

THE SALVATIONIST.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

IS IT A DEFINITE WORK?

THE doctrine of entire sanctification is not altogether of good repute in the world. Many deem it heretical nonsense. And it supposes a life of holiness and a cross of confession that are anything but agreeable to carnal minds and the current associations and customs of the day. From these facts, there is a natural tendency, in many convicted minds, to gloss some of its features, and even to give it the name of No-Name.

But, beloved, beware! To be ashamed of Christ or His words is so shameful a transaction as to make the Lord ashamed of us His followers, before the Father and the holy angels.

The experience has definite bounds. It is not more justification. For if one sin is forgiven, all are forgiven. It is not more regeneration. For regeneration is instantaneous and perfect, and is not capable of increase or decrease. Nor is it "a blessing," but it is "the blessing." There are a million "blessings"—ripples on the ocean of love—but in earth or heaven there are but two "blessings" that are saving in their character. Of these, one is conversion and the other, entire sanctification.

There is a sort of sanctification, that is wrought at conversion. But even this is no sliding-scale affair. It is as distinct and well-defined in itself, and in its relation to entire sanctification, as the moon is in itself, and in its relation to the sun. That first sanctification is the superb work whereby we "become as little children." The heart—the great moral centre—is brought back to a spiritual state and relationship, exactly like that of a little child to its father. All the hardness of a life of sin is sanctified away by the blood of Jesus.

Entire sanctification, as a distinct work, is afterward necessary, because this first work does not remove the "body of sin," or inborn depravity. The little child has a depraved nature, and often shows it. So also the converted man has a depraved nature, and often feels it. Entire sanctification is that wonderful divine work, instantly and completely wrought in the heart, by which the heretofore untouched root of all sinning—the active and indivisible principle of evil—is cleansed or sanctified out of the heart, by the blood of Jesus.

Conviction for entire sanctification is a definite conviction for a definite work—in whatever form it may come, and however befogged the relation of the mind thereto. The heart clearly apprehends that it is burdened and needs to have something done for it.

The faith for entire sanctification is a definite thing. It is not that life of faith by which the converted person grows in the grace of which he is already possessed. Yet the two are not antagonists, but friends. They are not identical, or lost in each other. The faith for the second sanctification

immediately follows a definite parting from sin, in all purpose, and in all necessary outward form, and a complete devotement of every living power to God, forever. When this faith is exercised, it is specific, and complete. Its office is distinct and complete. It embodies a special, distinct and completed movement of the will. It is clean-cut, precise, perfect or entire trust, reliance of the heart, on Jesus, by which it appropriates his all-sufficient blood, for the distinct work that is in hand.

Then the answering voice of our dear Lord is raised in the seeker's behalf: "I will; be thou clean." Not, partially clean, almost clean, but clean.

The work is instantly and perfectly done. It is immediately done, and well done. The heart is cleansed, entirely sanctified, and stands complete in love! Hallelujah!

Then the Spirit definitely testifies that the work of entire sanctification is wrought. It gives a new and intelligible testimony, not to some other work, nor to an indefinite work, but to the definite work of entire sanctification.

Now, let us forever cease all jumbling. If we are sanctified wholly, by the blood of Jesus, let us give a clear testimony to it. And be sure to honour God by definite work on the line of holiness. Justification, blessings, and works—everything—should be taught on the line of holiness.—*Christian Harvester.*

JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL.

JULY 19th. ROTHERHAM.—Called here with Mrs. Booth, who is to help Captain Ault to-morrow—we need help too. How true it is that one sinner destroyeth much good. What a joy this Town was to us once—the very name of it was cheering; but how changed. We had a devil daring band, which has been very seldom surpassed for simplicity and zeal, first deceived then separated from the Army, and then divided and divided again, until alas, alas! the result is enough to make the angels weep. Converts, backsliders, sinners hardened, and devils triumphant. Oh, this sin, this deadly damning sin of dividing a society of simple Christ loving people, and that so often done to gratify some personal feeling or to secure an easier method of gaining a living. Thank God, that in the Army at least, He has put His brand upon this conduct, and although *we have lost*—lost heavily, and *heaven* has lost, and lost heavily too, the leaders and instigators of splits and separations have gained little save mortification, disgrace, and misery.

Captain Ault and his lieutenant J., and a handful of brave faithful hearts have fought on against heavy odds, and a new force is gradually being raised up, and we shall yet again rejoice over Rotherham.

20th. BRADFORD.—Pouring rain all day, spoiling open-air operations, and preventing a fair comparison of the audiences with former visits. We don't seem to have got low enough in Bradford; we want to get at a rougher, poorer element. The week-night hall, an upstairs place in a back street situation, is being changed for a downright good room, and we hope with this advantage, and with Sister Ridsdell restored to health, the Captain will be able to report victory. We had some blessed meetings through the day;

souls cried for mercy. The prayer-meeting on the great theatre stage was a sight never to be forgotten, and every way we were satisfied that a force was growing up that will be felt if rightly trained and managed in the future of the Army.

21st. HALIFAX.—Inspecting buildings. My old friend and son in the gospel, Brother Rawlinson, the friend of the prisoner and the destitute, met me at the station in company with a sympathising clergyman from a neighbouring town. Brother Rawlinson is anxious for the Army to come to Halifax, and once satisfied that the door is open, we will enter. We shall never forget the overwhelming waves of salvation we saw roll in upon that town 23 years ago, and we expect again to see something more mighty and glorious still there. Oh Lord, hasten the time.

LEEDS.—Got here tired and ill, scarcely able to stand. After an hour's rest, we had real refreshment of spirit with Captains Parkins, Beaty, his wife, and Brother Jordan.

Later on we saw a good open air in the pouring rain. This pleased us. The Leeds force evidently does not consider itself either sugar or salt, or it would have gone inside during that downfall; but on it went with exhortation and song until the very moment for indoor business, and then the hall filled up with an audience mostly composed of men. There was a solemn, thoughtful influence on the people, the penitent-form filled up, and we encouraged the Captain and her soldiers with what seemed to us the signs of abundance of spiritual rain.

22nd. LIVERPOOL.—Pressingly invited to send a detachment here, we came on to inspect. Brother Cottle has for years been labouring on revival lines for this City, and has seen considerable success. He has read and heard about the Army, and now implores us to come and conquer in the name of the Lord. He has long rented a chapel, which will hold 1,400 people, this he offers us. The neighbourhood is about as needed as can readily be imagined. As I walked about the city my heart grieved over it, but could not decide whether the time had come that would justify us making an attack. At night, all undecided, went on to visit

RUNCORN.—Just the sort of a Town for the Army. Amongst others, quite a population employed with canal boats and the fleets trading to and from Liverpool. Drinking and swearing to any extent. I came on our people all unexpected, but found Captain Unsworth and his force at the post of duty. It was the open-air night, and the simplicity and oneness of the people delighted me.

23rd. LIVERPOOL AGAIN.—Just to walk about it, and get from observations and from God a conviction whether to attack the great money making city or let it alone for a season. Settled, I hope with the approbation of Jehovah, on the former, made arrangements accordingly, and again went on to

RUNCORN.—Good night; people blessed; souls sought mercy; and bid good-bye to a loving, lively people, who together with their devoted young Captain, had completely won my heart. Oh may this blessed simplicity never be lost.

24th. NORTHWICH.—Good meetings, but not equal to my last visit. Captain Ludham seems to have the force well in hand, and will see victory.

25th. MANCHESTER.—Holiness meeting. Three candidates pleased me much. The riots continue here with as great violence as ever, but the brave band with Capt. Tucker at their head stand firm.

26th. LANCASTER.—My first visit. Delighted to find a real mission band here. The experience of the evening had the right ring and raised my expectations for the morrow.

27th. Sunday.—Good force outside. Preached three times indoors, afternoon and evening to large audiences. At night, the meeting on the Town Hall steps was very effective, and a few cried for mercy at the finish of the evening meeting. Capt. Richardson and Lieut. Roberts have toiled hard early and late, and I cannot but hope that they will reap a blessed harvest in Lancaster.

28th. WHITEHAVEN.—Inconsistency, conceit, and determined efforts to graft other opinions and usages upon our people have made sad havoc with our little force. A more likely town is not in the kingdom, and with an excellent building we ought to have a strong self-sustaining force. Alas! it is not so. Will Capt. Wood and his wife accomplish this? They ought to do. We shall see. We had a good number of people to hear me explain the principles of the Army, and some one reported me in a local paper as saying diametrically the opposite of that I did say. May God forgive these lying tongues.

29th. Hurried to London—300 miles—had time for a lot of business.

August 9th. Left London for Lynn.

THE GENERAL AT LYNN.

A Letter to "The Christian."

THE Gospel of Christ, and the Gospel only, is still the power of God unto salvation. Of this we have witnessed undeniable evidence in the ancient town of King's Lynn.

"Whatever led you here?" asked a leading Christian labourer. "We have been praying for years, and trying all manner of evangelistic measures, but have never seen the common people laid hold of and blessed as they have been during the six weeks the Army has been here."

And, indeed, hundreds of the worst and most abandoned people have been reached, and, outdoors and in, they come in crowds to hear, no hall in the town being large enough to contain the congregations.

What is it that makes our hearts peculiarly thrill with joy when we find the vilest and worst, publicans, harlots, and thieves, flocking into the kingdom of God? Truly we had much of this joy at Lynn. There they were on the platform to greet us as we stepped from the train; in the meetings with faces all radiant with heavenly joy; out in the market-place testifying before workmates and old companions; marching in processions gazed on by half the town—for truly on Sunday evening the people lined the streets, and came out to look and listen as at election times. There they were—men and women who had been notorious for wickedness, and who have become doubly notorious by their remarkable conversion.

There was A—, a big stalwart fellow, one of the first to beg a shake of the hand in the railway station; he has been seventy-seven times in prison, having spent twenty Christmas-days in Norwich Gaol. There was B—, whose character has been too vile to describe on paper. There was another who has been a variety of characters, theatrical and otherwise. There is another who was living in open and abominable sin, abandoned at once; and there was another who assured us, on enquiry as to his antecedents, that his last two months' drinking bill amounted to £43, besides cash spent during the time. No wonder the publican should run after him the other day, and express regret that he had not been to see him lately, coupled with the wish

that he would soon come to see him again. And no wonder that our friend should respond, "Never no more!"

