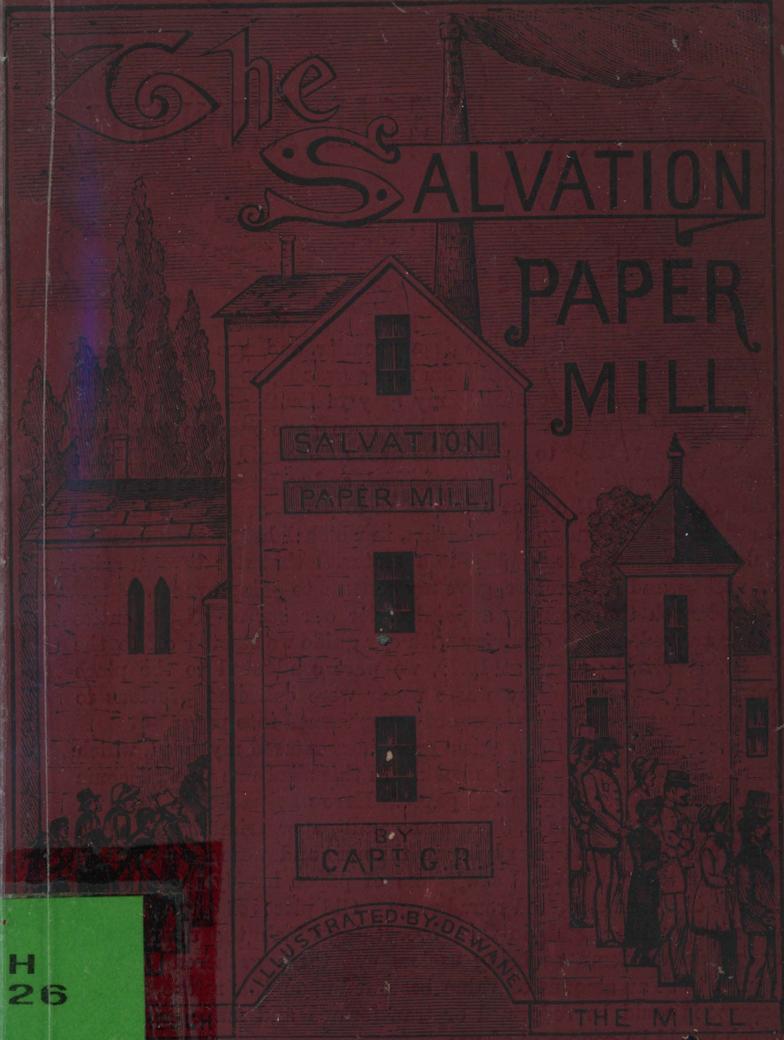
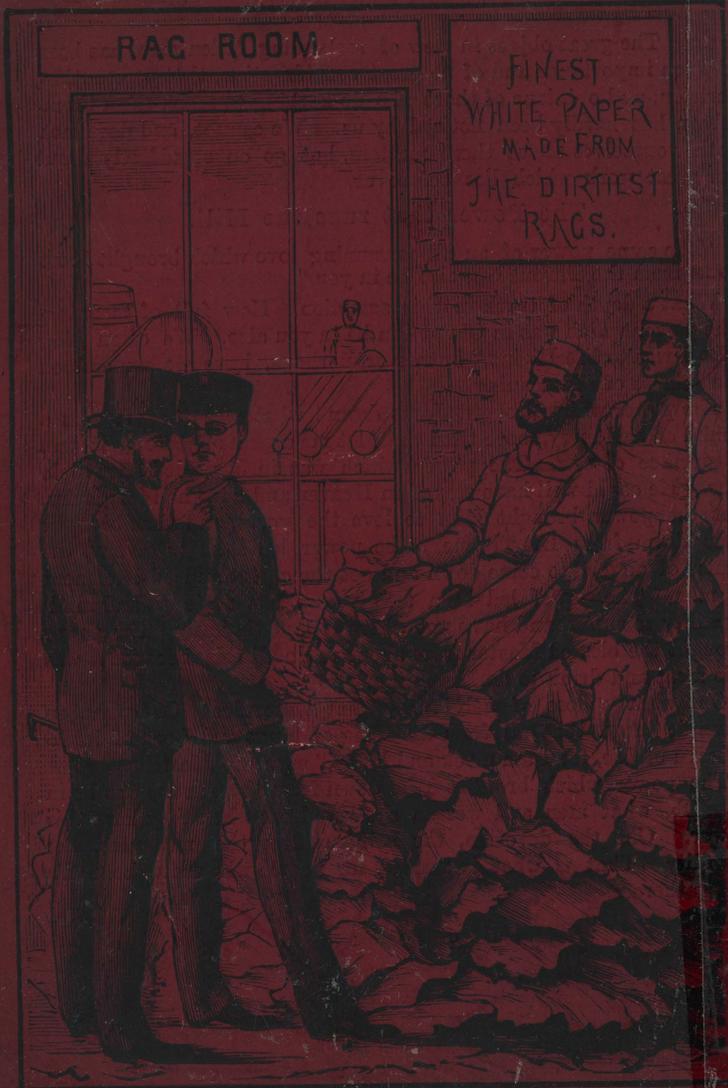


