

# THE SALVATIONIST.

MARCH 1, 1879.

## OUR WELSH COUNCIL OF WAR.

SAXON and Welshman linked arm in arm and heart in heart, met to arrange for driving the devil out of the country, and for crowning Jesus Lord of all! A whole Magazine would not suffice to recount all the striking scenes and incidents of this wonderful gathering from the Saturday evening, when Aberdare and Tredegar turned out to welcome us, to the Thursday night, when the Cardiff streets rang with songs of triumph long after every place of worship, except the public-house and the theatre, was closed. We must only refer to a few.

Wonderfully like the old war times must have been the scenes in the Salvation Theatre, Merthyr, on the Sunday when our soldiers, grouped round two great fires kindled on the stone floor in real bivouac fashion, sang of battle and victory under Brother Corbridge's able lead, till throats were filled with the sulphurous smoke, and hearts were filled with gladness whilst seventeen prisoners were brought into the camp and set free to join our ranks and fight for our King. The question, "Does this work stand?" received a magnificent reply in Cardiff that Sunday. The crowds who filled the Stuart Hall, to hear Miss Booth, being the largest anyone could remember, seeing during all the four years of the Mission's history there.

Monday morning found no small company assembled for "Pentecost," and, indeed, a huge ring had for a good while held the Market-place and stood up for Jesus there before the hour of prayer.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage of pews and the other clean and decent and orderly arrangements of the chapel so kindly lent us, we got beautifully away from everything earthly in a very short time, and Welsh and English alike poured out their souls before God in their several languages without our losing for a moment the utmost sympathy of desire and faith.

The extent to which the spirit of the Lord had moved our hearts was manifest enough from the commencement of the afternoon session, when a great number of both nations and sexes gave glory to God for what He had done by us in South Wales.

The singing of some of our songs in Welsh and English at the same time was a most delightful novelty; the sweetness and musical taste of our Welsh comrades combining admirably with the irresistible Saxon force and rush.

The march from the Chapel to the Drill Hall, where tea and evening meetings were held each day, was worthy of a great War Council, and what more need we say. "Saints of God" did lift up their voices and praised the Lord as people ought to do who expect to follow "the bleeding Lamb" through "the streets of the golden city" when the storms are over.

We were just at home in the Drill Hall, and there was an abundant throng to fill all the huge space, seated and unseated. The sight of that

vast multitude, and the sound of the songs that swelled up to Heaven from their united voices can never pass away from the memory of any of us who were there. We should have been uncomfortably crowded on the Tuesday, though the Drill Hall was said to hold 3,000 people, had not another meeting been held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Dowlais, at the same hour.

In these large buildings the liberty of all was blessedly felt. The audience which listened to the General and Mrs. Booth in the chapel on Tuesday morning was considerably larger than that of the previous day, in fact, the place had almost its fill of 700, and the deep impression made as to the Divine and all-important character of the work we do, and the truth we preach, will never, we trust, be forgotten till careless ear-tickling preaching, and careless half-hearted service to God, are no longer found among us.

The joyous liberty of all became more and more manifest during the afternoon, whilst some of the veterans of our young army described "Our Plans," and showed how possible it was to rout the Devil and every enemy by hook or by crook; whilst some of our youngest officers told how neither by might, nor power, nor by human skill, or man's device, but in all weakness, and fear, and trembling, by pureness and faith, unfeigned and unwavering, they had overcome and triumphed gloriously.

The march to the Drill Hall was enlivened by the presence in our front rank of our ponderous thirty-three stone doctor side by side with one of the smallest recruits of mature age we ever enlisted, who seemed good hostages for the entire population, great and small, whom we look forward to capturing by the power of God.

We had announced for the evening "Shouts of Praise" at both Merthyr and Dowlais, and the exuberant delight of joyous faith which we had dared to announce beforehand was more than realised. The state of feeling in the Merthyr meeting may be judged of when we say that at one triumphant climax, a boyish captain, into whose hands the Lord has delivered great mining populations, leaped upon the back of one stalwart orator without disturbing either the flow of his fiery speech or the united eager attention of the vast assembly.

And as for Dowlais, where the Welsh forces from Aberdare and Tredegar formed the majority, their state at the end of the evening may best be guessed from the fact that when they came out into the cold frosty evening for the two-mile march down to Merthyr they obeyed instantly Captain Cadman's extraordinary order to "Charge!" and rushed through the streets at such a pace as aroused the whole population—thus discovering by the way a novel device which may be of unspeakable value to us hereafter.

As for the All-night, how can we describe it? Fancy 700 people admitted only by tickets carefully distributed! Seven hundred people! the vast majority of them having been converted less than twelve months at the new Welsh stations. Seven hundred united, to all appearance as the heart of one man, to seek the Lord!

What could He do but meet them and speak with His precious heart-searching voice to every soul? The voices of His messengers were almost all utterly exhausted by the services, which had already been going on almost incessantly amidst the cold mountain air for three days. So much the grander was the display of His power to use them with overwhelming force.

After refreshment at one o'clock, when 300 of the company had gone home to rest, the 400 who remained for the whole night witnessed a scene of saving and sanctifying power such as we never saw before. In fact, as one after another came forward abandoning pipe, feather, or whatever other idol the Lord had shown them, we could only compare the effect upon the whole company to the sudden bursting of a torpedo in our midst. Some kneeling, some standing, some prostrate on the floor, those most in earnest laughing or weeping for joy, some on the very outskirts of the great square and farthest off from the intense heat of perfect love standing on forms to see some coming forward to push their way into the holiest by the blood, and some hastening away towards the utmost end of the hall and the door.

The effects of that meeting could not be told in the multitude of testimonies which were crowded into a few minutes at the end. We have heard of them ever since from all directions. We shall never cease to hear of them till our next Welsh Council, when we venture to say they will show themselves in a crowd of new stations, new officers, and new recruits, and in how much more God only knows.

And everybody who saw the first Welsh Council will long to see every other. Nay, God Himself will take pleasure in them.

Speaking on the Tuesday evening in the Drill Hall on

### Spiritual Torpedoes,

BROTHER CORBRIDGE said: I have often wished I had been an artist, so that I could paint the **Beautiful Picture** God has given me of this precious Mission; and in this Council, from what I have heard from the General, and the brethren and sisters, I believe, as I never did before, that this Salvation Army will conquer the world.

How much we are like the picture given in the Bible (1st Samuel, 17th chap. 3rd verse): The Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And Goliath of Gath presented himself every day for forty days, and defied the armies of the living God, although Israel had put the battle in array, army against army. God's people were completely beat, and they felt they were beat, and Goliath felt they were beat, and boasted of his strength.

But a little David comes up; his *father has sent him* with "An ephah of parched corn and ten loaves and ten cheeses," which he is to carry to the captain and see how his brethren fare. And David sets too and feeds them, and then fights their battle, and slays their Goliath, and comes away with the head of the Philistine in his hand. Oh, hallelujah.

Now here's a picture. Thirteen years ago God saw that all his Israel in the field were being defied. The ordinary churches and chapels did not conquer the Goliath of drink, and theft, and sin, and swearing, men and women were going to hell wholesale, and in our dark lanes and back-slums, our brethren in the field, the Church, were afraid to face Goliath, there was a valley between them; but **The General** of the Salvation Army came along, and he has told us in this Council how he started alone like David, without the prospect of a penny or a friend; and he came not only to fight with the drunkenness and crime, which were conveying men and women headlong into hell, down the Whitechapel Road, but he brought some parched corn and bread and cheese with him for his brethren in the field. Oh, hallelujah.

Some of the existing churches think we are their enemies, and that we ought not to be in the field, and yet they like the bread and cheese we bring. A man complained to me a few days ago of some folks leaving his church and attending our meetings, and I said, 'Why don't you give them better stuff at home, then

they won't leave you; they must like our bread and cheese best." Oh, hallelujah, God has made us Hallelujah Cheesemongers, and we not only go forth with bread and cheese for our brethren in the field, but we fight their Goliath's for them, and, as the General said, we are **torpedo manufacturers!** we make our own weapons of war. David like, we go in our own way. The crowd of church and chapel folks are battering away at sin with Cocoa Palaces and Coffee-rooms, temperance meetings and Bands of Hope; but God has sent us with the old-fashioned sling and stone, and every member in the "Salvation Army" is a sling, or, as Mr. Booth said this morning, a **torpedo case**, and when stuffed with our mission plans and the grand old red-hot truths of the gospel, till they get stuffed like turkeys, they are always ready to explode anywhere, and when the General finds a member ready to explode, he sends him off to some dark neighbourhood, and tells him he must explode in every street and yard and court and alley, and in every family until every public-house and gin-palace and place of amusement is blown up, and every sinner saved and at the feet of Jesus!

Now picture a rough raw torpedo case, one of the red-hot members of the Christian Mission taken hold of by the General, and sent to explode. He commences at the corner of some street, and with his eyes up to heaven he cries out, "Lord help me," and the fire of the Holy Ghost falls on him, comes along the **electric wire** of love right down into the stuffing, and touches the powder or mission plans, and he explodes and sings,

"I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,  
I'm a pilgrim going home;  
Come and hear me tell my story,  
All that love the Saviour come."

In a few moments a crowd of drundards and swearers stop to listen to the singing. "Bound for glory," says a drunkard; "why, I am bound for the public-house." "Bound for glory," says another; "why, I am bound for a dog-race." "Bound for glory," says another; "that's where my praying mother went!" "Glory," says the crowd, "we must all go there; but how are we to get there? We thought we must sign the pledge, join the Good Templars, go to the Cocoa Palace, and pay my debts, and square myself up every way; but this man sings,

'I'm a pilgrim bound for glory!'

and then he sings,

'Come and hear me tell my story!'

Let's go, chaps, and hear what the new man has to say. Listen?"

"Now I'll tell you what induced me  
For the better land to start,  
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness  
Overcame and won my heart?"