Oh, the joy—the heavenly joy—of this people! and their zeal for the conversion of their old comrades, and their love for each other, and their gratitude to God! Surely that Sunday in King's Lynn was as one of the days of heaven on the earth.

And the work goes forward. The chief difficulty is room; heavy rents of nearly £4 per week are being paid, and yet the accommodation is very inadequate. People are walking miles to hear the glad sound. May they catch the holy flame, until it spreads through the county, filling Norfolk with the praise of His holy Name and the excellency of His great salvation.

From all over the land we are receiving similar testimonies. Brethren, pray for us.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

WHO WOULD NOT FIGHT FOR JESUS?

TUNE: "Who would'na Fight for Charlie?"

JESUS is earth's rightful Monarch,
Jesus is earth's Heir and Lord,
Jesus is earth's Prince and Saviour;
Reign He must, by all adored!

CHORUS.

Who would not fight for Jesus?
Who would not wield the sword?
Who would not join the combat,
When his Saviour gives the word?

Think on all He did to save us:
Think on sufferings, toils, and blood;
Think of Him in realms of glory,
Seated on the Throne of God.

Rouse, rouse ye blood-bought warriors!
Rouse ye soldiers of the Cross!
Rouse, and wave your Captain's banner,
Headless of the toil and loss.
Edinburgh.

Shall we tamely yield to Satan?
Shall we own his right to reign?
Shall Salvation's host be vanquished—
Sin still boast its millions slain?

See our brethren nobly fighting!
See them gaining victories too;
See hell's hosts embattled round us;
Now's the time to dare and do!

Now our Prince has reared His stan-
dard!
Now the world treads on His laws;
Now we wage a desperate warfare,
But triumphant is our cause.

Arm ye, then, Salvation warriors;
Arm and stand for Christ your King,
Arm ye with His heavenly weapons!
Conquerors songs we soon shall sing!

W. R.

THE "SECULAR REVIEW" ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

The following from an avowedly infidel publication seems to us a remarkable testimony to the genuine work of the Holy Ghost:—

"RANDOM SKETCHES.

"SALVATION HALL.

"ABOUT half-way between Whitechapel Church and the East London Theatre the traveller comes to a building whose open porch is wide enough to suggest a welcome. Outside some boys and girls appear to be awaiting something or somebody, and a few saunterers there are who, like ourselves, are attracted by the extraordinary notices, written in letters nearly a foot high, and announcing, first, that this is Salvation Hall—we believe it was once called Salvation Factory—the headquarters of the Salvation Army; and, secondly, that 'Peter Keen' will be present at seven o'clock.

"And now a wing—or, rather, the advanced guard—of the Salvation Army comes up the Whitechapel Road, apparently from some rendezvous near Mile End Gate. At its head is an excited man with a long beard, preceding the 'band'—composed, we think of one fiddler. The excited man waves his stick bâton-wise and walks backward with as much ease and rapidity as though this were his natural manner of locomotion.

"In response to an invitation, we enter the porch, cross a sort of vestibule, and find ourselves in the Hall. It is an oblong building, with a platform at the further end, and a gallery on three sides. There is little attempt at ornament beyond a few illuminated Scripture texts and exhortations on the wall behind the platform.

"Of course, before the service begins we follow the orthodox course of looking around us. Not at the bonnets of the ladies, for here there is nothing gaudy or ostentatious in dress. The congregation is evidently taken from the poorer classes, with here and there a young man or woman who may be slightly superior in point of what the world calls respectability. In nearly every face there is a subdued and chastened expression, which may partly, perhaps, be ascribed to religious emotion, but which we are confident is mainly the creation of penury. We have seen this look too often—in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America—ever to fail to recognise it. What the disciple of Lavater would term it we cannot say, but we know it to be the mark which the world and its trials seldom fail to set upon the countenances of the poor. Different Christians these from the full-blooded, well-fed men and women who so loudly acclaimed the foolish jests and sniggered at the double-meanings of the Yankee Charlatan the other day. Yes, because these Salvationists are in earnest—plain, vulgar, downright, most unfashionable earnest. That they are so we become convinced ere long.

"A white-faced, black-haired man is Peter Keen, or the person who is to do the chief portion of the business to-night. At his left-hand sits the 'excited man' of the street, who is now much cooler, and who looks rather queer without his hat. Whether he has been campaigning with the 'Army' we know not; but all his face is brown as a berry except that part of his forehead usually covered by his hat. This looks white enough, but the effect of this combination of brown and white is very peculiar. The service commences with a hymn sung to the air of 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon.' There is no instrumental accompaniment, nor indeed is any needed. The eyes of the men and women on the platform—of young and middle-aged alike—positively light up with enthusiasm, and as the hymn proceeds and the oft-repeated chorus gathers strength, arms and hands are raised to beat time to the singing. And now comes a prayer from the sun-burnt man. It is an address to his God, and we are compelled to acknowledge that it is an able one. It moves the hearers sympathy. Its eucharistic parts and sentences arouse spasmodic jumps and cries of 'Amen!' 'Glory!' 'Alleluia!' etc., from all around. Upon the bench beside us sits a young midshipman of one of the Australian or East Indian liners. He has the appearance of a youth who has been well brought up, and we watch him curiously to learn how all this excitement influences him. Strange to say, he does not smile in pity or laugh in open contempt. The very energy of the preacher and the enthusiasm of his hearers are catching. You know that it is fanaticism which moves both one and the others; but it is real, spontaneous—a concentration of emotions which have changed and influenced the history of mankind.

"After prayer we get another hymn, and then 'Peter Keen' proceeds to read the fifteenth chapter of 'Luke's Gospel.' The reading is curiously accompanied by a running comment illustrative of the parables of the 'ten pieces' and the 'prodigal son.' The reader has a very peculiar habit of pronouncing the letter *r* in words where no such sound occurs. His grammar is altogether very loose, but the man does his work of reading, commenting, and—subsequently—of preaching, in a manner that Oxford and Cambridge theologians might profitably strive to emulate. He is not theatrical, affected, stilted or coarse. He is natural, and undoubtedly firmly convinced of the truth of the Gospel in which he believes. With a rude, untutored, but withal moving, eloquence, he preaches a sermon upon the Hebrew Cities of Refuge. Antinomianism pure and simple is the creed of the Salvationist—the absolute wickedness of the human heart, the inability of man to do aught for himself, and the consequent necessity of 'throwing it all upon Jesus.' Contrary to our notions of justice and fairness as all this is, it is the moving doctrine of the Reformation, and as preached here, with vivid references to the lurid fires of hell and the 'pearly gates' of heaven, it seems to have lost none of its old force.

"Throughout the whole service is decorous. The sighs and groans that are heard at intervals, the uplifting of hands and eyes by the 'saved ones' on the platform, the shout of 'Glory!' raised by some one carried away with the contemplation of the sacrifice of Jesus—all of this is done 'decently and in order.' It is simply an assembly of Christian enthusiasts, who strive to model their worship upon what the Bible reveals of the practices of the Early Christians. They have no swelling organ, no white-robed choristers, no gaudily-bedizened priests. There is not a watch-chain or a trinket visible upon the persons of the thirty or more of those who face us from the platform which they occupy. But their countenances are pale, their cheeks often hectic, and one young man in particular—the most demonstrative in his worship—is being killed by his fanaticism. When we consider that on some days the service is an all-day one, lasting from 7.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., and that often, as on Tuesday next we think, it is continued *during the whole night*, we shall not be surprised at this. Earnest the Salvationists of Whitechapel undoubtedly are, but it is the earnestness and devotion of a fanaticism which is no other than what is known in insane asylums as the madness of religious mania.

BABYLONIAN.

AH! WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

Who came from heaven to ransom me?
Jesus who died upon the tree;
Why did He come from heaven above?
He came because His name was love.

CHORUS.

Ah! who's like Jesus, who died on the tree?
He died for you, He died for me,
He died to set poor sinners free!—
Ah! who's like Jesus who died on the tree?

And did He die, the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross He shed His blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.

When He had died, what happened then?
On the third day He rose again.
Where did He go when He had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.

Where is He now? is He still there?
Yes, and He pleads with God in prayer.
What does He pray for? and for whom?
He prays that sinners to Him might come.

If you come He'll take you in,
And He will cleanse you from all sin;
Come in this moment at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.

FIELD-DAY IN WHITECHAPEL.

(From "The Christian.")

MONDAY, the 4th inst., being Bank Holiday, was a day of even more than usual activity with the Salvation Army. Shortly before eleven a.m., when we arrived at the headquarters in Whitechapel, we were told that the Army was out missioning, but was expected to return shortly. By-and-by the procession, with banners flying, and headed by a brother beating time with his umbrella to one of the Army's liveliest songs, arrived upon the scene, and a meeting was begun, over which the General presided.

After singing and prayer, Mr. Booth delivered an energetic and telling address on the subject of "Holiness," basing his remarks mainly on Luke i. 68-76.

He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that Christ came to deliver not merely from the penalty of sin, but from its power and dominion, and exhorted all present to seek the sanctification of their souls as the means by which they would be made happy in themselves and a blessing to all around. At the close of his address Mr. Booth gave out another hymn, and left the meeting open for those who might desire to offer personal testimony in regard to the work of holiness in their own hearts. To this call several friends responded with much feeling and distinctness, two or three of them declaring that for some time past they had not been conscious of anything in their mind and will at variance with the mind and will of God. Whatever opinion may be formed of such statements as these, it is but just to add that there was nothing light or presumptuous in the tone or bearing of those who uttered them. Earnest prayers for perfect holiness were then offered, and the meeting was brought to a close at about one o'clock, Mr. Booth announcing that there would be a general muster at half-past two for what was described on the bills as an "attack" on Mile-end Waste.

