POSITIVE FACTS

CONCERNING

THE SALVATION ARMY

OF AMERICA.

INCORPORATED OCTOBER 24, 1884.

AMENDED CHARTER MARCH 26, 1885.

EXPERIENCES

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE

FIRST CRUSADE CORPS,

SALVATION SONGS AND SOLOS,

AND TESTIMONIALS FROM MINISTERS, CITY OFFICIALS AND PRIVATE CITIZENS.

Southern Headquarters,

ATLANTA, GA.

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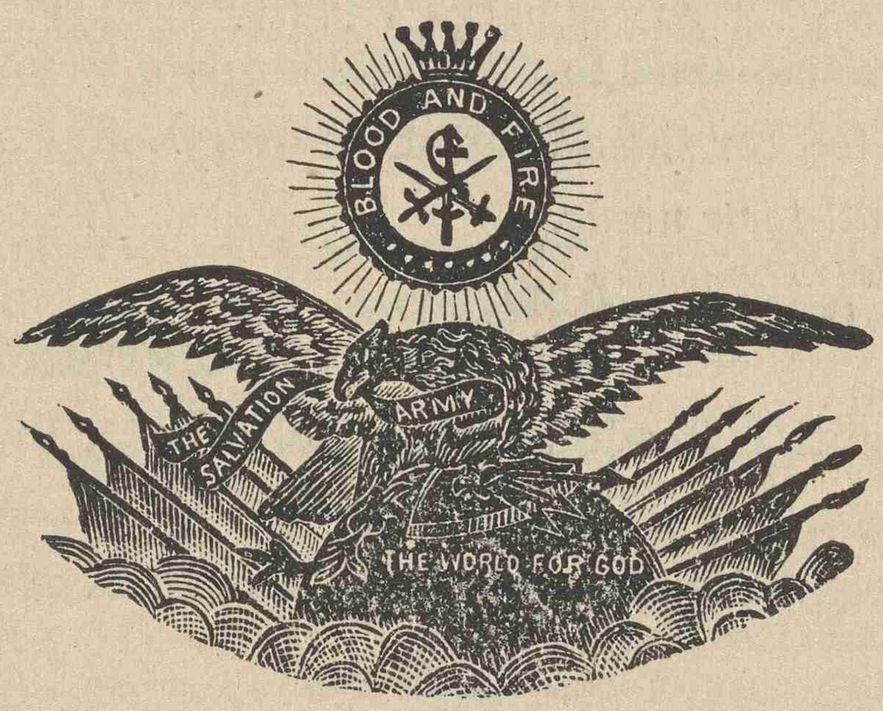

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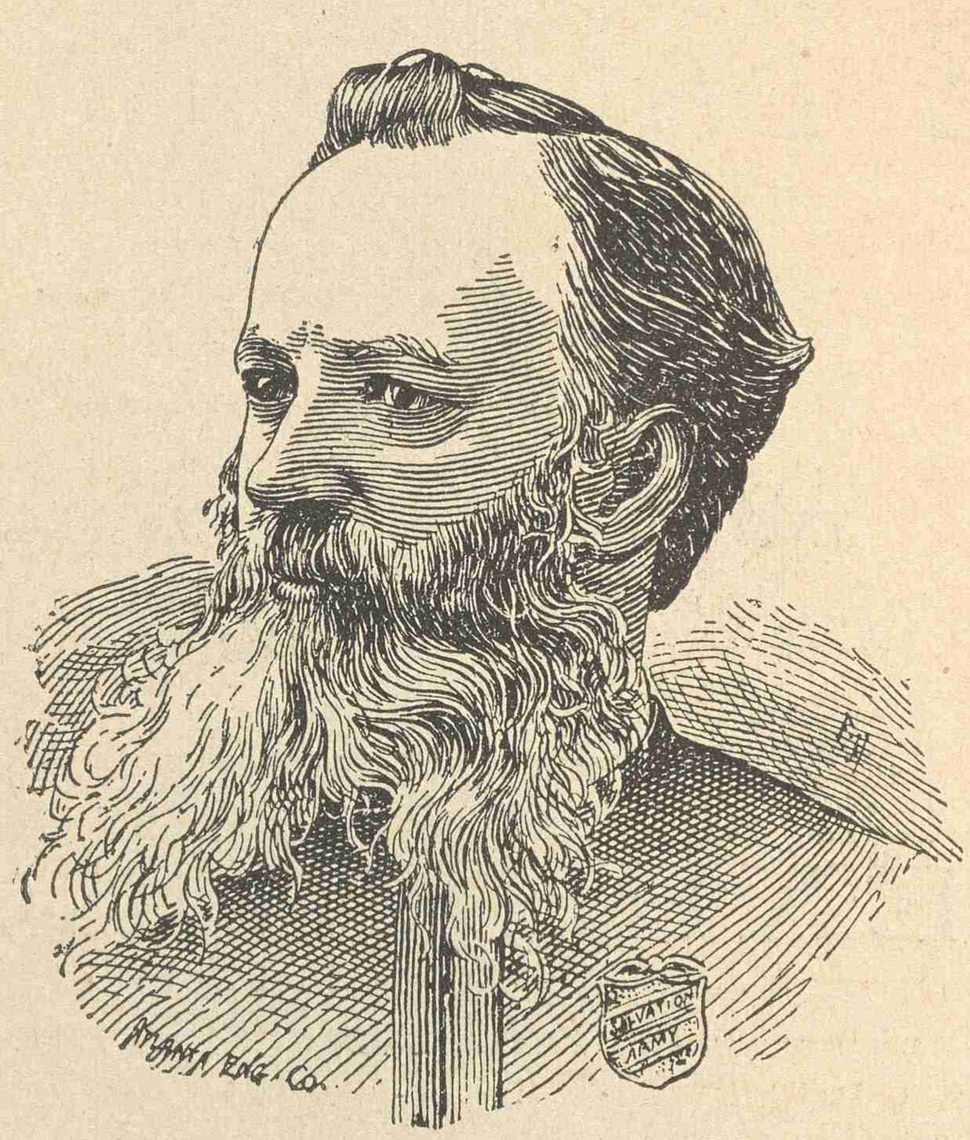


GEN. THOS. E. MOORE.

THE ARMY IS ALWAYS

In want of men and women who are prepared to give themselves up, body and soul, for the Salvation of the World, and who are willing to bear the scoffs and jeers, and to labor night and day—holding meetings in the streets, in halls, and in prisons, and visit from house to house—and to fill up their spare time on their knees pleading with God for the Salvation of everybody; *and who can trust God to supply all their needs.*

Apply to

GENERAL THOMAS E. MOORE,

Executive Headquarters P. O. Box 15, Brooklyn, New York.

Or LIEUT.-GENERAL M. K. LIGHT,

Southern Headquarters P. O. 264, Atlanta, Georgia.

hall
SA477p
Harris

All About the Salvation Army.

What is the Salvation Army?

A force of converted men and women, joined together after the fashion of an army, who intend to make all men yield, or, at least, *listen* to the claims which God has to their love and service.

When, where and by whom was it originated?

In the City of Jerusalem, nearly 1900 years ago, when the day of Pentecost came round, and the followers of Jesus were all baptized with the Holy Ghost. Incorporated in the United States October 24, 1884.

How does the Army operate?

1. By holding meetings out of doors, and marching and singing through the streets, in harmony with law and order.

2. By visiting saloons, prisons, private houses, and speaking to and praying with all who may be got at.

3. By holding meetings in churches, city halls and court houses, also in theatres, music halls, saloons, and the other common resorts of those who prefer pleasure to God, and by turning factories and other strange buildings into meeting rooms, so securing hearers who would not enter ordinary places of worship.

4. By using the most popular song tunes and the language of every-day life to convey God's thoughts to every one in novel and striking forms.

5. By making every convert a daily witness for Christ, both in public and private.

Why should men be compelled to hear of Salvation?

Because the vast majority would otherwise avoid doing so. Everybody knows that in large cities especially, where there are most churches and chapels, there are multitudes of people who never have anything to do with religion. The beer saloon and pool room are in fact the churches of the million. Now, if the Bible be true at all, it must be of the utmost importance to press its truths upon the attention of all these before they die.

Why is a Military form of Government preferable?

It is *preferable* because the only reason for which the organization exists being *war*, common sense requires that it should be framed after that pattern which mankind, in all ages, has found to be, not only the *most effective* but the only one *possible* for an army.

But is this military form of Government Scriptural?

Yes, for while it contradicts no principle of government laid down or practiced in the New Testament, and is in perfect harmony with the only system of government described and enjoined in the Old Testament, it seems likely to answer the end contemplated by both the Old and New Dispensations, and cannot therefore, be said to be unscriptural.

How are the Contributions of the People received?

Collections are taken in *every* service, Sabbath and week day.

RAY

Do not these frequent Collections hinder the work?

No; the converts regard giving as being as much a duty as speaking, and strangers take it as a matter of course.

What is done with the money received in the Collections taken up in the meetings, etc.?

The offerings received in the meetings, and the private contributions of friends, are devoted to the payment of rents, railroad transportation from town to town, and the support of officers. Any over plus (when there is any) is used for the extension of the war in opening new territory, etc.

Are the Officers' Salaries guaranteed?

No. Each officer goes forth to the war trusting in God for his support, and, on entering upon it, acknowledges in writing that he has no legal claim upon Headquarters, or upon any other authority in the Army, for salary or remuneration.

Are the necessities of the Officers usually supplied?

Yes; although many, no doubt, suffer considerable hardship; yet God is faithful, who has promised, and He does not suffer them to be tried beyond their power of endurance.

Are not many of the measures and methods employed by the Army objected to as strange, vulgar and unscriptural?

Yes; those objections are very commonly made by persons who form their opinion of us by hearsay, but we totally deny that anything is done by authority that can be shown to be contrary to the spirit or letter of the Bible. We do admit, however, that many of our methods are very different to the religious usages and social tastes of respectable and refined people, which make those measures appear vulgar, that is, in bad taste to them; but this does not make them wrong in the sight of God. On the contrary, we think this adaption of measures to the state of the masses is abundantly justified by the extraordinary things which God had set his prophets to do to arrest the attention of the people, and also by the innovations connected with the work of Jesus Christ and His Apostles. And, if it can be proved from the results that these methods lay hold of the ignorant and godless multitudes, compelling them to think about eternity, and attend to their soul's salvation, we think they are thereby proved to be both lawful and expedient, and such as should command the approbation of all good men.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Proverbs ix: 30.

"For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all that I might gain the more."—1 Cor. ix: 19. (See also verses 20-23.)

"Making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire!!"—Jude 23.

Why are Military Titles used, such as Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants and he like?

Because those in authority must have some significant titles, and because these harmonize with the organization of the Army, are ready made to our hands, most readily convey to the minds of the common people the rank the officers hold, and are less objectionable to the masses of the people than those used by other Christian denominations to describe their officers.

What kind of uniform is worn, and is there any advantage in it?

It consists of a plain, simple, unassuming dark blue garb, trimmed

with neat red or yellow braid; and marked by the letter S on the collar, or a sailor's Guernsey of the Army's color. It is found to be very useful, attracts the attention, gives opportunity for conversation, gathers people at the open-air demonstrations, excites respect in the rowdy population, indicates not only connection with the Army, but a person's position in it, and is a safeguard against *conformity to the fashions of the day*. The ministers of most churches have a uniform, and are not ashamed of it. We can see no solid objection to the Salvation Army having one also.

Can anything be said in favor of Colors, Bands of Music, Processions and other sensational methods employed?

They are all explained by the first necessity of the movement, which is to ATTRACT ATTENTION. If the people are in danger of the damnation of hell, and asleep in their danger, then the business of those sent to rescue them is—first, to awaken them—"to open their eyes." These and other methods attract their attention, secure a hearing for the Gospel, and thousands repent, flee to Christ from the wrath to come, and are saved. Many of the objections vanish on a little thought. For instance, strong objections have been made to the using of a drum in our procession; but there cannot certainly be anything more objectionable in our calling the poor people into our places of worship by beating a drum than in others calling together their congregations by beating a bell: no principle is involved in either case.

Is there any defense of the peculiar posters, window placards and other announcements issued from time to time?

What has just been said applies equally here. When an Officer issues a bill announcing any meeting he has three things before him:

1st. He wants a bill that *will be read*. Religious announcements are not commonly read.

2nd. He wants a bill that will be read by *the class* he especially wants at his meeting—that is drunkards, gamblers, harlots, blasphemers, thieves, and neglectors of God and Salvation generally.

3rd. When read, he wants it to *attract them* to his meeting. Ordinary religious announcements he knows would deter this class; therefore, he must, if possible, have an announcement of some one to appear, or something to be done, that will interest and attract. Consequently he will, doubtless, sometimes say things that may offend the refined tastes or religious prejudices of better taught and cultured people; but, if he attracts and draws some poor outcast of society to the Cross, he praises God, and thinks he has done a *good thing*, and rejoices accordingly.

What is the meaning of the motto "Blood and Fire," inserted on the Colors and on the seal of the Army?

It means the precious blood of atonement, by which alone we are saved. The fire signifies the Holy Spirit, who sanctifies, energizes, and comforts all who are true soldiers of God.

Does not the Army set the new converts to speaking immediately after conversion, and is this not a very dangerous proceeding?

We generally ask them to tell the people what the Lord has done for them as soon as they obtain mercy, and commonly expect them to make known the fact in the open air on the following evening. And so far from finding this to be a dangerous course, we find that it has an excellent effect on the new convert himself.

1. In the full tide of his first love he breaks through that aversion to speak about religion in public which is more or less common to all.

2. It fully commits him to a life of salvation before all his companions, kindred and friends.

3. God blesses him in doing it; and, having tasted the joy of doing good, he wants to do more.

4. The effect on others is excellent; it breaks down hardened sinners, and proclaims the ability and willingness of God to save, more effectually than any other method.

5. Moreover, it is *scriptural*. Christ practiced this plan. He told the man out of whom he had cast the legion of devils to return at once to his own house and show how great things God had done for him. And he at once went his way, and published through out THE WHOLE CITY how great things the Lord had done for him. Luke viii: 39.

The Apostles also set the converts to testify and preach, for we read, Acts viii: 4, that on the persecution under Saul—"they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." (See also 1 Cor. xiv: 22-24.)

But are not many of the Officers, and others who take part in the meetings, very ignorant?

Yes! they are unquestionably very deficient in *earthly* knowledge, but in this they are no worse off than were the early teachers of Christianity, because according to their inspired acknowledgment, they were only "*ignorant and unlearned men.*" It would be interesting to know how many of the early Apostles could either read or write when called to preach. But this did not prevent their preaching and teaching with greater success than many of their successors have done. But the mission of our Officers and Soldiers is not to impart the knowledge of earthly, but of Divine things. They do not, therefore, suffer on this account, and they are enabled in this respect to say with him who is sometimes described as the great Apostle: "We come unto you not with *excellency* of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the wisdom of God. And *our* speech and *our* preaching *is* not with enticing words of *man's wisdom*, but in demonstration of the *Spirit* and of *power*, that your faith should not stand in the WISDOM OF MEN, but in the POWER OF GOD."

Is any kind of training given to the Officers previous to sending them on the field?

Yes; those who are recommended by the Inspecting Officer of their division, the Officers of their Corps, and others on the spot who know them as fit to be made Officers of the Army, are then sent to THE TRAINING HOME as Cadets, are carefully examined as to their private character and qualifications, and are tested and trained in war for six weeks to three months previous to being sent on the field.

Instruction is given in reading and writing; and all are trained in our various methods of warfare, house-to-house visitation, and management of meetings, out-door and in; and, above all, the utmost devotion possible to God and the Salvation of souls is urged.

Is any systematic care taken of the health of the Officers?

Yes; those who are really in need of change and rest are allowed to go home to their friends for a while, or special medical advice and treatment is provided in case of need.

Is not the employment of women to preach contrary to the express teaching of Scripture?

MOST DECIDEDLY NOT. It is true that there is one solitary pas-

sage in Paul's writings which at first seems to favor such prohibition, namely, 1 Cor. xiv: 30-35. But, rightly understood, this passage simply means that he, the Apostle, thought it a shame for woman to take any part in the debates which were common in Jewish assemblies at that time, and also in the early churches—(see Acts xvii: 1-4, 17; Acts xv: 5-7)—and which are not uncommon now in meetings where the claims of Jesus Christ to be the Messiah are discussed. He thought it better that, rather than she should ask any questions there, or take any part in these unseemly debates, she could ask her husband for the desired information at home; but the Holy Ghost never intended the Apostle, in this passage or in any other, to prohibit preaching or testifying for Christ.

1. Seeing that in the eleventh chapter of the same Epistle the Apostle lays down the exact dress regulations for women when they do preach.

2. That in the Old Testament times some of the most eminent preachers and leaders of His people were women. They were allowed to be even Generals then. Judges iv: 4, 10, 11; Kings xxii: 14-20.

3. That the first officers He commissioned to carry the message of His resurrection were women. Matt. xxviii: 9, 10.

4. That the same baptism of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost was given to the women, and the Apostle Peter confirmed their Divine right to preach by quoting the prophecies of Joel respecting them. Acts ii: 16-18.

5. That there were female "helpers," "yokefellows," "laborers," with the Apostles in the early churches, who preached the Gospel. Phil. iv: 3. Rom. xvi: 3; xiv: 12.

6. Philip, the evangelist, had four daughters, virgins, that did prophesy (or preach). Acts xxi: 8, 9.

Multitudes of women since then, in all lands, have been commissioned by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel and lead His people, which commission they have discharged with overwhelming success.

7. The Holy Spirit, in Gallatians iii: 28, states that there is neither male nor female, but that all are one in Christ Jesus, thereby affirming that, in the privileges, duties and responsibilities of Christ's Kingdom, all differences on account of sex is abolished.

Is it consistent with female modesty for young women to be so public, and is it found safe for them?

Perfectly so; and we have not found any evil consequences whatever resulting from it. We believe that a more decorous and modest body of women than our female Officers is not to be found on the earth. They are admired and respected by all who know them.

Is it true that there is no real teaching in the Army, but that the converts have nothing more than a round of experience and excitement to maintain their faith?

No; this is an error. The converts at every Station have, from the outset, the most practical Scriptural teaching possible. They are taught, as far as they are able and willing to learn, all that concerns a life of separation from evil, unreserved devotion to the service of God, and the duty of sacrificing themselves to gain the largest number of souls. In every place, one night in every week is set apart for this special personal dealing, when the meetings are for Christians only; and, usually, the Sabbath morning or afternoon is given up to the same kind of instruction.

What are the Doctrines of the Salvation Army of America?

The principal Doctrines taught in The Army are as follows:

1. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration of God, and that they alone constitute the Divine rule of Christian faith and practice.

2. We believe there is only one God, who is infinitely perfect, the Creator, Preserver and Governor of all things.

3. We believe that there are three persons in the Godhead—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—undivided in essence, co-equal in power and glory, and the only proper object of religious worship.

4. We believe that in the person of Jesus Christ the Divine and human natures are united, so that He is truly and properly God, and truly and properly man.

5. We believe that our first parents were created in a state of innocence, but by their disobedience they lost their purity and happiness; and that, in consequence of their fall, all men have become sinners, totally depraved, and as such are justly exposed to the wrath of God.

6. We believe that the Lord Jesut Christ has, by His suffering and death, made an atonement for the whole world, so that whosoever will may be saved.

7. We believe that repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, are necessary to salvation.

8. We believe that we are justified by grace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that he that believeth hath the witness in himself.

9. We believe that the Scriptures teach that not only does continuance in the favor of God depend upon continued faith in and obedience to Christ, but that it is possible for those who have been truly pardoned to fall away and be eternally lost; but we do not believe in the backsliding of those who have made a complete surrender to God.

10. We believe that it is the privilege of all believers to be "wholly sanctified," and that "their whole spirit and soul and body" may "be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is to say, we believe that after conversion there remains in the heart of the believer inclination to evil, or roots of bitterness, which, unless overpowered by Divine grace, produce actual sin; but that these evil tendencies can be entirely taken away by the Spirit of God, and the whole heart thus cleansed from everything contrary to the will of God, or entirely sanctified, will then produce the fruits of the Spirit only. And we believe that persons thus entirely sanctified may, by the power of God, be kept unblamable and unreprovable before Him.

11. We believe in the immortality of the soul; in the resurrection of the body; in the general judgment at the end of the world; in the enternal happiness of the righteous; and in the everlasting punishment of the wicked.