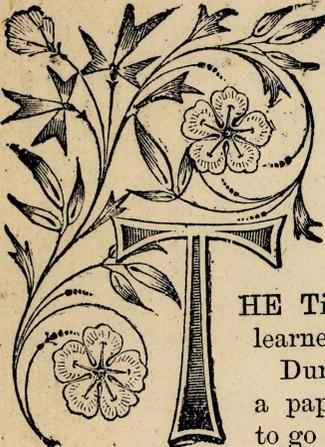
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LONDON—
THE SALVATION ARMY BOOK STORES,
8 AND 9, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



THE SALVATION MILL.



THE Title is a peculiar one, yet the lesson I learned from it is a grand one.

During my stay in Scotland, at Aberdeen, a paper-worker once gave me the invitation to go over the works. He said he would take me right from the beginning to the end, and so let me see the whole of the process. Of course I was eager to learn something of what I considered a wonderful invention, in which I heard such wonderful transformation took place in a material that was thrown aside as useless, and I, therefore, gave my consent to going over it.

At length the morning appointed for our survey of the entire affair arrived, and in company with our guide we started off to the Mills. Arriving there at 10.30, we were conducted to the place where the rags and dirty waste paper were collected previous to their going through the process of being turned into paper.

Immediately that I saw this a great idea entered my head, which has led to the writing of this book. In this shed was packed some of the most filthy of rags and paper. Here was packed a heap of small corduroy cuttings, here some wall-paper trimmings, there some rags which had been lying in the mud and were near rotting, whilst on the other side I saw pieces of paper, hardly recognisable for the dirt that clustered round them. Old pieces of carpet, coconut fibre, sacking, and, in fact, everything which the unpractised eye would condemn as being useless was there gathered. There seemed to be an amount of value bestowed upon this refuse, simply because it could be redeemed or transformed and made into that which would be good and of use.

As I gazed upon the mighty heaps, I said in wonderment to my guide, "Are they going to use all these for making paper?" He replied that they were, and said "Yes, you shall see them at the end, in beautiful white paper." I was astonished when he told me that,

and noticing this he told me that they were finding out they could use anything for making paper, at the same time taking me to what appeared to me to be a fine black powder. "This," said my guide, "is coal that was too fine for burning, and we grind it into a powder and use it for colouring the paper."

For a moment I turned away from the great invention before me, and saw God's mighty "*Salvation Mill*."

This great *Salvation Mill* which presented itself to me was one that was far more wonderful than the one which I went to inspect.

In God's great Mill I saw that some rough and dirty refuse had been collected and turned into clean paper. That refuse of drink, and poverty, and crime, that refuse of degraded men and women, who lived and died in sin, had been gathered up and successfully sent through the great "*Salvation Mill*."

Things here are vile and dirty, I thought to myself, yet they don't throw them away and despise them for that, but they value them because they know they can get them cleansed. Even so in our great "*Salvation Mill*." We know that these vile characters we gather are not to be despised. The work to gather and deal with them may perhaps not be the best, but we will not tire until we know that with everyone gathered we have accomplished that which will make them right.

Such is the gathering into the "*Salvation Mill*"—that which to society and respectability appears to be useless. Like the paper of the Mill I saw, it comes out in the end quite pure, and perfectly satisfactorily.

As I was told that at one time they only used the finest of rags and turned them into paper, but now they had discovered that the roughest and dirtiest could be used, I saw how that the people of God had long been labouring among the respectable rags, turning them into paper, beautiful and clean, and had quite or almost neglected that which was to them an objectionable sort; but God, who had not forgotten them in His wisdom, had opened a

"*Salvation Mill*," for transforming the vilest of the rags into paper,

and had appointed one named WILLIAM BOOTH, as Manager, to look after and superintend its working. This proprietor or manager has a particular regard for the dirty rags, and apparently useless paper, and has a proficient staff under him trained for their work, to "go out into the highways and hedges," and collect these rags

and pieces of paper together, and to bring them into a place where they are looked after faithfully, and go through the process of cleansing and purifying.

