

THE SALVATIONIST.

APRIL 1, 1879.

THE SHEFFIELD COUNCIL OF WAR.

FEBRUARY 23RD TO 25TH.

THE Devil being perfectly well aware of the damage likely to be caused to his kingdom by this Council, set himself to obstruct it by all possible means.

When we tried to procure the loan of chapels or even schoolrooms for our sessions, we were met by the assurance that these were only to be used for "religious purposes" (which it seems includes lectures, exhibitions, bazaars, political meetings, anything but our onslaughts on the realms of sin). No, the Salvation Army must hire every building, and this was not so easy at a holiday time as it would otherwise have been.

Then when we had made up our minds to all these expenses, Captain Fawcett, newly appointed at Sheffield, and Captain Wilson in the midst of a monster victory at Rotherham, were both suddenly laid aside by severe illness.

All these things being against us, we felt strongly inclined to postpone our Council till a more favourable opportunity. But at the last moment we determined, especially on the urgent entreaty of the two sick captains, to persevere.

With scarcely more than three days' announcement, therefore, we held what proved to be by far the grandest Council we have ever held.

The Sunday services were filled with the splendour of the King, although the snow prevented us from having such crowded congregations in some cases as we might have had. From six o'clock in the morning, when Mexbro' and Wombwell saints tramped through the heavy snow to feast on love together, till we know not what hour of the night, there was joy and gladness, penitence and pardon, forgiveness and sanctification, in plenteous streams all around.

The sight of the happy soldiers as they tramped along in the open air all day was one never to be forgotten. And they had need to be faithful even in this weather, for destitution, and misery, and death were all around. "Do stop singing here!" begged a poor woman whose son was lying at the gate of death. In less than three hours he was gone, and how many more we wonder of the vast multitudes who heard the voice of warning in their homes that morning are already either amongst the singing or the wailing hosts on the eternal side of the dark river.

Thank God for the many who that day came over on the Lord's side! Mrs. and Miss Booth were able to rejoice over sixteen in the Temperance Hall at Sheffield, some of whom cried aloud in their agony for mercy, whilst the General at Attercliffe, Mr. Ballington Booth at Rotherham, Major Corbridge at Barnsley, and others at the smaller places, had each their crown of rejoicing.

Monday opened as usual with "Pentecost." But it was an unusual

Pentecost, from the very first song led by Mr. Ballington's Hallelujah Fiddle to the march from the Temperance to the Cutler's Hall, down one of the main thoroughfares of Sheffield. There was a ring of young, hearty, shouting, conquering faith about everything and everybody such as we never witnessed before. We had already got the victory. There only remained two days and a night of furious pursuit.

And no wonder when we came to listen to the War Memories that afternoon. From Captain Fleming, the "bleeding lamb" as they call him, of Burnley, who told how, after literally fighting his way through rowdies who threatened his life, he had got some of the worst humbled at the Saviour's feet, to Captain Susan Carter, of Dudley, who described how she had "dealt with" five reverend critics who came one day to inspect and condemn her operations, it was one story of overcoming the world by faith and hard fighting; and we have only to mention that Captain Cadman and the Black Prince were there to satisfy everyone that the amusing aspects of our enterprise were fully put before us.

The meeting in the evening went even further in triumph, the time being all too short for those who were eager to testify to the mighty power of God. Men from some of the oldest London corps joining with those from the newest Lancashire and Yorkshire stations in giving glory to God for the way in which our oldest conquests have been maintained as well as our lines so marvellously extended.

On Tuesday our day meetings were held in the old Wesleyan chapel, Masbro', which had been taken by us for the purpose of forming a corps in that town; but having been shut up till the damp had almost soaked the whole building, and the heating apparatus being broken and quite useless, we found the place very cold in the forenoon, when officers only had been invited to meet the General. A hearty company of privates, however, enjoyed themselves in the schoolroom below, where they could even be heard jumping for joy.

The General, rejoicing in the fact that there was now so large a body of officers who could be trusted to the utmost ends of the earth, once more pressed home on all the vital importance of ceaseless vigilant faithfulness to God and the Army.

He congratulated all present on the hearty and strong appearance of almost all present, notwithstanding the scarcity of money in some localities, but regretted to hear that debt was being incurred in some instances, and again expressed his determination to prevent any such burden from being cast on the corps by refusing to recognise any claim for salary where other debts were not met, and by discountenancing the system of presenting testimonials.

He called attention to some instances in which there had been a want of punctuality in commencing open-air meetings, and a neglect of visiting, and dwelt upon the dishonourable character of any such omissions when every officer knew that he was trusted to perform all his duties at all times unless he informed the General of his inability to perform them.

He announced a new order of immediate dismissal for any officer found to be carrying on courtship without the General's previous consent, and explained that the old system of extreme plainness in dress was still intended to be as rigidly enforced as ever.

Mr. Bramwell specially called attention to the need for continual self-examination, and for keeping up the right state of things within in order to be capable of keeping up the performance of duty efficiently.

The General, in conclusion, referred to the need for greater love between the brethren, especially in the case of those who preceded or followed one another in the command of the same Corps.

In the afternoon, after a fine open-air demonstration, the body of the chapel was filled with a good company, made up from all the surrounding districts, and the session was of course much warmer, especially as the theme, "Our War," woke up every heart.

Captain Fawcett seemed almost as well as ever whilst he declared his intentions as to Sheffield, and Captain Wilson, who persisted in getting up in one part of the chapel after another, though twice pulled down out of regard for his health, embodied in his very person, po orly though he was, the unconquerable resolution of all present.

It was here that the "Hallelujah Marys" from Pickering taught us how to sing—

"Hallelujah!
We'll fight until we conquer
Beelzebub and the publicans,
And sing redeeming love."

Here, too, we learnt how to tack on the old "Reaping-time" Chorus to

"My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name!"

or any other common meter.

The tone of the session was manifested when the detachments, proceeding to evening meetings at Sheffield, rallied on the railway platform and sung and shouted and prayed together in the station and train, till all around were astonished.

The evening meetings were naturally a still further advance. The Masbro' Chapel was filled with people, and when in the middle of an address by Miss Booth one great sinner came out crying for mercy, an old and venerable brother suddenly became light as a cork, and leaped for joy, whilst the whole company burst into the strain of—

"Here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more!"

At Attercliffe, Mr. Ballington Booth, with his fiddle, was leading at the same time a meeting after his own heart, where speaker after speaker emphasized his conclusion by a jump from the platform into the body of the Salvation Mill.

At the Sheffield Vestry Hall, Mr. Bramwell Booth led a meeting, which, though not so large as might have been expected, was nevertheless a time of making merry before the Lord, and several poor sinners were kneeling at the feet of Jesus ere the night was gone.

The All-night

was announced to begin at eleven in the spacious Temperance Hall, and a few minutes before that two powerful processions—one from Rotherham and one from Attercliffe—sang up to the gates, waking up the wondering Sheffielders once more to the fact that men of war were in their midst. But admission was only by ticket. In the inner circle formed by the seats which had been arranged, as is usual with us for these meetings, were the various evangelists present, and round them gathered some 500 men and

women from far and from near, for some were there who had walked from Barnsley to be present—eighteen miles—to spend the night in earnest dealing with God alone.

Mr. Booth gave out the No. and read the first verse of the hymn, and from that moment God came near and nearer and nearer still.

"All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' Name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme;
Thy truth I lovingly receive,
I can, I do, believe in Thee!
All things are possible to me."

We began there. And right there the Lord God began to reveal the meaning of His "All things" to many of us. Prayer followed—pleading, wrestling, agonising prayer, that laid hold of God; "made the very devils fly, and drew the very heavens near." Then we sang again—

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole—
Whiter than snow!"

And the General pointed out the object of our meeting, called on us for the most rigidly honest and scrupulously careful dealing with ourselves as for eternity and before Almighty God. He defined in a word or two clearly the condition of those

"Sold, and under sin;
Ransomed, and with power over sin;
Sanctified wholly, and freed from sin."

Hundreds hanging on his words heard exactly the story of their own feelings and fears and failures through the presence of indwelling evil, and resolved there and then to be delivered utterly and for ever by Jesus' power.

Brother Corbridge followed, pointing out that there was power in the Saviour's Name to do it all, and to do it so that it would stand the test of temptation and keenest trial. "Let God save you," he said, "into Himself, and you can stand anywhere and suffer anything;" and he told us of a woman with little children hanging to her skirts crying for the bread she could not provide, who yet wept rather for joy, so precious was the Bread of Life, and so perfect was the peace of God shed abroad in her heart. The life of faith is also a life of faith tried.

Miss Booth rose as he sat down, and dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the absolute necessity of emptying our hearts of all and yielding up every thing to Jesus, she spoke some plain words on the subject of dress and the use of tobacco; plain indeed they were, but that the Spirit of the living God spake also, they might have been felt hard, but faithful, fearless use of the knife has come to be a glorious feature of these nights of power. And the dear Lord was doing it all; these His servants were but His channels of communication. It was He who spake. We saw the lip quiver and the breast heave while the verse was sung,

"Lord Jesus come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice,
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Mr. Bramwell Booth called for determination to face the truth. He was anxious every soul should *definitely* seek this blessing of a clean heart.

It was only for converted people, they would receive it in a moment and receive it by faith. As one would cash a cheque at the bank on *presenting* it, so believing for this work of purity, was the presenting to Him of His promise and the *claiming* of the gift. The cheque might be right. The bank might be right. But if it was not presented it could do no good, and be no use to the pauper who carried it in his pocket. He would be a pauper still. We must trust and try God at once.

At this stage we suspended for a few minutes while refreshments were handed round, and it is worthy of record that only two or three persons left the meeting at this stage.

We opened again with singing, and then Mr. Broadbent spoke pointedly on *consecrating* freely and for love all we have to Jesus. Not because it is "required," but because we choose to have all things in common with our Lord, to give all and to take all.

