praise God, we let anyone washed in the Blood speak for Him.

We remain yours in the army,

S. SAYER,
L. COPELY.

74, Twynrodyn.

DOWLAIS.

A SALMON CAUGHT.

THE first Sunday we were here, a dear man was asked if he would give his heart to God, he said yes. When asked if he would come out to the penitent-form, he said yes, he would go anywhere for salvation. When he came out we were told he was a salmon caught, because he was the worst man in Dowlais. He has joined the class. May the Lord keep him faithful to the end. Amen.

THE FATHER OF DRUNKARDS.

Another dear man that has been saved since we have been here, rose up in the class meeting, and said that he had caught "the father of all drunkards." He has been very much tempted by his old companions, but he says he has had enough of the old devil, he means by God's help to keep steadfast to the end. May God help him.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Another dear man who gave his heart to God before we came here, went and joined another chapel; but they had not got any of the Hallelujah fire, so he smothered in the smoke; but, bless the Lord for ever he came back to his father's

house, the Lord did not turn a deaf ear to his cry but took him in His arms and placed the kiss of forgiveness upon his face. May God keep him.

THE HEAVENLY SAINTS.

Another dear man and his wife who have been at our meetings ever since we have been here. One Sunday night he broke through and found his Saviour! Praise the Lord. He rose up the next night in the class and said he had been halting between two opinions for some time, but that night the wide world could not keep him back, bless the Lord. And soon after he had sat down his wife fell at the feet of Jesus, and He took her in, bless His precious name. One night she rose up in the meeting and said she had been a member of Society for many years, but she never was saved till she came to the Christian Mission. One day she was walking through the streets, coming to our hall, when some of her old friends stopped her, and asked her if it was true she had joined the Heavenly Saints. She said yes, it was, bless the Lord for ever. While she was speaking, another brother rose up and said well, that is a better name than I have got of them, for I was asked if I had joined the Rags and Gibles, bless the Lord. We held our first tea-meeting on Monday, 7th of October. After tea we had a salvation meeting, with Mrs. Sayers in the chair. We had a glorious time, one soul saved. Pray for us. Yours in the battle field,

MARY PARKIN.

ELIZABETH SIMMS.

SPENNYMOOR.

THE month has been one of great blessings. The Lord has led us from conquering to conquer. Many have wept and groaned and prayed on account of their sins. God has heard their cry, and blessedly set them at liberty. All glory to His name. The meetings are well attended. Crowds flock every night to hear the word of life. The Sunday services are wonderful. The whole town is moving. The devil's kingdom is greatly shaken. Oh, may God save the place. Just a brief sketch of some of His doings here.

COMMITTED EVERYTHING BUT MURDER.

This was the language of a man the other night who got saved one Sunday just after we commenced here. He said, "I hold a book in my hand but cannot read it, but I can read my title

clear to mansions in the sky. Before I was converted I did everything that was bad but murder." He also said, "Last Saturday I took my waistcoat out of pawn which I pawned before I was saved to get money to go to the theatre, and in the same theatre I found Jesus." Glory to God.

CHRIST FOR ME.

A young man writes:—"Dear Bro.—I am thankful that the Christian Mission came to Spenny Moor. I well remember the time that I came to your chapel to scoff at the workers; but that very night in my wickedness I was laid hold of. I could not rest when I heard the language of the minister pointing out the sinful state I was in. But thank the Lord He saved my soul that night from all my sins. I never shall forget that night. I tried the world for happiness, but never found any; now I have found it in Christ. Hallelujah! Now I can sing,

"Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.
Others may have the world,
But Christ for me."

SEVENTEEN YEARS A DRUNKARD.

This man says, "I thank God that ever the Mission came to Spenny Moor, for my heart was so hard that nothing could break it, till I went to the theatre to hear Brother Russell, who, during the service, sang, 'All is well.' I never felt myself in such a broken down state. It broke my heart, so that I could not get it mended, till I came and gave myself to Jesus. Then He did all things well for me. This last 17 years I have been a drunkard, and an awful smoker, but, bless the Lord, He has taken the desire for all such things away. To-day I have a clean heart, and can praise God with clean lips." His wife has also got saved. May they be kept.

"I IS BAD."

