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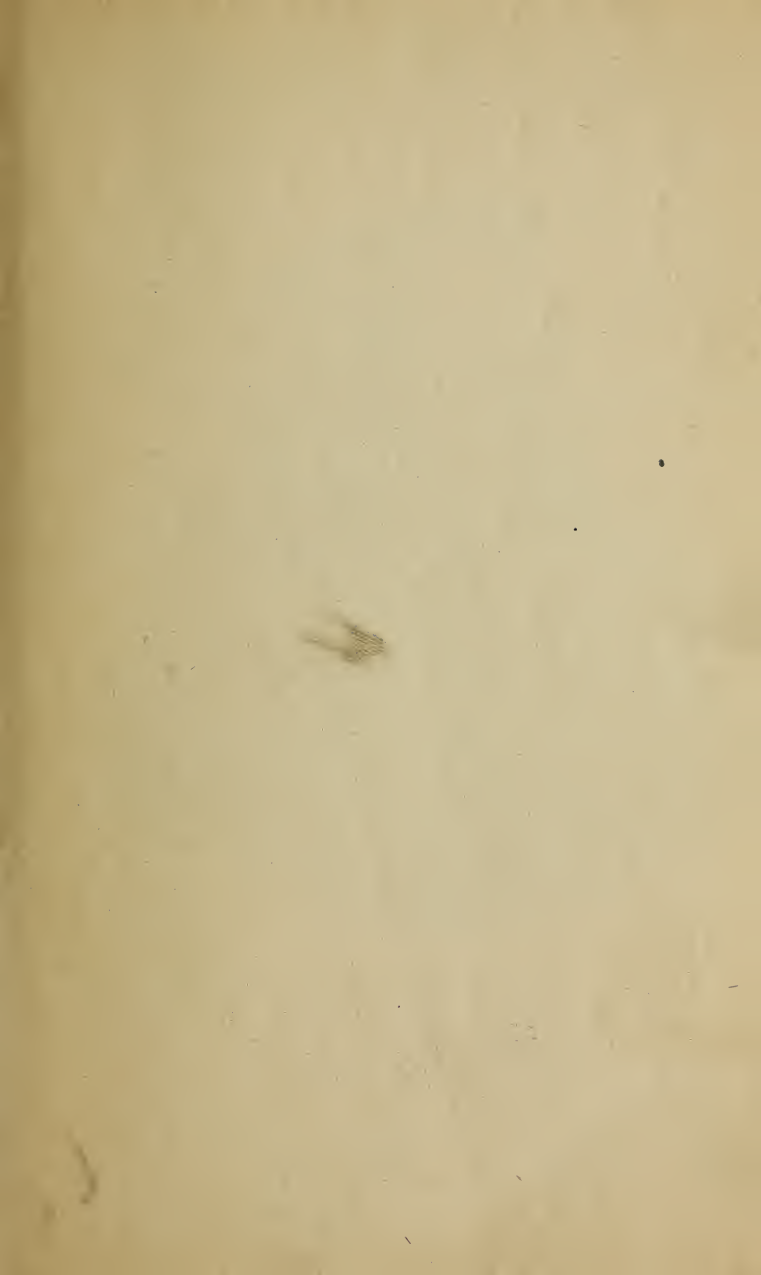




William Booth

GENERAL
OF THE
SALVATION
ARMY

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William Booth

William Booth,

THE GENERAL

OF THE

SALVATION ARMY.

BY

COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

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INTRODUCTION.



“Some men,” it has been said, “are born great, others achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them.” General Booth belongs to those who have, in the teeth of adverse circumstances, “achieved greatness.” He needs no introduction; he requires no apology. Others may have a greater reputation within the borders of their own nation. We know of none in modern days whose name, while still living, has become to such a degree a household word in every nation as a universal benefactor of mankind.

Indeed, no nation can justly claim him as its own. He is the universal property of all. Wherever the poor man toils to earn his daily bread, wherever the submerged masses of the world send forth their piteous wail of heart-ache on God’s air, wherever the sins and miseries of humanity have reached the utmost limits of endurance, the giant stride of this modern Apostle of Hope and Faith and Hard Work looms on the horizon, leaving footprints of help and happiness behind.

Barriers that have heretofore seemed impervious to the advance alike of Science, of Philosophy and Statesmanship—fortresses of Vice and Crime, of Poverty and Despair, against which the combined forces of Christendom have waged an almost hopeless war—have yielded before the assaults of the host of men and women warriors, who have sprung to their feet at the bidding of this Prophet of the Poor to take part in his glorious Crusade. Amid the Egyptian darkness of thralldom and poverty which envelops the Working Classes of the world, there has flashed the figure of a God-inspired deliverer—of one who has not been ashamed to proclaim from every housetop his profound allegiance to the Bleeding Lamb and his

supreme confidence in the Gospel remedy for sin—and yet of one who has not ignored but ably bound up some of the gaping wounds of society, pouring in the oil and wine alike of human help and of divine consolation.

Visit the Zulu kraal, the Red Indian tepee, or the Hindoo mud hut, and you will see hanging upon the smoke-grimed wall the picture of this Poor Man's Friend. In Japan, India, Java, Hawaii, the children learn to lisp his name. National antipathies are forgotten and the capitals of Europe vie with each other in doing honor to one whose mission is a war of love, of desperate effort to bridge the gulf between nation and nation, between rich and poor.

Born in a whirlwind, cradled in a storm, the Salvation Army stands forth to-day the marvellous creation of this modern Alexander's genius. Its Macedonian phalanx has turned—not to attack the forces of good, but those of evil, not to discourage a single effort for the welfare of mankind, but to make more possible their success—by flinging itself with locked shields and serried spears against the very ramparts of sin and woe. Its task is not complete. It is scarcely more than begun. But an ample demonstration has been made as to the glorious possibilities within the reach of fire and faith. A fighting force has been created, the outworks have been captured, the central citadels of misery and sin have been invested, retreat has been turned into advance, defence into vigorous assault, despair into hope, defeat into victory.

The record of such a life cannot be properly written, as this has been, within the compass of a few score pages, nor amid the ceaseless interruption of a heavy campaign. The time and care which I would fain have bestowed upon it have not been at my disposal. I have been compelled, therefore, to hurriedly throw together such material as was at the moment within my reach.

It was believed, however, that in view of our beloved leader's visit to the United States, the opportunity must

not in any case be lost for placing before the public some particulars of a life so fraught with interest to all lovers of their fellow man. I might have entrusted the task to other hands, possessed of more talent and able to command more leisure, but my love and devotion to the subject of this memoir claimed for myself the privilege of introducing to the American public one who, for seventeen years, has been my ideal of Christian Soldierhood, and who has opened for me, and tens of thousands more, spheres of usefulness and opportunity such as my boyhood day-dreams never reached.

In the preparation, moreover, of the "Life of Catherine Booth," I had become familiar with all the earliest details of his home life and of Army history; so that, in condensing and re-writing the bulk of the story, I could more freely make use of existing records.

I hoped, also, that possibly my constant personal contact with our venerated leader, and my intimate knowledge of his HOME life as well as his characteristics as a warrior,—of his passionate yearnings over the needy multitudes, and his personal devotion to his God, might help me to impart a little extra warmth to the story, and better interpret his heart and life to those who, by force of circumstances, are prevented from learning about it themselves, save through the medium of others.

It is scarcely necessary to add that General Booth would be the last man in the world to assume to himself any of the credit of the wonderful record of his half century of life work. It is only as a modern messenger and representative of his Master, and as a servant of humanity, that he desires to stand before the people. As such, we believe that the profound interest and warm sympathy, with which he was welcomed during his previous visit, will not only be equaled, but surpassed on the present occasion, that his efforts to uplift the masses will be eagerly seconded, and that the author of "Darkest England" will find among the slums and purlieux of "Darkest America" a fruitful field for fresh discoveries

in connection with his far-reaching remedy so signally adapted to the direst needs and serving to staunch the heart-wounds of tens of thousands all over the world.

F. de Sauteur Booth Tucker

New York, January 1898

General William Booth.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS OF GENERAL BOOTH.

“Grasp still firmer the standard! Unfold still wider the battle flag! Press still closer on the ranks of the enemy, and mark your pathway still more distinctly with glorious trophies of Emmanuel’s grace and with enduring monuments of Jesus’ power! The trumpet has given the signal for the conflict! Your General assures you of success and a glorious reward! Your crown is already held out! Then why delay? Why doubt? Onward, onward, ONWARD!”

