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## FOUR DAYS OF SALVATION.

BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

is bills blazing all over Sheffield—one of them made up of 280  
sta, each three feet long by two wide—stirred the town from  
to circumference in connection with the five days' Council of  
to begin Saturday, June 21st. But some may ask, "Whatever was  
all about? What good, after all, is accomplished by all this dash and  
monstration?" One word sums it all up, and that is—Salvation!  
short of this it is a mere and miserable bubble; but Salvation to  
runkards, garotters, gamblers, wife-beaters, jail-birds—to men and  
men cursed with every form of depravity, turning their hearts and  
oes from cages of corruption to become the dwelling-places of purity,  
se and prosperity, is a result not only worthy of the name of religion,  
worth all the vast expenditure of labour and money which such a  
quest of War as this at Sheffield involved.

To give strangers to Salvation Army meetings an idea of the work  
accomplished, just come with the Major and myself from the Albert Hall  
Office, between nine and ten at night, after a day's brain and body  
k, for a little spiritual supper to wind up with, at the Barracks in  
masa Street, the No 1. Sheffield Corps of The Salvation Army.

It is the Friday night's Holiness Meeting,

though late about 500 people are present. We make up to the front  
thing to get on our knees among our comrades, as from spiritual  
erience we know that where two or more are together there is heat,  
how can one be warm alone? But, behold, there is not a foot of  
ring any way to get a kneel down; a solid mass of rough men and  
cutly-dressed women are kneeling, singing at the top of their voices,

Pour Thy Spirit, into every longing breast!

ded as the place was, men and women were still coming out to seek  
vation or sanctification, and they were crushed into a sort of crucible  
ed-hot souls, and there they soon started to shout as hard as any-  
y else,

crushed my way round on to the platform to get kneeling room; the  
se followed, and then got a full view of everybody's face. All were  
one every eye closed, and so deep was the sincerity stamped on  
y face that one could not but feel "surely the Lord is in this place;  
is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven." I  
nd my feeble voice in the Hallelujah chorus,

Pour Thy Spirit!

h at least would be sung over a hundred times.

After a while all were on their feet, and these, as well as voices and hands, were like the pipes of some great organ at full swing in praising God.

Among that crowd of from two to three hundred people, I noticed some of the most desperate characters that ever taxed the strength of a prison-gate or police batons to keep them in check. Big men and women, dressed in neat Army style, were among the noisy choir, who not so long since were yelling in public-houses, amid rags and wretchedness; but now they are respectable, God-fearing people. Who shall dare say to such, "Hold thy peace!"?

## WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

Sung by Captain FRANK PENFOLD, Bristol.

Some people wonder what we're all about,  
Our doings they can't understand;  
They say what a row and riot there is—  
Salvation all over the land.  
But to those we would say, we know we are saved,  
Our God is the God that made man;  
So we must sing and shout, now the devil's turned out,  
For I'm washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

I'm washed in the Blood of the Lamb!  
I'm washed in the Blood of the Lamb!  
You all may be free, and as happy as me—  
Then get washed in the Blood of the Lamb!

I wandered about for many a year  
In misery, darkness, and sin;  
Not knowing my Saviour would freely forgive  
All those who will turn unto Him.  
But, oh, when I heard that His love it was true,  
And His mercy was willing to show;  
I sought till I found that His mercy was true,  
And now I thank God that I know.

Poor sinner, why won't you be washed in the Blood?  
You then will be whiter than snow;  
The Saviour is able to set sinners free,  
And His mercy is willing to show.  
He died on the tree for you and for me,  
Why do you away from Him stay?  
If you only get saved and fight for Him here,  
You'll be able to sing all the day.

## ON SATURDAY NIGHT

The four Corps had a united march, and had the joy of falling in with the General on their route, on his way in the cab from the railway station. Dropping into the Rink with a blind brother from Exeter, Major Edmonds was leading a large and lively assembly. It was the Saturday night Free-and-Easy, and one of the first to get up was

### A Fishwife,

with her flannel fish apron on, who had left her stall in the Market to give half-an-hour of Salvation, instead of slipping, as aforetime, into the grog-shop for her Saturday night's "wet." The next was a saved "unkard of three years' standing, proving that the work of The Army is

### No Flash in the Pan,

but a blessed and solid reality, with beef and bacon in the pan, and bread in cupboard. A bandsman next fired off full blast with a bright face, and declared he never was so happy in all his life, for he was done with the devil now. A strong, stout Sheffield blade next stood up, and raised God for a happy home; where once was cursing, drunkenness, and misery, he said they could now get down on their knees and praise God for mercy, and beg for more.

### An ex-Curate,

who has exchanged a black gown for a red guernsey, thanked God he had met a religion that did not mean a long face, but was heaven on the way to Heaven. He had led a wild life. The Lord had spoken to him in dreams, and called loudly in accidents, by which he had been brought face-to-face with death; but by His mercy he was before them that might be happy in the Salvation of God.

Lieut. Onslet then described the career of an acquaintance, a medical student, who, full of life and force of character, lived fast in sin and despised Salvation. Sitting with others at a dissecting table a discussion arose among the students, and he, in the heat of it, brought down his hand with all his might on the table, and, to his dismay, struck a sharp dissecting needle right into the palm of his hand. All were suddenly silenced by this accident; but he and his godless fellow-students were alarmed at seeing black blood flow from the wound. The doctor was quickly sought, and shown the dangerous wound, who, seeing the nature of the blood, looked the young man in the face, and said, "Allan, you have not twenty-four hours to live." He felt himself his doom was fixed, and cried out, "I'm not ready to die! What shall I do?" He thought of his sins and blasted life; he moaned, he groaned; agony of body and soul had seized him. The bold student was in the grip of the enemy; he had despised and scorned religion—now, when he was sinking into the deep sea of sin and damnation, the Salvation he had rejected was far from him. His light went out into outer darkness; he expired in fearful agony, and some of his fellow-students said of him, "Poor Allan, it was awful to see him; he was not in for dying!" "Some of you Sheffield

people are not in for dying, and this Council of War is to wake you up to get ready."

Major Edmonds next sang the Salvation song—

Oh! won't you come to Jesus before your dying day?

Major Cooksey, of London, who is devoting the evening of his life to the work of Salvation, said he had known for years the blessedness of the Salvation of God, and so enjoyable was life to him in serving God that if there were no Heaven, Hell, or hereafter, he would say, "Give me Jesus!"

Another ex-curate was next introduced, and told us that yesterday he was selling "War Crys" in the city of London, and went into a public-house, where the barman bought one, and then took him into a back room, where about a score of men were drinking. They asked what religion it was he preached, they expecting he would talk about The Salvation Army; but he said he believed in a religion that made men pure, put them right where wrong, and made them holy; then they were happy. They asked what it had done for himself, and in that public-house he told those godless characters all about his own experience. The devil tried to persuade him he could never stand. At this a Sheffielder shouted out from the body of the Hall, "He's a liar!" The Curate, continuing, said, when he was battling with the devil in a certain meeting, the leader called out, "Now, those of you that want Salvation, put up your hand!" Up went the Cadet's, "and," said he, "I feel that was the best work my right hand ever did in my life." The men in the public-house listened with deepest attention, and said he was the most sensible religious man they had ever heard in their lives.

Dr. Oram, who is going on Salvation service to India, next spoke, and said that when a student in the Hospital he was brought to Jesus. He was one of the first converts at the Clapton Congress Hall. At once the change in his countenance was so clear his companions and others saw there was a change. He felt it in his heart, and pressed all present to partake of the same riches.

Major Sowerby next sketched his life from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem of Salvation. He was in the public-house when he first heard The Salvation Army, flattening his nose on the window pane, but soon after ran out and followed them to the meeting, where the arrow of the Almighty stuck into his heart, and after seven years of drunkenness, dominoes, billiard-playing, and gambling, he had bid good-bye to the beer-pot. God had put His life into his soul, and he was living to help on the glorious War.

At the close six sinners were seen at the penitent-form.

## SUNDAY.

### ALBERT HALL KNEE-DRILL (SEVEN O'CLOCK).

The 700 who got to the Albert Hall for the first Knee-drill of the Council were sorry to learn that the Chief-of-Staff was unwell and unable to come; but they found the Lord was there, and had a good time with Him.

After a time of hearty praying and singing, and a good collection, we opened the way for testimony, and the very first answered beautifully the question, "What is the good of Councils of War?" "I thank God it was at the last Council of War in Sheffield that I got saved."

This set everybody both praying and believing for many souls at this Council, and our hopes were to be increased by the sight of the first sinner down at the mercy-seat, and before the first meeting broke up fifteen volunteered on the spot to join the Press Gang, who were to watch for souls at the end of every meeting. Such was the ideal we set before us at the beginning of the Council, and God, who knows our hearts' desire, loves to gratify us.

### FORENOON.

After the splendid time at the Knee-drill, led by Commissioner Railton, we felt sure that the Lord was going to bless us in an extraordinary manner throughout the meetings of the day, and, of course, we were not disappointed.

At half-past nine sharp, Sheffield No. I., with most of the Londoners present, marched off, led by Major Cadman. The sun was shining brightly in our hearts and on our heads, and although, like the noble Duke of York, we marched up a hill and marched down again, yet it wasn't like his expedition, which came to nothing, for we feel sure that the joyful music, loving invitations to Christ, and solemn warnings to flee from the wrath to come, were not without power on the thousands who viewed that march.

Several other Corps joined us on the way; so that by the time we reached the Albert Hall we had a glorious representative regiment of Sheffield Soldiers, sufficiently proving the great change in public opinion here since our last Council. The meeting was wonderful for

### Unity, Love, and Enthusiasm.

The Hall was very well filled (all paying an entrance fee), more than three parts of the audience being men. All hearts went out in the tremendous salute which was evoked by the entrance of The General, The Maréchale, and the other members of the family which God has raised up to be a blessing to the world.

After some powerful pleading with God, Commissioner Railton read the chapter for the morning from the "Salvation Soldier's Guide," containing the story of General Gideon and his 300 warriors, remarking that just as he attacked the enemy at the time of relieving guard, so we should be busy in taking prisoners when the devil's recruiting offices (the public-houses) were shut.

Miss Emma and Miss Eva Booth then sang—

Let me hear Thy voice now speaking  
Let me hear, and I'll obey;  
As before Thy Cross I'm seeking,  
Oh, chase my fears away!

After more prayer,

The GENERAL said: We are commencing what we believe will be one of the most important Councils that has ever been held in The Salvation Army. Here let me say a few words for the information of those in this meeting who are comparative strangers to the Salvation Army, and by way of stirring up the minds of those who love the movement. There is a very great deal of perplexity prevailing in many honest minds as to what it means. It seems to me that there is a disposition now amongst many people in different parts of the country to hear more than they already know of what we are, and what we propose to do.

They ask why we want big trumpets; why we go about with drums and timbrels! My reply is that we want to make people hear, and that we are determined that people shall hear. (Hallelujah!) Whether they will attend to our message when they hear is a thing for which we are not responsible. **THEY SHALL HEAR US.** (Amen.) Now, it is quite possible that there are many here who are asking, "And what is the main purpose of The Salvation Army?" In answering that question, let me say—the main purpose of The Salvation Army is the regeneration of the world. (Amen.) When we say the regeneration of the world we mean the regeneration of men. We want to make people good; we want to make men holy; we want to make them right—not merely in their outward circumstances—we do not aim merely at their conversion in their mode of doing business, and so forth; but our purpose is to bring about an entire change of heart. In fact the teaching of our Master is our model. We say, "make the tree good, and then the fruit will be good." If you make the heart good, then all the things that proceed out of the heart will be good also.

But why strive to make men good? If we want to make men the friends of God, they must be good. God loves good men. It is the righteous He regards with pleasure; it is the righteous He takes to His bosom, the right people that He is going to have to live with Him in Heaven. If He came down here this morning and divided this audience, it would be the good people He would take away with Him to His everlasting dwelling-place, and the bad people He would leave to the devil and Hell. The purpose of The Salvation Army, with all its music and processions, its methods, and measures, and organisations, is that we may get at the people and get them saved from their sins and made good and holy.

If you ask me for another reason, I reply, Without goodness happiness is impossible. That it is not only a vain attempt on the part of any man to get to Heaven unless he has been separated from sin, unless the wickedness has been taken out of his heart, and his whole nature brought into harmony with God, but he cannot be happy, he cannot have Heaven in his heart down here. Goodness and happiness are inseparable. A man's life, a man's happiness, consists not in the things he possesses—not in his money, his houses, his fine clothes, nor in the

kind of employment he is in; not in music, in home, or servants—not in all these things put together. He may have none of these things, and yet be full of happiness and joy.

Let us suppose that The Salvation Army was a complete success everywhere. No, we won't go so far as that. Suppose we had our way here, and that we took all Sheffield captive, that every man, woman, and child in it were in accord with us. Suppose the whole town became all The Salvation Army would have it be, what would be the result? You say, "Awful! Supposing your Army had their own way, we should have nothing but music and processions, and such like." Stop a minute, my brother! Do not waste time in talking about these mere details, for they are mere details in themselves, taken up just as they most effectually serve our purpose. They are not essential to our existence. We have taken them up, and very likely we shall lay them down again. We may go into mourning, like your ministers do, next year. (Laughter.) I may tell you that if we found that any other plan was more likely to cure the world of its sin and misery, we should adopt that plan. But suppose that the whole spirit, and order, and purpose of The Salvation Army was cheerfully carried out in this town, what would Sheffield really be like?

In the first place there would be no drink in it. (Laughter, and Hallelujah!) And it follows that where there is no drink there is no drunkenness—no *drunkenness*! Consequently there would be no miserable drunkards' homes, and no neglected drunkards' wives, no breadless, educationless, neglected children of drunkards. There would be no drink. We should not let you get a single drop anywhere; no, not in the chemist's shop, nor in the doctor's shop, nor anywhere else. We should tell the doctors to find something else to give the people, for we could do without drink altogether.

In the third place, there would be no quarrelling, no wrangling, no fighting, no blasphemy, no swearing, no gambling—none of these wretched vices that so spoil and mar the happiness of thousands and tens of thousands.

In the fourth place, there would be no injustice. Masters would deal justly by their workmen, and workmen would deal justly by their masters. There would be no dishonesty; no robbery; and, consequently, no police. (Laughter, and Hallelujah!) The Sergeants would do all the duties of the police. With no police there would be no prisons, and no magistrates would be needed. (Laughter, and Amen.) All little differences would be adjusted either by the Captains, or Sergeants, or some other Salvationists. There would be no necessity for prisons or lunatic asylums. (Laughter, and Amen! "Glory to God!" Hallelujah!) What a triumph that would be! (Amen.)

Then further, there would be no hard grinding poverty! Not only would there be these negatives, but there would be positives as well.

There would be a *reign of love*; everybody would love one another. (Hallelujah!) All husbands would love their wives; all wives would love their husbands; all fathers would love their children, and all children would love their parents, and all neighbours would love one another! There would be no quarrelling about politics. I do not know what the politics would be then, I am sure. Perhaps all would be of one common

party, and if not, I can tell you how you would go into it. One would say—"I am going for the Conservatives," and another—"I am going for the Liberals, let us have a little prayer about it." (Hallelujah!) They would differ in opinion, perhaps, but they would agree to differ; it would be a reign of love. Every man would love his neighbour, and every man would love strangers. If he met one in the street he would ask—"Have you got a bed? have you got food?" and if not, "Come along with me."

It would be a *reign of plenty*; there would be no hard poverty, no work-houses. Everybody would have enough to eat, and to drink, and to wear.

Then again, it would be a *reign of worship*. Only think what it would be! Every street would have its procession, and every window have its flag. (Glory!) They would pray in the street; at half-past twelve everybody would fall down and worship, no matter where they might be. In every house would be heard songs of Salvation, and every father and every mother would be like priests in their own households. Everywhere, and from every heart, incense, praise, thanksgiving, and worship would go up to the Most High.

It would be a *reign of joy*! Commissioner Railton talked about Gideon's 300 all having trumpets, but I predict greater things than that. (Amen.) People grumble about our bands; but then every Soldier would have a musical instrument of somekind or another. Oh, what music there would be! What singing—what joy and gladness! Oh, what a happy place Sheffield would be! (Hallelujah!) People, instead of going to America, would say, "I am going to Sheffield." (Laughter, and Amen.) It would be like the land of Canaan! People would come down here from London, and all round about; and there would be a border-line drawn all round Sheffield, and no one could cross it until they had got saved, and filled with purity and love.

There is the main object of The Salvation Army. That is what we want to accomplish; that is what we pray for; what we sing for; talk for; that is what we are going to procession for to-morrow. We have no liking for being laughed at, and mocked, and hooted, and spat upon; we are not in love with brick-bats, and mud, and scorn, any more than anybody else. I am sure God knows I am not taking part in such things for my own amusement, and for my own personal enjoyment. I am going to enjoy myself to-day. I am going to have a happy week of it down here in Sheffield! (Amen.) But as I said before, this is not the object at which we aim—but the regeneration of men; to bringing them to God, getting the devil and sin out of them.

Does some one say that is a fanatical idea? It is a very nice idea! What do you spend your life, and strength, and bring up your children for? The sole purpose of getting money and enjoying yourselves? Then I say that idea is not so good a one as mine. I will back the object of my life against yours. I would not change the purpose of my existence with that of any other living man or woman on earth, not even, I was going to say, for that of any angel in Heaven above.

What do you say? That the realisation of my idea is impossible? I believe in the Book that says "All things are possible with God," that "all things are possible to him that believeth." We cannot get Sheffield, do you say? Well, let us have you to begin with. If we cannot get all we wish accomplished; if we cannot realise this dream, as you call it, in

its universal sense, in this world, we shall in another—in that world which some of us talk about and dream about so often; we shall have it there. We can, however, help to bring some part of the world to His feet, and that means bringing it to purity, righteousness, and happiness. Thank God, He can make Heaven on earth. (Amen. "So He can!") If you cannot find a heaven in your circumstances; if you cannot walk the golden streets and hear the heavenly music; if you cannot join the Blood-washed multitude that are before the Throne; if you cannot get into that Heaven, yet you can get the spirit of Heaven into your heart here and now. (Amen.)

We can get the love, and peace, and purity, and blessedness which rule and reign there. (Amen.) If we cannot get over the river to Heaven, we can have Heaven come over the river to us.

Let me repeat what I have said as to the objects of The Salvation Army. First of all, our aim is the regeneration of mankind—the making men good. The second idea of The Salvation Army is that God has made arrangement in the atonement, in the sacrifice of His Son, for the pardon and purity of all mankind. (Amen.) There is power in the Holy Ghost to bring this joy and purity and glory to everyone in Sheffield—yes, every soul of man. God can save you, my brother, and you, and you. He can save you all. He will begin by pardoning your sins; not only pardoning you for the past, but He will make you good for the future. Somebody told me yesterday about some wonderful pills which he said would cure people of anything, past, present, and future. (Laughter.) These pills were so wonderful that they would eradicate the disease in a man's constitution that had come down to him from his ancestors two or three generations gone by. As I heard of the marvellous benefits that these pills were capable of conferring, I thought they were rather like my Salvation pills. (Laughter, and Hallelujah!) If anyone has got any taint in his blood coming down from past generations, accumulating and growing in its power, let me say that there is such magic in this Salvation medicine, there is such magic in the precious Blood of Christ, that it will take it all away. (Amen.) It will not only cure the past, but it will keep you right in the present. It will give you a holy present, and ensure blessedness, not only to you in the future, but convey blessedness to your posterity to the third and fourth generation.

Then The Salvation Army says to every man who is saved, "Now then, you must consecrate yourself, body, spirit, and soul to the great business of saving your fellow-men."

And lastly, this Salvation Army says to such consecrated people, "Come along; we will teach you how to fight; we will give you opportunities of working for God and bringing souls to the foot of the Cross." There are some people who say that our little children ought not to lisp the name of Jesus, and talk about Salvation; and there are others who say when you are saved you must be six months on trial before you tell anybody how you were converted. We think they may be in Heaven before that, and we want to have some work out of them before they go there, so we say, "Are you saved? If you are, go and tell other fellows what the Lord has done for you. If you cannot do that, I am afraid the Lord has not done much for you." (Amen.) These are the

purposes of The Salvation Army. Will you join The Salvation Army? ("Yes!") Never mind about the flags and the music. Will you be a Salvationist and get saved after this fashion—love Christ with all your heart, and go forth content to be spent to the honour and glory of His holy name? Amen.

### SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The meeting in the Albert Hall was truly a time of refreshing to our souls, and a time of shaking the devil's kingdom in many hearts. We felt our Jesus draw near as we sang—

Speak, Saviour, speak!  
Obey Thee I will ever;  
Down at Thy Cross I'll seek  
From all that's wrong to sever.

As we rose from our knees the sea of faces that all at once lay before us brought vividly before our minds the last great assembly. A Cadet sang—

Like the billows of an ocean,  
Boundless, ceaseless, full and free;  
Comes the Spirit of my Saviour,  
Grandly rolling over me.

and a thousand hearts, in full realisation of its meaning, rolled out—

Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave,  
The Power of His wonderful might;  
It's taken my sins right away,  
It's turned all my darkness to light!

and as the chorus died away on our lips many hearts prayed that God would ceaselessly, night and day, roll His Spirit over this five days of Council, and sweep away the misery and sin which was so marked upon the faces of the men and women seen on the march.

Mrs. Booth read the 52nd of Isaiah, and made the sinners understand that bands were not only on their necks but on their hearts, and that under this conviction they howled. She brought vividly to our minds the fact that not only ancient Israel but modern Israel, by their inconsistencies, blasphemed the name of Jehovah.

Jacques Kissling,

### The Converted Swiss,

who gave his testimony in simple language, told of the depths of sin from which he was brought and the sufferings he had endured since his conversion, and how that, in spite of all this, he was determined to follow Christ unto death.

Miss Emma Booth followed with a stirring address, showing the secret of the failure and weakness of most Christians, which was that they had not rest.

Mrs. BOOTH: I want to say a few words about this peace and happiness of which my daughter has been speaking, and which God offers to all of us. I know there are some here who have had no experience of that peace and who say, "We have to work hard. It is all very well for you to talk about this rest and peace; but if you had to work as we do, and if you were fixed as we are, you would not find it so easy." My dear friends, it is for your sort exactly—for the people who cannot find rest

anywhere else. What would be the use of the Saviour giving rest to a people who had already got it?

He did not propose anything of the sort. He did not come to seek the ninety and nine who went not astray, but the wandering sheep. The sheep that had got away over the mountains into the darkness, and sorrow, and trouble of sin; that was the sheep he came to seek, so, you see, there is a chance for you to get rest. There is a chance for the very worst man and woman, as well as for the poorest man and the poorest woman, to get rest in the Saviour's arms; and not only to get rest, but oh, wonderful! wonderful! to become a seeker of other lost ones, to become a Captain or Lieutenant in The Salvation Army; to go out to India, or Australia, or France, or somewhere else, to bring other people into this rest. Some may say, "I am too poor and illiterate to talk to people on such a subject;" but if a man has got common sense, and can put a few words together, so as to make his fellow-men understand, he has a chance in The Salvation Army of promulgating this glorious rest and peace.

Oh! is it not a wonderful thing? You never thought that God would open up such opportunities for poor people, for unlearned men and women. You thought that whoever God employed to bring others to Christ must be, at least, decently educated people, and be a little bit respectable. Oh, dear no! all that we want are people who can publish Salvation; people who have given themselves up to God, who are willing to make every sacrifice for Him, and to receive back rest and peace. (Hallelujah!)

And let me ask you Christians here, What higher vocation, what higher mission, what sublimer motives, what more glorious prospects could a man have than to win men and women to the enjoyment of this rest and peace? (Amen.) Are you doing it? Are you willing to do it? Are you enjoying this rest and peace yourselves? Are you willing to have it? (Amen.)

There would not be so many wrong views about religion, and so much sham profession if people were more wholly given up to God, more earnestly seeking the Salvation of the world, as God wants them to be. If the Christians in Sheffield were to get baptised with this spirit of full consecration so that they did not care what they did so that they got men into the Kingdom, if they would give up their all to God and for the Salvation of men—if this were done you could shake Sheffield. I am satisfied that this could be done if you would set your hearts upon it. Some people never get anything because they do not set their hearts upon it. The Soldiers of The Salvation Army have set their hearts upon the Salvation of thousands of the people of Sheffield.

We have done a little here, as some of you know, but we want to see every man, woman, and child converted to God, and Salvation carried not only to the ends of Sheffield, but to the ends of the earth. We do not think there is a man or woman in Sheffield so depraved that God is not able and willing to save them, provided they have not sinned away their day of grace, and so seared their consciences that God has given them up. We believe that for every drunkard, harlot, thief—for every man—the Fountain of Salvation is open, and the arms of Jesus Christ are open wide enough and are strong enough to take them up and save

them. But we want the means of getting at them. We have to go out to them, and fetch them in.

We have our processions, and music, and flags, and uniforms, to attract their attention; not merely to bring them into our meetings, but to get them *saved*. Those who come to us won't stop with us if they do not set their hearts on getting men saved; they will soon want to find a cooler place. We know that great blessings have been enjoyed by other churches as the result of our labours in other towns. Ministers and leading men amongst them have come and told us how they have been blessed, how they have been stirred up by The Salvation Army.

Bless God, we are going on with the work, and the time will come when the new converts will be numbered, not by hundreds, but by thousands, The Churches want stirring up all over the land, and we want to do it. We have been permitted to do much, and we bless God for it; but we want to do a great deal more. We want another great building, and God in His providence has put at our disposal the great building used by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London. It is said to be capable of holding 5,000 people. We have bought this building in faith—faith in you; and you will not disappoint us. We are not a bit afraid of it. (Amen.) We have got possession of it, and now we must make the most of it. We think of putting it up in buildings to hold about 1,500 each; and we think of bringing one of them to Sheffield. Do what you can towards it, and so help us to save your poor lost ones—those upon whom you have not yet been able to make any impression.

An invitation followed to give ourselves afresh to God and the Salvation of sinners, Mrs. Booth herself standing to her feet as a proof that she had done so, and as Captain Polly Burnell engaged in prayer, God came consciously near to each of our hearts, and a few came forward to surrender fully to the Lord.

#### SUNDAY EVENING.

If ever we felt the need of a Salvation Army it was when we realised the shortness of time and the length of eternity in the face of that mighty congregation. They were all round the speakers, every corner and every aisle jammed. The three-decked, soul-crowded Albert Hall was a sight never to be forgotten. The people were well in hand by the time Colonel Ballington Booth appeared with the *Maréchale* and a fair show of leaders.

We sang, with increasing realisation—

Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
Sinners, He cares for you and me!  
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
They know not that by Me they live!"

Then we dropped upon our knees, and besought God to have mercy upon those who were in darkness.

Black Johnnie then sang—

The overflowing river!  
Overflowing now for you and me.

Music and prayer were poured into the vast assembly, and afterwards the Colonel read of Jesus meeting the Widow of Nain and her son. There were two processions—Jesus and His apostles and the funeral procession—the procession of life and the procession of death. God made us answer, at any rate in our hearts, which we were in that night.

Cadet Oliphant spoke of listening to God's voice, and how he had listened and found joy. Miss Booth, of France, sang and brought conviction to many hearts; made the Christian feel that half-heartedness was but a poor substitute for a full Salvation; and made sinners realise that the tinselled and powdered pleasures of the world did not give them rest nor prepare them for the judgment day.

The stories of living monuments of God's saving power by which she illustrated these thoughts, were listened to with breathless attention,—death-like silence, sometimes. God spoke to many hearts while we bowed our hearts and knees. Two led the way to the penitent-form, and while we were singing—

Oh, Saviour, I am coming!

more followed, until our faith and believing perseverance were rewarded by the capture of thirty-four prisoners.

#### THE OVERFLOW MEETING.

After the large Hall was packed to the utmost, the Hall underneath was crowded. Wonderful time from the commencement, and the Spirit of God strove whilst Staff-Captain Brooks related how, some three years ago, while in Sheffield, he was a drunken sceptic, and clapped his hands one day while a woman trampled the Bible under her feet. He got lower till he was left homeless and penniless with a wife and family; but a little over two years ago, in the Regent Hall, he got saved, and found the power of God sufficient for his whole nature.

He was followed up by Cadet Piggott, who told us how sin brought him down to be a sailor, but God saved him.

Mr. Billups, of Cardiff, then drew in the net. The people were melted down, and eight sinners sought Salvation.



## MONDAY.

### The Ex-Curates' Knee-drill at Seven o'clock.

A good start was made by some hundreds. The three Hallelujah Cadets, late Curates of the Church of England, led the charge. Some real Yorkshire laying hold of God brought the blessing down to every heart ready to receive.

Down where the living waters flow,  
Down where the Tree of Life does grow;  
I'm living in the light,  
For Jesus now I fight,  
Down where the living waters flow,

was sung by Cadet Sampson as his experience, after which he told us how he was saved in St. George's Church, Sheffield, after spending a life of sin and shame in the town. Then one of his comrades got the blessing at The Salvation Army. Through his friend's instrumentality he also sought the blessing of a clean heart, and found it to the joy of his soul.

One brother told how he had communion with God at his work.

Another, that he got baptised

### When Selling "War Cry,"

and how that when the General was here at Easter the "Lord gav' him a good shacking," and having a sovereign or two in his pocket, he followed to the Hall, and found a Full Salvation, and then went to Barnsley, and, in spite of the devil saying he dare not, told the people he was fully saved.

After a number of testimonies, Cadet Piggott said he had got saved from long sermons, and had joined The Salvation Army to do his very utmost to save the world, and urged everybody to follow his example by at once yielding to God, and consecrating all to His service.

Cadet Oliphant related how God had delivered him, cleansed his heart, and baptised him with the Holy Ghost.

The pool being opened, a large number feeling their need came to the mercy-seat, and obtained a full supply.

Crown Him Lord of all,

made a good, warm, Hallelujah finish.

### THE MORNING MEETING.

(From the "Sheffield Star.")

"The Salvation Army are having a grand field day to-day. They are present in such numbers as to give the town almost a holiday appearance, and in every direction is to be seen the red guernsey, the cockaded hat, the black bonnet—distinctive badges of The Army. Throughout the morning excursion trains have been coming in crowded with Salvationists, and almost giving the impression that they were going to take Sheffield by storm.

At half-past ten the Hall was crowded, The General being in command, and upon the platform were his daughters and principal Officers.

For half-an-hour before the chair was taken

### The Scene Presented in the Hall

was of a very animated description. As Corps after Corps arrived, and their Officers appeared on the platform, they were greeted with shouts of welcome and waving of handkerchiefs and flags. Viewed from a point of vantage it was a remarkable sight. It was remarkable alike for numbers, for enthusiasm, for the large proportion of men present; for the respectable, decently-dressed appearance of all. There were faces there that have been seen under other circumstances and in other company. One man, who was a notorious prize-fighter, and whose face, when he appeared at a meeting in the Hall two years ago, indicated but too clearly the kind of life he had led, now occupied a seat in the balcony, well-dressed, and looking as though he was prospering in the world. There were many others such—all bearing testimony to the good work done for them by The Army. Colonel Booth opened the meeting by announcing a hymn, the chorus of which was—

Pull, Soldiers, pull, and pull the glory down."

After prayer and some more singing,

The GENERAL said: This will be, I know, a very exciting morning. The Salvation Army has not yet prohibited excitement. (Hallelujah!) If we had we should have to alter human nature before we could get such a prohibition carried into effect. Besides, we are in Yorkshire!—(Amen)—and in Yorkshire they allow excitement. (Amen.) They allow it in politics. They allow it in trade. They allow it at Christmas time. They allow excitement in the service of the devil, and in view of the manner in which human nature is constituted, will allow excitement in the service of the Lord. (Amen.) I expect to get more or less excited to-day, and all along my earthly future I expect excitement. When I stand on the banks of the Jordan and look over it at my promised inheritance, I hope to have more and more glorious excitements that shall last for ever when I get there. But there is reason in all things, and this morning let us be specially cool when everybody else is getting specially warm.

We are going in to-day for a baptism of love. I do not see how anybody can say anything against that. If anyone asks you what your religion is, say it is loving one another and loving the Lord with all your heart. And hence I am aware with what joy you greet each other. (Hallelujah!) I have now to ask your attention.

[Here the sounds of music were heard, and another Corps forced their way into the already crowded building.]

I can hear that reinforcements are still appearing. (Laughter.) I cannot see them, but I can hear them.

Now, with regard to the day's proceedings, let us carry out one of the principles of The Salvation Army, and make everything as useful as we possibly can, in order that we may get good ourselves and go back to our different Corps better qualified to do good to others. (Amen.)

And, in the first place, let me wish you a real *day of pleasure*. Some people think we are to wait for our pleasure, so far as religion is concerned, until we get to the skies. ("We don't think so!") Salvation



Soldiers are quite prepared for all the pleasure there may be waiting for us in Paradise; quite prepared to participate with the Blood-washed multitude in their glorious joys, but we mean to take as much on the road there as is consistent with the loyal discharge of the duties of the day, and the carrying on the War that we have got on our hands.

I can easily understand how the hearts of God's true people can be filled with sadness when they look at the multitudes around them living in sin and streaming down to Hell. I often think of that English king of whom they say that he never smiled again after the death of his favourite son; and I can easily perceive how the sources of pleasure in human hearts can fail them when they look at the vast multitudes trampling under foot the Blood of Christ, and going on to the left hand of the Throne of God, and away to the damnation of Hell. At the same time let me say there is great strength in pleasure; there is great strength in joy, in the joy of the Lord; joy in the Lord, music in the Lord, happiness in the Lord, are intended to be our strength. So may He strengthen your hearts, and give you joy to-day. (Amen.) If you cannot play the music, you can sing the songs; if you cannot wave a flag, you can pray; but let it be in the Lord—all in the Lord!

I wish you at the same time a *holy day!* (Amen.) Our forefathers used to have their holidays, and they used them as holy days; they set them apart for the service of the King; but their posterity have taken these days and perverted and turned them into days, in many instances, of revelry and riot; but we are going to reclaim and restore them to the service of the Lord, and make them holy days again.

I was telling the people in another part of the country the other day, when they were grumbling about having to work so hard, that if they would get properly saved, and take care of their money, we would soon have another Sunday—(Amen.)—and so have two Sundays in every week. (Amen.) You want seven, do you? No doubt! (Laughter.)

At the same time we want this to be a *useful day.* (Hallelujah!) Try to do something for God and for the souls of men while you are in Sheffield. Look about you as you sit in these meetings, and march in the processions, and walk about in the intervals of these gatherings; seize every opportunity; that means, seize some unconverted people, and endeavour to get them saved. (Amen.) Thus you will walk worthy of your high calling. Try to do something while you are in Sheffield that will make your visit memorable to yourself and to other people; something that will live and yield pleasure when all the rest of Sheffield has passed away. May God help you and give you a useful day! (Amen.)

Now, just two or three words about *the procession*, which is going to occupy so prominent a part in the service of this day. We are going to have, no doubt, a gigantic procession. I do not know, but perhaps it will be the largest procession The Salvation Army has ever had.

Let me have a word or two about it.

First—A word as to its authority. If anyone ask for this, I reply, We can go back to our Bibles. I expect that there have been processions in the eternal city from all eternity; and they are going on processioning there still. Then there have been other processions in the service of the living God on earth from time immemorial. There was a

procession into the Ark—(laughter)—and doubtless there was a procession out of it. Then there was a procession, we know, out of Egypt. There was a procession of triumph on the banks of the Red Sea; there was one through Jordan; and there was a procession round Jericho. (Laughter.) There was a divinely-authorized and tremendous blowing of trumpets there. Then we know our Master had a procession into Jerusalem—a holiday procession. (Glory!) They shouted, and sang, and scattered flowers, and hoisted signals, and I have no doubt played their music on that occasion; and there will be a procession when our Lord shall come again in all His glory, and in that of His Father, accompanied by all the holy angels of the skies.

Then I will have a word as to *the use of these processions.* In the first place, we have these processions in order that those who take part in them may *publicly and avowedly confess that we are on the side of Jehovah* in the great controversy that He is waging with men and devils. I was at Old Basford last Thursday, at the opening of a new Barracks there. I went to tea with a drunken farmer who has just got converted. (Hallelujah!) and a voice: "I am here,"—the farmer standing up amidst great rejoicing.)

Addressing him, The General said, "Wait a bit, my comrade, and you shall have your turn." (Laughter.)

And then proceeded: Well, we were discussing over the tea-table whether we should have a procession or not, that had been announced. The Barracks were so full in the afternoon that we were afraid if we went out in procession in the evening we should not, perhaps, get inside ourselves, and so we hesitated a little. The farmer had got his white horse and his chariot ready; and he turned to me and said, "Now, General, this used to be the drunkard's parlour, now it is a Salvation parlour." (Hallelujah!) "There used to be precious little in it; but now it is very comfortably furnished, you see," and there was some proper tea brewing in the pot, and The General was there to help to drink it. (Laughter.) And then he went on, "General, we must have a procession. I want to let the world see that *we are on the side of God.*" (Amen.)

Now, we are going to let all Sheffield see this afternoon that we are on the side of God. Other people may have better methods of doing this. God bless them in their ways! (Amen.) I do not care how men show that they are on the side of God, so that they only do it. But you ask whether this is the best method of confessing the Master. I am not here to make comparisons between the methods of The Salvation Army and those employed by the denominations. Comparisons are not always the most agreeable things. I leave other people to make the best they can of what they have in hand. This is our plan—one of our plans—of confessing that in this great controversy raging between God and the devil and men, we are on the side of Calvary; we are on the side of purity; we are on the side of righteousness; we are on the side of all good men; we are on the side of the angels. Jesus Christ said His doctrines should be proclaimed on the house-top, and we will get on the highest pinnacle we can and say we are on the side of Jehovah! (Hallelujah.)

Another object of our procession is to proclaim that God has a right

to the services of all men. The devil has no right to the love and service of the world. We go out to proclaim our intention of helping God Almighty to sweep the drink, and the devil, and all the sin and misery out of the world. We are going to proclaim Jehovah as the right-ful Sovereign in this world! (Amen.) That all Sheffield, with its houses and land and money, and especially the hearts of its inhabitants, by right belongs to God, and that the devil is a vile usurper, and has no authority, no right, to the service and worship which he receives. We are going to proclaim our God!

Again, these processions might also be taken as a declaration that we have hoisted our Colours, and are never going to leave the field. (Amen.) They say when we go to a fresh place, "How long are you going to stop?" (A voice, "For ever!") Others say, "Oh! they will not be there long." That we are only going for a fortnight, or going for a month. I believe that if such were the case there are many friends who would be very kind to us. Under such circumstances, I do not believe the publicans would have much to say against us. They would argue, We must do as well as we can, it will only last a little while. But when they find that we are rooted in the soil, that we have become indigenous to the neighbourhood, that we are a permanent institution, and are going to remain till the Judgment Day, it puts them about. Being here for ever, they have some fear that we shall get bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until like Aaron's rod we swallow up everything that is against us. (Laughter and "Glory.")

We go out with this procession this afternoon for observation. We want every Soldier to look at the people. When we were at Liverpool the other day, one of the newspapers said that such a procession had not been seen in Liverpool within the memory of man. (Hallelujah!) They did not allude merely to the number of people who came out to look at The Salvation Army, although the number was immense; but to the fact that there were more of the wretched, ragged, vicious, drunken, criminal classes came out to have a look at The Salvation Army than, within memory, had been out on any similar occasion. Now, as you march along this afternoon, look at the people; look upon them with compassion; pray over them in your hearts; cry to God to send them Salvation. (Hallelujah!) In this matter we are fighting for God. (Amen.) I say it deliberately. I have looked at all the other methods employed by the churches round about. There may be means better adapted to remedy the sins and miseries and wants of the upper circles of society. They may be means better adapted to win and sanctify and make holy the rich and the aristocracy, and the royalty of the land, and the great swell people in the country. I do not say that it is the case. No one knows what power lies latent in the system of The Salvation Army. No one can predict in what form we shall develop, which way we shall come out next. No one can tell what we shall be or what we shall do to-morrow; and I will tell you one reason for this ignorance,—we do not know ourselves. (A voice, "Good again, General!") I will tell you another reason for this ignorance, and that is, we are going to do what God Almighty tells us to do. (Amen.) And I will tell you another reason for this uncertainty about our future. If we did know it ourselves we should not be telling every one about us; because we don't want the devil to discover our plans. (Laughter, and a voice, "He knows enough now.")