News of this case has just been brought to me. This is a young man, who has a praying mother. He has been coming to our meetings nearly from the commencement. We have prayed with him, and for him, and sung over him, and done our best to get him saved, but all seemed of no avail. He was at the meeting last night. I entreated him to yield his heart to God. No, he left the meeting troubled. This morning I hear he got saved before he went home, and have seen him myself, and he is all right. Hallelujah! A brother came this morn-

ing, and said, "I have some good news." "Oh! what is that?" "You know that young man," mentioning his name? "Yes." "Well, he got saved last night." "Where?" "At my house." "He came about 20 minutes past 11. I asked him what was the matter." "Oh," he said, "I is bad." "I asked him if he was a sinner." "Yes," he said. "So we went to prayer, and he prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' till he obtained mercy, and exclaimed, 'I do believe.' He has been so that he has scarcely known what to do with himself. He has had sleep taken from him. He has drank to drown his convictions. That very night he had been wandering about after the meeting, from public-house to public-house, till 11 o'clock." May God keep them all and bring them with us to heaven, is the prayer of

Yours, in the army,

ALFRED RUSSELL.

113, Craddock Street.

BLAYDON.

FRESH MARCHING ORDERS.

"Up, get thee out of this place to one that I will tell thee of." (Bedlington).

WELL, we have had a pitched battle here, but victory is on Israel's side.

The enemy has stood his ground like a devil, and as only a devil can; but by our God's help we have broken into his ranks, scattered his army, captured prisoners, and are still marching on to greater victories.

These are a few of the characters that have been captured.

L.—"I was one of the worst men in Blaydon before the hallelujah man and lass came. I was a drunkard, gambler, and dog racer; but now I's running a race to heaven, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

A CONVICTION.

Child.—"Mother, what is it that makes father look so different since he's gone to the hallelujah man's meetings? He is not so long-faced as he was, and he never comes home cross now."

Mother.—"Ha, my child, if it had not been for the hallelujah folks coming to Blaydon your father would always been so. I could never get him to a place of worship before they come. Your father is a saved man now, and on his way to heaven." May God keep him to the end.

A CARD-PLAYER.

"I used to spend all my Sundays playing cards. Many a time have I been driven away by Mrs. P. with her long brush. I used to curse and swear at her, and hate her; but now I love her, and am travelling with her to heaven."

ANOTHER CARD-PLAYER.

"I used to play cards, drink, steal, and everything that was bad, but bless God, to-night, I am saved."

I could give many more cases, but space will not permit.

I hope that everyone that reads this will pray that they may be kept faithful to the end.

Yours in the army,

J. BORRIL.

BRADFORD.

SOLDIERS fighting round the cross fight for your Lord, and so we will. Under our new colours we mean to be true and valiant for God. The month has been one of victory. The 24th (Bradford) corps have mustered well. The drill has been heavy and the fighting severe, but the slain of the Lord have been many. The streets have been well paraded, and pickets and sharpshooters have been sent out in all directions; volleys of red-hot shot have been fired into the enemy's camp. In the streets, the hall, and the theatre, sinners have been besieged, and the prey taken from the mighty. Our attacks on sin and hell are not going to cease. The devil's strongholds must give way.

Three weeks ago a

DRUNKEN NAVY

Enlisted for King Jesus and joined our corps. He is making a warrior. He was saved at the Sunday morning Lovefeast. A brother met him in the streets on his way to the hall, and asked him to come with him. Being unshaven, dirty, ragged, and carrying the evidences of hard drinking, he rather objected; but the brother was not to be beaten, and proffered him sixpence to go in. The offer was accepted, and God made that sixpence a blessing. When in the Lovefeast the Spirit laid hold of him. He cried for mercy and got saved. He tells the people in the open air how happy he is; that before he joined the Salvation Army nobody would look at him. Now he finds that friends begin to respect, and that God is greatly blessing and opening his way.

THE CLEVER SCEPTIC CAUGHT.

Soon after my arrival at Bradford I found that he had been wounded under Brother Dowdle, in the open air. He did not like, however, to come out boldly to seek for mercy, thinking the Mission was very low, so held back awhile. At length God humbled him, and brought him to the feet of Jesus. When a sceptic, he confesses that he was ashamed to be seen where such men as Bradlaugh were, a learned ministry had failed to reach his heart, but the word delivered in the open air broke him down. When speaking one night, he said, "I shall never forget Brother Pearson's prayer when asking God to make me willing to go to the lowest parts of Bradford to work for Jesus and souls. Thank God I am willing now. I never thought I could do what I am doing, but grace has taken pride and shame away. I want to be useful. Working is my joy."

