



The Early Days **Articles and Documents**

Part 1
March 1900–September 1904

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Articles from the Early Days

About the Newspaper Clippings

Many of these articles have been quoted in books and articles which have been published regarding the Two-by-Two and Cooneyite sects. There are statements from reporters, from opponents, and from members of the then-new movement. All of this information adds greatly to what is known about the early days and early personalities involved.

The copies printed on the following pages are in some cases difficult to read. Unfortunately, when these articles were printed, newspapers had adopted the use of acidic paper and inks. These deteriorate with time, literally burning through the paper. Staining, damp, insect damage and other environmental problems in storage and handling added to the problems with legibility. In many cases the originals have become very fragile over the years, and some have become completely unreadable.

There has been an ongoing effort to microfilm old newspapers and documents before they are completely gone, but microfilm is often shot at low resolution and can make it even more difficult to read a deteriorated page. In some cases, earlier photographic copies have also deteriorated, for example, George Walker's letter to the U.S. Selective Service was evidently photographed by the government prior to archiving, and the available copy had also deteriorated and/or reduced in resolution prior to being put in microfilm format.

Changes Made to Improve Readability

We have gone over the scans of the clippings included here to remove things like foxing, tears, staining and bleed-through in order to improve readability without affecting the text.

In some cases, we have adjusted columns to better fit within modern paper sizes, should you wish to print a copy of a particular article. With a bit of patience, and hopefully not too much eyestrain, we hope you will be able to decipher even the more difficult sections.

Digital restoration has not changed the wording of the articles.

Obtaining Full Sheet Copies

Should you wish to obtain copies of the full pages from the original newspapers, you are now able to order these online from the British Library at <https://catalogue.bl.uk/> for England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland and certain other places. You will need to supply the name of the publication, the title of the article, and the page number, all of which may be found in the following pages of this book. There is a charge for this service. For access to newspapers from other nations, check your local library.

Articles from Other Years

Research and Information Services, Inc. previously published a printed, spiral-bound book containing copies of articles and documents covering several decades. This became impossible to continue due to greatly increased costs of printing, assembling and stocking. The texts of many of these articles have also been reproduced in other formats (the Internet, books, etc.).

Although we had intended to restart publication in a slightly smaller format and have a third-party printer handle production on demand, the question has arisen as to whether there is enough interest for purchasing copies of the original articles in book format to support the effort and expense to proceed further with a new edition. If you are interested in the full collection of early articles being available in paperback book form, please contact admin@workersect.org to tell us that this is something you would like to purchase and see go forward into production.

Printing

In this digital version, you may print pages using the Adobe® Reader® software you use to display these pages. The margins of the pages are quite narrow, and with some printers you may need to tell the software to reduce the size of the margins, in order to avoid cutting off portions of the text.

pilgrims got very rough treatment, while at the second the school could not be had long enough.

In the island of TIRAZ the brothers are having very good meetings in various parts; and at ACHOSNICH, on the mainland, not very far off, a fair mission was held in a new hall. The next three places in the list have all been worked before, and the present missions are encouraging. CRECA is a little village in Dumfriesshire, where the people have turned out very well, but seem slow to take up the cross in definite decision for Christ. SLYE work is terribly discouraging on the whole, and no place has been more so in the island than CARBOST, where two or three would turn up for the meeting. At CORPACH, near Fort William, attendance and interest are good, and also at GARVA, a little place in Ross-shire. The DONALDSON'S LODGE Mission, with the influenza epidemic rampant, affecting people and both pilgrims, was quite a failure.

Some helpful Christians' meetings were held at OBAN, and then, on a stormy Friday morning, Pilgrim Campbell started by steamer on a long journey to Loch Inver, away north in Sutherlandshire. This is our first opening in that northern county, for which we would ask much prayer. Pilgrims Angus McLean and McKENZIE joined the same steamer *en route*, and reached GLENELG at 2 A.M. Saturday morning. They have had a fair start there. Pilgrim McFarlane joined the steamer later at Fortree, and the two sisters (Miss Beaton going to friends at present) reached Loch Inver on Monday, and soon found comfortable lodgings.

Missions have been held before at BANKFOOT, in Perthshire, and DYKENHEAD, in Lothiana, but in both places there was desire for another visit of pilgrims. Some other places in Scotland open shortly, and two sisters go early in March for a special mission we have been invited to take at Cleckheaton, near Bradford, in England.

IN Ireland there have been large meetings with good results at GILFORD and KILLYMAN in Co. Armagh, and at MOORFISLAND in Co. Antrim. Attendances were

large at PORTAVOGIE, but there was not much visible outcome of the mission, while BALMORR and BANGOR were stiff and disappointing. The meetings at DOACH, BILLY, and DRUMMOND were specially for Christians, and such have also been held at a number of Prayer Unions in County DONEGAL, all attended with blessing.

Pilgrim Pottie went to KILREA for some Christians' meetings, but the interest and blessing has been so great that he is trying to arrange for sisters to carry on the work longer. The other places mentioned in the list are in various counties, and have just recently started, the mission at LISBURN being by invitation in connection with the Y.W.C.A.

Since we started in Ireland some seven or eight years ago, several other agencies have followed suit on somewhat similar lines. A Mr Duff has a mission in the north with a number of workers, and in the south there is the mission conducted by Mr and Mrs Todd, formerly workers with us. Then, recently, we have heard of workers going out in connection with the Society of Friends in the north of Ireland, and that there has been much blessing at some places. There are plenty of openings for all, and the Lord seems to be giving much blessing in the sister-country.

Pilgrim Irvine is in the south of Ireland. We have not had regular reports from him lately, but he has been building two MOVABLE WOODEN HALLS, and has also had meetings at CLOUGHJORDAN, ROSCREA, MONEYGALL, KILDARE, and other places, attended with a good deal of blessing. The wooden halls are cheaply put up, and he writes of them as a great success, proposing that we should have some for Scottish counties. This we will consider. The friends at RATHMORELON, County Meath, are also building one to be used in that county. Perhaps it might be a good plan for P.U. members in a Scottish county to own one, to be worked by pilgrims.

WE have decided not to have further TRAINING till next autumn. Applicants for the Faith Mission, or any wishing training for foreign work, should write us here.

Bright Words (Rothsay, Scotland) p. 56. March 1900.

Our ANNUAL CONVENTION at Rothsay will likely be held about 20th to 24th September. Some speakers have already promised to come.

A monthly Prayer Union meeting is conducted by Mr George King on the second Tuesday of each month at 94 West Regent Street, Glasgow, to which all friends are invited. Some of us were there on 13th February, and it was nice to meet with a number of friends, both old and new, local, and gathered into the city from many parts of Scotland and Ireland. J. G. G.

Scotland.

BROUGHTY FERRY.—For the past six weeks Pilgrims Livingstone and Bradley have conducted a mission in the Y.W.C.A. Hall here. The meetings were commenced on Sunday, 7th January, and the attendance on that evening was extremely large. The week-night meetings, however, were not so well attended, but on every occasion those who were present gave earnest heed, signifying that their being present was from a far higher motive than curiosity. Throughout the whole course of meetings the audience consisted largely of Christians, who appeared desirous of learning more about Jesus and His love, and how to follow Him more faithfully than they had done in the past.

The message of the two pilgrims in their addresses was very simple and very direct. It was the old story of the fulness of Christ, the sinner's only hope, and the only satisfaction of His people. Very earnestly were the unsaved persuaded to accept God's offer of salvation through Jesus Christ. Their appeal to the Christians was also very direct. They urged the necessity of completely yielding oneself to God—body, soul, and spirit—and accepting the full salvation and deliverance from sin which God was so anxious His people should enjoy.

Saturday night's meetings were on a few occasions preceded by an open-air, where Dundee, Midmill, and Tayport friends took part, and the subsequent inside meeting was generally thrown open for testimony, when many testified of the blessing they had

received through this visit of the pilgrims, or confessed their faith in Christ, and their experience of His keeping power.

The attendance of the unsaved throughout the meetings was not so good as might be expected, probably due to other meetings going on, and other reasons. Those who were present were undoubtedly moved through the Spirit's power, and although, perhaps, many left the meetings undecided, yet we are confident that a silent work has been going on among the unconverted, which must produce great results, even if "after many days." Among the Christians, those who were formerly lukewarm and useless have been stirred up to take a more decided stand for Christ, and not a few testified their desire to be wholly the Lord's. We are extremely grateful to God for the mission, and those of us who have received blessing ascribe to Him all the glory. We all desire that God will continue to bless and use our sisters wherever He leads them. Their work in other places will be watched with interest, and we hope they shall again find their way back to this town, where they will always have a hearty welcome. We trust the work they have begun here may continue, and His kingdom be greatly extended in this place. God grant that it may be so.

DONALD McLEAN.

Ireland.

GILFORD (Co. Down).—A mission was commenced in the Y.W.C.A. Hall on 31st December, by Pilgrim McNeill. This being the first time the Faith Mission has worked in Gilford, the meetings were small during the first week, but the attendance steadily increased during the second week, and has averaged about 250 on Sunday evenings and 160 on the week nights.

The Spirit of the Lord has been present with us in blessing the preaching of His own word, and almost every evening during the past five weeks some professed to take Jesus as their personal Saviour. Many Christians also were greatly blessed, and some have been led to see that smoking is one of the weights to be laid aside in the

We need not add more now; but we hope we shall have large gatherings and times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and trust that all our readers will remember the Convention in prayer.

