

THE SALVATIONIST.

JULY 1, 1879.

THE LONDON COUNCIL OF WAR. WHIT-MONDAY.

THE enormous extension of the work during the year having rendered it in our judgment utterly impossible to think of a Congress for all officers and corps in London this year, we took advantage of the great Whitsuntide holiday to hold a council which might, to some extent, make up to London for the loss of this greater gathering.

And this London council fully met, and even exceeded our highest expectations, demonstrating the existence of an amount of life and energy in our oldest corps, which strangely contrasts with the evil reports so often repeated by enemies in the country and which gives promise of grander and more vigorous advances than ever.

About three hundred workmen assembled at eight o'clock to breakfast at headquarters, after which they were addressed by the General, who declared that he believed that God was able and willing to do as wonderful things with the men and women then present as with those who assembled on the day of Pentecost, who were in no respect their superiors, unless in faith and devotion. With proper drill and discipline he had every confidence of their becoming such soldiers as no power on earth or in hell could prevail against.

Immediately after this the whole company marched through rain and wind to the Bethnal Green Hall for Pentecost. And here there was liberty in prayer, such as we delight in, one after another bursting forth with the simple fervour of childlike eager hearts. Captains Dowdle and Lawley, fresh from the funeral service of Captain Irons, arrived in time to share in the blessings.

The hall was crowded to excess in the afternoon to hear "War Memories," which consisted rather of the personal recollections of privates than of those longer descriptions of the battle-fields, the battles, and the conquests they had taken part in, which we have had sometimes from officers only. The fact was that so many privates were eager for a word, many often being on their feet at once, that it was no easy matter to secure for each of them a turn, and many of the officers present were simply crowded out of the speaking.

The converted judge from Limehouse told how they had recently had converts there from almost every nation, including a Chinaman, and only excepting Turks, of whom they daily hoped to capture some.

The following telegram came in from Manchester:—

"Unparalleled. Packed. Twenty-six meetings throughout day. Afternoon riotous but grand. Tremendous finish. Twenty souls."

One of the first converts of the Mission in Manchester being present immediately sprang to his feet to thank God for the operations of the Army there, and to declare that they meant to go on in spite of anything and everything.

Captain Fleming declared that notwithstanding all the attempts of the devil to spike their guns, they were firing still at Bethnal Green, and he had had already letters from converts who had gone to different parts of the world bearing the name of Jesus with them.

A Millwall lad had told how he had gone into a cowshed to get converted, but they were now going to open a grease factory to enlarge and extend the work, which by God's help they meant to push on.

The converted infidel from Whitechapel, saved at five minutes to 12 one watchnight, at Bethnal Green, declared once more his determination to keep up the firing.

Brother Thomas, of Tottenham, said they were still rolling the old chariot there. He remembered, as though it were but yesterday, when he came in his unconverted state to the Petersham excursion, and the general said, "Bring him in." He felt three parts dead, and those words finished him; but he rose again from the turf where he knelt to seek Jesus a new creature. That was now eight years ago, and he was going on still.

A brother from Coventry told how many of the biggest scamps, in that town, had been brought to God, and saying, here's one, called to his feet a big man sitting behind him, who said that when he first came to the meeting and conviction took hold of his soul, he hung down his head and *felt white*, and that was a very bad feeling. If any of you have got it you had better come and get converted the same as I did.

A big brother from Barking said he was convicted when hearing the words, "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him;" and converted through the singing of "My God I am Thine." But for years he clung to the pipe till at last he gave that up too and got the blessing of sanctification.

A woman told how her neighbours had said that the Salvation Army would convert anybody if they went near them.

A Canning Town man said, any way, "they had been the means of saving him and his brother and both their wives."

Captain Hugill thanked God she was alive and ready for battle. She had dreaded coming to London, and it was a desperate fight; but they had had some of the worst women in Poplar saved.

Captain Lawley, from Mountain Ash, told how they had some of the blackest sinners out of hell saved there, and how one woman took off bonnet and shawl and let down her hair whilst she struggled to find peace in Jesus.

A navy from Canning Town, who said he tore himself to a rag last Whit-Monday, told how, when he first was induced to go into the hall to a tea, he had to stand like a dummy wishing he could sing. He thought them funny people, and they are so, for they will actually pray for you to your face. However, he was just coming away when the General's little son got hold of his hand, and would not let go. So he was forced to give in and get converted, and now he could sing beautiful.

A brother from Bethnal Green said he was drunk last Whit-Monday; but a brother (Captain Booth) came to him at home, and took him by the hand and spoke to him till his heart was broken. He had come out to oppose these people sometimes, but never could do it without drink. Oh, that every drunkard would come to Jesus.

A brother from Middlesbro' said he first went just for the fun of the thing to hear Brother Dowdle and the hallelujah fiddle, but he got stopped there and then, and the next day when his mates got to know he was converted they said, "Oh, dear, there's another good man gone wrong." This brought up Captain Dowdle himself, who told how wide-spread had been the curiosity caused in Plymouth by the bills issued announcing his hallelujah fiddle. Whether he was infidel, conjuror, mesmerist, or preacher was a question with everybody, and all manner of evil reports had gone before them. But now they had got one man who had spent many a hundred in the public-houses converted, and people said if they can get a man like that converted they will do. But they had got many more no less wonderful.

After this there was a rush of speaking from brethren and sisters belonging to different corps, who as Captain Payne admirably put it, gave forth a loud sound because they had got a sound religion.

The general concluded and then we marched off, notwithstanding the falling rain, to headquarters, where about one thousand sat down to tea together.

THE EVENING MEETING.

This meeting reminded us of the best of our annual meetings. The hall was filled in every part, and the enthusiasm fresh from the throne which thrilled every heart, has perhaps never been surpassed. Its echoes and effects will certainly never die away.

Captain Dowdle alluded to the loss of an officer (Captain Irons) by water, and asked who would grasp the sword that had fallen and press on to the front of the battle?

Captain Lawley told how a policeman who was seeking for a man one day said, "Mountain Ash has come to something! I've been into four public houses and only found four men in them."

Several of our gipsy comrades spoke.

Captain Fleming said he never came to London before the army brought him. He was to have come once before his conversion to run in a race; but did not come and had to forfeit. Now he had come to run for Jesus, and that with all his might.

The great event of the evening was the

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS BY MRS. BOOTH

to nine of the London corps. The first corps of the army have been amongst the last to receive their flags, and the desire for them and eager joy with which they were received was in proportion to the delay they had had to endure.

Mrs. Booth said we used these flags because we found them to be useful and attractive. It was predicted of the Church of God that it should go forth "terrible as an army with banners." We are an army. God had imbued us with the holy spirit of aggression, and we had a right to a banner.

Our flag betokened no worldly policy or idea for we had left all that behind, and in our men, our buildings, and our measures we had abandoned any sort of pandering to worldly tastes. We choose nothing, did nothing out of any desire for these things.

There were many people who were willing to be saved by the blood, but not to be purged by the fire, nor to accept the responsibilities connected with the fire. The army kept the two together. The army believed in the blood, and expected to go into heaven by the blood, but we feel we must not have the blood alone but the blood and the fire. Jesus said His servants should do greater things than He had ever done when they had the fire. And nobody could tell what the church would have done if they had not lost the fire and begun to use human instead of Divine power.

Sometimes when the army went into a place they said, "You have brought a new religion." But that was not so. They only brought up the old religion, which has in some towns lain buried for years. What stories could be told you of the things one heard about this up and down the country. Everything had been tried in some places but the fire. Nothing else but the fire could cast out the devils.

Was there anything to hinder the army people from being such men and women as the Apostolic men and women were? They were just such people as ourselves. They spoke with other tongues after they got the fire. And so might we. Mrs. Booth then presented the flags to the several

captains in the name of God and the army, addressing a few encouraging words to each.

Captain Bould, in taking the flags of the 1st Whitechapel Corps said, there were two incidents he should never forget, the first his conversion in connection with the army in Sheffield, and the second, this honour of receiving the flag of the 1st Corps of the Army.

Captain Hugill in accepting the flag of the 3rd Poplar said, she came out and spoke at Sunderland when Captain Blandy first asked her, a perfect stranger to him, to do so. And ever since she had endeavoured to follow the Lord fully. She had had many a blessing under the flag as an officer at South Shields.

Captain Reece said he never dreamt when he entered the ranks that he should be honoured to receive the flag of the 5th Canning Town Corps, but he would, by God's help, live and die in the army.

Captain Porter, in taking the flag of the 6th Millwall, said she felt she had been one of the most unworthy soldiers of the Lord, but since she had got her tongue at liberty she meant to fight for Him.

Captain Reid said he should never forget the first time he heard the army people at the town pump in Bromley, and he took the flag of the 7th Stoke Newington with a determination to fight on to the end.

Captain Richardson in receiving the colours of the 8th Hackney, said that he felt he could go on to death with the army, and when it came to dying, then he would clasp the colours to his heart and it would be like God's rod and staff to comfort him.

Captain White told how he shook and shivered when he first stood up to speak in the ranks at Leicester, but now he rejoiced to take the flag of the 14th Plaistow, and would do his best for the Lord and the army.

Captain Estell said that it was the war handbill that Captain Cadman issued at Whitby which first attracted his notice and led him to the services. He little thought he should ever be in the position in which he now stood, but he received the flag of the 15th Barking with resolution by God's grace to be faithful.

After the presentation of the flags, R. C. Morgan, Esq., said the state of things he found when he visited Newcastle recently reminded him very much of what was said against the Apostles. "Ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine." The whole place was filled with talk about the army, and even if much of it was by way of fault-finding, no matter, that was far better than not being thought of at all. He did not mind how much the gospel was spoken against if it only got spoken about enough, because he was certain it was to the advantage of the gospel for everybody to be set thinking and talking about it.

He had learnt lately that in one of the most densely populated parishes in London where there was church accommodation provided for 15,000 persons, the number attending one Sunday evening lately was just 900. Of all the money collected for missionary purposes, one-tenth goes for the heathens abroad, and nine-tenths to help to roll the old chariot along at home, so that there must be many dragging on behind, or surely it ought to make much more rapid progress.

He thanked God the army had been sent to use the means which seemed likeliest, and which in practice has proved so gloriously useful for accomplishing the great end they had in view.

We have said nothing of the singing at the council, but it was a most prominent feature all day, the most popular song being our latest capture from the enemy—"The clock stopped" tune applied to common metres with the chorus

"We want no cowards in our band,
Who will their colours fly;
But call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die."

