

THE SALVATIONIST.

FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE GENERAL.

WHAT a strange name! What does it mean? Just what it says—a number of people joined together after the fashion of an army; and therefore it is an army, and an army for the purpose of carrying Salvation through the land, neither more nor less than that. If it be wise and lawful and desirable for men to be banded together and organized after the best method possible to liberate an enslaved nation, establish it in liberty, and overcome its foes, then surely it must be wise and lawful and desirable for the people of God to join themselves together after the fashion most effective and forcible to liberate a captive world, and to overcome the enemies of God and man.

When Jehovah finished the work of creation, He turned from the new earth to the new Adam, and gave him the commission to multiply and increase and subdue and govern it, so that it should become a happy home for him and his posterity, and bring honour and glory to its Creator. Adam failed in his mission, and instead of Adam subduing the earth the earth subdued Adam, and he and all his family went off into black and diabolical rebellion. But God still claimed His own, and a second time appeared, this time to redeem by sacrifice the world He had created; and when He had finished the work, He turned to His disciples the spiritual Adams, and gave them a commission similar to that given to the first Adam, to go and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost (Matthew xxviii. 19.—See margin).

Again it is *overcome, conquer, subdue*, not merely teach, but *persuade, compel* all nations, that is, all men to become the disciples of the Son of God.

So, at least it is understood by the Salvation Army. This is the idea which originated and developed and fashioned it in the past, and which dominates and propels it to-day. The world, this very world, including this very England, which never ceases boasting of its freedom, is sold under sin, held in slavery by Satan, who has usurped the place and power and revenues of Jehovah, and who is indeed its lord and master, and to deliver it and fulfil to the very letter the Master's command, an army of deliverance, of redemption, of emancipation is wanted. In the name of the great Three One the standard has been raised, recruits are flowing in. Drilling, skirmishing, fighting, advancing, are going on. Some territory has been won, some captives have been liberated, some shouts of victory have been raised, together with plenty of misfortunes and losses and disasters and mistakes, and all of that which might naturally have been expected in such a war, unless men had suddenly mended of their depravity, and devils had miraculously ceased to be devils; but with it all there has been growth and increase

continually. Every day it is becoming more fierce and determined and courageous and confident, and every day more and more a Salvation Army.

Does all this sound strange, my brother—not sacred, not ecclesiastical, not according to the traditions of the elders, and after the pattern of existing things and institutions? Is it something new? It may be so, and yet it may be none the less true and scriptural, and none the less of divine origin, and made after some heavenly pattern for all that.

Let us look at it. What is this work we have in hand? To subdue a rebellious world to God. And what is the question to which many anxiously ask an answer? How is it most likely to be accomplished? Now, there are some things on which we may reckon all to be agreed:

1. That if ever the world, or any part of it is subdued, it will be by the instrumentality of man.

2. By holy men—saved, spiritual, divine men.

3. By men using substantially the same means as were used by the first Apostles, that is, preaching, praying, believing, &c.

4. That all that is effected will be by the co-operation and power of the Holy Ghost, given through and because of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now on these lines how could a number of the Lord's disciples conduct themselves in order the most effectually to succeed in the direction of discipling all nations, subduing the world to God?

Supposing 5,000 godly men and women of varying ages and conditions presented themselves at St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow, saying, "We are so deeply impressed with the awful spiritual condition and peril of the world that we cannot rest; the word of the Lord is as a fire in our bones, and the love of souls is such a constraining power in our hearts that it will not let us remain idle, we want to join in a holy crusade for the redemption of mankind. Take us and all we have and use us in the way most likely to accomplish this end." What in such a case could best be done? How could these 5,000 burning hearts be used with the greatest force and likelihood of success? Let us see. It seems to us that substantially something like the following answer must be given:—

I. **THE 5,000 MUST WORK IN COMBINATION**, and that the most complete and perfect possible. To separate and scatter them, leaving them to work out varying plans, would surely be unwise. No, no. Two working in combination will accomplish more than two in separation. Let them be one and the same force, though acting in various divisions and scattered to the ends of the earth. Mould and weld and keep them together. Let them be one army, and make them feel that they are working out one plan. Shoulder to shoulder. Brethren, sisters, comrades, division is weakness, unity is strength. Why?

1. *Combination gives the strength which flows from SYMPATHY.*—The knowledge that if one is sore pressed, wounded, a thousand hearts feel with him, that if he falls they will shout victory o'er his grave, follow him in imagination to "the river," and anticipate meeting him again before the throne, will be stimulus unutterable, will make him willing to face enemies, loss, death, and devils.

2. *Combination gives CONFIDENCE.*—There is wonderful power in the consciousness that a multitude are shouldering the same weapons, engaged in the same conflict, marching to the same music, under the same standard, for the destruction of the common foe. Confidence makes men into heroes.

Without knowledge there will be no confidence, and without combination there will be no knowledge. Hold together, close together, and there will be giants again even in our own days.

3. *Combination gives the strength which comes from MUTUAL HELP.*—With a system of combination which is a reality and not merely a name, the strong can bear the infirmities of the weak. In a great real war, no matter how carefully the forces are distributed, there will be weak places that will need strengthening when the conflict rages all along the line. There will be positions against which the enemy will hurl his most powerful battalions, which positions must be reinforced or all will be lost. How glorious for the fresh troops to come pouring in. What would have become of Lucknow had there been no Havelock, and but for Blucher, England would never have been so proud to tell the story of Waterloo.

We must hold the 5,000 together. We know not how the battle will go, and no wing or detachment must be without its supports, and all must be so arranged that the power and force of the whole can be directed to strengthen and sustain the weakest part.

4. *Combination gives the power which comes from EXAMPLE.*—Man imitates. The deeds of daring and self-denial and sacrifice done here, will be talked about, and printed, and written about and imitated there. Men emulate. In every company there will be spirits more courageous and daring than others and so all through the 5,000. These will lead and the rest will follow.

II. **BUT SUCH COMBINATION OR ONENESS OF ACTION WILL ONLY BE POSSIBLE WITH ONENESS OF DIRECTION.**—If all are to act together all must act on one plan, and therefore all must act under one head. Twenty different heads, according to the nature and experience and history of heads, will produce twenty different plans with twenty different methods for their accomplishment, clashing and hindering each other more or less. Then what next? Difference of opinion, of feeling, of following, of action. Disagreement, confusion, separation, destruction. I am of Paul and I am of Apollos, soon leads, so far as the actuality of things is concerned, to being of nothing save wrangling and the devil.

Bring in your earthly usages. How do men ordinarily act. Do you want to tunnel a mountain, bridge a river, manage a railway, or conquer a nation? Is it committed? Did a committee build the ark, emancipate the Israelites, or ever command, or judge or govern them after they were emancipated? Is it not an axiom everywhere accepted, in time of war, at least, and we are speaking of times of war, that one bad general is preferable to two good ones? If you will keep the unity of your 5,000, one mind must direct and lead them. Is this direction of one mind all the direction needed? By no means. Subordinate leadership there must be in all manner of directions; all the talent in this direction possessed by the 5,000 must be called into play; but one controlling, directing will, must be acknowledged, accepted, and implicitly followed, if you are to keep the unity of the 5,000, and make the most of it for God and man.

1. **THEN OF COURSE YOU WILL TRAIN THE 5,000.**—An army without training, without drill, would be simply a loose, helpless mob, a source of weakness and danger impossible to hold together without training and drill. And this 5,000 will be little better, though every one of them may now have hearts full of zeal for God and love to man; so we must train them, and that to the uttermost. We must teach them how to fight, how to fight together, and how to fight in the very best way. Train them in the

industrious, practical, and self-sacrificing discharge of their duties. Develop what gifts they possess, and help them to acquire others. They will improve. They are only babes now, they will grow up to be men, some of them to be head and shoulder above their fellows; think what they will become when trained and taught, and developed, and innured to hardship and accustomed to the war. Don't despise the gift that is in any, you will very often find the last to be first, and the first to be last. Let every one have a chance; God is no respecter of persons nor sex either, neither must you be. Every gift you need is here; they only want calling forth and cultivating, and you will be fully provided for the war. But mind, you must train and teach and develop—no pipe-clay solders will be of any service here—and establish your army *in actual service*. In earthly armies, something may be done in making soldiers with marchings and inspections and drillings in the barrack square, far away from the din and smoke of actual war; but not so here, they must learn as they fight, and fight while they learn. They will train most rapidly in the ranks; and only in the ranks, on the field, with the flag of victory waving over them, can they be made into veterans and inspired with that feeling, or conviction, or whatever it may be that will make them assured that they are the soldiers of the Most High, and therefore invincible, unconquerable, and all conquering.

2. **WHEN YOU HAVE TRAINED YOUR 5,000 YOU WILL SORT THEM.**—When you have trained, and tried, and developed your force, and found out what they are, and what they can do, then you will put the right man in the right place, and for every place you will have a man. Gifts differ. You will want the head, and the eye, and the ear, and the hand, and the feet, and you will have heads, and eyes, and ears, and hands in abundance. Now for every man in his own order, and according to his several ability. You want infantry, and cavalry, and engineers, and transports, and every other arm needed to make up a mighty force, and you have all, or you will by your training make all, and to all you must assign the place for which they are adapted and needed.

3. **THEN OF COURSE THERE MUST BE OBEDIENCE.**—If the 5,000 are to act together, and to act on one plan, it will be self-evident that it can only be effected by implicit obedience. If it were otherwise—if the officers of the Salvation force can only express their wishes for those composing it to act in some particular manner, which said wishes can be received or rejected as they may appear pleasant, then anything like certain and foreseen action is impossible. But if it is known and assured that the 5,000 will act as directed, then the most important measures can be devised and executed with exactest certainty. If a desired course of action will only be taken on its recommending itself to the judgment, the leadings, the impulses, the feelings of each individual, then you can be sure of nothing except confusion, defeat, and destruction.

