

THE SALVATIONIST.

OCTOBER 1, 1879.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE GENERAL.

MY COMRADES,—As I have looked over the spiritual face of the country and reviewed our last two years' history, my mind has been growingly impressed of late with the conviction that God is going to use this army to mightily shake this whole land and to gather out of it a multitude of people to serve Him in the still mightier task of shaking the nations of the earth. Does any one hesitate at this and think I err in such an expectation of victory and conquest? What, my brethren, ought I to expect? Would any one have me anticipate failure—stagnation? To do so would be to belie and disgrace all my principles, my divine directory, the great commission I have received from my Great Commander, nay, to deny and discredit the nature and determination of the King of kings Himself. He would have all men to be saved, and He has sent us to accomplish His purpose; and if any among us think he is sent otherwise than to rescue and trample down, and destroy and liberate, and save, and that *on a right royal scale*, and is not ready to offer himself and all he has and is to gain such conquest and triumph, he had better go home. Let our ranks be thinned, we can afford to be fewer in number so that we are one in the grand, heroic, Christlike purpose and confidence to march to victory, whatsoever losses, and crosses, and agonies, and deaths we have to march through to get at it. Amen, my brethren. We leave to others the unscriptural, and uncomfortable, and inhuman modesty of expecting and aiming at small things. *We* will be extravagant, *we* will open our mouths *wide*, *we* will nail our colours to the mast, and break down our bridges, and burn our boats. We care nothing for a way of retreat. We need none. The world, nothing less than the purchase of His blood and the contemplation of His mercy—the world for Jesus.

And, my brethren, we have at this hour within our reach the most wonderful opportunity for the prosecution of this grand business. All things are working together in our favour.

Let me note two or three things that justify my expectation.

I. THE AUTUMN AND WINTER ON WHICH WE ARE ENTERING BID FAIR TO BE MOST FAVOURABLE FOR A VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN.

We deplore bad trade and the temporal suffering it will entail. Limited employment means limited wages and a limited supply of food and comfort. But it also means magnificent opportunities for reaching the hearts of the multitude.

1. To begin with the people who have leisure. You will be able to find

some of them all the day long. They will be hanging about the street corners, amusing themselves in the squares. To many, week days will be as Sundays. You can attack and harass them all day long, or any way as far as you can find strength and force for the fight. They will come to listen for sheer want of something better to do with themselves. And, my comrades, you know that it is one of the first principles of our warfare that a certain amount of shot and shell poured into the ranks of the foe must do a certain amount of execution. If you get the truth continuously before men they must fall before it.

2. There will be less money for drink and pleasure and all the varied amusements and recreations with which Satan keeps the hearts of his followers amused and solaced and strengthened in all their opposition to God and His people.

3. There can be no question that the hearts of men and women are more accessible in times of adversity than in times of prosperity. It was when David was afflicted he returned to God; when the prodigal was full he kicked and went, in his pride and conceit, nearly into hell; in his poverty and hunger his heart turned to his father's house. This has been the experience of thousands. By the grace of God and my brethren's aid this coming winter we will make it the experience of thousands more.

II.—WE GO INTO THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN WITH THE INCREASED INFLUENCE THAT IS GATHERING ROUND OUR NAME. When Christ was going about doing very much the same kind of work He has set us to do, He wrought miracles, the fame of which spread through all the country round about. Judea and Galilee would have taken little notice of Him but for these wonderful works. As it was all the country side came out to see Him when He went their way. His work gained Him a hearing. And, my comrades, God has wrought miracles by our feeble agency; and these works do already to some extent win for us attention, attract crowds to our standard, and gain for us a hearing.

III.—THE NUMBER OF OPEN DOORS FOR OPERATION IS INCREASING EVERY HOUR. We are beset on every hand. Had I a thousand officers of the right calibre with finances in proportion I could soon fix every one of them. I write this from Scotland, where I have the fullest conviction the Army has a wonderful future. Glasgow, our first venture, has surpassed my most sanguine expectation. Dundee, Aberdeen, and all the large towns must follow, and then, or before then, Ireland must be entered, and then I trust we shall be ready for France, and then—Well, then we may not be alive to see it; but some brave hands will be bearing the standard onward towards the other nations that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

IV.—MY BRETHREN, WE HAVE GAINED LARGELY IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF OUR WARFARE. If ever the Salvation Army was an experiment that day has gone by. True, we shall always be doing something new under the sun—something new is expedient to attract—inventing some new bait for our hook; but in the main theory and method of this fight we have settled so much as makes success certain and failure impossible. None of you are so young in the service but you know what these methods are, and every one of you left your homes in full and enthusiastic expectation of victory in the use of them. The veterans amongst you have only to repeat the deeds of daring and enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of former days and other fields of action, and those more recently added to the ranks have only to repeat the heroism of their older comrades

to reap further harvests of honour and glory for our great Saviour and King.

And now, my comrades, what response shall we make to this great opportunity? How shall we acquit ourselves in sight of these mighty possibilities? Heaven and earth are looking on. We are indeed compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. The hopes and expectations of many who have long been waiting for some new appearing and manifestation of pentecostal grace run high with respect to us. What do all these things require from us? What can I say? At the very least they claim

1ST. CONTINUED, NAY INCREASED AND WHOLE-HEARTED DEVOTION. We are often compelled to feel how much increased supplies of money, influence, ability, knowledge, and Divine gifts would help us in this great enterprise. And so they would. And we must have them, or the work will cease. And without a doubt we may have them. They are within our own power. God has engaged to supply *all our need*. Our campaign is not going to break down and be an ignominy and a disgrace among friends, and scoffers, and Pharisees, through any fault of His. Bless His holy name. We can have as many men, as much money, as choice gifts, and as mighty a Divine baptism as our desperate enterprise requires, yes, all we want to make us more than conquerors, *if we will pay the price*, and make the barter He requires. Do you ask what we must give in exchange? I reply, my brethren, *simply yourselves*. If the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army will honestly *present themselves* for a loyal and enduring service—a sacrifice if you choose to call it such—in order for the accomplishment of the purposes of this war, such consecration will pull down from heaven and draw together from the earth all needed force and forces to carry our banner through the world. My comrades, God is still as He has been long crying out for men and women who are willing to be conquerors, willing to let Him make them heroes, willing to let Him show forth His mighty power in and by them. He wants to destroy, and confound, and defeat. He wants to save, and bless, and deliver men, and cities, and nations. But He must have instruments and agents whom He can make deliverers and saviours. He wants Samsons, and Jephthahs, and Davids, who will save and deliver by the mighty power of His great glory, but, who, deliverers and saviours as they are, remain simple, humble, confiding men and women still. My comrades, now as in days of old, and never, never, *never more than now, to-day*, while you are reading this, it is true, divinely true, that "*The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to shew Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards Him.*"*

2ND. A SECOND RESPONSE CALLED FOR BY THE WONDERFUL POSITION YOU OCCUPY IS A STRONG FAITH. If God is for you—the almighty, ever-present Jehovah, what have you to fear? If in this war, other things being equal, it will be done unto you according to your faith, seeing that faith is the mainspring of devotion and manner of the co-operation of the Great Commander-in-Chief, then, my comrades, what bold, daring, desperate believers we ought to be. We have already done much in the way of daring; we have dared to go out of the ordinary beaten tracks of speculation; we have dared to declare our great expectation of coming triumphs of mercy; we have dared to endorse and take the most public stand for the most

* 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

thorough-going, world-renouncing, devil-defying, and God-honouring forms of service and devotion ever put forward by the followers of Jesus Christ. And now, my brethren and sisters, my beloved comrades, another thing demanded from us is *necessary, is essential, must be forthcoming*: we must exercise, and be examples of, **THE MOST SELF-DENYING, DETERMINED, DESPERATE FAITH.** We are out on the ocean, walking to Jesus, and taking a multitude with us—a multitude of dark, trembling, fearful, ignorant souls; a multitude who look to us, and hang themselves about us, and who, if we hold on, will come ere long to learn to hang wholly on Him, bearing up a multitude of others in turn, but who, if we sink, will go down with us. *Hold on my brethren*; keep your eye steadily fastened on Him. Heed not the peal of hell's roaring thunders, its flashing, piercing lightnings, the criticisms of half-hearted, worldly, self-seeking saints, the seething billowy waves of mocking and jibes that are around you everywhere and almost every hour. Look at Jesus; He is able to make you stand where everybody else expects to see you sink, where, according to flesh and blood and carnal reason, and the emotions of your very own flesh and blood, you must sink, you ought to sink, you are sure to sink. He can and He will, if you will only believe, through you, show earth and heaven and hell His salvation, by not only making you stand, but walk and run and leap and triumph. Aye, He will make you, whom earth and heaven never heard of before, and of whom only hell, but for His mercy, would ever have heard, He will make you accomplish that, more than which no archangel can ever accomplish: He will make you add to, that is increase, the great glory of our omnipotent, our all-glorious King. Only believe, my comrades, and you shall see the salvation of God. More another time.

OPENING AT BRYNMAWR.

THIS place is about two miles from Ebbw Vale, and is in a thickly populated district on the borders of the county of Brecon. Some months ago we were offered the Pavilion and field attached, but it is only within the last month that arrangements have been completed for our taking over the whole of the property, which is henceforth to be used for the salvation of souls.

It was to open at this important position that Sister Kate Shepherd said farewell to the Rhondda Valley, and after a little needed rest, she, and a young Sister from Porth, arrived at Brynmawr early in the week preceding August 27th. The Pavilion which will seat 1,200 people with comfort, needed some repairs, and Sister Shepherd found help and sympathy right away at the start. The holes in the roof and the ominous openings here and there along the sides soon disappeared, and on Sunday, August 24th, the place was opened.

From far and near the people came. The building was packed—so crowded that the sisters could not move. Many were wounded by the power of the Spirit, and five professed to find peace in Jesus.

As to the next Sabbath and intervening week the following from our sister's letter of the Monday is enough.

"On Sunday we had a grand day. Praise the Lord. The place was crowded and hundreds outside could not get in. *During the week we have had 200 converts.* Grand open-air meetings. Thank God we are rising."

Writing during the following week she says—

"The Lord is working here, bless His name. Sinners every night. Place crowded. Bless the Lord."