When at the last all rose and sung beneath waving banners—

"Hold the fort for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
By thy grace we will."

The scenes surpassed all possibility of description. To some of us who had witnessed, not long before, a somewhat similar triumph in the crowded circus at Newcastle, so much better adapted for the display of such effects, there was an opportunity for comparison in which London lost nothing. Our veterans will earn from the provinces in the future, as they have already earned, we think most thoroughly, the highest esteem and the heartiest thanks, for we see amongst the firm and dashing ranks of the London corps many a one who, by the grace of God, will go as soldiers recruited and trained in the East of London have gone before to spread dismay and destruction throughout the devil's kingdom in every corner of the land.

GREAT BATTLES AT COVENTRY FAIR.

FROM THE "DAILY NEWS" OF TUESDAY, 17TH JUNE, 1879.

COVENTRY, MONDAY.

THE "SALVATION ARMY."

The annual festival of the town of Godiva is made remarkable this year as the occasion of a campaign by the so-called Salvation Army—the commanding officer whereof, the Rev. W. Booth, arrived here on Saturday. Coventry Fair, which commenced, so far as horses are concerned, on Friday, is the great local holiday, drawing together the population within a radius of ten miles at least. It lasts for several days, and to-day especially is known as Fair-Monday. Whether there is any exact connection between the annual saturnalia of Coventry and Lady Godiva is not very clear. The Saxon countess figures in a procession once in five years, but there is slight notice taken of her to-day except by the printsellers, who exhibit rude works of art commemorative of her ride, and by an enterprising publican, before whose Godiva banner a brass band is playing the somewhat inappropriate air of "Down among the dead men." "Pot-fair," the section set apart for crockery, and Pool Meadow are completely occupied, the latter large space being covered with the booths and shows supposed to rejoice the rustic heart and head; and the fat women and living skeletons, the Zulu chiefs and miniature men have evidently put their best leg foremost in the endeavour to recoup their losses at other popular rendezvous. It is all in vain, however, for the chimes of St. Michael's, the tallest of the "three tall spires," ring out through drenching rain. So persistent is the downpour that the intending revellers who swarmed into the town of watches and ribbons by the early trains this morning are making the best of their way home again, and thus reducing to its lowest terms the junketing to testify against which the Salvation Army has come hither in force.

The advanced guard of this remarkable organization has been established here for some fifteen months, and far from coming into collision with the authorities, has been permitted to work its will upon the people against whom its attack is more particularly directed. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that the enthusiastic folk, who march arm in arm through the streets singing hymns while the leaders keep time by waving their umbrellas, are popular in Coventry; but it is at least true that they have excited no active hostility, and that albeit grudgingly and with hesitation, the townsmen professing various creeds admit that "they do a great deal of good in an odd sort of way."

It is hardly necessary to observe that the members of the Salvation Army are fully satisfied of the holiness and efficiency of their mission among the residuum unapproachable, as they maintain, by other means than those which they employ. When reproached with sweeping the social gutters in search of proselytes they reply that they "are ready to net the sewers," and that their method is directed at the hopelessly

drunken and profligate. Their mission in Coventry, like the more recent venture at Nottingham, has been very successful in reducing the percentage of ruffianism. Their mode of procedure when, to use their own language, they "capture a town," is remarkable enough to merit more extended notice than can be afforded it in this place. Stated briefly, it is an aggressive form of Christianity, the militant propaganda due to a large interpretation of the command to "compel them to come in." When it has been decided to "attack" a town, a convenient building, such as a theatre, a circus, or a deserted factory, is hired, and constitutes the headquarters of the mission. Then a small band of brethren and two or more sisters, or "Hallelujah Lasses," as they are called, are despatched on service. Any open space frequented by the lower class of the population on Sunday morning for the purpose of indulging in dog-fighting and similar recreations is pitched upon, the militant band at once commence proceedings by singing hymns, and when they have collected a crowd deliver short exhortations. These speeches are very short, as short as an ordinary prayer, and are always followed by at least two verses of a hymn with a "catching" refrain, like those introduced to this country by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Prayer, song, and general exhortation are followed by direct personal solicitation, and so soon as a few, either of converts or of the simply curious, are gathered together a move is made for the temporary chapel. Joining arms the brethren and sisters march through the streets, singing "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," or some other of their favourite hymns.

Arrived at the hall every effort is made to induce the crowd to enter, and when as many as can be persuaded have entered, either ordinary service, prayer meeting, or testimony meeting is held, and those present are generally and individually exhorted to amend their ways, lead Christian lives, and enrol themselves in the Salvation Army. This last-named act is an important part of the programme not absolutely insisted on but strongly urged as a sign of sincerity—the idea of Mr. Booth, formerly minister of the Methodist New Connexion and originator of the movement, being that the energy natural to new converts is a force to be utilised. Not only is the new convert, if he be thoroughly sincere, full of fire and energy—not unmixed perhaps with spiritual pride at his regenerate condition—but he is nearer to those needing conversion than the brother who has lived cleanly for years past. The new convert is expected to bring in his wife and his children, and to strive among his friends to bring them in also. No sooner—in the language of the Army—is a good recruit found than he is turned into a recruiting officer, and sent into his native alley to drum up fresh soldiers. It is not astonishing that an organization which extends its area in this rapid manner should meet with considerable success. It is hardly my province to discuss the probable permanence of the conversions brought suddenly about by this system of militant revivalism. There is no attempt to conceal the existence of backsliders, who have found the habits of a life too strong for a set of emotions not a week old, but, as an energetic "captain" remarked to me, the veterans "just tak'em by the scruff o' neck, and set 'em straight again." Perhaps the abandonment of idleness, blasphemy, and drink all together proves too severe a trial for many; for temperance is a strong article of faith with the Salvation Army. "It must continue a strong article," said one of the leading spirits to me; "it is impossible to improve them as long as they drink. We take their drink away, and that puts clothes on their backs and money in their pockets, and, mark me, we find them amusement—or, at least, enjoyment of a new kind by awakening their intelligence and giving them employment for it."

The conversation just quoted occurred at the foot of St. Michael's mighty spire as the clock was striking ten last night. My companion had been afoot since five in the morning. He had attended open-air meetings at six, morning, afternoon, and evening service, together with the prayer and testimony meeting we had just quitted. I had hardly been an hour in Coventry before I was made aware of the presence of the Salvation Army. Singing loudly, "You must be a lover of the Lord," they came on past the fantastic gables of curious Coventry arm-in-arm, men and women, the leader or captain carrying a blue and red banner inscribed "Blood and Fire," signifying, I am informed, "The Blood of the Lamb and the fire of the Holy Ghost." As an impartial recorder of facts, I must aver that they fairly swept the street with the object, it is said, of driving all before them into the tabernacle—a proceeding which, if it had been attempted in a crowded business thoroughfare, might have been attended with some little inconvenience, but on Sunday afternoon in Coventry interfered with nobody. On they went, the leaders walking backwards with a skill which would drive the Lord Chamberlain to despair, and keeping time by waving their umbrellas like the bâton

of the leader of an orchestra. Following in their wake I presently found myself opposite a large disused coach or waggon manufactory against which was painted in gigantic red and blue letters, "Salvation Factory." This was quickly filled by a congregation of several hundred persons—mostly young. So remarkable was the youth of those assembled that the persons of fifty years could be counted on the fingers, the great bulk being composed of young men and women between the ages of fifteen and thirty.

Prayer was offered, and an address broken into short snatches by the singing of hymns was delivered by the Rev. W. Booth, who, evidently an accomplished speaker, selected, a little obviously, as it appeared to me, allusions and sayings of a homely character—with the purpose of getting at his audience—an endeavour in which he was completely successful, if one may judge by the frequent expressions of "Glory be to God," and "Hallelujah," which arose during his discourse, at the conclusion of which a local brother offered up a prayer. Then came a very curious part of the celebration. A young girl, apparently of fifteen or sixteen years, delivered an address evidently very affecting to the majority of those present. It consisted mainly in the reiterated assertion that she was in a state of grace, and was obviously a sincere expression of earnest, simple hope and faith. This discourse was followed by a narrative by Sister Reynolds of her recent experience at Nottingham. Sister Reynolds, very earnest and courageous in her work, has one excellent qualification for it in a vein of homely, caustic humour. One stroke of this told immensely on the congregation at "Salvation Factory." The sister, in speaking of the seats to be hired for her congregation at Nottingham, deprecated the employment of pews or chairs, "public-house benches" being, she opined, "what they were used to and what would suit them best." The delight of the listeners at this bit of sarcasm knew no bounds, and among other things marked strongly the close attention of the audience. An interval of an hour and a quarter having been vouchsafed for "tea," an important *funcion* in the North and Midlands, religious exercises were recommenced by meetings at Pool Meadow, at the Theatre, and subsequently at "Salvation Factory." The prayer meeting at the latter place was remarkable as being crowded just as the magnificent bells of St. Michael's began to announce evensong. The form of worship differed in no important particular from that of other prayer meetings, save that the inquiry as to spiritual condition was more frequent.

The shibboleth was the positive answer to "Are you saved?" Any indecision brought down earnest remonstrance, appeal, and exhortation—not from the officiating minister, but from the men and women around the hesitating one. At this work "the Coventry Bear" shone above all others. Mr. Jackson—late the Coventry Bear—is externally, if the comparison may be made without offence, not unlike Mr. Spurgeon seen through a magnifying glass. The resemblance holds good even to the magnificent voice. The "Coventry Bear" is a convert of the genuine "S.S." kind, and has relieved the police of one of their most constant clients. His appeal to those who doubt whether they are saved or not is a simple one, "Come out of Hope Street into Sure Street," followed by equally homely but vigorous illustrations of the advantages of a decent Christian life. At the conclusion of the prayer meeting commenced "testimony meeting," at which all in turn—that is all who wish to do so—proclaim their faith that they are saved, adding some short explanation expressive of thankfulness, or hope that strength may be granted them. The speech of the "Bear" was full of heartiness, and delivered in tones of such volume and quality that it was difficult to avoid regret that he had not been "caught younger," as a brother remarked, and properly trained to pulpit oratory. At the conclusion of his observations there was a rushing sound, and then came "Captain" Cadman and his following from the theatre, and all stood up and sang "Hold the fort." There was a great disposition to prolong the testimony meeting indefinitely; but it was finally broken up before ten o'clock, to the great regret of many of the congregation. Judging from what I have seen in Coventry and heard of other towns, the Salvation Army is an organization hardly to be passed over in taking account of the state of religious feeling in England; and I may also add that, confining myself strictly to the evidence of my own eyesight, there is nothing grotesque or indecent in the observances of this militant force.