Testimonies to this experience were given by several, including Bros. Fawcett, Stockdale, Bennett, Sister Wright, and Dr. Morrison, who added a glorious word of encouragement to those who were seeking, and then the General invited those seeking the blessing to come forward and kneel at the table.

A brother knelt alone. Again we sang,

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;

and another joined him, and the singing went on.

Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure,
I am coming, Lord.

And then it seemed as though the whole congregation was coming. The space round the small platform was filled in a twinkling, the aisles were filled, and God smote men and women down all over, on their faces, on their knees, on their backs, they fell, and oh what praying, what imploring, entreaty, what struggling and wrestling with the enemy. Great big men crying like little children, confessing their unfaithfulness, and groaning for deliverance from their foes; pipes, and feathers, and flowers, and watch chains given up and a clean sweep made. We never heard such praying. We never saw such agony. We never knew such victory—for victory came; liberty came with uttermost rejoicing; men hugged one another, and danced together before the Lord, many, as they burst into the sunshine sprang to their feet, and seizing some one near them not yet fully delivered, began instantly to exhort them. Some turned to those near and began to declare with a loud voice what God had done. While others were still wading through doubt and darkness towards the light. Many threw off their coats, and God did not help them any the less to "put off the old man."

As the morning drew near we had some testimonies. Brother Cadman took the lead of the hour for experience. We were free indeed, and he might have gone on declaring his doings till noon, but that some others still lay groaning for liberty.

Were we not excited? Yes, indeed we were. The Holy Ghost as a mighty rushing wind, as a deluge of cleansing water, as a baptism of purging fire, came down upon us there, and we got excited, and elated and

filled, and filled to overflowing. The heavenly wine overpowered us. We felt and we saw, and we heard and we uttered—

“ Only glory all the time,
And glory evermore ! ”

That was the end of the Council. The war goes on—to eternal triumph in Jesus' Name !

THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

PERHAPS here we have had the most remarkably universal awakening to the things of eternity by a whole population that the Mission has as yet been privileged to see. The following from the *Western Mail* of March 4th was the first of a series of accounts contained in that paper.

“RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

“EXTRAORDINARY DEMONSTRATIONS.

“THE ‘SALVATION ARMY’ AT WORK.

(BY MORIEN.)

“The Upper portion of the Rhondda Valley, that is the portion between Ystrad Railway Station and Blaenrhondda, is in a ferment in consequence of a remarkable religious revival which has taken place in all the chapels in the district. The public-houses are almost totally abandoned, and nearly the whole of the population are seen nightly crowding into the chapels to attend prayer-meetings. And the religious enthusiasm which characterises those meetings is most extraordinary, reminding one of the great revivals which we have heard described by our fathers as having taken place in South Wales some 40 years ago. Some people are inclined, no doubt, to make merry over these enthusiastic religious gatherings, but it can be safely said that those so inclined have never attended one of the meetings. It is recorded that the great Rowland Hill once felt so strongly against those meetings, especially against the ‘jumping’ which took place in them, as likely to scandalise religion, that he visited one of the Welsh chapels which had gained notoriety by the religious enthusiasm of its members, for the express purpose of persuading them to exercise more self-control. It is said, however, that Mr. Hill himself became as enthusiastic and as demonstrative as the others during the service he had come to control. Now, the religious revival in the Rhondda Valley manifests itself among all denominations. Indeed, the question of sect appears to have been lost sight of altogether. Hundreds of people, many of them notorious profligates, have enrolled themselves as members of the churches. Men who a few weeks ago were frequently seen reeling about the Rhondda roads, are now seen nightly offering up prayers in the presence of the many hundreds who crowd the chapels. Nor is this enthusiasm confined to what is termed the lower orders, but men of cultivated intellect are seen among them as demonstrative as the rest.

“The revival was brought about through the instrumentality of a young English lady, named Miss Kate Shepherd, whose age, according to the

Welsh journals, is between 17 and 18 years. She came to the valley unknown. Posters, headed ‘The Army of Salvation,’ were distributed through the valley, announcing that she would preach at Shiloh on a certain evening. She did preach, and from that moment the enthusiasm has been increasing daily. Shiloh, which, by the way, is the building in which the police-court is held, is crammed, and hundreds are unable to gain admission each time she holds her meeting. She stands on the platform occupied on Mondays by the stipendiary magistrate, to address each congregation. The following is given as a specimen of the addresses she delivers:—‘My dear friends, I thank God that He has saved me, pardoned my sins, and given me that peace that passeth understanding. I likewise thank Him for enabling me once more to appear in His sanctuary to warn poor sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Jesus is willing to save you all, if you but come to Him to ask for pardon. He will wash you in His blood—His precious blood—blood that was shed for you all. Come, then, to-night, you drunkards, you blasphemers, you wife-beaters, you Sabbath breakers; come to-night. It may be too late to-morrow. Hell may be waiting to receive you. Oh, come to Jesus you poor drunkard! Oh, He is waiting with out-stretched arms! Blessed be His name, He died for you. His spirit will strengthen you. You shall experience the new birth, without which none can be saved. Oh, come! Oh, come!’ She will then commence singing with much sweetness—

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh forgive they cry,
Nor let the ransomed sinners die.

My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

The whole of the vast congregation joining in the singing. At its close the congregation take up a Welsh hymn, the one most frequently taken up being

Gwaed y Groes sy'n codi fynu,
'Reiddil yn goncwerwr mawr;
Gwaed y Groes sydd yn darostwng
Gewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr.

“On Monday afternoon I attended a Welsh prayer meeting in the vestry of Moriah Chapel, Pentre, by young Welsh miners and hauliers. When I entered, a Welsh miner, about twenty years of age, was reading in Welsh the 2nd chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. He read it most impressively. He then gave out a Welsh hymn, which was sung in the old Welsh fashion, the latter portion of it being repeated over and over again. One young man after the other then engaged in prayer, each remarkable for its simple eloquence. After each prayer a hymn was sung. Then came an address by an old man, who referred with enthusiasm to the fact that ‘God had again visited his people.’ At the close of this address the Welsh hymn given above was sung by the young men seated. It is said that on Sunday afternoon thousands of men and women walked in procession through the valley singing Welsh and English hymns, while in another part of the valley, near Ystrad Station, standing on the embankment, by the side of the road, Miss Shepherd addressed a throng of 3,000 people, who manifested a remarkable religious feeling. The Treherbert public hall is nightly crammed at the religious services held there. At Noddfa Chapel, Treorky, is said to have been witnessed an extraordinary scene. This is the largest chapel in

the valley, and it was crowded. Moriah, Jerusalem, Nebo, Bethlehem Chapels, and others, also were the scenes of immense excitement. Nothing like it was witnessed in the district before, and nothing else is spoken about throughout the valleys."

We give further extracts from the same paper on March 10th:—

"On Sunday afternoon, proceeding up the road towards Pentre, a little before two o'clock, I could hear the sound of a multitude singing hymns some distance ahead, and shortly afterwards a vast throng filling the road came in sight. At the head of the procession walked Miss Shepherd, a young lady, neatly dressed, of prepossessing appearance, and evidently not more than 18 years of age. She had an air of modesty, but seemed thoroughly in earnest in the task of leading the singing. Very many of the men walking behind her wore white rosettes in their coats. The hymn that they were singing at the moment I met them was—

I am a pilgrim bound for glory;
I am a pilgrim going home;
Come and hear me tell my story;
All that love the Saviour, come.

In this way the procession walked towards Heolfach, the crowd becoming larger as it advanced. Occasionally the sweet voice of the young lady was heard starting another tune or hymn, followed instantly by the crowd. The words she struck up first after the above were—

Rock of ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood,	From Thy wounded side which flowed; Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
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It was most touching to hear and see the young maiden lifting up her hand, and, with religious enthusiasm, singing the above words. Many, standing at their doors as the procession passed, were in tears.

"Having reached their destination, Miss Shepherd and her companions ascended into a cart, and Miss Shepherd gave out a hymn, which was sung with enthusiasm by the vast throng, between 3,000 and 4,000 in number. Then followed prayers in Welsh and in English. Then addresses by some young men, followed by an address by Miss Shepherd."

From a leading article on the work on the same date we take the following:—

"Of course, we should prefer—if that were possible—that the change thus wrought was more rational in its origin, more deliberative in its process, and grounded upon a fuller and more serious appreciation of the truths of Christianity. But we must take human nature as we find it, and whether the evangelist be Miss SHEPHERD or anybody else, rejoice at any movement which promises to make men and women better husbands and wives, more loving towards one another, and more just and forbearing towards their neighbours. From this point of view the Church may look upon proceedings like those now taking place in the Rhondda Valley, not only without jealousy, but even with sympathy."

In a lengthy account, in which a short history of the Mission is given, in the same paper on 12th March, we find this:—

"It is stated that when the 'Army of Salvation' first 'marched' into the Valley of the Rhondda a month ago, even religious people were inclined to condemn it as a burlesque upon religion. The placards announcing when the 'army' would appear, and 'open fire along the line,' were the subject

of general merriment. But the object the promoter of the mission had in view, namely, exciting interest in the movement, was fully attained, and greatly enhanced when it was discovered that the 'army' consisted of three young maidens, like the three graces of classic lore; and the manhood of the whole district has been attracted to hear what the three lasses have to say. It appears that at first the authorities of large and beautiful chapels in this part of the valley were reluctant to place their chapels at the disposal of Miss Shepherd, fearing the 'roughs' who crowded to hear her would damage the 'varnish' with which the temple is adorned. The 'varnish,' however, has been forgotten, and every chapel door is now open for her and her 'roughs,' and the movement daily increases in popularity."

"Meeting of Night Workmen—A Penitent who had been to College."

(FROM OUR PENTRE CORRESPONDENT.)

