

whole town. Scores of poor, dying, miserable sinners have been washed in the crimson flood, and are now singing and shouting on the way to heaven.

We have had real hallelujah meetings in the Cambridge Theatre every Sunday, and, glory to God! we did the devil so much harm there that he managed to get us out of it. But he made a great blunder, for God opened the doors of the Town-hall to us, and we shall never forget our first day there; thirteen souls, the worst in the town, ran to meet with Christ. They got blessedly saved, and now stand up for Jesus.

One dear young man, who through drink and sin had thrown himself out of a good situation, cried out, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, thank God! I have long felt I wanted something, but I've got it to-night; this is the right thing. Praise God! I am happy."

In open-air engagements the devil rages; some laugh, but the Spirit strives, the blood flows, God saves, and the old chariot rolls on, crushing the devil's kingdom in its onward march.

News reached us of

THE REMOVAL OF OUR CAPTAIN, the Lord wanting him elsewhere; but, glory to the Lamb, Captain Russell has told us of a Captain who was going to stay with us always, and who never did a battle lose. In the midst of shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" we all felt grieved, but heaven's arches rang when we were reminded that, if not on earth, in heaven we shall all meet again.

OUR LAST WEEK'S FIGHT under Captain Russell has been a very glorious one. We had a wonderful salvation "free-and-easy" on the Saturday night, 62 testifying to the work of the Army in Spennymoor. We had the hallelujah banner waving in the open air, and were at it again on Sunday morning; at 7, a glorious pentecostal Holy Ghost prayer-meeting, 31 present; grand engagement in the open air at 10; real hallelujah band style at 11 in the people's hall, a band of men declaring that they would remain true to their colours so long as a shred of the banner remained, and hearty exclamations of "Amen" meant that the 31st Corps of the Salvation Army were determined to stand like the brave with their face to the foe.

Glorious open-air work all day.

In the afternoon a large congregation assembled to hear Bro. Russell preach

Bro. Allen's funeral sermon from the 26th verse of the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. As he was brought before us as a distinguished man, who hazarded his life, we rejoiced in him as one of God's heroes, and that another real hallelujah brother had gone to heaven. His wonderful conversion made us see that he meant salvation, and nothing less, and his triumphant death caused a hearty, strong, and real hallelujah "Ready, ready, I am ready for earth or heaven."

In the evening the place was literally crammed, scores being unable to gain admission. All came to hear the Hallelujah man's farewell address; everybody seems to know who he is, for Russell has become a household name. But it wasn't one of those formal farewell addresses—it was a wonderful, plain-pointed, and earnest exhortation to cleave to the Lord. Text, Joshua xxiii. 8. Wont be forgot in a hurry.

THIS FAREWELL SUNDAY

Four souls gave up all for Jesus. One dear woman, after getting washed in the blood and filled with glory, began in hallelujah style to pray for her husband. He didn't yield, but he is hard hit.

A lot are lying in pickle—a host of wounded ones. Lord send Bro. Skidmore full of glory, well armed, to gather in the rest whom God has marked for soldiers. A strong army has been raised up here, men who declare that no matter what comes in the way, their motto is, "Spennymoor for Jesus," and bearing the Hallelujah flag we mean to still "Roll the old Chariot along"!

They say we are a noisy crew,
But that's not all, we are happy too.

Bro. Russell, our Captain, leaves with the sympathies, prayers, and tears in the Mission and out, and bidding him good-bye, we can say "Go, and the Lord be with thee," and the Lord of Hosts is with us.

Yours, fighting for King Jesus.

W. HODGSON.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

WHITEHAVEN. — Good congregations, increasing every night in the attendance of our sort. Grand crowds in the open air, which make us wonder where all the people come from.

Sisters PRICE and TURNER.

The Christian Mission Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1878.

OUR CROWNED HEADS.

JOHN ALLEN.

WHEN first met with by the Mission, in 1868, he was a swearing, drinking, fighting navy. He came up to an open-air service near the East India Road one Sunday morning, all unshaved, with a short pipe in his mouth, boots unlaced, &c. God laid hold of him and he was deeply convinced of sin. He followed to the Oriental Theatre in the evening, but was not saved till the following Thursday, in the Temperance Hall, High Street, Poplar, London.

From that time he began to preach Jesus everywhere, being one of a band of Poplar navvies who went to all the stations of the Mission and were used to the salvation of many.

After some two years of faithful labour in his leisure time for God, he was appointed an evangelist and sent to Stoke Newington in 1870. His unceasing valiant efforts here will never be forgotten, and resulted in the gathering together of a great company of working people, some of whom have already landed safely in heaven.

From thence he was sent to Croydon, where he fought some hard battles in the old town, in Bromley and elsewhere, but said he had not the same spiritual enjoyment and success he had had before, much of his attention being occupied with the building of a New Hall.

At Limehouse however, his next station, where the old Gaff was in such a state that he had to repair the roof with his own hands again and again, he spent some of the happiest and most glorious of his days.

A corner shop in Salmon's Lane, which swarms with the poor buying and selling on Sunday morning, was opened for services, and from that standpoint John Allen's powerful voice was heard regularly above all the din and tumult of the people.

During his stay at Limehouse great numbers were brought to God, several of whom are now labouring as evangelists.

He was naturally one of the first men chosen to establish new branches of the Mission. He went to Cardiff in November, 1874, and was not merely enabled to form a large Mission Society, but was blessed to the salvation of sailors in great numbers.

He gathered enormous congregations in the open air, and an attempt made by the police to interfere with him aroused the sympathy of the whole town in his favour.

Stockton was his next appointment, and here his unsparing labours brought on a severe illness from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Not content with constantly addressing vast congregations in the open air and performing the other duties of this Station, he was eager for the extension of the work to other towns, and established a mission in East Hartlepool.

Feeling himself unequal to the strain of another great country station, he was next appointed to Hammersmith. Here, however, he gave himself no rest. Great difficulty had been experienced in securing suitable open-air stands. But a large space near the main street having been kindly lent us he cleared and prepared the ground with his own hands and there preached to thousands of the people.

He had longed to go to Portsmouth ever since the opening of the Mission there, and after spending little over half a year at Hammersmith he had the desire of his heart. He thought that the sea air would suit his health. Little did any of us imagine he was going to die at Portsmouth.

He lived, however, long enough to crush with the might of an upright life, the voice of slander which had so long aspersed the Mission there. Labouring with his own hands as he loved to do in such cases, he cleansed and painted the hall as well as preaching in such a way as to gather a larger congregation in it.

Not content with over-abundant labours in Portsmouth, when a hall had to be fitted up in Salisbury, he went over there, and toiled day and night to get the Salvation Stores ready for use. Returning home exhausted after this work, he fainted after preaching the following Sunday evening.

He came to the War Congress in a very weakly condition and expressed doubts to some of his brethren as to his seeing them again in the flesh. Immediately after his return home he was seized with typhoid fever. But after weeks of suffering the fever passed away, leaving him, however, in an extremely shattered condition. The fever had spent its force mainly on his lungs, and it soon became evident that his life was drawing to a close.

All through his illness he remained, however, fully alive to the interests of the whole Mission as well as of the Portsmouth Society. He examined with the greatest care a sister whom he recommended for appointment as an Evangelist, and wrote letters as long as he was able, especially relating to the Preacher's Beneficent Fund, of which he was the Secretary.

He had hopes of prolonged life till within a very few days of his death. But he continued joyously ready and willing either to live or die.

To Mr. Booth, who had travelled all night to see him, he said, "I am the happiest man in Portsmouth."

To the Secretary, he said, "It has been my aim ever since I was converted, to do right, so that I could face any man in the day of judgment, and I thank God he has enabled me to do so."

To Mr. Bramwell Booth, a few days before his death, he said, "I'm going home; I'm going. I'm quite ready—ready—ready. What a beautiful word that is—ready!—if you are ready! if you are ready!"

"Oh, Lord Jesus, I thank thee—I thank thee—I thank thee. Thou art too good—too good—too good. I deserve to be in hell. I deserve to be damned. But I am ready; I am coming—coming—coming."

After this he asked about the work at various stations, and after each piece of good news kept saying, "Praise the Lord; bless God." He spoke about Portsmouth, made particular requests as to getting a lease of the

hall, and altering it, and added, "I wish I had not been ill. But the Lord has got another work for me to do, perhaps a more important work."

W. B. B.—"You'll come and see us sometimes."

ALLEN.—Yes, I'll come and see you often. Give my love to all the brethren. I shall see you all again in the morning."

W. B. B.—"Shall I tell the people that when your feet were in the cold river you found Jesus as good——"

ALLEN, interrupting.—"Better, better."

W. B. B.—"Better than His word, shall I tell them?"

"Tell them—tell them—tell them!" he replied with all the emphasis for which he was so remarkable in healthier days.

He continued to bear the same clear glorious testimony to the very last.

Immediately before he passed away, he put his hands together, and said, "Jesus, my Saviour," and then quietly went home to God.