To the above, from an unprejudiced outsider, it seems only needful to add two or three facts not seen by the "special."

1. That at the same time that the Sunday services were going on in the

Factory, Captain Cadman, with a strong band of men, were holding services in a temporary theatre, holding several hundred people, in the middle of the fair.

2. That in that tent five poor gipsies fell at the feet of Jesus.

3. That on the Monday our folks turned out in force and formed large rings and processions in spite of the rain and mud. The Black Prince from Leicester and Captain Maycock from Leamington being present.

4. That on the Tuesday a poor man came into the ring in the open air to cry for mercy who was at that very time "wanted" by the police. He had no sooner risen from his knees rejoicing in God than two officers came forward, and apologising to Captain Cadman for the unavoidable intrusion, took the new-born away to the lock-up.

5. That the Work of God in Coventry, although fifteen months since its commencement, is full of life, power, and gladness; and if our forces only keep up the spirit of conquest, as well as consolidation, far greater triumphs are before them.

AN "ALL-NIGHT" WITH JESUS.

WE promised to tell the story of the "All-night" on the Tyne this month. But space forbids of our going to any considerable length on this matter, and even if this were not so, we should be almost puzzled to know what to say after so much that has been said about "All-nights" before.

One remark, however, we must make, and that is that nothing seems to us more astounding than the objection raised to nights of prayer actually in religious circles. Here are vast multitudes; the company in Handyside Hall, Gateshead, numbering nearly a thousand—hundreds of whom, not long since, were utterly averse to prayer, or to anything else, connected with religion; and now these hundreds come together eager to spend a whole night in prayer with God.

Could it have been believed that any people of intelligence, having the good of their country at heart, even setting aside all religious considerations, would object to anything of this sort. Perhaps it will be said that objection is raised not to the night of prayer itself, but to something in the method of conducting it, or to some occurrences which take place in connection with it. To this there seems a very natural answer. Are hundreds of people to meet together to spend a whole night in prayer and yet nothing remarkable and extraordinary to take place? If so, to what end would their praying be? and, if on the other hand, something does take place, as thank God we have always seen hitherto, and always trust to see upon occasions of the kind, who is to dare to judge and condemn that which takes place amongst a number of people met together, with one accord to ask, and expect, that God will Himself appear and work amongst them in an unusual way.

The whole matter seems to resolve itself into this simple question. Have we or have we not a right thus to meet together in His name, not by twos and threes only, but by hundreds, expecting that what we ask as touching His kingdom shall be granted, and granted on the spot?

At any rate we did so, and God met us in His own wonder-working way, to the confusion of His adversaries, and to the joy of His chosen.

When a man, whom Satan has bound with some chain for many years, is loosed from his infirmity by Jesus of Nazareth all in a moment, what right has anybody to complain, even if the poor fellow does leap for joy?

O, that every critic might get as much blessing, and become as useful as some poor ignorant lovers of the Lord, against whom the critics always have so much

to say on the morrow of an "All-night." But let them say what they like, we had a glorious night of it, and we shall have some more yet. So help us God!

MOUNTAIN ASH.

BLOOD and Fire has been our motto in Mountain Ash, and shall be till everybody is saved, and on their way to glory. The past month has been a good one, over fifty have wept their way to the feet of Jesus and found pardon; now they sing and talk about Jesus.

A Converted Infidel.—This dear man has been one of the worst men in the town, drinking, swearing and dancing has been his glory through life. He writes me as follows:—"I thank God that ever the Salvation Army came to this town. I was on the brink of dark damnation. I had not entered a place of worship for six years. I neither believed in a God, nor a devil, heaven nor hell, nor anything else but drinking and the public-house. No one ever spoke to me about Jesus. There seemed to be no one caring for my soul. One day Happy Jack saw me in my pit clothes, and a black face; he shook me by the hand and told me about the love of God. The words went to my heart. God's spirit began to strive with me, but I would not yield till God gave me a dream. I dreamed that I was in hell. I could even smell the brimstone. I saw the doomed souls crawling about like eels in the brimstone. The next morning I was happy to find myself in bed. I went to work down the pit; could not get any rest. I fell on my knees among the dirt, and God saved me there and then. Hallelujah! Now I am on my way to heaven. Glory Hallelujah! May God make some more dream the same as I dreamed that night. My wife gave her heart to Jesus; now we are a happy family, and mean to fight in the army of King Jesus.

"Yours, saved, G. B."

A Backslider.—This man was a member of the Primitive Methodists for many years. He had received sixty-seven class tickets, then he left God; he had not gone on the road far before the devil jumped over the wall and bound him hand and foot, and put a rope round his neck, and he was leading him down to hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched. He rose up in one of our meetings and said, "Thank God I'm saved. I was a backslider from God many years. There was no one caring for my soul till the Lord sent Happy Jack from Yorkshire to speak to me about Jesus. He spoke so kindly and lovingly. I thought it was so much like the Master. It broke my heart. I came out to the penitent-form. God saved me. Hallelujah!

"On Sunday morning I wanted to come to the love-feast, but I slept too late. The next Sunday morning I had made up my mind to come, so I asked God to wake me up just at half-past six. Some of the ceiling fell right on the bed and woke me up. Glory be to God, the Lord does answer prayer."

This man's wife has been saved; now they are going to heaven together. Hallelujah!

A Hallelujah Cornish Woman.—This dear sister came to our hall and God broke her hard heart, she fell at the Saviour's feet and cried for mercy. She took off her bonnet, and all her hair was hanging down her back, then she went into it. The glory came. She struck up singing

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

She jumped up and danced round the place. Oh, hallelujah! they are the sort that suit me.

Money and tracts are greatly needed.
15, Woodland Street.

Yours under the blood,
J. LAWLEY.

SPENNYMOOR (31ST CORPS).

THE good work is still progressing at this station. Many of the worst men in the town are being continually brought under the power of the Gospel; a complete renovation of heart and life is enjoyed by themselves, and manifested to their neighbours by their walk and conversation. During the past month many of our own people have been introduced into the higher life. A new doctrine to many, but which our people describe as the "very cream of my religion;" and the more they feel of it the easier becomes their labour for God. In the open-air work God still continues to smile upon them; a band of real dare-devils is being raised, and as a local newspaper said of them, "they rake the gutters of sin and scrape the cesspools of iniquity;" and many precious gems they have found deep down in the mire, and are bringing glory to God.

A Spiritualist spoke the night after he was saved. "Bless God I am saved. I had a good example set before me, which I never forgot. I got in among the spiritualists, and was a medium. I have sat with Miss Kay at Newcastle at their great sittings, and it is a heap of sham and deceit. It is the devil's own religion; but to-night I am saved and washed. Hallelujah." Now he works and speaks for Jesus.

His wife was a great novel reader, and when at the penitent-form some novels dropped down the sleeve of her dress. There she gave them all up, and now she is happy in the Lord.

A young man came to the meetings who had enlisted into the army twice whilst under the influence of the accursed drink; his parents bought him off both times. He tried all he could, but found no peace until he found it in the Saviour. Now he says "I am in the right army at last."

A Puddler says: "Friends, you all know me, what a drunken, swearing, pigeon-flying chap I was, but God has saved me; may he keep me faithful." He is a miracle of grace. To God be all the glory. Numbers of other cases could be given.

113, Craddock Street, Spenny Moor.

ISAAC SKIDMORE.

GLASGOW.

HALLELUJAH! the past month has been one of power and real blessing; in point of number the meetings have been a thorough success. As many people attend as we can well command, and although some of the rougher order have repeatedly tried to disturb us, the whole of our gatherings have been moderately quiet of late. Our hall, which accommodates 2,000, has been filled on Sunday, while during the week the attendance will average 900. The after meeting has always been very blessed and productive of the best results. Very many helpless sinners each evening find their way to the penitent form, there to own to an ever-gracious God their helplessness, and finally to live, rejoice, and testify to the power and preciousness of redeeming love. Glory to our King! 25 and 30 in a night profess to get blessedly saved. Our street meetings and marches are a wonder to many; the pluck, and reality, and devotion shown by the converts in coming to the front, and boldly and openly confessing Christ before men is a sure indication of health and fitness for determined hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of hell. These meetings have been subject to much opposition on account of the satanic element which prevails largely in the district. On one occasion I was knocked down, but thank God only to rise triumphantly singing, "I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me." Yes, thank God, in spite of ridicule and even personal abuse, he who is the Captain of our Salvation has triumphantly led us onward and upward. Glory for ever to His name. Clear, bright and happy testimonies from night to night assure us that God is in our midst, that it is He who has so sweetly smiled on this effort, and caused the seed sown to bring forth abundant fruit.

One young man says—"I was a drunkard, swearer, smoker, poacher; but glory be to God, Jesus saves me from all."

Another says—"I went to see the Hallelujah Lasses, to have a laugh, but God's spirit changed my laughing into crying. I cried for the Lord to save me, and He did, bless His name." Another says:—"I was asked to go and see the Hallelujah Lasses. I heard they were very noisy, so I went and saw them. Thank God for sending them to Glasgow, for I was as black a sinner as ever was, but God saved me."

Another young soldier very quaintly assured the people that what led him to repent and freed him from all his trespasses was Christ lifted up by His instruments the Hallelujah Lasses.

Another young man says—*Once I felt into a pit couldna get oot, and had ta roar for help and twa men got me oot, but I was in a waur-pit that nobody on the earth could get me oot, but Jesus got me oot.*

Many more testimonies equally telling might be given, but these will suffice to show the extent of this blessed work. The dear Lord help us. It is cheering and Christ-glorifying to report of the favourable condition of our holiness meetings, refreshing and strengthening, and a source of much power to the young converts. Indeed many of our dear spiritual children deem it so great a privilege to meet one with another in sweet fellowship, and quite a number have now laid their all on the altar. The testimonies given to a pure and holy life are very, very fine, while feathers, pipes, tobacco and tobacco boxes of many of the converts have already found their way to our museum. The meetings are of the good old Hallelujah sort, full of life and reality, although some of the more judicious thoroughbred Scotch prefer to do the shouting on the quiet. Bless the dear Lord for the dear Scotch people, the utmost harmony and brotherly feeling exists among all our members, all are so loving, real, and so eager to work. O, Hallelujah! Victory or death, onward we go to battle.

