

pulled down in a few seconds, and a watchman was soon at a top window with a bulls-eye ready for identification and defence, should they again come up to the attack. Throughout, we saw no ruffled countenance, no clouded brow, heard no harsh word. The disturbance was met even more promptly within the minds and hearts of the company than in its outward forms, and then with a relieved atmosphere and an increased joy we betook ourselves again to the business of the night. It is not enough to say that the interruption never marred the sweet heavenly influences of the hour; but for the little loss of time, it really seemed, if anything, to help and bless us.

We give up all attempt to even sum up the addresses delivered by Mr. Booth, Mr. Bramwell and Miss Booth, Bros. Robinson, Dowdle, Corbridge, and Sister Dowdle. The great object of the meeting was to address God, and it was in prayer and in receiving answers that the meeting was above all distinguished.

Round the table in the great central square, Satan was fought and conquered, as it were visibly by scores of persons whose names and number no one attempted to take. Evangelists came there burdened with the consciousness of past failings and unfaithfulnesses, and were so filled with the power of God that they literally danced for joy. Brethren and sisters who had hesitated as to yielding themselves to go forth anywhere to preach Jesus, came and were set free from every doubt and fear, and numbers whose peculiar besetments and difficulties God alone could read, came and washed and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

That scene of wrestling prayer and triumphing faith no one who saw it can ever forget. We saw one collier labouring with his fists upon the floor and in the air, just as he was accustomed to struggle with the rock in his daily toil, until at length he gained the diamond he was seeking—perfect deliverance from the carnal mind—and rose up shouting and almost leaping for joy.

Big men, as well as women, fell to the ground, lay there for some time as if dead, overwhelmed with the power from on high. When the gladness of all God's mighty deliverance burst upon some, they laughed as well as cried for joy, and some of the younger evangelists might have been seen like lads at play, locked in one another's arms, and rolling each other over on the floor.

Well, perhaps there *was* something besides the genuine work of the Holy Ghost there, perhaps there were cases of self-deception and presumption, perhaps there were some carried away by the contagion of the general feeling. How could it ever be otherwise while Satan comes up with the people of the Lord?

But, at any rate, God wrought there with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm, so as to confound the wicked one and to raise many of His people into such righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost as they never had before, and thousands, if not millions, of souls will have to rejoice for ever over blessings received by them through the instrumentality of those who were sanctified or quickened between the 8th and 9th of August, 1878.

The usual unintoxicating wine not having been prepared for sacrament, we managed uncommonly well with water, and, in fact, everybody seemed to have got into a condition in which outward circumstances are scarcely noticed, and the soul feasts on God, no matter what passes outside. We had been drinking the best wine for hours.

After sacrament only a quarter of an hour remained for the love-feast, if we were to conclude, as intended, at six; but under Captain Cadman's energetic leading eighty-one bore their clear simple testimony to the blood that cleanses from all sin in a very few minutes over that time, and after a little prayer we parted. Of course some felt sleepy when all was over; but so little exhausted were most of the evangelists, that a business meeting commenced at seven o'clock, was kept up with energy for nearly two hours, while many remained and transacted business with Mr. Booth until one o'clock.

So ended the War Congress of 1878. What conflicts, what triumphs, what conquests, what everlasting rewards will be ours before the year rolls round! God help us!

The Christian Mission Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

Our War Congress.



THE Christian Mission has met in Congress to make War. It has glorified God for the conquests of 1877-8. It has organised a salvation army to carry the blood of Christ and the fire of the Holy Ghost into every corner of the world. It has urged on multitudes of eager souls to leave all and follow Jesus in this grand career. It has held high the banner of holiness, and has insured a future surpassing in spiritual power and victory the experiences of the past as gloriously as the past year has surpassed all our previous history. The Christian Mission Congress has prepared for a war that shall bring true peace into the hearts and homes of the vilest and roughest of the people, and shall shake the kingdom of the Devil everywhere.

It was no easy matter to assemble such a congress. Our country stations had been doubled in number since our last general meeting in January; and with an exhausted purse we had to provide not only for the entertainment of double the number of persons ever invited to town by us before, but had to pay the travelling expenses of many from distant parts, where the local funds could not bear the cost. But just in the hour of need God stirred the heart of one kind friend to say, "Let me help with these expenses;" and some by sea and some by land our soldiers came together, most of them being received into the homes of London friends, and a few into hired lodgings.

The first re-union was on Saturday evening, 3rd August, when the General had invited all to meet him immediately upon their arrival in town. Heartly and happy were the looks and words and hand-shakings that evening, although there were some pale, thin faces, that spoke of terrible strugglings and watchings and cares borne, as well as undertaken, for the Master.

Whilst partaking of the refreshment provided, a telegram arrived from one of the new country stations as follows:—

"Stopped preaching, Friday, in open air. Seen magistrate: he won't allow us to preach nor sing in open air. Wire back how to proceed."

When this was reported to the little sister from whose station it came, her reply spoke volumes as to the determination of the newest of our commanding officers:

"The Lord save the magistrates," said she. "We had an impudent

letter the other day, but we took no notice of it; and now that we are away they take it upon them. But wait till we get back." A reply embodying this advice was at once sent off.

A little later the entrance of another sister was the signal for a general rush towards the door. A staid, quiet-looking woman—but a woman every inch, and not a few inches either. It was the woman who had overcome, in spite of both mayor and rabble, at Salisbury, and who, after some five months' labour, had not only got together a real fighting society, but had brought forward three men for the work as evangelists. The warm, enthusiastic greeting she met with seemed a foreshadowing of the glorious entrance that shall be administered to the Lord's chosen at last.

Bodily refreshment over, the whole company of perhaps 150 joined in the opening song:

Sound the battle-cry,
See, the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord.

Shield and banner bright,
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right,

We ne'er can fail.

Rouse then, soldiers! Rally round the banner;
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout a loud Hosannah!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

It was "a loud hosannah," and no mistake, and as the foe was nigh enough—the Fieldgate Hall being just behind a public house and in a very low neighbourhood—we were not at all surprised to hear, when the song was over, a roar of derision from the crowd gathered round the entrance. This soon died away, however, whilst by prayer and supplication we made known to God our request that the meetings of the next few days might be filled with His glory.

Meanwhile the country stations were not left desolate. In a few instances, the evangelists remained there till the Monday morning; but generally speaking, arrangements were made for carrying on the services by the men and women whom God had raised up already on the spot, and we were very thankful to have glorious accounts on Monday of the success which attended these services.

THE SUNDAY MORNING SEVEN O'CLOCK LOVE FEASTS

were extraordinary times. In one case nearly one hundred, in another seventy, from all parts of the country, united to praise God together; and we rejoiced, above all, over some who took this earliest opportunity of the day to surrender to God.

The services throughout the day were in every case powerful and gladsome. There was liberty to the speakers, to the children, and in very many cases to the captives too. The bills published in faith announcing

APOSTOLIC SERVICES

were amply justified, and we trust the fruit will appear in eternity. Heavy rain interfered somewhat with the evening congregations; but not with the joy of salvation which was everywhere so manifest.

BANK HOLIDAY.

The Spitalfields Wesleyan Chapel had very kindly been placed at our service for the day, and we went there for the morning and afternoon.

"PENTECOST."

Such was an announcement for the first Session. We made it in faith, we were not put to confusion, for assuredly God broke in upon us with "the very same power" as was felt in the upper room, amply justifying the use of the chorus which was repeated some dozens of times that morning:—

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

After an hour of such singing and prayer as we have rarely been privileged to take part in, Mr. Booth welcomed all the brethren and sisters, greeting those from the new stations by name, and impressing upon all the need for receiving more than ever the power from on high in order that the great work done in the past might be far exceeded in the future.

Prayer was then continued to the close of the Session, when a great procession was formed to the Whitechapel Hall.

AFTERNOON.

WAR MEMORIES.

THE body of the large chapel had been filled by the end of the morning. In the afternoon there were many in the galleries also.

After a season of singing and prayer, Mr. Booth opened the Session by saying:—

We must go in for a larger blessing still. God has taken us up already, as a sister asked Him just now, just where He left off with us this morning.

We must confine the speaking this afternoon to the new Stations, because we cannot possibly find time for more.

BRO. DAVEY, of Bolton, then rose, and said:—

I thank God we had forty souls at Bolton yesterday, although Bro. Corbridge was not there.

When the evangelists first came to the town, they were for weeks without any week-night place, wandering about like Noah's dove with no place to rest their feet. But Bolton is now rocking like a ship in the sea, beneath the mighty power of God. The devil has met us in all forms and ways. We went out one evening and the mob carried us fifty yards, but we escaped them as we were being carried off. Bro.

Gipsy Smith, said, "They can't hurt me." Bro. Corbridge was not with us that night. He was very poorly. He said he would go the next night if he had to be carried in a chair, and sit on men's shoulders. He thought he could manage better, but he got sucked. The crowd rushed upon us. They would have knocked the gipsy down; but we have got a converted sweep, and when he saw the man coming at him, he gave him a blow just like this (striking the palm of his hand) and the man said "Oh!" and went over. We had to take refuge in a druggist's shop. And when the owner saw the crowd, he said,

"This isn't the place for you with all this glass and these bottles about." But we waited till eight or nine policemen came to escort us home, and then we gave the crowd the slip. When we went to the square to hold service after that, we had twenty policemen at the beginning and fifty at the close, and 3,000 people to see us home. But although we were all expecting a row, they couldn't get at Gipsy Smith; there was a halo of power around him. Of course he was on the altar, and how could they get at him there.

The devil has got beaten. There are now three large theatres in the town standing empty. I wanted Bro. Corbridge to get the three elder gipsies and let us take one of them for a week or two and see what we could do. But he said it would cost £30, and he don't know how we could raise the money. Well, all I know is, there are 60,000 people needing the Gospel in Bolton, AND ARE THEY TO GO TO HELL FOR WANT OF £30? There are a lot of us willing to sell the coats off our backs to save Bolton.

SONG:—"We'll stand the storm
It won't be long."

BROTHER CORBRIDGE.

We have had some difficulties in Bolton. The Christians at the onset looked upon the Christian Mission as a church robber. But there is not a church or chapel but what has some of our converts. We were for three months without any place of our own, and we accepted invitations to chapels. We had 60, 70, 80, and 100 souls in a week. We were at one place for five nights, and the secretary reported that we had amongst the converts 20 of their own people—those who habitually attended the place—20 who had never attended anywhere before, and 70 belonging to other chapels and churches, in all 110 souls. We can't go anywhere without helping other societies. We are always filling our own boat and other people's too, and we are always beckoning to our comrades in other ships to come and help us.