THE RECENT VISIT

of Mr. and Mrs. Booth has been attended and will be followed with great blessing. The presentation of colours by dear Mrs. Booth was an act that will live in the memories and hearts of the Bradford people. The sound advice given and the feeling remarks she made, when describing and explaining the emblems of purity—the blood of atonement and divine light—will all tend to inspire the Bradford Corps with stronger desire to face the foe and win more splendid victories. The Sunday services were unusually good, both Mr. and Mrs. Booth spoke with great power. Thirty-nine souls were won for Jesus. At the following Monday night service we found the work of Sunday was still going on. A dear brother and his wife had had a sleepless night after going home. God troubled them in the night season. The wife said, "Husband, I hope you will not be grieved, I want to speak with you about a few little matters that stand in our way of full consecration to God. I know you like a cigar, but will you not give up all for Christ and let us begin and use our talents for God as we ought?" "Yes," said the husband, "I will, I will not only give up the cigars, but also the gold watch chain, and will go in fully for the Master, for this thing has been troubling me all night." This brother and his wife came out for consecration, and from forty to fifty more followed their example. Oh, what a night! We could not get away. Every-

body felt the sanctifying flame. Our war cry still shall be Bradford for Jesus.

W. J. PEARSON.

31, Burlington Terrace,
Maningham Lane,
Bradford.

SUNDERLAND.

I do thank God because he has restored my body to its perfect health and enabled me to go in afresh to pull sinners out of the fire, and help the Lord to place them on the eternal rock of safety.

During the past month we have seen many of the worst of characters brought to the bleeding feet of Jesus. Oh! the glorious change that has been wrought in their hearts by the transforming influence of the Holy Ghost!

LOCAL PREACHER, 14 YEARS.

Was drawn to our place by the singing. I went to him during the meeting, and requested him to give God his heart. He laid hold of my hand and shouted and groaned, and cried out for mercy. He said "Oh, Mr. Robinson, I am the worst in the town, I preached for fourteen years and was on the town council, and look at me!" By that time he sobbed aloud, and down he came, found Christ, obtained pardon, and the King of kings has put him on the council for heaven. Hallelujah.

HOORAY! HOORAY!

Came twice to our meetings; I asked him if he was happy, he positively said "No, Mr., I am miserable." Then I talked to him and brought him to the penitent-form; he cried for mercy to the top of his voice, the people could all hear him, but like a galvanic shock, he sprang to his feet with streaming eyes and his face beaming with glory, handkerchief in his hand, and he waved it shouting, "*Hooray, hooray, it's real, its real. Yes, it is, I have got it! hooray, hooray! The devil is running now; we have been fighting this week; but, glory, he's gone.*" By that time our meeting was all glory together; bless the Lord, He got the victory. The other night he gave up everything, trusted God for a full salvation, then sprang from his knees, with heaven smiling on his countenance, tears pouring down his face, shouting "I have got it, I have got it." Then the Hallelujahs went up to heaven and the glory came pouring down both into members' hearts and sinners—sinners crying for mercy, members crying

for a clean heart—and God saved and sanctified them. I closed the meeting and told them it was ten o'clock and they were all astonished. Why? because they were that full of glory, the time so soon passed away.

PAIN GONE.

A young man was crying at the penitent-form "Lord take this pain out of my breast; oh, it is bad, take it away." I said, "You believe that God can take it out?" "Oh, yes." "Do you believe He does?" "Yes." "Shout glory, He does. Open your mouth and let the Lord hear you." He shouted "Glory, He has taken the pain away." The Holy Spirit filled his heart, and he then shouted, "Its gone, Hallelujah."

Yours washed,

JAMES ROBINSON.

3, Noble Street, Hendon Valley,
Sunderland.

NOTES.

WHITECHAPEL.—Open-air services held on Saturday and other evenings instead of the porch meetings, are waking up the enemy and promoting as well as evidencing fresh strong life in the Corps. The sight of the valiant little company cutting their way through a dense mob on the march home last Saturday was enough to set anybody on fire. The 1st Corps is 1st still.

BETHNAL GREEN.—Bro. Trenhail says he gets scarcely any help out of doors on week nights. Everybody too busy, alas!

HACKNEY.—Steadily and marvellously rising. Four ranks of men the other evening in the open air, besides the faithful sisters.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Back at the cemetery gates again with a good band, and another out at the same time elsewhere. Thank God! Rising and no mistake! Sisters again!

LIMEHOUSE.—Another sister coming out. But what's left? Lord save plenty more.

MILLWALL.—Glorious tea and meeting in the Independent Chapel. Mr. Ballington Booth fiddling everybody into glory.

BARKING.—Going ahead gloriously.

CROYDON.—Troubled by and troubling the police in the open air; but bound to win.

HAMMERSMITH.—Ought to produce a cloud of evangelists this winter.

CHATHAM.—"The right man in the right place," consequently some put out and grumbling they say.

HASTINGS.—Wanted, more fish and less market.

PORTSMOUTH.—"As sorrowful yet always rejoicing."

SALISBURY.—Sister Brewer has been helping Bro. Watts for a month, and several of the worst persecutors have been saved.