But I was saying the denominations round about us may be better adapted to reach the upper classes, with their better education and superior tastes, than such a vulgar common lot of people as we are. But, so far as the masses of the people whom you will see in the streets of Sheffield are concerned, no other organisation is so well adapted and so likely to reach them with pardon and purity and joy as The Salvation Army. (Hallelujah!) Therefore, I say, observe the people as you go about this afternoon. Pray for them. Cry to God to help you to save them.

I believe the time is coming that when the occupants of every brothel hear the beat of our drums, the poor girls will cry out, "There are our deliverers!" (Amen.) I believe the time is coming that when in every tap-room they hear the blast of our trumpets the poor wretches who sit there will say, "There are our friends; if we ever get saved, if ever deliverance comes to us, it will be by The Salvation Army!" (Amen.) We believe the time is not far distant when poor, starving, pauperised multitudes, who are now pining in our courts and lanes and slums, hear our music, they will feel if deliverance ever comes from their poverty, their misery, their crime, their wretchedness, it will come from God, and He will send it through the agency of The Salvation Army. (Amen.) We are the friends of mankind! We are the saviours of society! We are the deliverers of the world! We are the embodiment of the purpose of the great Messiah! (Hallelujah!) We are Christ to all men alike! Oh, that God would fill us with His Spirit so that we may successfully carry out our mission!

My comrades, do your duty to-day! So shall you make your visit to Sheffield a great blessing to others, and so shall it be a great blessing to yourselves. (Amen.) But understand one thing—and I hope Sheffield will understand it—that we are fighting not for systems, nor creeds, nor forms and ceremonies, nor for mere feelings and emotions, *we are fighting for the universal reign of love.* (Hallelujah!) Love one another! Love your neighbours! Love your enemies! And if it was of any service, and if it were possible, I would say love the devil. But that is of no use. Oh, may God help us! (Amen.)

## THE GREAT PROCESSION.

### The Scene in the Streets.

(From the "Sheffield and Rotherham Independent.")

The grand march and review of The Salvation Corps was a novel and long-to-be-remembered spectacle. Soldiers came not only from many parts of the United Kingdom, but also from several Continental countries, to join in it; and there certainly has been no sight in Sheffield so curious or more attractive than that afforded by The Army in its peregrination through our streets with bands playing, banners waving, with singing, and shouts of Hallelujah! The Corps were marshalled in Queen's Road, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and a vast crowd of spectators gathered to see the procession. For some time there seemed to be nothing but a heterogeneous mass of flag holders, women in Salvation bonnets, sellers of the "War Cry," perspiring policemen, eager onlookers, and amateur

trumpeters; by-and-bye the Corps formed in proper rank; the long line of men and woman, banners, bands, and carriages could be seen mustered in very fair order down the road, and amid cries of "Glory" and "Amen" the signal for the start was given. The procession, which was over a mile in length, and took half-an-hour to pass any given point, was a motley, but enthusiastic one, and included a vast number of Corps, and nearly fifty brass bands; the latter pretty thickly studded the ranks, and at times there was a little discord, because the band of one Corps struck up a different tune from that played by another, but what was lacking in harmony was made up in earnestness, and nobody was any the worse for the striking musical display.

**The Procession was composed as follows:—**

Attercliffe timbrel band.  
 Sheffield No. 1 Corps and brass band.  
 Sheffield Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Corps, with brass bands.  
 Attercliffe band and Troops.  
 Bradford and Shipley Corps and brass bands.  
 Sheffield No. 1. timbrel band.  
 Hull Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 Corps, with bands.  
 Barnsley, Rotherham, and Beverley Corps, with bands.  
 Normanton Nos. 1 and 2 Corps, with bands.  
 Scarbro' Corps, with band.  
 Carriage with INDIAN OFFICERS.  
 Mexbro' Troops and band.  
 York No. 1 Corps, and brass band.  
 Sheffield No. 2 timbrel band.  
 Major OUCHTERLONEY'S Carriage, with SWEDISH OFFICERS.  
 York No. 2 Corps, and brass band.  
 Heckmondwike, Birstall, and Great Horton Troops, and band.  
 Leeds Nos. 1, 5, 6, and 7 Corps, and Rothwell, with band.  
 Leeds Nos. 2, 3, 4, Corps, and Beeston, with band.  
 Batley and Dewsbury Troops, and band.  
 Sheffield No. 3 timbrel band.  
 Training Home Carriage, with Miss EMMA and EVA BOOTH.  
 Grimsby, Cottingham, Barrow, and Barton Corps, with band.  
 Morley, Bramley, and East Ardsley Corps, and band.  
 Castleford and Goole Troops, with band.  
 Keighley, Haworth, Bingley, and Wilsden Corps, with band.  
 Otley, Burley, Gulsley, and Yeadon Corps, with band.  
 Halifax Nos. 1 and 2 Corps, and Luddenden Troops, with band.  
 THE GENERAL'S CARRIAGE.  
 FOURTEEN MAJORS on horseback, headed by the CHIEF-OF-STAFF, Commissioner RAILTON,  
 and Commandant HERBERT BOOTH.  
 Staff Officers and brass band.  
 Female Officers and timbrel band.  
 Mr. Billups's Carriage.  
 Chester Nos. 1 and 2 Corps, with brass bands.  
 Manchester Corps, with band.  
 Runcorn Troops, with band.  
 Chesterfield Corps and band.  
 French Carriage, with the MARECHALE, and FRENCH and SWISS OFFICERS and Soldiers.  
 Long Eaton Troops, with band.  
 Lincoln Corps, with band.  
 Whittington Moor Troops and band.  
 Australian Carriage, Colonel BALLINGTON BOOTH and Major HOWARD,  
 Radford and Bulwell Troops, with band.  
 Sheffield No. 4 timbrel band.

There were members of The Army in wagonettes, open carriages, and omnibuses. The procession, too, included fourteen Majors on horseback, headed by Commissioner Railton, the Chief-of-Staff (Mr. W. Bramwell Booth), and Commandant Herbert Booth. The Majors' wives were in conveyances.

There was no rioting, as was the case two years ago; but all along the route it was a career of bustle and crush, of pressing on past great crowds of people who lined the footways, or peered through the upper windows of the dwellings. The whole seemed to be in a ferment, as one of the spectators remarked, of "dust and Salvation;" and those who got a "bird's eye view" from their own homes of The Army's march were to be envied.

**This is what they Saw.**

A crowd of youths were running heedlessly along, and occasionally turning round to mimic the advance guard of The Army, Inspector Bird, Detective Womack, and a little band of muscular constables clearing the way. Then a drag drawn by four horses, and filled with Attercliffe timbrel lasses, dressed in brightly-coloured attire, and looking like the sisters of the Bohemian Girl as they deftly played their timbrels. Over their heads was a crimson flag bearing the words "Salvation for all," and they sang as if they believed it. Behind them came more bands of music; men in Salvation Army dress carrying banners inscribed "Welcome," "Glory," "Freedom," and "Victory;" women, scores of them, in dark blue costumes and bonnets fashioned something like those worn a quarter of a century ago by the Quakeress, but scoring the calmness of the Society of Friends, and shouting "Hallelujah!" or beating the drums or clanging the cymbals. Band after band went by, some playing, some exhausted; but the vigorous Soldiers, who held aloft the banners on which such words as "Repent," "Sin," and "Saviour," were conspicuous, seemed impervious to fatigue, and cheered on their lagging comrades with shouts and cries of praise. It was an extraordinary scene. There were Salvation widows (in deep mourning) walking sedately in the line; there were some dozen women with shawls around their heads, marching along with The Army for a lark; there was a rollicking youth, who, placing a crownless Salvation bonnet on his head, tramped with a face full of mockery by the side of the Soldiers.

Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth, thoughtful and full of earnestness of purpose, rode by in an open carriage; they were followed by more timbrel lasses in gay apparel. Corps after Corps filed past, with shouts of "Hallelujah" and waving of banners; then came all kinds of vehicles jammed with occupants—women and children wearing The Salvation Army badge. A rough, elbowing his way through the crowd, got in front of one of the Corps, and waved his handkerchief as he jokingly led them on. No notice was taken of the vagaries of these frolicsome ones. The Army went joyously and steadfastly on its way, ignoring alike ridicule and contempt. There was more music, another contingent of timbrel lasses, and then a carriage containing an Officer in a gorgeous robe and a varied-coloured turban, as if he had come from an eastern clime. By his side was a lady attired not as English women, but in what appeared to be almost a Zingari costume, although she wore a large cap, somewhat

after the fashion of the pretty head-dress of the Dutch and Belgian peasantry. Now the tune "Oh, those Golden Slippers" was heard, but it was scarcely noticed before it was drowned by the louder music of another band, which strode by in attire that, so far as the head covering was concerned, was peculiar, each man wearing a helmet glaringly coloured with red and blue. Another band of women, bareheaded, and most of them with arms akimbo, marched by, and were facetiously styled "recruits" by the crowd, for they wore no distinctive badge, and evidently did not belong to The Army. There was a figure in the band that walked almost immediately behind them, however, that attracted more attention—the stalwart figure and ebony-like face of Johnny, the Ethiopian, who, clad in fine raiment, and wearing a brilliant-hued turban, looked as if he had just come from the King of Abyssinia's Court. His broad smile, and the vigorous way in which he plied the drumsticks, led one to believe he was thoroughly happy, and he seemed to light up the thoroughfares as he went by, there was so much good humour and joy in his countenance.

Not far in the rear of this dusky convert came General Booth and Mrs. Booth in an open carriage drawn by two horses. The General wore his uniform, and waved his grey helmet about gracefully, in acknowledgment of the salutes of people in the crowd. There were cries of "God bless the General," and "Hallelujah!" and Mrs. Booth was greeted with such shouts as "She's a rare 'un," and "God bless her!" Near the carriage were men selling correct portraits of General Booth for one penny; not far away, a drunken man staggered by, giving a tipsy leer at the "prochessun," as he called it; and on the pavement were men giving away placards to the effect that a pleasant evening could be spent at some music hall in the vicinity.

The scene was one worthy of Hogarth's pencil. There seemed to be

#### No End to the Marching,

and band-playing, and singing. Next to the General's carriage rode fourteen of the Majors, all on grey horses. Then followed dozens of Officers on foot; here was a band of hardy fishermen, and at their heels a carriage containing two Officers in white flannel suits, who got the name of "Salvation cricketers" from the spectators, in whom the precious gift of humour was uppermost. More bands went by, and a female drummer, with bonnet thrust back, and face streaked with perspiration, aroused the laughter of the thoughtless.

Along Clarence Street, up Hanover Street, and down St. Phillip's Road, the Soldiers marched without mishap, although the crushing, especially in the last thoroughfare, was very great. Going up Westbar Green three women burlesqued The Army, carrying empty cheese boxes, on which was chalked the word "Salvation." These flat boxes they used as if they were playing timbrels, but their ridicule was short-lived, for one at least was induced to walk properly in the ranks, and the others soon desisted from their fun. In the Market Place and up High Street, the crowding was very great, and many of the places of business were closed while the procession passed. Some of the local converts were recognised (notwithstanding their finery) by their old associates. For instance, one man shouted—"Nah, Liz, ar tha all reight?" and she

replied—"Yes, thank God." "Well, they have dressed thee up," said the man, astonished, whereupon she laughed and played her timbrel.

As the procession passed the Central Café, General Booth and his Staff forged ahead, amid great cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and shouts of "Hallelujah!" The foreign Soldiers also had plenty of admirers, the Swiss, the Indian, and the German members of The Army, being subjected to some vigorous hand shaking; but they never lost their imperturbability, and the banner-bearer, who had on his hat the words "Armée du Salut," stared solemnly at the pushing crowd, and wondered greatly, no doubt, at the excitability of the English people, and their new departure in what Carlyle calls "hero-worship."

Down the Moor the throng was greater still, and when The Army reached the Drill Hall for tea, soon after four o'clock, they were somewhat tired, very dusty, but

As Enthusiastic as Ever, waving their banners, and shouting "Hallelujah!" No such procession has ever been seen in Sheffield before. It aroused the wonder and amazement of the inhabitants, and showed unmistakably what a powerful organisation The Salvation Army has become in its lusty attacks upon the king of darkness, whom they do not hesitate, in their blunt language, to style the devil.

The Chief Constable (Mr. J. Jackson) made admirable arrangements for keeping the peace, detailing 100 men off for special duty. No less than forty constables were stationed at different points of the route, and sixty police officers accompanied the procession, which was marshalled by the Chief Constable, Staff-Captain Archer, and Sergeant-Major Mappin, of the No. 1 Sheffield Corps.

No fewer than eleven special trains were run into the town—from Mansfield and district, from Nottingham and neighbourhood, from Leicester and Derby, Bradford and Leeds, Hull and Runcorn, Warrington, Accrington, and several towns in East Lancashire. Sheffield, in fact, has not been so crowded since the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to this locality.

#### THE TWO IMMENSE MEETINGS AT NIGHT.

Great meetings were held at the Albert Hall and the Drill Hall, the audiences probably amounting to 10,000 people. At the

#### Albert Hall,

after prayer and singing,

Colonel BOOTH said: There are a good many people who, judging of The Salvation Army from an outside standpoint, say that it is going down. If those persons who indulge in those predictions had seen that magnificent, that enthusiastic procession this afternoon, and if they could witness this great congregation, and the congregation now assembled in the Drill Hall—which I presume is twice the size of this—I am sure that they would be ready to admit that The Salvation Army is going up as rapidly as possible. At any rate, I can say with confidence that our procession and these meetings form a living answer to the question—Does The Salvation Army stand? Thank God it does stand!

We are getting uncommonly well known. I heard some one remark this afternoon, "Why, there is no end to them, Bill!" Is it not time that The Salvation Army was known—seeing that it now numbers its hundreds of Officers; its thousands of services; its tens of thousands of Soldiers and recruits? We now get at something like eight or nine millions of hearers every week. Is it not time that such a movement was considered and turned over, not only in the minds, but in the hearts, of all right thinking people? I was going to a meeting the other day, and seeing a man I said "My friend, can you direct me to The Salvation Army Barracks?" and he replied "Doesn't thee know that place yet? thee should ax my wife, she knows (Laughter); and I am pretty certain if the wife doesn't, the bairns know the difference between father's step since he has been converted." (Hallelujah!) He directed me to a certain point, and told me if I then stood still I should "hear them for mysen." (Laughter.) I followed his directions, and although I could not see the Barracks, I soon heard the drum and found them. One man told us that for the first few weeks he had a drum he was so fond of it that he actually took it to bed with him. (Laughter.)

It is time we were known to all those who are down in sin, in darkness, and misery, and I believe the time is coming when every thief, every harlot, every blasphemer, every drunkard, and every sabbath-breaker will know, when he hears the beat of the drum and the blowing of the trumpets, that the Salvationists are his friends. Let those people who only judge of The Salvation Army from mere hearsay, or from something they have read in the newspapers, be assured that The Salvation Army is going up, and we are going up with it. (Amen, and Hallelujah!)

Miss BOOTH said: A Frenchman, when crossing the Channel, after having paid a visit to The Salvation Army in England, met several gentlemen on board who were discussing The Salvation Army. He soon discovered they were against it, and ridiculing the bands of music, uniforms, etc. My friend got hotter and hotter. At last he asked one of them, "Is it that you have been to hear these people?" and the reply was, "No!" "Then shut your mouse!" And how often I have heard people at home and abroad ridicule or criticise The Salvation Army, and have felt like asking the same question, and having the right to give the same response.

There are thousands of people who never come to see and hear us, and yet they are ready to repeat any foolish story afloat, or untruth printed in the journals, and this as *fact*, although they have not the shadow of proof or ground for their statements.

There is a great deal of slander in the world. In reading one of the Psalms the other day, I came across these words—David is speaking of the wicked—"In the secret places doth he murder the innocent." It is not necessary to take a knife to commit murder, there is another way, and a very effectual one—it is with *the tongue*; let us beware of this vile deed—(Amen.)—and rejoice that God is raising up a people whose *lives* are not only changed, but whose *tongues are sanctified*. God help every one of us to belong to the number. I have had a great deal of experience in this line in Switzerland. I told my dear mother the last time I was leaving

her, not to be surprised at anything she heard about me—for she has been far more troubled and anxious about me than I have been myself. I said, "Don't be surprised if you hear I am dead (that has already been reported). Don't be surprised if you hear I am sick, if you hear I am in prison, if you hear I am buried, if you hear I have run away—do not be alarmed! (Laughter.) Imagine all you can imagine, and then be perfectly easy until you hear from me." That is the pass things had come to in Switzerland. They have done all they could to stop our progress there; but, thank God, they have not succeeded.

You have in Neuchâtel some of the bravest comrades that are to be found in The Salvation Army. (Hallelujah!) To them we have committed our Colours, and the testimony of the authorities is that The Salvation Army is stronger and more important since the expulsion of the English leaders than formerly. (Hallelujah!) On one occasion some one told me that we had lost all! I replied, "My friend, we have nothing to lose! (Laughter.) You are mistaken. You should know that a Salvationist loses all before he becomes a Salvationist. He would be no good if he did not. He would be soon bundled out of the express train, and his boxes after him." (Laughter.) We go too fast for those who carry luggage. (Amen, and laughter.) Perfect freedom! We are all free! We have nothing to lose, and all to gain. (Amen, and Hallelujah!) It does not matter what man may think of us, so long as we do His will. We have nothing to fear if walking in the light as He is in the light. Earth and Hell may rage and do their best, yet we shall conquer all.

Mrs. BOOTH: I feel that I cannot but congratulate you, and congratulate the authorities of Sheffield, and also the police, and especially the Chief Constable, who has to-day so kindly and gallantly superintended our proceedings outside, so that we have had one of the most happy and felicitous processions we have ever had in the history of The Army. We cannot help but contrast this with a former visit, although we wish by-gones to be by-gones, and they shall be by-gones. The demonstrations of kindly feeling and of sympathy which have on this occasion been shown on all sides have been quite moving. I think I said on the occasion of my former visit here, that I was quite sure the inhabitants and the authorities of Sheffield only wanted to come to understand The Salvation Army—to see what we were trying to do, and I was certain they would sympathise with us; and now it has come to pass, we have a right to be glad and to praise the Lord together. While I have been sitting here, listening to my dear child, I have been thinking about those vast multitudes that we passed through to-day with our procession. I have been asking myself,

#### "WHY SHOULD NOT GOD HAVE THE PEOPLE?"

Why not?" Oh! as I looked into their faces to-day, I remembered that they were all His; that they were made for Him, and that they were so made—so constituted—that they could only find the true end of their being, their real happiness, in the knowledge and love of God. (Hallelujah!) With all else that may be done for them—with all else that they may do for themselves—take the most intelligent, and the

most respectable, and the most wealthy of this or any other country as our witness—I say that, falling short of the knowledge of God, we leave them short of the great end of their being; short of peace, and happiness, and glory, for which the great Creator made them. As I looked on some of them to-day, just coming from their work, and as I looked at the little children crushed in amongst them, I remembered that God said, "All souls are mine." Therefore, these souls are His. And though, in many instances, Satan has blinded them, and debased and oppressed them, and induced them to prostitute themselves to the worst of purposes, yet THEY BELONG TO GOD! (Hallelujah!) He has a right to them; and He is at last raising up a people in the world who recognise that right, and who are taking hold of the Almighty Creator with one hand and these masses of the people with the other, and who are going to strive by all possible means—throwing overboard all possible hindrances—to bring these two together. TO BRING GOD AND THE MULTITUDES TOGETHER. That is the work of The Salvation Army. (Hallelujah!)

Religion has been too long looked upon as for the respectable people. The great masses of the people of this country, and all countries, have not been taught that it is for them—that it is THEIR CONCERN. They have come to the conclusion that it has nothing to do with them. They have thought and they have said, as one expressed it, "It ain't in my line." That had come to be in an alarming degree, prior to the commencement of our operations, the feeling of the masses of the population. Now what The Salvation Army has set its heart upon—what we are resolved to do, is to make the masses feel that religion is IN THEIR LINE! that God has contemplated all mankind in the great scheme of His redemption; that His Christ did not come to save the few, but that He sent His Christ to the masses of the race. Therefore He came not as one of the Upper Ten; not in the glory of this world. But seeing that He came to save the race, He came down amongst the race. He came as a workman, and put Himself down on a level with poor men, in order that He might save them. But, that is not how the religion of Christ has been presented to the people. The churches, as a rule, have not understood this. They have assumed a higher attitude; they have assumed an altitude to which the lower classes could not reach. There has been nothing to attract them; nothing to take hold of them. This is just what The Salvation Army is for, to get hold of the people; and that is what The Salvation Army is doing.