He died at the age of thirty-five, leaving a wife and four children, and leaving an innumerable company of spiritual children in all parts of the country to follow him to heaven.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The Funeral Services held in Portsmouth reminded one of the scenes of a country village rather than of a great town. The coffin was brought out of the house and placed upon chairs in the street, which, being as yet unfinished, abounded in mud.

A large ring of our people sang hymns by the light of some small lamps, and then marched in silent procession to the hall, which was filled during the evening, nearly all present taking the opportunity to look once more on the face of their fallen leader, so calmly joyous even in death.

At the close of this service the coffin was borne in silence to the Railway Station, where a large crowd had assembled. The ceaseless passage of vehicles, however, made a prolonged meeting within the station yard impossible, and the procession was re-formed to march singing back to the hall. The heartiness of that song contrasting with the silence observed up to this time was all the more noticeable and enjoyable; but on returning to the hall a few roughs assembled on each side of the door made enough commotion to give vivid reality to the words that had just been so heartily sung—

"But we are in the army
And dare not leave our post,
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host."

The coffin was received at London Bridge by a stalwart brother from Chatham, who said he looked upon it as one of the greatest honours of his life to go on such an errand. He got into conversation with one of the porters in the van, until the poor man, in tears, promised to give his heart to God.

Several hundred friends from all parts of London came to have a look at the well-known face, in the Whitechapel Hall, between the Friday and Sunday.

On the Monday afternoon every seat on the floor of the Whitechapel Hall was filled, and a number of the workpeople from the neighbourhood mounted the galleries to gaze upon the strange scene.

The procession to the Cemetery was, of course, of enormous length, though formed in fours. At the Cemetery gates the coffin was taken from the hearse and carried to the grave. Here a large ring was kept by a few

brethren from various stations, and the crowd, which covered all the surrounding land, could not be reckoned at less than thousands.

The general, unable to be present, sent the following letter, which was read amidst the profoundest silence:—

SUNDERLAND, *October 27th*, 1878.

BROTHERS and sisters in Christ, soldiers and comrades in the Salvation Army, friends and strangers attracted by the memory of him whose body has just been laid in the grave, I greet you in the name of our Great Commander, and join hand and heart with you in this common great sorrow and loss which has fallen upon us.

It is to me nothing short of a calamity to be unable to be with you. My place to-day should have been that of chief mourner, next to the one who is first in love and superior in suffering, but my engagements in the battle-field, through a combination of circumstances, render it impossible.

As I flew through the dark midnight to receive our brother's last wish, when a fortnight back the telegraph flashed the tidings of his danger, so would I gladly have flown to-day, if for my own satisfaction only, to have looked upon his face, and to have said a word of counsel to you all. The Lord, however, wills otherwise. But, nevertheless, in spirit, I stand with you, and mourn the visitation which has taken from us one who so long, so valiantly, and so successfully stood in the very foremost rank, and fought in the very thickest of the fight.

Have I not lost a personal, intimate friend? He loved me and I loved him. He came fully to understand my purpose and plans in this enterprise, and to the death, was prepared to go with me in their accomplishment. I trusted him.

He was a trophy of Divine grace. He was a living impersonation of the rescuing and transforming power of the grace of God. He was, indeed, brought up out of a horrible pit of degradation and devilry, and set like a city upon a hill for multitudes to look upon. For him to stand up and say "Look at me," was an argument neither sceptics nor devils could answer.

He was a *saint*. His religion did not come in with the undertaker. It was his life and all his life. He proved in his inmost soul the power of the blood to cleanse, and the Holy Ghost to sustain. His experience on his death-bed was "I am the happiest man in Portsmouth."

But more than this, comrades, John Allen was a hero. There came to him in the very moment of his conversion the idea of the army. It was part of the change. Simultaneously God made him a saint and a soldier. Thenceforward he lived to fight, and fearing the face of neither men nor devils, pushed forward through hardships and enemies, falling like a brave warrior at his post, only regretting in my ears with almost his dying breath that he could not live longer to bring honour to his King, and do more damage to the foe.

How he triumphed.—What a victory he was enabled to achieve over the last enemy, you will hear from other lips. Instinctively we turn our eyes upwards from the dark and gloomy grave and hail him clothed in white, and wearing the victor's crown. Heaven, my comrades, is richer and dearer to you and me to-day because John Allen is there.

But, alas! my brethren, his gain involves our loss, and how great that loss is God only knows.

And here there comes up before my eyes the form of that patient watcher, who clung to her duty, ministering to his necessities, notwithstanding her very heart-strings were rending with toil and grief until he safely crossed over. She, who is now a widow with her little orphan children, is she not a legacy bequeathed to our prayers and sympathy? We must be faithful to this bequest.

And who is to fill up the gap in our ranks—who will grasp the sword fallen from John Allen's hand? Who, encouraged by such a life, such victories, such a triumph, who will make the consecration of their all to like glorious warfare? Oh, the time is short—the opportunities are passing, the possibility of being such a man, and doing such a work is enough to stir with envy the heart of the angels.

Oh, that there may leap forth to take his place not one only but hundreds of hearts as strong, as devoted, and as brave as was his, and then will John Allen's spirit have multiplied joy in the Glory land.

My comrades, whoever falls the Army goes forward. All things are ours. Death is victory!

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the Salvation Army.

After several brethren and sisters had spoken, a very large procession was formed to return to Whitechapel, and their singing, as they marched along, was of the heartiest.

The body of the Hall was filled in the evening, and, after a great number of brethren and sisters had spoken, the call for new recruits to take Brother Allen's place was responded to by ten, one of whom fell with a crash, crying aloud, "I shall go to hell." But Jesus lifted her up and set her on her way to heaven.

We regret that our space forbids a longer account of this the grandest funeral we have seen; but we hope to find room for more of it, along with full accounts of the story of John Allen's life, in the book we hope shortly to be able to prepare. Any letters or information from converts or others who knew him will be greatly valued; and any persons who will volunteer to take his place and do his work will be heartily received by John Allen's Saviour, as indeed many have already been.

A THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

To the Army, and to all those who may in any way have received benefit through the instrumentality of "The Christian Mission."

WHEN, thirteen years ago, I was led by the good providence of God to commence this Mission, I gave the people an opportunity to contribute towards the support of their own work, and plainly laid upon them the obligation to do so. But this offering being insufficient, I asked a few Christian friends to make up the deficiency, which they readily did, and thus a fund was formed altogether independent of and apart from the contributions of the people themselves.

When I opened a second station, the expenses, not met by the offerings on the spot, were borne by the same fund, and this has been the case with every station since, the cost of commencement and after deficiencies having been paid from this parent fund. All the other expenses of training Evangelists and the general management have also been borne in the same way.

This has gone on till to-day, and during this time I have had the privilege of gathering and expending something like £2,000 per annum, the whole of which sum has been spent in erecting and sustaining the movement which has now developed into the Salvation Army.

Now, although we have done all this for the stations, only in a very few instances of very recent date has any portion of the money expended in their establishment been returned to the parent fund, and in only *one* instance has a station contributed any money to help the parent fund to bear the great and growing burden of the movement.

This financial burden has been a heavy one; still I have not complained nor do I now; I am grateful above measure that the Lord has sent me, by the instrumentality of Christians outside our camp, the ability to bear it; still I think the time has now come when the whole Army should join in fellowship and share this responsibility also by making a combined effort financially to assist head-quarters to carry on the war, and to help those of our brethren who are the most sorely pressed in the fight.

Of late the strain has been very heavy. Within the last nine months we have occupied 50 new towns, and increased the number of Evangelists from 40 to 120, and our plans are laid for extension at a still more rapid rate. For this advance towns have been searched, theatres and halls selected, and Evangelists accepted, who are waiting to fly on the wings of love to preach to the dying crowds. Everything promises even greater success, and yet in the blessed onward march we are compelled to pause—

OUR FUNDS ARE EXHAUSTED,

and the Army must come to the rescue.

Brethren and comrades, friends and strangers, I propose that in memory of benefits received during the last thirteen years through the instrumentality of the Christian Mission, a Thanksgiving Offering shall be laid at the Master's feet to enable the Army, with increased energy, to continue the war.

Let every Corps set apart a Sabbath whereon this effort shall be explained, and offerings solicited for the fund.

Let every member of the Mission, and all others who may feel grateful for the work of the Army, be invited to subscribe, and let a record be made of the names of such givers, and forwarded with the offerings, so that a permanent memorial of the thanksgiving may be preserved.

Any corps that may be so far dependent on their Sabbath offerings as to need them for the current expenses, shall, nevertheless, devote their Sabbath offerings as aforesaid, but shall deduct the average amount of their offerings from the same.

Cards will be furnished, and all details will be arranged for the efficient working of the fund. The offering shall, as far as convenient, be made in January, and the entire amount be completed and announced at the War Councils to be held immediately after.

All friends who are willing to actively co-operate in collecting, &c., are requested at once to correspond with their evangelist, or with head-quarters.