12. We believe in believers' baptism by immersion of those who have obtained The Kingdom, through the death, burial and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

13. We believe in obeying the commands of the Gospel in observance of the Lord's Supper as a testimony to the world that He died for their deliverance from sin, and that they, through Him, might have eternal life.

What is the meaning and use of the Penitent Form, of which we read so much in "The Herald of Salvation?"

It is simply a form set out before all the people, where we invite those to come and kneel who have decided to forsake sin and serve God, and who want to have their sins forgiven. We do this in order that they may be counselled and prayed for.

Is it not possible that some may be led to think they are converted at these meetings when, really, they are only a little excited?

Doubtless there are many who think they are saved who are only stony ground or wayside hearers; who are only pricked in their skin instead of their hearts. But this must not prevent our continuing to sow the seed and use those means which seem most likely to save the greatest number.

But do the new converts stand—is the work permanent?

Many who profess to be saved doubtless are only convicted; and many who appear to be really saved fall away, unable to stand against the power of old habits, the ridicule and persecution to which they are subject in their homes or workshops, or from other sources. But that multitudes do stand is evident from the number of Officers and Soldiers now in The Army, the large numbers in the various churches scattered throughout the world, and the multitudes who are already safe landed in heaven.

What is the cause of the uprorious proceedings, the violent persecutions and the unseemly rioting that we read of in the newspapers and elsewhere?

Exactly the same that makes the record of the labors of the early apostles of Christ a continual story of persecution, riot and uproar, until it became a saying on their advent into any town, "These men that have turned the world upside down have come hither also."

More particularly, we may say that our bitterest opponents are the saloon keepers. These never fail to stir up "lewd fellows of the baser sort," whenever they have opportunity, and herein is the secret of much opposition.

But no serious disturbance ever occurs where the authorities make it well understood that they will not tolerate breaches of the peace committed against us. Where the authorities give expression to a want of regard for our safety, the roughs, of course, take the hint.

Is there not a great deal of excitement in connection with the movement?

Undoubtedly so; and it is impossible for any war to be carried on without much excitement, especially this war. Men cannot find out that they are terrible rebels against God—every moment in danger of the damnation of Hell—without being excited; and Soldiers of the Cross cannot look on their fellow-creatures laughing, dancing, sleeping, cursing and swearing on the verge of the horrible gulf, without being moved to their very depths; nor can they rush in upon them with the offer of mercy, awake them from their slumber, drag them away from the burning gulf, and see them plunge in the fountain of mercy, without being themselves excited. There never was *a real work of God* without excitement. Read the accounts of Old Testament revivals, as well as those since Pentecost. Excitement is allowed and welcomed in every other domain; in business, politics, music and pleasure; in war it is deemed a necessity, and it is so here.

Is The Army regularly organized? Many people say it is only a rope of sand.

Yes, The Army is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and has a legal board of trustees to manage its temporal affairs, while the sole direction of the spiritual movement is under the command of its General, THOMAS E. MOORE.

Is the property acquired by The Army secured to it?

Yes, held by the trustees. Everything is so settled and controlled

that it cannot be dealt with otherwise than in the use and for the interests of The Army. Everything is secured, down to the furniture in the offices.

Will not this movement result in the making of a new Sect?

Not in the sense in which a new sect is ordinarily understood. It is not a Church, after the fashion of the Churches, but an Army, that is aimed at—that is, a force as real, as active, as self-sacrificing, and as much under control for soul-saving purposes as the ordinary military armies are for slaughter and destruction. There is, evidently, at present, nothing after this model in existence; and if it be desirable and scriptural, it does not matter much what it is called.

Have many Clergymen, Ministers and leading Philanthropists declared in favor of The Army?

Now, from the Archbishops downward, and prominent ministers of all the churches, have all expressed their confidence in our integrity, their approval of our zeal, and good wishes for our success; and at convocations, councils and conferences, the despised and rejected of a few years ago are proved to have been sent of God for the reformation and salvation of the land by the earnest consultations as to reaching the masses with the Gospel which they occasion.

Are there any other publications of The Army that give particulars of its present operations?

Yes; send to headquarters for list. *The Herald of Salvation*, a weekly newspaper, price 5 cents, the recognized organ of the movement, will be sent, post free, six months for 75 cents, or one year for $1.50.

Do you regard The Army as an organization that is to spread throughout the entire world and exist forever?

YES, TO SPREAD THROUGH THE ENTIRE WORLD, AND TO LAST AS LONG AS GOD HAS ENEMIES TO BE FOUGHT WITH AND OVERCOME.

But without looking quite so far ahead as that, what will become of The Army when the present leader has passed away?

Every forethought has been exercised in view of this, and such legal and other arrangements have been made as will, we think, secure the continuance and progress of the movement. If the General were to be removed by death to-morrow, his successor without delay would be nominated and elected by a two-thirds vote of all the commissioned officers in the field, and the work would proceed without a hitch.

Has The Army any political character or aims?

It teaches obedience to the laws and respect for the authority of the powers that be. Its great business is to make all men holy, and wherever it succeeds in this, it succeeds in making good citizens and loyal subjects.

"Honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honor the king." 1 Peter ii: 17.

Is The Army hostile to the existing evangelical denominations?

Just the contrary. Numbers of its converts go to swell the memberships of the churches. Many who were converted and trained in

its ranks have been engaged by other different religious organizations as Evangelists, Ministers, Missionaries, Students, Colporteurs, Bible women, and the like.

Does this enterprise present any extraordinary plea for the prayers and financial help of Christians generally?

After reading the foregoing, we think, dear friend, you will be prepared to answer this question with a hearty affirmative, and also assent to the following:

1. The Salvation of God is the great remedy for all the spiritual, mental, and most of the physical miseries of mankind.

2. God has raised up The Salvation Army, and made it a chosen agency for conveying this Salvation to the lowest and worst.

3. It is, therefore, most desirable not only to sustain its present operations, but greatly to extend them.

4. To do this, notwithstanding its self-sustaining practice and principles, considerable financial co-operation is required.

5. That such is the burden and anxiety devolving upon those who are responsible for the oversight and direction of this great movement, that it is of the utmost importance that they would be relieved from the anxiety and care caused by financial straitness.

Any desired information concerning The Army not contained in this book can be obtained by addressing either

GENERAL T. E. MOORE,
Executive Headquarters corner Broadway and Willoughby Avenue, P. O. Box 15, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OR LIEUT.-GENERAL M. K. LIGHT,
Southern Headquarters, P. O. Box 264, Atlanta, Ga.

Introductory Letter from Major E. A. Crandall.

"The following letter was written by Major E. A. Crandall, of Springville, Ala., to a friend of his in Birmingham, who was anxious to know the Major's opinion concerning the Salvation Crusaders:

SPRINGVILLE, ALA., September 19, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your oft-repeated request, it has been my purpose for some weeks past to state briefly, for any information or benefit my opinions and convictions might prove to you or to others, based on the experiences presented and impressions produced in my mind by the Salvation Crusaders in their characteristic services and religious meetings held in this town during their three weeks sojourn amongst us; and this I consented to do the more readily, because of the belief or rather the knowledge of the fact of the many misstatements, false representations and evil influences put in circulation in both town and country concerning them, together with the flings and gibes quite recently seen in both the secular and religious press, all designed apparently to obstruct their way and seemingly if possible to prevent them from accomplishing the great Spiritual good they might otherwise do, not among the non-church going masses only, but also perhaps quite as many among those who profess to have some experience in religious things; unavoidable circumstances, however, have prevented me carrying out my designs ere this.

Never having attended services of these evangelists or others of their calling here or elsewhere, really knowing nor hearing anything about them except through occasional publications in newspapers,

and these in spirit and apparent purpose usually detrimental to both their general character and labors, almost necessarily my mind was somewhat tinged with prejudice and similarly with curiosity previous to witnessing their opening, as I was disposed to regard it. But these sentiments were of short duration. On the first entrance of the members, preceded as they always are, by the ladies, each with uniform step to their respective places, and as each with singularly serious expression and earnestness of devotion, bowed on their knees in silent prayer to Him—the Christian's God, whom all true believers worship—before taking their seats, in the presence of the large audience of strangers assembled, a scene most solemn in its presentation, as it was new and impressive, confronted one. It was a spectacle calculated to arouse and suggest thoughtful inquiry. Are these new-comers, these Salvation people, really earnest, devoted Christians? Are they indeed called of God, truly His faithful servants laboring in the broad vineyard of the world, and as such now in this bold, public manner worshipping Him in spirit and in truth? Are they here before us with honest hands and clean hearts to teach us the way of salvation and to set us proper examples of Christian devotion? or are they presumptuous, arrant hypocrites, "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in?" Were our acquaintance and knowledge of them to stop with this first experience it might prove difficult with some persons, satisfactorily to solve these questions and surmises, but a few days association severally with both ladies and gentlemen from the chief, Lieut.-Gen. Light, to the lowest in rank among their number, if there are such, mixing and mingling in all the families and households in the town, making each one as they would their home and their habitation during their entire visit, did not fail to convince and satisfy every citizen, male and female—whose opinion is worth anything—that all were everything in the Christian life they assumed to be, and were and are faithful and devoted followers and worshippers of the Lord Jesus.

As already remarked, they were three full weeks in our midst, and the longer their sojourn, the more endeared and enshrined in the hearts and affections of the people they became, and this too without regard to church relationship. And we hesitate not to vouch and assure all in the Christian life and walk, that what they were here they are still to-day in Birmingham and will continue to be wherever in the providence of God his spirit may lead them. And therefore worthy the confidence, protection, encouragement and assistance of God's true followers everywhere.

Each of the members of the company, including the leader, Lieut.-Gen. Light, was a member of some church, Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian, before joining the Crusaders; each and all are engaged in their present spiritual labors without pay, emolument, hope or expectation of reward in this life; have left kindness, friends, and the endearments of home, receiving in exchange the labors and hardships, the jeers and persecutions consequent on their greater efforts to do good and work for the salvation of the lost, and all this most readily and cheerfully because it is from the call of the MASTER, and on the sole expectation of reward in the home of the finally faithful. The truth is, the people in this section of Alabama never before "saw it after this fashion."

Whether these devoted Christian people who are now in your midst, are accomplishing any good for the Master's kingdom, you are able to know. For "by their fruits ye shall know them." Are they not doing a broader and more effective convicting and converting work in Birmingham—are really converting more souls from week to week than all the established clergy put together? When considering the class among which their labors are chiefly devoted, classes

seldom or never reached by the old church pastors, we can but acknowledge that their labors are a marvel of success; remembering that it is God who giveth the increase, and God honors the work of His most faithful laborers; He has ever done so in the past, He will ever do so in the future, even to the end of time.

Other and additional things were in my mind to mention while writing you about the Crusaders, but I have filled my space and must stop. I will add a brief quotation for the encouragement of these faithful, laborious and greatly abused people.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Let them go ahead; never fear, never falter, God will look after and take care of his own.

Yours truly,

E. A. CRANDALL.

LIEUT.-GEN. M. K. LIGHT.

EXPERIENCE OF LIEUT.-GEN. M. K. LIGHT

Since he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and his call to go out among the heathen.

For some time past I have been impressed with the thought that a sketch of my life, from the time I became a new creature in Christ Jesus, might possibly be of some benefit to others who are longing to be perfectly happy during their short stay here upon earth, and have the positive evidence at all times that they are fully prepared to spend eternity in heaven, and especially to those whom God may wish to lead in a similar manner to the way He has led me; and,

therefore, I write the following lines with the sincere hope that the Holy Spirit may use them in leading at least one poor sin-bound soul from the gross darkness in which I was groping ten years ago into the beautiful light of regeneration, and from that blessed experience into the more glorious enjoyment of full salvation.

On a certain afternoon in the month of October, 1879, I accompanied my wife to a revival meeting conducted by the female evangelist, Mrs. Van Cott, in the city of York, Pa., and while there, listening to the positive testimonies of those who stood up to witness for Jesus, my heart was suddenly pierced by the keen arrow of conviction, and in spite of all that I could do tears welled up into my eyes and began to roll down my cheeks, causing me to feel most uncomfortable, as I was afraid my wife would notice my weakness (as I then called it), and I would have given considerable if I could have slipped out of the church unnoticed; but, being unable to do this, I was forced to keep my seat and battle with the awful dread that the evangelist would come and urge me to go forward to the altar for prayer, and I would give way entirely to the terrible tempest which was raging within my breast. She failed, however, to notice me, or at least did not speak to me, and I am certain I did not feel slighted, but just before the meeting closed there was in my heart such a longing desire to be as free and happy as I believed those were who had testified in the early part of the meeting, that I thought I would gladly give up my business and all my worldly ambition and devote the balance of my life to the service of God, to have the same peace and joy they had, and yet I dare not take the step which would have brought me in possession of it, but again I turned away, to be more miserable than ever before.

A few days after this sad experience I left home to take my regular monthly business trip in the interest of the firm I was connected with, and tried with all my might to throw off the deep conviction which had lodged in my heart, by being more than ordinarily active and energetic in the very exciting business circle in which I was moving, but all my efforts were in vain. I became more miserable day by day until January, 1880, when I was so miserable and wretched that I could stand it no longer, and on the night of the 6th of said month I surrendered to God at my native home in Lebanon, Pa., where I was staying for a few days.

I had been so completely in bondage to the man-fearing spirit which controls every unregenerate person that I could not even tell my dear mother, who had been praying for my salvation for years, what I had resolved to do, but retired to my room at about 9 o'clock, and there promised God on bended knees that I would serve Him the balance of my days at all costs, and prayed earnestly to be forgiven of all the many sins which had accumulated against me. While I was thus praying the Holy Spirit showed me very plainly that if I would "forsake my sins, turn from my evil ways and give up my unrighteous habits," and do whatever He might wish me to do, He would "abundantly pardon and cleanse me from all unrighteousness;" one of the principal things He showed me I would have to do was to talk to those toward whom I had malice for years, and had passed and repassed them not only without noticing them, but with a positive feeling in my heart to do them injury. It cost me quite a struggle to get where I was perfectly willing to do as the Lord had shown me I would have to in order to be delivered, but not until I could sincerely say, from the depth of my poor, broken heart, "Yes, Lord, I will," did I experience any relief, but then, thank God, I received an abundant measure of peace, but failed to be favored that night with the positive evidence that my sins were forgiven. I could, however, close my eyes in sleep, when I was ready to do so, with such a feeling in my breast

as I had never felt before. On the following day I went about to do some of the things which I promised God to do, and, of course, the old task master whom I had so faithfully served for many years, was most reluctant to give me up and approached me in every conceivable way, at first with mild insinuations that it was all foolishness for me to try to be a Christian, and suggestions that I had better stop where I was and go no farther "in this way" or the people would soon pronounce me a fool; and when he found I took no heed to his suggestions but was determined to leave him forever he, became much enraged and made fierce attacks on me through his faithful aid "Anger," through which he had overthrown me hundreds of times during the past years, and was confident he could do so again, but soon discovered that I was looking to the One who is more mighty than he for power of resistance, and, although he made attack after attack, I was enabled, by the grace already given me, to conquer him and go about to pay my vows, while waiting to receive the positive evidence that I had been adopted into the family of God. On the third day (January 9,) after I began to pray at my father's house, I returned to my home in York, and at night of the same day, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, while sitting in my parlor, in company with my wife, there suddenly shone around me a bright light which outshone the large gas jet which was burning in the room, and a supernatural power which I could not then understand forced me out of the chair in which I was sitting, upon the floor, where I lay for probably ten or fifteen minutes unable to get up, and when my wife came around to where I lay and asked me what was the matter, I replied, "I do not know, but I have never felt as I do now in all my life." After this I was able to rise, but was immediately forced down again upon my knees, and then for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes I had such an experience as it is impossible for me to describe. I had a real hand-to-hand conflict with the devil, who tried hard to make me believe that I was losing my reason, but I held on to God with a firm "grip" and cried out mightily for deliverance, and thanks be to Jesus forever, it came as "a mighty rushing wind" breaking the strong chains of sin which had bound me down for so many years, and I was raised to my feet, clapping my hands, and praised and glorified God in such a loud tone of voice that the neighbors across the street could plainly hear me, and the members of our family were more than a little mortified on account of the noise I was making, but I could not help it, as I did not have control of my body. After the first great wave of glory had rolled over me and I could somewhat control myself, I sat down on a lounge close by, and while sitting there, with my wife by my side, I received my first orders from the Executive Headquarters in the eternal kingdom of glory, not on paper, but in an audible voice distinctly heard, "Thou shalt give up thy business and go out among the heathen." And when my wife, who also heard the voice, asked "What was that?" the words were repeated, and then, in answer to the question she asked "Where are the heathen?" The reply came, "Everywhere." After this I was led to my bed-chamber, where I fell prostrate across the bed, to have another struggle with the devil, who took advantage of my exhaustion and stirred up quite a high fever in my system, and then tried hard to alarm me by saying that I was going to die before morning, but when I confronted him with the positive fact that I was now ready and quite willing to die if it were God's will, he left me for a season, and at about three o'clock I fell asleep and slept for a few hours, but on opening my eyes at the break of day the ugly monster was again before me in all his hideousness, and during that entire day tempted me most severely; he even had the audacity to approach me with the bold assertion that all which I had experienced since the

night before was brought about through excitement, occasioned by a deranged system, but I met him with the declaration that nothing but the supernatural power of God could operate upon me as I had been operated upon, and give me the evidence that the heavy burden of sin which had been weighing down my poor soul for many years was removed, and I had peace, joy and happiness such as I had never experienced in all my life before. He was not at all prepared to find me so positive, knowing as he did, how skeptical I had been, and how I used to criticise and ridicule those who made any outward demonstration of religion; and nothing could convince him more than this sudden change that I had indeed become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he retreated again, but only for a short time.

The words, "Thou shalt leave thy business and go out among the heathen," kept ringing in the ears of my soul until I concluded to consult some minister in reference to the matter, and called upon one from whom I expected to receive such advice and instruction as I needed. I stated to him how blessedly I had been converted, and tried to give him an idea of the peace and joy which possessed my breast, and told him about the longing desire I had to lead others into the way wherein God could give them what He had given me. I also spoke to him about the voice I had heard telling me to leave my business, etc., and the wonderful impression it had made upon me, and asked him what he thought of it, and what he would advise me to do. He seemed to be considerably surprised, and said: "You certainly have had a most positive conversion, and the voice you heard is so mysterious to me that I cannot advise you more than to say I think you should earnestly pray over the matter, and if after a certain length of time you still feel impressed as you do now, you had better obey the voice." While the advice he gave me was no doubt the same that anyone who was not better acquainted with God than he was would have given under the circumstances, it did not satisfy me, as I had hoped there might be a way opened for me to engage at once in the work which my soul was longing to do; but when on reflection, I was reminded of the fact that I was under contract with the firm I was connected with for another year, and also that I was very ignorant concerning spiritual matters, I decided it might be best, under the circumstances, to act according to the advice of the minister and my friends, and continue in business until the obligation with my firm had expired, and then be ready to do whatever the Lord might will. After having arrived at this conclusion, I left home to take another business trip, feeling in a measure satisfied, but soon discovered that, although the decision arrived at before leaving home was quite pleasing to wife, father and mother, brother, sister and friends, it was not so agreeable to God, and my conscience was pricked continually, both day and night. I tried to obviate this by telling Him I would be perfectly satisfied with half the salary I was receiving, in order that I might occupy a part of my time in speaking to my customers and others along my business route about the wonderful change which had been wrought in my heart, but this did not satisfy, and I had no rest until I promised God to go ahead and do what he had shown me to do on the night of my conversion, regardless of what even those who were the nearest and dearest to me by the ties of blood might say or do.

Some time before this I had a fierce contest with inbred sin; it seemed that pride and anger (the two worst enemies I had to contend with) would overthrow me in spite of all that I could do, but I clung to God with all my might, and one day while all alone in my parlor, engaged in prayer and meditation, my wife came in saying: "Here is a paper which Mr. Bond has sent down for you to read." On opening the same I found it to be the HOLINESS STANDARD, and while

reading its columns I first received the light which revealed to me the fact that it was not only the privilege but the duty of all who had been "born again" to get where the Holy Ghost could entirely uproot from the heart pride, anger, envy, jealousy, malice, hatred and prejudice, and I did not close my eyes against the light, but said, "Lord, that is just what I want and must have, or I will soon be back again in the very wretched state I was in a short time ago," and as I would have rather died than go back, I began at once to seek with all my heart the invaluable blessing, and just as soon as I said, "Yes, Lord, I will do as you told me to, give up my business and follow Thee on naked practical faith whithersoever Thou leadest," He condescended to favor me with the inexpressible boon, on the night of the 16th of March, 1880, between the hours of 9 and 10 oclock, at the same place in my parlor where He gave me the first evidence that my sins were all forgiven. God had it so arranged that my wife was again present to witness the extraordinary workings of the Holy Ghost as He completed the process of sanctification, which was begun on the 9th of January (the night of my conversion), and gave me the most unmistakable evidence that I was wholly sanctified, and He had taken full possession of my entire being, and would, by His almighty power, preserve my spirit, soul and body blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," provided I would walk before Him with a perfect obedience according to the spiritual light and knowledge bestowed upon me from time to time.