#### ARE PROCESSIONS ANY GOOD?

A gentlemen said a few days ago, speaking of another great demonstration we had, "Well now, do you think it does any good? What good does it do?" "Good?" I said, "of course it does!" Don't you see the gist of it all—the meaning of it? In the first place, it makes the whole population face the word "Salvation!" (Hallelujah!) The more you think about that word, the more you like it; the oftener you see it, the more you see in it. "Salvation!" It cannot be uttered in vain. If you utter the word in the hearing of a saint it sets his heart aglow! (Amen! "So it does!") And if you utter it in the hearing of a sinner it sets his conscience aglow, and that is the secret of a great deal of the opposition and objection to The Salvation Army. You see nobody can read the word

"Salvation!", even in the newspapers, without its raising the question in their minds. Hence the advantage of getting in reports about The Salvation Army. Some people say, "What do you want to be in the newspapers so much for?" We do not want to be, but you see we interest the population, and, therefore, it is to the interest of the proprietors to put us in (Laughter.); and *while we interest the population*, you may depend upon it that the newspapers will not overlook us. Now, a man cannot read about Salvation without feeling that it is something that CONCERNS HIM; that Salvation somehow or other ought to have his attention; and then his conscience replies: "Yes, you know you want a Saviour." (Amen.) As they pass our Barracks in London, you see one man nudge another, and you hear him say, "I say, Bill, art thou going in to be saved?" (Hallelujah!) Then you hear another say, "That is the Salvation shop; are you going in?" (Hallelujah!) They understand it, and they begin to realise that they will have to get "Salvation." Therefore, to keep ringing the chimes of Salvation in the ears of the populace is a great good. There is a great deal of talk just now about religious socialism; but The Salvation Army has got

#### THE TRUE KIND OF RELIGIOUS SOCIALISM.

We believe in a religion of brothers and sisters. Caste never ought to have been allowed to cross the threshold of the Church. In the religion of The Salvation Army all men are brothers; they love one another, and do to one another as they would wish to be done by. (Amen.) When we get the multitudes to see and understand this, they will be drawn, as they are being drawn to our God and His Army. (Hallelujah.) I said to my friend, "Don't you see, when you make the people feel that religion is their concern, and not a thing to be shut up in great, dreadful-looking churches and chapels, which are closed and given over to the darkness of death five or six days a week—when they see that it is life, and reality, and joy, and glory; that will make the multitudes realise that it is FOR THEM; that Christ has purchased it for them, and offers it to them. It is for that we have music and processions, and drums and trumpets, and shout; it is to make them hear THAT SALVATION HAS COME TO THEM. (Hallelujah!). I sometimes think if I could be a spirit for a little while, and if I could get inside the houses of the people, and to their bedsides; if I could whisper to them and hear them whisper to me—as I presume spirits do—oh! what revelations there would be of the stirrings of conscience produced by our processions and songs.

To-day I looked into the people's eyes; I could have picked out hundreds the hunger of whose souls seemed to be coming through their eyes. ("Ah!") *Hungry Souls! HUNGRY SOULS!* They perhaps get plenty of food for their bodies, and I dare say a great many of them have plenty to eat mentally. They have plenty of newspapers, and periodicals, and books; but the grandest and most glorious part of us; that which is superior to body and to mind; that which can be happy when the others are in pain and suffering; that which can be fed when the others are starving; that which can rise superior to the changes and sorrows of time; that sublime spiritual nature of man, man utterly neglects and starves. So that it comes to

pass that while men are fed physically, and fed mentally, their poor souls are starved in every direction. Oh! if you could see their spiritual nature as you see their physical, you would see them with hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, and crying "Give us bread! give us water! we are starving! we are thirsting!" Their condition is like that of the rich man crying for a drop of cold water to cool his parched tongue;—oh! my God, open their eyes! open the eyes of thy professing people to see the misery, destitution, and starvation of the multitudes; and oh, give them hearts to feel, and such determination that they will not rest until the world is brought to know THEE. With all our processions, and music, and meetings, never let us lose sight of the one great object—the Salvation of men. (Amen.) If we do God will be as much displeased with us as He is with other unfaithful people. Let the Salvation of the people be the great thing with us in all we do, and think, and speak; let it be our object, and motive, and aim. Try to keep that in view, and may God help you to do it in Sheffield, and bless you all! (Amen.)

The thousands who paid to come into our tremendous demonstrations of Monday night in the Drill and Albert Halls, had good reason for their eagerness to be there.

The meetings were both of them almost beyond our experience in their gigantic enthusiasm. Songs that we had sung with rapture in some Congress Hall back-room, when 300 or 400 Officers and Cadets were together, seemed to come pouring and burning from the 10,000 lips like streams of liquid Fire. But, above all, the glory of these meetings was the Salvation.

Scarcely had the first speaker finished in the Drill Hall before we were gloriously interrupted by somebody at the back seeking mercy, and at the end of the Albert Hall demonstration, eight poor sinners were down beside the huge platform calling on the name of the Lord.

#### THE GENERAL AT THE DRILL HALL.

At an immense meeting in the Drill Hall, the GENERAL said:

I need not say that I have been very much interested and gratified by that remarkable march which has been made through the streets of Sheffield by The Salvation Army this afternoon. When I call to remembrance a march that took place here some time ago, though I am glad to forget some circumstances that were not of a very pleasant character in connection with it, and compare it and those circumstances with the triumphant reception given to The Salvation Army this afternoon, I can truly say that my heart is filled with satisfaction and delight, and with gratitude to God. (Glory!) I have taken part in marches all over Great Britain, and I have seen people come to them by thousands, and by tens of thousands. I was in the West of England some six weeks ago, and I suppose something like 60,000 or 70,000 people then came and either witnessed or directly took part in a procession we had in the city of Bristol. That was a very wonderful march; but I think the march we have had this afternoon stands first in the annals of The Salvation Army. (A volley.) The kindly, and in many instances, the affectionate

welcome that was given us by hundreds and thousands of people, who waved their hands and expressed their pleasure as we marched past, I interpret as being an interest felt, not necessarily in General Booth, his Staff of Officers, or even in the Soldiers of The Army that are located round about here but as the recognition of the hand of God in the movement. There is, I believe, a growing conviction in the hearts of the masses of this nation that the deliverance of men from their miseries, their poverty, their drunkenness, and their crime is going to come by the establishment on the earth of the Kingdom of God, and that God is going to use The Salvation Army very largely in bringing about the establishment of that Kingdom. (Volleys.) I am looked upon sometimes as being a sanguine individual. Some of my friends are always expecting something extravagant, or something rash. When they meet me and find that I have not been proposing to bring Niagara over to this country (Laughter), or to do some other equally unlikely and impossible thing, they cannot help feeling some measure of gratitude for it. I thank God that I have faith in His great power, and I believe that the Holy Ghost in the hearts of men is going to work wonders and marvellous things for the children of men.

#### What does all this mean?

This afternoon I have felt that the question must have often come to some minds, "What does all this mean?" as the procession, over a mile in length, swept through the streets of Sheffield, a happy, enthusiastic crowd, playing their music, beating their drums, striking their timbrels, waving their banners, and lifting up their eyes and faces to Heaven. From the hotels and public-houses, where people are bent on pleasure, and from the shops, where they are occupied in making money, the question would come, "What does all this mean? Why are these people Salvationists?" Let me try to answer this question. I know that many would answer the question by saying—for the notion has not yet been banished from civilised or even from Christian society—"Oh, they make a good thing of it! (Laughter.) That's the reason (Hallelujah); they make a good thing of it. Anyhow, the Officers do." If by that is meant that we are engaged in this great work for the sake of any earthly or personal gain, then I hurl the charge back into the teeth of those who make it. (Glory! and Hallelujah!) I hurl it back as one of the devil's own lies; a lie coined in Hell, and which has been doing the devil's work in hindering the glorious tide of Salvation which is rolling over the land. (Volleys.)

We have in our ranks ten thousand answers to such a charge. In the procession to-day there was a lady who has just given up a boarding-school, where her wants were amply supplied. She has placed herself at the disposal of The Salvation Army, to take any part, or hold any position, she may be thought best adapted for. Some of you would have seen her in the Indian carriage, for she has been set apart to go to India. In order to conciliate the heathen masses of that great nation, to meet their prejudices, and make them understand that it is not as ladies and gentlemen they come to them, but as brothers and sisters, Major Tucker has adopted the peculiar garb of their native religious teachers. Not only has he done that, but he goes bare-footed throughout the land.

He eats his rice out of the same dish as the natives. Two or three black hands go into the dish, then Major Tucker's white hand goes in; and the black hands go to black mouths, and the white hand to a white mouth—(A Volley)—and the last news we have concerning Major Tucker is, that in order to show himself still more friendly with the people, he has complied with a native religious custom, and gone out to beg his daily bread. In commencing this new form of modern missionary labour, he says, "I got a brown jug, and away we went begging from door to door; not to Christians, but to Mahomedans and Hindoos, and in a very short time we gathered sufficient to last the whole day. I found," the Major said, "that this was a convenience in two ways. In the first place, it saves money; and in the next place it saves time, as we get our food ready cooked." This lady, to whom I refer, knows that perhaps she may be expected to go about and beg her bread from door to door, but I thank God she is willing to do it. (Praise the Lord! and Hallelujah!) And yet they say that people join The Salvation Army for what they can get!

Taking part in this Council of War there are three young clergymen, who have given up large salaries and all the prospects that are to be found within the walls of that ancient and wealthy church, the Church of England. They have gone to our Training Homes, and the only stipulation they made with regard to their treatment was that there should be no favour shown to them. (Praise the Lord!) They are willing to go to the ends of the earth in order that they may win souls for Jesus. (Glory! and Praise the Lord!) I don't see how it can be said that these young clergymen have, after the earthly fashion of gain, made a good thing of it in allying themselves with The Salvation Army.

I have been told only this very day of a young gentleman, a member of one of the professions, with an income which he puts down at not less than £2000 per annum, and higher prospects before him—I have been told that he has said that if General Booth will make a Captain of him he will come into The Army. That is to say, he will exchange his £2000 per year for twenty-seven shillings a week—if he finds a wife who will have him. (Laughter.)

I might say also that in one of the carriages in the procession this afternoon, and expecting to embark for India almost every day, was a Cadet, a young gentleman who has just obtained his degrees as surgeon and physician; and although his prospects, humanly speaking, are high, he also goes forth to India to a life of poverty and service for the sake of Jesus, and for the Salvation of souls in that distant land. (Amen, and Praise the Lord!)

#### Who profits by The Army?

Yet they say we are making a good thing out of it. "Well," they say, "The General is!" (Laughter.) Oh, that General Booth! (A volley.) I answer those who say this, as I am proud of being able to answer, that I have never taken a single shilling out of the funds contributed for the support of The Salvation Army since its first establishment. (A volley.) I answer to those low-natured people who measure us out of their own peck, and who never do anything philanthropic—political, religious, or anything else, for their fellow men—without first asking themselves the

question "will it pay?" I say, I answer these people by saying that such principles do not actuate the Soldiers and Officers of The Salvation Army. (Hallelujah!) But there is a sense, thank God, in which we do make a good thing of The Salvation Army. (Yes, and Amen!) I suppose there are plenty here who have made a good thing of it in one way or another. (Yes! and Praise the Lord!) And, thank God, we are making a good thing of it for multitudes more. (Volleys.) We are making a good thing of it for men's homes and men's hearts, for their wives and for their children (Hallelujah!)—better for time and for the long eternity. (Hallelujah!) Everybody who feels this, say "Amen!" (Loud cries of "Amen!")

One of the many Sergeants, who has made a good thing of The Army, said the other day, "Before I was converted I lived for six months in a pig-stye, and fed mostly on pig's wash. They talk about The Salvation Army being all excitement. They should come to my house on Sunday now, and see my home, and see me put a pound of beef steak across my chest." This man has evidently made a good thing of it, and what has been done for this man, has, thank God, been done for thousands more. (A Volley.)

A while ago there was a pamphlet published by some man—some of you may have seen it—called,

#### "The Salvation Army a money-making concern."

A publican saw the title of that book, and was delighted with it. "Oh!" said he, "I thought it would all come out; the cat's out of the bag; the secret is out." And so he sent one of his men across the way to a shop to buy a lot of these books, in order that he could distribute them amongst his friends and customers. But when he got the books, he found they went to show that The Salvation Army made money for the butchers, and bakers, and grocers, and for the drunkards' wives and children. (Hallelujah! and Praise the Lord!) I don't know what he did with the books. He certainly never gave them away to his friends or to his customers. I suppose he put them into the fire. God bless the publican!

But it is said again, "The Salvation Army people; oh, they are big fools." Well, we used to be; but we have got our wisdom teeth. We know better since then. (Hallelujah!)

It is also said we are Salvationists because we are mere enthusiasts. If they mean by that that we are in earnest; that we believe what we say; that we believe in the reality of the facts of the Bible, and the revelations of eternity, and that we are determined to do all we can to save our fellow men from going to a burning Hell, then they speak the truth when they say we are enthusiasts. (Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! and Glory!)

But now just two or three reasons why I am a Salvationist, and I will give them in a few words. One of my reasons is, because I believe this Salvation Army is nothing more nor less than *God Almighty's plan for the regeneration and Salvation of mankind*. We say sometimes that

The Salvation Army is a good device  
To turn the world into Paradise,

and I believe it with all my heart. (Glory!) There has been latterly a good deal of talk about the "Bitter Cry." There's need enough for bitter



cries from the poverty, the crime, the drunkenness, and the miseries of this land. I wonder myself sometimes how ministers, who are specially charged with the task of remedying the miseries of mankind, can sleep in their beds, and rest quietly in their places of worship, and do so very little for the Salvation of mankind, with this vast sea of sin and misery rolling and foaming all about them. (Amen.)

I thank God The Salvation Army has found out a remedy. Politicians say they have a remedy. Men of science say they have a remedy. The educationists say they have a remedy; and there are many other people who say they have remedies. But The Salvation Army has got a remedy—a remedy that has been tried and proved, and found to be a great and glorious success. (Glory! and Hallelujah!)

I believe in The Salvation Army because it is God's remedy—it is God's plan of remedying the miseries of mankind. (Volley.) I say again,

I believe in The Salvation Army BECAUSE IT IS

#### A GREAT SUCCESS.

I know some people say that success is no proof of the truth of principles, or of the correctness of the methods which may be employed to spread those principles. I am perfectly aware that success alone is no guarantee; but, taken in connection with other considerations, the success of any movement is an important argument in its favour. Our opponents, who have serious questionings about The Salvation Army, whenever they get hold of a successful method, are ready enough to apply this argument to themselves.

To show the success with which God has been pleased to favour this movement, let me give two or three figures, and I submit them to honest analysis. I don't see how men and women who are everlastingly debating in conferences and councils how they can reach the masses and mend the circumstances of society—I don't see how they can carry on these debates without duly looking these statistics in the face. (A Volley.) Seven years ago The Salvation Army was a mere infant. It then had but twenty-six Corps. It has to-day, at home and abroad, no less than 884. (Hallelujah!) Seven years' growth—that is. Now mark that. Most of you know what a Corps is—a self-supporting body of men and women, themselves first pulled out of the gutter, rescued from drunkenness and other forms of sin; then, united together and placed under Officers, doing their own work, paying their own expenses, and helping to propagate the spread of principles and practices which have been so much blessed to them. (A Volley.) Now mark that! Don't pass it lightly by. Look it in the face. You say you want to spread the Gospel; you long for the time when the name of Jesus shall sound from shore to shore, and His praise shall be sung in every clime; when the world shall be deluged with the knowledge and glory of God. Come, and look at this method of hastening that happy time. Never mind though it be novel, or though it be opposed to your prejudices, and notions, and preconceptions, and though it be contrary to the traditions of your Church. What matters that? It is not traditions, and creeds, and opinions we are fighting for. We are fighting for the Salvation of souls from sin and Hell; we are fighting for the regeneration of the race; we are fighting

for the Kingdom of God. (Hallelujah!) Taken alone, we are not seeking the establishment of "isms," opinions, or notions. *We want to establish the Kingdom of Heaven.* (Hallelujah!) To any man who came to me and said, "General, I have got a new plan," I would say, "Have you tried it?" "Yes, I have tried it." "Does it succeed?" "Oh, yes, it succeeds." "Then tell it to me." Why, I would be willing to go round the world to find out any better plan for making bad hearts good, and miserable souls glad, than those we employ. (Volley.) Let it be known here that, in my most solemn estimation, my purpose is not to establish and spread The Salvation Army. No! *My business is to spread and establish the Kingdom of God.* (Hallelujah!) I stand up here and say before the men and women of Sheffield, and before the press; I say it before Heaven and earth and Hell, and before Him who knows the integrity of my heart, that if any better plan could be found for rescuing men from their miseries, saving them from sin, bringing them to God, and preparing them for Heaven, than that which I am now practising, I say, Let it be adopted at once! Perish The Salvation Army, and hasten on the Kingdom of God! (Loud amens and Hallelujahs!)

Here are my figures; have you got any, my brother? Come and show me them, if you have. If you have any better plans, let me see them. You say you don't like my vulgar plan, the red jerseys, and the music; you don't like drums; you don't like "Hallelujahs;" you don't like to see a crowd of people joyously, boisterously happy in their religion. Well, if you have a better plan of getting people saved from sin, I shall be glad to look at it, and if it is better in conception, and more successful in action than ours, I will adopt it instead. (Amen.) Meanwhile, take these statistics home with you, and show them to your minister the next time you hear him sneer at The Salvation Army. Talk it over with your deacon; make him consider it. I may say, once for all, to those who sneer at us, "Do one of two things; either prove we are wrong, or if you are honest men and honest women, stop reviling and misrepresenting us, and come and give us a helping hand." (Amen.)

I will say something more on this point which has often been in my mind to say. In discussions on The Salvation Army in convocations, councils, and conferences, by bishops, ministers, and others, the talking has mainly turned on the question, "Wherein is The Salvation Army likely to affect our denomination: or how can we make it to advance our interest?" Without regard to any existing system or organisation, it should be enquired how far this movement is of God, how far its principles are in accordance with the Book of God, and how far it is likely to save the souls of men. (A Volley.)

Now for the rest of my figures. Seven years ago there were, as I have said, 25 Corps. Now there are 884. Seven years ago we had 36 Officers. To-day we have, at home and abroad, 2,000, who are set apart and sustained as leaders in this great Army. Based on these figures, you can make a calculation, you who are arithmeticians; or if you have boys at a board school who are, set them to make the calculation for you. It's a rule of three sum. If we were 36 strong seven years ago, and are 2,000 strong now, how many shall we be in the next twenty years if the same rate of progress be maintained? The result of such a calculation as that will be rather startling, I fancy.

We have now 16 different "War Crys," we preach Salvation in 13 different languages, and we are preparing to attack all the tribes on the face of the earth.

Then about our music. I don't despise this music. I will give you one fact in regard to it, and let those despise it who may. In this Salvation Army there have been produced, in two years, something like 7,000 Bandsmen. Most of these were once drunkards, swearers, gamblers, and the like. They are now not only saved by the power of God, but have taught themselves to play on their instruments, and now spend their time in helping with their music to spread Salvation.

More than this, there is growing up around us a host of children who are preparing for the fight. Thousands of mothers are now rocking their cradles and nursing their babies in the fervent hope that when grown up they will become true warriors in this conflict, perfectly willing that, if necessary, they should suffer and die for Jesus. Instead of filling them with ambitions and prospects of worldly improvement, and wealth, and position, they are firing them with the desire to go out, following their Saviour and bearing His Cross, in order that they may be the means of saving men and women from a burning Hell, to become stars in His triumphant diadem.

Indeed, it seems to me that it is not so much man making a new organisation as it is God who is making a new people.

Greater successes than these are coming on. We shall see yet more wonderful things on earth and still more remarkable things in Heaven. In our procession to-day the Majors of The Army were mounted, but there is another procession coming on. We are going to possess another world. The faithful, toiling, suffering infantry here will be among the cavalry there. We shall ride on white horses and sing praises to the Lamb. Then we shall have the gold and beauty and music, and the companionship of angels, and all the glories of Heaven—whatever that glory may be—and above all, and upon all, the smile of God. That will be our reward. Where will you be then? Won't you be on our side now? (Amen!) Meanwhile, my comrades, let us live for our King, and, if need be, die for Him. God help you all. (Amen.)

