

THE SALVATIONIST.

MAY 1, 1879.

POSSIBILITIES.

By Miss Booth.

"All things are possible to Him that believeth."

THIS seems to me one of the most wonderful passages in the whole Book, because it shows the wonderful love and marvellous condescension of God in bringing us into such a near relationship to Himself, and giving us such a *mighty claim* to all the blessings that He has provided for us "according to His riches in Glory by Christ Jesus."

Let us look at these words with regard to our EXPERIENCE.

How many of the Lord's children there are who are not occupying the ground they *ought* to occupy, and that God intended they should occupy. "The works of the devil" are *not* "destroyed." The enemies are *not* slain, and the heart is not yet, only the dwelling place of the most High, they still have to fight these inbred foes and to keep up the struggle with these roots of bitterness, and, *oh! what a weary struggle it is.* They many times resolve to be on the watch for the next assault; but the mischief is, the enemy assaulting from without, is helped by the enemy *within.*

It is to these I want to say a word of encouragement. My heart does go out towards you who come to the borders of the Promised Land and are sighing to go over and possess it; and you, too, who have been discouraged by reason of the reports that have reached you of the giants, great and tall; you fear difficulties that you can never overcome and have almost given up in despair.

You have heard others speak of His power to save from *all* sin; but, maybe, you have scarcely entertained such a glorious hope as to yourself: you were thinking about it when Satan whispered "No such thing in this world! What! save from the appetite for that evil indulgence? from the risings of that temper? Made to *love* that man and willing to do him good? *What! saved from yourself! Impossible!*"

But your ears were open to hear the blessed message "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son *cleanseth us from all sin.* Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."

Your eyes lingered on the wonderful words, and your longing heart did leap at the thought of being delivered out of the hand of your enemies and made a clean vessel; but Satan, who has been closely watching you, sees he

is losing ground. You have advanced, he must advance also. He whispers "you don't believe what these people say, do you? I know them." (Yes he does, to his sorrow.) "They no more live without sin than you do; besides, the Bible says 'If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'" (The devil never finishes his quotations.) "Yes," you say, "but what about these *testimonies!*" And you are held to the point as one after another testify to the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, men and women you knew in former days, and they declare God is no respecter of persons. The same is offered to you, you *cannot* doubt the attainability of this blessing any longer.

Here the devil, who is considerably aroused with the fear of your getting beyond his power, steps in with renewed energy. He sees where you are, and whispers, "Well, supposing this to be true, *you* would never keep it; no, not a week; look at your circumstances, those children at home, your mates in that shop; no use you trying; and then if you get it and fall, see the dishonour you would bring on the cause, think of the harm you would do by bringing religion into contempt and ridicule." And the subtle deceiver has accomplished his end. "Yes," you replied, "I know I could not keep it, I should be *sure* to fall;" and you have turned away from the beautiful country, whose delicious breezes have already reached your weary spirit, giving you a foretaste of the glorious liberty of the children of God. How tempting was the prospect and the rest to your *yearning* heart, rest from worldly cares, rest from the long continued warfare with your own heart evils, rest from your enemies, rest from *self*, even "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." And *yet* you turned away from it and again renewed the weary struggle in the wilderness.

"Be still, sad heart," deliverance is this day proclaimed in your ears; perhaps your eyes are reading these words, "*Arise* I say from this slough of despond, throw off the chains that have so long fettered and held you down, look up! There is hope and help even for *you*, for 'all things are possible to him that believeth.'" Here is encouragement, life, and joy, not *some* things, deliverance from *some* sins, but all *things*. We know what the devil says about it, and we have heard what men say, but hear what God says, "all things are possible to him that believeth." Oh, tossed and troubled soul, cease from your wanderings to and fro; look away from your own miserable, *doubting, fearing*, heart; look away to Him who will do all things; stretch out your trembling hand of faith and *lay hold* on His glorious promise. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Dare you believe? Dare you *now* at *all costs* cast yourself, with all you have and are, on the faithful promise of God, believe, in spite of the mountains of difficulty that arise to hinder you on every side?

I ask, dare you in spite of all earth and hell, believe for a *clean heart*? "A heart in every thought renewed." You hesitate, Why? I fancy I hear you saying, "If it was not for that one besetting sin, I would venture." And what are your besetting sins in the sight of an Omnipotent Redeemer?—Evil tempers, fear of man, this self. *He* can slay them all in the "twinkling of an eye," turn them out and leave not a vestige behind. "He came to destroy the works of the devil," and *He is waiting now to do it*. Will you let Him? Can you trust Him? Dare you take the leap? Let go! You will not sink but swim!—Not fall but rise! Oh then, but believe, believe, believe, and you shall prove to the unspeakable joy of your heart, that "all things are possible to Him that believeth."

THE HALLELUJAH LASSES.

From the *Northern Express*.

A LECTURE was delivered on Thursday night in the Central Hall, Hood-street, Newcastle, by Mrs. Booth, the wife of the Rev. W. Booth, of London, on the "Hallelujah Lasses and Aggressive Christianity," being an explanation of the principles of the "Salvation Army." There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by

The Mayor of Gateshead (Alderman J. W. Robinson), who introduced Mrs. Booth. After devotional exercises, the Mayor said he had great pleasure in being present. He had seen a great deal of the good work which the Christian Mission was doing in Gateshead, and he was glad of an opportunity of bearing testimony to its usefulness. He had the pleasure of knowing Mr. and Mrs. Booth for nearly twenty years, and sat under Mr. Booth's ministry for two or three years, and he found that gentleman was then, as now, an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel.

There were people who had doubts about the propriety of women preaching, but he thought that few who listened to Mrs. Booth's preaching, and felt the earnestness and fervour with which she pleaded for Christ, who would not have that doubt removed; and if they looked to what had been done by the Christian Mission, mainly through the instrumentality of women, and the blessing which attended their work—and he, for one, did not believe that God would bless what he did not approve—he thought they ought to be convinced that the women who were labouring in this cause were quite within the line of their duty.

He was glad when he heard the mission was coming to Gateshead. When it arrived strange accounts reached him of their doings, and communications, both by letter and otherwise were sent, calling upon him as Mayor to look into the matter, as the writers stated that the proceedings were a disgrace to the town, and ought to be put a stop to. This he did not believe, but that he might be the better able to answer such accusations from personal knowledge, he visited every meeting place in Gateshead, and found the very best behaviour, and less of that aimless excitement than he had seen at some other revival meetings. Further, he found taking part in the services in those meetings men and women whom he had previously been in the habit of seeing in the police court, and fining or sending to prison for drunkenness, violence, and other offences. He was surprised at what he witnessed. He listened to the testimony borne by rough men and lads, rough indeed, but not one coarse expression dropped from their lips with one exception, and that was accidentally uttered by a poor sailor, who seemed as if he would like to withdraw the word. There were many things which he heard of and read in the newspapers, that he highly disapproved, as they appeared ridiculous, but he was present at that meeting to testify that he had not seen it.

As chief magistrate of Gateshead a great number of persons were brought before him charged with various offences, and previous to coming to the meeting the chief-constable was kind enough to furnish him with extracts from the police books, showing the number of persons convicted for drunkenness from last November to March. Now, the "Hallelujah Lasses," commenced the mission to Gateshead at the end of December.

In November he found that there were 84 males and 30 females convicted; December, 82 males and 28 females; January, 36 males and 15 females; February, 56 males and 10 females; and in March, 53 males and 6 females. With regard to assaults, there were in November 11 males charged with that offence, and 6 females; December, 11 males and 3 females; January, 8 males and no females; February, 6 males and 3 females; and in March, 11 males and 2 females. That showed a diminution of cases of drunkenness brought before the magistrates. It might be said there were other circumstances which brought about that change, but he thought he had an answer to that. In going to the mission places he found people that frequently used to come before him, singing praises to God and joining in His worship.

It was surprising what a great deal of good had been done in Gateshead by the mission. Some of the girls were uneducated, and they came to the town without influence, without an introduction from anybody, without any friends, and thus they went about the streets singing hymns. When people gathered round them they retired to a quiet corner of the street, and preached the Gospel. Now, the people rallied round them, and they were a mighty army in Gateshead. The Mayor then related an affecting anecdote about a poor woman whose husband and son had made her miserable through their drunken habits, but now, since the "Hallelujah Lasses" had come to the town, her grief had given way to joy, as her husband and son had given up their drunken habits.

JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL.

MARCH 19th.—Having made all possible arrangements for the opening of our new Salvation premises at Manchester, and received from my son Ballington the assurance that everything should be done to make the effort a triumph, I gave him my blessing and left for South Wales. Having to wait a little time at Shrewsbury, looked at the town, and resolved to plant our standard there the first opportunity. Got to Cardiff at 10.30.

20th.—My wife reports glorious day at Northwich; delighted with the serviceable appearance of the society. Some seventy in the open air in the morning, mostly men, nearly all of whom have been brought up from the lowest depths of sin.

27th. Newport.—Captain Coombs and his men in high spirits. First-class procession. Crowded out. Converts all on fire; some saved, and many wounded. Over 100 souls the week previous. What a change from the commencement of the campaign, four months before, when it seemed impossible to get a soul inside their house save himself and colleague; and to have a meeting, one did service as preacher, and the other as congregation.

28th. Tredegar.—A packed place. The people outside pulling down the windows so that they might hear. We finished up at ten with a grand march through the town, and such singing, as must have been heard among the hills and valleys a couple of miles away. It was hard work to part. God bless Tredegar.

29th, Saturday.—Brynmaur and Dowlais to arrange for preaching place, and Ystrad in Rhondda Valley at night. Just six weeks since the army

entered this valley. According to the estimates of the press 2,000 have been converted. At Ystrad, in one hall alone, 800 names have been taken. All with whom I have spoken concur in two things. 1st. That the Rhondda was about the most drunken and degraded Valley in South Wales. 2nd. That such a religious awakening has not taken place within the memory of the present generation. At night the hall was too crowded for an effective meeting. Still ten men came out.

30th, Sunday.—100 at 7 o'clock prayer-meeting. 150 marching and singing, in the coldest and bitterest of winds, at 10 o'clock. At 11 o'clock, Hall packed.

Afternoon.—Hundreds in the procession. Our people wore white rosettes, to signify they belonged to the Army. Hall packed again. The testimonies of men, who had been rescued from lives of notorious sin, were very effective.