NELLIE AND SUE COPE.

131, Main Street, Anderston, Glasgow.

SEAHAM HARBOUR (44TH CORPS).

COURAGE! ONWARD! NEVER DOUBTING!

SINCE I have been here we have held our holiness meetings on the Friday night, and some grand times of rejoicing we have had. On the Friday night previous to council I read the conditions for all-night of prayer at congress, and then we all went down into the fountain. Sisters gave up feathers, flowers, ribbons, collars, brooches, and lockets. Brothers gave up pipes, boxes, and alberts. One dear brother who had smoked twenty years gave up, another one gave up the "old Turk," and confessed that he had gone out during prayer meeting to have a "draw" or two. The Lord help them all. We sang "My all is on the altar." Men rolled on the floor, others shouted "Hallelujah!" Some looked on in wonder, and making a clean sweep, praising God, we came off more than conquerors. Full surrender and glorious victory. One brother got the blessing, and he shouted "I've got it;" and now he says, "I wish Friday night was here, it's so grand. Hallelujah! Why it's market day. Glory be to God." The best of it is, while we get made better ourselves some great sinners are getting saved. One dear fellow came to our afternoon meeting on the week day and gave up all for Jesus, and as we led him into light and liberty he said, "He's long (meaning the devil) kept me away, but thank God I've conquered him to-day, and now I'm happy," and praise God this dear man still has "old Sammy" under his feet. The Lord help him to keep him there.

The Hallelujah Fisherman says, "I haven't a very very good suit of clothes, but praise God I'll get a better in heaven; been shipwrecked, and floating about the Bay of Biscay three days and three nights, but always found Jesus to be near, and bless God I'll stick to the old ship."

An aged Brother says he means to roll the old chariot along; he was never as happy in his life, the more he gets of this religion the better he likes it; he can't hear very well, but he can hear the Spirit answer to the blood and tell him he is born of God. Hallelujah!

Converted Sailor, who we mentioned last time, says if there is a step higher, he means by God's help to be up it. Never means to turn back and leave his dear Saviour; he has a full sail and a fair breeze.

Another Converted Sailor tells the people, when he was serving the devil his children had to want bread, because he kept the money from his wife; but since the Salvation Army had come, and he got saved, he has always had bread. He says, "Bless God, since I have commenced to serve God and work in the Salvation Army, it has been the means of putting bread into my cupboard, clothes on my children's back, and shoes on their feet." Praise the Lord for what He's done for these men. You won't have space for me to give anything like a report of the sayings of the Blood-washed colliers. Why, they seem to be always happy, in the pit, in the lanes, aye, anywhere, and the stories they tell of victory over the devil, and triumph for Jesus, are something grand.

On the 7th and 8th June, we had grand meetings. On the Saturday, at the hallelujah meeting, we had three precious souls. Praise the Lord! and on the Sunday night we had eight precious souls blessedly saved. Sister Trayn spoke first, then a dear brother from Sunderland, and then I spoke a short time, and wound up by saying "All that want salvation come forward while we sing 'Christ for me,'" and a man in the meeting spoke up and said, "I'm not saved, sir, but I want to be," and I said hallelujah! you may be, and as soon as we got a place clear at the front (for we were quite crowded out) he came out, and very dark he was; he said, "I want to be a Christian, I do, but, oh, sir, I never could." We prayed and talking with him, he got saved. Then we finished up with some "Hallelujah Sermons." We had about thirty-five in seven or eight minutes, and then we went down on our knees and at it again. We couldn't help it and didn't want either. Glory be to God! We are a band of "Royal Never Rusts and Go-Aheads," and we'll conquer sin and Satan. Hallelujah! Everybody we speak to say that the Salvation Army has been a great blessing to this town and other places around. We have hallelujah soldiers who travel to our meetings and back, a distance of four miles, and work hard all day, and they have done this for a long time. May God bless them. They have the cause at heart, and some of them are very useful and just the sort for going ahead in the army. Must have a large salvation shop here, in fact we look more like getting a big hall than ever. The plans are being got ready, and we are all the while drawing plans to attack the devil's kingdom and pull it down. Tracts or donations thankfully received by Mr. Davison, 12, Church Street, or yours lying in the fountain and hid in the rock,

CAPTAIN HODGSON, Blood washed collier,
and his happy crew.

4, Caroline Street,
Seaham Harbour.

JARROW.

ANYWHERE with Jesus has been my motto ever since I joined the Salvation Army. After six months' hard fighting in Leicester, I was moved to another battalion of the army, and found myself at Jarrow-on-Tyne, a place thickly populated by the working classes, just the kind we are anxious to operate upon, and thank the Lord, by His grace we have been enabled to snatch a few from the hands of the evil one. We have blown the ram's horn, and the walls of infidelity and sin have fallen flat down before us. The first Tuesday night I was here we had a mighty move; the power of God came down upon us in such a manner that many were amazed and wondered—they had not seen

or felt anything like it before, and at the close 27 had realised the blessing of a clean heart, and 3 had their sins pardoned.

I give a few testimonies of those who have been saved:—

A young man said "I never thought I should speak before such a company as this, especially as I have been so bad. I have done all kinds of crimes. I have been a drunkard, swearer, in fact I have been guilty of all kinds of crimes, and for the last nine months, the spirit of God has been striving with me, and I have had no rest night nor day, especially during the last fortnight. Last Sunday night I came to the meeting. I could not stand it any longer; then it was a hard struggle, but I went up to the penitent-form, and the Lord took my burden away, and now I am happy in Jesus," and with tears streaming down his face, he said, "You'll pray for me, won't you?"

Another who had been at our meetings was convinced of his sinfulness, but would not yield; he went home, went to bed, but could not sleep, and had to rise again, and cried out for salvation. He is now on his happy way rejoicing.

Another said "I did not believe in your God before, but now I do, because He has saved my soul from hell. The things I once loved now I hate, and the things I hated now I love, and it is my desire now to serve God with all my heart."

When the Lord fully saves the soul He saves the pocket too. **One woman** after giving her testimony that God for Christ's sake had saved her soul, as an evidence of the reality of the change gave a ham and five shillings towards the tea on Whit-Monday. I could give you some more, but the old chariot is rolling on.

JAMES WESSBURG, the Hallelujah Swede.

KINGSWOOD.

THE Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty. Yes, bless His name. When Mr. Booth told me I was to go to Kingswood, and what a bad place it was, my heart sank within me. But when I was in the train I gave myself afresh to God willing to go anywhere with Jesus. When I arrived at Kingswood it was pouring with rain, and I had to walk about, seeking lodgings, for about three hours and half. But the Lord touched the heart of kind friends and they took me in for the night. Our startling bills were put about the town, causing a great deal of excitement, people wondering who we were. When we commenced on the Sunday morning there were hundreds waiting for us. I got up to give out the hymn, but my heart sank within me, and I could not move my lips; but at last the victory was gained, the power of God came down mightily, and while I was talking numbers were weeping. In the evening we had a mighty time, people weeping all over the place.

After we had done talking we went into the prayer-meeting and then I spoke to a **young man**, and asked him to give his heart to God. He fell on his knees, weeping bitterly, and crying out at the top of his voice for mercy. The blood was applied, and he got up and told us he was saved, and the next night spoke in the open air. Praise God.

One dear woman told me the burden of her sins was more than she could bear. I asked her to let Jesus take it off. She fell on her knees and cried, "Oh, Lord take this burden away. I will do anything to get rid of it. Oh, Lord do take it, do save me, I am so unhappy, I cannot live like this, do help me. I believe, I will believe, I do believe." Glory. She got up, with the tears running down her face, and said, "The burden is gone, I am so happy."

One dear man said he was too bad a sinner, but hallelujah, he found a great Saviour when he got saved. He told me to go to his wife. She soon found peace. I took her to her husband and told him he had a new wife.

Another young man came to our meetings. He was deeply convinced. He cried for mercy. He soon got saved through believing. He said he used to

be a runner, but now he has given me his running clothes. He says he was once running down to hell, but now he is running up to Heaven. Oh, may God keep him faithful.

I went up to **another great man** and said when are you going to start for Heaven? "He said, To-night." Hallelujah! He started in good earnest, and if you were to hear him it would do your heart good.

Money and tracts thankfully received by yours in the battle field,
Ten Mile Hill, Kingswood. EMILY J. HALL.

LEEDS.

TO the General—Dear Christian Brother in Christ,—I write a few lines to tell you what the Salvation Army has been the means of doing for our never-dying souls, and I wish you to put it in the Magazine. Dear General, we have been two of the greatest sinners in Hunslet, but we went to the tent in Leeds to hear Miss Parkins, in North-street, Leeds, and got saved from all sin on the 11th day of April, and now we are the happiest men in the town, and mean to work for God and do all we can for perishing souls, and the glory of our Saviour. Thank God the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. We were two of the devil's agents, but now we are Christ's, and will fight for him, in the tent, with you all, God helping us. We don't put this in the Magazine as a boast, but just to let our old companions see we are not ashamed of Jesus Christ, our Master. Glory Hallelujah!

HAPPY BOB and HALLELUJAH BILL.

MERTHYR TYDVIL.

DURING the past month the Lord has been working wonderfully in our midst. Praise His name. Our open-air meetings have been made a great blessing in drawing together numbers of people who have not been accustomed to hear the gospel, and have followed us inside, and have left rejoicing in the possession of the pearl of great price. Our Sunday place continues to be filled with people, and during the month over fifty souls have left their burdens of sin at the foot of the cross, some of them the worst sinners in the place. We give a few cases out of many.

A Dear Man said, "Nine weeks ago I gave my heart to God, and they have been the happiest nine weeks of my life."

A Sister.—"Thank God He has forgiven me all my sins. I cannot speak like an angel, but I can say Christ died for me, and He died for all."

A Brother says, "Thank God I am saved, and on my way to Heaven. The devil told me to put it off, but God got the victory. I came to Jesus and got saved." Hallelujah.

A Brother says, "I was in a parade a few weeks ago in the church; the minister asked if we were ready for the great parade. I thought not then, but now, thank God, I am ready, to-night. May the Lord keep me faithful." Not only the few given here, but many, many more have been saved. May God keep them all. Amen and Amen.