Thus, at the age of twenty, in his earliest extant letter, wrote half prophetically, if unconsciously so, William Booth to one of his early friends. The entire letter flings its beacon light across the well nigh fifty years that have followed of service and of sacrifice. Penned without the least conception that those words would ever pass beyond the glance of the young companion in Christian toil to whom they were addressed, they furnish the clue to a grand and glorious career.

“Christ for me,” the letter continues. “Be that your motto! Be that your battle cry! Be that your war note! Be that your consolation! Be that your plea when asking mercy of God, your end when offering it to man, your hope when encircled by darkness, your triumph and victory when attacked and overcome by death! Christ for me! Tell it to men who are living and dying in sin! Tell it to Jesus that you have chosen Him to be your Saviour and your God. Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are determined to die for the truth!”

How the burning words ring out upon the breeze as one reads in another letter, written about the same time:

“Mercy! Have you heard the word? Have you felt its power? Mercy! Can you describe its hidden, unfathomable meaning? Mercy! Let the sound be borne on every breeze! Mercy! Shout it to the world around until there is not a sin-unpardoned, a pollution-spotted, a hell-marked spirit, unwashed, unsanctified! Until there is not a sign of curse in existence, not a sorrow unsoothed, not a tear unwiped away! Until the world is flooded with salvation, and all men are bathing in its life-giving streams!”

William Booth's father was an able and energetic business man, who, after achieving a position of affluence, met with reverses and died leaving his widow with the remnants of a broken fortune to struggle with adverse circumstances. The mother, pure and tender as a breath from Heaven, was the guardian angel of her surviving boy. Mother and son idolized each other, and when the father fell the boy leaped bravely into the gap, obtained a position in a store and helped to become a breadwinner for the family.

As a child William Booth was brought up in the Episcopalian Church, at a time when the subject of conversion was seldom mentioned. At the age of fifteen he began to attend the services held at a Wesleyan chapel. The clear and simple preaching of the Gospel produced a profound impression upon him. He was soundly converted, joined the church and became one of its most active members.

It was in the slummy purlieux of the city of Nottingham that he gained his first experiences of Salvation Army warfare. Mounted on a chair or ashbarrel, he would harangue the open-air crowds that soon loved to gather where the boy-preacher's eloquent voice was to be heard. Now a keen witicism would be flung at them, and as their faces broadened into a smile there would follow the deep home-thrust of earnest truth for which the other had been intended but to prepare the way. It was never

difficult to get the listening crowd to follow to the cottage meeting, where many an uncouth, ill-kempt sinner would kneel weeping at the table, pouring out their hearts to God in prayer.

With the early instinct of a leader, William Booth quickly gathered around him some of the brightest young men in the congregation. The cottages became too small to hold the crowds who pressed for admission. The young enthusiasts marched them singing through the thoroughfares and down the Goosegate to the chapel. But the tatterdermalion throng was eyed askance by the more respectable members, and William Booth and his miniature Army of Salvation, were confined to the backseats of the church. Still they fought on, allowing nothing to damp their youthful enthusiasm.

One of this desperate band of workers, William Sanson, burst a blood vessel in a prayer meeting. The leader determined to make the best of the occasion by arranging a funeral at which the example of the young hero, who had died at his post, should be made the means of salvation to others.

Almost every branch of subsequent Salvation Army warfare was unconsciously practised by William Booth during the five years of his membership at the Nottingham chapel. In spite of the fact that his business detained him till 8 o'clock at night, he would hurry from the store now to the open-air, now to a prayer meeting, now to the bedside of the sick and dying.

His Sundays would be spent in tramping to and from some distant village, where he had been appointed to preach. His homeward walk, often alone through the dark, muddy fields and lanes, would be enlivened by snatches of the prayer-meeting songs and choruses which had helped to bring sinners to the Cross; and late into the night the voice of the young preacher might be heard in mingled prayer and praise. "Don't sit up singing till 12 o'clock after a hard day's work. Such things are not required, either by God or man!" was one of the first

pieces of practical advice he received a few years later from her who was to be his life-partner in this work.

The genius and enterprise that flashed forth in those early days were quickly recognized by his church. At the early age of seventeen, William Booth was appointed to be a local preacher, and two years later his pastor urged him to enter the ministry. His health was delicate, and before accepting the call, medical advice was sought. The doctor who examined him pronounced him totally unfit for such a career, prophesying that it would land him in the grave within twelve months. It was this consideration alone that held him back during the next four years from entering the ministry. But his private activities continued unabated, every leisure moment being devoted to the same character of services, though their scene was transferred from Nottingham to London.

Here his preaching began to attract no little attention, and sometimes criticism. "Young man," said one of his hearers, "there is too much of the shroud in your preaching." Others objected that it was not sufficiently argumentative. But the more spiritual and enthusiastic quickly rallied around him, and again he was pressed to devote his whole life to the ministry.

Writing upon the subject to the same intimate friend and companion already referred to, he says:

"Afterwards I had some conversation with one of our local preachers respecting the subject, with regard to which my heart is still burning—I mean the full work. He advises me by all means to offer myself next March, and leave it in the hands of God and the Church. What say you? You are my friend, the chosen of my companions, the man after my own heart. What say you? I want to be a devoted, simple and sincere follower of the Bleeding Lamb. I do not desire the pastor's crust without having most distinctly received the Master's call. And yet my inmost spirit is panting for the delightful employment of telling from morn till eve, from eve to midnight, the glad tidings that mercy is free."

Hearing from his pastor that "preachers" were "not wanted" in London, or at least only those of the most "intellectual and cultured training," he even planned to tender his services as chaplain to some convict ship, with a view to working his way out to Australia, where, he had heard, it was easier to enter the ministry. "And then my mother's image flits across my mind," he adds touchingly.

But the calls continued to become more frequent and pressing, till on April 10, 1852, the twenty-third anniversary of his birthday, he finally severed his promising connection with business. A warm friend and admirer, who was instrumental in persuading him to take this step, insisted upon being responsible for his personal needs. "How much will you require?" asked the friend. "Twelve shillings (three dollars) a week will keep me in bread and cheese," was the characteristic reply. But the friend insisted that the amount should be not less than twenty shillings (five dollars)! And on this modest stipend William Booth commenced to lay the foundations of a work that was to make its influence felt to the utmost limits of the world.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL BOOTH AS AN EVANGELIST.

American influences were largely responsible for shaping the next few years of William Booth's life. Soon after his conversion the fiery American evangelist Caughey, visited Nottingham. His burning words fell like molten lead upon the heart of the young man, who, fifty years later, when visiting America, knelt beside the aged patriarch to receive his dying blessing, after himself reaching the zenith of his fame as a world-wide apostle of the poor. The crowded churches and thousands of seekers for pardon and purity who had rewarded Caughey's brief ministry in England, inspired the ambition of William Booth to witness similar outpourings of divine grace.

Bending all his energies in this direction he was soon rewarded by results which surpassed his most sanguine expectations. In church after church the revival flame burst forth. Crowded audiences faced the young preacher, no matter whither he might turn his steps. Such was the number of the penitents that flocked to the altar for prayer that it became necessary as a preliminary to each campaign to construct a fence, which would keep back the crowd and enable the seekers to be properly dealt with by experienced persons. The construction of these barriers before a single soul had sought salvation or a single sermon had been preached, would often cause wide-spread comment. Some doubted, others mocked, while even those who were most anxious for his success were afraid that his zeal had outstripped his discretion. But the result was invariably the same. Before the services had been in progress a week the largest churches were crowded, and hundreds of souls were seeking salvation. In not a few instances entire neighborhoods were revolutionized.

At first, under the auspices of the Wesleyan Reform Movement, then under those of the Methodist New Connexion, and finally as an independent evangelist, accepting calls from churches regardless of denominational differences, the next thirteen years of William Booth's ministry, from 1852 to 1865, were devoted to stirring revival campaigns of the most successful and striking character. It is quite possible that his entire life might have been consecrated to this class of effort but for two important considerations, which had continually forced themselves during this period upon his attention.

