

# WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.

No. I.]

{ HEADQUARTERS : 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., LONDON. }

DUNEDIN : SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## OUR New Zealand War Cry

YES, thank God, we're making another bold advance on the Kingdom of Darkness, by publishing a

### NEW ZEALAND WAR CRY.

Only ten weeks have passed away since we landed here, and oh! how blessed the result of our few weeks' work! How rapid the strides God has enabled us to take already!

How sweet the songs of salvation bursting from hundreds of lips, eye, and from hundreds of hearts, in this Colony to-day, where some few weeks (only a few weeks) ago all was

### Darkness, Sin, and Sorrow.

"What!" you say, "has this been done here?" Yes, even here; and far more has been done than will ever be revealed in the columns of the WAR CRY.

When we arrived, we were told that we had come on

### A Bootless Errand;

that the people here were beyond our reach; that there was not material for us to work upon; and that we had better have stopped at home.

But we set to work to publish the old Gospel story of Salvation in the old Gospel style, and the first meeting held sufficed to show us that there were hundreds even here without God and without hope, and we finished up with some seeking mercy. And now, looking back on the short time spent here, we are able to praise God that we have seen

### Hundreds of all Ages

turning from sin to the World's Redeemer.

We trusted in God, and He has been true to His word.

### What is the Result?

Men and women who used to spend their time and money in drink and sin have been changed by the power of God, and are living sober and God-fearing lives. Some have been rescued from lives of

### Infamy and Shame.

Some who had denied the truth of God's Word have been brought to submission, and have themselves sought Salvation.

### Why do we need a "War Cry"?

To help us to publish Salvation. This is our life's business. We're Salvation people, saved ourselves, and seeking the Salvation of all around us.

We intend filling the WAR CRY with Salvation News, and that alone.

Comrades help us.

### Read it Yourselfes.

Read it thoroughly, send it to everybody you know who you want to see saved; and, besides all this, pray when you send it. And above everything else, be

### A Living Example

yourself of what a Salvation Soldier should be.

These are the Soldiers whom God will honour; those who will own Him before men at all costs, and let the world know that they have done with its trash and empty follies, and given themselves up to lives of

### Devotion to God

and the Kingdom.

Thank Heaven! we have some, and not a few of them, in New Zealand already. We have had wonderful victory, but only the beginning of

### Far Greater Victories

There are thousands in New Zealand who are as yet without God and without hope.

Are you doing anything to reach and help to save them? If not

### Begin at Once

and do your utmost. Compel them to hear and think about Salvation, whether by uniforms, colours, bands, WAR CRY, or anything else. They must be roused.

Comrades, forward with the WAR CRY!

G. A. P.

## The Salvation Army.

### HOW DID IT BEGIN?

THE Army originated with one man, William Booth, who was born at Nottingham in the year 1829. He was brought up to attend the services of the Established Church, but at fourteen, with his father's consent, forsook the Church for the Wesleyan Chapel, where about a year later he was converted to God.

About this time two or three youths, recently converted, had commenced meetings in the lower parts of the town, and into this work almost immediately after his conversion, he threw himself with all his soul, preaching outside, and in all weathers. When seventeen he became an accredited lay preacher. Two years later he was urged by the superintendent of the circuit to enter the ministry, but the doctors thought him not strong enough, saying that if he did so twelve months would probably end his career. Under these circumstances, he resolved to wait, and in the meantime devoted himself, as far as possible, to soul-saving work.

For eighteen months he was wholly engaged preaching in London and in Lincolnshire, and, at the age of twenty-four, entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, by whom he was stationed in London. But he had not been there many weeks when the officials of the Guernsey Society, having heard of his success in winning souls, urgently invited him to that island on a preaching excursion.

He commenced his labours on a Wednesday. Nothing remarkable transpired for the first few days beyond increasing congregations, but on the Sabbath thirty persons professed salvation, and in a stay of ten days it was estimated that no less than three hundred persons decided for God! The work spread like fire through the island, other denominations commenced special work, and a large ingathering of souls was the result.

The Guernsey people were most urgent for Mr. Booth's visit to be prolonged, but he was compelled to return to his circuit. The report of this wonderful movement, however, had spread in all directions, and led almost immediately afterwards to his visiting Longton, Hanley, Burslem, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stoke, Oldbury, Bradford, Gateshead, and Manchester, for similar labour. So successful had Mr. Booth been in these places, and so evidently adapted for this kind of labour, that the Conference of the following year set him apart for the work of an evangelist, and in that capacity he visited Guernsey a second time, York, Sheffield, Dewsbury, Hunslet, Leeds, Halifax, and Macclesfield. The ensuing Conference re-appointed him to the office, and Yarmouth, Sheffield, Birmingham, Nottingham, Chester, Bristol, Truro, and Stafford were each for a time the scene of his labours.

The *Methodist New Connexion Magazine* and other prints of the year show that the following results attended his ministry. At Hanley, "upwards of 400 persons of all ages" were registered as converts. At Newcastle-under-Lyne, in "one week, 290." In Sheffield, during "four weeks, 663." At Halifax, "in four weeks, between 400 and 500." At Chester, a congregation of 1,000 was gathered every night, and "hundreds" sought salvation. Fifteen persons converted in connection with these labours are known to have entered the ministry of different denominations.

Some ministers, however, were opposed to the Special Services which are now coming to be almost universally fashionable, and in deference to their wishes, Mr. Booth consented to return for a season to the regular pastoral work. Accordingly, he spent a year in the Halifax Second Circuit, and three years at Gateshead-on-Tyne. At the latter place a large congregation was established, and the Society trebled during this time. But so deep were his convictions, and those of his wife, that he could more effectually serve God and his generation as an Evangelist, that he offered himself again for this work. And when the Conference of 1861

deliberately refused to allow him to return to that sphere for which he had been proved so peculiarly adapted, and insisted on his settling down permanently to the routine of a circuit, he resolved to resign his position in the ministry, and went forth, trusting in God, to hold services wherever a door might open.

The next two years were spent mostly in Cornwall, where services held in the chapels of various denominations were blessed to the salvation of thousands of souls.

Whole neighbourhoods were stirred, religion became the all-absorbing topic of the hour, and the principal theme of conversation. Men left the mines and fields to seek mercy, and in one case a chapel had to be kept open from early morning till midnight for a week, so continuous was the rush of desperate seekers after God.

Mrs. Booth commenced preaching twelve months before Mr. Booth left the ministry, holding evangelistic services during the year in Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, East Hartlepool, and in Sunderland, in addition to regular preaching engagements at Gateshead.

During Mr. Booth's evangelistic tours, Mrs. Booth shared his labours, her ministry, both then and since, being marvellously popular, everywhere attracting crowded audiences, and leading large numbers to decision.

From Cornwall Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Cardiff, Newport, Walsall, Birmingham, Leeds, and various other places.

Between two engagements, Mr. Booth went to London in June, 1865, and, calling in at the office of *The Christian*, he was invited to hold a week's services in a tent erected in Whitechapel. Here he saw the enormous population of utterly godless people which swarmed on every side, and, feeling his heart strangely drawn out for their salvation, he resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to turn aside from those who, in all directions throughout the country, would have invited him to continue the work of an evangelist in their midst, and to spend the remainder of his life in endeavouring to Christianise the millions of his countrymen who, instead of inviting, might be inclined to repel his labours.