Later still—

"I am glad to tell you we are getting on well. Place crowded every night; it is not half large enough, we want a larger. We *have* got a band of men and women, praise the Lord.

"We have had over 400 converts in three weeks, great big men. Praise the Lord."

OPENING AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

I ARRIVED in this town on Friday night at half-past nine o'clock. Glory be to God! I got lodgings, and on the Saturday I had a walk around the town to see what kind of a place it was. The whole town seemed to be up in arms about the Hallelujah Lasses making an attack upon Bridlington. The people did not know what to make of it. Some said they were blacks coming from America. O hallelujah!

We commenced on Sunday, August 31st, at the Wellington Hall, at eleven o'clock, and the place was well filled. We had a blessed time. Many had come out of curiosity to see who we were and what we were like, and one old man said he had got his soul blessed. Praise the dear Lord!

In the afternoon we had an open-air service on the pier, and a grand time we had.

We were passing a lot of men, and they made the remark, "Are these the Hallelujah Lasses?" and I said, "Yes, these are them, and they are saved too!" Crowds followed us to the hall. We sang,—

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

After I had done speaking, a brother got up and asked us to sing, "Will you meet me at the fountain," and I said, "If God spares me I will sing it at night."

We had another open-air service before the evening meeting against the new lifeboat house, and some kind-hearted friends came up and assisted us, the Lord bless them; then we processioned down the streets to the hall, and when we got there the place was packed. Glory be to God, we had one soul that stepped into the fountain, and on the *Monday night* he got up and said he thanked God for ever sending the Hallelujah Lasses to the town, and said he meant to be faithful to his journey's end. Every night since we have been in the **Bath Saloon**, and we have had souls. Glory be to God, salvation has come to every meeting, and we are looking forward to a mighty smash among the people of Bridlington. Victory through the Blood!

On the Saturday night we had a Hallelujah Experience Meeting, and many stood up and told what the Lord had done for their souls. Our second Sunday was a greater success than the first. We had a prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, and there were 39 present, and we felt the glory. Six precious souls found the Lord during the day. Friends, pray for us at

Bridlington Quay. More particulars next month. We shall conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

Yours in the battle field,

CAPTAIN ANNIE PENNOCK,
LIEUTENANT GOSKEL OIL.

RENEWED RIOTING AT SALISBURY.

ARRIVING in the town a little after 7 o'clock, I was informed that the 33rd had gone to the Market-place. On approaching the spot, I was surprised to find an immense crowd surrounding their large ring, and endeavouring, by hooting and strange cries, to drown the sound of the singing, whilst by a series of rushes on all sides they endeavoured to break the ring. The calmness, assurance, and joy of our soldiers could not be broken, however, and, although from the impossibility of obtaining a quiet hearing, notwithstanding the persistent endeavours of two police officers to keep order, the usefulness of the meeting was evidently hopeless. We marched away in good order when our time was up, and the procession was a good and formidable one, in spite of all that the roughs could do.

It was sad, however, to observe that the roughs were not alone in the disturbance. Respectably dressed men were as active as any of them, and the local press, instead of lifting up its voice on the side of liberty of speech, to raise no higher plea, seems to glory in the fact that "All classes are against" us, and are determined to make the best of the dark nights to drive us by violence from the town. Since that Monday evening, the ruffianism of the crowd has repeatedly gone to even greater lengths than it did then; stones being thrown, and every means taken to break up every meeting and procession. The town council, siding with the roughs, has decreed the stoppage of open-air work during the winter. Shall we stop? Shall we leave the town?

The festival meeting, and still more the night of prayer held that evening, made splendid answers to their threatenings. The glowing testimonies of the many bright gems snatched from Satan's hands burned with confidence in Him who helps us to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

There were more than seventy who met for the night of prayer, and the fervour of their devotion, the fullness and intensity of their surrender of themselves and their all to God, were a glorious preparation for martyrdom itself, if martyrdom had to be endured.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, when all who had come forward (a very good proportion of the company) to seek the blessing of sanctification, had risen to praise God for perfect deliverance from sin and doubt and bondage, the scene of heavenly gladness and triumph surpassed all description.

Captain Davey and Lieutenant Scott, with two of their men from Portsmouth, added in no small degree to the general stock of light and love and joy that night, and when that song "Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise?" burst forth from hearts which really did not know how to express their gratitude, no wonder the neighbours were disturbed. We only wish they had been inclined to share the feast instead of complaining about it. It would require a force much more numerous than the whole population of Salisbury many times multiplied to stop or to stifle the 33rd. May God help them to go on conquering and capturing their persecutors.

Only on the Saturday previous to this meeting the Holy Ghost had laid hold of a poor drunkard who came out to oppose them in such a way that he got down in their very ring, out of doors, to cry for mercy, and after walking in tears along with their procession to the Salvation Stores, really found salvation there, and went away rejoicing. That is the way to stop the lions' mouths. God help sisters Falconridge and Miller so to do it.

R.

LANCASTER.

"ON, on, on, and no surrender!" has been our motto since we came here. We have gone on through good and evil report, and, thank God, the cloud which for a long time has been as big as a man's hand, is now spreading, and we have had some large drops, and there is every appearance of a deluge of spiritual blessings breaking over us. Hallelujah! Since we last wrote we have had a visit from the GENERAL, and a glorious time we had, praise God. Our Sunday morning prayer-meetings, the attendances at which are on the increase, are times of refreshing, from the presence of the Lord, and our open-air services on Sunday were something to be remembered. Half of the town gathered at night round the Town Hall steps to listen to the simple story of the cross, and, thank God, many of all classes have been melted and won over to the side of the Master.

One of these, a dear man, who had loved the Lord in his early days, but had been turned aside, and for twenty years had gone on in sin. But he heard us in the open air, and came to our hall, and was led to think of his once happy days and his praying mother, and at last induced to return to the feet of Jesus, and now he is going on his way rejoicing. His daughter too has joined us.

Another dear man came to our meetings, and sat at the bottom of the room for a few nights under the influence of drink. He was induced to sign the pledge one Saturday night at one of our Hallelujah temperance meetings, and still came night after night to our out-door services. The Lord had so laid hold of him he could not keep away, and on Friday night he cried out for mercy, and glory to Jesus, found it, and on Saturday he and his brother were sitting side by side in our free-and-easy, and he rose to tell the people how last night the Lord had pardoned all his sins, and made him happy, and at the close of the meeting his brother came out for pardon, and now they are going hand in hand to Heaven. Thank God we have many more that we could tell you of. Thanks for the tracts and contributions received. More needed. Pray for yours fighting, and conquering,

CAPTAIN SARAH RICHARDSON,
LIEUTENANT BATESON.

MISS BOOTH AT KING'S LYNN.

THIS town has had a royal visit from the Lord of lords and King of kings. There has been a great awakening, and trembling, and turning to the Lord. Whole families have been saved, and, with one or two exceptions, *whole courts* have sought salvation, and joined the Army. It is grand to see and hear these men and women testify for Jesus, who were once so bold for Satan, and forward to do evil, but now are valiant soldiers of Christ, and praying for the salvation of all Lynn. Sunday night, the Hall was so densely crowded that we were obliged to order the doors to be closed at once. The heat was intense, but the Holy Spirit was there, and the only fainting that was done was the right kind—the fainting under the burden of sin at the feet of Jesus. I asked for volunteers, and one woman in the centre of the building rose, and came to the front. Others followed, and soon the cries and groans of the penitents filled the Hall. Husbands and wives, sons and daughters, seeking pardon together. Oh, Hallelujah! that was a blessed night. Three feathers were taken out on the spot, and we broke up, singing "Anywhere with Jesus."

Our holiness meeting will never be forgotten. About a hundred of our own people got down before the Lord, besides sinners, for a clean heart. Oh, there was some heart-searching done that night. Our people did plead with tears and groans for a *holy* heart. To get this blessed washing they did all things forego, and He "who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity," drew near, and nearer still. He spoke, "Wilt thou be clean?" "I will," answered scores of hearts, and He touched us. Oh, yes; no mistake—no

doubt about it—He *touched* us. Jesus of Nazareth passed by, and looked upon our yearning, willing, *waiting* hearts, and He touched us *clean*, first one and then another, and they all arose to sing *another* new song.

Oh, glory to Jesus, we have had another meeting since that, and it was *better* still. More sinners, and some of the Lord's own, who had been in great distress of soul during the week, got *gloriously* through. Some got a peep into the glory land. Oh, yes, it is getting better—better—better.

Every night the small hall is crowded out. We must build *at once*. All this corps needs is room, room, room. The open-air processions are simply grand; they are a sight for the angels to rejoice over. Jesus leads His people on to certain victory.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE 57TH (POOLE).

Says the Bournemouth *Herald*:—"It is twelve months ago this week that Captain Wood and his wife, without a friend to stand by them, came to Poole and commenced the Salvation Army Mission. The 'General of the Army,' the Rev. W. Booth, of London, engaged for them the Temperance Hall as a preaching place on Sundays and on two evenings in the week, and the Society of Friends kindly consented to allow them the use of their meeting house for the other week nights, when they cannot have the use of the Temperance Hall. In a most determined manner the evangelist and his wife set to work, and although at first they had every conceivable obstacle to contend with, within three months they made such an impression on the town as indicated not only the possibility, but the probability, that the Salvationists would 'weather the storm,' and become one of the standing institutions of the place. After about six months' hard up-hill work, just as Captain Wood was beginning to make an impression on the 'rough' population of the town, to whom he had directed his efforts, orders came from General Booth for him to go elsewhere, and two young women—who styled themselves Hallelujah lasses—were sent to take his place. By their marching through the streets at the head of a body of new converts they attracted considerable attention, but, just when they too were at the zenith of their popularity they had the route and were ordered elsewhere, their vacant places being filled by 'Captain' Brock and 'Lieutenant' Kent, who are now in command of the 57th (Poole) Corps. On Sunday last the anniversary services were held, and it is but fair to say that the Salvationists have succeeded during the twelve months they have been in the town in a manner which must surprise everyone who will take the trouble to examine their work and operations.