Accordingly, at the time mentioned we went to the point of attack, and found the Army already hotly engaged. The General, owing, we presume, to his having to take the command at night, was not present, and the procession was mainly conducted by Messrs. Lamplough and Bould. As might have been expected, many of the roughest of the rough formed part of the crowd, but nothing could exceed the forbearance and gentleness with which the gallant soldiers bore the opposition they met with. Hootings and howlings, curses and jeers, seemed but to add to their energy and courage. One of the leaders, Jeremiah Lamplough, was savagely struck by a "rough" whose fury he had tried to control, but, though a man of fine physique, who had been fond of a fight in his time, he bore the blow with admirable self-possession, and immediately afterwards was singing as heartily and cheerfully as if nothing unpleasant had happened. This instance of Christian love and forbearance struck us as a remarkable proof of the practical character of the work which the Salvation Army is doing.

The way in which the female portion of the procession bore the burden and heat of the day, and frequently pleaded with the hardened sinners around, abundantly showed how much they add to the usefulness and efficiency of the Army. It was very pleasing to notice how those who hooted and jostled when men were addressing them, listened in silence to the pleading voice of a woman; and it may well be hoped that many a scoffer upon whom the words of warning and invitation seemed lost may yet have received impressions which shall bear fruit unto eternal life.

Returning to headquarters about five o'clock, the friends who had worked so hard took tea together, and were joined by other Christian brethren of different denominations who felt interested in the work.

At half-past seven a meeting was begun, Mr. Booth again presiding. The body of the hall was well filled, and a considerable number occupied the gallery. After the Chairman's address—in the course of which he read telegrams from various places, to the effect that the work of the Army was going on prosperously

souls being brought out of darkness into light, and opposition giving way before the power of truth—several friends, male and female, told in plain and impressive language the story of their conversion, and earnestly besought their hearers to seek for themselves, and proclaim to others, a full, free, and present salvation. Whatever exception may be taken to some of the sayings and doings of the Army, it cannot be denied 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 makes man a blessing to his fellows.

Bank Holiday may have been a day of much enjoyment to the Army, but it was a day of great toil. Never have we seen more energy employed in any undertaking whatever. But higher and better than even energy is love—and these people love one another. One could not be near them without feeling that the spirit of brotherly and sisterly kindness pervades the ranks. Long may that highest mark of Christian character distinguish these soldiers and make them "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

OPENING LIVERPOOL.

THE General called here, and made arrangements, resulting in the hiring of **The Ebenezer Chapel**, a building well situated, and fully capable of containing 1,400 people. Captain Skidmore and his wife—"Yorkshire Hannah"—were appointed to commence operations on August 3, and we received the following letter from a brother who has seen a good deal of evangelistic work as to the first day:—

"I am happy to report what I consider a splendid victory for your Army at Liverpool yesterday, the 3rd. Chapel near full at night. I did not write to the superintendent of police, as I had the impression we would not require one. If I see we require one, I'll write.

"I am delighted with the captain and his wife. The 'hallelujah' fiddle is a splendid attraction.

"Rather short of outside workers, but will win yet.

Captain Skidmore's report of the day was as follows:—

"Good day. Rough open air. Five hundred indoors afternoon. One thousand night. One soul. Send real good lass."

Writing again, as to the following Sabbath, he says:

"Yesterday we had good bands, morning and night, though only one came forward for salvation. Many are under deep conviction. Pray God to give us a mighty break. The Roman Catholics follow us and shout and pelt us by the hundreds."

Again:

"Bless God we are having the victory. Good time last night. Twelve souls came to Jesus. The police are extra kind, indeed they take care of us."

Several of the Liverpool newspapers have given lengthy accounts of the work. The *Liverpool Protestant Standard* in a second notice says:—

"THE SALVATION ARMY.

"As we have said before, the mode whereby the Salvation Army conduct their services is not to be esteemed or condemned according to the peculiar method adopted, but it is to be judged of rather by its usefulness in the salvation of souls. Are they bringing sinners to Jesus? That is the main question. We cannot doubt it, inasmuch as they preach Christ and Him crucified. Then again, many of those connected with the Salvation Army are living evidences of the marvellous power of the grace of God in uplifting from the very depths of the mire and clay of sin, men and women who at one time seemed utterly lost, even beyond the pale of human hope, but who are now clothed with the garments of salvation, in their right minds, useful members of society, and on their way to a better land. Such as have had great deliverances know best how to speak to those who are in the depths of ruin. We, therefore, consider that the

Salvation Army are entitled to warm sympathy and encouragement in their work and labour of love in endeavouring to bring sinners to the Saviour, for let it be remembered that the quarry in which they labour is composed of adamant hardness, and requires much grace, patience and labour to work it at all. The Lord knows where to place the variety of labourers whom He condescends to make use of for the advancement of His own glory and kingdom, and wherever they are found, or whatever they be, the warmest sympathy should be extended towards them by all who wish well to Zion."

We hope to give a full report next month.
Pray for Liverpool and

60, Ponsonby Street, Liverpool.

ISAAC AND HANNAH SKIDMORE.
MARY BULLIS.

OPENING AT ST. IVES (CORNWALL).

BROTHER EDMONDS having secured a good room here, Bro. and Sister Hansen, who have long been resting, and are now well again, arrived on Saturday, July 26, from Whitby. The following handbills had been largely circulated in the town

JENNINGS' SAIL LOFT,
MARKET STREET, ST. IVES,
ON SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 27TH, THE
HALLELUJAH MAN
AND
HIS WIFE

Will speak and sing for God in the above room. Services will commence at 11 a.m., and 3 and 6.30 p.m., and be continued every night at 8 o'clock.

On the Sunday morning, therefore, Bro. and Sister Hansen turned out and were assisted by Brother Edmonds, and a small detachment which had walked over from Hayle, and had a good open air meeting on the beach, followed by a service in the Hall at which some 200 persons were present.

Writing as to the day, Capt. H. says—

"In the afternoon, we had a good open air. Place full, and a good meeting at night. It was grand to see the people come from far and near to listen to the story of the cross. The Hall was packed. Brother E., my wife, and myself, spoke. A good number convicted, but none came out."

"Monday. Good open air meeting. Inside, the place was full. None decided."

Speaking of the Sunday, Bro. Edmonds says the utmost curiosity was evinced to see the "Hallelujah Man," and the people seemed to line the streets as our procession went along. Indeed, some said the town was all in commotion just as at an election.

In a letter written Aug. 4th, Hansen says—

"We have had a wonderful gathering on the beach all the week, and our place is full every night. Yesterday (Sunday), good time. At night, we were packed. The Hall is not near big enough. People were standing on the landing and up the stairs. There was a mighty influence in the meeting, but none came out. Some of the people here call us 'Mr. and Mrs. Hallelujah.'"

On the 6th, he says—

"I am very glad to tell you the crying and screaming for mercy has begun at St. Ives. Monday night:—The place full. A lot under conviction. One woman was so wrought upon that she took a kind of fit; but, when she came round, she fell on her knees and cried for mercy. She soon stepped into liberty, and began shouting and praising God. Not being strong, her daughter said she must not shout so; but she kept on. Hallelujah! Another woman struggled till 11 o'clock, but did not get saved. Last night, place full. Conviction all over. Finished up near 11 o'clock with four souls. The open air on the beach takes well. The people wait for us every night to hear the word of life."

Then on the 11th, he says—

"Good week. Another woman saved at the Cottage Meeting. She speaks well. Yesterday was a day of victory. We began with 35 at the 7 o'clock prayer-meeting. Morning and afternoon services blessed times. At night, there was a smash. As soon as we began the prayer-meeting, the screaming and wrestling began all over the place, men and women under mighty conviction. Seven came out and got gloriously saved. Then another woman got down and wrestled on till half-past 12, and then was not satisfied."

Later still, he says—

"Still full every night. Could do well with a larger place. One soul Tuesday; also the one who struggled so late on Sunday. Last night, a lot convicted, but none came out. We shall have them. Our mid-day meetings are good. We get about 30 present; and the afternoon Cottage Meetings are precious times. About 18 or 21 present, generally."

Thus God works at St. Ives. Pray that the whole town may be shaken, and for

PETER HANSEN AND HIS WIFE.

23, Bowling Green Terrace,
St. Ives, Cornwall.

"NETTING SINNERS IN SHEFFIELD SEWERS."

"A NIGHT WITH THE SALVATION ARMY."

From the "Sheffield Independent," August 13th, 1879.

THACKERAY had a great repugnance to 'dingy tabernacles where loud-voiced men howled about hell fire in bad grammar'; but the satirist forgot, perhaps, that in every large town there are neglected men and women into whose steel-plated hearts salvation must be shouted, if they are to get it at all, and it does not matter much whether the grammar is bad or good, so long as these people are lifted out of their wickedness, and shown the way to a brighter and purer life. It is the aim of the Salvation Army to rescue this class—the gutter and sewer sinners, the dregs of society—and, in their march through the country, the Army, forming camps here and there, notwithstanding the sneers of the sceptical, have, to use the words of one of their soldiers, 'won many a victory over the devil,' who, I understand, sometimes turns tail and retreats ignominiously when he hears the Salvation Army's battle cry of 'Hallelujah.'

"There is a formidable battalion of this great Army in Sheffield, and, led by Captain Fawcett, they are getting many recruits from that class of people 'nobody seems to care about'—the occupiers of our courts and alleys—who have hitherto known more about drink and dirt than religion. Marching through the back streets on Sunday night with the Salvation battalion, I got some idea of their warlike tactics in the struggle against sin, and am persuaded that they

do not fight in vain. Neither squalor, disease, nor blasphemy daunt them, and the soldiers, with voices raised and hymn books aloft, penetrating into the most crowded and reckless quarters of the town, have succeeded in bringing the abandoned to their services.

"It is nasty work pleading for the salvation of men's souls when their bodies are filthy, their clothes ragged, and their faces like an outlined map for lack of soap; and the Salvation Army would never do it, I think, if they had not realised what it is to be 'about their Father's business.' I thought, as they went shouting and sweating through the dust and heat on Sunday night, that Satan must be a tough warrior, for they make light of his spear and shield, and upset and pommel the king of darkness whenever they catch him out skirmishing. It seems to me that they are beginning to get the best of the campaign, for, as we passed the west bar on Sunday, along the streets lying between there and the Temperance Hall, for the night service, the Army was joined by many strange recruits, out at the elbows, smelling of thick twist, miserable looking wretches, led either by curiosity or repentance, or, perhaps, a bit of both, to follow us on our march, men in whose minds the truth was probably dawning, that it is not absolutely necessary to wear patent leather boots and a broad cloth coat to enter the kingdom of Heaven.