POOLE.—Temperance Hall, they say, packed with people. Friends' Meeting House very kindly lent us for a season, for week nights.

WELLINGBRO.—A lot of fine young folks, who should become officers some day.

SHEFFIELD.—Just got a little place in a new neighbourhood, and mean to get another. Also changed address from 43, to 26, Westfield Terrace, West Street.

ATTERCLIFFE.—Still gaining ground weekly. A red-hot Corps.

BARNSELY.—Still crowded every night. Should produce a host of officers.

LEEDS.—The Hallelujah Lighthouse, Kirkstall Road, a grand success. 1500 Sundays. Hundreds every night of the right sort. The old Corps firing away at the old spot, same time. Struck oil.

Brother and Sister Cadman, however, have just had a sad trial, in the sudden death of their child, Samson.

BOLTON.—Sister Agar has been very poorly, but is somewhat better. The work still goes on apace. Still the free Turkish every night, for want of a larger place.

WHITBY.—Summoned for open-air work. Case dismissed. Enough.

MIDDLESBRO.—*Take notice that henceforth the three Corps here will always be distinguished by their numbers, instead of being called as before "Oddfellows," "Princes," and "N. Ormesby," they will be called the 20th (Middlesbro'), the 28th (Middlesbro'), and the 27th (Middlesbro')*

E. HARTLEPOOL.—Latest news. Sunday, fourteen souls. Offerings of week £5. Going up.

W. HARTLEPOOL.—Theatre cleaning. Druids and Athenæum both filled same time. Going ahead.

SEAHAM HARBOUR.—Danger of losing theatre here. Little hope, unless somebody will build for us.

PELLING.—More Hallelujah Lasses coming!

N. SHIELDS.—Look out next month for the account of the glorious opening of the Broadbent Hall by the General, and farewells of Brothers Coombs and Payne.

S. SHIELDS.—Grand public entry of the Hallelujah Lasses. Dense crowds. Many souls. Grand increases.

APOLOGY.—We regret to be unable as yet to present memorials of Mrs. Barry and the Gipsy, whose sudden death was referred to last month.

ACCRINGTON.

THE past month has been one of conflict and trial, but hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Praise His name. We have had much opposition, but, bless God, we have made great progress, and souls have been saved, and some very rough and big sinners.

The third Saturday night we were here a young woman came and asked us to go and visit a dying man.

While we were passing through the streets a dear woman came and touched me on the shoulder, and said, "I want to talk with you, as I am so happy." We talked to her about her soul a few moments, and we could not wait long as we wanted to see the dying man, but she would not leave us.

We invited her to the Town Hall on Sunday, and while Sister Bourne spoke from the words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," the woman was so worked upon that after the service, she, with three others, sought and found peace and to-day is still rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God.

At our service on Saturday, Sept. 21st, we had eight souls, and while I was entreating the people to come openly and not be cowards, two men came tumbling over the forms and fell down at the foot of the Cross and cried for mercy, and found peace. One of them had been a notorious character, having been a drunkard, a swearer, and a wanderer from home, and having almost broken his wife's heart, and got very near the pit of hell; but the Lord saved him, and when he speaks of it he says, "At any rate, friends, the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ suits me, and makes me a happy man."

The other man was a big fellow, and we had been praying for the Lord to

save some of the big men, and in answer to our prayers he did so. Bless His name! This man had no sooner got saved than he began to preach Jesus to his workmates, and one of them has since come to Jesus, and he tells us that at his work the coals seem to shout "Hallelujah!" He is still working for God, and he is known by the name of "happy Tom."

On Sunday we had a grand day; the Town-hall was full, and souls were saved, and we received £4 4s. 4½d. Praise the Lord!

On Monday, at the Ragged School, we had a good time. Souls were saved, and God was glorified, and we sang "Ring the bells of heaven for there is joy to-day."

A WHOLE FAMILY.

Among them was a dear man who had been a Sunday-school teacher, but never knew what it was to realise his sins—which were many—to be forgiven. He has since then given up all his pipes and tobacco, having been a smoker for many years. We have since then had his wife, father, mother, two sisters, two brothers, and two sisters-in-law brought to Christ.

One of them was asked what she thought of me. She answered that she thought I was "too much like an actress"; but as soon as she got saved she said, "I feel so happy that I could dance!" She has since then removed to Preston, and we have received a letter from her, and she says that she shall ever bless the day that the two sisters came to Accrington.

SEATS WANTED.

Our only difficulty is now the want of a place for Sunday services, as we cannot have the Town-hall regularly. We have got a place for week-nights that will hold between 400 and 500 people, but it wants fitting up with seats. Help is greatly needed.