We have seen how he had already gained considerable experience as to evangelistic work among various religious denominations; but he had little knowledge of the way to get at those who lay outside the sphere of existing religious organizations. All was to be learnt, with the careful, hard-fought steps of actual engagement in the work.

He had confidence in the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. That was enough.

He began by preaching in the open air, upon a piece of land by the side of the Mile End Road, where shows, shooting-ranges, petty dealers, and quack doctors rival each other in attracting the attention of the poor. In those days it was rather a novelty for any one to stand there stately and regularly in all weathers to preach to the people. And this tall, dark stranger, who came to talk to them familiarly about their souls, using every passing event and every common proverb to pass along the line of their ordinary thoughts, bringing in great truths long forgotten, if ever known, was a new wonder—an attraction equal, at any rate, to Punch and Judy or the giant baby. Crowds surrounded him, and while he spoke a Mightier far than he sent into the depths of many a dark soul the lightning flash of conviction. Men and women long burdened with sins followed him to the tent, and one after another fell down at the feet of Jesus, and sought and found mercy.

As the fame of the work spread, hearers came from every part of London, especially from its Eastern districts. The work spread, Mission Stations were formed here and there, until, under the blessing of God, we have the Salvation Army of to-day, with its 500 Stations in various parts of the world, commanded by 1,200 officers, recruited mainly from its ranks.

What hath God wrought! Let us praise Him more and more.

### LOOK OUT!

In next week's WAR CRY—

The General on the state and prospects of the Army.

## Filled with the Spirit

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AN ADDRESS.

By MRS. BOOTH,

AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.

ACTS i. 4.—"And being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father."

EPHESIANS v. 18.—"Be filled with the Spirit."

Can you not think you see them, as they assembled in the upper room? I should not be surprised at all if Peter, with his impulsive nature—and it is a glorious thing to have an impulsive nature when it is impulsive for good—to be zealously affected always in a good cause—threw himself on his face before his risen Master in deepest humiliation and broken-heartedness for his base ingratitude in having denied Him. And how do you think Thomas and all of them would feel as they remembered the scene in the Garden, and how they all, in the hour of His agony, forsook Him and fled? How would they all feel? Oh! they would feel indeed unholy, untrue, cowards, and would go down, over and over again, on their faces, to wait in deep self-abasement.

And now, friends, this is the very first and indispensable condition of receiving the Holy Ghost. You must first realise your past impurity, unholiness, disobedience, and ingratitude. You must not be afraid to know the worst for yourselves. You must look back at the times when your hand has been with Him on the table, and yet you have virtually betrayed Him. You must look at your unfaithfulness and disobedience, at your shrinking from the cross, and at your cleaving to the world; and if you want to be filled with the Spirit, you must be willing to know the worst of yourself, and tell the Lord the worst of yourself. You must say, "Now, Lord, am I low enough? Now, Lord, am I down far enough in the dust for Thee to come and lift me up? I abhor myself. I loathe myself in dust and ashes, and I want Thee to come and fill me with Thy Spirit." You will have to be emptied of self. When people are self-sufficient, God always leaves them alone to prove their self-sufficiency. When people think they can do for themselves, He lets them fall down and see their weakness. We must realise our utter helplessness and weakness—we must be utterly lost in our own sight. Some of you, I think, have come to that, and others are not quite low enough. You must go down lower, my brother. God's way to exaltation is through the Valley of Humiliation. You must get lower—lower. You can never get too low in your own estimation in order to be filled with the Spirit of God.

They waited, secondly, in earnest appreciation of its importance. Ah! they had enough to make them do it. How do you think they felt when they got into the upper room? We are told that there were about 120 of them. How do you think they felt, as they thought of the past, remembered the ignominious crucifixion of their Lord, looked forward to the future, and contemplated the work to which He had called them? And what was it? It was not to go and set up an idol of Jesus Christ alongside of other idols in the temples of heathen gods, but it was to go into the city of Jerusalem, where they had just crucified Him between two thieves, and proclaim Him as the long-expected Messiah of the Jews. It was to begin to set up this Royal, Spiritual Kingdom in contradistinction to their temporal and earthly kingdom, and then to go out from Jerusalem and subjugate the world to His sway!! How would they feel? Poor Peter, and Thomas, and John, and Mary and the rest of the women (thanks to the Holy Ghost, He has taken care to put it in that they were there)—how would they feel? They would feel, "We might as well stop and die here, as go out as we are, until we do get the equipment of power. We want something more than we have got."

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(To be continued.)

Push the WAR CRY.

# Great Council of War IN DUNEDIN.

## FORMATION OF DUNEDIN CORPS.

### WONDERFUL HOLINESS MEETING.

#### Triumphant Demonstration.

#### Salvation all Day.

#### WAR MEMORIES.

## MONSTER TEA AND REJOICING MEETING.

The Great Council of War, heralded by large posters, commenced on the Queen's Birthday, May 24th, at Headquarters, Moray Place, at half-past ten o'clock A.M. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the Soldiers who presented themselves to be enrolled, and it was at once evident that another Red Letter Day was to be added to the Army list. Captain Pollard, who was in command, announced Hymn 123, and called upon all to open their mouths and rejoice as they had never done before. Captain Burfoot led in prayer, and earnestly prayed that the work of that day would receive the approval of the great Captain of our Salvation, and bear fruit to His glory. Captain Pollard then read the 13th chapter of Hebrews, dwelling on several important points relative to the duty that lay before them as Soldiers of the Lord Jesus "going forth bearing His reproach," "Letting brotherly love continue," "Obeying them that had to rule." The world is always ready to say He will run away; the fight requires a bold front; it will soon be over. If we expect much of this world in the Army, we will be sadly disappointed; on the other hand, our getting from God depends largely upon our expectation. "Open thy mouth wide, and He will fill it."

The Captain, after singing Hymn 83, gave an earnest, soul-stirring address on Soldier life and duty. He hoped that all before him knew what they were doing. People ask, What is the Salvation Army? One answer was enough. To bring all men to submit to the claims of God, and realise their dependence on Him for life and salvation. Again, What ought a Salvation Soldier to be? He ought first to realize his sins forgiven, and that he has passed from death unto life; to give up the whole life, and let all see that he belongs to the Lord. No drones can possibly live in the Army. There is always plenty of work to do, plenty of fighting, and this was the bone and sinew of a good Soldier.

He then gave a brief outline of the work commenced 17 years ago, under the power of the grand old Gospel. We quickly began to feel that we had much to learn, and much more to unlearn, and even now we do not pretend to have finished our education. We are continually devising the best way to reach the masses of the people. No human wisdom or power has yet been able to do this, and we trust implicitly in an arm omnipotent to lift men up from the degradation and shame into which sin has brought them, and in this we are not disappointed. We do not profess to learn anything new in doctrine. We have no sympathy with those who would tone down the Gospel to suit the whim and caprice of any. It is the Gospel, the old-fashioned Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel. We believe that men are in real danger, therefore we point them to the only real remedy and way of escape. Captain Pollard said he had to fight a good deal with others in regard to the penitent form, but he believed it to be the best and most effective method in dealing with sinners. Full salvation required full confession, and when public sin was committed public confession ought to be made.

A man must be a willing Soldier, if not, better pack up at once. The use of intoxicating drinks must be given up altogether, and tobacco is little less objectionable. The world's opinion in regard to Christians is unfavourable to drink or smoke, and if they object to it, it is high time to give it up. On the subject of dress, he invariably found that where men and women are fully given up to the Lord and their hearts fixed, there was little conformity to the world's fashions. We call for such a public profession that it is almost impossible for any one to act the part of a hypocrite very long.