"Volunteers in the Army of the Lord.' We halted near the Temperance Hall steps just after half-past 6 o'clock, and invited washed and unwashed to 'come in,' and they did, until the Hall was nearly filled. There were as many tares as wheat, dwellers in the crofts, whose Sunday nights used to be passed on door-steps, in the society of pots of ale, and ribald talk and fierce blows; men and women, who from the gutter of dissipation have been dragged to the terrace of sobriety and now know the meaning of self-respect, these, and many still needing salvation, were the sort of people with whom I mixed, feeling sinful, indeed, as I sat between two 'brands lately plucked from the burning.'

"Captain Fawcett, a light-complexioned, pale-faced man, of medium height, and rather a slender figure, but a powerful and musical voice, was on the platform ready to lead his army on to victory. He did not lose a moment, but charged Satan's hosts at once with the hymn, 'Would Jesus have the sinner die.' The Captain is a good singer and led them well, in a style something after Mr. Sankey's fashion, but with far greater energy. 'Lift it up,' he shouted, 'we don't want the mile and a quarter speed, we want the four mile and a half pace. That is the speed for the Salvation Army. Lift it up brethren.' And they did 'lift it up,' singing rather out of tune it is true, but as if they believed in salvation.

"The hymn was scarcely over when the Captain said, 'Let us pray.' And the saints and sinners knelt whilst the soldier on the platform asked that the power of God might come down, that the seed sown might drop on good soil. 'Hallelujah!' 'Amen!' 'Glory!' were shouted in various parts of the Hall during the continuance of the prayer, and at its conclusion two soldiers started praying at once, but one was promptly stopped by the Captain.

"The Captain on his knees, and with his arms uplifted, also prayed, 'Lord save the people of Sheffield,' and so on. Then he rose from his kneeling position, and said, 'I am going to try and sing a solo, my friends; I don't know whether I shall be able to go through with it. This is the seventh service I have conducted to-day, so you see it is not such an easy job to be an officer in the Salvation Army. There is no folding of arms and going to sleep in this service. I pray that God's blessing may rest upon us. Hallelujah!'

"I am sweeping through the gate,
And I'm washed in Jesu's blood;
I am watching, and I'm longing while I wait,
Soon on wings of love to fly
To my home above the sky,
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping through the gate."

"Such was the solo, and he sang it very sweetly, but stopped in the middle of the last line, noticing strangers crowding near the doorway. 'Come in, come

in,' he shouted; 'there's no more to pay in the front than at the back; it's all one price. Hallelujah! All seats are free, and if any respectable persons come in afterwards, let them be content with a back seat. If the mayor comes let him have one at the back. Hallelujah! Don't get up. I believe in equality, equalisation of electoral power. Glory be to God. Hallelujah!'

"Encouraged by this invitation, the people flocked into the Hall by scores, till it was crowded."

After a description of the remainder of the meeting, in which Brother Whitehouse, of Brierly Hill, and Brother Fawcett took part, the article concludes:—

"I left the Hall after the Captain's speech, just as the Army was making ready for a night march through the street, for another attack upon Mephistopheles.

"The Salvation Army have been fighting in Sheffield for eighteen months now. Since the battalion was first led by Mrs. Goddard and Gipsy Smith, they have done much good among the neglected classes, for whose welfare they strive; and it is not for me to ridicule their services, or scoff at the novel means they use to bring sinners to repentance: although some people will find it difficult to believe that a man can be saved by blowing a 'Salvation Cornet.'"

103RD (LEICESTER 2ND) CORPS.

AS mentioned in the last number of *The Salvationist*, the work continues so gloriously at the Warehouse that we determined to open another battery in this town, and accordingly appointed Sister McMinnies to open a "Store" in Talbot Lane, to be called the Salvation Barracks. The building will seat from 400 to 500, and already precious souls have been saved. Crowds have listened, and this without at all hurting the work at the old place. An entirely new neighbourhood is thus attacked, and there is abundant sign of a mighty force being raised up here.

On the first Sunday, July 20th, the barracks were crowded to excess, and they had nine souls at night.

Writing as to the following week, Sister McMinnies says:—"On Monday night again seven came out and got saved. Praise the Lord! One of these had been an actor on the stage, now he says that he is going to be an actor for God. I believe that God is going to do a mighty work in the west end of Leicester."

A few days later she says:—"I am glad to tell you we had a mighty time of it Sunday night. Twelve came out for salvation. We had a mighty time on Monday all day (Bank Holiday) at the Warehouse."

We have had over 70 souls saved. One man got up in the meeting and said that he had been a showman for the devil, now he is going to be a showman for God, to show men and women how they can get to heaven. He comes out in the open air to talk and pray.

Another came to the meeting and got saved. He told me he had been in jail four times. His father and mother turned him out because he had joined the Salvation Army; but he says he means to stick to us come what may. Pray for that brother.

We held our open-air service right in front of a public-house, and the publican gave a man something to come and tell us while we were in the open air that another sect of people held open-air meetings where we stood, so we did not go the next Sunday. After a man came to the meeting and got saved, and he told me that he went on the square on Sunday to hear us the same as before; but he found we did not come, so he went into this public-house to get a glass of beer, and told the landlady he came to hear the Salvation people. She told him they had got rid of us nicely, and that we were foolish enough to go, but we have been foolish enough to go back again. She said we were taking their trade away. I can shout hallelujah to that, and mean, by the help of God, to take their customers. The publicans do not like me a little bit. Sometimes they

shout out to me, "Come here, lass, and stand behind the bar for me;" but I tell them to get saved.

We are having grand times here. I went up to a man in the meeting one night and gave him a word, and made him feel bad. He got up and went out, but *he had to come back* and fall down at the feet of Jesus. He soon got saved. Praise the Lord!

A young woman heard me in the open air. She thought as she stood, "I wish I was as happy as her." She was a member of some chapel, but she followed us into the barracks. In the prayer-meeting she came out, and cried for mercy. She did cry, too. She was from nine o'clock till nearly eleven o'clock before she could get through. I had made up my mind to stay all night with her, for she would not get up till she was saved; but it was not needed. Another night a *publican's daughter* came to the meeting, and got blessedly saved. She is getting on nicely, giving her experience in the meeting, and marching through the streets with us.

A great many of these men who have got saved came out last Bank Holiday to the holiness meeting, and got the blessing. These men will soon be mighty men for God. Plenty of cases like this I could tell you. Pray for me and the 103rd. Money or tracts thankfully received.

Yours in the army,
41, York Street, Welford Street. S. McMINNIES.

DARLINGTON.

GOD is moving this town. His blessing is flowing in upon us like a constant stream. Night after night the Livingstone Hall is packed, and numbers turned away, even on week-nights. Sundays it is far too small. The congregation that fills our hall are those who have never or scarcely been in a place of worship before. At times we have had it extremely rough; but we have been more than conquerors. Upwards of five hundred in five weeks have been seeking and finding the pearl of great price at the penitent-form, and our determination is to go on until hundreds more in this town have found it.

When I entered the town it was said that the place was in a good state—all were moral *and good*. There has been a great change in the town since the Army came. Even the horses know *it* that have been ill-used by their drivers. Instead of that *now*, there is kindness shown to them.

The publicans are crying out, saying their houses are empty nearly every night, and that a hundred pounds would be well spent to get the Hallelujah Lasses out of Darlington.

We have had two holiness meetings, which have proved very successful. At the first fifty came out, and sought and found the blessing. The second was a wonderful meeting. Seventy down at the penitent-form. The blessing of holiness not only makes them clean but bold as lions to stand up for Jesus, and pull others out of the fire. A few experiences will speak for themselves.

Father and Daughter.—The father was well known for his cruelty and drunkenness. He said, "My dear friends (wonderful order to hear him), you all know *me*. I have been a wicked, drunken fellow. My home was a little hell, and if anybody have to thank God for the Army coming I do. I feel to-night that the Precious Blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin." (The congregation roared with laughter at this.) He said, "*Laugh on. You used to laugh at me when in the public-house. I can bear your laughing now, for I am on my way to heaven.*"

His daughter said:—"Thank God, I am saved. I can tell you the change it has made in our home since my father gave his heart to the Lord. I have often seen our cupboard empty when he has spent all his money; and he used to come home swearing. But now we have a prayer-meeting, and pray that God may save a lot more drunkards."

The Card-player.—"Dear friends, I have spent nearly all my time card-playing and drinking, but never found any happiness. I came into the Hall out of curiosity; but God brought me to Himself. A month, to-night, I was playing cards and drinking; but to-night I am saved, and on my way to Heaven."

A Pigeon-flyer.—"Dear friends, I have been a great pigeon-flyer and dog-runner, always in sin, and unhappy; but, glory be to God, I am *saved*, and the happiest man in Darlington."

A Swearer.—"Oh, this religion is *sweet*. I have been *bad*. My wife knows I am saved, and my children. May God keep me."

We cannot possibly tell of the grand things God is doing at this station. We hail—Victory!

Yours in the Army,

4, Station Road.

ROSA CLAPHAM,
EMMA DE VENNY.

STROUD.

WE have had hard fighting, but God has given us the victory. We have had a visit from the Happy Family, and our Brother Mabbitt from Salisbury, which was a time of great spiritual blessing. Over forty professed to find the Pearl of Great Price. As we stood by the lodging-house on Sunday afternoon, the brass band playing and several talking for Jesus, I noticed a young man who I thought had no business there. He was at the hall at night, completely broken down, but could not find peace. The Monday was a great feast, and he was going to sing and play on his banjo. He went, and as he played, *the tears washed the black off his face*, as he was blacked like a nigger. He had to come home and to the hall with his young wife; he wept bitterly, wetting the ground with his tears. He went away, the devil trying him about how he should get a living, but praise God he got the victory through the blood; has been to every meeting since, and spoke for Jesus. He says he was never so happy before. Our first tea on Bank Holiday was a good one. Our dear friend Mr. Opie Rodway, with several other gentlemen feeling interested in the work, have come to our help. We hope soon to have a strong corps. Pray for us.