"On Tuesday morning Miss Shepherd held a meeting, at 10 o'clock, for the benefit of the night workmen, who are unable to attend her evening services. There were over 200 able-bodied men present, the majority being of the very lowest order. No sight could be more pleasing than to see this young lady exhort and advise this motley gathering as to their future welfare until the whole audience were in tears. Some thirty of the number narrated their religious experiences. Some of the speakers were, a few weeks ago, notorious blackguards. One stated: 'I have been known, and have been a prize-fighter, and have gone to fight many battles to the hill sides for a crown, but, dear friends, I am here to tell you that I will still be a prize-fighter, and will be, by the help of God, to the end of my days, but not for earthly prizes or crowns, but for the crown of glory, which, by the help of God, I mean to wear.' Another man stated: 'I have to tell you that I never felt happier in my life, and this morning after I came from work I read a chapter and prayed for an hour and a half, and, dear friends, I feel happier at my work. Everything seems to go better; my wife seems pleasanter, and the children don't know what to make of my change; and, I thank God, He will keep me to the mark of my high calling.' Another speaker went on as follows: 'Dear friends, I am not much of a scholar, but I have been to college, but not to Oxford or Cambridge, but to the House of Correction at Cardiff; and you know, dear friends, Mr. Gwilym Williams never sent people there without they done something; but one Sunday I was in the gaol chapel, and I heard the preacher talk about the ninety and nine sheep that were safe in the fold, and of the one that was astray. I didn't think much of it then, but, O Lord, since Miss Shepherd has been talking to me, I found I was the lost sheep, but now I am happy to tell you I am in the fold. Come all of you the same; Jesus will take you in.' The entire proceedings were characterised by great fervour."

And later still, here is an account of

"Extraordinary Case of Conversion.—Infidel Literature Publicly Burnt."

Our Pentre correspondent writes: "An extraordinary case of conversion has taken place at Treherbert, which is attributed to the preaching of Mr. Hayter, the 'Hallelujah Pitman.' A man who has spent a lifetime as a stiff-necked scoffer of religion, and who used his utmost talent to spread his infidel doctrines, was brought to a knowledge of his sins last

week, and stated before a crowded congregation that, by the help of God, he would burn the whole of the infidel books in his possession. Mr. Hayter then said, 'And by the help of God I will be there to-morrow to witness it.' On the following morning a number of people met to witness the joyful event, and prior to dispersing held a prayer-meeting upon the spot where the books were burnt. At Moriah Baptist Chapel 18 persons were admitted as members of that church, through baptism, by the Rev. Mr. Davies, on Sunday."

The agent of a large colliery firm in the Valley, in a private letter, says:

"The great work is still going on: the mighty grace of God is wonderfully displayed in subduing the most vile and hardened sinners. There are now upwards of 300 of the most hopeless converted. We sing and we pray, and speak to the anxious hearers; and we stand as Moses at the Red Sea and see the salvation of the Lord, how He opens the hearts of giants in sin.

"Last Saturday night, just when we were about casting the net, there is no doubt that the devil went into an awful rage, for a man cried the gallery was coming down. The poor people were struck with great terror, breaking and opening the windows and jumping out, and many fainting with fear. Poor Miss Shepherd and myself were standing on the platform, and we cried to the Lord to save us, and so great a mercy I never witnessed, for we were all saved. We plucked up enough courage to carry on, and seven souls were brought in in spite of all.

"At ten o'clock Miss Shepherd appeared, and we formed a strong army and marched through the streets, and, having had prayers, then entered the chapel and enjoyed the Lord heartily. In the afternoon we were out in the open air, where there were from five to six thousand assembled. This again was a very glorious meeting. Last night the net was thrown, and twenty-five were found there."

Space prevents our giving more. Both at Pentre and Treherbert the universal topic of conversation is "Salvation." In the pits, on the hills, the road, in the cottages, and in the railway carriages, men and women are talking of the mighty wonders wrought, and the marvellous scenes that have been witnessed. In one solitary instance there is silence and comparative desolation—the public-houses are deserted, drinking is forgotten, except drinking in the *water of life*.

Sister Hayter has been ill but is better, and prayer is asked for both her and her husband at Treherbert, and for Sisters Kate Shepherd and Bateson at Pentre.

OPENING AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE glorious success of our work in Gateshead made it doubly desirable that we should open in Newcastle as soon as possible, and accordingly we secured the

Tyneside Theatre,
capable of seating nearly 4,000 people, for Sabbath services, together with the
Hall of Varieties,
which will comfortably seat a thousand persons for week-night work. These were opened on Sunday, *March 16th*, and were both crowded to the ceiling that first night.

Sisters L. Agar and L. Jackson, from Consett, with two other sisters, are in charge of the work. The first Sabbath they had twenty-eight souls,

and during this week the spacious Hall of Varieties has been crowded nightly with just the rough sort we are seeking; and some are stepping into liberty, while hundreds, we believe, are under deep conviction.

We hope to give a full account next month. Let our readers pray, and pray in faith, for Newcastle. Here are tens of thousands of just the class we want to win for Jesus. Oh for a mighty moving of the Spirit of God on the Tyne!

GATESHEAD.

THE following article from the *Northern Daily Express*, March 4th, describes our Gateshead services, and is valuable, not as giving anything like a complete account of the marvellous work which is going on, which indeed baffles all description, but as being the testimony of an unprejudiced outsider.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

"The Hallelujah Lasses' and their Work.

"A somewhat remarkable religious revival has been going on in Gateshead for some weeks past. The great question in most churches that are at all earnest in their work, is how to reach the masses. In Gateshead, the masses predominate, and some of the worst features of the lower class dominate amongst them. To reach the section of the community that lie outside of the usual pale of religious life was the object sought. The work was one on which the ordinary agencies of the churches had failed, but the agency was an extraordinary one. What aged and experienced ministers and old established agencies with the most complete church organisation, and backed by established and well supported churches had failed to do, was to be attempted by a few young women unconnected with any denomination that had already a local name and habitation in Gateshead.

"Some six or eight weeks ago, about half-a-dozen young women made a raid under the banner of a Gospel mission among the lowest classes in the town, and they have succeeded in the most remarkable manner in their object. 'The Hallelujah Lasses' have had for their audiences the class of persons that are rarely found in churches or chapels between the two extremes of life—the cradle and the grave, when they are brought to be baptised and to be buried. They have done more than that, they have got such a hold upon the masses as to tame some of the worst of the class, and for the moment at least—and it may be for life, they have succeeded in changing their habits and ways most completely. A thorough transformation has been effected in the lives of some of the most, thoughtless, depraved, and criminal.

"These true sisters of mercy, are modest, unassuming women, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. Dressed in black, but not ostentatiously severe in their attire, and with black bonnets and veils that are thrown back, which give a grace to their head attire, there is not much to attract attention in their garb, beyond what is sufficient to indicate that they are missionaries. A white neck tie rather relieves the melancholy of the black garments, and is well suited to the placid and pleasant faces of the 'sisters,' for they are remarkable for the serenity and sweetness which seems the characteristics of each.

"Belonging to none of the denominations that have a 'cause' in Gateshead, they were driven, even if their mission had not been to the lowly, to find preaching places out of the ordinary course. The work in which they are engaged is not a new one—the mission in Gateshead is not a new experiment with them, but the carrying out of an old experience; and with them music halls and theatres in the worst parts of the town are what they seek. The Music Hall in the Bottle Bank; the Alexandra Hall, in Oakwellgate; and Bethesda School-room, Melbourne Street, were taken; and there, unrecognised by the churches, despised by the press, and sneered at by many people, they have laboured for

some weeks past, until the fame of their work has got noised abroad, is the topic of every workshop, and nightly these places are filled to overflowing for three hours, and hundreds are unable to gain admission; while on Sundays the Town Hall and the Temperance Hall have been added to the two music halls, and are filled to overflowing.

"The stories that are being told of the conversions among the factory hands, of the changes that are being made in their habits—their lives and their language—are in themselves wonderful illustrations of the singular and powerful influence that this seemingly weak and feeble agency has wrought.

"The Town Hall.

"Wishing to see how this transformation, which the police and the publicans alike are noting, as well as the heads of workshops, had been effected, we looked into the Town Hall on Sunday night. The ordinary service was over, and a prayer-meeting was going on. A little extravagance we expected to find, but all was as quiet as a Methodist prayer-meeting. At intervals revival hymns were sung, and prayers were offered up by some who were apparently new converts, and whose religious vocabulary was evidently limited. The 'penitent-form' was there, but as one of the 'sisters' said, there was no merit in it; but coming to it, was an open manifestation of the determination by the help of God to make a change for the better. Earnest but quiet was the appeal, and while one of the sisters conducted the proceedings another went among the audience, asking, as we heard, with a tenderness and earnestness of inquiry that no doubt touched many a rough nature, and would allay any irritation that might at first arise in some breasts at such an inquisitorial question, 'Are you saved?'

"There was nothing to find fault with in the service—nothing but what is seen at revival meetings, whether held by Methodists or Churchmen. But this meeting was held on a Sunday night, and in the Town Hall, where the day and the place might repress any extravagance of manner, such as had been hinted at; although it was quite true that among the persons taking an active part in the meeting were some who it was evident had not always been at the work, and we found afterwards that not a few had been better known to the policeman than to any priest, parson, or preacher in the town.

"The Music Hall.

"We determined to see the work on a work-day, and under the worst or best conditions, and so we went to the Music Hall, in Bottle Bank. A policeman kept order in the passage, for the place was filled, and the people waiting could only get in as room was made by the retirement of some of the audience. The doors were kept locked, still further to save the audience from the disturbance that always attend a meeting which is so packed, that some people at the door are always clamouring for room, or disturbing the meeting by quarrelling with those around them in their ineffectual endeavours to get within ear-shot.

"The hall is a large room, fitted up with boxes, pit, and gallery. Decay and delapidation were visible everywhere. On the stage sat the two sisters and a number of men and women. The hall was packed, but by such a congregation as is never seen in a church. The pit was filled with men. From our position we could not see a woman amongst them. There was no doubt as to the class to which they belonged. Hard work, poverty, care, and anxiety—the wrinkled, prematurely old, and hard faces, which sin and vice and crime, with the want that precedes or succeeds them among the lower classes, were everywhere to be seen in the two or three hundred men that composed the pit congregation. The boxes were filled with a more miscellaneous assemblage—a class a little higher in the scale; and men and women were together, and women with children in their arms.