He operated upon me in about the same manner He did on the night of my conversion, only not quite so powerfully, but the peace which now filled my soul, since I knew beyond a doubt that I was cleansed from all sin, was of a much more satisfying nature than that which I experienced on the night of my conversion, because the very cause which had compelled me for many years to commit sins was entirely removed, and I was now able to "Love the Lord, my God, with all my heart, soul, mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself." I would say here, by way of admonition and exhortation, that the Lord made it very plain to me a short time after entering this blessed experience that I could have gotten into it on the day following the night of my conversion if I had gone about to do what He had shown me I should do without "conferring with flesh and blood," and I could also have avoided the many fierce battles I had within, and not exposed my soul to the danger of being driven further into sin than I was before, or, to use milder words, I could have gotten through the wilderness of doubt and fear into the holy land of full salvation in less than twenty-four hours, instead of wandering to and fro for sixty-seven days.

My advice to all who may read these lines is: Be sure beyond a doubt that you have been "born again," and that God's spirit bears witness with your spirit that you are a child of His," and then do not rest satisfied until you know equally well that sin is destroyed out of your soul, and all the powers, faculties, possessions and influences of your being are given up to the service and glory of God, and then you can "bring forth fruit unto holiness," and God will use you in your daily walk and life to bring either conviction to unrepenting sinners or condemnation to unsanctified believers, and by and by, when Jesus comes to judge the world in righteousness, He will accept you as one of His jewels, to shine in His eternal kingdom of glory, where you will, for the Lamb's sake, be admired by legions of holy angels.

So soon as sin was cast out of my heart, the blessed Holy Ghost took possession of my entire being and gave me power to go and do as I had vowed I would, "before the great transaction could be done,"

and a few days later I went to Philadelphia, told my firm what had happened, and asked them to release me from my contract, which they were, however, not willing to do, for reasons that can be ascertained by all who might want to take the trouble to communicate with Mr. Henry H. Marple, who was then the head of the firm; but when I told them that my mind was so occupied with thoughts of a spiritual nature that I could no longer represent them in a way which would justify them to pay me the salary I was receiving, and that I would do all that I could to get them a good man to take my place, they finally consented to release me; and, after having balanced accounts with our financier, and arranged other matters, I bade them farewell and went to New York city, where I had expected to remain about six hours, then return to my home to shape my business affairs there, so as to be perfectly free to take whatever step the Lord might lead me to take after that; but instead of being able to get away from New York in six hours, I was kept there nearly two years, and it came about in this way:

My business in New York was (as I thought) to have an interview with Mrs. Van Cott, under whose preaching I had been convicted, as previously stated, and from whom I had expected to receive such advice and instruction as I needed relating to my future career; however, the Lord had it so arranged that I could not have the much-desired interview with her, but through her influence I met the Rev. A. C. Moorehouse, who was then the pastor of the Forsyth Street M. E. Church (which is the second M. E. Church established in the United States, and is over one hundred years old), and had an interview with him, after which God showed me very plainly that I must remain where I was and prepare myself for the special work He had for me to do, which would be made known to me later on; this I was also willing to do without any murmuring whatever, because it was really gratifying to my soul to do the will of my heavenly Father who had so miraceously saved me as a "brand from the eternal burning." I put myself under his tuition and training according to the system revealed to me by the Holy Ghost. I had free access to Mr. Moorehouse's large library, but could only make use of a few of its most spiritual works in my studies, as per above mentioned system, the plan of which was something like this: Early in the morning, before breakfast, I would spend most of the time on my knees before God in earnest, supplicating prayer for divine grace and power to help me through the day; from 8 to 10 o'clock a. m., I would occupy the time in missionary work, among the people at Five Points, on Baxter, Forsyth and other streets in this very wicked and sinful neighborhood, and also in Castle Garden, where I came in contact with many sailors and emigrants; from 10 to 12 o'clock I would spend in my room on my knees studying the Bible; in the afternoon I would visit from house to house and assist Mr. Moorehouse in his work, and at night I could be found in a class or prayer meeting, either in the church I was connected with or some mission. I went on in this way for sixteen months, familiarizing myself with the living word of God and the workings of the Holy Ghost, and did all the good I possibly could in a practical way "unto my neighbors" in the slums of New York City (not only with my time, but also with the little money which I had accumulated and placed in bank, and invested in building association stocks and real estate), until I met General Moore, with his staff, at Sing Sing, N. Y., camp meeting, where I had gone to spend a week. I thought they were a very strange and peculiar people, and had no idea then that I should ever be one of their co-workers; but there was an irresistible power drawing me to their tent every day, and although I was severely criticized and censured by some of my friends for spending so much time with those "folks,"

"I couldn't and wouldn't stay away from there." One day General Moore walked up to me, and in a very familiar way said:

"Young man, the Lord wants you," to which I replied:

"Yes, I know He does, and He has me too!"

"But," said he, "He wants you to engage in this self-denying and self-sacrificing work that we are in."

My answer was: "Well, if He does, and shows me so, I am quite willing to engage in it."

When the camp meeting had closed, I returned to the city and resumed my studies and missionary labors, feeling perfectly assured that God would before long make known to me the special work He wished me to engage in, without thinking it had already been shown me while at camp meeting; but General Moore's words kept ringing in my ears continually. I was, however, very reluctant to believe that the Holy Ghost was echoing the words, as I had been expecting the door of my work to open from another direction, and I continued for several months longer in this way until one day I was reminded of the fact that my funds were getting low, and just about this time there was a situation offered to me in one of the largest mercantile houses in the city, and I was tempted with, and yielded to the thought that it might possibly be the will of the Lord for me to be thus engaged for awhile, and I accepted the situation and was placed in the fur department to sell seal-skin cloaks and sacques, ranging in price from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy-five dollars each.

I soon discovered there were many things to be done in the handling of these goods that my sanctified conscience would not permit, and I so informed the foreman of the department, and of course, I was not at all surprised, when a few days latet, I was called to the cashier's office to receive the salary due me, and information from the firm, through the cashier, that my services were no longer required, not because I was dishonest, but because I would be too honest and could therefore not be a successful fur salesman.

At this time the words of General Moore came to my mind again quite forcibly, but I was still slow to believe that it really was the will of the Lord for me to engage in that work, and a few days later I got another situation with Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency, and after one week's trial I was put on the reporter's staff, and a section was given me to "work up" in the city, but three or four weeks had only elapsed when I was more forcibly impressed than ever with the words, "The Lord wants you in this self-denying work," and I could only be satisfied when I had resigned this situation, and wrote to General Moore that if he still thought the Lord wanted me in "their work," I was quite willing and ready to engage in it. A few days after this he called to see me, and, after a short interview, he desired me to go on the following day to Jersey City, N. J., and take charge of a station there; but I told him it was impossible for me to go so soon, as it would take me several days at least to complete the arrangements which I would have to make before I could leave New York. I promised him, however, to get ready as hastily as possible, and agreed to be in Jersy City on a certain day. After he had gone I had another fierce struggle with myself, and for a short time it was uncertain who would win—the old or the new man; but, "thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory," the old "monster" was again vanquished, and I could say, "Yes, Lord, anywhere for Jesus, who has done so much for me, I will gladily go," and two days later I had all necessary arrangements for the comfort of my wife and child and other matters completed, and with only a few dollars in my pocket, I was ready to go to my first station in January of 1882.

On reaching Jersey City I found no one at the depot to meet me

and show me to my barracks; but as I made good use of my tongue, it did not take me long to find it, and also acquaint myself with the condition of the work, which was so discouraging, that I had every reason to believe it was the worst station in the United States (there were only five at this time—one each in Philadelphia, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Paterson, N.J.; Newark, N.J., and Jersey City), and if I had listened to the suggestion of self I would certainly have returned to New York at once and abandoned the idea forever of engaging in this work. With the solemn vows and pledges made to God staring me in the face, however, I dare not turn back, but must press forward at all cost, and accordingly secured a cheap lodging place and later on arranged to eat one ten cent meal per day at a restaurant, and if I wanted more than this would eat a few pieces of bread at the barracks. As I was entirely unacquainted with these "tactics" of warfare, and did not know any of the songs, I had, indeed, a hard time to get along. However, I did the best I could, and the dear Lord helped me; but wishing to become thoroughly acquainted with the "tactics" and some of the songs before taking command of a corps, I asked to be removed to Paterson, New Jersey, where there were stationed two trained officers, and after a few weeks I received orders to go there, but was allowed to remain only one week, and was then ordered to proceed to Philadelphia and take command of the First Pennsylvania Corps. Here I was promoted to the rank of captain, and received the first commission issued in the United States. For five months I had a very hard fight in the Quaker City, in which I had been doing business for eight years. One of the most self-abasing things I had to do during this five months' campaign was to go to my former employer, who used to pay me twenty-one hundred dollars per year salary, and offer him a copy of our weekly paper, and receive his sarcastic salutation,

"Well, Light, have you come down to be newsboy?"

But thank God I could say, "Yes, Mr. Marple, I have come down to be a newsboy for Jesus, and I want you to buy a paper from me;" which he also did and paid me twenty-five cents for it.

After the siege of Philadelphia I was sent to Baltimore, Md., to take command of the First Maryland Corps, and for nine months had many blessed times with my comrades of the First Maryland Pioneers, such times as will always be very dear to my memory. The Lord used us in gaining some of the most glorious victories that it has been my privilege to enjoy since I have been in the service, especially the open air victories. I can still remember very well the afternoon in which we had twelve open air meetings in different parts of the city, and sold one hundred and eighty-eight copies of the War Cry (now the HERALD OF SALVATION), and felt fresh enough to hold another one at night before the city hall, and had a real old-time "pentecostal love feast" in the barracks afterward. The Lord also helped us, during our stay there, to build the first barracks erected in the United States, and organize the Second Maryland Corps. From Baltimore I was called to our executive headquarters, in Brooklyn, N.Y., in the Spring of 1883, when I was put on the headquarters' staff, and placed in the business department as bookkeeper and cashier, and later on was elected by the Board of Trustees as treasurer. The close confinement in this department impaired my health, and it was thought necessary for me to go on the field again, and I was sent out as Field Inspector with the rank of Major, in which capacity I served until January of 1887.

I was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and received my commission (date above mentioned) to go with the First Crusade Brigade and take charge of the South, and on the 26th of said month we sailed from New York City to Portsmouth, Va., from where we went by

rail to Charlotte, N. C., arriving there on Sunday morning, January 30, and by 10:30 o'clock of same morning we had our troops in position ready for the first crusade attack in the South. Since that never-to-be-forgotten event, three years and three months ago, I have, in company with my comrades on the Southern field, been engaged in hundreds of very fierce battles, and can rejoice with them over as many glorious victories won in the name of our God, and have the extreme pleasure of knowing that during this time the Holy Ghost has used us in leading about eight thousand gamblers, drunkards, harlots and unsaved church members into the pardoning fountain of Jesus' love, in fifty-eight cities and towns. Some one may ask: "But are you not yet tired of the fight?" And I reply, No! thank God, I am not, but am more determined than ever to remain at my post, wherever it may be, until the war is over, and I wish it were possible for me to be divided into one hundred parts, and I could live one hundred years longer, in a way that each hundredth part could be separately occupied in making the very best use of every moment of time for the advancement of my Saviour's kingdom, who willingly died the horrible death of the Cross to make it possible for me to have peace, joy and happiness in this present life, escape eternal hell, and dwell with God and the glorified throughout the countless ages of eternity. Let all who read these lines and know how to pray from the heart, pray that I may be preserved in the righteousness of Jesus Christ until He comes to judge the "quick and dead." Amen.

Salvation Songs and Solos.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Beautiful hands at the gateway to-night,
Faces all shining with radiant light,
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly home,
Beautiful hands, they are beckoning, come.

CHORUS.

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

Beckoning hands of a mother, whose love
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove;
Hands of a father, to memory dear,
Beckoning up higher the waiting ones here.

Beckoning hands of a little one—see,
Baby voice calling, Oh, mother, to thee;
Rosy cheeked darling, the light of our home,
Taken so early is beckoning, come.

Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the loved ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, or friend,
Out from the gateway to-night they extend.

Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

WE'VE COME TO TELL OF JESUS' BLOOD.

TUNE—"*You Must Be a Lover of the Lord.*"

We've come to tell you of Jesus' blood,
Which cleanses from all sin;
If you will come to Christ my, Lord,
We know He'll take you in.

CHORUS.

You must be a lover of the Lord.

We once were bound with Satan's chains,
But Jesus set us free;
No tongue can sing a sweeter strain
Than "Jesus died for me."

Oh, sinners, make a start to-night,
Oh, come, make Heaven your home;
He'll turn your darkness into light,
He saves; yes, He alone.

Oh, come just now! Give God your heart,
You will not be too soon;
To-night secure the better part,
Delay may be your doom.

A BAND THAT SHALL CONQUER.

TUNE—"*Sweet By-and-By.*"

We've a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of the King;
With the sword of the Spirit we know
We shall sinners to Calvary bring.

CHORUS.

I believe we shall win, we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King.

We have conquered in times that are past,
And we've scattered the foe from the field;
Then we'll fight for the King till the last,
And the sword of the Spirit we'll wield.

Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and severe;
But the King is the mighty to save,
And in conflict He always is near.

GOING HOME.

TUNE—"*Traveling Home.*"

We're on our way to heaven,
That city bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and happiness;
Its walls are all of jasper,
Its streets of shining gold,
And Jesus Christ, our Saviour, will be there.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm going home, going home,
Going home to Jesus by-and-by!
Oh, I'm going home, going home,
Going home to Jesus by-and-by!

And as we travel onward,
God's praises we will sing,
We'll tell to all the world of Jesus' love;
He shed His blood to save us,
And set us free from sin,
And by-and-by we'll dwell with him above.

Then, sinner, come to Jesus
Before it is too late,
Oh, come at once, and give your heart to Him!
He's waiting to receive you,
And take you in the fold,
Oh, come, just now, He'll set you free from sin!

MY EXPERIENCE.

TUNE—"*In the Rifted Rock*," *or* "*We'll Walk in the Light.*"

I'm a soldier, bound for glory;
I'm a soldier, marching on;
Come and hear me tell my story—
All who long in sin have gone.

CHORUS.

Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me;
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in Thee.

I will tell you what induced me
For the better land to start:
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcome and won my heart.

When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said, "He'll turn again;"
But though every day resisted,
In the ranks I still remain.

I'm a wonder unto many—
God alone the change hath wrought;
Here I raise my "Ebenezer,"
Hither by His help I'm brought.

Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a soldier, I shall come;
Then I mean to shout salvation,
And go singing glory home.

SECOND CHORUS.

Then we'll walk in the light,
We'll walk in the light;
We'll walk in the light,
We'll walk in the *beautiful light of God.*

THE HAND UPON THE WALL.

At the feast of Belshazzar
And a thousand of his lords,
While they drank from golden vessels,
As the Book of Truth records,
In the night as they revelled
In the royal palace hall,
They were seized with consternation,
'Twas the hand upon the wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
Shall the record be found wanting?
Or shall it be found trusting,
While the hand is writing on the wall?

See the brave Captain Daniel,
As he stood before the throng,
And rebuked the haughty monarch
For his mighty deeds of wrong.
As he read out the writing,
'Twas the doom of one and all,
For the kingdom now is finished,
'Twas the hand upon the wall.

See the faith, zeal and courage
That would dare to do the right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel,
This secret of his might.
In his home in Judea,
Or a captive in the hall,
He understood the writing
Of the hand upon the wall.

So our deeds are recorded;
There's a hand that's writing now.
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus—
To his royal mandate bow;
For the day is fast approaching,
It must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation
Will be written on the wall.

THE DYING BACKSLIDER.

ARRANGED BY CAPTAIN LAURA YODER.

"Go bring me," said the dying girl,
With woe and anguish in her tone,
"My costly robes and jewels here,
Go bring, go bring them every one."
They strewed them on her dying bed,
Those robes so fine, of princely cost;
"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these, my precious soul is lost."

CHORUS.

"Go weep for me, your dying girl,
For now again to you I tell,

You bought me with your worldly toys,
And now I'm going down to hell.

" With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor did I fear the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my breast,
With joy I looked for Heaven to come.
I heard the Saviour's pardoning voice,
Oh! how my soul was filled with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I bartered Heaven's joys for these.

" Take them, they are the price of blood,
For these vile things I've lost my soul,
Now I must bear the wrath of God,
In hell, while ceaseless ages roll.
Remember when you look on these,
Think of your daughter's fearful doom,
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went fearing, quaking, to the tomb.

" Go, bear them from my sight and touch,
To you your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care, they cost you much,
They cost your daughter still much more.
Look on them every rolling year,
And also on my dying day,
And drop for me a burning tear,"
She said, and then she sank away.

BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.

TUNE—"*When the Stars of the Elements are Falling.*

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus, and give your heart to Him;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
And He will make you holy, and save you from all sin
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

When the stars of the elements are falling,
And the moon shall be turned into blood,
And the children of the Lord, returning home to God
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

And when the Lord does call us to cross dark Jordan's tide,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
I'm sure that he will help us and be close by our side,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Then our mission will be over, and all our work will be done;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
We'll bind our sheaves together and shout the harvest home
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

SECOND CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
Oh, blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

WAKE UP THE DEAD.

I look over Jordan and what do I see,
God's going to wake up the dead.
A band of holy angels awaiting there for me,
God's going to wake up the dead.

CHORUS.

Wake up the dead, wake up the dead,
God's going to wake up the dead,
Hallelujah,
Wake up the dead, wake up the dead.

I'll praise Him while he gives me breath,
God's going to wake up the dead,
Then I'll praise Him after death,
God's going to wake up the dead.

Oh! you better look out how you step upon the Cross,
God's going to wake up the dead,
For your foot it will stumble, and your soul it will be lost,
God's going to wake up the dead.

I tell you what I mean to do,
God's going to wake up the dead,
I mean to stick to the noisy crew,
God's going to wake up the dead.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

There's a city that looks on the Valley of Death,
And its glories can never be told;
Where the sun never sets and the leaves never fade,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

CHORUS.

Where the sun never sets and the leaves never fade,
And the eyes of the faithful their Saviour behold,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

There the King and Redeemer, the Lord whom we love,
All the faithful with rapture behold;
There the righteous forever shall shine as the stars,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

Every soul we have led to the foot of the Cross,
Every Lamb we have brought to the fold,
Shall be kept as bright jewels our crowns to adorn,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Wherever you may be, whatever you may see,
That would lead you into evil, say you nay, say you nay;
Don't even turn aside whatever may betide,
But keep along the middle of the Kings's highway.

CHORUS.

Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.
(Repeat three times.)

The meadows may be green, where by-paths still are seen,
"Turn aside," the little flowers seem to say, seem to say;
Be sure you take no heed, they're trying to mislead,
But keep along the middle of the King's highway.

For on enchanted ground there's danger all around,
A thousand pleasant voices bid you stay, bid you stay;
With fingers stop your ears, and never mind those jeers,
But keep along the middle of the King's highway.

Our God will give us light, and walking in the light,
We'll wear a crown of glory on that day, on that day;
When Jesus calls His own together around the throne,
Who have kept along the middle of the King's highway.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

All round the world our Army chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is saving souls,
All round the world our Soldiers will be brave.
Around our Colors we will rally—
Wave, Soldiers, wave!"

CHOURUS.

Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our Colors waving all round the world!

All round the world with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along,
All round the world, the universe to save;
We'll wave our Army Flags for Jesus—
Wave, Soldiers, wave!

All round the world the Saviour's Blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go,
All round the world, the world's Salvation crave;
With Blood and Fire, with faith and feeling—
Wave, Soldiers, wave!

SALVATION ARMY OF AMERICA vs. "CITIZEN."

Salvation Army Defended—"Citizen's" Position Publicly Aired.