Tower Hill, Stroud.

SARAH SAYERS,
E. MALTHOUSE.

SEAHAM HARBOUR.

STILL in great distress for want of a hall, but still fighting and capturing prisoners. For example. Converted Collier writes:—"I thank God that I am washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and on my way to heaven. I have been a great sinner, but I have found a great Saviour. I have been a drunkard, swearer, and gambler, and little of all sorts, jack of all trades, and master of none; but thank God it is not so now. Instead of sinning away the day of grace, I am found praising God with all my heart, and I mean to press forward. The Lord is my strength.—N. W."

The Happy Waggonwright says:—"When the Salvation Army came to Seaham I was invited to give my heart to God, but I said I could not see anything I had done that I should be saved; but thank God He soon let me see that I was a sinner. Once I was full of music for the devil, but now God has tuned my heart to sing His praises. Hallelujah!—J. W."

Yours in this conquering army, armed and fighting,

CAPT. HODGSON, the Hallelujah Collier.

12, Church Street, Seaham Harbour.

LANCASTER.

"A QUAKER," records in a local newspaper, his impressions of the work here. We quote the following:—

"It was with no little interest that the writer listened last Sunday afternoon to Mr. Booth. The General had long promised to secure a day for the inspection of his Lancaster corps, and they mustered in full force. As in the Theban band of old, each man fought by the side of his friend, so in this little corps the members are united, and strong in brotherly affection. The Oddfellows' Hall was already crowded, when, after preliminary practice in the open air, the General and his associates arrived. Mr. Booth seems well cut out for a popular leader. An address abounding in truth and telling applications showed how the preacher had come down to the needs of an audience whose radiant faces and even subdued laughter betokened that they, at any rate, were appreciating a religious service.

"At half-past five, some hundreds of people met in the Market Place and listened respectfully to short addresses from a few young men and women. Mr. Booth then sketched the work of the Army in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales, where 2,200 rough characters have lately joined their ranks. He then headed a procession to the Oddfellows' Hall, where he gave an address on Decision in a way fully confirming his reputation as a preacher for the multitude. A great impression was produced. In the prayer-meeting which followed it was very affecting to see many persons step forward and declare their desire to lead a new life. Meanwhile several prayers were going on together, amid the 'Amens' and 'Hallelujahs' of the listeners.

"Let those who are shocked at such proceedings try to measure the immense distance between themselves and men and women of strong feelings who are unused to the conventionalities of church or chapel. If an enthusiastic political meeting is grand, why not an enthusiastic religious one? The Salvation Army fights hard, and naturally rejoices when victorious. The more the writer has studied the movement, the more his prejudices have been removed. When drunkards are reformed, thieves make restitution, brutal men become meek and long-suffering, unmarried fathers and mothers are married, the work must be real. At any rate, let opposers ponder what we read of the rulers of the Jews, 'Now, when they saw the boldness of Peter and John . . . they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus; and beholding the man which was healed standing by, they could say nothing against it.'"

NORTHERN NOTES.

CAPTAIN BOOTH ON THE TYNE.

Newcastle.—Dropped in at the Hall of Varieties Sunday night—place crowded, some eighty strong on the platform; some good living powerful speaking; singing peculiarly hearty and lively—people evidently in good spirits. Such testimonies I have rarely listened to even in Army meetings: five men, formerly known as the most notorious drunkards in the town, thrilled all hearts while describing the change in their homes and families. Four women, who had been desperately vicious, told us with the greatest simplicity how desperately in earnest they felt to save their fallen sisters. Captain and Mrs. Wilson with Lieutenant Rich, in spite of *great financial difficulties*, are in full pursuit, and resolved on victory. *Sunday afternoon.*—Tyne Theatre: about 2,000 people; power of God wonderfully manifested—seven souls. Night: Theatre crammed; Hall of Varieties also—hundreds turned away. Wonderful meetings both places: people weeping and agonising for salvation in all directions; fifty came out for salvation.

Gateshead.—Spent a night with Captain Haynes at Bethesda: room crowded; God indeed with us. Drive forward.

Alexandra Hall.—Place crammed. People listened breathless. Powerful time. Just commencing, p.m. meetings. All on their knees, and the glory down, when the devil prompted a drunken woman underneath the Hall to knock up at the floor, making some in the congregation laugh; but, God gave his faithful few the victory, and turned their laughing into weeping, and five fell at Calvary and rose forgiven.

Newcastle.—Friday night. Some 700 present, admitted by ticket to Holiness meeting. Many Christians from other churches. After a few good testimonies, Major and Mrs. Corbridge described how they sought and obtained the blessing. I followed, the Spirit giving me utterance. The power of God fell on all. Seven or eight fell all length on the ground. Several backsliders fell for restoration. I never saw greater anguish of spirit than was exhibited by many on this occasion. One woman cried at the top of her voice, for a quarter of an hour, "Lord, give it to me, to me; even me!" A young man, in a corner, remained pleading and wrestling with God most of the night, and then suddenly sprang to his feet, shouting, "He's done it, bless Him, He's done it." On the one side, some were crying, "Lord take *my* heart; Lord in *my* heart." On the other, "Take *me*, oh my God; do it for *me*," while, at the bottom, some looked on in apparent despair. But, at the penitent-form, amidst sobs and groans, we heard, "Thou hast;" "I trust;" "I believe;" "Bless Him;" while the main body of the people hung their heads down and wept. Thus God continued to work. Yet Satan, also, was binding the chain of some alluring idol again round the hearts of many who sat trembling under the power of the spirit. "Sir," said one man, "you have no idea what a life I lead. It would take all the grace God has to keep me." I replied, "My brother, suppose it does; is that not all sufficient?" He said, "Oh, I believe it is." Came forward, trusted, and sprang to his feet, shouting, "Christ has all my heart—all, all!" His face beamed radiant with divine joy. Thus we continued till about 160 fell at the Master's feet. Upwards of a hundred testimonies; and the song "Anywhere with Jesus" closed this long to be remembered meeting.

Gateshead.—Sunday, Town Hall, afternoon. Full House. Half congregation chapel people, many of whom knew my precious father twenty years ago. Oh that God may make his son worthy of him. The Lord gave me special access in prayer, and wounded many souls. Some dear friends gathered round at parting, and said "We came to hear you, but we have heard God." May it ever be so! Amen.

Newcastle.—Thursday, Hall of Varieties. Spoke about an hour and a quarter on my imprisonment. Place packed. 2,000 people. Profound attention. Roughs sat all through with unabated interest; many wept as we entreated them to escape from the bonds of iniquity which lead to the everlasting prison house of hell.

Sunderland.—Sunday afternoon. About 1,000 people in the Theatre. The platform was nearly full, and of the right sort of force. Greatest astonishment exhibited by all when one man, formerly the greatest drunkard in the town, stepped forward and, with tears of thankfulness, said how all present knew him as but poor Bob the big drunkard, but now he intended all should know him as *rich Bob* with salvation. Many wept and rejoiced, while others gave similar evidence of so marvellous a work of grace in their hearts. *At night* in the open-air warfare, was cheered by the presence of a good strong force of *men*; raised two effective bands; only wanted more sisters. After some steady speaking, bands joined and marched down the main street, headed by our flag, for the Theatre. Windows and doors opened in all directions, and crowds of the roughest class followed. Theatre pit and circle very crowded; gallery three parts full. Platform filled with a force that ought to shake this town in all ways and directions. Good meeting followed. Great power experienced in prayer. Force well together in the after meeting. Oh, the

power of our praying staff uniting in the front of places at the commencement of the prayer-meeting. With souls and testimonies we finished in triumph.

Never can forget Tuesday night holiness meeting, held in the Salvation Chapel, Spring Garden Lane. Several hundreds admitted by ticket. All felt and held a firm hold of God for the outpouring of His Spirit. God backed the speaking with convicting, cutting power, after which His Spirit was poured upon us in an overwhelming manner. Immediately afterwards some 20 rushed forward for this freedom from sin. We sang. Weeping and groaning commenced in all parts, when some 20 more rushed forward. Oh, the scene at this juncture! One dear lad, not above 17, after laying his length on the ground for some time, cried out, "Oh, it's come! I have it! Oh, God! my God! my God! You do cleanse me!" Then followed more wrestling and agonising, and the forms again being cleared of those who had obtained liberty, some 20 more sprang to the front and plunged into the pool. Once more we cleared them, but only to make room for more who were waiting to come out to sing "I believe, I believe, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;" but at this point nothing could be heard save sobs and groans and heart-rending prayers. Thus continued this mighty outpour until upwards of 70 rose testifying with feelings indescribable and unutterable joy, while all around stood weeping and rejoicing, singing and shouting. God give Sunderland more such scenes of bliss, and bless and strengthen and double this force, that it may continue to press forward unhesitatingly and unflinchingly in its warfare against the ever-increasing armies of misery, destruction, and death. Brethren, let us pray and believe on behalf of Sisters Goddard and Dunnage, who are labouring with this corps.

Shields (North).—Week-night hall in the worst, and consequently for us best, neighbourhood in the town. Walked in with my fiddle on Saturday night: platform and building crowded in all parts; congregation principally made up of sailors and dockyard men, with good sprinkling of women. Some heart-touching, arousing testimonies: one man telling us he was the worst in all Shields, and that his old mates gave him two days on trial, but that God had kept him two months, and "*without the drink, 'bacca, and swearing!*" Said another: "You say it ain't good; come and try it for yourselves. I feel wise 'cause I've *tried it.*" "Ah, I know the right side of the thing now," said another, "and the right side is the best side; it ain't going to the public-house now, but it's going home and singing with the children?" The following Sunday afternoon with our North Shields friends in the Assembly Rooms was one of weeping and rejoicing, glory and triumph. I was very pleased with Captain Haywood and Lieutenant Barber, who have toiled bravely and are doing a work which cannot but tell on this drink and devil-possessed town. God, for Christ's sake, grant it. Amen!