"All, were, however, remarkably quiet and orderly, but if they had not been, there were men there to maintain order; and such a lot of churchwardens, deacons, and door-keepers as are rarely seen, but they appeared to perform their allotted parts with a heartiness that was really surprising, considering the appearance of the men and the character of the work. It was an experience meeting; and one after another the occupants of the stage stepped forward and told of the

change that had taken place in them, and they urged the audience to follow their example. Between each address a verse was sung of some revival hymn or the weird melodies of the jubilee singers, always started by one of the 'sisters,' and while it was being sung the brother or sister who was to tell what the Lord had done for him or her came unasked and took his or her place at the front of the platform. Some of the confessions of their faith were simple enough and short enough. Sometimes it was a simple acknowledgment of the change; but it must have been a trial in itself for the novice to make such a confession before some of his comrades. Occasionally the first effort of speechifying were too ludicrously a failure for even the gravity of such an uncritical and inexperienced audience in regard to public oratory; but it was suppressed in a moment as soon as one of the young women raised her hand.

"One young woman spoke with great effect. Her dialect at first rather amused the audience; but, as the saying is, a pin might have been heard drop during one portion of her address, and the keen, earnest, eager looks of that host of vice-stamped countenances, as she reasoned of 'righteousness and judgment to come,' with a description of a shipwreck as an illustration, was not a sight to be forgotten nor a result to be despised. One young man, without any polish of language but great earnestness and undoubted honesty of expression, said it was a month since he was converted, and it had been the happiest month he had ever experienced. And so the service went on, and it was evident that to many of both speakers and hearers they had the sweet experience of a new sensation; and a gleam—faint though it might be—of a higher and better life. The theology taught was of the simplest kind. The heinousness of sin and its consequences; the mercy of God, and the full and free manner in which it was offered to all, were the themes alike of the speeches and the hymns. With heartiness the people sang the hymns, many had hymn-books, but varied as were the hymns and difficult as were some of the tunes, they seemed to be well-known to many in the meeting.

"Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the movement—two or three things must be admitted about the 'Hallelujah Lasses,'—a phrase which while it takes with a class, is apt to lower the young women in the estimation of some people, and gives them a sensational and apparently bold and audacious character; but and the young women appear to be modest but earnest, and more ready to see the result of their labours than to be seen in it. The masses can be reached, that is evident, and the classes that even Messrs. Sankey and Moody failed to reach, with the aid of all the church agencies in the town, have been reached and moved by these young women.

"There was a marvellous contrast between the young women and their surroundings, as great as was the confession of faith in Christ in the mouths of some of the speakers. Close cropped heads, the neck muffler, and the whole appearance of the men were so contrary to confessions usually associated with white neckcloths and black cloth. Whether the work be permanent or not, not a few people have had a gleam of heavenly light thrown upon their path; and if the darkness of vice or crime should again enshroud them, yet, like one of the speakers who had fallen away in temptation, they will remember with pleasure and mourn over the loss of that sweet experience of a life somewhat in harmony with the Divine law, and it may in the end lead them back to the purer life.

"The Alexandra Hall.

"Leaving the Music Hall in the Bottle-bank and the two young women doing their mission alone, with the aid of their converts, for other aid seemed conspicuous by its absence, we went to the Alexandra Music Hall, in Oakwellgate-chare. Here also the door was kept locked until room could be made by people leaving the hall, and a policeman kept the door clear of the crowd that pressed to get in whenever the door opened. The congregation was composed of rather a higher class of the labouring population, and on the platform were a few persons who have been long identified with religious movements in the borough. The addresses were more pointed and lengthy, but of a similar type; but strange to say the audience was not quite so much under control, the arrangement of the

hall not permitting the young woman who had charge of this meeting to have the whole congregation so completely under her eye, and a great many people were standing, and the moving about was greater.

"Old and young told their story of spiritual transformation, and a mere boy spoke with singular fluency and power. He began by singing a verse, and interspersed his address with another verse, admirably chosen, too, and the speech was not a prepared one, for he referred in appropriate terms to an announcement that had just before been made that the sister who led that meeting was about to leave for Wales to carry on a mission there. The youth, who is evidently not more than fourteen, if so much, is quite a phenomenon, and certainly has a marvellous utterance for one so young and inexperienced. On Saturday night, we were told he spoke for twenty minutes, and carried the audience so fully away with him, that in the midst of his address three or four persons went up to the penitent-form. We have heard many worse addresses—less appropriate and with less earnestness—from old and experienced speakers.

"The Bethesda School.

"We next visited the gathering in the schoolroom beneath Bethesda Chapel. This meeting was also crowded; and the two young women who had charge of the meeting were singing a duet together. Very sweetly they sang, and then, after a short address, a prayer-meeting was held, and preparations were made for receiving converts or persons seeking salvation, as it is called. The audience here was a shade higher than in the last music hall we visited, but human nature is human nature all the world over; and men who feel burdened with a sense of sin act very much alike, whether draped in fustian or broadcloth, and under like circumstances they act alike.

"In none of the places was there, on the part of those engaged, any extravagances other than those seen under like conditions in an ordinary revival gathering; but considering the character of the congregations and the want of settled organisation under which the movement is carried on, the wonder is not that there is some want of reverence occasionally in some of the persons present, for it must not be forgotten that some of the worst people in the town have gone out of curiosity, or to scoff, and have remained to pray. Considering the material, the results are marvellous. If the goodness should be, as of old, like the morning cloud and the early dew, so evanescent, some of it must abide; and what is wanted in the work is consolidation—some agency to carry the converts beyond the few simple truths they have got hold of, and to give them an interest in the work when the excitement of the change and the effort has passed away."

To the above we must add some few cases of interest which have reached us. On account of the removal of Sisters Atkinson and Robinson to other important stations we have no regular report from them, but, perhaps, what is here given is enough.

Praise the Lord! God is working mightily in the **Bottle Bank**. Souls are being saved every night; the devil is raging; we mean victory or death. We give the cases of a few who have been redeemed from the slavery of sin with the precious blood of Jesus.

The Converted Pugilist said, "It is seven weeks since I came and gave God my heart, and I am sure it is the happiest seven weeks in my life. I have been a black sinner; have fought many prize-battles, and just before I was washed in the blood of the Lamb, I was going to fight a man for the championship of Newcastle and Gateshead; but, praise the Lord, I am now fighting the devil for the championship of heaven, and by Jesus' help I know that I will gain the victory, and then I mean to ride to heaven in a hallelujah carriage." Praise the Lord. We will all go *first class*. He says, "Before I found Christ I could not get any sleep, but, bless God, I sleep sound now." *Hallelujah for all that.*

Converted Shipbuilder.—"I came here night after night to scoff; but one Sunday God laid his hand upon me and I came out and gave Him my heart, and have been very happy ever since." *Hallelujah!* The Lord can get hold of scoffers. Praise the Lord.

A Young Man says, "I came here a fortnight ago and asked God to pardon me, and he did, and I have been very happy ever since." *Glory, hallelujah!*

A Plasterer.—He got up and asked the audience if they did not think he was rather a big chicken to be only six weeks old? And he finds it very happy to be a chicken of God. *Praise the Lord we all do.*

An Engineman said, "It was five weeks since he came and gave God his heart, and he had been very happy ever since."

A Joiner says, "I was washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and I can say it has been a very happy week."

Another, "I came to God a week since. I was lost then, but not now." Praise the Lord, Christ found him.

A Clerk says, "I went to chapel two and three times every Sunday and very often during the week, but still had not found Jesus until I came to hear the Hallelujah Lasses, who spoke so pointedly about going to chapel that it went straight to my heart; but I kept striving with the Spirit of God for seven nights after, but as each night came round I found myself seated in the Hallelujah meetings. But the seventh night, I got up, and there found myself in the arms of Jesus, and have been happy for five weeks, and, with God's help, I mean to work for Christ, and let Him see that I can be a good soldier when I choose, and so long as He is Captain, there is no fear of us losing a battle." *Hallelujah.*

A Cooper: "It is three weeks since I found Christ, the happiest in my life. I served the devil for twenty-two years and got nothing for it. I came to hear the Hallelujah Lasses and found happiness, and I have found it the best thing I ever did in my life, and intend to keep going on."

A Labourer: "I was a great sinner, and came to hear the Hallelujah Lasses. I felt very queer in the meeting, so thought I would try Christ, and have found it the happiest thing I ever did in my life."

Another Engineman says: "I was a very wild one, and came here five weeks since, and couldn't stand it any longer; so came and gave my heart to God, and have been happy ever since." *Praise God for that.*

A Converted Striker says, "I was a gambler and a drunkard, but came and gave God my heart, and have been a happy man since." *Hallelujah.*

A Sister.—"She, too, was happy in the Lord, and if they would take her advice all would come."

Another says, "She has found Christ, and she constantly asks the Lord to strengthen her, and she means to press forward." *Hallelujah.*

"Seven weeks to night I was going through the Half Moon Lane with a fellow workman of mine, and the Hallelujah Lasses were coming up singing in procession. I said to him, 'Come on along with them,' and he did not care about going, so I said 'come on you—' I shall not mention now what I said to him. Well, he would not go, so I went alone, yet not alone, for the Spirit was striving with me, and I went to the Bethesda School-room (one of our week-night places), and I was convinced there that I was a sinner. Well, I left that night unsaved, and with the intention of not going again; but the Spirit still strove with me, and I went back on the Thursday night and came away again unsaved, and business not permitting me to go again until the Sunday, I had two days of deep conviction. I went to the Music-hall on the Sunday, and I heard the sermon preached by one of the sisters, and after that I went and sat in the back of the hall, and, as the meeting proceeded, I kept shifting forward until I got on to the front seat, and I saw the men and women going up to the penitent-form, and one woman took my eye as she was so ragged, and I thought to myself can it be possible for that woman to be saved. I said to myself if it is possible for her to be saved and if there is salvation to be had I will have it to-night; so I got on to my feet at once and went to the form with only one cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And I said that a good few times after, and I did not realise the blessing, and I said, 'Oh Lord, to thee my God, the living God, my thirsty soul doth pine, when shall I behold Thy face?' And, as it were the echo to my joy, the answer came back, 'Now,' and, oh, glory be to God, the

light of God's truth did shine upon me, and, praise be to His Holy name, it is shining in yet brighter than ever. Glory be to God. And I mean now that since I have been reconciled to God, through the precious blood of Jesus, to unfurl the banner of the Cross with God's help. J. H."

