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Others trained by the Mission in evangelistic labours who have also become Ministers or otherwise wholly employed in the Lord's work	—	83	—
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OPENED 1878.—Sunderland, Jarrow, Felling, North and South Shields, Gateshead, Blaydon, Spennymoor, Consett, Bishop Auckland, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, Shildon, Bedlington, Blyth, Wolverhampton, Rochdale, Manchester, Choppington, Boston, Houghton-le-Spring, Rotherham, Burnley, Barnsley, Kendal, Seaham Harbour, Southwick, Lancaster, Accrington, Pickering, Whitehaven, Ramsbottom, Aberdare, Plymouth, Abergavenny, Over Darwen, Runcorn, Mexbro', Attercliffe, Coventry, Dudley, Northwich, Dowlais, Newport, Mountain Ash, Merthyr-Tydvil, Salisbury, Tredegar, Poole.

The above figures need no comment to show how gloriously God has helped us this year.

THE SALVATION ARMY * LITERARY DEPARTMENT INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

THE

SALVATIONIST,

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE

CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE,

BEING THE ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY.

A Record of Work for God and the People.

EDITED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

"And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great multitude believed, and turned unto the Lord."—ACTS xi. 21.

VOLUME XI.—1879.

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WILLIAM BOOTH, 272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.

PREFACE.

THE year described in the volume of THE SALVATIONIST which we now complete must ever be memorable, not only in the history of the Salvation Army, but in the history of Salvation.

No one can read these pages without observing how much progress has been made, not merely in the way of added numbers, but especially in returning more and more to the ancient simplicity and power and experience of the people of God. More of the mind of Christ, and more of the world's contempt and hatred. More miracles of salvation, and more persecution. Deeper draughts of the living water, and more widespread and mighty upheavings of society.

Wherever this volume goes, to the end of time, and no matter what may become of the soldier-writers who made it, it will be an irresistible testimony to "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever," "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," and both determined and "able to subdue all things unto Himself."

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THE SALVATIONIST.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

OUR NEW NAME.

ONLY the name—the same old friend, neither altered in dress or person, bringing the same message at the same intervals—only a more expressive appellation, and a more descriptive one, for in deed and truth has not our paper always been an exponent, advocate, and record of Salvation.

We are a Salvation people—this is our speciality—getting saved and keeping saved, and then getting somebody else saved, and then getting saved ourselves more and more, until full salvation on earth makes the heaven within, which is finally perfected by the full salvation without, on the other side the river.

We are not the only salvation people in the world. What a pity it would be if we were! There must be many more, both nigh at hand and far away, people who believe, as we believe, in the damnation of hell and the peril which unsaved men are hourly in of falling into it, and of the opportunity God gives of deliverance; and who, therefore, go about night and day, not necessarily in the way we do, but still they do go about in season and out of season, giving men little rest because they won't flee from the wrath to come, and who, when they do get a poor sinner saved, make great glee and rejoicing over him, and make him a Salvationist like themselves. Oh, yes, there are other fools and madmen in the world besides us, and in this we rejoice, wish them God speed with all our hearts; but we rejoice, also, that we are Salvationists ourselves.

WE BELIEVE IN SALVATION! We believe in the old-fashioned salvation. We have not developed and improved into Universalism, Unitarianism, or Nothingarianism, or any other form of infidelity, and we don't expect to. Ours is just the same salvation taught in the Bible, proclaimed by Prophets and Apostles, preached by Luther and Wesley, and Whitfield, sealed by the blood of martyrs—the very same salvation which was purchased by the sufferings and agony and blood of the Son of God.

We believe the world needs it, this and this alone will set it right. We want no other nostrum—nothing new. We are on the track of the old apostles. You don't need to mix up any other ingredients with the heavenly remedy. Wound and kill with the old sword, and pour in the old balsam, and you will see the old result—*Salvation.* The world needs it. The worst man that ever walked will go to heaven if he obtain it, and the best man that ever lived will go to hell if he misses it. Oh, publish it abroad!

There is a hell. A hell as dark and terrible as is the description given of it by the lips of Jesus Christ, the truthful. And into that hell men are departing hour by hour. While we write men are going away into everlasting punishment. While we eat and drink, and sleep and work, and rest, men are going where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched. Can anything be done? Can they be stopped? Can drunkards, harlots, thieves, the outcasts of the Church and of society be saved? In theory many will

answer, "Yes;" but in experience they must confess they have no knowledge of such things.

Look again, perhaps the more apalling aspect of mankind is its bondage. How devils and devilish habits rule it, and oh, with what an iron yoke. Ask the drunkards, blasphemers, gamblers, thieves, harlots, money getters, pleasure seekers. Ask them one and all. Ask the question "Can the power of these habits be broken? Can these fiends be expelled? Can those do good who have been accustomed all their lives to do evil?" Speak up! Press your question—"Can these poor creatures, captive, be delivered? Saved from sinning, saved into holy living, and triumphant dying? Saved now?" The desponding answer will be "Impossible!" Ask multitudes of professing Christians and they will fear it is impossible. Ask the Salvationist, and the answer will be from both theory and experience, that the vilest and worst can be saved to the uttermost, for all things are possible to Him that believeth.

What is the use of a doctor who cannot cure, a life-boat that cannot reach and rescue, an overseer who cannot relieve. And what would be the value of a Saviour who was not good and gracious, and strong enough to save the vilest and worst, and to save him as far as he needs. But our Redeemer is mighty to save. Hold the standard high. Let us tell the world of the blood and fire.

II. We Have Salvation.—This paper is the mouthpiece of a people who boldly say so. In this respect with us, the trumpet gives no uncertain sound. Many there are who postpone all the certain, enjoyable, realisable part of religion to the next state—to the coming hereafter. But we believe in salvation here and now; we believe in feeling, knowing, and partaking here on earth of the leaves of the tree of life, which are for the healing of the nations. Drinking of the river of the water of life which flows from the throne of God. Eating the flesh, and drinking the blood of the Son of God, and being healed, and changed, and blessed, and filled with the glory of God, and the peace and purity, and power of salvation. We want it *now!* And we want to know we have it, while we struggle and suffer, and fight, and sacrifice, and die; we want the comforting, sustaining, girdling, upholding arms of Jehovah consciously around us, bearing us up, and making us feel glad and strong in the strength of the mighty God of Jacob. We need it and we have it. There are think-so Christians, and there are hope-so Christians, and there are know-so Christians; thank God we belong to the know-so people—we know we are saved. And why not? Enoch had the testimony that he pleased God. Job knew that his Redeemer lived. John knew that he had passed from death unto life. Paul knew that when his earthly house was destroyed, he had a building in the heavens. And we know in whom we have believed, and the Spirit answers to our faith, and testifies in our hearts that we are the children of God.

My brethren, if you have salvation you are sure of it. Not because at the corner of the street or from the stage of the theatre you have *heard* it preached. Not because you have *read* with your eyes, or heard read by others in that wonderful book, the wonderful story of the love of God to you. Not because you have seen with your eyes transformations of character wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost; changes as marvellous, as miraculous, as divine, as any that ever took place in Apostolic or any other days.

These things may have led up to it. But these things, wonderful as they may be, have not power to make you sure of your part and lot in the matter

of salvation. Flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but God Himself, by His Spirit, has made this known.

III. Our Work is Salvation.—We believe in salvation, and we have salvation. We are not mere sentimentalists or theory people; we publish what we have heard and seen and handled and experienced of the word of life and the power of God. We aim at salvation. We want this and nothing short of this, and we want this right off. My brethren, my comrades, soul saving is our avocation, the great purpose and business of our lives. Let us seek first the kingdom of God, let us be Salvationists indeed.

God being our helper, this paper shall answer to its name, early and late, whether men are pleased or angry, whether they will read and bless, or reject and curse, it shall know no purpose short of the rescue of a dying world, and no meaner message than the announcement of a *present, free, and full Salvation.*

And, my brethren, my comrades, you too bear a name, an honoured, sacred name, and you must answer in purpose and character to the name of the great Salvationist. You must have the self-sacrificing, soul-seeking spirit of Jesus Christ, or you are none of His. Then you, too, must be a Salvationist.

Look at this. Clear your vision. Halt, stand still as the new year draws nigh, and afresh and more fully apprehend and comprehend your calling. *You* are to be a worker together with God for the salvation of your fellow-men. Stop a bit. Don't hurry away. What is the business of your life? Not merely to save your soul—win the bread that perisheth not and make yourself meet for Paradise? If it was so, if this were all, would it not be an ignoble and selfish lot for which to toil, and suffer, and pray, and die, and would it not be as unlike the Master's as could well be conceived of? No, you are to be a redeemer, a saviour, a copy of Jesus Christ himself. So wake up all the powers of your being, my brothers, and consecrate every awakened power to the great end of saving them. Be a Salvationist.

Rescue the perishing. There they are all around you everywhere, crowds upon crowds, multitudes. Be skilful. Improve yourself. Study your business.

Be self-sacrificing. Remember the Master. What you lose for His sake, and for the sake of the poor souls for whom He died, you shall find again. Stick to it. Having put your hand to the salvation plough, don't look behind you.

Oh, for a brave year. We shall have one, and you will fight and drive the foe, and rescue the prey, and we will enter the record of the multitudes rescued and saved and sanctified and safe landed in glory in the pages of the *Salvationist*.

William Booth.

GENERAL ORDER AS TO OUR THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

THE General has been most thankful for the hearty and enthusiastic reception met with by his proposal, that all who have been blessed through the instrumentality of the Christian Mission, should make a thank-offering to assist the Army to advance farther and farther.

But in view of the dreadful and increasing distress prevailing in all parts of the country, he feels that it would not be wise for this effort to be made

at this time, or until every arrangement had been made to secure the attainment of the desired object; that is to say, a fund entirely separate from and not in the least interfering with the finances of each corps.

No further action will, therefore, be taken in this matter until the issue of another order on the subject.

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Others trained by the Mission in evangelistic labours who have also become Ministers or otherwise wholly employed in the Lord's work	—	83	—
Services held in the open air weekly ...	208	645	437
Services in Theatres, Music Halls, large warehouses, and other buildings weekly	272	792	520
The services held were at the annual rate of	25,000	75,000	50,000

STATIONS 1877.—Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Limehouse, Millwall, Poplar, Hackney, Canning Town, Stoke Newington, Plaistow, Hammersmith, Croydon, Barking, Chatham, Hastings, Ninfield, Portsmouth, Wellingbro', Cardiff, Leicester, Bradford, Leeds, Middlesbro', Whitby, Stockton, East and West Hartlepool.

OPENED 1878.—Sunderland, Jarrow, Felling, North and South Shields, Gateshead, Blaydon, Spennymoor, Consett, Bishop Auckland, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, Shildon, Bedlington, Blyth, Wolverhampton, Rochdale, Manchester, Choppington, Boston, Houghton-le-Spring, Rotherham, Burnley, Barnsley, Kendal, Seaham Harbour, Southwick, Lancaster, Accrington, Pickering, Whitehaven, Ramsbottom, Aberdare, Plymouth, Abergavenny, Over Darwen, Runcorn, Mexbro', Attercliffe, Coventry, Dudley, Northwich, Dowlais, Newport, Mountain Ash, Merthyr-Tydvil, Salisbury, Tredegar, Poole.

