

THE SALVATIONIST.

DECEMBER 1, 1879.

A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY THE GENERAL.

(Concluded from our last.)

WE have tried to make plain that a good soldier of Jesus Christ is always a good man—that he make war his business, and is skilled therein. We now proceed to note two or three other marks never absent in a good warrior, and

1st.—A good soldier of Jesus Christ is always a fighting man. This assertion may sound strange and unnecessary, but it is not so. In ordinary armies there are, beyond a doubt, hosts who don't mean war—the wages, the shining clothes, the idle life, the music, the promenade, with all the pomp and parade of war, and as much more of the same kind as you will; but no fighting, if you please. Fighting means hardship and labour, and hunger, and wounds, and suffering, and life-sorrow and death. So give us, say your pipe-clay and band-box soldiers, the form and appearance and profession of soldiery, but no fighting, mind—no fighting. This, however, cannot be, for is not fighting the very essence and meaning, and bone and marrow of a good soldiery, and you cannot have it without? And is not fighting the spirit of war, the liking for it, and the habit of it, the very essence of all true Christian soldiery likewise, and is it not the ungain-sayable reason for this most melancholy and undeniable failure of this holy war? These last 1,700 years that his warriors have been so much after this professional kind, accustomed, it is true, to any amount of profession and dissertation, but too little actuated and driven by the overcoming spirit of conquest.

What matters it what else soldiers can do if they cannot fight? They are hired to fight, paid to fight, reckoned and relied on to fight, and now that the hour has come, if they prove not the men for the hour, woe to the nation that has counted on them, and woe to the soldiers too.

Here is a nation with the enemy in possession, entrenching fast for permanent occupation, rifling and ravishing, burning and slaying, inflicting every form of oppression and indignity and wrong; and here is an army of soldiers who have sworn to protect and deliver, and, if there needs be, to die for their country, pleasuring and idling, and buying and selling, and otherwise looking after themselves. What matters it that they mix up some of the drill and talk of war with it all? It is not the drill and talk of war that is wanted, it is war itself; and for want of it, what will the on-looking world and their countrymen and their enemies say? Surely they will cover their drill and their talk and their self-care with loathing, execration, and contempt.

Look at these 14,000,000 of our fellow-men largely in the arms and

power of the foul usurper of hell who has largely his own way with them, making this possible paradise into blackest and most hellish perdition here, and dragging multitudes down to the deeper depths of all possible woe hereafter. What do Jesus and the angels say of this long-standing army of professed soldiers of Jehovah who look on, and sing, and speak, and read, and understand all about the actual condition of things, and are so largely contented with the same looking on, and speaking, and reading, and understanding all about the ruin and desolation, and do so little fighting to prevent, and hinder, and deliver. Oh, what can we say of the professed followers of Jesus Christ who don't fight: fight when they are wanted, fight always, fight their way through the darkness and the devils to the salvation of a redeemed world? What can we say? that they are orthodox, learned, theological, ornamental? say anything and everything, but don't call them soldiers, for without excuses and self-consideration of health, or limb, or life, true soldiers fight, live to fight, love to fight, love the thickest of the fight, and die in the midst of it.

A second mark of a good soldier is that he **ENDURES HARDNESS, AND ENDURES TO THE END.** I suppose the worst possible form of soldiers would be men who, from their appearance and capacity and antecedents, led their officers to rely upon them for the discharge of difficult and important duties, but who in the hour of difficulty gave way, and so brought about disaster and defeat. And so, on the contrary, I suppose the highest form of soldiers or of servants of God or man of any other name, are those of whom it can be said beforehand: They can suffer, they can die, but they cannot flinch; they will not yield.

One of the most despicable terms in our very expressive language, branding whosoever may be so bitterly unfortunate as to deserve it with a nameless, an infinite contempt, is that of "DESERTER;" that is, one who for considerations of care, or pleasure, or gain, or from cowardly fear of suffering, or death, or any, or all other considerations, runs away from comrades, and leaves the war to take its chance. Such cowardly, self-serving people, bent on taking care of their own skin, are not only thus despised, but if their desertion takes place in the presence of their enemy, their doom is, if caught, to be forthwith shot. Oh, Thou great Commander-in-Chief, if all the mean, cowardly runaways, that for one paltry excuse or another have within our small knowledge forsaken their blessed banner and left Thy poor struggling troops bleeding in the breach, had been doomed to summary punishment, what a doleful hurrying into eternity there would have been. No, *He* delighteth in mercy. Some have returned and been forgiven, and since done valiantly. Others are walking about the earth, and concerning them and the rewards they have reaped, and the haunting memories of the past, we say nothing, but pass on.

Oh, this Queen of Graces, **ENDURING GRACE—the scarcest grace of all.** I have met during my short pilgrimage with an abounding of all other kinds of grace, any kind that can be named, and many kinds that are nameless, but of this holding on grace, this staying power, this proper kind of final perseverance, this enduring to the end, I must confess that I have not found it very commonly enjoyed. And yet it is the true soldier's grace, carrying in its bosom all other graces, or, rather, carrying forward all other graces to perfection and paradise. And what is it but the willingness, the capacity to suffer, the acceptance of the agony and the crucifixion as the only road for him to resurrection, as certain and triumphal entry? For

soldiers of Jesus Christ who know not only how to live and how to fight; but how to die, are invincible.

AND THE LAST MARK OF A GOOD SOLDIER THAT WE NOTICE IS THAT HE IS

VICTORIOUS.

THE NOTTINGHAM COUNCIL OF WAR.

NOVEMBER 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD.

IS it only imagination which makes us call each succeeding year and each succeeding Council better than any before it? Surely not. At any rate, it is a joy to be able to place amongst the last records of another year the story of a Council which certainly bore such seals of God's approval as should for ever set us all at rest as to His good pleasure with respect to the Army.

The brief records we extract from *The Christian* of addresses on the Saturday afternoon give some idea of the spirit in which the Council was held, whilst we are able also to repeat a few of the marvellous stories of conflict and victory which were amongst the War Memories related.

The audiences in the Exeter Hall (where our meetings were held) were large throughout, notwithstanding very brief and partial notice to the town, swelling on the Monday night to upwards of two thousand persons, who filled up seats and standing-room in all parts of the building.

But in the glorious work of spreading our Master's fame, the Sunday perhaps surpassed all that we have ever done before. Not only were hundreds present in the highest gladness at the four seven o'clock love-feasts, and each Sunday afternoon and evening service crowded with congregations of our sort in the four halls usually occupied, but an old exhibition building, got for the occasion in a part of Nottingham not yet occupied by us, was filled with an audience of the roughest description, hundreds of whom had to stand, and did stand in excellent order throughout, so that indoors probably not less than an aggregate of 7,000 persons were brought together that day.

But it was naturally out of doors that our greatest work was done. At noon, in the Sention Market, by careful estimate, we had every reason to believe that not less than 8,000 men were in the dense mass which stood in solemn order to hear the voice of the Lord as He spake through one after another of His servants. The hour, and everything about the appearance of these men, showed that they were almost all of those who never enter a place of worship. At half-past nine at night a crowd even more enormous might have been held in a similar way had we so far expected it as to have provided waggons and made arrangements accordingly. As it was, the very multitude made it impossible to stand still in the darkness, and the day ended with a procession and benediction from the General's lips. It would be hopeless to estimate the numbers reached by means of the processions of the day, in which thousands more or less joined, and which, led by cornet blast, swept through all parts of the town. The newly-presented flags had thus the best of consecrations to the great work for which they are appointed, and we trust that ere long thousands of those who follow now only in wonder will be tramping after them in dead earnest to crown Jesus Lord of all.

Says *The Christian*: During several days last week, the Army was largely and impressively represented at Nottingham. A good deal has been said about the

title—"The Salvation Army"—but both in speech and action the consistency of the title was abundantly justified.

The first meeting on Saturday afternoon (November 1) was for the purpose of presenting the colours to three corps of the Army, stationed at Leicester, Basford, and Radford.

Mr. RAILTON said: Of all ridiculous sights, none is more pitiful than to see professedly religious people debating on little things while the enemy is in view. The Lord Jesus Christ sent His messengers to *compel* the people in the highways and hedges to come in; and He promised them power to turn the world upside down. We believe we are not sent to talk merely, but to subdue the people to the Lord Jesus Christ. Many here are men and women who, since the Salvation Army came to Nottingham, have been compelled to turn out of the path they were in, and to walk in an altogether different path. We believe our Lord and Master is going to fit us more than ever before for this work. We know what we want, and are determined to have it done—the power of the devil shall fall, and the kingdom of Jesus shall rise in its place. We are trusting in the Lord and in His mighty power; why should we fear that He will not give us victory? When Israel was surrounded by the enemy, and defied by the giant, and David came upon the scene, he did not say, "I'll try what I can do," but, "This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth: that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." That is the spirit in which we pray that we may go forward.

