

THE SALVATIONIST.

AUGUST 1, 1879.

“GO AND TEACH.”

JESUS CHRIST has made us all pupil teachers, and of all people, perhaps, pupil teachers are the hardest worked and the most found fault with. They say we do not teach our converts as much as we ought, and so far as mere human learning, the mere getting into the head of certain facts or words or ideas is concerned, we are quite ready to plead guilty. We only wish we could teach everybody more and better than we do. But whilst we are most wishful to teach everybody all about what is in God's book, and shall never be willing to rest content till we have an army as fully instructed as that army can be in every detail of the theory of war, we are more anxious by far to make sure of fulfilling our King's command with regard to what we think are the greater matters of His law. He has sent us to go and teach, and if we cannot teach as many lessons to the savage hordes we have to fight and conquer as we would, let us be sure to teach them the A B C of religion.

In order to teach people you must first of all make them submit. Before the little children can be taught to spell the least word they have to learn to come to a certain place at a certain hour, to sit or stand at a certain spot, and to give themselves up entirely to the teacher's direction. Nothing astonishes the world more than the way in which rough men are all at once made into submissive and obedient scholars of our least and weakest officers. Now this is one of the first results of such teaching as we are sent to give. If we went first of all to instruct men's minds, we might labour for years with little or no result; but, beginning first of all at the conscience and heart, we are enabled, by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, to bring the stout sinners down to the feet of Him who can make their heart all at once come again as the heart of a little child, and then they can be taught just anything that He likes. One bad boy, it is true, can sometimes bring into a large school a perfect torrent of disorder and strife; and, alas! how often does Satan succeed in raising in the hearts and minds of God's children some horrid doubt or controversy that makes them become, all at once, rebellious, self-willed, hard, and immovable. Whenever this is the case there is only one plan for us. We must get them back again to the Saviour's feet. It is there, with mingling sighs and tears, that naughty quarrelsome children learn to agree and to obey and to love again, and we must never tire of teaching people to get there and to stay there.

After that, we must teach people to look up into His face and to listen to His voice for direction in every little matter as well as in every great one. They must, in fact, be little children altogether, and in everything as well as little children upon the whole.

Oh, how few such little children God ever gets! They tell us sometimes, almost with disgust, of the manner in which country folks, in some distant

land, submit to the teaching of some priesthood: yielding up their will in everything, and paying away their last penny at the bidding of some mere man. Oh, how few are thus utterly and constantly at the disposal of the Son of Man! This is the great lesson we have to teach—the old, old lesson—that we must love the Lord our God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength.

Reader, have you learnt that yet? Have you let God show you all your heart, and change it all entirely, according to His purpose in Christ Jesus, so that it all loves Him—so that there is nothing in it that can wander from Him, grieve Him, rob Him, nothing that leans to the world and the devil? Have you let God show you what your soul is, as He sees it, as He made it—a pure soul, cleansed from every work of the devil: not a mere existence, but a mighty spirit—a great eternal being, capable of powerfully acting upon the world—no matter how insignificant, how poor, how lowly the body may be? And has God filled your soul, and made you as mighty an instrument for good as He can? And what about your mind? Oh, how hard it is to unlearn—to get rid of the ideas and systems of the past. How about all this? Have you let God unteach you? Has He set your mind free from all ideas that would hinder you from serving Him in perfect freedom and with boundless devotion? Is all your mind set upon loving, serving, pleasing Him? If not, let there be no mistake about it, no lessons that could ever be got into your mind will ever make up for the want of this. We must be sure and teach everybody to love God with all their mind, whether their mind be richly or poorly stored, for those whose minds are fixed on Him will always be the quickest to learn and unlearn everything. And, then, they will love with their strength! Ah, loving God with all your strength—who has ever solved the depth of that grand lesson? To place and to leave at His disposal all you have or are, money, time, health, power of every sort, not being merely willing they should be His, but throwing them with all the energy of a desperate devotion into His grand kingdom day by day, saying by every movement, by every look, by every word, by every act that you love God with all your might, and are determined His Kingdom shall come and Hell's Kingdom shall go. Have you learnt that? When men are taught some great physical exercise such as rowing, running, &c., their power steadily increases as the training goes on, so that if properly sustained and cared for all the time they become enormously stronger in a very short time. It is even so with any one who loves God with all his strength. He waxes stronger and stronger day by day, so that he never seems fully to attain to that which he is able daily to rejoice in. Loving God with all his strength to-day, he loves God with greater strength still to-morrow. Oh, what giants we may make people if we only teach them aright. May God help us! R.

OUR HOSANNA MEETING.

COMING so soon after the Council of War, our first Hosanna Meeting could hardly have any very great novelty about it. The most striking difference between the two evening meetings was perhaps the fact that, whereas the Council had passed like so many of our London demonstrations in the past, almost unnoticed, two of the great London dailies and one of our most famous weeklies thought proper to notice, at considerable length, our Hosanna Meeting, and a

larger number of friends from the West-End than we ever had at one time in any of our meetings thought proper to come and see. Thus strangely and unexpectedly was the name we had chosen justified beyond our most sanguine hopes. We did expect to see more clearly than ever before the great King riding at our head. We did expect that the hearts of his chosen soldiers would be thrilled with joy and praise and confidence in Him more than ever, and that with boundless freedom they would sing and shout His praise. But we did not expect that the scene outside Jerusalem in the days of His flesh would find anything like so large an amount of repetition in the attraction of attention from all the world and the paying of homage to His triumph amongst us.

But no stranger could properly appreciate the grander features of the celebration. Not very many of us could look back with the General upon all the fourteen years' campaigns through which the Lord had led us to so grand a triumph. But there were many who could remember the days when a little East-End Mission was burning its blessed way through the dense dark forest of iniquity there, only to set fire to all the country round, after years of anxious, weary toil. There was nobody who had travelled so long and so far as the General through the length and breadth of the land, witnessing the awful havoc caused by sin, and the glorious triumphs won for Jesus. But there were soldiers who had fought every part of the great battle-field, and who were, in many cases, living, irresistible proofs, that the same life from which all this has sprung, was being reproduced and multiplied everywhere, to burst forth yet in far grander strength, and sweep away the reign of death all over the land.

The field-state read on the occasion, amid bursts of holy joy, needs no comment, telling, as it does, such a story of triumph and strength as ought to make every true heart bound with gratitude to Him by whom we live and move forward with such speed. Those who observe closely will notice that, since our last general statement of the kind—8th December, 1878—we have added 19 new corps, 43 new officers, and no less than 1269 new speakers—besides, of course, making up for all losses sustained. The total number of speakers thus reported, 3256, grand as it is, is small compared to what it might be, if all those "many others," whom so many captains report to us as not yet ready to speak, outdoors or in, at any time when present, would give more of the life and courage of God, and hurry up to the front. God help them!

We cannot find space for a report of the thrilling words of the General, or Mrs. Booth. But we do not need them to assure every heart throughout our ranks that the heart of the General and of all his family burn with the same love for God and souls which has borne such glorious fruit in the fourteen years gone by, and will doubtless through His power continue to grow and multiply, and spread a blessing everywhere to all eternity.

Nor have we need to say anything of the Hosanna Songs introduced that night. Sing them! Sing them in the spirit, and they will be realised in all their fulness to the glory of God and to the salvation of thousands of poor sinners.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON THE HOSANNA MEETING.

THE fortresses of Beelzebub, of course, are music-halls, penny-gaffs, dancing-rooms, and the like; of these, in London and elsewhere, the Salvation Army, under the guidance of Mr. Booth, has stormed no less than one hundred, and has turned these haunts of vulgar ribaldry into places of divine service.

Those must have been very dull or unsympathetic persons who could resist the pious jollity of the anniversary meeting.

The proceedings began with the singing of the following stanza :—

Hark, hark! my soul, what warlike songs are swelling
Through Britain's streets and on from door to door;
How grand the truths those burning strains are telling
Of that great war till sin shall be no more!
Salvation Army, army of God!
Onward to conquer the world with fire and blood.

There was some peculiar quality in these last words which a stranger could not catch. The phrase "with fire and blood" was sung, or rather roared again and again, until the perspiration ran down the faces of the soldiery as they clasped one another's hands and beamed. Public attention was particularly drawn to one captain on the lower platform, who vociferated with such zeal as almost to lose the semblance of humanity, and who finally gave his neighbour a hard rub round the head in token of spiritual good fellowship. This quaint person afterwards recounted his experiences, and delighted the audience by assuring them that he used to be "a Hallelujah pastor at Merthyr Tydvil," but that now he was "a Hallelujah pastor at Whitechapel," to which the entire hall sympathetically replied "Hosanna!"

Those foreign critics who blame the apathy and cold-bloodedness of English character can never have attended a Hallelujah meeting. If the sight of many hundred pairs of radiant eyes and waving arms would not persuade them, they would certainly be convinced by a rousing slap on the back from some thoroughly happy and devout stranger. In fact, the flow of animal spirits, the manifest affection of all these rough people for one another, the absence of anything like hypocrisy or self-seeking in the whole affair, were not to be overlooked by any candid spectator. That the nature of the prayers and speeches was oddly boisterous, and that shouts of laughter pervaded what was intended to be a serious divine service, interfered not in the least with the sincerity of the worshippers.

The real good, such as it is, done to the nation by widespread movements of revival like this is less a religious than a moral one, though experience has proved that they are most of all effectual when morality and religion are blended in them to an equal extent. Without religion, to use the pet phrase of the Salvation Army, there is no fire in a revival, without morality there is no blood. Most of our secular efforts to raise the masses have simply failed because of their inability to set the hearts of the populace aflame; while the notable revivals in America and in Ireland flashed out and were gone in a few months because all was neglected except the religious afflatus. The strength of Mr. Booth seems to be that he unites the two powers; he preaches doctrines that fill the face of a believer with light and radiance, and he is no less thorough in enforcing a complete reform of life.

JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL.

JUNE 29th. HAMMERSMITH.—Once again. Three open-air in the same place, and three processions over the same ground. The night procession was good, impressive, and effective. Morning and afternoon open-air work should, whenever possible, be amongst the dwellings of the people whom we seek. In the triangles and market-places and main

streets, a certain class of loungers are chiefly reached, and often the same people over and over again, who thus become as truly "*Gospel hardened*" as the regular attendants in our halls. There is this difference—in the one case we go to them, in the other they come to us. Fresh material is a necessity for new success. Ears that have not heard, and hearts that have not rejected the message, should be constantly sought out, as well as fresh blows struck upon the flinty rock that appears unbroken by all previous effort.

Indoor congregations seemed much as before. Similar numbers and faces. More energy and freedom perhaps, but otherwise little progress apparent for a long year's effort. Oh my Hammersmith brethren, when is the vast population around you to be reached! You have sufficient numbers and gifts and opportunity to face and overcome the mighty forces of popery, publicanism, infidelity, and devilism that possesses the thousands around you.

Salvation Army, army of God!
Onward to conquer the world with fire and blood.

I had a happy night. My soul was refreshed, and a few souls professed mercy through the blood.

30th. HOSANNAH MEETING.—Commemoration of 14 years' fighting and victory, the outcome of which is a goodly company singing before the throne, and the Salvation Army fighting on the earth. The meeting was a triumph. Rather hurried, the time was so short, but still it was heaven below. We have much to learn in our Hallelujah gatherings. We are only just finding out how to attack the enemy and rescue the prey, and take care of the captives, and I am sure we are only just learning how to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory after the victory. Still, we are going forward. We must look into the Scripture and see how the saints of old enjoyed themselves in their holy festivities.

July 2nd. POOLE.—Arrived about 7. Our soldiers had been doing some hosannah business here, and a strong detachment in charge of Lieut. Emma Foster met me at the station gates, and sang with considerable vigour as we marched through the town. Crowds looked on, many with approbation and others with respect. We had a good meeting. It was heavenly music to hear the new converts tell of deliverance from evil destroying habits, effected by the mighty power of God during the last few months. Captain Atkinson and her colleague have been blessed, and if faithful to their Master, they will see greater things than these. Captain Wood came over from Bridport to see me, and rejoiced in the harvest reaped by his successors. "One soweth, and another reapeth." Amen. Go on, my Lord.

3rd. KINGSWOOD.—A long weary journey. No trains go fast enough for the Salvation Army. Oh for the wings of the mighty angel, whom John saw, to fly through the earth with the message of mercy. However, by train and tram and omnibus, reached Kingswood about five o'clock, and found Captain Hall, and her colleague anxiously awaiting us. After a chat, tea, and letters, we could not withstand the temptation to stroll over the place in which Wesley and his co-workers had fought and conquered in many a hard fight. Sure enough, there was the chapel, and the schools, and the fields, and by and by, as we turned out of the lane into the turnpike road, hearing them long before we saw them, there were the descendants of the very colliers to whom the apostle of the 19th century preached, marching and singing the same gospel of salvation to their neighbours and friends. The Hall was packed, doors wide open all the time, people round the

windows, all eager as a hundred years ago, to hear the same old story. Our time was short. We saw and heard enough to see how great is the spirit of hearing. People walk miles and seek mercy. A beacon ought to be lit on the top of that Kingswood hill which shall not only blaze up before all that population, but set that whole county side on fire. Go on my sisters. Mind the counsel I give and *give* and *give again*. Be careful, not only to make SAINTS, but to make your saints into SOLDIERS. *Enlist! ENLIST! ENLIST!* and then *Drill! DRILL! DRILL!* Begin with your converts as you want to go on. *Train up your children in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it.*

4th. Off early to STROUD.—Loving reception from Mr. Opie Rodway, who has been doing army work for 20 years in this district. This veteran welcomes the Salvation Army to Stroud with the hope of loving co-operation. An old chapel here, capable of seating 1,000 people, will make an admirable barracks. After such arrangements as were possible, got off to

CHELTHENHAM for the night. Captain Hockey had been represented to me as at death's very door—worn down to the hilt if not actually worn out—consequently I was not surprised to find her colleague on the platform on my arrival; but I must say I was a little surprised to find her, Captain Hockey, at the head of the procession, leading and singing in the most inspiring manner. And, yet, most certainly her health required her to be resting quietly at home.

Here is a great difficulty. Some take too much care of themselves, and others too little. And the former must be the lesser evil of the two, for it must be better to *wear* out than to rust out: for to those who wear themselves out for the Master, and for those for whom he wore himself out, He will assuredly say well done; and to those whose life's business it is to take care of their own skin and do themselves no harm, He will not be able to speak one kind approving word.

Nevertheless, the Saviour cried out for life in that garden agony in order that He might die on the cross. Even so let us strive to *live* in order that we may redeem. Our business is not only to save souls, but the greatest number, and health and strength and life are essential to success, so take all reasonable care of the earthen vessel.

But I am here at Cheltenham—proud Cheltenham, and at the head of a very fair force, considering how recent has been our occupation of the city. Our destination is the Town Hall, where 600 people gather to hear some explanation of the work of the Army. There were some rough customers present; on the whole we had a well-behaved night, but proper and stiff and cold as any proper people could desire. We had a few minutes' freedom afterwards, when I met and exhorted the Corps to go forward. There are some young people, if I am not mistaken, ready to be led to victory if any one will lead them. Who will do it? Will Captain Hayter? We shall see.

5th. GLOUCESTER.—Came here to make terms for the purchase or rental of the Pavilion Theatre and a public-house attached, at BRYNMAWR. Could not rent, and so agreed to buy. Where shall we find the money? We must have it, and then we will have another Hosannah gathering among the hills and valleys to celebrate the conversion. From Gloucester again to STROUD to complete arrangements there. Spoke in the evening to a small gathering of brethren, who appeared much interested in the work of the Army.

6th. CARDIFF.—Met Captain Robinson, and lost half the day waiting for people who never came; at night went on to NEWPORT. Very fair attendance, but slow and measured in speaking and singing.

7th. NEWPORT.—Seats full in the morning, but that only means room two-thirds occupied; surely seats or chairs could be begged, borrowed, or bought. In such a case, folks might be found to give a chair each. Afternoon crowded, and at night, that fine hall the Victoria, nearly full. Oh what an opening there is in this town. All seemed to receive our word and songs and measures with solemn feeling. I had the same fault to find with open-air and processioning as at Hammersmith. Not sufficiently among the people in the first part of the day. For an evening procession that great main thoroughfare would be difficult to match. Both morning and afternoon I would scour the town and stir up the people. The word was with power; many were pricked to the heart and eleven sought mercy. Then we talked to the Corps and processioned home with a rush and a song that made sinners quake, devils tremble, and left our soldiers full of enthusiasm for going forward with the fight. None more so than Captain Boyce and her lieutenant. As they bade me farewell with a hallelujah the next morning, I believe they were confidently reckoning on Newport being shaken, and many a proud heart laid low at the Saviour's feet.

8th. CARDIFF.—Conferring with friends about the wherewith to pay for the public-house and theatre at Brynmawr, and concerning a chapel our Baptist friends want us to buy at Treforest. Afternoon on to

EBBW VALE.—The last time I was in Wales I had consented for Captain Eliza Thomas, then at Dowlais, to give just one night at Ebbw Vale. Only one night. Could not engage for more. Captain Thomas gave that night, and many a one since then, and hundreds will bless the day that ever the feet of the Salvation Army were turned into that valley. Three months have passed. During this time, it is not too much to say, the place has been turned upside down.

As the train pulled up, we spied Captain Thomas wistfully looking every carriage through, while the sound of singing told us a warm greeting awaited us. It was even so, and the march to our lodging was a sight to be seen. A cup of tea, and a host of happy faces were again at our door for a promenade to the chapel loaned for the night's meeting. There must have been 600 in that procession—colliers, furnacemen, puddlers, everything. Welsh and English, aye, and thank God, Irish too, for there are some brave sons of Erin in our Ebbw Vale Corps. On we went, soon filling up the chapel, which was said to hold 1,500 people. We had just settled down, considering ourselves packed, when the arrival of the Tredegar contingent, 200 strong, was announced. In they came, filling every crevice of the building, and leaving many outside. We sang, and prayed, and believed, and testified, and exhorted, and laughed, and wept, and shouted, and praised God, and felt enthusiastic, and then seeing we could not move inside we turned out, and in one mighty procession, near upon a thousand strong, marched through the valley, making the mighty hills reverberate with the music of our songs.

Far into that night we were listening to the story of the three months' war. 1,050 persons had professed Salvation, 500 of whom are on the roll of the Army, and nearly all the remainder on the books of neighbouring churches. Some living in the villages and towns around. Infidels,

drunkards, blasphemers, indeed the vilest are among the saved. One publican was specially mortified, having declared herself that she had lost 16 of her best customers. It was hard work to get away from Ebbw Vale; and we only accomplished this feat by promising the people and ourselves that we would as soon as possible come back again.

9th. After some weary tramping in the pouring rain, we took the train and came on to Merthyr, and had again the pleasure of greeting the majority of our officers of the South Wales district, a pleasure which was increased by finding all well, and receiving reports of the continued prosperity of the work of God.

JESUS EVERYWHERE.

TUNE—"Music Everywhere."

Jesus in the roadway,
Jesus in the Hall,
Jesus always ready
At the sinner's call.
Jesus waits to free you
From your load of care;
Hear His name resounding,
Jesus everywhere!

Jesus will be with us
To our journey's end.
When in sore affliction
He will be our friend.
When we get to Jordan,
He will greet us there;
When we get to Glory
Jesus will be there.