I have often met with opposition, but never with any so severe as at Bolton, and I never felt so much sustained and upheld by Divine power as in the midst of it there. God filled me with heaven as I never experienced before.

"Filled with God, we'll shake the kingdom."

Disease was shaking me, so that Bro.

Smith has had to do his own work and a good lot of mine. I saw two doctors; one of them said I should wear spectacles; but after wearing them for five minutes, I was all in a fog, and I have not been able to read a mite for weeks. Sometimes it is as if I were in a mist altogether, so that I could recognise nobody if even they were close to me. But I could recognise God in my heart, and I feel that if I were carried by four men, shoulder high, I would go to be pelted at and show that I was on Christ's side. And now the town is full of conviction. Every day we are hearing of one and another seeking the Lord. We have got a prize fighter, a prize wrestler, and a prize runner, and the "biggest liar in Bolton" converted to God amongst many more.

BROTHER MUXLOW, Sheffield.

God has wrought marvellously in Sheffield. It was the third Sunday after they commenced that I went first to hear the Mission people. A man told me they had come proselyting and that they would get a sky-flying sort of people round them. I asked him if he had been to hear them himself. He said, "No," and I asked him how he could tell without seeing for himself—and determined to go myself.

Now I knew a member of that man's class whose wife was converted at Mission Services and immediately joined her husband's class, and of five other such cases known personally to me.

My brethren, the work that has been done is such as God Almighty alone could do.

We have had some opposition to deal with in Sheffield. It is a Roman Catholic neighbourhood through which we have to pass with our procession; but, although they have often raged, blessed be God, we have never given way to anger.

MRS. GODDARD, Sheffield.

When I shut my box lid and got into the train for Sheffield, I felt I had the world before me, but that underneath and round about me were the everlasting arms, and that was such a complete comfort to me.

When Mr. Booth was parting with me, he said, "It's an awful place; but there's a town—one of the largest in the kingdom. Can you go?" I answered, "Yes! with my captain I'll go anywhere. Across the Atlantic or anywhere."

Mr. Booth, jumping up: "Ah! I was wondering who we should get for America when we are ready for it. Let us shake hands upon that. (Shaking hands). Remember this, Brother Goddard?"

There were five of us who went with our boxes, and Brother Edmunds who met us, did not get a cab, but led us along back streets to a house which we took. I have walked along the same streets many a time shouting victory since then.

Up till to-day, God has blessed and helped us, and given us the victory. We have overcome the devil at every street corner.

Amongst the remarkable cases of conversion I may mention an infidel. We use the Infidel's Hall of Science on week-nights, and about twenty of them came the first night to see us. They all sat together, and Brother Smith called it the "Infidel's corner" at once.

On the Monday one of them wanted to get into an argument with Brother Smith, and told him he was not a sinner. Brother Smith answered that he was glad he had met him, for he had been searching for years for such a man and had never found one before. Upon this the man became furious—called him a hypocrite and all manner of names. He has since said he wished he was on the committee—he would see whether we should be there, with all our cant, &c.

But I told him I was a God woman, and that God, with me, would conquer yet. I said, "You are on my list to pray for and God hears prayer. Six weeks ago God saved him. He had hardly missed ten meetings from the first. At length I found him on his knees, for God had brought him down by degrees. 'Come out,' I said, 'and give God your heart.'" "I've done it," he said, "'Tis done, the great transaction's done!"

The West Bar Pump is our open-air stand, and I love it, for I always did love to be in a religious row. We have to go through the Irish. But we get seven policemen sometimes to protect us. They stone and throw dirt, and sometimes 200 children go in front singing and shouting. But it does my soul good, and we have had very few meetings from the first without souls.

On our first Sunday we got 16, and 7 or 8 on the Monday. To day I got a letter by one of our friends who has come up to London, telling me what a

good day they had yesterday. I threatened them all what I would do to them if they did not stick to their posts, and I find they dare not leave the stand in the pouring rain.

I mean to enjoy more than ever the cheering, melting, hallowing influence of the Holy Ghost. I mean to live a holy life. May the Lord help me.

Last Wednesday week I had 51 members out seeking a clean heart. I mean to have a sanctified society.

ZACHARIAH RENOWDLE, Barnsley.

I thank God the Mission ever came to Barnsley, for I was a backslider when it came. But I came to the penitent form, and fell down before God and he saved me. Since then over 600 have come and washed in the fountain. We'll have our new name White Barnsley.

There were some little devils in Barnsley that grumbled at the sisters coming, and would have liked to send them to Wakefield. But we are all right in spite of them.

ROSE CLAPHAM, Barnsley.

I think there were some little devils, and big devils too, in Barnsley; but it doesn't matter.

I had no five to help me when I went to Barnsley, I had to go all by myself. But dear old Bennett was there to meet me. He took me in a cab to the lodging he had got for me; but when we got there the landlady said: "Are you the woman that's coming to preach without Christ?" "No," I said, "I am going to speak for him." But she would not let me in, and we had to hunt about till at last an old woman took me in. I felt very strange all by myself, but I got on my knees and the room was filled with heaven.

The next day I went into the theatre that I had to preach in on the Sunday, and I trembled as I looked at it. I had never been in one before. Two or three brethren came over from Sheffield to help us on the Sunday; but we got no souls, and when there are no souls I'm done. But this time I felt sure of victory all the same.

On the Monday I went into the open air, with my colleague, Jenny Smith, and when they saw us two little things stand there, hundreds of colliers came round us at once. After we had held our meeting, we walked off to our hall

but we did not sing all the way. We sang as long as we could and then left off. The colliers came after us, and God touched their hearts—one jumped over the top gallery to get to the penitent form; and talk about crying for mercy—they fairly screamed for mercy. We have had nearly 700 since we went there. As for those that have been members anywhere before, we let them go back, we don't want them. We have had drunkards by the dozen. We have got 140 members, and they can all preach better than I can.

We had £5 a week to raise for hire of buildings and other expenses, and I said to the people, "I'll starve before I go into debt," so on the first Monday morning I took the theatre proprietor his 25s. and tried to beg 5s. off him, but it was no go.

We were, indeed, in danger at first of having nothing to eat. One day we had nothing left for our tea, and we went down on our knees. A knock came to the door and a gentleman wanted to see me. He asked if I were the woman who had come to "preach without Christ?" I said, "No, sir; I have come to lead sinners to Jesus." He said he had felt led to bring us some help, and he gave me a basket full of tea and sugar, and then he went off again like steam.

Oh, it's a grand place; but the people are nearly all out of work. They eat dead horses. But in spite of all that we have had as much as £9 19s. 6d. given us in one week to carry on the work.

Praise God for our colliers. I went down into a pit with some of them the other day and had a prayer-meeting there. You have not to beg and beseech the people to come to Christ. I call them great cowards if they don't come out boldly for Him, and they come.

BRO. MAYCOCK, Coventry.

I venture to say, without fear of exaggeration, that our Jericho was as dead and dark a town as could be found anywhere. Nothing seemed to be done to move it.

But now we have got a big drop or two. We have a brother here to-day saved who has paid upwards of £130 in fines to the Coventry magistrates.

Directly the Mission came, two or three of us who went to the services found a great spirit of prayer poured out upon us. We were all in sympathy

taking hold of God. There was a supernatural influence felt, and as we went home we felt led out to pray and believe for more.

Then at last after wandering about with no proper place for services, we got our Salvation Factory, and the name has done a great deal of good. I heard a man say, just the other day, that he had never been inside a place of worship for sixteen years, and another said he had not been in one for twenty-five years, and then only to get married. But out of curiosity the man came to the Factory, and the Spirit of God caught him up and he was converted.

Now we will pray and believe for another wave of salvation.

WARREN, Coventry (This brother, unable to contain himself, had been standing on the form for some time).

I'm a wonder in all Coventry.

The Devil told me one night to go to "the fatal pump." We call it "the fatal pump" since the police summonsed Mrs. Reynolds for standing there. But I went there and then into the Factory. Mrs. Reynolds took for her text "What think ye of Christ." I thought, I don't want none of that. The forms in the Factory at that time were badly made and used often to break down during the service. And either me or somebody in me was too heavy for the form that night and down it went. I did not like to get up, so I crouched against the wall and got myself all whitewashed over. I tried to get out but could not, and then Mrs. Reynolds came to me. I thought the earth would open and let me into hell. But, thank God, I'm in a Wesleyan chapel to-day. (Roars of responses).

I didn't find him that night though. My wife went to bed. I stayed up praying till 3 o'clock, and then I went too, but I could not sleep, and just as the sun was coming over the hill tops the sun of righteousness came into my heart. I was born again.

But I had not got a perfectly clean heart as yet. A few days after I still felt the desire for drink, and I got down on my knees, and I said to God: "I'll be here till you take the taste away. It was telegraphing in faith and the answer came at once, and I have never felt any desire for a drop since.

MRS. REYNOLDS, Coventry.

Mr. Booth said when he was down

seeing us that if all about the opening of the Mission in Coventry were written down it would make a book, and so it would make a good one. It would take me a long time to tell it all.

When Sister Burrell and I were starting from Euston Station, Bro. Bennett was seeing us off, and he said just as the train moved off "Now for a smash and then the glory." Thank God we have had both the smash and the glory.

When we got into the town it was wet and we did not know where to go for lodgings. We looked first one way and then another, and at last we saw a sign up "The Pilgrim's Rest." Ah, we thought, that'll do. But when we got there it was a public house. At last we got into the place where the Japanese were staying, as Mr. Booth has said, and then, when my husband came, we got into an empty house with scarcely any furniture and managed as best we could.

In the Theatre, on the first Sunday, we had no souls, and I said, "I shall soon die if it is to be like this."

We had no week-night place; but hired a Ragged School at one end of the town. The boys surrounded the door so that no grown up people could well get in, and we had only boys at the penitent form, so that we seemed to be able to do next to nothing for the town, and as I walked about the streets I saw the great drunkards, and I used to weep and say "I can't stand this." We came to the very extremity.

We got hard up and had to sell Magazines to get our breakfast.