At Night.—Anything like a procession was impossible, as it would simply have shut everyone who took part in it out of the Halls. I never saw such a fight to get into any place in my life before. Both Halls were full, and sixty souls saved.

Monday.—Visited Llewynipia and Parth—two other places in the Valley—and arranged for Mrs. Shepherd to commence at the latter place on the following Sunday.

The whole neighbourhood is awakened. The dismay and loss of the publicans is a theme of universal conversation. As we came along, they told us of one publican's wife who had been saying that they only drew three pints all the previous week.

At Night, Merthyr.—Found Captain Miriam Smith full of confidence and good news. A good band, out in the bitterest of weather. Old Theatre answers well—three parts full. People all alive. Merthyr is going up.

Tuesday, Dowlais.—Good open air; very, considering the piercing wind. Enormous improvement, every way, in the six weeks the present officers have been in command.

Wednesday, Aberdare.—Spoke an hour and a half. 500 people. Everybody appears in good spirits.

Thursday, Mountain Ash.—Workmen's Hall crowded to suffocation. Hundreds shut out. Souls in distress. Here is a most hopeful work.

Saturday.—In Rhondda again. This time at Treherbert, where Captain Hayter and his wife have made a most determined fight against the common foe. A good force from Ystrad came along, and we had a mighty procession, and a chapel lent us holding 1,200 was crowded.

Sunday.—The services were good, but I was too ill to do much. All I could do to keep on my feet. In the afternoon was compelled to give up. Everything I heard and saw tended to show the depth and grandeur of the moment. The friend at whose house I stayed, belongs to the Independents. He told me at dinner that they had that morning received into their church, 93 members, all of whom were fruits of our work. Praise God.

Monday, Cardiff.—Good meeting at night. Improvement since I was here before. Still Cardiff must go ahead and take a higher position. Several very promising candidates.

Tuesday, Aberammon.—Nearly the whole population turned out to stare at me. Decent open air and large congregation.

Wednesday.—Council of war in the Rhondda. For crowds, and the deep interest, it was indescribable.

After visiting Cardiff and London, on Wednesday 10th, came to Coventry. All seems to be going well. All my old friends were there, and many new faces, and all seemed heart and soul in for mighty conquests.

Thursday to *Gateshead and Newcastle*, where I found the half had not been reported of the mighty work in progress.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

ALMOST the first sound that greeted me, as I stepped outside the Central Station was

"I will tell you what induced me,
For the better land to start."

Only little children running about singing our songs, as thoughtlessly as they would any others. Enough, however, to tell the grand tale that these songs are "all the go" in Newcastle, a month after we have opened fire.

And no wonder—with that huge Theatre crowded every Sunday, and the great Music Hall beside it, also crowded, not only on Sundays, but on week-nights, to say nothing of the great congregation also gathered to hear Mrs. Booth in the Circus one Sunday afternoon.

"This is beating the devil on his own ground and no mistake," was my first thought, as I entered the splendid Music Hall, where so many thousands, after appreciating, alas, only too well, endless varieties of sinful folly, have come to look at the new and even more startling "varieties of the Salvation Army."

There could not be a moment's mistake as to our having got the right sort of audience.

The vast majority were men, whose whole appearance betokened roughness of character and life. Curiosity led me to count the collars in one row, or rather I could not count them, for only one man out of thirty wore a collar, the rest were all rough scarfs, roughly tied or twisted on.

The instantaneous movement and buzz of the vast majority of the audience the moment any speaker finished, told most strikingly too, how perfectly we had succeeded in gathering precisely such an assembly as might have sat in that very Hall, listening to a series of comic songs and interspersing remarks and glasses of beer between the various events of the evening.

But the effect of the service was none the less visible. Some men cried, and mopped their eyes with screwed-up handkerchiefs in a downright, systematic, and undisguised manner. Many others stroked their faces, touched their cheek-bones or moustachios, in the usual manner in which tears are secretly disposed of, and the deep, stunned look of some as they bowed their heads, or walked out at last in stolid silence, spoke of even deeper and more agonizing feeling. The deathly silence of the great mass, and their eager attention whilst they were spoken to, was indeed a startling contrast to the indifference shown in a momentary interval between the speakers.

But the cool, settled, and deliberate way in which these men decide for God is perhaps the most striking feature of all.

Here is a man who has spent over thirty years in prison, and is under police supervision now. He comes night after night till he can hold out no more, then not liking to show himself, or climb over the seats to seek mercy,

he crawls underneath them to the front, and makes haste to Jesus, so as to get it all properly done before nine o'clock, when he is required to be at his registered address.

He gets an old pal to come another night, and waits and watches till he too has gone out and got put right with God.

Another man sits waiting long after he wants to be gone, hoping and praying that the old pal who sits next him will give in. The poor sinner has sat all through the meeting, however, in the overwhelmed and resisting state, which seems so common here. His old companion waits on till the latest possible moment, and then says, "Are you ganen oot to-neet?" There is a silent shake of the head, and the two move off to come, if God spares them both, no doubt, till the refuser of to-night will give in as deliberately and resolutely as he now refuses. Such men make and will make no ordinary soldiers. They will stand and fight, we trust, for Jesus, as few have ever stood or fought. Newcastle is being shaken, and will be shaken to the depth of every back room, and attic, and cellar it contains.—R.

EASTER AT HAYLE.

By H. T. EDMONDS.

IN accordance with instructions from head quarters, on Thursday at midday, I sent a wire to Mrs. Sayers saying that I was coming to spend Easter. When I got to the railway station at 10.0 p.m., to my great surprise there was a detachment of at least 100 strong singing,

"Do you think I'll make a Soldier, Soldier, Soldier?"

We formed a procession, and went singing down to the middle of the town and parted.

Friday morning.—It was announced that we should have a meeting on the Towans (a large moor). Accordingly, at 10.30, the Lord's host assembled. Soon we were off. At the head of the army was a banner bearing the inscription, "Salvation Army." "Prepare to meet thy God." Our army increased as we went. We got into a position so that we might be seen for miles, and we sang so that people must have heard down to Hayle, or nearly so. Favoured with a fine day, heaven and earth seemed to smile as one and another told of the goodness of God, and of the very wonderful things He had done for them. One very tall man got up. His face showed me that the devil would soon have finished him if God had not interfered. As he looked up to heaven, he said, "Oh, I don't know how I do feel. I thought how many hours I have spent asleep on these Towans. I wasn't fraid sleep for devil knaw. New I ain't fraid spake for my Master. Y'knaw, your knaws me most oney. New I'm saved, washed, joined army. Come and join too." Then an old man followed, aged 77. His son had been praying for him for years, and no one ever thought the power of the Gospel could reach him; but it did, and his dear old eyes sparkle with joy when he has an opportunity of telling folks that he is "saved, and belongs to the army." He said, "The devil thought he was going to get me again, but I say no. I'm got too far ahead now; devil can't overtake me now—no, can't catch me; would if he could. I will not look back. I am going to heaven now in the army; come with me."

Afternoon.—We met at the time appointed, 2.30, and sang and shouted to the Towans. There was a very long procession. No such throng was ever seen before on such an occasion. The long train of folks coming up the hill so far behind put us in mind of Israel when they came out of Egypt, shouting because they were delivered. We had a free and easy; some most wonderful and

touching stories were told. Among the rest was a man about 45, who said he had seen a good many revivals, but never one like the Salvation Army had had, seeing it had caught him. "I wish," says he, "Salvation Army was cut on my forehead. Salvation for ever." There was never a greater scoundrel on the earth than I was before the army came here to Hayle." But now he is converted, and has joined the service. In short, Good Friday was pronounced by all to be a real hallelujah day.

Sunday (Easter) Morning.—Prayer meeting; **good time** at 11.0. Place fairly filled **afternoon**. Just as we were closing, a young woman ran to the penitent-form and fell down with such a cry as I never heard; then another woman ran, then the praying host got about them; then came another, crying and wailing, as if she were already lost. Six o'clock was fast approaching, but the cries of despair and groans to be delivered forced us to keep to our posts. About 5.30 I left to get some tea, as we were to begin the evening meeting at 6 p.m. Then Sister Sayers came for a cup of tea too, while Miss Wesson held the fort, so that the meeting was not closed.

When I went back to the Hall, there was a most precious feeling in the meeting: the place was full, and two penitents were still seeking and wrestling; and it seemed as if the real glory of the Lord had filled and continued to fill the house. I attempted to give out a hymn, but was interrupted by cries, "*He has come, I see Him; Jesus saves!*" Then I began again, when shrieks came from the penitent-form, "*Oh, Jesus, save now, just now, you gem.*" Then we went to our knees to help the sisters' faith who were seeking. Soon they got the "witness," and began to praise the Lord in a most blessed spirit. Then things went on very smoothly for about two hours, when the groans began again. The prayer-meeting was entered into with great spirit. Soon people were coming from all parts of the Hall to find Jesus. One young woman who got through first, went all over the Hall to see if she could find some one she knew to tell them what the Lord had done. She clasped her hands and shouted triumphantly. At last she found her brother, a rough-looking man, and at once told him what the Lord had done for her, and began to ask him to come in a manner that it would be impossible for me to describe.

Another woman, about 35, got through in a most remarkable way. "*Oh, I have got it. I know I have.*" Then she began to speak to the people, saying, "Come to Jesus, and praise'n." Then turning to a sister who was praying for deliverance, she said, "*Praise'n, praise'n sister, He has saved me. Oh, Jesus send them up.*" The power of the Spirit was so mightily manifest in her, that we were all astonished.

Another woman, jumping from the penitent-form, said, "*Oh, it is done. Isn't it good? IS NOT THIS HEAVEN? Where am I?*" Her whole being seemed to be in rapture, as she said, she came to the conclusion it was heaven.

Another great big man got gloriously into liberty. He gave us notice of the same by jumping twice, four feet from the floor, singing and shouting in a heavenly way, for it could not have been of the earth. Altogether there were between 15 and 20 good cases. We wound up about 10.30 or 11 p.m., the service having been on *about nine hours*. Thus ended the Sunday.

COUNCIL AND ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

(By WANDERER.)