"On Sunday four services were held, viz., at seven, at eleven, at three, and half-past six o'clock. The morning services were principally attended by the 'privates,' but the hall was densely packed in the afternoon and evening, a number of those present being probably attracted by curiosity. The afternoon meeting consisted of the singing of hymns, prayers, and short addresses, each occupying with several exceptions, not more than a minute in delivery. Captain Brock requested the 'soldiers' to 'fire sharp and quick,' and they accordingly obeyed the word of command. In about an hour and a half 40 members 'testified,' of this number 24 were men and 16 women. Every now and then, between the speaking, Captain Brock interposed a verse or hymn which seemed suited to the experience of the brother or sister who had spoken. Some of the men in a few words referred to the change which had come over them and to their determination to keep on in the 'good way.' Without being invidious we may state that the change which has been effected in some of the followers is very great indeed. Some of them before they came under the influence of the preaching by the Salvationists were outside of every other Christian influence, as the records of our police court can bear witness. In the sayings and doings of the 'army' there is very much that the regular Churchman and the orthodox Nonconformist will take exception to, but the fact cannot be denied that the mission which the 'army' has undertaken is to the fallen and outcasts, and they

have in Poole and elsewhere been very successful in reclaiming some of the worst characters. A writer in a London periodical of last month says of the Salvationists that 'in all their addresses, prayers, and hymns, prominence is given to the fact that no religion is worth the name which does not result in purity of life, and in all the virtues which make man a blessing to his fellows.'

"Tuesday was a 'field day' with the army in Poole. Periodically the 'General' or some prominent officer from 'headquarters' visits the various 'corps' and puts the 'soldiers' through their 'facings.' According to the 'Blood and Fire' bill issued last week, and which from the sensational way in which it was worded attracted so much attention, Mr. Bramwell Booth (a son of the General) was announced to visit Poole; it seems, however, from some cause that gentleman was unable to attend, and Mr. Railton (the General's secretary) came in his place. A public tea was provided in the Temperance Hall at six o'clock, and at seven o'clock about 100 of the members (perhaps we ought to say soldiers) went to the Town Railway Station to meet Mr. Railton, who arrived by the 7.20 p.m. train. The good brother was heartily greeted by his friends and escorted to the Temperance Hall with singing, and shouting, and a fine exercise of the lungs by an unusually large party. Shortly after this a public meeting was held, when the hall was densely packed in every part. Short addresses were delivered by 'Captain' Brock and Mr. Railton, and then a meeting for 'testimonies' was held, when brief addresses, short and sharp, similar to those delivered on the previous Sunday afternoon, were given by about fifty persons, and the anniversary services ended with prayers and the singing of hymns.

"Whatever may be the opinions entertained as to the style in which the Salvationists conduct their services, and as to their mode of 'warfare' which they adopt in 'battling' with sin and wickedness in its worst forms, it is due to them to say that the secular press in various parts of the country where the 'army' are 'quartered,' agree that they are effecting great good amongst the neglected classes."

THE following extracts from the *South Wales Daily News*, of September 18th and 19th, give an account of the

IMPRISONMENT OF CAPT. LOUISA LOCK AND THREE MEMBERS OF HER CORPS.

"The fines imposed by the Pontypridd Stipendiary, last Monday, upon the members of the "Salvation Army," who were summoned for having obstructed the thoroughfare at Pentre, on the 24th ult., not having been paid by five of them—Miss Lock, the younger, only defrayed the amount of the magisterial order—they were on Saturday morning, at an early hour, arrested by three of the police. The persons taken into custody were—Miss Louisa Lock, Roger Cadwgan, John Day, James Edwards, and George Bowen. Miss Lock is the so-called "captain" of the "Salvation Army" at Pentre. The men were arrested before they went to work, and locked up at the police station. A crier, who is a member of the Salvation Army—and who is, by the way, possessed of but one arm and one leg—went about immediately, and announced that the members of the Salvation Army were being taken to prison, and besought all who could make it convenient to accompany them when they were taken at 10 o'clock to the railway station *en route* for Pontypridd, and then to Cardiff Gaol. From 4,000 to 5,000 people assembled at the appointed hour in the streets, thronging every corner and avenue. The crowd consisted chiefly of women. They sang, "The Salvation Army is marching along," and "He rose from the dead," with other characteristic melodies. As the residence of Mr. John Lloyd, draper, Pentre Street, was neared, the excitement became intense, for it was known that Miss Louisa Lock was staying there temporarily as a guest. Mr.

Lloyd came out upon the road, and offered up a fervid prayer, in which he supplicated the Almighty to convert Sergeant Noot. The crowd by their frequent "Amen" endorsed this petition. Miss Lock also came out, and walked down the road with her fellow prisoners, escorted by the police. Every available outlook—from top stories to bottom stories—on the journey was crammed. The crowd were allowed to come to the station gates, when the prisoners and police entered—the crowd, however, remaining outside. Songs of praise were enthusiastically indulged in at the station gates, and amid repeated outbursts of tears (the tears trickled down the cheeks of even the police officers) and waving of handkerchiefs, and farewell shouts, the prisoners were carried away in the train. The wives of the male prisoners accompanied them to the station—singing and weeping, and Mrs. Lock, the mother of Miss Louisa Lock, and Miss Mary Lock, her sister, were also in attendance, and in tears.

Upon the platform, it should be mentioned, Miss Louisa Lock offered up a prayer in Sergeant Noot's presence (Sergeant Noot is the officer who gave evidence against them) to the following effect,

"God bless you, Sergeant. Lord love you, Sergeant, we shall all have to meet before the judgment bar of God."

The Sergeant: You are not God Almighty.

Miss Louisa Lock: No, but I am a child of God's, and when you touch me you touch God.

The Sergeant turned away.

Miss Lock (again): The Lord save you, Sergeant. The Lord bless you, Sergeant.

Mr. Idris Williams, assistant overseer, now came upon the scene, drew out his purse, and offered the sergeant the amount of the whole fines, upon which Miss Lock came forward and observed impressively,

"No, no, sir; God bless you."

She held her hands in a benedictory manner towards him.

Mr. William James, colliery manager at Pentre Colliery, also offered to pay the fines, as also Mr. H. Y. Rees, grocer, Pentre; but each of these gentlemen were prevented from doing so by Miss Lock, who said with great emotion,

"No, no, you shall not pay; I must go to prison."

The prisoners arrived at Pontypridd safely, and were subsequently taken to Cardiff Gaol by the 2 p.m. train. They will, it is understood, be liberated at eight this (Monday) morning.

The crowd at Ystrad went back singing, and gradually dispersed.

There were demonstrations, some of which numbered at least 1,500 persons, throughout the entire district in the evening. They paraded the streets singing up to between 10 and 11 at night. The excitement which prevailed was intense.

On Sunday morning there was a thronged meeting at the Public-hall, Pentre, nearly as thronged as the preceding night's meeting, at which every available inch of standing room was occupied. In the prayers which were delivered the Almighty was asked to be with the sister and brothers who were in prison, and to love the sergeant, who, it was said, was sorry for what he had done. Several persons remarked that the world was against the cause which they were striving to advocate; but, replied one of them, "What did this matter so long as God was with them?"

On Saturday night a meeting was held at Siloh Chapel, Pentre, at which the leaders—26 in number—of the different denominations of the valley, met for the purpose of arranging a demonstration on Sunday afternoon at 1.30, at Pentre. The Sunday schools and congregations, it was eventually decided, should be marshalled into a procession with the Salvation Army, to show public disapproval of the proceedings instituted against the imprisoned Salvationists. At the meeting the following churches were represented:—Tabernacle, Horeb, Bethania, Bethlehem, Calvaria, Primitive Methodist, Moria, Siloh, Nazareth, Salvation Army, Wesleyan, Zion, Hebron, Jerusalem, Bethesda, Ystrad, Tabernacle, Nebo, Bethel, Bodringall, English Baptist Church (Ton), Wesleyan (Heolfach), Pentre (Welsh Wesleyan), Park, Soar, Bethel, Park Valley, Noddfa.

Rain fell in torrents during the morning of Sunday, and this prevented the "procession" scheme from being fully carried out. Large detachments of persons,

however, promenaded the principal thoroughfares between Pentre and Treorky about dinner time, and at two o'clock immense gatherings were held at several of the chapels in the neighbourhood of Pentre. The two largest of those were the meetings held at the Public-hall, Pentre, and Siloh Chapel, Pentre.

Siloh Chapel is a magnificent and exceptionally spacious Congregational chapel. It was closely filled on the occasion by an enthusiastic and highly respectable audience. Hundreds, if not thousands, failed to gain admittance, and had to go elsewhere.

Mr. EDMUND THOMAS, Mainty Hall, presided. Numbers of the ministers of the Valley were present, as well as leading deacons and others.

The Rev. J. H. JONES, Bethesda, Ton, Pentre, at the outset, read very effectively a chapter.

Rev. BENJAMIN WOODLIFF then offered a prayer on behalf of the "prisoners" who were spending their Sunday in Cardiff Gaol.

Mr. THOMAS (chairman), addressing the large audience, said that the object of meeting that day was rather peculiar, and was exceptional in this stage of Christianity. They were there to express sympathy for those in custody at that moment. He then called upon Mr. Daniel Davies, of the Ocean Colliery, to address the meeting.

Mr. DANIEL DAVIES addressed the audience with great effect. He did not, he said, know how to comply with the order of the chairman not to use strong language, as he was of the opinion that too strong language could not be uttered in reference to this matter. Christianity cost too much to their fathers, who had given their lives for the liberty of Christianity, that, in the nineteenth century they should be restrained by the law from worshipping as they thought proper. The time had been that similar things happened before in Wales, in the time of their forefathers, when William Babery and Walter Cradoc were imprisoned in Cardiff, where Miss Lock and the young men were now serving three days for the worship of God.

The Rev. J. H. JONES, Ton, Pentre, then read the following resolution in Welsh:—
"Fod y cyfarfod hwn, yr hwn sydd yn cynrychiolu holl gynulleidfaoedd y gwahanol enwadau crefyddol yn y lle, yn gwrthdystio yn y modd mwyaf penderfynol yn erbyn y myriad diachos presenol a'n hawliau, ac a'n rhyddid crefyddol; a'n bod yn teimlo cywilydd a gofid oblegid y gwarth ag y mae personau neillduol wedi ei osod ar ein cymydogeath trwy ei chysylltu a'r erledigaeth grefyddol hon." He made a most eloquent speech.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. D. DAVIES, and carried.

