

eighty persons at the first rush. Comrades went to speak to them, while the "general," his two sons, Bramwell and Herbert, and others walked on top of the tables, calling for prayer, giving out hymns, and generally working up the excitement. In a few minutes the whole of the vast audience was in an inconceivable uproar. People who had up to this moment remained quietly in their seats joined in the general restlessness. The singing, the shouting, the swaying, the waving of hands and handkerchiefs became greatly intensified. Each one seemed to act as he or she thought best for the "edification" of the meeting. One poor fellow was raving on the floor, others thumped on the table with their fists in a kind of wild frenzy, with various exclamatory denunciations or aspirations, while others hugged each other. At first men were called on to pray, but very soon any one who felt "moved" shouted a prayer without invitation. Another man in the course of his prayer kept bawling: "Answer by fire!" "It's coming!" "Here's another wave rolling this way!" Another besought God over and over again most vigorously to "rock this place." After this sort of thing had been going on for some half an hour, Mr. H. Booth apparently set himself to bring about the crisis. Standing on the table and shouting at the top of his voice, he announced the hymn, "Thou wilt do it now," which was "clapped out"—i. e., every one clapped his hands while he sang. Paraphrasing the words, he made the people first of all repeat, "Thou dost do it now," and then they sang it. One of the lines was to the effect, "I am now from sin set free." "Oh, here's the devil coming out!" exclaimed one of the leaders, to the great delight of the audience. Then Mr. H. Booth requested that all those kneeling at the table who felt that the Lord had done that for them should stand up and sing it alone, and then pass to their seats to make room for others. Nearly all stood up, but the verse was sung by the whole gathering.

"Now let's have the next batch," said one of the Booths, and the "general" sought to encourage them by saying that "the pool is open." He, however, begged them to "be as solemn as the grave"; but, so far from this being the case, the scene that followed was far worse than before. The second "batch" was not so numerous as the first, and there seemed to be more persons without uniform. The "general," probably to encourage others, dangled a necklace that some lady had "given up," but the only other material offering noticed was a handful of money. "Now, my comrades, come along," the "general" encouragingly said. "Take hold of God," and then he called for more prayer. The hugging, the rolling on the floor, already noticed, were continued, and jumping had commenced in parts

of the hall. Calling a young "officer" out to speak to a "penitent," the "general" rumbled the young man's hair, and, affectionately kissing him, sent him about his task. The shrieks of some of the "prayers" were perfectly dreadful to listen to. One man kept shouting, "Here's a great big wave coming over us—a wave, a wave, a wave! Thank God, we shall be in the flood directly." But whether the wave ever came did not appear, as a short pause was made to give orders to the Scotch contingent to catch their train. One of the Booths again spoke of "the pool" being open, and that "we want you to get into it while there's time." More "prayer" followed, one man believing that God was "willing to send a salvation Niagara right round the world."

Again Mr. H. Booth appeared deliberately to set himself to increase the uproar. He made them sing the verse, "His blood avails for me," over and over again, each time telling them it was not half loud enough, with the result that in the end every one was shrieking at the top of his voice, and it would not have been surprising if one or two blood-vessels had been broken. Then we were told that "the Lord likes to hear a good shout," and a "hallelujah" was called for, which, when given, we were told, had gone right up to heaven. Then another verse was started—"By the blood my Saviour shed upon the tree"—and we were told to stand—quite an unnecessary command, for the bulk of the people had long since risen to their feet.—However, several men mounted on to the seats and others on the tables. The jumping which had been going on here and there now became almost universal, young Booth himself jumping to the tune. Then he told them to sing the verse, "Thou wilt do it now," in answer to the devil's taunt, how did they know they had the victory? This immensely delighted the people. Some of the men began hitting one another, symbolical, doubtless, of their fight with the devil.—With more to the same effect this most painful performance concluded. How many of the second got "the blessing" cannot be said; but several remained at the table for some time longer.

But before closing there was more buffoonery. Three negresses were brought forward to sing their song—"I want to hear the flipping of the angels' wings." This was just the thing for the people in their then frame of mind. They not only sang the chorus over and over again, but each time shook their hands in an idiotic fashion to represent the "flipping." The "general" then gave them a new form of salute as a memento of the congress, viz., instead of the ordinary military one, they were to hold the right hand up and point the finger towards heaven as a reminder of the crown they would receive at the end of their journey.