Any help will be thankfully received by yours in the Army,

MIRIAM SMITH.
C. SAVILLE.

BRIDPORT.

THE brother in charge of this station writes:—We have had fifty-seven souls in seven nights, and the platforms packed with converts. Over forty spoke their experience on Sunday night.

One Man said, "I was drunk and fell in a pond, and if I had been drowned

then I would have gone to hell; but thank God, I am saved now, and all my sins are pardoned.

A Gentleman Farmer came to our meetings time after time, and was often entreated to give his heart to God; at last he did so, last Saturday night, and on Monday he killed one of his lambs and brought one part of it for a thank-offering.

A woman said, "I have been a dark benighted sinner. I came to hear Mr. Wood preach, and I gave my heart to Christ, and I would go to the work-house now sooner than give Him up."

An Outcast Man said, "I have been parted from my wife seven years and have wandered all over the country. I came to the Templars' Hall and heard a companion of mine speak, and it broke my heart. I fell on my knees and cried aloud to God for mercy, and he pardoned me, and now I have a good suit of clothes on my back, but before I was saved I had nothing. May the Lord keep me." CAPT. WOOD.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

THE Lord has blessed the work here during the past few weeks. On the 11th we had a glorious time, three came out for pardon and about twenty for a full salvation; pipes, tobacco, feathers, earrings, lockets, drink, &c., were given up. The next day four persons came to my house and stated that my preaching had made them unhappy. I talked with them and prayed with them until one o'clock in the morning. God came down and filled every soul; one was completely overpowered with the glory, and all went home rejoicing in God. What our people say:—

Brother B.—"I have only been converted a few weeks, but they have been the happiest weeks of my life. I have been nearly killed three times when drunk, saw my wife die, and when struggling with death she said, 'Jack, pray for my poor soul;' but I could not pray for myself then."

Brother S.—"When I got converted I had my week's stock of tobacco, but I came here and gave up myself to God, went home and put it, and a sixteen shilling pipe, behind the fire. Bless God He has taken away the desire."

A Young Woman.—"I have only been converted a month; the more I talk and pray to God, the more like Him I become." This sister, when she was saved, had a long feather on her hat and Piccadilly fringe, but now her face is lighted up with the light of heaven. I might give many more cases, but I know your space is limited. Much in need of tracts.

Yours at the feet of Jesus,
26, Havelock Street. CAPT. DAVEY.

BOLTON.

DECEMBER the 22nd, not knowing any one, with our hands in the hand of an omnipotent Redeemer, feeling assured of His help in our work of labour and love, our only aim and object was to pull down the devil's kingdom, and to build our Lord's up, in many hearts. Blessed be His dear name, He has never left us. Although the fighting has been somewhat hard, we have never fought without the victory—to God be all the Glory! We have scarcely had a meeting without some poor, wretched, broken-hearted sinner weeping their way to the feet of a crucified Saviour; and many a swearer's house has been turned into a house of prayer and praise, and some who have been a terror to their wives and children are now the sunshine of their homes. Who would not help to bring these wanderers back to God? Oh may every Christian be aroused to his or her privilege and duty! We are going on by the help of Jehovah, not without plenty of trials, but these will brighten the crown by and bye. We give a few testimonies. Our friends shall speak for themselves.

"My dear Friends,—I have been a drunkard and wrestler, pigeon flyer, gambler, and dog runner, but glory be to God for ever guiding my wandering feet to the Hall. Then He met with me, and brought me to Himself, and I can truly say I am the happiest man in this town. May God ever keep me. Amen.

R. M."

"Dear Friends,—I have been a great Sabbath-breaker, a swearer, a gambler. I came to the Salvation Hall about eight weeks ago, and there came to the bleeding feet of Jesus, with a heavy burden of sin, and I was as light as a feather when I got up from the penitent-form. I have gone miles to find happiness, until I got the love of Jesus in my heart; then I was filled with glory. This religion is sweet. I pray that God may keep me safe to the end, for Christ's sake. Amen.

G. D."

"Dear Friends,—I shall ever have to praise God for guiding my feet into the Temperance Hall. I went to hear the sisters, but, glory be to God, He saved me. I have been a great drunkard and fighter; three separate times I have been brought home with my limbs broken, but to-day I am washed in the blood of a crucified Lord, and I know I am ready to die. May He keep me faithful. Amen.

M. M."

"I well remember the time when I was picked up out of the gutter of sin and iniquity. I was seeking peace and happiness in the world, but I never found them until I came to the Salvation Hall. Then I made up my mind to live a new life. I wept my way to the cross, and found the pearl of great price.

J. R. L."

"I am very thankful to God for His goodness towards me, for sending this army to Bolton, for it has been the means of bringing me to the foot of the Cross. Many years I went to chapel and kept myself respectable, but now I know the precious blood cleanses me from all sin, and my determination is to tell to all around what Christ has done for me. May I be faithful. Amen.

A. H."

"I know I have been a great sinner, both a drunkard and gambler. I cannot say much, but my sins, which were many, are all forgiven, and it has been a happy day for me since I came to the Mission. May God keep me, for His name's sake.

J. M."

"I feel very happy to-day. I know that God has, for Christ's sake, pardoned all my sins. Although I am very much persecuted, I mean, by God's help, to go on, for I know that it's only they that to the end endure the cross who shall wear the crown. May God keep me faithful. Amen.

A. M."

"I came to the Salvation Hall many times to see and hear. I was always respectable, and thought I should do, but one night while in the Hall God took hold of me and showed me myself. My sins rose as mountains, and, with tears streaming down my face, I came to the penitent-form, and there God pardoned me. Oh may God keep me faithful. Amen.

J. H."

"Oh I bless God for ever bringing me to the Mission Hall, and not only that, but for washing me in His precious blood. At times I am so happy I have to ask God to enlarge the vessel. I know I am sanctified, and my desire is to bring honour and glory to His holy name. Oh, may He help me to work for Him, while it is called to-day, for His name's sake. Amen.

C. B."

"I bless God that ever He led me to this Hall, and that He led me to repent of my past sins. I can say it was a happy day for me when Jesus washed my sins away, and my determination is to work for Him, and to lead perishing souls to the fountain. May He help me, for His name's sake. Amen.

J. H."

"I have been one of the roughest characters in Bolton for many years, and denied the being of God but I bless God that ever this Mission came here; it has made a happy man of me, and now my house is a house of prayer; and, glory be to His holy name, He has saved my wife. Oh, may we train our children for God! May God keep us. Amen.

A. R."

"My dear Friends,—It has been a good thing for me that the Mission came here. Although I was young in years I loved sin; but now I love God and His

people, and to see sinners coming to the fountain. Oh that God would make me a useful woman in bringing them!

J. L."

"I thank God, my Friends, for what I enjoy of His presence. I feel every step I take His spirit leads me. For many years I lived without God; I was unhappy; my home was a miserable one; my children were afraid of me. But now my home is happy, and my children run to meet me.

J. B."

CHELTENHAM.

SINCE our last report we have lost the theatre for Sabbath services, but have secured the circus. Brother Leedham, who is in charge of the station, was summoned for processioning the streets, the police wished him to promise not to make any noise going up High Street. Brother Leedham thought he had as much right to walk up the streets singing as a brass band had to march up the streets playing. The case was dismissed on payment of costs. A lawyer was engaged, Captains West and Rochfort paid him, and Mr. Hill asked to be allowed to have the honour of paying the costs 7s. Thus the Lord is raising up friends in this corner of the vineyard, to help in our glorious work.

The Week-night Hall is filled night after night. At the class 50 were present. Last Sunday morning 40 were present at the early prayer-meeting. Several of the new converts are beginning to take part in the meetings both in speaking and praying.

Our brother reports a man from Leicester, whose father attends the Salvation Warehouse there, and his wife have both been saved. A man and his wife who had not been to a place of worship for years—the wife said while the tears trickled down her cheeks, "Thank God we are both saved now!" She brought her sisters to the meetings and they have been saved too.

A Young Man, in the experience meeting, said "a month ago I came to make game, now I am saved."

A Mother and Daughter. In visiting, the mother said both her daughter and herself had been saved, and that the daughter would retire to her room and pray for hours together. A good sign.

A Young Woman who at first came to the meetings and laughed and talked all the time has been brought to the feet of Jesus.

The police do not now interfere with the open-air meetings, and are disposed to help us in keeping order, if we can see our way to meeting their views with respect to processioning. Good is being done, and the impression on the place is deepening, that our work is real and reaching a particular class that has not been reached by any other agency.

LEAMINGTON.

HALLELUJAH! God is on our side. Although we meet with lots of opposition, we take our stand in the streets, and soon get large crowds of people. Lots of youths with kettles and sticks mob us, and escort us home in hundreds, and then we sing out side the door, "We'll stand the storm." This led to our being summoned before the magistrates, but amid all the confusion God sends his word home to the hearts of poor sinners.

One dear man who had been a backslider seven years, and for a time his heart seemed as hard as stone; but, about five o'clock on Sunday morning, God laid hold of him, melted him down, and saved him.

One poor drunkard, a rag and bone man, heard the singing, "My Saviour suffered on the tree;" it awakened him to a sense of his condition. As a sinner he followed us through the streets, came inside, and while we were singing "Glory, glory, Jesus saves me," he jumped up, came to the penitent-form saying

"I cannot stand it any longer," and got saved, and is now crying out to the drunkards to come and get what he has got.

The night we opened the factory **one young woman** from Coventry came for a half day's pleasure, and got made so miserable about her sins that she could not sleep all night. She prayed all through until ten in the morning, when God spoke peace to her soul.

One poor fallen young woman followed us in the open air, and at the meeting inside the Word took hold of her in a wonderful manner. She came the next night and fell down at the penitent-form and was saved. She has left her old companions, and one of our sisters has taken her home with her.

24, Clenny Street, Leamington.

CAPTAIN MAYCOCK AND HIS WIFE.

BLACKBURN.

OUR sisters went to this station without knowing any of the friends, but a number were on the look out for them. Processioned through town, and on arriving at the house where they had to reside, formed a ring and had an experience meeting, and the sisters felt quite at home when they heard sung, "The Salvation Army is marching along."

The first meeting they held in the Hall the Lord owned their labours in the salvation of one soul, and since then He has continued to smile upon them, and back the word spoken with signs following.