CHORUS—Jesus, Precious Jesus!
Name beyond compare;
Glory, Glory, Glory,
Jesus everywhere!

SERGEANT JOBLING.

DARLINGTON.

OVER and over again we have been asked to do something for Darlington, and during our last visit to the North, we spent some part of a day looking at buildings, and so on.

The Livingstone Hall will seat nearly 2,000 people; has been used as a theatre, as a music hall, and we believe as a rink. We have taken it for twelve months certain and opened it in the name of Almighty God as the headquarters of the Salvation Army for that town. And already more than our most sanguine expectations have been realised. To God be glory both now and for ever, Amen.

After much consideration, for she was down for quite another command, we decided to appoint Sister Rose Clapham to take charge, sending Sister De Vanney (of Leamington) as her No. 2.

Accordingly, on Sunday, July 6th, our sisters having got their guns into position, opened fire, and from the first meeting all the victory has been on Israel's side. Rarely even have we Salvationists been permitted to see more glorious slaughter, more triumphant captures, and more marvellous deliverances from the power of Satan unto God. Darlington is moved. *Darlington shall be saved.*

We must let our sister tell the story. Her first despatch, a telegram,

simply announced that the congregations were large and that there had been a little approach to disorder during the afternoon service. Writing on the same day, July 7th, she says:—

"The place was packed at night; we could scarcely move. One old woman told me she had been praying for the Army to come for years. This morning I saw——. He said the people were all *moral* in this town, and if we stayed for years we could not make them any better. God help us to get them **saved**."

On the next day:—

"We had a rough meeting inside last night. The roughs jumped and shouted; but we had the power of God in the meeting, and 26 souls stepped into liberty. Glory be to God! The Hall was packed; scarcely anybody went out at the prayer-meeting, so it was impossible to get among the people, the crowding was so great."

We desired another sister to proceed to their help at once as the heavy work of the large prayer-meetings was too much for the two. On the 11th, Sister Clapham says:—

"Much better order last night; Hall packed; four saved. We had an inspector and several police in; Sister Wheatley came."

Again on the 12th:—

"We had a blessed time last night (Friday). Hall full; good order considering; 22 saved. Good open-air meeting in the market this afternoon—hundreds listening. Glory to God!"

"P.S.—Sunday morning. Last night (Saturday) was glorious. I do not think I was ever in such a meeting before; Hall full, not packed. I went in to make everybody happy. Fifty short testimonies, mostly from our converts. A mighty power all through, and **50 men and women** came out and got saved.

Glory be to God for our first week in Darlington. Victory all along the line, Hallelujah.

The blessed history of the second Sabbath is told in the following wire received at headquarters on Monday morning.

"**Mighty day! Hall packed each service! Hundreds turned away! Fair order! Forty-two saved! Victory!**"

The second week was evidently going to outdo the other, and we directed Bro. Howe to get over at once to help, and already he has seen some serious slaughter among the King's enemies.

In the course of her letter on the 16th, Captain Clapham says:—

"Men and women are coming from all parts, and we have to open doors half an hour earlier, because of blocking up the roads. Blind men and invalids are being brought; the converts are coming out well. Folks from all parts are coming to see the revival.

"When the open-air procession comes up there is no room for anybody; could do with place double the size.

"We have had a comic singer saved; a mother, father, son, and two daughters; an infidel and his wife—and they say he was the worst man in the town. No master would ever employ him, but now he is singing with us, 'Glory to the bleeding Lamb'; also a woman who has been in prison three times."

Let the voice of thanksgiving be heard with supplication for even greater things than these.

Pray for

ROSA CLAPHAM,
EMMA DE VENNY,
MARY WHEATLEY,
ELIAS HOWE.

Station Road, Darlington.

KING'S LYNN.

A SENTENCE in our last announced that we have opened in this town— Our expectations were not the most sanguine, though Brother Edmonds, who had made the arrangements for buildings, was very hopeful, and said that the whole town would be moved.

And it has been even so. Sister Parkins arrived alone on Saturday, June 21st, took her stand on the following morning in the open air, singing, praying, and exhorting till too weary to do more, and then conducting services in the afternoon and evening in the **Music Hall**, about 300 being present in the afternoon and the place full at night. Two souls sought mercy.

On Tuesday morning we received an urgent wire asking for help, and with the pleasing intelligence that the **Foresters' Hall**, which we have taken for week-night meetings, was too small for the crowds coming to the services.

Writing on the 27th, Captain Parkins says:—

"Victory is ours. The Foresters' Hall is of no use to us. Monday night crowded to suffocation, and people crying for mercy all over the Hall; but I could not get to them, neither could they get out to the penitent-form, but some got saved and thanked God aloud for what he had done for them. Hallelujah."

"Tuesday night, worse than ever. I could scarcely move for fear of treading on the people. As my strength was nearly gone, I threw the meeting open. The Wesleyan minister helped."

"Wednesday, had the loan of the Tabernacle schoolroom, where 700 crowded in. No souls, but conviction all over the place. I asked the respectable people to keep away from the week-night meetings, that I might get about the work I had come to do."

"Thursday, Grand. Place crowded with poor people. Four Souls. Hallelujah."

"The Wesleyan minister, who has been a great help to me, has got the permission of the trustees to let us have a mission chapel in the midst of 5,000 people who never go anywhere. Sister Dakin arrived."

We hurried another sister to the front and the work continues gloriously to advance in all directions. The offer of the chapel was accepted and it was filled the first night, and, of course, the meetings go on now in both places. On June 30th, Sister Parkins reported as follows:—

"Since I wrote you, we have had souls saved at every meeting, Hallelujah. Four Friday; four Saturday; Sunday morning, 7 o'clock, three; afternoon, two; night, seven. I closed the meeting twice, then from 12 to 16 children came out boldly without being asked for Salvation. Praise the Lord.

"I have just heard of one of them going home to his mother and throwing his arms around her neck and asking her to forgive him, for Jesus had.

"Could you send me another lass?"

Sister Doyle was ordered up from Boston, and the three are now leading the attack with increasing victory. The whole town is what we want. Lynn for Jesus. The King shall have His own again. Pray for

POLLY PARKINS,
SARAH DAKIN,
EMILY DOYLE.

19, Railway Road, Lynn, Norfolk.

DIPTON, COUNTY DURHAM.

A COLLIERY district. Pits. Pits. Pits. Four miles from Consett. Implored both by some of our own people, and by others living on the spot, to do something there, we at length arranged to take **Co-operative Hall** for our meetings, and succeeded in securing it both for Sundays and the week. It will seat about 600. Sister Lee was appointed to open the attack, and accordingly, on June 29, she commenced in the Lord's name. We have no proper report and can only give brief extracts from one or two letters.

On July 8th, she says:—

"I am very glad to tell you that the work is progressing. During the week we have had a full Hall, and eight souls have professed to find Christ. One dear woman, after struggling and praying, said, 'Oh, the load's gone,' putting her hand to her side, 'its gone, the load's gone.' Praise the Lord."

"Sunday, Hall packed. Marched through the village. Oh, Hallelujah. The Lord was with us, and we roused the devil. My throat is very sore."

Dated July 17th.

"I am glad to be able to say things are going on well. A good week. Saturday night we had a real Hallelujah meeting. A time of refreshing. *Thirty-three spoke in forty minutes.* Sunday was wet, but at night we had the Hall filled notwithstanding."

"Sister Yorke arrived last night. Men and women sit and tremble beneath the power of the spirit, and they will have to yield. One dear man said he had been a bad member a long time and he felt wretchedly miserable."

Pray for this place, and for

Dipton, Lintz Green,
Durham.

MATILDA LEE,
EMMA YORKE.

NORTHAMPTON.

"CAPTAIN Rachel and her Husband!" Such was the announcement which brought together our first congregation in the **Hall of Varieties**, and since that God has enabled us to introduce new varieties to this town, noted for its boots and infidels.

The first Sabbath was a good day; some poor newspaper man was wounded in a tender place, and helped us by setting apart a column on the evening service. The Lord save him!

During the following week the congregations gradually increased, and with some handbills we visited the houses, and now we get plenty of folks.

The open-air meetings are good and large, though sometimes we are interrupted by the roughs. But God is moving. Many are under conviction, and victory is ours.

Souls are being saved at most of our meetings. All sorts and sizes come to see what we are like. God has looked at some of them, and brought them down at the feet of Bleeding Mercy, and they have gone away rejoicing, looking and longing to bring others. Here are the utterances of a few of those who can thank God for our coming:—

"With me all the way long it is Jesus. I can hit it out with my trowel and a brick. All day long I am so happy."

Another says: "I thank God He has forgiven me my sins. The last fortnight has been the happiest time of my life. I have been everything that was bad. But I can bless God for the day that the Salvation Army came to Northampton." Hallelujah!

"I am saved and on my way to heaven; the Salvation Army has been the means of saving me from a backslider's hell. I ain't much of a speaker, but I'm saved."

"Thank God, the Salvation Army has been the means of my salvation, and by the blessings of God I mean to stick to it, and pray that the Army will be the means of saving many more. I hope the Lord will keep me for ever and ever."

"I bless God the Army ever came here to Northampton. I was a Christian, but the Salvation Army has been the means of quickening me on my way to heaven."

This is a little of the beginning.

On Sunday week we had 15 souls, and are beginning to get a band round us. The roughs have broken up our meetings several times, but it's getting better, and we believe God is going to shake the town.

Pray for Northampton and for

3, Western Terrace, Northampton.

RACHEL AND HER HUSBAND.

NOTTINGHAM.

PRAISE the Lord! Nottingham is being shaken by the power of God. Our meetings are crowded every night, and our week-night hall will hold a thousand. All kinds and classes of sinners have come to the Lord. Many a drunkard has been made happy. Although the enemy has tried to upset us, yet we have had victory on every side.