Try this on any of the aforesaid human undertaking, and where will you soon be? Any great commercial enterprise, for instance: will not the very speedy result be bankruptcy? Or war. Try it in the presence of the enemy. Let every man fight as he is led, or every regiment charge up the hill and storm the redoubt, or do any other deadly, murderous deeds according as they are resolved upon after discussion, and votes and majorities, and where will you be? What sort of telegrams will you send home to an expectant country, and what sort of a welcome back will those of you that are left receive? No! obedience is the word. Somebody who knows

what they are doing, to DIRECT, and then simple, unquestioning obedience. Obedience for earthly business and earthly war, and obedience for God's business and God's army.

4. **AND THEN, YOU MUST HAVE DISCIPLINE, ORDER.**—Those who keep the Commandments and who excel in service must be rewarded, and those who are disobedient must be degraded, punished, expelled.

5. **AND LASTLY, HAVING ORGANIZED AND DEVELOPED AND DISCIPLINED YOUR ARMY, IT MUST BE USED, EMPLOYED, AND THAT TO THE UTMOST.**—Nothing demoralizes salvation soldiers more than *inactivity*. *Idleness* is stark ruin, and the devil's own opportunity. Push forward, never heed the number or position of your foes, or the impossibility of overcoming them. Your Salvation Army has been made to accomplish the impossible, and conquer that which to human calculations cannot be overcome. FORWARD! If you will only go forward, and go forward on the lines here indicated, you will go forward to fulfil the commission of your Divine Captain, the discipling of all nations, the subjugation and conquest of the world.

SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Tune: "Ring the Bells Watchman."

Come join our Army to battle we go,
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;
Defending the right and opposing the
wrong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Chorus—Marching along,
We are marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching along;
Soldiers of Jesus be valiant and strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come join our Army and enter the field,
The sword of the Spirit with strong faith
we wield,
Our armour is bright and our weapons
are strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come join our Army the foe must be
driven,
To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall be
given;
If Hell should surround us we'll press
through the throng,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come join our Army the foe we defy,
True to our colours, we'll fight till we die;
Saved from all sin is our war-cry and song,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come join our Army and do not delay,
The time for enlisting is passing away;
The battle is raging but victory will come,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Bradford.

W. J. PEARSON.

THE SALVATIONIST.

OUR change of name and the little internal improvement of our Magazine have been well received. A good many people, some of whom are not very easily pleased, have expressed their satisfaction. And if our readers and friends will help us by increasing the circulation, we will make still further and more important improvements. We have long been quite sure that a little system and a very little more trouble would easily double our circulation. We feel certain of it. Will our friends attend to the following hints, and then wait and see what the result will be?

1. That there always be an announcement from the platform; a word or two might be said respecting it on all occasions when strangers are present;

occasionally a few extracts might be read on a meeting night, and some of the stirring stories it records might be quoted in addresses, always telling the people where they might find more of the same class.

2. Always have some one at the door with the Magazine; always have a contents bill in a good position.

3. Is it too much to ask some of our readers to take half a dozen or a dozen and sell them amongst their friends? Once seen and known, we are sure many outside our own people would feel grateful for having it introduced to their notice, and take it regularly.

4. Many post it to their relatives. For 1s. 6d. in stamps we will send it from headquarters for 12 months.

THE RECTOR OF MERTHYR ON THE WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN HIS PARISH,

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH ON LAY HELPERS.

"THERE is a way by which you might be preached to, and the thousands that are in this parish might be preached to also in their own haunts, the back slums, the courts and alleys of this town: let us in God's name, adopt it.

"Look at those Mission Women, 'Evangelists' as they call themselves, who have been working in this parish now for fifteen months or more; they are doing a great work, for I call it a great work if one soul is saved, and my honest belief is they have saved many. They have long had my sympathy; they may not be orthodox, and they may be peculiar in their ways, but I do say because I know it, they have made drunkards sober, and they have made infidels believers, and they have made communicants, at the holy table which I minister to myself, of men who neither believed in God nor anything else, but beer. I therefore say with all my heart and soul, a blessing rest upon their work. Why should we not try the same thing? The thousands and myriads and hundreds of thousands who rot and fester in sin and iniquity in our large towns, have far outgrown the machinery of the Church."—*The Western Mail*.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

THE following letter has been issued with our yearly statements:—
London, Christmas, 1878.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—The accompanying record of the work done in connection with Mr. Booth's Christian Mission during the past year, seems to us a most marvellous story of Evangelistic toil and success amongst the masses worthy of the earnest attention of all the Lord's people.

Here are facts which no one can dispute, and which, nevertheless, it would be impossible to credit but for their undeniable substantiality.

In more than fifty additional towns, within twelve months, there have been raised up from amongst the utterly irreligious classes who attend no place of worship, bands of men and women who are now, amidst the wintry cold, to be seen and heard preaching Jesus in the streets to their own former associates, and getting great congregations to hear them.

And this has been accomplished by the instrumentality of unlearned and

ignorant men and women like themselves, raised up by the "Christian Mission" during the thirteen years of its existence.

Surely such an organization ought not, even amidst the present general straitness, to be left to struggle with financial difficulty, but ought to be heartily and liberally assisted.

Whilst we cannot mark with our approval every bill issued, every expression used, and every measure employed by this "Salvation Army," we feel that the great spiritual results achieved, stamp the work as being of God and not of man, and therefore one which ought to be helped rather than criticised.

Will you look the circular over, and do your share in the matter?

S. A. BLACKWOOD, *London*.

R. C. MORGAN, *London*.

JAMES E. MATHIESON, *London*.

ROBERT PATON, *London*.

W. SHEPHERD ALLEN, *Cheadle*.

JAMES BARLOW, *Bolton*.

SAMUEL MORLEY, *London*.

FAITH.

My faith *looks up* to Thee,
My faith, so small, so slow,
It lifts its drooping eyes to see
And claim the blessing now.

Thy wondrous gift
It sees afar;
Thy perfect love
It claims to share,
And doth not, cannot fear.

My faith *takes hold* on Thee,
My faith so weak, so faint,
It lifts its trembling hands to be,
Trembling, but violent.

The kingdom now
It takes by force,
And waits till Thou,
Its last resource,
Shall seal and sanctify.

My faith *holds fast* on Thee,
My faith, still small, but sure,
Its anchor holds *alone* to Thee,
Whose presence keeps me pure.

And Thou always,
To see and hear,
By night, by day,
Art very near—
Art very near to me.

W. B. BOOTH.

PICKERING.

I ENTERED Pickering on the 23rd of December, and on the 24th took my stand against the pump near the market-place; hundreds gathered round to hear the Word of God proclaimed, and since that we have had some of the largest open-air meetings I ever saw, notwithstanding the very severe frost and very deep snow. Crowds follow us to the Salvation Hall (formerly a chapel, and holding 500). *The hall is packed every night to suffocation, and on Sundays hundreds cannot get in.* One dear brother said, "It had been a hard job to get the people into a place of worship in Pickering, but it was the hardest job we had to get them out." And so we find it is; and I hope soon that some of our rich farmers and quarry managers will help us to swell the bounds of our Salvation Hall, as it is far too small already.

The people have been very kind; they are willing to do anything to keep the **Hallelujah Marys** here.

The publicans are crying out, and they say it is no use of opening the public-houses on Sundays, they will have to close, for they say we take all the people to the noisy crew. Oh! praise God. I and Sister Stevens mean to roll the old chariot along. We cannot tell how glorious the work is going on, but we have a brave lot of converts; they will sing and talk and do anything for Jesus, and tell the people to "gang along with us." Oh! hallelujah.

One dear man said he thanked God for the army coming to Pickering, for he was a gambler and a drinker, a swearer, and all that was wrong, but now he is saved, and going to heaven clean.

Pigeon Flyer.—"I bless God that ever I came to the Salvation Hall, where God saved my soul. Instead of pigeon flying and gambling on Sundays, I am able to stand in the hallelujah ring and speak for Jesus."

A Backslider.—"I do feel happy now, since I came and heard these two sisters tell about Jesus. I bless God I am washed in the blood of the lamb, and I am fit to live and ready to die, and I can tell the people to gang along to heaven with I. Dost thee know Jesus?"

A Drunkard.—"I thank God that ever the Salvation Army came here. I was a notorious drunkard; I used to spend all my money in drink; I could never keep shoes on my feet—in fact I would do anything for a pint of beer; but now, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"Bless God for the Noisy Crew."—"I do bless God that ever the 'noisy crew' came to Pickering. I had not been in a place of worship for nine years, but when I first heard the sisters in the Market Place I was one of those that followed them to the Salvation Hall, where the spirit of God laid hold of me, and I pushed through the crowd to the penitent-form, and I waved my hat, and cried aloud, 'Christ for me!' I am one of those that can speak in the open air and tell my old companions I am all right inside, and tell them to 'gang along to glory with me.' I can kneel down and pray with my father, who is bedridden and saved. Both going home to glory together. Hallelujah!"

A moral young man whom God has saved. We mean to make a preacher of him. He does jump and shout in the meetings. Now, they can have prayer meetings in the workshops at dinner hours, and he tells the people not to stand looking on, but to come and get saved; and, if they are saved, to come and kneel down and pray.

A Man with a Black Eye went to the Salvation Hall on the 5th of January and got saved, he being on Christmas Day fighting and spending most of his money in drink. He has now signed the pledge, and instead of spending his time in the public-houses dancing and singing, has started to sing and pray for King Jesus. This young man had a praying mother, and before he was saved he was laughing and making scorn, and wondering if the sisters would come and preach in the besom shop to them; but he came to the meeting and got caught in the net, and may God send many more to be caught.

A Drunken Miner.—"I lived in the county of Durham about two years since, and £3 per week was my average earnings, and it was too little for me. Thanks be to God, I am only getting £1 per week, and can do better now than I did before, as I have neither tobacco or beer to buy. I spent all my spare time in drinking and gambling. Thanks be to God that ever the Christian Mission came to Pickering. I went to the Salvation Hall, and I was pointed to the Lamb of God, and now I am a happy man. I once matched myself to drink a glass of beer every five minutes for one hour and won the wager; but thanks be to God, I am now drinking at the fountain that never runs dry."