The above figures need no comment to show how gloriously God has helped us this year.

But we want every eye throughout the Army, to observe a few important facts which demand attention, in connection with all this progress.

The increase in speakers, 1,287, is very great for one year, especially as only those are returned who were found "*willing to speak outside at any time*," and that in the depth of winter. But it is even more satisfactory to us to know, that whilst 1,126 speakers have been raised up where there was no Mission at all this time last year, 161 new speakers have been made at the old stations, which is *an addition of nearly one-fourth* to the 700 reported at the end of 1877.

And as there are of course very few speakers as yet at many of the newest stations, we might be able, with the most ordinary diligence, to double the number before another year ends.

The number attending the Sunday morning prayer-meeting, on a bitterly cold winter's morning, is certainly pleasing, especially as some twelve of the newest stations had no meeting, thus showing an average of some 25 each for the 70 which had,—being more people than can be found in many a larger "sanctuary" at a week night service. But we should not like to publish the numbers present at some stations, and prefer to say, that if all did as well as some, the number present would be 16,000. Let it be so another year!

In the number of stations there only appears an increase of fifty-one, because two of the smaller places recently opened are not counted, and three small stations in existence last winter namely, Stratford, St. Leonards, and South Stockton are closed. Thus the number of new stations formed during the year is actually fifty-eight, or within two of being double the number existing last year!

Similarly there only appears an increase of ninety-one evangelists, whereas one hundred and four have been appointed during the year, thirteen places left vacant by death or marriage or otherwise having had to be filled up. How many people are there we wonder, up and down, who hear the voice of God urging them to go, but who have not been willing as yet? The harvest truly is plenteous, but the *labourers* are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will thrust out more LABOURERS into His harvest.

It is a grand fact, that in a time of such dreadful destitution and misery everywhere, we have not merely had means sufficient to keep up the work at the old stations, but to advance so very boldly, and that we have so good a return as to the offerings of the people everywhere.

We have unmistakable tangible proof that tens of thousands of people have this year been so blessed as to contribute gladly and liberally, even when they scarcely knew where their next shilling was to come from, towards the support of the work. We intend, however, to publish our balance sheet and statements, showing the amount expended on each station during the year in the next Magazine, and will then dwell on these financial questions further.

"THE HOUR OF PRAYER."

From "Word and Work."

TO one accustomed to the quiet and unobtrusive prayer-meetings of Aldersgate or Lombard Streets, the "porch meeting," as it is called, held daily at 272, Whitechapel Road, presents a contrast which is far from pleasing. First of all, the meeting is deprived of all semblance of privacy through being held just

within the entrance of the Christian Mission Hall, in full sight of the passing crowds, who gather round the door, some to mock, others to listen in mingled wonder and pity for the "poor deluded enthusiasts," as they consider those who take part in the meeting, whilst a few are courageous enough to press through the throng and take their seat inside the doorway. Then, in place of the sober manner and language which characterise most other meetings, we here have shouting, crying, and noisy praying, accompanied by the boldest denunciation of sin which words or gesture can convey.

But whilst it is necessary to draw attention to such matters—which many true Christians will be certain to condemn—in order to convey a correct idea of these gatherings to the general reader, it is equally important to look at the other side of the question, and see whether there is not much in the surroundings of the meeting and its associations demanding extraordinary means for attaining its object.

As regards the latter, it should at once be stated that the avowed aim of the meeting is to win souls for Christ. This must be borne in mind, as the object of most of the existing prayer-meetings, whatever may have been the thought of their original promoters, seems to be the strengthening of those who are already in the "way of peace," rather than the ingathering of the unsaved. In most of these, we regret to say, there is only a small probability of a stranger receiving a kind word of recognition and inquiry; but at the Christian Mission this is completely reversed, for, like Paul before King Agrippa, there is no escaping the direct, personal appeal, "Believest *thou* the prophets?"

Then there is something to be said respecting the peculiarities of the dwellers in Whitechapel, and other parts of the East-end, owing to the lack of education and culture, as well as their habits of life, the people, for the most part, require very plain and rudimentary instruction in spiritual things; and in order to arrest their attention, something more striking than mere logic or rhetoric must be brought to bear upon them. Thus it is that the strange announcements in big letters of "converted clowns" and "reformed fighting-men" as preachers, which almost invariably greet the eye outside the Mission Hall, are found to draw large audiences; and abounding evidence exists of the good wrought upon individuals through being thus brought under the sound of the Gospel.

We lately attended this meeting, and were much struck by the earnestness of the men and women who took part therein. It was also most refreshing to see the alacrity—avidity we had almost said—with which strangers who showed the least sign of penitence were kindly spoken to and prayed with at the close of the meeting. One of these, a middle-aged labouring man, whose whole bearing corroborated his assertion that he had entered no place of worship since he left Sunday-school, gave evidence of deep conviction of sin, and strong desire to find rest. He was directed to Christ, as to One who both knew the thorough depravity of his heart, and was able to sympathise with him in his future struggles against sin; and ere long he departed, believing, so he said, in the Lord Jesus as his own precious Saviour.

Another who stayed behind was a young girl, rather neatly dressed, with whom an elderly Christian woman conversed, leading her to see how it was that the holy and just God could justify the ungodly. This young person had been thrust into the meeting against her will by the crowd outside, and conversation revealed that, notwithstanding her respectable exterior, she was leading a life of sin. With much seeming pleasure, a pocket Testament was accepted, and a promise given that she would return in the evening for the Gospel service.

These two cases may be taken as fair samples of the class of people reached by the "porch-meeting" at the Christian Mission; and if by such means some be saved, which can scarcely be doubted, then it is true wisdom to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," and pray that their hands may be strengthened for the arduous work in which they are engaged.

We cannot, however, help thinking that it is a mistake to court such publicity as is described above, and would suggest that the closing of the inner doors during prayer would greatly tend to help the devotions of those inside, whilst it would offer less inducement to the passing crowd for the indulgence of its unseemly propensity to parody the hearty responses of the worshippers.

Of the devotedness and zeal of the supporters of this daily prayer-meeting there need be no misgivings, notwithstanding the peculiar manner in which it is carried out. And surely the purpose they have in view is one which should never be lost sight of by the other gatherings, seeing that Christian experience and the Word of God alike teach that "he that winneth souls is wise."

E. S.

MEXBORO'.

THE wonderful extent to which in a few months' time the whole of this neighbourhood has been laid hold of by "The Jockey and his Wife," may be judged of from the fact that at his first tea no less than 700 people sat down, paying, in these days of scarcity, a shilling each. The following cases of conversion tell something of the spiritual aspects of the work:—

Joe the Volunteer.—"I have been a great sinner, never attending any place of worship; so out of curiosity I went to hear the Jockey. I thought him a very funny chap; but found out he was selling the very thing I wanted. The price suited my pocket, as I had not a penny. He shouted, 'Salvation is free for all. Hallelujah!' I thought, 'Joe, you are included in that all.' I felt very miserable when I left. I thought the whole thing over, and determined to go again. He then gave out a song, 'Hark! the Gospel news is sounding.' I listened very attentively all the time, and stayed to the Prayer Meeting. The Jockey shouted, 'All you that are saved come down here.' I looked round, and found only six on the devil's side. I jumped up, and never told the devil I was going, and plunged over head in the fountain, and came up again a happy man The devil paid me a visit the next day by sending the bailiff. He was coming out with the things when an angel of mercy met him in the doorway with a sovereign. I feel very happy, and am determined, by God's help, to fight under the banner of King Jesus, until the victory shall crown what grace has begun. I have signed the pledge. J."

"I was one of the greatest novel and penny-a-liner readers in Mexboro', when the Jockey one day met me in an old quarry, and began to talk to me on religious topics. We began to argue a bit, and of course the devil got pinned, as he always does when Christ takes him in hand. I went to the theatre at night, and after a hard struggle with the devil, I, through Christ, defeated him Hallelujah! I am known now in Mexboro' as the 'Happy Fish-lad.' W."

"I was a backslider for thirteen years. It was through drink I fell back; but oh! what a miserable life to live. I could not sleep half my time. I could not forget God, for He strove with me wherever I went. I was led by my son, who has given his heart to God, to go and hear the Jockey. But thinking, like many more, he was money-making—it was a trick of the old devil—I went one night, and the Spirit strove with me so powerfully that I got up and went out, came back again, and then the devil told me that the people would laugh at me. I went home, but I got no sleep that night; and I gave my heart to God the next night. Praise the Lord for what He has done for me! I was a great smoker until Sister Wilson came to Mexboro', and she spoke of the evils it led to; so I threw the tobacco and the pipe into the fire. Now I have laid all on the altar. Glory be to God! and, by the Grace of God, I mean to fight for King Jesus. Hallelujah."

"I was told that a man and his wife was preaching and singing in the market-place on Saturday night, and I came home and told my wife, and I said, 'I am going to hear them this afternoon if the devil be in the way.' Well, I came by the help of God on Sunday afternoon, and I came again at night, and yielded to God's Holy Spirit. And ever since I gave my heart to God my meat and drink is to do the will of my God." (This Brother's wife is saved too.)

The Converted Navvy.—"Jesus Christ pardoned my sins. I went in wild,

and I said that I would have a first-class seat. Sometimes the devil is as bold as a lion; but God's Spirit took hold of me and saved my soul, and I can stand up and testify that I am a sinner saved by grace, and I want all the navvies in the world to know. E. B."

And so thank God millions at any rate shall.

Garden Street, Mexboro'. ROE AND HIS WIFE.

CONSETT.

THERE has been a long and vigorous correspondence on the work in the *Consett Guardian* for some weeks. We content ourselves with extracting the following from the letter of one, signing himself "A lover of God's work."

A Night With The Hallelujah Army.

To the Editor of the "Consett Guardian."