NOTES regarding the autumn's work—training, missions, etc.—appeared in last month's issue. J. G. G.

Sweet Communion.

There, "Vale of Beulah"; *Songs of Triumph*, No. 69.

HERE'S a life of sweet communion
May be lived day by day,
Which the Saviour's grace has promised
Unto all who obey.

'Tis so simple and so easy,
And makes life so sublime;
He can save us to the utmost,
He can save all the time.

Sweet communion! sweet communion
With my Saviour have I;
For "His presence is salvation"
While the moments go by.

Such a life of glad communion
Makes our labour a treat;
Never can we grudge our service
While we live at His feet.
For His friendship sweetens toiling,
And, to serve at His call,
We can gladly make surrender
Unto Him of our all.

Close in fellowship with Jesus,
To my needs He'll attend;
He reveals to me His secrets,
And He calls me His friend.
And my heart burns warm within me
As He speaks by the way,
And His gracious love, constraining,
Makes me gladly obey. J. LVALL.

The Object He had.—

The end of the whole ministry of Christ is, in the power of the Holy Ghost's revelation of Him, to bring men to the Father and let them know it.

selves; being independent, they are not able to profit from the experience of others older in the work, as they would if there was some organisation; and then some of them have not been long enough converted themselves before going out, and, wanting in Christian experience, are very apt to be unbalanced and one-sided. While we can quite believe that a few of those who have gone out have been truly called of God, we fear that a number of others have been more called of man, or moved by their own impulses, and are really not fitted for the work. As some have been mistaken for pilgrims, we think it necessary to say that the Faith Mission is not responsible for this movement.

Our Joint Contribution

at Rothesay draws near.
Writing seven weeks before the time, we are not able yet to give full particulars. But we hope to have the full programme of the Convention ready by the end of this month or beginning of September, and it will be sent out to Prayer Unions. Other readers wishing it, or any requiring particulars of lodgings, etc., please write to Faith Mission, Rothesay, enclosing stamped envelope for reply. Accommodation can easily be had at Rothesay at that time of the year, and we can arrange such on getting full particulars as to rooms required.

The dates, as before mentioned, are from about 18th till 24th September.

The speakers may this year include several missionaries, and possibly we may have a special Missionary Day. We will likely also have a Faith Mission tea-meeting again on the Saturday, and possibly a half-night of prayer.

We have not applied for special fares this year. In connection with the Glasgow Exhibition there are Special Fares from all parts issued on Tuesdays and Thursdays, available for six days to Glasgow. The return fare thence to Rothesay is 2s. 6d. or 2s. 9d.

Bright Words (Rothesay, Scotland) p. 175. March 1901



MONTHLY RECORD.

THE FAITH MISSION was founded in 1886, for the promotion of spiritual life and godliness through the evangelising of the country districts of Scotland, and farther afield if God leads, on unsectarian lines. The evangelists, called "Pilgrims," generally work in pairs. They visit a place for several weeks, more or less, according to circumstances and the leadings of the Spirit of God seem to indicate advisable, visiting among the people and holding meetings for the unevangelised and for Christians, in which they welcome the co-operation of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. The Mission is maintained on the faith principle, by freewill offerings during missions and unsolicited contributions to Headquarters. The finances are divided into three distinct sections—(a) General Account; (b) Special Fund, for Training, etc.; (c) Foreign Fund, including Armenian Relief. Donors will oblige by stating clearly to which fund their contribution is to be assigned.

J. G. GOVAN, Hon. Director. — OFFICES: FAITH MISSION, ROTHESAY.

LOCATION OF PILGRIMS.

Districts.—Headquarters and West, J. B. McLEAN; Lothians and South-east, J. S. GILLESPIE; Fife, Forfar, and Perth, ANGUS McLEAN; Ireland—North-east, T. POTTIE; Donegal, Mrs. GARRATT, Publishing Department.—Edinburgh, H. E. GOVAN.
Summer Work.—Rothesay, &c., J. B. McLEAN, DONALD, MILLER; Oban, &c., LVALL, McCOLL; Fort William, &c., McPHAIL, McDIARMID; Port Stewart, HINDS, A. HARKNESS.

Place.	Pilgrims.	Opened.	Closed.	Place.	Pilgrims.	Opened.	Closed.
Scotland:—				FLORENCE	Kelly, Burns.	May 26.	July 14.
Roanoke (Tiree).	H. Livingston, McCall	May 17.	June 21.	DRUMMA- KILPATRICK	Finlayson, Pollock.	June 23.	July 22.
South-west Is.,	M. McVicar, R. Brown.	June 1.	June 18.	LACK, BATHURST.	Cameroon, Nashitt.	June 23.	July 22.
LONGHURSTON.	Barr, McFarlane.	June 1.	June 18.	TANKAMORE.	J. McLean, Robinson.	July 1.	June 30.
GARRINGTON.	M'Neill, Sherratt.	June 23.	July 21.	VOW.	Hinds, A. Harkness.	July 3.	July 20.
WALKINGTON.	M. Livingstone, Bradley.	June 23.	July 21.	MILLISIDE.	M'Kenzie.	July 14.	July 21.
STREICHEN.	Barr, McFarlane.	July 14.	July 25.	MOS- SIDER.	P. F. Wright, Plummer.	July 14.	July 21.
England:—				MASSOR.	Phillips, M. R. Wright.	July 14.	July 21.
FARNWORTH.	Macrae, McKay.	June 23.	July 22.	KILPATRICK.	Conce, W. H. H.	July 14.	July 21.
Ireland:—				NEWBY.	Conce.	July 14.	July 21.
DONLOV.	Coghlin, Buchanan.	May 14.	July 7.	CARROWMORE.	M'Kenzie.	July 14.	July 21.
LISLUNNAN.	Flannery, O'Leary.	May 19.	July 30.	HALLIDAY'S	Macrae, McKay.	July 14.	July 21.

Sisters' names are in *italics*.

General Notes and Notes.

LONG journeys, late hours, large conferences, some blessed Prayer Union meetings—thus I may describe, in a few words, my visit to Ireland this past month. We had conferences at BALLYVANA, PORTADOWN, and MILFORD, and visited LAYMORE, BELNALOCK, and RATHMULLEN Prayer Unions, also taking the closing Sunday night meeting of FLORENCE COURT mission. But, as there are other reports of the special meetings, I shall not enlarge.

WHEN in Ireland I came into closer contact with a movement that has been going on for the past year or two. A number of young people are going out on quite independent lines, holding missions in various parts both of Ireland and Scotland. While there may be much that is good in the devotion and earnestness of those who thus leave all, believing that the Lord has called them thus to follow Him, a number of features of this movement do not commend themselves to us. There is no one to judge of the fitness of these workers except them-

THE 'PILGRIMS' OR 'TRAMPS.'

PREACHING THE TERRORS OF HELL!

BELIEVE THAT GOD IS WITH THEM.

THE DRESS AND PECULIARITIES.

The Irwinites, or Pilgrims, or Faith Headers, or Tramps, as they are variously called, were to have left Enniskillen this week, after a stay of six weeks, but they are remaining somewhat longer. Mrs. Betty spoke of themselves as Pilgrims or Tramps on Monday night, but they are generally called Irwinites, after their leader, though, on the other hand, they say they have no leader. They think the churches have lapsed or back-slidden, and that they are called by God to rouse people to a sense of their danger from hell-fire. They hold things in common; they live morally; they, in common with most people, do not hoard gold, for most people have no gold to hoard; and they live honestly in sight of all men.

But, like most religious enthusiasts, they have their peculiarities. The use of the razor is eschewed; and those in the highest state of grace, like Mr. Irwin himself, did not use linen collars or shirts; but latterly the white collar has come into use again, but the razor is still avoided. Given to parades and making a joyful noise about the Judgment Day with what is called singing, and asking 'Where will you spend eternity?' they did a lot of it at Christmas time with a spirit of fervour, to the inconvenience of most people, and to some individuals in particular. They assembled, for instance, on the steps of Dr. Wilson's house, in Darling street, for choral purposes, at a time when Mrs. Wilson was in a most dangerous state, and the police had to remove them. It was expected that prosecutions would follow, but representations were made that these people rather liked being made martyrs of, so as to excite sympathy, and no summonses were issued. When Sergeant Dobson interfered in this case, one of the Pilgrims said it was better to be there than in a public-house. 'Bedad,' said the sergeant, 'there are none open, now; you couldn't get in.'

The Pilgrims are total abstinents both from intoxicating drink and tobacco. A Mr. Donaldson, of Derrygonnelly, who professes to be 'saved' since he joined the body, has also, as a matter of conscience, given up the sale of tobacco, in which he had had a turnover of £700 a year. He believes it to be a sin to smoke, or to sell the tobacco, and would, doubtless, feel amazed to learn that some of the best and hardest-working clergy of the day smoke, and that Spurgeon said he could thank God for a cigar. But probably the Pilgrims would say that these men, although clergy, are 'not saved,' and that Spurgeon could not have been 'a saint,' or he would not have smoked.

Indeed, they profess little respect for clergy. Although most of these people have come from the Methodist ranks, they are severe in private conversation and public statement upon 'ministers and preachers.' Hell is a word in frequent use with them. Everyone—almost everyone—is going to hell, according to their ideas.