South Shields, Bedlington, and Blyth in our next. Oh for greater outpourings, clearer manifestations, and deeper workings of the Spirit of God in our midst!

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

PLYMOUTH.

MR. STEVENS and Miss M. Harris, from London, have been here with us for a fortnight, and have given the legions of hell some heavy broadsides. Halls crowded night after night. *About forty souls saved;* and we had another glorious smash on Sunday, so that we are not surprised that the arch fiend of hell should be so exasperated against us, for we are determined to pull his kingdom down.

The publican who keeps the "Central Inn," next door to our hall, is sadly annoyed with us, and does all he can to disturb us. He says we are taking his living away, as some of his customers are getting converted. However, we pray for him, and go on trying to get all the drunkards saved. God help us!

From a Plymouth soldier, who used to work at the Co-operative stores, Blaina: "I thank God that ever I left Blaina and came to Plymouth, and heard the Salvation Army preaching about the streets. I followed those meetings several weeks. God was working with me all the time; and, on the first of April, I wept my way to the bleeding feet of Christ, and there He pardoned all my sins. Praise the Lord! I have been happy ever since. I shudder when I think if the Lord had called me in the time of that great sickness I had, I should have been damned for ever. You all know what an awful fellow I was for the beer-barrel and the pipe; but, praise the Lord! He has saved me from all the devil's wicked work, and I am on my way to heaven. I thought that I was a happy fellow when I was going about along with you, but, praise the Lord! it is nothing to the happiness I get now."

A Bad-tempered Wife Cured.—She was induced to come to our meetings out of mere curiosity. The night she came Mrs. Dowdle led the meeting with a band of sisters, and one of the sisters was her old companion, though, for some reason or other, they had parted. When she saw her old friend seated on the platform she began to think hard thoughts about her, such as, "She's not good enough to sit up there, it's only her nasty pride wanting to be seen and heard. I'm sure she's not fit." However, the meeting commenced. Her attention was arrested when her old friend spoke, and told her conversion. At this she broke down, and could not help weeping; and thought, "If any one is good it's my old friend." She tried to get out, when Mrs. D. went to speak to her, by slipping out side way; but the Holy Spirit had done its work: she could not get away until the meeting closed. She came next evening. I spoke to her, but her proud spirit would not give in, but the conviction was deepening in her heart, she could not rest in her sins. On Sunday she came, determined never to go home again until God had pardoned her. At St. James's Hall she fell down before God, and cried aloud for mercy. The matter was soon settled, her fetters were broken, and she rejoiced in God her Saviour. Her husband thought her late that night, but she said, "I never meant to come home until I felt better. God has saved my soul." She has borne her testimony in the open air, and in the hall, and before her neighbours; and brought one of them to Jesus on Sunday night, and she got blessedly saved. Now they are rejoicing together.

A Saturday Evening's Sortio.—A very hot fight was fought in the open air one Saturday evening.

The enemy concentrated his black, dirty host, and fiercely attacked us on all sides, but was repulsed. We fell upon our knees, cried to God, and Divine help came. The lightnings of God's power were present to kill and make alive, and to rout and discomfort the foe. Two poor wretched backsliders fell upon the spot and cried aloud for mercy, and curiosity overcame enmity, the power of opposition was lost, and amidst a gazing crowd, God saved. Both backsliders were reclaimed, and went to the hall, rejoicing in God's forgiving love, with us. Pray for us.

Yours at the front,

24, Staddon Terrace,
North Road, Plymouth.

JAMES DOWDLE.

LIMEHOUSE.

PRAISE the Lord! He has been using His purifying bellows, and has blown many that were only *dying embers* into a *mighty blaze*. It is just over five weeks since I came here, and, hallelujah! God is for us; and the short sermons are doing good, for it has been the means of several dumb spirits being awakened. We have had souls every week, and most of them are regularly attending the meetings. Several of them have testified as soon as they were born, and have proved to be healthy children, and on visiting one of them, a young woman, I

saw the father. He was impressed, came and signed the pledge, was made miserable, got no rest till a few days after, when he came and got saved. Visited again. Since then the mother has been as usual; but last Sunday night a band of sisters spoke, and the mother came out, and, after a heavy struggle, got saved and rejoiced.

A few testimonies :—

1. Converted, a fortnight, a coloured man :—"I am so happy. I give up all—beer, 'bacca, and all for Jesus; and when the devil comes, I shout, 'I am bound to go where Jesus is—I'm bound to go,' and then he goes."

2. A young woman, four weeks old :—"I have given up all for Jesus, and I mean to stick to Him." And she is living it out.

3. "When I came here to sign the pledge with my husband," says a woman, "we had spent all we could lay hold of in drink, and we were going to the devil as fast as we could; but that little fellow drove it home, and now I have found Jesus, and am happy. I am praying and trusting for my husband."

4. A very respectable sinner came one night three weeks ago, and by the Spirit of God was so wrought upon that she got saved. Since then I visited her, found out her besetting sin (drink), pleaded and prayed with her and her father. She signed the pledge, and she gave her experience as this :—"I am glad I ever came to the Salvation Hall. I only came to see what was going on; but since then I have been turned inside out, and I feel an entirely changed woman. My husband, seeing the change, has caught the complaint, and now he is saved, and I never knew what happiness was before. Praise the Lord. I mean keeping on." The change is seen, and acknowledged by all who know her.

5. Hallelujah Crockery Jack.—"I have long felt I wanted something, and now I have got it I mean to keep it—a clean heart. I am all on fire; praise the Lord I mean to keep so."

6. A young woman.—"Three weeks ago I came here, and I was determined not to stop to the prayer-meeting; but I was made so miserable that I stopped, and went to the penitent-form, and I was soon set free; and since then I have given my idols up, every one, and I do love Jesus altogether. I was very fond of finery, but I could not be happy with them; but I can now say—'Anything, anywhere with Jesus.'"

Filled with God, believing in Jesus, yours, fighting in the Army,
96, Locksley Street, Limehouse. JOHN CATER AND HIS WIFE.

LEEDS (21ST).

ON Sunday, July 13th, we had our Anniversary Services. Capt. Fawcett from Sheffield in command all day. At night the Salvation Hall was crowded to excess, not even standing room, and scores obliged to be turned away. At the close in the prayer-meeting we had some four or five souls, and lots stricken all over the place, and the Lord has been blessing us with souls at almost every service. Praise His holy name. On the Monday following, in the evening, we had seven or eight souls, and four or five next night, and so on every night. Then again on the following Sunday, the 20th, the place was packed again, as on the previous Sunday. Sister Parkins spoke with power, and we had more souls. Then, on the Monday night we were favoured with a visit from the GENERAL, who seemed highly delighted with the turn affairs were taking at the old quarters at Leeds; and well he might, seeing the victory the Lord was giving us over this great stronghold of the devil. We had again a full house, and a glorious wind up, and sinners seeking mercy at the finish. Hallelujah!

A big fine woman came to our meetings three times the other Sunday. I spoke to her at night, and she came again on Monday to the door but would not come in, at least she stepped into the porch and stood there listening the whole of the service. I spoke with her again, and she promised to pray at home that God would not take His spirit from her; next night she was in the hall singing

and praying with a beaming face. She said, "This morning while at my work the burden was so heavy I was obliged to go into an old shed, and there I poured out my soul to God and He very soon set me at liberty, and I went back to work." Hallelujah!

The same night there was a man powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit; he left the hall and went to a public-house to try and drown his convictions in drink, but he had only two pennies left. He was deeply convicted and knew what he ought to do, and so he said to himself that if, when he pulled the two pennies out of his pocket, they were both "heads," he would go back and ask us to pray with him. He found he had *three*, and on laying them down *they were all heads*, and he returned, and although we had just closed—it was past ten—we began again; he wept and prayed, and God saved him. He signed the pledge, and gave me the three pennies to put in the offering box.

Pray for Leeds. We are going on ahead.

SECRETARY SHAW,

for the 21st (Leeds 1st) Corps, and its
CAPTAIN, HARRIET PARKINS.

5, Nile Street, Leeds.

POOLE.

THE night after we came into the town, a dear woman came to the meeting who had just come out of Dorchester Gaol. The Lord laid hold of her by his spirit, and after our meeting was over, she came to our house, where the Lord set her captive soul at liberty, and she came out of the prison-house of sin pardoned for all the past.

Holiday Scenes.—The devil has raged a little at our meetings on the Quay. One noon-day, while we were holding our meeting, a publican came along and tried to upset us by dancing about like a lunatic escaped, but we kept our meeting on in spite of all the opposition until the time appointed. The publican was not satisfied with his foolery at the meeting, so followed us after we had finished, together with two or three more that he had employed, shouting and threatening to drive us out of the town; but a lot of our fishermen, who were mending their nets, hearing the noise, came along, and seeing what was up, began to sing—

The publicans are crying out,
Because the Army is going about
Sing, glory Hallelujah.

This seemed too much for his nerves, so he, with his dupes, beat a retreat and left our troops masters of the field. We have seen no more of him since.

Another publican (while holding meetings near his house) kindly obliges us with some music in the shape of a fog horn, which he has plenty of time to blow as trade is very dull while we are there. We are really obliged to this publican for the good service he does us, for when the horn is going, we get a larger crowd without so much exertion on our part.

With all this, blessing has attended our open airs. One Sunday morning, a young woman who had come away from her home, heard our singing, was attracted, and God broke her heart; she followed to the meeting, and while singing the first hymn she came to the penitent-form. The Prodigal's Father received her, and there was joy in heaven.

At another of our open-air meetings, I was talking about dear John Allen's death, and telling the people how he had said he was "Ready," when I looked around and asked if they were ready. One dear woman thought I spoke especially to her: the words haunted her, for she was not ready. She spent a wretched time for some days, until at one of our Cottage Meetings she asked Jesus to take away the sting of death, which He did. She now rejoices, and is ready for the Master's call. We hold four Cottage Meetings weekly, at which a number have found peace. More next time.

J. R. BROCK,
TOM KENT.

EBBW VALE.

