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THE

# UP LINE TO HEAVEN,

AND THE

# DOWN LINE TO HELL.

BY  
MAJOR CORBRIDGE.



SEVENTH EDITION.

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42

PRICE ONE PENNY.

1877. Hallelujah Railway. Leicester TO HEAVEN. FIRST CLASS.	1877. Humbug Railway. Leicester TO HELL. No Return Tickets Issued.
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OCT. '77.  
CONDITIONS fully explained at every service by Commuter, the real old Hallelujah Man, and towels of blood-washed Passengers. Tickets to be had "without money and without price"—at the SAULTON WAREHOUSE, Foundry Lane, Bell-Grave Gate, every Sunday at 11 a.m., 3, and 6.30 p.m.; and every Week-night at 8.  
REV. W. BOOTH,  
General Manager.

OCT. '77.  
CONDITIONS.  
No distinction of Class, but Hallelujah Folks will ride in the Front Carriages, and will be specially entertained by his Satanic Majesty. For particulars apply at the SAULTON WAREHOUSE, Foundry Lane.

On the 4th and 5th of October, 1877, being Leicester Races, we scattered the Hallelujah Railway Ticket, as above, simply as an advertisement of our services. We had no other object in view; that end has been accomplished. Crowds of people have come to see who we are, and what we are; and many have been saved. The other Ticket had been printed in opposition, which led to my preaching a Sermon on the "Up Line to Heaven, and the Down Line to Hell." A great crowd came to the Service, and some changed lines. Since then many have requested me to print the Sermon, to which I have at last consented. I do not profess to guarantee a verbatim report, but we have done our best, and send it forth with no other desire or motive than God's glory and the salvation of Down Line passengers.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE,  
272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, LONDON, E.

## A SERMON.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matt. vii. 13, 14.

### UP LINE.

**T**HE ARCHITECT of the line was the Infinite Jehovah. He saw our first parents in ruin, and drew up the plans and gave the dimensions of an entirely "new and living way." He said the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; and although it was an immense undertaking, his infinite love and infinite wisdom undertook to lay the line the whole length, between the jaws of Hell and the gates of Heaven.

#### THE GREAT CONTRACTOR

was Christ Jesus. He gave himself, agreed to satisfy Infinite justice, and cried out, "save them from going down to the pit, for I have found out a ransom." He assumed our nature, fought the great enemy in the flesh, was tempted, hungered, thirsted, prayed, suffered. Bleed.

### DOWN LINE.

**T**ICKET that has been printed in opposition to the one I issued, a copy of which I have in my possession as a proof for anything I may advance, reads—"Humbug Railway. Leicester to Hell. No return tickets issued." The word "humbug" made me laugh, and yet it made me sad. I thought how awfully true that the world is full of humbugs. Humbugs in trade and humbugs in society; but all are going to the humbug's Hell, and publishing their own tickets by every act of transgression; this will ensure them a perfect right to travel along the humbug line to the humbug's hell. This line like the other was a great undertaking; the

#### ARCHITECT AND CONTRACTOR

of the down line was Satan. Through pride he

Per/R.23

and died on the cross; he rose again, and now intercedes for us. He satisfied to the utmost the demands of justice, and so bridged the rivers, reared the embankments, bored the tunnels, swung the gates, opened the station houses, made the rough places smooth, and laid the lines of redeeming love at the cost of his own life: "ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ." He was able to say, "I am the gate," "I am the door," "I am the way, the truth, and the life," "the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending." By His death, he bought us the gift of the Holy Ghost, who became an author, and inspired men to write

#### THE TIME TABLE

—the Holy Bible—with a complete map of the main line, and all the branch lines, with full particulars as to the time of all trains, when to start, where to start; in fact, the instructions are so plain, that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." The time table also contains the Company's *Panoramic Guide*, with all the scenery from the mouth of the "horrible pit" to the "gates of heaven." Talk about scenery: the Midland Company boast of

lost his heaven, and was cast down, down, down to hell; this opened an awful railway, and since then thousands, nay millions have been travellers on the down line. He laid the line through Eden and invited our first parents to take a ride. We trust they changed trains, and we hope to meet them in heaven. But oh how many of Adam's children have taken the down line! What wholesale damnation in Noah's days! the devil with his main line and branch lines booked a world for the bottomless pit, except Noah and his family; after this he booked the cities of the plain, except Lot and his two daughters.

