

He then pronounced the blessing, and, as it was just four o'clock (the writer says), "I made haste to get into the fresh morning air, only too thankful to be released from the most shocking and painful 'religious' meeting that I have ever attended."

A SABBATH AFTERNOON WITH THE SALVATION ARMY AT
THE RICHMOND ST. BARRACKS.

We arrive at 2.30, already the large hall is rapidly filling. Presently the "soldiers," two hundred strong, are drawn up in marching order outside the building. At the word of command they move off sharply—drums beating, cymbals clashing, streamers waving. Their mission is to beat up recruits. "We go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in,"—a somewhat superfluous proceeding one would imagine. Inside, a few sentries are left on guard, while up and down the aisles pass six or eight sergeant-clad "lasses," each carrying a considerable bundle of "War Crys." This sheet, by-the-way, appears to be one of the main sources of the Army's revenue—some 25,000 copies at 3c. a copy, being disposed of each week in Ontario alone.

In the course of half an hour the "blood-washed warriors," as they style themselves, return, shouting "hallelujah!" "bound for glory!" etc. By this time every available foot of space, barring that reserved for the incoming host, is occupied. When order has been somewhat restored, the captain, a genteel looking woman 27 or 28 years of age, takes her place on the platform and begins. "Well, my friends, I'm glad there'll be plenty of room in heaven; plenty of room, too, in the heart of Jesus for each and all of us. There'll be no crowding and jostling there. Now be as patient as you can, those of you who are standing, and we shall commence our service by singing hymn 75 in the soldier's song-book. Those of you who are without a copy get one. It will cost you only 10c. Then if you don't like it yourself, give it to your neighbor; he will be glad of it. Now all of you get a song-book, and let us sing this hymn with our whole strength as unto God." Her voice is clear and musical, and she speaks with manifest ease and freedom and a certain native grace of action that is very pleasing.

The audience led by a full brass band now join in singing the hymn announced, to the tune of "Marching to Georgia." The stirring strains of that grand old martial air thrill every nerve. The *pean* gathers strength and force as it proceeds; and soon the dense volume of sound pouring from the throats of two thousand men and women, singing with all their might, seems to shake the old barracks to its very foundation. The effect is simply tremendous.

Three short prayers are offered, then with bowed

heads the congregation sing softly and sweetly a beautiful, hymn with the refrain, "Oh calvary, dark calvary, speak to my heart from calvary!" More singing follows—this time the words, set to an old familiar tune, are to be found in the "War Cry."

The singing over, the captain again rises, and in a quiet conversational tone—not a word, however, but is distinctly audible in every part of the hall—begins to talk. Her manner is perfectly natural and free from restraint, and she is evidently conscious, yet with all becoming modesty, of her ability to control and attract her audience. This is her last Sunday with the Toronto corps, to whom she has endeared herself, as well by her many acts of self-denying kindness, as by her sterling worth and personal characteristics. Proceeding, she warns to her work, and delivers a touching and powerful farewell address, based on Rev. iii., 4. "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy."

The simple, unaffected eloquence of this comparatively uneducated woman goes straight to the heart, and she holds the vast assemblage spell-bound by the charm and magic of her earnestness and feeling. Hers is no spurious coin. The true ring is there—not a doubt of it. No human being could act in this way; no hireling, no hypocrite, no mere outward conformer could so communicate the "fire of the spirit" to the listening, waiting soul.

She concludes with these words—"Some of you may be saying: such presumption, what can she do—a bit of a thing like her? Why, she's only a sparrow; yes, but our blessed Master has told us that God watches over the sparrow even; and I have faith to believe he will guard and protect me, and give me strength and courage to do His holy will, wherever I may be called to labor. This is probably the last time that I shall meet with the great majority of you on earth, but I do hope and pray that I shall meet you all, every one, beyond the river. Many of you I know will not fail me; many of you, dear friends, I know I shall greet in the home above; but why not all? As we separate to-day do you come out and separate yourselves from sin and evil and the world. Come before it is too late! before the door is shut and the key turned! Oh come! come! come!"

When the captain ceases many an eye is dimmed and many a cheek is wet with the tear that wells unbidden from its secret source. Truly the scene is one not soon to be forgotten.

Among the audience, consisting chiefly of the poorer class of people, we notice not a few in different circumstances—members of the legislature, city aldermen, professional men, and ladies decked out in "furs and