It was then proposed and passed in English, as follows, by Mr. WILLIAM ABRAHAM (Mabon):—"That this meeting, representing the whole of the congregations of the various denominations of the district, protests in the most decided manner against the uncalled-for interference with our rights and religious liberties; and feels ashamed and pained because of the disgrace which particular persons have placed on our neighbourhood by visiting it with religious persecution." He remarked that they were not there that evening to uphold anyone to infringe the laws of the land, nor were they merely to sympathise with their sister and brethren who were now in custody for Christ Jesus, but to protest against an act which had taken place which ought not to have taken place. The question would doubtless be asked outside, "Why do you meet here to-day?" He would answer in the words of David of old—"Is there not a cause?" They were protesting against an uncircumcised Philistine of the land who was warring against the army of the Lord of Hosts—to show to which army they belonged, and to show that they were not ashamed of it. In the circle opposite the Bridge End Inn, Bowen, according to the evidence, was on his knees. Thank God that Bowen was on his knees. (Amen and applause.) Thank God that it was the evidence of Sergeant Noot that Bowen was on his knees. He questioned whether the law was intended to meet the circumstances under which it had just been put into force. Their "friends" in gaol were there because they tried to do their best to get men to lead holy, pure, and good lives. (Shame and Amen.) They were prosecuted because they preached the Gospel. The resolution was passed, as were also the following:—

"That this meeting desires to express their debt of gratitude to William Jenkins, Esq., Ystradfychan, and E. Thomas, Esq., Mainty Hall, for the sympathy they have shown in supporting the memorial against this resolution, and trust they will always grant the large and wide influence they possess in supporting the religious and moral advance of the community."

The following resolution of sympathy with the prisoners was also put and passed in Welsh.

"Ein bod yn dymuno datgan ein cydym-deimulad 'llwyr' a Miss Louisa Lock,

James Day, Roger Cadwgan, George Bowen, James Edwards, y rhai sydd yn bresennol yn garcharion am air Duw a thystiolaeth Jesu Grist."

The meeting terminated as it commenced, devotionally.

The meetings at the hall were also very successful and unanimous. Scores marched up to the place from even Porth. The district is in a great ferment.

THE RETURN.

Renewed excitement obtained in this district to-day, when the "Salvation Army captives," as they are universally denominated, were to be liberated from "durance vile" at Cardiff Gaol. Information reached the district early in the morning that Miss Louisa Lock and her co-prisoners would arrive back here by the 4.50 p.m. train, and preparations on a large scale were made for giving them an enthusiastic popular reception. The streets were lined with flags and banners, &c.—notably near the premises of Mr. John Lloyd, draper, Pentre-street, one of their devoted admirers and champion defenders. On these were inscribed, in large letters, a "Welcome Home to the Prisoner"—Miss Lock—from Cardiff gaol, and here and there might be seen large handbills inscribed with the more elaborate lines, "Welcome home to the Christian Mission, after three days spent in Cardiff Gaol for obstructing some nameless respectable lady."

"God bless the Christian Mission,
Whilst in this sinful vale;
Oh, may the winds of Heaven
Spread forth the present tale."

At half-past four o'clock thousands of people walked together towards the railway station, singing hymns and shouting words of praise.

The ex-prisoners met, it seems, with a very hearty reception at Pontypridd, where they sang several hymns amid ecstatic demonstrations of joy. Numbers of friends had gone to meet them—Mrs. Lock (Miss Lock's mother), it is said, amongst others. Some proceeded even as far as Cardiff. They sang hymns all the way up in the train. From Llwynpia up to Pentre dense crowds were congregated all along the line—on the tips and elsewhere—and handkerchiefs and bonnets were waved about from almost every bedroom window.

The station gates were thronged at Ystrad as the train arrived. In front was the Salvation Army band, holding aloft the "Salvation flag."

The youngest Miss Lock was on the railway bridge, with two or three of her friends, and on discerning her sister, motioned to the throng of spectators, who sent up loud cries of "Hallelujah," "Amen," &c.—cries which were again and again renewed when Miss Lock and her fellow ex-prisoners were personally discerned. Salutes were exchanged, and these were repeated at the station gates.

The vast procession then moved onwards towards Tynybedw field, at the end of Pentre. A speculative photographer had his apparatus in a commanding position, ready to depict, in "army lines," the extraordinary gathering.

The hymn which was principally sung was a Welsh one:—

"Newyddion braf a ddaeth in bro,

Fod Jesu wedi'r cario'r dydd,
Coiff carcharorion fyn'd yn rydd."

"Glorious news has come to our vale,

That Jesus has won the day,
And the prisoners have been set free."

As the crowd moved on it was reinforced by waiting hundreds, and the number of persons who composed it by the time Tynybedw field was reached could not have been under *twenty thousand*. The Misses Lock and the male ex-prisoners walked nearly in the front. Mrs. Lock stood near the house in which she and her daughters reside, and stayed there quietly looking on, and receiving the congratulations of hundreds upon her daughter's release, until all had passed.

The rain came down in torrents on the mountain-side, but this did not damp the ardour of the vast concourse.

The Misses Lock and the rest of the prominent members of the "Salvation Army" stood on an elevation above—that is to say, slightly above—the dense throng.

Miss LOUISA LOCK afterwards addressed the masses. The ways of the Lord were, she said, ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace. "Praise be to Him, I am here again." If necessary, she was ready to spend another three days in Cardiff Gaol for the same great cause. There was a great bar between them (the ex-prisoners) in Cardiff Gaol. They were not allowed to shout "Amen" very loudly. But she had praised Him—glory be to His name. The preacher at the gaol on Sunday night had preached on the words "God is love." She believed that he had preached from that text on purpose because he knew that they were in the prison. Those present should have seen them (the ex-prisoners) in the prison. (Laughter.) She was contented. She had prayed God to bless His work, and what was her delight that morning to hear that 12 souls had been saved.

JAMES EDWARDS was the next speaker. He had been to prison before—for even as long as six weeks—but, God be praised, this last occasion was not for the same cause as the former.

GEORGE BOWEN also spoke, and said that thank God the imprisonment he had endured was no disgrace to him. He had told the policeman at Cardiff that he could "do" three times as much as that.

ROGER CADWGAN and JAMES DAY, the other ex-prisoners, having spoken, the vast multitude dispersed, singing "hymns."

NORTHERN NOTES.

BY MAJOR CORBRIDGE.

Newcastle is still one of the grandest works I ever saw; every night a crowd of folks, and at nearly every service, sinners in long rows seeking Jesus. A few nights ago my heart melted to hear the number of men and women testify. He goes on giving many cases which we are compelled to omit. We invite all our friends who want to see the real fight in which the Salvation Army is engaged to come to Newcastle, and if you cannot come, send us help. Our rent here is £10 per week; the poor do what they can, and God and His rich people must please help us.

Gateshead.—"I will set before you an open door, and no man shall shut it." The Salvation Courthouse belonged to a publican, and we have had to leave there because we injured the publican's business; but God has turned us into the Public Hall, which was opened on Tuesday, Sept. 2nd. We had a grand time, and souls at the close of the service.

The Hallelujah Barber gripped me by the hand, and said, "How do you do, sir? You will remember me, sir; I live at the corner shop, sir. I shouted 'Hallelujah!' as you sang past my door in the procession. I am one of the originals. I was saved in the Bethesda, in Boyce's time, at the start of the concern there, and the wife, she's converted, and the old mother, 83 years of age. The Lord and the Salvation Army caught the lot of us, sir."

Handysides, the other branch at Gateshead, are doing better every day. The week-night place far too small for the people. I have just heard nine souls last night. Hallelujah.

Jarrow.—I spent one of the happiest Sundays of my life in this place, many of the most remarkable men and women have been reclaimed, and are now praying, pleading, and pushing their way into full salvation; nothing but perfect love will satisfy the Jarrow Corps. For further particulars, send to the Hallelujah Swede, for his printed report and balance sheet.

Ballington Booth has been wonderfully owned in several places in this district.

Brother and Sister Cooksey have also visited Newcastle, Gateshead, Felling, Consett and Dipton, and were made a great blessing to many hearts. They were with us at—

Dipton.—This is a new place, right in the thick of the colliers. We have the Co-operative Hall packed every night, and hundreds of souls have been saved.

Bishop Auckland.—I spent one night here, had a good meeting, and one soul, a poor broken-hearted woman, professed to find peace.

Darlington.—We have a place they say holds 2,000, and it is full to the door, and hundreds are coming to Jesus.

Blaydon-on-Tyne.—I had a good night here, and one soul. Hallelujah.

Consett.—I scarcely know how to describe it, it must be one of the best works ever heard of; we only commenced here a little more than twelve months ago, and the town seems to have been turned upside-down. Rich and poor, and middle-class folks of every sort have sought and found the Saviour. I turned in on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13 and 14, and I shall never forget it. Saturday night we had a grand procession through a lot of market folks, who were buying and selling at stalls of every description. A large crowd followed to the experience meeting inside, which was one of a novel kind; after a little singing from the 74th hymn in the supplement, with the chorus.

“Stand like the Brave, stand like the Brave,
Stand like the Brave with thy face to the foe.”

A lot of big fellows began to stand up in front of the platform, until all the room was taken up. I counted *thirteen in one row*, standing like the Brave. I said to Sister Jackson, “Does all that lot want to speak at once?” She said, “Yes.” And at it they went; while one spoke, the others stood to be looked at. And, thank God, they felt, and I felt, and I think God felt that they were worth looking at. Here were men of every sort, the auctioneer, the clerk, the saw-maker, the miner, and the farm labourer. One man said I have been saved 12 months and a week. Another was a saved Roman Catholic. All sorts of dress, from the broadcloth to the white slop, with the short cropped hair, and the thick knotted neckerchief, of all colours, round the neck. When these had spoken, we had

Another row standing in the same form, until the whole place was moved with the power of the Holy Ghost.