The afternoon meeting for Holiness was well attended, and all seemed to enjoy the clear and practical exposition of the doctrine of Holiness given by the various speakers.

The evening meeting was one long to be remembered. Testimonies, brilliant and forcible, came from many who only a few weeks ago had been passing through the hard ordeal of the transgressor. While God was being thus honoured, the meeting was fast drawing up to that stage called by the world excitable, and before it closed not only did they wave the answer

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Staff-officer MATTHEWS.

## Our New Zealand War Cry.

By STAFF-OFFICER A. B. MATTHEWS.

N ow's the day and now's the hour,  
E ver near the heavenly power;  
W ar the cry, and peace the rest,

Z eal and prayer the soldier's crest.  
E ver on and upward still,  
A ll for Jesus—not my will;  
L ord of Lords and King of Kings,  
A dvance as on eagles' wings;  
N ew life give till Zealand rings;  
D evils, fiends, alike shall flee

W hen thy glorious face they see.  
A ttend, sinners, to his call,  
R un and at His footstool fall.

C ry, and let this Paper cry,  
R ejoice always, live up high,  
Y our title's clear, and victory's nigh.

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who, to say the least of it, were rather lively, scores of men and women were on the stage praising God, and singing Songs of Salvation.

We commenced with

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God,"

and from the very first we felt that God was with us and going to bless hundreds in that Theatre before we parted.

And truly He did. There, in Christchurch, hundreds were singing, with uplifted hands,

"I'll fight for the Lord everywhere;"

and we believe they will, and wonderful will be the result.

Captain Edwards gave very definite testimony to the fact that God had greatly blessed him, and that since coming to New Zealand he had learnt a great deal, which would enable him to go forth in the strength of God and win hundreds for the Kingdom.

Staff-officer Matthews spoke with great power on the need of looking away from everything else to the main question of being wholly given up to God ourselves.

The Rev. Mr. Best followed with a thrilling testimony to the sanctifying power of God, which he had realized many years before, and which he rejoiced in that night.

In bringing the meeting to a definite issue, we called upon all those who desired to consecrate themselves to God, without reserve, to rise, and as we sang

"I give myself to Thee,"

there must have been near 600 on their feet, and we believe such consecration was made that night as God will honour in the salvation of hundreds of the inhabitants of Christchurch. We hope to see some of the result on our next visit in a short time.

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Staff-officers generally walk, sometimes run, and occasionally receive orders at the War Office to proceed at an hour's notice to assist at a distant station in lifting up the banner on high. Saturday, 2nd June, found me going at twenty miles an hour speed for Christchurch. A cab was in waiting when I arrived there, and accompanied by a warm sympathiser, who paid my fare, I found myself in a few minutes on the platform of the Salvation Theatre (late Gaiety), and before me about 1,200 of an audience, nicely mixed, and presenting every appearance of requiring help, in the direction of Salvation news. I was ready for them; and being introduced by Captain Edwards, who has charge of the station, I told them in plain English what I had come for, and in a few still plainer sentences tried to put matters in a reasonable light between themselves and God. I could at once see that conviction had already been written on many faces, and only wanted following up to impress it upon the heart. My judgment was quite correct, for in the after meeting which followed, 27 found their way up to the penitent form. Sunday morning, although cold and frosty, found over 100, with hearts aglow, ready to bear testimony to the converting power of God. Over twenty spoke, and it proved a time of refreshing to all present. At half-past ten we mustered opposite the Theatre for an out-door procession, which had the desired effect of pretty well filling the building at eleven o'clock, when fire was again opened. Another procession was arranged for at half-past two, when about 100 of those who had cast in their lot with the followers of the despised Nazarene followed four-deep. Bro. White and myself led round Cathedral Square, singing Salvation songs in good Army style. Three o'clock the Theatre was filled. Captain Edwards, Sister Garratt and myself spoke, interspersed with some brilliant testimony from new-born babes. The meeting at seven o'clock will not readily be forgotten. A heavenly power seemed to hover over the meeting from the commencement; and at the after meeting, or, rather, meetings, 68 sought salvation. I was anxious to ascertain the nature and depth of the work at Christchurch, and with this object I conversed with a large number of those who had come forward during the meeting, the result of which deepened the conviction in my own soul that God was working mightily in their midst, and that greater things would follow. O that men everywhere would praise the Lord for His goodness! Monday's meeting gave us a harvest of 44 souls. Tuesday a special Holiness meeting. Wednesday found me again scudding along on the Canterbury Plains, passing a twelve hour ride as best I could en route for Dunedin.

## SHOULD OUR DEAR SAVIOUR BE FORGOT?

TUNE.—"Auld Lang Syne."

Should oor dear Saviour be forgot,  
'And never brocht tae min';  
Should oor Redeemer be forgot,  
And the days o' auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll praise the Lord wi' a' oor heart  
For the days o' auld lang syne.

Sic love has He, for you and me,  
He left His hame sae fine,  
And bled frae sin to set us free,  
In the days o' auld lang syne.

He lived a life o' sufferin' here,  
Yet ne'er was heard tae pine;  
But for oor sakes He did a' bear,  
In the days o' auld lang syne.

He had na whar tae rest His head,  
Nae couch like yours or mine;  
The mountain side He had instead,  
In the days o' auld lang syne.

Though wearied in Gethsemane,  
He did na there recline;  
But pled and prayed for you and me,  
In the days o' auld lang syne.

On Calvary's cross He shed His blood,  
The true and living Vine,  
The guiltless for the guilty stood,  
In the days o' auld lang syne.

## ROCKETS.

Thinking you will do a thing will never do it.

Saying you will do a thing will never get it done.

The Power of God, with patience, perseverance, and labour, will do wonders.

God expects you to do what you can; He will do what you cannot.

The less you do, the less you'll want to do.

The more you do, the more you'll want to do.

Never rest after two or three attacks on the Devil's Kingdom.

Keep at it.

Never be brought down by seeming defeat.

Strike harder next time.

PUSH THE "WAR CRY."

# Great Council of War IN DUNEDIN.

FORMATION OF DUNEDIN CORPS.  
WONDERFUL HOLINESS MEETING.

Triumphant Demonstration.  
Salvation all Day.

WAR MEMORIES.  
MONSTER TEA AND REJOICING MEETING.

The Great Council of War, heralded by large posters, commenced on the Queen's Birthday, May 24th, at Headquarters, Moray Place, at half-past ten o'clock A.M. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the Soldiers who presented themselves to be enrolled, and it was at once evident that another Red Letter Day was to be added to the Army list. Captain Pollard, who was in command, announced Hymn 123, and called upon all to open their mouths and rejoice as they had never done before. Captain Burfoot led in prayer, and earnestly prayed that the work of that day would receive the approval of the great Captain of our Salvation, and bear fruit to His glory. Captain Pollard then read the 13th chapter of Hebrews, dwelling on several important points relative to the duty that lay before them as Soldiers of the Lord Jesus "going forth bearing His reproach," "Letting brotherly love continue," "Obeying them that had to rule." The world is always ready to say He will run away; the fight requires a bold front; it will soon be over. If we expect much of this world in the Army, we will be sadly disappointed; on the other hand, our getting from God depends largely upon our expectation. "Open thy mouth wide, and He will fill it.