It had been only too apparent to his observant eye that the crowds who flocked to his ministry consisted almost entirely of churchgoers and professing Christians. The ninety per cent. of the working classes who were calculated at that time to attend no place of worship, whose cathedral was the saloon, whose sacrament a drunken bout, whose Bible the penny dreadful, would not listen to "the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." They had an inherent hatred against religion in its ordinary forms. They classed it all as canting hypocrisy. If the only way to Heaven lay across the threshold of a church, they did not scruple to declare that they would sooner go to Hell.

Again and again did the eye of the great evangelist range restlessly over his congregation to see if any of those classes were represented, and to mark whether the tidal wave of revival had reached those rock-bound limits. Again and again his heart sank with disappointment as he noted that the overwhelming majority of his hearers belonged to the regular churchgoing crowd. Again and again the conviction would force itself upon him that his mission was to the great no-man's-land of the godless, churchless, hopeless and often homeless masses.

Another difficulty which continually confronted him was the organizing of his converts into bands of ardent workers, who would go forth animated by the same spirit as himself to seek the salvation of others.

He could not but note how readily his converts sank into the ordinary routine of church life, and wonderful as had been the change, they were far from coming up to the high ideal of Christian warfare which he had set before himself.

But his intense realization of the value of organized effort prevented him for many years from contemplating the formation of an organization of his own. And even after he had actually commenced this undertaking so conscious was he of its difficulty, and so unwilling to create what might appear to be another sect, that it was his continual day dream that he might be allowed to tack on his movement to some great denominational body, as a boat is roped to a ship. More than once conferences were held with the leading members of various churches, more especially with the Episcopal and Congregational, with a view to forming some such union. And in the earliest days of the Salvation Army, bonds of sympathy were thus established, which instead of binding it to any one church, have served to link it to all with a unity which perhaps is hardly to be found between any other Christian organizations.

“Even if you are attacked, do not answer back, but go on with your work and justify your existence by your success,” was one of the earliest cardinal principles laid down by General Booth for the guidance of his officers. “However much you may differ from other Christians, do not attack either their methods or their creeds. To their own Master they stand or fall. Attend to your own business, and let them attend to theirs. Turn all your guns upon the enemies of Christ, not upon His friends.” Such were some of the first maxims of warfare that he laid down, and with which he sought to inspire his followers.

CHAPTER III.

CATHERINE BOOTH, THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Amongst the first and most appreciative of the London listeners to William Booth was a young lady whose gifts and graces had already marked her out as one of the leading spirits in her church. "That and better will do," was her terse and significant verdict on one of the first sermons she heard. "Better than the best that had ever gone before," became afterwards one of the root principles which was to contribute very largely to the success of the Salvation Army.

Catherine Mumford was born on the 17th January, 1829, in the town of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, England, but her parents removed when she was quite a child to London, and it was amid the roar and rattle of its crowded life that she received her training. Not that she played a part in its activities, for as an only daughter she was brought up in the almost puritanical seclusion of a home in which her pious mother but rarely permitted her the society of other children, lest their habits of disobedience and worldliness should exercise a prejudicial influence upon her soul. But such a mother was a companion, a benediction and a training in herself. Beneath the pure light of her example this delicate blossom unfolded its tender petals and thrust deep into the subsoil its roots.

Through the years of girlhood, which were marked by severe suffering, Catherine's mother and her much-loved books were almost her sole companions. She was early interested in the cause of temperance, and her first public writings were penned in its behalf, the manuscript being copied by some friend before being sent to the magazine

to which she was a contributor, in order that its girlish origin might not be betrayed.

At her father's table the advocates of temperance would often gather, and in their discussions Catherine would take an active part, speaking with an earnestness and power which foreshadowed her subsequent devotion to the cause and delighted every guest.

It was not till the age of sixteen that Catherine enjoyed the definite experience of salvation. Although conscious of having consecrated herself from her earliest childhood to the service of God, she had never definitely stepped out upon the promises and accepted the forgiveness of her sins. After passing through several weeks of deep spiritual agony, one early morning the light burst in upon her soul as her eyes fell upon the long familiar words of the hymn:

My God I am Thine,
 What a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!

"Scores of times I had read and sung these words," she writes, in recounting her experience, "but now they came home to my inmost soul with a force and illumination they had never before possessed. It was as impossible for me to doubt as it had before been for me to exercise faith. Previously not all the promises in the Bible could induce me to believe, but now all the devils in Hell could not persuade me to doubt. I no longer hoped that I was saved, I was certain of it. The assurance of my salvation seemed to flood and fill my soul. I jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress, ran into my mother's room and told her what had happened.

"For the next six months I was so happy that I felt as if I were walking on air. I used to tremble and even long to die lest I should backslide, or lose the consciousness of God's smile and favor."

So stern had been her sense of conscientiousness that up to this moment she had not allowed herself to be entered as a member of the church whose services she attended. But from this time forward her name was placed upon the roll and she became an active worker, with a Sabbath class of girls, most of whom were soundly converted through her efforts. It was in this sphere that she perfected herself in the plain and powerful personal dealing with individual consciences for which she subsequently became so famous.

It was at the home of a mutual friend that William Booth and Catherine Mumford made each other's acquaintance. The chief event of the evening proved to be the recitation of a popular American temperance poem entitled "The Grog-seller's Dream." The host had heard the young preacher repeat it on a previous occasion, and nothing would satisfy him until it had been recited again. An awkward pause followed, since most of the guests were non-abstainers. Miss Mumford was in her element, and led off in an animated debate, with the result that water was the principal beverage on that occasion.

The mutual respect and admiration that each felt for the other's talent and devotion soon ripened into love. The courtship extended over a period of three years. The letters which were penned to each other during this period were of such a practical as well as tender character that one or two extracts will not be out of place.

"The thought of walking through life perfectly united, together enjoying its sunshine and battling with its storms, by softest sympathy sharing every smile and every tear, and with thorough unanimity performing all its momentous duties, is to me exquisite happiness; the highest earthly bliss I desire. And who can estimate the glory to God and the benefit to man accruing from a life spent in such harmonious effort to do His will. Such unions, alas! are so rare, that we seldom see an exemplification of the divine idea of marriage.

“Satisfied that in our souls there flows a deep under-current of pure affection, we will seek grace to bear with the bubbles which may rise on the surface, or wisdom to burst them so as to increase the depth and accelerate the onward flow of the pure stream of love, till it reaches the river which proceeds out of the throne of God and of the Lamb and mingles in glorious harmony with the love of Heaven!”

In a letter to Miss Mumford William Booth describes the reception with which he had met in one of the places in which he had previously labored for some weeks with remarkable success:

“My reception has been exceedingly pleasing. Even the children laugh and dance and sing at my coming, and eyes sparkle and tongues falter in uttering my welcome. Yesterday I had very hard work. Enthusiasm ran very high. Feeling overpowering, and yet, not the crash we expected. My prospects for usefulness seem to be unbounded. But God knows best and where He wants me there He can send me. The people love me to distraction and are ready to tear me to pieces to have me at their homes. A large party was invited to meet me.”

Two days later he adds:

“Yesterday I preached to crowded congregations, and we had a crashing prayer meeting. Some splendid cases. I am more than attached to the people. They are thoroughgoing folks. Just my sort. I love them dearly, and shall stand by them and help them when I can.”

The same letters refer to the use he was making of outlines of sermons which Miss Mumford had been preparing for him.

“I have just taken hold of that sketch you sent me on ‘Be not deceived,’ and am about to make a full sermon on it. I like it much; it is admirable. I want you to write some short articles for our magazine. Begin one and

get it done by the time I come up. It will do you a world of good. I am sure you can do it. I will look over them and send them to the editor. I want a sermon on the flood, one on Jonah and one on the Judgment. Send me some bare thoughts; some clear, startling outlines. Nothing moves people like the terrific. They must have Hell-fire flashed before their eyes, or they will not move. Last night I preached a sermon on Christ weeping over sinners, and only one came forward, although several confessed to much holy feeling and influence. When I preached about the harvest and the wicked being turned away numbers came. We must have that kind of truth which will move sinners."