"Ah," says some rough blackguard, "that's what my dear old mother used to sing." Conviction seizes his heart, a flood of tears stream down his cheeks; his hard heart, his stiff neck, his stubborn will, all give way together. He cries out, "O, wretched man that I am!" If he could he would run away from himself. He says, "I will never go near that Christian Mission man any more, he has shot a dart into my soul!" but the singing goes on—

"In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my old career!"

The man listens and looks at this new object, Christ Jesus, sobs his way to His bleeding feet, and cries for mercy; the Lord smiles pardon and peace into his heart; he ventures his all on Jesus and is made whole. He at once becomes a torpedo case, and every night sits on the front row, with his mouth open to be stuffed; with our singing, our speaking, and in the open air, he gets stuffed with the desire to procession and mission his mates, and then, as Mrs. Booth said, he gets stuffed with **our truth**, the grand old doctrine of

repentance; and He goes forth into the thick of the fight "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." And every day, everywhere, He is making torpedoes. The Lord help us to go on stuffing and exploding until the world is conquered for Jesus; every public-house, and theatre, and music hall, dance room, and place of amusement is turned into a preaching place, and every sinner clothed and in his right mind. The other churches say of us as they did of David. His brethren said, "Why camest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." But David's simple reply was, "What have I now done?" "**Is there not a cause?**" And this is what the general of the Salvation Army said thirteen years ago, as he stood alone in Mile End, "Is there not a cause?" As he looked at the teeming multitudes going to hell, he said, "Is there not a cause?" Thousands are being damned; drunkards and liars and infidels are splashing into the burning billows of dark damnation. "Is there not a cause" for an army that will rush in to save them? We can afford to be called naughty. We are willing to be called naughty, and our only reply is, "Is there not a cause?" We have brought you some parched corn, some bread and cheeses, and have come to help in the fight. Fight we must, and fight we will, until we have the head of every Goliath, and the King enquires, "Whose son the stripling is."

### FAITH'S VICTORY.

"Rich in faith"—"that overcometh."

Ja. ii. 5.

1 John v. 4.

Oh, this glorious poverty,  
Wherewith the Master makes me see,  
Wherewith the Master shows to me  
The riches of Faith's victory.

Oh, thou glorious Trinity!  
Three in One and One in Three;  
Three in One, and One in me,  
The secret of Faith's victory.

Oh, this glorious liberty!  
For Christ the Lord hath set me free,  
For Christ the Lord hath given to me  
The freedom of Faith's victory.

Oh, thou glorious victory!  
More than Master—land or sea;  
More than Master—God and me,  
By the Cross and Calvary.

W. B. BOOTH.

### OPENING AT HAYLE, CORNWALL.

AT last we have set foot in Cornwall; and every place that we set foot in the Lord our God hath given it us, so Cornwall is ours. It only waits for us to possess the land.

Hayle offered well for starting, and accordingly we secured the **Public Rooms**, seating from 500 to 600, for both Sundays and week-nights, and issued bills announcing that "**Two women of God**, officers of the Salvation Army, would speak and sing," on Sunday, the 9th February, and of the wonderful gatherings and glorious prospect we will allow the following extracts from letters of Sisters Sayers and Wesson, who are in charge of this, our most westerly position, to speak for themselves.

Writing on Monday, the 10th, Mrs. Sayers says:—

"We had about 150 in the morning and 200 in the afternoon; crammed at night, stairs, lobby, and outside; the hall is no use (not large enough) for nights."

Sister Wesson says on the same day :—

"Felt at home in the meetings yesterday, believers stirred up, and sinners wounded all over the hall, though none came out for Salvation, I believe we shall have a smash."

Later in the week Mrs. S. says :—

"Grand noonday meetings with the factory men. Praise the Lord—we had two backsliders (saved), lots more just on the verge of giving in; one got saved in her seat last night."

Again :—

"Splendid midday meetings, 200 to 250 every day, the place packed yesterday, Sunday afternoon, and crammed at night; hundreds could not get in—not half big enough; no souls—felt very sorry to see the people have to go away."

Some of us, who know a little of Cornwall, know what it means—our sisters must go on dealing out the truth without fear, and dealing it out again and again, and again, and a mighty breaking down, and rising up, and giving way, and getting into glorious liberty will come to Hayle. Amen, so be it.

## THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

"OH," have said our South Wales folks, again and again, "you *must* go up the Rhondda. All the worst folks in Wales are said to live up there, and that is just the place for the Mission;" and so "up the Rhondda" we are found to-day, Brother Hayter being stationed at Treherbert, and Sister Kate Shepherd, whose place at Aberammon has been taken by Sister Elliott, is at

### PENTRE.

THESE places are both in the Valley, which has a population of some 40,000 people, and are about four miles apart. At this latter we have a suitable and convenient accommodation, except that it is altogether too small. From the opening Sunday, crowds have flocked to hear, and already we are rejoiced by news of the Salvation of some of the "Rhondda Rowdies," as they were described to us by a Welshman the other day. Writing after the opening Sunday, February 9th, Sister Kate Shepherd says :—

"We had a good day on Sunday. We had one soul and £1 6s. 10d. collection. On Monday we had a blessed time, the place was crowded, and two souls (saved). Pray for me that the Lord will save precious souls. I believe we shall have a smash."

"Feb. 14.—Last night we had seven souls. Blessed time. Place crowded. Hundreds outside cannot get in. Not half big enough."

"Feb. 14.—Glad to tell you we had a good day on Sunday, 24 souls, and on Monday 19 souls for Jesus."

"Bless the Lord. The Hall is so crowded that we cannot move. On Sunday afternoon we had to have

#### THE MEETING IN THE OPEN AIR.

There were hundreds of people. I stood on a hill and they stood round. I never saw such a sight in my life. On Friday eight souls, and Saturday three. Please send me some help as soon as possible."

"Feb. 19.—Blessed time Tuesday night. Twenty-five souls came out and

found the Lord. Great big men. Oh, praise the Lord, He is working here. I forgot to tell you we had *such* processions on Sunday. Thousands of people followed."

Pentre and the Ystrad for Jesus!

## TREHERBERT.

BROTHER and Sister Hayter arrived on Friday, February 7th, and on Monday, the 10th, we received the following telegram :—

"Good time last night: six hundred people; six souls, good cases—believing for more. Two open-air meetings yesterday. Crowds."

Writing later in the week, when by continual work, visiting and open-air meetings in different parts of the place, he was getting hold of the people, Brother Hayter says :—

"February 14.—Held three open-air meetings yesterday. Had to speak, sing, and pray myself; my wife is not able to come out to help me. Last night we had a grand time of it; three precious souls; one of them spoke with big tears tracing each other down his face in the meeting."

"February 17.—I had three souls on Saturday night and one on Sunday night. I am looking out for a breaking down. Grand open-air meetings on Sunday. Crowds of people followed us to the Hall. We hold two or three open-air meetings a day."

"February 19.—Yesterday we had one soul in the noon meeting; he was in the pit working, and he said to those working with him, 'I must go out of this: I cannot stop here. Can you tell me where the prayer-meeting is to-day?' and up he came, and God saved him!"

"Last night it was a grand time: eight souls saved; good cases. My dear wife is ill in bed—cannot move. God's will be done! Pray for us! Good times are coming."

Yes, we will pray for Mrs. Hayter, and for her husband, and for Treherbert, as well as all the Rhondda, for we must have it all for Jesus only.

## COVENTRY.

MRS. REYNOLDS' FAREWELL.

I WAS determined to be in at a meeting in the Factory before Mrs. Reynolds left, and so 6.20 on Monday night, Feb. 10, found me at the corner of the main street of Coventry, asking a decent sort of fellow, who stood leaning against a post with his hands shoved into his pockets as though to be sure they really were empty, if he could tell me which was Freeth-street. No, he didn't know it. Well, did he know the "Salvation Factory"? Oh, yes; he knew that. It was just up here; he would show me the way. He had been there. He had heard "Sister Reynolds" was going to leave. He couldn't come to-night. There it was, up that street. And at a safe distance from the gateway he was gone, and all in a minute or two at most. So I got a cup of tea in the comfortable little cottage, so handy for the Evangelists, and then went into the Factory. As I stepped on the platform there was a pile of men and women greeted me. Tiers of people immediately in front, and on the left, and on the right. Singular of construction, but marvellously adapted for comfortable crowding, is that Factory. The place seemed nearly full at once, and yet for an hour people poured in, first at one door and then at another, and stowed themselves away, joining in a moment in the happy swing, as well as the joyous sorrow of the occasion, for they sang and wept in turns, and sometimes both together.

What scores of remarkable people to be sure. Remarkable as servants of sin, more remarkable still as trophies of grace. There was a man who said he had hardly been sober for two years. Here was another who was the "biggest black in Coventry," and yet another who said he had done everything but murder till Jesus stopped him on Pool Meadow. That was the woman who kept the public-house, but gave it up when Jesus saved her. There was the man who used to bite off the heads of living rats with his hands tied, now singing with tears of joy in his eyes—

"At the end of our journey  
We shall wear a crown,  
In the new Jerusalem."

That big fellow there has paid the magistrates of Coventry over a hundred and thirty pounds fines for all manner of offences. He seems full to-night as well as free as he looks at Sister Reynolds, and calling her "mother," promises to meet her in the skies. Happy Billy is sure he is the happiest man in Coventry, and that sister fairly bursts into tears as she tells how God has not only saved her, but her old father of 74, and with indescribable joy beaming from her face swathed in tears she turns to the piled-up saints on the platform, shouting, "Oh, glory be to God, its catching, its catching, the whole family shall be saved. May God speed the plough!" The whole assembled audience responded as one man, "Amen and amen." This woman says her old workmates present know she was as bad as she could be (and those are dreadful words), and they know what she is now, and the very beams of the better world seemed to catch her countenance as she turns her face toward the skies and says, "I'm saved and sanctified." This fine fellow on the left says, when Mrs. Booth called upon them on Pool Meadow on the morning that the Factory was opened to "*Face the fact*," he felt he couldn't till he faced the Cross at night, and now he feels he can. This dear brother gave Mrs. Reynolds the first subscription in the town. He thought then "it was nought," but now he praises God every day that He sent the Mission to the town. Is not his wife saved, and has he not been sanctified?