The Captain, after singing Hymn 83, gave an earnest, soul-stirring address on Soldier life and duty. He hoped that all before him knew what they were doing. People ask, What is the Salvation Army? One answer was enough. To bring all men to submit to the claims of God, and realise their dependence on Him for life and salvation. Again, What ought a Salvation Soldier to be? He ought first to realize his sins forgiven, and that he has passed from death unto life; to give up the whole life, and let all see that he belongs to the Lord. No drones can possibly live in the Army. There is always plenty of work to do, plenty of fighting, and this was the bone and sinew of a good Soldier.

He then gave a brief outline of the work commenced 17 years ago, under the power of the grand old Gospel. We quickly began to feel that we had much to learn, and much more to unlearn, and even now we do not pretend to have finished our education. We are continually devising the best way to reach the masses of the people. No human wisdom or power has yet been able to do this, and we trust implicitly in an arm omnipotent to lift men up from the degradation and shame into which sin has brought them, and in this we are not disappointed. We do not profess to learn anything new in doctrine. We have no sympathy with those who would tone down the Gospel to suit the whim and caprice of any. It is the Gospel, the old-fashioned Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel. We believe that men are in real danger, therefore we point them to the only real remedy and way of escape. Captain Pollard said he had to fight a good deal with others in regard to the penitent form, but he believed it to be the best and most effective method in dealing with sinners. Full salvation required full confession, and when public sin was committed public confession ought to be made.

A man must be a willing Soldier, if not, better pack up at once. The use of intoxicating drinks must be given up altogether, and tobacco is little less objectionable. The world's opinion in regard to Christians is unfavourable to drink or smoke, and if they object to it, it is high time to give it up. On the subject of dress, he invariably found that where men and women are fully given up to the Lord and their hearts fixed, there was little conformity to the world's fashions. We call for such a public profession that it is almost impossible for any one to act the part of a hypocrite very long.

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The evening meeting was one long to be remembered. Testimonies, brilliant and forcible, came from many who only a few weeks ago had been passing through the hard ordeal of the transgressor. While God was being thus honoured, the meeting was fast drawing up to that stage called by the world excitable, and before it closed not only did they wave the answer

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PUSH THE "WAR CRY."

# THE WAR AT HOME.

## The Army in Sunderland.

### Laying the Foundation Stones of the New Barracks at Monkwearmouth.

(From the "Sunderland Herald.")

Since Saturday night last Monkwearmouth has been astir, the occasion being the laying of the foundation-stones of the new Salvation Army Barracks in Roker Avenue. On Saturday evening at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Booth, the General of the Salvation Army, emerged from the dingy railway station at Monkwearmouth, and entering a "war chariot," made a triumphant progress through the crowded streets of "over the water." *Ecce* was imparted to this classic kind of procession by the playing of several brass bands. A monster meeting was held at night, and "living wonders" were exhibited. Converted negroes, conscience-stricken sweeps, and reformed drunkards may be very delectable as a rule, but probably the biggest "living wonder" of yesterday's proceedings was General Booth himself. He was, of course, the observed of all observers.

A lot of characteristic business was gone through on Sunday, and we were given a description of the fight from the field. At a quarter to two the Soldiers assembled in Liddle Street, and marched through the principal streets of the district to the site of the new barracks in Roker Avenue. The site was enclosed, and only the privileged few who were the fortunate holders of tickets, or who were prepared to "stump up" sixpence for admission, were permitted to invade the sanctity of the enclosure. Long before the time that had been fixed for the ceremony thousands of persons had congregated in the neighbourhood, and mingling among the ecclesiastical—crowd might have been seen the chaste and elegant coal-scuttle bonnets with which the female followers of the General love to adorn themselves. Just after half-past two the discordant strains of a very brassy brass band approached the enclosure, and following the sacred music there appeared General Booth, Major Dowdle, Captain Stoker, Captain Rapkin, A.D.C. Captain Reed, Captain Rothwell, Captain J. Bidley, Captain Blunt, and many other Officers of the Army, both male and female; Mr. Wm. Robinson, of Worcester Terrace (who has made a donation of £100 to the building fund); Mr. J. B. Stephenson, Secretary for Monkwearmouth; Councillor Huison, the Rev. S. Dalzell, and other gentlemen.

After those present had taken up their positions near one of the stones, Major Dowdle gave out the hymn—

"Jesus, the Name high over all,"

which was sung by the large congregation with much fervour, and was vigorously accompanied by one of the brass bands. The harmony was disturbed, however, both from a musical and a moral point of view, by the approach of other detachments. Each detachment had its band, and each band its favourite and exclusive air. The effect was striking in the extreme, but as one looked around he missed the familiar shooting galleries, swinging boats, and roundabouts.

The hymn having been got through, a Captain offered up prayer, and amongst other petitions of a very miscellaneous character, he asked that they might be enabled to "knock the Devil's kingdom down and establish something worth having." Another Officer quickly followed, after which the General called for "another pray," a call which was responded to by

#### An Un-uniform Member

of the Army and Major Dowdle. The hymn commencing—

"There is a fountain"

was next sung. The line "The dying thief rejoiced to see" started a cry of "Aye, he did, and so have lots of living thieves since then." Major Dowdle having read Psalm xxiii., called upon Mr. Robinson to lay one of the foundation-stones. The object of the building, said the Major, was the Salvation of the masses of the people. God had given them the masses, as they demonstrated that day. May God bless the people. ("Amen.") That place would not merely be a Salvation Barracks, it would be for the poor people, for the common people, for the working people, the people that had been neglected, and who had been living and spending lives in the public-house—"Hallelujah!"—where they could come and get saved, and take refuge in the storm. ("Amen.")

Mr. Robinson then came forward, and was made the subject of pious and benedictory ejaculations. Whilst the stone was being adjusted the General shouted "Fire a volley!" The volley was accordingly fired, and consisted mainly of shouts of "Hallelujah, Glory, Amen!" Another hymn was sung, after which Mr. Robinson laid the foundation-stone in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the Salvation Army.

He then addressed the gathering, and drew a somewhat unintelligible comparison between the Barracks and Solomon's Temple. Coming to matters of more immediate interest, he said that when the Army commenced in Sunderland, they had met with great opposition. ("Aye!") He assisted Blandy to open the Station in Sunderland some years ago. ("God bless Blandy, Amen.") They had many a battle with the Devil. The magistrates were against them, the police officers were against them, the public were against them, and the Devil was against them. Laughter and "Aye, aye." But God was with em ("Amen")—and gave them the victory. Hallelujah! When they opened that Station Monkwearmouth they had no opposition. The magistrates were with them; they were on their affirm preaching to the people. The police officers were with them. ("Hallelujah!") and a voice, "God bless em!" Although the Station was not yet even months old, there had been 1,000 souls brought to God. ("Cries of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" and underland Bob: "Let's have a good volley on it.") The speaker went on to say that they had 400 Soldiers for the field and the battle, and explained that for the last eleven months they had paid £192, 10s. for rent alone. That was a sufficient reason why they would erect Barracks of their own.