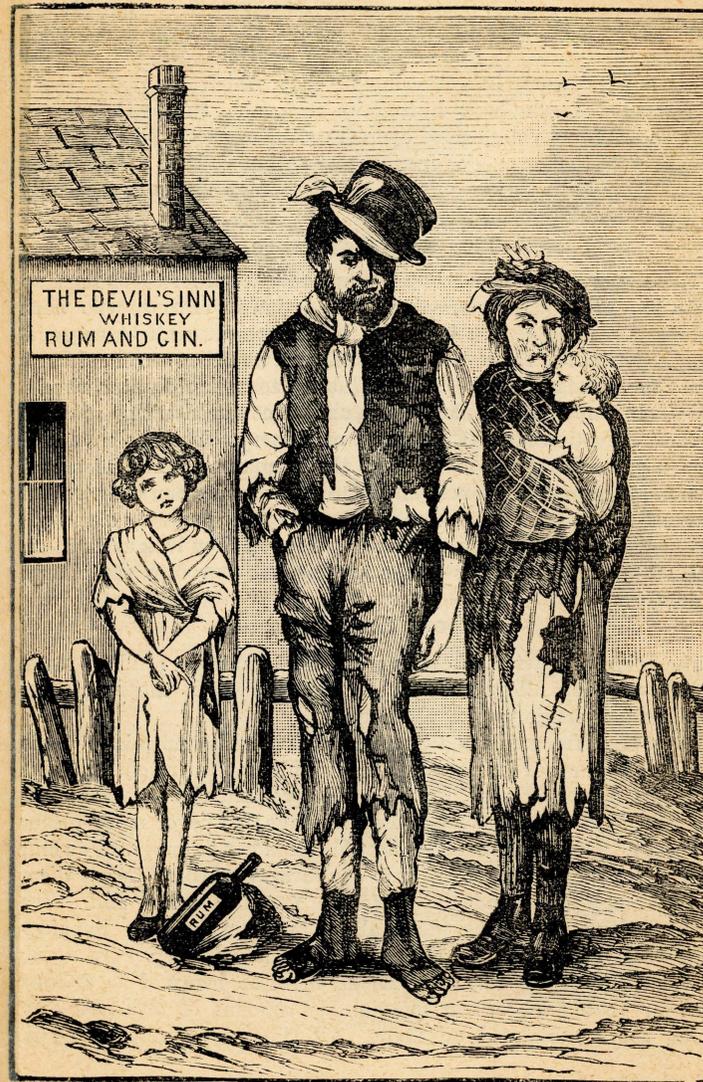
The great idea of how to get at them was started in this man's mind about the year 1865, when the first Mill was commenced in the east end of London, where these rags abounded. Some great idea was started of gathering them together, and after some hard, yet at the same time successful labouring, a great deal had been done towards reducing the great amount of refuse, that then existed, into clean and proper paper. Although much was then done towards getting at this kind of *useful refuse*, it was thought that a more successful way might be adopted, and more work done. Accordingly, new ideas were thrown in towards gathering the refuse, about the year 1877, which in a short time proved itself to be a more effectual way of getting the refuse into the Mill. Although the methods of gathering up the old pieces of rag, &c., were new, yet the style of cleansing remained the same as was first in use nearly nineteen centuries ago.

Every possible idea is made use of to gather away from annoying us, that which goes into the Mill. The proficient staff is rapidly being increased, and the labour of getting at what the "Salvation Mill" deals with is not in any way lowered. Untiring zeal and energy must do the work.

As may be seen by the inspection of the works of the "*Salvation Mill Company*," which are open for inspection at any time, they have succeeded in getting a goodly quantity of these filthy rags and waste paper turned into good material. It has caused great wonder and astonishment at the mighty change which has been effected in many who have been brought to this Mill for cleansing. This we may say points well to the good effect of the working of this Company, which must be admitted by all who inspect their operations.

Although the means and methods used by the Company are greatly objected to by many, yet all must admit that in spite of so peculiar and new a method, the very refuse has been gathered in that had long been tried for with the old means. So much is said against the method that we had just about ceased to answer objections to it, beyond calling them to witness to the good these very means have affected, which theirs had failed to do.

This Company are extending their manufacturing premises all



over the world as rapidly as they can find places to open in, and sufficient trained and willing men to go and take charge and control of them. They are opening new Mills on the Continent too. We are doing a great work in gathering in that which has long been a sorrow to those who have desired its removal. In the Colonies as well we have now commenced operations. Very soon we hope to be able to state that in every town in every nation we have a "Salvation Mill." Our Mills thrive only where these rags abound, especially in large manufacturing places.

The Rag Gatherers.

These men and women who are employed to gather these rags up meet, in a great many places, with opposition from those who work the white rags only. Their plea is that the result can't be so good. They say that the rags we use are different, and that our machinery is not the same as theirs. They still stick to their old water-wheels, and great lumbering wooden beams, and, of course, don't go so quick as the "Salvation Mill" Company's machinery. Yet the men and women gatherers go on in spite of their opposers. The men and women are named Captains and Lieutenants, and when they gather these rags they are expected to see that they are properly cleansed; and so long as they are in that neighbourhood they look after them, and when they leave the works are handed over into the charge of another.

About the Rags.

The principal part of these rags are found outside public-houses, and down dirty alleys and streets, through which these Captains and Lieutenants go to pick them up.

Down the narrow alleys they proceed on Sunday mornings where the deadly effects of drink are plainly visible on the wretched inhabitants. Oh, what a sight for the godly eye, and the sanctified soul shudders at it. Here in a mass they lie—rags that never enter places of worship. Covered with all sorts of filth that can be imagined we find them, and bring them with us into our various "Mills" to get them to go through this wonderful process. Yes, this is how and where we find them, down the worst alleys one can possibly imagine. Here they have lain, to all appearance as if they were never intended for any good end. Lying here, as many of them have been for years past, we can imagine the amount of filth and dirt which has accumulated on them. All this is very unpleasant (it

may appear) to deal with, yet we lose sight of it when we have any idea about the extent of the cleansing power to which we shall presently allude. Nothing yet has been found that has been too bad for cleansing, so for this reason we continue to keep on with our cleansing work, bringing all sorts into the "*Salvation Mill*."