Mrs. Reynolds gave a little history of her work since she and Sister Burrell set their foot in the town, not quite 12 months before. Weakness made strength, nothingness made mighty, and Jesus glorified. Toil and tears and cares, and no small share of abuse, but a crown of rejoicing all the way, that was the substance of it. Truly tears seemed so natural that they helped us. Perhaps I never saw such a crowd of people cry; but they part with this dear sister, who has been the instrument in God's hands of all this, to meet again.

Brother Harris read the balance sheet, nearly £380 received. "See," said he "what poor people can do with the love of God in their hearts in this respect."

The meeting closed at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Reynolds has left Coventry. We venture to say that since the days of Jonah and of Stephen and of Paul, there have been few such histories of triumph for the word of God, of miracles, and of rescues by the power of God as the history of the Salvation Army in Coventry since the 14th February, 1878, under the leadership of our dear friend and comrade, who goes to unfurl our flag in NOTTINGHAM on the 23rd.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

The following from a local paper speaks of the Sunday Services :—

"For some time past the minds of Christians meeting at the Salvation Factory, have been much exercised, it being probable that Mrs. Reynolds, one of the two preachers who came to Coventry now twelve months since, would be called away. Within the last few days the anticipated news has come, and as those whom she was the instrument of converting look upon her as their spiritual mother, great concern was felt by all. It being known that Sunday last would be her last Sunday in Coventry, many were drawn to the Salvation Factory to hear her both in the morning, afternoon, and evening. At night the factory was so full, that at least there must have been fully two thousand people there, most of whom came before six o'clock, purposely to secure their places, while there were hundreds who could not get in at all. Mrs. Reynolds in the course of the evening gave a little outline of what had been her work in Coventry. Her trust in

God had enabled her to persevere through trials and persecution, and, like Paul, to rejoice in the midst of all. After an earnest appeal to those who were still unconverted, she invited them to come to Jesus for life and salvation, for now was the accepted time. After the first part of the meeting was over several hundreds left, and as fast as they left others came in their places."

## WHITECHAPEL.

THE dear Lord has indeed been blessing us here the last few weeks. His mighty saving power has been shewn forth, and we have again and again been constrained to cry out, "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and shall reign."

Our holiness meetings continue times of mighty power; the Lord passes by proclaiming Himself the complete deliverer of all who fully trust Him.

Our Sabbath services are better; during the past month about fifty precious souls have professed to give themselves to Jesus. Oh, glory be to God, for He shall have it all.

Some of these have been bad cases, despaired of by friends and almost given up by God. One man, **A Wife Deserter**, came, and was deeply convinced and cut up on account of sin. He fell at the feet of Jesus, confessed, and was saved. He told us, when speaking after, that his sins had separated him from all that was good, from his wife and dear children, "But," he added, "when I came to Jesus, and He joined me to God my father, then I joined myself to my wife again, and now I am happy, wife and children and all; and now I have joined the Salvation Army to fight for Jesus to the end."

**Saved from Suicide.**—A man, of no mean appearance, attracted by our singing in the open air one Sunday afternoon, came into the hall, sat while my brethren and sisters told of God's mercy to them until he could sit no longer; and then he jumped up, and came to the penitent-form, cried aloud for mercy, and when he had found Jesus as a Saviour, he told us he had left his home at Romford with the intention of making away with himself; he had got into debt with his landlady, into trouble with publicans, and there seemed no hope for him; but he heard our people singing one of the hymns he had learned in his early days at his mother's knee, and it broke his heart. "I followed you in to the building," said he, "and now I am saved; I'll go back, pay my debts, redeem my character, and live to God, and meet you in heaven." Oh, hallelujah! May God keep him faithful.

**Persecutors Stopped.**—A band of young men, who for a long time have been trying to enjoy themselves at the expense of our people. At last we banded ourselves to pray for them, and God answered our prayer, in four or five instances; one young man especially, who had been about the worst, was brought to repentance, and pardoned through the blood. He said, "I praise God He saves me now; I tried every sort of pleasure in the world, but never found any lasting pleasure till now. For weeks I persecuted the people of God. About fourteen of us used to come on purpose to upset the services, but God upset me." In the all-night of prayer, he came out for full Salvation, and I shall never forget as long as I live the blessed power that came down on us when he stood up to ask forgiveness of one of our brethren for trying to disturb them at Bethnal Green. Another, in the same meeting, said, "I was one of the fourteen, but God saved me, and, oh, I do want to be a faithful servant of His." And another said, "And me too; I was as bad as any of them, but I am here and saved." May God keep them all; I ask the prayers of all readers for the rest of the band. God will answer, it will be life or eternal death. Oh, may He save them all.

**A Poor Old Man** came to our last class tea, and about the close of the meeting he stood up, and said, "I cannot go away till I have told you that for thirty years I have been a miserable backslider, till I came to this meeting; but

God has met with me here, and from this night, by His help, I will serve Him with all my heart."

The same day that God saved the persecutors, God broke the hearts of twelve sailors. Oh, may they all continue faithful.

Our daily noon, porch, prayer, and exhortation meeting is daily becoming more interesting and powerful. Many thanks to all who have come to help us in this important work. God will abundantly bless our brethren and sisters who are so nobly standing in the open air. Much more help is needed. Donations may be sent to

Yours,

T. BLANDY,  
DAVID DAVIES.

5, Mount Street, New Road.

## ROTHERHAM.

**W**E are fighting against the devil and his kingdom. The publicans are offering us money to leave the town, but by the help of God we mean to conquer through the blood.

We have had some good cases of conversion. One family of six have all been saved.

**The Father** used to get drunk and take the carving knife, and run his wife and family out of the house; one of the worst characters of Rotherham. He says they used to have the devil in the house, now they have Christ.

**The Son**, always one in for a row and up to all sorts of badness, it did not matter what, came to the Salvation Warehouse, and I spoke to him. He came to the penitent-form. There was father and son both seeking Christ at once. Neither knew the other was there; the father asking God to save his bad son, and the son praying for the Lord to save his bad father. When they saw each other they fell into each other's arms and wept. Since then the mother, two daughters, and another son have been saved. Glory be to God for ever.

One dear young man came to our house for us to pray with him. We did so, and the Lord saved his soul. One of the worst young men in Rotherham. Since then his wife has been saved, and they are on their happy way to heaven.

**Happy Jack**, the converted navy, blesses God that ever the "noisy crew" came to Rotherham. He used to fight, drink, and swear, or do anything that was bad, but now he has joined the "noisy crew," and he means to fight for King Jesus.

Another man says he blesses God that the "noisy crew" came to Rotherham. He was a bird catcher, and used to go with his basket on his back to catch birds on a Sunday morning, but now he is catching souls for Jesus.

**A Runner**.—I thank God that ever the Mission came to Rotherham. When I first went to the Salvation Warehouse I had my running shoes and drawers in my pocket, having been training. I went in several times after I had been running, but I could not find time to run after I had gone there a week or two. God had laid hold of me and I could not keep away. I have run in handicaps at Rotherham, Sheffield, Barnsley, and several other places, but I intend now to run for God and with God's people. May the Lord keep me for ever faithful, and enable me to speak boldly in His cause.

I was a great drunkard, and a swearer, and used to thrash my wife, and swear in my sleep, but thank God I sing now—

"We are going to wear a crown."

God is no respecter of persons or he would not have taken me in.

I thank God that ever I went to the Salvation Warehouse. I don't believe there was a bigger sinner in Rotherham than me. My parents have had to pay many a pound in fines for fighting and drunkenness. I used to be always in the public-houses drinking and bagatelle playing. I have staked my silk neck handkerchief against a quart of beer, and after losing that staked my jacket against half a gallon and lost that, then gone in the town in my shirt sleeves, got locked

up, and had to pay twelve and sixpence. *My master asked me what had come over me, for I had worked more in a month than I had before in three.* I told him I had got converted, and by the help of God I intend to remain so. May the Lord keep me for ever faithful.

We are still going on to mighty victory. We are getting some of the worst characters in the town. Pray for Rotherham and for the work to prosper. We are getting an Evangelist's home, and will be thankful for money or furniture.

Yours in the army of King Jesus,

CAPT. WILSON, and his wife, the Singing Pilgrim.

42, York Road, Eastwood, Rotherham.

## BOLTON.

BY BALLINGTON BOOTH.

**H**ERE we have had trouble and division, but God has once more appeared to deliver us of old. Sisters Clapham, Roberts, and Nutter have fought hard, and victory is on Israel's side all along the line.

We visited some five hundred homes with small tickets and handbills announcing the services, and soon people were flocking to the Dale Street Salvation Hall on a week-night, and the large Temperance Hall on Sunday, to hear these enthusiastic people who had visited the town. Night after night the number steadily rose—not a service without souls. We have had ten, twelve, fifteen, nineteen, and twenty-six souls of a night. The poor drunkard was soon heard crying at the penitent-form, the swearer soon found singing hymns from our Hallelujah Hymn Book, the notorious fighter soon heard testifying of his bleeding Saviour's love, the Sabbath breaker soon known pleading with God at the early morning prayer-meeting for a triumphant day. Oh, a wonderful change here! and they do sing "Glory to the Bleeding Lamb" and "None need Perish;" and several times strangers have remarked to me, "They do sing that hymn, there's *no mistake*." We have now a force of brothers and sisters here, I thank God, who will go to the gates of hell with us so that they may win souls.