One dear man came to our meetings, and was afraid there was no salvation for him, but at last sought it with all his heart, and found it. This brother told his own story the other night. He said: "I am a converted thief, or I will say something more: you may call me the converted housebreaker. I have spent ten years of my life in prison; I have served from three days to seven years. I am grieved to my heart to think ten years of my precious life has been spent in such a way. Perhaps there is some of my prison mates here to-night; I often see some of them when I am speaking in the Market, and they know what I say is true; but, thank God! the Salvation Army came and picked me and my wife up, and now we are on our way to heaven."

A great many young men have been laid hold of, who are promising to be useful to the Army some day. We could give you several cases, but I will leave the following to speak for itself.

Two women were standing in the Market as we came along singing. One of them remarked, "Oh, it's only Happy Eliza's gang." "Ah!" said the other, "I thank God, then, that ever Happy Eliza's gang came into Nottingham, for the sake of my two lads, for I used to dread the time for them to come in to dinner, for fear they should kill one another with the knives they eat with; but, now, I am thankful to see them come in; my home is like a little heaven."

Yes; mothers, wives, husbands, and children have been made happy. A band of men and women have been raised up who will do and dare for Jesus.

I could fill pages with the stories of our converts, but they must be heard and seen to be believed.

Yours, fighting in the Army,

CAROLINE REYNOLDS,
GIPSY LASS.

5, Northumberland Street, St. Ann's Well Road.

The following extract from the *Nottingham Journal* of July 16 will be read with interest. Ordinary week-night services are those mentioned. Mrs. Reynolds is spoken of as "Happy Eliza," which, indeed, is the name by which she generally goes in the town.

"WITH THE SALVATION ARMY.

"THE army was for the most part the roughest of the rough, as their well-developed boots, dirty jackets and closely cut wigs bore ample testimony. The men seemed to be almost magnetically controlled by their leaders, for the 'sisters' had merely to

elevate their umbrellas, and then sing out the first line of a hymn, and the strain was caught up by the front ranks and carried right through the army in a few moments. When I saw them passing by the 'Oliver Cromwell,' they were singing something very boisterously, when in a moment up rose an umbrella from one of the sisters, followed by the commencement by her of a hymn, having as its leading line something about wearing a crown. In a few seconds the change of command had been felt through the ranks as all were with equal energy shouting out, 'Wear a crown.' Well, this army, egged on by these sisters, marched along St. Ann's Well-road followed by hundreds of others, amongst whom was your humble scribe, who, to confess the truth, forgot all about his errand, and went almost irresistibly with the throng. Heedless of the criticisms of spectators the singing army moved on Beck-street and Heathcote-street to the Mission Hall which happily has become converted, for I remember that many years ago it was the headquarters of the dirtiest singing and dancing congregation I ever knew.

"As I was struggling to join the already crowded assembly, a well-known detective who was looking on humorously saluted me by saying 'You are there, are you.' What a wise man he was to ask me whether I was there, as if his eyes were not to be trusted. I shall never employ him to detect anything for me. But no matter, this is by the way. Imagine, if you please, in the next place the interior of this reformed Polytechnic, brim full of faces of all sorts and sizes from the larkish lads and lasses who are ready for anything to the representatives of all shades of the British working man down to the very dregs of the navy tribe; and imagine also on the platform half-a-dozen well-meaning patriarchs centred by these two women who had just doffed their paletots and were preparing for attack on the sinners, and you will have the best pen and ink idea of what that place was. Let me say here that it was surprising how energetic the rough people were. They were evidently prepared to swear by the sisters for they obeyed their call, and were ready to show serious business if the unruly had not ceased their bother when ordered to be quiet. Of all the assemblies of revivalists—and I think I have been in at a few—this was the champion in respect of rough men and women being under perfect control, and themselves zealous in seeing that there should be no licence on the part of those who may have come to throw in the apple of discord. It was a happy meeting—aye, that is the right word. Well, we sang lustily, and when the last sound of the last line was dying away, some enthusiastic member at the rear whipped our tired tops up again. It was grand—for enthusiasm.

"A rough brother read us a psalm, and he explained it in his own way, and it was certainly swallowed greedily by the people who had come from the by-ways, and perhaps for the first time heard anything above the religious service of the drinking kennels of Beck-street and Sandy-lane. Then we sang another hymn, which was given out by the Gipsy Girl, and its chief strain was—

"Will you be there?
Yes, I'll be there;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory.

"When we had become nicely warmed with the singing and had reached the last verse, she told us to repeat it softly, just as the Christy's Minstrels do, you know. We did so, though I can assure you it was with extreme difficulty only that some of the enthusiastic could restrain opening their flood gates, and letting out the elixir in full force.

"The hymn over, a brother, whom I did not know, spoke to us for a few minutes, endeavouring to show how much good we were missing for want of an implicit faith in the mysterious working of Providence, and to illustrate this he told us a story which he had seen, chapter and verse in a magazine, of the way in which a good woman was saved from the attacks of a ruffian. A general exhortation followed, after which the Gipsy Girl told her simple story of conversion, and pointed out that in seeking the great salvation they would be better citizens, better parents and children; that such a life was a life of harmony, a life of love, and as nearly as earthly conditions would permit, a life of heaven below.

"Altogether, the meeting was interesting; and though those on loftier ground would sneer at its almost unreasonable ebullition of feeling. I will say, for my part, that the class of people who were present were evidently better for being there, and as Divine service, rightly interpreted, means doing good in any way, the entire proceedings are worthy of emulation in the same walk of life."

AN OFFICER AT THE PENITENT-FORM!

WE extract the following from a letter from Bro.——. We recognise, with gratitude to God, the earnest crying out that exists for more of His power, for a renewed baptism into the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, all through our borders. It shall come. "Try Me," He says. "Prove Me," He says; "see if I will not do it. See if I will not overflow you with a blessing too big for the room you have. Try Me. Prove Me, and see." "I bless God I feel I have been converted over again. I read the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and I felt I had not got it. I was praying nearly all night; and yesterday I did not know what to do at times; and after I got in the class, and confessed to all present that I was seeking to be baptised with the Holy Ghost and fire; and I could not sing, nor talk, nor read; and I went down on my knees, and could not pray, but fell flat on my face, and in the struggle I was shook from head to foot, and I believe my hands went black. Some of the people were frightened and ran away; some cried, and some were praying. The street was full of people; one man was heard to say he would let the police know. The people was so frightened, that we only got about 12s. class-money, where we ought to have had nearly £2. I had nothing to give up; I only wanted the Holy Ghost and fire. Bless God, I have got it! I expect everybody will know the parson has been to the penitent-form. I could not tell what I felt, but it seemed more than I could bear. I believe God will use me now in a remarkable manner, bless His name. I cannot tell you how I feel; I believe I could do as much again for God now than before. Oh, hallelujah!

"Yours filled with God,
"————"

LEAMINGTON.

BRO. MAYCOCK and his wife are pushing on here with might and main, and already there is abundant evidence of a glorious awakening throughout the town.

Some of the vilest and roughest of the population have been saved in the crowded meetings. Hundreds of just the right sort are hearing the truth.

Mrs. Booth presented this Corps with its Colours on Friday, July 4th, in the Salvation Factory. There was a crowded meeting. On the Sunday she preached in the Circus, which was crowded in every part, and on the Tuesday afternoon delivered a lecture on the Army in the Town Hall. Mr. R. C. Morgan occupied the chair.

Before the Magistrates again.

For the third time, on Wednesday, Capt. Maycock appeared before the Leamington Bench to answer a summons charging him with "causing an obstruction by standing, walking, and singing hymns in the street."

After the evidence of the policemen, Bro. Maycock, who defended himself, stated his case. He said (we quote from *The Leamington and County Chronicle*, July 11):—"That he started from Shrubland-street at about a quarter to seven o'clock, and seeing that the crowd was unusually great on Clemens Street Bridge, he gave orders that no one should sing. He also told them to walk as quick as possible for the convenience of the females in the ranks. He did this that there might not be any obstruction. Nobody in his procession either stopped or sang in Bath-street. Asked if he had any witness to call, he said that he wished to call Annie Ridley.

"Mr. Passman: What is she going to prove?"

"Defendant said that she would prove that he did not obstruct anyone in the manner described in the summons.

"After conferring some time with the other magistrates, the deputy-mayor,

addressing Mr. Lund, said that the Bench were of opinion that the case had not been proved against the defendant, and the summons would therefore be dismissed. He thought it was the opinion of the Bench that whatever noise was caused was by the boys who were walking in front of the procession, and it was those who ought to have been summoned.

"Mr. Lund: There are thousands of them.

"Mr. Muddeman said that the Bench had nothing to do with that. The defendant was charged with obstruction by standing and singing in Bath-street, and as that had not been proved, the case would be dismissed.

"Mr. Lund: May I ask whether the Bench dismiss it on the ground that the information is wrongly laid?"

"Mr. Muddeman: We dismiss it for want of evidence.

"Mr. Lund: Then you do not give any opinion as to the information been worded right?"

"Mr. Muddeman: We simply say that in our opinion the information is not proved. The distance between Shrubland-street and the Circus was considerable, and according to the evidence, it only took them about ten minutes to walk it. He did not know how many hundreds of yards it was, but it was certainly some hundreds, and after walking that distance in about ten minutes, they went straight into the Circus as soon as they arrived there.

"Ald. Wackrill observed that, according to the evidence before the Bench, only ten minutes was occupied in walking the distance. He did not know how many hundred yards they walked but certainly it must be several. They were going straight to a place of worship, and they did not seem to have caused the obstruction in Bath-street, which arose from the crowd looking on, and it was not an uncommon thing for a crowd to look on under other circumstances when there was a procession. As for the Salvation Army being held responsible for the singing and noise made by boys, they could not and should not be responsible for it.