MR. EDITOR—In your last week's issue I find a communication from "Citizen," in opposition to the Salvation Army which has been recently visiting our town and made so many friends and converts among us. I feel impressed that something ought to be said in reply to "Citizen's" article. As he gives any one "full permission to say what he pleases about it," I thought I would accept his kind invitation and say something.

"Citizen" seems to make a great effort to write with candor and liberality, but soon begins to betray the most inveterate prejudice and malignity towards the Salvation Army, which forces him into grievous errors and misrepresentations, a few of which I will mention.

He begins with the strange assertion that "persecution is the food on which the Salvation Army grows, and which they seek more than their daily food; especially since seeking to earn their daily bread does not seem to be one of their characteristics." Now, to adopt

the methods that the Salvation Army do—so direct, vigorous and uncompromising—to promulgate religion must inevitably provoke persecution and the most determined opposition, because they are a most palpable innovation on old methods, and opposition comes as a natural consequence. To accuse them therefore of seeking and inviting persecution, is to accuse the Apostles and primitive Christians, and the followers of Luther and Wesley, and all innovations of the same. To adopt new methods, and to endeavor to get men out of their old way of thinking and acting, is to bring down upon us all their vengeance and opposition. (See universal history). As to the laziness hinted at, the writer is an astonished witness to the unceasing labor, hardships and self-denial that they take upon themselves. They literally obey the command, "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life." They live on the simplest diet, and but little of that, and would as soon put a serpent in their mouth as a quid of tobacco, cigar or drop of whiskey. Oh shame to our tobacco-using preachers, who scorn these temperate, hard-working people, all consecrated to Christ. I wonder if "Citizen" does a tenth part of the work for Christ that a regular worker in the Salvation Army does?

"Citizen" thinks that the children are encouraged to take the name of God in vain by repeating on the streets what they have heard these people say: "Thank God!" "Praise the Lord!" "Hallelujah!" etc. This reminds me of the children in the time of our Saviour who were repeating on a certain occasion—"Hosanna to the Son of David!" when the envious scribes and Pharisees exclaimed: "Hearest thou what these say?" They were not rebuked by the Saviour of mankind, but the malignant Pharisees were, for allowing the children to be ahead of them. The Salvation Army teaches the greatest reverence for God and His name.

"They come among us," says "Citizen," "having no credentials." What are the true credentials of a messenger of Christ? His converts. If he has plenty of these he need not fear the validity of His credentials. (See 1 Cor. 9: 2). The Salvation Army can point to tens of thousands who have forsaken all for Christ. "Citizen" attacks the tambourine and brass horn. This is the old bone of contention. Why do you not attack the organ, the bell and the tin horn at camp meeting? Is there any moral difference between beating a tambourine and beating an organ ringing a bell and blowing a brass horn? You sit in your church, beat the organ and ring your bell for service; these people walk the streets and beat their drums and tambourines and blow brass horns because they cannot carry your big bells and organs about with them. You beat out music on your inanimate instruments, sitting in your church on the Sabbath, and they walk the streets and beat music out of theirs, and you say that they break the Sabbath! This is splitting hairs, and is too trifling.

"The Salvation Army," says "Citizen," "teaches false doctrine," and instances the following, and pronounces them "unscriptural and logical absurdities." "If you are not saved to-day you may be in hell to-morrow. Before to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock the world may be on fire." Now, what do you think of that, readers? This was all the "false doctrine" "Citizen" could find with them. Did he ever read the parable of the rich fool who was congratulating himself upon having goods laid up for many years, when God required his soul that very night—before the "to-morrow?" Are we not constantly exhorted to watch, because the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night? Before the world is burned up, will we not be eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage? Is there anything more uncertain than when Christ will come either by death or judgment?

Our prejudiced friend says that the Salvation Army depletes the church. Who does not know that the Salvation Army is a most powerful agent in replenishing the church and quickening its members in spiritual life? Thousands who are awakened every year by their vigorous methods, join our churches. Comparatively few of their converts join them. He says "they go strolling over the country in what they ignorantly imagine to be Christ's service." Ah, my friend! Tom Paine says that Mary Magadalen was a stroller too, and that she was on the stroll when she went to the sepulchre early in the morning while it was yet dark. She and the other holy women and men strolled all over the country with Jesus, and all those that were scattered abroad on the persecution that arose about Stephen, "went everywhere preaching the Word"—self-constituted preachers were they? They had no credentials from man. Like the great Apostle, they did not confer with man, but were pushed forward by burning love of the souls of men and the voice of God within them. They were accountable to no church organization, but to their divine Master only. The King's business required haste, and they rushed out into the highways and hedges and got in a great many of those who never heard a regular ordained preacher.

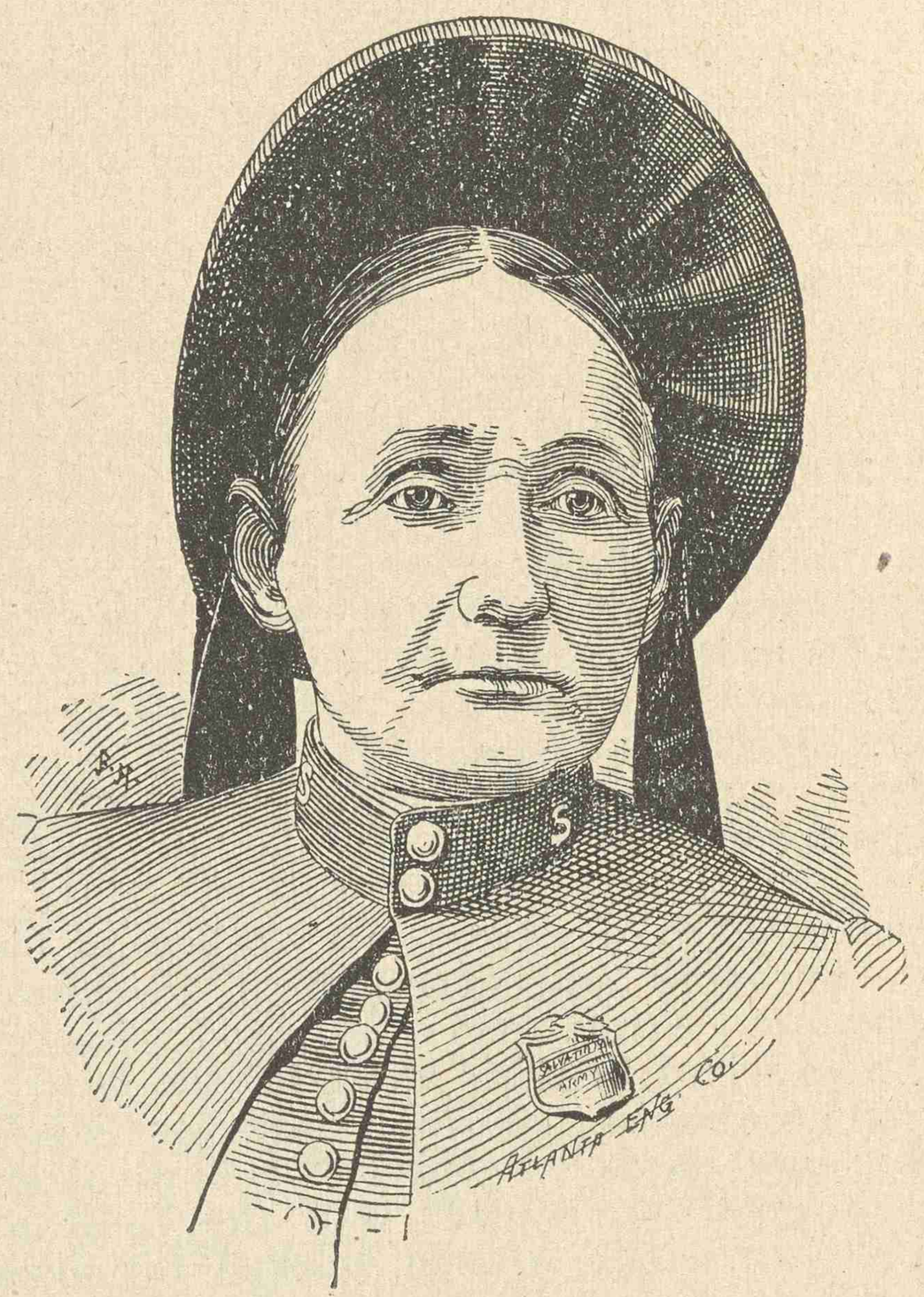
Our friend again reverts to that great stumbling-block, the music by tambourine, brass horn, etc., and I now challenge him to show the moral difference between the music by these instruments and the music by his organ, bell and tin horn, etc. Does he not see in this the blinding power of prejudice and the controlling force of long-established customs? Has the Lord ever commanded us to use music by either in His worship? The organ David commanded us to praise God on was not the kind of organ we use, any more than the tambourine of the Salvation Army. What does God care for forms and places if the heart be in it? What did Jesus say to the woman at the well of Samaria?—that God cared not one jot for forms or place if the heart was in it. Jeremiah commanded music to be brought before him before he could prophesy, and it was probably about such music as the Salvation Army has; at least it made no difference so long as it was good.

"Citizen" is shocked, like a great many others of his principles are, about the "unsexing and unscriptural instrumentalities of women" in the Salvation Army. Do not wicked women all over the world "unsex" themselves in their work for the devil? Is there a more potent agent in the world than women to draw souls from Christ? and should not women "unsex" themselves enough at least to work for Jesus and the good of souls? Will the Lord reject them, and refuse their labor? The women worked for Jesus when he was on earth; they followed Him and administered unto Him of their substance. They were first to announce his resurrection. It was woman who first preached the Messiah to the Samaritans, and brought large crowds to Him. It was a woman who instructed the eloquent Apollos. The women seemed to be always with the Apostles assisting in their meetings, and Philip had three daughters who preached, or as the Apostle puts it, "Spoke to men to exhortation, edification, and comfort." I do not suppose that Moses rebuked his sister for doing what she did (see Ex. xv: 20, 21), and the "timbrel" she used was probably the same as our tambourine. She was a "prophetess" also, like Philip's daughters, and did not "unsex" herself in speaking to and exhorting sinners from the ways of vice.

That the Salvation Army is a necessity in the present stages of the church seems to be plain. They are a potent adjunct to the regular preaching of the Word. They act as a sort of scavenger to bring in the outcast, the poor, the halt, the maimed and the blind, who are too far immersed in sin, degradation and poverty to come into our

splendid, velvet-cushioned churches amidst the rustle of silks and satins, to hear the erudite and eloquent sermons of our D. D's. We must go to them, like Whitfield and Wesley did, at their lowly places of business, or to the doors of their dens of vice, the saloons, and entreat them with prayers and tears and love, and like the great Apostle "become all things to all men that we might save the more," and in this work women are the most powerful instruments in gaining attention, as they are not likely to be treated so rudely as men. If we would throttle vice in its strongholds, we must go outside the fine churches, and beard the lion in his den in cold, howling earnest, and that is just what the Salvation Army are at, kind readers. Amen.

Conyers (Ga.) Weekly. E. ROBERTS.



STAFF CAPTAIN FRANCES BROWN.

The Wonderful Conversion of Staff-Capt. Frances Brown, and Narrative of Forty-seven Years Spent on the Battlefield.

Our 60-year old veteran, Staff Captain Frances Brown, was born on the 31st day of May, 1830, in Elbert county, Ga., and at the age of 13 experienced the new birth into the kingdom of righteousness in such a powerful manner that, according to her own words, it was the most glorious event of her life. It took place at an old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting, after she had been upon her knees praying and agonizing for a long time, and had resolved, Jacob-like, not to let

Him go until He blessed her, even though she would have to remain on her knees longer than Jacob's wrestle continued; and, of course, when met with such a determined resolution, He was more than willing to pour out His Spirit upon her in a very abundant measure. Referring to the matter she said: "Thank God, the victory was won, and Jesus came into my poor heart, filled it with peace and joy, and gave me power to send forth through the encampment a loud hallelujah. It seemed to me that the trees in the forest were glorifying God in the highest, and everything around me had become new. This, however, was not so, but the blessed Holy Ghost had given me a new heart, and filled it so completely with Himself and His light, that all things appeared new in the light coming from *within*, and I was made so strong in His supernatural strength that I wanted scarcely any food for three days."

A short time after her conversion she connected herself with the Methodist Church, in which she remained a most aggressive member for 44 years, availing herself of every opportunity to do good, and her efforts were abundantly blessed. For a number of years she was impressed that there was a special work for her to engage in, apart from that of raising her family in the fear and admonition of the Lord, doing all the good she could in the church she was connected with, and among her neighbors; but the nature of the work she did not know. She could, however, continue to trust Him, feeling that He who had led, guided and directed her through her entire life would also direct her in this matter; and three years ago she was at last brought face to face with the long-anticipated "mission," but not exactly in the way in which she expected to find it—in the Salvation Army of America. She had heard considerable talk about The Army, but never had an opportunity of attending any of their meetings until they opened the work in Atlanta, Ga., where she first saw them in an open-air meeting and was quite favorably impressed, but had no idea then that she should ever be a soldier in their ranks, and much less an officer. After this open-air meeting she attended some of their in-door meetings, and every time she was there she became more forcibly convinced that God must indeed be with them, or the scores of souls who were converted week after week—some of whom had been the worst drunkards in Atlanta—could not be induced to stand up both in the Barracks and upon the streets and boldly declare what Jesus had done for them; and when she was invited by the officer in command to witness for Him, she accpted the invitation with pleasure and did so.

From this time forward she was a regular attendant, and testified to the saving and keeping power of the God whom she served whenever she had an opportunity, not only in the hall, but on the streets as well; and at the expiration of four months she was so impressed that she should be more closely associated with the Salvationists that she applied for membership in the Atlanta corps, and with the record made during the 44 years of her godly life in the Methodist Church, brought to the Captain in command of the corps, and the knowledge she had of the zeal and courage manifested in the aged veteran during the four months of her attendance at their meetings, she could not do otherwise than accept her as an honorary soldier in her corps.

Directly after she had been enrolled as a soldier, she was placed in a visiting brigade to visit from house to house, and the Lord most graciously blessed her efforts in this way until the Southern Training Home was opened, when she was selected to be the matron of the Home, in which capacity she served most faithfully for nearly 18 months, and never will those who were in her charge during this time forget the kind teachings and admonitions of "Mother Brown."

In December of 1888, when arrangements were being made for the winter campaign of the First Crusade Corps, "Mother" thought she would like to have a little *recreation*, and desired to accompany the crusaders on their campaign if it could be made possible for her to do so. When the severity of the crusade war was made known to her, and she was told that she was almost too aged to engage in it, she seemed to be more eager to go than before, and it was finally arranged for her to try it for awhile, and she was placed in command of the Third Brigade of the First Crusade Corps, and when we advanced she was left with her brigade at Jonesboro, Ga., to engage the enemy there, while the First and Second brigades proceeded to Barnesville, Ga. They had a grand victory in Jonesboro, and afterward joined us at Forsyth, Ga., after the battle of Barnesville, and were engaged with us in the recapture of Macon, Ga., during which time "Mother" was used in the hand of our God in bringing joy and gladness to the hearts of many. After the recapture of Macon she engaged the enemy with her Brigade at Fort Valley, Ga., where God gave them another blessed victory, but from there was called to the Training Home in Atlanta to the bedside of one of her daughters, who was supposed to be on the point of death; but, thank God, she was spared; After this, she remained in the Home until the capture of Birmingham, Ala., when she was promoted to the rank of Staff Captain and given command of the Birmingham Corps, and for nearly six months she and her aids held the fort in this wicked Sodom of the nineteenth century.

During the six months campaign in Birmingham of the 60-year old hero, there were not many days passed that were not spent by her in either going from house to house, praying with the people and exhorting them to prepare for eternity, or going along the busy thoroughfares, visiting saloons, billiard halls and business houses, selling salvation literature and reasoning face to face with drunkards, gamblers, policy men, and all grades and classes of sinners, about the importance of serving God and living for the salvation of others; and quite frequently she was so very much interested in this most important work that she would forget about her dinner and remain out until dark, returning to her quarters just in time to have a few minutes on her knees, praying to God for an increase of supernatural strength, before going out again in the evening march at the head of her troops. She was so much concerned about the present and eternal welfare of everybody that she could not be satisfied with what she was doing in Birmingham, but worked some of the smaller surrounding towns and villages, with the assistance of her faithful aids, and I am certain that in the great, all-important day which is so rapidly approaching, there will be many glad souls who were called into eternity from those towns, to meet "Mother Brown" with thankful hearts that they accepted the advice given them by her, when they take their places on the right hand of God's throne; while many will have to look upon her with the awful regret which is only known to damned souls when they take their places with those who will hear the fearful and soul-harrowing words coming from the great eternal Judge, "Depart from Me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," on account of having rejected the advice so tenderly given them by the one who had the same concern for them that a kind, tender mother has for her children.

From Birmingham Staff Captain Brown was again called, about five weeks ago, to the home of her daughter-in-law, who was then lying upon the point of death; but through the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous she has been spared. In a letter received from the Captain a few days ago, she informs us that she will be ready to accompany us on our next crusade campaign. The following lines,

written by one who had daily association with our aged comrade for years, speak very effectually concerning the life she lived at home with her family and neighbors. May God spare her to us for many years longer, is the earnest prayer of every comrade on the Southern battle-field. Amen.

L.

"Mrs. Frances R. Brown was born the 31st day of May, 1830. She was converted when quite young. Of her bright Christian life too much cannot be said. She has borne up under great trials and troubles, for no one had any more crosses to bear than she has had. Her house ought to have been called a house of prayer; because when the day's labors were finished, she would take the dear old family Bible and read and offer up a prayer that only a Christian wife and mother could offer up, with her husband and children gathered around the family altar. If she had been faint-hearted, she would have given up long ago and gone back to the beggarly elements of the world; but no give-up in her. She reminded me of Job, who said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"She was a true wife, a faithful and tender mother—always on hand to do a Christian act to the suffering. How hard she has tried to raise her children for God's service, many can testify; and she never let a chance pass by unimproved when she could speak a word for God. She was always a good neighbor and a true friend. She was never known to join in worldly talk. She was ever trying to do something for the Master—trying to get some one to turn from sin and live for God. It would be impossible to think of this good woman without thinking of prayer—so close has she lived to the Master, always at the prayer-meeting when possible; also in the class-room to talk of Jesus, and at public worship, always trying to win a soul for Jesus. If any of her children are lost, it will be no fault of hers. They cannot say, "If mother had raised me different, all would have been well." Oh! no. They can only say, "If I had done as mother told me, all would have been well with me."

"When God called her to the work in the Salvation Army, oh! what a struggle she had no one will ever know but herself and God; but, ever as of old, she was true to the Master's call, and with an aching heart for her loved ones she went forth to work for her Lord and Master. Her task was made harder by her children trying to keep her out of The Army—also her pastor and friends; but she was true and faithful still, and her children now can only say, "I am confident mother would not have left me for anything else on earth but to answer the Master's call." Of her good work in The Army, her comrades can speak for her.

"When this pure Christian mother is done with this earth, and time is no more for her here, her children can say, "Mother has gone to the God she loved so well." And bright will be her crown, for her hands will be full of sheaves—not leaves, dead leaves, but sheaves, bright sheaves—for the Master.

MRS. T. KROGG."

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The Regeneration of Staff Captain Alice Foose, and her Life of Consecration.

"In my darkest, saddest moments,
Thou, my Lord, art ever near;
And, though sorrow be my portion,
By Thy grace I will not fear."

In the past few years of my experience I have indeed proved the above words, and found the Lord was near in every trying moment. The 5th of November, 1885, I was a miserable, guilty sinner. The night following I went to a revival meeting held in the United Brethren Church, in the city of York, Pa., and after a great struggle my

CAPTAIN ALICE FOOSE.

stubborn will was broken, and I yielded to the Spirit of God and gave Him my heart. It was the happiest time of all my life when sin was driven out of my heart and Jesus came in.

Soon after conversion I found that the Lord had a work for me to do, but could not understand what it was, nor how to find it out. However, I intrusted myself to the guidance of my Heavenly Father, feeling that He would in due time show me my mission. A few weeks after my conversion news was spread through our city that the Salvation Army of America was coming, and the people were looking for a host of some kind of soldiers to come sweeping through our town. By-and-by they came; however, not in great numbers, as some had expected, but only two, and they were females. But, thank God, those two

consecrated women were instrumental in His hands in sweeping many hearts clean of sin.

It was some time before I went to their meetings, and at first I did not like them, but went back again, and soon my prejudice gave way, and I became a regular attendant.