We shall never forget one Thursday night spent together in Dale Street. After two or three of those lately saved had given straight, unquestionable testimonies to what Salvation had done for them, our sisters followed with great power, and God commenced to work on all sides. In the prayer meeting such confessing as made hearts melt, and tears flow, and knees tremble. They came to the penitent-form that night one after another till twenty-six stepped into Jordan and came forth clean. There were pipes and feathers and the drink and many other things given up for Jesus. It was of heaven.

Our *half-night holiness meeting* here must not be omitted. At the close of a most blessed meeting for about an hour and a quarter, at which ten souls found pardon, we sat down, after buns and tea, in one huge circle for a holiness meeting. Never has God permitted me to spend a more wonderful night than was this. We spoke about thirty minutes, when the overwhelming, all-convincing, sew-up-rooting power of God fell upon *all alike*. While in silent prayer many burst into tears, others groaned, some shouted, many fell all length on their faces crying, "Lord, Lord, my Lord, save *me, me, ME!*" Many lay prostrate as if dead, but it was the preparation for life; others struggled and wrestled. Oh, *never, NEVER* shall I, *can* I forget this heart-searching, heart-wounding, heart-healing, heart-renewing time. It seemed as if all heaven and hell were together. All unpardoned and unsanctified felt terribly, seeing how far they came short. The shouts, groans, struggles, victories; the idols given up—the pipes, feathers, flowers, and other things. Can those of us who were there ever forget the scene? Never. The close found all at the top in one great ring for short, heart-melting testimonies. *Tremendous* finish—crying, laughing, shouting, believing, rejoicing, till all burst forth in the favourite chorus here, "*Anywhere* with Jesus, I'll follow *ANYWHERE.*"

Our week-night hall is full, and we get about 2,700 in the Temperance Hall on Sunday.

If I shall not trespass on your space, I shall be glad of a few more lines about Bolton in our next Number. *Bolton*, adding greater firmness and more singleness of aim, will become a mighty force.

Over *Darwen* and *Accrington* in our next.

Unto the name of our God be lasting praise. *Forward!*

### HAMMERSMITH.

WE can rejoice over many trophies of victory taken from the devil during the past four months, several of them tell of Jesus and his love; out of doors and in we could report many cases of interest, but space in the Magazine being limited, we only send two.

**A Family Saved.**—The man was a great drinker, and was a terror to his family and a nuisance to the neighbourhood, destroying his furniture and turning his wife and children into the street after twelve o'clock at night, with scarcely anything on to protect them from the frost and falling snow; his friends had all forsaken him. One of our little girls brought his two eldest daughters to the Tuesday class, Jesus saved them; they went and told their mother and she was brought to our hall on the Monday by one of our sisters, and there she found that Jesus was the sinner's friend. She told us what a bad husband she had, and how she feared he would be a hindrance to her. I said God would save him. I begged our friends to pray with me for his conversion, till God should answer our prayer, which he soon did. On the Monday following, one of our brothers went to see him, told him he had come to bring him to our hall, and, as if compelled, he came. I went and talked with him. God's spirit made him tremble till the seat on which he sat seemed alive; he jumped up and came to the penitent-form, and there the burden rolled from his heart, and for nine weeks he has stood up and declared the change God hath wrought. Glory to God.

Another dear man has **marked the spot** in our hall where his chains fell off; he told the people in the open air on Sunday that the last two months had been the best of his forty years, and he never speaks without pointing to the place, and shouts, Hallelujah! Since I began here more than 100 have professed to find salvation, about 50 of them are regularly meeting with us; several have gone to other churches, a few have gone back. But we are marching on, conquering through the Blood of the Lamb.

W. BOULD.

### HASTINGS.

"REJOICE EVERMORE," is a command which I suppose no Christian obeys unless he is perfected in love. "But perfect love casteth out fear," and so enables him to sing—

"My soul's full of Glory,"

*i.e.*, he has already heaven in his soul. One of our sisters said the other day she did not think heaven would be such a change to her as it would be to many, as it was heaven to her on the way to heaven, she thoroughly enjoyed the Master's presence every day, and could, therefore, "Rejoice evermore."

To be "pure in heart," "made free from sin," "sanctified wholly," "holy in all manner of conversation," "having a rich baptism of the Holy Ghost every day," to see sinners converted—backsliders restored—believers receiving the blessing of holiness, and together going on their way rejoicing, and to be *one of that number* is enough to cause anyone to "rejoice evermore," and oh, Hallelujah, this is my experience, this is what I am seeing, what I am enjoying. Glory be to God.

Let the following testimonies suffice :—

1.—"I have been converted to God about three weeks; I feel altogether different to what I ever have before, and have felt much of God's presence since the Holiness Meeting last Thursday, and from my heart I now can say my Jesus has done *all things well*."

2.—"I was converted to God three years ago, in Rye, but coming to fashionable Hastings last year I soon got fashionable too, and soon lost my religion. But in the Market Hall I returned to the backslider's Saviour, and am now rejoicing in Him."

3.—"I gave my heart to God last Sunday night. I have been so happy ever since; I was so happy that when I got to bed I could not sleep for praising God for saving me."

4.—"I have wandered far on the broad road of sin and folly, but praise God He has brought me on to the narrow path, and I believe He is going to keep me."

5.—"I just am glad I'm *saved*, and if I was not I'd get *saved* to-night. I have been converted this four years, but I've been *saved* a fortnight. I have always been afraid to come to class, but bless God I'm not now. I have an experience to give now every day. God has not only pardoned my sins but *sanctified my soul*, and now I'm ready for *action*, out of doors or in." (This dear brother is not only ready, but with the rest he is fighting.)

6.—Was a successful mission preacher, but yielding to some temptation of the wicked one several years ago, fell and left the ranks altogether; knowing her address I called on her, and invited her to the service. She came to one of our Holiness Meetings and then she found that God was still "mighty to save," and willing to heal all backsliders. Out to the penitent-form she boldly came, and sobbed her way to Calvary. Very soon she joined us in singing

"The precious Blood of Jesus, it cleanses me from sin."

The next day I visited her, and in prayer she said, "Now Lord make me *thorough*—*thorough, Lord*—and save my husband too—I believe thou wilt," and my soul said Amen to each petition. In the experience meeting she said, "I feel that I am washed in the precious blood of Jesus, though I have long wandered away from Him. I have been to God a stranger, but the Lord has taken me in, He has pardoned all my iniquities, and healed all my diseases."

7.—At the penitent-form last night she said, "Oh Lord, what a wicked scornful sinner I have been, but oh, I'm invited to come to Thee—Thou canst not forsake me; *do—do—do* save me, and save me now—Thy blood was shed for me I do believe."

Since my last report we have had our annual "Free Tea," which proved a great success, and we are going on with the "rejoicing" in the Lord's name.

Yours in the War,

58, Stonefield Road, Hastings.

JOHN ROBERTS.

### PORTSMOUTH.

SINCE our last report God has been mightily blessing us. The Holy Ghost has been working in a wonderful manner amongst our former **persecutors**, some of whom are now under conviction and some thoroughly saved. One dear man, who for years has been a professor of Infidelity and one of our most determined opponents, has got blessedly saved and is now working with all his might to win souls. The lion is indeed turned into a lamb, and the wrath of man into the praise of God.

One Sunday morning I was preaching on the duty of Christians preaching Christ wherever they went, especially to those of their own household who were not saved. God sent the word home, and one of our sisters promised God if He would spare her until the next day she would go and preach Salvation to her aged father and mother. Next day away she went to their home, but did not

know what to say, so without saying a word she fell on the floor and began to cry to God to save her father and mother. They were as frightened as if there had been an earthquake, but God had got hold of them, and the father came soon after to the hall and cried for mercy. He could not find peace for some time. On the following Tuesday our blessed Saviour came to him as he was at work in his garden and *PLAINLY told him that He shed His blood for him*. The spirit of God is working mightily amongst our own people. Sanctifying power flows through our midst like a river. Holiness is our standard, the glory of God in the salvation of everybody our determined object. Will our dear friends please pray that this work may spread till Portsmouth is in flames from end to end.

21, Nelson Street, Landport, Portsmouth.

IRONS AND SHERRIFF.

### NORTHWICH.

**W**E are without the usual report from this station, but we continue to receive, in one shape or another, glorious news of the advance, and deepening, and extension of the work. Indeed, salvation, and uttermost salvation is all their story. Writing early in the month, the sisters—for Sisters Caswell and Copely are there—say:

We have had a glorious week. Sinners saved and believers sanctified. After the Holiness Meeting, Friday night, 10 came out for sanctification. We had a glorious Sunday—10 souls, and a *members'* tea on Tuesday, when about 200 sat down. Last night was a glorious meeting, and 10 more fell down at the foot of the Cross. Some of the worst are being saved.

Later.—Very happy to inform you we have had a glorious week. Over 50 have professed to find peace. The town seems to be all on a move. Wherever we go people seem to be crying out about their souls. On Sunday the place was packed to excess. Lots had to go away; fuller than ever. Twenty souls for Jesus. Oh, hallelujah! We are rising; we mean to have Northwich for Jesus.

Writing on the 12th February, one of the members says:—The work is going on better than ever. We had 42 souls last week, and a lot on Saturday, 11 on Sunday, and 12 on Monday. O praise the Lord for ever!

The cottage prayer-meetings take well. On Monday afternoon it was so full we had to come out in the open air, and the dear sisters gave an address. People come to our meetings three or four miles through frost and snow.

One of our brethren has just died very suddenly, and our people followed the corpse about two miles to the cemetery. Crowds of people came to witness the sight. The blessed Lord is prospering our sisters.

We counted the people at our meetings. There were 956, and hundreds praising God that ever He directed Mr. Booth to send the sisters to Northwich. May God bless them more and more. The address is,

55, Tabley Street, Northwich.

CASWELL AND COPELY.