After "All hail the power of Jesu's name!" had been sung, The General said: Brethren and friends, the idea of the Salvation Army is to "crown Him." Some explanation of this movement may be necessary. We hold on Lord's-days about seven meetings, from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. It would not be impossible to have as many services every day. If Christians were to use the same means which men adopt when any pressing work is to be done, it would be possible to maintain an unceasing testimony—having three "shifts" in the twenty-four hours of the day. If the saints were to talk all the day through of Jesus, how would the people feel? It would become unbearable, and they would either emigrate or kneel down and get converted. We find in this city of Nottingham, as in all other places, a people, the vast majority of whom are not only sinners, going down to perdition, but rebels in high-handed antagonism against God. They must be forced to submit by testimony continually borne to them concerning heaven and hell, the love of God, and the terrors of eternal judgment.

When this work began with a man alone in the East of London, I little thought whereunto it would grow. We had much to learn and much to unlearn, and only in the last two or three years has its success been of an extraordinary character. It has now 122 stations in the chief towns and cities of this land. Over 200 officers wholly set apart to the work. Over 4,000 persons speaking for Jesus all the year round. We preach salvation through the blood of Christ to 2,000,000 of people in the streets every week.

Mrs. BOOTH, in presenting the colours, said: That is what the Salvation Army is set to accomplish—to crown Him Lord of all, against whom Satan has set up deadly opposition. Why should we apologise for our name? The Lord of Hosts wants an army. There are soldiers who take their lives in their hands—why should not the Lord's people leave all to win souls for Him? It is the very thing God wants. There was war in heaven once, and because Satan set himself against God, he and his angels were cast out into the earth; by-and-by they shall be cast into the bottomless pit. It seems a long way off, but what victory shall there be when the army of God understands the resources that are in Him, and goes forth to conquer the hosts of hell! It may be that God has sent out this Salvation Army to herald the coming of that day. It is a mean thing, indeed. But Christ came thus. The respectabilities thought, "He'll come to the temple, to the doctors of divinity; He'll come in pomp and majesty and dignity, and in His dignity we shall be dignified." Not so. He came to the manger, fled into Egypt, went about healing the multitudes, the common people heard Him gladly; until the respectabilities crucified Him, and said, "Now surely we've got rid of this vulgar Jesus!" But no sooner did they get Him into the tomb than down came an angel and rolled away the stone, and He ascended to the right hand of God. Why does He come in such lowly fashion? Blessed be God, He comes in the flesh to meet us on our own level—not the select few, but the masses of

men. Why does He not draw all unto Himself? Because He is not lifted up in the right way. After reading Christ's commission to His disciples, would it occur to any of us that He meant us to go into some comfortable sanctuary, and announce that the people were invited to come there? "Go!" means that you are to bear all the inconvenience of going. How long have we been waiting for the people to come! I have thought of it till my eyeballs seemed starting out of my head. Instead of letting them alone, we intend going on and on until there is no more land to conquer. We have made it our life's business; and we want everyone who professes to be the Lord's to do so too. We do not quarrel with the method, whether it be done in our way or not; but when people object to us we say, "Are you doing the work? and, if not, for Christ's sake, let us alone, for we are." Mrs. Booth then addressed some personal words of exhortation and encouragement to the three captains, to each of whom she presented a flag, explaining, among other useful purposes which it served, that of directing the procession and preserving order on the march.

On Saturday the meeting was occupied with testimony from many of the officers and converts; and verily God bears witness to this Army with signs following. There was present a butcher from Lynn, who had been accustomed to go off upon the spree, and who, after spending all his ready money, paid off the balance of his last carouse with a cheque for £42. He had a companion with him who had drunk £1,000 in two years. Another man had been a wealthy manufacturer, but had drunk himself to ruin. At Hammersmith a drunken sailor came to disturb the meeting, but a hymn his mother had sung on her dying bed broke his heart, and he was saved. He was the son of a murderer, his father having been hanged for cutting his daughter's throat.

Some startling event often takes place which makes the nearness of God and of eternity vividly felt. Five of those who within the last few months have been brought to Christ, at Lynn, have passed away to heaven. A few weeks ago a workman recently saved was going out to his work. As he pulled one of his boots on he was heard singing, "There are angels hovering round;" and as he put the other on he sang, "Sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Within an hour, a piece of red-hot steel flew into his eye and pierced his brain, and in a moment he was gone! At these very meetings a brother was playing his bass viol on Saturday and Sunday, which three months ago he had played in a public-house. He said he was going home to Leicester by the midnight train; and so he did; but God had ordered that he was to go to heaven by a midnight train; for he died that night. On Monday morning at three o'clock he was called in to see the King. Speaking of cases like these, Mr. Bramwell Booth said, "We are asked, Do they stand? These will stand. As long as there is a golden pavement and a sea of glass, these will stand before the throne, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb."

Some odd things happen, as for example: A woman given to drink went marketing. She bought a stone of flour, and, returning home tipsy, put the baby on the shelf and the flour into the cradle, which she rocked the more violently as the poor little thing cried from its dangerous resting-place. But under the influence of the Holy Spirit she was pricked to the heart, and sobbed her way to the bleeding feet of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In Cornwall, a big man, one of the worst drunkards in the place, was brought under the power of the Word. It was a grand sight to see him come and ask us to sing, "The past is under the blood." A woman was accustomed to come to the week-night services, but she used to put her thumbs into her ears, lest she should hear anything that should convert her. But something got into her heart through her closed or opened ears, and at the end of one of the meetings she came seeking mercy, and two hours after confessed Christ as her Saviour.

Such are some of the facts and incidents which are continually happening in this work.

On Sunday morning about 150 were present at the early prayer-meeting and love-feast, at which many testimonies were given to grace received, which for want of space we must sum up in the words of one who said, "Praise God, this is better felt than telt." At half-past ten three processions

converged in Sention Market, and soon 8,000 men were gathered before the waggons, and stood for over an hour facing a bitter north-east wind, while Salvation hymns were sung, and one after another told their experience of Jesus and His love, or declared the bitter pains of eternal death upon all who rejected the great salvation. If any one wants to become acquainted at a glance with the masses of the people on Sunday morning, he cannot do better than join a Salvation Army procession, and observe the crowds of men, women, and children at the heads of the lanes and bye-streets, who have come out to look as the singing band goes by. At this market in Nottingham there are generally congregations gathered round infidel lecturers and Tichborne advocates; but on this occasion the infidels had but few, and the Tichbornites a mere handful.

It is very doubtful whether we ever had at a night of prayer a company so largely composed of new converts in desperate earnest to be sanctified. Crowded together during the most of the night in a room barely sufficient for them all to kneel in, score after score patiently waited or picked their way through kneeling ranks into the kneeling mass at the centre. Again it seemed as though every one present was personally engaged with God for themselves, and that with all their might. To say that pipes, feathers, and ornaments were flung away like dross from the furnace is but a small thing, for we are confident that down in the depths of many a soul there were revolutions and overthrowings far grander and more complete than any mere outward change could possibly indicate.

The voice of the Lord was heard that night, and that a mighty voice. An aged saint, who had attended all the best meetings he could find for half a century or so, said he had never known such a time of power as the Monday morning's "Baptism of Fire." What, then, must we say of the night, or of the whole Council? The Lord was there. We must have more Councils.

R.

JOTTINGS OF THE GENERAL.

NOTTINGHAM COUNCIL, Nov. 1, 2, AND 3.—We were lodged in the beautiful residence of an old friend. He was one of 600 persons who professed Salvation during five weeks' labour in this town 20 years ago. Where are they all? Some we know are singing in heaven, and some others are following on. We were glad this friend was still here, for we found kind entertainment under his roof. The meetings and marchings, and other doings in connection with this Council, are described elsewhere. At least, there is an attempt to describe them, as no adequate conception of their enthusiasm, and joy, and power can be conveyed in words. The "all-night" specially "beggared description." What it would have been, could we but have had a reasonable amount of space and fresh air, can only be imagined. But, as it was in that stifling atmosphere and jammed-up condition, it was at times simply a rapture; all outward inconveniences were forgotten, and hearts, and wills, and all else, went down before the Lord, as wave after wave of power and gladness swept over the consecrating-believing throng.