One that has been saved said, "I thank God that ever I joined the Salvation Army. I am saved and happy, and going to heaven."

Another, who had been a spiritualist, says now that he has joined the Salvation Army he can jump for very joy, and thanks God for the reality of the change that has been wrought in him.

Another says, "I am glad I ever met the Salvation Army in the streets, and that I followed them to the hall. I have my troubles and trials here, but they are nothing to what the master bore for me."

Another man, respectably dressed, who had been a member of a church, came to our meetings. The second we were here, we asked him if he knew his sins forgiven. He came out as a penitent; and we shall never forget how he wrestled and prayed for God to save him. We stayed with him until half-past ten o'clock, and while singing, "Jesus saves me now," the dear man felt his load of sin was taken away, and we all shouted and praised God with him.

Will all who read this pray for the two little salvation lasses at Blackburn, and kindly help them with tracts or money to roll the old chariot along.

From yours, very low at the feet of Jesus,

17, Quarry Street, Blackburn.

LIZZIE FRAY,
MATILDA EDWARDS.

CHATHAM.

CAPTAIN FOSTER and his corps are advancing on the territory of the enemy of souls, and although they have had some hard fighting, victory is theirs. Drunkards are being made sober and saved. Sabbath breakers are saved, and backsliders are reclaimed, and believers sanctified, and our soldiers in general are much healthier and stronger in faith and prayer, and determined to "Hold the Fort." I visited a sick man at Strood; he had been ill six weeks, and got saved while I was with him, and died soon after. At Frindsbury Hill I visited a man and his wife, very bad Sabbath breakers—they got saved also. Also visited a man in Chatham Hospital who had met with an accident; he was broken down because of his sins; he confessed that he had broken the Sabbath, he cried to God for mercy and found it, he has lost his hand but has found his Saviour. On Whit-

Monday we had a tea meeting, upwards of 100 sat down to tea. We had a good meeting afterwards, collection 11s. Profit on tea £1 6s. 10d. On Friday, June 6th, James Wilson, the son of Brother Wilson, at Chatham Hill, was crushed by an engine and died three hours-and-a-half afterwards. We have every reason to believe he has gone to rest, as he was a good young man. Was buried on Tuesday, June 10th, at Chatham Cemetery. We had a real mission funeral, a good procession with singing all the way. From 300 to 400 persons assembled at the grave, precious time. We trust the death of this dear young brother will be the life of many souls. Pray for us here.

Yours in the Salvation Army,
4, Alma Terrace, High Street, Chatham.

W. FOSTER.

NEW SHILDON.

"Believe, and it shall be done."

PRAISE the Lord for ever! He is still with us and we are His people; truly my heart burns within me while I think over the past month's blessings. My own soul has been much blessed when I have seen His mighty arm made bare in the salvation of precious souls. Glory be to God!

One dear man who was in pickle two weeks came and gave his heart to the Lord. This dear man used to sit in our meetings shaking from head to foot until God laid hold of him and shook the devil out of him and set him free, and then **his wife** followed him to the Saviour, and their prayer is that the Lord may keep them faithful until death.

Another dear man, who got saved soon after we came here, has been praying that the Lord would save his wife, and in answer to his prayers the Lord saved her. On Whit-Monday night she came out and cried to God, and then shouting "Glory," fell to the floor and laid there some time under the power of God; and got up rejoicing in the God of her salvation.

Another young man, who gave his heart to the Lord in our meetings, has been praying for the Lord to save his friends, and the Lord saved his **mother** at one of our cottage prayer-meetings, also his **brother** on Whit-Monday. Glory be to God! **This one**, speaking on Saturday night, told us how that the Lord had saved the best first, then the mother, and last himself, the **prodigal**—Praise God for ever.

Whit-Monday was a good day for our souls; while in the field, in the morning, the rain came down on our bodies, but God came down and blessed our souls. We marched on to the hall singing, and there had a good feast of heavenly things. Praise the Lord! Out again in the afternoon. At night we had a hallelujah meeting; 40 testified to the cleansing power of the blood to the joy of their souls, and closed with a good, hot prayer-meeting. Oh, hallelujah! These are a few of the many cases in this town. May the Lord keep them faithful to the end. Trusting for a mighty smash soon.

Yours in the army of the Lord,

Adelaide Street, New Shildon.

SARAH WHEATLEY,
J. UNDERHILL.

CARDIFF.

HALLELUJAH! for the glorious hallowing presence of God and the manifestation of His power in the Salvation of precious souls.

During the last month we have had many brought from darkness into light, amongst whom have been four mates of ships. One of them was a **Roman Catholic**. He sobbed and wept all the time we were speaking, then out he

came, and cried aloud for mercy. Brother Beggs was talking to him, when he brought out his book, saying, "Take that, and tell the people I have been a Catholic, but I do not want that book any more. I deny the Roman Catholic Church and her priests. Many a time I have been forgiven by the priest, but never felt satisfied. Now I come to God Himself. May He save me. Then with confidence and apparent relief, he said, "I accept the Protestant faith. Jesus saves me now." The Lord break up some more of his kind. Amen.

Another Sailor.—When the prayer meeting was on one night, three big men came out for salvation, and suddenly we were startled by a man groaning and rolling about the seat as if in the greatest agony. One ran for a glass of water another was going to sprinkle him, but I said take That away, it is living water he wants. I got hold of his arm which kept him up till we got near the form. When I withdrew he dropped down like one who had lost all power of his limbs, and groaned and cried, and shouted like some one going mad; but Hallelujah! light came, peace entered his heart, and the man's face shone with glory. We thought we were going to have to remain there with him, for he was filled with the power of God; he could not move. He remained in this port four days longer, and when at the meetings he would sit and compress himself to keep the Glory in, but it ran out of his eyes. May God save more like him, and keep always in that frame.

Husband and Wife came to visit their daughter, who is a member with us. She brought them to the Stuart Hall. After I was done preaching several came out, but this old man and woman were very hard. He positively said he would not decide, and seemed rather annoyed, but the meeting was getting hotter, and soon it got to hot for him; out he came, his wife followed; they got a free full pardon. The old man prayed and shouted to the top of his voice, took me by the hand, saying, "I wish we lived here, I am so happy." We could give a good many more cases, but we must not take up too much space.

16, James Street, Roath, Cardiff.

I am, in the Army,
JAMES ROBINSON.

HASTINGS.

THE brother in charge of this station sends us a few cases here given:—
A Servant was at the meeting with her parents. At the close of the preaching service they left, but she remained. Presently I saw her crying, and went to her. "Oh," she says, "I do want to give my heart to Jesus, but I cannot come out to the penitent-form." I said, "Well then, my sister, if you cannot come the Lord will save you here, but I am afraid you have not yet tried. Let us see; come along," and immediately she arose, came out, and sought, and found salvation. She afterwards brought her aunt to the

Mother's Meeting, at the close of which she said, "Oh, Mr. R., what a wicked sinner I have been." "Praise God," said I, "Christ died for wicked sinners." "You'll pray for me before you go, won't you?" We went to prayer, and *so did she*. Oh, how she wept, sobbed, and cried for mercy. "Do bring me into Thy fold; do wash me in Thy blood; Thou dost." This makes three out of this family. Now we want the father; the Lord save him.

A Visitor came to Hastings a wretched backslider; came into our meeting, and returned to Him who is willing to heal all backsliders. She soon after felt her NEED of holiness (oh! that every Christian did), and sought and found the blessing a few months after she left us for Greenwich; but writes, She is still very happy in the Lord.

Our Holiness Meetings are made a great blessing to all who attend. While urging the command in 1 Peter i. 15, 16 one evening, a young man was present (from Huntingdon) who had been a Christian for several years, but not having the indument of power was not able to work for the Master. But he went in right earnest for it that night, and, after consecrating his all to God,

obtained the blessing. He tells us he now finds himself "*fitted for service*," and seems only to be "just beginning to live."

In the same meeting a sister felt her need of the blessing of holiness, and said, "If I never have been holy, may God make me holy to-night. I believe He *can*—I believe He *will*—I believe He *does!*" and it was done.

Yours faithfully in the Army,
JOHN ROBERTS.

NORTH SHIELDS.

WE commenced in this station on the 27th of April. Since we have been here God has given us 100 precious souls. Hallelujah! We mean to fight until we conquer. Victory is on Israel's side. The following will show what God is doing.

One dear man came to our hall to scoff, and thought he was going to upset the meeting; but God laid hold of him, and when the invitation was given he came boldly out:—"Well brothers and sisters, I thank God that ever he sent the Hallelujah Lassies to North Shields, it has been the means of bringing me to the feet of Jesus, and I can say to-night that my sins are all forgiven. I have seen the time when I have come ashore with £45 in my pocket, and the next day I have not had £1 left; but praise God He took me in. I wish some of you would come like I did last Wednesday." May God keep this man faithful.

A backslider.—"Well my friends, I thank God for what he has done for me, the cross now covers my sins, the past is under the blood. I am trusting in Jesus for all, my will is the will of my God. It is about a month since I gave God my heart, it is the happiest time I ever saw. I should like to see some of you that come here night after night come and get your sins washed away in the precious Blood." Hallelujah! This dear brother has been a backslider, but he came to the mercy seat, and the repenting sinner and a loving Saviour met together. Praise God for ever.

All for Jesus.—"Dear brothers and sisters, I thank God, because I am saved to-night. I have given my all to God. I have a full salvation through the precious Blood. I have laid all on the altar. I have given up the pipe, and am determined to live for God. May he keep me faithful."

Thank God some of the worst have come to the cross. Our people have laid all on the altar; some 30 have come out for a clean heart and have gone home rejoicing in a clean salvation. There has been joy in heaven over sinners coming to the Saviour. We go to the deepest in the mire for we love to pull them out of the fire. May God help us! Help in any way will be very thankfully received by yours in the Salvation Army,

36, Coburg Street, North Shields.

ADELAIDE HAYWOOD.
MARY ANN BARBER.

EBBW VALE.

THE intelligence from this station of the Army continues to be of the most interesting and cheering character. Men most deeply sunken in sin have been rescued from its power; those who had never attended places of worship before the Salvation Army came into this neighbourhood, are now in the presence of their old companions witnessing for Christ, and impressions thus made have resulted in the conversion of many of those who listen. When the largest chapel in the place had been placed at our disposal, it was quite too small to hold the people, who stood outside the windows and the open doors to hear. People from far and near came to hear and got saved. On *Whit-Sunday* a grand day. We had the largest procession ever seen in these parts, a great crowd of men and women, who have been saved in the Army, singing the praises of God. Upwards of

1,500 persons took tea together; at the meeting after tea, one poor backslider exclaimed, "Everybody seems happy but me;" he came forward to the penitent-form, and the Lord made him happy too. We are going in for Ebbw Vale for Jesus.