### BETHNAL GREEN.

**S**INCE I came here God has triumphed over this place. Many souls have been plucked as brands out of the fire amidst the sin and iniquity we see around us, and men and women working hard to get down to hell. They seem almost as though nothing would awaken them. We have seen many listen to God's word, and while they have heard they have felt it to be quick and powerful, and some have fallen under its power, and are now sweetly trusting in Jesus.

**An Outcast.**—This man was passing, and heard us at our stand in the open air, and came in to our meeting a poor broken-hearted sinner; came out, and yielded his heart to Jesus. His friends had turned him out because he had been so bad, and said they would do no more for him, but God took him in, a poor penitent sinner. He got employment at once, and may God keep him to the end.

One Sunday evening I remember seeing a young man sitting on one of the seats unsaved, but evidently drinking in the words that fell from the speaker's lips. While the prayer-meeting was going on I went to him and urged him at once to seek God, and told him to come out that night. I left, and got on my knees before God, and in a few minutes I saw him at the penitent-form seeking pardon. While he was there he felt his lost condition, and asked God, for the sake of His dear Son, to pardon all, and soon he had the joy of knowing that his sins, which were many, were all forgiven. Not resting with knowing his own load was gone, he went home to his wife and told her what great things Jesus had done for him, and very shortly we had the joy of seeing her at the feet of Jesus seeking the salvation of her soul. It was soon granted. May they be kept steadfast and unmoved. Others have been brought to Christ and are trusting in the Saviour.

This station is rising. God's own people are being blessed again and again, and are doing a work for God and souls. Pray for us.

Yours on the battlefield,

19, Ash Grove, Mare Street, Hackney.

J. TRENHAIL.

### MOUNTAIN ASH.

**H**ALLELUJAH! we are still fighting and conquering. **Mrs. Booth** has given us a visit, which has done us good. She gave a powerful address, and then presented us with our colours, which we intend to carry to the death. But the devil thought we should not have it all our own way, so he has stirred up somebody against our open-air meetings, and they reported us to the Chairman of the Local Board. When the Board met the Chairman said he had had complaints made to him about the highways being blocked up, and he supposed the people who did block them up made a terrible noise, though under the cloak of religion. He did not think that what they were doing was much in the way of religion, though they professed it.

Mr. Beven said: They have been told to go to the main streets and fields.

The Chairman: They have been told to go to the main streets?—Mr. Beven: Yes.

The Chairman said he would not interfere with them if they did not obstruct the roads.

Mr. Beven: Some people will complain about nothing.

The Chairman proposed that the Clerk write to the police-sergeant calling his attention to these people.

Mr. Gray: I beg to second that.

Mr. Beven: These preachers have done a great deal of good: dozens of the worst men in Mountain Ash have been turned.

The Chairman hoped they would continue this work.

Mr. Beven: Depend upon it they are doing a good work. He suggested that these people should have the loan of the Church.

The Chairman said he would give permission for them to go in a field.

Mr. Beven considered that they were going out of their way to interfere with these people who were preaching; they got hold of people who never entered a chapel or a church.

The Chairman: There are plenty of places for them to preach at without interfering with the public streets.

Hallelujah! it is better as before. Since then we have walked as slowly as we could, and sung and talked to the people. We intend to go where God tells us, if it cost us our lives. We get crowds of people to follow us while we sing

" The Devil had me once, but he let me go,  
Glory Hallelujah!

He wants me again, but I don't mean to go,  
Shout, Glory, Hallelujah!

Our congregations are getting larger and just the right sort of people. Lord smash their hearts. Amen, Amen.

One dear woman says she will have to thank God for ever for sending the Salvation Army here. She would not yield at our meeting so she went to our Council of War at Merthyr, and stayed at the all-night of prayer, when God set her captive soul at liberty. When she got saved she shouted and jumped like a mad woman, and Happy Jack jumped with her. It just suited me. Oh, hallelujah! When she came out her husband scolded her for shouting so and making so much noise. Since then he has got saved too. He was as bad as his wife. As soon as he got saved he jumped up and shouted, *This is glory! This is glory!* **THIS IS GLORY!** and we all shouted together. This man went shouting all the way home, **This is glory! This is glory!** and we could hear him five hundred yards off. One man said to me, "You have sent him right off his head." I said, "He is all right. They suit me." Oh, hallelujah!

**A Converted Drunkard** says:—I have to thank God for sending this army here. Since then I have been a happy man; before that I was a confirmed drunkard. I would do anything, and go through fire and water for beer; but hallelujah, now I have joined this army God has made me a new man. Not only that, but turned my home from a drunkard's home to a happy home; from a blaspheming home to a praying home. Hallelujah. This man is our standard bearer. Lord bless him.

A Happy Family:—

**The Daughter** says, "Thank God for sending the Salvation Army here. I heard them in the open air. I went inside and heard about Jesus. I saw that I was a sinner and going to hell, but hallelujah, Jesus saved me."

**The Mother** says, "Since the Salvation Army came here I have been a happy woman, and intend to fight as long as I live, hallelujah."

**The Father**, "Thank God I am trusting in Jesus. He has made me a happy home. Glory!"

**The Son**, "Thank God I am saved, and when the devil comes and tempts me I fly to my knees, and Jesus helps me. Glory!"

We shall conquer, although they try to stop us in the streets. Our language is—"But still about we mean to go, and rout the devil and cry or sing, glory hallelujah." Money is greatly needed, or tracts.

Yours in arms and fighting,  
15, Woodland Street, Mountain Ash. **HAPPY JACK.**

## BOSTON.

**THANK GOD**, the prey is being taken from the mighty: the past month has been one of great victory. Some of the worst have been rescued from the devil's grasp; crowds have flocked to hear words of Salvation. On Sabbath evenings many have been unable to get into our Hall for want of room. Our week-night services are well attended, and our out-door work well sustained. Week after week fresh victories are won. Our motto is still "Boston for Jesus!" I will give you just a few experiences:—"I bless God because there is a crown in glory for me. I came into the hall to laugh at the two sisters, but I bless God because He saved me, and now I am happy."

"I thank God for what I am and where I am. I might have been crying in hell, but God has saved me, and I am still living to praise Him."

One of our members was at work, and a man went up to him and asked him if he was "**one of the Hallelujah blokes**—and you love Jesus? I wish you could show me Jesus!" He said, "I cannot show you Jesus, but I can point you to Him."

On Sunday the people were packed like herrings: the power of God wrought mighty on them, and at the close, **twenty-one** precious souls wept their way to Calvary. Hallelujah!

A woman asked one of our members if the "**Hallelujah Wenches**" were still at Boston. She said they ought to be horse-whipped: they have "crazed us," and one young woman is quite crazed; the neighbours cannot get a bit of sleep at night because she is always singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus!"

Oh, may God craze many more! We are very poor: money and tracts thankfully received by

Yours in the battle field,  
**EMILY J. HALL,**  
**BESSIE JONES.**

P.S.—I am glad to say that we are comfortable here, but Sister Jones is very ill, but hopes she will soon be better.

## STOCKTON.

**PRAISE** the Lord! He has been working here—believers have been quickened, and lots of sinners saved. One dear man came to the meeting one Sunday afternoon. He had been a backslider fourteen years. God, in His mercy, took hold of him and made him wretched for three weeks. He struggled, and then ended the struggle at Jesus' feet. Then he began to pray for his family, and now his dear wife and two daughters are saved, bless the Lord!

Another, fifty-five years of age, and known to almost everybody in Stockton. See what a change there is in him. Instead of being drunk he is sober, and instead of being miserable he is happy. He says he has had more happiness since God saved him than he had all his life before. His dear wife was in the Hall the other night. I went to her and said, "Are you saved?" She said "Yes, I'm coming." These are the sort I like, who will gladly come to Jesus.

We noticed, for some time, a young man coming to our meetings, night after night; but he managed to get away before anyone could speak to him; but one Sunday night we found him in the prayer-meeting. I spoke to him. He said, "I have no desire to give my heart to God to-night." So we began to pray, and God gave him the desire, and out he came, leaving his hat on the seat, not caring if the devil took that so long as he got pardon and peace. But he did not get all he wanted that night, although he turned out his pockets, and burned all his tobacco when he got home. But in a day or two, while reading the Bible, the glorious light shone in. He began to sing and shout. Those in the house thought he had gone wrong; but, Glory to God, he had just come right! May God keep him right, and save his wife. Lots more there are—plenty in Stockton want saving; and blessed be God, He has the power to save every one; many more than I have told you of have realized His saving power, about whom we may tell next month.

8, Sydney Street, Stockton.

**KATE WATTS,**  
**HANNAH SCAIF.**

[From the accounts given, both in Sister Watts' letters and from others on the ground, we are inclined to believe what Sister Watts says in her last, that things are too good to make a report which can properly convey an idea of the glorious work the Lord is doing. Some of the meetings, we hear, are marvellous times of power, and in the open air, though during the snow they are pelted with snow-balls incessantly, the bands increase in strength and courage. Stockton is going ahead. Hallelujah!]

## 30TH (FELLING) CORPS.

**ONWARD** and upward, Salvation and Holiness. The devil had people prophesying all manner of bad about us. Since Brother Morrison came amongst us we are rising, and to-day we are stronger and in better health than ever we were. On Sunday night we had the best open-air meeting that we ever had in Felling. Hallelujah. During the past week we have had 18 souls saved. To God be all the glory.

The following are a few cases :—The wife of one man, who is saved, has been in my shop, and she has told me several times she wished we could get her husband converted. The Lord saved him the first Saturday night. Brother Morrison was with us. His wife told me last week it was a good job for her, for their home had been happier this last month than it had been all the eleven years they had been married. I asked her what *she* meant to do now. She said she could never come out to a penitent-form, but a few days after, Brother Morrison went to her, and she came boldly out and got saved.