Sunday morning we had nearly 70 at a private meeting for believers, from about 9 to 10 30, nearly all miners and iron-workers; we missioned Black Hill, which is noted in this district as one of the worst places in the North, so much so, that some of the inhabitants are ashamed of the name, and have been trying to alter it from Black Hill to that of Benfieldside, but have failed—it is Black Hill yet. Here crowds of men and women, and big boys, and young women, with their long hair floating in the air, ran to listen. Some smoking, some with dogs, some with a pigeon in the hand; women with dear little children not dressed at 11 o'clock. The child whipped up into the mother's arm, with her apron thrown over the child's body, except the head. Some children seemed to have no mothers who cared for them, they were undressed and half-dressed, barefooted, running to listen to the singing and speaking. Several women were preparing dinner, some paring potatoes, and others with a cabbage in their arm, all this and much I cannot send to print. On God's Sunday morning, some woman threw a piece of cabbage stalk into the ring; another threw some potatoe parings into the ring; one threw a bread crust. Children shouted. One brother had a sharp stone hit him at the back of the head. Two policemen turned up, as though they thought we were in danger, and they very kindly followed us to another stand. A brother said, as he touched my arm, “This is part of Heathen England, sir;” but these people have souls, and many of them were glad to see us, and listened as for eternity; and many shed tears, as we told them of a Crucified Christ. We

returned to Consett with my heart pleading. “Oh! Lord, open our way into Black Hill.”

Good meeting at Consett all day, one soul in the afternoon, and four at night. This is the sort of work God is doing by the Salvation Army in the North. 9, Poplar Crescent, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

I'M A HAPPY SOLDIER.

TUNE—“*Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.*”

I'm a happy soldier on my way to heaven,
Though in sin I've wandered, I'm forgiven;
When the Saviour saw me on the mountain cold,
He brought the wanderer to His fold.

CHORUS—Free from the bondage,
Free from the fear,
Crowned with salvation,
Heaven even here.
Shouting Hallelujah
As we march along,
Oh come and join our happy throng.

Since I've joined the “Army” battles I have seen,
Conflicts and temptations I've been in;
But the strength of Jesus, daily to me given,
Has kept me on the way to heaven.

CHORUS—Free from the bondage, &c.

Oh what peace and comfort does the hope afford,
Soon to be in heaven with the Lord;
There we'll shout for ever, all our trials o'er,
And sing upon a happier shore.

CHORUS—Free from the bondage, &c.

BY THE SALISBURY HALLELUJAH BRASS BAND.

HAMMERSMITH.

HALLELUJAH! we are rising, and the work of God is reviving, and our numbers are increasing. Larger congregations than ever praise the Lord. The Town Hall is crowded on Sundays. People have been coming here from all parts of London to get saved. This last month has been a blessed one to many precious souls; over 50 have professed to find the Lord to the joy of their souls. A great many of them are with us. I will mention a few of their cases.

One young man got up in the meeting and said “Thank God I am saved from going over to Rome; I came into this hall a little time ago and a sister came and asked me if I wished to be saved. I told her I did belong to the Roman Catholics, or better known as the Ritualists, and I often went to the Roman Catholic Church, because I did not see any difference between their meetings and the meetings in the Ritualist Church; but the sister said ‘We do not mind so much where you belong, my brother, but do you believe the Lord has pardoned all your

sins?' I could not give her any answer to that; she invited me to the penitent-form. Thank God I went, and now I am not only saved from going over to Rome, but saved from the pipe and drink, and more than that, I believe that if my head was chopped off I should go straight to heaven."

A **Sailor** that tried to upset our meeting, but was led into the hall by our singing, the spirit of God laid hold of him during the meeting, and at the close he came up with others to the penitent-form and cried aloud for the Lord to save his soul. The Lord heard his prayer and set him at liberty; he got up and told us what God had done, saying "I came to upset this meeting, but when you sang a hymn my mother taught me on her dying bed it made me feel very wretched. I followed you inside, and in the meeting you sang the same hymn again, and that nearly broke my heart. But I do thank God he has saved me. I have been a sailor for some time, I came from Liverpool here, and sorry to say I am the son of a murderer. My father was hanged at Leicester for cutting my sister's throat." Saying this he fell back on the chair overcome; he asked the prayers of God's people.

An **Infidel**, who has been coming to our meetings for some time, said he did not believe in the bible; but our sisters made him a special matter of prayer, and the spirit of God soon began to work powerfully with him. About a fortnight ago he set fire to his infidel books, came to the hall followed by some of his mates who came to see it out. At the close of the meeting he came up to the penitent-form and gave God his heart; he is still holding on, and has been happy ever since. He is now trying to bring his old mates to the Saviour. I trust he will be a power for good. Pray for him.

Yours in the Army,
CAPTAIN PAYNE.

RUNCORN.

WE are blazing away at Satan and his hosts with our patent Gospel guns and our Hallelujah torpedoes. Said a gentleman (a Wesleyan) to me the other day, whilst I was out foraging, "You are doing a work which, I must confess, we cannot do;" mentioning one or two of our recruits, he said, "If we had only got them we had done a grand work." A poor drunkard, who often used to come and annoy us when in drink, came right into the hall, and God laid hold of him. Whilst we were singing "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," he came out and plunged into the cleansing fountain, and got washed clean, stood up before the congregation of people and took his coat off, which was full of holes, and said, "See what the Devil has done for me;" now Glory, be to God, he has three coats. He said he had often signed the temperance pledge, but could not keep it; "But, bless God, now he keeps me, and I have no desire for drink."

A happy boatman says, "That before the army came to Runcorn, I thought there was no hope for me, I had gone that far I used to spend nearly all I could lay my hands on for drink. My wife has a mangle, by which she used to earn a few shillings, and I have even gone to the box she kept the money in and took it for drink; but, bless God, I can now take my money home to my wife. Praise the Lord!" Oh! may God send a hurricane of Salvation here.

Yours in this army,
ISAAC UNSWORTH.

Cawdor Street.

STROUD.

GLORY to God, we are shaking the devil's kingdom. Our work in Stroud is still progressing. Drunkards are being made sober. Wife-beaters, glory to God, are made lovers again. In speaking to one of these at the close of one of our meetings, I asked him if he was courting. He said with a beaming face, "Yes. Praise God, I never loved her so well in my life." Her reply was she had been married nine years, and never lived so happy as the last few months. Here are some testimonies:

"All of you know me. I have been a drunkard. My mother prayed for many years for me, now God has saved me. I came here when those women came, in my shirt sleeves, but now, praise God, I have got a coat. I get a lot of persecution, but I don't mind that." We have wives and husbands, praise the Lord, on their happy way to heaven. Young men and maidens started for the kingdom.

Another said he had not been in a place of worship for thirty years. "Had been travelling three or four days together, never saw a house for miles, and never thought of giving God my heart till some one gave me a tract entitled 'The way to Heaven.' I heard the Salvation Army singing in the streets the other day, and the people said they were all going mad. Now I am sure I'm saved."

We have had a visit from Mr. Somerset Gardner. Good times. Over three hundred sat down to tea on Monday. Had to refuse admission for want of provisions. Place crowded to excess at night. Mr. Gardner gave the account of his conversion from Ritualism to Christianity.

Praise God our banjo brother is still holding on and working for Jesus. We are finding our platform far too small. Our folks are wanting to have it made bigger. God has been showing the people who were living in sin that it was wrong, and He has helped them to put wrong things right. It has been our privilege to be present at the wedding of one of our people. Glory to God.

Praise God, we have a class of 74 members. God grant that they may prove faithful unto death. Of course we are not going on without opposition from the enemy. W. and wife told me they were both seeking the Lord, but could not tell each other about it. Praise God they are earnestly seeking to be brought into the light.

Our friend Mr. Rodway has been a great help to us. Pray for Stroud, our friends and enemies. God grant that we may all enter the pearly gates together. Amen.

Yours at the Master's feet,

CAPT. SAYERS.
E. JANE MALTHOUSE.

Mr. Opie Rodway writes as follows:—

"How rejoiced I am that I urged you to send some of your people to this town, with the hope of reaching the masses, which all denominations have failed to do before. Thanks be to God, many that were low down in the mire of sin have, by God's grace, been lifted up, and are now night after night attending the Salvation Hall instead of the public-houses. God has greatly blessed the labourers you have sent. They have been eminently successful, and I assure you the work has far exceeded my highest expectations.

"I have remained at home most of the time to render what little help I could, and have been so glad night after night to see sinners coming to Jesus; one night twenty-one professed to find Jesus, and nineteen the night before. If the Lord goes on to work in this way, it must shut the mouths of those professing Christians who speak against it. You know I do not go in with everything your people do and say, but from my heart I wish them God speed, and when I see anyone in earnest work for souls, and depending on God's spirit for help, I would do or say nothing to hinder in any way such a glorious work. Many dear Christians in this town I know rejoice at the good work going on, and I am sure the Salvation Army have the prayers of many of God's people belonging to the various denominations in this town."

ATTACK ON A VILLAGE.

BY the invitation of a good brother who takes the *Salvationist* and now and then comes to see us in London, we have once or twice allowed a sister to spend a fortnight in the village of Great Horstead, near Buntingford, on the understanding that while resting in some part, she took some services in the little chapel there.

The first sister who visited in this fashion held open-air meetings at which a man, the most utterly abandoned and wretched creature in the place—a drunkard and almost everything that was bad—was convicted and saved, and for months led a godly and earnest life, a witness for Jesus in all the region round about and was then called home to be with Him, leaving a glorious testimony behind.

Sister Hockey, who still remains only very poorly, was down for a fortnight just lately, and the whole place was stirred.

The little chapel was crammed night after night. During the day, our sister was engaged speaking and praying with convicted ones, and the slain of the Lord were many. The following from the dear brother, himself only a working man, at whose invitation our sister went, and whose hospitality she shared, gives his view of the fortnight's work.

"My dear brother in the Lord,—I write to thank you for sending Miss Hockey to visit us. She has been a blessing to the place, for there has been some of the worst sinners in Hornead and district converted—people who never went to any place of worship. I believe the Lord has laid hold of one whole family.

"I cannot tell you how many souls there were saved, but I shall know after a few days and then I will write again.

"We were sorry to part with Sister Hockey, and should like her to come again after harvest, Hornead will never forget her."

We record this little attack as a testimony to the power of the Holy Ghost—we may He open our way to do likewise in every village of the land. "B."

COVENTRY.

WE had a great go last night in the open air—a long march through some narrow streets. Our forces are grand. As we sing, the power of God comes on us, and the people look on with wonder, crowds following to the factory.