General Booth next proceeded to lay the second foundation-stone, but he found it a matter of some difficulty to make his way along the side of the enclosure, for to the press of his enthusiastic followers and

admirers. Under the skilful guidance of "Sunderland Bob" and a scarlet-jacketed officer, who was addressed as "Archer," progress was reported, and the General declared stone No 2 to be well and truly laid in the name of the blessed Trinity and for the Salvation of the people. He said he had travelled all over the country, and almost lived in a railway carriage. Referring to the building, the foundation-stones of which had just been laid, he said their cathedral was the open-air, but they must have buildings in which they could gather their people together. He thanked God that they had got their

#### Bishops and Curates from Public-houses.

("Amen!") He believed the Holy Ghost was just as willing to speak to the hearts of men and women through the mouth of a washerwoman as through the mouth of a bishop. ("Amen! Hallelujah!") If there had been a skating rink in Monkwearmouth they would never have started that building. He had had a notion from the beginning that skating rinks would never answer. God was merciful, and wanted to save the people. Talk of the Acts of the Apostles! Thank God, they were being continued. God had not gone from our own land. God lived in Monkwearmouth. (A voice: "In my heart, bless Him!") The General, after a few remarks, in the course of which he asked Mr. J. L. Thompson to address the gathering, said The Army required £2,200 for the completion of the Barracks, and if that amount was subscribed they would borrow £1,500 more and build somewhere else. Mr. Thompson mounted the foundation-stone and delivered an address, in which he deprecated pigeon-flying, dog-fancying, going to theatres, gambling, and "infatuated drinking." The earnestness and enthusiasm of their meetings had reminded him of the time when he was converted. ("Hallelujah!") He had no doubt that the building when erected would prove a great blessing.

A collection was then taken, tambourines being made the receptacles of the gifts of the faithful, and with the pronouncing of the Benediction by General Booth the proceedings terminated.

A monster meeting was held in the evening in the Workmen's Hall, and overflow meetings in Whitburn Street Wesleyan Chapel, Conson's Mission Room, and Providence Chapel, Dame Dorothy Street. One of the speakers remarked: It had been said that The Army was in a dying state, but if that was so, there was one thing—they were invalids with an astonishing appetite. They were living the Bible over again. Talk about tea! The tea they had that day was a regular Woolwich infant. As a rule he preferred the hostile criticism of the secular press to the unfair eulogy of religious newspapers. Several other stirring addresses were delivered, and the proceedings were brought to a close at a late hour.

**Carlisle.**—During the last six weeks 300 precious souls have stepped into liberty. Since our memorable re-consecration to the Lord at our Watch-night Service, sinners have been saved by the score time after time, and believers have rushed out crying for a clean heart and have obtained the baptism of the Holy Ghost. At our third anniversary we had Majors Kilby and Dowdle with us, and Captains Willie Reed and Ashburner. We had Heaven below. On Sunday

#### We had good Processions,

both morning and afternoon. Captain Taber led in the morning. At two we had both the string band and the brass band, a splendid march. Thousands of people in front and rear, and beside us; their behaviour was splendid, as it always is in Carlisle. Glorious meeting in the Theatre Royal. At night 3,000 inside the Match Box and hundreds out. We captured twenty prisoners for the King.

Sergt. THOMSON, for Capt. Tom Payne.

**Cheltenham.**—We feel very thankful to God for the many victories He has given us at this Station. Every week we are getting stronger, and every week ourselves living nearer to God. Our Soldiers here are going in for holy living, tearing the idols out of their hearts and placing them on the altar; for when the idols are out, there is room for God. Last Sunday was a day that will not be forgotten very soon. We had a mighty blessing at seven o'clock Knee-drill, also at ten o'clock in the open-air, for though it was raining

#### Our Soldier's mustered well,

and soon got a congregation together of the right sort of men, who, after listening to what we said, followed us to our Hall. The afternoon meeting was full, but the evening meeting was beyond description. Never do we remember when the people listened so attentively; and never do we remember seeing the tears roll down the people's faces as they did while the Captain was telling how his sister died to save him, and how Jesus died to save the world. When the invitation was given eleven souls volunteered for Salvation, making twelve for the day.

Private COOKE, for Capt. Hodgkinson.

**Consett.**—We are glad to give a good report of this Station. God is saving on every side. One brother, while he was giving his experience, said a little over three months ago he used to go home every night drunk, but he did thank God because there was a grand change in him. His mother is not afraid of him now.

#### She always has a smile

when he comes home praising God. Another brother said he tried to find happiness all round the country; but he was glad to say from his short experience that Jesus alone can give solid happiness. God is working hard and saving grand cases at Consett. We are getting hold of the worst class, just the kind for Jesus to save. Hallelujah. Victory is ours.

Lieut. MARTHA REID, Acting Captain.

**Hereford.**—THE CAPTAIN GOES TO INSPECT HEREFORD JAIL.—Hallelujah! The Salvation Army is still marching along in this stronghold of the Devil in spite of all the opposition, although our Captain and two brothers were committed to prison for fourteen days and one for twenty-one days, for the awful crime of breaking the bye-law, which has been buried for many years, but has now come to life again by singing God's love to the world in the public streets. The Devil reasoned, if we can only get some of them into prison, they will shut up and emigrate; but he was mistaken. Our Barracks are being attended than ever, and on Sundays hundreds cannot get in. Last Sunday we cheated the Devil without breaking the bye-law, by marching silently through the streets with brass band, about fifteen

tambourines, and lots of other instruments to a meadow in the centre of the town, kindly lent by our Treasurer, where we played and sung to our satisfaction, and to the joy of hundreds of people who like to hear us. Barracks packed afternoon and night; hundreds outside cannot get in; but, thank God, six souls more determined than ever to fight for Jesus in spite of all opposition. Monday at eleven a.m. the Captain and three Soldiers appear before the tribunal to receive sentence, after which we adjourn to a waiting-room where some kind friends provide the prisoners with a good dinner, and then we go down before the Lord on behalf of the city, and had a good time while they got the carriage ready; and then amidst the cries of, "Here they come!" and waving of handkerchiefs, umbrellas, and shoutings of "Hallelujah!" along the streets, they arrive at the jail, where hundreds of people are waiting to get the last look at them, and to speak a word of comfort before they go to suffer for Christ's sake. Fight on, Hereford Soldiers, the victory will be ours! and then after, we shall appear before the great Judge of all, when we shall march and sing through the streets of the city without breaking the bye-laws. Hallelujah! H. T., for Captain Elmes.

**Hackney.**—On Saturday afternoon, 3rd inst., after a good match we had

#### A Proper Free-and-Easy.

Thirty-seven spoke and numerous choruses were sung. Then we adjourned the meeting until seven a.m. next morning. Ten a.m. we marched on the enemy, talking all before us. After a short stand, we divided into four companies, which aroused the whole neighbourhood, and of course the Devil. We marched back to the Barracks sixty strong, and had a powerful Holiness Meeting, led by the "Hallelujah Grocer." In the afternoon we met in three different places, which completely baffled the enemy. We marched back to the Barracks in one column, with crowds of people following. After a good Free-and-Easy we closed with one soul seeking Salvation. At night we had

#### A tremendous march,

sweeping all along with us. Inside Salvation Meeting, led by Chaplain Gill. Six souls seeking peace with the King, which I hope they all got. "THE HALLELUJAH CASHIER," for Capt. Hare.

### FOR SALVATION SOLDIERS.

With my heart so bright in the heavenly light,  
I live with Jesus all the time,  
And I know I am washed in His Blood quite white,  
And I am His and He is mine.

#### CHORUS—

My soul is full of joy, which Satan can't destroy,  
I'm serving such a mighty, mighty King;  
And it doesn't matter now what the world may say or vow,

While Jesus is my Saviour, I can sing,  
I have joined the Army of the Lord,  
Fighting for the King of Kings;  
And it doesn't matter now what the world may say or vow,

While Jesus is my Saviour, I can sing,  
When my heart was dark, and my soul was lost,  
My Jesus spoke a pardon full and free—  
And He stilled by His power the ocean that tossed—  
And bade me go and happy be.