Then when we got into our factory the forms were so weak, that two or three of them used to break every night nearly. Just as you got the meeting quiet, down would go a form. It was heartrending, and the roughs used to come to see the forms break. Three forms broke the night Bro. Warren got saved.

Then the police wouldn't let us sing through the streets, and we were taken before the magistrates. But it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I didn't mean to pay the fine. I wanted to go and do seven days. I got ready.

There was a petition to the Queen getting ready, too, if I had gone; but I was only kept a quarter of an hour in custody, though it seemed much longer to me. I should not have minded I if

could only have looked at my people and seen what they were doing.

Directly the trial was over an officer said to me: "Come along, this way." He took me into a room and sent for a female warder to search me; but she was so long that before she came he brought me out again, saying: "I thought your friends wouldn't let you stay here." It was a woman they call Yorke Liz, one of our converts, that protested so against my going. She cried: "Don't let her go. She'll have nothing but dry bread to eat and boards to lie on. I've been myself, and I know all about it."

Then I got lots of sympathy from the poor people. They came to me in the Court with money to help on the work. We have only to ask the poor and they help us. The money we need to fit up our large factory will come.

BROTHER DOCKER, Coventry.

The scene, as this brother rose—so notorious a sinner before his conversion that the police talked of subscribing to the Mission if he were converted—surpassed all description. Almost the whole audience rose and praised God aloud. He spoke as follows:

I have been in prison many a time and done nine months at a stretch, and all through the drink; but I hate it now as much as I used to love it. Many a pound I've spent in it. But never no more.

I bless the day the Mission came into Coventry. When I went into the old theatre I had no idea of being converted. I had just had two cups of beer. But it was a wet night and there were a lot going in and I thought I would go too. I got into a corner near the door. I never thought my big heart was going to be brought down; but it was, and I found Christ, although not that first time. I went again and again. I'm a greengrocer by trade, like our Bro. Warren. I saw a notice up in his window, "No business done here on Sundays in future." Thinks I, "I can earn as much money as him, and can do without Sunday work as well as he can."

I had many a time signed the pledge before and broken it; but I have got God to help me this time. The longest time I ever kept it was whilst I was in gaol. (Roars of laughter.) But by God's help I can keep it now. My brothers don't drink, only the Spirit of God which I've got.

And now I've joined the ranters.

I ranted for five apprenticeships under a bad gaffer, and now God is my gaffer, and I came here to get somebody else to serve Him. I cannot tell you how happy I am. Talk about giving up? No, not if you were to give me all the world for it!

ELIJAH CADMAN, Whitby.

I'm thankful that we can fight the devil single handed. We take sling and stone and go against the great Goliath in many an open spot. We have thrown the stone and brought him down, and jumped upon his body, and shouted, hallelujah!

When I went into Whitby, the first week I rushed about, and they said, "He's a madman," and the police looked out for the job of locking me up. But I was wrestling with God, and meant to have the victory. I went to the fishermen, and as I had no one to help me with a procession, and meant having one, I said to them, "Now, lads, if you'll march after me to the music I'll teach you a good song." They thought I was a funny little fellow; but I waved my stick, and away we went. A policeman who was behind me, when he saw that I worked my stick over my shoulder, went on one side, and we marched along. We had seven souls and 7s. offerings the first Sunday evening. There were no bills put out for me. But the next day I wrote out a bill—it was just when people were half expecting England to go to war—and I said, "War at Whitby! 2,000 men and women wanted to join the army!"

They thought it must be something wonderful when women as well as men had to fight, and I signed at the foot, "Captain Cadman," so that's how I got my title.

I went all about the town sticking them up in the dark, so that they were everywhere before anybody knew how. I went about flourishing my stick, and shouting and acted in every way as like I madman as I could; for I meant to go in that week, hit or miss, sink or swim.

The second Sunday evening the hall was crowded, and the people came flocking up the aisles to the penitent form, and holding on to one another's coat tails to be sure of finding the way. There was not room for them all to kneel, and when the first went down the rest all fell over in a heap. So my wife and I had to put our arms round them and pick them up and put them

down at the form side by side until we had twelve yards of penitents that you could measure up. Twenty-six precious souls saved that night. That's the sort of a night.

Amongst the many precious souls we have had, I might mention one who shot his sweetheart; another who stole the Wesleyan collection. They had some special services, and the collection was taken to a baker's shop, and this man got to know, and broke in and got it. He was caught by buying a new suit, and paying for it nearly all in threepenny bits. Another had been in prison thirty times. The man had such a wife that he dare not leave his best clothes at home for fear she should pawn them, so he had to wear them under his others to his work, and when he pulled off his working clothes at night, he was dressed up ready for the meeting.

I taught these people to be dare-devils, and that when they marched along they were to stand for nothing, but sweep all before them into the hall. So the police had either to go before us or stand in a court till we had passed by.

The inspector came to me and said we should have to stop it. I told him we should never do that till the Judgment Day. I said we are a great machine, and we go about in bits—I'm one of the smallest of them.

Well, he said, if you don't desist we shall have you up.

Well, I said, I'm very sorry if we must have to struggle; but mind you, although I won't break the law, I go as near to it as I can without, and if you break it I'll prosecute you. It's between us, and you may depend upon it you'll burn your fingers if you meddle with me.

But the Lord of the Manor sent word that Cadman was to be protected, and the magistrates told the police to see to it, and I've been protected.

It's a busy time at Whitby just now, the place is full of visitors and parsons with their white chokers. I wish I could get the place full of parsons, I would stir them up.

So we put up bills and ramsack the whole place. We had an especially good day when our artillery from Middlesboro' come over. Then some people wrote to the papers that there should be a bye-law made to put us down. I don't care how many laws

they make, they will do for us to slip by as we carry on our work.

The other day, as they found they couldn't put me down any other way, somebody tried to shoot me. The shot came from behind a hedge, but it didn't hurt me.

Since I have been in the town we have had 800 or 900 souls for Jesus. Everybody sings our hymns. I have sold thousands of our books. You can hear the fishermen singing them as they go out in their boats, and the jet-workers in their factories. When we began they used not to do a full day's work through singing the hymns so much. The children sing them in the streets.

People have charged me with causing blasphemy, because the very drunkards sing our songs. But I say it's better than for them to sing their old songs, and by their singing our hymns the Lord slips into their hearts before they know how, and then they get converted. The Lord save the lot of them!

WM. LAYLAND, Sunderland.

I'm happy Bill, the sailor. God has sanctified hundreds of the blackest of the black in Sunderland. My tongue cannot tell you all that He has done.

I have stuck to Brother Blandy ever since he began. There were a lot of us that used to go out to preach Jesus to the people; but when the Hallelujah folks came along they made us go with them. I asked a dear friend to go with me to hear them and he asked me "If there was anything in the Bible about such songs as theirs." He said it was "all bosh." But when I saw our brother go down on his knees outside, I said, "He's a blest man—another Wesley;" and I stuck to him.

Six months ago I used to know all about the public houses, for I would often go in and spend a five pound note in them; but now I'm going to devote my time to the Mission and use my talents for Jesus.

I have a wife unconverted, but I believe the Lord will save her. You want to keep tight hold of Jesus. Not like the man that was drowning, when they threw him a rope, let it slip through his hands and sank. He didn't hold tight enough. Hold fast! The Lord help us all!

TOM BLANDY, Sunderland.

As the evangelist who went into

Sunderland, I can tell you we were watched about by some folks for the first two or three weeks as though we were pick-pockets going to take the bread out of somebody's mouth.

I stood in the open air by myself at first; but during the six months, we have had within a few units of 1,000 souls saved.

We have had sinners of all classes. One had been a decent fellow; but a freethinker nearly all his life. I found he was not happy. He put a shilling into my hand for the work one day; but as I followed him to the door I said, "Mind, this won't buy salvation. Come to-night to Jesus!" He kept on attending the services regularly; but it was not until six weeks later that I had the joy of seeing him fall on his face before God. He cried, "Lord save me!" I shall never forget it. It broke up the whole meeting and caused many others to come out also. Three prostitutes followed him to the penitent form. He stood up and told us how he had been a freethinker for forty years. His sister and her children were saved too, and some twenty in all came to Jesus that night.

I have been in the town some seven months, and I don't think there have been seven nights but what God has saved souls.

We have seen as many as 60 souls saved in one night, and have had to close our meeting three times before we could get the people away. We have got a force of 200 men and women ready to go anywhere or do anything for Jesus.

One night when I was preaching on the Prodigal Son the power of God took hold of the people mightily, and they came out crying "What must we do?" A father, mother, and three daughters all came out together that night.

I believe in getting people to throw in their lot, heart and soul, with the Christian Mission, or else getting them out of the way to let us go on with our work. Hundreds who have been converted with us have joined other societies, so that I believe I could to-day get the use of places belonging to any denomination in the town, even the Roman Catholics. (Oh!)

A Roman Catholic Dr. told me he liked our people because we made them all sign the pledge, and I believe if I went and asked him for the use of a

hall he has got he would let me have it. The town is at our feet.

I must say a word about

SEAHAM HARBOUR

Because I consider the Mission there is a child of Sunderland. Months since I went and knelt down in the street and said, Lord Jesus this town belongs to Thee; and two or three weeks after our Hallelujah Lassies commenced there, a man wrote to the local paper "The whole town is in a fever."

When I went over there one day we found that not a third of the people who wanted to hear could get into the place we used for week-night services, so we went off to the theatre, and, sir, in less than five minutes we had over 1,000 people packed into it.

We have only to go out filled with God and we'll shake the Kingdom.

BRO. SHARPE, Felling.

It's eighteen weeks yesterday since the Mission commenced in Felling, a village of 18,000 inhabitants.

One day, when I was at the Newcastle market, it came into my head all in a minute, "Go to Middlesbro'."

Before this I had been all uncomfortable where I was. I was surrounded with icebergs. When the minister talked about Jesus I would shout "Hallelujah" sometimes, and then they would all look round at me. The last I had of them was a society meeting. The Lord save us from society meetings. One man walked to one end of the room and put his fist in another man's face, and I said "It's time I was out of this."

I went home and wept, for I had got to love the people and they had got to love me.

So I went over to see Mr. Booth, and he promised me there should be something done for Felling. In three weeks more the two sisters came. The people said if we attempted any missioning in Felling we should get our heads broke. But I said: "If we do, it won't be the first but I have had for Jesus." And thank God we have conquered.

RACHAEL AGAR, Felling.