"DEAR SIR,—I visited 'The Hallelujah Salvation Army' last Saturday night, in the Town Hall. The latter was filled with people, as usual. However, I managed to obtain a seat in the gallery for a short time. The Army was cheering themselves with song. My soul soon became animated with love. The Scripture declaration was brought vividly before my mind of John the Baptist's days when on earth, of the people that sat on the borders of Zebulon and Napthali, and in the valley of the *Shadow of Death* saw a great light, and in them is the *light of life sprung* up. I soon became sensitive that there was a greater spirit than the prophet in our midst, and was glad to see how valiantly the recruits stood by the blood-stained banner of the cross, and defended it from the attack of the enemy. We were soon made sensitive of 'Anti-Humbug's' presence, and 'Civis,' who was also supposed to be present. I think they would feel their position keenly, and would have enough to do to refuse the kind invites they got occasionally. I had read their letters, and the impression was—except you become as a little child you cannot see the kingdom of God. The new *birth* seems to be required, and then I think their talents would be made useful in another sphere. I felt it good to be there, as well as some others who were with me, as it was quite evident their weapons were not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan. Their leader seemed to be greatly favoured by the earnest appeal of love she was constrained to deliver to the audience, for she spoke with authority, and not as a scribe. I may go further—that is, more like the mouthpiece of the unctions of the Divine spirit, for the power of God was over all. Many testified that it was good to be there. My heart was filled to overflowing to see so many faces beaming with devotion and joy, and were as new creatures. What a contrast now with many, who, a few weeks ago were more like demons in human shape, so degrading is the thraldom of sin to live in. And now they appear to have the reflecting image of their Divine Master. Truly, this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. We were made more glad when we were informed that upwards of fifty had surrendered during the week. Truly, Consett is a highly favoured place! I do hope that the recruits will be faithful to secret prayer. See instructions—'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut thy door, and pray to thy Father in secret, and thy Father which seeth thee in secret will reward thee openly.' You see the promise in this; they are yea and amen for ever. This is the source of the power that enquiry seems to be made about by some. You will realise the faith that works by love to the purifying of the heart increase, as well as be rooted and grounded in Emanuel's love. Methinks volumes could be written on the effects of secret prayer."

Never did I witness such a scene as I did on December 1. When we closed our Meeting at night, we went in for a good hot prayer-meeting. We began singing that good old hymn, 'Do you think I will make a Christian Mission hero?' And while singing it, the power of God came down, and 43 fell at the foot of the cross and cried for mercy; and God set their captive souls at liberty. Praise His name.

Yours in the Army,

LOUISE AGAR & ELIZABETH JACKSON.

36, Sherburne Terrace, Consett, Durham.

The Happy Ironworker.—"I was a great sinner. My mother and father prayed for me a long time; but for all this I used to go to nearly every place of amusement that was got up in the district, such as the running-grounds, the theatre, and the pleasure-grounds; there I used to sing songs to amuse the spectators. When the Christian Mission came to Consett, I went with one or two of my companions to hear them preach; but when I got inside I began to scoff and mock, but God laid hold of me, and let me see where I was; and I began to tremble on my seat when one of the Sisters came and asked me if I was saved; but I put it off and told her a lie; but God never gave me peace till I cried, like the publican of old, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and He set me at liberty. I am now 'rolling the old chariot along.'—Yours,

HAPPY ISAAC."

The Happy Clown.—"After leaving the Sunday-school I begun to go to the theatre; and then I had a great desire to be an actor, so I joined the Amateur Dramatic Club, and played the clown character in several well-known pieces. Through that I acquired a great liking for drink, and then might have been seen singing songs to a lot of drunken brawlers like myself every Saturday night. I seldom had money through drinking. I began to gamble, losing my week's wages; I pawned my watch and albert, and then I lost the money, going home without either money, watch, or albert. This is what the devil done for me; but, thank God, since the Christian Mission came to Consett they have been the means of turning me from all my evil ways; and, thank God, I now stand firm on the Rock Christ Jesus."

The Converted Billposter.—"I remember one night coming home from a sailing match, and after falling overboard, being in drink, I came rolling home to my poor wife and child with one sleeve out of my shirt and one sleeve out of my slop. This is what the devil done for me. After this my things was not worth twopence, but still I reckoned myself a respectable drunkard, for I never was drunk above once a day, that was all day long; but in the midst of my madness I received some bills to post, which had on them the Hallelujah Lasses were coming to Consett, and me being the billposter, people asked me who they were. I told them they were an Amazon company coming; but I went to hear them, and they told me that all drunkards would be cast into hell, and all them that forget God. The Hall was crowded, but still it meant me and me alone; these lasses came to me and invited me to come to Jesus, and thank God, I went and wept on my way to Calvary, and now I can sing,

"My robe was made in heaven, the shining realms above,
Composed of rich materials, and lined throughout with love,
Dyed in the blood of Jesus, and edged with purest gold,
It never will wear threadbare, it never will get old.
Sing glory Hallelujah."

SOUTHWICK.

THREE miles from Sunderland, this village of colliers, glassworkers and others, is being shaken by the Almighty hand. A fine hall, seating several hundred people has been secured, and there is a sound of abundance of rain.

Sister Peacock writes: "I shall never forget the first Sunday evening. The power of God came down upon us, and every eye was filled with tears. We had a good congregation. Many were convicted; four came out for salvation, and went away rejoicing. Since then we have had 26 others."

Last Thursday night a dear man, who used to go out with all his money and spend it in drink, came to our meeting. He had been many times, but would not give his heart to God. We prayed to God to make him miserable, and, bless His name, He did; and on Thursday night, after the prayer-meeting began, he came out for God. When I went to him, he said, "Thank God, I believed I was saved from everything while you were talking, but I came out to have a greater victory over the devil." I said, "There is nothing like defeating the devil right out."

Last Sunday evening, as soon as the prayer-meeting began, a great, stout man, who will make a grand soldier for the army, came out, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, and before he could get down on his knees he cried to

God to have mercy on him. He had been a backslider for five years; but I told him no matter how far he had wandered from God, He would take him in. He said, "God knows, I have been a bad one;" but, glory be to God, God healed all his backslidings and sent him on his way rejoicing.

We have got some of the worst men in Southwick, bless the Lord. We get the week night hall full every night, and I believe we are going to have a mighty smash in the devil's kingdom. Bless God, we mean it, and we intend to let the people see that we do. The Lord help us!

Address, 3, Ogel Terrace.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Bradford.—Been singing and sawing, praying and planeing, preaching and making new benches for hall just opened in Gray Street, Manchester Road. This is on the other side of Bradford, and will be worked as a separate station under Bro. Pearson's direction. Capital neighbourhood, and we hear they have had a capital start. Pullan's Theatre is full Sundays as usual, and the soul-saving work goes on. The Lord has made some "clever captures" just lately.

Aberdare has its share this month in the Welch corner. The work goes on mightily. A small hall has been taken at Aberammon, a mile distant, and is being worked by Sister Kate Shepherd at present, leaving Mrs. Shepherd and Sister Pamella to look after Aberdare. The other Sunday morning, as the last hymn was being sung, a man fell down dead in the mill, and immediately one or two sinners ran forward to the penitent-form. It is a wonder we have not more of this sudden visitation. Oh! the boundless patience of the Lord our God. The Sisters have moved into the Mission House. The Temperance Hall is as crowded as ever on Sundays; seats a thousand well.

Dowlais.—Mr. and Mrs. White in command. "Place full every night; scarcely any money; a few souls; some of the members who had left wanting to come back." That's right, pray for Dowlais.

Read the report from **Blackburn.**—Those Lancashire lads and lasses make **A-1** recruits. (One of the cases Lamplough does not mention is **Nip**, the chap who danced on the roof of Col. Jackson's carriage, when it was on fire, till the roof fell in, during the late riots. Thank God, we have got Nip now, and by His help we must keep and use him.) By the way, Lamplough was telling us how one night a **mob** of fellows followed him home, throwing dirt and stones at him all the way. He got into his lodgings, but the rowdies continued the pelting, so he went out to them, without his hat, and said:—"Now then, here I am, what is it you want? Take and do as you like with me." They were awed and silenced. This one man, standing up alone in the teeth of a raging mob, was master, and he poured some red hot truth into them about eternity, and damnation, and salvation, and one by one they went away, leaving him in peace. There has been little open violence in the open air there since. The warehouse will hold 1,200 well.

Stockton.—Reports a great tea, a great success; snow and bitter weather; both the Captains poorly, but good meetings, class especially, and good experiences from the sick beds of some of our dear people. One of the Stockton folks has turned up in London somewhere west, and writes they must have a Mission at once where she has gone to live. But we hear they can't find a suitable hall.

Whitby is evidently on the move. Increased congregations both outside and in, notwithstanding the bitter weather. Getting it hot with cold snowballs outside; but some of the greatest *Torments* have been saved just lately, and they are praying and believing for more. The holiness meetings are times of power. The other night many fell to the ground as the meeting proceeded. One got up and handed Sister Parkins a piece of tobacco, saying, "It's my idol, I'll never touch it again." The Lord open our way to a larger week-night hall. Of course the Congress is still used on Sundays.

Rotherham.—Sisters Atkinson and Gipsy Smith now in charge. They write:—"All hell against them; worst town they were ever in; but God has got hold of many of the vilest, and they are looking for a smash. Crowds follow outside and fill the halls. They are carrying the Blood and Fire into every street. The magistrate, in fining some roughs for disturbing one of their open-air meetings said, 'They were determined to protect these people.'" Good.

A Baptist minister, at a holiness meeting just lately said, that some men were harping on the religion they received forty years ago. He knew of men who were riding that forty-year hobby-horse until it took them to the gates of hell, and then it kicked up and let the riders in.

Sunderland.—The opening of Southwick, a suburb of Sunderland, has in no way weakened us here. Many glorious victories have been won. The visit of the General and Mrs. Booth was much blessed. Colours were presented, and many stirred up to go in might and main for the *Blood and Fire*.

Salisbury.—We hear that the meetings are steadily increasing in power, and the Salvation Stores are still crowded at nearly every service. Sinners submit one by one, and some of the saints have been getting sanctified. It is said the work has gone on with more swing since Brother Allen's death. He was known in Salisbury. Brother Dowdle too paid them a visit about that time. Captain Watts writes that the enemy is as vigorously attacked as ever, but somehow he gets off with most of his wounded. They have been compelled to summons some more young fellows, who were fined for disturbing the meetings. We cannot get the Rink, even when unused, crowded to suffocation as we are.

Merthyr.—Work going on not without plenty of trial, but that will brighten the Crown by and by. One of the brethren said the other evening, referring to the all-night of prayer, "I think after my experience of Thursday morning, if all the world should turn infidels, I could never doubt the power of God. I saw a Brother throwing up his arms (this was a Cornish man, one of the Mountain Ash folks, who was saved in the Pawn Shop there in real Cornish fashion), and I was just asking a Brother sitting by me if he thought that was real, when at that moment God struck me down to the floor and made me feel His power." The friends thought he was in a fit, but it was a mighty baptism from on high.

The coloured girl, who has been an actress, is still there. Can anybody help her with them? She is seventeen years old, and is willing to do anything. Address—Mrs. Sayers, 74, Twynyrodyn.

A class has been formed at Cwfn, small meetings in a house, but some blessed cases of conversion. The terrible temporal distress continues in Merthyr and the district.

Sheffield.—A Cavalry Soldier, who sailed on the following Saturday for India, was our first standard bearer in Sheffield. He carried the colours well aloft, and they looked well in his hands. He was a child of the Mission, saved, I believe, at North Shields. He bore a straightforward testimony for Jesus on our Sheffield platform, and a more straightforward testimony still for total abstinence, when, as our Sheffield report last month testified, he was the only man to step forward out of a hundred men, in response to the enquiry of the commanding officer, as being willing to dispense with the use of intoxicating drink on the voyage out. God bless and use him.