One night, while sitting in the hall listening to the testimonies, the thought came to me, "Could I do as these people are doing?" I had promised the Lord, if He would forgive me of all my sins, I would do anything He might require of me, and I still had the longing desire in my heart to work for Him; but the idea of coming out before the world and taking a bold stand against all sin, and living the life of self-denial which these people lived, was not at all pleasant to me, and I strove hard to drive it away, but failed. The more I attended the meetings, the more I became interested in the salvation of lost humanity; yet there was something lacking—I was not free to engage in the work.

I went to one of their holiness meetings one Sunday morning, and as I listened to those devout servants of God telling how He had saved them from all their sins and made them free to work for Him, I discovered that, besides having many little things in my heart contrary to the will of God, I had a man-fearing spirit—I was afraid that if I should engage in such a work as theirs, I would be laughed at and criticised. A few nights later I went again, and as the meeting progressed I felt a burden upon my soul, and when the invitation was given for sinners to come to Jesus, I went to the altar for more of God's grace, and while kneeling there before the Lord the question plainly arose, "Are you now willing to join these people and give the remainder of your life to Me?" Then for a short time I had a hard struggle; the enemy was presenting everything imaginable to me; but at last I made the entire surrender, and promised God I would do anything for Jesus, and oh, what peace, what joy filled my heart! The burden was gone, and I was free. But the old enemy was again present and said: "Now what will your people say about this at home?" But I looked to Jesus for help, and told my folks what He wanted me to do, and then went forward regardless of all opposition to do as the Lord had shown me, and joined the Salvation Army of America. And, although many whom I had thought were my friends turned against me, and the world frowned upon me, I knew that I had Jesus as my satisfying portion, and the smiles of His blessed face filled my soul with happiness.

A few months after I became a soldier I had another call from God. In the quiet hours of night, while I was praying to God for more light and wisdom, to know if it was really His will for me to go in this self-denying work of the Army, the Lord revealed it so plainly to me that I could not be mistaken. After quite a struggle to give up my home and loved ones, I promised God that I would go. It would take a long time to relate all the trials and temptations that were placed in my way, but by looking to Jesus I overcame them all, and at an Officers' Council, where we had a blessed time, our General gave me orders to farewell to home and friends and go out in the world to fight sin. I first went to Baltimore, Md., to assist Captain Miller. The enemy was raging on every hand, but through Jesus we gained the victory, and the lessons there learned will never be forgotten.

After a five months' hand-to-hand fight with the devil, the call came again to go South. It seemed hard to give up home entirely, not knowing whether I should ever see my loved ones again; yet, I felt that I must obey God, and as an obedient soldier I farewelled to my comrades and friends in Baltimore and "boarded" the cars at 9 P. M. for Charlottee, N. C., and arrived there the next afternoon at

2 o'clock. I found two of our comrades already fighting the devil on everyhand, and preparing for the first Crusade Band, which came a few days later. While there we gained many victories and many souls were led to the feet of Jesus.

After a ten days' fight I proceeded with the band to Columbia, S. C., and there Jesus gave us grand victories. A few weeks later I was sent to Augusta, Ga., and there had charge of the Third Georgia Corps. The many grand and glorious victories gained there cannot be expressed by human tongue, but the memories will always be fresh in my mind.

I remained there three months, when orders came to farewell to comrades and friends to attend a War Council, which was to be held in Atlanta, Ga. I arrived in Atlanta the 4th of July, 1887. After the Council was over, and the comrades had left for the new stations, I received orders to take charge of the First Georgia Corps in Atlanta, Ga., and have the oversight of the Female Training Home located at this place.

I had hardly expected to be placed in such a responsible position, but I resolved to leave myself entirely in the hands of God to be used in any way He might direct. I knew there would be much opposition to meet and persecution to endure, but I went in with a holy determination to gladly bear all things that my blessed Lord would allow to come upon me, and with God on our side we gained many grand victories. It was not only a training school for others, but also for myself, and the lessons learned will never be forgotten. Sadness and sorrow filled my soul many times, but every sorrow turned into a blessing. Many comrades proved untrue, which is very painful to a true child of God, yet I thank the Lord for patience to bear all things for His sake. Naturally my disposition is to worry and cry over things if they do not go right, and since Jesus has taken me as His I have gone to Him many times with a broken heart and tears in my eyes, asking Him for wisdom and strength, and He never turned me away empty.

After a siege of almost ten months in this wicked city I got orders to go with the Crusade Band for a few weeks. During this time I visited three towns—Lithonia, Conyers and Augusta, Ga. Many glorious victories were won and many souls reclaimed.

On the 8th of May, 1888, I "boarded" the cars at Augusta for Atlanta. Darkness came over me. I was weighed down with a heavy burden. I felt as though the weight of the world was upon me. Never shall I forget that trip. I cried to God, and He came to my rescue. I knew that severe persecution was awaiting me. At last I reached Atlanta, and I soon found out what was the matter. The devil thought he had gained the victory, but I found a few faithful soldiers and the Training Home lasses holding on to God.

I should fail if I attempted to relate all that we had to go through at that time. The wicked people (the good ones were very hard to find) rose up against us, threatened to run us out of the city, and even to take our lives; but Jesus was present. One night a mob of about three hundred followed us to our home, throwing rocks and eggs and breaking in the windows of our Training Home. The most slanderous, blackest lies were told about us, and newspaper men did all they could against us. To make a long story short, all the devil's agents made a grand failure, and we are still in Atlanta with a Corps of twenty-five blood-and-fire soldiers. I mean to hold on to God and shout hallelujah as I march along the way. And this is the song of my heart:

"I am marching to-day with my Saviour,
The winds and waves He doth ride;

And I know they are the happiest days of all, friends,
For I feel that I've Jesus by my side.

"Yes, these are the happiest days of all, friends,
All my cares and sorrows He doth know;
As I march He gives me courage by the wayside,
To gather up the sheaves as I go."

MY EXPERIENCE SONG.

TUNE—"*Sad is our Home*," *or* "*Will You Meet Me at the Fountain?*"

Oft I think of my dear mother,
How she wept and prayed for me;
Oft she told me of the Saviour,
How He died to set me free;
With her loving arm around me,
And the tear drop in her eye,
She would beg me to come to Jesus,
To His loving bosom fly.

CHORUS.

Sad is our home, mother is gone,
You will never miss your mother,
Till she is gone.

Still I sought for worldly pleasures,
Heeding not dear mother's voice,
As she begged me to be better,
And to make the Lord my choice.
While upon her bed of sickness,
I repented o'er and o'er
Of my madness and my folly,
My poor heart with grief was sore.

Dearest mother, she was dying,
Bitter tears I wept in vain;
Could I hear her sweet voice saying,
As in olden time again:
"Alice, will you come to Jesus,
Will you seek His peace and love,
When the Master comes to call you,
Meet me in that home above."

I so dearly loved my mother,
Yet I grieved her o'er and o'er;
But I now am serving Jesus,
I will trust Him evermore;
Mother now is sweetly resting,
In that happy land above;
By and by I'm going to meet her,
In that land where all is love.

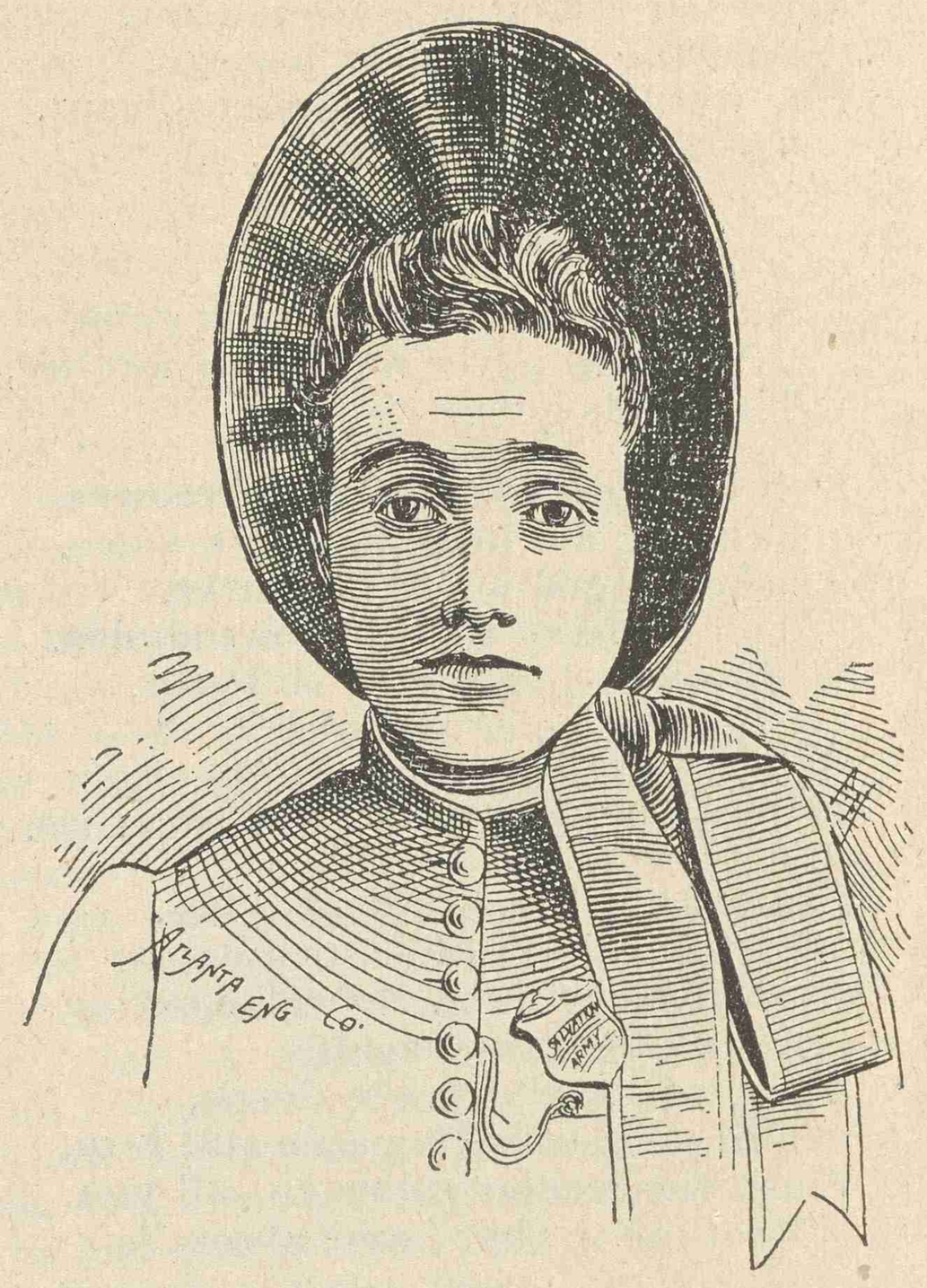
SECOND CHORUS.

Oh! we miss our darling mother,
Vacant is the old arm chair;
She is now an heir of heaven,
By and by we'll meet her there.

Life of Captain Laura Yoder during Four Years Spent on the Battle-field of Sin.

Oh, how sad are the scenes of the past!
They were filled up with misery and sin;
Down to hell I was going quite fast,
And my poor heart was sinking within;
Then I cried in my heart,
"For heaven I will start,"
And Jesus, the Saviour, took me in.

A little more than four years ago my experience was very much like the above words; but, praise God, a wonderful change has been wrought in my heart—the proud, rebellious spirit has been conquered by the love of Jesus.



CAPTAIN LAURA YODER.

Oh, what love, what wondrous love,
That brought Him from His throne above,
To die upon the Cross for me,
That I from sin might be set free.

In the spring of 1885 a little band of workers came to Williamsport, Pa., where I then resided, calling themselves the Salvation Army of America. I heard many strange stories about them, and after seeing them for myself I thought them very queer folks; but, notwithstanding the many things said against the Army soldiers, there was an attraction about them that constantly drew me to their services, and after attending several of their meetings I became interested and eventually convicted of sin. For six long months I fought

against the strivings of the Holy Spirit. That was indeed a miserable time for me. I could no longer enjoy the pleasures of the world, nor could I get any satisfaction from the meetings. My life was a burden to me, and it seemed as if my heart would break with grief. On the 26th of December, 1885, I made up my mind to love and serve God with all my heart, and at night, when the Captain gave the invitation for seekers to come forward, I fell upon my knees, confessed my sins, and the burden of my heart was rolled away. Oh, what joy filled my soul to know and feel that I was freed from sin and could sing from my heart, "It is well with my soul."

I had only been converted a few weeks when I felt that the Lord wanted me to work in the Army, and after four weeks' experience as a soldier I farewelled to comrades and friends for the battle-field. My first appointment was at Sunbury, Pa., a very wicked place; but in the name of the King we gained grand victories, and many souls were brought to Jesus' feet. Two weeks later I received orders to proceed to Huntingdon, Pa., to help open a station, and after working there for two weeks, was sent to Tyrone, Pa., where I labored for six months. While there I had many trying cxperiences; but the grace of God was more than sufficient. I am sure the glorious meetings we had while in Tyrone will never be forgotten by either myself or the comrades of the Corps. I shall never forget the night of my farewell from Tyrone, nor the few last moments spent with my comrades. As I could no longer be with my fellow-workers, I committed them to the protection of a loving Father, knowing that He could and would care for them better than I. I then returned to Huntingdon to find some sick, and many wolves in sheep's clothing; the battle was severe, but the loving arms of Jesus upheld me. After three months' hard fighting I proceeded to Williamsport, Pa., the place of my conversion, and spent a few weeks with my friends.

After my short furlough I felt like going into the battle with renewed courage. The order soon came to go to Harrisburg, Pa., and a few days later to Schuylkill Haven, Pa., but had only been there a few days when I received a telegram requesting my presence in Brooklyn, N. Y. I felt then that I was not only bidding farewell to home and friends, but also to my native State, and all the happy scenes of childhood; but by the grace of God I obeyed. Two days after arriving in Brooklyn, I with a Scout boarded a steamer for Portsmouth, Va., and from there we traveled by car to Charlotte, N. C. Our first few days in Charlotte were spent in preparing for the advent of the First Crusade Band. The Band arrived January 30th, 1887, and after a ten days siege and many glorious victories, farewelled for other parts of the sunny South, while I was left to fight the battle in Charlotte with the soldiers who had lately been converted, and who knew very little about the crusade war. But the Lord was with us in mighty power; we had glorious meetings, and many souls were saved. I shall never forget my experience in Charlotte—almost every day I was called to the bedside of a sick or dying person. It is a feast to the soul to stand by the bedside of a dying saint. Seven of those who were converted in our meetings died happy in the love of Jesus.

The time soon came to say farewell, and it was indeed sad to part from comrades and friends who had so nobly stood by me in the many trying hours. Having received orders to go to Atlanta, Ga., I did so. On my arrival some twelve hours later, I found that many of the officers were already present to attend the Council of War to be held the next day, which proved a great blessing to our souls. Wednesday, July 6th, I went to Augusta, Ga., where I found much work to do, but my body was so completely worn out that I was not able to hold the fort. The Colonel kindly granted me a rest of three

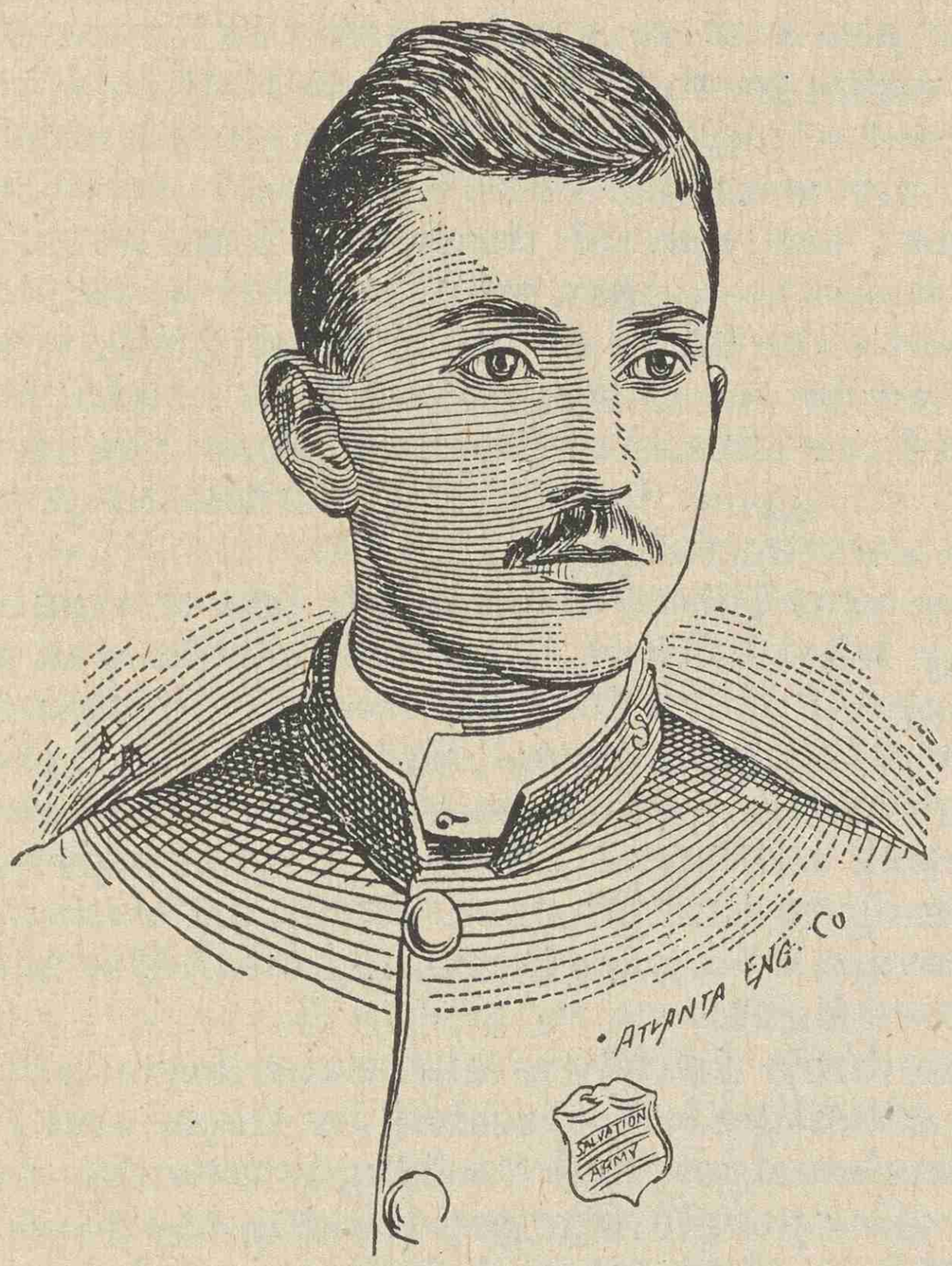
weeks, and through the kindness of a friend the way was opened for me to spend my vacation on the mountains, where I soon recovered lost strength, and returned to Augusta to fight the devil and sin with renewed vigor. In October, 1887, the officers again met in Atlanta for Council; after which I was ordered to Meridian, Miss., where the fight was extremely hard. Two weeks later I was joined by a Lieutenant, one of the Training Home lasses, and the same day our hall was taken from us. After failing to find another place in which to hold our services, we sold WAR CRYS and books on the street, until orders came for us to work our way to Memphis, Tenn. We only had money enough to take us sixty-five miles, to a little town called Macon, situated a mile from the depot, where we arrived at 1 o'clock at night—many miles from home, friends or comrades, and without money, but not without a heavenly Father to care for us. A minister and a temperance man who were traveling in the same car with us (whose homes were in Macon) ordered a hack to take us to a boarding-house and kindly paid all charges for us.