The same night, a man, a backslider, got up in the meeting and thanked God he was not in Hell. He had been a Sunday school teacher for five years, and he came boldly out and got saved at once. **We have had six in one family, three in another, and two in another.** "15 hours old." I am happy, I could not say that last night, but I was not afraid to speak for the devil, and I mean to speak for God. I used to make resolutions I would be saved, but I, like many more, put it off; but thank God I have come, and this morning I am happy, and I mean to go on. This brother came out boldly while Brother Morrison was giving an invitation on Saturday night.

Four days old. I am glad I am saved, and I mean to go on, for I feel a lot better since I was saved.

Another brother said, I thank God I am saved. That night I came to Felling I did not come to go to the Mission, and when my son asked me to go, I said, no; I want none of your Mission, I mean to go to the public-house; but I went with him, and when I got there, the text was "The Prodigal Son," and when they began to talk, I said, that means me, some one has been telling them about me. Thank God I am saved now and feel happy.

*Latest News, February 11, 1879:*

**Another Hallelujah Butcher.** Last night we had a butcher come out boldly and he got blessedly saved. This man has been to our meetings ever since the Mission opened, but would not give way till last night. So you see we are getting the victory in spite of the devil, we believe, and to-day finds Captain Morrison and the 30th Corps going in for God and souls in an earnest style. Glory, glory, Hallelujah. Yours in the thick of the fight, saved and sanctified,  
THE HALLELUJAH BUTCHER, for the 30th Corps, and  
MORRISON, its Captain.

## OLD SHILDON.

**S**HILDON for Jesus. Glory be to God for ever. The Lord is working in the hearts of sinners. Sunday morning a dear man spoke in the love-feast, and told us the people said that the Salvation Army picked up the scraps, and *he wished they had scraped him up before.* Glory be to God. Another dear man, who was saved after the tea, said he never was at a hallelujah go before, but he was glad he went; both himself and son got saved. A dear man 57 years of age, says he was a big sinner, but he is glad because he is saved and his wife and family. Hallelujah to Jesus for ever. A dear father and two sons have got converted to God, and are on their happy way to heaven. Twenty-six spoke in the love-feast, and 60 testified for God in the class. God is saving some of the vilest in Shildon. They are selling their dogs and giving all up for Jesus. They will make brave soldiers and mean to have the victory over the devil. Bless the Lord. Hall full every evening. Last Sunday the old Wesleyan Chapel was packed, and hundreds could not get in. Saturday night Sister Smith from Bishop Auckland came to give a help, and myself and two brothers spoke and sang for Jesus. Hallelujah to His dear name. There are lots of grand cases this last month. One dear woman says she is glad she got converted to God, for she has got a happy home. Men and their wives are going in the good old way. Praise God for ever! To God be all the glory!

Another dear girl, who was a backslider, came back to Jesus crying, tears of

repentance streaming down her cheeks, saying God had let her have no peace till she gave up all. On Friday as I was talking on Holiness, a dear woman came running out from her seat and cried for God to take all away, and five more followed. Glory be to Jesus. But I do believe that God is going to save Old Shildon. The devil is getting such a shaking. Glory be to God! At the Hallelujah tea eleven souls found Jesus. Pray for God to save more in this town.

Yours in the Salvation Army,

ELIZABETH CARDER.

## WHITBY.

**A**T length, by the goodness of God, a suitable hall has been obtained for week-night work. We are in the Waterloo Hall, and the opening services were good, including the

**All-night of Prayer**, which was a mighty time. The glorious liberty which comes with the spirit of the Lord burst upon us in the morning, hallelujah. An ungodly man who was with us was heard to remark the next day that "it was a puzzler to him how the spirit of the thing was kept up, for they shouted louder in the morning than at night." Glory be to God for ever; we shall puzzle them more yet.

We have had souls at nearly every meeting since, and God is going to mightily move this town. Pray for Whitby.

Waterloo Cottage.

CHAS. HOBDEY.

## POOLE.

**W**E had a visit from the general on the 31st January; he preached a powerful sermon; souls were saved, and the people in the room were all weeping.

Here are some stories of Salvation :—**A fisherman.**—"I heard Captain Wood singing in the street; I followed to the Hall, and God laid hold of me. I went to the penitent-form, and the Lord pardoned me. As for my sins, I was clear of nothing but murder. I was one of the greatest sinners in Poole. I was a drunkard, a card player, and a swearer. My home, which was once miserable, is now happy; and I know if I were to die this moment I should go to heaven. I have given up drink and tobacco."

**Caught in a Trap:**—A Young Woman.—"My master gave me sixpence to go to the theatre. On my way, I heard the Salvation Army singing at the Fountain; I followed to the Hall. A young woman came and asked me to come to the penitent-form and give my heart to God. I went, and I found the Lord, and I am happy in His love. The sixpence with which I was going to pay to see the devil's works I threw on the table for the Lord."

"I was a great sinner. I used to drink and gamble. My master used to say 'Here comes **Drunken Jack!**' But I came to the Temperance Hall, and gave my heart to Jesus, and now they say, 'Here comes **Happy Jack!**' and I am happy."

**A Miracle:**—A Woman.—"I was in my house for a twelvemonth, and I could not do my work; I could not rest night nor day. The devil took full power of my body and soul. I was visited by ministers, ladies, and doctors from all parts of Poole, and none could do me any good. I was told I was too wicked to be saved. But I came to the Temperance Hall, and Jesus cast all the devils out of me. My husband is saved, and our home is like heaven. Now I do thank God that ever Mr. Booth sent the Mission here."

Roger Tichborne, who weighs about sixteen stone, fell down at the penitent-form, and cried to the Lord for mercy, and the Lord saved him and his wife. He was one of the blackest sinners out of hell. Praise the Lord we are rising. Help is greatly needed to carry on this glorious work.

2, Gratwick College, Long Fleet, Poole.

CAPTAIN WOOD.

*John Wood: Chr. Miss. Evangelist No 57.  
Out of Whitby: remained till Jan. 1881*

## BARKING.

**PRAISE** God we are rising, congregation increasing, and many sinners turning to God; our Sunday Services are crowded, and lots unable to get in. In the past month, men, women, and children, have wept their way to Calvary. **Nine in one family** have been washed in the blood, and made happy in the love of Jesus. One of these was saved at Christmas, and the next morning the publican sent to know the reason he had not been for his Christmas Box, and his reply was "Because there is a snare in the doorway." The tenth of this family is smitten, and will, I trust, soon be saved. Glory be to God. Last night we had **four boys** on the platform, young recruits in this army. One says, "Thank God, I'm saved, father and all." Another, "Thank God I'm saved, I've turned the devil out and got Christ in, and I know if I were to die now I should go to heaven." Again, "Praise God I am washed in blood and filled with glory."

**Seven months a backslider.**—This man came to our hall night after night, and sat at the back part, and has told us since, he often came with the intention to give God his heart, but did not; one night we pleaded with him earnestly, and also with God for him, he trembled and God so laid hold of him that it was evident he must get saved or leave the room, when he sprang from his seat and rushed to the door saying, "**I must go, I must go.**" But he could not stay away. He was found one night on the back seat by somebody who it seems was determined to drive him to Christ again; the power of God laid hold of him and he trembled while we sang

"Can a backslider come to Jesus?"

At last he rushed to the penitent-form and found Jesus, and has been happy ever since. Thank God for ever. I believe God would save hundreds if we had a suitable building. May God open somebody's heart to give us land and money, is my earnest prayer.

1, Arthur Cottage, East Street.

J. P. TAYLOR.

## LEEDS.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

**WHEN** you sent me to Leeds I laid myself entirely in the hands of my Father and bless God He is always with us. There are souls saved every night. Bless God we have a good army, who have got fully sanctified—between forty and fifty new members, who go out into the open air and tell their old companions what Jesus has done for them. We are firing right and left, and well we may; we are going to drive the devil, I believe, from this neighbourhood. The roughs are beginning to be uneasy. When the devil is raging, God's people are always ready for the attack. Bless God, we take blood and fire into every street. We have the full armour; we are nothing wanting except money, and that is very scarce; but we are fully trusting in God to deliver us. Lighthouse packed every Sunday, bless God, and it will hold nearly nine hundred.

I send you a few experiences of young converts. One says he is not going to heaven in an easy chair; he is going to fight for God whilst He lends him breath.

Another says that he was playing cards on Sunday, and after that he came to our meeting, but would not get saved. We prayed for him, and on the Monday he came out and gave his heart to God. He said that, on the Monday morning previous, everything went wrong at his work. Hallelujah!

Another lad, about twelve years old, says that he cannot express his happiness; he and his companion had a prayer-meeting in the workshop. He says there will be sweet rest in heaven.

One young woman came to our meetings once or twice. She said to two of the

sisters, "Them people do look happy; I would like to be like them." She came out and got saved. We asked her if she *felt* saved; she said, "Yes, fully saved, bless God!"

We were in the open air; a man lingering about looked lost. He followed us into the Lighthouse, and there he found peace with God. This man had been a Christian for thirty years, but wandered away from God. He and his wife are fully saved and on their way to heaven now.

Another says that he thought that he could not cheek to go out into the open air; but, says he, "I can cheek it now, bless God!"

Another—"I have been saved nine days, and it is the best nine days that I ever spent."

I remain yours, going in for God and souls,

5, Hartwell Place,  
Queen's Road, Leeds.

JANE WRIGHT.

## CROYDON.

**WHEN** I left Sheffield for Croydon my motto was "Death or Victory"; I thank God I mean victory, if I die in the attempt. My prayer is that He will help me in this great work, the salvation of precious souls. While I have been here we have felt the power of God. Thank God we have seen hard hearted sinners smashed down at the foot of the Cross crying for mercy. One night **two navvies** came into our meeting. Thank God, He took them into His own hand and made them tremble on account of their sins. They got on their knees and asked God to save them. He heard the cry, came down, spoke peace to their souls, and to-day they are on their way to heaven. Praise the Lord, we have one special case worthy of notice.