Plymouth.—The following is from a Christian lady in the town:—

"Dear Mr. Booth,—Our souls are rejoicing in the Lord, and so thankful to you for having extended your mission to Plymouth, as there is a glorious work—the Spirit's work going on under Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle—such an

ingathering of souls. I heard lately of a whole family having been brought out—such showers of blessing, life, joy, power. A minister, who is devoted to God and His cause, and who walks with God, and has graciously put his shoulder to the work, has said that the meeting-place seems filled with God's presence.

"Mrs. Dowdle's addresses are *very good*, plain, searching, practical, and Mr. Dowdle is so earnest, zealous, he puts the truth in such a winning, attractive way—the Holy Spirit speaking through him—as brings poor sinners right up to the cross.

"Pray that our friends may have health and strength to continue the work, and may you, my dear Mr. Booth, be more and more blessed in your great mission work as you go forth under the banner of Him whose kingdom shall soon extend from sea to sea, and from the rising of the sun to his going down. Please accept the £1 enclosed for the Mission, from yours sincerely in a precious Redeemer, "———."

Houghton-le-Spring.—This is the latest from Warren :—

"I am happy in the Lord, for He is blessing us in our work. Souls saved every night this last week, and our hall is packed—most nights packed like herrings. There was a man came to our cottage meeting last week the worse for drink, but the Lord took hold of him ; he went home, but could not sleep, and he was forced to get up, and him and his brother came and called me up at 12 o'clock midnight, and we prayed and sang, the power came down, and our brother found peace through the Blood of the Lamb, Glory be to His name. This man got up and told the people he had **only been sober fourteen days in two years,** but he was going to work for Jesus, for Jesus had done much for him.

"Another man was going about on Saturday night, to get up a fight with anyone. He came to our meeting on Sunday evening, and he fought hard for liberty, and he told the people it was the best fight ever he had in his life, for, by the help of Jesus, he gained the victory. This man has paid at different times in the police court, nearly forty pounds as fines for drunkenness, and now he is going to help on the Lord's work.

"Another man, a fearful swearer, and who used to go about sword dancing, now says he can dance for Jesus since He has saved his soul.

"There was a young man who came to upset us ; he tried to disturb our meeting, and came to make game of me and my dear wife ; tried to upset the door-keeper ; but the Lord laid hold of him, and upset him into the fountain where sin and uncleanness is washed away.

"We had seven souls last night, and many of them the worst cases in Houghton. We had a band of men and women in the open air on Sunday, in fourteen inches of snow, speaking for Jesus. If we can get out at all, we do not let the weather stop us. The work is going on well now."

Dudley.—Sister Carter and Robinson are here. The Salvation Chapel crowded, and some blessed cases. Society at present small ; Sunday congregations in the Assembly Rooms keep up well. Conviction and interest deepening. Got some seats at last for the Chapel, through somebody's kindness, thanks, though the absence of these had not hurt the soul-saving very much. Maybe, someday, we shall be able to do without seats altogether, and get all the more people to hear. Sister Hockey who was here, is still on the sick list, though progressing favourably. Pray for her.

Wolverhampton.—Sister Elliott says in one of her latest : "Yesterday the meetings were very noisy with the roughs, and we were not able to go on until we got some police to help keep order. The Temperance Hall was crowded, not standing room in the evening ; there were three found peace in the Blood of the Lamb. Bless His name.

"I have been this morning to appear against the young men who were summoned (for riotous proceedings during the week previous). The magistrate was very good, and they were both fined ; he told them they were liable to pay £5. Last night again, they broke one window, but after the police came they were quiet. We had one real case. Bless the Lord."

Another note, dated later, says : "Just a line to tell you we are having much quieter meetings, and the Lord is working.

"Yours in the Salvation Army of God, E. E. Elliot."

These extracts show the kind of material we are working upon in Wolverhampton. That they come is something, and they do come, night after night ; and notwithstanding a bit of noise and upset, the great majority hear the precious truth from our brave little Sisters Elliott and Haynes, and one by one they are giving in to Jesus who died even for the roughs and infidels of the black country. This has been one of the roughest, rowdiest starts we remember

North Shields.—On Sunday night, the 8th, just as Brother Borrill and his detachment got out of the Northumberland Theatre, the **roof fell in** with a crash. Of course they say the Hallelujah folks did it with singing and praying. Be that as it may, we at once engaged the Oddfellows' Hall, the largest building available, and it will be worked with our own Broadbent Hall. Let the work go on. Here is a striking event forcing attention to our work on the whole town at a stroke—let it be used to the utmost to force attention also, to the Salvation and the Saviour we preach, and the awful falling in of every rotten refuge of lies that is surely coming to the unsaved ones of this town. For some weeks we have been using both the Northumberland and the Broadbent Hall on Sabbath evenings, and they have had streams of rain water, as well as of Salvation in the former! Hallelujah !

The Publicans continue to suffer much on our account. One was heard remarking the other day, at one of the stations "As if times were not bad enough, these folks have come to make them worse." Another at Aberdare was declaring that his takings were £4 a week less since the Salvationists arrived, and now we hear from Tredegar, that a poor man there is complaining that his receipts are also "many pounds less since the Hallelujah Lasses came." *This is as it should be.* May God save them speedily. Cannot a special effort be made for the Salvation of publicans ?

Mountain Ash.—Steadily rising and increasing in numbers and power.

The Salvation Pawn Shop used for week nights, already far too small. Men and women convicted all over the valley. Hundreds going to be saved. Hanson says, "financially very low (nearly everybody is out of work) ; but still we are not fast. Bless God, when the last penny is gone, the Lord sends someone with something, either money or food. Our congregations Sundays, in the Workman's Hall get better, and week nights the same ; but I really don't know where to get a larger place." The worst characters in the place have been saved, and saved in real fashion too. The address is Ffrwd Crescent.

Hanson is doing well in his own soul. He says : "I realize much of the Power of God in my soul, who can fathom the love of God to poor sinners, neither can I describe the love that fills my soul to my blessed Saviour. While I write these lines tears of joy and love are flowing freely. Glory be to God ! Praise His name for ever ! My soul is overflowing !"

Tredegar.—Still crowded to excess, both Sundays and week nights. Some opposition and scorn on the part of the enemy, which seems to help the chariot along. Sisters Haywood and Pick write : "We had a blessed and mighty saving time all day Sunday. Processions good, and at night, while I was speaking in the Temperance Hall, which was very crowded (it will seat a thousand people), one dear man came running down from the gallery to the platform, crying for mercy. I had to stop at once, till he got gloriously saved, and then I finished speaking ; after that, five more came out seeking mercy. One of these declared he had been the worst drunkard in Tredegar, that he starved his wife and children, and his home was like

a little hell. Now it is a little Heaven." That day they had three souls at the 7 o'clock prayer meeting, three in the morning service, and six at night. Offerings, £2 9s. 9d. Some lively correspondence in the local papers has done good here.

Stoke Newington is, we think, the only Station in the Mission having a place to meet in, which has no Sunday morning prayer meeting. How is this?

Whitechapel. — We are making the devil feel we are alive. In the past months bitter weather. Our brethren and sisters have come nobly out to face the foe, and it has been no mean work. We have been *pelted with mud and filth* of every description; our sisters have literally had to turn the other side when *punched in the face; our clothes cut with knives, and pins run into us*, while uplifting the standard of truth to the inhabitants of London. But in the midst of all this, we have had triumph after triumph. Our General paid us a visit on Sunday, 1st December, and was greatly blessed in the services, and made a mighty blessing to all. Hallelujah! the 8th was a day of power and salvation; all day the glory of the Lord shone down. At night four dear sisters spoke with power, Brother Dove, myself, and wife sang. And when I spoke on a play now on at the East London Theatre, "COMMITTED FOR TRIAL," nine precious souls cried for mercy.

Monday, the 9th I shall never forget. We were out in good muster, and after a spiritual open-air meeting, we started in procession to the Hall. Just crossing the Whitechapel Road from Baker's Row, a man with a wooden leg came right in front of the procession, held up both arms and cried out, "Halloa! what is all this noise?" taking hold of me at the same time, of course not knowing. He had a wooden leg, but run on one side rather quickly, and he rolled over; he jumped up, vowed vengeance on us, collected a mob and followed to the Hall, and after pulling a handful of hair out of Brother Melleshes' beard, and splitting another man's hand open with his wooden leg, five policemen escorted him away some distance, and then let him go (we did not want to lock him up). He came back, and sat down and listened to the service, at the close of which many of our persecutors (who for months have followed us and laughed, but who this night fought for us right and left outside), came to the penitent-form, and promised us and God to leave the devil and all his dirty work. Oh! Hallelujah! Will some of the Lord's stewards, send us any old clothes they may be able to spare.

5, Mount Street, New Road, E. T. BLANDY & D. MORRISON.

Chatham. — We don't hear very much from Chatham, but just enough to let us know that Brother Newell means to conquer, and has every now and then encouragements in hoping to do so, such as the following letter:—

The Fiddler's Wife.—"I thank God for the good His converts have done for me. The night I got converted, me and my husband went out to go to the public-house, but not to get drunk; no, but for company. That is the cause of many a poor soul going into hell. But I did not go that night. I asked my husband to go to the Mission Hall, and we went and got saved. Since I gave my heart to God, I have been happier than ever I was before. Chatham is a very wicked place. I do thank God that ever my Brother Newell came to me and asked me about my soul. He is the only man that ever invited me to my heavenly Father. I mean to do all the good I can now for my Lord and Saviour. I have been everything that is bad, but now I am serving God instead of serving the devil. Bless God for it; and I mean to play His heavenly praises on my fiddle as long as I live."

Tracts and money will be most thankfully received by wrestling

4, Alma Terrace, High Street, Chatham. JACOB NEWELL.

Attercliffe. — "Last Sunday Vestry Hall packed. Six souls. Offerings, £2 8s." Furnishing quarters for the new Captain, Sarah Dexter, and Annie Watson. Hallelujah!

Middlesboro' (20th.) — Captain Russell is here. The depression of trade and consequent want and misery sheds a gloom over the whole town. Nevertheless the Captain reports some good meetings and some captures of the right sort, among them one who describes himself as **The Biggest Devil in Middlesboro'.** The congregations not so good—still, improving. Brother Russell says he is fully saved, and full of holy confidence and joy. Pray for him.

Cardiff. — Four years since John Allen unfurled our Flag, and Cardiff is stronger and brighter than ever it was. And how can we praise the Lord too much for the thousands who have received Jesus as their Saviour, and are to-day scattered over the face of the whole earth, bearing witness for Him. This Anniversary has been a good time. The outpost established at **Splotlands** is doing good work. Go on, brethren and sisters, and Cardiff shall be captured.

Behind the Pigeon-shop, 2d. — Let everybody who wants to know where the Salvation Army was got up and who invented it, read this. Let everybody who knew the Christian Mission in its early days and would like to be reminded of the old times and the old folk, read this. Let everybody who wants to know whether any good can be done in a little, tumble-down back-room, read this. Let everybody who knew the glorified John Price and Caroline Bray, read this. Let everybody who does not know God and what He can do, read this.