I felt it a very heavy cross to leave all and go to the North. When I was first asked to go into the work I turned coward and wouldn't go; but when I yielded fully to God, I found it easier than I could have expected.

Every mile we went I felt I was going

a mile further from home and friends, and I lifted up my heart to God, and praised Him all the way.

On our first Sunday we had 1,000 people to hear us at night; but some looked upon us as though we had come sheep-stealing. I have had a deal of trouble with some Primitive Methodists. They were almost as bad as the publicans. They seemed inclined to be friendly at first, but when I began to pull the reins they went off.

One of the most extraordinary things that has happened since I was there was the escape of one of our converts who was falsely charged with robbery. He had been a bad fellow, and had only been converted five weeks, when a man charged him with robbing him of 1s. 10d. on the highway. Charlie was called out of bed, taken into custody, and committed for trial. Twelve or fourteen of the friends went over to Durham on the day of the trial. He stood as composedly as possible for five hours, and we all took it as a trial of our faith. The jury instantly acquitted him, and when we got back to Felling, at eleven o'clock at night, there were thousands waiting to receive him. They carried him to our open-air stand and we had a meeting.

On Monday evening our week-night place was crammed full, and there were hundreds who could not get in. But the squire who owns the large hall is a good friend to us. He loved the Lord for twenty-seven years; but then he fell ill, and the doctor ordered him something, through which he fell back into the world. We never had a better friend.

That Monday there was a company come to perform, and, poor things, you would have pitied them, for there was nobody to hear them, so the squire gave them their £1 1s. back for the hall and brought us into it from the chapel for nothing.

I told the folks as I was coming away, "I'm not going to stop. I'm contented with going where God puts me."

We have had 450 souls since I went to the place, some 17 or 18 weeks since, and there is now a good society, willing to do anything for the Master.

KATE WATTS, Merthyr.

Five months ago I went to Merthyr. I never realised I was going so far till the train was gliding out of the Paddington Station, and then my heart

sank within me and I felt I had only God to fall back upon. And from that moment to this He has continually helped me. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

A poor old woman got into the train, and as I talked to her about her soul she cried bitterly; but then she had to get out. And then a sweep got in. I was alone and getting near to Wales and my heart began to shiver when the sweep came in with his brushes. I had a few words with him, and then I had to get out.

The rain was pouring in torrents as I got out, and I thought of all the filthy places I had ever seen that Merthyr was the worst. Mr. Booth had told me it was a filthy place; but I thought it was worse. The poverty was something awful, the wickedness was shocking, and the dirt was abominable.

The next day, Saturday, was market day, and we picked the very best place in the town where there were crowds of people and took our stand. I trembled and felt as if I would rather go anywhere or give up anything than go there. But God said "I will go with thee."

When I stood in the Square I lifted up my heart to God, and I could not open my lips scarcely at first. Sister Parkins gave out a verse and we sang it, and the people crowded round us by hundreds. We spoke to them as long as we could, and I have never been nervous since.

There had only been 100 bills put out for us; but we announced our services. The people followed us home and then they could see no more.

In the morning, as we had no place for service, we went to the Wesleyan Chapel and heard a good sermon, though of course, rather dead. It seemed that they understood who we were and they prayed for our services and they pray for us now.

On the Sunday afternoon, after our open-air meeting, we dare not sing down the street, but only walked along and the people followed us till we had 1,500 in the Drill Hall; but we had no souls.

Oh! I forgot to say that we had a brother from Cardiff over to help us.

When we concluded we thought it was a hard place.

On the following Tuesday we got four souls, and felt convinced that God was going to work mightily with us. The second Sunday we got the place crammed, and a great number came out to be

saved. When they stood up and sang, "I'm going home to glory where the pleasures never die," I lost myself entirely and seemed to have got into the third heaven. That Sunday there were twenty-four saved and the collections were better.

Amongst the many souls we have had saved were a confirmed infidel, and a drunkard who had been a great trouble to his parents; but God convinced him of sin, the power of God fell on him and he was saved. He preached for us yesterday. The first time he preached he broke down; but two souls broke down before God. We have often had sinners saved at seven o'clock in the morning.

We have got the names of some 500 or 600 converts besides numbers whose names we could not make out at all. Many of the people are Welsh.

It is a hard soil, and it is a great anxiety to lead the people on when you have got them. We have not nearly so much difficulty in leading the people in England. But I look forward to the raising up of many Evangelists from amongst the people.

They call me mother down yonder; and when the grey-headed old men say "good-night, mother," I say, "good-night, my dear boy." I promised I would take them something back. I suppose I must take them some sweets.

They never forget to pray for the Christian Mission all over the land.

I am continually getting letters to beg us to open a mission in other towns, such as Aberdare, Tredegar, and Swansea. I was asked only the other day to go and preach in a Chapel somewhere. I had to say "No," because I could not leave my work to do so; but I should have liked to go.

They very much wanted us to go to a place two or three miles away; but it was not possible to sing from there to our hall. However, we went, and held an open-air meeting. I saw that many were under conviction, and as a result of that service, a father, mother, and two sons came and sought the Lord.

The people sit and think at home about it, and then come and make a full surrender. We have seen many of the worst people truly converted.

We found it hard at first to get the necessary funds to meet all expenses. We used to go out first thing in the morning to sweep the hall to save the expenses of a hall keeper, and one week when we had 34s. to pay for gas, we

did not know where to look for the money. So we just told the Lord about it. On Saturday, a gentleman gave us ten shillings for the work, on Sunday, we got a lot more, and by Tuesday, we owed nobody anything.

In five months we have not only been able to meet all expenses; but to furnish a Mission house that I should be proud to ask anybody to. And this, although the town is in perfect misery through the bad times.

The Lord God has done it and will do greater things still, and the whole town shall be shaken.

The people said to me when I told them I was going away, "Oh, mother,

I don't know what we shall do without you."

But I told them there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Whichever of you go to Merthyr, take care of my children, love them, and may God help you, and then to go on to perfect victory.

The Session having broken up, an immense procession was formed, filling the whole breadth of Brick Lane, and singing lustily as it marched along to the Whitechapel Hall,

"If the cross we gladly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear."

THE PAST OF THE WAR.

BEING THE GENERAL'S OPENING ADDRESS, TUESDAY,

6TH AUGUST, 1878.

I WANT as briefly as I can to glance at the history of the past year at what we have done, what we propose to do, and our reasons for it all. There is nothing secret about us—nothing to keep back. We don't wish people to serve the Mission in ignorance, but to make all understand our reasons and principles as fully as possible.

We don't invite people to Conference as others do for the purpose of debating and legislation, because we take it that all here are in perfect harmony with us in purpose and design, for if they do not aim at the same thing and in the same way, they are not with us. I will speak more fully of my thoughts and plans. I want to give you my secrets and make you my confidants.

People who are not with me in purpose and plan must not complain if they do not have my confidence. If they keep secrets from me, they may be sure I get to know it; little birds come to me in the midnight hour with such secrets, and they will be found out; indeed, I can tell pretty well with my eyes and ears who are not with me. They do not grasp my hand so heartily. If we are one in heart and purpose and plan, there is nothing between us in any sense of the word.

Now as to this war. We are sent to war. We are not sent to minister to a congregation, and be content if we keep things going. We are sent to make war against the bulk of the people, against any number, and to stop short of nothing but the subjugation of the world to the sway of the Lord Jesus. We must bear that in mind in all our plans. All our arrangements are framed and fashioned conformably to that end. Our aim is to put down the kingdom of the devil. That is our war, and we must look at the bearings of everything in that respect. How are we more successfully to carry on this war?

After the Bible and the Holy Spirit, experience is our best teacher.

There is much told us about this war in the Bible, and the Holy Spirit reveals much to us. Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and I hold that the same Holy Spirit inspires holy men to-day. I am willing to be moved along His lines. We have as much claim to His fullest influence and guidance as anybody in the past. If not, how can it be the same Holy Ghost and the same dispensation. All men of God have His teaching in their secret souls. But in addition we have the teaching of the experience.

As I have said here before, fools do not learn in the school of experience—they learn nowhere. But wise men learn from experience, and we want to ask this morning, What are the lessons of the past year? Wherein can we do better?

There is one thing that is a curse to individuals and societies. Many giants, great and tall are toppled over and destroyed by conceit. None of us have any of course! (Laughter). The experience of some whom I have known remind me of the old story of "Humpty Dumpty who had a great fall, and not all the king's horses, and all the king's men, could set him up again." We have known many alas, who have fallen and no one can ever get them up again. The Lord help us. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Let us try to look at the flaws of the past. Let us never be ashamed to learn.

And here let us say to all our critics, "Be merciful to us." We are travelling along a road on which none ever trod before. A disciple is a learner, a person who changes and is made to change. I myself was brought up amongst Wesleyan Methodists, or rather I was not brought up amongst them; but I sought them out because they were the liveliest people about in those days, and I went in heart and soul with them, until Methodism became part of my very blood. I have had much to unlearn, and it is very difficult to unlearn being a Methodist. But I think I have almost got out of my last skin. I see the land.

Sometimes when you are out at sea, the sailors see the land a-head a long time before you can. And if any of my brethren are inclined to say they don't see where we are going, I would say to them, I see the land if you don't. Trust me. Have faith in me and be happy.

We have made mistakes in organisation for instance. We have made mistakes with our Committees and Councils and Conferences. We have made mistakes in some of the evangelists we have taken. But we are only just beginning, like young people just starting in life.

During the year some brethren have left us, and have found a great deal of fault with us, and some of them have set up for themselves, to do something of our sort of work. But they have not succeeded any better than us, and therefore their criticisms fall to the ground.

Yes there have been separations since we last met. There have been separations caused by death.

Brother Thomas was suddenly taken in the heat of the conflict, we may say out of the very battle, struggling half way here to his work in this hall on the Monday, helped back home, and safe landed on the Tuesday night.

There have been other separations, some involuntary, some with regard to which we had great regret. We would rather it had not been so. Others, with respect to which we had no such feeling.

But I do object when a man has come into a concern, if he leaves it, to his taking a shop on the other side of the way, and setting up in the same line, and putting on a clean white apron, and trying to get away the customers from the old shop by offering goods a farthing a pound cheaper; and telling people they need not give up smoke or drink or flowers or feathers. I object to that sort of thing with all the emphasis of which I am capable. I call it dishonourable, un-Christian, and unmanly. (Shouts of assent.)