The authorities allowed us the use of the courthouse for four nights, where we had very good meetings. Our next stop was at Okolona, but as we could find no place to hold meetings in, we were obliged to proceed to Corinth on the next train, where we arrived at six A. M., with just enough money to buy our breakfast. After a lively walk we found the courthouse, and soon received permission to hold meetings therein. After much searching, and many disappointments, we at last found a cheap boarding place, but did not need it long, for the Lord put it into the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Newcome to kindly shelter and care for us. We closed our ten days' siege at Corinth with many souls deeply concerned about their eternal welfare, and a few plunged into the cleansing fountain. Our orders for Memphis were changed to Huntsville, Ala., where we arrived Thanksgiving eve, 1887, to find two of our comrades already on the street corner proclaiming the wonderful salvation of God. This town proved to be a very wicked place, and as we could not secure a permanent hall, we were compelled after a few days to break camp and return to Headquarters. After a few days' rest at the Training Home, I started with the First Crusade Band on a three months' tour, visiting during that time Conyers, Covington, Monroe, and Social Circle, Ga., where we had glorious meetings and many souls at the feet of Jesus. In March, 1888, we returned to Atlanta, for Council; after which a few girls and myself went to LaGrange, Ga. (a very high-toned place). The people were afraid to come near us, except to throw rocks and sticks at us. The few who did come to the hall ran away before the meeting was half over; but we were determined not to be conquered, so we went to their homes and prayed with them, also sold WAR CRYS and books, and held open-air meetings every day. After ten days' fight with the powers of darkness in LaGrange, we returned to Atlanta to rejoin the comrades of the Crusade Band, and with them visited Lithonia, Conyers and Augusta. The time soon came, however, for us to part; the Band farewelled to go to the Council in Brooklyn, N. Y., while I went to Charlotte, N. C., where I remained ten days, then returned to Atlanta, Ga., to help Captain Foose, who was at the time having a severe fight. The last twenty months I have been in Atlanta on account of poor health, but, thank God, while the body is weak the spirit is strong, and with the poet I can say:

"Not alone; 'tis sweet to suffer,
Sweet to bear the cross with Thee;
Sweet in sickness, pain and sorrow,
Now that sorrow's shared by Thee."

I praise God for my past four years' experience. I have not only learned to praise the Lord myself, but can see the praises of God in everything around me. The following words were written last summer while in the country for my health:

The mountains and the hills,
The rocks and rippling rills,
  Are so gay all the day;
And the little birds so sweet
The Master's love repeat,
  And they bring, as they sing,
Sweet comfort to the heart.



CAPTAIN L. O. ADAMS.

Captain L. O. Adams' Coming from Darkness into Light--or a Conservative Life.

I was born on the 23d day of September, 1866, near Nashville, Tenn. My father never made any religious pretences until I was almost ten years old, when he made a profession and joined the Baptist church. Since that time he has lived a very moral and unreprovable life.

My mother was converted in early childhood, and lived a consistent Christian life according to the light she had received. I remember seeing her only twice; the last time I looked at her dear face she was dying. It was on the night of January 29th, 1871. I shall never forget that awful night. I think it was about 10 o'clock when she called for us to bid her the last farewell; her anxious look seemed to ask: "Will my children and loved ones meet me in heaven?" Oh,

reader, have you forgotten the death scene of your precious mother, father, brother, sister or some dear one, and do you not remember the solemn pledges you made to them and to God that you would meet them in the eternal city? How is it with you to-day? Should the death-summons come, would you be ready? If not, hasten, oh! hasten to be wise. I thank God, that in His great mercy He has brought me to know I am on my way to meet my precious mother beyond this vale of tears. But now let me lay aside this vision of the past and come to things of a more recent date.

Before my fifteenth birthday I left my father's house and went out into the wide world to try my fortune among strangers, and soon fell into bad associations, and led a wild, reckless life, often visiting the saloons, gambling rooms and many other places of vice, until my heart had indeed become very corrupt, and while thus madly hastening away from God and righteousness I often despaired of ever having any more peace of conscience either in time or eternity. Sometimes I was so unhappy that at night, after all had retired, I would get up and slip out of my room and go about the city seeking excitement to stifle my accusing conscience and drive away my fears. During this time I was several times convicted of my sins and lost condition, and resolved to turn from my evil ways, but I went on in my old course until the latter end of August, 1885, when, at a revival meeting, I was led to see to some extent my fearful condition, and I resolved then to live a Christian life, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and struggled for several months to pay my vows, but alas, I soon fell a victim to my old master.

For about one year I lived a miserable life of sinning and repenting—often doing what I knew to be wrong, but was unable to resist because the influence which the old adversary wielded over both my soul and body was too great for me, and I had about given up all hope of being saved, but God, whose mercy endureth forever, would not allow me to perish without a knowledge of His power to save; and therefore sent along to Chattanooga, Tenn., my native home, a few of His devout followers who were instrumental in His hands in bringing me into the blessed light.

While I was down in town one Saturday night seeking some amusement, my attention was arrested by the sound of a cornet and the rattling of tambourines, and, looking across the street, I beheld a few of those peculiar people who are turning the world upside down, or right side up. A very strange feeling came over me. I could scarcely keep from weeping. I had never before seen such devotion to the cause of Christ. They seemed to have some irresitible influence about them. After this I attended their meetings every night, for I couldn't stay away. They possessed a power that I was entirely unacquainted with. My boarding mistress asked me what I thought of them. I answered, "They are either the best or they are the worst people in the world." Their straight testimonies and personal experiences touched me to the very centre of my soul. I then saw things in a new light; I beheld Jesus as a loving, compassionate, merciful Saviour, whereas, while I had always known Him to be merciful, there seemed te be some great barrier between Him and me.

They told me that Jesus had saved them from all their sins, and that He would do the same for me if I would let Him. While I was a member of the church, I knew that I was in danger of going to hell. Finally I went and fell on my knees at the penitent form, but did not get deliverance that night. The next day, Sunday, October 24, 1886, I went to the morning consecration meeting and there sought the Lord with all my heart, and when I fully resolved to forsake all my bad habits and turn from all my sins, immediately the light of God's divine approbation came into my soul and my poor weary heart was

for the first time filled with the "peace which surpasseth understanding." I felt a real, actual change throughout my whole being, and I knew that I had been converted, and I could not withhold the praises of God which filled my soul for the wonderful things which He had done for me. From that day I felt that I was a new creature, born into a new kingdom, and could say, "Old things have passed away and behold all things have become new."

On the second night following my conversion I attended a private meeting and became a member of the First Tennessee Corps, and as I continued to walk in the way of righteousness and obeyed the commands of my Lord, so my experience continued to grow brighter day by day.

Shortly after my conversion the Major who was in command of the work at that place asked me if I did not want to consecrate my whole soul and body to God for this blessed work. Already the blessed Spirit of God had been trying to lead me in that direction, and this made my duty in the matter the more explicit. After carefully considering and praying over it for several weeks I became fully convinced that it was really the voice of Him who had liberated my soul from the bonds and fetters of sin that was still calling me to leave the worthless, perishing things of clay behind and come and follow Him in living a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice that I might receive a more abundant measure of His grace wherewith He wanted me to carry to a lost and godless world of sinners the glad tidings of a full salvation from all sin.

I therefore resolved not to resist the Holy Ghost, but to do as He had shown me to do; and not long afterwards the call came, and I received orders to proceed to Atlanta, Ga., to assist in opening a station there. The effort was not successful, and I returned to Chattanooga and assisted the officers in command until January 12th, 1887, when I was again sent to Atlanta, and this time helped in opening a glorious work, whereby many souls that were fast bound by the chains of sin have been set free, and all the good results of which Eternity alone will reveal. I remained in Atlanta until the 6th of July, 1887, when I received orders to proceed to Savannah, Ga., to take charge of the work in that city; and I shall never forget that place. While there my comrades and I fought many hard battles against, and gained many victories over, the powers of darkness, and had the honor and pleasure of being cast into prison for Jesus' sake. My Lieutenant and I were arrested and imprisoned for one week, by the Roman Catholic city officials, for preaching salvation to sinners on the streets of that wicked city. I shall always thank God for that blessed experience, for it was the happiest week I had spent up to that time. There was not a single piece of furniture or anything else in the cell which we occupied save one narrow iron cot, with a thin, dirty mattress thereon; but, thank God, we were not left comfortless, for our Christ, whom they crucified, condescended to be with us, and made the dirty prison cell seem like a palace. It was indeed a means of great blessing and grace to my soul.

From Savannah I went to Charleston, S. C., and there held a series of meetings, lasting about three weeks, in the most ungodly portion of the city. While there I had some wonderful experiences. I remember on several occasions the "ruffs" were so intent upon breaking up the meeting that some of us had to stand up in the midst of them to keep order, while the others led the prayer and carried on the meeting. But our God was not slack concerning His promises; He visited us in mighty power, through which we were enabled to convince our enemies that God was with us, and before we left there some of them testified that God had forgiven their sins.

After leaving Charleston, we visited several other places in the

extreme South. Finally I was called to Southern Headquarters to attend a Council and Special meeting, after which, in company with Scout B. Keith, I took an extended trip through East and North Alabama, South Tennessee and North Georgia, during which time we held salvation meetings and had blessed experiences in several different cities.

After returning to Headquarters, I joined the Crusaders' brass band and worked with them about one month, after which I was again transferred to station work, and sent to Athens, Ga. From there I went to Knoxville, Tenn., and from thence to Bristol, where I remained for several months and assisted the Captain in command in a most glorious work—the good results of which I believe Eternity only will be able to reveal. It was here that a very important event in my life took place. On the 26th of September, 1888, I was united in marriage with Fannie Grubbs, a young lady of that city. Not long afterwards myself and wife bade farewell to home and loved ones, and all who were near and dear to us by the ties of nature, and went to Atlanta, Ga. There my wife was left in the Training Home for about three months, while I was attached to the First Crusade Corps and assisted in a glorious campaign against the devil and sin through Central Georgia, during which we had some most gracious seasons and wonderful victories.

We returned to Headquarters on the 8th of May, and remained until the 8th of June, when we again left for another campaign; and up to the present time I have been favored with the blessed opportunity of holding up Christ in my feeble way, and testifying to His power to save from all sin, in some twenty-one cities and towns, and have had the exceeding great pleasure of seeing about two thousand souls at the altar pleading for mercy, many of whom testified that God had forgiven them of all their sins.

Thank God for the manifold blessings He has poured out upon me. I have indeed found all His ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all His paths to be paths of peace. And now, since He has so wonderfully delivered me from the powers of hell, and led me into this marvelous light and liberty, I cannot do otherwise than consecrate all the rest of my time and strength in working for the furtherance of His blessed cause. Bless God, with the poet I can say:

"Perishing things of clay,
Born for but one brief day,
Stay from my heart away—
Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine."

And now, reader, whosoever thou art, if thou hast not yet given thyself—soul and body—to Christ, thine only hope for happiness in this world, and salvation from *hell* in the world to come, let me entreat thee, from my heart, to do so at once, and prepare to meet me on the Judgment Day at the *riyht hand* of God.

Yours in Christ, L. O. Adams.

They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.—Dan. 12: 3.

The reason it is so hard for you to live a Christian is because you try to live a half one. "No man can serve two masters."

It is the bent of your life, heart impulses, secret desires and your motives that declare which kingdom you belong to. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Narrative of Mrs. Captain Adams' Experience Since she left Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers for Jesus' Sake.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

From the days of my youth I sang those words, and often thought of them, but could never begin to realize what a great depth of meaning there is in them until I was blessed with an experience, a little similar to that of the author of them.

MRS. CAPTAIN ADAMS.

I am sorry from my heart that I did not receive the glad tidings of salvation and get into this blessed experience much sooner. On several occasions during my childhood days I thought I had been converted, and when about twelve years old I joined the Missionary Baptist Church, and was taught by my parents, who were strictly moral, to attend all the church services and avail myself of all outward means of grace, and at times I thought I was quite a Christian and imagined myself happy; but ah! how unreal, how vague, how unsatisfactory such a life was to me. I can see now that I then had hardly the shadow, much less the substance of real salvation. The truth of the matter is, I had no real conception of what it means to be saved from all sin in this present world; moreover, I thought the

doctrine of such a thing absurd. Spiritually, I was blind (did not go blind, but was born so), blind through *sin*, not *sins*, not immoral conduct, or any outbreaking sins or wickedness, for in that respect I was spotless; but blind through *sin*, that inward-working evil principle which causes the unregenerate soul to think wrong, to aspire wrong, to love wrong and to do wrong—*sin*, the cause of *all evil*. While thus moving out upon the ocean of life I would often sing:

"*Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,*
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above,"

not realizing that He wanted my body as well as my heart, and that the offering of the one without the other was of no avail. Yes, I was willing for God to have my heart, but not my body, I wanted it to enjoy the so-called pleasures of the world with, for I was surrounded with them, and my soul was wrapped up in them and I loved them. I loved society, fashion and dress, and my greatest ambition was to be popular and sail through the world on the wings of society. I was never satisfied without being engaged in some festivity or worldly amusement. Like the opium-eater, my nerves were ever unstrung without *my opiate*.

For several years I visited the ball-room, the ice-cream parlor, the croquet gardens, etc. Of course, I thought it no harm to take part in such *harmless* amusements as these, especially since my escort to them was often some young minister.

Yes; I was blind, I was asleep, I was dead, "for to be carnally minded is death." I was awake to the frivolities of this world, but asleep to the great realities of the world to come; but mind you *all* this time I thought I was a Christian. I attended church regularly, I was a member of the choir, and I never failed to say my prayers at night, and sometimes did more than say my prayers; on dark, stormy nights when the ghost of doubts and fears would haunt me I *prayed*, and as I thought in real earnest for God to forgive my sins, and I always promised Him that if He would spare my life until morning I would be better and serve Him; but alas, when morning came my promises were all forgotten and I lived as I did before.

Yes; again I repeat, I was blind, I had eyes and ears but could not see and hear the sights and sounds of the great things that relate to eternity; but blessed be God, whose mercy is boundless, and whose love is beyond degree, He did not allow me to pass out of the world without seeing the blessed light, though, as I then thought, He used a very humble instrumentality to bring that light.

In March of the year 1888 the messengers of mercy who were the instrumentalities in the hands of God to bring me out of that state of darkness, of which I have given you only a faint description, came to Bristol, Tenn., my native home, and had been carrying on their meetings for several days before I could be prevailed upon to go. Finally, one night I consented, and with some of my friends went down to the meeting, but stopped in the rear of the church and stayed only a few minutes, then went away vowing that I would never return. Ah! how little I then thought of ever becoming one of those people; such a life—the life of self-denial and self-abasement which they lived—was exactly the reverse of that to which I had always aspired. However, I could not stay away from their meetings. I went back again and again, until eventually I became a regular attendant; and soon my heart was touched, and oh! how I longed to have the peace and happiness which I knew they possessed. Finally, it seemed that I could stand it no longer, and at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of April 29th, 1888, I found myself at the altar in the meeting of the

people whom I had looked upon, a few weeks before, as not being at all fit for such as me. And there I opened my poor, weary heart to God, and promised Him that if He would take away the burden from my soul and let me know the joys of His salvation (which I had really never known before), I would make any sacrifice for Him, or do anything He might require of me, (little dreaming then that to fulfill those promises and pay those vows would cost me all that I counted near and dear to me in this world). And then, when I made a full surrender of all, and by faith laid hold upon His blessed promises, the great transaction took place, and I realized that sweet peace and comfort within that I had never known before.

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God."

After my conversion I often felt God's blessed Spirit trying to lead me to consecrate myself, soul and body, to this soul-saving work; but I had many excuses: I was young and inexperienced, and I knew that it would cost me the loss of many of my friends and relatives. But the Almighty God, who had plucked me as a "brand from the eternal burning," and had called me—weak, unworthy and insignificant as I was—to be a vessel of mercy, would not therefore suffer me to be excused, and in His all-wise providence raised up a means to bridge the gulf, and placed me in a position wherein I was free to do the work He had shown me to do, and which I also longed to do. But even then, when the enemy of my soul would bring before me the fact that I would have to leave home and mother, and that many of my own household would forsake me, I sometimes almost shrank back; but in the moment of trial I heard His tender voice saying—

"When all thy flattering friends turn round,
Instead of smile they on thee frown;
Through slanders, lies, behold the crown—
'Tis I, be not afraid.

"If from thy heart thou hast to tear
Some human friendship clinging there,
That I alone may center there,
'Tis I, be not afraid.

"Yes, 'tis I who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light—
'Tis I, be not afraid."

Then my heart took courage, and I fully resolved to obey His voice and do all that He had shown me to do; and with my husband, who was already devoted to the cause, I bade farewell to mother, father and other loved ones, and "boarded" the railwaytrain for the front ranks of the battle-field of this blessed life. In a few hours we landed in Atlanta, Ga., where I remained three months in the Training Home; after which I joined my husband with the First Crusade Corps, and since then we have been engaged in two campaigns of five and eleven months each, during which we visited seventeen cities and towns, and have had marvelous services. Thank God, I can say from my heart that I have had more real happiness during the past two years than in all the seventeen previous to my conversion. Blessed be God, I am saved and satisfied in Jesus' love; and now I can sing—

"I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,
But in Jesus I'm safe evermore."

LIEUTENANT VESTA WILLIAMS.

Who Departed this Life 5th of September, 1889.

Lieutenant Vesta Williams' Faithfulness Unto Death, and her Promotion to the Eternal Kingdom of Glory.

In the WAR CRY, No. 412, there appeared a communication concerning the removal of Lieutenant Vesta Williams, on the 5th of August, from the battle-field at Springville, Ala., to our Southern hospital at Atlanta, Ga. When the communication was written, we had no idea that our comrade would be taken from us, but entertained the strong hope and belief that she would soon be able to return to her post in the First Crusade Corps. This, however, she was not permitted to do, since our All-wise Commander-in-Chief was pleased to have her in His immediate presence, and promoted her to glory on the 5th of September, 1889, at 3:45 o'clock in the morning, just one month after she was removed from the battle-field.

Lieutenant Williams was converted at her home, in Norcross, Ga., on the night of the 14th of September, 1888, in a meeting of the First Crusaders. She had a clear and positive evidence of conversion, but, notwithstanding this fact, she was out again to the penitent form the night following, and when asked why she was there, and if she had not been converted the night before, she replied, "Oh, yes; but I have come to ask Jesus to give me a clean heart," and after pleading for some time she arose to her feet, satisfied that she had received what she came for.

Directly after this blessed experience she felt that God wanted her to engage in the crusade war, and told her parents so, but as she was only fifteen years of age, they thought she might possibly be led by her own fancy, and advised her not to be too hasty in the matter. However, she kept telling them from time to time that she was positive God was leading her, until finally they consented to let her go, fearing they might be held responsible by Him who was evidently calling her if they did not; and after they had communicated with Headquarters, and signed her form of application and contract, she was admitted as cadet to our Southern Training Garrison, in Atlanta, Georgia.

On the 22d of October, after going through a training of seven months and a half, she was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and attached to the First Crusade Corps, and on the 8th of June left the Training Garrison with the Corps to assist in the siege of Rome, Ga., where the soldier spirit was manifested in her to such an extent that she was allowed to engage with the Corps in the fierce battles of Gadsden, Attalla and Springville, Ala. In the two former battles she displayed much bravery and self-denial, and also in the last one, but could only take part in two engagements, owing to her sickness. In the last conflict she was so much concerned about the welfare of the people that she could scarcely wait until the time came to go into the salvation or after-meeting, and when it did come she at once stepped off the stage and went among the congregation, urging one after another individually to forsake their sins, turn from their evil ways and accept Jesus.

During the days of her illness in Springville she was cared for at the house of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Foreman, who did all they could for the girl's comfort; and surely He who said that not even a cup of cold water given to the least of His servants should lose its reward, will abundantly bless them, as he will also Drs. McLaughlin and Ash, whose hearts were large enough to enable them

to give their services free of charge. The only thing they lack to make them proper salvation doctors is full salvation. We sincerely hope they will not fail to get it, so as to meet Vesta on the right hand of the great white throne in that day which is fast approaching. No doubt, if Dr. Mac will remember, as he ought to, the very solemn vow he made to God on a certain occasion when he was in great danger of losing his life, he will not fail to act so as to be able to meet her there. *Remember your vow*, Doctor, and act according to the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

Lieutenant Vesta was kept in the Salvation Hospital only one day, when she was removed to her home at Norcross, Ga., where she battled with the typhoid fever until the Lord told her to lay down the sword and receive the crown which she had so nobly won. It was just one year from the time she entered into the beautiful light of God, as it shines in the hearts of those on earth who receive it, until she was taken into the light as it shines around the eternal throne. At the time of her promotion to the ranks above, she was only sixteen years, four months and sixteen days of age, and, looking from a human standpoint, it does look strange that she should be taken from the battle-field just at the time when she was developing into a brave officer, and especially when the number of this stamp is compartively small; but our All-wise King knows best how to manage the affairs of His kingdom, and everything He does is perfectly right, and we can at all times say, "Lord, Thy will be done."