My brethren and sisters, am I not perfectly safe in calculating upon your co-operation and hearty response? I plead in our Saviour's name, and on behalf of the salvation of thousands of immortal souls.

I know we are a poor needy people, and that times are hard, but times have never been so hard that God's people have not had wherewith to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and to win the blessing that came on the widow who put into the Lord's treasury her two mites.

Remember it is to be a Thanksgiving Fund. Many who are not now within our borders will, nevertheless, be glad to contribute if they have the opportunity. You must mind they have it.

We must all give, and many offerings, small though they be, when combined, will answer the present need.

Wives will give in gratitude to God for converted husbands, husbands for their wives, parents for their children, children for parents. Some may have solemn cause for gratitude in that they have loved ones before the white throne, and others that they have dear ones prominent in the salvation war, and thank God there are thousands, and still thousands more, who will have abundant cause to give in gratitude for the big blessings that have come to their own hearts here, and in anticipation of the still greater blessings they anticipate in the life to come.

WILLIAM BOOTH, General.

N.B.—In order that there may be no confusion and loss for want of pro-

per arrangement, let nothing be done in this matter in any Corps until the Commanding Officer receives the full and definite instructions, which will be issued, together with Cards, &c., as soon as possible.

Head-quarters, Dec. 1st, 1878.

A VISIT TO THE NORTHERN STATIONS BY THE GENERAL.

IN company with Mrs. Booth I left London eight weeks ago, and have been absent from town seven weeks, with the exception of a flying visit to the bedside of dear brother Allen, to see whom I passed through London by night on my way to Portsmouth, and by day on my way back, to reach Sheffield for the evening meeting.

During this time I visited Coventry, Leicester, Sheffield, Attercliffe, Rotherham, Mexbro', Barnsley, Bradford, Leeds, Felling, North and South Shields, Jarrow, Blaydon, Houghton, Bishop Auckland, Spennymoor, Seaham, Sunderland, Blyth, Bedlington, East and West Hartlepool, Middlesbro', Whitby, and other places where at present we have not a station, but in several of which every thing has been prepared for the attack at the first convenient opportunity.

I did intend to write at some length some of the impressions made on my mind by this inspection, but our space will not allow. I feel I must, however, say one or two things, and that in the most emphatic manner possible.

And first I must say, that taken as a whole, I have been delighted with the condition of these stations. With one or two exceptions only, the amount of work already done, and the fighting going on, and our hold upon the populations, *was all we expected*. The brethren will know where those exceptions are, they must be remedied, there must be still further increased activity and pressure, and then we shall be able, I am sure, to report victory, and victory alone, all along the northern lines.

And further, I want to say that I am more than ever satisfied with mission measures and mission people. Wherever our own plans have been acted upon with the greatest simplicity, and punctuality, and industry, there the largest and most valuable harvests have been reaped.

We don't want anyone to improve on our methods, we only want them worked at a higher pressure and with more boldness and determination.

In almost every town Mrs. Booth, whose health improved as we advanced, presented colours, which were received with enthusiasm by every Corps. And so far as we could ascertain, the standard at once became not only a rallying point for our own people, but an attraction to the outside world. Oh, may its colours, crimson and blue, emblematical of pardon and purity, and its motto, "Blood and Fire," send conviction home to myriads of hearts.

I had to return south before finishing my round, and could not get to Stockton. However, I left Mrs. Booth to make up for any lack of service there, and arranged for two Councils, the one at Sunderland and the other at Middlesbro', to close the visit. Two unexpected occurrences greatly marred, indeed, very nearly prevented the gatherings. In the first place I severely sprained my ankle, and then a snowstorm, such as had not occurred for years, rendered travelling difficult.

Through that storm I had to go to Sunderland. No cab nor conveyance could be had, and so I used such carriage as came to hand. I commenced the journey on the stalwart shoulders of a brother, then was glad to rest on some straw in the bottom of a milk cart, and before I reached my quarters at Middlesbro' that night, I was thankful to accept the service of a wheelbarrow. And I heartily thanked God and the kind friends who rendered me such hearty, and in some respects, such laborious services.

SUNDERLAND COUNCIL,

was, however, worth a struggle to reach. We had twenty-two evangelists present in the morning to hear some instructions on the more efficient working of the stations; in the afternoon we had war memories, and in the evening a public service which Brother Corbridge conducted.

The afternoon meeting was equal in degree to some of the sittings of the War Congress. The Spirit of the Lord was there, and we had liberty. To report such meetings is impossible, the life, and joy, and enthusiasm, must have been seen and shared to be appreciated.

Brother Corbridge describes the night gathering as follows:—

We began outside, and were fiercely attacked with snowballs. A number of Irish women were extraordinarily savage. The police took our part, but their help secured us little; however we came through it unharmed to the Hall, where nearly all the evangelists present spoke with power, and at the close nearly

FIFTY SOULS.

came to the penitent form, some for pardon, and some for purity. Hallelujah! An old lady said, "I will Lord, I will Lord. You may depend upon it, I will—I will give all up, and she gave me

A PURSE OF TOBACCO.

That's my idol, that's my idol, sir, and I will give it up." Others gave up feathers nearly as long as your arm, some flowers, some brooches, some thick twist, and lots of pipes. One little black pipe was given up by a man that had been saved a few weeks back. Before his conversion he had been separated from his wife and family, but with whom he is now reunited, and happy in the Lord.

One brother, who has travelled thousands of miles and spent many a day in the service of the army, gave me his pipe, saying, "tell the General I will give it up." One said "I feel so happy I could jump out of my skin."

An evangelist told us how he had been compelled at the onset of his present command, to live on herrings and bread, and to walk about with wet feet, but not a hair of his head had been hurt.

One told how a publican was overheard to say, "The times are hard enough now, but these folks (The Salvation Army) have come to make them harder."

It was a wonderful day. We shall have many more such. The penny a week system is to be killed and buried, and Corbridge is to preach his funeral sermon; all the evangelists are to jump on his grave, after which, the General will issue orders to the effect that all Christians are to be Christlike and give as He has given them. Amen-and-Amen.

MIDDLESBOROUGH

Was conducted much after the same fashion. We have not space to report it. It satisfied us that the Army is maintaining its hold and thirsting for further victories.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

IF we have not to rejoice this time over so large an addition to the list of stations as last month, we can at least look round with thankfulness on the strong and solid character of the work already accomplished in many of those opened during the two previous months.

We must always expect that the devil will make special efforts of one kind or another to destroy, divide, or cast us down, and we have seen a good deal of this during the year. Yet we can look back on no less than twenty-four distinct attempts made at different places to crush out or divide our Corps which have utterly failed during this one year. True we cannot rejoice in the readiness with which the great destroyer finds instruments for such horrid work; and we trust these failures, if nothing else, will help to lessen the danger of such wretched misdeeds in the future. But we cannot but observe with gladness the difficulty that evidently exists in the way of overturning the glorious work that has been so blessedly begun. The fact is, God is establishing and will establish the work of our hands, because it is His own work.

The funeral services of Bro. Allen formed another example of the vast opportunity for good which is set before everyone of us. Unknown beyond the immediate neighbourhood of his daily toils and revels in his godless days, thousands upon thousands watched his funeral procession, and it would be hopeless to guess at the myriads who listened to addresses founded on his life and labours all over the country; the best of all being that multitudes will follow him to heaven, as a result of his dying as well as of his living.

Before the year closes, we have every reason to hope that not only will every station opened during the year have become self-supporting, but that from Blyth, on the North East coast, and Whitehaven on the North West to Plymouth in the far South West, and Chatham on the South East, there will be such prosperity and strength, such devotion to God and to His work as shall ensure an 1879 that shall make even the wonders of 1878 seem small.

GENERAL ORDER AGAINST STARVATION.

THE General has learned with great concern that several of the bravest officers who have gone to the towns recently entered, have endured the greatest privations, going, in fact, to the very brink of starvation without informing him, and this, even in cases where they had actually money in their possession, which they intended to use for the payment of rent or other debts.

He wishes every one to understand that such devotion, however noble, is to be avoided and condemned, especially because it not merely exposes the strength and life of the officers, which are of unspeakable value, to great risk; but is likely to bring great discredit upon the army.

It was never intended that those who are faithfully and zealously labouring amidst difficulties, should suffer want; but only that full salary should not be drawn and unnecessary expenses incurred, and that no station incur liability beyond the amount of its ordinary income without the General's consent.

Henceforth, let it be as clearly understood that no officer is to allow himself to suffer from want of food, clothing, or fire, without giving information to headquarters in time for it to be prevented if possible, and that anyone who knows of an officer being in destitute circumstances will be held responsible for informing headquarters on the subject, and every officer is hereby authorised to use, in case of need, any money that may be in his possession, rather than undergo such sufferings, obtaining the sanction of headquarters for such use of rent, or other money in hand afterwards.

BEDLINGTON.