A Stone Runner.—"I went to the Salvation Warehouse to hear the noisy crew as they call them. But thanks be to God that ever the noisy crew came to Pickering. I went time after time to hear the good sisters point us to the Lamb of God. I was miserable of days, and could not sleep at night. But thanks be to God, I can sleep now. I slept so long one morning I had to go to work without my breakfast; I had to have my black beer and rum, but praise the Lord,

now I can do without both. I have signed the pledge, and intend by the help of God to find my way to heaven."

Care of Mrs. Middleton, Pickering.

SARAH WILLIAMS,
CHARLOTTE STEVENS.

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.

FOR a long time we have been looking with longing eyes in the direction of this place, and at last have opened fire with a glorious prospect. Sisters Atkinson and Boyce were sent forward, and on the 29th December, **the Town Hall**, seating some 800, was well filled; there was a good meeting; conviction and seven precious souls. This was a good start. In the **Alexandra Hall**, which we occupy for week-nights, holding 400, there have been wonderful crowds, wonderful sights and sounds, and scenes of salvation every night. Hundreds unable to get in. Hallelujah! Following telegram from Sister Atkinson did us good at headquarters:—

"Crowded house six hours. Must get larger place. Hundreds obliged to leave. God is working. Sinners are weeping. Wire back."

Immediately we desired enquiries should be made for another place, and accordingly, Brothers Corbridge and Crow have taken **the People's Music Hall**, seating, we hear, from 800 to 1,000. This will be used by us both Sundays and week days.

Another sister has been ordered up, and we expect to hear of marvellous doings on that side of the Tyne.

Latest.—"Dear Sir,—Anxious for you to know how wonderfully God is working upon the hearts of the people in Gateshead, glory be to God. Last night we had 13 souls, and the dear people seemed, as it were, stuck to their seats, believing for a mighty smash up. Lord keep us believing. Amen and Amen. The music hall will be opened on Sunday (God willing). Let us know as soon as possible the name of the sister that is coming."

Yours in the Salvation Army,
6, Mulgrave Terrace, Gateshead.

HANNAH ATKINSON,
KATE BOYCE.

NEWPORT.

WE must report the *newest* stations. The youngest members of a family are pretty sure of the most notice, getting served first and best. Benjamin's mess is a proverb. Well, Newport is one of our latest ventures, though not the last, and is bidding fair to do us credit, and, what is far better, promises to bring glory to God and peace and good will to man. Anything like a formal report has not been sent us this month, but we can gather, from letters *not* sent for publication, pretty accurately how the battle is going. Up to our latest information the enemy holds the fort, stands his ground most tenaciously, and what advantages have been gained have been fought for inch by inch. Still we are gaining, and very good news will not surprise us any day. Our brethren are looking, we know, for what they call a general smash. May it come. The ebbing and flowing of the fight may be gathered from the following extracts:—

"December 23.—God has been saving during the week. On Tuesday night 4 joined us. On Wednesday 7 souls stepped into the fountain. On the Thursday two more found Jesus. On Saturday night 4 more got liberty; and yesterday 9 precious souls got saved."

The letters all the way tell the same story of the gathering in of souls. Of money and other encouragement there were few; congregations were not large, and did not improve as were desired, and the roughs were boisterous and unruly. Still, holding on and continuing to hit hard, often things improve and the information becomes more cheery.

"December 31.—Yesterday was the best day yet spiritually. More people and meetings really grand. We get just the right sort of people—the roughs. They give us a little trouble, but as soon as we get one we shall get the whole bunch saved. Yesterday we had 14 precious souls. Glory to Jesus. Oh! may they be kept."

"January 1.—A blessed time last night in the open air. Inside we had a grand time. God came down all over us. We have had 120 souls since we came, some have joined other places, some have removed, several are sailors, and some have gone back into the world, but not many."

"January 7.—On Thursday every seat we had in the hall was filled, and we had a blessed go, and seven stepped into the fountain. Friday night only one soul; and we had none on Saturday. If there is any more people, which there will be, they will either have to sit on the floor or stand up at our meetings. They were just the right sort on Sunday night, about three hundred of them, with their hair cut close to the head, and the navy dress on. Oh, that God may break in amongst them. We had eleven souls."

"Jan. 14. We still have to report victory; yesterday was a high day. Persecution was the order of the day. Snowballs flying about in all directions, first one in the ear, and then one in the neck, and just as I was singing and leading the procession, one came straight in my mouth. When we got to the theatre we were literally covered with snow. I have had to deal with a good many rough lots, but never any came up to Newport. May God save the roughs. Amen. Our congregations now better than ever. Twenty-two at 7 o'clock prayer-meeting. We had an awful rough lot, it seemed as if the devil had marshalled all his forces, but glory be to God, Jesus was there and displayed his mighty power in saving *nineteen souls*."

The last letter, which we have not space to quote, is really the best of all. We like the best wine at last. It tells of 350 at the week-night believers' meeting, at the close of which 21 souls cried for mercy. But the same letter also brings the mournful tidings that the theatre proprietor has given us notice to quit. This is sad, indeed, just as we are getting hold of the people. But he has promised reconsideration. We are praying about him. I hope he will give way. But I hope that neither earth nor hell will turn those lads at the head of that attack from the war-path. They are evidently in the right place, and God is with them. For many a day we have longed to see our colours flying in that town, and evidently God is again going to give us the desire of our heart. We will be thankful and try and prove our gratitude by finding out as quickly as possible some other town equally needing the work and blessing which come in the train of the Salvation Army.

ROTHERHAM.

OUR readers are aware that here we have had slanderings and divisions and all manner of evil works. The flock, over which only so short a time back we rejoiced with unspeakable joy, has been deceived and scattered. And first, Sisters Atkinson and Smith and, since then, Brother Wilson and his wife, with the remnant that remained faithful to the army, have had almost to re-commence the work. But nowhere and under no circumstances have the vitality and force of our principles and measures

more strikingly asserted and proved themselves. In simplicity and trust and confidence in God our comrades have gone in for victory, and *they have had it, AND THEY HAVE HAD IT AGAIN AND AGAIN*. We give some extracts from reports forwarded to us day after day. The first Sabbath after the arrival of our brother and sister, is thus reported by Mrs. Wilson, whose husband had not arrived:—

Dec. 30th.—We had a glorious day yesterday. It has done me good. I took the lead of the meetings myself and I went in hammer and tongs. Six souls. Sister Smith is ill; must have rest.

Dec. 31st.—Glorious time last night; 12 souls; expect more to-night. Every corner filled; some had to go away; could not get in. Sister Smith is better. Shall be glad when my husband comes, it is hard work, but praise God He gives me strength.

Jan. 2nd.—We are having glorious times; place packed; many could not get in. Fifteen souls on Sunday, and ten last night. Scores in pickle. Glory be to God!

Jan. 3rd.—Ten souls last night; the place was packed.

Jan. 6th.—Telegram said, "House crowded; thirty-one souls; lot could not get in. Two pounds nine and ninepence. Going ahead. Eighty-nine souls this week."

Jan. 7th.—Every night hundreds go away; the stairs all crowded; we shall have to get a bigger place.

Jan. 11th.—Twenty-six souls this week, so far. Two dear young men came to our house last night after 11 o'clock. They wanted to find salvation; we prayed with them, and, glory be to God, they found it, and went home happy in the Lord.

Jan. 15th.—We are still going ahead; we had a good time on Sunday; seven souls; and on Monday fourteen souls. Glory be to God.

This is a record of salvation work and no mistake. In the last letter our brother speaks of opposition from the roughs. They cannot expect the devil will let them altogether alone. They will have need of patience. We know they have courage. Oh! may God increase their faith, and may He make all grace to abound to them supplying all their need. Sister Gipsy Smith is moving away to another part of the battlefield. May God go with and strengthen her; and may our Brother and Sister Wilson see His face more clearly, feel His power, walk in His light, and see the desire of their hearts in the manifestation of his glory in the salvation of hundreds of Rotherham sinners.

The address is 42, York Street, Eastwood, Rotherham.

WHITEHAVEN.

THE Lord is King. Glory to His name. We are seeing His holy arm made bare in this town. The **Protestant Hall** is a suitable building for our work, and this town is on the eve of a glorious break down we believe.

The following give, in their own words, some of the converts' stories:—

"I thank the Almighty for His goodness and mercy in stretching forth His hand and helping me from the *depths of despair and misery*, who in my own estimation, was low enough nearly beyond all hope. But bless the Lord, He directed my footsteps one night to the Salvation Hall, where you were singing and speaking the praises of God, and I was so *astounded* with what I heard that I resolved to visit you again, and did so; and then I could not stay away. I began to have very serious doubts concerning my soul, thinking that if I was called before my Maker, to give an account of myself, what I could say. Nothing. It would be too late to hearken to the advice of those that are labouring and

striving to induce such as I was to repent and confess their sins to God. But Praise the Lord, He opened my heart, and now I rejoice that I am on my way to that celestial city beyond the skies.

"May God bless and help you in the great and glorious work in the town of Whitehaven."

Saved.—"I have been travelling along through life amidst the darkness and evil ways of the world. But by the grace of God and Miss Arber's influence, I was brought to see the light that shineth repentant sinners to salvation. I rejoice and feel happy when I know the Almighty will give me grace to conquer and keep me to the end if I keep faith in Him, and put my whole trust in His blessed word. I will sing and praise God until the end of my days for His goodness and mercy that He may keep me from all sin and wickedness, and from everlasting death. Amen."