MARGARET ANN THOMAS AND EMILY SMITH.

2, Sunny Bank, Ebbw Vale.

LANCASTER.

JUST three weeks since Sister Singer and I arrived here, and God has blessed our labours. Praise His dear name. Several have bewept their way to Calvary and gone away rejoicing in the knowledge of their sins being all washed away by the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer; and we shall see Him washing many more. The first Tuesday in this month was a blessed time to both saint and sinner. After holding our usual open-air service, and having a grand time, we marched to our hall where we were going to hold our assembly or class-meeting. We began by giving ourselves afresh to God, and several came out for a clean heart, while three more sought pardon and peace, and they found it, too. Praise the Lord! I went to **one young man** that was kneeling at the penitent-form; he was just like a block of marble, he knelt with his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to heaven. I laid my hand on his shoulder and said to him, "My brother, what have you come out to this form for?" He did not speak for a few moments. At last he gasped out, at the same time laying his hand on his breast, "Oh, it's all here, I never felt like this before;" then the tears began to flow, and he began to shout Oh, I want Christ! I want Christ! and glory to God he soon got what he wanted—for none ever sought His face in vain. O may God keep this young man faithful and give us many more such cases. Amen.

Another young man thanks God that he ever came to Lancaster and heard the Hallelujah Lasses. He is a country servant and came here to get hired on the Saturday, but did not succeed. On the Sunday night he found his way to our hall, and there he was induced to give his old master, the devil up, and accept an engagement in the service of the King of kings; and we trust he will be one of those that shall hear the welcome words from the lips of our Blessed Lord and Master, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

The same night that this young man came out, **a dear old lady, just bordering on eighty-years** of age, who had lived a moral life, but had no hope beyond the grave, came out and accepted Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and went on her way rejoicing. Oh, glory! glory! The old, the young, the middle aged, the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the bond, the free, the learned and the unlearned, may all a welcome find the wounds of this crucified Christ. Praise God and the Lamb for ever.

A Professor who was bordering on Infidelity was attracted to our hall by our singing in the streets, and in his experience he says: "The Lord has been good to me. Bless his name. I am glad that ever I came to Lancaster and came across the Salvation Army. A few years ago I knelt at the bedside of my dying mother, and with tears in my eyes, I promised to meet her in heaven; but instead of keeping the promise that I had made to her, I was on the downward road to hell and as fast as time would take me, and in such a respectable manner, that many thought me religious. But, thank God, I heard our sisters singing in the streets on Sunday night, and I followed them to the hall. I felt my condition very deeply, and the next night I came out and decided for Christ to live and Christ to die; and to-day I am happy. I have Christ in me, the hope and evidence of eternal glory; and I mean to tell to all around what a dear Saviour I have found.

There are several others amongst them. **The converted Blacksmith,**

the Hallelujah Shoebblack, the Happy Mason, and some **Hallelujah Lasses**, who we hope will soon be able to carry the good tidings of salvation into other places. Yes, this is just the place for the Salvation Army; there are lots of the right sort of stuff at every street corner, and all we want is a few men and women filled with God, and then we shall be able to do something. God has commenced His work, and I believe he will carry it on, and soon we shall have a mighty army rolling the old chariot along through the streets of Lancaster. Lancaster for Jesus, this is what we want, and nothing less will satisfy us. Of course we have our difficulties here. We would like to have a larger place to hold our services in, more in the centre of the town. Then money is scarce here, and we have little persecution and revilings; but we expect these things, it's the way our Lord and Master trod, and we don't expect to get one soul out of the devil's power without hard fighting; but we are willing to fight and if needs be die that souls may be saved and God's name glorified. Please pray for Lancaster and us; and if there are any friends who would like to help us on with this glorious work, a donation or a few tracts will be thankfully received and acknowledged by yours in the Salvation Army,

M. M. RICHARDSON,
A. SINGER.

4, Longe Street, Leonard Gate, Lancaster.

THE SALVATION ARMY AMONG THE AFGHANS.

CAMP CANDAHAS,

April 2nd, 1879.

A letter from Brother Lord from Afghanistan:—

DEAR Brothers and Sisters,—I now send you all a few lines by the mercy of God. The devil's kingdom is raging here. I have started a prayer meeting here every morning at 7 a.m. in the week, to try and put the power of Satan down. There are thousands of poor soldiers sinking into eternity; but, glory be to God, some have been brought from the darkness of hell into the heavenly light. Sorry to say there is not many here with the mission-blood in them; I hope to get some shortly.

A man was reading our Magazine in my tent the other day, and I heard him say that we should all be transported for life. But, glory be to God, we are transported for life with Jesus. The battles of the evil one have been great, but the strength of Jesus far greater. I shall be glad, if God spares me, to return to dear old England again, when I shall be with the mission again. I need all your prayers for me at Hackney,

So believe me to remain,

Your affectionate Brother in the Salvation Army,
WM. LORD, 2nd 60th Rifles.

CONSETT.

THE work of the Lord still goes on at this station, and precious souls are being saved every week; besides which, we are having formed a band of willing workers for the Lord. Our congregations, notwithstanding the bad weather, continue good, and on Sundays the hall is filled to overflowing. On Whit-Monday we had a grand Hallelujah Field-day, the procession to the field starting from the hall at two o'clock, our own corps being followed by a detachment of the army from Newcastle. On our arrival at the field we were joined

by great numbers of the Lord's people, after which nearly 1,000 sat down to tea.

After tea we held a Hallelujah meeting, which was addressed by Brother Dickinson and others. At the conclusion the whole of the people marched back in procession to the hall, thanking God for His goodness, and praying for the salvation of precious souls. We are trusting and believing for an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit.

Yours in the battle-field,

ANNE JACKSON,
ELIZABETH ELLIS.

4, Rose Mount, Consett.

NOTTINGHAM

IS being reformed—turned inside out, this is a fact. Those who were seldom seen anywhere but in the beer-houses and pawnshops are now seen marching the streets every night and three times on Sunday, and in some cases the whole of the afternoon of Saturday, singing and shouting the praises of Him who has brought them *up and out*. They are now speaking, too, in their mother tongue, so that their old pals can understand them without thinking twice or getting down the dictionary.

As I stood at 7.30 in the Snenton Market, after a grand march from the Hall, my heart bounded to hear the voices of those who only last week were swearing, and *cussing*, and damning themselves, and every one near them, telling of the indescribable things God had done for them. If they, some of them, had only stood on the form their looks would have soon told me who they were and what they once were. The glorious light that seemed to come from their only lately clouded eyes would have declared to me that they were *all* they professed. Their speeches were to the point. *A.* says, When I joined Happy Eliza I had not even a suit of clothes, but *now* I have got "three suits." *Hallelujah.* I have walked many long weary miles, no money or friends, with nothing for my breakfast but a *mile-stone*.

B. When the Lord picked me up He done me proper. He gave me a clean out, and a new fit out, and I began afresh, and here I am to-day.

C. I love God because He has done so much for me. I was such a fearful drunkard. Now God has removed the desire even for drink away from me, and I know for certainty that I am converted. When I see the young men of Nottingham going into sin I can't help crying. I am sure I can't, its no use my trying. The Lord save them. Shouts of Amen.

D. Tell me there is no power in the gospel, the man that says that is a liar, and the truth ain't in him. I read that Christ overcame the world; now, if He did it in the flesh when He lived here on the earth, He can do it again now He lives in me, can't He? to be sure He can. *Hallelujah.* I must conquer, for Christ lives in me every day; for me to die is gain. Now if you don't believe just ask my wife; here she is, she knows more of me than any one else in the world. (Then the wife gets up and tells a sweet tale.)

E. I have the (cussed) devil; he has done such bad things for me. What have I seen in my own family through him—my poor sick wife without bread, my poor children, old and young, without clothes or bread, no money or bread, or clothes myself even, but always drunk. Thank God since I joined the Salvation Army I am free. We get some bread now, and some clothes too. Bless God for ever.

F. I know the devil is a very hard master, anyone who looks to all what he does for his servants, will agree with me, I am very sure. When you go into a house where the devil lives, you may expect to see the chairs with only three legs to them, and no bottom; but when you go into the house of the Christian, you see four legs and a table.

One day I went to a landlord to try and get something out of him, as I was nearly stumped. I said, will you give us a glass of beer, at the same time throwing down twopence. The landlord was very polite and obliging (laughter). Then I asked him if he could let me have a bed. "Oh, yes," says the landlord. "I'll go to bed now if you please." I was conducted to a room. As soon as I got inside, the landlord says, "Sixpence please." I only had fourpence, says the man; I told the landlord so, but he took no notice, and said I could go and sleep in the stable manger for one penny. So off I went to the stable. When I got there there was not a bit of straw or sacking, or anything else for one to lie on. If I was going to put a dog to sleep in a manger, I should have put some straw and would not have charged one penny for it. But as I had no money I was of less consequence than a dog to the landlord. Now I thought I wouldn't buy beef for the landlord any longer, but keep my money and buy beef for myself. They say fourpenny bacon is good for a navvy, but I think good beef and plenty of it is as good for me as it is for the landlord. What say you brothers?

G. The devil used to be always throwing me down, and then leave me to get up. Why? because he knew I could not get up again. But one day I found someone that helped me up, and was willing to keep me up. It was Jesus. So now the devil ain't knocked me down because Jesus keeps me up.

H. says, "I was thinking I would not go to the army to-day as it is missionary Sunday at our church where I used to go. But God says to me, 'Can't you be a missionary?' I thought I could. I came determined to be a missionary for Jesus." This came from a young girl 17 years of age. She had never spoken before, but you would have thought she was a young D.D. to hear the whole of her speech.

I. says, "I was looking for my wife with a knife in my hand to kill her, when I heard the army, and if it had not have been for it, long before now I should have had a rope about my neck."

I could go on giving you still more striking accounts of men and women snatched from the jaws of hell or the hangman, but I give only a few notes in my book. We had splendid meetings outside all day, and at night we got 20 souls and £3 4s. od., and finished up at 9.30. The colours were very useful, as it would have been impossible to tell where Mrs. Reynolds was amidst the hundreds and probably thousands that gathered round in the market-place if that had not have indicated her position.