STILL further north? Yes, further north. We like the pitmen and we will fly the standard within sight of every colliery in the kingdom, God helping us. But there was another attraction to Bedlington besides the fact of its being the centre of a network of coal mines, and that was a newly built unoccupied theatre. This we seized, and threw the doors open on Sunday with an entire change of performance, Brother Borrill, the Happy Gardener, being the chief actor.

The first services were a success, and the work has been taken up and is being pushed forward by Sister Mary Ann Smith with energy—victory after victory having been obtained. Read the following scrap of intelligence:—"On the 9th we had a wonderful meeting, for we had a number of valiant soldiers who were heroes for the devil, but now they are heroes for the Lord, their experience was something wonderful."

SNAILS FOR THE FAMILY.

One man said I thank God that he has spared me, for I was a great sinner, I was so bad, I was too bad to live. I used to go out and spend all my wages; once I was so bad I brought a large stone into my house with a lot of snails on it, and I told my family that they had to live on these the next fortnight and get fat; but, thank God, friends, I am now restored to my right mind.

CHRIST FOR BILL.

Another man said, if any man has a right to thank God, it is me, for the devil, who I used to serve, was a bad master. I was a drunkard, was a gambler and a card player, and I would go to the theatre and play the fool for to please the people, and then for my services in that army, they sent me to Morpeth Prison for my wages. Friends, it is a poor place to go to, for to get fat. Now the people tell me I am going wrong in my mind, but, hallelujah! I am now getting right, for praise God I never was so happy in all my life. You may laugh at me, I will wait till you get your laugh out; you all know that I thought it no shame to come out into the streets and fight for the devil, and now do you think I would be ashamed to fight for God? No, hallelujah!—for he has made me happy, and you can think of me what you like—but Christ for Bill.

Our sister is fighting bravely, and waking up the whole country side. The place is very poor, any help will be very welcome, and may be sent to,

MARY ANN SMITH,
Salvation Army.

MEXBRO'.

DURING our late northern tour we left no town with greater reluctance than Mexbro'. We had looked it through ourselves, found the theatre, and settled within our hearts that a great deal might be done for God in it; but we must say that our Brother Roe's campaign, so far as we could judge of it a month ago, surpassed our expectation, and that is saying a good deal. We could only spend one night in the place, and shall hail the opportunity that will take us back again. There were no placards wanted to announce us here, the men turned out in the works as we passed from the station, and cheered us in old English fashion, singing, "Roll the old chariot along," and talk about a crowd at the theatre at night—that was a jam, and no mistake. Every nook, stage, pit, gallery, aisles, doorway, back and front of scenery, and right out into the road, every spot was alive with people, and the very sort of folks we want too. God gave our brother wisdom and courage to deal with them aright, and the Mexbro' Corps will not only hold the fort in that valley for the King of kings, and give a goodly account of that district, but send us forth some men and women of the right metal to carry on the war far away. That the chariot still rolls on there, is proved by some remarkable letters we have received, but we have only room for two, describing the past and present of

A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We will have the wife first.

"I bless God that ever you sent the mission to Mexbro'. I was a backslider, and one of the most wicked women I think that ever could live on this earth. But I bless God that His spirit never left me night nor day; for if I had heard any one speaking or singing about God, it used to make me tremble with fear, while I dare not go to sleep at night. But I thought I would go and hear the jockey and his wife, and I bless God that ever I did, and on Sunday, September 15, my chains fell off. I rose and followed Jesus, and now I feel that happy I can hardly contain myself over my children, who have been converted since then."

The husband writes:

"When about fourteen years of age, I left my home and went on tramp, and got in to all the sins that ever I could be safe from the hand of the law. Many a time, when I have been nearly killed in the pit, the first thing that I spoke when they got me out was "Lord have mercy on me," and He had mercy on me, and I got better. But the first thing after I got out, I would get into my old habits of sin. But about ten years since, I gave my heart to God; but, alas, I soon fell back, and I was a backslider, but the Spirit of God never left me. But I bless God that ever the mission came to Mexbro'. I gave my heart to God, and I mean to go on to the end, the Lord helping me.

CONSETT.

WE heard the fame of this work from many quarters as soon as we reached the north, aye, and before we got there. A gentleman told us in the streets of Newcastle that on some previous Sabbath evening some one had gone the round of the public-houses there, and had found only three customers in them, and an old personal friend informed me that one of the leading publicans of the place had told his son, who is a com-

mercial traveller, not dreaming that the said traveller had any knowledge of us, that had he, the publican, foreseen what would result from the coming of these salvation people to the place, he would have given £60 per year for the theatre, and kept it closed altogether, adding that then he would have been money in pocket. These stray remarks added to the interest we felt in our contemplated visit to the command of Captain Louise Agar and Elizabeth Jackson.

We therefore fixed an early day, a week-day, but it mattered not for that so far as audience went. There was a tea first, during which we got the chance of shaking hands and hearing the names of a host of the dear fellows. I wish I could have seen and had a grip with every man or woman of them. Then we had a turn-out, and a ring, and some capital speaking in half a gale of wind and a drizzling rain, and then to the theatre. And here what a crush! I don't know how the procession got in, for to all appearance not a soul could get inside the doors when we came up. However, we attacked the stage door, and anyhow they made way for the General, and supported by the two officers, we had an enthusiastic night. The colours were presented, received, and I believe a crowd of loving loyal hearts vowed before high heaven to let them fly high in Consett, and carry them on to still mightier conquests.

We can never forget that night. We shall cherish its memory in heaven. Talk about Consett. Let anybody who doubts the power of the Gospel, and questions our measures, go to Consett and hear that regiment of saved drunkards, swearers, infidels, actors, and other varieties. There they are; an unanswerable argument in favour of all our methods. Nay, evidences of the truth of Salvation Army religion, ungainsayable by either earth or hell.

To show that the old chariot still rolls along there, we quote the closing paragraph of a letter from our officers:—

“OH, FOR A MIGHTY SMASH!

“In twelve weeks we have seen nearly 600 souls fall at the feet of Jesus and cry for mercy. It would do you good to be in our Free and Easy Meetings on Saturday night. We have as many as fourteen men and women who have been the worst of characters standing up all at once, so eager are they to tell the people what God has done for them. Generally a hundred speak of a night, and then we go in for a red-hot prayer meeting to get somebody else saved.

“Let everybody pray for Consett and its officers.

Captain LOUISE AGAR and
ELIZABETH JACKSON.

BLYTH.

I AM so pleased to be able to report to you a good day. Place very full in the afternoon, and about 2,500 at night. It was a grand sight, and perfect order was maintained all the time. In the open air there was a wonderful lot of people, who were remarkably quiet. We had to open the doors each time a long while before the appointed time, as the crush outside was something dreadful. Then there was a regular

stream for twenty minutes or more. There was such a lot remained at the prayer-meetings; indeed, too many, as we could not get among the people. We got three souls upon the stage.

SHILDON.

ANOTHER colliery station opened on a “tremendously wet day,” which wet some of the labourers through and through, and soaked their feet.

Sister Carrie Smith went over from

Bishop Auckland to conduct the opening services, and, in spite of the rain, large congregations assembled, souls were saved, and in every way the work had a really good start.

CARDIFF

Is still rising, sinners are still seeking, all are feeling God is with us. Many during the past month have rejoiced in their newly-found Saviour. One afternoon, while visiting our people, a woman, with the tears streaming down, while she told the story of what they once had been, exclaimed, “Oh!

IT'S A MIRACLE.

When I think about him (meaning her husband), how often he has come home, his shirt torn to ribbons, and the children and I have crouched in any corner rather than meet him. I have been so stiff and bruised through his thrashing me that I could not move for days;” but, she said again, while the tears of joy were blinding her, “praise God he is as good now as he was bad. I know he is saved, and we have got such

A HAPPY HOME.

For when I heard he went to the Mission every night I did not believe it, and went to see if it was true. I sat just inside the door, and, oh, sir, those words you spoke I shall never forget. Sure enough there sat my husband looking so happy. Thinks I, now, I'll be saved, and that night we went home happier than we had ever been before. Since then three of his mates have been saved, all of them promising young men.”

A STRANGE FOOTBALL

We thought, as a young man, in the experience meeting told us it was a marvellous thing for him to be sober on shore; adding, “My father has kicked me for five miles for being drunk, and to get me home from the public-house. Oh, won't they all be glad to know I am saved at last.”

“I'M GETTING NEARER.”

said a man when asked to decide one afternoon. He had been several times, but said he must have the real thing. He came again at night, and was able to see his way clear, and get right into the fountain, and realised the efficacy of the cleansing of the blood. A woman thought to have

A LARK

With us one night as we were in the open air; but as soon as she drew near,

some girls commenced screaming and yelling who knew her, hoping thereby to drown our voices. One asked her if she had come to upset us. She at once felt convinced she was on the wrong track, and, turning round upon the opposers, joined in the meeting, and, following into the Hall, was the first to volunteer for Jesus. She says, “It does seem so strange;” and so it does, but it's true. And so the work goes on; a crowded building, and many unable to get in, speaks for itself.