Now we can stand opposition of any sort, and even of this sort if needs be. But there is something even more cruel still. I have heard of people who live on their wits—people who have no capital, no trade or calling, who go about selling straws, or selling something so very wonderful that you cannot be allowed to see it. But there is a mode of gaining a livelihood that is the most execrable of all, and that is, living by slander.

I understand that on the very outskirts of one of our meetings of yesterday, somebody was telling how I had injured him. What a lot of people I have injured! (Laughter.) This person, it seems, complained that I had prevented his getting a situation in a certain town. Why, bless his heart, I never knew he applied for it, and when I asked him if he had done so, he said he had never had any communication on the subject. And just in this kind of way they go about saying, "Um, Mr. Booooooth." (Laughter.)

Poor Mr. Booth and the Lord must get along as best they can.

We have relinquished some small stations during the year. Soho because of the ruinous expense, and because the building was coming down. We had to pay £75 a year rent for it, and I thought that too much to spend on one spot. With Stratford, it was much the same. But let it be understood that in giving up buildings we don't give up places. We simply bide our time, hoping to go back again in strength.

At St. Leonards we had a shed upstairs. To induce us to mission the town, somebody took the place, engaging to be responsible for the rent. This responsibility they fulfilled by allowing the arrears of £25 to accumulate, and leaving us with the debt and the building. We paid the debt, and gave up the building.

Two or three words about London. Some of our friends I know are a little disappointed that we don't do more in London. They cannot be more so than we are. I would just say, "If anybody would like try their hand with London, come along." There is a great difference between London people and country people; but sooner or later we will do London.

We must frankly confess that we have used London very much as a training ground. The best evangelists we have, have been trained here, and it is the best training ground for anybody. I see some here who must go through London yet. The country is under great obligations to London, and the country must help to do London by and by. I trust the time will come when we shall be able to declare a large city in a state of siege and attack from all sides, and not only attack towns and cities, but districts also. I should like when our Brother Dowdle has got settled in Plymouth to send sixteen sisters down to be met at the station, procession through the town, have a great tea in Plymouth, and then to be taken on through Cornwall, and then dropped in couples at the towns down all about the lines to Penzance. (Shouts of "Amen.")

I have wandered from London. You have probably heard the story of the Scotch idiot who got into the pulpit before the minister. When the worthy clergyman saw him there he raised his holy eyes and hands, and cried, "Come down, come down." "Nay, minister," he cried, "you come up, for they're a stiff-necked generation, and it'll take the two of us to manage them." So I would say to our country friends as to London—come up and help, for it'll take the two of us to manage London.

Look at what Whitechapel for instance has had to pass through during the year, and yet they have raised some £273, as much as many of the country stations. First they had Brother Thomas till the Lord took him. Then, after an interval, they had Brother Dimberline and the new sect of the Tobacconists to contend with, and we are blue to this hour with the blows we have received, and the dreadful things they have said about this grinding despotism. We never sent anybody away because they smoked. It was because they said they did not, would not smoke, and yet did. They might have stopped in the North, and smoked themselves as dry as Fennil haddocks; but what we objected to was their coming to us if they didn't mean to give it up, and putting us to a large expense to bring them, and then deceiving us.

Poplar is doubled every way as compared with last year.

Limehouse had to suffer the breakdown of an evangelist last year. I find it hard enough to keep men right without attempting to look after their wives as well. And then there was the old Gaff, all but a ruin. People may say, "Well, why didn't you rebuild it sooner?" Why don't I do many things? We have spent £400, and want £200 more to pay for finishing it. If anybody here can oblige me with that sum I shall be greatly relieved.

Hammersmith is better than at this time last year; Plaistow as good.

As to the old country stations, with the exception of Hastings and Croydon, which are and have long been in a poor weakly condition, I know of not a single country station upon which I cannot look with a larger measure of satisfaction and joy.

As to our new evangelists I have only to remind you of what you heard last night, and what you saw. I know there are some who think we have nobody left. I was told not very long since that we had only three or four. I thought we had a good many. It's a matter of taste. I've got my taste. I like the present lot. I think I've got somebody left, and the Hallelujah Baby, and some more rising up. Give us time.

We have not done so well as we might have done, I admit; not so well as we mean to do. There has been failing on my own part in the past. I have been influenced by a lot of people who wanted to be respectable, and to make us different to what we were. But I trust we have done with that now, and shall go on to a far better future.

I find I have forgotten to refer to the new stations opened during the year. Look at what we have done! Look at the way in which we have taken strength from old stations and formed new with it! Would it have been better to keep back those sent out, and to have relinquished the hundreds gathered in by their instrumentality?

And look what a year of poverty and distress it has been! At North Ormsby, I understand, half the houses stand empty. Our membership consists of working people, who have to go where they can get work; and we are not like other older organizations which have societies in almost

any town to which a man can go. See what gaps in our membership we have had to fill up from this cause!

We have during the year taken out of our societies some 40 people, the very pick and flower of them, and sent them all over the country. What a tearing up there has been all round.

(The leading statistics of the new stations were here read and some explanations given as to Blaydon by Brother Borrill). Mr. Booth then proceeded as follows:

There is no use blinking facts as to the defects of our past. What sensible commander would? Difficulties, failures, even defeats here and there, are comparatively small to a well-drilled force which to raw recruits are very serious indeed. The British Army in the Crimea was called an army of lions led by asses. But they performed marvellous feats, notwithstanding. What would they have done had they been led by lions? Asses, as a rule, make asses and only asses, for there is a wonderful likeness between men and officers. It takes lions to make lions.

This Mission is going to be what its officers make it. Here is your responsibility, my brethren. You can make a new thing and it will be what you make it.

Here there was a quarter of an hour of singing and prayer, after which Mr. Booth proceeded as follows:

Let us look at some of the things which have hindered and injured us in the past.

1. We have had evangelists whose notions were altogether different to ours, and there is a way of secretly opposing our plans you know without saying a word against them. There is a way of condemning our authority, and the principles of our government without mentioning my name, by insinuations and suggestions which is far more difficult to deal with than the case of anyone stripping for the fight.

Men (women to their honour be it said have never given us such trouble) have secretly sought to alter this Mission, and have left it when they found they could not do so with impunity, and have even tried openly to interfere with it, for which they will have to answer on the great day of account. I shall not blush to meet them there. I trust we are all now, however, of one mind and heart in this respect.

2. A second hindrance has been the want of love and brotherhood among the evangelists.

That slimy, sleeky, poisonous, venomous, stinging serpent, envy, has crawled around the hearts of some, and has hindered true friendship. Oh, my brethren and my sisters you cannot fight successfully with unloving hearts. You can love your way through anything and over anything, but without love you can do nothing.

3. A third cause of failure has been Superficial Work.

The thing has not been done deep enough. I have done some superficial work myself, and so has Bro. Dowdle, and all of us.

(Dowdle. The Lord forgive me, then!)

We have been very eager to make a show to ourselves. We have felt that we ought to have souls. I have heard that Bro. Stevens says he used to go out feeling that, "If God Almighty didn't save souls, he would." I don't know whether any of us have ever put the thing so plainly as that, even to ourselves; but we have gone with the feeling that we must

have somebody saved, and four or five people have set upon one at once, so that the poor sinner has felt that the only way of escape was to yield to their wishes.

The other Sunday I was in a certain place, when a great fellow came up to the penitent-form, one of the biggest, lumpiest, ugliest men I ever saw, and when he went down, everybody shouted. They spoke to him, and sang round him, and tried in all possible ways to help him, and then left him to himself for a time. And when I said, "Now let him get up and tell us whether he's saved or not." Somebody went and spoke to him several times, and then signed to me, and at last came and whispered, "He's asleep!"

(Roars of laughter, during which Bro. Dowdle rose and threw down his handkerchief, and Bro. Corbridge suggested that the man had really "entered into rest.")

I saw it and heard it myself. (Renewed laughter.) After some shaking he got up and walked out. That was worse than going into an enquiry-room.

That was superficial work. Somebody went to him with a heart bleeding with pity for him. It is grand to see such intense feeling, and when anyone goes to an untrained fellow like that he really does not know what they mean, like our brother from Blaydon who thought the King of kings must be one of the kings round about London. This was a good-natured fellow, and he just came up to oblige them. He had been drinking and boozing all day. Their singing lulled his senses, and he sank into liberty. But he got as much good as many do and more, for he got good to his body if not to his soul. But we want deep work. Real work.

We don't want to be in such a hurry. Let us try to break them up; if they are not broken up and willing to give in freely to God, hit them again. Many get hit just hard enough to be stunned, and if brought up then they will be little better. Let them be hit again, and they will come out of the stunned state, and if hit until they are sore all over, they will cry out in anguish, "Oh, my God, what must I do? It is heaven or hell for me, and I'm going to hell."

When such an one gets saved, he'll make a man, and make plenty more like himself, and make the devil fly, and be desperate for God.

Oh, for faith in God! Never mind quantity, let us have quality. One good case is better than ten bad ones. Get people who will give up flowers, and pipes, and drink, and not be ashamed to tell everybody what has happened to them.

We remember what was said about a wall being built that a fox would tumble down. The foxes have tumbled down some of our walls. At any rate, the hogs have pushed them down. You have heard of the distinction between a hog and a sheep, that when the sheep gets outside the fold it bleats to get in again, whereas the hog tries to pull the whole to pieces.

I have this moment received the following pitiful bleat from one who was an evangelist; but resigned some time ago:—

"DEAR MR. BOOTH,

"I am very sorry that I deceived you so much, and I am very desirous to beg your pardon for all that I have done or said to do any

harm to the Christian Mission or to you, and I wish to confess to you that I was wrong when I left the Mission, and I am desirous to get right.

"I should be very thankful to you if you would give me the blessed privilege to get into the right place once more. I feel like a man when he feels the burden of his sins when he would do anything to get rid of them.

"If you will be kind enough to forgive the past, and have me again, I will try, God helping me, to more than repay you for your trouble with me in the past.

"Yours truly in the army of King Jesus. Hallelujah!"

Make people. We are all mighty anxious to make converts. Let us be more anxious to make saints—soldiers—men and women who can stand alone with nobody to lean on—men and women with some muscle and pluck. You can easily have a class book full of p's, but you had better have 12 good men and true—all right—than 275 not so. I'll bless you if you have the few real ones, and you'll soon make them into something more.