Although we sort them a little, yet they all go through the same process for their cleansing. When we have sorted them we find them to be (the principal part) drunkards, thieves, swearers, harlots, rogues, wife-beaters, comic-singers, runners, prize-fighters, liars, &c., &c. The whole of these are most successfully worked in the "*Salvation Mill*," although we have had quite bitter opposition to contend with from those who doubt the goodness of our paper, owing to the refuse we use in making it. Some raise the question as to how can it be good when you use the material you do. They cannot realise the power there is in the machinery and appliances we use in making it into really good substantial stuff. But we do no trade with these objectors, nor turn paper out for their market, but for One that always receives our work. Our rags fetch high prices in "God's Eye Market" when they come out into clean paper.

When we have had them cleansed we endeavour to find out a little about them, and discover that many of them were once the white rags, but they were used by the publicans for cleaning dry his pots, and when they were of no more use to him, he usually threw them outside his public-house, where we always look for them.

The History of the Rags.

The history of some has been of such a remarkable character that I think I will just here tell you in a few words of what I have heard myself. I will begin by telling you in order some of the accounts I have heard.

(1.) Many years ago my wife left me because I was such a drunkard. After she went away from me I became too lazy to work, and turned out as a tramp. Once when I had been three days without food, I looked over a hedge and wished I was one of the animals in the field. I tried to satisfy my appetite by eating the grass. At length I reached a common, dirty lodging-house in the town of N—, where I heard about Jesus, and got changed.

(2.) I used to be a heavy drinker, and gave my wife more kicks than money. At last I was picked up by the rag-gatherers at S—B—, and I treat her like a lady now.

(3.) At one time I was a fearful drunkard, and hardly knew for

several years what it was to be sober at night. I am so glad that ever the rag-collectors picked me up in the streets of G—, for since I have been to their "*Salvation Mill*" I have been so wonderfully changed, and turned into such a nice sheet of paper, that I can hardly believe that ever I was a rag at all.

(4.) At one time I used to spend nearly all my time in the public-houses, and got my money by card-sharping. Now I am glad to say that I am quite changed, and get my living honestly, since the "*Salvation Mill Company*" picked me up.

(5.) It was not very long ago when I used to drink all my hard earnings, and never knew what it was to be covered in much else than rags. I nearly starved to death my wife and family. I have been guilty of nearly every crime; but since I fell into the hands of the rag-gatherers of the "*Salvation Mill*," I am glad to say I am changed.

And so I might go on and fill this book with wonders such as these. But what you hear just here is the case all over the place where we have a "*Salvation Mill*."

When we have carefully found out all about these pieces of rag and waste paper, we have learned some of the most horrible things that could ever be imagined. To hear about it makes one feel that such a thing must be almost impossible, yet it is the truth, and we can only add, what a good thing that you were ever come across by this Company; and then we say, we can see that our style is effectual, and therefore we will go on.

Being in the gutter, of course they get very dirty, and, on this account, many pass by, but do not gather them up. Some of the white rag-gatherers look at them, but seem to be afraid of them, and don't think their manner of working would get them clean. Not only the dirty rags but dirty paper we gather up. We have found many a nice sheet of paper in the gutter, thrown there simply because there was a little dirt on it; or a writer in using it had made a mistake, and so had screwed it up and thrown it there. Many of these rags and pieces of paper drift away from the public-house down to some alley or dirty street. But wherever these are, these men and women gatherers find them out and bring them up to the "*Salvation Mill*." Some of these men and women who find out where a great many of these rags, &c., are, and who bring them up to the Mill, are commonly called by some, "*Salvation Ferrets*," and they really deserve the name too. If they can by any means

become acquainted with them, they fetch them up to the "*Salvation Mill*," and when they have done that they often keep at them until they know that they are properly right. By these means we get at a great deal many more.

How They Work.

It is worth while having a look in while these people are at their work. Although it may appear hard, yet you will usually find them happy at their work. A favourite ditty of theirs seems to be

"Out of the gutter we pick them up."

Nothing of that languid, lazy, hard toiling seems to be noticed, because everybody seems to go about with the gladsome idea that he has something to do. Duty is lost sight of, and love for doing good fills its place. I have noticed working men who have been hard at work all day, from early in the morning to late at night, turning in here at the "*Mill*," as is their usual custom, in the evening, and then labouring hard at this good work. Not only after the hard toiling of the day do they turn in at night; but on Sunday they work with all their might and main at doing good. A labour of love and a sacrifice of ease and self is required before they can do all this. Busy they all seem, and every one equally bent on doing good. Everybody has a smile on their face, and a kind word for anyone with whom they come in contact. This greatly recommends their work.