AT SPLOTLANDS

We are all alive, marching like real soldiers on a Sunday night to the Stewart.

IT WAS ALL SHAM.

So said a woman who had been a professor of religion for some months, but one evening threw off her deceitful mask, got her heart changed, and says she never was so happy as at the present. The past was all a sham. The glory now seems to beam out of her eyes.

RE-ENLISTED.

A soldier had been frequently to our meeting. One afternoon while we were giving our experiences, with tears he accepted our invitation, and joined the army. To hear his cries for pardon filled our souls with glory. As soon as he rose from his knees he spoke to all present, saying, “I am saved, I'm sure.”

AFRAID TO SLEEP.

A dear sister was spoken to about the danger of delay. She went home, could not sleep, afraid of dropping into hell; came at night, got saved. Can now sing, “Jesus, the Name to Sinners Dear.” Oh! Hallelujah!

Yours in the army,

W. & A. RIDSDALE,
T. MAY.

16, James Street, Roath, Cardiff.

LEEDS.

THE CAMP.

The question may be asked where is Elijah now? Thank God, I'm here among the dead and living of Leeds, leading forth to victory the 21st Corps of the Salvation Army, which is attacking and routing the enemy on all sides. Our men and women stand like the brave with their faces to the foe, and know no retreat; God grant they never may.

Many souls have been saved night after night at the Salvation Hall; but

this was not enough for us in so large a town as this, which ought to have at least four large halls on the go every night.

On the 6th of October we opened a hall in the west-end of Leeds, which we called

THE HALLELUJAH LIGHTHOUSE,
In the midst of a dark, dense, neglected population. Early in the morning our troops came together from all parts of the town, prepared for a day's hard fighting,

BRINGING THEIR OWN RATIONS WITH THEM.

After a long march, rank and file, we arrived upon the spot at 6.45 a.m. By this time many people had come together. We then went in and held our first love-feast, and received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost.

At 9.30 a.m.—our forces increased—we then formed into line, and marched through many of the principal streets, which act caused great excitement. Numbers followed us into the Lighthouse, and there again the power of God fell upon us.

At 1.30, open air again.

At 2.30 inside—blessed time; and again at 5.30. We made a powerful attack upon the devil's kingdom, throwing into his camp the hottest truths we could command, which alarmed his troops and brought them out by thousands. Some to laugh; some to weep; others wondering what had happened, and what we meant.

Crowds of people thronged the way; at intervals our troops halted; formed square; told their experience, with power urging all to flee from future wrath, by coming to Christ at once.

By 6.30, the Lighthouse—which holds 900—was packed to the door with people that listened with great attention, and entered heartily into our singing.

Many of our brethren and sisters spoke with mighty power; and at the close of the first day's campaign ten precious souls found their way to Jesus. **GLORY, GLORY! HALLELUJAH!**

On the 14th October we had a visit from

MR. AND MRS. BOOTH.

The general reviewed the troops, and gave a powerful address, after which Mrs. Booth presented the colours, and while doing so, brought a solemn holy feeling upon us all, and as she explained the motto inscribed upon the standard

(Blood and Fire), we felt something of the blood that cleanses from sin, and the baptism of fire which falls upon holy men.

We have had many remarkable cases of conversion.

No. 1 is a news-monger, who has been a great drunkard and gambler. He is now very happy, and as he goes through the street with his papers he shouts sometimes: "Hallelujah! *Leeds Express.*"

No. 2 is a man who has not been sober for five years. Often when he went home it was only to beat his father and mother and turn them out of the house. But one Saturday night he came to the meeting; God took hold of him; he cried for mercy and found it, and went home rejoicing to tell his broken-hearted mother he was saved! Oh, Hallelujah!

No. 3 is an infidel who came to make sport. God took hold of him and saved him. He is now a co-worker with us.

No. 4 is a woman who got saved, and went to buy some coal. The coal-dealer asked her if she had been to the Lighthouse. She replied, "Yes, thank God, I have been, and have got saved, and my husband too; and God can save you here. Let us pray."

No. 5 is a converted pickpocket.

No. 6 is a big backslider, who has been a preacher; now going in red-hot for God!

No. 7. Souls are being saved every night.

No. 8. Preached Bro. Allen's funeral sermon. Result, fourteen souls.

On Friday, Nov. 8th, we held an all-night of prayer. At one o'clock the Holy Ghost fell upon us in mighty power, and suddenly about thirty fell down and cried out to God for a clean heart. Some lay as though they were dead for some time.

Oh, may God give us more and more of this Holy Ghost sanctifying power, which is the complete armour of the soldiers of the Salvation Army.

I remain,

Yours in the Salvation Army,
Capt. CADMAN,
FRED. ALLISON.

120, Camp Road, Leeds.

—
SHEFFIELD.

God has been with us in a mighty manner since last we wrote. We have had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Booth, who came to present the colours to the

32nd Corps. We looked forward with great expectation, and, thank God, it was a time I shall never forget. As dear Mrs. Booth placed the flag in my hand, I promised God that I would be true to it, and also more true to God; and as she went on to explain the meaning of blood and fire, her speech aroused some of our people to a sense of their duty. The flag has helped to get more people in the open air; and we have also sent another brother and sister out as officers. Oh, that God may help us more and more to train our army to fight.

Instead of cases we give

A FEW EXPERIENCES.

"I thank God I am enlisted in the army. He has put my feet on the rock."

"I am glad I am in the army, although I haven't my stripes."

The happy waggoner said, "I have not been to Oxford College, but I am saved and going to heaven."

A comic singer said, "This old time religion is good enough for me."

"I am glad I am saved. Glad I have joined the 32nd regiment. I served sixteen years in foreign service. I wish the 32nd regiment had been there."

"I am glad I am saved. Have been a teetotal Christian for eight months. Before I was saved I was not sober eight days for twelve years."

"Five weeks to-night I was drunk, though a professed Christian, but now I am saved."

"I was a great card-player and gambler. I was a great sinner, but I found a great Saviour."

Brother Vardy, the soldier.—While out at drill, the officer said all men that do not want intoxicating drinks on the voyage to India step out of the ranks. Brother Vardy was the only one out of one hundred men. And his last experience with us was, "I thank God, for the mission. I know I am going away, but I pray God will make me useful in India. May we all meet in heaven." Will the friends pray for this dear young man, who was not ashamed of Jesus in the barracks.

An old man.—"I was a miserable backslider, an outcast of society, forsaken by all my friends. One Saturday night, while passing Rockingham Street, nearly drunk, the Holy Spirit laid hold of me. On the Sunday night I was hearing the word. Mrs. Goddard knew where to touch the sinners, for I was a backslider. But the Holy Spirit saved

me. Praise the Lord, I am out of hell. The blood of Christ cleanseth me. I mean to live a holy life."

On Sunday, October 27, we opened a new station in Longsett Road. We have a room which we have named

THE SALVATION STORES.

God came down the first night in mighty power, and saved souls. One was a prodigal son.

A COMIC SINGER.

He has had a praying mother and father, but has been nearly all over the country singing songs and acting the Irishman, with his short stick. He was one of the first converts. He has since then destroyed his shilleagh and bundle of songs, and we have his snuff-box in our museum.

During the time this station has been open we have had some precious times.

On November 3rd we opened another station,

BRUNSWICK HALL.

Although we have not full possession for a week or two, on account of the Latter Day Saints, yet we have had it packed at night, and sinners have wept their way to Calvary. We believe that God will move Spital Hill. Pray for us. We are working all three places, with hallelujah bands, praying and believing that God will supply all our needs. Tracts are much wanted.

Glad to say that that

SISTER DUNNAGE

is not only singing for Jesus, but has commenced to talk and lead outside and inside meetings with great success. Praise God. May He make her mighty in the salvation of hundreds of souls.

Yours in the battle field,

MARY GODDARD.

BROTHER SALES.

26, Westfield Terrace,
West Street, Sheffield.

—
BARNSLEY.

CONFLICT and victory, persecution and blessing, have been the order of things here this last two months. We have had crowded congregations inside, and in spite of rain, snow, and frost have been enabled, by the mighty power of God, to overcome the devil at every street corner. Hallelujah! Men and women have come from miles round to hear the converts testify of the saving power of God. While hearing them speak, God has spoken to their hearts, they have listened to His voice, and enlisted in

the Salvation Army to fight against the devil and his host.

A FIGHTING MAN,

Who was a terror to his dear mother and all who knew him; he came to our theatre one night, was deeply convicted of sin, but would not yield that night; came next night with tears streaming down his face; we found him at the penitent-form crying for mercy. He was soon enabled to sing with many more "The precious blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all sin." He is now a useful worker—instead of fighting for the devil he is fighting for King Jesus. On going to his house his dear widowed mother met me with tears on her cheeks. She said, "Bless God that ever the Salvation Army came to Barnsley! Oh, the misery and wretchedness he has brought into our family. Just a week before he was saved he was in a large field, with hundreds of people around him, fighting, and I dared not go near him or he would have knocked me down, his temper being so great. Just a week from that day the man that he fought with died. I was always afraid when he was not at home that the police had taken him for fighting; but, glory be to God, if he is out ever so late now my mind is at ease, for I know that he is at the meetings. Since he has been saved he has led his brother to Jesus, and now I am certain our house is like a little heaven below."