THE first train up the Valley on Wednesday morning ran into Ystrad, the station for Pentre, about nine o'clock, and a strong company of the officers of the Salvation Army stepped on to the platform. The General was there, looking as well as we expected, when we remembered the ceaseless preaching and travelling almost night and day of the past six months. Mr. Bramwell was with him, and,

here were Coombs and Sherriff from Newport, Robinson (Cardiff), Sister Smith (Merthyr), Sisters Thomas and Mason (Dowlais), Sister Hockey (Roath), Lawley, or as we learnt they call him, *Happy Jack* (Mountain Ash), Sisters Shepherd and Pamella of Aberdare, fresh from opening Porth. Sisters E. Lock and Baily full of confidence after their first day at Aberdare. Sister Elliot (Aberammon), Sister Barber (Tredegar), and possibly some more officers, to say nothing of rank and file from here and there.

Outside the station was a crowd waiting, which increased, doubled, formed into procession, headed by the General and Sisters Kate Shepherd and Bateson, who by this time had joined us, and moved slowly up the main street singing as only the Welsh can.

That procession! Rows of men who had been *drunkards*. Think of rescuing *one!* Think of bringing joy to one home, one wife, one little shoeless child who never felt a father's kiss—only *one*, methinks, that should make men and angels weep for joy; but here are *hundreds* linked arm in arm, linked heart in heart, redeemed, washed, *saved*—ready for time, for eternity—aye, and here are the wives and the children too, singing, burning for the deliverance of others, yet in like bonds and in like danger.

Several halts, and rings, some burning testimonies and imploring prayer in both languages, some right down good singing, and the time to go into the hall had arrived. *It was packed.* The Treherbert band got in somehow.

The Lord was there. Mr. Booth's word to begin the day was a thus saith the Lord God, said he, is no respecter of persons.

"Pentecost" was announced, and truly it was a Pentecost. The expression of one man that "God too much blessed him" seemed the feeling of all.

But for the rain, the afternoon meeting would have been in a field. As it was, the hall was too full, and a fine new chapel lent at a moment's notice, hard by, was nearly full also. In both places God showed forth in earthen vessels what earthen vessels only can show forth. War we talked about, warlike we felt, and on war to the knife we resolved. At seven o'clock there were 3,000 people packed into the Noddfa Chapel, Treorkey, one of the finest in the principality, and very kindly lent us for the meeting. Aisles, stairs, platform, every available inch filled.

The influence of the Spirit of God rested mightily upon the crowd. Every address was listened to with profound attention, and now and again the falling of a pin might have been heard. Mrs. Shepherd and both her daughters, Sister Hockey, and Brother Robinson especially spoke with power, and at the close some sixteen souls struggling through the closely packed mass found their way to the front and found room to kneel as well as "a place of repentance." Of course God set them free. Oh, the influence of that meeting! There must have been hundreds under deep conviction.

A telegram to Mr. Booth from Mr. Railton and the 17th (Hammersmith) Corps, expressed the determination of the London forces to push on the war to the glorious end.

The night meeting was announced to begin at 10.30. The best place to be obtained would hold 600 at most; there were at least a thousand wanted to be present. The 500 tickets Miss Shepherd had to distribute were soon gone. There was a dreadful crush at the door. Men who awhile ago were drinking and swearing, now willing to do anything for the opportunity to get to this all-night with Jesus. Of a truth we may ask "What hath God wrought?"

Imagine, say, 700 people packed—sitting, standing, kneeling—in this Pentre School, most of them the Lord's, and most of them saved within the last three months. The meeting opened with singing and fervent prayer. Mr. Booth then read part of the 5th Chapter of I. Thessalonians, urging that all must be "sanctified wholly," must be "set apart." He explained the conditions upon which God was willing to do this, as well as what it actually was that God was willing to do.

Brother Coombs illustrated with his own experience, and made plain the glorious salvation God offers.

The Spirit of God resting in mighty and solemn power on all was manifestly bringing home the truth to many, and after singing a verse of "Whiter than Snow," Brother Robinson spoke with some freedom. When he sat down there was a moment's pause, and a brother from Cardiff arose and told us how he had been wholly sanctified, and how God had delivered him from the desire to use tobacco, cleansing him at the same time from in-bred sin.

Then Mrs. Shepherd spoke with power, and as she resumed her seat a brother struggled earnestly through the standing crowd and got on to a chair, and said, "Christian friends, seven weeks ago in the Pentre Hall I was convicted and converted under Miss Shepherd, and I have been a new man ever since. *To-night I am convicted again.* I feel I want something more, and I am willing to give up all. I have one little idol—it is my pipe; here it is," and pulling it out of his pocket, he threw it to the ground.

This was followed by a similar confession on the part of another, while a third was asking deliverance from his bad temper.

All this, of course was, as yet, unasked. God, choosing his own time and manner of working, did before our eyes a new thing. These men boldly, the moment they saw the privilege and felt their need, without request or invitation from man, stand up and confess out of hearts panting for just one thing—perfect harmony with God Himself.

This went on some minutes. Perhaps 20 men and women got into that chair and acknowledged their need, their necessary cutting off, their determination to be fully saved, and laid down their pipes or flowers—one sister, her unnecessary, and as she said, "wasteful flounces."

At this point the meeting was suspended for the handing round of some refreshments. Provision and convenience was at hand only for 500, the number of tickets issued, and here ensued a good deal of confusion. This was much to be regretted, though it was impossible to blame anybody, and we did not hear of a single word betokening anything like impatience on the part of any.

When the meeting got started again, the crowding was more perceptible. However, Mr. Booth's comments on the opening hymn speedily brought every mind back to the object before the meeting. Several others spoke, and Mr. Bramwell Booth explained the distinction between the surrender and consecration of all to God, and the entire sanctification of the heart by God. Then Mr. Booth, pointing out the impossibility of inviting forward those who were seeking the blessing, owing to the crowd, called upon all to consecrate themselves to God where they knelt or stood, and trust Him for all they needed.

In a moment one of those who had already spoken of his need, burst into prayer. Oh, such praying! Then into liberty, and as the light of the Lord fell upon him, he shouted for joy, his mate groaning meanwhile. Soon another cried aloud, and another, and another. This continued and increased. Men wept, and groaned, and prayed, and then rejoiced aloud, kissed one another, and melted down in love, grew silent before the Lord's own presence, and there flowed over that meeting a tidal wave of Divine glory, in its effects impossible to describe. To attempt to hinder the workings of God's Spirit would have been wicked, if it had been possible, and for a season "God had *His* way," as one remarked.

Not unfamiliar with special manifestations and remarkable visitations for years past, we have to thank God for this night. The glory of the Lord did fill, and more than fill; and, as in Tabernacle days, some who ministered, fell to the ground overcome by the weight and power and joy of His presence.

Some short testimonies followed. There could be no mistake about these people having received at the Lord's hands more than they either asked or thought. The Lord had both cleansed and baptized with fire; and one or two friends of other churches spoke with thankfulness of the blessing they had received.

What reason, we reflected during the day, for ceaseless praise is here in this Rhondda. If Satan could be silenced, such mighty turnings upside down would close even his lying lips; but, no, they stir him up the more to "walk about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and what he may destroy.

We hear that the following Sabbath thirty more were seeking Jesus at Pentre, and the next three nights and Sabbath together counted eighty-nine others at Porth, crying aloud "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

MANCHESTER.

OPENING OF THE GROSVENOR.

"**M**OST outrageous!" "What fanaticism!" were the expressions many uttered on reading that a Captain and a host of Salvationists with a Hallelujah Brass Band would attack Beelzebub and his kingdom on March 23rd, in "**The Salvation Temple,**" Grosvenor Street. But we kept in view our object in coming to this great city, and said, "By the help of God we'll reach and save, and make saints of the worst of the people of Manchester"; and bless God, we have had from the first Sunday some of the roughest and most notorious characters, many of whom to-day are singing with us to the bright and better land. Glory to Jesus, for He hath done it—done it *all*.

Since our opening we have had the body of the Temple crowded almost every night, and on Sunday afternoon and night it is so full that many hundreds are unable to gain admittance.

The Temple is well suited to our work. It will seat at least 1,800 people, and we have had over 2,000 in it. Bless God for ever.

We have had considerable difficulty with some of the roughest class who come to the meetings, but though they have broken a seat or two, and cut our gas-pipes, and smashed several windows, yet they are finding out what God can do for *them*, and are silenced beneath His convincing power. God does, and *will*, bring more such out of the depths of sin to *Himself*. According to our faith, it *is* and *shall* be done. Upwards of one hundred precious souls have forsaken Beelzebub and his kingdom since our opening attack.

The first sister who led the way to the fountain at the meetings was one whom the General had spoken to a day or two before. He said, "Are you on the way to Heaven?" She said, "No, but I wish I was." "Are you a backslider?" She said, "Yes, but I mean to get back again." "**Hallelujah!**" he said, "*you'll make the first one.*" She said, "*I will.*"

This dear sister came out before the whole congregation, and threw herself down at the penitent-form, crying, "Lord, save me, *me, me.*" The Father went to meet her, and she testified of His recognising love.

A dear man rushed to the penitent-form crying, "**Oh my Lord have mercy, have mercy.**" After telling us briefly of the dissipated life he had led, and what a wretched drunkard he had been for over **fifteen years**, he left the bitter past at Jesus' feet, and became another to testify of His power.

One man who has spent years in trying almost all this world can produce to gain happiness, said in his experience, "I have tried everything my friends: gambling, drinking, dancing, betting, fighting, theatres, music halls, public-houses, clubs, and many other things, but I am trying **Jesus** now, and **He** is the best Master."

A few nights ago, a dear brother who has been snatched from the jaws of hell' cried aloud, "Lord save my wife, Lord thou hast saved me, now save my wife;" so he continued to cry until his dear wife, broken-hearted, knelt by his side. **Husband** and wife rose testifying and making all Heaven ring with joy.

"Well, my sister," said I to one who rose from the penitent-form weeping for joy, "does Jesus accept you?" "Yes," said a brother, "**and He accepts her son and daughter too.**" Bless God, mother, son, and daughter, kneeling, weeping, confessing, believing, and rejoicing together. Oh! could we help shouting hallelujah! They all three stood in the experience meeting which followed, holding each others hands. What joy in Heaven over that sight.