A well-known local Tramp from the country, who describes his past life in the worst light, and owes his reform to Methodist agencies, has been severe upon the very church whence he derived the blessing. He told the Rev. Mr. Oliver, the junior Methodist minister of Enniskillen circuit, that he was 'an emissary of the Devil, and leading the people to hell.'

This religious visionary, however, does not confine his remarks to ministers of the gospel; his mind has become so depraved since his religious mind became unbinged, that he has actually stated in public meeting on the Diamond of Enniskillen that his own mother and brother are going to hell, and that his father went to hell—a vicious slander that would justify the horsewhip. Such shocking statements show that these people are in a state of mild religious lunacy, for

such wild theories are now accepted by his colleagues, not as a surprise, but as a matter of course; though to the outside world a man's mind must be truly depraved who would hold up his own mother, one of the most respectable ladies in the country, to the scorn of a motley crowd on the Diamond of Enniskillen. Indeed, such a person is not a man at all, for no MAN would be guilty of such disreputable conduct.

The probability, too, is that at the time such a revolting statement was made by a dishonouring son, that the same mother was nursing her grandchild for the parents, who had left it in her care, while the son was thus left at liberty to defame his parents. We used to be told that the Fifth Commandment—'Honour thy father and thy mother' was the first commandment with promise—that thy days be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,—but the new craze seems to have developed a taste for dishonouring parents.

Mr. Irwin, however, does not rebuke his 'brother.' He speaks of his own 'ungodly' parents, and with such examples some of the younger and weak-minded followers repeat tales of 'ungodly' families, and like the Pharisees of old, indicate that they are truly saved, and they only are right.

One young man, who does no harm, and perhaps may do some good by his simple common place harangues, with no teaching but full of personalities, startled some of his hearers lately by saying that when he had been in Enniskillen before preaching, praying, and conducting services, that he was not 'saved' then at all; but he thought he was, at the time! but now he knew he was not; but of course now he was really and truly 'saved.' How he knows the difference is the puzzle! He imagined it once; he may imagine it again. Most probably he was right all the time, for he was always a good young man.

These people feel disappointed at Enniskillen. It has not responded to their invocations. Agricultural labourers, rural peasants, and some women have joined their ranks, in the excitement of the moment, so that on last Sunday evening a body of 50 or 60 people, chiefly from the surrounding districts, marched through Enniskillen, singing (in a way) about the Judgment Day. Their

enthusiasm is manifest: only about 15 have joined in Enniskillen, and the chief of these have been seriously-minded for years, and excellent Christian workers, and in consequence their addresses and prayers are much above the low level of the ordinary ranters.

The Tramps are without doubt the greatest Pharisees ever heard locally. Mr. Irwin likens Enniskillen to Capernaum, which would not listen to the Saviour, and thinks a similar fate is in store for Enniskillen because it will not listen to him. For he said—

CHRIST IS IN ENNISKILLEN, AND I AM HIS MESSENGER.

This is the starting point. These people all believe implicitly, like all religious fanatics, that God has called them specially to preach. Some of us may think that the Almighty would have made a much better selection if He had really had a hand in the business, for some of the Pilgrims are mighty poor stuff, and not worth listening to, except one young man who sings beautifully and prays free of rant. They are so full of fervour about the souls of other people, and are so carried away with their own earnestness and vanity, and are so self-convinced that they are the messengers of the Most High God, that they have persuaded others to believe them. We have seen such things in every age and clime; and what we see to-day will be repeated a year hence, as long as human nature is the same. A minister in England proclaimed himself last year to be the Messiah, and got numbers to believe him. The mad 'Mullah's' friends believed in him; the Doukabhors have their religious craze; and to this day there are thousands of adherents of Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. These religious crazes have their day.

The chief topic of the 'Pilgrims or Tramps,' as Mrs. Betty speaks of her party, is speaking of the necessity of 'confession,' and the danger of going to hell. Almost every one, according to them, churches and people, are going to hell; and they cannot understand why, with such a terrible fate in store, Enniskillen folk will not listen to them and accept God's message from His ministers—namely, themselves, who do not affect 'fine linen' or clean-shaven faces. Enniskillen has its Bibles and places of worship, and its people can read, but the people are not right unless they be 'saved' after the manner of these people, and 'testify!'

Part of their programme is to 'confess,' that is, after the manner of the old Methodist love feast; to 'testify' for Christ—if we may introduce the Saviour's sacred name in this connection without being suspected of irreverence, for the sacred name is bandied about in the public street as if it were Jack or Tom, and while without intentional irreverence, yet with hurtful familiarity. The Methodist influence is seen at the 'confession,' for nearly all of the country folk commence after the Methodist manner with 'I praise God,' etc., and they give the day and date of the day on which they say they found salvation. Their earnestness is unquestionable: their sincerity is beyond doubt; but there is an immense amount of egotism and vanity; and some of the stories border on the ludicrous. One man—deprived of the sense of hearing—said he owed his state of grace to an apparition of an angel!—which lasted for a minute in broad day light. Mr. Irwin himself tells the story of a Scotchman, who says the Lord Jesus Himself spoke to him and said—'Jack, will you not trust in ME?' with emphasis on the last word; and others in their excited state say other things out of the common. The 'apparitions' of Lourdes and Knock, therefore, do not stand alone.

One young man from the Derrygonnelly direction says God is not so much with him lately because he is not shouting so much as he did after he was 'saved!' He used to shout 'Glory,' and 'Hallelujah,' and 'Praise the Lord;' he says God was very near to him then, but that since he became quiet he notices the coolness of the Almighty. So he will revert to the shouting again. This man does not recognize that this is purely a matter of mental excitement. He used to 'kaly' in the olden times, and people came to 'kaly' at his own house, but now his wife and children are all 'saved,' and they are all happy. So long as our friend does not want to annoy his neighbours he is at liberty to shout the live-long day, but this state of mind generally ends in the lunatic asylum, and as there are three cases in Omagh Asylum traceable to the religious excitement engendered by these Pilgrims, the cooler some of them keep their heads the better.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE 'PILGRIMS' OR 'TRAMPS.'

A HOT TIME FOR ENNISKILLEN.

THE 'DAMNATION ARMY.'

THEIR IDEAS OF PERSECUTION.

(Continued from our last.)

It is surprising what an effect this religious frenzy has upon young men and women of impressionable minds. So far as it keeps them morally right, and encourages them in the right path it may be commended—all religions do the same; but there are some very disagreeable features about it, and mainly its want of charity. Charity, or love, is as Professor Drummond wrote, 'the greatest thing in the world.' The spirit of this new mission, which boasts that it is the same as in our Lord's day—[when and where did women preach in those days?—] is an utter absence of Christian charity. Every one (almost everyone) is going to hell. The dignity, the loftiness, the beauty, the sympathy, the piety, the adaptability of the Christian religion does not seem to be understood by them as others understand it. They preach the terrors of hell, and heaven is the place of insurance against its burning flames. 'Ah,' said one Pharisee, one Sunday night on the Diamond, (you will insure your life in an insurance office, but you will not insure it in heaven against hell.)

Proceeding, he said—'The Town Council talk, and they preach politics, but they will not turn to God.' This was rather hard on some local preachers, who are members, but there would be no Town Council there nor any right for that man to speak in the streets of Enniskillen if other people were like him, for he would not even record his vote at an election. 'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's' is not understood by some folk. This speaker is, of course, another of God's messengers, he claims to be one, and the stiff-necked people of Enniskillen are such fools as not to recognise it and to hail him as a Divine teacher.

There is a hot simmering time ahead for Enniskillen folk on hell, anyway! This Mr. Irwin, who uses our streets, and blocks our thoroughfares with meetings, and pays no rates for their upkeep, leaving that to 'the ungodly,' says Enniskillen is (with only a few exceptions) going to hell headlong. He says that the Enniskillen merchant, going to Church on Sunday morning with his Bible under his arm, is going to hell. Speaking a few nights ago on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which some people interpret as a reality, he spoke of the rich people in Enniskillen, and said—'If you believe the rich people in this town are going to heaven I don't, for I think they are nearly all going to hell.' Mr. Tom Betty said the

people of Water-street are going to hell, which nearly tempted one resident to fight it out with Mr. Betty. Various speakers at the meetings say the townspeople are going to hell. They are all very cock-sure about it. No Pope ever claimed the power of loosing and binding in hell and heaven stronger than these Pilgrims or Tramps claim to know those who will go to the hot place. They do not know of such a passage evidently as 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' nor of God's great mercy or patience, nor of the repentance of the dying thief in his last moments; for they are always judging their neighbours severely, and scarcely ever in charity; their preaching is invariably of hell; and as to God's mercy and His infinite compassion it is so seldom dwelt on that it is not remembered. Every other sentence almost of Mr. Irwin's oration one night had hell mentioned in it.

Take a quotation or two—"If a man wants to rise more than another he has only to tell lies, to boss the rest, and the Devil will get him a shilling a week more. The aristocracy of heaven are the people who dress cheapest; and the finest linen and the silk handkerchief is the mark of the man who is going to hell: if you see a man with fine dress and fine gold he is going to hell. Like Dives, the people who are dressing in purple and fine linen are qualifying for hell. The man who gets rich in this world is very likely to burn in the next. So his hearers might content themselves to be common men. . . . The man who can enjoy the social party, and not the prayer meeting is going to hell. That is the sort of preaching is wanted to-day.'