Spennymoor. — Grand public entry of Captain Skidmore and the Hallelujah Fiddle. Town Hall and own Hall used Sundays, and both crammed. Going ahead.

Over Darwen. — Captain Jackson has had so desperate a fight of it, that there seemed to be serious doubt whether we could conquer without sending reinforcements to the town; but the foe is falling at last. Fourteen captured one night, and twenty-six another; and the force to march through the streets is growing fast. But further supplies of tracts and money will be extremely valuable to F. Jackson, 8, Newton Street, Over Darwen.

On Sunday afternoon, December 15th, at **Canning Town,** there were six speakers to address the meeting, every one of whom had been in gaol at some time, and some of them a *long time. Wanted—six more at once.*

Runcorn. — Captain Nelly Cope and Annie Alsop write that God is working gloriously. They tell some wonderful stories of rescue and salvation. In one case SEVEN SAVED IN ONE FAMILY! Sunday congregations in the Public Hall increasing; and blessed, blessed times on week nights. The bitterly cold weather has interfered with the Sunday Morning Open-air Meeting, which was really a wonderful meeting, worthy of the work. Offerings last week, £2 17s.

NORTHERN NOTES.

At Seaham Harbour, Bedlington, and other towns in the colliery districts.—When the pits lay idle, we hold midday prayer-meetings for the colliers, and often get 50 or 60 folks together, if not more, in the middle of the day.

Sunderland is all in a blaze, and the rough blackguards are coming to Jesus.

Southwick, 28½ miles from Sunderland, has only been open a few weeks, but the hall is too small for us already. A glorious break down has taken place, and all sorts are getting saved.

Houghton-le-Spring.—Had a grand tea the last day in November, three or four sittings down; proceeds eight souls and £7. When we commenced the prayer-meeting, about 50 people were present, but by 11 o'clock there were 200—an increase of 150. The news had spread that folks were commencing new lives, and they came to see for themselves. Some of us had lost our voices, or we should have commenced another meeting.

The following day, December 1st, twenty-two professed to find peace. This was a wonderful meeting, one of the most glorious times we have seen. We had a struggle with hell, faith tried, and then **a shriek.** A lot of folks all jumping together; a big man and woman running to the penitent-form;

all confusion. Hell alarmed; Heaven rejoicing, and earth wondering; a struggle, and then a shout, "I do believe it!" Another jump, and then a shout. Once more a calm, but the colliers are believing, all have hold of God. Lord save sinners. "Amen!" "Amen!" "Amen!" from all parts of the place. **A shriek;** another jump; A big fellow runs over three or four forms, puts his hands together as though he was going to dive, but he sees the fountain, and in he goes on to the top of another fellow at the pentitent-form. "Hallelujah!" says a Brother, "*That's the worst fellow in the town.*" "*Amen!*" says another, "*there's a man there that's been a local preacher; there's a gambler; there's a drunkard; that man's mother was saved last night.*" All right, keep your faith right, believe for another. **A shriek;** a smash; jumping all over the place, until twenty-two say they have jumped into liberty. Hallelujah!

I prophesy, some day before long, the Christian Mission will work in shifts, and keep up a permanent revival night and day. Blast the rock and get sinners saved. Oh, Hallelujah!

South Shields is feeling the removal of Sister Hugill; but eight souls came forward seeking Jesus the night I was there, and the people seeing the importance of extending our work, will follow Sister Hugill with their prayers, and stand by Sister Milner.

Jarrow.—The people love one another, and are pleading for a smash, Amen! Let it come Lord.

Felling.—A very blessed work, but too much singing; the Lord hasten the time when all our stations shall practice only on the crowd outside.

"Straight Hair" and another brother smashed their pipes, and some of the sisters feel like dressing more as becometh the Gospel.

Blyth.—The snow on the ground nearly a foot deep, but the sisters go on with their processions. Souls saved nearly every service.

Blaydon.—A few snowballs in the open air, but a grand time in the snowstorm. Two anxious souls inside. On the home-made flag is "*Blaydon for Jesus.*"

Bishop Auckland.—On Thursday, November 28th, Mrs. Booth presented colours, and preached the following Sunday. Capt. Carrie Smith says in a letter, "We shall never forget Mrs. Booth, she was made a great blessing to everybody." The following Thursday, two men convinced in the open-air, and saved in a cottage. The next Sunday a man was saved who said, "I have had no peace since I heard Mrs. Booth."

Leaving Home.—They told me at Sunderland that Sister Hannah Scaif would never shed a tear on leaving home. The next morning I saw her kiss her mother and a lot of her friends on the platform. Heart heaved to heart, tear rolled to tear, and the train started. Hannah said, "I feel all right now, it will do me good, and do my parents good, they will feel if we cannot meet here on earth, we will meet in heaven;" another tear as she said, "If I had been in the world, I could never have left home and parents, but I can do anything for Jesus. We had thirteen souls at Southwick last Monday, when I took part in the meeting, and eight last night at Sunderland, and this gives me encouragement."

We are moving right in the North. Send Help to William Corbridge, 6, Union Street, Middlesborough.

OUR WELCH CORNER.

Y Genhadaeth Gristionogol yn Aberdar.

Y MAE yr eglwys ryfeddol hon yn rhifo erbyn hyn dros 400 o aelodau, ac y mae y cynnydd hwn o fewn llai na thri mif o amser! Ac nid rhyfedd genyf ar rhyw olwg, chwaith, gan fod dull syml a dirodres Mrs. Shepherd a'i merched yn cario y gwasanaeth yn malaen—dim ymffrost, dim balchder, dim ffurfiau esgobawl, na dillad gwychion yn perthyn iddyot; dim ond symlrwydd gwylaidd,

a difrifoldeb duwiol, yn ol ein barn ni. Y mae yn perthyn i'r eglwys hynod hon tua deugain o bregethwyr! yn wyr, gwragedd, bechgyn, a genethod; ac y mae en clywed yn siarad yn gyhoeddus ar yr esgynlawr yn peri i gannoedd wylo dagrau yn hidl o'r dosbarth caletaf yn y dorf! A hyn sydd yn rhyfedd yn ein hoes nj, fod y cyfryw yn cael pregethu yr efengyl heb erioed iddynt basio trwy yr un Cwrdd Misol, na chwaith yr un coleg! Ac er mwyn dangos i chwi tua'r Gogledd yna y fath bregethwyr newydd-ion sydd gyda ni yn Aberdàr, adroddwn ychydig o'u pregthau, ond yn fyr. Fel hyn yr oedd un, y nos o'r blaen, yn siarad. Cofier ei fod wedi tredlio ei oes yn ofer trwy ddilyn pob crmpau drygionus! Wel, fel hyn yr oedd efe yn dyweyd :—

Duw a Wyr.

"Anwyl gyfeillion mi welaf ugeiniau o'm hen gyfeillion yma heno—y rhai a fu yn cydbechu a mi gannoedd o weithiau. Ond y mae yn rhaid i mi gyfaddef mai myfi oedd y gwaethaf o honoch oll. Mi fu'm am fy oes yn was ffyddlawn i'r diafol; ac yr oeddwn megys *commander* ar ei fyddin. 'Wel,' meddai rhpwun, 'beth yw y rheswm dy fod yn y fan yna heno?' Wel, fy hoff gyfeillion, fr wyf am ddangos fy mod wedi newid fy meistr heno. 'Pa ham?' meddai rhyun. Wel, dyma pa ham, meddai, yr wyf yn teimlo rhywbeth yma nas gwn pa beth ydyw, gan osod ei law ar ei fynwes. Duw a wyr, a'r dagrau yn tereigio fel gwlaw, Nid wyf wedi wedi gwel5d dim yn y byd hwn a gymmeraf yn gyfnewid am dano;—canys, beth ydyw. Duw a wyr, meddai drachefn, ac os caf ei gadw tra fyddaf byw, ni bydd arnaf ofn marw! O ganlyniad, yr wyf ameich cymmhell chwituau i uno à ni fel y galloth feddiannu yr un bendithion," &c.

Pills.

Fel hyn yr oedd un arall yn dyweyd, ond mewn iaith tra sathredig, gan na fu efe yn siarad mewn un man ar hyd ei oes ond yn y gwaith nev y dafarn. Yr oedd hwn tua phumb a thrigain mlwydd oed :—"Wel, meddai, nid wyf fi yn meddwl pregethu fel yr oedd Daniel o mlân i; waith dw'i wedi arfer siwd beth ariôd ond yn y dafarn. Ond wi am weyd siwt y ceis i fy nhroi at grefydd Mab Duw. Fi gofiaf am y nosweth am byth! Diolch i Dduw am y nosweth! Pan gweles i Mrs. Shepherd a'i mherched bach gyntaf, add ar bwys y farchnad, a *shaw* o ddynion o boeti iddi. Ac yr own i yn credi mai rhw ddyn od yn gwerthi *pills* odd yno. Fi eitho i yn mlân; a phan y clywes Mrs. Shepherd a'i merched bach yn siarad mor ddwys a difrifol mi neses yn mlân atynt. Ac os ydech chi yn y fan yna, mi geis i bilsen nad anghofiaf byth mo honi :—a diolch i Dduw am dani!"

Y mae dull dyeithr Mrs. Shepherd a'i mherched yn yr oedfa yn hynod iawn pan yn cymmhell y bobl i uno â hwy. Y maent, tua chanol yr oedfa, yn canu am tua chwarter awr; ac yno, y mae Mrs. Shepherd a'i mherched, ynghyd âg amryw o'r brodyr a'r chwiorydd, yn edrych o gympas, ac yn sylwi ay y rhai ydd yn wylo fwyaf. Yna y maent yn disgyn oddi ar yr esgynlawr, ac yn myned atynt yn dawel a distaw, gan ofyn i'r cyfryw a oes ynddynt awydd i ymuno â'r eglwys?

Bydd rhai yn dyweyd fod ynddynt awydd, ond nid ar y pryd. Bydd ereill yn codi ar unwaith, ac yn myned yw mlaen at yr esgynlawr. Ac yn aml cawn weled dey, neu ddeuddeg, neu bymtheg, yn codi yma a thraw gyda'u gilydd, a'r brodyr a'r chwiorydd yn eu harwain yn mlaen; a chyda hyny bydd y dorf yn newid y dôn, ac yn dechreu y dôn ar y geiriau canlynol—

"Poor sinners are coming home
To the new Jerusalem."

nes y bydd yr olygfa yn ddigon i ddryllio'r calonau mwyaf adamantaidd.

Yr wyf yn sicr fod yr Aberdariad wedi ennill mwy wrth glywed a chanu y dôn hon nag a gollasant yn Eisteddfod Birkenhead.—*Gohebydd.*

BURNLEY.

THANK God, we have had over 600 precious souls at the feet of Jesus. Oh, Hallelujah! On Sunday we had a glorious day: at seven o'clock a love feast, about 40 there; 36 testified to the love of God, and one found peace to his

soul. God was in our midst all day. At night we had a glorious time: place crowded and five precious souls. One Monday we had a grand time. A young man got up just after one of our young sisters had said in her experience, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and he came out and found rest to his soul; we at once went into the prayer-meeting, and in all 17 precious souls wept their way to Calvary.