"Is he willing to give all up?" said one of our brethren to a young man who was kneeling at the penitent-form, "he must do as I did, give all up." We found

he was willing to give up shooting, his companions, his half glass, theatres, but **not his pipe.** God told him to give that up, or he would not have been saved **without.** One night when in the "Gaiety Theatre," God smote his heart, he was forced to go home and could find no peace, till the other night he came to the penitent-form and passed his **pipe** into my hand, and then he soon could sing "anything for Jesus, I'll give up **anything.**"

In spite of the Belle Vue Gardens, Parks, and scores of other places of amusement on Good Friday, we had a most glorious time round the Lord's table in the morning, when several stepped into the Fountain, and over 60 spoke. Our Boundary Street friend's came up **well.**

Easter Monday tea and public meeting must have a line or two. Some of our friends from Boundary Street, Northwich, and Bolton, met at 3:0 in the Temple. After prayer, a good procession. About 200 sat down to tea, after which we had one of the best processions I have seen. After an *open-air demonstration*—eggshells, cabbage stalks, mud and stones being thrown at us—we marched in solid rows, bringing hundreds with us to the Temple. A tremendous meeting followed inside, at which more than sixty spoke. The following were among the testimonies given :—

A Brother.—"Spent £20 in fines, but saved."

A Sister.—"They call me Maggy the ranter, but I am happy."

A Brother.—"I'm the happy cobbler. Glory to Jesus!" (A jump.)

A Brother.—"I used to spend my time in racing, dogs, cocks, and pigeons, but now I spend it for Jesus."

A Brother.—"I'm the converted cord maker." (Shouts of joy.)

A Sister.—"Since I gave my heart to God, my husband has given his too."

A Brother (doorkeeper).—"Do you know how it is I put up with you roughs so at the door? At one time I should have used these fists. It is because the love of God is in my heart."

A Brother.—"I used to be a bird-catcher, now I'm a soul catcher. Glory!"

A Brother.—"God soon showed me my respectability; He showed me I wasn't *saved.*"

A Brother.—"I saw on the walls, 'What will win?' Thank God I know what will win—King Jesus and our Army!" (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Amen.")

Brother Wilson told us of several most striking cases of conversion at Rotherham, and urged upon all the great importance of helping our work.

Sister Clapham from *Bolton*, told us some remarkable things God had done for that station.

It was heaven on earth. We finished this triumphant day with shouts and songs, over fourteen souls stepping into liberty. Hallelujah!

Boundary Street is going ahead. More next time.

Brethren and Sisters, God is for us. Pray for Manchester.

BALLINGTON BOOTH,

And his host, among them, May, Tagg, Sutherland,
67, Grosvenor Street, Manchester. Verity, Scott, and Boydel.

NOTTINGHAM.

FROM Coventry, Mrs. Reynolds found a change. Instead of the dingy old Theatre, in which she began there, she occupies on Sabbaths

The Mechanics' Institute,

a fine—she was afraid too fine—place, seating perhaps 2,000 people for Sabbaths, and a Mission Hall in High Cross Street, during the week.

Great bills, which almost startled Mrs. Reynolds herself, announced her coming to open the attack with Happy Eliza; and things looked like a glorious start that first Saturday night. But the Sunday was a poor day, and the second was no

better, and the third was worse. Not the right sort of people—no roughs, no big, dark blackguards, of whom any number listened breathlessly outside in the great market. Our dear sister was getting discouraged, for, though she had a few souls, and found friends here and there, she was seeking and praying and panting for the salvation of these great Nottingham lambs, who were apparently so difficult to get at.

But the darkest part of the night is just before the morning. The turn in the tide has come. Let the following extracts speak for themselves :—

Glad to tell you a still much better day yesterday—at night a good go. Two police to keep the doors. A lot of roughs inside. Best sort yet. It was quite grand. I thought at first we should have a row, but all went well. A great many left first meeting, but I don't care if we can get the sort we want.

After Easter.—Glad to tell you we have had a good Easter here. Had meetings morning and afternoon at Mission Hall—it snowed greater part of the day. Great meeting at night in 'Mechanics'; seven good cases of conversion. Open-air meeting at Radford, Monday morning. Sang through the town to Holiness meeting. Afternoon, all among the Fair. 3.30 to tea—Largest meeting we have had yet; twelve cases. Grand Love-feast on Good Friday. Sixty at seven o'clock prayer-meeting on Sunday morning.

Of last Sunday, which was certainly the best day yet, we hear :—

Good day, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole day. Our meetings much more crowded. Many more of the rougher sort. *We have had* over fifty souls this week; twenty last night. Some very good cases.

We prophesy there will be good news of mighty times in next month's magazine. Look out, and pray for Nottingham and our sisters.

CAROLINE REYNOLDS,
HAPPY ELIZA,
GIPSY SMITH.

43, Victoria Street, Radford.

OPENING AT GLASGOW.

FOR a long time we have been looking for an opportunity to open in Scotland. Some years ago we remember being deeply impressed with the need for some such religious effort to reach the unsaved masses of the people, and being also impressed, during a few services we were invited to hold, with the glorious earnestness of the Scotch when their consciences were once awakened by the power of the Holy Ghost; and when in Glasgow, some month or two ago, we took the opportunity of looking round, with the aid of Mr. Thomas Robinson, a friend who has seen something of our work in London, and who was anxious we should do something in Scotland, found a large music hall in Anderston, capable of seating more than 2,000 persons, and finally engaged it for both Sabbaths and week days, in the name of the Lord, for His glory, and the salvation of precious souls.

The **Victoria Music Hall** stands in the right locality, all among the people, and to that side of the city we expect will prove a most suitable and advantageous head quarters.

On Sabbath, March 24th, our Sisters Milner and Prentice opened the building. Large posters, announcing that the "Hallelujah Lassies" were coming to speak for God and souls, had made known the date and times; and, notwithstanding considerable opposition, the Lord has blessed our operations so far with the conversion of many precious souls.

We take the following from letters received from those on the spot. Our friend Mr. Robinson had, in addition to helping very materially with the publishing, &c., arranged with some of his friends to render help with the first services.

Writing on the Monday, Sister Milner says :—

"Glad to tell you we had a pretty good opening, though not so good as I would have liked, but we had good open-air meetings.

"Bless God for what He has done already. Fifteen came out to my loving Saviour, and found peace."

On the next day she writes again as to the Monday night meeting:—

"Praise God, we had a good open-air meeting; four police to protect us, and they are kind. A few of the converts (of the previous night) came up to help, but we had no souls inside."

Then as to the Tuesday:—

"I am so glad to tell you better news. Last night we had a grand time of it; twenty-one precious souls came to Jesus. More people last night. Collection better."

There has been some fluctuation in the work. Some of the rougher sort of people have disturbed the meetings inside, but the police have been kind in the matter, and done their utmost to keep order. Our sisters have been loath to keep anybody out, as it is this very class we want to get at, but it has been once or twice necessary.

Later on, writing April 3, Sister Milner says:—

"We had a grand time last night (Wednesday). Fourteen souls for Jesus. Collection 8s. 2d. Bless God for ever. I talked about Holiness the other night. Some of the folks are in a way. They say it is impossible—bless God it is not—'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'"

Then again of the next day:—

"A fast-day and holiday in Glasgow. Last night it was a real old hallelujah meeting. Bless God, five souls. Collection 15s. In the afternoon we had not many people, but in the evening a great congregation. We are so troubled with the roughs. This will be a grand station, I believe."

The following Sunday was not such a good time in point of numbers. The letter, describing the day, says:—

"Yesterday was a powerful time, seven souls, but there was not so many people—there would have been more, only the roughs was so bad outside, and they had to go away. The police help us all they can. Hallelujah to Jesus."

As we go to Press, we have further news of Thursday night:—"Large congregation, and quite a break down. Twenty-one precious souls—fine big Scotchmen and women—seeking Jesus."

The Salvation Army has crossed the border. May God subdue all on both sides of the Tweed to Himself. *He will.* God save Scotland!

OPENING BRIDPORT.

FOR Sabbaths at present we have *The Templar's Hall*, which will seat 600 people, and the Friends' Meeting House has very kindly been placed at our disposal for week-nights, until we get complete possession of the Templars, which will then be ours, both on Sabbaths and four nights a week.

After much consideration the General decided to take up this place, and appointed Captain Wood to open the attack.

We cannot give a long report this month, but the following extracts from his letters will show that the work has begun well. Oh! may God pour out His Spirit in a mighty flood on that town.

Here is a short account of the first Sunday's work:—

"Four open-air meetings, three indoors. Good company; 11s. 7d. offerings. Opposition heavy in open air. Somebody offered me money, and went and fetched a policeman to take me to goal. There were hundreds of people. We had an open-air meeting on Saturday night and they fetched us some beer out to drink. This town is full of beer-houses. This is the place for the Mission."

Of last Sabbath the Captain says: "Two open-air meetings, three indoors. Two souls saved. Offerings 16s. We had the Templar's Hall on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and the people crowded in. There has not been any open-air work here they tell me. I hope to get the Friends' Meeting House. One of

the friends came on Sunday night and he told our door-keeper, as he was going out, that he would do his best to get me the place.

"We had eleven open-air meetings last week. The people are broken-hearted wherever we go. I wish we had a place. God would give us a smash."

Later he writes:—

"I have got the Friends' Meeting House for every night till I get into the Templars."

"I am preaching in a chapel, by invitation, and scores are standing outside that cannot get in."

Pray for Bridport also. The word of the Lord shall be glorified. Address
CAPTAIN WOOD.

Of the Salvation Army, Bridport.

OPENING AT CHELTENHAM.

THIS town with its 40,000 inhabitants, has long attracted our attention; and awhile ago, a friend whom we know in a glorious soul saving work, twenty years ago, wrote, asking if we could do something for it.

The Theatre Royal, therefore, we have engaged for Sabbaths, and the North Ward Hall, seating some 300, for week-night work.

Almost from the first there have been great interest, great crowds, great conviction, and some of the real forsaken and forgotten of the people have been saved. We must give some extracts from the letters of the officer in charge.

The opening Sunday, was only a middling day. There were about 400 people at night. Sister Atkinson, who had come here from Gateshead (Alexandra), seemed a little afraid the poor people would fight shy of the theatre.

Later in the week she says: "I believe that God will do a mighty work. We are believing for it. We sang through the streets last night, and the people seemed frightened at us. The hall (week night) has not been full yet, but it gets better. The police moved us last night (in the open air), but I don't mind that."