'But,' Mr. Irwin went on to say, 'it did not pay to speak the truth. However, there is a day coming when the people here—[meaning those of Enniskillen]—will be exposed before the whole world. Everyone who lifts his voice or pen against Jesus Christ or against his messengers—and I am one of them—has to answer his God.'

This is very fine bombast! with what subtle audacity this Pharisee associates himself with the Most High, and proclaims himself His messenger, with the view of striking awe into the simple-minded souls who listen. And he clinched the idea with these words—'It is awful if a man dares to lift his finger against God,' and the inference was obvious.

Let us follow the discourse of this man. 'Jesus Christ is in Enniskillen. I am not the Saviour—[Oh, what an expression!—] but Jesus Christ is in town, just as sure as the devil is in the town, and I know he is here when he gets men to speak and act for him.' Then warning his hearers to be 'saved,' he said—'If you make a God of gold you are an idolater, and this town is pretty well filled with idolaters.'

So then, Enniskillen, is in a bad way; but bad as it is the pilgrims like to stay in it. Poultry comes to them from the country. Having described the 'rich man' who walks along Enniskillen street, passing you by, thinking of his gold and business, that man is in the devil's power, said Mr. Irwin; he belongs to the Damnation army.

Then Mr. Irwin asked his hearers to hold up their hands, those who belonged to the Salvation Army. Hands up, of course. Then those who belonged to the Damnation Army. (No hands up.) Why then, he said, are you not in the Salvation Army? Because you are in the Damnation Army!

If you see a man above his fellows he is there by trampling over his fellows: he is going to hell. Mr. Irwin went on to speak of a card-player who had played cards during his last hours and had gone straight to hell. There are men, said he, who close their eyes on earth who will open them in hell to-morrow morning; and he drew a pathetic picture of a dying person, and the relative closing his eyes, and that poor person would go to hell. The devil was in the North of Ireland and in Enniskillen, and they should escape this yawning hell. It was the few who would escape hell and the many would find it.

This is the sort of talk with which he is frightening the young women and the agricultural labourers and shop assistants. One young girl of 15 at a meeting rose to leave. 'I saw the devil in that girl's face, and the devil would not let her sit,' said Mr. William Irwin most improperly. Query, if there was a Devil at all in the case, was it not in the mind of an uncharitable fanatic who dared to utter such a slander against a girl who is a better christian than he is?

The Pilgrims know they are not liked, and for that reason they say they are 'persecuted.' One of their dogmas—for they have no doctrines—is that if you are 'really saved' you must be persecuted; and *ergo* if you are not persecuted you cannot be saved. They roll the word 'persecution' like a sweet morsel under their tongue. One lady frequently dwells upon it. She says that because they are partakers of the Divine nature (!!) 'that therefore they are marked out as the Lord was, and must suffer persecution as He suffered; and if they are not persecuted it is a sign that they are unfaithful. She referred to the sneer

of spectators at them or the withering smile of the bye-stander, and said—'There is a real joy in being despised.' When this 'wor-wuld' blames her she knows she is right: when the world says she is right she is inclined to think she is wrong. She welcomes opposition. They appear to dwell on the idea of a persecution that does not exist. No one persecutes them, as they are generally credited with being soft-headed—perhaps an unkind thing, but nevertheless this is the attitude of the public, and this is the kindest way of viewing their extravagances.

An example of the part that imagination plays in this matter of persecution was illustrated one night lately, when a recent accession made her *début* as a speaker. In the course of her 'testimony,' with the usual abundance of capital I's, she said she had had some persecution. Now this lady is one of the most respected ladies in Enniskillen; and so far from having endured one particle of persecution, she has been popular and esteemed. The lady is above telling a falsehood; but under the influence of this excitement she imagined that something said or done was calculated to be persecution. It must have been so, for she has thriven on it physically; and persecution would be the very last thing that would be conceived in her case. But her imagination took advantage of her reason, and she feels happy at thinking she has suffered something for the Lord's sake!! The real truth is, the whole truth is, that her conception is utter rot. She was not persecuted, and what really did occur is no discredit to any one, except, indeed, to herself by doing that which she was not warranted in doing. She may have made a mistake, and perhaps the less said about it the better, but if any one made a mistake it was the lady who imagines that she was persecuted.

This is how they bring themselves into co-operation with God. 'Jesus Christ was the great soul-saver, and *we are partakers* of His nature. We must be soul-savers and bring others into the Kingdom.' And then the speaker (a lady) said—'Oh, that God would help us to bring souls into His Kingdom!' and further in her address,—'I want God to raise me up for His glory.' She believes that the Almighty God is specially using her, under His power, as His messenger, for that purpose; though a more incoherent speaker, with a ceaseless flow of sentences running one into the other, and uttered with ecstatic excitement and without any pause, could scarcely be conceived. In brief, her addresses are rambling rhapsodies of disconnected jargon and full of religious conceit.

This lady says that over the land there is 'a complaint that no one is being converted, —no striking case: the world is not ringing with the shouts of victory, and something is wrong. But if we are right with God—[if we are Irwinites]—He will use us—[more of the self-conceit]—and if we yield ourselves afresh He will come and abide with us that He may be glorified in our lives.'

The Devil is to them a great personality. In their burning desire to abase themselves and humble themselves when they 'confess,' they tell of how the Devil tempted them to do 'This, led them to do That, drove them one way, would not let them go another. Their power of imagination is marvellous! In the same manner the Almighty God, who is generally spoken of as a God of Terror, not as a Heavenly FATHER, full of goodness and love—is made a personality. They speak of Him as being with them, revealing Himself unto them, showing what to do, filling their hearts, &c., all of which shows a remarkable power of imagination, or credulity; for if the Lord really DID all they say, His holy influence would be manifested in the language of His people and in their walk in life! The kernel of the christian religion is LOVE. The Pilgrims may possess it, but they do not show much of it in their talk about their neighbours. On the contrary the greatest want of charity is displayed, for almost everyone is going to hell, and they assume with the most sublime audacity to take upon themselves to say who is and who is not going to hell, as if the Almighty Creator of Heaven and Earth sent them confidential messages as to their fellow human creatures.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE 'PILGRIMS' OR 'TRAMPS.'

IMAGINE THEY ARE INSPIRED.

NO TRAINING TO PREACH.

THEY WEAKEN FAMILY TIES.

The Pilgrims imagine that each of them has the gift of preaching and teaching. They do not concede that you serve God where you are placed; you must leave your place and family and go out with them. And so it is, that they have a number of unlettered people, full of zeal but without prudence, trying to teach and preach, but without the gift, repeating the prosy sayings they have heard from others. They think God will give them the power to speak and teach, but for so far the Almighty has not done much in this direction. It is a question if one of them know how or when the Synoptic gospels were written, whether before or after the fall of Jerusalem; whether our Lord spoke Aramaic or Greek, or was bilingual; or whether the last of the Canonical Gospels was written by John the Apostle or John the elder, or the circumstances under which it was written; or whether they know anything at all of the Book they profess to expound. Most likely some of them think it came from Heaven, bound in Morocco. But as to an exposition of the Holy Scripture it is a rare occurrence; they do not confine themselves to a text, and discover all its meaning—they ramble over the whole gamut of the Testament, without proof for their wild statements.

Mr. Irwin and Mr. Betty, Belnaleck, are the leaders, if the phrase leaders be admitted. Perhaps it is a case of *primus inter pares*. Yet Mr. Betty wears a white linen collar, and a decent suit of clothes. The ladies affect severity of attire. How far that may go has scarcely yet been defined; but it has gone so far that feathers are discarded and a straw sailor hat is the regulation head covering.

The craze has carried women and men out of their usual senses, and while, as has been said, any movement that does good, that makes men and women live better, is to be commended, it is the excessive language, the empty platitudes, the self-conceit, bad taste, the baneful influence, the Pharisaic assumption of 'Stand aside, I am holier than thou,' which are the characteristics of Irwinism. Speaking one night to an audience, he told them they were sunk in sin. 'You are lepers,' he said. 'For you to touch me would be to defile me.'

This is the person who claims to be a follower of the friend of the Magdalen. Yet he thrives on the excitement and his burning zeal impresses itself on any who listen. He is not at all of the 'Beloved Apostle' type: he is rather of the fiery Peter nature, and

however amiable in private life, as a speaker is a rather repugnant type of Christian, with a hard and harsh voice; rugged, denunciatory, argumentative, Pharisaic, self-sacrificing, full of earnestness, consumed by the idea that he is God-sent, and that he has a great mission to fulfil. Mr. Irwin is absolutely adamant in his manner. No sweetness or graciousness. Nothing winning or attractive. And yet because of the zeal and power of his speech, and his threats of hell, he obtains adherents, and fathers and mothers will deplore the day their children were upset by this last phase of religious fanaticism. In fact, take away 'hell' from the addresses of these people and there is nothing left. They have no teaching power.

These people do not seem to have a sense of the ludicrous. A countryman came to do business with an Enniskillen gentleman, and conversing with the gentleman on the subject of the interview on a cold day, said he must pray to the Lord about it. Sinking on his knees before the fire, the man prayed to himself, but the gentleman could not help remarking that the hands were kept moving in front of the fire all the time.

A few Pilgrims went into an Enniskillen photographer's. The artist had occasion to go into the dark room, and on his return to the room was amazed to find the 'sisters' on their knees praying. In the days of our Lord some people prayed in the corners of the streets that they might be seen by men; now it is done in private houses as well as in the public meeting. The fervour of their religious ecstasy carries all before it.