It was the night for the Army to assemble and give their experiences. We opened by singing, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" Many prayed; then 110 spoke in 20 minutes; then two strangers for 20 minutes, myself for 10 minutes; then a red-hot prayer-meeting, the soldiers praying for more power, so that they might drive the devil, conquer the town, and bring thousands to Jesus.

Two remarkable cases of capture:—

One, an old soldier, has fought the Russians and blacks in India. He has cursed God and the Bible, but, Hallelujah! he has fought the devil and conquered him, and now he is *happy*.

Another is an ex-publican, and now a brewer, a big man; but God fetched him down. He signed the pledge, and said God had forgiven him. He prayed, "O Lord, you have saved me, and if you will help me, I will serve you for ever."
4, Cope Street. Captain CADMAN.

SOUTH SHIELDS.

I REJOICE to tell you that God is still blessing us here. During the past week, our meetings have been times of power. Saints have rejoiced and sinners have trembled. Glory to God, 19 precious souls have been saved.

But the crowning day was last Sunday. At the prayer meeting at seven o'clock, about 70 were present, and we had a glorious time. We had splendid open-air meetings; the people looked in the streets, and they seemed to be surprised when they saw our processions, and at night when we were going to the open air, the people were actually waiting to get in before the door was opened. When we got in with our people, there was not standing room. It was packed in every corner, and many could not get in. At night Sister Saville and I spoke for a little while.

It was published "Two Hallelujah Lasses from south Wales;" and I told them I would speak from "A broken down swell," and Sister Saville from a "Disappointment." She spoke from the words "And the door was shut," and I spoke from the prodigal son, "He arose and came to his father;" and the power of God was felt in the meeting. One big man came out for salvation in the prayer meeting. We went home believing and trusting in One who is mighty to save.

We came up again last night filled with God, and we had a meeting of power and of joy, and God honoured us by letting us see 20 precious souls come and weep their way to the cross. Glory! glory! glory! hallelujah! O we will give God every bit of the glory, we will conquer or die. We feel we have done nothing, but God has done it all. Offerings amounted to £2 5s. 9d.

Yours working for God alone,

M. H. MASON,
S. E. SAVILLE.

RESCUE WORK AT NEWCASTLE.

DURING June last, three young women were bowed one night at the penitential form—broken down on account of sin, and anxious, at least, to leave the terrible life they had been living. The youngest was only 15, and yet had been living on the streets of Newcastle six months.

We felt that night that we could do with a refuge, but we had none. These girls were sisters, and 20 miles from the home they had forsaken; so with some difficulty we got them where to lay their heads till morning, and, thank God, the morning found them bearing testimony to the truth that our Saviour casts out none. From that time they left the "Way of Sin." Two of them are in situations, the youngest in our penitentiary; and, after three months, each is reported as going on very satisfactorily indeed.

On brother A. taking one of them to see a relation at J—, he discovered a miserable object behind a hedge at the foot of Bruton Bank. A few kind words, and it turned out that here was another homeless wreck in the deepest depths of bitterness and sorrow. She had been wandering about the spot for two whole days and nights, meditating suicide by drowning in the beautiful water that flows through the romantic grounds of Sir J. Armstrong.

This was Wednesday of the race week. The poor creature had been at the meeting at the Hall of Varieties on the previous Thursday, and was found anxious, but left the building—as in fact little more could be done. Crushed with the terrible load of sin and shame she wandered out here, and tried to hide, and wished to die—her parents dead—homeless, friendless, forsaken, drifted on the sea of sin which every race week floods the town, she was cast upon the beach—so near to being a wreck to all eternity—but the cry of Him who seeks out the lost was over even her. She followed our brother, who having safely committed his former charge to other keeping, took her to his own home, and helped by one of our sisters kept her a month.

Since then we have got her into a situation, and she is giving satisfaction. Pray that the Lord will keep these. We have to praise Him for others of the same class, but must speak more particularly another time. J. C. H.

NORTON,

NEAR to Stockton. This village has long attracted our attention. For some months, in response to the invitation of a generous friend, one of the officers at Stockton has gone over once a week, always securing a good audience, and many souls have been saved.

Thus the way has been opened, and we have now established a permanent work here. The following gives an account of the blessed beginning:—

"During the three weeks I have been here we have had some good times,

hallelujah! When I first came, the devil told me I should do no good here; but, praise the Lord! every night since we have increased in numbers, and now we get the place, which holds quite 400, full every night. Christians from the chapels come to see and are astonished. They say, 'We never saw it in this fashion; we cannot make out how you get the people in; we have never been able to get this class of people into any place of worship.' Glory be to God, we can get them in, and, praise the Lord! we have grand times in the open air and in visiting, so I think we can shout hallelujah! and say, so far, Norton has *been a success.*"

The following are a few testimonies of the saved:—

One dear man said, "I have been a backslider for many years and a great drunkard, in fact, the worst man in the village; but, thank God, I am saved. You need not doubt about anybody now you have got me."

A woman, who got saved the first Sunday, said, "My husband persecutes me very much for coming, but I am saved and mean to press forward." Oh, hallelujah! before the end of the week her husband came out, cried for mercy, got saved, and comes out into the open air with us.

A young man said, "I came in here to make fun, but God laid hold of me and saved me." He has since given up his pipe and tobacco-pouch; others have followed his example. We have only had 17 souls yet, but are expecting a smash—there is a spirit of deep conviction in the place. Pray for Norton, and for yours, in the Army,

ANNIE REDLEY.

OLD BASFORD.

THERE they are, at it again, a fine ring of men and women gathered in the middle of the day with a grand congregation to listen to them.

One thanks God for having been with him in the bowels of the earth that morning. We met him a little while ago with grimy face and hands. He has barely had time to hurry home and wash, and then out to the open-air meeting instead of rest. He evidently has found it more refreshing to him than rest already.

That tradesman has left his ordinary customers to his wife's care while he comes out to give glory to the God of his salvation, and to serve out the living water freely to all. Yon brother has a long way to get to his work when the meeting is over. He has even to run to get back to work in time, for these people believe in being diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit.

Perhaps no corps of this army has been established amidst such an overwhelming difficulty as to places of meeting as this 97th. The men continue to muster well to their seven o'clock Sunday morning prayer meeting out of doors, wet or fine, for they have still no shelter; and this is the case most nights of every week, the only accommodation being uncertain from week to week. When services are held it is generally in rooms so small that most of the converts have to be shut out in order to let sinners in. Yet the Lord has graciously sustained us till the prospect of a regular place of meeting at length appears in view. A workshop, capable of being used as a Salvation Factory, with land and a house hard by, were offered us for £400. There was no other opening for us, and no hope of leasing instead of purchasing this property. There seemed no option but to purchase.

"But can you raise the money?" I asked the local treasurer.

"Oh, yes, we can easily do that. There are plenty of people all round who have promised to help us if we will only get a place."

"Ah, but such promises often come to very little when the money is wanted."

"Oh, I believe in going in for a thing believing. It is no use going about anything without believing."

Who could throw a damper upon such a spirit? The General wired his consent to the purchase of the property, and now every soldier of the 97th is on

the fullest stretch of believing and begging too. And they are sturdy believing beggars who will take no denial, as I had abundant opportunity to see. They have a good basis for appeal, for it is a notorious fact—as I heard a gentleman express it to one of these collectors—that "You have altered Basford."

We must all help them with our faith and prayer, at any rate, to get the needed money, so as to open free of any debt when they enter upon the premises, in three months' time or less.

Donations will be most gratefully received by Captain Eliza Milner and Lieutenant Green, 12, Church Street, Old Basford, Nottingham.

R.

ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER AT ST. IVES.

THE Holy Ghost seemed determined last night to get the victory over those St. Ives and Hayle folks. The meeting was lifeless until 2.30, then the fire from heaven seemed to come in our midst and set the whole people in a flame. One woman, who was noted for being a quiet woman, jumped, sang and prayed all at once in such a manner that fear seemed to fall on many lest she should over do it; but God knew what He was about. This same woman was lame in one leg when she came to the meeting, but when she went away in the morning *her leg was cured.*

After we gave the invitation to those who wished to make a full surrender, the first one to come out was a woman who was ill some weeks ago in bed, and no hope for her if she got the least excited. She told the Lord she would get converted and love Him all her life, if He would only spare her a little longer. The Lord raised her up. She went to her usual chapel and found, says she, it was not the fashion to have people saved in the summer; as a matter of course no invitation to the penitent-form. But she believed the fountain was open. She came to the Sail Loft and got saved, now she was pleading for purity of heart. The first thing she did before she came to the penitent-form was to take out two feathers she had in her hat. Her example was quickly followed, until we had in all about half a dozen yards of people, all getting into the blessing at one time. One said, talking to the Lord, "Now I'll speak for you." Another, "Now its all gone." She had just thrown her snuff-box out of the window, which opens to the sea. This was an old woman, 55 I should think, and she jumped and shouted with all the freedom of a young lass. God shook us all at once and kept us in continual conversation with Him.

H. T. EDMONDS.

ROATH (CARDIFF).

WHEN you sent me word to go to Roath, I gave myself afresh into the hands of my heavenly Father, and, bless His holy name, since I took my stand here, we have seen His holy arm made bare—men, women, and children have wept their way to Calvary.

Our hall is so crowded we cannot move. The seats, the aisles, even the stairs are full of people, and we do have some blessed times with the Lord. My people are hoping to get into the larger place, and we are expecting a mighty smash.

We have grand times in the open air—God blesses us. When I was speaking the other day, the devil tried to upset us. A poor old man, who seems to do anything Satan leads him to, brought out some beer, and wanted to know if I could talk without it! But, bless the Lord, we overcame, and a dear man who stood by followed us into the hall and got blessedly saved.

We had a young man who came to the meetings every night deeply convinced, but when we spoke to him he would not answer one word, until one night at the holiness meeting he came out. Still all was dark. For two hours and a

half we wrestled and prayed, and at last, while singing, "Glory, glory, how the Angels sing," he shouted, "I do believe Jesus saves." Now he speaks either indoors or out.

The following Sunday he brought his brother, and during the week he was saved also, and now the whole house is happy in the Lord.

Some of our people are as happy as they can live, and the Lord has more in store for us yet. Pray for Roath.

Yours fully saved,
142, Diamond Street. CAPTAIN ANNIE NEWTON.

DIPTON.