MRS. BOOTH'S VISIT

Here proved a great blessing to many a soul. Large crowds of people flocked to our theatre on Saturday night, where Mrs. Booth presented us with our colours, and our young converts promised they would rally round the banner more than ever, and, Glory be to God, they have not promised in vain; they have showed their colours at every meeting. On Sunday, Mrs. Booth preached with much power. At the close of the day, midst crys and shouts, seventeen precious souls stepped into freedom. On Monday night

MRS. BOOTH

preached with much liberty. At the close fifteen souls started for heaven. Tracts or money will be thankfully received by Mr. Renowdle, Secretary, 2, Peel Place; or Mr. Firth, Treasurer, 1, Summer Lane.

Yours, in Salvation Army,
ROSE CLAPHAM.
TILLY SMITH.
SUSAN ROBERTS.

PLYMOUTH.

"Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's."

We have had some hard fighting here this last month. The devil seems quite exasperated, and the publicans and infidels are enraged because their craft is in danger. The town is in commotion and very excited. And they say it's all through old Dowdle, with his hallelujah fiddle. But I rejoice to know it is the power of God delivering the poor drunkard and saving souls. Our Central hall still fills nightly, and St. James's Hall is packed on Sundays, hundreds having to go away. The Lord is blessedly working, converting some of the vilest of characters. And it has been said that this quiet, denominational, religious, stereotyped town is waking up at last, *praise God!* Formality, worldliness, immorality, and infidelity have been heavily charged upon with the Salvation Army's artillery, both in the open air and from the platforms of our halls, and the slain of the Lord has been many. Hallelujah!

DECISION.

As I finished preaching one evening, a man who had been attending the meetings, came rushing right on to the platform and fell upon his knees, crying aloud with all his heart for God to save him. I never saw a man more in earnest in my life. He surrendered all, and the power of God went through and through him like flashes of lightning. He leaped upon his feet and shouted "Jesus saves me now! all my sins are pardoned! I am free!" and then began praying for his wife, who was in the meeting; but she did not get saved that night, but she did the following evening. She says their home is like a little heaven now.

SAVED FROM IDOLS.

A man came to our holiness meeting to whom the Spirit had shown that it was his privilege to live in the sunshine of the Divine presence; but tobacco was in the way. When the meeting closed he was so powerfully wrought upon he could not get away. He was spoken to, and asked to consecrate himself that moment fully to God. He paused, gave a heavy sigh, then pulled out his pipe with its filthy contents, dashed it on the floor, and fell upon his knees in agony of spirit, weeping and praying for a clean heart. When I stopped praying for him he shouted out

"Go on praying; I shall have it directly!" and the blessing came streaming into his soul. He jumped up, shouted, laughed, cried, with his face shining with joy, saying, "He saves me now! He makes me clean! Hallelujah!"

JAMES DOWDLE.

10, Hobart Street, Stonehouse,
Plymouth.

ACCRINGTON.

The enemy continues his opposition, but our sisters hold their ground. God is evidently with them; this the crowds that flock to hear and the signs and wonders that are wrought continually testify. Pigeon-flyers, drunkards, and other classes of deep-dyed sinners are being saved. There is a good deal of infidelity about Accrington, and the following little dialogue shows a short and easy method adopted by one of our converts in meeting with one of this fraternity. While at his work one day a mate came over to him and said, "When thou goes to yon room dost thou pray?" He said, "Yes." "Who dost thou pray to?" he asked. He replied, "God." The sceptic went on, "Hast thou ever seen Him?" Our brother replied, "No." "Then," said the infidel, "what's the use praying to a fellah thou hast never seen?" It was now our brother's turn, and he asked the question "Hast thou ever had the tooth-ache?" The sceptic answered, "Yea." Our brother asked, "Have you ever seen it?" The sceptic replied, "No, but I have felt it." Our brother then rejoined, "And I, too, have felt the power of God, and so I pray to Him," whereupon the sceptic went back to his loom.

Our friends have furnished their room with 32 new forms, and they want to furnish an evangelist's house. Prayer and sympathy will be esteemed, and contributions will be gratefully received by the evangelists,

Sisters BOURNE & WALES.

219, Blackburn Road.

CHATHAM.

CAPTAIN NEWELL writes that his corps is advancing, but not so fast as he would like. He mourns over the sin and misery abounding around him, and wants his men with himself to live and fight, so that they may be clear of the

blood of the souls that are damned from Chatham in the great judgment-day. He wants to speak as if he heard the death groans of the lost coming up under his feet, always to have Calvary's bleeding victim before his eye, and to show them the sins that are dragging them to hell.

God is in some measure giving him his desire. Read the following:—

A woman came to the Lecture Hall and gave her heart to God. The next Sunday her mother came and was deeply convicted, and the next Sunday she too fell at the Master's crucified feet. A week afterwards the father came, and on the week following he too was among the saved. Hallelujah!

The following extract from a letter, sent by Brother Newell, shows that they are doing some

THOROUGH WORK.

"I thank God for the Christian Mission, for it was the means of bringing me and my dear husband to God. We came to the hall and were convinced, and the load of sin fell from our shoulders, and we went home new creatures. And when we got home, a thing that we never thought of before, we went down on our knees, and praised God for what He had done for us; and in a short time God showed my husband that the pipe was a hindrance, and he smashed it in the fire, and the tobacco, and he said he would sit and see it burn, and the box, he would play with it with the poker; and God blessed him for doing so, and now he can do without tobacco or beer, thank God. I will conclude now with these words—the Blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin.—From W. & D. H."

Money or tracts thankfully received by

Yours in the Army,

JACOB NEWELL.

4, Alma Terrace Chatham.

TREDEGAR.

WHEN we came in this town of Tredegar we looked round and thought what glorious work could be done here, and I said to Brother Jackson, "The Lord help us to go in," and, praise the Lord, His arm has been made bare in saving many precious souls.

One dear man said in his experience, "My brothers and sisters, I have been very happy this last three weeks since I have given my heart to the Lord. Before I used to go home drunk, and if

there was a bit of meat put on the table I used to kick the table over with my foot and run after my wife with the knife to run it into her if I could get at her; but, oh praise the Lord, I can say now with one of old, 'As for me and all in my house we love the Lord,' and all you that are here to night take my advice and come on the Lord's side."

One dear man said he never thought there would be such times in Tredegar on a Saturday night to see so many young men and women out of the public-houses. He said there was a great stir when the temperance cause was here, but nothing to come up to this. He said he never thought the religion of the Lord Jesus would bring so many out of the public-houses on a Saturday night. Oh, my God! bless the work of these two sisters, for they have done a great deal of good since they have been here. Oh, hallelujah!

One young man that stands six feet said, "My brothers and sisters, I am very happy to say I have given my heart to the Lord, and many a time you have followed me to fight for the devil to back me up, but now I want you all to follow me to the chapel to hear the Gospel preached."

On Sunday, Nov. 17th, we had *eighty men and women to the seven o'clock prayer-meeting*, and seven came out and got blessedly saved; they are some of the roughest men there is in Tredegar, and two of them said they never had any sleep all night, for they were so unhappy; but, oh, praise the Lord, they went out singing from the bottom of their hearts—

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!

I love Jesus, yes I do.

I love Jesus, He is my Saviour;

Jesus smiles, and loves me to!

Oh, praise the Lord for ever and for ever! Hallelujah! Amen.

Yours, in the Salvation Army,
ADELAIDE HAYWOOD,
THIRZA LEAH PICK.

Washed in blood and filled with glory!

No. 59, 4th Row, Tredegar.

ATTERCLIFFE.

IN response to an appeal for the stories of conversion here, told in the converts own way, we have received a packet of upwards of 50 such notes, and are utterly puzzled to know how to make a selection from them, especially

as our space is so limited, and we should like to publish every one of them if we could.

We must try what we can do next month. Suffice it to say at present that the war is being waged with as great valour and as glorious success as ever.

MANCHESTER.

PRAISE the Lord for the way He is working both in the open air and in the Salvation room. A dear woman, who has been serving the devil in true colours for 62 years, has after

FIFTEEN SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and days through the load of sin which she carried about, found peace at her Master's feet. Since then her son, who is really a brand plucked from the burning, is now a useful member.

A WHOLE FAMILY SAVED.

First, a young man about 22 years, who came to laugh at us, but now stands by us in the open air; his mother next, who is continually thanking God that ever the Salvation Army came to Manchester; then his sister, and this week his grandmother, who is over 77 years of age, has found peace for her soul.

"I do thank God that ever He led me to this room, for it has been the happiest eight weeks I ever spent in my life, and by His help I mean to work for Him as earnest as I did for the devil."