To these letters Miss Mumford replies as follows:

"Bless you! Bless you! Your note has like joy's seraphic fingers, touched the tenderest chords in my heart, and what I write is but like the trembling echoes of a distant harp. If you were here I would pour out the full strain into your bosom and press you to my heart. God is too good. I feel happier than I have done for months. You will think me extravagant. Well, bless God, He made me so. Yes, we shall, I believe it, be very happy. 'Do I remember?' Yes, I remember all! All that has bound us together. All the bright and happy as well as the clouded and sorrowful of our fellowship. Nothing relating to you can time or place erase from my memory. Your words your looks, your actions, even the most trivial and incidental, come up before me as fresh as life. If I meet a child called William I am more interested in him than any other. Bless you! Keep your spirits up, and hope much for the future. God lives and loves us, and we shall be one in Him, loving each other as Christ has loved us.

'Thus by communion our delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow.' "

The wedding was quietly and unostentatiously celebrated on the 16th June, 1855, and from that moment not an onward step was taken in which Catherine Booth was not fully associated with her husband.

It was not, however, till five years later, at Gateshead, that Mrs. Booth commenced the public ministry which was blessed to the salvation of so many souls, and which opened wide the door of opportunity for so many thousands of women warriors who were encouraged by her example to follow in her footsteps, earning for her the affectionate title of "the Mother of the Salvation Army."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

An old tent in a disused Quaker burial ground constituted the birth place of the Salvation Army. It was amid the worse than heathen pandemonium of blasphemy and ribaldry for which the East End of London is so notorious, close to the subsequent scenes of Jack the Ripper's ghastly performances, that the movement was born and cradled.

As in the days of old the Saviour of the world preferred to give birth to His designs of mercy amid the rough, manger-like surroundings of this East End Bethlehem rather than in the wealthy and refined West End Jerusalem that was close at hand. The groans of poverty and the tears of misery have ever been more attractive to the divine heart than the sweetest minstrelsy or most gorgeous pageantry of wealth. Jesus Christ left the matchless music and unalloyed pleasures of Heaven, not to exchange them for those of earth, but to seek and to save that which was lost, so lost that they could not fail to recognize the danger of their position, so miserable that they possessed no make-believe enjoyments to take the place of those He offered them.

Among the vagabonds and outcasts who swarm the purlieux of East London General Booth had found at length the very lowest level of the social strata, and had unconsciously driven his pickaxe into the granite block which was to form the basis of the Salvation Army New Jerusalem. In those subterranean caverns he discovered the "all manner of precious stones" with which the foundations were to be garnished, and amidst the tangled mass of ocean-covered weeds and rocks he explored the oyster beds that were to yield material for the "pearly gates."

From his boyhood days in Nottingham, when he stood

and cheered the Chartist orator Fergus O'Connor, he had always loved and sympathized with the poor. The sights of destitution and misery he then witnessed had burnt themselves in upon his soul. Since then, it is true, he had climbed for a time the ministerial ladder, but it had only been in the hopes of dragging the people up with him, and when he found that this was impracticable he descended, round after round, till at length his feet could fairly feel the ground, and the lowest, neediest masses of humanity swayed and surged around him. And now he realized that he was in his natural element.

The shrewd East Enders appreciated his keen sallies of wit, and respected his evident zeal and devotion. The utter absence of anything in the shape of cant or put on, the refreshing simplicity and total freedom from religious veneer, and the arm-linking equality with which they were treated, made them accept this apostle of the workingman, and that at a time when ninety per cent. of this very class had given up all pretence of religion and never darkened the doorway of a place of worship from year's end to year's end!

After nine weeks of meetings the tent was blown down, and then the meetings were carried on, first in a low dancing saloon, and then in an old wool warehouse, and later on in music halls and theatres. Both the open-air and indoor meetings were frequently upset by the rough audiences. The General thus graphically describes some of his early experiences in the dancing saloon and wool warehouse:

“The people danced in it until the small hours of the Sunday morning, and then the converts carried in the seats, which had, fortunately not been destroyed with the tent. It was a long, narrow room, holding about 600 people. The proprietor combined the two professions of dancing master and photographer, the latter being specially pushed on Sundays. In the front room, through which all the congregation had to pass from the open street, sat

the mistress coloring photographs, whilst someone at the door touted for business. The photography was done at the top of the house, and customers had to pass on their way up by a sort of parlor that was open to our hall. It was a regular thing for them to pause and listen to the message of salvation as they went upstairs on their Sabbath-breaking business.

"We had wonderful meetings in that room, and in connection with it I put in many a hard Sunday's work, regularly giving three, and sometimes four open-air addresses, leading three processions and conducting three indoor meetings. The bulk of the speaking in all of these services fell on me. But the power and happiness of the work carried me along, and in that room the foundation was really laid for all that has since come to pass.

"For week nights we secured an old wool warehouse in one of the lowest parts of Bethnal Green. Unfortunately the windows opened on to the street. When crowded, which was ordinarily the case, it became oppressively hot, especially in summer. If we opened the windows the boys threw stones and mud and fireworks through, and fired trains of gunpowder laid from the door inside. But our people got used to this, shouting 'Hallelujah!' when the crackers exploded and the powder flashed. Doubtless a good many were frightened away. Still, many a poor, dark soul found Jesus there, becoming a brave soldier of the Cross afterwards. It was an admirable training ground for the development of the Salvation Army spirit."

And now invitations from the provinces began to multiply in number, and to become more and more urgent in their character. Members of the trained band of workers when leaving London carried with them the same fiery spirit of enthusiasm, and commenced meetings similar to those in which they had taken part in London, corresponding regularly with Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and asking to be

recognized as being connected with the much-loved Christian Mission.

One of the first of these calls came from Edinburgh.

The prospect of such a union was hailed with satisfaction by the members of the Mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Booth resolved to go in person to conduct the "marriage ceremony." It was their first visit to Scotland, and it was with some degree of wonderment and trepidation that they looked to the result. They had been told that the Scotch were stiff, hard-headed and difficult to be moved, and would require a great deal of time and consideration before they would accept methods and teachings so different to those to which they had from their youth been accustomed. But the result of the first meetings soon dissipated the last doubt as to the advisability of the step, and this notwithstanding the unlikely character of the hall in which they were conducted.

Situated in one of the lowest slums, it was a dull, dingy, dirty looking loft, which had served at one time as a chapel, with a pulpit at the end, a gallery around three sides, and accommodating some five hundred people. Nevertheless, it was crowded at the first services, and the power of God was wonderfully manifested.

The sympathetic feeling of that first Scotch audience was remarkable. The spirit of conviction worked irresistibly in their hearts. The people fell in every part of the building. In the pews, in the gallery, round the pulpit, in the dingy little vestry with its break-neck approach, there were men and women sobbing and crying aloud for salvation.

But the anxiety of the General to create a solid and lasting work made him respond but sparingly to these appeals. The first thirteen years of the existence of the Salvation Army as the Christian Mission was largely directed to the raising up and training of a thoroughly qualified band of workers, and with a view to this the efforts of General Booth were concentrated on London

and its immediate vicinity. As for a world-wide sphere, the idea had not so much as formulated itself in his mind, although at an early date in the Army's history the current of events began to point in that direction.

CHAPTER V.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Picture to yourself a little office overlooking the main thoroughfare which intersects East London. Outside a seething mass of working-class humanity, with a decided preponderance of the pauper element, hurry along in opposite directions, diving into the myriad saloons, which seem to literally elbow one another for room along each side of the roadway. Not one among that crowd is conscious of the fact that within that little room is being enacted a scene which is destined to become historic.

At the table sit two secretaries, pen in hand, with paper spread before them, drafting the annual report of the work, while pacing the room, rapidly dictating sentence after sentence, is the tall, black-bearded, eagle-eyed leader of the movement, which was so soon destined to assume world wide proportions.

"The Christian Mission is a Volunteer Army," wrote the secretary. Pausing for a moment in his restless walk, as a flash of inspiration swept across his heart, and leaning over the secretary's shoulder, General Booth put his pen through the word "volunteer" and wrote above it the word "Salvation." "The Christian Mission is a Salvation Army," ran the corrected sentence, which pealed forth the clarion call of religious and moral reformation to the working men and women of the world.

To William Bramwell Booth and George Scott Railton, the only two who were privileged to be with the General at this, the formal christening of the Salvation Army, the new name appeared nothing short of a revelation. During the next few months the work was known successively as "The Christian Mission" or "The Salvation Army; then as "The Salvation Army" or "The Christian Mission," and

finally as "The Salvation Army" pure and simple. A few of the older members feared that the change boded no good, but their scruples quickly disappeared as they witnessed the far-reaching advances that now followed in quick succession. The old committee system was replaced by councils of war, regulations based on those drawn up for military and naval forces were soon afterwards issued, a flag, uniforms, titles and brass bands were subsequently embodied as part and parcel of the system.