"The Chief-constable said it would be quite impossible for the police force to prevent the streets being obstructed.

"Ald. Wackrill said it should be borne in mind that the crowd more or less collected together for the purpose of creating an obstruction, in order that members of the Salvation Army might be brought before the Bench as obstructionists.

"The Deputy-Mayor: The case will be dismissed, Mr. Maycock."

The decision was received with faint applause.

Amidst open and avowed opposition the work goes and will go on. Already we have got one evangelist from Leamington. Pray for

24, Clemens Street, Leamington.

CAPT. MAYCOCK.

LEICESTER (22ND).

WHAT are we to have next? has been the inquiry again and again "from the agents of the enemy of souls" as we have marched forth in the name of our King. Sabbath after Sabbath, and night after night, "Blood and Fire" has been the response from our ranks thicker and faster. "No surrender." And we have been enabled to go forth sword in hand from conquering and to conquer. Yea, and conquer we shall and do.

Whitsuntide was a grand time with us. We commenced operations at 6 a.m. in the open air Whit-Sunday. Although very wet all day our soldiers were at their post, kept their powder dry, and, consequently, were ready for any attack made by the enemy. Several wounded, and some healed and enlisted on the spot.

Whit-Monday.—We had a grand field-day in the Abbey meadow, and marched to a sumptuous mess at 5 p.m., and afterwards a sharp engagement for three hours, in which, nine were taken prisoners from the devil, and set free in the pardoning love of God. Thus, after two days' hard fighting in Leicester, with

victory on our side, we arranged with the Midland Railway Company for **Whit-Tuesday**, to convey us to

GREAT GRIMSBY.

So accordingly at 6 a.m., after having a consultation with the *King of kings* for 30 minutes on *our knees*, we marched from the barracks to the railway station, and thence to Grimsby, the band of the regiment being in attendance. Upon arriving we marched under colours through the town, and, joined by a detachment from **Leeds** under *Captain Parkins*, we laid siege to the town and *neighbourhood*, took one prisoner who had deserted from **Leeds**, handed him over to our *King*, who gave him a free pardon upon conditions which he accepted, and is now on his way rejoicing; and after a grand *march past* at 7 p.m. we returned to *Leicester* to fight on; and although an account appeared in a *Leicester* satirical paper, in which it was stated that "the devil was drowned, and that nothing more was required to be done by the *Army*," we soon found out we required every inch of our armour, as we came in contact with *his Satanic Majesty* the very next morning. Yes, the war is still going on in *Leicester*, and scores since *Whit-suntide* have made a full surrender and given themselves to God, and the latest is we are opening a second **Salvation Barracks** in the town under the command of *Captain Sarah McMinnies*. *God speed us on. He will! He does!*

Yours faithfully, toe to toe with the enemy,

CAPT. BENNETT AND HIS WIFE,
The Black Prince and Princess,
LIEUT. FOSTER, the Publican's Son.

Foundry Lane, Leicester.

MANCHESTER.

SAID a minister from our platform in the Temple, one night, when crowded with all classes: "I know of a certainty that this 'Salvation Army,' let the means and measures this class of people adopts in preaching be what they may, I know from my own personal experience that it has succeeded in not only reaching many of the worst in the neighbourhood I labour, but in transforming their *very lives*. I find *whole families* who have received good from its labours, and seeing this, I am *forced* to pray that God will speed this good work." And many a soul who, so short a time ago was bound by hellish chains and toiled at hellish work, cried hearty "Amen" to that prayer.

But how much—*very much*—of this indoor gathering and conversion is the direct outcome of the unwearied efforts and toil of our officers in the open air—indeed, do we not find it so throughout our Army. God enlarge and strengthen our open-air work; and though we be called to increased opposition and persecution—even *imprisoned*, yet will we not cease to obey our Lord's command.

Since my last, I have spent twenty-four hours in Belle Vue Gaol for upholding my Master's name to the perishing multitudes in the streets of Manchester. I was placed with the common felon, lived on a few ounces of bread, scrubbed my cell, and slept on a plank. But in all my life I never felt more blessed and encouraged than whilst there, for the prison a palace proved.

While Jesus dwelt with me there, I could sing, and feel, and realise it was

"Anywhere with Jesus:
I'll follow anywhere,"

May I ask the prayers and faith of all our brethren for our fellow-captain, Brother Tucker, and his staff, who are now waging a renewed warfare. Our Lord and conqueror liveth to bring them and theirs off victorious.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Captain Booth, restored in health, was with us again last week; and at a half-night of prayer, in which Boundary Street and Temple forces united, we had such an overwhelming outpouring of the Spirit of God as will remain in our

memories throughout eternity—*Ho* out at once, seeking clean hearts, or consecrating their future lives to the service of God. Nothing could be heard but the groans and sobs of the seekers, and the shouts and praises of the sanctified. We all got nearer the throne than ever before. Glory be to God! Captain Booth has since left us for the Tyne, feeling certain that God's work commenced by him here, in this town, will extend until the scum of society is not only reached, but converted into God-fearing, honourable citizens.

Many bright experiences could we relate, but cannot feel justified in encroaching further upon your now valuable space. Still continue to pray in faith for

Yours, a captain of the Host,

F. H. TUCKER.

67, Grosvenor Street.

EBBW VALE.

THE past month has been one of glorious victory. Some hard fighting, but we have won the day. Our captain was with us fighting our battle, and so we have been enabled to take the prey from the enemy's hand during the month. Glory be to God. Many great men have come as little children to the feet of Jesus. We hardly have any meetings without souls, and we continue to hear from the lips of those who come to the Saviour such words as these, "I do thank God because He has saved me, because I was the blackest sinner out of hell, but now He has washed me clean in His precious blood, and I mean to do the devil all the harm I can." Those who have been saved a few weeks have been praying for their mates, and God is saving them in answer to their prayers; and it does make our hearts rejoice to see the young converts, some talking to their parents, some to their children, others to their old companions, and telling them how happy they are since they have given themselves to Jesus. We have them to speak in front of the public-houses in which they used to take their week's earnings, and although we have had so much good done there is yet a great deal more to do.

"And we'll all fight never to yield again,
Till the King shall reign."

May God help us.

Yours in the Army,

M. A. THOMAS,
EMILY SMITH.

Sunny Bank, Ebbw Vale, Mon.

COVENTRY.

WAR between heaven and hell for the souls of the people. God and the Salvation Army against the world and the devil. I have received orders from the King to advance, and at the word of command the 35th with Blood and Fire have made a dash into the headquarters of the devil's kingdom, scattering them in all directions. There are hundreds wounded by the word of the Spirit, and the cries on all sides are "Lord have mercy on me a sinner." *In one workshop twelve have started for heaven; six in another.* Oh, hallelujah. *From a brick-yard four.* So they are coming out of the mire and clay, and getting on the rock that will stand for ever and ever.

My Brother Ned is one. He was drunk, fighting with the chimney-piece the night before he was saved, but now he is fighting the devil; that is better, praise God. Two others, that have been to prison for stealing, have got saved, to steal no more. One man who was getting £3 a week and only gave his wife a few shillings, spending the other in drink. Now he is rejoicing, praising God that ever he came to our Factory.

Saved from a Storm.—This man, a notorious character, drunkard, and gambler, strolling near the Factory one Sunday morning, was invited in, got smashed up in the meeting, at the close fell on his knees, cried for mercy, God saved him, and he said, "Who would have thought I should have come in to be saved." He went home and told his wife, and she came and got saved, and now they are rejoicing in a happy home.

A wretched man, at the penitent-form asking God to have mercy on him, said *he had last night tried to knock his wife's brains out.* Then he burst into a flood of tears, saying, "Lord have mercy on me." Soon his broken heart was healed, and he went home praising God.

One of the Gipsies that got saved at the Fair, was turned out by those that she lived with, they being Roman Catholics; but the Army has taken her in, and she has been going on very well.

A Barmaid, who was adorned like a peacock, and quite as proud, came for curiosity to see what our meetings were like, but God convicted her of sin, and humbled her, and she fell at the penitent-form and cried for mercy, and our army prayed "Lord save the barmaid." God soon set her at liberty.

The publicans are crying out. One of them only had six good customers left awhile ago, and we have took five of them prisoners, and Shirly declares we shall have the others. Hallelujah. This puts the devil in a fix.

We have another man, one of the greatest drinkers of Coventry, who at Easter, with five others, got into a donkey cart with bottles of drink at the front of our procession, stopping at intervals and drinking, then coming to the entrance of the Factory, had to be moved by the policemen. He has since then with a bully, a companion of his, fallen into the fountain, got washed and clothed in righteousness, and they are now soldiers in our ranks.

We have eight large processions every week. Crowds of people stand round our rings in the open-air meetings to hear converted drunkards, infidels, racers, gamblers, dancers, and others tell what God has done for them. It brings tears to the eyes of many, and thousands of people come to see our processions which march through the streets on their way to the Factory in military style. Order is preserved by the police. Our congregations in the Factory are large. This last three weeks about 150 souls professed to find peace with God. At our assemblies on Wednesday nights over 100 give their experience of what God has done for them. The work in the streets and in the Factory is not all that the Army is doing, but every day we are sent for to pray with the sick and dying, and point them to Christ.

"On, on, on, on! no surrender. We will conquer through the Fire and the Blood."

My wife is very poorly, pray for her.

Yours in the Army,

4, Cope Street, Coventry.

CAPT. CADMAN.

DUDLEY.

THE fearful poverty in this town, together with the fact that our week-night hall is too small, have made the work here a struggle. But better days have dawned.

Mrs. Nixon, the *Army Giantess*, is now in command, and she reports decided advance on every hand, and considerable improvement.