As The General sat down almost all the Soldiers rose and shouted loudly, hundreds of the audience joining them, and for some moments the most enthusiastic demonstrations were indulged in, hundreds of handkerchiefs waving, the brass bands playing, and the audience cheering.



## TUESDAY.

### The Sisters' Knee-Drill.

Tuesday morning, while wending our way to the seven o'clock meeting at Albert Hall, we rejoiced to see coming from every side members who, after the grand and glorious demonstration and great reviews of the previous day, were again hasting at this early morning hour for another season of refreshing in the presence-chamber of the King of kings.

The meeting was conducted by Miss Emma Booth, and a band of Training Home lasses from various parts of the battle-field filled the platform, while in the body of the Hall were Officers, Soldiers, and Christians of many denominations. We expected, as we pleaded for blessing and power, to have a really blessed time, and as we sang—

I now take hold of Jesus,

the Heavens opened, the Spirit descended upon us, earthly things vanished from our view, and we found ourselves shut in with Jesus enjoying a good spiritual breakfast—so refreshing, so invigorating, that we

Tarried at it till nearly nine,

and while in His banqueting house many testified of the saving power of Jesus. Miss Emma Booth read a few verses from 2nd Corinthians, and reminded us of our responsibility as Christ's representatives, and pointedly showed how, with one failing patronised, one inconsistency allowed, we failed to fulfil our mission. Many broken hearts resolved to have all mist cleared from their lives, and with tearful eyes numbers, under the mighty conviction of the Spirit, at the penitent-form made a full surrender and received the baptism of the Spirit. A blessed, hallowed influence pervaded the meeting. Over the rough hill of Calvary waves of glory filled our souls, and with Blood and Fire came cleansing, purity, and power. The long row of seekers filled with holy rapture, determined with all of us to crown this morning hour with fresh purpose, to stick to God and holy living.

### Baptism of Fire Meeting.

The half-past ten meeting differed from the preceding ones of the Council in being especially for ourselves. We had already enjoyed times of getting sinners saved, bright welcomings of Officers, and that most tremendous demonstration of Salvation Army Soldiers. Now we came together before God—a great array of men and women whose whole lives were given up to save the world, and who wanted a fresh realisation that the Lord of Hosts was with us.

The Chief-of-Staff gave out the glorious old song,

All things are possible,

which lifted us at once into triumphant faith.

The GENERAL, who was received with glad shouts, said:—

We meet here this morning with the view of realising in our own

hearts this baptism of Fire, to get not only clearer views into our heads, but higher, holier feelings into our hearts. (Shouts of Amen.)

The meeting has been advertised as a "Baptism of Fire." John the Baptist, when speaking of the work of the Lord Jesus, said he had baptised them with water, but there was a higher, more important baptism than his, and he said: "There is One coming after me, who shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with Fire." Now, there must have been some meaning in that. There must have been some special meaning in the declaration made by that holy man of God, who spoke as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. There was the promise that Jesus Christ should baptise His people with the Holy Ghost and with Fire. Now, no one in their senses, with their Bible in their hands, and any knowledge of human nature, and any correct perceptions of the love of God, will argue that this was only intended to apply to those men and women who met together on that day of Pentecost, when that holy flame came into their hearts that made them saviours of mankind. No one is going to argue that this promise was confined to them. God is no respecter of persons. (Cries of "Hallelujah!") You have often heard me say that what God is ready to do for one He is able and willing to do for all.

I am not going to tell you all that is included in the length, breadth, height, and depth of that promise of baptism of Fire. I only say to you this morning, there must be something in it of tremendous importance and something intended for us. And what that baptism is, oh Lord, let us have it this morning!

I heard of a man the other day who had been obfuscated and bewildered by talk about the question whether God could save people from their sins on earth. He heard there was cleansing in the Blood, and he took the promise that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and he spread that before the Lord, and said, "Oh, Lord, whatever the meaning of this promise may be, fulfil it in my experience." He not only prayed, but believed that God would do it—nay, that He *did* do it, and it would be done unto him according to his faith. He said, "I have got a clean heart." He asked God for it, he believed, and God gave it him, and he confessed with his lips what God had done. A mighty change came into his heart and life, and if I am not mistaken he is here in the joy and power of that clean heart this morning.

This leads up to this—let us go down before the Lord. Never mind other people. We were full of anxiety yesterday about the multitude. We have generally someone on our hearts—backsliders, or some poor sinners we want to get saved. But this morning, Soldiers, Sergeants, and Christians, let us all go down before the Lord, and say, "Baptise us, and baptise us now!"

Perhaps some of you have got the fulness of this baptism already, but let those who have not the fulness of it, and don't understand its meaning, spread it before the Lord, and say, "Oh, Lord, I want Fire! Whatever is meant in the promise of this fiery baptism, which the Holy Ghost was to impart to all the hearts of Thy sons, let me realise it—oh, Lord, let it be mine!"

I read the other day that a celebrated divine, who is, I believe, a resident in Sheffield, in speaking at a conference of ministers, said that as the shadows of the eternal world lengthened upon him, he

began to see that what was called "high culture" was often a great snare, and that he wanted to saturate himself with spiritual power. (Cries of "Glory!" and shouts of "That's it!") Oh, Lord, saturate us with spiritual power! You know what spiritual power is. You know what saturation is. If you put your handkerchief into water, the liquid is all over it, through every fibre of it; in a very little time, there is not a thread in it that is not wet—saturated. Oh, that the Holy Ghost would thus come and saturate us! This is going to be a saturating meeting. (Cries of "Glory!")

Oh, Lord, saturate us! (Hallelujah! and Amen!) Oh, Lord, saturate us, not merely with the cleansing water, but make us red-hot with the burning Fire! Put the Fire into these Soldiers, and put these Soldiers into the Fire. Fire in us; us in Fire, and then, like the foxes whose tails Samson tied together with fire-brands, and went every way into the standing corn of the Philistines, we can go out bound together with love and aflame with Fire, so that we can set Sheffield in a spiritual blaze. (Cries of "Glory!") Oh, Lord, saturate us—(Cries of "Hallelujah!")—with spiritual power.

The song, with the following chorus, was here sung,

I can, I do, believe in Thee,  
For Thou hast shed thy Blood for me,  
The cleansing stream now sets me free,  
The Blood, the Blood of Calvary!

The General remarking on the words,

I can, I do believe,

said: If you cannot say you *do* believe, you can say, "I *will* believe." You can say, "I *will* give my soul no rest until it does find this rest of faith."

If you can't get as far as to say, "The cleansing stream *now* sets me free," say, "Oh, Lord; let it be *now*!" Oh, the blessedness of many saints is like the religion of many sinners—it is in the future. At present they have only a sort of undertaker's religion—a sort of graveyard affair. It is when they get over the river into the land of Canaan—they are going to be blessed, oh, they are going to be so happy there. "Oh," they say, "here we are, bothered with children, and with politics!" But they think things will be better when they get to Heaven, because there will be no naughty children and no politics there. (Laughter.) Well, we shall all be of one political party there. (Shouts of "Glory!") But The Salvation Army has got happiness in the present—we have got it now.

When the hymn,

There flows a stream from my riven side!

was given out, The General said: It shows what you can do if God saves you. Both the words and music were composed by a converted infidel. He is on the platform to-day. The infidel was converted through a Hallelujah lassie. God bless the lasses!

The General then read portions of the first and second chapters of the Acts, commenting on various verses as he proceeded:

These verses are well known, and the sentiments are received as perfectly authentic by all Christian people, and everyone here. Nevertheless, it is important we should revive the memory of them

in our hearts. I think they will go to show that Salvation Army people are on Bible lines. I often say when I stand up to read that I am glad our Bible is the same as other people's Bibles, or else they would say perhaps that we made The Salvation Army doctrines out of our own heads. But when we can put our finger on chapter and verse where the Holy Ghost has inspired and taught the truths we proclaim, and in which we glory, I do not see what anybody can do but embrace the same.

Sometimes you will hear people say, "I wish Christ would show Himself to me. If He would appear to me in my chamber some night—If He came before me so that I could see Him with my bodily eyes, I should be satisfied; but I have never seen Him in a vision, nor heard His voice." "If I could only see and feel something, then I would believe." Now I say to such people, "Why are you so down upon us because we do see and feel?" (Cries of "Glory!") That is a great puzzle to me. I thank God I have seen something—(shouts of "Bless the Lord!"),—and I have felt something, too. (Hallelujah!) "Ah!" you say, "You never saw Him with your bodily eyes, or felt Him with your bodily hands. He never appeared to you in your chamber." I reply, if I came to-day and said, "I saw Him with my bodily eyes, and embraced him with my bodily arms last night in my chamber," then you would say, "General, you must have had too much supper. (Laughter.) It must have been a bilious attack. It was only a ghost you saw!" You would not believe me, and after a time, perhaps, I should not believe in the vision myself. But He has revealed Himself to me after another fashion. He has opened the eyes of my understanding. He has opened my heart, and I have seen Him with the eyes of my soul, and embraced Him with the arms of my affection. I can no more doubt King Jesus than I can doubt William Booth. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") Glory be to God! (Cries of "Bless Him!")

You think sometimes if you could only be sure about Him and His Salvation—you say, "If I was only as sure about these divine things as you are I would make as big a fool of myself as The Salvation Army did yesterday." (Laughter.) We may be fools; but we are God Almighty's fools. (Cries of "Glory!") We used to be fools for the devil. A man at Huddersfield said, at a meeting there the other night, "I always was out-and-out. I never would be a sham. I always wished to pass for what I was. Before I was converted I had over my door three letters—the letter R to signify that I was a rogue; the letter T to tell anybody that came in that I was a thief, and the letter F to show that I was a fool. (Laughter.) But, thank God, that is changed now; I have pulled those letters down, and now I have three big red letters up: S for Salvation, A for Army, and S for Soldier; so that everybody may know that instead of my going to cheat them I am going to bless them and try to save them." (Hallelujah!)

Referring to Acts ii. 15, The General said: In those days there was no XXX—(laughter)—no liquor strong enough to make people drunk so early in the morning; but in our times I believe it is possible to manage it in about half-an-hour. (Laughter.) The religious people in those days, however, despised the Salvationists. There is the same sort of spirit now. People say, "How can these converted

drunkards, thieves, and harlots, know anything about religion?" I say sometimes—and I take a little pleasure in saying it—that I believe God is no respecter of persons in His Divine communications. That He is just as willing to speak through a washerwoman as He is through a bishop. (Shouts of "Glory!") What will be the difference between us when we get to the skies, my friends? It will be the difference that Holiness and devotion make; not a difference of education, and breeding, and fine clothing; or position, or religious office, or any of the outward accidents of our existence. Who are going to the highest seats—the seats that will be nearest the Throne? Who will get there? Why, those who love Him the most, and those who serve Him the best, and those who suffer the most for Him. (Cries of "Hallelujah!") Oh, Lord, help us! If you want to be joyous up there, look after your suffering down here.

Here, and now, we have to grapple with the same work that those men had who were in that upper room. The world was then lying in the arms of the wicked one. I am afraid it lies very much in the arms of the devil to-day. I am very much ashamed sometimes when I see reports that come from Christian gatherings, that they are doing well, because their funds are in good order; because they are maintaining all their organisations in excellent form and fashion, and that they have added a few hundreds, or, it may be, a few thousands to their membership during the year, as though great and satisfactory progress had been made in the work of saving mankind, while a careful analysis—and it would not require a very careful one either—would show that they had not kept up with the increase of population, so far as their own people were alone concerned.

Indeed the world, instead of advancing, seems to be seriously drifting back. People say, "Look at the condition of society in this country—this Christian land. Look what it was 100 or 150 years ago. Look at the cock-fighting, bull-baiting, man-fighting, and other disgraceful exhibitions amongst the lower orders of society there was in those times, and look how orderly everything is to-day. See what a sacred calm our Sabbaths are. Look at all these things!" But I say, take from the masses the strong grip of your laws—not your Christian influence, but your civilising laws—take these away, and you will have as much bull-baiting, rat-pits, cock-fighting, and disgraceful exhibitions, and signs of gross immorality among the masses as you had 100 or 150 years ago.

Oh, my friends, I don't say the world is drifting actually backward, getting worse, but it still lies in the arms of the wicked one. There may be more civilisation; but as to whether there is more Christianity in this country in proportion to its population than there was 200 or 300 years ago, I seriously doubt; nay, I am prepared to affirm that the people, in proportion to their numbers, prayed more, loved God more, did more to serve Him, and had more religion in public and private life 200 or 300 years ago than they have to-day.

The world is lying in the arms of the wicked one, and God wants you to come to the rescue. He redeemed us by a man. It was the God-Man who redeemed us, and the work is to be finished by man. Don't leave the man out. But with God and man you have the saviours of mankind.

God wants good men. He wanted them on the day of Pentecost. Their work was very similar to ours. The people in those days were very much after the fashion that we are. When some people think of the wonderful things recorded in the Bible that happened a long time ago, they get the notion that the people concerned in them were very much better people than we are. These men and women in that upper room were men and women of like passions with ourselves. Physically and mentally I am prepared to say we are as good, and perhaps better, than they were. They had proved helpless cowards. They ran away when the danger came, and forsook their Master. But the Lord said there must be some new power, and that new power came upon them. They were baptised with the Holy Ghost. We have the same work before us—the regeneration and Salvation of mankind. We want the same power for its accomplishment. This power will cleanse the heart from all evil, will fill the cleansed heart with love, and wisdom, and strength, and send those thus endued and baptised forth to save mankind. Lord, help us!

Why have not all Christians got this wonderful baptism? It is perhaps because all Christians do not appreciate their privileges, or perhaps because they are not willing to comply with the conditions.

In going into that upper room on that occasion, and in that company, these men took up the banner which had fallen from their dying Master's hand, and held it aloft, and said—"We will stand by this banner, and help to carry on the work of saving the world." What did that mean? *It meant that they came out from the world; that they separated themselves from its purposes, ambitions, pleasures; that so far as was necessary to the carrying on of this War, they left houses and lands, father and mother, husband and wife, and children—they separated themselves and offered themselves to suffer and die for Him.* That is what it meant. Are we in the upper room in spirit? If you are, you are very near the Kingdom of God,—very near the baptismal power.

They waited, they trusted, and the power of God came. God fell upon them, and then you know what happened. They went forth to conquer the world. May God so baptise and bless us here this morning! Amen and Amen!

Now we propose to close this meeting with prayer, and surrender, so that there may be the cleansing of all hearts from sin and selfishness and every form of evil before we leave this Hall this morning, and that we may be ready for the Crucifixion Meeting this afternoon—for that meeting which I prefer to describe as a "Dying Love Meeting"—a meeting in which we may all be brought into the mind of Jesus Christ, and filled with the dying love of Him who is our Saviour and King. (Shouts of "Glory!" "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!")

Major DOWDLE then sang—

Why are you doubting and fearing?  
 Why are you still under sin?  
 Have you not found  
 His grace doth abound?  
 He's Mighty to Save; let Him in!  
 Jesus is strong to deliver!  
 Mighty to Save! Mighty to Save!  
 Jesus is strong to deliver!  
 Jesus is Mighty to Save!

He then said: My dear comrades, that is my experience of Christ at this moment. I have tried Him now for a long time, and I feel He keeps me, as He says He can and will do all those who trust Him, in perfect peace. When The General was talking about being saturated with the Holy Ghost, I felt, that is just it. (Cries of "Glory!") The power of the Lord can save us anywhere. He wants to save us, and then He makes us a thoroughly independent people, so that we can hold our heads up, and snap our fingers at the devil, for we are God Almighty's property, kept by His power, saved by His grace, helped by His love, cheered by His presence, all the way along the fight. (Shouts of "Amen" and "Glory!") I feel I am just there this morning. (Amen, amen!)

I was saying what a blessing it is that God is just willing and waiting to do this for us; and all that is required for you and me is to give ourselves right up to Him without reserve. We have no call to go on another moment in sin, for God will so mightily come into us, that we shall rise to our feet with confidence and prove that we are the devil's masters, (cries of "Hallelujah!") shouting victory throughout the length and breadth of the land. God wants to make us more than conquerors through His Blood. He is ready to do it. Close your eyes and say, "Lord, show me," and be sure you will be heard. Don't leave this meeting, you who are not saved, until you have renounced sin. Renounce it now, and God will so save you that you won't want to go to Heaven, but to stay on earth and fight the devil on his own ground, and try to get men saved. You will be a saviour of men then. God will touch your lips and move your hearts. It won't be a cross then to go in the open air, (cries of "No, bless the Lord!") or to stand and testify before men and devils. You won't be able to keep yourselves back. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") It will be as your meat and drink. It will be as natural for you to pray, and sing, and talk about Christ, as to eat and drink. (Cries of "Glory!") You will be a Salvation Army yourself, either with or without a salary. May God help us to work from the promptings of love in our hearts. Just give yourselves up to God, and He will make you, as The General has said, saviours of mankind. (Cries of "Hallelujah!")

I remember at Hartlepool, a number of fishermen went out one morning to follow their employment. It was a beautiful day; everything gave signs of fine weather. The fishermen expected to have a fine catch. They went out to sea, and made ready their nets, and waited for the fish to come in. Suddenly, a terrible squall came on, and they found their lives were in great danger. The gale got worse and worse. The wives, sisters, and children of the fishermen on the shore were alarmed, and went down to the quay, and said "Won't anybody go and rescue our husbands and friends?" For a time no one volunteered to go out. But at last a godly old captain came forward, and said, "If I can get 12 more men with myself we will man the boat and go out to the rescue." It would be madness, some one said; others said it would be murder to whosoever went. But the old man was not afraid, and said, "Look here, comrades, if we die, never mind; we shall die doing our duty." Then he threw his hat down, and said, "Who will go?" Very soon 12 men volunteered. Then the old man said, "Go down on your knees, and give yourselves up to God; put your wives and children on the altar." The crowd of people

were weeping; men and women who had never gone on their knees before, said, "Bless these men who are going out to rescue the fishermen!" The women cried, "Save our husbands out at sea, and bless these men!" They got on board the boat, and the captain said, "Now, make yourselves fast," and out they went.

As the crowd at the pier watched them, sometimes they could see the boat through the foam of the angry sea, sometimes it disappeared altogether from view. But still they went on, the people praying, "God bless them!" (Shouts of "Glory!" "Bless God!" and "Hallelujah!") Out the boat went to the fishermen, and they found them in a terrible plight. But they got them on board, and then turned for home. As the boat got nearer the shore the people on the pier shouted, "Have you got the men? Have you got the boys?" and the answer came, "Yes, we have got the men, and we have got the boys." (Cries of "Hallelujah!") Then they came to the pier, and landed every man, not losing a single soul. (Cries of "Glory!")

Comrades, you and I are like those men in the boat. The Lord has given us a life-boat, and we are going to rescue the world. (Loud shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!") Here is Captain Foster on the platform, who saw the sight. They landed every man and every boy. And so it will be said of The Salvation Army. We have got the drunkards, we have got the harlots, we have got the men, and we have got the women, and we have got the children, and we shall bring them safely to land! (Cries of "Hallelujah!" and "Glory!")

Major LAWLEY next addressed the meeting, saying: I do thank God this morning, because I believe in the Fire that comes from the furnace beside the Throne. (Hallelujah!) I believe in God giving me a tongue of fire, and a heart of fire, a brain of fire, hands of fire, feet of fire, eyes of fire. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") I believe in being set on fire from my feet to my head with the Fire that comes down from the skies. (Cries of "Glory!") Oh, my God, set us on fire! (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") I do thank God because He is prepared to give everybody in this building now the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I remember when I went down before Him with a broken heart, and with my will smashed, laying everything at his feet. I shall never forget the overwhelming waves of glory that rolled over my soul, Hallelujah! (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Amen!") And this morning, in the Albert Hall, thank God, I can say, "It comes over my soul like a wave, the Power of His wonderful love." (Hallelujah!) I believe in this Fire, this Holy Ghost, this Pentecost. If we, every one, Officers and Soldiers, get this mighty love, this burning flame, we shall rock the world. Thank God, although the promise was spoken at Jerusalem, it reaches us in the Albert Hall!