One feature in connection with these people is one of the saddest. Their idea is that a 'saint' cannot remain in the 'world' but must go out to preach the—(i.e., their)—Gospel, and hunt for 'saints.' To this end they give up their situations. Mr. Irwin, himself, gave up a comfortable business. He had £300 a year when 20 years of age. A few others have given up a lucrative business connection. Some have sold their farms to join the craze, and most likely other farms will be in the local market from the same cause. No matter how uneducated—and some of them cannot write or speak correctly—they believe they are called on to preach, and 'they must go out.' For this reason they are prepared to suffer. And just as some Roman Catholic monks take vows of poverty, and others take vows of silence, and others shave their heads, so

these people go out in a spirit of self-sacrifice, and they do sacrifice home comforts, and enjoy the thought that they are denying themselves for Christ's sake. Knowing themselves to be uneducated and 'poor instruments,' they rely on God to teach them what to say, and they quote the Apostles, who were poor men, but 'these folk' are much below the level of Matthew, Luke, or John. They, at least, though Hebrews, could write their Greek, and good Greek. Many Pilgrims cannot even write plain English. And as for Paul, he was a scholar, an able debater, and 'miles ahead' of the ordinary 'Tramp.' The 'Tramps,' to show that they are thoroughly and entirely 'saved,' must forsake 'the world,' and go about from place to place, preaching, because the Lord did. They put themselves in His place, and consider that the state of things existing now justify them copying the Master's methods 1900 years ago. Why not copy His dress also? And walk from place to place? Bicycles, which are largely used by the 'Pilgrims,' were not used by the Master. Guns are put aside now and row-boats because the Master did not use them, and newspapers are not read because He did not read them, but neither did He use a bicycle. He rode on an ass, but the modern 'Pilgrim' bestrides a Humber or Rover; and instead of reading the Prophet in the original Hebrew, or the sermons of the Master in the original Greek manuscripts, reads them from a well-bound Bible, which is in every case very well read; though it is doubtful if the Sermon on the Mount—the great charter of Christianity—be much heeded.

One effect of the Pilgrims' mission is to weaken family ties. The love and duty which binds parent to child is disregarded. They teach that if the child be led by 'God'—[that is, by them]—he must leave his parents, and even in case of a funeral in the home, the 'saved' one must 'let the dead bury their dead' if they could do any thing for an immortal soul during that same time. Only too many instances have occurred of children leaving their homes and setting aside the duty they owe to their parents and to the home, denounce their own relatives as 'going to hell.'

We have already quoted one case of a prominent Pharisee of this cult outraging the memory of his own mother and of his own brother. They seem to feed on these revolting details, and to look for examples of what they call 'ungodliness' and sin. The case which occurred at Lack only a short time ago will be vivid to the minds of our readers, where a 'Tramp,' illustrating some point, said that a certain neighbour woman had gone to hell.

Her son demanded of the foul-mouthed fellow why he had done so.

'Jesus Christ told me to do so,' was the impudent reply.

The son very properly gave the Pilgrim a good thrashing; and when the slanderer appealed to the magistrates, they properly told the son that he had not given the fellow half enough.

In another case, a father heard that one of these mountebanks had referred to a grievous death in his own family, though no name had been mentioned, with the view of affording an example of the 'ungodliness' of parent and child. This Pharisee apparently was copying the methods of another brother who had defamed his parent. The father in this case accordingly wrote to the man, and the answer he received was an evasive one, that neither the person's name nor the place had been mentioned. Thereply that went back to the defamer contained this passage:—

I wish, therefore, to give you due warning that while I must try to forgive this daring piece of effrontery on your part—(altogether inconsistent with the Christian character)—and your wanton wounding of another's most tender feelings—that if you dare repeat it, an outraged father's feelings will visit on you such treatment as the case deserves. You are quite at liberty to preach, but not to malign, defame, or slander your neighbour. You may play the Pharisee, but not drag in the beloved and honoured dead.

One parent in Enniskillen noticed one of these people enticing his son to the meetings, and to the surprise of the enticer told his son that he wished him to avoid the meetings, that there were three Protestant churches in Enniskillen for him to go to, and that there were isms and divisions enough without seeking to establish another.

But, in truth, the young men who attend the meetings are few. Young and old women form the bulk of the meetings. However, there is danger wherever they are. One earnest young man had given expression to the hope that *all the churches* in Enniskillen would unite for a revival. But a loud-voiced lady showed that they would not touch the churches. 'The Lord will work in *His own church*' was the pointed reply.

When some of these goody-goody people think of 'giving up all' to 'win souls for Christ,' as they put it, they do not think of what a low value they place upon the service, or how ridiculous they make themselves. They mean well: but their position is preposterously absurd. They say the Lord calls them, when they yield to their own wishes. They say they 'forsake all' and go out for Him, after the manner of Peter, when they have little to forsake.

'Lord,' said Peter, 'we have left all and followed thee.' Now, what had Peter to leave but an old boat, that probably remained with his family, and a few nets. And he made a fuss about it as if the Master did not know. Some of these people do the same, with little to leave, but it is only fair to say, that there are a few who have given up, in their spirit of enthusiasm, comparative comfort to rough it.

Let us examine this matter in a sensible way. Some young man has been selling tea or hardware, or setting potatoes, and some young lady who has been selling yards of ribbon, think it would be well to go out to 'work for the Lord,' and in a spirit of self-sacrifice 'go out for Him.' And because they like the idea, they imagine the Lord has called them to His work. How very poorly the Lord is served at times with such feeble instruments! If the Lord had a hand in it He would chose a Luke or Paul or Peter or John. He never chose a woman to preach, in any case.

Then they imagine the Lord himself inspires them to speak, tell them to speak, tells them what to say, &c., when whatever we know of inspiration tells the direct contrary.

This young man or young woman spends four years of apprenticeship in learning properly how to weigh tea or sugar, and measure ribbon or pack up paper. Four years! And though four years be required

for that trifle they think that without any preparation, without the necessary foundation of an education, and careful preparation for at least as much time as is given to learning how to sell tea or linen, they are competent to teach the subject of all others which requires the very best information, and the most careful study.

A Presbyterian student requires seven years to prepare him for the pulpit; a Church of Ireland student requires six years; a Methodist probationer requires four years, and he does not require a degree, but a Pilgrim can obtain all the preparation he or she wants without any years of study at all. That subject which occupies the best thoughts of men and perplexes the minds of the ablest at times, these neophytes fancy they can master in a few minutes. Some uncharitable person might suggest that it was some malign influence which leads them to this absurd position? Or is it the crass folly of their leaders, who show such an example of not understanding the very truths they profess to teach.

No person can profess to *thoroughly* understand and teach the New Testament who does not understand the language in which it was written. Many do teach it, and teach it effectively, who do not understand Biblical Greek; but although good teachers or preachers they could not in truth profess to teach it 'thoroughly,' without a knowledge of Greek, and without a knowledge of Greek any Protestant minister or Roman Catholic priest is handicapped. Yet the Pilgrim will step in when angels fear to tread.

The Word of the Lord is plain, no doubt, but the Word of the Lord was not written in the English language: and with all 'its plainness' the ablest minds have not been able to arrive at the same conclusion about its words. Since that is so, how poorly are they equipped to understand the Word, who, unable to read it in the original, can scarcely read it correctly in the translated version.

These people will pay a man specially as an expert to plough land; or a girl to make butter; they will go to a tailor for clothes; and to a dressmaker for frocks; or a shoemaker for boots. They go to these as specialists, because they know much better about these respective articles than they can possibly know. Yet the Word of God that requires an infinitely higher education and talent to grapple with, they proclaim requires no proficiency to teach, and no years of close study, and they profess to master that which demands the greatest skill and erudition. The ploughman requires training, and the shoemaker an apprenticeship, but to understand and teach the Word of God requires neither! Oh, the supreme folly of it all!!

We must apply our common sense to this matter. If the Pilgrims were not so bump-tious, so self-assertive, about professing to understand the whole of the Lord's will, people would not heed them; but in their eyes Puncheon and Spurgeon were wrong; Rev. John McNeill; Rev. Hugh Price Hughes were wrong; George Clarke, Rev. Henry Montgomery, Rev. Crawford Johnson,—all these and other men were all wrong, and the Pilgrims only are right!

Is it not absurd on the face of it?—That these men and women of little education, and no training, having served no apprenticeship to the study of God's Word, while they do serve three or four years to a worldly calling—should be able to teach and expound what tasks the greatest minds of the century.

There they are so abnormally uncharitable; and so wrapped up in their idea of 'persecution' that they have brought themselves to believe that they are persecuted, and, therefore, that they are like the Blessed Lord Himself! How preposterously absurd! Nay more, these poor deluded well-meaning fanatics, believe they are partakers of the Lord's Divine nature!

There is no need for saying anything more; not of argument. All argument in their case is useless. They must be allowed their little craze, as one of the penalties we pay for freedom of thought and speech; but let them repeat their vilification of the living and the dead, and the law must be brought into play to put an end to whole-sale slanders.

THE TRAMP PILGRIMS.

DIP DUPES IN THE SEA

MR. COONEY AND THE CHURCHES.

MORE ATTACKS ON CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT NEWTOWNARDS.

THE POLICE HAVE TO INTERVENE.