Among several very interesting stories of recent conversions which she sends, is the following:—

"The first Saturday night I was in Dudley this man came to the house where I was lodging, and asked to see his wife, and the dear sister, my landlady, told me to look at him and talk to him. I looked at the man and I thought he trembled, and I said his wife might come in, and she did, and as soon as she got in I shut to the door and knelt down by it and started to pray—that was half past eleven

o'clock—and he wept bitterly on account of sin, and at a quarter past twelve he found peace, and ever since he has come out boldly like a true soldier. He says he has been a drunkard and swearer and dog-runner and cockfighter. Thank God he is saved!"

Hallelujah! that was worth going to Dudley for, Sister Nixon.

But our sister sends us others also: one a backslider grandly saved; another, a giddy dancing girl brought down to the feet of Jesus and sent on her way to dance before the Lord, and dress according to his word. Another a gambler, and the promise of more next month.

Pray for Dudley. Our people have not only to fight the devil, but poverty and keen want are felt by nearly all.

Remember

17, Sungmire, Dudley.

MARY NIXON, the Giantess.

HAMMERSMITH.

PRAISE the Lord, we are all alive! Since I had a fresh resurrection there have been a great many killed and made alive again. The Lord has been saving souls here from 10 years old up to 60 and 70, and the young ones are as happy as the old ones. If you want to wound men it is of no use tapping them on the shoulder; you must put in the sword. The Lord save us from tapping men on the shoulder. O, for men or women of God that will put in the sword up to the hilt—wound them too hard for the devil to plaster them up again.

A man who called at Hammersmith on some business dropped into the Town Hall, and received a wound in his heart so deep that the devil could not plaster it up again. He left Hammersmith the same day, but was so miserable that he could not rest night or day until he took a ticket and came a long way by train to hear us at the Hammersmith Town Hall, and while the converted judge was speaking he came up to the Great Physician, got cured, and went home happy.

Another dear man, who was led by the Spirit of God to come some two or three miles to the Town Hall, did not like to come any further than the door; but while Bro. Broadbent was preaching the arrows went right into his heart. He said he was afraid to go out through the door for fear he would fall into hell, so he came up with others and cried for the Lord to save him. The dear Lord took out the arrows, and healed him up again. He got up, told the people how God had saved him, and he also spoke the next Sunday in the open air, telling sinners out of a full heart what God had done for his soul.

On Tuesday, July 15, Mrs. Booth presented us with our colours in the West-End Lecture Hall. After the ceremony she delivered a powerful address on the Army. The Hall was well filled, and a blessed influence rested upon us.

When Mrs. Booth had concluded the Rev. E. W. Moore spoke a few words, endorsing what had been said as to the urgent necessity for adopting any means to reach the people with the Gospel, and encouraging us to go on with the work.

"Blood and Fire!" Hallelujah! Pray for us.

TOM PAYNE.

8, Percy Cottages, Bradmore Park Road, Hammersmith.

LANCASTER.

HALLELUJAH! In spite of all the devil has done to upset us we are still going on, and mean to do so until the devil is defeated, and every one of his subjects taken captive for the Army of King Jesus.

We have had a little persecution. The police tried to stop our open-air work, and because we refused they took me to the police station for a few minutes. But I thank the sergeant who escorted me to the station. It has really done us

a great deal of good rather than harm, and I am sure I should be willing to be escorted round the town by the whole police force, that precious souls might be saved and God glorified. May God bless them and save them. We have, I believe, their sympathies now, and I trust they will soon see that we are diminishing their labours instead of increasing them.

We have had a few good cases, Praise God.

An Infidel.—A young man came to our meeting a week last Sunday. He said he had *never been in a place of worship for 18 years*, and all that time he had been denying the existence of God. But while the meeting was going on, the God whom he denied, laid hold of him, and showed him his position. One of the brothers asked him to come to Jesus; he was no longer an unbeliever, but he went outside saying there was no mercy for him, he was too vile to be saved. He did not stay long away till he came back and fell at the bleeding feet of Jesus, cried out for mercy, and we got down on our knees and sang

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
His blood avails for me."

As we sang he struggled and then he began to praise the God he had so long denied.

A dear woman, about 60 years of age, and her niece, got saved at our meetings the other night; and the elder one now stands out in the open air and tells how God has saved her soul and made her happy in his love, and urges others to try it for themselves.

A Romanist.—A young man who had often confessed his sins to the priest, but did not feel satisfied, was induced to pray for the Holy Spirit to let him see his condition as a sinner; he did so, and in a fortnight he was at the penitential-form confessing his sins to Him who is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, and he was not long before he got absolution through the blood without money and without price. Glory to God.

A woman who had promised to meet her mother and sister in heaven came into our meeting; the exhortation was given from the words "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found," and she sought and found, and now she says she is happy and she knows that she is going to meet her loved ones in heaven.

We could tell you of many more cases. We are conquering, and we believe we shall win. Will our friends please pray for Lancaster and us.

4, Lodge Street, Lancaster.

M. M. RICHARDSON,
S. ROBERTS.

BASFORD.

ALL on fire! Victory, victory, through the Blood of the Lamb! Hallelujah! The station was opened at Basford June 1st: two Hallelujah Lasses came into the town, and fifteen precious souls were saved first night, and after that they came out by forty and fifty a night. Oh, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, we started in a Salvation Barn, and hundreds had to go away every night. The devil got us out of the barn, but we have now got a larger place; we have the Temperance Hall three nights a week, and the other nights we have to go into the different chapels.

One dear brother got up in the open air and said, "These lasses have been fishing at Basford, and they have caught a whale and hauled him on board, for my name is *Whale*;" and another jumped up and said, "And they have caught a big fish, for my name is *Fish*;" and another got up, and he said in his experience, "They have caught more, for my name is *Moore*."

The biggest drunkards in the town are coming every night and crying for mercy, and are getting saved. Homes that were once like hells are like little heavens. In the *Nottingham Journal* it was said that the publicans are creeping out on every hand. It said that one publican who could brew three times a week

is satisfied now if he can brew once. Pray for Basford! We want a bigger place, and a bigger place we must have. Police are on our side. *We have a prayer-meeting out-doors at 7 o'clock on Sunday mornings because we have no place to go to.* We have a good procession every night, but we must have a place to take them into. We are driving the devil all round the place, and we intend to drive him out of the place altogether. Amen, Amen, Amen! Happy Eliza has gone to Gateshead.

42, Church Street, Basford.

Yours,

HAPPY SARAH,
HARMLESS CLARA.

GLASGOW

IS a glorious success. Our Sisters Nelly and Sue Cope have triumphed gloriously, and the lost and lowest of the city are gathered night after night in the Music Hall.

We extract the following from private letters received during the month.

"Dear Mr. Booth,—I drop you a line to say that I spent the Sabbath with the Misses Cope. I was highly satisfied with the work. The open air and processioning is well attended to every night, and twice on Sabbath, all round the streets; the place was crammed full at night, and there was a glorious meeting. I think we have much to thank God for. A man speaking to me of the procession, and of those who were walking in it, said—'You would think some of the goals had been emptied.'

"Thank God you are not only reaching the lowest, but some others as well. I had a warm reception from a young man, a commercial traveller, whom I led to the Saviour on the night of opening the hall. He has been a good deal away since, and I had not seen him again till Sunday last. He speaks well both outside and in, and is a good man, so others told me. I see others who were brought in that night still holding on, and are likely to be useful. Miss Cope told me she wrote you about Hall at east end; it is small, but if it would get filled we might secure a larger."

The second from a Scotch Evangelist, addressed to a gentleman interested in religious work among the people. He says—

"On Monday (this day week) I went to the Victoria Music Hall, Anderston, in the evening, to see the movements of the Salvation Army. The Victoria Music Hall is a pretty large hall, and might hold 1,500 or 2,000 people. The body of the hall below was nearly filled.

"Those who attend the meetings are not the respectable or well-to-do class, but the poorer, rougher, and more degraded—that class which, in Glasgow and other towns, have the least done for them. I thank God for this effort in this place at present.

"I may say there are two 'Hallelujah Lasses' conducting the work, sent by Mr. Booth. They are decent, modest-looking, Christian young women. Their whole hearts seem to be in the work. And, although many rough characters come to the hall, and make a noise, they manage to maintain order very well, ruling more by love than fear. When the meeting is opened by the 'Lasses' giving out some hymns, and leading them, a brother next engages in prayer for a blessing on the meeting; then a short address of five minutes' length or so follows, succeeded by another hymn; another short address, and again a hymn, and so on. Thus a good few speak in one night. The 'Lasses' don't preach, as far as I have seen, but, after all, are the life of the meeting, really conducting the service, calling on the brethren to speak or pray, and governing the whole. On some occasions, doubtless, they will give an address. Being known to some of the brethren, I was asked to speak on Monday evening, which I did, shortly. I had to leave early on Monday evening, but went back on Tuesday evening."

131, Main Street.

Pray for Glasgow and

NELLY AND SUE COPE.

PICKERING.

OH, hallelujah! the blood is washing, and the fire is burning, the battle is raging, and we are in the midst of the fight, and, thank God, we are not only able to stand our ground but are advancing into the ranks of the enemy and taking the prey from the mighty, quenching their brand in Jesu's blood and making warriors of them. I will just give you a case or two:—

No. 1. A dear woman, who has been coming to our meetings for some time, but was afraid to give up because of the persecution; but the power fell on her till she had to fall at the feet of Jesus, and got gloriously saved. The following Sunday her husband came to the open air and tried to pull her out of our ranks, but she marched on with a determined look, saying, "I will go to chapel." May God keep and save her husband.