By His death He bought me everlasting life,  
By His stripes my wounded heart was healed;  
And for my transgression He has borne the strife,  
And by His sorrow joy revealed.

**Leicester.**—Thank God, we are going on to greater victory over sin and the devil at this station. One woman, who came and gave her heart to God, said that she had been so miserable on account of sin, that she said to her husband she would put the children to bed and go to the Salvation Warehouse to get converted. He said that she should not, and took and locked her up in the bedroom; but the woman was so determined to get converted to God, that she said, "If I can't get out of the door,

#### I can get through the Window."

She did so—jumped through the window, came right to the Warehouse, cried to God to save and set her soul at liberty, and went home again rejoicing in her Saviour. Another man, who had been chairman at a concert hall, said to his old companions who had come to see and hear him sing, "There now, I have done with being chairman at a concert hall and niggering; I am going to do right and fight for God in the Salvation Army." God is indeed blessing us on every hand and side. Some of the worst of sinners are coming to Jesus. We can truly sing—

"See our numbers how they swell!"

Hundreds have to be turned away on Sunday night because we have no room for them.

Capt. T. S. MACHIN.

**Manchester III.**—OPENSHAW.—Funeral of Sister Pevitt.—On Wednesday afternoon the body of our dear Sister Pevitt was laid in the grave, but we know that her soul is mingling with the blood-washed around the throne. Hallelujah! Near upon 100 Soldiers met at the House at two p.m., and sang—

"There is sweet rest in Heaven,"

and  
"Nearer my home."  
Then a sister spoke to the people that were gathered round, after which we sang—

"A few more years shall roll!"

then formed into procession, and

#### Marched to the Bradford Cemetery,

hundreds of people watching and following. At the grave side,

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

was sung. The Captain spoke, and the power of the Holy Ghost fell on the people. Many were convicted of sin and wept bitterly whilst he was speaking. After singing—

"What a meeting that will be,"

and a few words of prayer, a procession was formed, and the Soldiers marched back to the house and held an open-air service in the street. Several of the Soldiers and the Captain spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance. When the invitation was given to

anyone who felt their need of a Saviour, and who wanted the pardon of their sins, to come forward into the ring, one came forward, and the Captain

#### Put his Overcoat on the Ground

for her to kneel on; and before she got up she professed to find peace in a crucified Saviour. Bless God, He is no respecter of time or place. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of Salvation." Hallelujah. At night we had a big "go" in the old "Glory Shop"; many were convinced, but only one came out for pardon.

The "SALVATION SCRIBE," for Capt. How.

**Oxford II.**—A BIG NUISANCE.—On Friday night we had our first Holiness Meeting, when twenty came out for the blessing of a clean heart and one for Salvation. Yesterday a good day all through. Inside, at two, splendid time; crowd listening even at windows. The work is going on so that pastors and others have to stop and notice it. At the Free-and-Easy at three the place was crammed. Definite testimony from the converts, Brother Taylor, from Reading, and

#### A Soldier from Aldershot,

as to the saving power of Jesus. At night a good meeting. Some clear, straight, definite dealing with precious souls. The Spirit of God was indeed at work on the people's hearts, and at the close there were eleven souls at the form. God is saving the very worst of characters who used to be the nuisance of the place. One, who had been a great drunkard, said before he was converted that it would take a pair of Morrell's (the great brewer) horses to drag him to the penitentiary, but the same night he was brought to the form by the love of God.

Lieut. R. TURNBULL, for Capt. Sawyer.

**Kidderminster.**—During the past fortnight more than sixty of the enemy have laid down their weapons. Our ranks are swelling in the open-air; wet or dry our Soldiers are there. Villages surround this little town are visited by Sergeants with Soldiers, who are repaid by seeing young men come to our meetings from four miles off, and these show signs of being good and true Soldiers. Our marching on Sunday was good. We had three detachments in the town holding open-air at once. All met to march to the Hall; over 200 in the ranks. God blessed us with souls. One young man had come five miles to that meeting. Our converts are doing well. War Cry Brigades are doing

#### Good Work for the Master.

They think nothing of walking ten miles on Saturday to sell the paper for Jesus, getting back in time to go into the town with the open-air to sell round the market. The Lieutenant of this Corps has been laid on one side for five weeks. We desire your prayers for his full restoration to us.

Capt. R. W. WILSON, the "Yorkshire Lad."

**Winsford.**—During another week's toil and fighting, we have great cause to rejoice. God has come in our midst, and wave after wave of glory and power have flooded our souls, and we have indeed realised again and again that it was Heaven on the way to Heaven. Several of our precious Soldiers have been sick, and could not attend open-air, but they found Jesus

#### Precious in the Sick-room.

Our two last Sundays have been good, our beautiful banners floating with the breeze, and row after row of Salvation Soldiers, with Heaven shining in their face, singing the beautiful Army anthems, which are so loved by real Salvation Soldiers. Our Hallelujah Drummer always can say he is happy, because Jesus lives in his heart, and not least is our four or five week old Soldier, who plays his cornet so splendidly for Jesus, making up in all

#### A very attractive Procession,

and over which angels must rejoice. These men and women love The Army, because it was the means in God's hand of rescuing them from Hell. Testimonies to holy living and happy homes instead of misery are numerous. They mean to fight under The Army flag, so they sing and say, till death. I believe they will. I am sure any Officer may be

#### Proud of such a Regiment.

Capt. JNO. WILSON.

**Stockport.**—EMANCIPATION DAY.—We started with the seven o'clock Knee-drill and had seven slaves of sin set free, and finished up about 10.30 p.m. with fifty-three people who had been slaves in the morning to the Devil all set free through the blood, and shouting glory to Jesus. If we keep on at this rate, we shall soon have all Stockport saved and fighting for Jesus. We had

#### Three Monster Marches,

and as we passed along, the people were running to their doors for the War Cry. We had overflow meetings in the Albert Hall, and we all felt the power of God most wonderfully.

One dear fellow with his son by his side seemed very sad. I went and spoke to him. He said he was very miserable, and I told him of a Saviour who would make him happy, and he turned to his son and said,

#### "Come on, Lad,"

and they both came out from the back seat in the Hall and found Jesus, and seemed very happy.

Another case was a man and his wife sitting in the Hall. I asked him to come out, but he said, "No, not to-night; I will come some other night." I said,

#### "Will your Wife come too?"

He said, "She can if she likes." I told him to show her the example, but he said "No!" when she jumped up and pushed by him and came out by herself and found Jesus. I hope she will be the means of bringing him to Christ.

We had to close the meeting at 9.30 in the Albert Hall; but some of the people were so deeply convicted that they had to follow us to the Circus, and then, praise God, they came out and got well saved. So ended the day with fifty-three souls. To God be all the glory!  
Staff-Officer STONE, for Capt. Gaffick.

### ATTENTION !!!

Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly solicited, for the purpose of maintaining and extending the work.

Friends interested in Aggressive Christianity, and wishing to assist, are desired to communicate with Staff-Captain Geo. A. Pollard, at the Headquarters of the New Zealand Division, Moray Place, Dunedin.

**The General's Address to Officers.**

**Plain Speaking.**

I am afraid we do not always administer reproof where it is deserved, and, anyway, I am sure that where it is administered it is not always done in the best spirit.