#### THE GAUGE

of this line is very wide, for "wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." This gate is so wide, and the road so broad, that millions are all going at one time. It is wide enough for all evil passions, bad habits, hollow professions; people on this line may attend any place of worship, and take upon them any form, occupy any position, talk about doctrine, argue upon church form, and church creed, church organization, and anything they like, except faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

the Peak of Derbyshire, Matlock, Buxton, and the tall hills and lovely valleys; but this is the line for scenery. Here's Bethlehem's stable, where the Contractor was born, the manger in which he was cradled, the lawyers he confused, the cities, towns, and villages, in which he toiled, the stormy sea he calmed, the hillside on which he preached, the crowd to whom he preached, the multitude he fed, the wilderness where he was tempted, the casting out a legion of devils from one man, the deaf made to hear, the dumb to speak, the blind to see, the lame to walk, Peter walking on the sea, Bethany where Lazarus was raised from the dead, Genesaret's lake, Gethsemane's gardens, where he prayed; the judgment hall where he was tried; Calvary, where he died; the sepulchre in which he lay; but best of all is the fountain he opened, and now and then we get on Pisgah's top and sing—

"Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
We stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the land below,  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.

#### THE BOOKING OFFICE

Is Calvary. Rich people, poor people, and

#### THE ENGINE

is an organization for evil. What a tremendous machine! Talk about boilers and pipes, piston and cylinder, connecting rods and cranks, with flanged wheels, here's a ponderous but fast going engine. What plans and schemes, what stratagems and dodges, traps, gins, snares, temptations, fascinations, and allurements everywhere in every town, every village. This company is always running cheap excursions.

#### SPECIAL TRIPS.

Special trips from village wakes, from the town fair, from the racecourse, from the dance room, from the money market, from the gay circle, right and left, front and rear, special trips, crowds of passengers, and every accommodation. The

#### DRIVER, APOLLYON,

is always on the engine, never leaves his post; his ear is deaf to all warning, he laughs at the signals. He's the great destroyer; destruction in his eye, destruction in his laugh, destruction in his hand. How firmly he is bent on destroying all the passengers; how he keeps the fire burning! steam never goes down, driver never tired.

middle-class people all book here. Gentlemen in broadcloth and beggars in rags, ladies in silks and poor half-starved, penniless, homeless, friendless prostitutes, all book at the cross. Some book at church and chapel, some by the fire-side; but all must start at Calvary. Thank God our train, like many others, stops by signal to take up passengers. The dying thief hoisted the red flag, "Lord, remember me," and the train stopped and took him in. The poor publican pulled the signal up when he cried "God be merciful to me a sinner;" the train stopped and took him in. On the day of Pentecost the signal went up for a special train, and three thousand booked for glory. Hundreds have booked in the Salvation Warehouse.

#### TICKETS ALL FREE.

Thank God for free tickets. One poet sings:  
"I'm glad salvation's free."

Notwithstanding the length and cost of the line, all tickets are to be had "without money and without price." We often sing—

"Repentance is the station then,  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee is there for them to pay,  
For Jesus is himself the way."

But in order to get a first class ticket, you must make a first class start; give up sin, live holy, and you will have a first class ride; and this will ensure a first class heaven.

#### THE ENGINE

Is our church organization. I don't know much about other churches. Some of them profess to have the best arrangements: they have splendid organs, orchestra, singing pews, stewards, and lots of other things; but the Christian Mission has boiler and pipes, piston and cylinder, connecting rods and cranks, with flanged wheels, and all that is necessary to keep us going in the right way.