5. A fifth difficulty has been debt. Debt is some little worse than the devil. Some of my brethren have had some little experience in the matter, and would rather meet the devil when they go to their new appointment than have to meet a debt. Now this Congress will have served a great end if it establishes this one thing—that we must not have debt.

I make a decree, in the name of God almighty, that there shall be no debt hanging upon any station. I take the responsibility for all debts upon myself, but with this understanding that I wipe my hands of all debts of which I have not previous notice, and the choice whether they shall be incurred or not. Nobody shall run me into debt. There has been a great deal of this. Now, this is a most important matter, for it concerns your wives and children and your getting married, if you have not yet done so.

See the mess we shall be in if we do not take a firm stand upon this subject. If we continue to push on at the speed of the last six months we shall have 100 stations at least this time next year. Look what my responsibility will be then. And what when there are 1,000 stations! Anybody can go to a station and run into debt in two or three months, and leave me to pay. Such things have been done. But never again, if you please.

A brother has even written, when about to leave the Mission, "When paid the money you owe me, £25, I'll leave the house." He has the furniture and buildings somewhat in his power; and, above all, he has the ear and confidence of our people, and they know it.

Now, I never let any of our property be touched with impunity, and I am going to have a thousand times more power to protect it in the future than in the past; but I must strike against its being loaded with debt, for if a man in possession of the confidence of our people had demanded £50, we would rather have paid that than lose their confidence. Well, after this man got his £25, and all was supposed to be settled, there comes on an account of £6 or £7, and then another of £12, all of which had to be paid.

This must never happen again. Our people must not go into debt.

We heard a sister tell yesterday how they had to sell Magazines to get some breakfast. *But that won't do*, because that means going into debt to the office. There are some who think it almost immoral to go into debt to anybody else, who don't hesitate at all about going into our debt to any extent. Now I decline to have debt forced upon me. Does anybody say "How are we to live then?" Live as I do by faith. Share the responsibility with me and let us have limited liability. If you go and cannot raise the money, you must needs go without it. And if you are not willing to go on those terms don't take a station. Now we shall see who has got blood in them, who have faith in God to find them bread and butter. We get applications from people, sometimes, who have long felt deeply concerned about the salvation of souls, they say, and are determined at last to give themselves to the work; but they finish up by asking "What salary do you give?" (Roars of laughter.) There are any number of people whose all is on the altar provided they get a larger salary than they had before. (Laughter.)

I have been told that in the early history of the Primitive Methodists they prospered for a time, until a number of broken down shopkeepers and people came in just to get a living. They preached fine long sermons and let the circuits down, leaving them in debt, which good men had to go and break their hearts over getting rid of. At length they made a rule that no more debts should be incurred on account of preachers' salaries; but that, if they could not raise the amount, they should go without. I understand that a great many, about the half, left; but the concern righted and they had success again. The true-hearted men got paid, for God Almighty pays His servants well.

Now I do not speak by way of complaint, because, after all, there have only been two or three bad instances of heavy debt incurred and left to us. But I speak by way of warning—more especially because this sort of thing is, of course, utterly out of the question, if we are to go on making such great advances. In fact, they will be impossible if I am to bear all the debt.

Everyone must, like Sister Clapham, lay aside their rents weekly, if they cannot be paid weekly, and then they can appeal to the people like her, and tell them how little is left for themselves and their colleagues to live upon. She said to the Barnsley people, I understand, on one occasion, "I can do with anything, but we must have something for Jinny;" and you have heard how the people responded. There is no fear for anybody who can trust in God. He will find them people to help them.

How can this be done?

You all are inclined to say, "How unfair it is for me to have to meet the debts of my predecessors." And is it not equally unfair for me to have in anyway to meet your debts. Some brethren are so sanguine that they go into debt and say the Lord will send the money, or they order some new gas-fittings to be put up and say the Lord will find the money. The result is that the poor wretch who comes after them has a heavy debt to grapple with, or else I have to pay, which I am utterly unable to do.

Of course, if you say to me, "I cannot raise the money I need on this station. There is a certain set of circumstances here which are too many for me, and I cannot go on without running into debt or getting

help from some quarter. Remove me to another station." I can either do this or take some other course to meet the difficulty. All I say is, give us the opportunity of determining what is best to be done before you run into debt. I can then say I will help this man who has only a little week-night place where the rats and the other live things run about. I will help this woman. Or I can say this rent is too great, give up this building and take that. But I must know what I am doing and where I am going if the ship is to keep afloat, and then I can sleep in my bed.

I have got a letter to-day from a ground landlord for £15 rent which I thought was paid; and by the time you have eaten all the food provided for you here, I shall not have 15s. over. People sometimes ask the Lord now to make my last days my best days. They have very little idea how nice my first days were. I remember times when I used to have often 100 souls on a night, and had 1750 in one place in seven weeks. Now, if you want my last days to be pleasant, nay, to be tolerable, to leave my mind for God and this work, you must not be parties to loading me with a crushing burden of financial responsibility.

The question is, how can you make ends meet? There is Sister Reynolds and her husband, who lived on 21s. a week, until I jacketed their treasurer. They had scarcely any furniture. But she would not go into debt to buy any, and after all they were as well off as Bro. Dowdle struggling with debt.

Now, let everybody understand this, that everything is to be paid before salary; putting by weekly enough to meet all rents and other current expenses.

And then comes the question of salary—and it is a question.

A young man comes and says he is burning to get into the work. Upon enquiry, we find he is earning 18s. a week. Now, why should he want more than 18s. a week? Nay, why more than food, clothes, and a bed to lie on, if he is burning for souls?

We had a man some time ago apply to us who was earning 23s. a week at his occupation. We said we will give you a station and guarantee you 26s. a week, and if you make the place do better you will be able to get more. I trust him with the station and a furnished house. He draws 34s. a week, falls sick, is away four or five weeks, during which we pay his salary and pay somebody else to do his work, and he then resigns, and when we want the house for someone else, he coolly sends word we can't have it, but that we must fetch our furniture out and pay all expenses, or take the consequences. Now, unknown to him, I had got him a berth when his health failed, a berth that would have suited his health; but he has gone into opposition and so thrown away his own prospects.

Whom God sends unto his work, God will take care of; and I will help all alike as far as it lies in my power.

So far as my personal support is concerned, it cannot be too widely known that I do not draw one shilling from any of the funds of the Mission. A few gentlemen—most of whom knew me years and years ago—have hitherto taken a pleasure in helping me; but I have fallen out with some of them through the peculiarities of our work, and when any of these fall through in any way I have to trust in God to fill up the gap. I am often very poor. I must set up Sister Clapham to make an appeal on my behalf I think.

We have to be such men as can build up a kingdom. We don't see how, but we must be men of God, and the work must be done by men who dare and do trust a God, not only for spiritual but also for temporal things.

Let me be understood. If we think best for a man to remain where he cannot pay his way we will help him. If not we will give him another station. But if by further trial it is proved that he cannot succeed so as to be supported inside the Mission, God must provide for him out of it. God does and will provide well for all who are true to Him. A friend of mine said to me once when I talked about trusting God for bread and butter, "Oh, why not for beefsteak, He is just as well able to provide the one as the other."

Now, we have to partake of what He has provided for us in the way of dinner, and meet at half-past two.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

WE have had great annual meetings before. We have had glorious times of power from on high. But we have never had a meeting really worthy of comparison with this one in the most important respects.

Never have so many country members attended our Annual Review, and these country members, with us, generally mean trophies from the country.

The mere spectacle presented was in itself a great testimony to the success of the year. The great platform piled up circus fashion from one side of the hall to the other, and accommodating, or rather making it possible to pack together, nearly 200 people, was, after all, too small for the members of Conference—who were last year only 69. No longer room for the living wonders of our London stations, still less for strangers, "our babies," as the converts from new stations were repeatedly called, absorbing line after line and thundering out their joys as only our babies can.

If these saved men and women had come from various nations and tribes and had been clad in the dress of a dozen foreign lands, the world would perhaps have marvelled at the sight. But is it any less wonderful to form the annual meeting of a Mission of men and women who not long before were revelling in drunkenness and vice of every kind, and who are not merely turned from darkness to light; but made missionaries, everyone?

Well, there it was. There was no possible mistake as to who these people were—where they came from or what they meant, for they were all ready enough to tell. No more great speeches or programme—all was free, as free as time would allow. But alas, three hours only contain so many minutes after all, and the minutes fly very fast when two hundred people want to speak. But there was liberty, and such liberty, and such joy, and such faith as we have not seen before. Faith especially, for was not faith the foundation and the main-spring of it all? And when all rose to sing our usual opening hymn, "Jesus the name high over all," it is surely not too much to say that not merely the enthusiastic throng upon the platform, but all the people right away down to the end of the crowds at the back of the hall, felt as no such multitude ever felt before, that His name was over all and that before it nothing could ever stand. Every face, every voice, every fist we might almost say, seemed to express all that, the whole evening.

Anybody who knows anything of our meetings knows how utterly impossible it is to furnish anything like a real report of what is said. Thoughts and even words may be caught as they fly, but feelings cannot be printed, and that which constitutes the peculiarity of almost all that is said at these meetings is, that it is felt.

Mr. Booth, as usual, merely opened the meeting, reading the following figures to indicate the progress made during the year, and leaving the work to speak for itself.

FIELD STATE.	7th May, 1877.	30th June, 1878.	Increase.
Stations occupied	29	50	31
Evangelists	31	88	57
Members	2,669	4,400	1,331
Speakers	625	1,086	461
of whom are females	355	...
Anxious enquirers names recorded	4,632	10,762	6,130
Indoor Services, weekly	161	313	152
Outdoor Services, ,,	224	355	131
Average attendance—			
Sunday, 7 a.m., Prayer Meeting	307	1,347	1,040
,, 7 p.m., Service	11,675	27,280	15,605
Best Weeknight	2,731	9,276	6,545
Cash received 1 year	£4,252	£5,783	£1,531

As we never had such a report to present before, so the brief statement was never before so much interrupted by prolonged and repeated shouts of thanksgiving. After singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the meeting was let loose and the following are a few scraps picked up. To anything like a report of the whole we make no pretence.

Mrs. SAYERS praised God that after all the fighting and difficulties she had passed through in Salisbury they now had their place packed with people in every corner, including the stairs, and hundreds outside unable to gain admission; and that whereas they used to throw sticks and stones at the female preacher, she had now plenty of friends. Somebody had said they could not tell where she could get the voice from to preach in the Market-place, but those whom God filled with His spirit could get plenty of voice and everything else they needed to do His work.