No. 2. A young man who rushed out from his seat, fell at the penitent-form and cried for mercy—which he soon obtained as soon as he ventured his all on the blood—being so overpowered with the glory, for we had it down and no mistake, got up, and looking in my face with his hand on his breast, said, "I think I am going to die, but the blood cleanseth me." I turned to my Brother Davies and said, "This fellow is going to die;" and he shouts "Hallelujah!" I turned to the fellow and said, "Get on your knees, and if you die, die at the feet of Jesus;" but, thank God, he is only just beginning to live, and he is still alive and means to fight in the Army. Glory to God!

No. 3. A man who jumped right over the seats, crying, "Jesus died for me, and I'll be saved before I go out of this place." Thank God, he is saved out and out. He has joined the Army, and though his mates tried to keep him from doing so, he said that Jesus told him to come and fight in the Army, and he means, by God's help, so to do; and he says, "Though I have not been converted before, thank God, I can now stand up with a clear conscience and say, my sins are all forgiven. I have travelled about the world a good bit, but never found so much joy as I have these last few days; may we all meet in heaven." Amen!

More next time. Pray for Pickering.

Yours in the thick of the fight,

Hungate, Pickering.

CAPTAIN HOBDEY AND D. DAVIES.

TREDEGAR.

HE that is for us is more than all that can be against us. The sisters come every night to the open air, and are becoming brave soldiers of the cross. The following testimonies are a few of many who have been plucked as brands from the burning:—

One young man says: "I have been one of the worst scamps that ever existed, but thank God I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb."

A woman, who had been a drunkard for many years, says: "I thought I was too bad to be saved, but the sister said His blood could make the foulest clean. I came and found peace to my weary soul; since then God has taken the desire for the drink away, and although my neighbours often ask me to drink with them, and call me one of the Hallelujahs, I can bear it all for Jesus."

Another young man says: "I thank God that ever the Army came to Tredegar. I have been saved six weeks, and it has been the happiest part of my life. Instead of going home drunk, I can sing the praises of the Lamb."

A backslider who has wandered from the fold for many years says, "I cannot express the happiness I feel since I came back to the Lord." While in the open air one night, a man came into the ring, fell on his knees, and cried aloud for

mercy; having found it, he joined our ranks and marched with us through the streets.

Our holiness meetings have been a success: many have given up all for Christ. One Friday the people were all seeking together and finding too. Last Friday two brothers came out for the blessing, and taking their pipes from their pockets said they were determined to give them up for the Lord. One man said, "I have been a great smoker for forty-five years, but God has enabled me to give it up, and I have no desire for it now." Tredegar for Jesus!

Yours in the Army,

POLLY PRENTICE,
EMILY FYSH.

59, Fourth Row, Tredegar.

41ST (DOWLAIS) CORPS.

"**V**ICTORY or Death" is still our motto. By the help of the Lord, we mean Dowlais for Jesus. The people's hearts in this town seem as hard as stones, but, glory to God, His love melts them. We mean to push the battle to the gates and conquer or die.

We give the experiences of some of the young converts:—

"Dear friends, I know that I have been very bad in sin, spending my money in the public-house instead of buying food. But I praise God, because this morning I am serving Him instead of the devil. When I came to God, I asked Him to keep me, and praise His name He has."

The Converted Puddler says, "I praise God this morning that ever I gave Him my heart. It is three months since I let God turn the devil out. I feel I ought to speak because this morning I am three months old. Glory to God."

The Happy Secretary.—"I am glad I am in this Army. We can say we go persecution and trials, but praise God we can say with the apostle, 'Nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ.'"

The Hallelujah Treasurer.—"I thank God because I'm saved, and my experience can be found in the words of the poet, 'My Jesus to know, and to feel His blood, 'tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.' Oh, hallelujah."

The Happy Welchman.—"I praise God for what He has done for me, once I was blind but now I see. I have said to my old companions fare you well I will not go with you to hell. This morning I believe that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. Glory to God."

The Hallelujah Welch Lass.—"This afternoon I am trusting in Jesus, I praise God because I'm saved. I praise Him that ever the Salvation Army came to Dowlais. I came to Him just as I was, and He took me in and washed my filthy heart in His precious blood, and this afternoon it is clean." Oh may God keep them faithful.

Yours in the battle-field, under the blood,

CAPTAIN POLLY MASON,
and her armour-bearer, SUSAN E. SAVILL.

Tracts or any donation will be thankfully received by Miss Mason, 92, Elizabeth Street, Dowlais.

NORTHERN NOTES.

BY MAJOR CORBRIDGE.

Newcastle still has a crowd of people every night, and many blessed cases of conversion reach my ears nearly every day: very often from a dozen to twenty souls in one night. During the race week, six fallen women were rescued, and professed to find peace in Jesus.

Gateshead is in some difficulty financially, but still leading souls to Calvary. On Sunday, June 29th, I preached on "The Winner," being the Sunday after Newcastle Races. Even a greater crowd than usual came to the meeting, and twenty-one professed to win the pardon of their sins. Hallelujah!

Sunderland.—Sunday, June 22nd, we had a real old-fashioned day: a woman knelt down and cried for mercy in the street, and while we sang

"The blood of Jesus cleanses me,
This moment I believe,"

she sang it from a full heart, her face beamed, and she stood up in the ring and told us God had saved her on the stones in the middle of the street; she had been twenty-two times in gaol, twice transported, and only came home the Wednesday before, and that in all her imprisonment she never had a real desire to reform her life until she heard us singing and speaking in the open air.

Jarrow.—The work is deeper and much more consolidated. Big rough men from all parts of the world have been led to Jesus, and now many of them are seeking the great blessing of *Perfect Love*. This is making a mark upon those around. I spent Sunday, July 13th, here; got a good lift to my own heart, when between thirty and forty came to the penitent-form together—some for pardon, but most of them for full salvation.

North Shields is a new work; some grand cases of conversion among all classes, from all parts of the world. Converts are constantly leaving this place for all parts, especially among the sailors. A big brave sailor seeks the Saviour, and in a few days leaves the place for some distant shore, and in this way the good Lord is carrying the Salvation Army to the uttermost parts of the earth. Oh, Hallelujah!

South Shields is a very similar work to the above, only we have a bigger place and larger numbers. Having taken the DURHAM THEATRE for Sundays and week days, a wonderful work is being carried on, and ere this reaches the hands of our friends we hope to have opened a second station in this town.

Choppington moves slowly, but we have a real good band. Some dear colliers have been brought up out of the horrible pit.

Bedlington, another town full of real colliers, about two miles from Choppington, is doing a good work. I had a grand time here, Tuesday, July 7th, and three souls sought the Saviour.

Seaham Harbour is another colliery town, and a grand work. Our only difficulty is *room to dwell*. We greatly need a large place. Some land is arranged for, plans are drawn, but we need the money. "Oh, Lord! what is to be done?"

GOING TO THE WAR.

Blyth.—Tuesday, July 15th, a lot of the new converts met me at the station as I entered, to inquire how it was Brother Howe had not received marching orders from the General that morning. A telegram from headquarters, on Saturday, had stated that he must be ready for Tuesday, and a letter should be sent on Monday to fix his first station. Brother Howe was with the Hallelujah Lasses the first night in the open air last November, when the Army entered this town, has stood all weathers ever since, and is now being called out by the General into full work for God. He had preached his farewell the night before. A band of folks were at the station to see him off; but, through some mistake he had not received a letter. I wired the office, and on Wednesday morning received the following telegram, having had a good meeting and four souls the night before. "Handed in at the Whitechapel Office, at 7.45 p.m. Received here at 7.47 a.m. From Booth to Corbridge, Salvation Hall, Blyth. Brother Howe much wanted to help glorious work at Darlington, send to Captain Clapham, 4, Station Road, to-morrow morning." About half past nine the colours of the Corps waved in front of the house where I was staying, and a lot of the members in good trim

to see their comrade leave the town. When we arrived in the station-yard a ring was formed and a parting song,

"Shall we gather at the river,"

was sung, and many of the people looked through their tears at Brother Howe, and he looked through tears at them. Another song,

"Will you meet me at the fountain?"

The crowd increased meanwhile, not only by passengers who were going off by train, but by those who came from all parts of the town to see their brother start. Then we sang, as a sort of cheer-up,

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Brother Howe addressed the crowd, telling them he was leaving for God, asking the prayers of holy men and women, and begging sinners to turn to God and meet him in heaven. After

"We'll roll the old chariot along,"

Two members, a Cornishman, and the Hallelujah Packman, gave short addresses, myself and others engaged in prayer, thanking God for the work done and pleading for a greater. The banners waved, tickets were taken, a lot of our folks filling up the carriage; they sang—

"Come, sinners, will you meet us?
By the help of God I'll meet you,
On Canaan's peaceful shore."

Brother Howe put his head out of the window, shook hands, shouted "Hallelujah," and the train whirled us out of the station. On both sides of the line, all the way to Newsham Junction, people were waving their hands; some shouting, "Farewell, farewell." At the **Isabella Pit**, one of the principal collieries in this district, pocket-handkerchiefs or white flags of some sort, were hoisted on sticks or poles. At **Newsham Junction** the porter who opened the carriage door was an Army man. A signal man also waved his hand from his box, and then ran to the platform to shake hands; he also is a member. Here we also met Brother Howe's father, mother, and sister, who had come to join us as far as Newcastle. Here was **another parting**. A lot of the friends with the Blyth banner "Blood and Fire," returned. After a song,

"Oh, I like this old religion,
Will you go along with me?
Oh religion's getting better,
Go sound the jubilee."

Amid many tears, again the train moved on towards Newcastle, where we parted. My heart melted with thanksgiving to God for so grand a work, and so powerful an influence wrought in so short a time. The Army only entered Blyth last November, and now we have 200 members, and every church in the town has been benefited.