We take the following account of some proceedings of the Tramp Pilgrims at Newtownards from *Newtownards Chronicle* of Saturday last. It appears the 'chosen few' had also a bad time in Ballinahinch:—

Tramp Preachers in Newtownards

Newtownards Innocents carried away.

Disorderly Scene on the Shore Road.

17 Baptised in Strangford Lough.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES.

Not since King Edward VII., the mightiest ruler in this world, visited Newtownards, was there seen such a vast concourse of people as that which was on the Shore Road on Sunday last, all going to hear and see a Mr. Edward Cooney, a tramp preacher, hailing from Enniskillen, who has visited this town, and has created not a little strife by his religio-maniacal doctrines. We have heard much of this fanatic, and have treated him with the silent contempt such a person deserves, but one cannot fail to take notice of the performance that took place on last Sabbath day.

Mr. Cooney believes in total immersion, and it was rumoured that many, throughout the week—both males and females—were baptised in the waters of Strangford Lough. We made inquiries and found this to be true, and that the process was carried out early in the morning, especially when the ladies were to be 'dipped.' We did not think that there were so many innocents in Newtownards as to be baptised by Mr. Cooney or anybody else, who has no ecclesiastical standing. His followers in Newtownards are not very many, but the large crowds that attend his meetings, attend more from curiosity than anything else. He is under the impression that he can do nothing wrong, and so innocents are deluded, bathed by Mr. Cooney or his 'apprentices,' and then become his disciples, some of whom have, we are told been laid up with severe illness after their folly.

From the commencement, Mr. Cooney's tactics have been outlandish in the extreme. Claiming to be a Divinely appointed apostle, he expects the community at large to honour that claim, on no other ground than that of his own naked assertion. His general deportment is equally arrogant. It is no doubt true that he and his assistant preachers have donned the plainest tweeds, discarding, in some instances, the collar and tie, and in every case cuffs. But everyone knows that peculiarity in dress, even if that dress were a sackcloth, does not necessarily betoken a regeneration of the inner life. One man may be quite as proud of his assumed humility of habit as another would be of the

costliest broadcloth, topped by the 'much condemned,' as Mr. Cooney would say 'two-storied.'

Spite, therefore, of tweed outfit, there is much to indicate that Mr. Cooney's opinion of himself is greatly over-estimated. As is usual with men of his mental calibre, the 'I' and the 'me' of a very important self, bulk in the most extraordinary degree.

In the unwarrantable attacks upon church organisations in general, and upon ministers of the gospel in particular, he makes a hobby of our Lord's forbidding the Apostles to provide either gold or silver or brass in their purses. The passage that contains the prohibition is, he contends the permanent commission for all preachers. But that view of the matter is obviously an inexcusable misrepresentation of the Saviour's words. For apart altogether from the fact that totally different instructions were subsequently issued, the most cursory glance at the chapter in which this commission appears, is sufficient to show that it was never intended to be other than a temporary one, else every preacher, Mr. Cooney included, is doing wrong in bringing the Gospel message to Gentiles.

Another instance of his perversion of the general teaching of the Word of God presents itself in connection with the views he inculcates respecting the young ruler of whom we read in the Gospels. Christ saw that that young man was trusting in his riches, and that he must therefore part with them before he could follow Him. That, however, is a totally different thing from the idea that under ordinary circumstances every man whom God has blessed with an abundant store of this world's goods must sell all that he has in order to obtain eternal life. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This is emphatic enough, but according to Mr. Cooney it ought to read, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son that whosoever 'selleth all that he hath' should not perish but have everlasting life.' Such a message might satisfy Mr. Cooney, but for ourselves we certainly prefer that upon which so many of our fellow-men all down the ages have been led to rest their souls for eternity.

But we are going away from our subject somewhat. Let us come back to Sunday last. One would have thought on looking at the Shore Road that the Newtownards Flower Show was being held and that new quarters had been taken up, or that Ballyhaft races were in full swing, all proceeding thereto on foot. But no, all were going to see and hear Cooney, and as the day was fine and very hot, it enticed the vast number that were full of curiosity, to visit the shore.

The 'dipping' was to take place at the White Pillar, about one mile and a half from Newtownards. Sure enough Mr. Cooney and his disciples left Mr. Kelly's hall in Francis Street, about 3-15 o'clock p. m., and proceeded in procession, sisters first and brothers last. No doubt the procession was a large one, being greatly augmented by strangers. The processionists wended their way to the White Pillar singing hymns, while under some of their arms, parcels were carried, which contained their bathing apparel. A large crowd followed them.

Arriving at the White Pillar a ring was formed, and proceedings began, with the singing of a hymn, after which Mr. Cooney began and told little stories in a disconnected way, although at times he had a good flow of language. He continued in his usual strain, stating that although Newtownards was almost against him, but they knew that when Jesus came upon this earth that He was despised. He advised them to pull down their barns, sell all they had, and insinuated that they should follow him. He also said that a woman was a fraud who married twice, which created laughter, but he was glad to say he had been married to Jesus Christ twenty years ago, and had not been divorced yet. Having continued for some time, he called upon some around him

to give their testimony, which calling was obeyed. More songs of victory were then sung.

By this time the tide was well in, and a large number left him and proceeded to an oblong tent that was erected on the grass not far from the water, in which they were to undress. Excitement now ran high, and eager faces scanned the opening of the tent. Cooney in the meantime still conducted his meeting. From the bank to the water's edge the sea stones were covered by the more venturesome males. At last ten males emerged from the tent, and forced their way through the crowd, clad in their semmets, and an old pair of trousers, while one of them thought it was a good tip to go in his underclothes. As they marched down over the stones, they

EVOKED GREAT LAUGHTER

from the onlookers. Their leader waded up till nearly waist-deep, and stopped, facing the shore. After a few preliminaries, and some words of comfort from their leader, they were thrown on their back and completely immersed, one by one, while the onlookers derisively cheered and screamed with laughter as each one was 'ducked.'

One poor fellow had his mouth open, and as he disappeared, he swallowed more water than he bargained for. When he got up the water ran out of him as it would from a bung hole, in a barrel, causing great merriment amongst the vast audience. After this eight others got the same dose, and came back like their former chums, with dripping hair, resembling something half drowned. The fun was at its height when all had got into the tent to change their clothes. The

CROWD MADE A SORTIE

on the tent, and the pegs were pulled up, and a general uproar took place. One of the brethren, who could not follow Cooney so far as to believe when he got smote on one cheek to turn the other, struck one of the pressing crowd, and it looked after that as if the Cooneyites were going to be driven into the sea; but, owing to the large number of police that were present, under charge of Head-Constable Newman, nothing serious happened. The crowd obeyed the local officers of the law, and the 'raising' was quelled.

When the attack was made on the tent those inside could be heard above the din shouting hysterically at the top of their voices 'Hallelujah' and 'Praise the Lord for the persecution.' After matters had quieted down, Cooney mustered his clan and sang 'Though the fight may be tough, go on, go on to victory.' By this time the Cooneyites had emerged from the tent, looking cooler but cleaner men.

After this they formed in procession and proceeded up the road, followed by the police and a large crowd, and so ended Sunday's performance.

We do not object to those who think they should be immersed, but if people, after they have professed their faith in Christ, think they should be immersed, then certainly it should be done in a decent and proper manner. That of Sunday, we hold, was not decently carried out, and only brought disgrace on Newtownards people. If the Cooneyites continue in the way they are doing we anticipate they will be hunted out of Newtownards in a similar way as they were hunted out of Ballynabinch. If Mr. Cooney takes our advice he will abstain from indulging in personalities in any of his addresses, and throw overboard his questionable theological ideas.

TIT-BITS OF 'COONEYISM.'

THE PRIDE OF NEWTOWNARDS.

During the week the Rev. W. L. T. Whatham held services at which he denounced Mr. Cooney and his ways. The meetings were largely attended.

On Monday evening, after Mr. Whatham's meeting, Mr. S. C. Kelly (who lends his hall in Francis Street to Mr. Cooney), on account of what Mr. Whatham had said, attempted to hold a meeting near the church, with the result that he was 'booed' home, and some eggs were thrown.

Mr. Kelly at a meeting of Mr. Cooney's on Tuesday evening said the reason why he was 'booed home' was because it was thought he was against Cooney.

'Jeering, mocking, and scoffing, said Mr. Cooney on Tuesday, was the motto of Newtownards, and any man who wanted to follow Jesus must be prepared to meet that. Few tried the narrow way that led unto life; but many on the broad road that led to the pit. Jesus said, 'I am the Way,' but Jesus' way was not popular in Newtownards. The majority of the people of Newtownards was as full of pride as an egg was full of meat. When he came to Newtownards and saw the flounces, and the cuffs, and frock coats, he was glad to know he was in such a place in order to strike a blow at their pride. Mr. Kelly had been mobbed the night before. That was honourable; was it? Sam was in bad company because he was with him (the speaker). (Laughter.) But they were never to mind, as since the days of Jesus it seemed right to be in the majority and wrong to be with the few. Their sins were forgiven and they were on their way to Heaven. Looking around him, he said some of them were good advertisements for the devil. (Loud laughter.)

At the same meeting a large number gave their testimonies. A Mrs. Carroll said when she went to her pastor (mentioning the name), he ordered her out like a dog, because she associated with Mr. Cooney. Several little school boys gave their testimony, who, we would say, did not know the seriousness of what they were talking about.

'Come on to the hall,' said Mr. Cooney, at the conclusion of the meeting; 'you with your dirty faces, and you with your mufflers on.'