Many more than I have told you of have realised His saving power, about whom we may tell you next month.

Yours in the battle field,

SARAH HESELTON,
ELIZABETH HORNEY.

In charge of Bottle Bank Music Hall, which we have taken altogether for our services.

PORTSMOUTH.

I FEEL quite at a loss where to begin to narrate all the glorious victories, that in the name of our King we have achieved, and I am sure I shall not know where to leave off.

Our last Sunday night in the Mission Hall was a mighty time, the power of God was very present, such singing I have seldom heard. Sinners trembled, and sat down, and shut their eyes, and held fast to their seats, and began to think. After all, I was right when I said we should see them full length on the floor. Brother Sherriff and I went in with all our might, the Holy Ghost gave us liberty, and sinners quailed beneath the sword of the Spirit. Without losing time we pushed into the prayer-meeting, and soon had a fine row of penitents seeking mercy. One great strong sailor was pleading at a mighty rate for God to forgive him, whilst the great tears fell on the form like little marbles. God saved him, and the next night he was with us in the open air, and is now promising to become one of our most able workers. Next to him knelt a great big woman who has long resisted the Spirit of God, but on this night came out boldly and sought and found salvation. Thirteen had professed salvation, and I was just about to close the meeting when a young woman *fell full length on the floor* beneath the convicting power of God, and at the same time a young man volunteered to the pool. To work we went again, and soon the glory came and set everyone shouting. Oh, hallelujah! And thus we parted, singing, "Praise God, &c.," and closed the doors of the hall for Sunday evenings, in which we have seen such mighty times during the past few months, only to open on a larger field, to launch out into deeper waters, to be led on to greater and still greater conquests.

Our first night in the **Prince's Theatre** was indeed a good opening. With the assistance of three musical brothers from Salisbury, with three brass instruments, we opened fire on sin and the devil on their own ground. We had a great crowd of folks, and in the prayer-meeting sinners were convicted all over the place. I saw one young man that God had got hold of, and so I invited him to come out there and then. He jumped up, but at the same time the power of God fell on him in such a manner that he could hardly stand. I held him as I led him to the penitent-form, and then let loose of him and down he went. We left him alone with God, and soon he disturbed the meeting by shouting, "Glory, glory to God." Besides him only one young woman came out; but at the close of the meeting we found two penitents who could not leave, so we took them to our house, and prayed until God blessedly saved them. During the following week others who had here been convinced of sin came and surrendered their all to God. Last Friday we had four testimonies on holiness. It set us all on fire. The Glorious light of the Shekinah shines in our very midst. Pray for the Hallelujah Troupe at Portsmouth. Help them if you can afford it.

Yours saved all over,

21, Nelson Street, Landport,
Portsmouth.

IRONS and SHERRIFF.

ABERDARE.

ABOUT two miles from Aberdare is a village called **Aberammon**, and here many of our members lived; so we found an old chapel and took it, and formed a separate corps there. Sister Kate Shepherd was there up to her leaving for the Rhondda, and Sister Elliott has taken her place. Already the chapel is far too small: our own people cannot get in. Hundreds we believe would come if there was room; and, as it is, many stand outside in the mud listening to the message through the windows. Some of the blackest have been saved. Pray that the way may be opened for a larger place at once.

The Lord is still blessing the Salvation Army here in Aberdare. On Sundays we have six bands out. Some of the greatest drunkards have been saved. We have twelve open-air and four indoor meetings on Sundays, on which day the Temperance Hall is full, and thirty meetings a week. Our men are going on gloriously. They love to go in the open air to talk to the sinners and their old companions, and tell them of the love of Jesus.

There was one of our men speaking in the open air on Sunday, telling his old companions and his neighbours that they knew what a great sinner he had been, and about coming home from work, never washing himself, but lying down like a pig, and his house was hell upon earth. But now he is in his right mind, and instead of being hell upon earth, it is heaven upon earth. Praise the Lord for such a change! There was such an influence in the open-air meeting on Sunday that all the people were bathed in tears: hundreds listening to the men that they knew had been servants of the devil.

Another man stood up and said that God had taken the desire of dancing away. He was once dancing for the devil, but now he is a child of God. There was another man that got quickened in the open air when one of our men got up, this man knowing that he was a little while ago a great sinner but now a changed man, serving the Lord, standing up speaking for Jesus. As this dear man was listening his heart got touched with the simple words, and he thought, "If God could save such an ugly sinner like him, why could He not save me as well?" And he did get saved; and to-day he is a living monument of God's saving grace: he was telling the people that it is heaven on earth. One night as he was going home, before he reached the door, he heard his youngest little child singing "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, He will save you;" and, as he listened to her, his eyes filled with tears: he thought "What a change!" he don't know how to thank God for it.

I have sent you a testimony from one of our dear young men. He says: "**I was a drunkard.** I used to go to the public-house before the Christian Mission came to Aberdare. I spent the most of my time in the public-house; now I spend most all my time either in the house of God or at work. No one then spoke to me about my soul; but when the Salvation Army arrived they soon came to me, and I did give my heart to Jesus, and I can say my sins, which were many, are all forgiven. I am on my way to heaven. I mean to stick to Jesus and to the Christian Mission. I am not ashamed to get up and speak for Jesus: I was not ashamed to speak for the devil. I mean to become a soldier for Jesus, a soul-winner, giving up everything. I am ever glad that the Christian Mission came to Aberdare, so are many more beside me. T. M."

Yours in the Army,

P. SHEPHERD.

MILLWALL.

WE are glad to say that we find the army in better condition than ever. Sunday after Sunday, and very often on week-nights, our hall is packed to suffocation, almost so that we can hardly move sometimes. Again and again we cry out, "Oh, for a larger place," for we are sure we could easily fill one three or four times the size of our present hall.

But in the open air we have plenty of room ; and there we make our chief attacks on the powers of the wicked one.

A short time back a lad, who was known as the **Marble Arch Drunkard**, came into our hall. He was convinced of his sins. The devil said, "You are too bad," but he got no rest for about nine days and nights. He came again on the Sunday, beat the enemy, and got washed in the blood. The other evening, giving his experience, he said, "I thank God that ever I came into this place, for here I found my walls was made of bad stuff, and when spoken to about Jesus they soon gave way, and now I am saved from all sin, and mean to get to heaven."

One of our members brought a man into the hall sometime ago, who had walked about seven hundred miles on tramp; he was almost clotheless, penniless, and friendless, but he heard of that Friend who is ever near. He counted the cost and decided that Jesus was the best. He is now to be seen every night in our army, ready to do battle with the devil. He bids fair to make a very good sergeant. He has walked the street without food or shelter, but he says that is the wages of sin ; not so now, Jesus takes care of him, and he is resolved to work for God as long as He lends him breath.

We get all sorts in this place. A Scotchman came to live with one of our members, and he brought him to the hall ; and he enlisted with us under the banner of Jesus, and he sails away to Australia, determined to carry the good news on board ship, and land it on the other shores.

A dear woman, who has been under conviction about eight months, night after night would rush out of the meeting, but at last she came and fell into the arms of Jesus, and He received and set her free. She is now speaking for Jesus inside and out.

So we mean to roll the old chariot along. God is on our side. Our army are spearmen indeed going in for life and glory.

Our opposition here is not very great just now. The police are rather scarce, and we are able to escape those who do oppose us. All we want is a larger place, and we are looking daily for God to open the way for us to have one.

Yours in the battle field,

C. PORTER.

FELLING (30TH CORPS).

"Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies."—60th Ps., 12th verse.

THANK GOD, though our enemies are strong and very numerous, yet, by the grace of God, we are able to stand like the brave with our face to the foe, and hurl defiance at the devil and all his emissaries. The lion of hell may roar, and he does too, the world may frown, and we expect it will ; but in spite of all opposing forces we intend to war a good warfare and prove true to our colours. We are confident that our leader, the Captain of the Lord's host, will lead us on to sure and certain victory. The devil is fighting a lost battle, but the great Captain we have chosen never did a battle lose. Our mottoes in Felling are—"Repentance," "Faith and Holiness," "Victory and Heaven!" Glory be to God!

During the past month we have enlisted some of the worst characters in Felling, who are now helping us to push the battle to the gate. From the cases of interest we have had I give one or two.

A Converted Pitman said, "I thank God for the Salvation Army, for it was the means of bringing me to God. It is now gone three weeks since I stepped into glorious liberty. I had a praying mother, and her dying prayer was for me to seek the Saviour." Since he was saved his wife came to our meetings, and she too wept her way to Calvary, and God wiped away her tears. Now they are both happy in Jesus. This brother bids fair to make us a skilful soldier in the Salvation Army.

A Runner and Gambler writes me as follows :—"Dear Brother Morrison : I am happy to say that I'm saved ; before I was converted my chief delight was running, boat-rowing, horse-racing, and gambling of all kinds. Drinking was my besetment, but, thank God, I have given it up now. It is a fortnight since I gave God my heart, and it has been the happiest part of my life. May God keep me faithful for Jesus' sake. Amen."