Saved from Billiards and Gambling.—"For many years I have been working for the devil, but am now enlisted in the Army, got my feet planted firmly upon the rock of salvation, and now working for King Jesus. When first I went to the Mission Hall it was simply for curiosity, and then, when the blessed handmaiden of God laid plainly before me the road to Heaven and everlasting life, then I realized that I was on the wrong road, and that I was fast travelling to everlasting damnation in hell in the life I was leading, betting on horse-racing, and on the billiards and bagatelle boards, gambling away the money that I had wrought hard for. Then I had a hard struggle with the devil, but God laid a more powerful hold upon me and I was forced to give in and give my whole to Jesus, and cry for mercy to God, who granted it through Christ; and now praise the Lord I can take for a board the Bible, and for my balls the Gospel of Christ, and with my lips for a cue, I can sing His praises for ever, for now while I have breath I mean to sing Christ for me, and to praise the Lord that the Salvation Army came to Whitehaven for my soul's sake, and for many others who gave up all for Jesus as well, and who go to the Mission House as often as they possibly can. Amen."

"I have been all my life without giving any thought of what would become of me if the Lord should call me to give an account of myself unprepared. But by his grace and the influence of Miss Arber I was shown the true way by which poor sinners (such as I was) might gain a resting place in that sweet realm above. I thank the Lord for his goodness in helping me on the straight road to salvation, and as long as I live, I will bless and praise the "Salvationists" for coming to this town to rescue poor sinners from the depths of despair.

"ONE WHO IS ROLLING THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG."

Short and Sweet.—"I went to the Salvation Hall, and the sisters came and asked me to give my heart to God, and I did so, and am still going on. Hallelujah."

Poor Billy's Conversion.—"The Whitehaven bell-man and bill-poster came to our meetings, and got converted. He was not only the worst sinner in Whitehaven, but the worst in Cumberland, having been thirteen times in prison, and has paid as far as £4 within a month, for drunkenness. This is a sign that there will be a mighty smash in Whitehaven presently,

"VICTORY OVER THE DEVIL."

We are going on, pray for us,

44, Scotch Street, Whitehaven.

PRISCILLA PRICE.
M. ARBER.

31ST (SPENNYMOOR) CORPS.

"**B**LOOD and Fire," "Onward and Upward," "Salvation and Holiness," "God and Heaven," are all mottoes in the Spennymoor Corps. The devil found somebody to prophesy that when we had a change of captains the work would go down, and we would have enough to do to bear our flag aloft. But, glory to Jesus, to-day finds us marching on with shield and banner bright.

"Why should the work cease?" was Captain Skidmore's first text; and we think everybody saw that the work really would not cease; but that there was a prospect of the old chariot rolling along swifter than ever. We mean to break down the great and strong wall of sin by keeping at it. Filled with God we'll shake the kingdom.

War, War, War, was the heading of a small handbill Captain Skidmore sent flying by hundreds through this district, and on the 22ND of December, we went at it right and left, kept on all day, routed the enemy, and took some prisoners; they were severely wounded, especially on the left side, where something went so to the minute, and told them that something wasn't right. But oh, hallelujah, they then opened the door, and Jesus went in, put it all right inside, and now you may find them joined to the ransomed army and in good fighting order. To God be all the glory.

"**Here's a Treat**" was the heading of an announcement for Christmas Day, and really it was a treat, and under the command of Captain Skidmore, we have spent a real hallelujah Christmas. We had a splendid tea meeting, and we fared sumptuously. The best of it was some more slaves were set free, and we had to stay late to help them off with their chains, but we didn't care so long as somebody was getting saved. Bless God. As I went home, a brother said to me, "What a wonder it is for souls to be saved at a meeting like that," and thinking our brother referred to the speaking, I said, "But you know some things were meant for the heart." Oh, hallelujah, we Salvation Army folks don't play, but leave the world aside while we have some dealing with God, that's the secret of our success. We have had a **visit from Mrs. Booth**, who preached a soul-thrilling and heart-searching sermon, tears rolled down the cheeks of big, strong, ungodly men, and everybody was blessed, and eternity will only reveal what was accomplished on that Monday night. We hope soon for another visit. If we had a building ever so many times larger we could pack it.

Our Holiness meetings with Bro. Skidmore are times of refreshing come from the presence of the Lord—glory to God—times of dealing with the Almighty, and searching and examining, and the result has been, some have come out for a clean heart, and are better men and better women. Praise the Lord.

There have been some wonderful cases of conversion here lately, to God be all the glory. Somebody has questioned the truth of our statement in last report—we said some of the worst in the town have been saved. Yes, and so they have. Hallelujah.

The queerest little thing in Spennymoor spoke the other night, and told us how God saved him, and, said he, "A lot of you know me; I was the queerest little thing in Spennymoor, as queer as could be for the devil, but now I am queer for the Lord, and I intend to stick to it;" and Mr. Critic may have his name and address.

A Young Militiaman said, "I was enlisted in the Queen's service and bound to fight for my country, but now I am enlisted in this Salvation Army and fighting for King Jesus. I never thought there was so much happiness to be found." The Lord abundantly bless and keep him. Amen.

A Dog Fancier and Gambler said, "You talk about Christmas, I've spent a few and gone in for the devil, but this is the happiest Christmas I ever spent." Just because he is washed in the blood, and travelling on to the land of glory. Hallelujah.

Locked out for Jesus.—One dear sister went home from our meeting, and found that the devil had persuaded her husband to lock the door and keep her outside. Other two sisters went to the door and tried to gain admittance, but all in vain. At last they tried the mighty weapon, prayer, and down they went on the door steps, and had a real hallelujah prayer meeting. They soon heard footsteps on the stairs, and down came the husband and let his wife in. Thank God for the mighty power of prayer. The Lord save this sister's husband.

Another sister said, "My partner has been a soldier and got a medal for what

he did. But glory to God, we are now both of us soldiers of the Cross, and God has promised us each a crown, and that's better than a medal." The Lord keep them faithful, and then they shall wear it. Another young man said, "I was saved last night, and this morning they said to me, 'Oh, it's only the nervous system affected, we'll soon have him with us again.'" But this dear collier thinks and says it's a good system, it's a system that will take us to heaven. The Lord affect the nervous system of everybody in like manner. A great number have got on to the salvation turn-table, and are facing heaven and praising God. One brother just arrived from London says, that Jesus will never hear the last of it, when he gets to heaven, for what he has done for him. Like the rest of those who live godly in Christ Jesus, we have to suffer persecution. But we are going to do as our Captain says, "Pocket them all and then take them to God in prayer." The devil may rage—we expect it—but God has promised us victory, and in spite of the devil we believe, and to-day finds Captain Skidmore, his hallelujah fiddle, and 31st Corps going in for God and souls in an earnest and grand style. Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.

Yours fighting, working, believing, singing, shouting, and waiting in the Salvation Army,

Spennymoor.

WILLIAM HODGSON,

For the 31st Corps and its Captain Skidmore.

LANCASTER.

I ARRIVED arrived here, November 29th, took my stand on the Town Hall steps for open air, 1000 people; had much liberty, saw that there was a great need of the army in this town. On Sunday had powerful meetings. At the prayer-meeting, two precious souls came out boldly and fell at the Master's feet, and got sweetly saved.

Fourteen Years.—A young man who followed us into the hall from the open air on Sunday, was asked to give his heart to God. He said we might talk to him for fourteen years, and then he would not; came again on Monday night. I gave the invitation for a volunteer, and he was the first to fall at the Master's feet—three more have followed since then. He has brought some of his mates, and told them that he had been the *greatest blackguard, drunkard, card-player, and dog fancier in Lancaster*. He now stands up boldly outside and in. May the Lord keep him faithful.

A dear woman in the experience meeting got up and said, "She should bless God to all eternity that ever the Mission came to Lancaster, for she thought she was saved long ago, but had never realized a change of heart; now her cup was full and running over." Since then she has brought her sister, and we took her captive the second night after; both are now on their happy way to Heaven.

A Great Swearer.—A man whose wife dreaded him to come home, got up in the meeting and said, "He could not ask for anything without dreadful oaths, but now when he goes home he shouts, Hallelujah." Another man and his wife, who had not been to any place of worship for years—was a great swearer—are now on their happy way to Heaven. These are only a few out of many such cases.

We have had some dreadful **persecution**. One night, the roughs were so unruly in the hall that I asked our saved dogfancier to put the gang out, but they surrounded him, and beat him shamefully; I wanted to take out a summons, but he said, "No, I have had many a smack for the devil, and I do not mind having a few for the Lord." The persecution is better now. Got protection from the police. Tracts and money are greatly needed, which may be sent to Mr. Braddy, 1 Halcyon Terrace, The Greaves, Lancaster, or yours in the Salvation Army, M. Parkins, and M. J. Malthouse, 53, Church Street.

SHEFFIELD.

DISTRESS and poverty are indeed felt throughout this town, but they do not prevent the Lord's work going on; yet we sometimes find money very scarce, though, thank God, we are out of debt. Since we last wrote we have had Mr. Steven and Miss Harris for a week. God blessed their labours. On the following Sunday, dear Mrs. Booth was with us, and our people were wonderfully blessed.

One dear man, who is a **policeman** in the town, got saved at our branch station, Langset Road Stores, and he preaches Jesus everywhere. One day, while waiting at the station with thirteen fellow policemen, who were telling tales, when it came to his turn, he jumped up, and said, "I read in my book that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and preached Jesus to them. On another occasion he was talking to them, and the Spirit was doing its work. He fell down on his knees in the yard with another policeman, and while he prayed his companion found Jesus; and since that time he has been a real good comrade. Oh that God may keep him faithful, and save the whole force!

Another Old Man, forty years a backslider, had been once a local preacher, but fell from grace, and went into sin and gambling; but, thank God, one night while singing up to the hall he was induced to come inside, and God laid hold of him. He has got blessedly saved, and is now on his way to heaven. May God keep him until that day when He shall say it is enough.

A Happy Bricky.—This dear man came to our meetings for several months, and has gone home many a time and wept like a child, and could not sleep at nights; but, thank God, one night he fell on his knees and got blessedly saved. The brethren prayed, and he soon jumped on his feet, shouting, "**It's gone through me!**" First he said, "**It's gone all over me,**" and could not speak a word, but now he said, "**It's gone through me.**" Pray for us.