On Monday night it would have done your hearts good to have been with us and seen the people, some sitting upon the floor, some on the stove, some on the forms round the place, others kneeling until their knees were quite sore; but still for all that it was a good time, and

God came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat.

We had on Saturday week a striking case of a dear young man who had

attended nearly all our meetings. The Spirit of God had striven with him nightly, but he would not yield until Saturday, when he said to a friend he felt that he must yield, or else he would be lost for ever. He wrestled hard, and prayed with God for mercy. At last light dawned into his soul, and I shall never forget his happy face when he arose from his knees; and when speaking to him on the Sunday about his soul, he said, "I was never so happy in all my life." He is the son of a missionary who died in Africa.

We praise the Lord for all the blessings he has already bestowed upon us, and the battles He has helped us to fight and win; and we, like Caleb and Joshua, mean to go up and possess the land, for we are well able.

Yours in the thick of the fight,

SUSAN WALES.

LOUISE BOURNE.

N.B.—Sisters Wales & Bourne would be thankful for a form or two.

13, Hyndburn Road,
Accrington.

PLYMOUTH.

THIS town is in a great stir. God is moving. His blessing is flowing in upon us like a continual stream. Night after night the Central Hall is crammed, and sinners and backsliders are crying for mercy, and saints seeking for the great blessing of holiness, and many are finding it, and this not only makes them clean, but bold as lions to stand up for Jesus and pull others out of the fire.

On Wednesday we had our first tea-meeting, and the meeting after in St. James's Hall; 1,200 present. Good meeting. Thursday we gave a free tea to 150 poor wicked people who do not go to any place of worship, and it was grand to see them eat and drink, and enjoy themselves over their cup of tea.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The after meeting was a perfect jam, hundreds outside, and in the midst of it all, a discovery was made that the place was on fire at the fireplace where the water was boiled. It was a piece of timber under the hearth-stone that was smouldering, but could not get vent. The people could feel the heat and smell the fire, but could not see anything. However, some got out and gave the alarm that the place was on fire; but I kept the people's attention, then closed the meeting and invited the peni-

tents as usual and kept singing, and desperately believing that God would save us from a panic, and praise His name, all got out without any accident.

The publican, with a band of men, came rushing from next door, as it is a public-house and one of the very lowest class. I had to stand on the hearth-stone and forbid them to touch it, or they would have pulled the place down; but the police came and we got the people out and fastened the door. Then we discovered the fire and put it out. Four of us were in the hall all night so as to see everything was all safe. Mr. Spooner is so thankful it is no worse, and gave orders that the builder shall repair the damage at once, and says he will put us up a boiler for our tea.

Now this was a dirty trick of the devil's, and had I closed the meeting suddenly when we first discovered it, no one can tell what the result would have been. There must have been loss of life. But I was calm, firm, and determined, resolute as a lion to rescue the people, my wife, who stood by me, and the fiddle, if I had gone to heaven in a chariot of fire. Hallelujah, God was with and delivered us, Glory. About 10s. will repair the damage; but if we had gone away and not discovered it, the building must have gone. The mob outside shouted "it's the Hallelujah Fiddle on fire."

The following extract from a local paper, gives amusingly different views of the work.

DOWDLE AND THE HALLELUJAH FIDDLE.

This letter from "S. F." in reference to Dowdle and the Hallelujah Fiddle will be read with much interest:—

"This fanaticism which is now occupying the minds of a certain class in Plymouth, is, I think, instead of performing what it professes, raising in its meeting-places a scene of disgrace, amusement, and hypocrisy. The meeting on Sunday evening was held in the Circus, Martin-street, and the sight outside for a Sabbath belies description. Lads of scarce seven years or ten blocked up the entrance, smoking, swearing, and shouting Mr. Dowdle's favourite cries of 'Hallelujah,' &c., or chanting in ribald chorus his latest hymns. Scores of these force their way through, whilst others are hurled ignominiously back, and, on the other hand, respectable people who go to hear this new import

of religion in Plymouth, turn from the door in disgust; but after a scuffle, you are half carried inside, where a scene of the most varied character meets the eyes. High above the kneeling converted sinners towers the tall form of Mr. Dowdle, and from a score of crying voices comes forth prayers for forgiveness and everlasting happiness. A little further off a score of urchins are pursuing one another amidst the throng, whilst the jests of the lookers-on, and the keen enjoyment of some in noting the attitudes of the sawdust-covered sinners added to the laughter of girls, trampling of feet, etc., etc., forms in the whole a picture that is in every way disgraceful both to the Sabbath and to the town in which it is performed. The vile scraping of a fiddle oftentimes enlivens the scene, and it is not a rare thing for Mr. Dowdle to be seen in the act of ejecting a number of persons antagonistic to his belief. These disgraceful sights on a Sunday should be abolished, for unless some order and respect is kept in their Sabbath meetings, they have no further right to keep such an exhibition in this town than a travelling showman has to exhibit his wild beasts, display his wax figures, or in any case to throw open his doors for the amusement of the general public."