#### THE CARRIAGES

Are the various places of worship. Nearly all companies have what they call family carriages, in which a whole family may travel a long journey without changing. On the Hallelujah Railway we have family carriages; the Church folks have a family carriage; the Society of Friends have a family carriage; the Wesleyans have a family carriage; the Primitives have a family carriage; the Independents have a family carriage; the Baptists have a family carriage;

#### THE GUARD

of the train is Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. He like the driver never leaves his post. How careful he is to keep the break off. Don't break the drinking, don't break the cheating, lying, swearing; plenty of discussion, but guard them from Bible reading, guard them from prayer, guard them from decision for Christ. Let them go to church and chapel now and then, let them pay twenty shillings in the pound; but guard off anything and everything that would induce them to live holy lives.

#### THE CARRIAGES

on this line are very large and roomy, never full, always room: "wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." Room in every compartment, room for all classes, all ages, all sizes, under all circumstances. Room! room!! room!!! always room, none refused.

#### THE BOOKING OFFICE

is everywhere; and although such crowds travel on this line the way to the booking office is always accessible. No trouble; lots of porters to assist in getting tickets. You need not commit

any deadly deeds, such as murder, theft, adultery, or drunkenness; forgetters of God can always get

#### TICKETS FOR NOTHING,

through tickets, right through; and the first condition on the humbug railway ticket is no distinction of class, tickets admitting into any carriage on the company's line; and on this line

#### LUGGAGE IS ALLOWED

in any quantity you like; the dog-fancier his dogs, the pigeon-flyer his pigeons, the boxer his gloves, the songster his songs, the racer his horses, the clog-dancer his clogs, the conjuror his secret springs and invisible wires, the drunkard his drink, the novel-reader his novels, the card-player his cards, and the miser his gold; anything that will please and fascinate is allowed, but all the luggage is at the traveller's own risk. If the luggage is lost at the end of the journey, the company of the down line do not hold themselves responsible; as a rule the passengers take their luggage in the carriage. In the

#### PLEASURE-TAKER'S CARRIAGE

they require their luggage with them. Some

But the Christian Mission has a sort of *Hallelujah Pulman*. In Leicester we have a very long car; and we thank God in the Christian Mission cars an aisle is up the centre of all carriages, so that the guard of the train can walk and talk with the passengers as he did in Eden. May the Lord hasten the time when the ends of all carriages will have a way through, so that we may walk and talk to each other on the journey.

#### THE STEAM POWER

Is the Holy Ghost living in us; and with good stokers—men who know how to pray down the Holy Spirit, and get the steam up—the spirit accompanies our praying, preaching, singing, and processions, then drunkards, swearers, thieves, liars, and harlots are convinced and converted, believers are sanctified and blessed, long rows of penitents fall at his feet, and angels rejoice in heaven, and we rejoice on earth over sinners turned to God in the Warehouse.

#### THE GAUGE

Is very narrow—"Enter ye in at the strait gate, because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life." I hear

are card playing, some are song singing, drinking, smoking, snuff taking, feasting—pleasure, pleasure, pleasure. The majority in this carriage are young people and crying out a little more pleasure, a little more fashion, finery, trimmings, drink, song, music, concert, theatre, entertainment, shooting, fishing, hunting, worldly companions, gay circle; we are quite young! High life cries the young men, high life cries the young women, high life cries the whole crowd; we are all young! No time for religion, no time for Bible reading, no time for prayer; more of the world, more pleasure, more high life. Take the break off; keep the steam on; let the train go. Pass on to the

#### MONEY-GETTING CARRIAGE.

In this carriage the passengers seem more sober; not so much trifling, not so much finery, not so much feasting. The cry is money, money, money. Business in the morning, business at noon, business in the evening, business in the night season, business in God's house, business everywhere. No time for family altar, no time for religious conversation. How's the money market? where is the newspaper? let me see the price column, the share list! where can I

the Great Western Railway have given up the wide gauge, because the narrow is safer. On our line the gate is so strait it won't admit of any luggage. You must give up *all* for Christ. The way is so narrow, you cannot get along with the love of money, love of pleasure, love of the world; dance and drink, song singing, places of amusement, the gay circle, with fashion and foolery of every description, must be given up. "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a *new* creature; all old things have passed away, and behold all things are become new."