Before Mrs. Sayers could finish, several were waiting for a turn to speak. But the preference was given to one of her tall disciples, Brother Haylock, of Salisbury, who said—

Some people thought it was a mistake for the Mission to send a female preacher to Salisbury. But I know that before they came, although I do not think I was then unconverted, I dared not stand up and say a word for Jesus. But since they came God has removed the fear of man from me and put the right stuff into me, so that I feel another man. (Voices: So do I.) You know what it's like. God has converted my pocket too. (Great shouting.) There are lots of us now that would part with all our stones and sticks rather than see the Mission in Salisbury come to an end. And here's the sort we get converted at Salisbury. (Roars of thanksgiving as he pulled up by the collar a brother sitting by his side.)

Bro. MABBITT of Salisbury, said:

I was a young drunkard when the Mission came to Salisbury. A week or two after they came, somebody said to me, "Charley,

will you go and hear those people preach and sing at the Hamilton Hall?" So I went and heard them, and when I got home I took my old Bible down, and began to look and see if it was right what they said about getting your sins forgiven. The next night I went weeping to Calvary, and God took all my sins away.

I had a miserable home then; but now, I can gather my family round me, my wife's converted, and we can all praise God together.

JABEZ LEEDHAM of Leicester said:

I am thankful to God that ever the Mission came to Leicester. When your people first came, I had scarcely a friend. I was a despised drunkard; but it was such men as the Christian Mission send that took me by the hand, and shook hands with me when nobody else would; and now I am saved. My spiritual father (Bro. Corbridge) is up there (pointing to him), and I see the man that fiddled me into the fountain (pointing to one of the Gipsy brothers in the body of the hall).—(Gipsy, 'And I'll fiddle a lot more in yet.')—I belong to the Salvation Warehouse, and have forsaken my old companions; but since I have been there a lot of them have come and got converted; and now I can walk in the procession with two dozen of my old pals behind me.

Bro. DOCKER, of Coventry:

I cannot tell you what I feel; but I am moved by the Spirit to speak. I never felt so full in my life. I never thought I was going to be converted when I went in to hear the two female preachers; but God told me to go, and go I must, and I got converted and I mean to live up to it. A man asked me what it was like when you got converted,

and I said, "Why you feel like loving one another." The superintendent of police won't have to trouble with hunting me up drunk with my horse and cart any more now; and I help my wife to do the shop up, which many a time she had to do at all hours of the night, when I was away drunk. We are all right at Coventry.

Bro. WARREN, of Coventry:

I think I have been like a brother to the Devil; but now I'm going home to glory. I thank God you ever sent two women down to Coventry. They are my spiritual mothers, and I thank God He has swept away all my old habits and everything. I might have gone into eternity and been lost for ever, and I should have done, if I had been laid low in my sins. There are millions in hell who never intended to go, but who are there through the drink. I was a drunkard at sixteen, and thought myself a great man; but I'm a better man now.

Sister WHITE, of Leicester:

I'm one of the fruits of the old tent at Leicester. Drink was my besetment; but I thank God when I got converted I gave it up altogether, and now I hate it. May God save everybody here from it.

In the Warehouse one evening, Bro. Corbridge told about some young woman that was prevented from yielding herself fully to God on account of a feather she had in her hat—I had got one, and I did feel miserable. I was half inclined to pull my hat off in the meeting and tear it out; but I went alone with God and then I threw the feather into the ashpit, and to-day I feel that I am sanctified and ready for all the Master's perfect will.

Bro. HAYTER of Spennymoor:

I thank God I feel another man since the Mission came to Spennymoor. The Lord has taken all the idols out of my heart.

The devil's kingdom has been shaken, and we hope to see it fall. My soul has been greatly blessed since I have been up here, and now I shall go back and work better for Him than ever.

Bro. DAVEY of Bolton:

When I was asked to go and hear Mrs. Booth preach at Chatham, I said, "I don't want to hear any women's preaching. I have enough of that at home." But I went to hear her after all, and it was like a nail fastened in a sure place; and at last I took my broken bleeding heart to Jesus, and He bound it up.

Since Bro. Corbridge has come to Bolton, I have given myself more fully than ever to God, and now I feel that everything I have belongs to Jesus, and I will give it all up—my furniture, wife, children, and all. My all is on the altar. If He wants me to die for Him I am ready, living in the fountain.

Bro. WESSBERG, the converted Swede:

The religion of Jesus can make a man happy, and it can keep a man happy. It will suit anybody, black and white, and whatever they may be. It suits the English, and it suits me. It is just the thing.

If I had stopped in Sweden I should have had to be a soldier. But I left the country, and now I serve the King of kings, and the God of heaven and earth. And by His help we will push the battle to the gate. With the sword of the Spirit in my hand I am certain to conquer.

The power of God has come upon me sometimes so as to knock me down to the floor. But now I will go up into the mountain.

Bro. WARREN, of Chatham:

Mr. Booth said nobody was to speak because they were Evangelists or because it was their duty. I feel that I can't sit still any longer.

I thank God that ever the Mission went to Chatham, for I was saved through its instrumentality. And I am saved all over. The work of the Mission reminds me of the words of one of the Martyrs, when, as they were lighting up the fire around him, "Be of good cheer," he said to his comrades in the flames, "we shall this day light a candle in England that shall never be put out." I believe the Mission has lit a candle that shall never be put out.

Gipsy SMITH:

During the last twelve months I have left the gipsy camp and have gone out to win souls, and I have seen hundreds coming out to Jesus. I have gloried in it. And although I have had mobs after me sometimes, I have never had my hair singed, and the Prince of Wales couldn't be honoured more than I have been. Filled with God we are bound to conquer.

Jesus Christ died to set me free, and I am determined to follow him as long as I have breath.

Bro. CADMAN of Whitby:

I thank God I am a captain of the Lord's host and not a coward. I feel like Joshua with the light of the glory of God shining all round about me. Men and women are dying all around, and I am anxious to pick up the dying and to lead the troops of Israel, and I thank God I have got a good band at my back.

No one but God knows what I have passed through during the last year. For five months my poor wife was so ill that I scarcely ever got two hours rest in the twenty-four. But God kept me up by His Divine power. In all the extremity of her agony I never knew my wife to speak a murmuring word, and with all the pain of body and mind I have suffered I never felt that God failed me.

People have told me I was failing and dying. But I don't feel like failing or dying to-day. I feel like living.

Many a night when I was kept up I have prayed all the night through for God to carry on His work.

Whilst my wife lay afflicted at home and I was fighting the Devil outside, a telegram came to tell me that Miss Booth was coming, and she was a Hallelujah Blucher to me. She lifted up the standard and aroused the whole town, giving herself body and soul to

the work. We had 3,000 people night after night to hear her. Rich and poor were down side by side seeking mercy in the same way with their arms round each other.

God bless all the captains of the salvation army. I would like to wear a suit of clothes that would let everybody know I meant war to the teeth and salvation for the world.

People asked me when I came away from Whitby, where you were going to send me, and I told them I was going as near hell as I could get. I hope it will be very close to the gates, so as to prevent men and women from going in. There's nobody too bad to be saved. When the worst people come I feel like putting them near the platform to hear us.

There had been lots of feather-bed sermons preached at Whitby; but I put them on straw mattresses and palliasses. They had been smoothed down plenty, I rubbed them the other way and gave them plenty of hell fire, and told them what the devil was like. I know what he was like when he was in me, and I know what he was like when he went out, and I know a little of what he is like now he is out, though God keeps him too far off to touch me, for God has made like a wall of fire round about me.

I saw a pig in a field one day with a large collar of wood round his neck, and somebody said that was to prevent his breaking through the hedge. And I feel God has put a collar on to the devil, so that he may butt, and butt, and butt against the hedge that's round me, but he can't get through.

Bro. FOSTER from Wellingborough:

I was not a drunkard nor a fighting man when the Mission came to Sheffield, I was a local preacher (Bro. Irons—Ah, they're bad to get at).

I heard the Mission-folk in the open air one dinner-time, when I was going out for half-a-pound of beefsteak, and I forgot the half-pound of steak and listened to them all the time, and went many a day afterwards, feeling that I should like to give myself to God as I had never done before.

Bro. PEARSON from Manchester, said:

That we were seeing over again the very same scenes that had been witnessed in the days of the Apostles. We have the same power that fell in the upper room and are filled with the same spirit. We can go about preaching and rejoicing like Paul and Silas; but, thank God, we do not get put into prison for it.

At this time several were standing at one time, waiting for an opportunity to speak, and after some brief testimonies, one, a Welshman, broke out in Welsh, to the astonishment of the whole audience, hundreds of whom rose to their feet.

He then briefly expressed himself in English, praising God that the Mission had ever come to Dowlais.

The MUSSEL MAN from Blaydon:

I ought to be thankful for the Mission, for

I am a sinner saved by grace these last ten weeks.

I have been a drunkard ever since I was twelve years of age, for I was not brought up, but dragged up by the hair of my head. But I'll take care that never another drop goes down me.

Some of the people at Blaydon won't believe it is me. But here I am, saved from top to bottom. I might have got to the gallows but for the blood. I am clean washed, every inch of me. You can ask Bro. Borrill what sort of change there is in me.

I could not tell what he meant at first by the King of kings. I thought he must mean some of the Kings round about London. Nobody durst stop in a house or shop where I was; but now there is such a change in my life that they can go with me to heaven.

I know I've been sunk as low as hell, but, thank God, I've escaped, and I mean the devil shall not get hold again.

Every public-house in the place belongs to me if I had my rights. But now I mean fighting for King Jesus.

After singing, "He's the lily of the valley,"

Sister WATTS, from Merthyr:

What do you think of our Jesus? If a man were under sentence of death, and another came and offered to die in his stead, what would the poor condemned man think of his deliverer ever after? What do you think of Christ? Oh, if there are any un-saved ones here to-night, I do hope you will come and be saved, for you are all under the sentence of death.

My brethren, what do you think of Him to-day—see what He has done? What do you think of my Saviour? I know, and you know what a work He is doing by the Christian Mission; but how much more can God Almighty do yet? He took me out of a horrible pit, and the miry clay. We are having a good meeting. I look to Jesus, and He makes me feel happy. I will never desert Him. What will you do?