Two days after this:—"Your letter to hand this morning. Very glad of the encouragement. We have had no souls yet, but the place is full every night. We are visiting and letting the people know that we are here, and I know God will do his part. The offerings have been very low, but some one sent a £1, another lady 5s., and it has been a good help. Praise the Lord."

The second Sunday did not improve so much as we hoped. No souls, and our sisters were nearly broken-hearted. Writing on Monday, Sister A. says:—

"We had not a soul, we are nearly broken-hearted. I would rather do without a bite to eat than have no souls."

Still they held on, both with very bad colds, until Sister Atkinson completely lost her voice. Night after night outside, great crowds of people listened and followed to the hall, which was packed, hundreds being unable to get in. During the next week eleven precious souls found Jesus.

Brother Edmonds was there a day or two, and writing the day after his arrival, he says:—

"I arrived here last night according to your instructions, and we went to the open-air. Got a tremendous crowd of just the right sort. Then starting for the hall, we had crowds following, especially in the main street. The hall was packed in every part, and people looking in from outside, over the heads of those who thronged the doorway. There is every prospect of a mighty work."

Then, however, owing to their being so poorly, we determined to move the sisters, and Brother George Leedham arrived to take charge. He writes:—

"We went out into the open air, the sisters and myself, and some others. I was astonished to see the people. We sang to the hall, but half the people could not get in, it was packed. We had a glorious time, and when I wanted volunteers for Jesus, a great big man, about six feet six inches high, who has

been transported, and was in fact, the terror of this place, came out and got gloriously saved, as well as three others."

This was a good start, Brother Leedham. We believe there are hundreds under conviction who have been hearing our sisters. God make you wise to bring them to land.

Pray for Cheltenham, and

I, St. George's Place.

GEORGE LEEDHAM.

OPENING AT EBBW VALE, MON.

IMplored by several members of our Corps at Tredegar, which is about two miles from this centre of pits and ironworks, we went over to view the land, and finding a school, with large paved play-ground, upon which three or four thousand people might assemble available, we arranged to attack this place.

Sister Thomas, who was in charge of Dowlais, was appointed to lead off, and to do so without relinquishing her command there. Accordingly one week-night found her at the school-room, ready to start; but there had been some misunderstanding, and there was nobody there. She cast about what to do, and finding a number of children, asked them if they could sing. "Yes." Well, she was going to hold a meeting presently, and if they would go round the town and sing for her they should come in. They agreed. What should they sing? Here was a difficulty, but, finding they knew "Hold the Fort," she led them round the streets, singing—

"Hold the fort,
Miss Thomas is coming
To open a mission here."

She announced the meetings, and by the time she got back to the school it was packed, not an inch of standing room remaining for the dear children who had done the singing.

God moved mightily that night. On the Sabbath following, crowds of people were coming in all directions. In the afternoon the tables were brought into the centre of the play-ground, which rapidly filled with a dense throng of earnest souls, listening to the word of life, a convicted, condemned, and weeping crowd. Sitting on the window-sills and walls and roof, to see and hear. God slew on the right and on the left, slew and made alive—wounded and poured the Balm of Gilead in.

On the following Saturday and Sunday over 100 precious souls, among them drunkards and thieves, and the deepest sunk of sinners, cried for mercy and found it.

Writing later in the same week, Sister Thomas, who is now in command there, Sister Mason having taken charge of Dowlais, says:—

"God is still working in Ebbw Vale. On Monday night we had 30 souls, and on Tuesday 31. God is blessing and saving. Praise His name. We have got 170 (members) in a fortnight, and they nearly all speak."

In a letter, written on the 15th April, she goes on—

"The work is going on grand here. We have crowded meetings, and souls every night; Sunday 48 precious souls. Last night we had 34. On Sunday afternoon we had 36 speak for Jesus in 20 minutes. The folks are all amazed at such a thing, and the publicans come to see what has become of their customers; they say they hope to God I am not going to stay in Ebbw Vale. I have been ill."

The Lord is opening the way for a larger place. Pray for this valley. What is done, we believe, is but the beginning. Oh, for a flood tide.

And remember before the Throne our sisters

Sunny Bank, Ebbw Vale, Mon.

M. A. THOMAS,
CLARA SAVILLE.

PORTH.

FOUR miles lower down the Rhondda Valley from Pentre is this village, the centre of a large mining district. Here, some time ago, a young man saved at Aberdare came to live. He began to pray that God would send the Mission, and just as the glorious work broke out at Pentre, an old chapel came to light, and we arranged for Mrs. Shepherd and her daughter Pamela to proceed there. Accordingly the chapel was taken, and God, in a mighty and marvellous manner, has added another triumph to the long list of victories already achieved by the Saviour's conquering name. Oh glory be to Jehovah Jesus for ever and ever!

Mrs. Shepherd writes of her first Sabbath as follows:—

"We had a glorious day on Sunday, Saturday night as well. Hundreds listening. Praise the Lord! we mean to go in. The publicans were laughing at us, but they would not alter me if they were to laugh all night. Praise the Lord! He is going to save Porth.

"On Sunday afternoon we were on top of a 'tip'; there were between two and three thousand listening to the old story of the Cross. The road was blocked up. Five precious souls found peace, hundreds under conviction." This has been going on, interest continually increasing, and many of the very vilest sinners brought to the Cross, the limits of the building only preventing a continual increase in the congregation; and, when accepting the invitation to hold service in some chapel near, at the same time as in our own building, always with the same glorious result.

From another letter we take the following:—

"On Thursday night we had seven precious souls. Friday Pamela had forty, I had seven. Praise the Lord! Saturday again seventeen. Tuesday eighteen souls. Praise the Lord! Glorious day!"

And this is but the start. Pray for this place. God has indeed visited it. Devils have tried to stop the glorious tide of salvation and have failed. Oh that every soul, man, woman, and child, Welsh and English, may be brought to the Saviour's bleeding feet!

PLYMOUTH.

THE Lord of Hosts is with us. Through the past month it has been victory after victory. We have seen the Almighty arm made bare in the salvation of sinners, and some of them the very stoutest-hearted ones, who came to have a lark by mocking us and ridiculing our meetings; but God has broken in upon them. They have grounded their arms of rebellion, made a full surrender to King Jesus, got saved, and are now happy in His love. Hallelujah!

Good Friday was one of the best days I have lived to see. We had a regular field-day. Rallied our army at 6 a.m. at Central Hall, when the Lord gloriously baptised us, and well fitted us for the day. We felt well equipped, and commenced to bombard the enemy's strongholds on the Old Parade at 10.30, new ground to us. The Lord was with us, the fire burning in our hearts; not a dissenting voice or murmur was heard. An immense crowd of people soon gathered, just the sort we are after—English and foreign sailors, fishermen, fish hawkers, fish fags, roughs of all sorts, and the poor bloated-faced drunkard with his bloodshot eye—all stood and listened attentively. It seemed as if the Devil had taken the black host of hell out on an excursion, as we had it all our own way. Many bronze-faced seamen were in tears, and stout hearts were melted into tenderness.

We mustered all our forces again at 2.30 on the Parade, where again a great concourse gathered to hear us. Our meeting was described by an eye-witness who had heard talk of us, but had not seen us nor heard us for himself; he said, "I had no idea of the Salvation Army having such a force in Plymouth." The meeting altogether was awful and grand. God's presence seemed upon us all. The singing, as it sounded amongst the old buildings and rigging of the vessels in the dock, was like heaven began below. But Satan sent a poor dirty-looking

man to oppose us—an infidel, they said—but his appearance did not recommend his cause; however, the crowd soon pushed him out of the way, as they wanted to hear the speaking, and he might as well have tried to stop the tide flowing in as to stop us, for we were determined to have victory or death. God was with us. I never remember seeing more people weep in an open-air meeting. The Word was with power. Tea at 4.30, provided close at hand. Having refreshed ourselves, we went again on the quay until 6.30, then processioned through the town to the Central Hall for a Love feast; and it was a love-feast indeed. Hall packed; 120 stood up and told the people what God had done for their souls. Many said they had never seen such a Good Friday before. We have since been reaping through that day's work. Praise God for ever! Amen.

Arrested through the Open-Air Meeting.—A big wicked blaspheming sailor said, "When I came up to the open-air meeting and heard the singing, and that hallelujah fiddle, it went right through me, although I was as black a sinner as any in Plymouth. I followed to St. James's Hall, and heard the preaching, which made me feel far worse. I came again at night, and *I felt I was the greatest scamp out of hell.* My heart was broken, but I could not come out for God. Monday came; again the agony of mind was awful. Could not decide. Was spoken to, but went away. Could not rest, sleep, eat or drink. Came on Tuesday night, and came out like a man; made a full surrender to our Jesus, and obtained pardon and forgiveness of sins." He had a large ring on his finger, it came off, and his pride was humbled in the dust. He told us his tale of conversion the following Sunday.

A Wounded One picked up and brought in on Sunday night after the meeting closed—a young man with his face showing what a rough character he had been—fell upon his knees and cried for mercy; he said, "I've not been happy since that meeting on the Parade, Good Friday." God saved his soul. He went home rejoicing.

A Cornish Prodigal who had been a Methodist class leader and exhorter, but had fallen, left home and went to California, but could not find any rest. Came home again, could not stay there. Came to Plymouth in search of employment. Had many times gone into places of worship, but had to leave, the Spirit moved so powerfully; but he heard us singing out in the open air. He came and listened. God took hold of him. He could not get away. Came to the hall. Cried out in good Cornish style. God saved him after a severe struggle, and he is likely to become a useful man.

Lost all through Drunkenness and Sin—gained all through Jesus Christ. This man and wife came to our meetings, and asked me to visit them. I did so, and found them in very distressed circumstances, their children eating the last bit of food they could get; all was gone, and every bit of wearing apparel was put away for food. They told me their tale of woe, which was sad indeed. They had lost all work, home, friends, character, and all. But I told them there was a friend who was willing to help them, and save their souls. They wept. We prayed, and they confessed their sins to God, and one another. I told them the conditions on which Jesus would help them, and save their souls. They came to the meeting, and husband and wife came out hand in hand together. God saved them. They signed the pledge on their knees, and now have a happy home, praise God. Saved.

So we keep the battle in array at Plymouth. God is moving on hundreds who will have to yield yet. Glorious victory over the devil and persecutors last Sunday. Hallelujah.

24, Stadden Terrace, North Road.

JAMES DOWDLE.