Nov. 5, **BASFORD**, formerly a village, now a populous working-class suburb of this growing town. Fine open-air gathering, and good march. Chapel kindly lent by our Primitive friends, who have, with other denominations, been, I understand, very kind to our people. Chapel-keeper also very kind on this said evening, making a roaring fire, and so rendering the

packed place almost insupportable. However, there was a good influence, and some seemed much moved. We left at 9.30, and drove over to

BULWELL, to have a look at the place, and shake hands with Capt. Green. Major Corbridge had been there for the night, and I was just in time to help a man and woman into the fountain. The man had started for home once, but been compelled to return and give in; the woman had been initiated for some days. Both found peace. During the night I completed the arrangements for opening

ARNOLD, another district close by, on following Sunday. I was assured, from different sources, of the very rough reception the Army would receive here—that there was only one other place in the county that was as rough and devilish. People who knew were sure that the mob would not allow open-air meetings and the like. So we were forewarned to get good and ample protection for what we did, and be very cautious how we did anything at all. However, the little Gospel Trampet and her colleague went to Arnold, trusting in Jesus, and had victory and thirty souls.

Saturday. **LEICESTER**.—About 400 present.

Sunday. **LEICESTER**.—Spoke at 7, 11, 3, and 7; and twice outside. Major Corbridge was with me for the week on our way to the Blackburn Council. At night we held a memorial service for Brother Flude, *alias* "Fiddler Joe," whose sudden and triumphant death is noticed elsewhere. We had good meetings all day. At night preached; the place crowded to suffocation. In addition to which, the proper hall-keeper, having gone to give a hand at the other station, an amateur had considerably made up the fire afresh for the night. "Open all windows!" a command instantly obeyed; but which windows being low, and making unpleasant currents to persons sitting near afraid of toothache and the like, the said windows, one by one, closed up again. In that stifling atmosphere, however, for two hours scarce a soul stirred, while burning truth was poured upon them. Souls were saved, and many hearts stirred to renewed devotion.

Monday. **LEICESTER**.—Again at 7 a.m. Good attendance, and precious influence, though bitterly cold. Oh, what possibilities are before our precious people in this town, if they will but *go on*. It is the accursed "Rest-and-be-thankful spirit" that everywhere creeps in, that deadens and stupefies and petrifies movements which, otherwise, must prove overwhelming. Is it impossible for God to make a set of saints who shall possess an indestructible *GOING ON SPIRIT*? The earth is full of persons, and movements, and societies, and organisations, that, Lot's wife-like, have once been affrighted by coming down storms of fire and brimstone: shrieked, and started, and hastened toward some sheltering refuge, to save themselves and others; but who, from some cause or other, have hesitated, moderated, toned down, become proper and temperate, and then *stopped altogether!* The spirit out of them having gone somewhere, and the outer form only remaining white, perhaps, and glistening, though often much sullied; still, savourless and useless; and yet not altogether useless, for are they not everywhere a caution to the Salvation Army?

COVENTRY.—Afternoon meeting good. Open-air excellent. Still in conflict with authorities, who, for the sake of peace, recommend cessation of hostilities out of doors. As we are fighting for righteousness, and not peace, we cannot accept this counsel until Coventry submits to our Sovereign, then we shall be only too glad to issue the command, "Cease firing." However, we find honourable terms have been since arranged

between Capt. Cadman and the authorities, and the war goes forward in the ancient city on the old lines.

On that night we were detained from the open air, and only joined the force as they marched in from the field.

The order was excellent; narrow streets having been first entered, the command had a few minutes before been given to change from six to three abreast and cease singing. Tramp, tramp; on they came, in perfect silence and with excellent time. On either side of the column marched a couple of police officers, while a little way in advance was a crowd of rowdies who sung first one and then another of our hymns really effectively, changing lastly to

"We are going to stop the Ranters from singing round the town,
Singing round the town, singing round the town;
We are going to stop the Ranters from singing round the town,
In the New Jerusalem."

Just then we reached our present New Jerusalem, the Salvation Factory, past which place a police officer marched this mocking throng quietly, and our force, and its proper following, turned into it as quietly and as orderly, some one said, as a funeral. We had a large audience, and a wonderful night, and souls crying for mercy.

Tuesday, 11th. COVENTRY, 7 a.m.—Weather still piercing, but a good company came out, and we had a profitable meeting. At noon we left Capt. Cadman and his brave comrades for

LEAMINGTON.—We had never been in this royal town before. Capt. Maycock, we knew, had made a good fight in it, and we were not in any way disappointed with the number, the spirit, or the character of the force.

At 3 we had a good meeting.

To the open-air, at 6 o'clock, we had to trail to the very outskirts of the place to find a few feet of land on which we could stand to tell poor dying men of a Saviour. And these said few feet of land are the private property of some stranger, who thus pities and permits us, otherwise we have to combine preaching with walking. It is strange, passing strange, that the corporate bodies of this royal town, the clergy and the Dissenters, and all other bodies, should, with such wonderful unanimity, vote as so great a nuisance the simple, and Christ like, and Apostle-like plan and duty, and necessity, of telling publicly, telling from the house-top, telling to a perishing multitude, of the great danger it is in of falling into hell, and of the wonderful way of escape Christ has provided. But we know how they treated *Him*. If they did that in the green tree, what will they do in the dry? If He had held His peace, and kept His religion to Himself, the ignominy and shame, and defeat and agony of the Cross, would have been escaped. He saved others; Himself He did not, would not, could not save. Go on, Captain Maycock, go on my Leamington comrades. But be bold, and flinch not. You are only on the threshold; enter and possess. Our Master wants much people out of your city. But I must return. The march was good; well cared for by the police, who here, as at Coventry, appeared quite respectful, and disposed to hinder any one hindering us. Only we must not stand one moment anywhere.

At 7, Circus. Grand building for us; grandly situated, which brought a grand audience. Much conviction. The Major spoke with power. Souls were saved.

Wednesday, 12th, 7 a.m.—Leamington does not rise early, and as mostly our people are at some kind of employment, our audience was limited, but the Master was there in power. There is early and late always a *plentitude*, an unlimited supply of grace. One soul came out to be fully the Lord's. God keep and guide that one.

FULLY TRUSTING.

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus!
I've His gracious promise heard—
I "shall never be confounded":
I am trusting in that word.

CHORUS—
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Only trusting in His word.

All my sin I lay on Jesus!
He doth wash me in His blood;
He doth keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

All my fears I give to Jesus!
Rests my weary soul on Him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can His light grow dim.

All my joys I give to Jesus!
He is all I want of bliss;
He of all the worlds is Master—
He has all I need in this.

All I am I give to Jesus!
All my body, all my soul,
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

OPENING OF THE MILLWALL FACTORY.

FOR 10 years we have been in what was a cow-shed. It held 100 people, and was in a back street, hard to find in the dark. And yet in that stable many and many a soul has been born again; many a godless career has ended in the beginning of a godly and sober life, through the grace of God. Every night, with few exceptions, during that 10 years, the sound of mercy and salvation has reached the ear of the passer-by, and in the golden city, before the Eternal Throne, some will stand for ever and make mention of the cow-shed in Cheval Street, Millwall, as their birthplace for the kingdom.

Some time ago it was mentioned that an old grease factory was to let, but then we had often been to look at sheds, or works, or factories which were said to be "to let," and there had always been something to prevent our enlarging our borders, so that in the first instance we were doubtful about the "grease shop;" but the Lord hastened the matter, for our folks had been praying hard for a hall to hold the people, who they knew would gladly come—and after sundry consultations and calculations, the box factory, for we found that it was used for making boxes in which to pack Price's candles, was taken for 21 years; the alterations necessary were agreed upon to cost some £200, and on Sunday, Oct. 5th, the Salvation Factory was opened.

Mr. Raiton led the forces all day; at night the place was crowded, and souls were saved.

Captain Louisa Agar and Lieutenant Jackson are in command, and so far the Lord has given glorious victories. Opposition outside has been fierce. Sometimes our people have been hurt; one dear brother is suffering much with his eye from a blow with a stone. Sr. Agar has been pushed about a good deal, and the devil has tried hard to withstand the progress of the

work; but night after night the place has been nearly full with exactly the sort we want; and of course scores of rough chaps have bowed at Jesus' feet, the worst of the persecutors are captured, and there is every sign of a powerful work.