Bro. DOWDLE, from Bradford:

I felt the Spirit moving my soul at the beginning of this meeting, and I never like to let such an influence pass by, for I soon get into doubt and condemnation if I do.

I feel the power of a living testimony for God—living epistles known and read of all men, washed from all the filth of the world, holding up clean hands, and determined to conquer, or die. I thank God there are some such here. Dead to their own interests, but alive to God and His interests, and with His blessing stamped upon all they say or do.

We are only just beginning. We have got some part of our inheritance; but don't think we are satisfied yet. I believe there are greater things to come, and greater prospects than we have ever looked upon—with an open Bible and the Holy Ghost—if we go forth even trembling and weeping, we are certain of victory. I have been glad to hear our sisters tell how they have felt their weakness; because it is a grand thing for anyone

to see the end of their own strength, and then to fling himself upon the Lord. We are just beginning to see that it matters little whether a man has ten talents or only one, if filled with divine power, so that he can live alone and talk alone.

It's God that is doing the work. When a man feels "I am not up to it—I can't; but God can," God will help him. It is not by "might nor by power but the Spirit of the Lord," and so it shall be wherever I go.

Wherever I go, I tell the people to give up tobacco and finery. I have got a ring in my pocket now that a young woman gave me only last Sunday night, after she had bent it up in her fingers. She said, "That's my enemy." I believe it is man's work to make a full surrender, and when they make a full surrender, they get a clean salvation, which fits them for service. And now, in going to a new station, it is my purpose to make this the key-note of all my preaching. I mean to plant the white flag of purity on the citadel of Plymouth. I mean to have all my preaching bathed and softened with that.

Brethren and sisters, I hail you in all your stations. Keep to this teaching, and God's highest blessing will rest upon you, and may you win many precious souls.

Miss BOOTH:

What can stand before such men who have left their boats and their all, who have done with controversy with God, and counted all things but dung and dross, daring to be fools for Christ's sake, and have taken their stand before a frowning world for God? Neither man nor devil. They are bound to win. The Lord Jehovah fights for them.

He is able to take care of us. He is to-day as much as ever. He is. HE IS. HE IS. The secret of it all is the whole being dedicated and given up to Him, the old man crucified, turned out, and dead—simply the Lord's—our hearts true and pure in God's sight.

One day He will take us to be with Him. But meanwhile we are to be portraits of himself, shining in His image, simply devoted to God, only looking for His notice, keeping God always before us in all that we do, caring only for Him to applaud it.

We shall be pleased to find our work acknowledged at the judgment seat. We don't know how soon we may have to pass the pearly gates into the city. But the Lord Jesus will not forget us if we are true to Him, my sisters.

We must be filled with His spirit, His life, living in the fountain, under the blood, overwhelmed with love, saved out and out.

We may be ten thousand times more useful yet, instrumental in winning multitudes of souls everytime we stand up for God. May God make us all see and feel it more and more. God is with us. Let us be content with that.

Miss Booth then sang as a solo the verses of "Only Thee my soul's Redeemer," the audience joining in the chorus with the greatest fervour.

Bro. BATES of Wellingboro' explained how, some time ago, he had been asked to give himself to the work, but had held back on account of some worldly consideration, but declared himself now fully the Lord's, and determined to follow Him to the utmost.

Mrs. BURRELL:

I do bless God I enjoy more and more of Him! Since I went to Rotherham, I have been surrounded sometimes by Infidels and Roman Catholics, who have tried to knock us down; but we have overcome, and sinners of the deepest dye have been saved.

Last Monday we had fourteen precious souls, and the number was added to every night in the week, our congregations inside getting better and larger, for the persecution only makes the more come, and the police are on our side and won't let anyone interrupt the service indoors.

The people can't understand it; the roughest of the rough are now converted and marching round the town singing with us. Bless God!

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH:

There is one thought that has been very present to my mind all day in the midst of everything else; it is, that there is nothing too great for us to expect the power of God to do.

If five years ago, and that is no very great length of time, anybody had told me what we should have attained to to-day, I could not have believed it. I should have said it was too great, too big a thing; but having got thus far, how much further may we go by God's help?

I looked at the platform just now as I walked up the hall whilst you were singing, and I thought as I looked at the array of faces—

Here we are. A fact, a FACT. I liked what one of our brethren said yesterday about his name being written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the Devil being unable to rub it out because he kept rubbing it in.

Let us keep rubbing in the Mission, and the Devil and all his helpers will not be able to blot it out.

As one of our brethren was saying this afternoon, we are a machine going about in bits, and I rejoice to know that not only is the whole machine a fact, but the bits are facts too. And here lies the question. If each bit can be made the most of, how much may each one become, and how much may the whole become? May the Lord raise the expectation of each one of us with regard to ourself and with regard to the whole. Let us take the promises of the Lord and let us see to it that they are fulfilled to each of us to the uttermost.

Let us exalt that white flag of purity which has been spoken of here to-day. Let us everyone go to our stations with that white flag. Let us keep it up, and God will help us. He will save us right through to heaven, and I shall be there.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Mr. Booth delivered an address on "The Future of the War."

Dwelling upon the difficulty of the task undertaken, to overthrow the kingdom of Satan and establish the kingdom of God, he showed the necessity for the utmost possible force, and, therefore, for adopting God's plans of organising a force upon a thoroughly military system, of which the distinguishing features were (1) authority; (2) obedience; (3) the adapted employment of everyone's ability; (4) the training of everyone to the utmost; (5) the combined action of all.

He showed that such a system, although almost unknown in the religious world, was the one in vogue in all armies and in all human undertakings, and the one manifestly best calculated to accomplish our purpose, and asked why it should not be possible to-day to raise an army of crusaders for the salvation of souls as it once was to raise armies for the recovery of a sepulchre.

On the conclusion of Mr. Booth's address, the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to a continued recital of War Memories, such as had been given on Monday afternoon.

THE HOLINESS MEETING.

TUESDAY EVENING.

We very greatly regret our inability from sheer want of space to publish the report of the addresses delivered at this meeting.

We must content ourselves with saying that the numbers of brethren and sisters who spoke bore the clearest and most irresistible testimony to the power of God, not only to pardon the sinner, but to cleanse the heart perfectly from every evil thing, and to keep the life pure and unspotted from the world. The glow of love and confidence steadily increased throughout the meeting, until at length everything else seemed to be forgotten, while the whole assembly rose and sang the chorus—

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

How many times it was repeated would be hard to say. The difficulty was to stop, for everybody seemed more eager than his neighbour to re-assert the gloriously simple promise that being made free from sin he would never again be in any way a hindrance to our Master's triumph, but would push forward His cause with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, and to re-declare the conviction that God was going so to fill and rule his heart that all this should be faithfully performed.

Wednesday morning and afternoon were mainly spent in the same way.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Booth, with the unanimous and hearty concurrence of the Conference, executed a legal document which, so far as is possible by law, declares that only our doctrines may be taught and only our work may be carried on in the halls used by the Mission, and renders it illegal for any property belonging to the Mission to be used at any time for any other purpose than that for which it was originally provided, namely, the salvation of those who were previously sunk in sin, and the training of them to labour for the salvation of others.

We trust that the Deed Poll will destroy the influence of those slanderers who, taking advantage of the fact that the supreme governing power in the Mission rests in the hands of the General Superintendent, have pretended that he could apply the property of the Mission to his own personal purposes. Not only are such false representations refuted by the deed itself, but the solicitor of the Mission, Mr. Whittington, explained to the Congress that any power over property and funds possessed by the present or any future Superintendent was solely and legally confined by this Deed to the employment of it for the purposes and advantages of the Mission, and that only.

THE MUSICAL SERVICE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

It would naturally be impossible to describe a musical service properly in print. And as to any description of that musical service by any means or combination of means, we are sure no one who was present would attempt it.

It was our first. We could not be expected to perfect everything at once. But we are sure it will find its highest praise in the efforts which will be made to reproduce and improve upon it in every station.

We were rather disappointed in the number of instruments, but the fiddlers and concertinists and clarion sounders of the evening showed an example which many will doubtless follow everywhere. "Oh," said one brother as a result of the service, "I must have a fiddle."

"But you can't play it."

"Never mind, I can make it squeak," said he, and we know he will not be ashamed to do anything that may help to gather sinners round the feet of Jesus.

We shall not attempt to criticise any of the operations of that evening. Nothing can more thoroughly condemn the use of musical instruments anywhere in connection with religion than the attempt to satisfy criticism with them. We rejoice to know that those who took part in the service of Wednesday manifestly forgot all that and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the service without restraint.

The music was not to be despised, the speaking was hearty, the singing of solos, duets, and choruses was excellent; but it was the whole together which so delighted us all.

The sight of the faces on the platform was one never to be forgotten—it was more than joy that lit them all up, it was the rapture of spiritual drunkards. When we saw one brother advanced in years and stiffened by the long habit of solemn religious "ordinances," dancing, yes, fairly dancing to the music, whilst others less constrained were tossing bare arms about and rolling hither and thither as they sang, we realised as never before how free and easy the grace of God can make people. Here is once more the old religion, reckless of public opinion and full of glory and God which made it necessary for apostles to recommend sobriety.

THE NIGHT OF PRAYER.

Compelled from want of space to omit a full report in detail, we must endeavour, as briefly as possible, to describe what was undoubtedly the most wonderful meeting ever held in the history of the Mission.

The whole company, amounting to three or four hundred, settled down for the whole night—a very great advantage over meetings from which many have had to retire at midnight or early morning—and from the beginning to the end, weary as almost every one was, after four days of almost ceaseless service, the interest and life of the meeting never diminished.

Scarcely had the first hymn been commenced, when a company of butchers assembled in a yard next door, with the avowed intention of disturbing us, commenced a hullabaloo with blowing a horn, rattling of cans, and other articles, so as to keep up a ceaseless din, which was heard even whilst the whole company sang aloud. But nobody was disturbed. We felt we were fighting, that was all, and everyone seemed to sing all the more gladly and confidently—

"Glory, glory, Jesus saves me
Glory, glory to the Lamb."

But the enemy had a new device. By burning something placed near open ventilators and in the stove-pipe, which passed through that wall, they filled the air all through the building with an effluvium which set everyone coughing. Two or three sisters in delicate health had to go out for a few minutes. Singing and praying became for a while all but impossible. There was a rush of strong men to close up every aperture. The stove pipe was not only stopped, but