#### THE ROUTE

Is through the "fountain opened in the House of David for sin and uncleanness," through the red sea of opposition and persecution, the dry desert of infidelity, over the burning sands of affliction and trial. But, thank God, the line is not only up the "hill difficulty," but over the breezy embankment of meditation and prayer. Here we catch the gales of grace, and get fitted for the various tunnels. In the tunnels Christ

get the best percentage? Attend to the work-people, look after your customers, make the best of this life, save your fortune, hoard something up for a rainy day: something for your wife, something for your children, and something for yourself when grey headed. No trust in God; trust in your skill, trust in your bank, trust in yourself. Drive on; more money next market, next ship, next train; be in time, rise early, be diligent, be last in the market; keep your shop always open; anything for money.

#### MORAL CARRIAGE.

Here is a crowd of moral church-goers, chapel-goers, professors of religion, people from the mission hall, people from the "warehouse," from all classes. Hark! they are singing,—

"Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I His, or am I not?"

In this carriage I can see preachers, singers, listeners, pew owners, stewards, doorkeepers; see, they have tune books, organs, harmoniums, Bibles, prayer books, surplices; their chief talk is about doctrine, discussion, theology, baptism, immersion, sprinkling, confirmation, free grace,

is with us; he lights up the carriage, and we sing—

“In darkest shades if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.”

#### THE PASSENGERS,

Of whatever sect, are all happy people; they have obtained “joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing are done away.” They received their ticket by faith, and, whether in the tunnel or on the embankment, they say, “being justified by faith, we have peace with God—a peace which passeth all understanding, a joy unspeakable, and full of glory.”

#### PORTERS

On this, as on other lines, attend to the passengers at the various stations. The men we call preachers are the Hallelujah Railway porters, ever ready to give instructions as to the booking office—where to obtain free tickets, right through. And in the Christian Mission we have a crowd of men and women porters, ever shouting out

final perseverance. They require an educated minister, a stained window, a soft light, a smooth sermon, exposition; nothing very loud, nothing very long, all things done decently and in order, good singing, always in tune, no repetitions; order! We must have order; order at the expense of everything else; no responses, no hearty amens, no shouts of glory to God, no hallelujahs; that's enthusiasm; no poor publicans crying in the house of God “God be merciful to me a sinner:” that's out of order. If men want salvation let them get it at home, or go quietly into the anxious room; no noise in church, no noise in chapel, no noise in the mission hall; stifle conviction, grieve the Spirit, strike your Saviour's thorn-crowned brow, hammer the nails, wriggle the brade in his broken heart; order! order!! order!!! Be charitable, head the subscription list, pay your seat rent, pay twenty shillings in the pound, keep up your profession, but down with excitement; have order. Is it true that this vast multitude are on the down line? Did I mistake the carriage? Look again. “Jesus answered, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”

#### WHERE FOR?

Hell? or heaven? and we call men fools who don't know where they are going. Men do know, the worst man living; and the moral man knows that without an interest in the blood of Christ he is on the down line, and unless he gets on the *turn table* of forgiveness he will go down, down, down, to the damned. We who are on the up line feel we are right; we have our tickets—“the witness in ourselves.”

“The spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells us we are born of God.”

Very frequently at the railway stations, on the various lines, you have heard the porters shout out

“TAKE YOUR SEATS!”