In my visiting the other day I went to see him, and found him smoking. I asked him to give up the little "Turk" (pipe). "Let me give Robert the 'dodde,' then I will." "No, give up the lot and be clean." He gave me the pipe, which I broke, then the tobacco, which I threw into the fire, and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." From smoke the Lord deliver us ; we must live and die in the fire. May God bless and use him !

The Boiler Smith said, "Before I was converted I was a fearful drunkard ; I was never happy only when I was on the spree, standing at the bar drinking and blaspheming, and when I came into the house there was nothing but fighting for more drink ; but, thank God, I have given up the drink, and never mean to touch it again. It is now six weeks since I gave the Lord my heart, and I am happy all day long. Praise the Lord, my wife has given her heart to God, and now our house is like a little heaven on earth. I am sure I never thought that religion was like this, but I mean to go in for more. May the Lord help me !"

Since this brother was saved, *his wife, two sisters, and a brother* have been converted. Oh, hallelujah ! God is saving in Felling by families, and the work of the Lord is rolling on. May God continue to prosper and bless us ! Amen and Amen ! Trade is bad—many out of work.

Yours under the Blood,

CAPTAIN MORRISON.

20, Wesley Terrace, Felling.

71ST (NEWPORT) CORPS.

HALLELUJAH ! we are rising, and although we have had persecution on all hands, yet, glory to God, we have overcome through the precious blood of the Lamb. Sinners have been heard crying for mercy nearly every night. Believers have been sanctified, glory to God for ever. Our friends will remember that at first we had the Prince of Wales Music Hall here, but this we have lost. We think the enemy was suffering so severely, as several of his staff were coming to the cross, that he determined to try and stop us. We are now, therefore, driven to use on Sundays our week-night hall and the Temperance Hall which, though together not seating so many as the Music Hall, are well situated for our work and God is greatly blessing us. I just give a few cases of conversion out of many :—

One night, the first to come to the penitent-form, was a **Cornish sailor**. He had been a big black sinner, and thank God he was not ashamed to cry for mercy, and he did cry, as I never heard anyone before ; after some pleading and wrestling, weeping and praying, we saw his countenance change, and he began to shout glory to God ; some in the room thought he was never going to leave off, and I pray God he never may. He sailed from Newport a week after, and as he gripped my hand, the night before he went, he thanked God that ever he met the Salvation Army in Newport. The Lord keep him faithful.

A Railway Guard.—This man's friend had bet him a shilling that if he came to our meeting we should have him saved. *The bet was made, he came to the Temple, and God Almighty shook him, and to use his own words, "his heart was up to his mouth and he made way for the door as soon as possible."* He was heard to say he never felt like that before. He came a night or two after and God laid hold of him again ; he then fell at Jesus's feet, got the blood applied, and is now on his happy way to heaven and is desirous that his friend who bet him the shilling may get saved also. Oh, hallelujah !

The Lord has saved a young man who had been one of the worst fellows in

Newport; he had been up before the magistrates several times and had been fined and sent to prison. On one occasion, *seven policemen* were trying to take him to the police station, but as fast as they came up he knocked them down. He came, as he says, to hear Happy Tom's Lot, and God met him and brought him down at the foot of the Cross and the cleansing blood was applied, and to-day he is at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind.

A poor unfortunate girl, who had been attracted to our meetings by the open-air singing—thank God for open-air work—came inside and God showed her herself, and she came and fell like one dead at His bleeding feet, and there she pleaded and prayed and wept for an hour, and at last light broke in upon her soul, her chains fell off, she stepped into liberty and peace. By the kindness of some friends we were enabled to get her in a home and, hallelujah, she is still holding on her way.

A Scoffer.—This man had come to make fun of the meeting, but God by His Spirit made him "*feel funny*," and instead of upsetting the meeting God upset him, he went away from that meeting wounded, the arrow of conviction in his soul. Praise God, he came the next night, I went and spoke to him. He said he was such a big sinner. But after assuring him he was just the fellow the blood was spilt for, he came boldly out and, by faith, he took a plunge in the fountain and rose from his knees saved and clean, and to-day finds him telling to all around what God has done for him. Glory to God.

We have a dear young man who was under deep conviction for *six weeks*, until he was quite ill; his friends could not make out what was the matter, but he only needed an application of the precious Balm of Gilead to put him right. One night he came into the meeting as miserable as ever, and before we finished he went out, but the Spirit followed him and brought him back, and he fell at the penitent-form and there and then stepped into pardon and peace. This young man used to smoke one shillings' worth of cigars per night besides tobacco during the day, but since he has been saved he has given it all up and is going in for God. Oh, hallelujah!

We are greatly in want of a larger place for Sunday nights. Will our friends pray that God will open our way? and help us if you can.

Tracts or money will be thankfully received and acknowledged by yours, fighting in this conquering Army,

THOMAS COOMBS.

3, Capel Street, Newport (Mon.).

MOUNTAIN ASH.

HALLELUJAH! we are up and at it in Mountain Ash. God is moving the Town. The past month has been a good one. Drunkards have been made sober men, and swearing men praying men. The police will not allow us to stand anywhere in the streets. They watch us as if we were going to steal the town, and run away with it. Oh, Hallelujah! we shall conquer through the *Blood*. We have between three and four hundred people every night in the week. The public-houses are being emptied, and our hall filled. One publican has gone into the Bankruptcy Court. May God save them all.

The following will show what God is doing:—

Two Brothers.—The eldest of these has been a prodigal. He came to our meetings, and God smashed his heart. He would not yield for a long time. His cry was, "I am too bad to be saved! I am too bad to be saved!" I never saw anybody tremble so in my life. At last he fell on his knees, and cried out for mercy. He had not been crying long before God set him at liberty, and now he is working.

The younger brother said, "I have a mother in glory, and a father on the way; and thank God their prayers are answered. I am saved, and going to heaven. Hallelujah.

A Drunkard.—*Conviction in the Public-house.*—This man came to our meetings and God showed him that he was wrong. A brother asked him to give his heart to God. He said, "No, not to night," and went home under deep conviction of sin. On Tuesday he went to the public-house and got drunk; while there, God took hold of him; at night I saw him in the hall—we sung and prayed. As soon as we arose from our knees, he came up to me and said: "You have been praying for the Holy Ghost. *I have felt the Holy Ghost to-day while I have been in the public-house. I ran home, washed my face, and have been here two hours waiting for your coming. Now I want to give my heart to God.*" We prayed with him. God saved him. Now he is talking for Jesus. The Lord save a lot more like him.

Converted Cornishman.—This dear man came to our meetings many, many times before he would give his heart to God. On the Sunday he was saved he had spent the afternoon in the "Collier's Arms," with his old mates; at night he came with his wife to our hall, God's spirit was striving. He stayed to the prayer-meeting, and I spoke to him about giving his heart to God; at half-past eight he fell on his knees and began, in Cornish fashion, to shout and cry for mercy. He wrestled with God till ten minutes to twelve, then the glory came down and filled his soul. He jumped up and shouted, then threw his arms round his wife, shook hands with all in the place, and said, "Your prayers are answered, glory be to God." He sings and shouts, and praises God now just as I like to see them.

Lord bless the Cornish men. The same night another Cornish woman came out and cried for mercy; she had not been praying long before she got into liberty, and began to shout "*Sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus.*" She is all right now, Hallelujah.

One Friday night I saw an aged woman sitting on one of the seats after closing the meeting. On speaking to her I found she was not saved. I asked her age, the sister said "She is *eighty-six years of age and not saved.*" She could not kneel down. We got her out to the penitent-form, and whilst there God saved her. Then she could say, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth me from all sin."

This woman had been going to a place of worship all her life, and had never felt her sins on earth forgiven till that Friday night Jesus met her in our hall and said, "For all these eighty-six years of sin I freely forgive you." Pray for this dear sister, may God bless her. Amen, amen.

Will our friends please send help, either money or tracts, to

Yours in the battle field,
15, Woodland Street. J. LAWLEY.

SPENNYMOOR.

GOD has been blessing us and saving many precious souls. Glory to His name. Our people have laid all on the altar to be used for God's glory. Our Friday night Consecration Meetings do us good. *Hallelujah!* The Lord has so remarkably blessed us this last month that we have been enabled to extend our borders.

The First Fruit of Spennymoor.—Brother Wilson was first attracted by the open-air singing near the cricket ground. He and his companions came to the People's Hall, where Brother Russell led them to Jesus. After his conversion he suffered no small persecution from his workmates, but he held to his integrity, and, looking away to Jesus, was kept by the power of God. Our dear brother was scarcely saved four months when he was called away to receive his reward. Death very often comes when it is least expected. Our Brother Wilson missioned the streets with us on Sunday, Feb. 16th, and there he witnessed for Jesus. He went to bed at night as usual, but woke early next morning filled with pain; a few hours later he lost his consciousness and never

spoke again. He died the next day, but he left behind a blessed testimony that he was washed in Jesu's Blood. *Hallelujah!* Two days later we gave him a real Mission funeral. At night I preached from "Prepare to meet thy God." At the close over twenty souls came out for Jesus.

I shall here give you a few experiences:—

A Spiritualist.—She came to the Hall and fell at the feet of Jesus and got saved. The next day I called to see her husband. I prayed, then she prayed. God laid hold of his soul. The following Sunday night I led him to Jesus, and now they are both happy and are working for God.

A Backslider says, "Thank God that ever the Hallelujah Army came to Spennymoor. I am saved, and in this 31st Corps, for God. My wife was as wicked as the devil could make her, but, bless God, we are washed in Jesu's Blood now, and our home is now a heaven upon earth. Praise the Lord."

A Runner who has, with his companion, come to the Hall ever since we came here, says, "Thank God I am washed in the Blood of the Lamb." They are both men running for years. They bid fair to be useful.

A Young Woman says, "Thank God my chains fell off, and the Blood cleanses me now. Dancing and novel reading used to be my delight, but now I love my Bible, praise the Lord." She boldly speaks for Jesus.