At a vast open-air meeting in Conway Square on Wednesday there was great 'booing' when Mr. Cooney and Mr. Kelly spoke. Mr. Cooney praised God that the Devil in Newtownards was roused against him.

He characterised the Rev. Mr. Whatham's remarks regarding him (the speaker) as 'horrible filthy lies,' so much that he would not repeat them. He also denounced the methods of the Episcopal Church, particularly in refusing to allow laymen to preach in the pulpit. In this connection he related that a certain Church-man was defending that position, and he (Cooney) asked him 'If the Lord Jesus Christ came down would you not allow Him to preach in the pulpit?' Well, said the clergyman 'I would allow him to read the lessons.' A partially intoxicated individual in the crowd told Mr. Cooney he was mistaken, when Mr. Cooney retorted that

SCENES AT AUGHNACLOY.

POLICE CALLED ON.

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE USED.

A contingent of the tramp pilgrims created an ugly scene in Aughnacloy on Monday night. Opposite Mr. Fair's hotel a Mr. Breen proceeded to address a few spectators—all of whom, apparently, were actuated by curiosity. Mr. Breen indulged in offensive and violent language, some of which was grossly personal—so much so that a local police sergeant told the writer that the language was calculated to lead to a breach of the peace. Mr. Breen consigned all who differed from him to warmer regions than all 'the faithful' hope to enjoy in the world to come. Srenously—and with much physical exertion—for he moved his arms so much that one would imagine he would soon become tired—Mr. Breen said he was 'a messenger from God' (?) Earnestly, and with a solemnity worthy of a tragedy in a comic opera, he informed his audience there would be a dreadful Judgment Day, when the saints will be on the one side and the sinners on the other. 'Where, he asked would the people of Aughnacloy be.'

Joe Sherry—Go to to the slums of Belfast, ye — and not be talking to the educated people in Aughnacloy. (Cheers.)

Mr. Breen continued repeating that he was like Jesus—he had not where to lay his head. The same ridicule had been, he said, cast on the Apostles, but he warned them that there was a day of reckoning. So repugnant did his language become that the interruptions from the crowd became frequent. Really, one would blush to hear the name of the Great Saviour of all used so frequently, and open to such ridicule. Eventually, Mr. Fair said he could not have the business of his place interrupted by the crowd, and, as he had listened for three quarters of an hour to the speaker, he asked him to kindly move to the opposite side of the street or a little to the one side.

Mr. Breen paid no attention to Mr. Fair and the police were then called on, Mr. Fair remarking that he had listened long enough to the address and that the street opposite his place should not be blocked up. He really had his business to attend to, and requested the police to remove the people if they would not go themselves.

Mr. Breen—(apparently shocked)—Business before God!

Mr. Fair—I have listened to you for three quarters of an hour.

Mr. Breen—Would you not listen to Jesus?

Mr. Fair—There is a proper place for that—not here.

Several Voices—There are places enough to worship in the town.

Joe Sherry—Go to the slums of Belfast.

Be — I'll put ye out of the town.

Voices—Get a barrel, Joe. (Cheers.)

Joe—And would too. What do they know? (Loud laughter and cheers.)

The police now approached the pilgrims, and Mr. Breen very reluctantly moved a few paces away. His companions, however, willingly complied with the request, and acted as any law-abiding citizens should when requested to not obstruct the thoroughfare. Several times Mr. Breen returned in the direction of Mr. Fair's, and at one time it looked as if something more serious than Mr. Breen's harangue would engage the attention of the crowd. Frequently the police had to interfere. There were cries to pelt the preachers with rotten oranges, but the good offices of friends prevailed and prevented violence. The writer was present and he is prepared to vouch that the language used by Mr. Breen was the most offensive and personal towards a respectable community which he has ever heard.

MORE ABOUT THE TRAMPS.

THE DRUMS AND MR. E. COONEY.

COMPARES HIMSELF TO OUR LORD.

WHAT HE FANCIES GOD SAID TO HIM.

The Tramps in Newtownards.

THE ORANGE DRUMMERS.

TRY TO DROWN THE VOICE.

Intervention of the Police.

'THE DEVIL WAS IN THE DRUMS.'

NO BALL DRESSES IN HELL.

WHAT HE IMAGINES

THE ALMIGHTY SAID TO HIM.

Mr. E. Cooney and the Police.

SAID HE WAS WILLING TO DIE.

HE DENOUNCED LADIES' DRESSES.

Mr. E. Cooney and the Methodists.

The *Newtownards Chronicle* has further particulars respecting to the Tramp Pilgrims in Newtownards, from which we take the following extract:—

After the *Chronicle* had circulated around Newtownards on Friday evening, large crowds gathered at the different corners convenient to Conway Square, waiting for Mr. Edward Cooney and his disciples. Excitement ran high when it was thought Mr. Cooney was on his way to The Square; but no, Mr. Cooney did not make an appearance that evening, much to the disappointment of the eager crowds. On Saturday evening, however, the 'Apostle' made his appearance, marching from Mr. Kelly's hall down Frances Street with his converts. A meeting was held in The Square, which was largely attended.

The usual routine of singing and giving testimonies was gone through. Everything went well until two Orange drummers and a fifer made their way down Mill Street and along the Square, belabouring the musical sheepskins, if they can be called such, for all they were worth. A large crowd of sympathisers followed them. Mr. Cooney's meeting was held close to the Town Hall, and the drummers evidently intended to drum the eccentric religious preacher down. The Rev. Thomas McIlwrath, B.A., noticing their movements, promptly went from his own house and remonstrated with the drummers. This drew a large crowd, and after much persuasion he got them to turn

and proceed down High-street. The action of Mr. McIlwrath was highly commendable, and nothing but words of praise could be heard on all sides for the prudent action of our young and respected townsman. But, after all, Mr. McIlwrath's words of wisdom were soon forgotten, and the drums found their way into Frances Street, and attempted to enter the Square at the east corner. District-Inspector S. Hanna and Head-Constable Newman got the men turned from this corner. Meanwhile, Mr. Cooney conducted his meeting. However, the drums entered The Square at the west corner, and, followed by a tremendous crowd, proceeded down The Square, completely 'drowning' Mr. Cooney's meeting. Some one protested against the drums, and a disorderly scene took place. The crowd swayed, and it looked as if Cooney's meeting was going to be swept out of The Square. Another

DISORDERLY SCENE

now took place at Messrs. Newell's corner, but nothing serious resulted. We estimate there were about three thousand people in The Square. By the

INTERVENTION OF THE POLICE

and some civilians the drummers left The Square. We may say in passing that we do not approve, by any means, of the action of the Orange drummers, whose antagonism to Mr. Cooney made them resort to such means, and we would venture to say they did not get the sanction of any official of the Order. The Orange Order is famed for its toleration, and we are sorry that these persons who were, no doubt, carried away by their enthusiasm, showed the spirit they did. In the meantime District-Inspector Hanna and Head-Constable Newman pushed their way through the crowd and spoke to Mr. Cooney and warned him, if he continued his meeting to a late hour, that it would probably lead to a breach of the peace, and if the bad feeling developed, they would be obliged to force him out of The Square. Cooney replied that he was

NOT BREAKING THE LAW

or causing any obstruction, and he did not see why he should be interfered with. He also stated he was doing his Master's will, and that he was willing to shed his blood for Him. Head-Constable Newman said they would be compelled to remove the cause, to which Mr. Cooney replied 'I am not the cause, the devil is the cause.' The Head-Constable wittingly replied 'I am sorry I cannot put my hand on him.' The original remark caused much laughter.

Cooney persisted in holding his meeting, and began his usual oration by a comparison of himself to our Saviour, stating that Jesus was wounded because he was not afraid of men. He (Jesus) did not go about asking this man or that man what he thought, but went straight through the world and pleased God, and because he did that, he displeased everybody else. The District-Inspector had told the speaker that it was dangerous for him to be in the Square that night, and he told him he was willing to shed his blood. His death would mean more than all the works he ever did. Stephen was put to death, and the warm blood of him did more

good than any eloquent sermon that was ever preached. Some of them had howled and booed at him; he had been called a liar, a hypocrite, blasphemer, a fanatic, and a false prophet. He wondered what the next thing would be. He must be an awful character, but they could not lay a charge against him, nor bring him to the court. The howling mob might put him to death, but he feared them not, and cared not a snap of his finger for them. The drums were out beating, but it was the devil that was in those who were beating them. What use would the beating of drums do to them in the last five minutes of their dying moments? He could say that the powers of the devil himself could not overthrow him. He had stood up for Jesus, and if he did not believe in Him he would not be there that night. Jesus preached without a salary, and poured out His life for all. He (Cooney) stood a conquerer in Newtownards, and they could do nothing to him.

'SELL ALL THEY HAD'

On Monday night another very large meeting was held in The Square, at which Cooney again advised his hearers to sell all they had.

'Sell all you have and give it to the poor,' says Cooney. If every person did this, what would Cooney and everybody else do?

It would be hard for all to find free lodgings and free food.

The 'swells,' or the well-dressed women and men, were denounced by Cooney, and especially the ladies, with their 'Tomfoolery,' as Cooney says, on their heads. 'Why' he continued, 'the worst woman in Paris dress in great finery.' How does Cooney know?