Yours in the Army of King Jesus,
2, Red Hill Place, Red Hill, Sheffield.

M. GODDARD.

BARKING.

BLESSED meeting last night. Oh, Hallelujah. Glory all over the place. One came out for purity, two for pardon. Those two who were saved Christmas night spoke, and one that was saved at Canning Town. Another man that was saved the first or second Sunday I was here spoke. They say he has been one of the greatest drunkards in Barking. His experience is: "I have been drunk every Christmas ever since I can remember, and sometimes so drunk that I have rolled out of bed. But, thank God, this Christmas I have not been inside a public-house door, nor never will no more. When I was about 35, I met with an accident and broke both my collar bones, and one of my legs, in three places, and the other in two places. I laid on my bed fourteen months, and then I prayed and promised God if He would raise me up I would serve Him; but when I got out again, I was ten times worse, if that could be. I've left my wife and three children for 10 months together, and only sent them £2, and during this time I was getting from 3s. to 5s. per day, but spent it in drink. If they hadn't a better friend than me, they must have starved. Yesterday I met two of my old mates, so one of them began 'You are the very man I want to see; have you preached yet?' 'I haven't preached yet, but perhaps I may do.' I used to go up every Christmas to where the three balls hang over the door with everything I could get. But this Christmas, thank God, I haven't been inside a public-house door, nor don't intend to. Last Christmas I bought a pair of boots for 16s., and went and pawned them for 5s., but this Christmas I have bought a pair for my wife."

The woman that was saved Christmas night, when her husband came to the penitent-form, I said to her, "Now you talk to him." So she began by shouting out to him "pray, pray, pray, if its only a few words from the heart the Lord will hear, its no good for us to pray for you, if you do not pray for yourself. Pray, and Jesus will soon show himself to you, he did to me." And the cry went up from his heart "Lord save me." And very soon he had the blessed assurance that he was God's child. Arrangements had been made for them to have a drinking spree the next day, and in the morning her brother came to have some drink, but she soon told him she was converted, and if he would go with her to Canning Town she would pay the 6d. for his tea, or any neighbour that would go with her, she would pay for them. When the time came, they started with us, and she said, as we walked the street, "I'm not ashamed to walk with you now;" and turning to her brother, she said, "Come along, we have often had a sup of beer together, and now we'll have a cup of tea together."

In the meeting at night, she said, "this is the best boxing day I ever spent. I had a good Christmas box last night, the best ever I had." The power of God fell upon us, and her brother began to feel the burden of his sins which made him sweat and feel uncomfortable, and turning to her, he said, "Oh, I do sweat." "Ah!" she said, "you will sweat, I sweated last night." He wanted no persuasion in the prayer-meeting to give his heart to God, but when invited, came at once to the penitent-form, and went home with a light heart. But going home, the conversation was after this style. She said to him, "Go home and pray to your wife now, and get her converted. I shall be off to see mother to-morrow. Never mind the people laughing at you." (At this point her little boy, about nine years old, interrupted.) "Let 'um laugh, mother; if they laugh that lose, they are sure to laugh that win." I called this morning to see her, and pointing to the decorations about the house, she said, "This was to have been our drunken spree, but we keep it up a little longer now for a spiritual spree. Our lodger (she continued) that put it up has left us, she can't face us now. God and the devil can't agree together. Amen."

— I, Arthur Cottages, East Street, Barking.

J. P. TAYLOR.

NORTH SHIELDS.

"Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing may be lost."

A POOR woman the other day tried to pick a fault in the hallelujah folks by saying they came to pick up scraps that nobody else won't have—that other churches won't have. But bless God, there is room in heaven for the scraps as well as big pieces. We give you a few cases that some people call scraps:—

Scrap No. 1.—A poor infidel came time after time with his hellish principles to upset our meetings. But the power of God has upset him, and his principles too, and now his wife is also saved. Both are regular attendants; and we are all praying that God would send us some more such scraps.

Scrap No. 2.—While visiting the other day one of our sisters, who seems to be in great distress, she said, "Oh, that you could get my son converted, for he is breaking my heart, and it will be the means of putting me in my grave. It is all drink." While we were talking the son came in, shaking with the effects of drinking. I got hold of his hand, and we all knelt down together. Tears began to flow, and bless God, he is a new man in Christ Jesus, and instead of breaking his mother's heart, he is coming to our meetings, and is likely to become a useful man.

Scrap No. 3.—This is an old scrap, but old scraps make good iron, and so will Ben make a good soldier in the Salvation Army. This tells you something of his character. The other day he went to beg a pound of coffee for a coffee supper, and was likely to be turned away. He went down on his knees, and the shop-keeper had to give him his coffee to get rid of him.

Scrap No. 4.—The other Sunday night in the Mission Hall, after I had

closed the meeting, I gave the invitation "Come to the Lord," and a young man cried out, "Yes, I will come," and at once came right out, and went down on his knees and gave himself fully up to God. It was one of the best conversions that I ever saw. Every night he is to be seen walking in the street, trying to get sinners to the same Saviour he had found. He had been a lover of cigars, and he had been laying up money in a stocking-leg to have a spree as he went home to Tunbridge Wells. But he said that smoking belongs to the devil; and he gave the money to the Mission, and his old stocking-leg too. But he had to go to Manchester for work. His name is Weeks. I hope the Salvation Army people will pick him up. We could give you more of these scraps. We had a good watch-night. Yours in the army,
36, Coburg Street.

J. BORRILL.

TREDEGAR.

WE are very happy to say that the work of the Lord is still prospering in this place. We have souls saved in most all our meetings; we had five dear women come out to the penitent-form the other night, and they testified that their sins were all forgiven. This is a specimen of the testimony given by a **Converted Pedlar** who used to be a great drunkard:—"I am very happy since I gave my heart to God, and I am glad to tell you that the publican in whose house I and a few of my brothers used to drink has sacked the brewer, and I should like to hear of brewers being sacked everywhere, and having better employment than brewing the stuff that damns so many precious souls."

And this is the testimony of a converted **Bird and Dog Fancier**:—"I used to go miles to see a dog or cock fight, and I used to think that there was no pleasure like the pleasure of seeing two dogs eating each other up or two cocks killing one another with steel spurs; but now I know there is no pleasure like the pleasure of fighting myself for the Lord Jesus, and I used to think there was nothing worth reading only *Bow Bells* and such like. But now I have nothing to do with those things: all I think about is getting a good family Bible, and I am sure that it will do me and my family more good, and the Lord will help me to teach my children to read and understand it."

Another Brother said, "That if this cold weather was in any way a temptation to any of the brothers or sisters to go and get a warm by the fire of a public-house, that his door was open for all who would come there instead, and he would guarantee that there should be a good fire there, and 'whosoever will come may come.'"

Yours in the Army,

ADELAIDE HAYWOOD,
THIRZA LEAH PICK.

59, Fourth Row, George Town.

RUNCORN.

PRAISE God for the way he is saving at Runcorn. Homes have been made happier, hearts have been made lighter, and many can say, "Whereas once I was blind now I can see." To God be all the glory.

Among the number is a man who says he was "the blackest sinner in Runcorn," but I do bless God that the Salvation Army ever came here. Many times I have gone from home with a good coat on and come back without one. I have been a great drunkard, and swearer, and a bagatelle player; I have been up to all sorts of wickedness, but now, bless God, old things have passed away." **His wife** said, "I was a very wicked woman and I used to swear over the little ones, but now, bless the Lord, we have prayer, and we read the bible; we have a very happy home."

Another man says, "When I was about seventeen I ran away from home and

became a great swearer, and a great drunkard; I used to go to the dance room, theatre, bagatelle table, and all the sin which I could get into. About five years since I gave God my heart, but, alas, I soon fell away and was a wretched backslider; but I went to hear the sisters, and my wife and I gave our hearts to God. Praise His holy name, we are both on our way to glory.

There was another dear man that heard us talking in the open air about promises made to dying friends; he remembered a promise to his dying mother, and now he is on the way.

Another man who had been a conjuror came one night to our hall with the intention of taking it for conjuring; but, he says, "Thank God the first time that I entered that hall it was to kneel down before God and ask for pardon, and He pardoned all my sins, and made me happy in His dying love."

In one instance we have **eight in one family blessedly saved**. Our Holiness meetings are grand, our men give their pipes up, our women their finery, they lay all on the altar. Sinners are being saved, believers sanctified, the devil defeated, and God's dear name glorified.

Yours in the Army,

NELLY COPE,
ANNIE ALLSOP.

30, Suffolk Street, Runcorn.

HASTINGS.

"Hallelujah we are rising and the work of God's reviving."

HERE I am, and after fighting hard against sin and Satan for three months in this town, I begin to feel that I can, to some extent, join my brethren in singing the above, although, even now, I much question whether my comrades in the North would think us rising much were they to have a week's furlough and come and spend it here.

Well, praise God, I am still alive, and although I cannot boast of seeing very great things, I am pleased to report we are more than holding our ground, and are determined by God's help never to turn our backs to the foe.

Our Watch-night Service has been the means of stirring us up and setting us to fight in earnest.

The last hour of '78 I spent in showing the conditions they must comply with to succeed as God and the "Salvation Army" intended, and the first hour of '79, was spent in some blessed testimony being given. Every one of them promising God and us they would comply with the "conditions of success" just laid down.

God has been with us ever since, last Sunday being the best day we have had. Open air services were grand, and the offerings exceeding anything before. Likewise our offerings at the believers' meeting.

The following will show where we are spiritually.

A. I've left the land of death and sin, the road that many travel in, and can give a reason to anyone.

B. The Lord has done so much for me, that I began this year with a determination to do something for Him in return.

C. It has been said to-night by one of the brethren they would not give up their blessed estate for all the world calls good or great. Why, glory be to God, I would not give up what I enjoy in my soul for all the world itself, though sometimes I scarcely know where my next meal of food is coming from.

D. I get so filled with God through the day I am obliged to go on my knees to give vent to my feelings, and that by singing some of our songs.