This is one out of six that were saved the same night.

I THOUGHT I HAD GOT ALL

till I came in this room, for I have been a teetotaler for 27 years, but I found that would not take me to heaven. This last five weeks my home is like a new one. We are all singing hymns and praying now, what we never did before. I have been a smoker for 30 years, but after I knelt down at that form and gave my heart to God I did not like to be seen smoking in the street; but my conscience told me if it was not right in the street, it was wrong indoors, and when I looked rightly at the pipe it looked to me like a light at one end of it and a fool at the other, so I asked God to help me, and I smashed it under my feet; the Lord has took away all cravings for it. A short time ago I gave three shillings for a box of dominoes, but after making my peace with God I could not see them in my home, so I took them back to the man I bought them from for one shilling.

He asked me what I had brought them back for; I told him the Lord had opened my eyes this last few weeks, and I find it far better to play with bones with beef on them than bones with dots on them.

A SCOFFER SAVED.

When I used to come in this room I, with many more of my pals, used to laugh and make mock of these meetings, but six weeks on Wednesday when we came in I said, "We will be quiet or she will have us out, and we shall be glad of this room for winter nights;" so I listened, and I felt I should go to hell if I did not make my peace with God that night. I can never praise Him enough for saving me and making me so happy; and if you would only come on our side (lookin' at his old companions) you would find more happiness than you do now drinking in the beerhouse, or playing cards, or tossing on the Croft of a Sunday afternoon. You would have no fear of dying, and be happy as long as you live. I mean to speak for Jesus as long as I live.

A dear woman followed us in from the open air; she went out to buy some bread, heard us singing, forgot about the bread for her body, but got a feast of the Bread of Life for her soul for the first time, and is with us every night. On Sunday, 10th of November, three women came out; one gave up her baby while she made her peace with her Saviour. After they had found the pearl of great price I was about to close the meeting when three dear men, who had been in strong pickle for several weeks, rushed forward to the penitent form from different parts of the room; at seeing this glorious sight some of the people shouted, four started to pray, others jumped, while we struck up the hymn, "Joy, joy, joy, for the prodigal's return." After the commotion had ceased they offered up a few earnest prayers, which was immediately heard and answered by their heavenly Father, and they rose up new men in Christ Jesus. This scene will never be forgotten in the Salvation Room, Boundary Street. One night a woman was on her way to the beerhouse—stops to hear us in the open air; was wrought upon; joins the sisters in the procession. On her way to the room she smashed her jug saying, "By the help of God I will never touch another drop." The same night at the penitent-form a collier was weeping for mercy, saying, "Oh, Lord,

I have been a wicked man, one of the worst, too. Will you—will you forgive me?" When suddenly he said, "The load is gone. Oh! I am so happy!" Has commenced speaking, and prays already. These are only a few of the glorious facts of God's work in Manchester, as time and space will not admit more.

Yours in the battle,

HONOR BURRELL.

MARIANNE FALCONRIDGE.

24, Whitby Street,

Bradford Road, Manchester.

20th CORPS MIDDLESBRO'.

JOHN ALLEN'S FUNERAL SERMON.

"Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."—ACTS.

THE above was the text from which I preached dear Brother Allen's funeral sermon on Sunday, November 3rd, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, and after having shown how Brother Allen had hazarded his life for the Lord in showers of opposition and persecution, and then his reward, we invited men to step into his shoes and carry on the mission work in the way he had done.

A BIG TALL MAN

came forward, who said, "I am as big as Allen; I feel I must step into his shoes." We sang—

"I the Chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

The dear fellow sang it with all his heart, and then we turned into—

"The Blood of Jesus cleanses me,
The moment I believe."

The man shouted, "I do believe it—I do believe. He does save me—He saves me now." The following Sunday we had him on the platform to speak, and God did bless him. May He use him even more than Dear Allen.

A LITTLE GIRL

was kneeling next him and sang in the same way and found the same Jesus.

PIPE'S IN THE WAY.

"Sir," said a young man kneeling next a penitent, "this pipe's in the way, sir." I said, "Give it up." "Oh, sir, do pray, I have grieved Him; do pray, sir." I said, "Give your pipe up at once." He squeezed it into my hand and said, "I shall have to pray, sir; I shall have to pray." I said, "Pray," and he commenced: "Father, I have sinned, and am not worthy to

be called Thy son; make me a hired servant. I will work for Thee. I told my mates I would. Lord help me to give up my pipe and 'bacca and all my companions for Jesus Christ's sake."

We began to sing—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free."

Then and there his hand went up and struck me in the face as he shouted, "I do believe it. He does save me."

Another man who had been seeking a long time but was not saved, stepped into liberty very nicely. I said to him,

"Do YOU GIVE UP?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you give up drink?" "Yes." "Do you give up your old companions?" "Yes." "Do you give up all sin?" "Yes." "All the past?" "Yes." "All the present?" "Yes." "And all the future?" "Yes." "Well, now, if you give up your sins where are they? If you have given them up they are not yours; where are they?" "I don't know," he said; "I don't know—I haven't got them—they are all gone—I can't find them, they are all gone." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "Quite sure?" "Yes," he said. "Well now, you say you give up yourself as well as your sins, where are you?" With a smile he said, "I am in Jesus!" Oh! hallelujah! the Lord keep him there!

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

6, Union Street,
Middlesboro'.

MERTHYR.

WE have had a visit from Mr. Bramwell Booth, and had some very good times. We had a public tea with Mr. Booth in the chair; two souls at night. Holiness meeting Friday night; very good time. Preached again on Sunday night; blessed meeting; seven souls; grand march home after meeting; parted the other end of the town with a large ring; prayer and the doxology. Oh! praise God for ever for what He is doing.

ALL NIGHT MEETING.

On the Wednesday following about 300 of our people came from Dowlais, Aberdare and Mountain Ash, to join with us at Merthyr and spend the night with God. Mr. Booth and all the evangelists of the district were present. God the Holy Ghost was there. In enlightening, burning, breaking, wounding, healing,

saving, sanctifying power. Oh! hallelujah! The time of giving up, and cutting off, and plucking out we shall remember.

Some of the sacrifices were 15 feathers, 14 flowers, 24 pipes, 18 tobacco-boxes and bundles, one box of snuff, one scarf pin, and one muff, and these were only some. Jesus took many hearts to be His own alone. And He keeps them still.

A FEW TESTIMONIES.

1. "Well, my friends, this is not the first time I have been among Christians. I was a member for years, but I had been out haymaking and took a drop too much, the weather being hot. I was brought up before the society and expelled. I came to your meetings and God took hold of me. I went to the penitent-form; there Jesus saved me. Praise His holy name."

2. "I have got a very bad temper. The devil tempted me to get in a very bad way." We all got on our knees and prayed for the Lord to take away that evil from his heart. He is now rejoicing. Praise God!

3. A coloured girl, who had been an actress, had quarrelled and walked from Cardiff; was going to the theatre; heard us in the market-square; stopped to listen; followed us to the room; gave her heart to God, and is still testifying that Jesus saves. We want some kind friend to employ her so that she may be kept from returning to her former profession.

4. "I am very glad to tell you that I feel so happy. I have a deal of persecution at home—me being the only one in the house that is saved; but I soon expect to see all my relations and parents washed in the blood."

5. "This is the happiest week for me for sixteen years. I have always been drinking about and pawning my clothes and my mother's clothes, and going home dead drunk and almost naked. I get a little temptation to contend with. I had some money owing me. I asked for it, and he asked me to go in the public-house. I was enabled to refuse. He said, 'I will soon be out.' I found he did not come, so I went and asked him for the money; at the same time the old temper got up for to strike him, but God helped me to withhold the blow. Praise the Lord!"

6. "I am still very happy; the Lord has turned a miserable drunken home into a happy and praying one."

7. "Last night I went to the Drill Hall to hear Mr. Booth; but I could not sit down till I knew my sins were all forgiven. To-night I am happy in the Lord. If I die now I should go to heaven and join my little ones there. May the Lord keep me."

Times are very bad with our poor people. Contributions and tracts will be thankfully received.

Yours in the battle field,

SARAH SAYERS.
L. COPELY.

74, Twynyrodyn.

NOTES.

WHITECHAPEL.—Since Happy Tom has begun to flourish a concertina and Singing David (Morrison) has come with his fiddle, things have taken quite a musical turn here, and the best of it is that some of the best singers are recent converts.

POPULAR.—Mr. Ballington Booth led the Holiness Meeting here the other Friday night, 100 present, when some 20 came out for conversion, or for sanctification. A great open-air meeting was held before this Holiness Meeting.

CANNING TOWN.—Captain Wilson is trying three afternoon cottage meetings per week, and they are a great success.

PLAISTOW.—It is hard work to go out with your wife night after night and preach to doors and windows, but Captain Hayter does it with all his heart, and it will tell.

BARKING.—We were delighted to find so many young new recruits here the other evening. We ought to get enough evangelists to stock a county out of Barking.