A Gambler says, "I am glad I was induced to come and hear the Hallelujah folks; the words came home to my heart. I there and then gave up my drinking and gambling, glory be to God, and now Jesus saves me." Now, this brother's wife has got saved. *Hallelujah.* May God keep them faithful.

On March the 2nd I preached Charles Peace's funeral sermon. At the close one dear man amongst the rest cried aloud for mercy. God soon spoke pardon to his soul, the light broke in, and while we sang "He breaks the power," he jumped up and shouted "Hallelujah, I believe it," and shook hands with everybody round him. He is working now for Jesus and is happy all the day. These are only a few out of the many. More next time.

From yours, in the battle field,

113, Craddock Street, Spennymoor.

ISAAC SKIDMORE.

TREDEGAR.

PRAISE God for what He has done through another month; it has indeed been one of victory and joy. We have seen many weeping their way to Calvary, and thank God they have not wept in vain; for the friend of sinners was there, and with the handkerchief of His love He has wiped their tears all away. Bless His dear name. We will give you a few of their own heartfelt

Experiences.

One dear brother said he had always been in the public-houses. He said, "You all know me; but thank God I am saved, and that I have joined the Salvation Army. My favourite song was 'Union Jack of Old England,' but now I am singing for Jesus. My old companions, come out and give God your heart. The Lord help you. Amen."

The Converted Black Man said, "I thank God I came here last night. I slept better last night than I have done for some time. My heart feels light. You know the old devil had hold of me, but now I have Jesus Christ within me. May God help me to carry it on." This dear brother has been one of the worst in the town.

A Converted Puddler, Short and Sweet.—"Praise God the cleansing blood has washed me."

A Dear Man and His Wife.—"Well, brothers and sisters, I am glad to tell you I am still trusting in Jesus. Praise God, my husband is with me. If there are any sinners here to-night, come out and give God your heart. God help you."

The Husband.—"Brothers and sisters, I feel very happy since I came last Saturday night. I have had troubles since. I give my heart to God. The devil tempted me in my work, but I began to sing, 'I love Jesus. Hallelujah!' and he had to fly." This brother used to get drunk, spend all his time and money in the devil's den; but praise God for ever, He has changed his heart.

The Happy Welshman.—"Dear friends, I thank God that He ever put it in the mind of Mr. Booth to send the Hallelujah Lasses to Tredegar. If it was only the means of bringing me out of the gutter it has done a deal of good; for when I used to go home my children would run away from me, my wife would go out for fear; but, now, my children come out to meet me with a smile. Oh, hallelujah!"

We are having some glorious times. Crowds can't get in. Wish the place was larger. Souls nearly every night. Sinners of the deepest dye have been saved. The devil is being defeated. God's dear name has been glorified.

Yours in the Salvation Army,

ADELAIDE HAYWOOD,
MARY ANN BARBER.

59, Fourth Row, George Town, Tredegar.

BOLTON.

VICTORY or Death has been our motto, and with this determination, both in the streets and in the halls, we bless the Lord. We have had the victory and we shall have it until Bolton is conquered and taken for Jesus (whose it is), but our victory has not come by anything less than hard fighting.

I must give you a few cases. One, a young man who has had to leave his home, being a disgrace to the family, wandered miles to find happiness in drinking, gambling, swearing, and pigeon-flying; then he wandered into our hall, the very place to find happiness. Very soon the big tears were seen streaming down his cheeks. At the invitation to the bleeding feet of Jesus, he was found with twenty more crying for mercy, and was soon enabled to sing "Jesus saves me now." He is now in the open air every night, and has brought his companion who is also sweetly saved.

Another man, known as *the greatest drunkard in Bolton*, came several times to our meetings. At last the scales were removed from his eyes, he saw the blood that was spilt for him, and rushing to the penitent-form cried aloud for mercy. I went and told his wife her husband was at the penitent-form. She jumped to her feet, went down the hall, fell by his side, and was soon enabled to sing "The precious blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all sin." Since then their daughter has been saved, and she says their home is the happiest home in Bolton.

A young woman, who has been one of the greatest dancers in this town, found her way into our hall, and was convicted of sin. On speaking to her, she told me she was a backslider. She said, "You don't know what a great sinner I am." At last she came with fifteen more and sought pardon, and proved Him to be a greater Saviour, and, is now a good soldier in our army.

A dear girl, at the age of fourteen, came into our meeting and got blessedly saved. She went home and told them all how happy she was. Her mother seeing the marvellous change in her, said she would come to the meetings to see what was done. She came one night, and was soon convinced of the sinful life she had lived. In the prayer-meeting, her daughter went to her and said, "Do, mother, dear, start for heaven to-night." Very soon she was found crying at the penitent-form with twenty-four others. Now they are both rejoicing in the God of their salvation. Last week I turned the class into a holiness meeting, forty-four, on their knees, seeking clean hearts; it was a most wonderful meeting, many pipes, feathers, and other things were given up. Thus the work is going on in this town. Money or tracts will be thankfully received by,

Yours in the Army,

ROSE CLAPHAM,
SUSIE ROBERTS.

4, Birmingham Street, Bolton.

PLYMOUTH.

GOD is still blessing us here, and mightily moving upon the masses of this town, in convicting power, saving souls, and establishing in the truth His own people, baptising them with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. We know of a surety that the Lord our God is in the camp, and that he has gone forth into the battlefield of strife with his blood washed hosts, conquering, and to conquer. For the enemies of the Cross have been discomfited and put to confusion of face by his mighty power, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, which has been raised up in this town this last six months. Since we opened fire against the enemy's works of darkness and sin in this district, many poor captive souls have been taken and brought into the Salvation Camp, where they have confessed their wicked rebellion against King Emmanuel's government, and have obtained at his loving hands a full and free pardon. They are fighting in our ranks against their old tyrannical master, the devil. Therefore victory has been achieved on Israel's side.

Although we have not seen such a great smash and breaking down among the people as I should like to see in Plymouth, the little cloud is gathering; there is a sound of abundance of rain, it is coming speedily; the prayer of faith and hard determined fighting will and must bring wholesale slaughter in the enemy's ranks, and great victory to the Lord's hosts, such as will astonish the world. Glorify God, and make the devil afraid.

These three towns require this; the church needs it, the world needs it, God and poor perishing humanity require this at our hands. They must be saved. Up, up, and help us by your prayers, influence, entreaties, and tears, for the salvation of a half damned world. We say from our hearts, in the name of God, the prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered. Believers must be sanctified, then we shall have a wholesale salvation work, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ.

Yours in the battle field,

MR. & MRS. DOWDLE.

24, Staddon Terrace, North Road, Plymouth.

CARDIFF.

WHEN we left Sunderland for Cardiff, one thing inspired us—the salvation of precious souls and the destruction of the devil's kingdom. For the first fortnight I was very poorly, my wife had to take my place. The next fortnight the Lord laid his hand upon our little one, and took her to glory, which seemed to upset us altogether at the time; but thank God we can say, "Thy will be done. The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Since we came we have seen many great big men tumble into the fountain, polluted and sin-stained, come out purified and washed in the Blood. Hallelujah!

A Man and Wife came for the first time into our little hall. Mrs. R. preached about the ark, and it cut them to the quick, and out they came and sobbed their way to Calvary. The next night they said that it was the happiest and best day they ever spent. They are still with us, very useful in the open air in persuading others to flee from the wrath to come.

Two Black Men came to our meeting. I went to them and asked if they had found peace. They looked at me in such a way that I shall not forget. With tears running down their cheeks they said "No." Out they came, cried for mercy. I asked one of them to pray. He said in his prayer, "Oh, Jesus, I was going to drink at a public-house, but when I was going by this hall, Jesus took me by the hand and would not let me by, therefore I was compelled to come in,

and bless Jesus, He saves me now;" and we all shouted "Hallelujah!" The other got really saved. They have spoken several times in our meeting since. One of these men brought his companion on Saturday night, but he would not yield. On Sunday morning I asked where his mate was. He said that he had the heart disease, and could not come. "Did you pray for the Lord to increase the pain?" "I did, sir." "Do you think he will get here to-night?" "Yes, I will make him come to-night." When I looked, I saw the diseased man by his side in the prayer-meeting. He was there with seven more asking the Lord to save his precious soul. I asked if he was any better. "Yes," he said, "the Lord saves me now." Hallelujah! The Lord can cure pains at the heart.

Two Men.—When I closed the afternoon meeting, after having three addresses, on Sunday, a great big man, six feet, said, "Mr. Robinson, I want to speak to you. I come from Shields, close from where you belong." I looked him in the eyes and said, "Brother, does God save you?" they were the first words, and the reply was great big tears pouring down his face. Bro. Jackson came up. He said, "Bro. Jackson, I am a wicked sinner;" but Jackson replied, "I am not your brother." It seemed to knock the man upside down, he did not know what to say. He cried aloud for mercy, and when he was enabled to believe, he looked Bro. Jackson in the eyes and said, "I can call you brother now, for the Blood cleanses me now." He said that he felt as light as a feather, the burden was gone, and he was going away to sea to-morrow, and leave his sins in Cardiff. Drink has been his ruin. Signed the pledge. May the Lord keep him. Another man in his working clothes was sitting near all the time. I went and took him by the hand, and said, "Brother, are you coming to Jesus?" He said, "Oh, brother! I want you to pray for me;" then burst into a flood of tears. He came out, and was soon enabled to believe in Jesus. I asked him the reason he had his working clothes on. He said that they had just landed from Spain, and had come up here to get saved. Amen.

Mr. Webb met me in the street, and said, "Mr. Robinson, a man met me the other day, and said, 'Mr., I see you are often in the open air with those people,' and he said 'Yes.' 'Well, a fortnight to-day I was going to the theatre to get a girl to spend the day with her, but on my journey I heard these mission people speaking. One of the men as he talked cut me right to the heart, and I went down to the sea beach and cried for mercy, and the Lord saved me.'" Hallelujah. During the last month we have had about 20 sailors converted to God, which all go away a few days after to sea. May the Lord keep them all. Amen.