And in you jump; the wheels are tried, the doors slammed, the whistle blows, and on we go. Now we say take your seats—that is join some church—get into one of the family carriages. Every man and woman of God ought to hold some position in the church of Christ. We don't mean sit at ease. You will see some travelers, by all trains, are engaged, some reading, some writing, some knitting, some crocheting, some one thing, and some another. Now we say

#### THE ROUTE

of this company, according to Bunyan's ideas, is through “bye-path meadow;” through “the grounds of giant despair.” “There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.” The way of the transgressor is hard; hard to bore through mountains of mother's prayers, church influences, and the crowd of warning voices. Passengers often travel through jails, asylums, bastiles, and the gallows; others prefer spring cushions, velvet backs, ease, idleness, and slumber.

#### TIME TABLES

are not required; trains are always running. No fear of having to wait for the train; no danger of ever being too late; trains always in the stations, and stations everywhere; carriage doors always open, porters always in attendance, plenty of room: “wide is the gate, broad is the way.”

#### THE SCENERY

is often very startling. The trains pass Gethsemane's garden and Calvary's cross. All passengers get a sight of the bleeding victim;

take your position at the corner of the street, preach Jesus, visit the sick, talk to the dying, invite passengers, belong to some *place*. We don't believe in men and women who cannot find a carriage good enough for them, and are trying to dodge their way on the line to heaven upon an

#### UNSECTARIAN TROLLEY.

They cannot love anybody but themselves. They are like moment hands: they move in a small circle of their own, and at any time the watch would go quite as well without them. I often wonder how they will go on when the train and trolley are inspected, when the hallelujah porters cry out—

#### "SHOW YOUR TICKETS!"

Because on this, as on other lines, now and then our tickets are examined. You and I are tried as by fire; we are tried by affliction, which cries out, "where for? show your ticket!" Bereavement says, "where for? show your ticket!" "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Thank God for the crowd in the Salvation Warehouse who can show their tickets; and we feel, sometimes, the ticket examination has done

his groans thrill through the hearts of all the travellers. Many put their heads out of the carriage window, and, but for the desperate leap from the train, would stop to listen to his cries and prayers; but the great multitude wag their heads, and as they pass along say, "if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross, and we will believe on thee." Now the line crosses the red river that gushes from the Saviour's heart, but the humbug railway company have built the bridge walls so high that the passengers only get a glance; and the train whirls on at such rapid speed that only a few get a full view of the stream; and should they feel weary and dirty with the long and tedious journey, and express a desire to be washed, they are called cowardly travellers, laughed at from all parts of the train, and on they go.

#### "ALL RIGHT BEHIND"

shouts the guard. Born of good parents; brought up in good society; very respectable; always paid your way; not much dirt; not to-night; not now; further on, in another twenty, fifteen, ten, five years, one year, one month, a week, next Sunday, no, to-morrow; not now.

us good. We say, with Job, "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

#### GUARD SHOUTS

"All right behind! all right forward!" And oh what joy springs up in our hearts when we can say "all right behind." All my long catalogue of sins are forgiven. God has blotted them out as a thick cloud, to be remembered against me no more for ever. What a lot of men in the Christian Mission have been infidels, drunkards, foot-racers, dog-fanciers, swearers, liars, and wife beaters! But now you hear the guard say "all right behind;" "thy sins which were many, are all forgiven thee." And, thank God, we can say with the guard, "all right forward." Our hope is blooming, our prospect bright; we have the testimony that we please God, we are full of hallelujahs, we live in the

#### REFRESHMENT ROOM.

I saw in the paper, a short time since, that the Midland Company intended running a travelling refreshment car, so that passengers could dine on the way. But, bless God, he had a travelling

#### "ALL RIGHT FORWARD,"

says the driver. "All right forward," shouts guard. When you have had a little more of the world, a little more pleasure, a little more life. All right forward, says many of the infidel passengers; all right, responds the crowd. We don't mean hell, oh no; we know we are on the wrong line, but we mean to repent, we mean to begin to pray, but not now. When we are sick, when we are grey-headed, when the train comes to a dead stand, then we can change lines, then we intend to change. All right forward; we know where we are, we know where we are bound; but bye and bye we shall stop the train, but not yet. We see the