But I am afraid that many of our Officers wink at much in the conversation and conduct of their Soldiers which they know to be wrong, and much that they know, if not palpably wrong in itself, is likely to lead to wrong in others. Now, if you want to be officers, you must know how to reprove those who are under your command when they deserve it, and to do it regardless of their frowns or smiles, indeed of any consequence whatever.

If a Soldier is wrong, tell him so. Make him understand that you disapprove, that he has grieved you, just because you see and feel his conduct is displeasing to God. Many a Soldier could have been saved from a career of disastrous backsliding if he had been thus taken in time.

But this should be done in a right spirit—the spirit of love—at the right time. You will often gain much by waiting for a fit opportunity, when a man is in the right spirit to endure it. Then it must always, where possible, be done alone. Very few men, if they have got away from God and lost the Holy Ghost, will stand being told of their faults in the presence of others, much less in public. You can say almost anything to a man if you take him alone, and if he sees your spirit is tender and grieved, and that you are seeking his welfare, and are concerned for the glory of God and the salvation of souls in your dealing with him.

**Restore your Soldiers.**

If they run away, run after them. If they fall, pick them up. This must be done in the spirit of forbearance and tenderness also.

If a man has done wrong, try to find out the temptation. Think how it might have happened with you under the same circumstances, and set to work to bring him back to Christ in a pitying, compassionate spirit.

It is surprising how easily backsliders can be got at, if they are followed up in a proper, persevering, Christ-like spirit. Keep them out of temptation, because a charred stick easily takes fire. Just so, the soul of a man that has ever been set on fire by the Holy Ghost, and knows the blessedness, and peace, and joy of the "peace that passeth all understanding," has memories in him to which you can appeal, flood-gates deep down in his soul that you can get open, well-springs which you can make flow. Follow them, let them have no rest; set others on their track, and you will win them back wholesale.

Backsliders thus dealt with cannot keep away from your meetings. They will be like the moth round the candle—they will ever be on the outskirts of your Barracks, hanging about the doors. You will find them in the uttermost seats, crouching, and trembling, and listening, and fearing, more or less the subjects of despair. Make them hope; speak to them of the Blood, no topic is more effective to Backsliders than this. Preach, and pray, and talk, and sing about the love and sacrifice of Christ, and you will win them.

A very large number of our Officers are almost reckless with regard to losing their Soldiers. They have got the notion that by a little exertion they can soon fill up the gap; and when they go into a new Station, if at the first meeting the Soldiers don't take to them, or for some reason or other absent themselves, they will treat them with such indifference as to drive them off altogether, laying the comforting excuse to their hearts that they can readily obtain a number more out of the world to fill up their places. This is cruelty and folly in the extreme. God has mercy upon such heartless trifling on such a solemn matter, where such tremendous interests are at stake. And hence this is one reason why our growth and extension is not far more rapid and consolidated than it is; and this is also a reproach in the mouths of our enemies, which it is very difficult to answer.

God help you, my comrades, to help to wipe it out.

**Employ your Soldiers.**

Now, it is necessary that you should thoroughly understand that there is a fundamental principle that has to do with the very existence and working of the Army, in which it widely differs from most, if not all, of the Christian organisations round about us, and this is that the fighting is done by the Soldiers, the Officers leading, guiding, encouraging, and showing the way. With other organisations the very opposite is the rule with them; it is a principle that the fighting shall be done by the officers. They are set apart, ordained, and maintained, and looked up to maintain the fight. The responsibility for success with them is not felt to depend upon private members, but upon the character of the ministry, and the ministrations and ceremonies that are managed and conducted by the responsible leaders; whereas with us we publicly and most emphatically avow that the whole corps ought to do the fighting. If you will take in and act upon this principle, and make your Soldiers fight, make them do the work, you showing them the way, you will have victory all along your line; you have only to look round you in the Salvation Army to find illustrations of this. Those officers amongst us who have been the most successful have not been the great talkers—the men who could do religious harangues, expositions of Scriptures, sermons, and the like. Some of our most successful men have been very poor talkers judged from the platform standard, but they have been men who have seized upon their converts as soon as they have got well into the fountain, set them up and made them talk, and sent them out and made them face the foe. So strongly do I feel this, that in accepting officers I am laying less stress than ever I did on the qualification of talking ability.

(To be continued.)

**WHOM TO BELIEVE! AND WHAT TO BELIEVE!**

About The Army and its Relation to the Churches,

According to Earl Cairns, Mr. Justice Kay, The General (reprinted from *The Contemporary Review*), the Rev. Edward White, M.A., the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Winchester, Bedford, and Chichester, and the Mayor of Bath.

ALL FOR TWO PENCE.

**INDIA.**

**Captain Usher's Account of Her Voyage and Landing.**

We shook hands with our dear friends and bade adieu to them and dear old England. As the shore recedes from our view, we turn our thoughts to the work that lies before us. And like all Salvation Soldiers that have always got their guns loaded, we begin to fire away at the passengers. We had one or two meetings on board, and we had singing every night, and I feel sure many of them were deeply impressed. We had it rather rough in the Bay of Biscay, but, praise the Lord, if we had gone down we should have gone straight to glory.

One of the officers remarked that we seemed to be very happy through it all, so I said, "Oh, yes, it is so nice to be always ready;" but, praise the dear Lord, He brought us safely over the mighty deep. As we neared the shores of Bombay, we thought we heard someone singing our familiar Salvation songs. We soon found it was the Officers and some Soldiers in a boat waiting to welcome us to India.

Although so late at night, for it was past twelve o'clock when we arrived, the police were there ready to guard us home to our Headquarters. Here we were welcomed to India by Mrs Gladwin, with whom we very soon began to feel at home. Next day we were off to the Tent, longing to get into a Salvation meeting again, and oh, how our hearts did bound within us to see a crowd of natives come to hear about Salvation.

I am glad to say Capt. Thompson has a nice little Corps here of Soldiers who are willing to do anything. It was beautiful to see, while they get up one after another to testify, how attentive the dear natives were, sitting with up-turned faces, drinking in the words as they fell from their lips. Oh, what a mighty work is before us? When we look at it, the difficulties seem too high to surmount, but, glory to God, with Him all things are possible, and I believe with this band of Soldiers we shall shake Bombay. My soul says it shall be done.

On Thursday, 25th January, we had Major Tucker with us, and had a march from the Tent to the Framjee Hall. Great crowds followed; splendid meeting, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall be able to march with music. I believe it won't be long.

Sunday last we had our Soldiers' meeting at Headquarters. Grand time to our souls. During the afternoon we had a poor Turk come and ask us to show him the way of Salvation. We could not make him understand in English, but we had a brother who interpreted for us, and he professed to find Salvation.

In the evening at the Tent, while we gave the invitation, two native men volunteered for Salvation and a young Englishman.

On Monday morning just as we closed the meeting, we saw a young Englishman looking deeply convicted. We went and spoke to him, and he fell on his knees. With tears streaming down his cheeks he cried, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner," and God saved him. Another young man got saved just before we left the Tent. We went home shouting praises to God. Hallelujah! More to follow.

(Original for the War Cry.)

**WE ARE SOLDIERS, BOUND FOR GLORY.**

BY PRIVATE J. JEFFREYS, GUERNSEY.

TUNE—"I'm a Pilgrim, bound for Glory;" or "There's a Golden Harp in Glory."