LIMEHOUSE.

WE are still making headway here. Our 7 o'clock Sunday morning meetings are powerful. A few Sundays ago a **Navy** came into this meeting. I put my hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Are you saved?" he burst into a

flood of tears and said, "No." "Thank God," said I, "you can be; come along." He sprang to his feet, and came to where the brethren and sisters were praying, and God soon set him free. On leaving the hall he said to me that he had been under deep conviction a fortnight, and *had come a good distance that morning to be saved.* This is the state of many more here. May God give them no rest.

Our **Holiness Meetings** are well attended. Several of our people have made a full surrender of their all to God. In fact

"Our numbers, see, they swell;
Zion stretches out her borders;
Triumphs o'er the powers of hell."

The following are a few cases out of many; and, thank God, we have them almost of every nation.

A Dutch Family Saved.—Through the street singing, the mother told us the other night, in her broken English, how she with her family were led into our hall. It was through us singing down their street. Every time we went by singing, she said her heart would beat as though somebody was thumping it, and a voice would say go and hear these people. For many weeks she put it off, but every time we went by the house singing, the feeling would return, until one Sunday she said to her daughters, I must go and hear these people, and asked them to go with her. They came, and sat just inside the door, where God spoke to the three of them; and it was really a grand sight to see them weep their way to the Cross.

A Wayward Son.—This young man came to our hall with his father. I had often spoken to him about his soul, but he always put it off. One Sunday night, my text was, "Be sure your sins will find you out." God sent it home to his soul; the words clung to him, and, after four miserable days, he came to our meeting, and made a full surrender. He gets a lot of persecution from his old pot companions. They know they have lost a good mate, and they try all they can to get him back. One of them the other day came up to him, not knowing he was converted, and said, "Alo Jack, what art 'er going to stand?" He said, "You can have a cup of tea or coffee if you like." The mate was rather surprised to hear that, knowing at one time it would have been a bottle of soda water and brandy, and said, "What's the matter, Jack?" "Why," said he, "I have been to the Mission Hall, and God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins, so that I have done with that stuff now." They went into the coffee-shop, and while there Jack told his mate how happy it had made him, and how sorry he was that he had not started sooner. When they parted, his mate promised him to come as well. As this young man was the leader of his mates in all that was bad, so I believe God will make him the means of leading many of them out of darkness into light.

A Converted Jewess.—This dear woman found her way into our hall one Sunday night, as I was going round looking for penitents, and I spoke to her of the Saviour. She told me she was a Jewess, and that she did not believe He was the Christ, though she had for fifteen years been reading and trying to find out whether He was the promised One. She came several times, and was pleased with our services. One Sunday night I saw a member of ours leading her to the form, where she accepted Him whom she had for so many years despised and rejected. And oh, to have seen her with tears in her eyes singing—

"I will believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free."

it would make you shout Hallelujah.

Another Roman Catholic.—God has done a great deal for this dear woman. She had wandered far into sin, and though she went to confession, and paid her money, yet, as she told me, she felt just the same. But, thank God, she has learnt to go to a better priest, who, without money or price, has pardoned

all her sins, and, as she said in our meeting the other night, since she had been to Him, they had been the happiest months of her life.

During the last few months God has saved a lot of **Black Men**, some from India, Africa, and America, and, thank God, we have got one from China. I will tell you of two out of this band, and more next time.

No. 1 is a fine fellow. He came to our service one Sunday morning. He had just come ashore, with every intention of following his old sinful course; but as he sat in the Hall, the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he saw the way of salvation so plain, that even before the service was over, he came right out and cried for God to have mercy on his poor soul. He soon got through, and he has made a bold stand for his master ever since.

No. 2 is from Africa. God has made him so happy that he said in a meeting the other night, "*Oh that I known this Jesus a thousand years sooner, for He make me so happy.*" It is very touching to hear this man in the prayer-meeting on Sunday morning praying that God will save his poor mother, who is so many miles away.

Pray for us. Tracts or any kind of help will be gratefully acknowledged by
Yours in the Army,
96, Locksley Street,
Limehouse, E. J. A. FOSTER.

ACCRINGTON.

THOUGH little has been heard of the Accrington Corps, yet, thank God! there has been plenty of fighting, and God Almighty has proved Himself mighty to save, as people are forced to confess when they look at the trophies lately won for Jesus. Glory! Glory!

I noticed for some time a **Mother and Daughter** who used to sit together at our meetings; I saw God had laid hold on them, and I spoke to them often, but they hardened their hearts, till one Sunday night the daughter came out and threw herself at the feet of Jesus, and He sweetly spoke her sins forgiven. The next night the mother came and sat in a corner. She thought, she afterwards said, that I would not notice her there, but in the prayer-meeting I spoke to her, and, thank God! she came and wept at the mercy seat, and, great sinner though she was, she lost her sins and found the Saviour. Hallelujah! She let folks know it, too; while we sang "I do believe it!" she clapped her hands and shouted, and almost jumped for joy.

The daughter's husband, who has been a **Boxer**, had been away in search of work. He came home and found them converted, and went with them to the meeting the Sunday night on which I was preaching Peace's funeral sermon. God shook him, but he went away unsaved. He had no rest all the next day, and came again on Monday night, put one of the roughs out who had made a disturbance, and in the prayer-meeting, went to the penitent-form weeping like a child. God saved him, and when we got on our feet to sing he kissed his wife, while we shouted "Hallelujah!" He has been a wild chap, but Jesus Christ has tamed him, and now he testifies for Jesus in almost every meeting.

A Gas Stoker and his Wife.—God took hold of the wife in the open air one Sunday afternoon. At night she came to the meeting and got saved, and then urged her husband to come. He held out a week or two, but at last he yielded to God, and he holds on amid hot persecution.

A Carman says:—"I never thought much about God in my life, or of going to a place of worship; all I thought of was trimming my horses and getting all the brass (money) I could. I used to say I never had any sins to answer for, but I came to the Salvation Army one night and I felt I was a sinner. God took hold of me. I had no rest all night, neither all the next day. I came the next night, but I felt worse; everything seemed black and dark. I could not rest again all night, nor the next day, but I came to the Army in the evening of the third day and went out to the penitent-form, and God forgave me all my

sins and made me happy. Some people call me a fool, but I mean to be a fool for Jesus." This man's wife wept her way to the cross with him, and the son a few nights after followed them into the fountain. They are now a happy family.

A man who had tried to be a sceptic, and has read infidel words for a long time, and hardly ever missed a Sunday service since I came, was shaken one Sunday afternoon by the power of God, literally rushed out to the penitent-form and cried aloud for mercy, and soon got saved. He says, "I felt that afternoon as I never felt before. I felt my burden of sin, and that if I did not give up then I should go to hell, so I rushed out, and thank God, Jesus took my burden away, and now I know I am saved. Hens used to be my idol but I have given them up. I used to wear a great watch chain, but when I gave my heart to God, I saw it was not right to wear it, so I gave it up." These are a few who fight for Jesus, and testify for him every opportunity.

Our Good Friday was a Good Friday indeed. In the morning we sang through the streets, God blessed us with his power and presence. In the afternoon Captain Lamplough brought his corps of Dare Devil's over, and combined with our own warriors a mighty procession was formed which stirred the town. The evening meeting was one of liberty and power, one could not help but shout Hallelujah and leap for joy as they rose, not one after the other, but three or four at a time, and told how God had saved them, some of the worst on the face of the earth, through our glorious army. Hallelujah. It stirs my soul while I am writing this. Glory, Glory.

I believe God Almighty will shake this town. Pray for us. Money and tracts is greatly needed.

JONATHAN R. BROCK,
W. JORDAN.

SUNDERLAND.

THANK God we are moving; the devil is being defeated. Since we have been here we have had some hard fighting with the enemy; but, praise the Lord, we shall conquer through the Blood of the Lamb.

Notwithstanding the opposition that we have had to contend with, we have had many precious souls saved, some of whom are standing by us to-day, and fighting for King Jesus. We have had some blessed times, and some of the roughest blackguards have cried out "What must I do to be saved!" And, praise the Lord, He has washed them in His blood, and now they are singing the songs of Zion.

At our holiness meeting the other night, we had about 40 saints come out for the blessing. We had a blessed time, but I am believing for greater things yet. Oh, that God would sweep this town, and make us fire-brands setting fire to the whole place.

One poor backslider came into our meeting one class night and sat and listened to the testimonies of those who are saved. He went out to the public-house and got some more drink, and then came back to the door again; but the devil held him back. He made an effort, and came inside, and, after being pleaded with, he came out, and fell at the feet of Jesus; and, thank God, He gave him back his peace and power, and has since saved his wife. They are both on their way to heaven.

Another, a backslider for many years, came to our meetings night after night, but when asked to give God his heart would say, "Not to-night." Like a good many more he wanted to feel; but, thank God, he made a start, believing at last, and then God let him feel, and now he is growing in grace, and not ashamed of Christ. May God save many more like him.

Another dear man and his wife came and sought and found the Lord, and now they are happy, and the children are beginning to sing the songs of Zion.

Friends, pray for us. We are in the middle of the fight, but we mean victory or death. A few tracts will be thankfully received by

Yours in the army,
3, Laura Street, Sunderland. M. GODDARD.

TREHERBERT.

HALF a mile away I could see them, and hear them too, the Sunday morning I made the acquaintance of the seventy-seventh.

When I got up to them, they were marching along and singing at a speed one used only to associate with the names of Wellingboro' and Leicester—one could scarcely believe it was a Welsh Corps! And then when they formed a great proper ring, and the woman that used to be such a drunkard came out and shook her fist at the listening crowd and declared her determination to speak for Jesus everywhere in spite of everybody, it was like a bit of East London fighting, waking up every inch of you.

The testimonies in the experience meeting that morning from men and women, and lads, and lasses alike, were ready and short, and clear; and the best of it was, that men could point to old mates sitting on the benches behind in deep and solemn interest, and say, "You know I was sitting just like you last Sunday," or such and such a time, "but now I am happy in the Lord."

They had caught one soul that morning, before breakfast, and we had another before dinner.

The moment prayer-meeting was over, instead of a scramble to dinner, they linked arms outside, and waited to be led on again. "They're always ready for a march," says Captain Hayter, and so we found it after each service of the day, as well as before.