The following are some of the recent cases of conversion:—

No. 1.—A young woman, as soon as she found peace, rose, and, commencing preaching to sinners, she said: "I have been attending a place of worship and seeking peace for three months, and, glory to God, the third time I came to the Mission room I found Jesus. I thank God that this Mission ever came into Burnley, and I mean to work for Christ now."

No. 2, a Happy Pair.—A young man and his wife came to our meetings who had been in the habit of attending the dancing room. I went to the husband and asked him if he would give God his heart. He said, "It is too soon." I said, "Is it too soon for you to die?" He came out, and his wife along with him, and now they are on their way to Heaven. Oh, Hallelujah!

The Converted Pigeon-flyer.—"I went to the Mission Room to hear Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, and to make game; but instead God made game of me, by saving my soul; and now, instead of flying pigeons on Sunday, I am praising God, and carrying tracts and hymns belonging to the Salvation Army. Since then my wife has found peace; she was a backslider, and now we are both on our way to heaven. It is now a happy home—once it was a miserable one—and, by the help of God, we mean to keep it such. R. H. L."

A Happy Weaver.—"I found peace to my soul after going to the Mission Room every night for a week, and it was a miserable week to me. At night I had to come down-stairs, for I could not sleep; but now I am happy all day and night too. I am trusting in Jesus to keep me to the end. A. F."

A Rascal.—"Glory be to God that ever the Mission entered Burnley. I went to hear Mr. Fleming speak in the Mission Room, and the power of God wrought so mightily in me, that I yielded to the striving of the Spirit, and found peace in Christ, after serving the devil thirty-six years. I have been a great drunkard, a wife-beater, a gambler, in fact everything that the devil could make me; but now, glory to God, I am fighting for King Jesus. My wife has since found peace, and now our house is a happy home, and, by God's help, we mean to keep it so. J. W."

A Confirmed Drunkard.—"I bless God that ever the Mission was opened in Burnley. On Sunday, the 1st of September, I went to hear what the Mission people had to say, and Sister Cook spoke from the words, 'No drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' I was convicted, and went to drown my troubles in drink; but still the words rang in my ears, and on the 3rd I found a settled peace in Christ. Praise the Lord! And now I am called by the people as I go through the streets, Hallelujah Tom, the chair-mender. T. T."

A Happy Collier.—"They call me Billy Bray. I went to the Mission tea, and after tea it was given out by Mr. Fleming that there would be a Hallelujah Band Meeting. I heard first one and then another tell what God had done for them, so I rose up and jumped over the forms and cried, 'He shall save me!' After struggling for an hour I found peace to my soul, and have been happy ever since in the Army of King Jesus. O Hallelujah! W. P."

A Miserable Man made Happy.—"I was going to Burnley. Starts and met one of the recruiting sergeants of the Salvation Army. He asked me to enlist in the Army of King Jesus. I asked him where the barracks were. He told me the Mission Room. I went next night and enlisted; I have been happy ever since. I have been a drunkard, gambler, and in prison; I served the devil so well that he left me without clothes or money, but now I have both. It is good to wait upon the Lord. Praise God for ever. G. H."

Money and tracts will be thankfully received by

CAPTAIN FLEMING.

34, Rectory Road, Burnley.

LEICESTER.

BEST months since I became an officer in the Salvation army. Our meetings have been attended with rich influence and Pentecostal power. Glory has filled our souls and grand Hallelujahs gone from our hearts. At the prayer-meeting the other Sunday morning, at 7 o'clock, when I asked if any one wanted to start for Heaven, one man who had been a local preacher, but who had been a backslider for over 20 years, said, "Yes, I do." I invited him out, and he came down, and God blessedly saved him. He is likely to make a useful soldier in the army, Hallelujah!

Another woman with whom the Spirit of God was striving mightily, got up to go out; but she said to herself, "Shall I turn to the right or the left?" Thank God, she turned to the right, and found herself at the penitent-form, where the burden rolled away, and she could sing "Happy day."

Sunday, Nov. 17th, was a mighty day; we were pelted with old dirty shoes, rotten apples, &c., &c. Nothing daunted, we went on about our Master's business. The drunken rowdies just turning out of the public-houses in the afternoon, tried to stop up the street, so that we could not get along with the procession. But, thank God, they did not succeed; we got the victory through the Blood, and shouted Hallelujah!

At night the Warehouse was packed with people, and then came **a mighty smash**, forty sin-smitten souls wept their way to the feet of bleeding mercy, and experienced the sweet forgiving love of God, and went home happy in Jesus.

On Sunday night, Dec. 1st, we had a great struggle in the prayer-meeting with the powers of darkness, and for some time it seemed as though we should be beaten; but holding on in faith, the Captain of our Salvation came to our help. One brother began to pray, "Lord, we want the power, Lord, we will have the power." Other brethren and sisters took hold of God by faith, at the same time the Holy Ghost came upon us like a rushing mighty wind, carrying everything before it. We erected penitent-forms, one for backsliders, one for other sinners, and one for believers who were seeking Sanctification, and all three had their share of patronage. We found at the close of the meeting that twelve had professed to find pardon, and thirty purity of heart. Oh, Hallelujah.

At these meetings we had all sorts of finery and idols given up for Christ's sake: feathers, flowers, stuffed birds, a squirrel, pipes, tobacco boxes, long pieces of twist. Hallelujah, we go in for a clean salvation.

The Holy Ghost has come upon us in such a mighty manner sometimes, that many of our people could not bear up under it. Big, strong men, fell helpless on the floor, and laid like dead men. My daughter fell under the power of God the other night. One sister came to me and said, "Oh, Mr. Fawcett, your daughter is in a fit." I said, "Yes, I should like to see you in a fit like that." *Amen! Hallelujah! Don't give her any water.* One of our men said, "I do not believe in this kind of work, it's not real." The next night God took hold on him, he fell under the Power, and cried out, "*Lord it's real, it's real! It's the Power of God.*" I pray that we may have many meetings like this.

Our sisters are working well, they stand by the cause of God like bold heroes. I give one case. One of our Hallelujah lasses, went to Nottingham to see a companion whose father was a sad drunkard, and who lived at Leicester. At night, when it was time to return, our girl's companion said, "How shall I get my father home, he is so drunk!" "Oh!" said our little lass, "I will see after him." They got him into the train, and off they went. When the train stopped at one of the stations on the road, the man wanted to get out for some more drink; the girl said "*No!* you shall not get out, no more drink to night." She mastered him, got him safe home, and invited him to come to the Salvation Warehouse; when he got sober he came, God's Spirit took hold of him, and blessedly saved him; he is now in good standing with us, and came to pray with me the other day when I was poorly, and could not get to the meeting.

He has been a desperate man; been in the army and through two wars; he

has been a warder in Dartmoor Prison. Nothing could make him cry (so he said); but the little Hallelujah lass brought him down, aided by the strength of the Spirit. I must stop now.

A few tracts will be very thankfully received.

Yours, hard at it,

W. FAWCETT,
J. WESSBERG.

127, Birstall Street, Leicester.

CANNING TOWN.

GLORY be to God we are rising. The devil rages and the publicans are crying out, but this does not stop sinners getting saved.

One dear woman, who came to the hall and was convinced of sin, at once yielded to Jesus and was made happy in his love. She told us that she had not been in a place of worship for thirteen years, and sometimes at nights she was afraid to sleep—she thought it was heart disease, but she says it was because the devil was inside—and now she neither has heart disease or sleepless nights. Hallelujah. Her husband told her when he found she was saved. "*That if she came to our hall he would kill her*—that we were nothing but a lot of shakers;" but she prayed and we prayed the Lord to open a way for her, and on the next Saturday afternoon he said he had been thinking about the little hall, and she could come as much as she liked. My wife went to see him, and we expect to have him soon. Glory to God for ever.

Another woman writes me :—

"On Sunday week I went on the Barking Road Bridge and there heard the Christian Mission singing and speaking. I stood there some minutes, and I felt convinced of sin. I was invited down to the hall; and I felt deeply convinced of sin. And the coal whipper came up to me, and asked me if I would give my heart to the Lord. And I went out and found the burden of sin rolled off, and I am the Lord's and He is mine."

Since she has been saved she has brought her mother, who has also given her heart to the Lord. Praise God for the way He has been working in Canning Town.

Here is another glorious testimony :—

"Dear Mrs. Wilson,—I bless God that ever I went to the hall in Fox Street. I went to hear Mr. Wilson speak and you sing. The devil told me I had done wrong in going. Shall I ever forget the feeling whilst you were singing? Not as long as I live. It broke my heart; and when you had done singing and began to talk, and asked if there was any one wanted praying for, I held up my hand. Dear Mr. Wilson told me to come right out, and I did. While you were singing 'Almost Persuaded' I found peace. Glory be to God!

"I went to the Holiness meeting on the Friday night and asked God for a clean heart, and He gave me one. I gave up feathers and flowers and dress all for Christ. I have a lot to put up with at home from my husband. He curses and swears about me going to the hall, but I mean, by God's help, to press forward. I was three years a backslider, and then it was through my husband I fell away.

"Pray for me! I bless God that ever you and dear Brother Wilson came to Canning Town. May God bless you for ever is my prayer."

Another says :—"I bless God that ever Captain Wilson and his wife one day came to Canning Town. I was at home when he came to where I was lodging. The people whom I lodged with belonged to the Mission, and he began to talk to me about my soul's salvation, and then he prayed for me, and it hit me very hard, but I did not yield; and then he came again and I was at home. I began to think it was a plotted job; I tried to get out of the house, but I could not. I told him I was a backslider; he told me that Jesus Christ could save backsliders. Bless the Lord He can, and the Spirit of God strove with me mightily, and then I could not rest. I went to his class meeting, and they could see that the Lord was working with me. I was on one foot and one knee. Captain Wilson's wife came to me and told me to get on my knees, and I did; and they prayed with me, and I prayed, and, bless the Lord, I found peace to my soul. Hallelujah to His name!"

Pray for Canning Town! God is moving and will move!

Yours in the work,

CAPTAIN WILSON.

4, Spire Terrace, Barking Road.

NORTHWICH.

ALTHOUGH the work here has been very little reported on, it has laid hold of the whole population, and has been blessed to the salvation of hundreds of souls.

At the opening of the Salvation Hall, which had been seated cheaply by the kindness of various friends, 600 persons sat down to tea; after which, in spite of mud and rain, a procession marched through the streets to a grand After-Meeting. This will indicate pretty fairly the effect which has been produced by the efforts of the Army in Northwich in some three months.