**A Drunkard Saved.**—I will give you his own experience at our class meeting. He said: "My Brethren, I thank the Almighty God for bringing me to His house of prayer and showing me how black my sins were, and I thank the Almighty Father that He sent His only begotten Son to die for our sins. When the Lord sent His spirit into my heart I had been drinking in the devil's spirit, and the Lord's spirit said 'Go with My servants to My house of prayer'; and I did go, but I could not rest until I had been on my knees to ask the Lord to forgive me all my sins. But that of the devil's spirit is that cursed drink which sends many a poor soul to hell without one moment's notice. I have been one of the biggest drunkards, and one of the devil's biggest servants that ever was to curse and swear. But, thank God, He has laid all my darkness before me, and shown me that I was going the road to hell. But now, thank God, I am on my way to heaven."

Praise the Lord, this brother comes to our meetings nearly every night and is not afraid of telling to all around what a dear Saviour he has found. My prayer to God is that He will save many more like this brother. Money and tracts, much needed, will be thankfully received by

Yours in the Salvation Army,  
Captain WHITWORTH.

3, Sopley Cottage, West Croydon.

## CHOPPINGTON.

**WE** have the Theatre altogether at this station, and daily crowds of people gather to hear of Jesus and Salvation.

Several who have been saved have given me their experiences, and I send one or two. Several have wrote out their experiences and given them to me. Amongst them are the following:—

**An Old Backslider** says: "I went to hear the Hallelujah Lasses preach

and sing at Choppington Theatre on Friday night, with my heart as hard as the devil could make it. I had a desire to go back on the Sunday, when I heard Sister Richardson speak from 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. And I have to thank God to-day that it found a way to my hard heart. I was a backslider for many years, but I thank God that I am again set on my way rejoicing. I regularly attended different places of worship, but it took no effect whatever; but I thank God that ever I heard the Hallelujah Lass. I am now happy with the love of God in my heart, hoping soon to see some of those whom I know make the decision and help us to roll the old chariot along."

Another brother says: "Dear brethren, I am glad the **Hallelujah Mission** ever came to Choppington. I went to hear them out of curiosity, and I had not been there many nights when our sister came and spoke to me about my soul, and soon after I felt the Spirit striving with me, but would not yield, as I had promised to officiate as M.C. at a ball on New Year's eve. When Sister R. got to hear tell of this, she prayed that the Lord would make me miserable, and the Lord answered her prayer, and I was miserable. I only wished I had not promised to go to the ball, for when the time came for me to go I felt as one of the most miserable sinners upon earth. As soon as I entered the ball-room I felt I was in the wrong place. My misery increased. I could not stay any longer, so I got a young man to take my place, and I went up to the watch-night meeting at Bedlington (our station at Bedlington is not far from Choppington), where our sisters were, and while they were praying I resolved to give up all for Christ; and, thank God, instead of dancing in the service of the devil, my heart is now dancing with joy in the service of the Lord, and I am determined by the grace of God to press forward.

Another dear man, who had been a miserable backslider for years, and dared not enter a place of worship for fear he would have to give his heart to God, came to our Salvation Theatre out of curiosity, thinking, he said, *there would be no danger in coming to a theatre*; but, hallelujah, the Lord met him, and he sobbed his way to Calvary, and bless the Lord, from his heart the burden has rolled away, and he can now sing, "Happy day when Jesus washed my sins away." The other day one of his mates wanted him to have a run with the dogs, but he told him he loved a greyhound, but he loved his God better, and he meant to serve Him. Oh, bless the Lord for such a Saviour.

Another brother writes: "It affords me great pleasure in writing my experience of the great change in my life. I went to hear the Hallelujah Lasses at the Salvation Theatre and *to see what effect sensational religion would have on the minds of the people*. I was not long in, when I found there was not much of the sensational in the preaching and praying, but rather that the Word of God was preached with an earnestness and power which at once commanded my respect and admiration, and I was induced to continue my visits. Previous to my going to the theatre I was leading a moral life, and was attending the services of God regularly. I believed that Christ died for the sins of the world, but not for me particularly. But one night, Sister R. gave us a bit of her own experience, and told us how happy she had been since her soul was set free from the fetters of sin, and a new light began to break in on my soul; I began to feel that Christ was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities. I had little peace of mind after this; I felt myself drawn by an unseen power to the Cross. I had many doubts and fears, a good deal of self-righteousness, and a good few difficulties in trying to reconcile the written with the unwritten Word of God. I was in this condition for about a fortnight, and was trying various ways of escape from the position I was in, when the text came into my mind, that it was not by our own righteousness we can be saved, but by the righteousness of Christ alone. Christ was now made manifest to me. I cried, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief; cleanse me in Thy precious blood.' *I felt myself melt away in the love of Christ, and I awoke to a new heaven and a new earth*; all my doubts and difficulties were left at the foot of the Cross, and my heart commenced to leap for joy. I leave Choppington for

Edinburgh this week, but I shall take Christ with me in my heart, and will ever pray for the success of the Christian Mission."

Oh, hallelujah! Our God is no respecter of persons; he can save any sort, either self-righteous or sinners of the deepest dye; He can save to the very uttermost all who will come unto Him. Praise the Lord for what He has done for some in Choppington since we commenced our attack on the devil's kingdom, and although the devil here is mighty, our God is almighty, and with His help, and the assistance of the prayers of his children, we will have Choppington for Jesus. The work is begun, and the Lord will carry it on, I do believe. May the Lord keep us praying and believing, and we shall see His Kingdom come, and the powers of darkness shaken. Amen and Amen.

Yours fighting,

M. M. RICHARDSON.

(Care of Mr. Heslop), Scotland Gate, Choppington.

## NORTHERN NOTES.

BY MAJOR CORBRIDGE.

**Shildon.**—Short of biscuits for the love-feast, but God gave us manna. Thank God, He always has a good supply, and while our friends were seeking biscuits for the body

"Sweet manna to our souls was given,  
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven!"

We were soon all square, and a lot of men and women of all classes testified for Jesus. At the close of the love-feast a good band of folks sang along one of the main streets, and then held an open-air service from ten until eleven o'clock with good effect.

Sunday morning was spent in missioning the streets. Sunday afternoon, while I was preaching a man got so full he shouted out "Pitch in Honey." Sunday evening, place packed: a mighty time, but only one soul.

**Bishop Auckland.**—A grand open-air meeting in the Market Place from 6:30 to 7:15. Good procession to the Temperance Hall. Rich influence, and seven souls at the feet of Jesus.

**Market Preaching.**—Captain Carry and Lizzie Smith make a rule of preaching in the Market every Thursday afternoon from 1.30 to 3.30, and nearly the whole of the market people stop to listen. Many have been convinced, and some have been blessedly saved through this preaching in the Market. Why don't our Captains do the same sort of thing in some stations? We might turn 500 colliers when the pits are idle into the Market together, and so do a real wholesale business for God and souls.

**Houghton-le-Spring.**—The converted drunkard, who used to often spend £1 per day in drink, the man who had been thirty times before the magistrates for getting drunk, and had paid more than £40 in fines; the reclaimed backslider who had once been a local preacher, and other real good cases are all holding on their way.

**Bedlington.**—The theatre is now in our own hands, and although we have to pay for it by monthly instalments of £6 5s., we are trusting in God to send us the money, and the working bees are determined to fill the new hive God has given us.

**Choppington.**—We must have more open-air work, and more visitation from house to house, and more prayer and faith, then victory! The night I was there a man came forward and professed to find peace. A few others have been made happy.

**Blyth.**—Open air better than ever. A real Mission Band has been raised up, and if kept holy will move the town and neighbourhood.

**Gateshead.**—On Saturday night, February 2nd, nearly seventy souls professed to find peace in the three places, which are well attended every night.

On Sunday morning we spent nearly two hours in singing through the streets, and, although it was a dreadful snowy morning, I suppose we never had less than 500 people. We sang through twelve long streets of about forty houses on each side; two streets of about eighty houses on each side; six streets of twenty-five houses on each side, besides two main streets at each end of the streets, with about 500 houses altogether. We sang and preached to the people in about 5,000 houses, and in many there would be two or three families, but suppose they averaged five in each family in 5,000 houses, we must have preached to at least 25,000 people that morning; meetings all day, and about sixty souls at night. The Hallelujah Lasses have thirty or forty souls every night at Gateshead.

**Felling** has passed through a sifting time, but is now looking up. There were three good cases the night I was there, and in the week eighteen souls. At the close of my meeting, a dear man asked Brother Morrison and myself to go and see his daughter, who was ill, and of whom the doctor gave very little hope. We found a young wife, of twenty-six years of age, in her mother's arms, racked with pain, and her only anxiety to be freed from pain. We prayed with her, and pointed her to Jesus, and she professed to find peace, and began to improve in her health, and has been improving ever since.

Since the above, the woman's husband, his mother, and two sisters have professed to find peace, and several more of the same family are under conviction.

**Blaydon.**—We had more people, both in the open air and indoors than when I was here last. It needs, and must have a lot of downright hard work. Lord help them!

**Jarrow.**—Our sisters seem to be making headway; the people are well united, and mean victory.

**Southwick.**—We seem to have the right class of folks attend the meetings—many under conviction. The friends have only to be of one heart in all their toil, and before this is in the hands of our readers we shall have a smash.

**Sunderland.**—Sisters Goddard and Dunnage are just feeling their way. A good feeling in the meetings. A few good cases saved, but a richer, ripper field is before them.

**South Shields.**—Our sisters continue to succeed in keeping a crowd of people and get converts, besides paying off the old debt. The Sunday I spent here was one of the best I have had lately for folks and feeling, but no souls, and I felt put about, for everything is a failure without souls.

**North Shields** is a struggle financially, and difficult to keep order, but a lot of the rough, raw class of people we want. Mrs. Corbridge had a good Sunday here Feb. 9th, and four souls. Hallelujah!