The Hallelujah Lasses and their work are the talk of the neighbourhood. The converts go everywhere testifying by life and word what God has wrought. The publicans are crying out. Angels are rejoicing, and a great big cloud of salvation is hanging over the whole place.

Captain Agar writes as follows:—

"Praise the Lord; victory through the blood. Since the opening of the Salvation Factory, we have been having some blessed times of it. The Lord has brought us off more than conqueror in the open air. We have had rotten eggs, cheese boxes, and dead rats and cats thrown at us. While one of our brothers was talking, over comes a *rotten egg, right in his mouth*. The old devil tried to chase him; but he stood like a lion, praise the Lord. While in the hotel, outside Beelzebub and his army was raging. We came off more than conquerors. We got round to our factory, when one of our brothers, to his surprise, found that the tail of his coat was gone! But praise the Lord, we have seen many of these rough men that tried to upset us, fall and cry for mercy; and to-day we have got a mighty army. Our factory has been crowded with the right sort of people, glory be to Jesus. The place is all on fire; instead of hearing the rough men singing the drunken song, you may hear them sing, 'I'm a Pilgrim bound for Glory.' Pray for us; knowing that there is a mighty work to be done here, and, by the help of our Master, we mean to have Millwall for ever. Amen."

"Yours in the Army,

"LOUISA AGAR,
"LIZZIE JACKSON."

THE LANCASHIRE COUNCIL OF WAR.

IF in any part of our battle-field we needed to take counsel, surely it was in Lancashire, where ruffianism has so often threatened to extinguish our work. Many of us, as we have read of the conflicts of our Lancashire comrades, have burned to be with them, if only for one evening. It was, therefore, a special pleasure to join with them in enthusiastic rejoicings over past triumphs, and encourage them, or, rather, let them encourage us, for they wanted no encouragement, to fight on.

Never were flags received with such demonstrations of daring gladness; the members of each corps present springing to their feet with a shout, as the colours passed into their officers' hands; and to hear them sing,

Salvation Army, Army of God;
Onward to conquer
The world with fire and blood,

was to feel that God had, at least, got to Himself the victory over a few who were determined they should have all.

At six o'clock, on a dark, damp morning, some of the Blackburn men began to rally round the banner. A poor sinner, eager to see what it was like, left her bed and hurried to the spot. Whether directed, owing to anything she there saw or heard, we know not; but certainly, in answer to the prayers offered for her, she came that night to the warehouse, and surrendered to the King.

The congregations indoors that Sunday and on the Monday evening were magnificent specimens of what can be got in Lancashire; for, although

admission was by ticket only, and every care was taken to exclude any who were likely to create a disturbance, there were, evidently, hundreds present who would, if there had been a chance, have thoroughly enjoyed a riot. The police were there, however, as well as the authorities of the Salvation Army; so we had a hearing, and we trust eternal work was done in each of the towns.

Amongst fifteen penitents who came forward that night at Blackburn, was a man who, in the market-place that very night, had been the ringleader of a gang who set themselves to prevent our being heard. May he become equally distinguished on the Lord's side.

We much regret that all the available space for council reporting is occupied by Nottingham, so that we cannot reproduce any of the Blackburn speeches, for certainly we never heard more glorious testimonies to the mighty power of God. Better than all, however, is the news we have received since, from corps after corps, of renewed devotion and increased activity, proving that the Council, and especially its marvellous finish on that mighty night of prayer, which can never be forgotten by any who were there, has answered its end.

GLASGOW I.

A WRITER in the *Strathearn Herald* of the 18th ult. gives the following account of a visit he paid to the "Hallelujah Lasses" at the Victoria Hall. After some preliminary remarks he proceeds:—

About eight o'clock several young women, accompanied by an equal number of men, entered and ascended the platform. A glance at them at once was sufficient to satisfy any one that those on the platform, so far as social position was concerned, were not much above those in the seats beneath, and that if any good was being done, it was not through the great and the mighty of the world's making. After a few moments of silent prayer, one of the young women gave out a hymn of a sort which the critical eye of Bishop Wordsworth would certainly not approve of, and yet it contained more of the Gospel than anything that generally appears in print from the lips of that gentleman. With a heartiness that betokened a real interest in the words of the hymn, the greater portion of the large audience, numbering some 600, sung it in a way that might have shamed many a so-called Christian congregation. After prayer and a few words from the young woman who gave out the hymn, pointing out "man's ruin and God's remedy," the meeting was declared "open" for any one who liked to tell of the "Lord's work." Thereupon a man—evidently a workman—offered a few remarks, which in no ways minced matters as to the ultimate results of the wicked ways practised by his audience. He was followed by a pale-faced woman without any bonnet, who, coming forward to the front of the platform, drew the thin rag of a shawl more closely about her to cover her naked arms, and in a rather dramatic way told out her own conversion and the somewhat sad end of a near relative who had just died. She was followed by another young woman, who, I afterwards learned, was not a "Hallelujah Lassie," but had come that night from a seaside town near Greenock to see "the work." This person gave an admirable Gospel address—clear and to the point, and was listened to even by the roughs at the back (who had been occasionally somewhat noisy) with marked silence.

A number of other short addresses were given by several men and women, interspersed by hymns and prayers; after which it was announced there would be a "second meeting," to which some hundreds remained. Whilst a number of those who were on the platform went round the meeting talking to the people individually, a strong, powerful-looking man, who had evidently at one time been engaged in a less holy warfare, poured forth a prayer with a vigour and heartiness

which showed pretty plainly that his "heart was in his work," during which time from every part of the hall there resounded almost continuously the cries, "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" and that with such unanimity and warmth as would have gladdened the heart of the eccentric old Methodist preacher, Billy Bray; but which would have been awful to a certain parish minister near Crieff, judging from the opinion expressed by him the other week in the *Herald*. If to him "revival preaching" in general is contemptible, the revival work of the "Hallelujah Lasses" would, in his eyes, be madness itself. Yet, after all, how strange it is that whilst with all the "modern culture" of such divines as the one referred to, who hate a "naked, tasteless style of service," and who mistake the confusion of Babel for the unity of the Church, they are totally unable to reach the class or effect the work which these "Lasses" have done.

How is it that the churches, with all their forms, their culture, and their machinery, can't reach the lapsed masses, and yet that the "Salvation Army" can gather in night after night hundreds and thousands to their meetings all over the country, although there is neither "modern culture," worldly influence, nor attractive ceremonialism to draw them there? Why is it that the most abandoned characters are moved, and their lives in many cases changed under, not long, learned, and elaborate sermons, but short, pointed addresses of some five or ten minutes' duration? That it is mere excitement is not the case, for from every part of England comes the testimony of ministers, magistrates, police authorities, employers of labour, &c., that a mighty change for good has come over the most abandoned in many important centres of our labouring population. Of course, like even the revivals of Scripture, there will be chaff as well as wheat in this latest movement; but that they are—by an instrumentality and system of doing things, somewhat strange to sedate Christians—doing a great work, few unprejudiced Christians will deny who put themselves to the trouble to examine.

STROUD.

GLORY TO GOD! Just had a Hallelujah Wedding. Good time. Went to the registry-office, and from there to our Salvation-hall. God was with us. Our Brother and Sister Testo dedicated themselves afresh to God and His work. We trust they will use their talents to bring souls to Christ. Nice lot of people present. Praise God, we mean to use all our influence to put wrong things right, and to pull down the devil's kingdom. Our dear brother and sister were presented with a Bible on behalf of the Captain, Lieutenant, and members of the Army. God grant they may spread its truths far and near.

Sunday a precious time. Lots of conviction; not so many out as we expected; but Glory to God. Monday night solemn time. Seventeen came weeping their way to Calvary, and out of that number *six are husbands and wives*. God saves by couples. Amen.

At one of our Saturday night "Come-and-see" temperance meetings, a brother said that he had paid a bill score which he owed seven years ago. Jesus had washed him in His precious blood, and he hoped that God would keep him faithful. Amen. God is working; men and women are coming up higher. Glory to our God; we will praise Him and fight for Him everywhere. Bro. H.—"Some say that the Salvation Army is too respectable for me: that we are a lot of lunatics; but heaven is our asylum, and Christ is our Keeper."

Sister M.—"People tell me I have no business to open my mouth to speak for Jesus, but I mean to speak to every poor sinner I can get at." She is a real *Hallelujah Lass*.

We trust that we have got more men and women ready to be soldiers of the Cross, washed in blood and filled with glory.

