

Let us visit a meeting, one which the staff-captain calls "one of our respectable meetings." A glance on entering the building shows that his remark is true. There is decorum, a grand piano, and an air of comparative prosperity among the auditors. It might almost be a "neighbourhood prayer-meeting" somewhere in the country, we think, as acquaintances greet one another before the hour of opening, as women bring their families, as girls enter with their hymn-books and reverently bow in silent prayer. Evidently this Army station is an institution of long standing. A policeman is seated at the door, but his presence is merely ornamental. Soon the leaders, four men and seven women strong, file in and take places on the platform, and the illusion of the neighbourhood meeting is dispelled. No pillars of a village church ever demonstrate so strikingly the fervour of their religious feelings. The leader of the gathering makes a short address of welcome, alluding to her recent absence, after which follows the usual variety of short addresses, short prayers, and songs, prominent among which is "He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star." This old Salvation Army favourite is rendered about twenty times, in almost all possible ways, by the leader alone, by the choir, by all standing, by the seventy-five members of the audience alone, with accompaniment of tambourines, of handkerchief-waving, of hand-clapping, in groups and in unison, with a continual *crescendo* effect. A young man testifies that he has been fighting the devil all the morning, and is greeted with "amens" and cries of encouragement. A young woman on the platform tells how she broke away from her evil life. An "auxiliary" rises, looking a little out of place in his semi-clerical garb, but he is not at all out of place in the timeliness and ex-

cellence of his words, which are cordially appreciated. Again the leader rises and sings, "There'll be no more sorrow there," and "I'm going to meet Jesus up there," each time more plaintively and tenderly.

Now come to another meeting in a widely different quarter of the city. But it is well to leave our watches and valuables at home, to don our old clothes, and to appear, not exactly disreputable, but a little more "in harmony with our environment." In streets of whose very names we were previously ignorant,



THE SLUM BRIGADE.

where members of various nationalities eye us suspiciously as we stumble along in the gloom, among saloons wide open, old rookeries, blind alleys, and places of evil resort, the Salvationists have established some of their stations. The barracks are, perhaps, on the upper floor of an old house, in appearance precisely like its neighbours. We enter. A well-dressed visitor would attract instant attention and comment in this audience. In assemblies like this the policeman is not a useless spectator. The piano is replaced by a heavy drum. Some bleary-eyed