The Methodists for a long time have held open-air meetings in The Square every Sabbath evening, about 8-30 o'clock. Cooney also has held one, but earlier, and dispersed before the Methodists commenced, or, in other words, the Methodists patiently waited until Cooney's meeting was over. Last Sunday Cooney held a meeting, but instead of all going away to Mr. Kelley's hall at the usual time, a section remained in The Square and carried on Cooney's meeting. Is this a sample of the Christian spirit you preach, Mr. Cooney? The Methodists began their meeting, notwithstanding, and it was largely attended, only a small number remaining at Cooney's apprentices' meeting. The singing and preaching going on at the same time at both these meetings gave on a somewhat ridiculous impression of the whole affair.

'If I could get you a good situation you might join this sect,' said Cooney on Monday night, 'but perhaps it would be as much as your job is worth to be associated with Cooney. If you want to keep the smile of the 'goodie' people you should have nothing to do with the awful people that assemble in Sam Kelly's hall. Notwithstanding the big swells, the victory is with us, and you will have to acknowledge that there is some unseen power behind us.'

Referring to the disorderly scenes, he said, they could not draw his blood unless it was the Lord's will. The devils in Newtownards had not the courage to draw his blood, and he had not got cut yet. He had enjoyed the battle against the Devil in Newtownards more than Lord Roberts enjoyed the war against the Boers.

'If anyone of you want a line to get you "out" of a situation, come to Cooney, and he will give it to you,' so said the wise (?) preacher on Monday.

Cooney acknowledged that people were losing trade because they had anything to do with him. We hope it will not go so far as to necessitate them to pawn all they have to keep Cooney for a time.

'Why do people go to church?' says Cooney. 'Because they follow their mothers' tails, their fathers' tails, and their grandfather's tails.' Some took the front pews dressed in great style, making others green with envy.

'Clericalism has reeled under the blow I have given it,' shouted Cooney; 'Thank God, it may never return.'

'Think of the drunkard when he rises up in hell, with a terrible thirst on him, and no public-house to go to. Think on the lustful women in hell, who can not get their desires gratified. There are no "pubs" in hell, no ball-dresses in hell, no curling pins in hell, no card-playing in hell, no dancing in hell.' This is a sample of the beautiful (?) oratory of the new Apostle.

It was ten o'clock on Monday night when Cooney got his disciples to give their testimony. Cooney threatened them if they did not give their testimony, they were damning their souls.

The meeting began at about eight o'clock and lasted till twenty five minutes to eleven. Is this a respectable hour? Perhaps Cooney does not think so, as he informed those present at a period of the meeting that if they were shut out they were to go and sleep on the straw at Russell Court. For the information of our readers this court, we are told, is the head-quarters of the travelling Cooneyites.

Talking about baptism on Wednesday, he said since he had been sprinkled in the Episcopal Church he had been a child of the devil. Sprinkling was no good, 'You must be born again.'

'If there had been newspapers in the days of Jesus, He would have been reported, and would have had a hot time of it,' says the versatile Cooney.

'Three years ago,' said Cooney, 'the Lord said to me, "Go, Edward Cooney, without scrip, and go into all nations, baptising them in the name of the father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and teach them to observe, all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Then he gave me His promise, "Lo, I am with you until the end of the world," and he has kept it.'

On Wednesday afternoon four women converts were dipped in Strangford Lough, and on Thursday a number of male converts.

THE PILGRIM TRAMPS.

THE RITE OF BAPTISM.

IMMERSION OF 27 FOLLOWERS

IN THE BALLINAMALLARD RIVER

Ballinamallard has become the Jerusalem of Pilgrim Tramps, and the Ballycassidy river their Jordan. Last Sunday witnessed the baptism of about 27 Tramps, male and female, and the unusual scene was witnessed by a crowd of interested spectators.

It is right to mention that for the last few weeks a conference of the Tramp fraternity has been held at Crocknacrieve, which has been converted into a huge hotel by Mr. John West for his numerous guests: over 120 are said to be accommodated in the house alone. Hither flocked Tramps from Scotland, England, and Ireland, and so far as the outside world can judge, Mr. Edward Cooney (after whom they are generally called Cooneyites) seems to be the accepted high priest or leader, a post at one time held by Mr. Irwin. On last Saturday night the conclave separated into three parts, the English fraternity speaking on the Diamond of Enniskillen, advocating the denial of self and the effacement of self at the very time that the high class play, 'A Message from Mars' was advocating altruism or 'otherdom' on the stage of the Townhall. The Scotch band preached in Irvinestown, and the Irish band in Ballinamallard.

One result of the convention was the baptismal ceremony of Sunday. The place first chosen as the scene was the river under the bridge at Ballinamallard, but this place was abandoned for the mill race, and hither a large number of people flocked on Sunday evening, and while they were waiting, to the amusement of the onlookers an unexpected dipping took place, when a young man forcibly pressed a young boy head foremost into the water in imitation of the rite soon to follow. It was found, however, that the water at this place was not deep enough for total immersion, and a place lower down the stream was selected. Hither the whole party of Tramps proceeded and conducted devotional exercises, while all around were a number of spectators anxious to see the uncommon ceremony.

Mr. Edward Cooney delivered an address, in the course of which he spoke of his own experience, how he went out to preach the Gospel, and the commission given at the day of Pentecost. It is but just to say that on this occasion Mr. Cooney made no personal references to his family such as he is unwisely in the habit of indulging. He proceeded to say that when he became saved he felt constrained to confess Jesus as his Lord. He then referred to the passage, 'Repent, and be baptised and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost,' and pressed upon his hearers, first to repent and then be baptised after the manner of the Scriptures. Mr. Cooney had no hesitation in affirming his own authority to baptise, his own authority to preach and teach.

he said, 'By Jesus Christ to declare that you may have your sins remitted.'

Having spoken for some time on repentance and having quoted the passage 'Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,' he gave some of his personal experiences, and related how the death of his elder brother had impressed him seriously, that he resolved to give everything up to the Lord Jesus Christ, not to live in his own strength, but by that given by Him. He then asked them what brought many of them there? Curiosity? Yes, and he thanked God for that curiosity, as it enabled him to speak to them about the eternal Salvation. He then referred to John the Baptist baptising our Lord in the river Jordan, and said that in the same way our Lord's disciples must confess His name and be baptised in the same manner as all the baptisms in the scriptures had been carried out. They were to be baptised, not as the Archbishop of Canterbury said, nor by the manner prescribed by the Moderator of the General Assembly, or the President of the Methodist Conference; 'but,' said Mr. Cooney—'You must follow the example of Jesus of Nazareth, and

HE HAS COMMANDED ME

only to make disciples of all nations, but to teach them to be baptised in his Name.' He then warned scoffers and jesters not to make light of baptism. They should not scoff at what Jesus Christ himself passed through; it would make their hearts harder and deaden them to good influences. Perhaps some of them might think he was not good enough company for them, but so long as he followed Jesus Christ he was the best of good company for them, and he would thank them to show him from the Bible where they were not acting up to the Scriptural method of baptism. Mr. Cooney, at times, dipped into the usual Evangelical method of advising his hearers to repent and to be baptised. Baptism was not necessary for salvation, but just as a wife should live in obedience to her husband, so they should live in obedience to the example of the Lord Himself, and be baptised in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Mr. Cooney, in the course of his remarks, described himself as

'A TRAMP PREACHER,'

and quoted examples of baptism from the Scriptures by adult immersion, from the baptism by John the Baptist of our Lord down to the baptism of Lydia by Paul; and invited any one to show him a proof from the Bible of infant baptism. Having made an appeal to his hearers to repent in time before it was too late, the dipping ceremony commenced.

The party congregated near the bank of the river and sang a hymn, while those to be immersed undressed themselves in a barn at the mill. As the neophytes approached, the party divided itself into two lines in semi-military fashion, and a Mr. Robert Elliott, formerly of the Dairies, near Derrygonnelly, a strong man of powerful build, clad in woollen shirt and trousers, entered the water up to his waist, while the neophytes came one by one through the living lane made for them. First came five young men, and Mr. Elliott, repeating the name of the person to be immersed, said—'I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, of the Son, and Holy Ghost.' He then ducked the neophyte completely under the water, neatly, and without splashing; his great strength enabled him to restore the ducked person to an erect position again easily. Some girls then followed, and the shock of the water was so

great to the first girl that it was feared she would faint, but she composed herself sufficiently to go through the ceremony. Notwithstanding the exhortation not to scoff, some young men were provoked to laughter by the splashing of some of the girls in recovering the erect position, which caused the Scotch Pilgrim subsequently to warn these young men that they would have to answer

for it on the Day of Judgment. By this time another number of young men had caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and they also decided to be dipped, so that on the whole 27 people received the act of immersion.

The ceremony itself was over half an hour late in starting. Certainly, the manner of clothing of some of them, a coarse shirt and brown jersey, make them anything but clean looking; but it must be said that a few of them did wear the white collars and cuffs at one time discarded by the Tramp community.

It should be said for these Tramps that they have succeeded in influencing several people for good; some people who never professed religious views have forsaken their evil ways, and there are many people who would be willing to acknowledge the efforts of these Tramps, and, perhaps, assist them, if they would not be so continually finding fault with the ministers of churches and the churches generally. However, they are not so uncharitable as they used to be, and are continually being reminded of 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' a saying that they would do well to keep before their eyes.

Impartial Reporter
(Enniskillen, Ireland) p. 8.
29 September 1904



Note: Names of towns associated with important events during the early days are shown in red italics