

silks, and jewels sheen." While conspicuous on the platform are such prominent citizens as Wm. Gooderham, Mr. McLean, and city commissioner Coatsworth. These gentlemen, who have proved staunch and steady friends of the Army, afterwards speak a word of encouragement. Each testifies that a general good work is being done, and that his own spiritual pulse has been wonderfully quickened by means of the Salvation Army.

"A glorious free and easy" follows, the main feature of which is the relating of "experience," but to guard against monotony and to enable any person who may wish to leave, to reach the door without disturbing the meeting, frequent singing is made use of. One convert tells that eighteen months ago he was a miserable drunkard—"primed with whiskey from Monday morning until Saturday night, and on Sunday little better. But the Salvation Army got hold of me, and I thank God for it. Go to my home and ask there if this salvation has done anything for them and for me. My wife and family will tell you something that will make you stare. In my workshop, where I used to curse and swear with my workmen—not men of my own age but youths, some of them mere lads—I can now speak a word of warning; I can tell them of the love of Jesus; I can set an example in another direction. This change of the Ethiopian's skin did not take place without a struggle, nor am I altogether free from the devil yet; but by God's help I am growing stronger and stronger, and the victory comes more easily every time. Yes, I am thankful the army ever came to Toronto." Another declares that he was once "a drinking, swearing, tobacco chewing rascal—about as tough a specimen as you could find. But since I joined the Army I have been able, by God's grace, to break loose from my old habits and live righteously and soberly. One woman who, in the words of the captain "has been on the warpath 37 years, and has still more of the true fighting spirit than the rest of us," creates some amusement by her quaint, homely sayings and energetic style of delivery. She tells of a long-continued, vain struggle to learn to read, before her conversion, and of the marvellous change wrought by the "power of the Holy Spirit." I could not read a single word; but oh! as soon as the Lord pardoned my sins, then I got down on my knees, and like Jacob, I wrestled hard with him. The devil, he was there too—his always close by, my friends. Well, I wrestled and wrestled, and wrestled, till at last the devil got tired and off he went; but I kept on, and by and by my eyes were opened. I got up and turned to my testament and it was all as clear as day, I could read a verse. That is what I have always done. When I want anything from God I try to find out whether it

is His will that I should have it, and then I go to Him and *won't leave Him until I get it*. That's the way, just get hold and don't let go till you get what you're after. For if it is right that you should have it, you will get it in God's good time."

No one is allowed to occupy more than two or three minutes, and the majority are content with a less liberal allowance of time. Occasionally, however, some one will forget himself, but a warning word from the captain—"now, that will do, we'll have to sing you down"—never fails to cut off the "flow of eloquence" in short order.

One incident illustrative of the leader's method of keeping the rank and file within bounds may not be out of place. A middle aged woman after a short exhortation, continues:—

"I know that you are all sorry with me that we are about to lose our dear captain. I'm sure I hope we may get as good a one again, but I fear we shall wait many a long"—at this point the captain rises quickly, and with a sudden authoritative wave of the hand towards the speaker, strikes up, "I'm saved I am, I know I am! I'm washed in Jesus' blood," etc. Immediately all unite to sing two or three stanzas. Then she turns to the back row of seats,—"Now another of you up there give us your experience and be brief.—You, a week old, let's hear from you. We've heard from the yearlings and so on; now for the weekling." And so they move along, speaking, singing, praying—when the "free and easy has exhausted considerable time, it is announced that the lieutenant desires to say a parting word. A young woman of pleasing appearance who accompanies her captain to another district, steps to the front; she tells how she was led to join the Salvation Army in one of our northern towns about a year since; how she tried at first to do a little work "in a quiet way;" how the call of duty waxed louder and louder, until finally she determined "to go right out on the open battle-field," and now her "time of departure is at hand." She can say with absolute truth, that Toronto has been for her a grand training school. The lessons she has learned here will never be erased from the tablets of her memory, and wherever her lot may be cast in the future, she prays that she may continue steadfast, and become more and more consecrated to the work of the Master.

Next comes a "flag," or "waving" chorus, in which all who "know their sins forgiven" are asked to join; young, old and middle aged pull out their handkerchiefs and wave them to and fro to the lively music of a "Gospel song," during the singing of which one-third of the congregation depart.

Before the meeting breaks up the following invitation is extended: "If there are any present who desire