6, Nelson Street, Stroud.

Capt. SAYERS.
Lieut. MALTHOUSE.

WHITBY (25TH CORPS).

SOMEBODY announced before we came here that the "Blood-washed Collier" was coming, and somebody else got hold of it wrong, and, meeting a member in the street, said, "What, the bloodthirsty one's coming to-day!" Hallelujah, it's all right; we thirst for more of the precious blood in our hearts. I landed here on Gunpowder Plot-day, and was met at the station by some 30 or 40 of our good soldiers. Hallelujah! we have had good meetings every night. The offerings are better, the congregations larger, and the meetings more fiery. We had a good day the first Sunday; large congregations at every service; especially in the evening the place was packed. In the afternoon we had a real Hallelujah Holy Ghost Meeting, and at night I spoke. Subject: "A Puzzle for Bigotry," and, praise God, the Salvation meeting puzzled the devil. It was a red-hot, powerful meeting. We had nine souls. Hallelujah!

We had a lot of Hallelujah sermons, and then closed and went home, feeling assured that God is going to work mightily in the town of Whitby. They are a lot of warm-hearted, brave men and women, just the sort for God's Salvation Army. God helping us, we'll drive the devil, take his prey, and pull his shaky kingdom down.

The open-air meetings and marches are something wonderful. People line the streets as one long, dark cloud. Oh, may God lay hold and shake the town until everybody is shaken out of the clutches of the devil.

Miss Booth was here, and has been the instrument, in God's hand, of reclaiming backsliders, encouraging believers, and saving sinners. The whole town is anxious for her return. God is working, the devil is raging, men and women are trembling, and the Salvation Army is marching along.

Yours, fighting the devil and serving the Lord,

Capt. HODGSON, *Blood-washed Collier*.

Waterloo Cottage, Whitby, Yorks.

OUR COMRADES IN HEAVEN.

BRO. FLUDE, OF LEICESTER.

ONE Sabbath, three months ago, just as the procession swept up towards the Leicester warehouse, the public-houses closed for the afternoon, and among those who came out on to our line of march was a man with his sleeves rolled up who squared himself into the attitude for fighting, and threatened to do some dreadful things to some of us. But by some means he got to the warehouse door, and then Bro. Bates laid hold of him and scattered all his angry feelings at one stroke. He told him the place was kept open for just such as he was.

"For me?" said the astonished man, for he was a drunkard, with a drunkard's home and a drunkard's despair of helping himself.

"Yes, for you, and you're welcome to the front seat."

"Then I'll have it."

And have it he did. And that same day Drunkard Flude was born again, and not many days after his wife tasted also of the joys of this salvation.

He had played a bass viol for the devil. Many a jolly time he had had in tap-rooms round about, but now, as he said, "When God converted him, he converted the fiddle," and henceforth he helped in no little measure the service of song in the house of the Lord.

He came to the Nottingham Council. His face beamed at the happy meetings and all day Sunday, Nov. 2nd, he worked the viol incessantly, joining in the joy and triumph at the Mechanic's over the 15 precious souls who wept their way to Calvary.

At ten minutes to one in the darkness of Monday morning he set off home. He expected to resume work at six. He reached his lodgings, kissed his wife, and

after a little prayer, sat down and gave his spirit up to God in triumph. He plays another instrument now before the Throne. A drunken fiddler made a fiddler for Jesus, and now a glorified fiddler, standing in his place with the Bandsmen of the Skies, his harp in hand, his song, "Salvation" for ever and ever.

Forward, comrades, there are more to capture yet.

B.

GIRVAN, N.B.

PRAISE God for what He is doing for Girvan, and for the souls that have made their escape from the devil's camp to the feet of Jesus, and found peace to the joy of their souls.

First Sabbath a good day. At night a crowded place. Three souls.

Good times all the week. In all 16 souls professed to find peace. Some of the worst characters in the town have been in the open air with us every night since

A fisherman found peace to his soul in his own house on our round visiting the people.

A converted slater, the night after, in the open air, came out in the ring and said, "Friends, I have come to tell you that *Jesus Christ saved my soul last night.*"

A backslider: "Glory to God, I have found peace once more, and never mean to lose it again, for I feel the weight of souls."

A miserable woman made happy: "Thank the Lord for sending the Salvation Army into Girvan."

Hundreds at our open-air stand at nights. It is very cold weather, but still they stand to hear us night after night. God is working in Girvan. Send you more next time. Pray for us.

Capt. FLEMMING and his WIFE.

Dalrymple Street, Girvan, N.B.

NORTHERN NOTES.

By MAJOR CORBRIDGE.

Pickering has had a very hard fight, but victory is declared; the real blood and fire folks have more faith in the Blood, and this brings the fire.

Bridlington Quay.—When I turned in here, I was struck with the happy faces and said, "You have a nice lot of folks here," when an old fisherman said, "We are not all 'towed in' yet." By the time to commence a few more had "towed in," and the place was full in every part. We had a grand time for holiness. Five professed to find the blessing of a clean heart.

The next night others told us how they had spent the night in prayer. One had found the long-sought blessing by the bedside; another found it in the field; one man on the road.

On the Saturday night, a man squeezed a piece of tobacco into my hand and said, "That's my idol, I will give up my 'quid' for Jesus." The Lord knocked him down flat on his back. A lot of fellows said, "He is in a fit;" but God was making him fit for himself for real fighting, and he soon rejoiced in a full salvation.

In the morning we had a good time, in the pouring rain, in the open air. Afternoon, a full mile in procession. Conveyances of almost every sort. Place crowded before time. At night lots unable to get in. A grand time. Seven souls, and £10 for the New General Fund.

Stockton.—Hundred outside. Grand influence all day, outside and in. Nine cases of conversion. A lot of volunteers for Jesus; some marched right up out of the pit and out of the gallery on to the stage without an invitation.

West Hartlepool.—Tremendous crowd. Blessed feeling, and two souls.

East Hartlepool.—More people in the open air. Good procession. Good number inside. Could not stop for prayer-meeting.

Middlesborough is quite a new thing. Place packed. Good order. All united. Signs of a grand revival. Oh, Lord, let it come.

Spennymoor.—A man ran out in the middle of the reading and said, "I have been hungering and thirsting for a fortnight." He fell all his length at the penitent-form, and soon professed to find peace. We then went on with the meeting, and had another soul at the close.

9, Poplar-crescent, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

DARWEN (66TH CORPS).

HARD at it. Never fail to strike while the iron is hot with the hammer of love and the fire of the Holy Ghost, and for our bellows the power of God. We are enabled to break hard stony hearts from the rocks of sin, and join them to the Rock, King Jesus.

The past six weeks have been all hard fighting, but not in vain, for many have fallen by the blow of the hammer and power of the fire.

One man saved at last. I have attended this place ever since it opened. He got up and said, "Thank God I am saved now; yes, saved. I am full; I do not know what to say," and the "Hallelujah!" went up.

Made over again.—At our cottage meeting, one woman began to pray, and God set her at liberty, and she began to shout, "Oh, friends, I am new made over again; I am saved! I am new made over again." Our cottage meetings are a great success; many are getting saved.

Sixty-six have buckled on the full armour of God. We have some Army men Army to the backbone. One soldier had a shilling offered him to stop out of the open air, but he said, "No, not for ten shillings, for I must be in the battlefield: I must be at my post."

On Sunday, when in the open air, round the back slums, one man came up with three gallons of ale, and another with one, and asked us to drink. Our soldiers shouted, "We are drinking at the Fountain of Life;" then one stepped into the ring and said, "Dear friends, you all know me; I used to live here. I was as big a drunkard and liar as any-one; but God has saved me now, and He will save you," and the people began to weep.

Go in 66th. More power, more love, more holiness, and we shall conquer.

TOM SUTHERLAND.

SHEFFIELD.

THE 32nd is going ahead in spite of the devil and all our foes. Since you last heard anything from us we have had some very powerful meetings, and some very lively times. We have had as many as 30 penitents down at once, and shouts of praise have gone up to God's Throne, and great blessings have come down, while we have shouted "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." Hallelujah!

On the 27th of Oct. the Army advanced another stage. When we laid the foundation-stone of a new hall, the General gave a powerful address, which was well received. After which we had a tea and public meeting in St. Paul's Church school, kindly lent for the occasion. God was mightily with us. After the meeting, we received promises to the amount of £75. We expect to be in the new hall and have a lot of souls saved before this report reaches our readers. Much more money is needed to free the new hall from debt. W our friends send us a little help, and free our minds from a great load. Mr. Thos. Fenton, Sykes Works, Sheffield, is our hall treasurer.