WE have had some blessed cases of conversion this month. One poor man, who had been a backslider for over 30 years, when invited to Jesus, said, "I know it is all true; I mean to come, but not now." He was told he had better come at once, and he then threw up his arms and said, "**Here's Mike MacKenzie coming to Jesus!**" and God gloriously saved him. Now he tells us how he used to play in a band, and get so drunk he could not get home; then he would go to sleep against the pit chimney, and sometimes wake with his hat crown burned out, and his trousers knees burnt out, and his face as if he had been sweeping the chimney. He says he does not know why God was so good in saving him from being burnt to death.

Another, a white-haired man, was led by two of our brothers about a mile. He was so drunk he could not walk by himself. He says, "*I came in here drunk on Saturday night, but I went out sobered and saved.*" I was just thinking I was like Paul; I was taken on the road, and Paul was also, only I was drunk, and he was not. But, thank God, He has saved me. I mean to stick to Him."

Another of our people says, "I often look in my Bible, but I never see anything about people not being fit to preach till they have been to college. I read of Jesus going to the seaside and taking the poor fishermen and making them fishers of men; and, although I am only a working man, I invite you sinners to come to Jesus, and He will make you happy."

We expect soon to have a lot of good officers for the Army.

Yours in the battlefield,

M. A. THOMAS,
EMILY SMITH.

2, Sunny Bank, Ebbw Vale.

NEWCASTLE.

WE arrived on the 22nd of June, and since then over four hundred have been brought to the bleeding feet of Jesus.

One man says:—"Before the Salvation Army came to Newcastle, I was one of the biggest drunkards in the town, drinking all Saturday and Sunday as long as I could get money for drink; and when I could not get money, so fond of drink was I, that I would steal other men's glasses of beer, and take the old shoes and coat and sell them for beer. I never had a decent coat or shoes; but glory to God the Salvation Army came here. I went to hear them, God laid hold of me, and I fell at the foot of the Cross and found peace, and now I have both good shoes and good coats, and am going to the glory-land."

Another dear man, an infidel, says:—"I went to the Hall of Varieties to hear Captain Wilson and his wife. I only went to get up arguments, but I was so impressed one night whilst the Captain was inviting them, 'to come out and be saved,' and he said, 'if any one wants praying for, hold up your hand.' I held up my hand, and he says, 'come out my dear brother.' I came out and gave myself entirely to God. I have stood side by side with Bradlaugh, and other men on the platform denying my God, and saying, 'that if there was a God let him strike me dead.' But I bless God to night he has spared me to turn from my evil ways, and may He keep me faithful."

"I came to the hall to make fun of God's people, but God laid hold of me, I had to cry out for mercy, and fell at the bleeding feet of Jesus. Five times I have been nearly drowned, three times nearly killed, but glory be to God the Lord killed the devil in me, and Christ reigns now. I hope the Lord will keep me faithful."

A corporal in the artillery came to our meetings and gave himself to God, and he says, "He means to fight for Jesus." A private in the same regiment came to our meetings, he found peace, and they are going about amongst their comrades

to try and get them to give themselves to God. May the Lord prosper them in their work. (Two more artillery men have since enlisted in the Army of the Lord.)

The following testimonies come direct from the converts themselves:—

1. "It is eighteen weeks since I booked for glory, and it is the happiest time I ever spent. I was a deep dyed sinner, but I bless the Lord I am now one of His children."

2. "I thank God the Salvation Army has been the means of my soul's salvation, and by the blessing of God I mean to stick to it, and pray that the Lord will keep me faithful. Thank God, the prayers of my dear father and mother are answered, and I am happy trusting in the Lord. Thank God, father, mother, and nine brothers and sisters are all washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and on their happy way to heaven."

3. "I thank God to-day that my sins, which were many, are all forgiven, and I am on my way to heaven. I can say now that I am not only a soldier for Her Majesty, but a soldier for King Jesus, which is far better. I never felt happier in my life than at the present. I can do my duty for my country better now than ever I could before. I thank God that ever the Salvation Army came to Newcastle to snatch me as a brand from the burning."

4. "I thank God, because my sins, which were many, are all forgiven; and, my friends, it is my earnest prayer now, 'Newcastle for Jesus.' I was a drunkard and a swearer, but, glory be to God, the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. I tried to shun the drink many times, but it was of no avail until I came to Jesus; and now, praise God! he has taken the desire for evil from me, and sent me on my way rejoicing to heaven, to meet my friends, which are father, mother, sister, and two brothers. Oh what a meeting that will be in that beautiful home over there!"

5. "I do bless God for sending the Salvation Army into Newcastle. Once I was a prisoner, bound round and round by the devil's chains; but, glory be to God! He snapped the chains assunder and set me free, and now I am on my way rejoicing. The devil would like to have me bound round by the fetters of sin again; but, when temptation surrounds me, I always cry upon the Lord to help me: and He is always ready and willing to help us. He does not tell us to wait a bit, or that He cannot come just now; no: for He is always ready to answer our prayers. I have found the Saviour very precious to me since I gave Him my heart and my all; and I am happy, because I know my sins are all forgiven and I am on my happy way to heaven."

6. "I thank God to-night that I am out of hell, and on my happy way to heaven. I have been in bondage to the pawn-shop for twelve or thirteen years; but, thank God, *we got the last bundle out to-day!* Last Sunday night my wife got saved, and is now on her way to heaven. Instead of making for the pawn-shop and the public-house, we are now trying, by God's help, to make some bundles for heaven."

We still occupy both the Tyne Theatre and Hall of Varieties on Sundays, and the latter during the week. Thousands hear the glorious news. Pray for us.

Yours in the Army,

Captain WILSON, AND HIS WIFE,
"THE SINGING PILGRIM."

BASFORD.

THE SALVATION ARMY UNDERGROUND.

THE other morning, from 6 until 7 o'clock, my husband and I held a meeting at one end of a coal pit, while two of our brethren held a meeting at the other end. Oh, Hallelujah! it was grand. Scores of men sat with their lamps, and we sung together, prayed, and talked for Jesus. And now it is the custom of these dear men to hold prayer-meetings every morning for one hour.

My heart leaped for very joy as I looked at them, knowing they had been such drunkards. Their hearts were as black as their faces; but oh, the blood of Jesus has washed them clean.

The other night a dear man came to our house drunk to see me. He said he had been sent by some one, and I told him to get sober and then I would talk to him. He went away but came back again. We got on our knees, and the dear man wept his way to Calvary, got saved, signed the pledge, and went on his way rejoicing.

Pray for the drunken colliers.

Yours at the Masters feet,
HAPPY SARAH,
HARMLESS CLARA.

42, Church Street, Basford.

MOUNTAIN ASH.

THE past month has been a month of victory. Just one or two cases. **The Hallelujah Cornishman**—This dear man has been a backslider, but has come to our meetings regularly. One Sunday night I spoke to him about his soul, and asked him to come to Jesus; he trembled so with the power of God that he could not get up to come to the penitent-form, but got on his knees where he was, and cried for mercy whilst I was talking to him. All at once he jumped up, and began to praise God, running round the place, shouting "Glory, glory," and clapping his hands. His dear wife who was saved, rejoiced with him.

The Prodigal Child reclaimed.—A dear young man who we have prayed for many times, and his dear mother who has prayed for him for a long time, had her prayers answered on Sunday night, and saw that dear son come out boldly for Jesus, and washed in the cleansing Blood of the Lamb; five out of seven in that house belong to God, and the Salvation Army.

A young man whom everybody thought saved, but God knew different; and He so took hold of him one Sunday afternoon while he was sitting in his seat, that he was obliged to come out to the Lord, and since then he has spoken for Jesus, and I believe will make a useful worker.

Sunday, August 3rd, we commenced with God at 7 o'clock. Hallelujah! we had Him all the day, and never mean to let Him go. We had six precious souls step into God's most marvellous light. Glory be to God.

Bank Holiday, August 4th, we had a grand go in. People in Mountain Ash were all amazed and looked on with astonishment, and wondered what two such weak things as us were going to do with the hundreds we had to deal with that day; but bless God He gave us grace and strength to carry it on—bless His dear name. Between six and seven hundred partook of a bountiful tea. The detachment from Aberdare and Aberammon, headed by the Aberdare flag of Blood and Fire, Captain and Mrs. Robinson, and Captain Mrs. Shepherd joined us for the evening, and a glorious time of it we had; the hall was packed to suffocation, and many had to go away. Our Cottage Prayer-Meetings take well. Tracts wanted.

Yours, going in for God and souls,
SARAH BROADBENT,
SARAH L. SUTHERLAND.

COVENTRY.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—The 35th Corps of the Salvation Army is filled with the Spirit of its King, and will carry His colours into the midst of the enemy's camp. With blood and fire in our centre, our war song is "No surrender"; and though we cannot capture the devil, we have taken his best soldiers from him and brought them to our King, and now they are helping us to take others.

One is a **prize fighter**. He said: "I have fought *twenty battles, with my shirt off*, for the devil, but now I will fight one hundred for Jesus!" This made me shout, "He is one of my sort! God help him!"

A man, **eighty-five years old**, came, cried for mercy, and God saved him. He then said, putting his hand on his breast, "Something has gone from here." He sat on the floor for half an hour, singing "Glory! glory! Jesus saves me!"

The two gravediggers are doing well, and speak for Jesus to those that go to visit the sepulchre of the dead. One man *got saved on Sunday, and was struck with lightning on Wednesday, and got sanctified on Friday*. He is now a gem for Jesus. A fallen woman, who has been known for many years, lived with a man in an unmarried state at the time of her conversion; but, at the penitent-form, she signed the pledge, and said she would not live with the man again unless they were married. Hallelujah! These are the sort we want to take from the devil and bring to God, and then we set them to work to seek others. We sweep the streets nightly, and gather up the fragments, that none be lost.

My dear General,—I was glad to hear the good news, that the victory was great, that they had to be at it all night, in some places, to pick up the wounded. It cheers my heart when I think what a harvest of souls will be in the Glory-land, won for our King by the Blood and Fire army. My love to all officers at headquarters.

I remain, yours faithfully,

Captain CADMAN.

DUDLEY.