**Policemen.**—In nearly every station in the north we have the sympathy and protection of the police-force. Chief-constables and officers are all glad to help us, and magistrates and councillors are all willing to help us in our work. The following is from the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, Jan. 9th.

“**The ‘Hallelujah Lasses.’**—At the Gateshead Borough Police Court, yesterday, the Mayor (Mr. J. W. Robinson), Ald. Newall, and Dr. Barkus on the Bench, a man named Michael Cox was charged with disturbing a religious meeting which the ‘Hallelujah Lasses’ were conducting in the Bottle Bank Music Hall. The hall has been licensed as a place of worship, and the evangelists bearing the above title have been holding meetings in it for some time. It was deposed that on the 30th of last month the defendant and some other parties were at the meeting, and commenced a disturbance.—The defendant denied that he had annoyed the meeting.—Chief-constable Elliott said it was

not desired to press for any severe punishment.—The Mayor said the punishment for such an offence was very severe, as they could compel the defendant to find two sureties of £50 each, or in default to go for trial, when he might be fined to the extent of £40. On this occasion they would not enforce any penalty, but although they dismissed the case, they hoped such conduct would not be repeated.”

Any help in tracts or money will be thankfully received.  
6, Union Street, Middlesborough.

## WELSH NOTES.

By H. T. EDMONDS.

**Cardiff.**—Monday, 3rd February, there was a scene of mighty power in the Gospel Hall. Mrs. Robinson preached for the first time in the town. Six came out and roared aloud for mercy until they found it, then came the next night and gave as clear testimonies as I have heard. They knew the Lord would keep them, as they were willing to be kept. Souls every night, nearly, since Brother R. has been here.

Mrs. Booth presented colours, and gave an address on “Aggressive Christianity,” in the Stuart Hall, February 12th. This was a powerful and impressive service. Miss Booth followed with a short but powerful salvation address. At the close I heard the screams of a woman, as if drowning, in the front; I was at the door; it was one who had seen her danger of drowning in a burning hell and had fallen down before the Lord in utter despair, but He soon altered her tune wonderfully. That night Christians and sinners were shaken and shaken again. I saw them shake, and they'll keep a-shaking I hope.

**Merthyr.**—Here the people know what it is to be getting better, nearer, and higher.

Mrs. Booth presented colours here the other night in the Wesleyan Chapel (kindly lent), and spoke with much power for one hour. Many got up and told of the wonderful things God had done for them. Wonderful deliverance from temper, drunkenness, swearing, lying, robbing, lukewarmness, and half-heartedness, were shown to be possible to those who were only a short time ago verily devilish indeed. The people at Merthyr are saying we see strange things at Merthyr now-a-days, and well they might. Theatre packed on Sundays, and about half-full nearly every night. Mighty time on Tuesday night. Three big men left their seats and came to Jesus, and then told the people they had found Him. A great shout from the congregation went up to heaven when they sat down.

**Dowlais.**—Mrs. Booth presented colours here also, and gave an address in the Oddfellows' Hall—largest hall in the place. Mighty time. Latest.—On the move.

**Tredegar.**—I was here the other night with Mrs. Booth. The large Temperance Hall, which I was told seated 2,000 people, was packed. Mrs. B. again gave a thrilling address. In the course of her remarks she said, “We know how to fight because we were drilled to fighting,” and so we are. A gentleman told me that *the public-houses have been robbed of their customers, and the beer trade is getting worse and worse since these evangelists have come.* He has many a time gone down to the hall, and has been compelled to turn away as it has been impossible to get near the doors, much less get in. It looks like “standing” as well as going forward, does Tredegar.

**Aberdare.**—Still going ahead: scores getting made clean within. Ready for anything. On Sunday I asked a poor, half-lost, half-alive navy to come and

get saved. He said, "Well, you have got all my companions except this one by my side, and I can't leave him." Then soon he decided to leave this one and join the many who are in the Army. He acted and talked like a live man when he got saved. Lord save many more!

**Aberammon.**—Although Sister Kate Shepherd, the first Evangelist, has left this flock, yet the work gets "Better and better." There is not, of course, room for half the people in the Hall. So there is no other way for them but to stand in a mixture of mud, &c., six inches deep! which forms the pathway to the Hall door. They throw the windows open, and the people stand outside by the hundred to catch the words, the old old story, the Gospel in its simplicity, as told by one simple woman who knows and feels what she says. They want a larger hall. The whole neighbourhood is moved, and we will take care shall be moved until everybody moves to the Saviour's feet.

**Mountain Ash.**—Colours presented by Mrs. Booth in the Workman's Hall. Good meeting. Several screamed aloud, and screamed again for mercy, and screaming, found it. Oh, Hallelujah! Happy Jack was hard up, but the Lord had not forgotten him quite—for had he not a "Roast Red Herring" for his Sunday's dinner? God will take care of him and save Mountain Ash!

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**Poplar.**—Brother Foster writes—"We began the new year well, and we are still going on well. Praise the Lord. The ever-living power was shown forth in the salvation of a **Persocutor** the other day. He tried hard to upset us in the open-air meeting, but following to the hall, we upset him, and the Lord put him right, and saved his soul with four others."

"On February 5th, we gave a Free Tea to about 330 of the poor of Poplar; after tea there was a good meeting, and five precious souls—Hallelujah. Pray for us."

151, Chrisp Street, Poplar, E.

**Plymouth** is all on fire, we are pushing forward, conquering to conquer." That is all the report we have. It will do. The General had a day there during the month.

**Wellingborough (13th Corps).**—We are steadily advancing, although our enemies have attacked us very fiercely, but victory is on Israel's side. We have trod on the serpent and he hisses, and I fear that he will soon sting those that are doing his dirty work; we are a despised and a rejected lot, and so was our Master. Praise God we have a man converted about a month ago, who lives in a tramps' lodging-house, who had a sovereign given to him by a brother in a mistake for a halfpenny, but he brought it to me as soon as he found it out. One man said he had been all round the world, but when he had got to Jesus He made him happy; he shook the form he knelt against. Believing for a good report next time, bear us upon your prayers.

Yours in the battle field,

A. DAVEY.

**Blackburn: Latest.**—"My dear Brother,—I am glad to tell you that the work is going on here. Sunday was a good day, though wet; we had a good congregation at night, and we had twenty-one come out for salvation—wonderful power.

"I wish Mr. Ballington could have more time with us. Offerings £2 7s. Monday night, congregation not so large as last week; six saved, and then we went into **half-night meeting**; after buns and tea. Then came the power. All got down after Mr. Ballington said a few words, then came the glory: such a rush out; then a fight and a struggle. Out came seven feathers, three pipes, three pairs of earrings, three brooches, two other fine things, one

grand pin, one Albert chain, one tobacco-pouch, two pieces of twist, one 24½ inches long. They did go in; I never saw such a meeting. Mr. Ballington asked one man, 'Does He save you?' He said, 'He does!' 'Tell Him He does again,' said Mr. Ballington. He kept telling Him. At last he said, 'Mr. Booth, I shall burst if God does not enlarge the vessel.' Then he got them to sing 'The Lamb, the Lamb,' and they did sing it. One sister took off her hat to sing it.

"I believe this is the very thing we want here. Lord give us a mighty revival, and help us to add to what we have already received. It shall come if we do our part, and we will. Lord help us all, and bless you in all your work.—Yours, fully saved in the Army,  
T. LAMPLOUGH."

**Spennymoor.**—Friday, February 20th, 1879. Dear Sir,—Yesterday we buried one of our members; had a real Mission funeral. This brother was out with us in the street only last Sunday, and speaking for Jesus; his name was John Wilson. Last night we had a good time, about twenty of the vilest came to Jesus, hallelujah. God is working. Many more are under deep conviction. Lord save the whole town, Amen.

I am still yours truly, going in for God and souls.

T. SKIDMORE.

**The Whitby Magistrates and the Christian Mission.**—The Whitby magistrates have been anything but kind to the Christian Mission. Because some lawless fellows annoy them, and because the Christian Mission will not give place to them, the magistrates treat the members of that body as though they were the scoundrels who violated the law. It used to be just like this with the Stockton magistrates and the temperance people during the years 1873, 4, and 5. Because lawless villains chose to disturb our meetings, we, who persisted in holding them, were regarded as the disturbers of the public peace. The Whitby magistrates have evidently no sympathy with the Christian Mission, and yet, judging from what they have done in other places, they are doing more to reduce our criminal class than all the magistrates are doing. Unfortunately our magistrates are more men of money than men of sense. Charles Wesley, in his day, had reason to complain of magistrates. He was once mobbed in Nottingham by a rabble under the instigation of the Mayor; and John Wesley, in 1766, states in his journal that "he preached in the new house, thoroughly filled with serious hearers"; on which he remarks, "Indeed, there is now never any disturbance here; and there could be none anywhere if the magistrates were lovers of peace and exerted themselves to defend it." The Christian Mission in this town would have had similar difficulties to contend with, judging from the complaints of some people in High-street which have been published in our local papers, but we had to fight the battle before them, and demanded the right of open-air meetings.—*The Stockton Bow and Arrow.*

## SALISBURY.

**THE first convert in heaven.**—Sister Stocker was converted at one of our meetings, about three months ago; since then she has shown to all around her that she enjoyed religion. Night after night she might have been seen to come into our meetings with her coarse apron under her arm, just as she had left off work. "Ah," she said to me, "I must come, if it is only for half an hour. I get such a blessing here: the Lord makes me so happy." She was taken suddenly ill. I visited her. I said, "How is it with you now, sister?" She answered, "All right." "Is Jesus with you now?" "Yes, and I am glad I left it all with Him long ago." I said, "You used to praise God in health: can you do it now?" As well as her voice would allow her, she shouted, "*Glory! glory!*" and died the next morning triumphant. We buried her, and sang over her grave several of her favourite hymns, and, by the open grave, promised God we would keep fighting, and meet her in the skies.

3, Summerlock Terrace, Salisbury.

A. WATTS.