WE received a full report from this station, but by some means have mislaid part of it; we conclude to give the part that remains, just as it is, for it gives abundant evidence that God is working in the real old-fashioned style. Hallelujah!

Our hall is crowded to suffocation (it will seat about 600) on Sundays, they are packed both sitting and standing, and scores have to go away.

While we were singing and praying in the streets, we had crowds around us very anxious to hear what we had to say. Bless God, we have seen them come to the penitent-form by 15 at a time, some knocking their heads and arms about and shouting, "Oh, I wish that I had come sooner!" God set their souls at liberty, and then they got up and thanked God for what He had done for them, and were able to shout with us and praise God.

One dear man, after struggling for help an hour, got up clapping his hands and shouting, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" Many more such cases.

One poor deluded man, half drunk, came into our ring the other night to try to upset us while I was talking myself, but I told him that we intended to fight the devil on his own ground, and he was just like the devil. He took to his heels and went. Oh, hallelujah! he cannot face the Blood and yours in the Army, to conquer or die,

By Lintz Green, Dipton. CAPTAIN WOODHOUSE and DAUGHTER.

HAYLE.

HALLELUJAH! We have had some blessed times in Hayle. Black and filthy sinners have been brought out of the pit of sin and placed on the Rock of Ages; the devil is losing some of his best servants. Hallelujah! May God save everybody in Hayle.

Our open-air meetings have greatly improved. We were in the open air a few nights ago and a woman threatened to scald us all with boiling hot water. Instead of frightening us and driving us away we began to throw the red hot shot from God's word at her. She went in the house and slammed the door, then I gathered our people together and went on her doorstep and held a prayer-meeting; we have had no more trouble with her since.

Our class-meetings are times of mighty power, 60 and 70 testimonies every week. Hallelujah! we mean victory through the Blood.

One Sunday night after preaching was over we began to plead for sinners, and soon ten were found crying for mercy; one after the other they got set at liberty; they hugged, and kissed, and shook hands with each other. Amongst them was a mother and daughter. The daughter found peace first; she began to shout and praise God; then the mother jumped up filled with God and, clasped in each other's arms, they rejoiced together, and there was joy in heaven.

"I, on the brink of ruin fell;
But I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God, I'm out of hell,
I'm on my journey home."

A young woman came to our meeting night after night, but could not find peace till she fell at the feet of Jesus and cried for mercy. God soon set her at liberty; she began to shout in Cornish style, and two men fell in the fountain with her, and they began to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. They went all the way home shouting, "Glory"! The next day was Sunday, and this young woman brought her sister with her to the meeting. At night she began to cry aloud, "Lord, save my sister! Lord, save my sister!" She could not stand it. Then she cried out, "Lord, save my soul! Lord, save my soul!" She fell into the fountain, and God washed all her sins away. And two more followed.

Our holiness meetings are blessed times; many have surrendered their all to God. May God use them in winning sinners to Him. Amen. Our sisters are beginning to talk in the open-air meetings, hallelujah! Thus the work goes on, and I trust it will never cease till Cornwall is on fire and every sinner converted.

Yours, in the Cleft of the Rock,
JOHNNY LAWLEY,
EDWARD HARVEY,
and their Blood-washed Company.

[We are likely to lose the Town Hall at Hayle in November, as it is refused after the expiration of the present agreement, and it seems difficult to obtain a place of any sort in the town. Will our friends pray about this? that the Lord will open our way to a suitable building in which to carry on this work.]

MAESTEG.

HERE are a few testimonies out of scores:—

1. There is none of us chaps going to Bridgend (*i.e.*, summoned before the magistrates) since the Salvation Army is in Maesteg. I have been summoned down there scores of times.

2. I have been a great sinner in my time, but I have changed my master. Two weeks since I commenced working for my new Master. I have been a **great fighter** in my days, and did challenge any one to fight; but I have not the face to do it now. I serve a new Master now. I was born in a wicked place—in a wicked street—in Birmingham. This is the way the Devil got hold of me: One Sunday he made me to throw *clods* (turf) at some godly people who were praying to God in the streets; and 38 years ago he made me to run away from my apprenticeship. I will not have to do with my old master any more, and may God help me to fight for my new Master.

3. I have been for 13 years on my way to Hell; now I have changed my road—I am going to Heaven.

4. The last words my dear father said to me and my mother, before he died, was, "Follow Jesus." I have been very wicked since my father died, but, thanks to God, my father's desire is fulfilled in me.

5. I was, before the Salvation Army came to Maesteg, a great advocate for the public-house and card-playing. I would play cards from morning until late in the evening. I have sat many and many hours with them. The first thing I did on Sunday mornings was to watch the open tap. I went to church just to spend the closed hours of public-houses, but I took no heed of what was going on, and could not even say where was the text, neither what it was. Thanks to God for the Salvation Army.

6. It was those little words which Miss Davies (assistant to Captain Richardson) said to me, had effect on me—"Are you saved?" I am 53 years old, but never received such invitation before—"Are you saved?" I am saved, and I am on the road to Heaven.

7. I used to attend a place of worship once in six weeks, just to please my mother. I would never have been saved if it was not for the Salvation Army.

8. I was a **great comic singer** about the public-houses, and got nearly my whole living by it. Now I am saved, thanks to God.

9. I have been a bright boy in my days. I was running races and training others for the work. The first night I went to hear the Salvation Army (after I changed my clothes, that is, such rags I had to change), I met one of my old friends, and he asked me, "Where are you going, Jim?" I told him I was going to hear the Salvation Army. "Here," said he, "I've got half-a-crown: let's go in here." And in we went to the public-house, and there I was. The second night I went, but drank five pints of beer first; but I was not drunk, you see, then. Nobody ever asked me to come to chapel. Why? Because I was ragged. But the Salvation Army *took hold of me in my rags*. I used to drink my wages, and left my family without anything. I was an old backslider. Thank God I am not one now. Something took me from off my seat that night, as if something was lifting me from off my heels, and if you would give me £100 I could not tell you how I went. Was it out through the door of the seat, or over the seat to the penitent-form? I can't say. Here I am to-night, thanks be to God.

Maesteg.

T. RICHARDSON.

BLACKBURN.

"**A** NYWHERE with Jesus," has been my motto ever since I joined the Salvation Army; but when I received orders to come to Blackburn, and knowing what a bad place it was, my heart sank within me. But in the train I gave myself afresh to God, willing to go or do anything for Jesus. I stayed at Manchester all night, had a blessed time there. Came on to Blackburn next day filled with God. When I got out of the station I said Blackburn for Jesus; and thank God, we have not laboured in vain. During the month over fifty souls have professed to find Christ, some of the worst in the place. Hallelujah!

We have commenced the holiness meetings again, and we have some blessed times. I shall never forget the first holiness meeting. The power of God came down. Sister Neal was down for very near an hour. Hallelujah. God was with us. Pipes and feathers and flowers were given up for God. While this was going on, a young man was having a fight with God and the devil, but, hallelujah, Christ got the victory. After a hard struggle, he came and fell down at the feet of Jesus, but it was not till he had pulled a novel out of his pocket, and gave it up for Jesus' sake. *He had spent half-a-crown a week in novels*, but, thank God, he can read his Bible now. Lord keep him faithful. On the 6th of September we had a real hallelujah tea. About 170 sat down to tea. At 6.30 sharp-shooting commenced on Blakly Moor. At 7.30 we had an extraordinary hallelujah meeting. We had Captain Tucker from Manchester, and the captains from Bolton, Over Darwen, and the lieutenant from Accrington. A good time. All on fire.

Last Sunday night six fell at the feet of Jesus. One, a young man who had grieved the spirit of God for a long time, but always came to the meetings, came out with the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." God heard him, and sent him home rejoicing. Go on Lord in Blackburn. More faith, more holiness, more unity, more love, more working, and we shall conquer.

Money or tracts will be thankfully received by

Yours in the battle field,

17, Quarry Street, Blackburn.

A. A. MILNER,
M. NEAL.

DARLINGTON.

THANK God, the prey has been taken from the mighty. The past month has been one of great victory. Some of the worst have been rescued from the devil's grasp. His mighty power has been shown forth, and we have again and again been constrained to cry out, "The Lord God Omnipotent *reigneth, and shall reign.*"

Our hall continues to be crowded nearly every night. We rarely have a meeting without some poor broken-hearted sinners weep their way to Calvary, and night after night we have fifteen, twenty, and sometimes more, step into the fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness. We will let our converts tell in their own words something of the Lord's doing.

Forty Years denied God.—"My dear friends, I have been one of the greatest sinners in the world. I have been a fighter, a dog-fighter, and a race-runner, and everything that was bad. I never went into neither church or chapel in my life till I went to hear the Hallelujah Lasses; but, thank God, I am now saved and on my way to heaven."

A Drunkard.—"I was the biggest drunkard in this town. I went into the Livingstone Hall to kick up a row, but God took hold of me and convinced me that I was a great sinner. I went out, gave myself to God, and to-day I am happy in the Lord. My home was once like a little hell, but is now like a little heaven. Praise God."

A Fighter.—"I have been a great gambler and fighter. I came into the Livingstone Hall and the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I came out to the penitent-form and gave my heart to God. And to-day I am on my way to heaven."

A Great Scoffer.—"I came into this hall the other night to have a game, and to upset the meeting; but before I had been in long, the spirit of God was striving with me. I went out to the penitent-form and gave my heart to God, and it has been the happiest time of my life. I have been everything that was bad, a great drunkard and swearer; but now, glory be to God, I am working for Jesus."

A Pharisee.—"I thank God that ever he sent the Salvation Army to Darlington, it has been a great blessing to my soul. I heard one of the sisters say that a great many people put away their religion with their Sunday clothes. I was convinced that it was me she meant. I fell at the feet of Jesus, and there my burden rolled away."