The gradual development of the army idea may be illustrated by the introduction of the various titles.

The title of "Captain" was in the first instance intended to be nautical rather than military, and to catch the eye of the Whitby fishermen. Some time previously the conference had passed a resolution prohibiting the evangelists from using the title of "Reverend." But plain "Mr." was equally inconvenient, and unsuited for the masses. "Captain" was not only scriptural but popular, being commonly applied to the skippers of the coasting craft and to the leaders in mines and other inland occupations. Hence the use of the term soon spread, and quickly superseded the obnoxious "Mr." and "Mrs." and "Miss" which had hitherto been in use.

The subsequent addition of other military titles was a matter of necessity. It became essential to define the position of the assistant evangelist, and what more convenient term could be found than that of Lieutenant? Elders and class leaders were no more, but some substitute was necessary. Sergeants and sergeant-majors just met the difficulty. The rapid increase of the work made it advisable to group the stations into districts, under the charge of the most experienced evangelists. A distinguishing title became again a necessity. The clerical catalogue had been abandoned as unsuitable. Hence it appeared advisable once more to have recourse to military phraseology, and the Major and Colonel were accordingly introduced.

Mr. Booth had always been known as the General Superintendent of the Mission. What more natural than

that the latter portion of the title should be dropped, and that he should be announced by Captain Cadman as the General of the Hallelujah Army? It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Booth called himself General. The name was forced upon him by others in exactly the same way that Christians were first so called at Antioch. For many years he continued to be known as the Rev. William Booth, and it was only by degrees that he accustomed himself to the new title, though as far back as 1872, in writing to him, Mr. Railton was accustomed to address him as "My dear General," and signed himself as his "Lieutenant."

The adoption of military terms soon led to further important advances. The stations received the name of "Corps," and in 1878 the first flag was presented. The ceremonial soon became both popular and useful, attracting large crowds by its novelty. The colors were designed by the General and were intended to be emblematic of the great end in view. The blue border typified holiness, while the scarlet ground was a perpetual reminder of the central lesson of Christianity—salvation through the blood of Jesus. A yellow star in the centre betokened the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost. Equally striking was the motto, "Blood and Fire," inscribed across the star, signifying in a word the two great essential doctrines of the Mission—the blood of Jesus and the fire of the Holy Ghost.

It may be naturally asked, why could not the spirit of the military system have been borrowed and its outward paraphernalia left behind? For exactly the same reason that the commander-in-chief of our national forces would decline to dispense with them. It would be easy to find a thousand reasons whereby to defend the use of titles and uniforms in actual warfare. Let anyone attempt to organize a fighting force in which such usages should be abolished, and he would at once find himself confronted with a problem to which there could only be two solutions possible: either he must allow his followers to become

an undisciplined mob, each member of which did what was pleasing in his own eyes, or he must adopt some sort of terminology and visible emblems of authority such as could be understood by the rank and file. If he objected to the old system his only alternative would be to invent a new one.

Now this was exactly what had happened in the history of Christianity. Its rapid conquests in the early ages had made it necessary to organize its converts, and it had done so. True, the terms which it adopted were borrowed rather from the vocabulary of everyday life than from the military code. But for the latter there was then no pressing necessity. Bishops, ministers, deacons and elders were the plebeian but expressive epithets which it largely substituted for the priestly titles made use of in the Mosaic economy. Early Christianity was in a profound sense a revulsion of feeling from every form of secularism on the one hand and from elaborate ceremonialism on the other. But its leaders saw clearly that some sort of nomenclature was necessary. Some titles they invented for themselves—others were forced upon them. Their followers were called Christians; they were gathered into a church (*ekklesia*—the called out); those who were placed in necessary positions of authority were termed overseers, having the oversight of the souls of others, whose ministers, rather than masters they were to consider themselves—the name reminding them of the deed. Admirably chosen were these titles, and it is difficult to overestimate how greatly they facilitated the rapid spread of Christianity.

But when General Booth faced the same problem eighteen centuries had elapsed. The titles had lost their original meaning, and with it much of their first force and nearly all of their early attraction. The garb of a Galilean fisherman or the toga of an old Roman had no longer any fascination for the lower ranks of society whom Mr. Booth believed it was his special mission to evangelize. He had tried the terms commonly used by other religious societies of his day and had found them totally unsuited to express

either his aims or his ideas. He had evaded the question as long as possible, and postponed decision till the time for further postponement had evidently passed away. Indeed, he had himself shrunk from the course which Providence and recent events had forced upon him.

In the question of uniform Mrs. Booth took a special interest. Herself careful to an extreme to dress with neatness and modesty, some of her most powerful anathemas had been directed from time to time against the fashions of the day.

Even within the borders of the Mission the evil had crept, despite the most strenuous efforts to guard against it. Left to their own discretion some of the members of the Mission, and even some of the wives of the evangelists, had dressed in a manner which in some degree resembled the fashions of the world. Others, in their anxiety to avoid this evil, and naturally destitute of taste, had adopted costumes that were unsuitable and even ridiculous.

Mrs. Booth set herself to work to devise for the women something which would be at once plain, distinctive and attractive. Shutting herself up in a room with her daughter and surrounded by a heap of bonnets of various sorts and sizes, she endeavored to discover what would be adapted to both. Some suited one, some suited the other, but the now famous "Hallelujah bonnet" was at length hit upon and pronounced equally suitable to all. Others who were consulted on the subject confirmed this opinion, and thus was settled the character of "the helmet of salvation" which was to be worn by the women warriors of the Salvation Army.

Not that it was intended to force it or any other portion of the uniform upon the world, irrespective of the national customs which might elsewhere prevail. When the Salvation Army invaded the East the hallelujah bonnet was readily discarded for the graceful Oriental veil, but a color was adopted which distinguished its followers as effectually from all around them as did the European bonnet or the ash-marked forehead of the heathen devotee.

Nor was it intended that the uniform should be unalterable, as in the case of monks and nuns. Should it at any time cease to be in harmony with the popular dress the fullest liberty has been retained to make such alterations as shall keep the Army in touch with the masses. There is no idea of *finality* in the present choice. Nor has there been thought to be any virtue in disfigurement, the one object being to combine simplicity with the testimony of separation from the world.

In railway or street car it is a perpetual reminder to the careless and the ungodly, forcing them to think of the eternity to which they are hurrying and which they would fain banish from their minds. The very criticisms to which it may give rise often pave the way to close personal dealing upon spiritual themes, and it is seldom that the Salvationist allows his assailant to depart without receiving some home-thrusts which, lingering in the heart long after the interview has terminated, have not infrequently resulted in tears of penitence.

CHAPTER VI.

STORMY DAYS.

The Salvation Army had now fairly entered the public arena, and it was not long before it became "the observed of all observers." The newspapers, those modern Athenians who spend "their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," spied the infant prodigy, and their columns soon teemed with comments, which, could they be collected, would require the lifetime of a Methuselah to read through, and would represent as veritable a Babel of contradictions as were ever written upon any subject in so brief a space of time.

Somehow, everybody felt qualified to pass an opinion upon the Salvation Army, from the little whipper-snapper who shouted "There goes Jesus!" as the bonneted sisters passed down the street, to the almost deified editor who sent forth his oracular utterances day by day to his votaries all over the world, and received from them the coppery tributes of their adoration. If diatribes, tirades and philippics could have annihilated the Salvation Army it would surely have perished long ago. Its first appearance was the signal for a storm of abuse and ridicule which for violence and persistence has probably seldom been equaled in the world. Like David it might truly say, "The ploughers ploughed upon my back; they made long their furrows." "Strong bulls of Bashan" beset it around, gaping upon it "with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion."

Anybody and everybody felt they must have a fling. It was quite safe to do so. They knew they would not be hit back. Here were people who when struck on one cheek were actually willing to turn the other to the smiter also, and who when robbed by a brutal mob of their coat were

willing to offer to an unsympathizing bench the cloak of their liberty and rights as citizens. It was "sport" to crush the fly, because it was not a wasp, and could not sting! The "noble field" had caught sight of the religious stage and was soon in full chase. The journalist blew the horn, and great was the company of hunters and huntresses, and countless the packs of ready hounds that joined in the pursuit. Who was not there? Every shade of society had its representative.