The following are a few examples of the sort of sinners who have been saved, as described by themselves :—

"I was apprenticed to a bad master, who ill-treated me. I ran away from him, and went to Cardiff, and took a ship to the West Indies. Returning home to London, we was paid off; and I was led into bad company, pitching and tossing all day on Sunday in Flour-and-Dean Street, lost and spent thirty-five pounds; and then becoming ragged and dirty, went to Poplar Workhouse to seek lodgings. Because my clothes were ragged and dirty, I tore them up, and got twenty-one days in prison; and after that I thought I would do better. The minister of the prison got me a ship. I came home to Newcastle, and got married, and went on betting and gambling, boat-racing, and horse-racing, gambling, and drinking, and disgracing myself. I came back into Northwich after I had been away seven years; but still I went on in drink and wickedness. Hearing of two Sisters from London, and me having been in London, I went for curiosity to hear them; and they began talking so much about Jesus,—and the Word came with power to my heart, and told me that I was sinning against light and knowledge; and from that night God, for Christ's sake, spoke peace to my soul; and, by the help of God, I mean to keep on in that way; and I now feel happy in the Army of King Jesus, and, by the help of God, I mean to help the Sisters to win souls. W. B."

"Thank God that ever I came to hear these Sisters under the Tabernacle, though I am sorry to say that I came for to try and make some fun out of them; but instead of making fun, God stretched out His arm to stop me on my wild course that I was going on, and He seemed to say to me, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further; but as thou hast blasphemed Me before the people of Northwich, and at other places, so shalt thou now stand up for Me, and tell them what things I have done for thee; and what I am able for to do for thee I am able for to do for them also.' Many of you know what a sinful fellow I have been, for I have been everything that is vile and wicked. I have even lowered myself lower than the brute beasts that perish; and I have served the devil for twenty-nine years, and I have found him to be a very hard paymaster,—for what do you think he has done for me? First of all he caused me to try and put an end to my life by trying to choke myself. But when he saw that he could not get me then, he caused me to steal, and break God's commandment, and I

got in prison for doing so. When I came out of prison he again tried to get me to put an end to my life on earth by trying to poison myself; but even then God would not let him have me. He might well want to keep me, as I was one of his head men; so the next trial he had for me was to go and try and make another attempt of destroying myself, by taking a knife and making an attempt to ruin myself both soul and body that way. But then it was that God, my heavenly Father, showed me that I was not to give myself wholly to the devil, for in a most wonderful manner He held my hand that grasped the knife, so that I should not get to hell, but that I should be spared a little longer; that so I might one day stand up boldly and tell the multitude around what He had done for me."

We deeply regretted that Sister Daxter was compelled to ask for a removal, on account of her health, so soon after the opening of the Hall; but we are thankful to hear that the work is going on under the Sisters sent to take her place.

26TH (WEST HARTLEPOOL) CORPS.

"We are soldiers fighting for our King,
Let trembling cowards fly."

ALTHOUGH there has been no report lately from this station, we are rising with renewed vigour to shake the devil's kingdom, and to bring it low. Men and women of the deepest dye have been induced to leave the ranks of the devil and enlist under the banner of King Jesus.

A German Soldier who was attracted by our procession on the sands on Sunday mornings, came to the theatre, and after service, while Brother Smith was singing—

"Meet me in that lovely land."

he sprang forward and fell in our arms, and into the heart of the World's Redeemer, and was set free. He is with us enduring hardness as a good soldier.

Killed and brought to life, bound down by twice ten thousand chains, was this dear man by the demon drink. Nothing else could satisfy the craving of his heart, until the Army met him, and one shot from the Gospel gun entered his heart, and he fell and rose to life Divine. These, and numerous other cases we could produce, if space would permit, who are standing by us and fighting manfully under our colours.

The General paid us a visit on Sunday, November 3rd, and on the night previous the Army had a grand march past by the General's quarters, and on the following day, Sunday, not a few will ever forget the earnest appeals to men and women to leave their sins and fight for Jesus.

On the following Thursday **Mrs. Booth** presented colours and every one gave themselves afresh to God to be His faithful soldiers, and to fight manfully under His banner, at home and abroad, and never to cease till all shall be brought over from the power of Satan unto God.

Your's faithfully in the army,

2, York Street,
West Hartlepool. WILLIAM BENNETT AND GIPSY SMITH.

BLACKBURN.

THE first Sunday I was here the theatre was burnt down. Then on the Monday night the Spinners' Institute was taken from us on account of the rowdies smashing some seats and fighting. Then we had a week in the open air, and was pelted with mud and stones, and burning rags thrown into our midst; but we stood our ground and conquered, and God has led us forth. We got the People's Concert Hall, and had many a precious time during the seven weeks we were there. Over 150 souls were seeking pardon; and many of them now can testify to the saving power of the precious blood of Jesus, and thank God that ever the Salvation Army came to Blackburn.

One man, who has been a drunkard for 18 years, has got saved, and is now a happy man. He said, "I never have had a change of clothes for 10 years, but now, since I have got saved, I have got one." And he says working is no trouble to him. He has not only come himself, but has brought his shopmates and old companions, and they have been saved. A man asked me one day, "Is he one of the people that have been converted?" I said "Yes;" and the reply was, "Well, it is time he was."

Better than Seeing the Mayor.—A young man said, "I was going to hear the band play to church, and see the Mayor, but I heard the people singing on Blackley Moor and I stopped, and went to the People's Hall and got saved; and now I am happy, and can speak for my Jesus any way."

Twenty Years a Drunkard.—Wives pray on. A big man said, "Well, I have to thank God that ever my wife went to the Concert Hall. She got saved, and came home happy, and said to me, 'Dan, do go and hear yon man at the Oddfellows;' but I said, ''Old thy noise, don't bother me;' but she said, 'I will not hold my noise.' At last I consented to come, and praise the Lord I got saved, and am now happy, and my wife is happy. I have been twenty years a drunkard, but now I have signed the pledge, and given up smoking, and am going to do my duty to my wife and four children, that I have many times starved while I have been drinking. But now we are all happy. Praise God."

"Drawn by a bill with 'living witnesses' on, I came to the Oddfellows, and gave my heart to the Lord, and am now happy." He is our secretary, and a useful man.

"I never thought there was anything in religion until I tried it for myself, but now I know it is a reality, I feel it in my heart."

"A month ago I could stand any way for the devil, and now I am not afraid to speak for Jesus."

On the 25th of November we went into the top room of Holeroid's **Old Size Warehouse;** had got no seats, but we had the timber and fixed some up and made a start. God owned our labours the first night; saved five, one had been a backslider for twelve years, but he is now happy and working for God. Since we opened the Warehouse 80 have come out to the penitent-form. On Sunday night we had over 1,000 people, and 16 saved; offerings, £2 3s. 0½d. Money is much needed to pay for the seating of the Salvation Warehouse where so many can be heard to praise God that ever the Army came to Blackburn. There are yet hundreds that we were among on Sunday morning, who are as miserable as sin and the devil can make them. Pray that God will save all Blackburn. Money or tracts thankfully received by,

Yours in the Army,

17, Quarry Street, Blackburn. JEREMIAH LAMPLOUGH.

NEWPORT.

WE have had a heavy pull and a hard start. The want at first of a week-night hall hindered us very much. For Sundays we have **The Theatre,** and we have now taken the Albert Hall, which is getting known far and near as the **Salvation Temple,** for week nights. This place holds about 450, and already we have had the Arm of the Load made bare in mighty power.

The congregations on Sundays are of the right sort, and though the theatre

is not full, we are increasing. Of course folks object to us and to our meetings in the streets, to our processions, and our printing, but this is encouragement.

The Lord has given us some blessed cases of conversion. Here are one or two :—

In visiting the other day, we came across a dear woman who said, "Oh, sir, I shall never forget that hymn you were singing the other Sunday morning." Upon enquiry, I found this was one cold wet morning in our early days, when we were out nearly alone, singing, "I need Thee every hour." She said she had no rest from that morning until a week after, when she came to the Temple and found salvation.

A Vile Sinner.—This man told us he had done everything but murder. He came to the meetings night after night. We spoke to and prayed over him, but he would not yield—so we agreed to make him a special matter of prayer—and on Friday night God fetched him down at the foot of the cross. For awhile it was a struggle, and then came the victory in Jesus. Now he is hard on telling his old mates of the grace of God.

A Miller began to come to the meetings ; all his fear was that the Spirit had left him and that God had given him up. We pleaded with him and for him. He had been a big sinner, and had travelled about a good deal. At last he was utterly broken down, and then God saved him. The other night he was telling us that before he was saved, if anybody said anything to him, he "would up with his fist and knock them down ; but it is different now." Hallelujah ! so it is. God does make things different.

We have more cases of deep interest. God is working. Our open-air meetings have been grand—great crowds listening to the truth with breathless attention. More next time.

We want some tracts and some money to pay for seats for the Temple.

Yours in the Army,

11, Victoria Crescent, Newport. COOMBES & PAYNE.

Latest.—Seven souls Monday night. Last night seven more joined class, and three others stepped into liberty. Hallelujah !

PORTSMOUTH.

WHEN I got the news that I had to follow a man like our dear Bro. Allen, I trembled at first, and then fell into the arms of my Father, and He has upheld me ever since. God is pouring out His Spirit upon us all, saving sinners, sanctifying believers, and creating in others such an appetite for greater baptisms, never before experienced. Moreover, I am assured that this is only the earnest of what is coming. Since I have been here, we have had some real cases of conversion. One, an old man, 68 years of age, came into the hall one Sunday night, and God laid hold of him. He went home, but could not rest, so prayed all night. Came again next night, and cried aloud for mercy for one hour and a quarter. I tried to point him to Jesus, but running his hand through his white beard, he said, "Look here, I've lived all these years, and never thought of praying before." He went home again unsaved, but not to sleep. Next night he came with his head nearly splitting, and his eyes bloodshot, but thank God his soul was full of glory. All he could say was, "It's been a hard fight, but I've won the victory." Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb !

On Sunday last a dear woman cried out, "Oh, it's beautiful ! it's beautiful !" as the dear Lord poured in the oil of gladness.

On Sunday we had a splendid procession in the afternoon, and another on Monday night.

Thank God the news is better. God is in our midst. Great victories are ours. Hallelujah !

The members say that yesterday was the best day they ever remember. They turned out *en masse*. The Lord was with us all the day. I really don't know which meeting was the best. Sixteen at the 7 a.m. lovefeast. Hall about one-third full in the morning, half full in the afternoon, and full at night. Twelve came out last night for salvation.

Four Soldiers.—Four of them were soldiers. At least eight of the twelve were real good cases. One young woman as soon as she got through began to pray for sinners at the top of her voice.

A young man came out so broken up I had to nearly carry him to the penitent-form, where he soon found *peace and joy unspeakable*. He then went to his sweetheart, and begged of her to come out. At first she would not, so he fell on his knees at her side, and prayed until she came out and found the same joy and salvation.

Money is very scarce. All day we only got 30s. I am hard up ; trusting in God. He *will deliver us*.

During the past week I have time after time been in an agony of prayer. On Friday I felt as though I was pouring my inmost soul out before God. Oh, I mean to live so that God can use me. *It's better on before.* Hallelujah ! To God be all the glory. Amen. Amen. Love to the General if he has come home.

Yours as ever, going in for God and souls,

EDWARD IRONS.

P.S.—About 5 p.m. yesterday the FIRE fell on me in such a manner as I never experienced before. I was nearly overpowered. Glory !