#### CAUTION LIGHT,

Green signal; but keep the train on the move. Praying fathers and praying mothers have hoisted the green flag, the green lamp; but we are cautious, move gently, move on. The sabbath school teacher hoists the green lamp, the green flag; but move on. Bible hoists the caution light; but move on. At church last Sunday, and at chapel, and at the mission hall they hoisted the green light; we are beset with

refreshment car before the Midland Company existed. A man said to me one day, "dear brother, I think the Christian Mission miss the mark by not breaking bread every Lord's-day." I said, "Sir, we break bread every hour. Its you that miss the mark, by only breaking every Sunday. You break once a week, and the Christian Mission never leaves the loaf; and whilst you are looking after yourselves, we are breaking to the multitude."

"Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I'm at the fountain drinking;  
I meet the object of my love,  
I'm on the journey home."

We live in the fountain, and the Lord leads us into "green pastures, beside the still waters, for his name's sake." In Bible reading, in secret prayer, in public worship, in the open-air service, or in sweet meditation, day and night, we are having "times of refreshing from the Lord." Sometimes we hear God's great porter shout at the carriage window—

**"ALL CHANGE HERE,"**

And many great and sudden changes are made. However comfortable we may be, whatever may be our position or prospects, we must obey the

caution lights on every side; but move on, move on, move gently; I am cautious. My dying mother gripped me with her dying hand, and cautioned me; but I moved by her dying entreaties. When quite a child the Spirit strove very powerfully with me; but I cautiously moved on. Now I have a world of pleasure before me; I am surrounded with business; no time for religion just yet; keep the train moving. But there's the

**RED LIGHT.**

Danger! danger!! danger!!! Thank God he has raised up the Christian Mission to shout danger; and the general manager of the Christian Mission differs very much from other managers. The Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH shouts out "danger;" to the porters, "shout danger;" to evangelists, tract distributors, and sick visitors he says "shout danger." Shout it out in your meetings, shout it out in the open-air; in all your processions, in every road, in every street, in every court, yard, lane, and alley, shout danger; shout louder. Don't you see the great crowd have passed all the caution lights in the kingdom. They stamped their feet on the blood of Jesus; shout danger. They have stamped

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porter, and go through an entire change. Sometimes God says I will have a change in the preacher; another man on the platform, another man in the counting house, another name over the shop door. The wife shall be called "widow," the children "fatherless." "All change here!" Leave the house, leave the business, leave the church below, leave your friends. Listen—

"Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,—  
All is well,  
While I rehearse the pleasing story,—All is well.  
Bright angels are from glory come,  
They're round my bed, they fill my room,  
And wait to bear my spirit home.—All is well.  
Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls me,—  
All is well.  
I go to see his face in glory,—All is well.  
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you,  
My glittering crown appears in view.—All is well"

You and I are left mourners. The church mourns the loss of a minister, the house a member, the factory an owner, the firm a manager, the husband a wife, the wife a husband, the child a parent, the parent a child. But this stirs us up to hold our position in God's church, and we sing with fresh vigour—

on their mother's prayers; shout danger. They have laughed at teachers, preachers, and all the caution lights in existence. Shout louder; shout louder still. The church has become a play-ground; it is called a sacred concert room. God's house is full of money-changers; shout danger. On the platform and in the pulpit we have discussion matches. Members, teachers, and preachers are all sleeping; shout danger. Never mind the respectable; try to save them. Never mind the rich; offer them Jesus, Never mind the professionals; shout salvation; salvation for everybody; salvation now. Thank God, many have listened to the warning from the Christian Mission, and changed their trains; but oh what a crowd call us "fools," "fanatics," "wild enthusiasts;" laugh at our earnestness, stamp on our efforts, until they have grieved the spirit of God, and find the

**LINE CLEAR.**

The green lights of caution and the red lights of danger are all passed; and the white light is hoisted. Line clear, clear of warning, clear of exhortation, clear of conviction, clear of feeling; neck stiffened, heart hardened, conscience seared, Spirit taken his flight: "he is

13

"Loved ones have gone before us, They beckon us  
away ;  
O'er heavenly plains they're soaring, Blest in eternal  
day,  
But we are in the army, And dare not leave our post ;  
We'll fight until we conquer The foe's most mighty  
host.