E. I have had a great many trials of late, but the blessing has far counter-balanced them.

F. My soul is full of glory; no matter where I am, Jesus is always with me. Oh, how I do love Him.

G. I am dead, indeed, unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ.

The above will show our brethren are getting on in their souls. I trust my comrades in the North will not forget us here in the South, and oh, may God hasten the time when Hastings shall become equal to anything I have seen there.

Yours faithfully in the Salvation Army,
58, Stonefield Road, Hastings.

JOHN ROBERTS.

LEICESTER.

THE Salvation Army finished up the conflicts of 1878 with great joy, and commenced a new year with bright prospects of still greater victories. Christmas week was a grand time. Our people met in strong numbers on Christmas Day morning in Russell Square, at 6 o'clock, and a bitter cold frosty morning it was. We had a delightful warmth in our hearts, and could sing, "But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May." At half-past six we had a prayer and experience meeting—a good one it was; at half-past ten met again in the square, sang to the Warehouse, and had one of our notable hallelujah goes, after which we had a grand sacramental service.

At half-past five, we met in the Market Place, the snow was coming down very fast, but our people seemed rather to enjoy it. Such a procession I never saw; it looked like a walking mass of snow. Great crowd of people in the Warehouse, the spirit of conviction took deep hold of the people, and many will have to date their conversion from that meeting. We had tea meetings and coffee suppers, every night during the week, and on Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, we gave a **free tea** to two hundred old people, their ages ranging from sixty to ninety. Before they left the tables I gave them a short address, and many of them stayed to the public meeting which was held after tea.

The first week in the new year will not soon be forgotten. **Mr. Ballington Booth** was with us at the watch-night, and a never-to-be-forgotten meeting it was. As the last few minutes of the old year passed away, nothing could be heard but the deep sighs of about eighty of our people, who had filled three long penitent-forms seeking the blessings of entire sanctification, which they professed to find. About one o'clock on New Year's day morning most of them could testify that they did realize that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin. Hallelujah.

Sunday, January 5, Mr. Ballington Booth was with us again. Great day—mighty smash at night; twenty-six came out for salvation; deep and solid conviction all over the Warehouse; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could get the people to leave after ten o'clock. Among the penitents we found there were four in one family, father, mother, son and daughter—grand sight this. In another case, husband and wife knelt together at the mercy's seat, and God blessedly set them at liberty. We have had souls almost every night since the new year came in; we have had many sign the temperance pledge during the month, and many of them have afterwards been led to Christ, and are now useful with us.

Our Holiness meetings are still a great power for good. What has been done in this town of Leicester I believe is only the earnest of what is to come. Yours in a full salvation,

127, Birstall Street.

W. FAWCETT.
J. WESSBERG.

BRADFORD.

THANK God, notwithstanding hard times and very severe weather, we are still "Rolling the old chariot along." Many of our people have braved through biting winds, keen frosts, and falling snows, risking both health and life to publish the sinners' friend to those who would not otherwise be induced to

hear of Jesus—both week-days and on Sundays we have taken our stand at the corner of some street or processioned; sometimes the people have crowded around, at others they have simply come to their doors; still they are being reached, and God is blessing those who are thus working for Him.

Our Watch-night Service was one of great power. Exactly at twelve the Divine unction fell wondrously upon the meeting, and eight souls came out to start 1879 with a new heart and a right spirit.

New Year's Day's Tea and Hallelujah Meeting was crowned with the Master's presence. Eight more souls fell at the feet of Jesus conquered by His love; and ever since we have had striking proof that the Lord is going to greatly bless Bradford this year. It has given us great joy to know that the Lord has recently caught **Three Rat-catchers**, who, I trust, will become catchers of men.

"Do get Charley if you can." This was said in one of our prayer meetings, after a very good time in Pullan's. I found by enquiring that Charley had been an awful sinner, being one of the same stamp as his brother-in-law (the converted navvy). Thank God, both Charley and his wife came out together. Tears ran down his cheeks. After a struggle the Lord bestowed pardon, and now both are rejoicing in Christ.

Gate Street is beginning to flourish. It is a fine field for mission work, and doubtless before long it will blossom and bloom as the rose. The people crowd around when in the open air, but some are slow at coming in to be saved, a great number are deeply wrought upon, and several have made a full surrender.

"What a blessed night this is," said one of our brothers. "This is the best we have had at Gate Street." Praise God, it was a grand one. Eight souls came out and four got sweetly into liberty. Two more got saved on Thursday night. Praise the Lord we are pushing the battle to the gate. We have all sorts in our army who are fighting for King Jesus. Converted masons, joiners, horse-drivers, labourers, a designer, a screw maker, a newspaper seller, who blows his horn and gives out the meetings while selling his papers. We have painters and shoe-makers, and mill-hands in abundance, who are always ready for action, either inside or out; but we are not satisfied, we wish to capture Bradford for Jesus. May the Lord give us our heart's desire.

W. J. PEARSON.

144, Lumb Lane.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.

VICTORY and joy. We have indeed seen the arm of the Lord made bare in the salvation of precious souls. One dear man who has been a **great gambler** stood up in one of our meetings and said that his wife was just **beginning to find out that she had a husband**. The conversion of that dear man was grand.

A converted comic singer, who has been a very bad character, but is now happy in Jesus, got saved, and brought us a large bundle of songs; thank God now he sings for Jesus.

A converted dog runner, who has been one of the worst of gamblers, is now a bold soldier of the cross. He will speak in the open air and tell the people what God has done for him.

A backslider.—A dear brother, who has been a backslider for fourteen years, got saved, and is happy in the love of God.

A dear brother stood up in one of our meetings and said, "This time last year I was **sleeping in a cinder oven**, but thank God to night I am saved."

Saved in a snowstorm.—A young lady said to me while in the open air, "Can you save me?" I answered "No; but the Lord can." I said, "Down on your knees!" So throwing down our umbrellas, with the snow falling on us, we went down with her on our knees and went in for a good prayer meeting, and the power of God came upon us, and praise the Lord she got saved.

These few are nothing compared with what God is going to do, for by the help of God, we mean going in, come what will; please pray for Bishop Auckland.

Yours in the Army,
Captain CARRY,
Lieutenant E. SMITH.

BURNLEY.

WE are still marching to the front of the battle, and firing hot shell into the enemy's camp; and, in spite of all opposition, we have some glorious times. On Monday we had *nine backsliders at the form* crying for mercy. In all, this week, we have had twenty-six precious souls at the feet of Jesus, some real gems. Praise God.

First Fruits of Burnley Gathered Home.—On Monday week I was called away to visit one of our members who was dying. I was just in time to see her, and hear that it was all right with her. I sung "We shall meet in that sweet bye-and-bye;" she said, "Amen. Praise the Lord, I am going home to die no more. It was a happy day with me when I met with the Mission." She said "*Meet me in heaven*," and passed away.

On Wednesday, Sister Newton and I went to visit one of our members who is sick. While there, a middle-aged woman came in. We talked to her about her soul. She said, "I have been miserable for some weeks. I intend getting a bonnet and shawl to come to the room." Sister Newton said, "You need not wait. God is willing to save you now, if you are willing to give up." She said, "Pray." We prayed; and she found peace to her soul, and now she is happy. Praise the Lord.

Eight Years a Backslider.—"I have been going to the Mission Room for nine weeks; but, glory to God, on the 8th January I yielded, and found peace to my soul. Glory to God that ever the Mission came to Burnley. I tried to stay away from the room, but when the time came I could not stay away; and now my heart is fixed, eternal God, fixed on Thee."

A Happy Home.—"I thank God that ever the Salvation Army came into Burnley. The first time I saw the army I called them a noisy lot, and would not stop to hearken to them; but my wife got me to listen to them, and I was convinced that I was wrong. So I went and gave God my heart, and a fortnight after my wife gave God her heart, and now we are on our way to glory.—M. S. A."

A Happy Man.—"I was under deep conviction a fortnight before I gave God my heart, now I *am* living in the fountain. I was one that was very fond of going to see a play, or to a music saloon, or to the ale bench, but now I am on my way to heaven. Praise the Lord for the Christian Mission coming to Burnley.—G. M."

Pray for Burnley and for me. I have been but very poorly, but praise God, the work has gone on. Yours fighting,

34, Rectory Road,
Burnley.

J. FLEMING.
A. NEWTON.

OVER DARWEN.

OUR sisters for sisters made the start, and our brethren for brethren continue the battle, have had an unusually hard fight here, and for some time our rough and riotous opponents seemed to have it all their own way. The meetings were so hindered and interrupted that little good was done. But the brethren persevered, and little by little they have won the ground, and now, notwithstanding the illness of Captain Jackson, which for some days

laid him completely aside, there is the prospect of a force being created which will shake the town. The following extracts from letters received during the month from Bros. Jackson and Verity, will give some idea of the progress of the work:—

"Dec. 23rd.—We had another grand day on Sunday. Six souls at night, and five on Saturday night. Bless the Lord. We are expecting a good time on Christmas Day. May the dear Lord help and prosper us. Many are in pickle. Although the roughs are very bad, I believe we shall master them after a bit."

"Dec. 30th.—The work is steadily rising. 180 sat down to tea on Christmas Day, and a real hallelujah meeting after tea. All our meetings are well attended, although, till last night, I have not been able to get there since Wednesday. I have had a severe cold and pains in my head. I sent for Sister Prentice, but she was so hoarse she could not come; but the members got through the day with the Lord's help somehow. I have only two or three to speak, but the others come up well."

The next letter is from Brother Verity, who was sent over from Rochdale to help our brother. He says—

"I got to Darwen on Saturday believing we should have a good time, and thank God we had. The first night many were convinced of sin. The following day we had good meetings out of doors, and in the afternoon, the place was packed together very tight, right down the stairs; at night we had to turn lots away. Seven came out and got washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

Brother Jackson is better again, and writes on January 13th:—

"We are still rising and sinners are getting saved. I find it is grand to love my Saviour with my whole heart. Last night, after I had done speaking, three fell down and cried for mercy, and then we went in for a deeper plunge. While we were praying and shouting, two more came out. I have not been in such a glorious meeting for a long time. We had a grand day, bless the Lord for ever. Oh! may we have a mighty smash in Darwen."