Admission is given to this letter on the principle that guides the *Mercury* on all matters—that of affording both sides a fair opportunity of expressing their opinions. The assertions being somewhat serious, a reporter was detailed to attend yesterday's meetings, and to give from personal observation the exact truth. As far as he was able to discover, the complaints contained in the communication are, if not unfounded, at any rate very much overdrawn. During yesterday's services the conduct of the greater portion of the immense audiences that assembled afternoon and evening was most exemplary, and the attention with which they listened to the addresses was creditable in the highest degree. It is true a portion of the meeting was restless, and some little annoyance was caused by the continuous shifting in and out of the people. But Mr. Dowdle is not responsible for the behaviour of individual members of his congregation, no more than for the conduct of the troublesome youths who persist in blocking up the roadway outside the hall.

The services yesterday afternoon was

commenced by a hymn from the Salvation Army Song Book, and a prayer by some supporter on the platform followed, after which Mr. and Mrs. D. sang a duet, whilst the congregation remained with their heads bowed. Another prayer from Mr. Dowdle prefaced the reading of the Scriptures, after which the Salvation Army Hymn Book was again brought into requisition. Then came the address by Mrs. D. A collection and another hymn closed the afternoon's meeting. In the evening pretty nearly the same programme was followed, with the exception that Mr. D. was the preacher. His subject was the destruction of the cities of the plain. His address, characterised by much earnestness, was well calculated to arrest the attention of that class he specially desires to reach. There is certainly that in the proceedings which many would object to, but there is reason to hope that the good effected counter-balances the evil. By-the-way, it may be mentioned that Mr. D. gave a free tea one day last week to a large number of poor people."

Pray for Plymouth.

JAMES DOWDLE.

10, Hobart Street,
Stonehouse, Plymouth.

MEXBORO'.

The following is from a local newspaper:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, MEXBORO'.
"SALVATION ARMY.

"UNDER the above title a series of services have been held in the above place for many weeks past. Crowds assemble nightly and many at each service are unable to obtain admittance. The mission has been conducted under the superintendance of Mr. Geo. Roe, a converted jockey. Much excitement was manifest in the early part of the past week by the announcement that the Rev. W. Booth, the head of the Mission and the Editor of the *Christian Mission Magazine*, was to attend at the Theatre on Tuesday night. Long before the time appointed for the opening of the doors, a large crowd had assembled, which at 7 o'clock had increased to a large magnitude. At 7.30, the time arranged for the services to commence, hundreds were eagerly pressing round the doors seeking to obtain admittance, but the place being so literally crammed—in fact uncomfortably so—many had

to return home disappointed. The mission commenced with the heartily singing of a hymn from their own Hymn Book. The Rev. W. Booth subsequently addressed the crowded audience in a very pathetic and warm manner, apparently with great feeling which was reciprocated by his hearers. Mrs. Booth, who also attended with the rev. gentleman, gave a short address, which was a masterpiece of woman's oratory. Her remarks were exceedingly pointed, well chosen, and in fact sublime. The lady's manner was also very affectionate and earnest. In the course of her remarks she strongly urged upon her hearers to enlist in the army—join their ranks and fight for God; she also stated that they had nine sons all 'coming on' ready to fight in the great conflicts against sin, the flesh, and the devil. Her remarks were choicely intermixed with various anecdotes, which were very appropriate for the occasion. In conclusion, her address was brought to a close by an eloquent peroration.

The Rev. W. Booth again rose and spoke in an affectionate manner to the mixed assembly before him. He pointed them to the banner which they had unfurled under his mission in this town, he exhorted them to wave it in every corner and street of Mexboro' and Swinton, and shew the wayfarers the significance of their standard—blue for purity, and the red, a token of Christ's blood which was shed for all. In concluding some broken remarks he stated that he required 1000 recruits, 1000 evangelists, to join the salvation army, which was hoisting its banner in every town in the land. 'Jesus lover of my soul' was then sung, and the majority of the assembly began to disperse, after which a prayer meeting was held and carried on with great earnestness until after 10 p.m. We omitted to state that the rev. visitor is the publisher of a work entitled—'Heathen England,' which has been the subject of much discussion. Upwards of 1000 people attended the above service, and at least 500 were unable to obtain admission."

JARROW.