But the question is asked, "Do you work these rags in any different way to the white rags?" The answer is, "Precisely the same, for there is only one way of cleansing." Then the white rag paper-makers say, "We thought you did work them different, because we hear your machinery making such a terrible noise; so great seems this noise to be, that many who work at our machinery say that they can't stand it." Of course, the reason we give is this: "We do such a great deal more work at our factory, and of course we must allow for more noise; besides, you let your beams and tools fall upon soft pads to prevent the noise, but we don't try to stop our machinery making a noise, for we like things natural."

The Cutting Up.

In all paper factories they use knives for cutting up the rags, before they clean them. In this "*Salvation Mill*" it is just the same. We use most powerful knives for cutting them up. Our knives are usually known as the Sword of the Spirit, which we use for cutting and dividing asunder.

Many are extremely hard to cut. This is owing to the fact that so many of them are covered up with the filth and dirt which they have been accustomed to lie in. For instance, when they have been lying for some time in a Macadam road of sin, they partake so much of the hard nature of the road that it is some time before they are cut up. Yet with much strength of prayer, we endeavour to get them successfully cut up. The hardest of all is to get the knife to enter them, but when it once enters, the rest goes on all right.

The Test.

When we have cut them well up, we try them as to whether they are right for cleansing, by getting them at a penitent form test. They can only be moved here when they have been properly worked.

No rag ever gets cleansed but what first of all is cut up. There are many who appear to have been cleansed; but that cannot be the case, as they were never cut up. We cannot get any dust from them unless they are cut. With some we have a little difficulty to get them at the penitent form test, but a little more cutting usually does this, and they are easily at the appointed place for them.

We find that the dirt which is in the rags and paper is, in many cases, almost unnoticed, but when the cutting up commences, it is easily found out. The dirt begins to be disturbed in them, and often rises in the room.

The dirt or dust which rises is known by several names. As the dust comes up, a stage sets in which is called repentance. As we have looked on to superintend to a certain degree the great work which has been going on, we have seen such dust as "Repentance for ill-usage to wife and family;" "Repentance for theft;" "Repentance for years of drunkenness;" and so we might go on to describe many other sorts, but a few will show the reader how that dust does rise from the process of cutting, and at many times to a very large extent.

This cutting helps to show us the need of cleansing.

The Cleansing Process.

As I just said, a penitent form test is used to prove if they are properly cut up for cleansing. When these rags and pieces of paper are at the test just spoken of, the machinery is so very complete, that by a gentle balance over they go into the cleansing vat, or what is generally termed the fountain. The Fountain in the "*Salvation Mill*" is precisely the same as that in the factories where they use

the white rags. Into this fountain goes every kind of paper and rags. Although they were spoken of as being sorted, a little while previous, yet this sorting is only to see what kind they have been. This fountain has been used at all times for all sorts of rags and pieces of paper. It has been opened for uncleanness, and cleanseth from *all* filth. No matter how dirty, or if in any degree clean, they have to go through the same cleaning. *There is only one way*, and all sorts of rags must be served the same. Many rags, especially brown ones, from their natural colour, appear to be clean, and in this way, were they not to have such a cleaning, they would not be fit and proper sheets of paper. Therefore the reason why all are served alike.

In every one of these Mills (for there are hundreds scattered over the United Kingdom, and on the Continent, and several of the British Colonies) there is a great deal of cleansing done in this manner, and the paper brought out is with the most satisfactory result.

The inspectors, and those who have examined the paper turned out by this company, begin now to be satisfied with it. Although at first there was a great deal of talk and opposition, yet now the people are being a little satisfied. Many have doubted the durability of the paper, but now that the Mill has been opened for 17 years to public gaze, and has stood for a considerable time, lookers-on are considering that there is something good in it after all.

The Time Sheets.

The manager of this "*Salvation Mill*" publishes a report of the amount of cleansing done in these various Mills, and it is published at several booksellers, and may be obtained at all the Mills, for a half-penny twice weekly, under the title of the "*War Cry*." This paper contains illustrations of many of the Mills in the possession of this Company. It also contains interesting accounts of the remarkable lives of these rag and paper gatherers, otherwise known as Captains and Lieutenants. Its sale every week is nearly half-a-million, and is rapidly rising. A large book, entitled "*The Salvation War*," for sixpence, also gives a very good account of the amount and style of work done, and its cost. I mention about this, as I consider it a part of the work of this "*Salvation Mill*" Company.