Well was it that Providence had placed at its helm two hearts unflinching, two wills unwavering, who clung to their post with the desperate tenacity of a faith which increased as storm after storm was weathered. Thus, wave after wave that threatened to engulf the vessel but carried it more swiftly toward its destination, compelling the very "wrath of man to praise" its Divine Controller.

For the time being, however, all seemed with one consent to make common cause in levelling a lance at the obnoxious intruder upon the religious quietude of the world. Earls, countesses, justices, mayors, aldermen, professors, literati, scientists, sermonists, novelists, cartoonists, satirists, reporters, journalists, showered upon its devoted head anathemas sufficient to have relegated it summarily to a purgatorial limbo from which it should never have returned. Remarks cynical, whimsical, hypocritical, nonsensical, inquisitorial, dictatorial, dogmatical, and generally speaking, wiseacreical, were belched forth upon it like showers of bullets from a mitrailleuse.

Lilliputian nobodies from the land of pigmydom strutted out, stretching themselves to the very utmost limits of their insignificance and aiming their poisoned shafts of envy and calumny at those who had dared to overstep their mental and spiritual invisibility. Intellectual Goliaths, whose *ipse dixit* was wafted through the world on journalistic wings, stalked forth with ponderous shield and weighty spear, to throw down the gauntlet to this "Army of the living God" which had dared to raise the standard of revolt against the heathenish Philistinism of modern

Christianity. Those who knew least bragged loudest, and those who were the most shortsighted prophesied with the utmost confidence.

A coroneted religious luminary in England's sky discovered in the Salvation Army the magic number of the Beast of Revelation, though in what respects the one resembled the other any more than he did himself would be difficult indeed to discover. No canon of interpretation was given. None was asked. It was enough to brand the object with another's misdeeds, and gibbet it, not for what it had been or done, but for what it might some day become.

"Jesuitry," cried another self-constituted "defender of the faith" to those who did not even know what Jesuitry meant. But how could one judge who had never been to a meeting in her life, and who closed her door upon those who would have sought her out to explain what she might have misunderstood, or to learn from her the higher altitudes upon which she would have had them construct their morality? But this titled upholder of orthodox Protestantism, this daughter of freedom-boasting Switzerland, could incite maddened mobs and jealous priests and unfriendly governments to tear to pieces, to shoot, imprison, stab, stone, and shed the blood of those with whom she would not even pray! Had a Chinese mandarin or Mahommedan dervish done the same Great Britain would probably have declared war, and outraged Christendom have united to demand an apology.

Others of the critics were of a less rabid character. The Salvation Army they loftily pronounced to be a "rope of sand." It did not possess in their estimation the elements of durability. It would soon die a natural death. It had long ago attained the zenith of its success. And now it was on the wane. It was a notorious fact that it was not what it had been, nor could it ever be so again. But, alas for their prophetic spirits! The papery mausoleum which they had prepared with infinite trouble to receive its last remains continued empty. The swan-like requiems

were left unsung. The Salvation Army was a long time waning, and never reached the point at which it could be correctly said to be "quite dead."

But it would be vain to attempt to exhaust the endless stream of idle tales and groundless slanders which have more or less flowed on from that hour forward. "Take no notice of them! March straight on!" were the General's orders to his soldiers, when surrounded with a howling East End mob. And the same directions were not only given to, but acted on, by the rank and file in regard to the abuse and vituperation showered upon them from all quarters. "Answer them not a word," as Hezekiah said to his people upon the wall, when Rabshakeh sought to shake their fidelity.

It is not a little difficult to understand the philosophy of the criticism and other forms of opposition through which the Salvation Army has found it necessary to fight its way to its present position of acknowledged usefulness and success. Here was an organization that existed for the benefit of its fellow men. With the purest and most philanthropic motives were coupled the most disinterested and self-denying lives. It could not have been the mere peculiarity of the measures that provoked enmity. For others had been similarly assailed in bygone days who had relied upon no such methods for attracting attention. This may have been the excuse, but it was no more than an excuse, and a flimsy one at best. Had these methods not existed, or had they been widely different, some other ground for objection would doubtless have been invented.

Perhaps one reason for this, as we have heard the late Catherine Booth remark, is "the spirit of selfishness, which seems so inveterate in the human race."

Few are sufficiently noble to ask themselves, in facing the appearance of a new phenomenon, "What good will it do?" The first question is, "How will it affect ME?" The whole world is surveyed from this narrow standpoint. Its great problems are solved in the dim light of this taper! The horizon of modern society is bounded by the length and

breadth of individual petty interests. Selfishness pervades the atmosphere. The Salvation Army bursts in upon the scene. The saloonkeeper says, "What will become of my customers?" The debauchee says, "The victims of my lust will slip through my fingers!" The lover of ease says, "They will disturb my neighborhood." The man of business says, "What can I make out of them?" The journalist says, "Which will increase my circulation best: to praise or blame—to approve or to condemn?" And as in the estimation of each, rightly or wrongly, the answer comes back, so the sails are trimmed and the helm turned!

But whatever be the cause, it is a sorry spectacle, and calculated to make the hearts of the true followers of God bleed, to see the world fling its sword into the scale against those who would be its benefactors. Who can tell how often the "Woe to the vanquished!" of these Goths and Vandals of modern society has sealed the doom of some nascent effort to bless and cheer mankind, and how many a possible Rome it has consigned to the flames before its day! These Herods seek for the "Babe," it is true, as diligently as did the wise men of the East themselves, but it is too often to slay rather than to worship Him. Strange that, when the conflagration of sin and misery is at its height, those who profess to hold in their hands the hose should turn it, not upon the fire, but on the heads of those whose sole desire is to give their life's blood in contributing to quench the flames. But what we may not understand we can at least patiently endure, and in the stirring words of Catherine Booth, written to a friend in the early days of the movement:

"We go on through floods and storms and flames, God is with us, and out of this movement He is going to resuscitate the Acts of the Apostles. We see the pillar of cloud, and after it we must go. It may be that the rich and the genteel will draw off from us. They did so when the Master neared the vulgar Cross and the vulgar crowd. But we cannot help it. We are determined to cleave to

the Cross, yea, the Cross between two thieves, if that will save the people!"

How great a change has since come over public opinion and how extensively the Army has now come to be recognized as an agency for good in reaching and reforming the masses, may be evidenced by the following messages received during the past year (1897) from eminent personages.

On the occasion of our last American anniversary His Excellency the President of the United States, wrote as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,

"November 27 1897.

"Dear Sir and Madam,

"Your interesting letter of recent date addressed to President McKinley has received his attention, and in the President's behalf I am authorized to send you a few words of greeting and good cheer on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary to be held at Carnegie Music Hall in New York, on Tuesday next, the 30th instant.

"The report which your letter contains of the progress of your philanthropic work is one of which you have a right to be proud, and which will interest every patriotic citizen. The President, I can assure you, fully realizes the effective relief work now being done on such a large scale by those associated with you.

"It was gratifying to the President to receive you at the White House on your visit to Washington a short time ago, and from him you have already had words of sympathy and encouragement.

"Thanking you most cordially for your assurances of loyalty and affection, on the part of so many American

Salvationists for whom you speak, toward the President personally, and for the success of his administration of the great office which he holds,

“I have the honor to be, with respect,

“Very sincerely yours,

“J. ADDISON PORTER,

“Secretary to the President.”

At the annual gathering in the Crystal Palace, London, the following sympathetic telegram was received from Her Majesty Queen Victoria:

“Windsor Castle.

“To General Booth:

“The Queen wishes to express to all the members of the Salvation Army now assembled for their Triennial Congress her heartfelt thanks for their touching message of loyal congratulations and earnest good wishes. Her Majesty fully recognizes the great and varied works so courageously undertaken by the Army on behalf of so many of their unhappy fellow creatures in different parts of her empire.

“The Queen fervently trusts that Divine guidance and blessing may accompany all future efforts of the Army.

“July 20, 1897.”