THE Giantess sends us the following cases; they speak for themselves as to what is going on there:—

Beef or Bacon.—One dear man says, "I thank God because I am saved. When I went home last Friday night and gave my wife the money (wages), she looked at me, and she says 'We should have had bacon for dinner to-morrow, now we shall have beef.'" This man comes about two miles to the seven o'clock prayer-meeting Sunday mornings, and he says he feels better. He was one of the biggest drunkards in Dudley.

Another man says, "When the devil gets men in the corner he leaves them there; but not so with Jesus, He always helps them out." He says, "I was a drunkard and swearer, but God has saved me, and now I mean to fight for the Lord."

Another dear man says: "Well, I am not going to sit down here any longer; the devil wants me to, but I am saved and washed in the Blood of Jesus, and I mean to go on to the end." Another says, "I rejoice because I am saved and washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and I had no desire to come here, but now I cannot stop away."

A young man says: "Well, I bless God for what I am and for where I am, I might have been playing at cards or doing something worse; but, thank God, I am here and saved, and I pray that God will help my brethren to get up and speak." Lord, send some more like this! Pray for

MARY NIXON, the Giantess.

GATESHEAD (74TH).

OH, Hallelujah! this past month has been one of glorious victory. A young man, when asked to give his heart to God, said, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "I am too bad a sinner, there is no mercy for me"; but while speaking of God's willingness to save to the uttermost, he rose from his seat, cried aloud for mercy, and, just like Jesus, He heard and set his captive soul at liberty. Having been set free, he got up and told us in the minute meeting that he had spent twenty-one years in prison, but that "Jesus saves me now."

A young woman, when urged to turn from her wicked way and life said, "Not

to-night." Going out of meeting I took her by the hand, and told her the Lord Jesus would follow her home. She had not got ten yards from the place before God's Spirit worked so mightily with her that she came rushing back, cried for mercy, and went home rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God.

A man, whose wife is a member with us, came to our meeting, trembled under the power of God, but would not come out for salvation. But while we had a minute meeting, where some sixty or seventy testified to the blood-cleansing, cried out, "I can't bear to see your happy faces, and your saying Jesus saves you. I'll try Him for myself." He fell on his knees and found peace. He declares himself to be the happiest man in Gateshead.

August 4th, we opened with a band of Blood-washed soldiers, the Salvation Court House, when Major Corbridge, Captain Booth, and others offered a free pardon to every condemned criminal within the court. Five prisoners of the devil immediately accepted, and scores were convicted.

Pray for Gateshead and yours, low at the Master's feet,

14, Mulgrave Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne. CAPTAIN ELIZA HAYNES.

CHELTENHAM.

SOUL-SAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

See 2 Aug
MY first night in Cheltenham I went into the streets while the soldiers were shooting at the enemy; there was a great noise among them, some laughing and talking, others swearing and throwing things into the ring. One man the worse for drink stood and sung and caused great excitement among the people.

We then sung to the hall followed by a crowd of the right sort for Jesus. Our little hall was soon filled, and we commenced the meeting. Whilst singing, some were smoking, others swearing and shouting "Amen" to the top of their voices; but, thank God, in the midst of all this souls were saved. On the Sunday we had a lot of persecution; but it was a good day after all. At night we had a grand time, the power of God knocked down eleven, and since then God has saved some of the same sort.

How we spent Bank Holiday.—Prayer-meeting at 7 a.m. At 10.30 Sacrament. It was a good time, we were lifted higher up towards glory. At 2 o'clock we marched round about the back streets into some places where we had not been before, and God blessed our labours. Then a cup of tea, and then out again firing at the enemy, after which we marched to the hall. Had a glorious meeting, when two poor sinners were compelled to come and give up for God. So we can thank God for our Bank Holiday spree. Last Sunday we had a good day; eight came out for salvation, some of them had been amongst our persecutors. May God make them more brave for Him. Pray for us struggling up the hill bearing our cross. Wishing some kind friends would build us a hall or assist us in the work among the poorer class.

2, Albion Buildings, Albion Street. C. HAYTER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Kingswood.—We came upon our people here the other night unexpectedly—found them outside for the night, with a good crowd and a real strong body of men. The singing pleased us much, and the speaking was of the right sort; it should be a little shorter, and the sisters must talk here more than they do at present. Sister Hall, first with Sister McMinnies as her lieutenant, then Sister Shiel, and now Sister Dyaner, has had a good time here. The procession was a fair one. What fine big fellows these Kingswood colliers are. The Lord make giants of them spiritually.

Plymouth is reported elsewhere; but there is a glorious work going on among the lowest of the women in the town which deserves special notice. Just lately three of these fallen ones have been saved, one of whom was taken home the same night she got salvation to her broken hearted mother, who received her with open arms and tears of joy, another has been placed in a home where she was doing well, and the third is still with them, singing, praying, and speaking every night. *Good.*

A Warning.—The following has been received by one of our captains in the Midland Counties:—

"Dear Sir,—My object in writing this short note is to explain that, a few weeks ago passing along ——— Road, I observed the Friends worshipping in ———, out missioning. Although a *professor*, and holding offices in connection with a church, I made game of your mode of conducting your service, and tried in argument to upset some of your friends in their way to heaven. Since that time God has brought upon me a serious affliction, which I cannot but think is a punishment for my sin and hypocrisy. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but having sought and obtained forgiveness from God, I ask your friends also, and beg an interest in your prayers.—J. G."

Darlington.—*The Northern Echo* says, "It is reported of a publican at the north end of the town that he thinks a hundred pounds would be well spent to get the Hallelujah Lasses out of Darlington." *That is a good sign.*

Bridport.—Mr. Cheyne Brady writes (says *The Christian*): "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. The father was known as 'Hell-fire Tom,' and they never entered a place of worship. Four daughters were arrested the first evening, and went home converted; then the father, and then the mother. The whole family of outcasts, the plague of the place, have become children of God, and are now steadfast in the faith."

Bedlington.—We hear with great gratitude and joy that Sister Alsop has been able to raise up a good band of men here, who stand to the front well, and the meetings are daily increasing in numbers and power. Of course we still use the theatre.

Salisbury.—Place fuller than ever. Open-air work in the courts opposed somewhat, but already doing good. Sister Falconbridge, who, by the way, is called the "Zulu Queen" in the town, seems to have thoroughly got hold of the people, and souls are being saved continually. The Hallelujah Brass Band does good service here.

Old Shildon—House to House Fighting.—Our noon-day Cottage Meetings God has owned and crowned with great success in many cases. One dear woman that was set at liberty one Sunday night, stood up ten minutes afterwards testifying what God had done for her, and begged and entreated our prayers for her drunken husband. I got her consent to have a noon-day meeting at her house when he was at home; he went up stairs, but the warm-hearted entreaties went up to God through the ceiling, knocking hard at his heart, by the way, which made him wretched all the week. He could get no rest, night nor day, until the following Sunday night, when he found peace at the bleeding feet of Jesus. Oh, praise the dear Lord for ever! This home, which was like a little hell, is now heaven on earth, and not the only one in Old Shildon by many.

HONOR BURRELL AND HAPPY POLLY.

Middlesboro' (20th).—Captain Taberer and Happy Salley, his wife, have had a hard month of fighting with sin and the devil, and have been able to shout "The army will conquer the world with fire and blood."

July 28th.—A young man was laid hold of by the power of God, and while on his knees pleading for mercy, he had to take out of his pocket two pipes with a piece of a cigar, and throw them on the ground; there was a shout in the camp "I am saved."

Ought not I to love him,
Ought not I to love him,
Ought not I to love him,
I really think I had.

August 2nd.—A dear woman stated she had to thank the dear Lord for a new husband and father to her bairns; they have shoes to their feet now. Many a Sunday we had no plates or dishes to eat our food off—when we had any to put on them. He used to come home and bring the very devil with him on a Saturday night, and smash all up; not so now, the case is altered, he is saved, dost hear, he is saved and we sing—

My new companions are so kind,
They've left the devil and sin behind,
The New Jerusalem to find,
Will you go?

The fire's burning. Lord help us.
19, Bottomley Street, Middlesboro'.

CAPTAIN TABERER.

Mrs. Irvine (formerly Miss Billups).—Many will be glad to hear that Mrs. Irvine and her husband are being blessed and used of the Lord in the United States. We gather the following from an American paper to hand:—"Rev. J. E. Irvine and Sister I., have accepted an invitation to attend Big Prairie Camp Meeting. They have been engaged in successful Evangelistic labours in the East." God bless them.

Attercliffe.—High time at Attercliffe Feast. The devil did not get it all his own way this year. Hallelujah. Mrs. Booth paid this corps a visit the other day. Good time.

Whitby.—Tide rising. Entered inwards—A long hardened hearer—a great drunkard, now drinking of the fountain that never runs dry. A persistent scoffer now caught and speaking for Jesus. M. A. Caswell and Jane Copely in charge.

Portsmouth.—Davey reports about a hundred souls the last two months. Last Sunday place fuller than ever; six souls; £3 6s. offerings. A man-o'-wars man says: "I came ashore the other night, and fell in with some pals and got drunk, was robbed by some women; lost my way, nearly lost my soul; but God has saved me."

The all-night meeting here last week was a time of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. A night to be remembered throughout eternity. Hallelujah! Pray for Captain Davey and Lieutenant Scott.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

Brynmawr.—The Pavilion, a large wooden theatre here, was opened for the exhibition of Divine love scenes on Saturday, 23rd August, by Captain Kate Shepherd and Little Miriam, who write:—"The place was crowded; we could not move. We shall have a smash before long."

Hayle.—Latest.—"Glory! glory! glory! glory to Jesus! to Jesus! We must conquer and win Hayle for Jesus. Good times all day on Sunday. Saints jumping, dancing, crying, shouting, and rolling on the ground. We disgusted some people. Hallelujah!—BLOOD-WASHED JOHNNY."

West Bromwich.—Ebenezer Chapel, holding at least 1,200 people, was opened on Sunday, 24th August, as a Salvation Hall, by Captain Suie Cope and Lieutenant Kate Wethered, who report:—"A good day yesterday. At night a crowded house. One soul. The people are very hard, but I feel sure we shall have the victory. Victory is ours!"