But to return to the work of this Mill. We have just spoken about the rags and paper having fallen into the fountain. When they are cleansed they come out very white. There is a wonderful change

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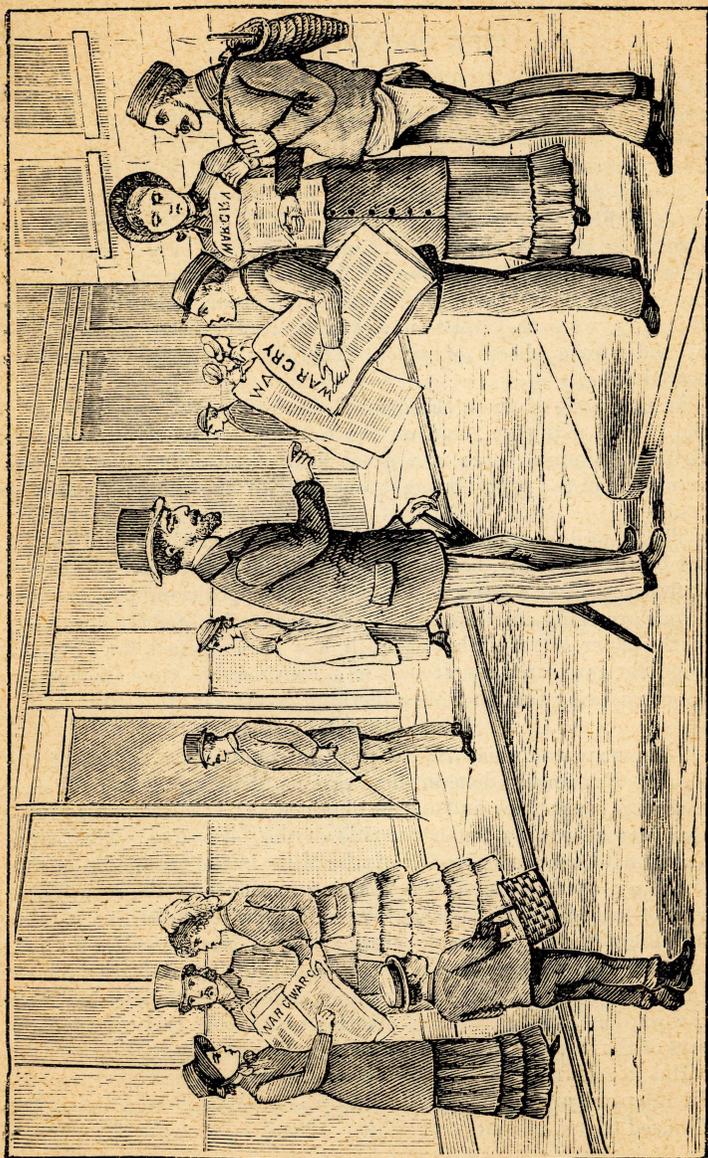
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THE SALVATION MILL.

12

effected. Many of the rags were covered with stains called "drunken stains," "gambling stains," &c., &c., but all these are thoroughly removed. Any person who did not rightly understand this change how it is made, would not believe it, but it is believed when it is seen,

Our Good Acknowledged.

The amount of good done to the public streets in picking up this filthy paper and rags is being recognised by many public bodies (Magistrates and Mayors especially).

So great has been the interest manifested by the heads of great public bodies, that they have met together to discuss the particular merits of this "Salvation Mill" Company, and their decision has been that the vast amount of good achieved recommends the work. They have themselves declared how these pieces of paper and old dirty rags were at one time a nuisance to them, and very often their cases were brought before them to decide what was the best way in which they could be got rid of; and although they had tried in every possible manner, yet they had not found an effectual way of ridding themselves of the nuisance, but now that this Company had hit upon the plan of picking them up, and then bringing them through the cleansing process, they could do nothing else than praise them, and give their approval of the work.

Members of Parliament and some of the heads of the Church have shown themselves to be so interested in our work, that they have taken the trouble to give us an inspection. We may further say, before people find any fault with us, or form an opinion against us, they might come and see for themselves.

The old dirty rags and waste paper are now hardly recognisable, for such a wonderful change has been wrought in them. Transformed from the once dirty and filthy to the now beautiful and clean.

Although we have so many who are glad to see the good done, yet in several places the community have such a desire for these rags and pieces of paper littering the streets, that they oppose us in gathering them up, many of the men and women who gather together these articles meeting with severe usage from the rougher class, who have bound themselves together into a band for the purpose of preventing us doing our work, and use great violence towards us.

But I am straying away. I said there was a wonderful change made when they were cleaned. But there is something more that I notice, and that is a little river connected with the "Sea of God's

Forgetfulness." Into this river is poured all the filth which comes from the washing of the rags and paper.

Away goes the filth out into the little rivulet, and is carried on the great deep and is lost for ever. No more is the same filth brought back again. The past filth is so removed that it is remembered no more.

Purifying.

Now when this cleansing has been done to the rags and paper, the work is not nearly finished. It seems as if it only began just here, and so it does. These articles are not merely washed for the sake of washing, but to make useful paper of. The mill-workers call it "redeeming the time." It seems as if they said to the washed rags, we want you to be thorough good paper, and then be a bag or something else, in order that you may do good to make up for the nuisance that you were when you laid in the gutter before you were cleansed.

But this Company do not like to see the rags and paper given out to public use before they are properly right, and they, therefore, insist upon a second great work being done.