We are more solemn and earnest in our work ;  
more zealous in soul winning, more determined  
to live blameless lives ; until we find ourselves  
in the

### LAST TUNNEL,

Commonly called, "the valley of the shadow of  
death." We are dying ; we are doing battle  
with the last enemy ; affliction dooms us, doc-  
tors are powerless, friends are weeping ; we are  
passing away ; pulse feeble, heart strings break-  
ing ; we are in the last tunnel, the last deep,  
dark, tunnel, the last temptation, the last  
conflict ; the last victory. The grim porter at  
the

### DEATH JUNCTION

Shouts "Tickets ready! all tickets!" "Where  
for, Sir? Where for, Ma'am?" We present our  
ticket—

joined to his idols, let him alone." "Because  
I have called, and ye have refused ; I have  
stretched out my hand, and no man regarded :  
but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and  
would none of my reproof : I also will laugh at  
your calamity : I will mock when your fear  
cometh." See, they are in the

### THE LAST TUNNEL,

The last steep deep incline. Down they go ;  
down from praying parents and sabbath schools,  
down from churches, down from chapels, and,  
I fear, some will go down from the warehouse.  
Some will attend the Salvation Warehouse for  
the last time ; hear their last sermon, and say  
no to God's gracious spirit for the last time, and  
as they go down shriek "The harvest is past,  
the summer is ended, and I am not saved."  
Hark, the death rattle is in the throat, the eye  
is sunken, cheeks blanched ; they are dying!  
dying without God! dying without hope!  
"Send for the doctor! Stop the train ; its  
the down line! stop the train!" "Too late,"  
says the doctor! "too late," shouts the guard!  
"too late," shouts the driver! "we are in th

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HALLELUJAH RAILWAY.  
Leicester  
TO  
**HEAVEN.**  
FIRST CLASS.

1877  
781

"All right!" Slams the door. Keep your  
seats, keep believing ; we are near the station,  
"The world recedes—it disappears ;  
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring !  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?"

The whistle blows, the train stops, the station  
is crowded ; its

### THE TERMINUS.

Heaven on the gates, heaven on the windows,  
heaven on the walls, heaven on the seats,  
heaven on the pavement, heaven on the robes,  
heaven on the palms, heaven on the crowns,  
heaven everywhere. Welcome from the Archi-  
tect, welcome from the Contractor, welcome  
from the Guard and Guide of the train,

tunnel!" Guard walks up the aisle of the train  
and shouts—

### "SHOW YOUR TICKETS!"

"Tickets ready ; all tickets." "Where for  
Where for?" Here it is :

HUMBUG RAILWAY.  
Leicester  
TO  
**HELL.**  
No Return Tickets Issued.

1877  
781

"All right ; keep your seats." Breaks are  
all off, steam on, carriage doors all locked,  
luggage all lost.

### DEATH JUNCTION.

Signal to the left, turn the points ;

### IN THEY GO: IT'S THE TERMINUS!

Hell on the engine, hell on the carriages, hell  
on the passengers, hell on the gates, hell every-  
where.

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welcome from the angels, welcome from the prophets, apostles, martyrs, just men made perfect; avenues of welcomes to a seat at God's right hand. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

**"NO RETURNS,"**

Cries the driver; "no returns," shouts the guard; "no returns," cries the inhabitants.

**"NO RETURN TICKETS ISSUED"**

Is written on the walls, on the lakes, on the furnace, on the crowd, on everything, everywhere.

**"THEIR WORM DIETH NOT, AND THE FIRE IS NOT QUENCHED,"**

"And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for

**EVER AND EVER."**

**READER! WHICH TRAIN? WHICH ROUTE? WHICH TERMINUS?**

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