Amen! And you will have one my brethren if you hold on to God, and deal honestly and faithfully with the people. Scour the back streets, get at the people who never hear the Gospel, the poor English heathen who don't know that there is anything better on earth or anywhere else than the drinking, quarrelling, cursing, hard-hearted world they live in. Get at them by any and all means. Do it and do it with all your might, and do it speedily, and our blessing be upon you and upon all in Over Darwen.

NORTHERN NOTES.

BY MAJOR CORBRIDGE.

Whitby.—Through some misunderstanding between our friends and the authorities of the town, we have not had the protection of the police, and the roughs of the place have tried to upset our meetings; but now the whole thing is settled: we have God and law on our side, and a rich ripe harvest of souls is before us.

North Ormesby has paid off a lot of the debt they had, and is having good spiritual meetings.

Spennymoor.—An old man, 66 years of age, saved at the seven o'clock prayer meeting. Good bands in the open-air. Place packed inside. A rich holy unction all day. Two souls professed to find peace at night. We have here a good band of holy God-fearing people.

North Shields.—Good open air. A shower of stones and broken glass in the procession. One dear brother got an awful blow on the forehead with a big stone, but he stuck to his post.

Bedlington.—A man says, "I am a real Irishman. I was born in Ireland the first time, but God has brought me all the way from Ireland to Bedlington to the Salvation Army to 'Born me again.'"

Chappington.—Whole rows of big men are under conviction, and must yield before long.

Blyth.—Our sisters told me they had never neglected an open-air service through all the bad weather. This sort of toil is sure to succeed.

Consett still has a crowd of people every night, and souls saved every week. Glory be to God! we have Consett for Jesus, if we continue of one heart and one mind.

Seaham Harbour.—We opened the theatre here on Sunday, January 12th. A prayer-meeting was held at 6.30 a.m. to prepare the troops for sharp-shooting. At 10.0 a.m. we started to mission the streets, with the flag "Blood and Fire" at the head of us. Lots of men were standing about waiting our arrival, and listened to the brethren and sisters tell out of full hearts what God had done for their souls. Good congregations all day, at night the place packed in every part, and two souls on the stage for Jesus!

Gateshead has been obliged to open another place, the crowd is so large. Both places packed; many saved; others under conviction. A sister said in the open air, "We drive the devil all round the town five times a day now, and we intend to drive him out." Amen, amen, amen!
6, Union Street, Middlesboro.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Consett.—We hear glorious accounts of the work here. It continues to increase in every way, and though, in consequence of Sister L. Agar's illness and forced absence from her work (pray for her), Sister L. Jackson has been alone, nothing has flagged. One of the last meetings before Sister A. came away was a coffee supper on Christmas Day, at which 600 sat down, mostly soldiers of the 48th (Consett) Corps.

We give a testimony as it comes to us from the front.

An Iron-worker says:—

"For upwards of twenty years I was a great drunkard, and although I was earning good wages my poor wife for seventeen years frequently got nothing at all from me, and wretchedness and misery, cursing and swearing was our daily dish. Before I came here I worked at Jarrow for five months, where I had £2 a week, and *during all that time my wife only had ten shillings from me.* What I did not spend in drink, I lost in horse-racing, gambling, pitch and toss, and other miserable ways; but thank God, the Hallelujah lasses came to Consett, curiosity took me to see them, and my heart was touched. I went backward and forward for about a week and then yielded to the strivings of God's spirit, and I now rejoice in a sin-pardoning God, this last eighteen weeks, and more than that. I can rejoice that the Lord has saved my wife and two sons since then. Glory be to His holy name."

Sister Jackson's address, 36, Sherbourne Terrace, Consett.

"**Heathen England**" must not be forgotten. Many of our people have not yet seen it. Remember, if you want to be well up in the history and work of the Mission, and to know something of the life of the General, that is the book for you. Only one shilling—for two shillings you have a beautiful book.

Boston.—I am glad to tell you the winds are blowing and our mill is going. Hallelujah. While Sister Jones was singing, at the Cross "There is room," a great big sinner fell on his knees crying out for mercy. He was not at the Cross long before he got up singing, "Oh, the Blood of Jesus." He said he had been looking for it for a long time, "But, bless God, I have got it now." He comes miles every night to our meetings.

A young man fell on his knees, weeping and crying for mercy. His cries were heart-rending. There was quite a battle, but Jesus gained the victory; and he got up singing, "Jesus saves me now." He says now, "When I was serving the devil I had hardly any clothes on my back, that is how the devil served me; but Jesus has given me a lot." He says, "I have fought many a battle for the devil. I have been in a dancing room, and been kicked down stairs, and I have got scars all over my body. That is serving the devil; but I love Jesus now, and I mean to work for Him." Oh, may God keep him faithful.

One dear woman fell on her knees, weeping, and saying she was too big a sinner for Jesus to save; but, bless God, as soon as she gave up all she found a great Saviour.

One dear young man was deeply convinced, and he went home and cried for mercy. Soon he found peace, and he comes up now to the open air, and prays and speaks beautifully. Glory be to God. Money and tracts thankfully received by, yours in the battle field,
 EMILY J. HALL,
 12, Foster Street, Bargate, Boston.

Aberdare.—Again we are without English report, nevertheless the two following instances have reached us. We give the converts' own words:—

An Infidel.—"Dear Mrs. Shepperd,—On Sunday, the 7th September, I got up like a dog from his kennel, and went out to look for beer, and got home drunk about eight o'clock in the morning and went to bed. I got up and went out, but I had no money to get more beer. Thank God for it! I then heard that there were women preaching in the hall, and I went there. I was deeply convicted, but I went home unconverted. I went again Monday night, and they were singing that little hymn, "I do believe that Jesus died for me," and Mrs. Shepperd asked all that believed to hold up their hands, and I showed Mrs. Shepperd my hand, and gave God my heart; and I am a happy man ever since, and my wife has had the same blessing, thank God. I may add that I was an infidel before Mrs. Shepperd came to Aberdare, but I now mean to fight for Jesus as long as I live.—J. H."

"Honoured and respected General,—Considering it my bounden duty to my captain and her subordinates (Mrs. Shepperd and daughters) and also to my fellow sinners that are journeying the broad road of ruin the same as I have been, to pen you these few lines to tell you of my conversion. I have been working in the Rhondda Valley this three years, and coming over here (to Aberdare) I heard of Mrs. Shepperd, and as everybody was going to hear her of course I went the same, and not only to hear her but to make fun of her. I went three or four times just the same; but I went home one evening and asked myself if they (the converts) get such pleasure in the love of Christ, the same pleasure is in store for me if I only give Him my heart; but which way I did not know, for I have been a dreadful sinner: cursing and swearing, fighting and drinking, lying and slandering is what I have been brought up to, and the fact is I have always scorned God and His children, and neither cared for God, man, or devil. But O what a change since that night I put that question to myself! I went on my bended knees, and asked God to open my eyes, and show me my folly. He did so, and I got the love of Jesus Christ, and gave Him my heart shortly afterwards, and O what joy, O what pleasure, is it to live for Christ! However much I do it seems not half enough in the cause of Christ, and Christ's work is going steadily and surely along here at Aberdare, for between the Mission and other denominations I am sure there are over one thousand conversions since the Christian Mission have come

here, and may God in His infinite mercy bless you and Mrs. Shepperd and daughters for ever thinking of coming to Aberdare, if it was only to rescue me from damnation.

"Your obedient brother in Christ,
 "OLIVER CROMWELL."

Bethnal Green.—The meeting after Boxing Day was a good one—only now and then we get a better. Life and Liberty all over everybody. No restraint, no reserve, one or two good cases of salvation. And last Sunday the force showed up well. A pleasing case: there is a young Jew who seems likely to prove a useful fellow. People who want to know about lasting work should call in at Bethnal Green. Should go out with their band. Should see them face a drunken rowdy, or a bitter east wind, or a fussy policeman. Bethnal Green should hold its head high and go forward—faster.

1879 has opened well. One of the most pleasing circumstances we have to record is the continued increase of the most pressing and urgent invitations and requests to open stations in new districts. We wish we could respond in every case by sending an evangelist the next day. But we cannot. Wait a bit. **We are coming** North, South, East, and West. Let it be known and understood and published without fear that we are coming to see and conquer in the name and by the power of our all-conquering Captain, King, and Christ. *Give us time.*

"**The Pigeon-Shop**" is selling, but not half so fast as it deserves. Have all our readers secured it? It is one of the kind of books that if you once start reading you cannot stop till you have finished. Only 2d. Get it from the evangelist at once, read it, and lend it.

East Hartlepool.—The following from somebody there is a good specimen; we give it as we received it:—

"Dear Brother,—I would like this in your monthly. **A swearing man made happy,—I am him.** Oh, Lord, I do heartily thank Thee for what Thou hast done for me: Thou hast set me on the Rock of Ages and freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sins. I thank God that He ever spared me to make this confession before the world! Bless His Holy Name, for what He has done for me, He can do for all the world if you will but believe. I have been happier since I joined the noble Army than I have ever been through life, glory to Jesus! and may He keep me safe.—Praising His Holy Name to the end, I am, yours in Christ.—G. M."

Plymouth.—We are advancing and planting the flag of King Jesus in the very midst of the enemy's camp. But Satan was determined we should not have it all our own way here. His followers have been mustering all their forces against us by overcrowding the meetings and trying to disturb the congregation by laughing and talking and otherwise trying to attract their attention. But Satan has been defeated in this, for some of his leaders have fallen into our hands and many others are under deep conviction.