The GENERAL now said: We will all go down before God, and ask Him to baptise us. (Shouts of "Glory!")

The meeting ripened into one great outburst of faith. Whilst on our knees we sang together the new song,

The precious Blood is flowing o'er my soul,  
It is cleansing me just now!

The GENERAL said: That is the first good sing we have had to-day.

There is more faith in it. I have been feeling lately that I understand the Master's feeling with regard to that declaration He made as I never understood it before, when He said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Oh, Lord, give us faith! (Shouts of "Hallelujah!")

"The precious Blood is flowing over our hearts." Glory be to God, that is a grand thing. Oh, may God keep it flowing! (Shouts of "Glory!")

Now, go away believing—believing all the way. The devil will be at you before you get outside the Albert Hall. He will say it is all excitement. Tell him you are going to have ever so much more. Tell him you enjoy it. (Hallelujah!) Tell him you were made for it, that you are going to take your full share of it in the service of the King of kings. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!")

The greater part of those in the Hall, and on the platform, rose to consecrate, or re-consecrate, their bodies and souls to Him who gives the Fire. Again and again came the refrain,

It is flowing! It is flowing!

until every Soldier seemed to get a new joy from the cleansing Blood; and then came the moment of triumph. Every outsider within considerable distance must have known that there was

"The Shout of a King in our Camp!"

The "very same Power" of Pentecost was in our midst, and we made no secret of it. Hallelujah!

## TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The General had announced this as a "Dying Love Meeting." After the wonderful blessing of the morning we were expecting great power and freedom, nor were we disappointed.

Major Davey commenced with the song,

Precious Jesus,

and the lines,

Consecrated to Thy service,  
I will live and die for Thee,

were sung as the heart-promise of the Soldiers.

Commissioner Railton read Isaiah 63rd, and urged the necessity of being willing to go through suffering ALONE if required in order to save the world.

The GENERAL then said: I feel a measure of fear sometimes at meetings of this description lest there should come out of them no real practical result. The country has been accustomed to conferences and councils with a view to the assistance of God Almighty in the great War that is waging, and I am afraid that the result of many of these councils is that things go on very much in the same way as they did before, only a little more so. I don't want that to be the case this afternoon. I tremble lest The Salvation Army Council should get into the same track.

*If The Salvation Army is not practical, then it is nothing at all, at least*

nothing at all in my estimation. If there is not some real, practical result of this Council, then I shall look upon the time as having been largely, if not altogether, thrown away. But if there is to be any practical result, that practical result must transpire in us individually and personally. We men, we Officers, we Soldiers, must be stirred up in our own hearts, and then go away determined to do better than we have ever done before.

This meeting has been announced as a meeting for consecration. It was announced on Sunday that there would be a meeting this morning for a baptism of Fire, and for consecration this afternoon. Some of my friends when they heard that announcement said, "You have got the cart before the horse. You should have the consecration first and baptism afterwards." I said, "No, I think we are right."

First of all, get right individually with God, and I thank God there is such a thing as getting right. (Glory, Hallelujah!) He has made it possible for a man to be, in the sense in which He intended, perfect on earth, even as His Father in Heaven. (Glory! "Praise the Lord!") That is, our hearts—such hearts as they are—our hearts, with all their natural imperfections and infirmities, whether large or small, may be brought into harmony with the mind and will of God, so that we shall be able to do our duty here, whatever that duty may be; we shall be able to fulfil the requirements which God makes upon us in our present circumstances and surroundings; that what He calls us to do, we shall be enabled to accomplish, and so do His will as angels do it in Heaven. (Amen, and Hallelujah!)

Now, I thank God that He has not required an impossibility from us. He requires that I should love Him with all my heart, and my neighbour as myself. And He has made provision for my being emptied of selfishness, and filled with love, and so enabled to fulfil the obligation. Oh, may this love be in every heart! (Amen.) That is the first work, and if there are any here in whom this work is not yet done, then may God help you to get it done quickly! This work, this emptying the heart of every evil, this taking sin out of the heart, is a work which God Himself wants to do. If God so loved men as to give His Son to die in order to save men from the consequences of sin, He must want to save them from the sin itself!

Is there any mother or father here who would be content with perpetually whipping and flogging their children when they do wrong, if they had the power to prevent them doing wrong? All things are possible with God, and all things are possible to him that believeth. The Blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin; and when saved from sinning, you will be saved from the consequences of sin. Oh, Lord, save us from sin! (Amen.)

The subject of the first part of this day, then, was the cleansing of the soul from evil, the taking away from the heart those tendencies to evil which lead us astray, and which are wrong in themselves. We say that when a heart is laid at His feet, is surrendered to Christ, when the soul says, "I present myself to Thee for the fulfilment of all Thy sanctifying and redeeming purposes, in order that I may become such an agent, and servant, and Soldier, of Thine on earth as Thou dost desire me to be"—we say that when a soul thus comes up to God, God answers with the Holy Ghost in all His purifying, cleansing, and enduring power. (Hallelujah!)

This morning there were, I believe, many hearts presented here. I believe so because I am always willing to believe that men are sincere in their presentation of themselves, and I believe that God is very merciful, and always answers the presentation. Therefore, I believe that God did this morning bless and cleanse many hearts; and I am willing to believe that in many hearts here there is the witness this afternoon that the Blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed them and does cleanse them from all sin—not only in the sense of pardoning the past, but in taking away the remains of the old carnal nature.

I put it as plainly as I can, for I do want it to be thoroughly understood by everyone here that there is such a thing as being cleansed from sin—that the Almighty can make a clean man. Even as I believe the devil can make a perfect sinner, I believe that God can make a perfect saint. (Hallelujah!) The devil can make a heart as black as Hell, and I believe my Lord can make a heart as white as snow. The prayer of David can be answered, "Create in me a clean heart." We sing about being "whiter than snow," and we mean what we sing. We don't mean anything like the cloaking of sin—we don't mean the covering up of sin. I once heard a popular evangelist say a saint, a Christian, was like a dung-hill covered over with a thin covering of snow. That is, white snow outside and filthy dung inside. That is what I call a dung-hill religion! It is not a very sweet smelling religion, and if you stir it you will find that it is a very unpleasant sort of religion.

I suppose that the plating business is carried on in Sheffield very largely. There is a good deal done here in plated goods, and a great many of the goods that are plated I believe are used for exportation. They go a long way off, and when the plate is all washed off, they are a long distance from the people who made them.

Well, now, that may be quite lawful. I have nothing to say against this plating business, so far as your hardware goods are concerned, either here or at Birmingham. But I don't like the plating business in religion. (No, no, and Amen.) I don't like this thin plate of profession outside—which is very little more than for the sake of the appearance. I don't like the idea of anything else with Salvationists than being the same all the way through—as good inside as you are outside. (Amen, and Hallelujah!) None of your Brummagem religion! Let us have the real metal—all solid! I believe we can do it. (Amen.) You say we can in Heaven. I say we can in Sheffield. (Yes, and Hallelujah!) You say we can on the other side of Jordan. I say we can on this side of the river. (Praise the Lord!) God can give you a clean heart here. (Amen.) If you haven't one, seek one. Oh, it's "the pearl of great price."

Many a man, like the man in the parable, has looked over the hedge, and has seen that pearl, and has longed for it and said he would have it; and he has gone and asked the price of that field. You know what the man in the parable did. When he got to know what the price of the field was, he sold all that he had, and went and bought it.

But there are a great number of people who look over the hedge at this pearl, and who ask what is the price of the field; and when they find that they must abandon the love of evil, put away all doubtful things, and come out into broad daylight; that they must be martyrs if

God wants them to be martyrs; that they must follow Him wherever He goes; bring their time, their talents, their goods, their influence, their wife, their children, and put them all on the altar of God to help the King; all in the cause of Christ—then they shake their heads. They say, "Yes, it's a very precious pearl—a very precious blessing; I would like to have a clean heart, and be done with sin; I would like to have a manifestation of Christ's glory in my soul, *but the price is too great.*" And, like the young man in the Gospel, they shake their heads, and shed a few tears, and go away sorrowful because they have more possessions than they are willing to part with in order to get the blessing. Are we willing to give up everything? Oh, Lord, help us to do this! (Amen.)

That is where poor folks have such an advantage, so far as worldly treasures go. They have so little to leave, so little to give up. These converted drunkards—why, they have only got a stool with two legs, and a few bricks. (Laughter.) They have not given up their riches. If they have, what does it amount to? Nobody will buy it! (Laughter.) Their reputation? Well, they would very much like you to take that away! It is in consequence of their character that the police are always looking after them. As to their friends, they have none; and, therefore, almost naked, they come and cast themselves at His feet. No wonder the drunkards, the harlots, and the thieves should go into the Kingdom of Heaven! "Oh, you make a mistake again," you say "you mean, should go into the Church, not the Kingdom of Heaven!" No, go into the Kingdom of Heaven! (Amen.) Didn't you know, haven't you heard, that the Kingdom of Heaven is come on the earth? If not, why don't you come to a Salvation Army meeting sometimes?

The Kingdom of Heaven is here; not "lo, here! and lo, there!"—in some particular locality, or with some special organisation. Some people say—"Oh, I wish I had lived in Jerusalem when Jesus Christ was upon earth!" and even now they would like to go to Palestine. They think they would get some blessing if only they were by the Lake of Galilee. "Oh," say they, "those were the times, when the Kingdom of Heaven was upon earth, 2,000 years ago!" Then there's a great revival in America, and they say, "Oh, I wish I could get to America!" I tell you it is not "lo, here! or lo, there!" It is not this Church, or that Chapel, or The Salvation Army; the Kingdom of God is within you. (Amen, and glory!) It is inside your heart. Oh, God, set it up! (Hallelujah!) The Kingdom of God is within you. You know what it is—some of you. I will tell you. You say—"It is baptism. Baptism for ever! Down with everybody who sprinkles." Then it is, "Down with the dippers! down with the Independents." Then it is that the Methodist communion is the Kingdom of Heaven; now that the Church of England is the Kingdom of Heaven; and with some other folk it is The Salvation Army.

#### What is the Kingdom of Heaven?

No, I will tell you what the Kingdom of Heaven is. It is righteousness—(Amen!) You see that—being made right; and it is peace—(Amen!)—peace with God—(Amen!)—a cessation of hostilities; the end of the war. No more running away from God now, but a running to Him. (Amen!) No more running away from death. "Death," you say; "why, here's my

Father's servant come to take me home for the holidays." (Hallelujah!) Like boys when coming home from boarding-school, you have done with bread-and-scraps and are going off home. (Hallelujah!) Peace and joy, not in your money; joy, not in your comforts; joy, not in your politics; joy, not in your learning; but joy in the Holy Ghost. (Amen!) Sunshine all around you; sunshine inside, light inside, joy inside—lasting for ever. (Amen!)

Oh, how interested you have been in reading the "Bitter Cry"—some people have, at least. But what has reading about the sins, and vices, and miseries of the race done towards the amelioration of the same, if it ends there? He was not content with the knowledge of our condition. He loved us, and came to us, and died for us. (Hallelujah!)

"You know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ [I know a little about it; O Lord, teach me more!] that though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich." (Hallelujah!) He was in that world above—I need not describe it; I don't understand it; I dream about it now and then; but I am so taken up with this world that I have no time for that. Still we know something of that glorious world, which He left in order that He might serve this one.

And you, my comrades, are in a glorious and beautiful world; your sins are forgiven and your pardon made. (Amen.) Your bread is given you, and your water is sure; and you have got uniform (Laughter), red guernseys, and proper bonnets. (Laughter) So far as this world is concerned, all you Soldiers are well off. You know none of the drunkard's poverty, and none of his miseries. Here you are, no matter what happens God is your friend, and when you die Glory is your home—all furnished lodgings up there. (Hallelujah!) The cooking is all done, and all the dishes washed up without you being at any trouble. All right up there—everything will be all right up there. You have got this blessing. Now, what are you going to do? Are you going to say, "I am all right," and then stroke yourselves? "Glory be to God, I am saved," and rejoice in that? Are you going to do that, or are you going to come out of this world and into the other world? Oh, if I had time and power I would describe it, but I cannot. You know something of it. You saw a sample of it. You had an idea of it yesterday afternoon in the procession. Look at the thousands, the tens of thousands, the hundreds of thousands, the myriads, of people round about us up and down the different countries, living in drunkenness, in harlotry, in thieving, in poverty, and in every form of misery. See them swearing, see them cursing, denying God, no thoughts about their souls, "without hope and without God in the world." There they are as miserable inside as they

#### A Dream of Hell.

appear to be outside. I remember reading, when a boy, about a dream. The dreamer in his sleep imagined that he went down to Hell. He wandered about its caverns, and the conductor who was with him showed him some of its terrible scenes and miseries. At last they came to what was a banqueting chamber. In this chamber there were long rows of tables, and long rows of guests seated at them, shouting and clamouring, eating and drinking, and seeming to be in a state of great merriment. The dreamer



turned to his conductor, and said, "What does this mean? I thought we were in Hell. All these people seem very comfortable, and to be uproariously happy. Can you explain it?" "I will explain it," answered the conductor; and, speaking a word, immediately every man as he sat at the table seemed to tear his breast asunder, and inside the bosom of each guest the dreamer seemed to see flames of fire, worms, and every appearance of torture and pain; and in the agony caused by the sight, the sleeper awoke, and found it was but a dream. I think to myself as I see them, as I look round upon the people—in the streets, and in their shops behind the counters, on the race-course, and in the theatres, as I see them shouting and laughing, and seemingly merry—that if we could see inside their bosoms, we should find in a multitude of hearts discontent, restlessness, fear, wretchedness, and misery in some form or other; if not there in action, there are the germs—the seeds; the eggs of the serpent and the viper are there, and each, when come to maturity, will turn to an instrument of torture and misery in the time to come.

There's the world; God wants somebody to help to save it. He loved it; He came to save it, and He suffered for it. Oh, may we live in the spirit of this love! (Amen.) Oh, may we breathe this spirit, and may it animate our hearts! (Amen.) What do you say, my comrades? Who this afternoon will consecrate themselves to God? (A Volley.) Who will stand up and say—I don't say stand up and say; I should perhaps have said, Go down before God and say, "I see the work before me; I see a dying world; send me; I am willing to leave my own ease and rest, and to give up not only unlawful things, but things which are lawful, if thereby I may be better qualified and better fitted to save the souls of my fellow men." May God bless you every one! Amen.

Now we will have a few testimonies on the lines of this experience.

The hymn "Rock of Ages" was then sung, after which

Ex-Curate PREGOTT said: I thank God that I can stand here and say that I do not count anything dear if only I can be the means of winning souls for the Lord Jesus. I think everybody must have felt yesterday that longing to bring those poor fellows whom we saw in the streets into the blessed life we are living. I have got Heaven in my soul; I have the righteousness, the peace, and the joy. (Glory!) I have got a clean heart, and I know that God dwells in that heart. (Glory!) And I know this, dear friends, that we will never be fit for anything of God's work until we really do get a clean heart, until we are really baptised with Fire.

I was thinking as The General was speaking, that there was a carpenter many years ago in a little house in Nazareth. He had His mother, and His brethren, and His sisters all around Him. He was doing His daily work; He was an ordinary working-man. One day a message came into His soul that He was to leave His mother and His home, and to give Himself up to the work for which He had come into the world. He then went into the Jordan, and when He came out He had left His mother, and His brethren, and His sisters, His home, and everything—He stood alone on the bank. And then when He had left everything behind Him, the Heavens opened, and the Spirit of God descended upon Him like a dove, and abode upon Him. And in the power of that Spirit He gave Himself up to His work. He was the Son

of God; but some people seem to forget that He was a man like you and me, with the like passions, but pure as God is pure. It was by the power of the Holy Ghost, who is willing now to energise you and me to this mighty work, that Jesus stood on the banks of the Jordan, and gave Himself up to His Cross, to His crucifixion, to His death and glorious resurrection. What Jesus did there we must do. (Amen.)

"God can keep the light burning."

When The General was talking just now about giving up this and that, about the difficulty which some persons have in giving up for Christ, I was reminded that when Jesus found me I was very much in the condition of the poor drunkard. I had scarcely anything to give up. He, however, gave me much. But I wonder how any man standing in front of the Cross of Christ, and seeing the condition of this miserable world, can think anything about what he is leaving behind him. (Amen.) God bless us each, and let us in The Salvation Army be in earnest about receiving power from on high, and then go out and use it for God's glory. (Amen.)

Major BLANDY: I am glad that I can stand here and tell you that I know something of that consecration which has been read and spoken about. As my young brother was speaking about giving all up, it came forcibly into my mind what I did seventeen years ago. I then said, "God helping me, I will go into the world and win sinners." I was in earnest about it. (Hallelujah!) My friends turned round upon me, and said, "You must be steady; you will lose your first love presently, and your zeal for God will wane." I remember I went upstairs and shut my door, and said, "Oh, God, what does this mean? All around me is a dying world, and I want to do something, yet these people say my love will grow cold and my zeal will wane. God, help me! Can't You always keep me going?" (Amen.) And I will tell you what God said to me: "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day." (Hallelujah!) And I went forth from that room feeling that God could not only keep the light which He had lighted in my heart, but that He could make it burn brighter and brighter. (Glory! Praise the Lord!) And this made me more than ever willing to do all I could, even to go down to death, in order to save a dying world. Some people told me long ago, "Oh, you are looking very poorly. You are not very steady. You will have to be quieter, and take it easier. The work is more than you can do." Why, I jumped about a yard high! (Hallelujah!) Glory be to God! Why, I didn't care how ill I looked, so long as I was able to rejoice in God's Salvation, and be the means of leading others to that Salvation.

We must go forth, at whatever cost. I left my wife and children, though I love them as much as any man in the world can love his wife and children. I have a heart much bigger than myself, and I can take them all in. But, glory be to God! the wife is left on one side, and the children are left on one side. (Hallelujah!) I will tell you what I did with them—but it was a long while before I could get to that—I said to the Lord when I wanted to go forth, "I want to win souls for Thee; but there's my home and family. What shall I do with them?" And the Lord said to me, "I am able to keep that which you have committed to

Me." And then I said, "Lord, I will give Thee my boy, my girls, and my wife. I will give Thee my home, my friends—I will give Thee all I have got; and You shall keep it." (Hallelujah!) Now I can look in the face of God, and I know it is all right with me, and that I can do far more for God than before. (Hallelujah!)

**"Room and Power to Let!"**

MAJOR SMITH: I feel very glad to-day because I have a part and lot in this matter. I feel glad that this Holy Ghost baptism is not a thing of hundreds of years ago, but that His presence may be felt now as much as in the early days of the Christian Church. Whilst we were coming down in the train I noticed a peculiar jolting and joggling, and the train didn't seem to make much headway; then I heard some one shout, "Take off the brake!" and, all of a sudden, the machinery was rectified, and away we went. I thought, and I think now, that is what people want; they want the brakes off. (Hallelujah!) There are a lot of people who have the brakes on, and then wonder how it is that it is such hard work. (Laughter.) There they go. They have the brakes on, and they say, "You mustn't go so fast." If they like the parliamentary business, I like the express. (Amen.) I thank God I have taken off the brakes, and by the help and power of God, I am never going to have the brakes on again. (Hallelujah!)

Walking down the streets of Halifax on Sunday, I saw a board on a wall, which said, "room and power to let." Some one said, "What does that mean?" I said, "I don't know, but up that lane I suppose there's a workshop in want of a tenant, and running through that workshop there's a crank worked by a steam engine somewhere else; and that if a tenant takes the workshop he can have this steam power to help him do his work." Thank God there's room enough. There are some people who say, "What can I do? I want to do something." And there they go, moaning and grumbling about what they should do, and how they should do it. There's plenty of room where you live, where you work, where you talk, and where you walk. There's plenty of room to work for God. You say, "I can't do it." Then you must get power. There's plenty of it to let. (Hallelujah!) God Almighty will baptise you with power from on high. (Amen.) Not with the power of your ability—I thank God for that; not according to your circumstances—No! God will give you His power to go forward. I am determined to go forward. There's room and power to let this afternoon, and the price you will have to pay before you can engage the workshop, and make use of the machinery, is the willingness to use it anywhere and everywhere in God's own way and for God's own glory. May God help you this afternoon. Room and power to let! Be a customer. (Amen.)

At the request of the General, the meeting then engaged in private prayer; this was followed by a prayer offered by Mrs. Booth.