CROYDON.—Somebody wanted to have a society meeting the other night, but Mr. Ballington Booth conducted a Holiness Meeting instead. Nearly everybody spoke and prayed, and whatever was or was not done, everybody was saved from a "society meeting," of which may we never hear again.

LONDON must go short this month, being so fully represented at Brother Allen's funeral, and by his life.

PORTSMOUTH.—Brother Irons, one of our youngest captains, who has sprung into the place of Brother Allen, sends us the following rich specimen of the work done since he and Bro. Tucker

have been at Portsmouth. The following note was handed in by a soldier the other evening: "Dear Christian friends, I wish you to offer up a special prayer to Almighty God for a poor miserable soul that has backslidden from God and good works, and is heart broken for it; but still there is a stumbling-block in the way which I cannot get over. I will be at your meetings to-morrow, Sunday, at 3.0 and 6.30. p.m. Oh that the Lord would open my heart to let him in, that I might be as happy as in former days. Pray especially for a miserable sinner."

"ONE OF THE — REGIMENT."

Thank God this dear young man got saved the next night, and is now rejoicing in God.

POOLE.—Captain Wood has been summoned for open-air preaching. He had some of the worst sinners in the town, who had been converted, as his witnesses, and was acquitted. He had a procession in which eighteen converts took part that evening, and will soon have a great many more.

NEWPORT.—Captain Coombs says, "We are getting on pretty well. Tuesday night eight souls. Wednesday and Thursday we had no souls, but the people were weeping all over the place. We are having some grand crowds in the open air."

ABERDARE.—Mr. Bramwell Booth says there are more big men in this Corps than in any that he has ever seen so soon after formation. Meetings are held in the Salvation Mill every forenoon as well as every evening, and he saw 350 there one week-day forenoon.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Here an old pawn shop has been taken and called the Salvation Pawn Shop, and the story of faith and victory, in face of the most trying circumstances, must be told properly next month. Some of the most notorious sinners in the neighbourhood have been converted.

COVENTRY.—Sister Reynolds has been very poorly, but is better.

DUDLEY.—A little chapel situate just in the midst of the roughest characters in the town has been got for week-nights, and some of the worst have already been saved there. But Sister Hockey's health has suffered from exposure whilst they had no week-night place, and we have had to send another Sister to take her place,

hoping that Sister Hockey may soon be able to go forth elsewhere.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Here the Temperance Hall has very kindly been placed at our disposal for Sunday services, and although rioting continues, the police are assisting to quell it, and souls are daily being saved.

NORTHWICH.—We greatly regret our inability to supply a proper report of the opening of the Salvation Hall and to insert some most interesting letters from converts.

RUNCORN.—The work steadily advances. May it run!

DARWEN.—Brother Jackson writes that stones come flying about him and Brother Verity as they lead the procession, but they hope soon to form a Corps that will stand all that.

BLACKBURN.—A great Salvation Warehouse got, and being fitted up.

BRADFORD.—A person who lives near the Salvation Hall writes to the paper complaining bitterly of the disturbance he suffers from those outrageous people who pray at all hours of the day and night. Captain Pearson has also been called to account before the Mayor for his open-air services, and asked to give them up. But, pointing to some poor prisoners in the dock, he said, "It is to save such as these that we go out, and we dare not stop."

ROTHERHAM.—We have had sad trouble here. "Happy Joe" that used to be wrote us:—"I beg to inform you that as my views and opinions have changed and do not harmonise with the doctrines of the Mission, I resign!" We found the faith of many had been sapped, especially as to sanctification; but we are thankful that so large a number have clung to the old faith and the old flag, and are following the Sisters sent to succeed Brother Hurrell to greater victory than ever.

50th CORPS, JARROW-ON-TYNE.

BLOOD AND FIRE.

The Lord is still blessing our labours in the salvation of the deepest dyed sinners, thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Bless Him! He is able to save to the uttermost the vilest, as the following letter will prove, which was

put into my hand the other day by one of our converts:—

"Dear Sir,—“It gladdens my heart to be able to tell you since the coming of the Salvation Army to Jarrow they have proved a real salvation to me. I have been a wicked man, a drunkard, and a Sabbath breaker. I thought of nothing but dog-racing and drinking on the Sunday. I went to the Synagogue one Sunday morning to hear the Hallelujah men, and their words went home to my heart and made me miserable. I drowned my dog, and gave my heart to Jesus. I have given up drink now and tobacco, and everything for my dear Saviour. I pray to the Lord to keep me faithful, so that I may wear the bright crown.”

“S. C.”

This brother has drunk, so I have heard, until he has been black in the face, and would undoubtedly have died had it not been for his wife. Thank God, she too is saved. She came to hear us preach, and we were talking of promises to dying parents to meet them in heaven, and she thought of promises made by herself to some who had crossed the cold river, and to some who are now on their way. She said, "While serving the devil, I never thought anything about my soul. But now, thank God, I am washed in the blood of Jesus. When in the world I was not ashamed to own the devil who was dragging me down to hell, and now, with the help of God, I mean to stand up for the Lord, my redeemer." She is one of our Female Band.

Another brother, speaking in the open air, said, "Thank God for sending the Salvation Army to Jarrow, for through their instrumentality I am saved. I was a drunkard friend, once; but now, instead of my home being a drunkard's, it's a happy home. For my wife is saved and we are all on our way to heaven."

The General has paid us a flying visit, and Mrs. Booth, Lord bless her, came and presented us with our colours, which, thank God, we are rallying round, and Christ, our leader, leads us on to victory; we are bearing it through every street in the town, and while we talk of the dying love of Jesus, scores stand at their windows and doors and drink in eagerly the Word of Life. Hallelujah! Mrs. Booth's visit was made a blessing to us; for our sisters have come out grand since, both out in the open air and indoors, testifying for Jesus.

Brethren pray for us; there is a lot of drunkenness, infidelity, and sin here.

Yours in Jesus, saved,
J. R. BROCK.
J. LAWLEY.

122, Ellison Street,
Jarrow-on-Tyne.

SOUTH SHIELDS.

O Hallelujah! The Lord has been blessing on every hand—many of the worst have been gathered to the Saviour. A dear man heard us one night in the open air, the Lord showed him his sins, he followed us to the hall, there he found peace. On the Saturday he came to our home and gave me 14 shillings towards the work. Praise the Lord, He not only changed his black heart, but touched his pocket. We have had

A GLORIOUS SUCCESS.

On week nights, we have grand open-air meetings. Before we start, there are crowds waiting to see and hear us. The hall is packed nearly every night. Every Sunday the Durham Theatre has been crowded to excess, there not being standing room. Crowds are waiting outside trying to get in, but can't, before we come back from the open air. So while I take the Durham, Miss Hugill has to lead the crowds to our week-night hall, which holds over 700 people.

The work is spreading; when we first entered this place I shall never forget how we felt to find so much burden, but we knew if we put our trust in God he would help us, and he has done so, and we believe he will move more loving hearts to help us.

Contributions will be thankfully received by

Yours in the Army,
CAPTAIN MILNER,
And her Happy Hallelujah Armour
bearer,
SARAH HUGILL.
57, Low Maxwell Street,
South Shields.

HAMMERSMITH.

OUR Sunday services are better attended, and the attendance at the class and prayer-meetings are on the increase. The people are waking up. God is working. Streams of Grace are flowing. Hallelujah! During the month 25 sinners have found the Saviour.

Some prodigals have come home again to the father's house. Members have signed the pledge, and laid themselves afresh on the altar. Many sinners under deep conviction. We are believing that a mighty wave of salvation is coming this way to sweep scores of poor sinners out of the hands of the devil into the arms of our Jesus. God is with us, we're his people. Jesus shall be all our song.

Yours in the army,
Waiting for Colours,
W. BOULD.

SALISBURY.

THE battle has been very fierce, but thank God many who used to try to upset our services in the market-place have been converted; and the police, who used to stand by, now protect us. This is owing in a great measure to the different feeling that the authorities have towards us. They begin to see that God is with us.

One night, as we were leaving the open-air stand, a young man came behind me and hit me in the neck. I turned round to him, and the devil said to me, "Now you

HIT HIM IN THE EYE,

and that will be a good way to teach him the difference between gospel and law." but I had learned the more excellent way, and that night we prayed for him, and on the following Sunday he came to the penitent-form with another persecutor crying to God to have mercy upon him. He is now living and speaking for God.

Another young man says, "The other night I came here out of curiosity. I thought this was a rum place, and the people a funny lot; but the words I heard came home to my heart, and I had to get on my knees and cry for mercy." And so with many more.

We stand in need of money to finish furnishing evangelist's house. Help will be thankfully received by

Yours in the conflict,
ARTHUR WATTS.
3, Summerlock Terrace,
Fisherton.

SPENNYMOOR.

GLORY, glory to the Lamb! We bless God that ever the Salvation Army opened fire upon the town of Spenny-moor. It has been a blessing to the