We are Soldiers, bound for Glory;  
We are Soldiers going home.  
And we mean to fight for Jesus,  
And bid anxious sinners come!

**CHORUS.**

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!  
We have buckled on the armour,  
We have taken up our shield,  
And we're marching on to Canaan,  
Making every foeman yield.  
Spreading terror all around us,  
As we march to Canaan's land,  
Caring not though Hell assail us;  
We for God will take our stand!  
Marching on we'll fight for Jesus,  
Caring not what people say;  
We've enlisted in The Army;  
At our post we mean to stay.  
Brother Soldiers, be in earnest,  
Time is swiftly passing by;  
Make the best of every moment,  
There'll be resting bye-and-bye.

PUSH THE "WAR CRY."

**AMERICA.**

**Opening of the Salvation Eagle Paterson (New Jersey).**

**The Hallelujah Banquet—Salvation Warriors relating Victories of the Battlefield—All-night of Prayer.**

There could not have been much short of 1,000 people sat down to that banquet. While the last squad were giving the tables the clearing touch, Captain Ludgate led another grand opening march, and although they were there in good time, they found the large Hall crowded. After some difficulty all were in position, and the look of those happy faces was quite enough to make the devil growl and declare he will never forgive us.

There they were, the Hallelujah Cook, with a pair of huge cymbals, and no mistake. As she beat them together, they were high-sounding enough to have pleased General David.

This was the woman that was going to take in all that the Devil would give her, and for that purpose, out of hard earnings, had bought a season ticket for the Bowery Theatre, costing twenty dollars, but, as she said, she heard The Army on the City Hall steps, tumbled into the fountain, and swam clear to the Barracks, where she came out clean, and is now fighting by the side of her once drunken husband in the 1st New York Corps of the Salvation Army. Just above her are our three coloured drummers, from Fort Determination, helping us to make melody to the Lord; we are proving that God has indeed made of one blood all nations, to dwell not only on the face of the earth, but together in the Kingdom, owning one Father, one Lord. Didn't their faces shine as they sang together.

The Major led off in the meeting, and everybody seemed full, and waiting to burst forth in praise—

"Come join our Army, the foe we defy."

Some folks who are out of the secret will say, "What boasting!" but, comrades, they don't know that we have the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, not only as our back, but as our Leader.

**Glory to God for ever!**

for many full hearts.

After the Major had reviewed the past, how the really good folks who had been praying to God to send deliverance shook their heads when they saw the humble, unpretentious brothers of that lowly Nazarene march into the town, and said that this great man and the other great man had tried Paterson; was hopeless, the Devil had a chattel mortgage on the place, and would surely foreclose. We told them the great God had come now, and now behold before your eyes what He has wrought; hearts that were full of bitterness and cursing are now full of love, and finding their delight in following the precious Master, doing the will of God in blessing and saving others.

It would take too long to tell here the wonderful tales of the different officers, but the hallowed feeling that was sweeping through and through that meeting proved to us that God, by the thanksgiving of the many, was being glorified; and when the Major asked all who had been saved through the instrumentality of The Army to raise their hands, it was a grand sight; and while the Hallelujah Ladies sang—

"We're marching on to war,  
Don't matter what the people think,  
Or what they say we are,"

tears were running down many a face. Meeting could not be closed before eleven; and when we went into the prayer-meeting for the night, it seemed the place was still full; and what an all-night that was!

**The All-night.**

Many of the young converts were too full to keep quiet, and wanted to and would praise God for The Army coming to their cities; it seemed at one time we could not get down to our proper all-night business; but God came to our help, and we went in for making Soldiers out of saints. My, what a time! All at once there they were, apparently forgetful of all else but getting right with God. Some that were near the windows were stripping off worldly tawdry and flinging it away; the tobacco devil also got evicted from many a breast; but what was done will be proved by what will come of it. We know by the manner the Devil has ragged since that an awful amount of damage was done to his kingdom. To God be all the praise! My Paterson comrades, be not afraid; press on! the end is Heaven, God, Jesus Christ; His glory, the angels, and the Saviour's "Well done!" Oh, Paterson! be true! Let us all live that we may meet our Master with unblushing faces.—Yours, with that purpose,

MOORE.

**SWEDEN.**

**More Open Air Victories.**

On Sunday a grand time. Although we cannot have any big hall yet, God has opened a small place for us, in which we can have our Knee-drill, &c. At seven o'clock, usual English time, Knee-drill; grand time; forty-four real Soldiers present. Remember it is bitter cold, dark mornings just now, and the people who came, but a few weeks ago, were drunken bad men and women, who usually lay in bed half the Sunday.

Began the day well. God filled us with His Spirit, and prepared us for the day.

At eleven, in the yard again, where we have met for many days past. Oh, how the angels must rejoice over these open-air meetings. It is wonderful the work that is done there. As we went along the streets to the meeting, a great many people, many more than usual, were hurrying along. We wondered where they were all going to.

When we arrived the yard was full of the right sort of people. They had been there waiting for us a long time. "Where do all these people come from?" somebody said. We cannot understand it, and of a truth it is only the direct power of God that could bring the class gathered together in a yard in the depth of winter to listen quietly to the word of truth for nearly two hours.

Hundreds of people came to every meeting in the yard, from all the back streets and alleys in the city, who never go into any church. Thank God, we are catching them.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 were there in the morning. Hundreds of song books sold, Soldiers filling the platform; and they are a fine lot—thieves, drunkards, wife-beaters, just the sort, and to hear them testify of the change is indeed a blessing.

**Ex-Drumkard Parsons.**

Began with the song—

"Go with me,"

and sung splendidly. Then testifying grand. As our Soldiers testified the tears trickled down the faces of the people, and especially as one man testified his God had made his life bright, changed his home—how earnest was his face, like that of a man who feels he is right and intends to do what he says.

This morning Salvation anywhere at any time, that's the way we do it. The Soldiers really danced for joy; the people joined in with us. In the religious history of Sweden nothing has ever been as it is now.

At it again at three; more people than in the morning. Men up in the houses a long way off looking at us through field-glasses. No room in the yard; the people climbed on the houses and walls to see and hear us. People are beginning to see there is something in the religion of Jesus to draw the worst of men to hear it. How quiet the people are, listening in attentively to every word. What a change the men who speak?

Now a man speaks. Look at him. When he came to the penitent-form he had hardly any thing on him; now you would hardly know him; he can stand up like a man, neatly dressed, clean, happy, with money in his pocket, and Christ in his heart.

Now some little Soldiers speak. One says, "I have been beaten by some bad boys; never mind, all for Jesus."

T. GANSEDE, A.D.C., for Major Ouchterloney, 55, Linielgatan, Stockholm.

**COMING EVENTS.**

Staff-Captain Pollard, assisted by Officers and Band and File, will lead the opening attack on Walker Street, Dunedin, this evening (Saturday) at 7.30 p.m.

Holiness Meeting, next Friday at 7.30 p.m., Headquarters. Christians only. Tickets to be obtained of Captain Barfoot.

Holiness Meeting, next Friday at 7.30 p.m., the Salvation Theatre, Christchurch, for Christians only. Tickets to be obtained of Captain Edwards.

**AUCKLAND**

Will be reported at length in our next issue.

**THE WAR CRY**

Will be posted weekly to any address in New Zealand at the following rates:—

For six months ... 3s. 3d.  
For twelve months 6s. 6d.

Send along stamps or P.O.O. to Staff-Captain GEO. A. POLLARD, Head-quarters, Dunedin

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