Scarcely less interesting is an extract from a letter received by General Booth from the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, ex-Premier of England, in which, referring to a recent interview, he speaks of “the very remarkable and interesting circumstances which you were good enough to lay before me. Apart from the formation of such opinions,

I had useful lessons to learn from the reception of such a communication. It helps me to look out upon the wide world and reflect with reverence upon the singular diversity of the instruments which are in operation for recovering mankind, according to the sense of those who use them, from their condition of sin and misery; and encourages hearty good-will towards all that, under whatever name, is done with a genuine purpose to promote the work of God in the world. The harvest truly is plenteous; may He send further laborers into His harvest."

"Hawarden Castle, January 2, 1897."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HALLELUJAH LASSES

“The polis (police) could do nowt wi’ me! The magistrates could do nowt wi’ me! But yon little lass could do owt wi’ me that she likes!” The speaker was a tall, burly, iron-worker in the North of England. The tears in his eyes emphasized his words. He had been a drunkard and desperate character, but now, like the man out of whom a legion of devils had been cast, he was “clothed and in his right mind,” a wonder to all the town and country-side, and almost brokenhearted, because the meeting that was then being held was the farewell of the young girl who had been the means of leading him to Christ. Verily, it was “not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit” that so wonderful a change had been wrought. Hundreds in that same town could testify to a similar revolution in their lives.

And yet there was nothing very remarkable either in the appearance or the words of the one to whom under God they owed their salvation. There were none of the flashy gewgaws and not a vestige of the hollow claptrap that serve to constitute the attraction of the stage or circus. The dress was severely neat, Quakerish, Puritanical—not a feather, flower, or furbelow to be seen. The demeanor was in keeping with the attire—modest, unassuming, simplicity personified. The language was that of everyday life—plain, almost commonplace—and could not have been more destitute of the artificialities of rhetoric. And yet there was eloquence, but it was the eloquence of nature, which as much transcends the most polished flights of art as the note of the nightingale does the ding-dong of the belfry, or the roar of Niagara the salvo of saluting cannon.

There was no need to "gild" the already "refined gold," "to paint the lily, or add a perfume to the violet." And as in the limpid waters of a pool the starlit sky stoops, so to speak, and imprints itself upon the earth, thus the hearts of that vast audience were made to reflect the burning words that fell from the speaker's lips, till it seemed as if, to a man, their feelings might be summed up in the convert's expressive utterance, "Yon lass can do owt wi' me that she likes."

Sometimes the Salvation Army is blamed for ignoring the achievements of others. As a matter of fact neither time nor space has yet been found to relate our own. There is no need to fill our columns with ancient history, or to roam the world and ransack the churches in order to discover stirring examples of devotion and self sacrifice. We cannot pause to canonize the dead of centuries gone by while living host of saints and martyrs take their place and carry on their work. Thrilling incidents and biographies await the pen of the future historian. But for the present, unless they are chronicled in Heaven, they are scarcely chronicled at all.

There was Kate Shepherd, the heroine of the Rhondda Valley in Wales, the leader of one of the most powerful revivals the world has ever seen. Buildings were too small to contain the crowds who flocked to listen to the girl preacher. For hours together, in the open-air, under the shadow of the Welsh mountains, the people by thousands would hang upon her lips. And when with lifted face and closed eyes, standing in her cart pulpit, she burst into a torrent of prayer, it seemed as if a pin-fall would have jarred upon the breathless silence of the audience. Kate's power in prayer was unique. It was not so much what she said as the way she said it. "O Lord, You know they are *mis-er-a-ble!*" she would begin, and the heart of every sinner in the congregation seemed to echo back, almost audibly, "You know we are miserable!"

The prayer finished the clear, sweet voice would ring through the air in some popular refrain adapted to

spiritual words, which were heartily taken up by the crowd. And then followed a simple testimony to God's saving grace, and appeal upon appeal for every sinner to decide then and there the question of his soul's salvation. "Won't you come? You'll be sorry for it some day! Yes, you WILL!" And the large, dark, earnest eyes, brimful of tears, enforced the argument with a pathetic power, alas, too often lacking in the pulpit ministrations of to-day. No wonder that hundreds upon hundreds of the roughest class flocked like little children to the penitent-form and entered the Kingdom of Heaven through the labors of the girl of seventeen who had dropped suddenly down into their midst like an angel from the skies.

For ten years she continued her faithful and successful labors, neither daunted by opposition nor puffed up by flattery such as might have excited the vanity of many a more experienced laborer. Six offers of marriage during the first seven weeks, including two from ministers, did not cause her to falter or draw back from the path of duty; and when at length, prematurely worn out by the exhausting toil of her early years, she married and retired from public life, she manifested in private the Christian graces which had made her ministry so successful.

It would be easy to multiply instances of a similar character. Indeed, where so many have excelled, it seems invidious to select individual names for special mention. It is only as types of the rest that we have ventured to single out a few of the most prominent. For these ministering women were not mere facsimiles of each other. Some were quiet and reserved, others loud and demonstrative. Some struggled on amid tears and fears, others enjoyed boisterously high spirits. But in courage, faith, love, and zeal it would be difficult to say which excelled.

The very opposite of the Kate Shepherd class was the notorious "Happy Eliza," an excellent specimen of the ready-for-anything spirit which has from the first characterized the Salvation Army. When stationed with Mrs. Reynolds at Nottingham, the usual advertisements having

failed to draw the crowd, she marched through the town with streamers floating from her hair and jacket and a placard across her back, "I am Happy Eliza!"

The respectables were more than ever scandalized, but the denizens of the saloons and slums forsook their ale pots and street brawls to have a look at the wide-mouthed, loud-voiced, fearless preacheress who had rushed like a whirlwind through their haunts, and who evidently understood so well their language and their habits.

When a herd of wild elephants have been captured in the East it is customary to send some tamed ones into their midst to fraternize with them and induce them to submit to their new and strange surroundings. Acting upon this principle the Salvation Army preferred to select for their agents those who had been born and bred in the dark depths of civilization's jungledom. Happy Eliza was one of these. Fear was not to be found in her vocabulary. She knew and cared as little about the rules and regulations of conventionality as did the human outlaws of society who were the objects of her attention. The game she was pursuing fought shy of the ways and words of civilized society. The religious trap set to catch them was no doubt very excellent, but unfortunately they had grown wary and would not walk inside. But this woman Nimrod, this "mighty hunter before the Lord," instead of waiting for the prey to come to her, had followed it to its most remote hiding place. And not in vain. The hall was soon filled. Scores of the most desperate characters were saved, and Happy Eliza was soon marching backward down the streets, waving her fiddle stick and leading on a procession of converted ruffians, singing to the air of "Marching Through Georgia:"

"Shout aloud salvation, boys! We'll have another song!
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;
Sing it as our fathers sang it many a million strong.

As they went marching to Glory!"

It was not long before Happy Eliza's name became a household word throughout England. To the roughs she was the very type and embodiment of the Salvation Army spirit. Not a bonneted soldier could pass through the streets without having the name shouted after her. Music hall ballads, by being dedicated to her, ensured their popularity. Dolls and toys received her name, while candies imprinted with the magic title, commanded a ready sale among the little street urchins, with whom "a 'aporth o' 'appy Lizas" possessed an irresistible attraction.

And when a little later she was transferred to Marylebone, where an old theatre was to be opened, the same spirit of daring don't-careism secured the same glorious results. There were neither soldiers nor bands to advertise her. But she was equal to the occasion. A four-wheeler was hired, with brass instruments inside and a drum on the box. Happy Eliza took up her position on the luggage-railed roof, and drove through the streets, alternately playing her fiddle and distributing thousands of hand-bills which announced the coming meetings. The story of the work that followed would fill an interesting volume of its own. How could such desperate go-aheadism fail to secure the results at which it aimed?

Happy Eliza is still living. After years of faithful service she married a fellow officer whose health broke down. Ordered abroad to a warmer climate both are now laboring in connection with a missionary society for the salvation of the heathen. Eliza visited the Old Country not long since, and called upon her comrades. Times were not quite so lively she admitted, as when she had "stormed the forts of darkness" in "heathen England." But who can tell the value of the training that these mothers in Israel will give to generations yet to rise up and follow in their footsteps?

Another character of the indomitable sort was Chinese Smith. Clogged and trampled upon by a rough Lancashire mob, her bonnet torn from her head and her shoes from

her feet, she marched in her stockings through the streets, her hair streaming down her back, took her place on the platform and went on with the service as if nothing had happened. Of course the hall was packed to suffocation and before the meeting closed souls were seeking salvation.