Yours in the Army,

W. FAWCETT.

29, Red Hill Terrace, Sheffield.

HACKNEY (8TH CORPS).

THE Lord is our shield and our exceeding great reward. These last four months many have been the slain of the Lord in Hackney, and to-day they are alive and shining forth to the glory of God. Our congregations are getting better, and the power of God is with us; faith and prayer shall prevail. On October 11th we had a tea meeting, after which we had a holiness meeting, led by Mr. Bramwell Booth. Many have testified since then to having the blessing of a clean heart.

I have received several testimonies from our young converts. One young woman, who was brought to our meetings by her friend, got gloriously saved one Sunday evening. She says:—"I am glad that ever I came into this hall; it is about the happiest time I have ever spent. I am to-day saved, and I am going to praise Him as long as I live."

Another sister says:—"I shall never praise the dear Lord enough for what He has done for me. I shall never forget the Sunday night when the blood cleansed me from all my sins. I felt so unspeakably happy, that I said to myself, 'This can't be *Rose!*' There was such a change in me that I did not know myself. I am so surprised sometimes when I look at my work; it seems to be done so soon. I am never miserable now; I am cheerful and happy all day. I am praying to the Lord always, and He keeps me. My desire is, by God's help, to go forward; to be kept faithful until death."

A dear man, who had been under conviction for a long time, at last got so miserable that he could not rest. He was obliged to come to the meeting without washing himself. He came out to the penitent-form, tears trickling down his face; he cried unto the Lord, and He was soon there, and took full possession of his heart, and spoke peace to his troubled soul. He says:—"I thank the blessed Lord for what He has done for me; He has saved me, made me happy, and it is much better for me to be here with the children of God than to be in the public-house, drinking that cursed stuff. And now I am saved, my wife is saved, my daughter is saved, and my little girl has found the Lord; and we are all on our way to heaven."

His daughter says:—"I thank the Lord because I am saved, and on my way to heaven. It is the happiest time I have ever spent since the Lord saved my soul; and, now my father is saved, our home is like a little heaven below, instead of being a little hell. Oh, may we all keep faithful to the end."

A young man that came in one night out of curiosity, to have a look at us, got saved before he went again. He says:—"My friends, I am glad, because I am one of the Happy Welshman's blood-washed crew. I remember the night when I sat in that seat there, looking on. My brother came and asked me to give my heart to God. The devil said, 'No; don't go;' but conscience said, 'Yes,' and out I went, and I got saved; and I am saved to-night. May the Lord help me to work for Him."

A sister says:—"Last Sunday night I gave my heart to the Lord; it was the best thing I had ever done—I have been happy ever since. The devil has not tried me much yet. But I am waiting for him, watching for him; and when he does come, he will find that the blood is sprinkled over my heart. God helping me, I mean to live for Him daily. May God keep them us hidden in the Rock of Safety." I have got many more testimonies from sinners saved by the mighty power of God; but the few I have given is quite enough to show that Hackney is not asleep, but that it is wide awake. And we are, by the help of the mighty Spirit's power, going to take our shot and shell into the ranks of the enemy. Sinners shall be saved, believers sanctified, the devil defeated, and God's dear Name abundantly glorified. May the Lord give us our heart's desire. Pray for us.

Yours in the Army,

36, Paragon Road, Hackney.

SAM REES.

PROTRACTED DEMONSTRATION AT MOUNTAIN ASH.

By H. T. EDMONDS.

FINDING a general and special desire for holiness was entertained by many of the Aberdare, Aberammon, and Mountain Ash Societies, I determined to hold, with the General's consent, two days' special meetings (Thursday and Friday, October 30th and 31st), winding up with an "All-night of prayer."

The morning and afternoon of each day were devoted entirely to holiness, teaching, and testimony. The first afternoon we had a long form full of those who wished to get the blessing, and sinners charmed and fascinated with the richness of a truly *Christian* experience, ran to the front determined to have Salvation and Sanctification *too*. This was one of the most effective meetings I have attended. Captains and privates alike confessed their sins, and forsook them there and then, and laid hold of *perfect* love. Hallelujah!

One dear brother said, "God seemed to him a first-rate Fitter. He had heard of good *out-fitters*, but Jesus had outfitted and *in-fitted* him. Oh, who don't like to be fitted?" Another brother said, "He believed God was able to sanctify him, because he knew He did it for *him*. He *only* witnessed to what he *knew*."

We had tremendous open-air meetings. Demonstrations three times each day with banners.

The Salvation meetings were times of wonderful power and blessing. The Workman's Hall was well filled on Thursday, and on Friday thronged in every part with all sorts, sizes, and classes. On Friday night I spoke for 25 minutes on "The Rise and Progress of the Army," and tried to show that we, as an army or people, were made alive and kept growing by "love" and "unity."

I was succeeded by Captain John Roberts, of Merthyr, who sent the first of a series of hot, sharp, well-aimed shots into the camp of Beelzebub. Mrs. Shepherd quickly followed, until the enemy got a thorough routing. Hallelujah! Many a Welsh heart was made to dance, and many also bowed with conviction, as one and the other of our captains spoke and sang in their mother-tongue. We do "speak with tongues," and no mistake.

Capt. K. Shepherd spoke with tenderness and power. Some who had long kept their hearts fortified were compelled to give way to tears. Captain Thomas gave us some Welsh and English solos. Fifteen captains had spoken before 10 o'clock. At 11 p.m. our

All-night meeting began. At 10.45 the doors were thrown open, and the hall quickly filled, except the space for the captains, which was not occupied by them until twenty minutes after time,

Then we sang—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free."

I impressed on the brethren that the blessing was full and free. That the gift of God's spirit to sanctify may and shall be had abundantly and without cost.

After prayer for an hour, Bro. Roberts made some plain remarks on the 10th of Acts, and Sister Ellis spoke with pointedness.

Then came the giving-up time. We got some chairs, a table, and a form ready. Then we sang—

"Lord, Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole."

Down came the fire—out came the saints—down went the pipe, and for a time strangers were astonished, but we knew what it was: it was the very same power they had at Pentecost. One woman went over under the mighty influence that seemed to strike us all with gladness. One dear, big, stout man said, "I have it, I have; Oh, I have got it, I am am sure of it;" then he fell.

For me to say how many there were who obtained what they were looking for would be impossible, but I think they were many.

We had 30 minutes sharp half-minute work, definite holiness testimony, and closed about 5 a.m. amid general rejoicing for the wonderful way that God had met us, and blessed us; and I then invited the officers to spend an hour at the house of Captain Broadbent, where we took the sacrament together, and promised each other, and God as our Priest, that we would love each other, be true and faithful to God and the Army to the end. Hallelujah!

PORTSMOUTH.

THANK God the war still rages here against the powers of darkness, and many are the slain of the Lord. Hallelujah! While the half-hearted and lukewarm have stopped to criticise and condemn, or turn and run away, the faithful few have pushed the battle, and stood by the standard of the Cross, and we have victory through the blood. The police authorities are helping all they can. To God be all the glory. Many soldiers and sailors have left this port for foreign lands, and they write to say, although the Salvation Army is not there, their Captain is, and He who saved them keeps them. Many homes and hearts that a few months ago were filled with darkness and sin, are now lit up with rays from the Sun of Righteousness; so I let them speak for themselves.

Just in time.—Sister P.—“Bless God, I am saved. I was as bad as could be, but bless God, He has saved me. A few months ago I came in this hall a black, black sinner, and I had made up my mind that night, with another girl, to go deeper in sin than ever; but bless God, He saved me just in time, and since then God has saved my father (73 years of age). When he was saved he said, ‘God bless you.’ It was the first time he ever said such a thing in his life. Oh! I am happy.”

Saved in families:—

Navy and his wife.—Brother S.—“I came to the Salvation Army about three months ago, and the Spirit took hold of me, and I had an awful bad temper, and smoked and drank, but God has washed it all away.” His wife said, “Praise God, we both got saved one night; and our home is a happy one.”

A Double Wedding. A Man-of-War.—Brother S.—“I am glad I ever heard of Captain Davey. God took hold of me the first night, and now I am saved.” His wife said, “God’s Spirit strove with me many times. I was married, and left home, and the first time we came here we were saved. Praise God. Got married in Jesus.”