9, Poplar Crescent, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Wellingboro'.—Cole from Hartlepool in command. Found him, with fifty of his Corps, in the back streets, Sunday morning, July 6th, and about a hundred turned out in the afternoon: a real good band. The Hall was about full inside. It did us good to see the mixture of old faces and new ones. People who want to know if our work lasts should call at Wellingboro' and spend a Sabbath there. The women should be a little more to the front, and the

singing wants sharpening a bit. At night we heard they had a grand time: place packed, three seeking pardon and twenty purity. Hallelujah! Brother Cater just promoted from this Corps.

Barking.—All alive. Captain Estill in charge. Tea and meeting in Glenly's schoolroom, Tuesday 8th. Was it too much tea made the open air turn out so weak? Good procession. Place crowded for meeting. Captain Mrs. Porter and Captain Jackson, both looking better than ever after the various toils of their respective campaigns, were here to greet their old Barking comrades. We had a right-down religious free-and-easy. The Lord came down all over everybody. The young converts especially showed well. The financial read very nicely, just keeping level. Forward, Barking! Forward! More God, more sinners, more saints. *Forward!*

Chatham.—Dr. Morrison had a powerful day on the 6th; his coming made quite a sensation, and sinners were getting saved, as of old, into the bargain. The Doctor made a mark on the town, and must be that way again soon. Monday night, tea and meeting, open-air ring and procession good. They must have their colours here at once. Brook Hall as full as ever we saw it. Singing better, speaking better, feeling better—better altogether. The women *must* speak more; and the old hands, God bless them! must give the young converts a chance. Very few soldiers about. Where are they? The testimonies to Perfect Love had the right ring, and Captain Foster has evidently got everybody's heart. Have only one word to say to Chatham—*Recruit! RECRUIT!*

Burnley.—Captain Roe finishing up before moving to South Shields' second station. All those Burnley folks getting ready for a regular breach attack, led by the Hallelujah Lasses, who arrive next week.

Bolton.—Captain Kate Watts and Lieutenant Singer report *rising*.

A dear brother in the Lord whom we asked to our all-night meeting on August 5th at Whitechapel, actually remarked to us that he feared there must be great difficulty to keep the people awake; he feared he should fall asleep! At the last all-night meeting we attended the hour from four to five was set apart for love-feast, and during the first 25 minutes 125 persons testified for Jesus, the number being made up to 200 *in five minutes over the hour*. Hallelujah! They, in common with us all, were too much blessed to fall to dosing; as one man put it, he didn't believe he should ever go to sleep again, he was so happy!

The Zulu War.—Several of our men are out at the Cape. One, and probably two, have been killed there—one at Isandula, and the other, it is feared, at the attack on the convoy. Let us remember the others. Brother Lord was still at Kandahar, Afghanistan, when he last wrote, in good spirits, and trying to spread the glorious news.

Plaistow.—Lampough in charge. He says: "Things are looking better, and with some steady work we shall see a move. The open-air work is not what it ought to be. Lord, send them up to their post. Two more backsliders reclaimed." This place will mend: we saw it and felt it at the meeting the other night. There is a coming together which looks well; and we saw a gipsy fellow, who was saved the Sunday before, who looked better. Amen!

Bank Holiday, August 4th.—So far as headquarters is concerned, we propose: breakfast at 9 (specially for cadets), with address on drill; holiness meeting at 11, the General in the chair; refreshments, 1; parade for open-air attack (in companies), 2.30; tea, 5; public hallelujah meeting, led by the General, at 6.30. *All-night of prayer* at 10.30, admission by ticket only. Apply to the officers, or 272, Whitechapel Road.

Bethnal Green.—Our work is still increasing, in spite of all persecution. On Sunday the 8th, in the afternoon, while in the open air, the infidels came in a band and tried to upset us, but God gave us the victory, and the hall was filled. Good times all day—5 souls. Mr. Railton led the meetings morning and evening. The converted Frenchman doing well.

Hayle.—Lawley and Harvey have had sinners crying for mercy, and saints jumping in old fashioned style upon getting into the full liberty of a clean heart. *Go on.*

Poplar is not dead nor sleeping. Four months have gone since Sisters Hugill and Morton took charge, and many have been won for Jesus.

Whitby.—Capt. Caswell with Sister Copely, who is better again, are here. Last Sunday, Hall packed.

Accrington.—Sisters Florence Richardson (promoted) and Shiel are in charge. There has been an animated discussion in the Town Council as to our being permitted to stand in the Market, during which Councillor Marshall said:

"That these brethren were doing a work that many of them were ashamed to do. He thought they ought to stand up there and everywhere for religious liberty. (Hear, hear.) He would go to the uttermost extent. Public speaking ought never to be stopped until it became an inconvenience to the town, to its business, and to its morality. He believed that these brethren wished to be orderly, though they could not always control crowds."

Mr. Councillor Higham seconded Mr. Marshall's amendment. "He thought they could spare the room and the inconvenience, for the work these people were engaged in, for they seemed to reach a crowd of people that other religious denominations cannot reach in the same way."

The Mayor: "With regard to the remarks that have been made, I certainly do not approve of the mode of doing the work, but I approve of the work being taken in hand. They are a body of people to work in a society that no other Christian Church has reached. That I believe is their object. I believe that young man that has been here is a good young man. He has been reclaimed, as he told me himself, by this very means out of the gutter. However, I put the amendment before you, as I think the subject sufficiently discussed." The amendment fell through. The Mayor: "I am sorry it is lost."

Seaham Harbour sends a long report, for which there is no room. "Blood and Fire" announcements have been making a great stir. Building operations are nearly at a deadlock for want of money. Captain Hodgeson says the thing is all alive. Hallelujah!

Leeds II. Lighthouse.—Beaty, his wife, and his child commenced operations here on Sunday, July 20th. He says: "Good crowds outside; much better inside. Three souls to begin with."

Poole.—Captain Brock and Kent in charge. He says: "I have already established Monday meetings on the quay and at the gates of the twine factory, also cottage meetings, and have tried for a place to hold five o'clock morning meetings. Two proper cases last night; one of them swore at me the other night, but has had no rest since. Last night he came and told me, and then got salvation." Go on, Poole; that will do.

Plymouth and Devonport.—Here's a nice note from B. Capt. Dowdle. "Good day on Sunday at both places. The work of God is rolling on; our King continues to smile. This division is advancing and charging the ranks of the enemy. Sharp shooting and brave fighting has been the order of the day, but not without success. Praise God! Last Night **The Royal Naval Salvation Lifeboat Crew** (a name I gave them) was with us. Hall packed, and some of the lowest present. Some cried aloud for mercy, and got saved. A thorough good smash all over. Hallelujah! One poor prostitute got saved, and Mrs. D. took her away to a home. The sailors do well in this town. *God bless the Navy!* Devonport is rising. Last night hall full; in the open air we had all the rag-tag of the neighbourhood." Praise God!

Middlesbro' 28th (Cannon Street).—Mrs. Evans says: "Sunday, four souls—a grand time. Monday night: the power full on us—two men saved." We ought to have a magazine every week instead of monthly to report these dear old stations who are all alive." God bless Cannon Street!

Spennymoor.—Captain Skidmore had a grand farewell. Fifteen souls on the Sunday, and they say 3,000 people to see him off. God bless him! The 31st is as full of fire as ever. **Consett** ought really to have been fully reported this month. Glorious doings; Sisters Jackson and Ellis in charge. One fellow lately testified to the saving power of Jesus, and said he had not been *sober one whole day for seven years* before his conversion.

Cottage-Meetings.—We heard lately, at one of the stations, of the salvation of the whole adult inhabitants of one side of a street in a few weeks, through a cottage-meeting held for one hour once a week. Multiply your cottage-meetings, invite your neighbours (baby as well), begin at the time, one hour and close, no gossip, clear the room, and go home.

A Contrast.—A brother, speaking in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, said, "When I heard of the Salvation Army I said, 'Who are they? I never heard of such folk.' The reply was, 'Hallelujah Lasses.' This mystified me more than ever; but the first Sunday morning they were here they stopped at the corner of a street where I had often heard men and women swear, and again and again I had heard them say, 'Go to hell.' But the Hallelujah Lasses invited them to go to heaven, and I said, 'Praise the Lord! that'll do.' What a contrast. I had scarcely ever passed that street without hearing people say 'Go to hell,' but now it is, 'Go to heaven.'"

Latest from Gateshead.—On Sunday, July 20th, Town Hall full at night. Two cases afternoon, six night. Glorious meeting. The forces in full swing. Handysides large hall, the largest place in the town, crammed at night, and two cases. The week-night meetings are now increasing again, and they are not only expecting much fruit, but are securing it nightly.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

At Leicester, we have taken a Store in Talbot Lane, in quite a distant part of the town from our present building, and though not so large as the "Warehouse," we believe a great work will be done in the *Salvation Barracks*. Sister Captain McMinnies is in command, and having issued tickets as follows—

SALVATION BARRACKS,
TALBOT LANE.
OPEN NEXT SUNDAY
BY
Miss McMINNIES,
FORMERLY A BARMAID.
OVER.

NOTICE!—Miss MacMinnies is open to receive RECRUITS at once. BOUNTY, SERVICE, &c., explained every Sunday at 11, 3, and 6.30, and every week-night at 8. Come along!

She opened on Sunday, July 20th. We have just received the following wire:—

"Grand day on Sunday. Hall full all day. Nine souls at night. Many convinced. Pray for me."

Darlington.—Latest.—Copy of telegram received at Headquarters, 21st July:—

"Wonderful day. Had to close doors early. Hundreds turned away. Rough afternoon. Order at night. Thirty-eight saved. Victory."

Stroud.—Here we have secured a fine old chapel, capable of seating from 800 to 1,000 people. During the fortnight that we have been open crowds of the right sort have listened in the streets and in the Hall. Although, up to the latest advices, there has been no great slaughter among the King's enemies, there are manifestly hundreds under conviction. Praise the Lord! Pray for Stroud and for Sisters Sayers and Malthouse.