PENTRE.

A BROTHER writes thanking the Lord that ever the Salvation Army came into the Rhondda Valley to show the red light of danger before the eyes of the perishing multitudes, who were hurrying on the downward path to perdition, and now instead of drunkenness, oaths, and all kinds of sin, so common among the mining population, a great change for the better has taken place, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving is everywhere to be heard. He says in one colliery the very horses can't make out what has happened, the treatment is so different to what they have been accustomed.

One Prize Fighter said he had fought many a time for money; but now he was fighting for a crown, and meant to win it.

A Treorky Drunkard, after hearing the sisters, went home with his pay to his wife. She went and bought some food with it, instead of sending the little children to beg their bread from door to door. The little ones on seeing their mother bringing in a basket full of provisions for Sunday, cried out, "Oh, mother, you have not been stealing that, have you? We will have the bobby here just now." Since then the man has joined the Salvation Army. Bless the Lord. We have men who have been the greatest drunkards in the valley in our ranks, clothed, and in their right mind. The public-houses are empty.

A Publican and the Stipendiary.—A publican applied for a summons against the sisters for standing near his house for open-air services. The magis-

trate exclaimed, "Shame," and advised him to go home again. He did not obtain a summons.

We are praying for a yet mightier move in the Rhondda. Pray for us.
W. E. M., one of the Army.

HAYLE.

OUR work in this town is rolling on. At our Sunday, week night, and mid-day meetings the Lord's presence is continuously being manifested in the floods of blessings that are showered down upon His people, and in the salvation of sinners. One night a poor woman was in great distress, we had a long pull, but at eleven o'clock at night the Lord set her gloriously at liberty. She clapped her hands, saying, "I am not ashamed to own Jesus now." She had met in class before; but she can now praise the Lord out of the fulness of her heart.

On Sunday night we had a glorious time, and six souls found the pearl of great price. Going on to conquer.

On Whit-Monday we had a good time at our tea-meeting, although the day was so wet. A friend from Penzance spoke in the evening with much power, then we had a love-feast, when some fifty spoke of the power of God to save sinners, and the general testimony was they had never spent such a Whit-Monday before.

On Tuesday evening an old man 87 years of age, and the sister of a young woman who was saved on Sunday. Now we have three of this family—two sisters and a brother, and we are expecting to see the whole family brought to the Lord.

On Saturday one more precious soul set at liberty. Just as we were closing the meeting she came out, and we are looking for yet mightier things. Many are under conviction. Pray for Hayle.
S. SAYERS.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT:

Northampton.—Here at last to form our 100th corps by the help of God, in spite of all that sin and infidelity can do to prevent it. With reference to our opening services a friend writes to the *Christian* as follows:—

THE "SALVATION ARMY" IN NORTHAMPTON.

DEAR SIR,—Since bills announcing the arrival in Northampton of two members of the "Salvation Army" have been circulated, remarks expressive of ridicule, pity, and contempt have been plentiful enough; but sympathy with the work, to say nothing of earnest, outspoken, heartfelt co-operation in it, has been almost at a discount. I am sure, however, that with the exception of those who went for the unworthy object of upsetting or ridiculing the proceedings, all who attended the meeting held last evening at the "Hall of Varieties" were agreeably disappointed. Everything was characterised by the deepest reverence. As for "sensationalism," unless it be a modern term for zeal and earnestness, there was none. Enthusiasm there was plenty. Prayer, praise, and preaching teemed with it; and though it may now and then lead to an over-exertion of a strong pair of lungs, would it not be better if there were more of it among us than there is. In any case, surely this is not what has given rise to all the "hubbub" against the Salvation Army. Would that we might catch a little of their warmth and zest in the Master's service. The service throughout was most impressive, especially when the sister delivered a touching address, based on the words, "What will ye do in the solemn day?"

The stillness which reigned throughout (save when a group of infidels, whose manners and the expression of whose countenances did little to recommend their want of principles, uttered some profane jests) told how deep the impression was. After singing such hymns as Cowper's "Fountain filled with blood," and "Just as I am," the service closed, with a short prayer-meeting.
Northampton.

W. F. T.

Lynn, Norfolk.—"I took my stand in the open air alone, the people of Lynn looking on with amazement. I sang and invited the people to the hall until I was quite hoarse. The hall-keeper and manager told me I should not have many people as the bills were not posted till Friday night and Saturday; but there were 300 to 400 (afternoon), hallelujah! The hall was quite full at night. Had a good time, but only two souls, which was very discouraging for me. Pray for me.

POLLY PARKINS.

CAPTAIN IRONS.

WE had purposed this month to give some account of the life and death of our dear departed comrade, suddenly snatched from us, on the eve of promotion to one of the most important commands in the army for which God seemed wonderfully to have fitted him.

We find, however, that it will be impossible for us in a few brief lines to tell how God saved the reckless, giddy Yorkshire runner, transformed him into a brave soldier of Jesus, used him to save souls and to set an example of piety, which has rarely been equalled. Moreover, we know that thousands of people upon whom the news of his death fell with the weight of a personal family bereavement, would look for more if we could possibly get room for it within our crowded pages. By the kindness of a saintly mother, we have material placed at our disposal from which we think it will be possible to draw enough to prove a blessing to every reader. But when and how are we to produce all this, together with the facts connected with his life and work which would have to be called from widely scattered sources bit by bit? The question brings up at once another which falls upon us with appalling sadness. What about brother Allen's life? The fact is simply that we have been for many months past so overwhelmed with the rush and heat of battle that literary work has had perforce to lie aside. If our friends will pray that God will open our way to have some time for this work, we shall be only too glad to complete these books and others also.

For the present we must content ourselves with saying just enough to show why we wish to write much more fully.

Ted Irons was brought up religiously; but in spite of all the good influences brought to bear upon him, he plunged into sinful pleasure with all the energy of young manhood. Though keeping up a respectable character and position, he missed no opportunity of getting away from the sober cares of business to the race ground, the music hall, or the dancing saloon. Of slender build and wiry nature, he became one of the quickest runners in his county, and all sorts of athletic exercises were his delight.

But the word of the Lord outran him. When the Salvation Army marched into Bradford, he was amongst the first smitten beneath the word, and although not saved in any of our meetings, he felt bound to join our ranks, and was from that time amongst our bravest soldiers in the town. Shortly after his conversion, he with Johnny, now Captain Lawley, determined at once to seek and have the blessing of entire sanctification. They forthwith gave themselves up body, soul and spirit to God, who cleansed them from sin and filled them with love and power. From this time they were eaten up with zeal for God and souls.

Ted's first appointment was Hackney; but a few week's conflict against the desperate odds we have to face in London, laid him on a bed of sickness, threatening at one time to be even unto death, and discovered a weakness in his constitution, which was felt repeatedly afterwards. But the spirit, indeed, was willing, and after a little rest at home, Bro. Irons went to Coventry, where for months he fought most nobly and endeared himself to the hearts of thousands by the manifest genuine love for all.

The death of Bro. Allen broke in upon us with a sudden crash, and then Portsmouth needed a captain. Ted Irons had to be called away from Coventry to take command. How well he filled the dreadful gap can best be expressed by saying that he filled up the hall till it was no longer large enough for Sunday use, and then led his forces into the theatre, which ought everywhere to be our Sunday place of worship. Here, however, the struggles of the conflict intensified tenfold by the wretched draggings of Messrs. Findfault and Little-Faith proved quite beyond his strength, and laid him again upon a sick-bed, from which he only rose to die a death that spared him the delays and weariness of long illness.

He was a daring swimmer, and in fact could rarely be content with less than hours in the water, and miles of distance. Setting out when barely recovered from his last illness for his usual swim of two miles round a buoy in Portsmouth harbour, he swam to the buoy, and after a little rest commenced the return. But a strong current through which he had to pass proving too much for him, he called for help to a friend who had accompanied him, and who was in a boat some little distance from the shore. The call was instantly responded to, and just as Ted was exhausted his friend came to his help, and held him up for some time. A boatman on shore who had seen it all put off to rescue them; but he was only able to reach them at the moment when the strength of this true friend was utterly spent, and both were sinking. The boatman of course snatched at the couple, but could only get hold of one, and the one was not Ted. Ted's friend was landed in an unconscious state in Portsmouth, and Ted was landed with much greater speed, and with far less exertion in the fulness of eternal consciousness and joy on a much brighter shore.

His funeral services, conducted by the General, Captains Dowdle and Lawley, and Mrs. Irons, were blessed to the salvation and sanctification of scores of souls, and we trust the Lord will raise up out of Portsmouth, and Coventry, and Hackney, and Bradford, many who will come forward to take Ted Irons' place in the front of the battle, and to march on to grander victories and more desperate enterprises than we have yet seen.

JOHN ALLEN'S MEMOIR.

"GOD SPEED THE SALVATION ARMY."

DEAR General and Brother in Christ. After looking a second time at the means of my conversion which is contained at the beginning of the December number of the Magazine, I find myself constrained to let you know that even in death John Allen was the means in God's hands of saving my never dying soul, and since about the middle of February I have been rejoicing in the God of my Salvation. Glory be to God, I feel as though I could be for ever shouting and praising His holy name for having the account of Brother Allen's Life and Death put into my hands. It has not only been the means of saving me, but Glory! Hallelujah! my dear partner in life has plunged into the purple flood, and is now on her happy road to Heaven, praise the Lord, nor is this all, one of my fellow workmen seeing the change in me asked me what was the cause of such a change, and when I told him that God for Christ's sake had set my captive soul at liberty, and cleansed me from all my sins, he stood and looked at me as though he could not believe it to be true. Then I reasoned with him, and prayed for him, and Oh hallelujah, he got gloriously saved, and now we can sing and praise God together, and we are determined by God's help to press on in this glorious warfare until it pleases our Heavenly Father to call us up higher. Praise the Lord, I can now answer the question that stuck in my throat the first time I came to it, and that is concerning who shall fill up the gap in our ranks, or who shall grasp the sword falling from John Allen's hand. Glory be to God, I can now say here am I, send me, send me.

When the book is ready with the full account of the Life and Death of Brother John Allen you might drop a line, as I should like to have one.

July 11th, 1879.

From yours in the Army,

J. J. B.