As in all paper factories, after the first great cleansing has been done, there is a purifying process gone through, even so it is in this great "*Salvation Mill*." The cleansing in some mills is generally done with chloride of lime and running water. We have a purifying somewhat similar to our first cleansing, in which inward filth is removed, and the pulp comes out whiter than snow. This cleansing is called "Entire Sanctification." This Company is exceedingly particular about having every spot removed, for we consider that one spot in the sheet of paper will spoil it entirely. These spots are generally known by the name of "pride spots," "temper spots," &c., &c., all of which are properly removed in the process of "Entire Sanctification." When all this has been done and it is properly pure, it is then run out into paper, such as will be able to stand the public gaze and criticism.

Its Great Usefulness.

When it is in this condition we endeavour to use it. Some we have to make into platform-paper, and some into what we call anxious-dealing paper.

There is not a sort made but what is used. We endeavour to bring every kind manufactured into the best and most active use.

Whatever kind is manufactured has its own particular usefulness in some way or other.

Every sort made is supposed to be water-proof paper, able to endure the open-air. Some of the Companies who manufacture paper don't trouble about this, but the Company who work the "*Salvation Mill*" make this a great aim, and consider it an important matter.

Living Epistles.

We want to see every sheet of paper which is turned out at this factory printed upon. Our paper is known everywhere, and as the sheets are eyed up and down, we get the Bible printed on them, for a great many people have this precious book at home, but they never attempt to look inside it. But when we get its truths stamped upon our paper, as it goes about, we expect the people to be impressed about their salvation.

Not only the Bible do we endeavour to get printed on our paper, but we use it as well for advertising for further waste rags and paper. The article itself is a very great recommendation without any praise. When it is made known to the public how great a change has been wrought, it helps in a most wonderful manner to advertise the glorious process of changing. The good paper turned out always recommends itself, and by these means we get a great deal more waste paper and dirty rags.

A Wonderful Transformation.

As I stated at the commencement of this pamphlet, I went over a paper mill through the kindness of a worker who was my guide, and who explained to me every thing connected therewith. While we were going along we saw a truck loaded with a certain kind of paper. Here my guide halted and said to me, "You saw a little while ago that sacking over yonder, which was being cut up." I replied that I did, and at the same time remembered what filthy and apparently useless material it appeared. "Well," said my guide, "this is the paper into which it has been turned." As I gazed upon it, the idea came into my head, what an experience these sheets must have. In our great "*Salvation Mill*," of which we are more particularly speaking, they have great times of this kind, when the history of the paper, before it was converted into such good material as it is now, is told forth. One sheet would be able to say, had it the voice, "Once I was a filthy sheet of paper lying in the gutter; but now I am clean;" and another would exclaim, "I remember well the

THE SALVATION MILL.

time when I used to be one of the worst rags down our alley; but now there has been a glorious change made, as you can see." We make our paper speak for itself, and by this means we get a great deal more in for conversion into white paper.

In the Glory Land.

At the further end of this Mill there is the store-room. Here is collected and stored away beautiful paper. This store-room is generally known as the glory-land. Into this place have gone many beautiful sheets of paper which used to lay in the gutter as dirty rags and paper. These have been all worked and got into the glory-land, through the instrumentality of the Company of the "*Salvation Mill*."

It seems wonderful as we relate about the many who are now safe housed, whom we have watched in all the process of cleansing and purifying. How wonderfully they have been used. The open-air has not injured, but rather improved them. Many have tried the strength of these sheets, and have found that they will not break even when hammered with sticks and stones. Their use has been praised by many, and they have been deplored when gone.

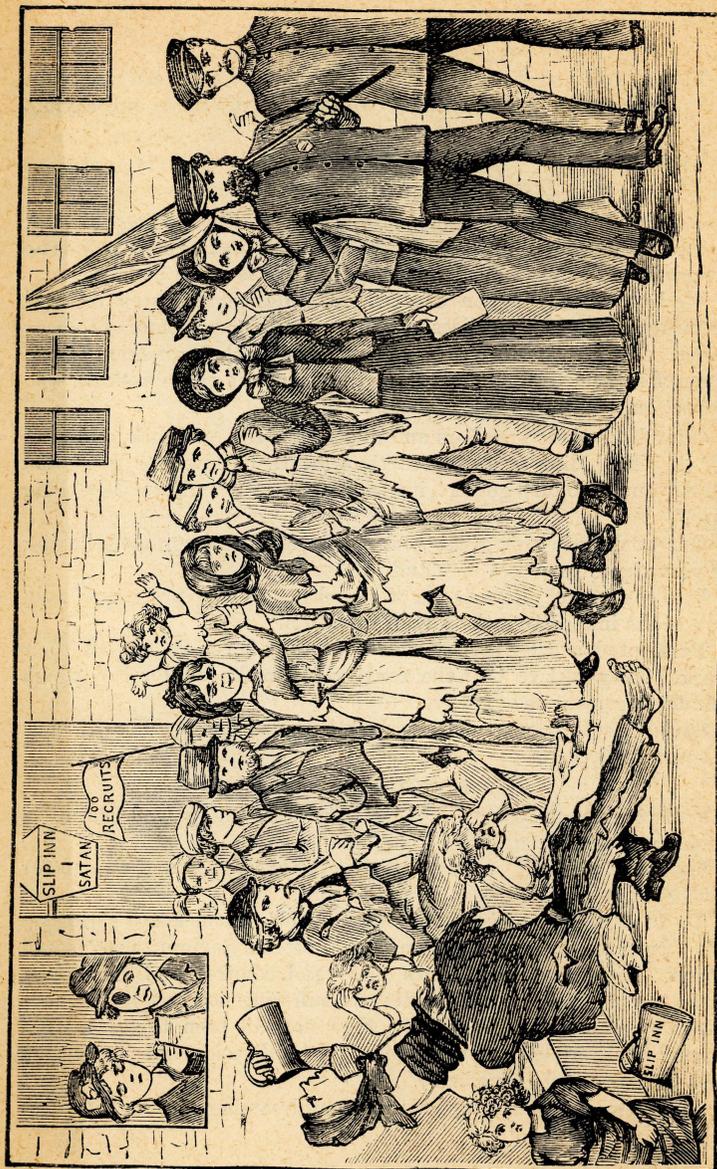
The Meaning of all This.