The General then asked all who were willing to present themselves to Jesus, and to consecrate themselves to His work, to stand up. This invitation was acted upon by several in various parts of the Hall. The General next asked all who were willing to re-present themselves to Jesus and His work to stand up. This was done by almost every one in the place.

One poor sinner crept to the penitent-form while we were rejoicing.

Just as we separated some Officers captured a miserable drunkard, and after a little contention with the devil, got the man on his knees. Poor fellow, he was well dressed, and seemed as if he might have come once from a good home, but he was abased by sin and drink, and looked pitiable as he knelt, with blood pouring from his nose on to the form. At last he laid hold of the Strong Deliverer, and then invited the Northern Light to go to his house for tea. The Soldier did so, and had the joy of bringing this fresh recruit back to the evening meeting looking a "new man," as we believe he was.

The meeting concluded with singing and prayer.

**TUESDAY EVENING.—FOREIGN WAR MEETING.**

This meeting was given up especially to hearing of The Army's victories abroad. The platform was gay with flags which have waved in our foreign battle-fields, and with the national dresses of our foreign representatives.

THE GENERAL said: This night of the Council has been set apart especially for the consideration of the claims of foreign lands upon The Salvation Army, and for us to hear something of what the Lord has commenced to do in them. Something like three years ago, when France was first really and seriously under consideration, and when it got abroad that I was proposing to send an expedition to Paris, a gentleman came over to me—I am not sure whether he was not deputed by one of the evangelising agencies already at work—to dissuade me from sending The Army there. He said, "I know something of your mode of working, and that two of your principal methods of labour are impossible in France. In the first place, you expect the converts to contribute for the support of the work; and in the second place, it is your custom to form the converts into societies, so that they may themselves carry on the War.

With regard to the first, he said, "It is impossible to get any money from the converts," and I think he said that the French evangelistic agencies had never made a collection up to that hour. And with regard to the second plan he said it would prove impossible to carry it out in that country. I simply answered that we should most certainly try: that as to organisation I had no doubt that those truly converted would not only be willing to be banded together, but would give of their substance, according to their ability, to sustain the work. That if they did not, we would get them to the penitent-form a second time to get their pockets converted! What the result has been in both France and Switzerland is well known.

This same feeling is common with respect to other nations besides France. The Salvation Army has of late been discussed in almost every religious paper throughout Germany, and we have received letters from persons of high religious position, and from some high in connection with the State who care about religion, and they say The Salvation Army is not suited to Germany. I strongly hold the notion that The Salvation Army will suit the wide world! (Cries of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

We are going to have some descriptions to-night of the sort of start we have made.

Let us begin the meeting with some special prayer for the Salvation of the world. (Shouts of "Glory!") Don't be afraid. Ask God Almighty to save the world. Some people say that all Jesus Christ wants out of the world is a remnant—one here and one there—leaving teeming millions behind to be damned. For my part I would not let the devil have a single baby; no, not a black one! I claim for the King of kings every man, woman, and child redeemed with the Blood of Christ! ("Glory!") They say we are all wrong here. But then they say we are wrong about everything. I believe we are right here. (Cries of "Hallelujah!") I believe God Almighty's heart is big enough to love the whole world, and that the Blood of Christ has sufficient virtue in it to redeem the whole world! (Shouts of "Glory!") The King shall have His own, and The Salvation Army will help Him!

We were saying that many religionists think that all God wants to save out of the world is a small remnant. The Salvationists used to be content with remnants. Before they were converted they used to go to the draper's, and the wife would say, "Have you got a remnant? I want to make my child a frock. Have you something left from last year's stock? Some cuttings will do; something that has gone out of fashion." (Laughter.) And she used to go to the butcher's shop, and ask for "three-pennyworth of pieces," or "sixpenny-worth of block ornaments" (Great laughter, and shouts of "Hallelujah!")—the pieces that had been cut off the publican's joint. But they don't do so now. When the husband goes shopping with his wife, and the woman talks about remnants, he says, "Oh, missus, buy the piece!" (Laughter.) And when he goes to the butcher's shop, he does not want the bits; he says, "Have a leg of mutton."

Nor does The Salvation Army go in for "pieces" and remnants of humanity; they want the whole lot. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") Sheffield for Jesus! Yorkshire for Jesus! Lancashire for Jesus! Nottingham for Jesus! All the shires for Jesus! The world for Jesus! (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") Everybody who has a big heart, and is bent on doing big things for the King of kings, say "Amen." (Loud shouts of "Amen.")

Some time was then spent in prayer, after which The General said:—We will have a Swedish song to begin with—and he introduced Lieut. Anna Lindgren and Capt. Swenson, both from Sweden.

Cadet Lindgren, who is only sixteen years old, came forward in her native costume, and sang in Swedish,

En var jag har i Jesus.

When the congregation found that the chorus meant,

He's the lily of the valley!

they joined in English with a zeal which made us forget that we are not yet "all of one tongue."

Lieut. LINDGREN (who was attired in Swedish costume, and spoke in her own language—being interpreted by Captain Whatmore) said: I remember an evening, a little over a year ago, when along with my mother I visited the remarkable Salvation Army. We had heard it talked so much about. It was when The Salvation Army first came to Stockholm, about eighteen months ago. People talked both kindly and

unkindly about The Army, and we made up our minds to go and hear them. We sat up in the gallery. It was a place like this, and we heard we were sinners. We felt that they meant us—both of us, and we found out that we needed a Saviour. (Shouts of "Glory!") When they invited us to the platform [the mercy-seat] my mother went first, and she did not know I was coming after her. (Laughter, cries of "Glory!" and waving of handkerchiefs.) My mother fell down at the platform, and I fell down a little way from her; but she did not see me. When she stood up she was very glad I was with her. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") It rejoiced her heart because I followed her to Jesus. (Glory!) Before this we had lived together in sin, and now we can help one another to come nearer to Jesus. (Cries of "Bless the Lord!" and "Amen.") A little while after, Major Ouchterlony asked me if I would come into The Salvation Army and fight for Jesus. I was willing to do that, because I knew that Jesus had called me. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") I asked my mother if she would sacrifice me to God, and she answered, "Yes." (Cries of "Glory!") Now I stand here a Soldier of Christ, and shall always continue to fight for Him. I will fight for Him all my life through.

THE GENERAL: You have heard Capt. Whatmore interpret this young woman's speech—put Swedish into English. Ten months ago he did not know a word of the language. He has since then brought many a soul to Christ in Sweden, and learnt the language into the bargain. You young men and women who don't know how to get through your lives; you who want a calling, a way to live that will give you no regrets on your death-bed, I open out a track for your ambition. Everyone who has any ambition of this sort in their breast, say "Amen!" (A tremendous "Amen!" from all parts of the building.)

Captain WHATMORE, after singing a verse of the hymn—

It is nice to be fighting for Jesus—

in Swedish, said: It is as nice to fight for Jesus abroad as it is at home. God gives the heart and soul the same blessed peace. I feel thankful since I have been these few days in England to see the sympathy the people at home have for The Salvation Army abroad. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") It does not matter how far we may be separated, we are joined together. Though not present in the body, we are present in the spirit. I met a man in the Drill Hall last night who asked me about the foreign work, and he said he was glad his dear little wife had found the Saviour. He said, "My little wife cannot find much pleasure in the meetings, because she is deaf. But we work together until midnight, and then we go to bed and have an hour over the 'War Cry.' (Shouts of "Glory!") When reading it our hearts have often gone out together, and we have said, 'God bless them across the water!'" (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") I think such an expression as that, coming from the heart, as it did, showed that there are hands stretched out to help us, and prayers reaching the Throne of God from England. God bless all who pray for us!

When we foresaw the persecution and opposition coming upon us in Sweden, we told our Soldiers about the bravery of the Swiss Soldiers, whom we look upon as a kind of near relations. (Shouts of "Amen,"

and "Glory!") We told our Soldiers how our Swiss comrades fought for God in kitchens, and forests, and caves of the earth, and we said, "If God Almighty calls upon you to do the same, will you do it?" and they said, with the same heart, if not with the same tongue, "Yes; even if He leads us to death we will follow Him and you, and worship the Lord God Almighty." Both the devil and the police have stood against us; but the Soldiers of The Army have stood their ground, and fought and won for God, and we are going on to win further. Our persecution in Sweden has not been altogether as the persecution in France and Switzerland. We have been waited on a few times with sticks, and that kind of thing; but the police have prevented anything particular in the way of brutal violence in the streets. Our persecution has been of the sort that does not call forth the same strong sympathy which open persecution does. The police will come along when we are holding a meeting and compel us to close our doors just at the time when we are inviting everybody to come in, and we feel that to be a greater persecution and trouble than anything that could come upon us. I think I would rather they would take my head off than hinder us from talking. I would rather suffer any kind of ill-treatment than have the opportunity of getting at sinners shut against us. I hope soon that we shall be able to march through the Swedish city and lead thousands to the bleeding feet of Jesus. Go on praying. By God's help we will be faithful, and stand our ground, and fight for God and The Salvation Army. (Glory! and Hallelujah!)

#### The First Swedish Convert.

Capt. SWENSON, a female Officer, said: My experience is that the Blood of Christ has cleansed me from all sin. I am on the side of the King. (Glory!) Now that I am saved I feel that I am not satisfied. I feel that I must fight for King Jesus, to bring others to Him. I like His Salvation. I always feel a hunger and thirst to serve Him. Jesus has given me to hunger and thirst, and I mean to fight for Him every day. I say I will follow after my Saviour, and I feel that I ought to do it. (Shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" and "Bless her!")

The GENERAL (to the audience): Be quiet! She can speak English as well as you can speak Swedish!

Captain SWENSON continued in English: I see the necessity to be crucified for the Lord—to forget ourselves, and to be just one with the Lord; and I can see now that *Jesus and me is only one*. All things are possible with God, and I believe the Holy Ghost has come to my heart. I mean to tell you that because I have seen so much evil—so many who do not love the Lord—that I am determined, more than ever, to fight for Him. Wherever it is—it may be in Sweden or anywhere else—I will follow Him. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Amen.")

Mr. J. E. BILLUPS, of Cardiff, who wore a red jacket, said: I have known this young lady for some time, and she has been courted by the highest society in Sweden.

The GENERAL said: They say we are not getting the educated classes; but we are getting them one after another, and I do not know, after all, if we have not as many Officers who can read the Greek Testament as many of the denominations who look down upon us. The first

time The Army went to Upsala, in Sweden, we caught a young student. We will hear him.

Lieutenant HEUBERG then said, in tolerable English: I am sorry not to be able to speak to you in your own language. I have only been in your country a week. But I am very glad to be able to say a few words to you.

#### An Officer from Upsala University.

He then proceeded to say, in Swedish: When yesterday I saw the great procession and the many different Flags that we had in that procession, I was very glad to see my own country's Flag amongst them. (Hallelujah!) It was a sign to me that The Salvation Army Flag had been planted in Sweden. (Shouts of "Glory!") My greatest joy is that Jesus Christ's Salvation is sent for the whole world; and I am glad next to that that General Booth ever thought of sending a part of The Salvation Army to Sweden. If that expedition had never come to Sweden, perhaps now I should have been dead in my sins. Sweden is a Christian land as well as England; and as well as in England there is much sin in that Christian land. I was trained in a Christian home and I had heard that Christ died to forgive sins, but I never had heard that Jesus Christ had power over sin. That I heard for the first time in The Salvation Army. (Cries of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") That I found was something for me. I believed, and I received that power over sin. I should like to say a little of what The Salvation Army has done amongst the students of Upsala.

Captain WHATMORE: This city is the University city of Sweden, analogous to Oxford in England.

Lieutenant HEUBERG, continuing, said: About eight or ten of my fellow-students in the University have found this Salvation in The Salvation Army. The Salvation Army have also done a mighty work. They have drawn multitudes of people from the public-houses to our Barracks. Music and singing have drawn them, and many have said to me that they had been blessed and saved through The Salvation Army. Especially I mention one person—a comrade—a young doctor. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") This young student was many times on the point of killing himself. Many times he had the pistol to his head; but he came one evening to The Salvation Army, and heard the invitation given, and received Salvation. But he did not get Salvation that time. He came and went, in fact, more than fourteen days. Then he could stand it no longer, and rushed forward to the penitent-form. (Glory! Hallelujah!)

The GENERAL then introduced Major OUCHTERLONY (from Sweden), about whom he said: She is Swedish, and wanted The Army in Sweden. We refused; she wrote; we refused again. We hardened our hearts. We said the Sheffield people and other people would not give us money to pay expenses. She came over then to seek personally to induce us to send The Army. We refused, and sent her back with a broken heart. She then said she would be a Salvation Army herself, and began to hold meetings herself, and one of the first souls born unto her was this dear girl Swenson. She said, "I will try and melt the stony heart of The General." So she came to England again, bringing the girl with

her, and saying, "This is a sample of what can be done in Sweden." (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

Again we said "No; we have neither money nor men." She was, however, like the woman in the Gospel, and would not take "no" for an answer, and at last we gave in and sent an expedition under her leadership. She went, and here is a sample of the work done. The Salvation Army is going to spread over Sweden. I say, God bless this plucky woman! (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

Major OUCHTERLONY said: Our difficulty has always been to get buildings great enough for holding the crowds of people. At the first there was a great deal of confusion, and such crowds of people. At the meetings so great was the crush as to endanger life. The Governor of the city could not make out how it all happened, and said, "I am afraid it is the bonnets!"—(great laughter)—meaning the fashion of The Salvation Army bonnets, that attracted people.

The Governor always sent many policemen to protect us, and was willing to do that so long as he thought we would stop only for a little time; but when he saw we were to stop for ever, then he got tired of us, and at last the Governor turned against us. We had in the first winter to stand out in yards, in streets which were quite full of snow, and white, but I did not count that as any difficulty so long as we had any place to speak in. At last we hired a building, and paid a lot of money—£500 a year—for the theatre to hold 800 people, and when we had this it was so awfully crowded with people wanting to come in that they put ladders to the walls and smashed the windows.

The General: I wish they would here, and give us some fresh air. (Great laughter.)

Major OUCHTERLONY: The authorities were against us; we must have tickets. We succeeded very nicely, but just then, when everybody was coming to our doors, and we were having them open for night meetings, our windows were smashed, and the policemen said, "We must get rid of these awful people." (Shouts of "Glory!") The matter was taken to the High Court, and we have not seen our case yet; but next month I know we shall have open doors. It must be so, because we have the law on our side. (Shouts of "Glory!")

A very high man told me he does not think the police had this right. They tried to say that we were not religious; but I had four clergymen witnesses to say that we were religious. But I will leave the dark sides. We have had awful persecution, and they said they would do with us like they did in Switzerland, but we shall conquer; because we have God on our side. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

Now, as to the blessings we have seen; there have been many souls saved, many people get Salvation. We saw a lot of Soldiers from the king's army testify to the Salvation of Jesus Christ—and hundreds more. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") The devil was angry and he locked our doors; but at Christmas time we had a most beautiful meeting, and praised God we had many souls saved. (Shouts of "Glory!")

Going to drown himself with a rope in his pocket.

One man who had intended to hang himself, and had a rope in his pocket, decided to drown himself, because he thought it was easier than

hanging; but the Hallelujah Lasses came behind him and asked him to be saved, and he has been saved now since February, 1883. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") This man that was going to drown himself had been without a situation for a long time, and even after he got saved he could not get employment because he wore the letter "F" on his collar. The "F" in Swedish stands for "Frälsnings" (Salvation). I have seen this man nearly starving. His eyes have appeared dim, because of his starving condition, in consequence of his wearing the letter "F." But now he has got a situation, and his comrades saved as well.

In Upsala we have no persecution. If we meet countrymen, they take off their hats and salute us; and the authorities are so much on our side that the police-master promised us his help, and he has not backslided yet. But you will see more in the "War Cry." (Glory, Hallelujah!)

Captain WHATMORE: We have a Swedish "War Cry," and the Lord has helped us to spread it where we cannot at present go. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

Major HOWARD, Vice-Principal of the Training Home, was then introduced by The General, amid intense enthusiasm, especially on that side of the platform occupied by the male Field Officers.

The GENERAL: For three and a half years Major Howard has been second in command of the Training Home, and in consequence of the harsh and cruel treatment he has given to the Home boys—(laughter, cheers, and cries of "No, no!")—why don't you hear me out? You are like the newspapers—you judge me before you hear me! (Laughter.) What I was going to say was, that in consequence of his harsh and cruel treatment of the Training Home boys, you see what a reception they have given him to-night. (Loud cheers.) He is going out to Australia to help The Army.

Major HOWARD, who was received most enthusiastically, said: I only want to say that the whole meaning of the meeting this morning, and the meeting this afternoon, is that it has its realisation in my own soul. I bless God in reference to these new tests and circumstances which come upon me from time to time, I find myself very much in the position of the martyrs of old. I am not a martyr at present, thank God, but in this particular I mean, that when the martyrs of old were asked how it was that, although they had to take up many crosses and difficulties, they did it so cheerfully—their answer was, that they went through a burning in their cells, and that the severe burning they got there made it easy to go through with it at the stake.

Years ago I went through this agony and burning. I thank God the sacrifice was completed; and now, instead of having to screw up my courage when some fresh demand is made to leave family or something else, I thank God because my soul is in such a condition that I can embrace the will of God; and wherever He leads me, with joy and delight I am glad to follow. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") I also say this word of encouragement to the women. I have a wife of the same mind as myself. A great many have said to me, "How dare you?" "It is very wicked of you to go away." But my wife says that if a man was an officer in the Queen's army, and it was necessary that he should go away to seek honour, and glory, and fame, his wife would gladly let

her husband go; and what the people do for love, and money, and fame, the followers of Christ ought to do gladly to further the work. Thank God, my family, too, is of the same mind. We have three proper boys, and we all belong to Jesus. (Loud cries of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

STAFF-CAPT. NEEDHAM (about to start on Salvation Army work in India) was now introduced.

THE GENERAL, in introducing her said: She has left earthly prospects of no mean order. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") We do not take anybody who is not willing to go anywhere. There is no picking or choosing in The Salvation Army. We will pick and choose for you. If you drop into a gentle post you must be thankful; if into a hard one you must still be thankful. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") The most difficult post will bring the most reward. (Glory!) Capt. Needham has been the owner of a boarding school, and she has given it up so that she may work in India, and she is thankful and glad to have this privilege. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

CAPT. NEEDHAM, who was received with a volley, said: I cannot tell you much Hindustani to-night, but I can tell you I am saved. When in the procession a man came up to our carriage, and he said a word in Hindustani. He said he was saved. I asked him if he had taken Jesus to be his God, and he said, yes. I am going away to my work with the blessing of a Hindoo who lives in Sheffield. I am going away also with the prayers and blessings of the Sheffield people. When The General was reading about being witness for Christ in Sheffield, and Yorkshire, and India, and the uttermost parts of the world, I praised the Lord that He has given me the privilege of fighting to-day in The Salvation Army, and because I am able to go to India to be a representative of Jesus Christ, and to help to storm the forts of darkness, and to stand by the side of noble Major Tucker to give him a woman's help in training the women of India. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Fire a Volley!") In the Indian "War Cry" I read that amongst sixty converts were some women, and I hope to work amongst them. We do not want buildings in India. We have a great many faults to find with the Indian climate, but we can live out of doors in the streets, where the people can gather round to hear of Jesus, and accept Salvation.

Some of the natives of India who heard Major Tucker, and profited by his labours, said: "We have not much to give you, but we will give you some fruit trees." I thought, as I read this, that these black women had realised that they were saved, and thought they ought to do something for God, so they gave these fruit trees to their Saviour, and I think the women of England ought to consecrate their lives to Him.

I am glad that I am going to India. I feel to-night that I never occupied so noble a position as I do this evening. (Loud shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" and "Fire a Volley.")

Yesterday in the procession people called me all sorts of names. Some said, "Well, that must be Mrs. Booth." However, as The General was not with me they concluded that I was not Mrs. Booth. They called me first one name, then another, and one man added that I was the Queen of Sheba. (Loud laughter, and shouts of "Glory!")