During the entire illness of our beloved sister, she was quite submissive, and although she expressed a desire to get well if it were the Lord's will, in order that she might get back to her post in the First Crusade Corps to assist her comrades (whom she loved very dearly) in the fight against sin, she would rather go and be with Jesus across the river of life, where she said they were waiting for her in heaven, which had been shown her very clearly.

A few days before her departure she said she wished to go to heaven in full uniform, and requested to be dressed in her blue dress, with all its emblems, shield, buttons, letters S and braid; and when her mother asked her, a short time before she stepped over, if she would soon be in heaven, she whispered, "Yes, mother, very soon."

Since Vesta has gone, the comrades of the First Crusade Corps have reconsecrated themselves and renewed their pledges to fight like real, brave salvation soldiers until the war is over, when they can go and rejoin her on the other side.

In a communication from her father, he states:

"While Vesta's departure from us was very painful, we do not mourn as those who have no hope; and we already feel the force of the expression, that 'all things work together for good to them that love Him.' It seems to have drawn us nearer to our God, and has begotten within us fresh zeal to serve Him faithfully. Pray for us, that we may become stronger in Him who is the head of all things."

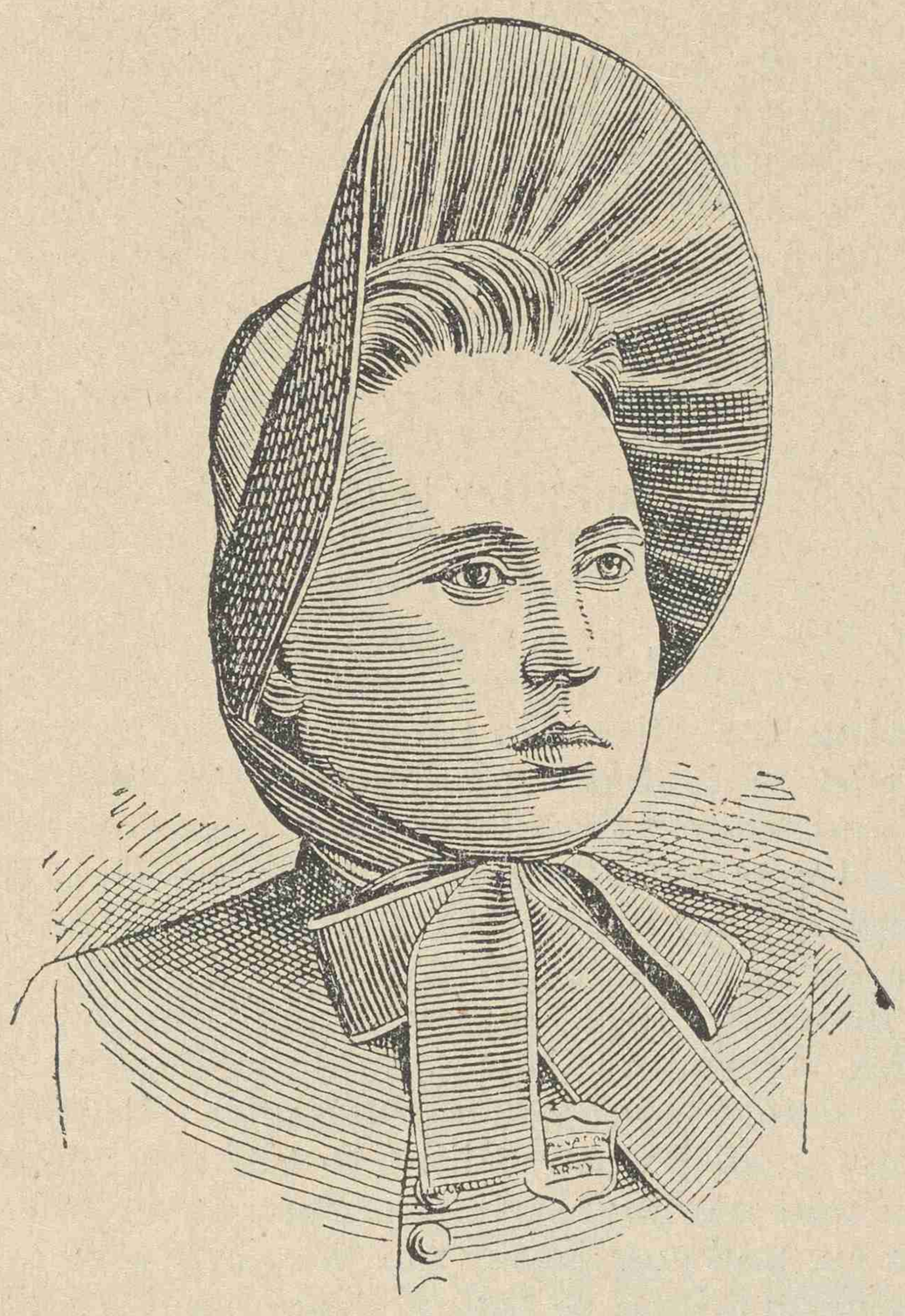
Let all our comrades and friends on the battle-field pray for the bereaved family. God bless you all.

Yours, in the bonds of love, LIGHT.

A SAD DEATH.

Lieutenant Vesta Williams, who was at Attalla with the Salvation Army of America, died at her home near or at Norcross, Ga., last Thursday, the 5th instant. She was well cared for at the hospitable home of Mr. Foreman, where she remained several days, until her physician advised that she be carried to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Williams, at Norcross, as she had slow fever and would probably linger for some time. Miss Vesta's comrades, whom she

left at Springville continuing in the good work, kindly consented for her to be carried home, entertaining a hope and belief that she would soon return to her post in the Army, the embodiment of good health. We believe she was as near an angel as anybody that ever lived. We feel confident that she has gone to heaven. God bless her friends that she left on earth to mourn her departure, and may they all meet her "in the sweet by-and-bye." The *New Age-Herald* extends its heartfelt condolence to her bereaved friends.—*The New Age-Herald.*



CAPTAIN LAURA HARDING.

Captain Laura Harding Forsaking all to Follow Jesus, or Practical Christianity.

I have given up all for Jesus—
  This vain world is naught to me;
All its pleasures are forgotten
  In remembering Calvary.

* * * * * * * *

Though my friends despise, forsake me,
  And on me the world looks cold,
I've a friend that will stand by me
  Till the pearly gates unfold.

I have had the extreme pleasure of working for God and souls for three years, and am not afraid of the service. I want to be one of those who shall hear the words from the lips of our blessed Saviour when He comes to make up His jewels: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I was born in Sumter county, Tenn., near Gallatin, in 1868, and was reared by Christian parents—my father and mother being members of the Baptist Church. In 1882 the dear Lord saw fit to take my dear father to Himself, and it was indeed a sad shock to us to know that we were left without an earthly father: but my precious mother, who was trusting God, knew He would be a husband to the widow and a father to the orphans. When quite a little girl I desired to be a Christian, but failed to give my heart to Jesus until sixteen years of age. Just after the death of my father, when visiting my aunt in Nashville, where they were holding revival services in the Tulip street M. E. Church, I attended the meetings regularly; and one night a young lady asked me to go to the altar to be prayed for. I did so, and thought I was converted, but was only convicted; nevertheless, in a few weeks I connected myself with the Baptist Church at my home, and tried to live a Christian life, but failed to do so because I had not been converted, and of course was not happy. However, I kept on in this way until the Army came to Nashville, in January, 1887, when I again visited my aunt and attended their meetings. Their peculiar ways and methods were not agreeable to me, and I did not like them at first; but when I went again about a week later, I liked them a little better, and after that I could not stay away. The soldiers talked to me about my soul, from time to time, until I was so miserable and wretched that I could stand it no longer; and on the 20th day of February, in an afternoon meeting, I went forward to the altar and prayed for mercy; and as soon as I had promised I would do anything for Him, He rolled the burden away and I was made free. I was ridiculed and laughed at before I got home, but held on to God with a firm hold, and He gave me a blessed victory. After this I was not allowed to go to meeting for a long time, but the Holy Spirit remained with me at home, and when I could again attend the services the Lord wonderfully blessed my soul, and plainly showed me that I must consecrate my entire life to His service with the Christian Crusaders; but I could not bear the idea of leaving my dear mother, sisters, brothers and friends. However, I could not rest day nor night until I was willing to tell the officer in command how I felt. She told me how stringent the rules were which I would have to conform to, and convinced me the path was not strewn with roses. But I was determined to follow Jesus, and hence was perfectly willing to do anything for Him. When I told my friends and relatives I had promised God to connect myself with the Crusaders, they laughed at me, and most every one turned against me. The officer in command told me to come to her quarters and stay until I received further orders, which I did, and three days later I was ordered to Chattanooga to go with a Captain to open Knoxville; then the war began in real earnest. I knew no one, had no experience in the work, and if it had not been for the love of Jesus in my heart I don't know what I should have done. The devil tempted me most severely, but I remembered God's promise that we should not be tempted more than we are able to bear. The Captain was very kind to me, and the Lord helped me to stand firm, notwithstanding the many letters received from mother and friends telling me I was in darkness, and urged me to return home. Oh, it was so hard to stay away when mother kept continually pleading with me to come home; but the words were ever before me: "If you love mother more than Me, you are not worthy of Me." Then I would look to Jesus and ask Him to help me, and He did so.

I remained in Knoxville seven weeks, when I received orders to return to Chattanooga. I went on the following day, and when I arrived at the quarters I was shown into the presence of Lieut.-Gen. Light. I had never met him before, but he talked very kindly to me

and told me he would send me to Atlanta, Ga., to assist the officer in command there. I did not like to go to another strange place, but I went, and am glad I did, for God wonderfully blessed my soul. Here I was left until the 4th of July Council, when I was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and sent to Athens, Ga., to help Mrs. Major White and Captain Godan in the fight there. There the dear Lord was with us, and many precious souls were converted. Remained in Athens until October, when I had orders to return to Atlanta to attend another Council. I will never forget that time, because it was so very hard for me to separate from my comrades with whom I had been so long. During this Council I was promoted to the rank of Captain, and received orders to take command of the Third Georgia Corps in Augusta, where I was kept for nine months, during which time I had the pleasure of seeing many souls brought to God. From Augusta I was again ordered to Atlanta, where I remained until the 12th of August, 1888, when I was attached to the First Crusade Corps, and during the past eighteen months I have, with the comrades, visited twenty-two cities and towns, and hundreds of souls have been made happy in Jesus' love.

Sometimes I, with the comrades in whose company I am fighting, get tired in the terrible conflict in which we are engaged, but, thank God, I have not yet gotten tired of it, but am more determined than ever to press forward in it until the war is over, for I realize it is not those who run well for a little while and then fall by the wayside that shall enter through the pearly gates into the city. I know it won't be long until the Lord comes to make up His jewels, then, if we have kept faithful, we can meet the "loved ones gone before." Oh, I will be true, for I know if I miss heaven I will miss all. I can sing, this morning:

"What joy in serving Jesus, it is my heart's delight;
I praise Him for His goodness, and that with all my might.
His love it is so balmy, His peace it is so sweet,
My every breath's a prayer, in Him my joy's complete."

I ask all the Crusaders and friends to pray that I may be a true soldier of the Cross, so that when the last battle has been fought and the victory won, I may meet all the true and tried on the other side.

ETERNITY.

Once in ten thousand years remove, till all are borne away,
A single grain from every beach whereon the waters play;
Then rest—ten thousand thousand years by millions multiply,
And then the weary work begins to empty out the tide
By one small drop each thousand years until the whole be dry,
From every stream to which the earth affords a full supply;
From all the bays and lakes and seas, till water's nowhere found,
And parching dryness withers the desolated ground;
Then rest—ten thousand thousand years by millions multiply,
Till all the substance of the earth to powdered dust is dry;
Then bear away each thousand years a particle so small
That eye cannot discern its size, till thou'st removed it all—
In all this fearful lapse of time would it not seem to thee
That thou hadst measured out the length of an Eternity?
Yet when thou hadst with angel's strength this mighty labor done,
The end weuld be far at when thy labor was begun.
Eternity! Eternity! Great God, Thou know'st alone
The value of Eternity—thine empire's corner stone.
My trembling soul, art thou amazed at this appalling view?
Be comforted; in Christ there is eternal mercy, too.

CAPTAIN LAURA HAYS.

Better Experience of Captain Laura Hays Since the Lord has Set her Free.

I will, by the help of God, write a short sketch of my life. I was born in Paulding county, Ga., April 17th, 1862, but was raised in Newton county, Ga. My parents, who were devoted Christians, taught me when I was very young to love my Saviour; but when I was ten years of age, I felt that I was a lost sinner, and if I died in that state would be eternally lost. I was under deep conviction for several days and often went to the altar for prayer, but was told by other people that I was too little to know what I was about, nevertheless felt that I could not die in that condition. So I kept praying for forgiveness, and at last the power came when I was in school with my sister, who had been seeking the Lord for months, and on that memorable day five of the girls were converted and began to praise God with a shout. I felt bad to see my classmates so happy while I was miserable. However, I did not despair, but remained on my knees begging the Lord to give me the peace I had for several days been seeking. At last I realized that my prayers were answered. I felt that Jesus had me in His arms, and the sweetness of that happy time pen cannot describe, for I felt that I was whole, and everything around me seemed to be changed to prayer and thanksgiving. My life was altogether different from that time on, and felt that I wanted everybody to receive a like blessing.

I loved the Church and Sunday-school, and did all I could to get others to love Jesus, but, alas, this did not last, and while I never doubted my conversion in the least, nor that my heart was changed, I soon found that there were many evil things in my heart. My temper would rise, and I was very easily offended when things did not suit me. I tried with all my might to get free from these things that destroyed peace, but did not know how to get away from myself. Several years of my life were thus spent, and although I did not sin, my experience was not satisfactory. I tried to serve the Lord from a sense of fear, but at last the Master sent some of his followers to our Church who had a better experience, and when I heard them tell how the Lord had cleansed their hearts from all uprisings of temper, I saw wherein I had made a failure of my Christian experience, namely, in trying to keep down what should have been taken out. After realizing my position I sought and I found the cleansing power. Oh! how great the change when I had consecrated myself to the Lord. It was indeed a solemn time, when I on bended knees pledged my life to be spent in His service. I immediately sought a way of paying my vow; I improved every opportunity of talking to sinners about their souls, but this did not satisfy the demands of conscience. My heart was longing to be all the time at work in His cause, but the way did not seem clear. While in this state of mind and feeling that I could not be satisfied to live at home in ease and comfort while sinners were being lost, and the Lord needed workers in his field, I was taken sick with the fever and the asthma. My father and mother tried the best of physicians, and all that could be done for me was done, but all to no avail. often thought that my life would close in that sick room. Many nights while on my sick bed I thought of how I would spend life if I should be raised up, but I often despaired of ever recovering my health. My sickness continued for four years and my friends thought my case hopeless, for the asthma could not be cured. While thus suffering, I felt I was saved and ready to die, but all the time I had the feeling that I should be at work for

the Lord. I warned the unconverted who came to see me, to prepare to meet God, and often talked to the careless Christians about living so far beneath their privilege in the Lord. Long after I had given up all hope of being well again, a minister preached at my father's house from the text, "For I have not failed to declare unto you the whole gospel of Christ." During his discourse he showed that it was the will of God that our bodies should be the temples of the Holy Ghost, that we should be constantly in His service, and if we would walk before Him with perfect obedience, he would free us from disease.

Up to this time I had not heard any one talk on this line, but Christ seemed to appear to me in person, and rebuked me for not having trusted Him with my body, as I had done with my soul. He showed me what folly it was to be saying that I was anxious for His will to be done, when at the same time I was seeking my pleasure. I lay in bed sometime thinking over these things, and asked the Lord to break the power that bound me for so long. And just when I got to where I could say, "Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee fully," and I felt that I was as willing to die as to get well, He came to me in great power, and I felt that in the twinkling of an eye I was made whole. I can't tell how or by what means, but there was one thing I did know, that wherein I was a great sufferer I was made well, and from that night I was freed from disease. Three years have passed since I was healed in this way, but I knew at the time that the Lord had made me whole in order that I might devote myself to His work, and about this time I met for the first time, the Christian Crusaders in Covington, Ga. I attended their meetings, and the Lord showed me that their work was my work, and without waiting to know anything about it, I spoke to Lieut.-Gen. Light concerning my call to work. He said that I should write to him and he would give me any information that I desired concerning the movement. Two weeks afterward I made up my mind that let it cost what it might, I would without delay obey the Lord, and though it was hard to part with parents, brothers, sisters and many kind friends, the Lord showed me that if I did not obey a worse thing than my former sickness would come upon me, and I should not be able to stand in the judgment.

On the 15th day of February, 1888, I left all that I counted dear and went to the Training Home, where I was thoroughly instructed and trained in the tactics of Salvation warfare until April, when I was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and sent to Chattanooga to assist in the terrific battle which was then raging against the powers of darkness there. I remained there until June, when I received orders to return to Atlanta to assist the officers commanding the First Georgia Corps, and in December I was connected with the First Crusade Corps and took part in the winter campaign. On the 12th of the same month I left Southern Headquarters accompanying the Crusaders as far as Jonesboro, where I was left with Staff Capt. Brown and the Third Brigade of the Corps to engage the enemy, whilst the First and Second Brigades advanced to Barnesville to open the battle in which God got to Himself a glorious victory.

We rejoined the main body at Forsyth in January, 1889, and remained with the Corps until the close of the campaign in April.

On our return to Headquarters I was again detailed to assist the officers of the First Georgia Corps, and remained with them until August, when I received orders to join the First Crusade Corps at Springville, Ala, where I was permitted to take part in the closing battle; after which I was taken with the Corps to engage in the siege of Birmingham, and after the desperate contest of three months, I was left with Staff Captain Brown and the First Alabama Corps to continue the battle, while the First Crusade Corps advanced to other

parts. Since then I have been promoted to the rank of Captain, and at present I and my comrades are not only pressing the enemy from the centre of this wicked and ungodly city of Birmingham, but also from two outposts, one at Bessemer and the other at Pratt's Mines. Since our arrival here I have had the pleasure of seeing some of the most hardened and rebellious drunkards, gamblers, and harlots brought into the kingdom of righteousness. I can truly say, notwithstanding the fact that I have been severely persecuted, misrepsented and unkindly treated, the past two years have been the happiest of my life.

I have continued to trust Jesus as a physician for my body as well as my soul, although for every act of disobedience and imprudence I have suffered, I have been able to cling to the Lord till He has delivered me. Twice I have been almost to where I thought my work was done, but I believe the Lord suffered my strength to be taken so that He might show His power to raise the body, and thus convince those of a doubtful mind that He is the same Great Physician yesterday, to-day and forever.

I could write much concerning the way I have been blessed in this life of self-denial, but will simply say I have had all the blessings that He has promised to those who love Him and keep His commandments.

For fear I should weary my readers, I will conclude by saying that I intend to end this war "down by the river," there to be reunited with parents and friends and all who I can persuade to enter His kingdom.

Scout B. M. Keith's Experience before and after Conversion or The Better Service.

I was born in the town of Jay, Vt., and from my earliest childhood days until I had passed the twenty-seventh mile-stone in my earthly pilgrimage, I did pretty much as the devil wished me to. My feet pressed hard and swiftly the road to destruction, and had not God in His infinite love arrested me by His spirit in my mad career, I should have been lost and perhaps to-day be beyond the reach of mercy.

Several years before my conversion to Christ I joined the government service and served for three years in the Second United States Calvary. While thus engaged the enemy tightened his hold upon my miserable soul, and during the whole three years I cannot remember attending but one religious meeting.

My experience in the army was as exciting as it was wicked, and it may not be out of place at this juncture to mention briefly some of the scenes enacted in those days. While in winter quarters news came to us that nearly one hundred of our men had been killed by the Indians at Fort Phil Kearney. This awful tragedy occurred in the following manner: The fort, which was a regular stockade and well built, was in possession of United States troops, and the Indians knowing that they were unable to carry the stronghold by storm, dared the troops to leave the fort and engage them in battle. The challenge was repeated, until the men lost patience, and at last a force went forth from the place of safety to fight the enemy in the open field. The Indians succeeded in drawing the troops away from the shelter of the fort over into the valley. Here the troops, after using all their ammunition, were killed. Not a single man escaped to tell the story. After the massacree orders came for us to immedi-

ately reinforce Fort Phil Kearney, distant about two hundred miles from where we were. The march was a very trying time indeed. The weather was extremely severe, and ofttimes we were compelled to dismount and walk beside our horses, in order to keep from freezing. On our journey we came across an Indian pony which had been wounded by an arrow, thus proving that the enemy was in the neighborhood, and convincing us of the necessity of keeping our eyes open. One day we passed two newly made graves, at the end of which headboards were stuck in the ground with the names of the dead inscribed thereon; the wolves, however, had dug up the graves.