"Why bless you," said the Captain's wife, "he had prayer-meetings in houses between each service, until he could stand it no longer. He had not time for meals, and it nearly did him up altogether." No wonder; but that is how to conquer and to make soldiers!

As it was, there was no time for rest after dinner. Off again to sing about the welcome home in glory, opposite "The Welcome Home"; whilst another woman, who used to be one of their best customers, eagerly came forward to assure everybody that she wanted no more welcome there since Jesus had given her one.

More marching and singing, and speaking outside and in, then barely time for a cup of tea, and off to the utmost limits of the people. Off to the sacred spot where the old infidel publicly burnt his books. A word of prayer with the dear old man and his family, and then the rally, and the march down the hill again, forming rings here and there, and firing right and left. The formation from column into ring, and from ring into column was superb, the lines wheeling into position, like the opening fold of a shawl, and falling into their precise places as one could scarcely have expected anybody but old soldiers to do.

And to see them march down the hill at the speed they did, singing

"We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
And then we're going home,"

was a sight never to be forgotten. Oh, that every English mother could learn the plan these Welsh one's have of wrapping a baby half round them in a woman's shawl, just as German soldiers carry their great coats. Right down the hill, and over the rough stones, without breaking rank or step, men, women and babies altogether, with faces fairly gleaming with the light of Heaven, and songs gushing and leaping like mountain torrents from their lips. There was only one thing it could all be compared to, and that was, David dancing before the ark.

"You see that public-house," said somebody. "The landlord told a man himself just the other day that he had only sold three pints of beer in one whole week." And it was a large house too. Of course this kind of thing cannot but tell a tale somewhere.

When we got to the Hall, there, to our surprise, sat the old infidel along with his wife and family. So we had a word of testimony from him, and his wife, and all his son's and daughter's, and their lad's, all three generations that day. We had left the dear old man at home crouching over the fire with rheumatics

but he said he felt so refreshed with a little prayer that he must needs come down and risk it.

There was a good congregation, especially as to quality, for many a rough Godless man was there. Captain Hayter has not had such crowds as have assembled at Pentre, and he would have had nothing but a little dark cellar for most week-nights, but for the kind hospitality of various denominations who have lent their chapels. It has been a tough fight; but thank God for victory.

That night several more were added to the conquering army; and the joys of the believing host, as they rallied round the penitent-form, only wanted less wearied throats to give them full expression. Nevertheless, these people don't understand salvation meetings well enough yet. Less looking about, and more responses! But Treherbert is a victory. Thank God for it!

SHEFFIELD.

THE 32nd is becoming stronger and more mighty in this hell-smitten town; every day we are stretching out our borders more and more. The last month has been one of victory, salvation, and power. Big rough stout-hearted sinners have come down to the feet of Jesus (a lot of them), and God has set them free.

Sunday, March 30th, was a red letter day in Sheffield. We had our flag out all day, and pushed the battle to a successful issue. The power of God fell on us at night in such a wonderful manner that we could hardly hold up. Mighty believing prayers went up, and the Holy Ghost came down and carried everything before Him. Fifteen poor sinners fell into the fountain, and most of them got up and testified for Jesus in the experience meeting which followed. This was a meeting long to be remembered.

We are increasing in numbers and strength every week, and the influence of the Holy Ghost is being felt all over this town. Through the soldiers of the army singing their war songs through the principal streets, as well as the back slums and dark alleys, we are picking up the outcast every day. I will give you a few samples.

One man came into our band meeting on Saturday night **drunk**; but the Spirit of God took so fast hold upon him that he could not refrain from crying out for mercy as the meeting was going on, and *God blessedly saved him*. He is now a true soldier. **Another man drunk** followed us to the Hall of Science, and God took hold of him as soon as he entered. *Before the meeting commenced, he fell down at the feet of Jesus*, and his black heart was made whiter than snow. This set our people all on fire, and we had just such a meeting as I like to be in. *Hallelujah!*

Another young man was found in our meeting the other night, burdened with sin; we spoke to him about his soul, and asked him to come out for Jesus. He said, "I cannot. I have to run a race on Saturday. I *am backed*, and I cannot get out of it." We urged him to come and trust God to clear his way, and after a hard struggle out he came, fell into the fountain, found pardoning mercy, and went home a happy young man, and on the Saturday after when he should have run the race, he never turned up; and when his old mates went to see how it was, he said, "*Oh, I have started to run for Jesus.*" May he be kept running the race that is before him.

Our Holiness meetings are a great blessing.

Our branch station on **Langset Road** is doing well. We have about sixty members, including a band of men who will just now be ready to go anywhere and do anything for God and the Army. Last Sunday, April 6th, the hall was packed. Fourteen souls got under the blood, and there was much rejoicing over the lot, as they one after the other got up, testified for Jesus, and declared they were renewed by His grace. *Hallelujah!* We shall soon want a bigger place

for Sundays. May God open our way so that this part of Sheffield may feel the mighty power as never before! Amen.

Spittle Hill, Brunswick, another branch station, is going on well. We have some fifty members there, and likely very soon to have two or three times as many. There have been a lot of very good cases of conversion the last few weeks; in fact, ever since we formed a separate corps, and sent an evangelist to work it, God has blessed the effort. The Devil is much disappointed about the matter, but we are going on in spite of him and all the powers of darkness. We hope to open other branches in this town before long. May God open the way.

I want to make a special appeal to God's people who have got money. Trade is at a very low ebb in this town, and distress is widespread. The rents of our halls are very high, our expenses great, and our offerings of late have not met them. We are hard up. Please help us. Don't let this work be impeded for want of a few pounds. Money or tracts may be sent to Thomas Fenton, Esq., treasurer, Matilda Street, Sheffield; or to yours, hard at it,

WILLIAM FAWCETT,
MARY A. ROBINSON,
ALICE GOWER,
JINNEY WRIGHT.

2, Red Hill Place, Sheffield.

BLAYDON.

PRAISE God for what He has done, is doing, and is going to do in Blaydon. Thank God we are alive and increasing and spreading out even here.

A young man said to me awhile ago, "Mrs. Broadbent, *I won't come and hear you preach.*" "Why?" I asked. "Because you make me so miserable." "No," I said, "it is God that makes you miserable, and He will bring you;" and, bless His name, so He has. One night he came and cast himself down, wept and cried, "Lord save me just now, just now, just now!" and, hallelujah! he is now a useful worker.

A Horse-racer came to our meetings, and God saved him. I went to see his wife at home, spoke to her about her soul, and there and then she knelt, sought and found Jesus, and now they are rejoicing in Him together.

The following letter from a "**Bird-catcher**" tells what God can do: "I have been all over the country seeking pleasure. I have been running my dog for pleasure, but no pleasure at that. I have been a drunkard. I drank till I sold my house for drink, and spent my money with my old companions and the devil, and then I had no house, no work, no place to put my head, and had no place to wash my face. I got another house, got up, and one Sunday I was sitting on the top of a three story house flying my pigeons when some people were preaching at the top of the street. The preacher pointed me out to the people, and said I was going to hell. I replied back, 'No, you—, I am farther up to heaven than you.' I have been a great wicked card player. I have been a bird-catcher, but now I am helping to catch sinners for Jesus. Oh, hallelujah! *Bless the hallelujah lass for catching me at Blaydon.* I was once called the bird-catcher, but now I am called the hallelujah man. Christ for me. I am now the happy pitman four weeks old. Christ for me!"

His wife also writes: "I have been nearly knocked into hell with my husband and his wicked ways; but I went to hear the hallelujah lass, and she asked me to give my heart to God; and I gave my heart to God that night, and when my husband got to know, he swore and cursed me, *but I still struggled with the devil, and conquered him at last.* Now my husband has given his heart to God, and we are both on the way to heaven. Oh, hallelujah! Christ for me! He has turned my home from hell to heaven."

Yours in the army,
SARAH BROADBENT.

Sattler House, Blaydon-on-Tyne.

LANCASTER.

IN this town wives are rejoicing over husbands made new men, and the poor children over fathers made fathers indeed. To God be all the glory! What joy we have seen in homes once like hell upon earth—now like the threshold of the skies; nay, what joy we have felt when we have heard the testimonies of some the Lord has lately saved here.

A Mason had broken his wife's heart by his drinking and abandoned life. He lately came to our meetings, and God met him. The Devil told him he was too vile a wretch to be saved; but still he came. The arrow sank deeper and deeper, and one night, while we were on our knees softly singing

"There are angels
Hovering round,
From the New Jerusalem,"

my sister said to him, "They are round you, waiting for your decision." He replied, "Then they shall not wait in vain," and out he came weeping, cried for pardon, got it, and went home in peace. I would not have given sixpence for all he had on that night, but now you would hardly know him. *He looks twenty years younger.* Oh, hallelujah!

An Outcast.—This young woman followed us from the open-air meeting with others to mock, but the word was sharp, and she was pricked in the heart. The third time she came she fell at the foot of the cross and found forgiveness for all. She told us that for six years she had not been in a place of worship; that on account of her wickedness her parents had turned her out. Bless God she is holding on, and has been already the means of bringing many of her old companions.

A Farmer's Wife.—This dear woman was a respectable sinner. She stood, so she thought, as good a chance as any. But she soon saw that many who had chanced it *were in hell*, and so she too fell down and found our Jesus. She is now going on well.

Out of a Beer-shop.—This man was drinking as our procession went past. The publican made some remark, and he thought he would step out and look at us. The singing attracted him, he followed, and not until the middle of the meeting did he remember the pot of ale left standing on the counter; then he went out, but it was too late; the Holy Spirit had got hold of him. Back he came, and while we sang

"Let him that heareth come,"

he said, "I do hear the Saviour calling, and if there is mercy for me I will have it." Of course he was soon rejoicing in Jesus.

Yours,

MARY PARKINS,
W. J. MALTHOUSE.

53, Church Street, Lancaster.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Spennymoor.—Just a year since the bills headed, "Wanted. Wanted. 2000 Iron Workers and Colliers. Good Job. Good Master. Good Pay," announced the commencement of our attack on this town. Glory be to God for all that has been done by Russell, and by Lawley, and by Skidmore. Both places are still in full swing. This second is going to be better than the first year. Pray for the 31st.

Middlesboro' (Canon Street).—Some who once gave us joy in the Lord have been hindered. Still our flag flies, and Mrs. Evans, who is in charge, writes that she has had souls for Jesus each Sunday, and at several other meetings. Some good cases. A good time at Easter.