### A Startling Announcement.

THE GENERAL said: In our crusade against sin we consider the circumstances and prejudices of the people. We hold that whatever is lawful, if it seem likely to succeed, we have a right to use. We dress our Officers according to the customs and usages of the people amongst whom they go. This [pointing to Dr. Oram's Indian dress] is the religious dress of the Hindoos. In order to get down to them to show that we are their brothers and sisters, we adopt these means. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") Let me make a statement, perhaps, one of the most wonderful announcements ever made on a missionary platform in this country. I will make two in fact. The first is that last year the heathen natives of India gave The Salvation Army not less than £200 to help its work. (Cries of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") When letters last reached me from India there had been no less than 250 natives at the penitent-form. I don't mean people merely changing their opinions; but people going to the penitent-form, crying for mercy, selling their ornaments, bringing in their charms, and getting saved after our fashion.

We are going to have a nation born in a day. (Shouts of "Glory!" "Bless the Lord!" and "Amen!") I believe we are going to see great things—wonderful things.

DR. P. SPRAGUE ORAM (India) said: I was saved at the first meeting at the Congress Hall at Clapton, and they asked me if I was going to Heaven and had got saved. I went to the first consecration meeting, and I went to the table as happily and joyously as I hope to go to Glory some day. Since then I know the Lord has been guiding me every step. I have never had any doubts or fears. When the call came for India, God helped me to say "Yes" without any fears. He wants me for His work, and I am willing to go. I know India is a big place, and it will be hard work, but I know the Lord Jesus is going with me, and the blessed Holy Ghost has come down and baptised me. He wants men and women for India. All I can do I will do out there. I know the natives are perishing. They have hardly heard about the Saviour, but, please God, I will tell them all I know about Him. I know what a wonderful Saviour He has been to me. (Shouts of "Glory!") You can go to London and ask what a difference it has made to me. I do mean to serve Christ, and nothing shall stand between me and my God. (Glory!)

THE GENERAL: I hold in my hand one of the most wonderful pamphlets ever published about missionary work. It is a review of The Salvation Army, written independently of our knowledge by the grandson of the great philanthropist, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and it contains facts observed by Mr. Fry with his own eyes during a recent Asiatic tour.

### Switzerland to the Front.

MISS BOOTH (of Paris) then introduced the Swiss Soldiers, who waved their flags, and were received with boundless enthusiasm.

CAPTAIN CUSIN (Swiss), who spoke in French (Miss Charlesworth interpreting), said: I am very glad to-day to find myself in such a joyous assembly—amongst so many dear friends. (Hallelujah!) I did not know when I was in Switzerland that I had so many friends. But we some-

times have a large assembly in Switzerland. Jesus Christ is our Friend and Saviour; and it is thanks to The Salvation Army that we have learnt to know Him personally. Some time ago I was in America, and I learnt to know Jesus there; but I did not know that He could save me from my sin. Soon after, I returned to Switzerland, and there I found new life. I went into Neuchâtel, amongst all the friends and Christians, but I found nothing which answered to the joy I had in my heart in possessing my Saviour. The Salvation Army came to Neuchâtel. I could not at first quite imagine what it was. It amused me. I laughed at it. But the first time I heard the Captain speaking in the hall, "Ah!" I said, "here at last have I found a brother, somebody who loves Christ." Since then I can say that I have learnt to know my Christ personally, as a Saviour who can keep from all sin. Very soon we had the joy of a visit from our Maréchale. We had to go through a great many difficulties. We had everything against us. The police, the Christians, nearly everybody turned against us, and tried to discourage us. Then they said, "Now The Salvation Army is dead." (Great laughter.) But thank God The Salvation Army is not dead. (Loud shouts of "Glory!") We then began to assemble ourselves in small meetings, and we were not afraid to wear the S's on our collars. Just wearing these S's was enough to turn the town upside down. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") Whenever they saw the S's they thought we were going to upset the town, and turn the world upside down. (Cries of "Glory!") Then Captain Zitzer came, and we soon saw plenty of conversions. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "God bless you!") I have a great many things to tell you, but I will finish by saying, God bless you! (Shouts of "Glory!")

JACQUE, a stout, well-built man, about six feet four inches in height, from Neuchâtel, who was introduced by The General as "The Swiss Tichborne," and whose speech was interpreted by Miss Charlesworth, said: "I am very glad to be saved. When The Salvation Army came to Neuchâtel I did not like them. I was too fond of worldly amusement. I liked the bottle. I used to go to all the feasts because I could amuse people. I used to do it on Sundays. Whilst the people were in church, I was in the public-house. One Sunday afternoon I went to see some friends in a village near Neuchâtel. I drank so much good wine that I was drunk, and I walked two hours to the railway station, without being able to see either the houses or the people. When The Salvation Army came to Neuchâtel, I did not like them because I had to put that aside. But I did not know how people could get saved. I had reached the age of thirty-four, never praying except about one day in the year, and those were the prayers I had learnt at school. Then one Good Friday I was drawn into The Salvation Army. (Shouts of "Glory!") Our Maréchale came to Neuchâtel, and though I had a very hard heart, they got me into their net. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!") I went to the penitent-form with all my sins, and when I got up I was saved and happy. (Cries of "Hallelujah!") I have had persecution; I have been beaten; I have been half killed; I have gone before the Tribunal—everything for Jesus. (Shouts of "Glory!") I shall never go back, because now I am on the right road. I am saved and happy. I have put aside the cigar, the wine—everything. (Shouts of "Glory!") They tried to put our

Maréchale in prison, but we will follow in her footsteps, forward. In one place we had twenty-seven windows smashed and forty souls saved. (Loud shouts of "Glory!") We have many Soldiers who have left the public-house; and now on Sunday, where there are dances, there is no one to dance. (Shouts of "Glory!") In spite of all we shall go on, and shout, "Switzerland for Jesus!" (Shouts of "Glory!")

#### A French Sergeant.

Sergt. LIGNES (French): You have heard many people to-night say they are saved. They have been saved in many countries. Though I am a Frenchman I am saved. (Shouts of "Glory!") I can say that Christ has made me perfectly happy. I will serve Him all my life. I am from the third French Corps (Nimes), and to-night is the anniversary of the Corps. God bless the Nimes Corps! (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") During the last year we have seen many conversions, and we are more determined than ever now to have a great many more to fight until death to bring souls to Jesus. I am very glad to be here to tell you that Jesus has completely changed me. I was a very naughty lad, a source of anxiety to my mother; but now she can rejoice because I have given my heart to God. All my ambition now is to bring as many as I can to the feet of Jesus. (Glory!)

Lieut. LEUBA (Swiss): I am not going to miss this opportunity of speaking to you. I have such great happiness in my heart that I cannot stop myself from telling you about it. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") Although I was a most miserable sinner the Saviour has saved me. The Salvation Army is the finest that has ever existed in the world. (Shouts of "Glory!") Glory be to God that it existed at Neuchâtel, and that it exists there to-day! Hell was my lot without Christ to save. Glory to God, there was yet pardon for me! One day in the Hall at Neuchâtel the Saviour spoke peace to my soul. Since then I give my body, soul, and spirit to the Lord. I am a Soldier fighting for Him, and will do whatever He likes. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!")

The General: Miss Charlesworth has seen him stand with his face to the foe, with rotten eggs flying around him. God bless him! (Hallelujah!)

Lieut. LEUBA: For two months I was at the gates to prevent the roughs from entering, and the rotten eggs used to run down my face, and many things. All this time I have proved the power of Jesus to keep me from sin. (Shouts of "Glory!") Many times has He delivered me from sickness. When I was coming over here I had a grievous neuralgia, but I prayed to the Lord Jesus, and He took it away in a moment. (Shouts of "Glory!") Thank God, He saves me from all sin. Bless you, my comrades! (Shouts of "Glory!")

#### The Marechale.

Miss BOOTH then said: It is impossible for me to say all I want to say, unless you are prepared to stay until midnight. (Shouts of "Go on; we'll stay!") Whilst we have been listening to these blessed testimonies from Sweden, and the determined and courageous words about India, my heart has praised the Lord. I could not help feeling when Captain Whatmore spoke—(and my whole being agreed with it)—that it was far harder—that the pers-

cution was far more difficult—when the doors are shut, and they do not give you a chance to get at the people. It is far harder than rotten eggs, broken windows, and imprisonment can be. I agree with that sentiment; I have been in that position. There is no sadness like that sadness. It is the devil's determination to kill us, and he has taken these measures against us. In France they tried to shut the doors, and gave us no chance with the people. It is only a question of time. We must have courage, with our faces set like a flint. We are the people the devil himself cannot swallow! (Shouts of "Glory!") He gets us stuck in his throat, but is obliged to bring us up; we make him uncomfortable. Inspired of God, we are bound to live; whether it be in a whale's belly, or any other body, it is just the same. (Shouts of "Hallelujah!") Salvation is Salvation the world over, and the Salvation Soldier is the Salvation Soldier whether he be in the Albert Hall or Timbuctoo. (Shouts of "Glory!") You cannot kill the Salvationist! Hell knows that to its sorrow. (Hallelujah!) We have kept going on in Sweden, in India, in Switzerland, and we are going on in France. The Salvation Army never stops! If we are faithful to God—if we have our hearts aright, and walk in the light—if we can forget our miserable, puny, little selves, and let the great big heart of Jesus come into us, there will be none of ourselves left, and the earth will be over-run with saviours; nay, the Spirit of Jesus will be in the very air we breathe. (Shouts of "Glory!") Ah! will it not be beautiful, this real love for Christ? You will feel it is not a lot of words strung together, or a theory in your head, but something that comes from another who dwells in your heart; that you have no life apart from Him, and that you two make one. (Hallelujah!) Prayers will burst out of you, and you will be messengers from the Throne of God. (Glory!) Oh, be holy men and holy women! If you have not the Holy Ghost, get it. The sooner the better. The Lord will give us thousands and tens of thousands of converts. I invite you to come to Switzerland and to France to see how we fight there. You can help us by giving subscriptions for this work. If you can spare a £5 note for it, God will give you two back again. To you people who are getting on comfortably I say—we want God's glory, and souls. We will work hard; we only want bread and cheese. If you don't believe it come and investigate us, and look at us. (Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

Mrs. BOOTH having spoken at some length on "Enthusiasm in Religion," closed the meeting with prayer.

## WEDNESDAY.

On Wednesday morning THE GENERAL addressed the Officers alone; and in the afternoon the Officers and Soldiers, dwelling chiefly upon the various shortcomings of The Army, and the means of remedying them.

### ALBERT HALL.—EVENING MEETING.

After singing and prayer,

The GENERAL said: This is a meeting in which we are to say farewell to our friends in Sheffield. That is, some of us are going away, but some will stay to carry on the good work. I was thinking the other day, that The Salvation Army might be described as a large piece of the millennium going about the world in bits. ("Glory!" and "Amen.") I have a bit of it in my heart. ("Hallelujah! So have I!") There are some more bits behind me and some more in front. (Hallelujah!) And whenever we come in contact with other people, we vaccinate them—(shouts of "Glory!")—and whatever controversy there may be about the other kind of vaccination, there can be none about this. May this kind of vaccination go on and prosper! (Amen.) We want to-night to wish you God-speed in all work that is holy, good, and true, and we hope those who have entertained us, who have attended our meetings and encouraged us, will prosper in whatever course they may take, provided always that it is a Salvation course.

We wish you farewell; but you will not fare well unless you are well, and you cannot—will not—fare well, unless you are washed in the Blood and made right for time and for eternity—right with God and man.

And, having secured your own Salvation, do your duty by your fellow men. You can do this. Take your Bible and go up before God in the light that comes streaming from other worlds beyond; in the light from Heaven, and from the hill of Calvary, with the dark river of souls going down to Hell at your very feet; and as you are standing there before God, settle what is your duty towards your fellow men. (Cries of "Lord, help us to do it.") Settle what you will do with your life. If you are to make money in business, how you will spend it; what is to be done with your talent and influence, whether you will spend these on yourself—in gratifying your own pleasure and ambition—or in rescuing a dying world. Oh, may God help you to do your duty! (Amen.)

Will any man here tell us, in the face of a dying world, that this duty is anything short of such a consecration as that I have spoken of? Will any man look God in the face and say, "Oh, God, I know the people are going down to Hell, and that they want someone to save them, and I know that I could bring all my money, all my time, and all my strength to help in Thy service, but *I won't do it*. I will give a quarter or half; or I will give a little—a small part of my substance, my time, and my talent; but the rest I will spend on myself"? Dare any man stand up and say that, with the knowledge that before long he must stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ? We shall all be there, and have to give an account of our opportunities and privileges. May God help us to get



ready for that day. (Loud shouts of "Amen.") If there is anybody here who is doing anything short of this, let them ask themselves whether what they are doing will satisfy Him. If you wish to fare well, oh, *do your duty*. Commissioner Sherwood, the other day, sang—

Along the line this message ran—  
The General expects that every man  
This year for God will do his duty.

In this War Heaven expects, God Almighty expects, Calvary expects, every man to do his duty. Will you do yours? (Shouts of "Yes," and "God help us to do it!") They say we are enthusiasts. (Hallelujah!) I would God we were. (Amen!) "Too much in earnest!" I would we were; but that is impossible, so far as the service of the King is concerned. In the Salvation of the world we cannot be too much in earnest. The evil is we are not sufficiently in earnest. I am going in for saving the people, come what will.

Cannot we have more devotion? We have it to a human monarch. A Turk can die for the Sultan, and an Englishman will lay down his life for his Queen and country. Will no one in the wide world sacrifice himself for Jesus and a dying world? (Shouts of "Yes, Lord," and "Hallelujah!") To increase his business a man will toil night and day, and the world applauds him, but if you devote yourself, after the same fashion, to the special object of helping to save the world, they are down upon you, and denounce you as enthusiasts and fanatics. But we will count nothing dear, neither health, nor life, if we can only serve Christ, our glorious King. (Hallelujah!)

There is just one other thing I should like to say. We have had great kindness in Sheffield from the police authorities and from many friends. We have had a very fair treatment from the newspaper press. I hope God will bless and save the editors, the reporters, and the printers!

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH then sang,

When I go up the golden streets,  
Never to come back any more,  
I'll pile my arms at Jesus' feet,  
Never to come down any more.

Miss MAUD CHARLESWORTH said: My heart is very full, almost too full to speak. I do feel it is very full of gratitude to God for enabling me to take that step of which The General has been speaking, and that He ever showed me the value of precious souls. As we went through the streets on Monday and saw the thousands of dear people in the street, and looked into their faces, realising that each had a precious Blood-bought soul, more than ever before I felt the responsibility of our work. I felt that if I dared to call myself by the name of Christ I must do something; that though only a little lass without much strength or power, upon me rested responsibilities for a dying world and the souls of men.

I realised it first about three years ago; I saw souls dying and going to Hell in thousands, and I felt I dare no longer call myself a Christian, and yet have no proper aim or object in life. My life, then, was for myself, selfish; I had no aim, no object. Now, thank God, I have one, and I don't think there can be a higher, nobler, or grander aim than that of bringing souls to Christ. The sacrifice has cost something, as it always will, but I have grasped His hand, have seen His dear face, and He has

guided my feet along the way. There is joy, happiness, and peace down here in winning souls. (Hallelujah!) My desire is to go forward, God helping me, to save souls, cost what it may.

It did cost something, it meant something; but you cannot expect to follow Christ, and walk the thorny, stony way from Gethsemane to Calvary without some sacrifice. I could not follow by sitting in the drawing room, by never going outside, never putting out my hand to save a poor lost sinner, never sacrificing anything for Him who sacrificed so much for me. It will always mean separation—it did mean separation for me; yet when I look back there is nothing I would have altered. He has given me a great deal in return—(Hallelujah!)—more than I should have got by living a life of selfishness. But it never meant losing Jesus. I never felt in my walk that His hand was out of mine. I never felt the clouds so dark that I could not see His face. I never felt that He was turning His back or scorning me, or displeased with me, but I often felt the sunshine of His smile. (Glory!)

And so I went to fight with our dear Maréchalé—[Miss Booth: "And she stood it like a brick!"]—and I saw what real fighting meant. It was not the police, or the stones, or the rotten eggs—it was a harder fight; but I thank God for it. He gave me strength, and as I look back, I would not have one step altered if I had to go through it again.

Oh, I thank God more than I can ever tell that I am in The Salvation Army, and I hope to continue in it till death; and if after death we have a Salvation Army up there, I hope still to wear the Blood-and-Fire colours. May the Lord keep us all true! (Loud shouts of "Amen!")

Mrs. Major TUCKER, who was received with shouts of "Hallelujah!" said: I believe in the Holy Ghost, and that He is leading The Salvation Army. If I did not I would not be in it. I believe He is honoured in The Salvation Army, and whilst we were singing just now about The General expecting every man to do his duty, I resolved, by the grace of God, that I would do my duty. I believe in a Soldier doing his duty.

Just let me take you to India for a little while. I was at Lucknow recently, and I went over the Residency and the various places in that city, where, you all know, there was a wonderful siege. A lady friend of mine, who was in Lucknow all the time, told me of that terrible period, and how the people were afraid of being murdered there, and how they looked out for the brave British troops coming along to rescue the people in that beleaguered city. As you know, the British soldiers did their duty and relieved them. Just so, we must fight to overcome all the power of darkness. We have a real devil to contend with.

Yesterday, as I was in bed, unable to come to the meetings, I heard a man go by intoxicated, saying something about The Salvation Army, and I thought, "Well, The Army will pick you up if anything can." May God bless our work! (Amen.)

As I saw the people in the streets on Monday, I prayed that God would bless them, and grant that our troops might be in time to save them and pick them up from their present condition. (Amen.)

When I was in India, I also visited Cawnpore. It was a beautiful morning, and on that spot where the terrible massacre occurred flowers were springing up and birds were singing around the entrenchment, and

I thought of the terrible time when the people stood there, with terror in their souls, expecting every moment British troops to relieve them. But, while they were waiting, all were butchered under the direction of the cruel Nana Sahib. God grant that in saving the souls of the people we may not be too late! May we work to day, remembering that what we are doing we are doing for Christ, and for the good of those souls whom Jesus died to rescue. (Amen.)

#### A Candidate from Cambridge University.

THE GENERAL: I have had a small piece of paper, indicating a presentation which it is desired to make. It says upon this slip of paper, "I offer my body, soul, and spirit for God and The Salvation Army," with the name at the foot of a young gentleman who is here from the Cambridge University, where he is studying for a clergyman. It appears that before joining The Army Cadet Piggott, and Cadet Oliphant were at a Holiness Council at Cambridge, and this young man got the blessing of a clean heart. (Glory!) Since then he has gravitated, and gravitated, and gravitated nearer to us until he has gravitated to Sheffield, and now presents himself here to God and The Salvation Army. He asks, "Will we accept him?" I propose he comes and makes the presentation himself. (Loud shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!")

Amid thundering volleys, which it was hard to stop,

Mr. C. MUSGRAVE BROWN, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, came upon the platform, and was received with another storm of enthusiasm.

He said:—*My dear friends, I have an intense longing to save souls for Christ; with that intense longing I have given myself to God wholly—body, soul, and spirit—to be used just as He pleases.* (Amen.) I have served my God for years. I loved God, and gave up all I could, but I knew nothing about a clean heart until dear Piggott and Oliphant came to Cambridge, and then I gave up my old nature. No one before that time among the students at the university was more opposed to The Salvation Army than I was, but I knew that unless I gave up my prejudices I should get no blessing at all, so I went down on my knees and gave them up to God, and He gave me a clean heart. I know now that there is such a thing to be had as a clean heart, and I ask all—those of high rank, low rank, and no rank at all, to come forward, to come over to The Salvation Army.

There were then loud shouts of "Amen!" and the Officers on the platform commenced singing heartily,

Oh, no, no, no, no!  
Never to go back any more!

THE GENERAL: I want to ask you one question, if you will keep sober. (Laughter, and shouts of "Hallelujah!") There will be some more university men yet. (Glory!) I want to ask my comrades here, Shall we accept this young man? Everybody who thinks we ought to do so, say "Yes." (Terrific shouts of "Yes!") Everyone who will pray for him say "Amen!" (Loud cries of "Amen!") May God make him a flame of fire! (Amen.)

MISS EVA BOOTH closed with prayer that God would go on to do good to the people of Sheffield after we had left them. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary meetings we can remember, during which every soul had been stirred. Sinners were seen weeping all around, and eternity alone can reveal the full results of such an evening.

On Thursday morning and afternoon The General met the Majors, together with their wives and Staff-Officers.

On Thursday afternoon the last gathering of the great Sheffield Council ended with hearty good-byes and warm demonstrations of the brotherly love that had formed such a striking feature of the whole series of meetings.