Twelve Years a Backslider (about 60 or 70 years of age).—Brother J.—“As I was passing the open, God’s word took hold of me, and I went home and fell down before God, and poured out my soul in prayer to God. I have been steward of a chapel that will hold 2,000 people, and a preacher; but I went away from God. I went into horse-racing and gambling; but I am saved now.”

Brother R.—“I was caught in a trap. I left my work one night, and the devil said to me, ‘Don’t you go near those Ranters, but make haste home.’ But I went; and when the open-air was over, they got hold of me, and got me to Brother Davey’s house. They soon were on their knees and praying for me, and there God saved my soul.”

A Mocker Saved.—Brother J.—“About seven weeks ago I stood outside mocking and scoffing, and trying to upset; but God’s Spirit convinced me of sin. On the Friday after God saved me. May I meet you in Heaven.”

Happy Jack.—Brother D.—“I came to this Army a barren professor, but now God has taken all the weeds out of my heart, and I am fully saved from smoking and everything. I burnt a fine meerschaum pipe and a lot of tobacco, and I mean to serve Him now with all my heart.”

Another Sailor.—Brother G.—“I thank God for what He has done for me in so short a time. I thought I never could have given up smoking and drinking. After I had had my dinner one day, I seemed to miss my pipe, and I felt strange; the old devil said to me, ‘Go and look in the cupboard, and there you will see

your comforter.’ But now I have no desire for them. May I be kept faithful in my earnest prayer.”

I might give you many more, but I think this is enough to show how God has blessed us. This is the little cloud. The flood is coming.

Tracts or money may be sent to yours, at Jesus’ feet,

CAPTAIN A. DAVEY

21, Nelson Street, Landport.

57TH (POOLE) CORPS.

GOD is saving here, and in His strength we are determined to besiege the fortresses of Satan more fiercely than ever, that captives may be set at liberty.

The wife of one of those who have been set free says: “I went to the meeting out of curiosity, but while there God convinced me of sin. The words went home to my heart; but I refused that night to give up for God, and went home very unhappy, thinking I should never go to the meetings any more; but for three days I had no rest, and could not stay away. I was asked by the captain to decide for Christ, which I did. I have been rejoicing ever since, because Jesus is mine, and I am His.”

Her husband, who used to persecute her when she first came, says that he is saved. He came first, thinking to go away unmoved, as he had done from other places; but he was mistaken, for he began to feel he was a sinner, and that he should be lost for ever; but the devil struggled hard to keep him back from Christ. He rushed to the penitent-form one night, and plunged in the fountain, and lost all his guilty stains, and is now happy in his Saviour’s love.

“Don’t you remember me, a brother who has lately been saved?” said a man to me the other day. “It was I who came through your ring with a chair, mocking you when you were on your knees in Taylor’s Buildings. I said you were a lot of fools; but I have found that it was I who was the fool. Thank God, I am saved and happy now.” He brought his wife, and God laid hold of her, and they are both going on their happy way to heaven.

Another man and his wife had been to our meetings for some time, but had been wrapping themselves up in a garment of self-righteousness, found at last it would not do; so they came and fell at the penitent-form and threw off their filthy rags. The man said, “I find my own righteousness won’t do, sir; so I have come to make a full surrender.” Which, thank God, he did, and God clothed them with a garment of salvation, and robed them with a robe of righteousness.

These are a few out of numbers who have fled from the wrath to come to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

Yours in Jesus,

J. R. BROCK.

T. KENT.

HAYLE.

THE 80th has the honour of maintaining at the moment the most desperate fight which has lately been witnessed anywhere along our line. Until the beginning of the present month our indoor services had been held in the Public Hall. An attempt was indeed made to get us out of it before the termination of our agreement; but we would not give way any sooner than our legal tenancy expired, when those who wish us ill refused to see the door close behind. That hall remains unoccupied and is not likely to be used for any other services, so that there can be no question as to the reason why it is not re-let to us. The same feelings which cause people to exclude us from that hall make them equally anxious to prevent our taking any other building, or getting

any piece of land in the neighbourhood. A friend not far away is ready any day to erect a hall for us if a site can be obtained; but up to the present we cannot discover any owner of such property who is willing for us to have a yard to build upon. The attempt to drive the Army out of Hayle will stand for ever as a record of the state of religion and religious liberty in Cornwall in 1879.

But those who hoped to see the Army fly when it lost the comfortable shelter of a slate roof must have been bitterly disappointed. Our congregations are not secured by cushioned seats or gilded organs. The frequency of our discourses in any place is not determined by the amount of the collections, or the votes of the most influential inhabitants.

The effect of stopping our indoor meetings seems only to have been to rally our people more than ever to the outdoor ones, and to cause us to spring up into greater vigour and activity than ever. On the first Sunday of the new system the Lord appeared, especially in the field, saving several souls in the cottage meetings which concluded the day. We ask every corps to unite in special prayer that He may signally defeat the plot in Hayle, and that this may be an opportunity specially and extraordinarily to bless us and to save sinners; and may clear away every difficulty, and set an open door before us.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Falmouth.—Going forward in every direction. People coming for miles to the meetings. The Drill Hall, holding at least 1,200, used now on Sundays, and crowded to excess. Some real Cornish conversions. Men and women falling and wailing under conviction, and then rising to rejoice aloud with joy unspeakable. Capt. Trenhail with his wife and Sister Pick in command.

All night of Prayer at Hackney, on Wednesday 12th, was a right royal time. The Power of God was present in many hearts to the utter destruction of sin and total routing of the devil, and it has not often been our privilege to realise more blessedly the immediate presence of the Sanctifier than while we sang, about three in the morning,

"I am trusting, fully trusting,
Only trusting, Lord, in Thee."

Barking.—Attending the meeting after the quarterly tea here the other night we were filled with joy; but felt, nevertheless, that this society wants a regular melting down and baptising afresh with holy fire. Lord, let it be done soon. The Bethel was *crammed*, and we caught a violent cold at an open window. Hallelujah.

Hastings.—Capt. Blandy reports increase of numbers. Stoppage of Sunday processions, making it necessary to procession in silence. Much larger congregations. Some good cases of conversion. Rising.

Plaistow.—Capt. Lamplough has got the turn of the tide and no mistake. Some of the recruit converts seem bold enough, and are certainly big enough, to beard the devil in his den. Let it be done. We were pleased to see some of the Gipsies.

Capt. Cadman has gone to Newcastle, and is succeeded by Coombes at Coventry. Mrs. Goddard goes to Stockton, Capt. Kate Watts to Sunderland, and Capt. Taberer to Bolton, Wilson and wife to Middlesboro' 20th, Hobday to Wellingboro', Cole to Mexboro', and Sister Hockey, again much better in health, to Pickering.

Mother Moor.—A careful and deeply interesting account of Mother Moor's life and death will be published at once, same size as "The Pigeon Shop," price one penny. It will contain wonderful stories of the early victories of the Army. *Everybody must read it.*

Notting Hill.—The little outpost pitched in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Park has been fighting so vigorously for three months past in the Lord's highway as to rouse the enemy, who threatened to annihilate our little "squad" by bringing local influence to bear, but with total failure. Our meeting-place was held on sufferance, the mere holding of which placed the owner of the property (one of the Lord's children) in a position of great difficulty and loss by damages sustained in opposing the enemy of souls, which he generously suffered rather than the world should triumph by seeing us expelled. But in due time came the answer to oft-reiterated prayer, another place opening up for our use, which, though not so large as we could wish, is "excellent for situation," being in the neighbourhood where we had planted the banner of the Cross and the standard of the Salvation Army, and in the very centre of a dense and poor locality. Our brethren were, therefore, gloriously of one mind in accepting the offer. The scene of our present labours, the Lord helping us, is at the New Assembly Room (junction of Portobello Road), close to an "interesting spot," known as the "New found-out."

St. Ives.—Place crammed. Two open-air bands at work. Souls crying for mercy aloud. Scarcely any money in the place, and therefore a hard fight to make ends meet.

Capt. Murrell promoted from Leicester, is in command at Limehouse, and has good signs already of a glorious campaign this winter. *The Chinaman* there is still doing well.

At the Leamington Trial, mentioned in our last, after the case against Capt. Maycock was decided, a summons was heard against one of our men for using "profane language." It appears he had been roughly, and plainly, and pointedly speaking of the horrors of a never-ending hell, and so the authorities summoned him.

Upon coming into the dock, the magistrate's clerk called upon him to plead—was he guilty or not guilty?