We have had some interesting cases of conversion here since our opening. For the Lord is making bare His arm, and saving some of the biggest sinners; and I can assure you that big sinners are neither few nor far between.

A FAMILY.

This is an interesting case, specially because a child of 10 years was the first to make a start for heaven, and to stand up and testify for Jesus. She carried her religion home, and her uncle was the next to follow. He had been a good servant of the Devil's. He used to get drunk and spend money and time in his service—has been nine months at a stretch in Durham Jail, where he got his education. He heard us singing in the Synagogue, "I'm a Pilgrim, bound for Glory." "I'm a Pilgrim, going home," &c. He said it sounded so nice, that he thought he would come in, and a few nights after he followed the little girl to the foot of the Cross, and found salvation.

Then the mother came, and God took hold of her heart, but she resisted for a few days, till at last she was seen at the penitent-form, crying for mercy, which, praise God, she quickly found.

The father had been to our meetings from the first, being attracted by our singing. One night he asked what was up, and someone told him that I had been trying to fly; so out of curiosity he came in the Synagogue, just as he had left his work, without his coat. He was convinced of his need of a Saviour, but held out for three weeks. We have seen him down in tears several times. He says it was the most wretched three weeks that ever he spent in his life; but, thank God, he decided at last for Him, to live and die, and now all the family, but one, are on their way to heaven, blessing the day that the Salvation Army came into Jarrow.

Conviction is taking hold of some with such power that they cannot sleep.

One dear man who had been a regular warm one, took to coming to our meetings, got so wretched that he could not sleep at night and had no rest all day; he was under such deep conviction, got on his knees one morning at half-past one o'clock and got saved, and then could not sleep for joy till he found us and told us the good news. He wandered about the streets to try and find our lodging, but failing, he waited for our five o'clock morning meeting.

Another woman got convinced of sin one Sunday night, went home miserable, could not rest all night, but she came on the Monday, and in the prayer-meeting screamed out for mercy, for pardon. She so felt her position that she

feared she would drop into hell; but God soon allayed her fears and gave her guilty conscience peace, and she is up at every meeting praising God.

KNOCKED DOWN FOR JESUS.

A young girl who had been the cause of much unpleasantness at home, for her bad conduct, the other Saturday night fell at the Redeemer's feet, obtained pardon, and is now rejoicing in the knowledge that she is going to meet her dear mother in heaven. Her life bears the fruits of a genuine conversion, she comes out boldly for God, singing and talking in the open air, despising all the persecution.

The other night as Brother Lawley was praying, she was standing by his side, when the roughs rushed upon them and knocked them both down; but she stood it well. She told me afterwards that she hardly knew whether to fight, cry, or pray, but she chose the latter. (Pray for her she will be useful.)

"Oh," said a dear woman the other day, with tears in her eyes, "there is

A CHANGE IN MY CHARLIE;" and another told me how her son that she could never get to chapel came to our meeting and gave his heart to Jesus, and went home singing God's praises, and kept his brother, with whom he is sleeping, awake all night by singing the songs of Zion. He was the worst one in the family.

Another man said to me, "It was a good thing for me you came to Jarrow, Mr. Brock. It's made a difference in my house I can tell you. It's like Heaven to what it used to be since my wife got converted. She had her name down on a class book, but she did not live right at home, and when I have spoke to her about it she has rounded on me. But, thank God, she is a converted woman now." The son and the daughter of this woman have also been saved at our meetings.

The landlady of one of our young men who scarcely ever misses a meeting, declared that R— had been a queer, out-of-the-way lad, but there was a great difference in him now, he does not seem like the same lad.

These are a few out of the many cases which we have witnessed here in this sin-blighted town. I could give more, but I am sure there will not be space.

Will all our friends pray for us.

JONATHAN R. BROCK.
J. LAWLEY.

Salvation Synagogue, Jarrow.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.

O, HALLELUJAH! the Lord is blessing us, although the war is raging here very strong, more so this last week or two; but, praise the Lord, we are determined to triumph over every foe. We have been fighting tremendously against the enemy since we have been here, and I know we shall win the fight. We have had 160 souls since we have been here, who have turned against the enemy and come over on the Lord's side.

A SCOFFER.

A dear man stood up one Monday evening, and said he felt happy in Jesus, his sins were all forgiven him; but he said he could not at one time. I used to scoff at those two young women, and said it was not right for women to preach, but I can't say it now, for every word they say sinks in my heart. O, Glory be to God.