Chatham.—Foster, the Happy Coachman, reports good times. Souls saved. A bit of both the other night in the meeting with some poor fellows the worse for drink; some of our people got knocked about a bit. If the enemy cannot upset you one way he will try another. A time of salvation at Easter.

Houghton.—Great improvement here. Sister Horney in command. Several remarkable cases of conversion, and others under deep conviction. Noonday prayer-meetings good; and notwithstanding the strike, congregations increasing daily. "Last Sunday the place packed. Two souls. A glorious time, and £1 os. 7d. offerings. Men are coming from all parts to our meetings."

Poole.—Capt. Wood has gone to Bridport. Of his farewell tea he says: "A glorious tea and hallelujah meeting. Bro. Railton gave a powerful address, and the power of God came down, and 27 precious souls came out and fell down against the old table we had for a penitent-form, and cried to the Lord for mercy, and He set them at liberty—some of the blackest sinners out of hell. Hallelujah!"

Felling.—Is going ahead. Has established an outpost at a village about two miles distant—**Blue Quarries.** Morrison and a detachment have been over here several times on a Thursday night after the holiness meeting at Felling. Of one of these night attacks he sends the following account: "When we arrived the place was crowded to overflowing, could hardly get in. When I had spoken about ten minutes, I said, 'Who is there here will volunteer to give themselves to the Lord?' In a moment a great big quarryman put up his hand and said, 'Yes, here's one.' While I was inviting others, he shouted out at the top of his voice, 'Come on, lads, there's now't to be shamed on.' He came out and cried for mercy, and 13 others followed who got blessedly saved." The following Thursday they made seven prisoners, and are expecting a mighty move in this village, said to be one of the worst on the Tyne. Pray for Capt. Morrison and the 30th.

Wellingboro'.—Together with increased numbers, extending influence, and precious souls crying for mercy continually, the devil is making a hubbub here. Some of his followers have been "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" as of old. A local newspaper gives the following account of one to-do:

"On Thursday evening a scene, utterly discreditable to those who caused it, took place in Wellingboro' Market-square. For a considerable time past a body of religious people, known as the 'Ranters,' have been in the habit of holding open-air services in different parts of the town, and on Thursday evening one of these services was being conducted by Mr. A. Davey, the Evangelist at the Mission Hall. An unusually large number had congregated around the Evangelist, many of them being well-disposed persons, who would have listened to him attentively, but the majority had, to all appearances, assembled together to make a row. They pushed the Evangelist all over the square, and hooted and yelled like a pack of barbarians. The Evangelist entreated them to desist, but in vain, and when he entreated the rabble to remember that they were Englishmen, and to grant him justice and liberty, violence was used, and the Evangelist fell. The disturbance lasted for about half-an-hour."

Writing of the following Sabbath, Bro. Davey says: "We were hunted up and down the streets by four policemen, and they brought a crowd large enough to fill two halls. They won't let us stand anywhere—not even in Spring Gardens. *We are going ahead.*" Dr. Morrison was down for a Sunday, and they had a powerful time.

Hammersmith.—Bro. Payne, promoted from Cardiff, is in charge here, Bro. Bould having come to Whitechapel. We were over on Good Friday, in time to join one of the processions to the hall, which was packed. The devil raged outside for half an hour with fury—stones and mud flew freely, but, beyond a broken window, no damage was done. Much pleased with a lot of new folks gathered the last month or two—God has been saving and saving the right sort a real live Mission meeting; left them at 10.20, with four penitents, and several wounded. We ought to get some officers at once from this Corps.

Hackney.—We looked in here the other Sabbath evening, and counted seventy members of the Corps in the open air, marching to the tune almost perfectly. The singing wants a little more force and swing, and here will be a Corps

effective and creditable in every way for open-air work. Easter has been good. Bro. Richardson is said to *love and look after* everybody. God bless him and his contingent.

The following are good specimens of work done, written by themselves:—
"I do rejoice to think that ever I went to hear Bro. Richardson at Hackney Hall, although I went many times before I would yield to the strivings of God's Spirit. One Tuesday I stayed to the prayer-meeting, and was invited to the penitent-form. I got up to go, and God saved me before I got there, and since then my husband has been saved, and we are both on our way to heaven.—J. & R. W."

A Drunkard says, "I thank God for the Christian Mission. I have been one of its greatest persecutors for this last few years. I have been several times to prison, and dragged through the streets by the hair of the head by the policemen, but I went into the People's Hall at Hackney, and God Almighty convinced me of my sins, and I was led to the feet of Jesus, where I found pardon; and I mean to lead others. May God help me.—J. H."

Stoke Newington.—Here Brother Reed has been in charge about three weeks. There is considerable improvement. About one hundred to tea on Easter Monday, good meeting after and one soul. Reed has been ill in bed, but is better. We take it as a good sign that the devil wants to stop him.

Mrs. Booth in the course of a lecture delivered last week in Gateshead, on the principles of the Salvation Army, remarked, that "Some of their friends asked whether the Mission, after overcoming all opposition, would last. To this she would reply, it had lasted 13½ years. It had grown on of its own aggressive and expansive force, through hurricanes of contempt, sarcasm, open and violent opposition, secret treachery, malignity and slander; *but it had grown on*, like its master from the manger, and it was still growing in glory and favour with God and all holy intelligences."—*Northern Express.*

Aberdare.—Is going ahead. Sisters E. Lock and Bailey are now stationed here, and we cannot do better than give the last letter from Sister Lock, as we have no regular report.

"I am happy to say that the work here is going on well. Souls are being saved in the morning meetings, as well as the night meetings, sinners get pricked in the heart at night, and they fear they will not be able to stand; so they go away the most miserable of all men. So God gives them no rest all night, and they come in the morning and fall at the Master's feet, and Jesus saves them, Glory. One man got saved last Monday, and on Saturday he took seven shillings more home to his wife than he had taken before. Praise God for what He is doing. The people here have taken well with us, and are going in with us to win the town."

Mountain Ash.—Happy Jack sends a good report, but we must keep it till next month. The Lord is mightily working with them. Signs and wonders are wrought, and he gives one remarkable case of an infidel who has been brought to decision by *an awful dream of Hell.* Would to God he would trouble some others we know, sleeping or waking, we care not how.

Barnsley.—Bro. Blandy says his entrance into the town he will never forget. He was feeling weary as the train drew near, but as it ran into the station "a thrill of holy joy shot through his soul," when a great band of people shouted "Welcome to Barnsley." A strong detachment had turned out to meet him and immediately he was at home. He says they are men and women who mean business, for he finds them ready for anything. Early in the morning of his first Sabbath the cry for mercy was heard, and at night eleven men and women stepped into the fountain.

Good Friday and Easter Monday the corps marched out in various directions and took several prisoners. He is in good spirits. Already in for a larger place for Sundays, and wants some of the Lord's stewards to help in the matter. They are crowded out now. Hallelujah. His address is 11, Gladstone Terrace, Silver Street.

Newport.—We heard the other day from a friend here that some big fellow, the terror of the place, had threatened to "do" for Capt. Coombs a week or two ago, and there seemed really to have been, in our friend's mind, some apprehension that this would come about; but this was removed, for last Sunday night they got him too. Glory be to God, its wonderful how near "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" sometimes is, to "Lord what wilt thou have me to do." We are hoping to be in a much larger building here before our next.

There are now no less than twelve negroes in the Limehouse Society, and for many weeks there has been at least one man of colour saved. One of the converts there, also, lately is a *Chinaman*. And we heard a sister the other night, who belongs to that Corps say, that she believed God would speedily give them one of every nation, "*even the poor Turks.*" So be it.

Boston.—Been compelled to give the roughs a lesson, and meeting with better behaviour since. Sister B. Jones now in charge, with Sister Coveney as 2nd. Place full—too full; ought to have that Exchange.

Jarrow.—Steadily going forward. Week-night meetings in Synagogue as well as Sundays in Mechanics' well kept up, and some blessed cases. Sister Simms has been and is only poorly. Mrs. Wheatley is full of trust for a regular waking up of the town.

Easter Monday at **Whitechapel** was a good time. Holiness meetings morning and afternoon. The Lord stepped in, spake to us, condemned and convicted some, who arose and confessed it, and then came down to the front, seeking with tears and prayers, and by and by finding through faith, the joy of perfect love. Hallelujah! our hearts jumped for joy. Fieldgate was full in the afternoon. The tea was a big do, with a good meeting after; singing led by one of the Lord's *cornucopians* belonging to Leedham. Good finish; several souls seeking Jesus, among them a foreigner and a woman whose very heart seemed breaking. Brother Bould is captain here now. The battle is in array, day and night. Two more privates of this Corps promoted to field officers. More to follow.

Shouting.—Somebody was asking the other day for a *scriptural* command to shout. Well, here are one or two, and you will easily find plenty more if you look. "All the people shall *shout* with a great shout, and the wall of the city (Jericho) shall fall down flat." "Clap your hands, all ye people (that is scriptural too); *shout* unto God with the voice of triumph." "Cry out and *shout* thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Sing unto the Lord, *shout* from the top of the mountains—(*open-air work*)—give glory unto the Lord." "Sing, oh ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it: *shout* ye lower parts of the earth." "*Shout*, publish ye, praise ye, and say, 'Oh, Lord, save thy people!'" "She hath sinned against the Lord, *shout* against her round about." "*Shout*, oh Israel: be glad, and rejoice with all thy heart." "*Shout*, oh daughter of Jerusalem, behold thy King cometh." They shouted and He came, and then they shouted Hosannah! And He is coming again. Let objectors to shouting remember that "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout."

Huncorn.—Sister Nelly Cope has been ill, and is now at home resting. Sister Eliza Smith is in command here, and the work goes on *well*. Two nights a week they are in the open air, and God works mightily on the great crowds that listen. Oh that we had room properly to report the manifold works of the Lord here and elsewhere! Eternity will reveal.

Portsmouth.—Brother Tucker was down for Sunday. He says it did him good to hear some testify of a full salvation. At night six souls. One young man shouted out, "*Oh Lord, I've been very near it before, but to-night I'm caught. Lord have mercy upon me. Lord, I do believe. Glory be to God.*" The praying host shouted too, "Glory be to God," and then the *gas went out*; they lit up again, and found three more seeking mercy.