PLYMOUTH.

BROTHER DOWDLE writes :—

The enemy are being routed here, praise God. The average attendance at our Sunday Morning Prayer Meeting is 120, and we have often had 200 present.

Whether in the Circus or St. James' Hall we are always full on Sunday afternoons, and packed at night ; and we get the right class of people, who would never darken the doors of Church or Chapel.

Our average week-day attendance is 500, for whilst many ridicule our idea of service every night, the sight of sinners seeking mercy is a great attraction.

We have a daily average of 60 at our noon Prayer-Meeting, and generally get a score of workmen from the foundry hard by. Pray for them to be saved.

Our Weekly Holiness Meeting has been wonderfully blessed, and idols, such as drinking, smoking, chewing, dress, and various weaknesses have been discovered, confessed, and given up.

10, Hobart Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

COVENTRY.

SINCE the opening of our new factory, the battle of the Lord has gone gloriously forward. Many a sinner's heart has been shaken and soul saved within its walls. Our people are full of fire and zeal for God.

Our Open Air.—Although the weather has been bitterly cold, the open air keeps up well, and no sooner do we enter a dark court where there is not a lamp, and lift up our voices to sing, but there are candles or lamps put in the upstairs windows of the cottages, and the court is lit up so that we can see our

hymns. Men come for miles to hear our people tell what the Lord has done for them on Pool Meadow. On Sunday, Dec. 1st, it coming on to rain in the middle of our meeting, we formed into procession, and marched to the factory, a great many of the men following to get out of the wet, and we continued the meeting inside. Our brethren, seeing some of their old companions present, went and put their arms round their necks, and asked them to come to Jesus. This seemed too much for them. Two broke down, and came out for the Lord. It was some time before they got into liberty, and some time before we could get the meeting closed. These two men went home, washed, got their dinners, and back again for the afternoon meeting, one with his wife, and among the penitents at night were found his wife and daughter.

Another Man, who came again and again to hear us on the Meadow, followed at last to the meetings inside, and went home one day, and said to his wife, "Well, I do like those people, they seem so happy," and asked his wife to come. She came several nights, and at the beginning of one of our meetings indoors, while I was giving out "Who will be the next?" she left her seat, and knelt in the front, and gave herself to God. Soon after came her husband and sister, and little girls. This dear sister told me that one night her sister was sleeping with her, and they were both so miserable they could not sleep, they were tossing and rolling about the bed, when one said to the other, "Well, Sister Reynolds prays for God to make people miserable, and I am sure we are miserable enough." But to see this happy family now does one good.

The Sunday we spoke of Brother Allen's death, three souls sought the Lord. One dear man, who we did not think at the time very much in earnest, but who has proved to be soundly converted to God, told us *his wife never saw him sober for two years*, and since he had given his heart to God he had reckoned up the amount of money he had spent in drink last summer, and found it to be £50. He said, when he went home that night he did not tell his wife where he had been, but got down on his knees, at the side of the bed to pray, such a thing as she had never seen him do before, and afraid he should get cold remaining on his knees so long, she brought her flannel petticoat and her skirts and put over him. She will do anything to keep him praying.

In one of our experience meetings a young man rose, and speaking with great emotion, said :—"Three Sundays ago I sat here in this factory a vile sinner on the verge of a drunkard's pit. People were round about me, but they little thought what was going on in my heart. I was praying God to be merciful to me a sinner, and as I sat an answer came down. I came in a miserable sinner and went out reconciled to my Heavenly Father."

Brother Irons' Farewell.—About 400 sat down to tea, and after some earnest speaking, Brother Irons asked those who intended to meet him in Heaven to hold up their hands. Hands were held up all over the place, and closing for the prayer-meeting 20 souls sought the Lord. Brother Sherriff, who has taken Brother Irons' place, is going in for souls with all his heart.

Looking for still greater things, we remain, yours in the Army,

CAROLINE REYNOLDS,
AMOS SHERRIFF.

The Salvation Factory,
Coventry.

BLYTH.

GLORY be to God, the Lord is making bare His arm in Blyth. When we came on Lord Mayor's Day, we took our stand in the open air, with God by our side and Jesus in our hearts, and commenced singing, "I'm a Pilgrim bound for Glory." In a moment hundreds got around us. We all prayed, sung, and spoke. Then we closed for an hour, and then came out again, prayed sung, and spoke, and the Lord blessed us.

On Sunday, the 10th, after three open-air meetings, and a good afternoon meeting, we had the theatre packed full of people at night—over two thousand. Since then a great number thank God that the Hallelujah Lasses came to Blyth. The devil is losing his best servants. One dear woman came in the worse for drink; the Lord took hold of her and turned the devil out. She says, "My home was like a little hell, but now it is like a little heaven." She always had to have gin or rum to cook her dinner with, but, now, Glory be to God, she is drinking at the fountain that never runs dry. Since then her husband has been saved. He used to go out fishing on a Sunday, but God is making him a fisher of men.

BOLTON.

In this our day there is a fountain opened in the town of Bolton for sin and uncleanness.

Thank God we are very glad to say that hundreds of precious souls have wept their way to Calvary, and plunged in the fountain that is opened in Dale Street Mission Hall for poor black, polluted, hell-deserving sinners, such as pugilists, infidels, drunkards, liars, cock-fighters, and public dancers. When we are gathered together in our large Opera House it brings very vividly to our minds the great judgment day, to gaze upon four thousand faces, and to realise we have to meet them at the judgment bar of God: it makes us feel what a great responsibility rests on us. Over 1000 precious souls have professed to find the Lord during our eleven weeks' campaign in Bolton.

We will give a few conversions. A young man, eight weeks ago, came in the Opera House one Sunday afternoon; after the speaking was done Sister Cope went to him and asked if he was saved. He began to think of the Sunday-school he used to attend. He had got a praying father and mother in the town of Preston, and they had not heard anything of him for more than eighteen months; and, that they might not find him out, he went by a different name. He had been travelling in a boxing booth for eight years. Sister Cope had not been speaking to him long when he let her lead him out to the penitent-form. There God smashed him up, the fountain of his heart was opened, he wept and cried for mercy, and God did have mercy and saved him. He has joined us, and is one of our best workers. The next thing was to let his parents know where he was, so one of our members wrote to his father and told him that his prodigal son had been converted. When his dear old father and mother received the letter they were all bathed in tears, so that they could not speak to each other. He had a aunt, who loves God with all her heart, and she used to go into his father's house every morning and ask the question, "Have you heard anything of Jack?" It was always "No," with lots of grief; but, oh! this morning what grand news, and that to be able to say, "Yes," and that he had been saved. The following Sunday the father and aunt came to Bolton, and, oh! what a meeting we had in the Mission Hall; it will never be forgotten; they all spoke and testified how God had heard and answered prayer. Our brother holds on, and instead of fighting for belts and money he is fighting for King Jesus.

An Infidel came to our meetings, night after night, under the influence of drink. He used to sit and listen, but never interfered with us; but, of course we had to interfere with him with reference to his precious soul, and God, and eternity. We went to him, night after night, and spoke to him, and then we prayed for him. He held out as long as he could, and said he wished we would not pray for him; but he had to give way at last—God almighty knocked the infidel principles out of his head, and he let the waiting, loving Saviour into his heart. He is now with us defending the truth. One night, after leaving the Hall, I saw him pull his pipe and tobacco out of his pocket. I said to him, "The Lord have mercy on you." I told him that a month from that day he would not smoke. He looked at me, and, no doubt, wondered what I meant. We got on our knees and sang—

"And can I yet delay
My little all to give."

We could see God was working on his heart; then we sang—

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more."

He took immediately from his pocket the pipe and tobacco and gave it to Rachel. Hallelujah! and, thank God, he smokes no more.

A converted dancer, with his young wife, came into one of our meetings and was spoken to about his soul. We had not been talking to him very long before his young wife came out and gave herself to the Lord, and he very soon followed; they both found peace, and went home rejoicing, and are now serving the Lord. Oh! may they endure to the end.

A cock-fighter came to a meeting under the influence of drink, but he was very soon under the influence of the Spirit. He was convinced of sin, came to the penitent-form, gave his heart to God, and is now rejoicing. I may just say that our brother, having no roof to his mouth, cannot speak very plain, and when he gives his experience we have a lot of interpreters to explain what he means. Ah! but God understands him.

A wife-beater.—God permitted him to lose his eyesight for over eight months, and he promised the Lord, if he would restore his eyesight, he would serve Him and give Him his heart. God restored to him his eyesight, but he was worse than ever, broke up his home, nearly broke his wife's heart, and went into sin deeper. Very soon God permitted him to lose his eyesight again for over three months, and Jesus, the great gardener of heaven, had to take a choice flower away from our dear brother to bloom in the grand summer garden of paradise. He came to one of our meetings, Rachel went to him, and he gave his heart to God, joined us, and is now testifying for Jesus. The Lord had restored to him his eyesight once more, but, best of all he can say, "Whereas once I was spiritually blind, now I see."

Praise God we have opened **another Mission Hall,** kindly lent to us by Mrs. Robertshaw for nothing. Hallelujah! we are rising. I shall never forget our first meeting; we processioned from Dale Street Mission Hall to Hanover Street, Moore's Lane. Before we got there we made a ring; a dear woman stepped in the ring, and began to weep for mercy. Another, a dear man, stepped in, and said he wanted to give his heart to God. We took hold of them, went a little farther, and made another ring; our dear Sister Whittle prayed, it laid hold of the people, when the man and woman got on their knees and cried aloud for mercy. I gave all around the invitation to come to Jesus, when three dear women came into the ring and knelt down **on the cold stones,** and gave themselves to Jesus. The Hall was soon filled, we had a grand meeting, and at the close fifteen gave their hearts to Jesus, making twenty volunteers on the night. Hallelujah! We believe this is of God. We are thankful to say we have a lot of good men and women, who do not mind turning out all weathers into the open air to testify for Jesus. What we want now is strength to our poor weak bodies, that we may be able to do the work of evangelists.

Brethren, pray for us, that we may be held up in this sin-blighted town of Bolton. We would like to kill the devil, bury him head downwards, and preach his funeral sermon, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Time and space prevent us from giving any more news just now. Donations will be acknowledged in our next. Tracts will be thankfully received by our honorary treasurer, W. Abbatt, Esq., or the honorary secretary, E. Abbatt, Esq., 2, Park Street, Chorley Old Road, or to

Yours in the Salvation Army,

RACHEL, the daughter of a king,
NELLY COPE,
KATE BOYCE.

4, Birmingham Street,
Bolton, Lancashire.

[We regret that the above was not included in the last Magazine, although actually in type, and that the state of Sister Agar's health demanded her removal from Bolton almost immediately afterwards; but we are confident that Sister Clapham and those who have gone with her will be enabled to keep up and advance in the work done already.]

A man of subtle reasoning asked
A peasant if he knew,
"Where was the *internal* evidence
That proved the Bible true?"
The terms of disputative art
Had never reached his ear,
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answered, "*Here.*"