The Hallelujah Family.—*There are ten saved in this family.*—**The Mother.**—"I had heard about the Salvation Army coming to this town, and I went to the Livingstone Hall to hear what sort of people they might be, and I continued to go, and the spirit of God laid hold of me, and on Thursday night I resolved that I would give God my heart, and Oh! Hallelujah, I am now happy, my sins are now all forgiven. The army rescued me. Hallelujah! May the Lord keep me faithful." **The Father.**—"Well, my friends, I was at the Livingstone Hall the first Sunday the army was here. My dear wife was, as you have heard, saved on the Thursday night. I attended night after night for a whole week, but not without the strivings of God's spirit, and on the second Sunday I was led to the feet of Jesus; I got upon my knees and cried for mercy, and bless his name, He had mercy, and I arose from my knees a new man. And now God is my father, the Holy Ghost my comforter, Jesus Christ my elder brother. The army rescued me. Thank God!" **The Son.**—"I came to hear this strange lot (the Hallelujahs), and as I listened to the speaking, I found I was unsaved, unconverted, unrenewed, unforgiven, and under the wrath of God; but, Hallelujah! I came to Jesus as I was, with all my sins, and I laid them all at the foot of the cross; and now I am saved, my sins are all forgiven, and now my heart rejoices, and is full of glory. I trust God will keep me."

No. 1 Daughter.—"I thank God that I am saved, I am washed in Jesus' blood. I have to thank God that ever the Salvation Army came to Darlington, because it has been the means of my salvation. I trust that God will keep me faithful."

No. 2 Daughter.—"I have to thank God, also, because the army rescued me from the slavery of sin and the devil. I am now a child of God, and I am on my way to Heaven."

No. 3 Daughter.—"I thank God that I am one of the happy family. The Lord has saved my soul, pardoned my sins, washed me in His blood, and now I am one of His children. The Salvation Army was the instrument which God used

to save me. I trust God will keep me, bless me, and take me to glory when done."

Pray for Darlington.

4, Station-road.

ROSE CLAPHAM.
EMMA DE VENNEY.
THOMAS ALLAN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The All Night of Prayer on Bank Holiday at Whitechapel ought to have been reported at length last month, suffice it to say that—

1. There were just 400 present all night.

2. God was there all the while working as an Accuser, as a Convictor, as an Enlightener, as the Sanctifier.

3. Some who came in half-hearted followers of Jesus went out altogether God's, and among the number were one or two who have since left all to follow Him, and be made fishers of men.

4. The addresses were not as long as we have heard, the testimonies to a full salvation could not have been clearer, the seekers could not have been more resolute, the joy of finding and being filled was never more glorious.

The Do-nothing Curse.—"Curse ye, Meroz," said the angel of the Lord. (Judges v. 23.) What had Meroz done?—Nothing. Why, then, was Meroz to be cursed?—Because Meroz did nothing. What ought Meroz to have done?—Come to the help of the Lord. Could not the Lord do without Meroz?—The Lord did do without Meroz. Did the Lord, then, sustain any loss?—No; but Meroz did. Was Meroz, then, to be cursed?—Yes; and that bitterly. Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing?—Yes; when he ought to be doing something.—*Watchword.*

Dr. Morrison, writing from Ballater the other day to headquarters, says:—

"Dear brethren in Jesus,—I am away here for fresh air, but feel I must soon be back in arms again. When in Aberdeen, I had some open-air work with Gordon of Parkhill's Mission. I go there again on Sunday, all well. I believe people in Glasgow are waiting for the blessing of a clean heart. Two or three acknowledged that they had been able to trust God for that since Sister Smith had gone there. There is opposition, but nothing equal to Manchester or Mile End Road. Glory to Jesus, all is well.—Yours in the army,

"J. R. MORRISON."

A Testimony.—Rev. G. Warner, writing in *The Primitive Methodist* on his visit to Glasgow, says:—

"I had a night at liberty, and suggested to the gentleman with whom we were staying that we should go and see what the 'Hallelujah Lasses' were doing. No one would know us, and while we were not unfriendly critics, we could look dispassionately upon the proceedings and form our judgment. We were scarcely in before I was spotted, and told that I must give an address. I had to do it, and, looking from that stage, what did I see? Why, from 800 to 1,000 men and women there, on a work-night, the very class which the churches complain they cannot reach. There they were, with eyes and ears, and mouths open, ready to hear the message of the Master. It was evident, too, that many of them had already

'Heard the glad sound, and liberty found
Through the blood of the Lamb.'

Almost daily from the commencement, some—and some of the worst specimens of sin's accursed influence—are reported to have sought and found mercy. I believe no one who has investigated matters can doubt this. There are few, I suppose, who would attempt to justify all that is done under the colours (!) of this army; but if drunkards, and harlots, and thieves renounce

their sins, and, ashamed of their former courses, henceforth serve Christ and strive to benefit their fellows—if these signs of God's blessing and approval are manifest, religious formalists might do a better thing than throw stones at the 'Salvation Army.'

103rd Leicester.—Dropping into the Salvation Barracks quite unexpectedly the other evening, I was quite surprised to find every seat occupied by a most attentive audience of the right sort—hundreds of young men and women capable of becoming bright and daring soldiers of Jesus. Our victory there may be somewhat delayed owing to changes in the command, the burden of which has proved to be beyond Sister McMinnie's strength; but there cannot be a doubt as to the ultimate result. The barracks will be fully occupied with soldiers; we trust with life guards. R.

Notting Hill.—Here we have a sort of out-post, and good is being done. Sister Eldridge finds time to lead the attack. The following is the copy of a handbill put out there, and we like it:—

Cowardice in the service of Jesus is a disgrace! Salvation Army, Mission Room, St. Ervan's Road, Westbourne Park.

Our heavenly Father is thanked for dealing in love with the following cases:—

Thursday, August 28.—A middle-aged woman gave her outspoken thanks to the Almighty for the return of her speech, after losing her voice for twelve years; also giving her a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus as an accompanying blessing.

Sunday, August 31.—An elderly woman who had suffered much distress of soul, on account of backsliding and domestic unhappiness, had left her home with the intention of destroying her body, but was arrested by the flag carried in Golborne Road by the Salvation Army. She followed to the Mission Room, called upon the Lord for pardon, and, for Christ's sake, the Holy Spirit infused light into the darkness and restored her soul.

Also for the conversion of two brothers who were followed by their mother and little sister.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and Thy truth's sake."

Prayer, in—

The present.—Lord save, or we perish!—*Jesus saves.*

The future.—"And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them."

May the Divine Spirit bless the Divine Word.

Bridport.—The following correction appears in the *Christian*, and, as we copied the paragraph referred to, we are sorry for the error and give this explanation also:—

"In our issue of Aug. 21, we quoted as follows from a letter written by Mr. Cheyne Brady:—'I have heard at Dr. Edersheim's, Loder, Bridport, that the first fruits of the Salvation Army were the conversion of the worst family in this place.' We have received a communication from Dr. Edersheim, in which he states that the foregoing information was not derived from him, and that Mr. Brady has never been at Loder. He also states that the account is inaccurate. On reference to Mr. Brady's letter, we find that a word has inadvertently been misplaced in our extract. It should have read 'I have heard that at Dr. Edersheim's the first fruits,' &c. This alteration considerably affects the meaning of the sentence, and the correct quotation entirely agrees with Dr. Edersheim's statement that Mr. Brady has never been at Loder, and that the information was not supplied by him. We very much regret the mistake, which was a purely accidental one."

Middlesbro', 20th.—Glory, glory, glory. The past month has been a month of great rejoicing, believers quickened, sinners saved, thirty have professed to find peace in the blood; week-night hall packed every night

with drunkards and the roughest in the town; the devil fights and rages with his army, but has suffered defeat on every occasion. The Converted Rat-catcher stated the other night that he was as well known in Middlesbro' as a bad half-penny, and when the Lord saved him, he caught a fine big rat; but now he means to go on catching sinners for Jesus. Men are going round annoying their mates in the shipyards, canvassing for members for the Salvation Hall, to see who can get the most to go and hear Happy George, and when there we open fire in volleys, and the enemy is brought to the ground on every hand. The Hallelujah female soldiers bring in the wounded and hand them over to the Great Physician, and he applies the blood that cleanses. We then take them into our ranks and send them into the field to fight, which they do with great courage. Money and tracts wanted.

Yours in the heat of the battle,
19, Bottomley Street, Middlesbro'.

HAPPY GEORGE,
HAPPY SALLEY.

Bridport.—Capt. D. Davies and his faithful Jonathan report victory amidst opposition of all sorts and persecution not a little. This town seems to be a difficult one to work, but, nevertheless, here is improvement and advance, and we hope soon to hear of great slaughter. Among the stories of redeeming love we have received, is the history of a blind man who has been recently saved. We must report more fully next month.

Barking.—On Monday night we crowded and crushed and crammed into the Bethel. What is to be done for a place here? The testimonies were thoroughly up to the mark, and the open air turn out was a most creditable and efficient force. Capt. Estill is being used of God here. Bro. Crow, Jun., sang us a real good song, and sang it really well.

Ebbw Vale.—Sisters Thomas and Emily Smith still report scenes of salvation and the advance of the corps. All the chapels in the place, they say, have been roused and blessed. Here is a cheery chorus they are singing:—

“ Cheer, boys, cheer, we are on our way to glory;
Cheer, comrades, cheer, the happy land's in view;
Come, sinners, come, and we will tell the story—
Jesus is ready, waiting to save you.”

Mrs. Bould, the beloved wife and trusty comrade of our Captain Bould of Whitechapel passed home to the Glory-land, on Friday the 12th, after a long and very painful illness. We laid her body in the grave at Bow on Wednesday, in the presence of perhaps a thousand people, and there were souls seeking mercy at the memorial meeting at night. We intend to give some particulars of our sister's life and victory at the last in our next.

Plaistow.—Captain Lamplough reports improvement and increase in every way. A publican calling after the band the other night gave them a right glorious name: “ There goes,” said he, “ the sinner seekers.” Hallelujah, that will do.

Since last reported there has been a deal of seeking and some finding as well. “ A drunkard who came in one Sunday night, got sweetly saved on the spot with his wife also; they were followed soon after by his two brothers and their wives. The work spreads. Our people are in good spirits; God is moving on sinners; we have glorious open air meetings by the Park. Pray for Plaistow.”

CAPT. LAMPLOUGH.

Leamington.—Congregations as good as ever, crowded, open air work better, souls being saved; a good solid work of God. Captain Maycock still in command.

Blyth.—“ One night,” writes sister E. Smith, “ while in the midst of a good prayer meeting we heard a cry ascend from the centre of the place. We found it was a sister in agony about her sins. So mightily was the Holy Ghost working, that she was completely overcome, and seemed to faint under the convicting influence, but after a time she got into liberty and her face shone with joy.”