Whereupon he asked to be allowed to ask what was meant by "profane language!"

To this the only reply given was that he must say whether he was or was not guilty.

But he pointed out that until he knew what he was charged with he could not reply, and again asked the Bench to explain to him "profane language!"

Here was a most awkward predicament! Nobody knew! The clerk looked about and found a book, and read something about obscene prints!!

The magistrates made some rambling remarks, and finally, to the intense amusement of some, the summons was withdrawn! We should think so! What a spectacle. We only regret our dear brother was unable to exhort the court to flee from the wrath to come.

Bedlington.—We have some wonderful testimonies to what God has been doing here, but must postpone them for the first issue of "THE WAR CRY," which we hope will be ready for Christmas. Sister Clinton is in command.

Plymouth.—Sundays in the St. Andrew's Hall, a fine building, which is crowded. Brother Dowdle is to be succeeded in command there by Capt. and Mrs. Ridsdell on the 7th inst. Pray for them. There should be a grand campaign this winter.

Glasgow.—Capt. Ballington Booth reports that on a recent Sunday there, in addition to the great crowds who listened to the truth in the open air, 9,000 persons attended the three buildings. In all, over 50 souls were saved, and the people themselves contributed £10 to the expenses of the work. Glasgow for Jesus.

Afghanistan.—We have received a further letter from Private Lord, who is still in the best of spirits, confident of soon returning home again, and asks prayers of our readers. He is testifying boldly to the salvation of God among the troops.

Coventry.—On the morning that Capt. Cadman took his departure for Newcastle, a man who had frequently mocked at our open-air meetings, and on one occasion at least, offered the speaker beer, **fell down dead.** "Touch not Mine anointed and do My Prophets no harm."

LANCASTER (68TH CORPS).

HALLELUJAH! God is with us; and, like the Apostles in the olden times, we have done great things in the name of Jesus. Since we last wrote, we have had some flood-tides of salvation—one Sunday night 36 got saved, and the next 24; last Sunday night eight precious souls came out and have obtained pardon and peace through believing in Jesus; and every night this week one or two have stepped in to the fountain, and washed all their sins away. Hallelujah!

One brother says:—"I am glad I am in the Army; I was passing the town-hall steps one night, intending to go to the 'Brown Cow' public-house when I heard a sister speaking, and she said:—'Sinner, where are you going to spend your eternity?' The words laid hold of me, and, instead of going to the public-house, I followed them to the hall; and now I am saved, and not ashamed to stand anywhere to speak for Jesus."

Another brother says:—"I thank God I am saved and washed in the blood of the Lamb. Many a time I came to the meetings to *scuff and upset them*, and I have been turned out, and kept out; but all the time I was convinced of my sins. At last I came to Jesus, and He received me, and I am determined to go on in this good old way. My companions can see that I am changed; and I am praying that God will save them, and I believe He will."

Another says:—"I thank God that ever He sent the Salvation Army to Lancaster; for it has been the means of snatching my soul out of the power of Satan. I had a praying mother, and I loved the Lord when I was young; but I was led to forsake Him and go on in sin. I was a **runner** and a **horse-racer**, and I spent over £200 in drink. I earned £2 7s. per week at my situation, but I spent it all, and my wife and children had to go without; but the Lord laid me down on a bed of affliction, and I saw hell opened, and I resolved to be different. One night as I was passing the town-hall steps, I saw a crowd of people; I went to see what was the matter, and there was a woman speaking—her voice struck me, and I followed to the chapel, and my heart was broken. I went to Jesus, and He swept all my sins away; and now I am happy, and on my way to heaven. Hallelujah."

A dear sister says:—"It is only a fortnight since I was saved; but I am happier now than ever I was in my life." Her companions are saved, too, and happy. One of them says:—"When I went home and told my mother I had got saved, she said she was glad, and I mean to go on to the end of my journey, so that I may receive the crown from my dear Saviour's hands." "I thank God I am saved, and washed in the blood of the Lamb," bursts from many a heart and lip, in our free-and-easy meetings on Saturday nights. Oh, Hallelujah! God is saving all around, and many now are under conviction; and we believe we shall see them at the feet of Jesus before long. Oh, that God may help us who are saved to be up and doing, until every sinner is brought from the power of Satan unto God. Hallelujah.

Pray for us here.

Yours,

CAPTAIN M. M. RICHARDSON,
LIEUTENANT S. ROBERTS.

4, Lodge Street, St. Leonard's Gate,
Lancaster.

COVENTRY.

PROSECUTION OF CAPTAIN CADMAN.

IN order to call attention to the shameful attempts made against us, a *Special Salvation Army Gazette* (1d.) has been published, containing a full account of Captain Cadman's recent trial, specially reported for this purpose. We gather from it the particulars of the case.

In Coventry, recently, the opposition took a shape we never before experienced. After some unfavourable comments in the Town Council had failed to elicit a hearty response, and so had left our services uninjured, a regular force was formed, which held mock meetings and processions at the double, singing our hymns for miles, so causing the police a great deal of extra duty. Captain Cadman, after conferring with the Chief Constable, complied with his wishes in having silent processions, and in keeping his place of meeting nightly a secret, so as to prevent the roughs from coming to annoy. This, however, only led the latter to go as many as seven miles an evening, even visiting villages in the neighbourhood. The commotion caused by these men, simply "for a lark," was made an excuse for an attempt once more to stifle the Salvation Army. After various conferences, a letter was written to Captain Cadman by the Town Clerk, by direction, it was said, of the Watch Committee, but certainly not with the knowledge of all the members of the Town Council. Being requested by a police officer not to lead a procession on the Thursday, when this letter was expected to be delivered, the Captain at once complied with the request. The letter did not arrive, however, till the Saturday, when, finding it to contain a demand for the entire abandonment of his work in the open air, the Captain could not possibly regard it. After holding his usual meetings that evening, he received a message from the Superintendent of Police, asking where his Sunday meetings would be held. He replied, with no idea whatever that a prosecution would follow; and the result is the trial we have now to report, and which contains in itself ample evidence of the nature and object of the whole procedure, *which is never designed to suppress any nuisance, but to bring our open-air work to an end, no matter whether it is liked or disliked by the bulk of the townsfolk.*

1879

IS all but gone. Its record will live for ever. To the workers of whom this magazine has spoken it has been a year of "signs and wonders." God has worked. In His own way. At His own time. On His own lines. Some would have hindered and have hurt themselves. Some would have steadied His work and have perished. Some would have turned aside to divert the course of His dealings, and their candlestick has been removed out of its place, and they have departed from theirs.

God has worked. In the cities, among the crowd, and the crowd has bowed and confessed. In the villages and valleys among the scattered colliers and country folk; and the hills have echoed to the songs of Salvation from thousands who, till this dying 1879, had no God and no hope.

God has worked. When devils said He *would* not. Through instruments men said He *could* not. At times when men and devils united said He *should* not.

THE
SALVATION
ARMY.

1879.

GOD
HAS DONE
ALL.

“THE WAR CRY.”

WE feel at length compelled to make an advance in print which may keep us abreast of our actual progress in action. We have made shift for some years with a mere enlargement of the magazine in which we recorded the work in 1868-9 in London and one or two provincial towns. [To attempt to represent the work in more than a hundred and twenty places within the pages of a monthly periodical of this sort is no longer possible, and we have been compelled to hear continually, with regret, the complaint that this or that place was not fully enough represented.

There is only one resource for us, and that is to commence a weekly paper; and, therefore, overburdened as we already are at head-quarters, we launch at once into this fresh enterprise, confident that the Lord and the Army will make it a great success. We shall have plenty of room for everybody and everything connected with the Service, and since we are to have a paper, we shall spare no pains to make it a mighty power in the world. We shall try to give the news of the previous Sunday and week from every station, and we shall open columns in which remarkable occurrences of every sort, stories of destruction, as well as of Salvation, terrible as well as glorious deaths, disgraceful failures as well as magnificent successes, may be recorded, omitting, of course, names when advisable. We shall look to every officer and man to help us both to matter and to readers. The paper will, of course, be the Official Gazette of the Army, and will, therefore, require the close attention of all who wish to understand and carry out the General's wishes.

Addresses of the General, Mrs. Booth, and others, can, for the first time, be fully recorded, and we shall be able to supply teaching and direction to all who wish to work, as well as to tell what is done.

Why should we not be able, with a halfpenny weekly, to arouse, not only every one in the Army, but every English reader outside it to the great War against Sin? Pray, believe, and help us.