Money and tracts much needed, and will be thankfully received by J. E. Billips, Esq., Parade, Treasurer, and

Captain ROBINSON.

16, James Street, Roath, Cardiff.

BLACKBURN.

PRAISE God we are rising here. Our Salvation Warehouse has been very cold during this hard winter, but to the astonishment of everybody, our congregations have kept up all the winter.

A gentleman asked one of our friends one day how it is that so many people keep going to that cold old place, from time to time, when we have so many churches and chapels warm and comfortable. He said, these people go in for serving God as they ought to do, they speak and sing and pray in the spirit of God, and it is always new, there is no long dreary sermons, but short lively addresses such as "I have been eighteen years a drunkard and tried all that a man could try for happiness, but never found it until I gave my heart to God; have given up smoking and drinking, and am going in for serving God with a clean heart." Is it real, does it stand? It is real, and it does stand, and it goes well, and suits everybody that gives it a fair trial.

Thank God we have got **Salt Ned** saved. He said, "I always made it a

practice to sup all the beer that came in my way, and I have been a smoker for thirty years, but I have given up smoking and drinking, and everything else that is like the Devil. Three months since, all that I had in the world was not worth 5s., though I was getting £1 16s. 2d. a week; all had to go for beer." He is the Hallelujah gas stoker. Lord save some more like Ned.

Tramping to Jesus.—A young man said at our experience meeting, "I have been all over to seek for pleasure, but I never found it until I gave my heart to God, I have been on the tramp many times, but the best tramp that ever I had was from Chapel Street to the Warehouse, where I gave my heart to God. I am happy and saved, and going to live and die a soldier in the army."

A Wife Beater.—A man was heard to say at the penitent-form, "Lord I thank Thee that I am found here; instead of being at the prison gates, I am at the penitent-form." His wife could not live with him. When he used to get drunk he would beat her and turn her out, but now they are both saved and happy together. He said, "I have gone to the Catholic Church for twelve years, but I never was saved till I gave my all to God here; this has been the happiest time that ever I spent in my life."

Persecution in the workshop.—During breakfast time, said one, "What about the Shakers?" "How are they going on," said another. "They are going about the streets making as much noise as ever." "Yes," said Shaker Bill, "and we mean to do more than ever we have done yet. The Lord makes us happy and we want to tell everybody about it, and we mean to do so. We are God's children! Religion is good in the workshop or anywhere. It's no use for you to try to tell me that religion is no good when you have never tried it. I have tried both sides and I know which is best." "Good lad Bill," was the reply.

Praise God we are stronger to-day than ever. Mr. Ballington Booth has paid us a visit, and it was made a great blessing; the all-night of prayer will not be forgotten; some men of the deepest dye can be heard testifying to the saving power of God. This work is of God, and all who wish to help us forward with money or tracts, can send them to

Yours saved in the Army,

JEREMIAH LAMPLOUGH.

17, Quarry Street, Blackburn.

MIDDLESBORO' (20TH CORPS).

QUITE a sensation was made through the town by bills announcing Bro. Dowdle and his hallelujah fiddle, and a goodly number met at the Odd-fellows Hall on Sunday morning, February 17th, to hear Bro. Dowdle once more. All seemed melted and humbled before God. In the afternoon the hall was full, and at night all available space was used up, either with or without seats, and many went away who could not get in. The Lord was wonderfully felt amongst us, and blessed every hungry soul. Four precious souls professed to find Jesus, to the joy of their hearts. Others were under deep conviction, but would not yield. The day following we had the Annual Tea. There was a goodly company assembled, and the well-filled and beautifully set out tables were twice seated round, and some for a third time. After tea we had a real good Hallelujah Meeting. Captains from other stations of our army were with us to speak, and to share in the heavenly blessing. Provisions being left from the tea, a supper was proposed, to which many stayed. The financial part, considering the distress in the town, was equal to our expectations. Still, we do not stand clear, and will be grateful for any help our friends may be able to send us.

Dr. Morrison, of London, was with us on Thursday, Feb. 27th. The week-night hall was filled, and God was with us. The Dr. spoke with power, telling of the enjoyment the believer has in full salvation, and urging others to press into the fulness. In the prayer-meeting, three came forward to the penitent-form—one man for purity, and one to be restored from a backsliding state, and a

dear sister returning again to the field of Christ, and trusting, before she left her knees, for purity. May God keep them all faithful. On Sunday, March the 2nd, the Dr. was with us again, and Mr. Husse from Spennymoor. At night the hall was full, and many went away unable to get in. The Dr. had great liberty in speaking, many melted down under the power of God. Two souls were saved, and others broken-hearted.

Help in any way will be very thankfully received by

Captain RUSSELL.

6, Union Street, Middlesboro'.

COVENTRY.

WHEN I received marching orders from headquarters to leave Leeds for Coventry, I felt somewhat pleased, Coventry being my native town. I arrived on the field February 13th, filled with God and clothed with the whole armour. I drew my sword as I heard the shouts of the 35th Corps at the station gates saying, "Here is our Captain!" I gave the word of command to fall in, and with brave hearts we sang "Anywhere with Jesus!" and marched through the principal streets of the town, done a little skirmishing as we went on, arrived at the Factory at 7.0 p.m., had a prayer-meeting for an hour, and by 8 o'clock a large congregation had assembled. I felt quite at home when I saw all round me some of my old companions in sin now converted and at the feet of Jesus; we had a powerful meeting and souls saved. The next night was our holiness meeting—over forty came out for sanctification and salvation, praise the Lord! On the Sunday large processions: Factory packed, and many that came could not get in; I felt a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost; fourteen souls at the close. Hallelujah!

Five nights in the week our Army may be heard singing and praising God, and inviting sinners to Jesus as we come sweeping through the streets to the Factory, drawing in the outcasts and those that are ready to perish, and they are getting gloriously saved, praise the Lord!

On Sundays our open-air meetings and processions are powerful, more especially at night. We have two batteries out to wage war with the devil—one to the right of the town, the other to the left. After three-quarters of an hour attack by throwing the truth like red-hot shot into the enemy's camp, wounding many and taking others prisoners, we start off singing in procession to the centre of the town, where the two battalions meet, then there is a mighty shout like that which brought the walls of Jericho down. Thousands of people look on as we pass up the main street. When we get to the top of the main street No. 2 Battery turns to the right; once more we are separated, sweeping through the back streets of the town to the Factory, which is soon packed to the door with people that would not go to hear the Gospel if they were not brought in.

It has made me weep for joy to see the women come to the penitent-form weeping on account of sin, many of them with babies in their arms, and in some cases husband and wife have come to the form together.

A gang of roughs that had often upset the meetings, was at last by God upset, and six came to the penitent-form, each crying "God be merciful to me a sinner"; they soon stepped into liberty.

One night an old gentleman, that had by his appearance seen better days, was weeping as he sat in a seat. I went to him and said, "Father, shall I lead you to Jesus?" he at once got up and went to the penitent-form, seeking the Lord with a broken heart and tears streaming down his face as he cried, "Lord have mercy on me!" For some time he was like this, but when he got into liberty and felt that God had pardoned him he said, "Praise the Lord I am here, I was going to make away with myself, but I heard you singing in the streets and followed here." Hallelujah—body and soul saved alive!

Our holiness meetings on Friday nights have become a mighty power for the

Church of Christ, making more Nehemiahs who are too busy working for God and cannot a while parley with the devil, or, like Josiah, willing to face Jordan and Jericho to get sinners to Jesus and heaven.

March the 2nd.—I preached Peace's funeral sermon. The Factory was packed, hundreds could not get in. My text was "Be sure your sin will find you out." There were many broken hearts and streaming eyes before me as I told them of his dying speech; some gave their hearts to the Lord, others will never forget the warnings they heard.

March the 10th.—We had a review tea, a hallelujah meeting, and at 10.30 we commenced a holiness meeting intending to leave off at 12 o'clock. Like the disciples, we waited on God, and at 12 o'clock, the mighty rushing winds came and the place was filled with the Holy Ghost; many fell under the power and there got the blessing of sanctification. The policemen came, they thought the Factory was on fire, but found all right: we were all alive with the fire of heavenly love burning in our hearts. We could not close till 2 o'clock. I then found on the floor feathers, flowers, pipes, &c., given up, idols not fit to be used by Christians. Our army is willing to obey the word of command. As brother Jackson said one night after sending him with No. 2 Battery a long way round some back streets, if he had had orders to go round Stoke he would have gone. There is a move among the dry bones all round Coventry, and soon, I believe, there will be Salvation Armies for miles. We want some help for necessary alterations in the factory.

Captain CADMAN.

26, Freeth Street, Coventry.

MERTHYR.

PRAISE the Lord! Since I came to this town the Lord has been wonderfully working, we have seen many precious souls come and fall at the feet of Jesus. Our meetings have been grand, inside and out, glory to God.

The theatre on week-nights has been half full, and on Sunday nights it has been packed. Thank God for so many that have the desire to come and hear the word of God. His word has been very powerful, gone home to the sinners' hearts, and we have heard the cry, "Lord save *me*."

Thank God some of the worst have come to the Cross.

One dear man and his wife came to the hall, the Lord worked upon them, they gave up sin, found the Lord Jesus Christ, and now they have a happy home and a loving Saviour. May God keep them faithful.

A dear old man heard us in the open air, followed us to the hall, God showed him that he was a sinner, he came and fell at the feet of Jesus, and he and two more were made happy by believing in Jesus.

Another dear man, who had a praying father and mother, but himself a sinner far from God, was in the hall one Sunday night and heard of the Prodigal Son; he arose and came to his father, and the repenting sinner and a loving Saviour met together. Oh, hallelujah! there has been joy in heaven over sinners coming to the Saviour.

We go in the streets and lanes or anywhere by the Lord's help, and we will go to the deepest in the mire, for we love to pull them out of the fire. May God help us. Pray for us.

Yours fighting for the Saviour,

MIRIAM SMITH.