We had a glorious Christmas and Watch-night. Hall packed; hundreds outside, and to get in they pulled down the door. But God was powerfully present, and numbers fell at the feet of Jesus and obtained salvation, and we had a blessed victory. First Sunday in the New Year open air. Good all day. 7 a.m. prayer-meeting; Spirit of God was present. 10.30 a hundred consecrated themselves and took the sacrament. It was a time of great blessing. 2.30, experience meeting. **One hundred spoke in thirty minutes.** It was grand. 6.30, I preached; had liberty. Sinners fell in all directions and many got saved. This was the greatest day Plymouth ever saw. Hallelujah. All is well. Pray for us."

10, Hobart Street, Stonehouse,
 Plymouth.

JAMES DOWDLE.

"**Practical Religion.**"—Just out. Containing all Mrs. Booth's printed papers, together with others on "Hot Saints," "Conscience," "The uses of Trial,"

"Aggression and Prevailing Prayer." Friends have long wanted to have these articles bound together in a convenient form. This is done, and the volume can be had of the evangelists at any station for one shilling, in stiff paper covers, and two shillings, beautifully bound in cloth.

Cheap Books we find our people will read, and we are not sorry, and we therefore decided, as we have opportunity, to supply them with good spiritual literature at low rates. See books named on cover—all are good and at much less than published prices.

Millwall.—We were very pleased on the last night of the old year at this station. Five spoke during the meeting, who were saved that day twelve months, and three who had been saved within the previous ten days. Here is a band of young folks who for plod and pluck and ability to stand being suffocated, can't very easily be matched. Go on. Millwall ought to produce a whole regiment of evangelists very soon. There is a Hallelujah Banjo at this station, which is useful.

Whitechapel.—A wonderful spirit of prayer prevails here. The Christmas and New Year's meetings were much blessed, especially the *Watch-night Service*. The year opened with joy amidst a scene of salvation. God's people shouting their watchword for 1879, "Mighty to Save," while backsliders fell at Jesus' feet, and sinners hastened home.

The following Sunday was a remarkable day. Congregations much larger. Nine souls. Offerings £4.

The Holiness Meetings have been wonderful times just lately, the presence and power of God gloriously manifest. Last Friday we had some real, straight testimonies, and several fell down seeking the blessing, and one sinner cried for the mercy he soon found.

The Porch wants help, notwithstanding the Hallelujah pluck and self-sacrificing help of some, together with the concertina.

Singing David went off to Felling with a shout from Aldgate; about a hundred of our folks sang to the station.

5, Mount Street, Whitechapel Road.

T. BLANDY.

Poplar is rising. The Happy Coachman seems to be happier than ever. The first Sunday in the year was a good day. Fair congregations, though not full. Four souls; offerings £1 6s. 6d.; about forty testimonies after the meeting at night. 1879 ought to prove a high year for Poplar. The open air is not neglected, but it needs more rank and file. Brethren and sisters, come up.

Limehouse.—We hear most encouraging accounts of the work here. Some have been confessing their ease in Zion, and awaking to new energy and effort. That will do. There have been some good cases lately. Here are one or two:—

A Roman Catholic.—This young woman was brought up a Roman Catholic. She came to our meeting through curiosity, and felt she would like to come again; but she was very light in the meetings, and when I went to speak to her about her soul, she would laugh at me, and say she did not belong to our religion, until one night after I had done speaking, as I went down the hall I saw her down on her knees crying. I just bent over and spoke a few words to her, when she got up and came right out, and God set her soul free. She has a lot of persecution to put up with, but as she said to me the other day she was determined to stand the storms. The Lord bless her!

The Old Ship Keeper.—This old man, who is nearly 70 years old, had been to our meetings several times, and at last I found him in deep distress, caused by something said, reminding him of a fall he had overboard, and his deliverance by laying hold of a chain that was hanging from the ship. I explained, that as he laid hold of the chain, and was saved from a watery grave, so by faith, he was to lay hold of Christ, the Spiritual chain, which God had let down from heaven to keep him from sinking into hell. He said, "Is that it?" "Yes;" and he believed and was saved. He is going on well.

Poor Uncle.—This dear man has been a **slave**. He came into our Hall on Christmas Day morning, where he was invited by a gentleman to come and take dinner at our home along with seventeen other poor people. A day or so before, a Christian gentleman, who had been to our meetings several times, came to me and said, he should like to share his Christmas dinner with some of my poor people, and my wife was to get it ready at our house; so all arrangements were made, and it was to be ready at one o'clock. To this dinner Uncle was asked to come, and was led to our tea meeting on Boxing Day, where God set his poor captive soul free; and oh, to have seen him dance, shout, and cry for joy, it would have made you shout hallelujah. But Uncle was not content with being saved himself, but like Andrew, when he had found the Saviour, went to fetch his brother. So poor Uncle, on Sunday, brought a **brother darkey**, whom God took hold of and saved, and when Uncle knew that God had saved his brother, he caught him round the neck while big tears ran down his black face for joy, and to one of the sisters who was by him, he said, putting his hand to his heart, **Jesus saved me twice over. Oh, Hallelujah.**

The cottage prayer-meeting held weekly is useful. A father, son, and son's wife recently saved. This kind of meeting should be used more all over the Mission, and need never clash with other services.

The address is, JOSEPH FOSTER,
96, Locksley Street, Limehouse.

Foole.—Ought to have been reported at length, but we are full sooner than we anticipated. The work prospers—and it will prosper. Captain Wood gives some good stories of Salvation. More next month.

Croydon has been a month without a captain. Some *sharp shooting* is reported, and Brother Whitworth, from Sheffield, is now in command. God bless him! and raise up the handful of corn still found at Croydon.

Mr. Ballington Booth is at Bolton. He has been at Coventry, where they had "thirteen souls and then lost count, for they fell all over the factory."

At Wellingboro' he had two nights, and we hear, made some straight remarks which didn't suit everybody. Not a bad sign. He is going to Wellingboro' again.

At Leicester God signally blessed them. Wonderful Watch-night, and twenty-six souls on the Sunday. We shall give some account of his doings in Lancashire next month. The fiddle does good service.

Sick List.—Sister L. Agar is very unwell, and away from work resting. Mrs. Dowdle was taken ill after preaching last Sunday, and, though better, is still very poorly indeed. Brother Fleming, at Burnley, is getting better, but is still an invalid. Bro. Roe has also been very ill, but is better, and has been carried in and out to his meetings in a chair. Sisters Hockey, Hesseltine, and Dexter, and Bro. Jackson are better and at work again.

Hackney is steadily advancing, and Brother Richardson ought to take courage and push on. Congregations much larger. Really powerful open-air meetings. Let them be rejoicing about this sound of abundance of rain.

South Shields is going ahead. Both places still used Sundays. Captain Eliza Milner and Annie Newsome are there. They had some trouble with rowdies. Sunday night they burnt pepper in the theatre and injured the service, but our people can stand pepper.

Wellingboro'.—Brother Davey reports good meetings. Open air improving. Full on Sundays, as usual. Arrangements about completed to wipe the debt off—and we must go in for enlarging at once.

Wolverhampton.—The rioting, and summoning, and disorderly conduct have, at any rate, made us widely known here. Both halls are crowded to excess; every inch of standing room being also occupied. Order is somewhat restored, and we will take care that it is both restored and maintained. Let that be understood. Men and women are being smitten and saved. Many are

under conviction ; and we hope to hear of a breakdown at our Sister's Farewell meetings—for they are making way for Brother and Sister Hanson to take the command ; they have indeed done daring service and carried this salvation war into the devil's own quarters in that town.

OUR COMRADES IN HEAVEN.

EMMMA WOOD, of Leicester, has passed away, at the age of seventeen, triumphant, to the skies. About Easter, 1877, the Spirit took mighty hold of her in the Salvation Warehouse, and she was soundly converted and joined what is called in Leicester "The Salvation Lot."

Consumption took deep hold of her frame, and for the last six months of her life she was only able to get to the meetings once or twice. But still she held on to God, and the religion which she had embraced enabled her to rejoice in the midst of all her pain. As we visited her from time to time, we found her faith got stronger and stronger. A short time before she passed away, she said to me when I was leaving her, "*Tell the friends at the Warehouse to live near to God. It is so sweet on the bed of sickness.*"

A few minutes before she breathed her last, she sang as only a dying saint can sing,—

"Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the Light ;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears, nor any dying."

She fell asleep on the 5th of November, 1878, and we had a real Mission funeral on Saturday, November 9th. We met in Russell Square at two o'clock, had a short service, and formed in procession and sang about half a mile to the house where the dead body of our dear sister lay.

About two hundred of our members went in procession to the cemetery, besides a great number of other friends. The chapel was crowded, and the services solemn.

When we got outside the cemetery gates we formed a mighty procession, and sang right through the town to Humberstone Gate, where we formed a big Mission ring, and had an experience meeting. Hallelujah !

May her mother and father, who are among our best and truest soldiers, together with all the other members of the Corps, meet her in heaven. Amen !

WM. FAWCETT.

P.S.—It was Brother Barritt, not Burrett, whose career and entrance into heaven we recorded last month. But they had his name right in the "Lamb's Book of Life," though it was incorrectly printed in the SALVATIONIST.

THE WELSH COUNCIL OF WAR.

WHILST we go to press, our Council of War in Merthyr is opening under every sign of the grandest and richest blessing from on High. The crowds which assembled at the Sunday services at the Welsh stations surpassed all previous experience, and more than eighty souls sought salvation. It is quite a novelty to many of us, to take part in services conducted in two languages ; but the same spirit is moving us all continually, whether the language used be English or Welsh, and saints and sinners, both Welsh and English, are being drawn nearer to God, and the hearts of our warriors, male and female, are being fired more than ever for the conflict. Look out for a full and detailed account.

Meanwhile we are thankful to have so much good news pouring in from all parts of the country, assuring us that victory is becoming more general and more overwhelming every day. As we gather, time after time, to take sweet counsel together, there is but one conviction, which grows upon us each more and more, that it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom, to give us all the kingdom of peace and joy and righteousness within, and all the kingdom of power to subdue the wickedness without. Thy kingdom come !