The reader cannot fail to see in these few lines that the writer has been speaking of a body of men and women, who have given their hearts and souls and minds to God, forgetting home, or friends, or comforts, and have gone forth into the world in His Name alone, seeking to win to Him those who appear to be beyond hope.

The Salvation Army can boast of being such as I have just described. Its mighty growth in the space of a few years speaks well and loudly to every man who understands the things of God.

Its actions and results have silenced the sayings of those who said they were not doing right. They show themselves to be bearing royal commission, for the results which they have are the signets they carry.

When by their humble instrumentality they have brought many thousands to the Master's feet, and out of this mighty host 25,000 are ready at a moment's notice to speak for the Lord, and whose numbers we are glad to add are being daily rapidly increased. Those who look on us fairly don't say, "Is this of God?" as they once used to do, but in their wonderment they declare and publish abroad, "It is of God."



They have learned by inquiring, and seeing for themselves, that they must transpose the first two words of their old saying, 'Is it' into 'It is.'

Up and down throughout the land

Drunkards are being Saved

and their empty homes being furnished, and their unhappy wives and children rejoicing. The lion to be feared that he once was, is no longer to be found in him; but he is now the lamb to be loved.

We have this going on everywhere. Magistrates step into our meetings and hear the voices of those who were once forced to hear them. These men of sense and learning order the protection of this body of redeemed profligates from the bands of those roughs, who are set on to them by the publicans.

Churches—their members and ministers—see our work, and pray for it. Prejudice melts before the warmth of love for good, and all cry out "Go on! go on! its what we ought to have done long ago."

Our workers in this great work go on fearlessly for God, having in view the salvation of men and women.

Into courts and alleys (none of the cleanest) they press, and publish to the inhabitants the way of salvation.

Persecuted as they are at times, yet they never relinquish their work. They declare that the souls saved make up for the rough and ill treatment they receive.

Souls! Souls! Souls! as they work is their burden. For this they labour, inspired by

His love in their souls,

for what man or woman could labour thus unless God had filled their souls with Himself?

This is no work of excitement, that buoys up men and women for a time, but something that is substantial.

To do all this means an entire loss of self. It means a giving up of every care or thought of comfort. Like the Saviour, who "saved others" by giving up His own glory and comfort, and then came down to redeem the world by His own suffering, so these people have given up all care or idea of self. Had not this been the case, what mortal being could have gone through the derision and persecution which these people have had?

The blessed results have kept us from dreaming of such things as

these. The great object in view of reclaiming fallen man, has been of such importance and of so great consideration, that persecution, derision, and opinions of those who do nothing to reach them themselves, has hardly been noticed by us. We cannot, and dare not, bother ourselves about these matters, but go on steadfastly about our great work which lies before us.

The Power that runs the Mill.

"The same power of an all-consuming love which brought Jesus down from the Throne can also be in you."

What a depth of truth in this assertion. How full of meaning. The power which was in Christ can be in you also. We often sing "Lo I rise to life Divine," but never, perhaps, have we understood the fulness of its meaning.

The power which brought Jesus down! what was it? It was a denial of self; nay, more than that, let me express it better, it was a sacrifice of self. The power which was in Jesus led Him to do this. He could well have stayed in Heaven and have had its glories, but the power brought Him to love the world, and thus brought Him down from His Throne. The power led Him to give up the praise of angels, to come down and get the curses and ill-treatment of men. The power led Him to give up His majesty, and in all humility to suffer, and have not where to lay His head. The power brought the blessed Master from above to do all this, because it was His meat and drink to do His Father's will.

Oh, what a loss of self! Oh, what a sacrifice! Oh, what an example! And that all from the King of kings and Lord of lords. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly," says the Master.

The power which brought Him down from the Throne can be in us. Oh, what men and women shall we have when they have this power. Oh, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the meekness, the humility. That is what is needed for people who are to be God's rag-gatherers.