SCOUT B. M. KEITH.

We afterwards learned that those whose very bones were not allowed to rest in their graves had been shot down by the Indians. I might give many other thrilling incidents of the march, but suffice it to say our little company safely reached the fort, which we had been sent to re-inforce. This journey caused me to think very seriously of God's goodness to me in not cutting me off in my sins, but I allowed the

good impressions of the spirit to leave me, and I continued to do as I had done in the past.

While at Kearney, our bugler was shot by the Indians, one of their arrows piercing his lungs, from the effect of which wound he died. After being at the Fort for some time a detachment of men, including myself, was detailed for mail service. We had to go over the same road which we had just traversed and the thoughts that came to us as we started out were far from pleasant, for the journey was beset by many dangers. Many things occurred to make us fearful as to the result of our trip, nevertheless we had to keep on, and after being lost for some time on the mountains we succeeded in reaching our destination without loss.

In my travels I had found some precious stones, and I was anxiously looking forward to the time of my discharge, when I could take them to New York and there dispose of them. Myself and two others talked over what we intended to do, and as the stones were in a wild Indian country we did not think it wise to go unarmed; but as the arms we had belonged to the United States, we dared not take them. However, we managed to get one revolver between us.

After receiving my discharge and what money was due me, I started with my two comrades after the precious stones which brought me a good sum of money, and I thought I would be happy, but I was living a sinful life and was far away from Jesus. No soul can be happy without Him, but it took me a long time to find this out. I was converted at Manchester, N. H., in 1870. I lived an up and down life for a number of years, serving God some, but *myself more*, until about three years ago, when the Crusaders came to Atlanta. Since then I have been brought into a blessed light and have been engaged with them in many battles against sin.

I had often seen these peculiar people in various parts of the country, but to join them never entered my mind until I began to attend their meetings in Atlanta, Ga. The more I went to the meetings the more I was blessed, and the more convinced I became that all the possessions and pleasures of the world, and everything else apart from the religion of the blessed Lord, are but "vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit."

Finally I resolved to tear myself away from all earthly cares and follow Jesus wherever He led me. Then came the devil with the question: "What are you going to do when you get old?" And in many other ways he tried to discouage and stop me; but, bless God, I did not listen to any of his cunning devices, but looked unto God and depended upon Him for divine guidance, and, praise His name, He has led me all right.

I find that the nearer I get to God the harder the devil tries to pull me down. And no sooner do I get the victory in one place than the alarm is sounded from another, that the old enemy is there. He has indeed not had dealings with souls for six thousand years for nothing. He is learning new devices all the time; but, bless God, I am enabled to say, with the great Apostle, "I am not ignorant of his devices."

I have been in this blessed soul-saving work now over three years, and although I gave up a situation that brought me a good salary, I am abundantly satisfied, since I am not living for the perishing things of this world. There is indeed a joy in the service of God. Previous to my coming in this blessed work I never shouted any, but now, thank God, joy fills my soul and my tounge is loosed, and I am free to praise Him with all my heart. I know the battle will continue to grow more fierce, but the Almighty God whom I serve gives me fresh supplies of grace for each conflict.

I had a week's rest last October, during which time I took a supply of our official gazette and other publications of a most spiritual nature and went on a journey through the mountains of Northeast Alabama, and the Lord gave me some sweet experiences. In two days I walked about fourteen miles and exhorted sinners as I met them to flee from the wrath to come, and also visited many houses and some mining camps, and gave away many tracts.

Once, while out in the mountains, far away from any human habitation, a very heavy rain-storm overtook me, and I got a thorough drenching. Coming to a wide creek, which was much swollen, and there being no bridge or any other way to get across, I had to take off my shoes and wade through. Thank God, I was not doing it to please myself, but to advance my blessed Lord's cause. Shortly after crossing the creek I came to a farmer's house, who made a blazing fire to dry my clothes, and also prepared me a good dinner. After praying and exhorting those who were not prepared for the great Eternity to get ready, I started on my journey. In a short time I arrived in Springville, where I met another comrade, who was off on a few days' rest for his worn-out body.

After taking a few hours' rest we started out for Ashville, another fourteen miles journey, talking with all we met concerning the all-important matter of preparing for Eternity. Soon darkness overtook us and rain set in, and we had two miles to go through the woods to reach a farmer's house, where we were received with great hospitality. After tarrying for the night and taking an early breakfast, we commended our kind brother and family to our kind heavenly Father, and resumed our journey, which was about seven miles. We had to pass through a great swamp and other rough country, but we pressed on and surmounted every difficulty, and finally arrived at our destination and secured the M. E. Church to hold meetings in. We were here reinforced by others of our comrades and some beloved brethren from Springville, and had some very blessed meetings, in which the power of God was wonderfully manifested. After this engagement we rejoined our dear comrades who were still storming the forts of sin in Birmingham. Thus I put in the few days alloted me for a rest. I am more determined to-day than ever to press forward until the war is over.

MANY mimic Christianity, vainly hoping to obtain its blessings and eternal life in the future, ignorant of the fact that its blessings and life are a present possession. "I write these things unto you that you may know that you have eternal life."

OTHERS seem content to know they are only mimics rather than submit to the self-denying responsibilities of a real Christian life. "Except a man deny himself he cannot be My disciple."

YOU may be very beautiful, and in outward character perfect, and take upon you the name of Christian; but if your life doesn't bring about the enmity of the worldly around you, you are still a worldling inwardly. "If any man will live godly in this present evil world, he shall suffer persecution."

IF you would live in the Kingdom by-and-by, you must live exclusively for it in this evil world. This great truth was enunciated in the saying of Jesus, when one who would follow Him asked FIRST to be allowed to go to the funeral of his earthly parent: "Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou Me—seek first My kingdom."

INTRO-CONSECRATION is not mere enthusiasm. "Why call ye Me Lord and do not the things I tell you?"

FIELD SHEET OF FIVE CRUSADE CAMPAIGNS BY THE FIRST CRUSADE CORPS IN ONE YEAR, ELEVEN MONTHS AND A HALF.

	Length of Campaign	Towns Captured.	No. of Meetings Held.	Time Spent Visiting.	Families Visited.	Souls in Pardoning Fountain.
FIRST CAMPAIGN— From December 6, 1887, to February 21, 1888, - - -	75 Days.	4	115	118 Hours.	672	554
SECOND CAMPAIGN— From April 13 to May 1, from June 5 to July 29, 1888,	70 Days.	6	110	144 Hours.	799	174
THIRD CAMPAIGN— From August 20 to November 21, 1888, - - - - - -	94 Days.	7	135	112 Hours.	672	675
FOURTH CAMPAIGN— From December 12, 1888, to April 28, 1889, - - - -	136 Days.	7	289	470 Hours.	3106	808
FIFTH CAMPAIGN— From June 8, 1889, to May 12, 1890, - - - - - - - -	338 Days.	13	561	609 Hours.	4735	1203
Total, -	713 Days.	37	1210	1453 Hours.	9984	3414

Among the 3,414 souls in the pardoning fountain were drunkards, gamblers, harlots, unsaved church members and ministers, and about 1,500 of them gave positive testimony that they had been pardoned of all their sins; and the others were brought to the point where they could have been pardoned if they had given *up their sins*, turned from their evil ways and renounced forever their unrighteous habits; and it is reasonable to suppose that one-half of them will be so wrought upon by the power of the Holy Ghost, that sooner or later they will be induced to make the necessary surrender and find rest for their burdened hearts in Jesus' love; and no doubt many of them have already done so, and are now happy. If the other half will not eventually yield to the strivings of the Spirit, and do as required in order to obtain the favor of God, they will never be able, neither in time nor eternity, to forget the time spent on their knees at the Salvation Crusaders' penitent form, and the recollection of the earnest entreaties and pleadings of the Crusaders in their behalf will haunt them forever and ever.

Testimonials from Ministers, City Officials and Private Citizens.

ATLANTA, GA., May 31, 1889.

I will not indulge in praise or laudation of the Salvation Army of America, it needs nothing of the kind, but for the furtherance of the cause of Christianity and for the benefit of fallen humanity, I will bid God speed to those devoted Christians who have taken up the crusade against the powers of darkness, and, regardless of their ease or comfort, carry forward the banner of the cross, and in spite of the continual jeers and scoffs of the howling mobs, recognize no stopping place until they have planted their banners upon the battlement of Heaven.

No band of Christian workers can be dependent upon popular approval, and the Salvation Army of America can't expect it, and do not seek it; they do, however, seek the good of the people, but they only expect to accomplish this by convincing them of their wickedness, and in doing this they become unpopular, and this has been their history in Atlanta.

They came here under a cloud of prejudice. At first they were subjects of ridicule; afterward, when they had taken hold on the minds of the people, they were held up, by those disposed to scoff, as objects of scorn and contempt. Wolves in sheep's clothing entered their fold, and proving traitors, as they were, turned upon them the batteries of their abuse, and sought by all manner of means to slander and traduce them. The press took up the hue and cry, charging them with the grossest immoralities and crimes. The mob, under the influence of the public opinion thus manufactured, assailed them in their halls and on the streets, attacking them with eggs, stones and other missiles, until it seemed for a little while that their days in Atlanta had been numbered, but pressing forward in their work, and, in their own peculiar language, "fighting in the strength of the King," they have lived down the prejudice, to a large extent, and it can now be safely said that they are a fixture in Atlanta.

The churches, as such, have not "put their shoulders to the wheel," and co-operated with them in their work. Why this is so I cannot say, it may be that the Salvation Army of America is a little too aggressive in its ways, or too vigorous in its methods, on the one hand, or it may be that there is a little tinge of prejudice on the part of the churches on the other, but suffice it to say, numbers of church people, vigorous and aggressive in their methods, and regardless of public opinion, do unite with them in their work, and as valiant soldiers of the Cross, help to "Roll the Old Charriot Along."

The good that the Salvation Army of America has accomplished in Atlanta can only be named in eternity. Reckless men reclaimed from their ways, drunkards dragged from the gutters, men and women induced through their teaching and influence to lead better lives, church members revived, lukewarm Christians restored, backsliders reclaimed, and indeed a general revival of religious life has been the result of their coming.

The Salvation Army of America is still in Atlanta, and as suggested above, likely to remain. Having been maligned, slandered and traduced, charged with every crime known to the catalogue, hunted down, sometimes by saint (?) as well as sinner, pursued by the various elements of human society—sometimes by the rabble, at others by the scribes and pharisees, nothing has ever been shown, even by the

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most flimsy pretexts against them. On the other hand they have proven themselves by their walk in our midst to be beyond reproach. Their only crime is that they are consistent and rigid Christian workers. Would that the world abounded with just such as they are.

J. M. McAllister.

Augusta, Ga.

This is to certify that I have carefully observed the Salvation Army Crusaders during their stay in this city. I have seen nothing in violation of the laws of the city or the State. They have conducted themselves properly, and have carried out all instructions given by me in their street parades, etc. Robert H. May, Mayor C. A.

By J. S. Patterson, Mayor's Clerk.

Sumter County, Americus, Ga., April 29, 1889.

To whom it may concern: I take pleasure in certifying to the conduct of the Salvation Army Crusaders since they have been in our midst. Their Christian demeanor, uprightness and fervent desire to do good has been such that the whole community has accorded to them praise, and they will leave our community with the well wishes of all good people. The good they have done is of such an extent that it has been marvelous, and I commend the body wherever they may deem proper to abide. I am, very respectfully,

J. B. Pilsbury, Judge County Court.

Georgia, Sumter County,
City of Americus, April 29, 1889.

We, the undersigned citizens, do certify that The Salvation Army Crusade Corps No. 1, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. M. K. Light, have, during their stay in our midst, acted in such a way as to commend them to our people and all the people wherever they should go. Their Christian-like manner and simplicity in representing and presenting the Gospel truth to the people have succeeded in converting many who otherwise might never have known the truth as it is in Jesus Christ our Lord. They have done a good work here against considerable opposition, and some of their persecutors have embraced Christianity and connected themselves with the church. We cheerfully recommend them as being good people. Don't condemn, but rather lend a helping hand, for they are doing what the churches cannot do, a grand missionary work at home. Respectfully,

J. H. Allen, Clerk Superior Court.
A. P. Lingo, Chief of Police.
L. B. Forest, Deputy Sheriff.
A. C. Speer, Ordinary.
J. B. Pilsbury, Judge County Court.
J. W. Mize, R. T. S. C.
W. B. F. Oliver, Justice Peace.

Conyers, Ga., December 25, 1887.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Conyers, Ga., and members of the different churches, take pleasure in testifying to the gentlemanly bearing, godly zeal and blameless lives of the Salvation Army Crusaders during their stay of three weeks in our midst. They are indeed "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Christians generally in our town co-operated with them in their meetings, and scores of souls were converted, many backslidden Christians were reclaimed, and at their last meeting the altar was thronged with penitents. They

came among us with the reputation of a "despised and noisy crew," they leave us as dearly deloved brethren in the Lord.

A. J. PIERCE, F. M. AYERS,
J. A. STUART, E. ROBERTS,
AND MANY OTHERS.

Ex-Senator T. J. Perry on the Work of the Christian Crusaders.

CUTHBERT, GA., March 12th, 1890.

To the Herald of Salvation:

I am altogether in a new role in finding myself dictating a letter to your little army journal. I have no experience as a correspondent for religious papers, therefore must content myself with doing my best and leave the results with the good Lord.

I never saw a Christian Crusader until a few weeks ago, and you may be assured I was quite curious to know something of the methods your people employ to reach the masses. Lieut.-Gen. Light, with a little band of Crusaders, came to this place three weeks ago and commenced holding services in the Opera House. My first visit was to see and hear without having any idea of what impressions would be made upon me by such services. Instead of seeing a show and having my risibilities excited I saw a degree of humility and consecration that was most impressive and soul-stirring. All who went, however, were not impressed as I was. I could not doubt the sincerity of Brother Light and his little band, and regretted that all of the good people of the town could not see as I did. Many, however, did see as your humble correspondent and co-operated to the extent of their ability in making the work a success.

I took some of the Crusaders to my home, and it was there that their lives of self-denial were brought to the surface. I am glad the Crusaders came to my town, for they showed me, as I had never realized before, how far I am living from my obligations as a Christian. The average church member (I with the rest) knows very little of real practical Christianity. A brother said: "The Crusaders have taught me the difference 'in eating to live and living to eat.' I know of no better remedy for dyspeptics than to join the Christian Crusaders, provided they otherwise fully consecrate themselves. I pray that the blessed Lord will forgive my past life of self-indulgence, and help me in my resolves to live in the future more for others and less for self."

I have not the positive data, but think fifty souls entered the cleansing fountain. Dr. H. W. Key, Professor of Andrew Female College, and son of Bishop Key, worked with the Crusaders and had the pleasure of seeing a number of his girls happily converted. The thorough work of the Crusaders soon spread, and very many of the best families in town not only attended the meetings but took the Crusaders to their homes.

Then again some of the best families stood aloof, and knowing them as I do, believe they were actuated by a spirit of sincerity and true loyalty to the Master. The methods of the Crusaders are so new that all cannot at once take in and assimilate their plans as readily as others. This writer must confess to a degree of distrust that he never had before when he heard the tambourines jingle in a religious assembly. At first the noise quite upset me and produced a chilling sensation. But the instruments employed I believe have been consecrated—the Lord has put the seal of His approval in the conversion

of soul, and how can I doubt any more ? One has said that the Crusaders were the Lord's scavengers. I believe they are more, as they have conversions from all classes. Spurgeon, Talmage and Sam Jones indorse the work of the Christian Crusaders. The world is certainly better by their efforts. How many drunkards, gamblers and the like the Crusaders have been instrumental in saving only Eternity can tell. The Christian Crusaders are in a certain sense our home missionaries. Their novel methods draw the crowds, but the gospel of song and earnest entreaty is used by the Holy Spirit to convict and convert sinners. I fear the secular press have done the Christian Crusaders great harm. The gospel is the only hope of humanity for Time and Eternity.

I had always undestood that the Christian Crusaders were composed of very coarse and unlettered people. The very reverse was true of the little band that came to this town. Whilst very humble and self-denying, I found both the ladies and gentlemen quite intelligent. The Lord has blessed their visit to my home and I thank Him for it. I am glad in my soul that I took them to my home. If it should turn out to be a mistake the sin will lie at their door and not mine. I am ready to the extent of my influence and means to cooperate with whatever promises good to me, my country and my God.

T. J. PERRY.

THE goal of spiritual life is nothing less than to be holy as He is holy and pure as He is pure. "As He is, so are we in this present evil world." "To be conformed to the image of this SON that he might be the first born among many brethren." "That ye may know what is the height, depth, length, breadth and to know the Love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

What shall we say to these things? Look at them as into a mirror till all your needs and short comings shall be visible to your soul's vision, faint not as the plumb line to God's true purpose toward you reveals your crooked building; neither turn away; be honest, confess your condition, lift your eyes to Him who spake and this world stood forth beautiful, out of chaos, plead his promise "the servant as his Lord shall be;" think of the love of so great a being who humbled himself even to the death of the Cross till that love drives away all doubt, and thy heart's confidence shall bring to thee in substance what your soul hopes for. God help you.

GUILT is always cowardly.

YOU can't go to heaven in bad company.

A polished rascal is all the more a rascal.

ETERNAL life is eternal hope of betterment.

WHEN God's people are idle, devils are busy.

MUSKETS in the stack never kill anybody.

BEFORE we can serve God we must love God.

THE devil always paints in taking colors.

NEVER to be in need is never to be grateful.

A great sinner must have a great Saviour.

THE quickest way to get rich is to get religion.

SELFISH men do not make good husbands.

BAD seed is sure to flourish the best in good soil.

DOING good is a better occupation than digging gold.

PEOPLE without hope are of no service in any cause.

My Experience and Observation of the Salvation Army.

MACON, GEORGIA, February 12, 1889.

Some two weeks ago Lieut.-Gen. Light and his Crusade Corps came to Macon and began their battle against sin, the flesh and Satan, and I must say that I never came across more earnest workers for the Lord than they. Their principal aim is to save souls from endless ruin and bring them to Christ. Their methods are novel and varied. They visit from house to house during the day—meet at night and read the Bible, sing and praise God on various instruments of music—why not praise God now on these instruments as David did in his days? The angels and the glorified in heaven praise God on harps—why not on earth? The truth is, music has been perverted; evil associations have rendered the violin unpopular; its music is as melodious as the organ or piano—why not praise God on it in the church as well as on the organ? These Salvation people pray more than any people I ever met. They are persecuted, but they endure it for Christ's sake; they seem to be willing to suffer anything for Jesus. They get no salary for their service; they are no intruders; all they ask is food and raiment, and most assuredly they deserve it. If members of all the churches would work like these people, the world would soon be brought to Jesus. They are doing the work that the church ought to do. There is one fact in regard to these salvation men and women that cannot be gainsaid—they are the means of bringing many people to Christ who would not be brought by ordinary means. I have been an eye-witness to many sound scriptural conversions in less than a week in Jones Chapel. It becomes all good people to accept anything or any person or persons that bring a soul to Jesus. We should know that a thing is not of God before we condemn it. Many oppose the Rev. Sam Jones, others Mr. Moody, some St. Paul, and thousands oppose Christ! The spirit of Christ is to tolerate. The spirit of bigotry did not die with Christ; it is still in the world and in the church. On one occasiou Jesus sent some of His disciples to heal, to save souls; finally they returned and reported that they saw one casting out a devil, and they forbade him; Jesus said, "Forbid him not." After all, God's methods of saving souls are various—all of His plans should be endorsed. The Salvation Army has its peculiar ways of doing good—let them do it in the name of the Lord.

W. LANE, Pastor Jones Chapel, Macon, Ga.

ROSE HILL METHODIST CHURCH.

In all my travels and work, I have never seen a more earnest and untiring band of workers for Christ than the Christian Crusaders. They have just finished three weeks' work at my Rose Hill Church, and while many have cursed and persecuted them, they have patiently endured and gloriously conquered. Many have been brought to know Christ in the forgiveness of sin, and will bless the day that brought them to our city. I am confidently expecting to reap a great harvest from the labors of these devoted people during the year to come.

J. G. HARRISON,
P. C. Rose Hill Methodist Church.

Columbus, Ga., December 23, 1889.

TO BE doing nothing for God means to become a stool pigeon for the devil.