A BACKSLIDER

Has been coming to our meetings till a fortnight ago. After going to him night after night to come to the Saviour, he has given up sin and given up his pipe as well, O praise the Lord! And last Sunday night week we were going around fishing for souls, and Miss Milner was talking to a dear man, and I was going up with a fish to the ground when the dear young man said to me, "That is my father Miss Milner is speaking to;" and I said "Is it? go and ask him to come;" and he went and said "Oh, father, do come and give your heart to Jesus," and the dear old man got up and went, got saved, and both are very happy; and we have had lots of good cases, but not so good as the Lord is going to do. Oh, may the Lord help us to keep the old chariot rolling along! Money and tracts greatly needed; please help, yours truly sanctified,

CARRIE AND LIZZIE SMITH.
16, Southgate Street, Bishop Auckland.

THOMAS WINTERSGILL OF STOCKTON.

THE following extracts from a letter, giving an account of this dear brother's death, will interest many:—

"No doubt you think that I will have forgotten my promise that I would write and let you know particulars about my brother's death; but my time has been so taken up, and my feelings have been so harrowed, that I could not trust myself. My brother Tom, from my earliest recollection, was dull and careless. We could not keep him at

school, because he would not learn to read. He was not fond of company: never formed any acquaintances to the last; loved to be alone and quiet, and would wander about by himself, not joining in games; and if anyone vexed him, he would not resent. In fact, I used to think he would never have courage, moral or physical, to defend himself. Thus he lived till eighteen, the time when the Christian Mission came to Stockton, when he went to hear Brother Lane (our first evangelist in Stockton). I believe the way of salvation was pointed out to him in simple language, which led him to lay hold of the hope set before him in the Gospel, and he was saved. Yes, thank God, there was a change, and we knew it. This was a new era in his life, in fact, it was life; he now showed that he had the new spirit, he began to sing and talk about his Jesus, to read his Bible, and to study its truths; and during the three years of his Christian life he showed to all around that he belonged to Jesus. In the workshop he told his companions of the Salvation he had found, and although they laughed at him, scoffed him about his religion, he upheld his Jesus as 'mighty to save,' and proved to them by his patience and love that there was something in religion after all. First one and another have told me of his consistent life, and the bold front he sustained when other professing Christians fell in the background. Tom would say, 'I am not ashamed of my Jesus, if you are. Oh, no; He has done so much for me, I will praise the Lord.'

"He worked hard in the Mission; but in the beginning of last winter he caught a severe cold, and from that time he was not able to do so much open-air work. We saw the marked change, but he could not help it. Members of the Mission, as did my father, yourself, and others, charged him with coldness; but he told me he was too weak to do the work. Yet his heart was in it.

"The week before you left he was worse. Off work on Friday; Mission Hall on Sunday. Miss Davis was at the Star Sunday following; then he was in bed fast for three weeks, very weak indeed. The doctor treated him for bronchitis; and, after he had been ill about a month, there was a change which we thought was for the better. He got out of bed, and was out a few times: twice to the Mission Hall, once

to Miss Davis' tea, and, the last time—one Sunday morning—to take the Sacrament with us. Poor lad! I thought, as I looked at the smile of joy on his thin, shallow cheeks, pale face, and glassy eyes, and the tears trickling down, that he was not far from the glory. He returned home to die. Nay, not to die! No, no! I shall meet him again, for he lives! Thank God, he lives!

"He went to bed, and then followed the time of sorrow. From that time to his departure from earth to heaven he was never left. I shall never forget the hours of joy I spent with him. When another doctor was called in and told him it was consumption, he said, 'I never thought it, but never mind, all is well.' He repeated the hymn commencing—

'What is this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? All is well.'

He never murmured, but continually praised God. He held hopes of his recovery, and said he would get well until a week before he died, when I think it was revealed to him that his time was come, and when questioned about his soul 'Oh,' he would say, 'Glory be to God, it's all right. I'm going to my Jesus.'

"The hand of death had now got hold of him. I went up to his bed-side and said to him, 'Tom, thou'st got into the valley, how is it now?' He smiled, and cried 'Hallelujah, I'm in the valley, but it's all lit up.' This was in the last week; and so reduced was he in body, the bones were through his skin, and he began to suffer much; yet did he never murmur, but gave praises to God, and betwixt breath you might hear him in a whisper saying, 'Glory—be—to—God—Thou—art—precious.' It would take him two or more minutes to utter the words.

"Kind friends gathered round him, expecting to see him pass away, to hear his last admonitions, and take a parting look. Yes, bless God, it's a grand sight to see a Christian die. The Friday at noon before his death, I saw his time was drawing near, his eyes were fixed to the ceiling, and his skeleton arm was lifted, and a most radiant smile crossed his features, and I could hear him whisper, 'I'm coming.' I said to mother, 'If he gets any worse send for me to work,' and just at two o'clock my master sent up for me. I had to be home as speedily as possible.