The beat of the much-abused Army drum, almost the first time its now familiar echoes were ever heard in the streets, drew from the bar-room of a provincial town a bevy of wild young girls, bent upon a mischievous frolic at the expense of the processionists. It was a miserable drizzling evening, but the Captain halted for the usual open-air meeting, and was soon surrounded by a fine crowd—the élite of the adjacent slummeries; people who took little notice of the weather, and who felt more at home with the slush under foot and the rain pattering down from above than, I was going to say, in the finest cathedral in the land. But the comparison would be a mockery. There were few in that crowd who ever crossed the threshold of a church. How could they go? They carried their scanty wardrobes on their backs, and whenever the long-deferred washingday came round it was spent in bed, or rather in an apology for such, while the clothes were drying. What verger would have admitted, what congregation would have tolerated, the presence of such a tatterdermalion throng?

But here they were on their own ground and in their own element. There was no one to criticize them. Indeed, it was their turn to be the critics, and criticize they freely did, with a caustic humor that was certainly less tedious than the insipid commonplaces of an after-sermon supper-table. The Captain's voice was hoarse. No wonder. Seven open-air and ten indoor meetings a week would be calculated to try the strongest lungs and throat. But the hoarseness of the Captain's voice preached a better sermon than any of the speaker's words to at least one heart in that rough audience. For, strange as it may seem to some, in the lowest depths of slumdom hearts are to be

found as tender and as beautiful as ever beat within the breast of womanhood.

It has been said that the crime, vice and misery that stamp the poor are less conscience-searing than the pride, luxury and formality of the upper classes. Perhaps it is because the former carry their own condemnation, while the latter hide their sin beneath the veneer of appearances. Whether this be so or not, the Captain would have surely felt rewarded had she known that among that rude, rough, jeering crowd, apparently so hardened in their sins, so indifferent to the claims of God, so careless of their own highest interests, the arrow shot at a venture had struck between the joints of the harness one who was to be so signally used in the saving of souls. It was the leader of the gang of girls who had rushed out of the saloon.

What could be more unlikely than that "Nick," of all others, should be converted, join the Salvation Army, and become one of its most successful officers? She had not an ounce of religion about her. Neither church nor Sunday school had exercised any leavening influences. Her rich contralto voice had made her a welcome visitor at the saloons and music halls of her native town. Her mischief-loving propensities and her born capacity for command had made her ringleader of a band of girls, in captaining whom she gained some of the experience that was to prove so useful in after days.

But one incident of her childhood discloses a pleasing feature in her character, foreshadowing in a measure the future that was in store. Her father, in a drunken rage, was rushing at her mother, knife in hand, when the child sprang at him, wrenched the knife from his grasp, and fled as fast as her feet could carry her. She had made good her escape when she tripped and fell upon the blade, losing the sight of one eye by the sad accident. Many an audience has since been deeply moved at the recital of this act of heroism on the part of the mother-loving girl. But at the time it made little impression and produced no difference in her life.

On the present occasion, however, "Nick" was for once subdued. "What brings the Captain out on such a night as this, and with her voice in such a state?" she soliloquized to herself, restraining her unruly followers, and passing the word that the "lark" was to be deferred until they had reached the barracks. Ranging themselves in a row across the hall, the turbulent group took up their position and awaited their leader's signal to commence the fun. But the signal never came. The conscience-smitten girl had taken part in her last "spree." The tears were in her eyes. Deep conviction was followed by genuine repentance and true conversion. She could do nothing by halves. She must needs join as a soldier, march, sing, testify and toil for souls. So consistent was her life that when after two years' faithful service, she was accepted as a candidate for the work, her companions in the factory where she had been employed presented her with a Bible as a mark of their good will and affection.

It would be easy to go on multiplying similar instances of women who have risen up in thousands and tens of thousands all over the world, exchanging lives of sin and misery or of worldly ease and frivolity for superhuman efforts on behalf of the perishing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOUNDING OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN AMERICA.

In 1872 the Salvation Army anticipated for the first time the world-wide field which it was subsequently to enter upon, and Mr. and Mrs. Booth found themselves forced into an unsought and almost undesired advance. That the Mission should have an international and not merely a British sphere of usefulness was more than they had ventured to suppose. And yet they had always endeavored to lay down and act out principles which would harmonize with human nature everywhere.

A year previously one of the most successful of the Mission workers, Brother Jermy, had emigrated to Canada, from whence he had crossed over to the United States, settling in Cleveland, Ohio. Here his spirit had been deeply stirred at the sight of scenes resembling those which he had witnessed in East London. But there was no similar agency for grappling with the evil, nor was there much hope that Mr. Booth could be induced to send his evangelists to so distant a place when his hands were already full. There was only one alternative, and that was to represent the Mission cause himself. With that blessed audacity which has characterized the Salvation Army from its foundation, he resolved, single-handed to "hoist," as he termed it, "the Mission flag" on American soil, and then write for advice as to the best methods for proceeding with the work.

It so happened that at this time he fell in with an earnest young man, James Fackler by name, who was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to whom he unburdened his heart. Joined by one or two friends who were like-minded, they formed among themselves a

branch of the Mission, and set to work on exactly similar lines to those adopted in London. Jermy and Fackler then wrote off to the General, describing what they had done, and asking him to recognize their work, and advise them as to what course they should pursue. The following is an extract from Jermy's letter. It is headed somewhat significantly, "Unfurling of the Flag of the Christian Mission in America."

"September 2, 1872.

"When I got here I found thousands going the way of death. Some parts of this city look like Whitechapel. Here human nature is the same, with drunkenness and every other sin. Mission work is much needed. I felt like going into it in the name of Jesus. The third Sunday I was here I went by a little hall; I looked up and read 'Christian Chapel. The poor have the Gospel preached unto them.' I almost shouted. I went in and found a few colored people. They looked hard and thought I looked like preaching, saying, 'Don't you preach?' I said, 'A little that way;' so I must preach for them. They wanted me the next Sunday. 'If the young man don't come, will you oblige?' When I went I found the young man in the pulpit, and it was the young man that has written to you. He is well cut out for the Christian Mission. I told him all about our work in England. 'Brother,' said he, 'that is what I have been waiting for.' I gave him my hand and said, 'Let us come out for God and souls.' 'Yes,' said he, 'we will pray about it.' I told him that I had prayed. Glory to God! an appointment was made, and we met another brother and prayed. The Lord came down in power. We all said, 'It is of God!'

"The same day five brethren went to a large village. Here they have no preacher. We called at a house where we found a Methodist leading a class. Oh, what a blessed meeting this was! We came out shouting 'Glory to the Lamb!' On Sunday, July 1st, one brother went down

to hold meetings there, while I and the other brethren opened a new place in the city with good attendance and great power. Since Sunday I hear that the people, as above, are going to build a hall. This is to be a Christian Mission house.

“I shall be so glad if you will send me word how the Mission is doing, and as your experience is great in mission work, we would like some advice. Will you acknowledge us? Amen! The Mission flag is hoisted. Holiness to the Lord!

“Yours in Jesus,

“JAMES JERMY.

“239 Erie Street, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. America.”

The response sent by the General to this appeal was addressed to Fackler as secretary, and is so full of sound advice that we quote from it the following paragraphs:

“Sept. 20, 1872.

“My dear Brother: Your letter duly reached me. I am at present set aside by affliction; have been wandering about from home six months seeking health. I name my affliction as the reason for my delay in writing.

“I read your letter to the workers at our Friday morning meeting in London, amid tokens of deep sympathy and thanksgiving; and then we knelt down and spread it before the Lord, and called on Him for His abundant blessing and guidance in all your efforts. He will give you this. I feel He will, even while I write. All glory to His name!

“So you have raised the banner of the Christian Mission in Ohio. Amen! May it never be dishonored, but may it float over an Army of men and women whose sole aim shall be the glory of God in the salvation and happiness of men.

Remember, our motto is 'Holiness to the Lord, and the world for Jesus!' Start fair. Remember quality is of far more importance than quantity. Like produces like. That which your first little band is, succeeding societies will be. Therefore, aim at thoroughness and wholeheartedness in the company you allow to associate with you. You ask me for advice. I hardly know enough of your position to give you counsel. One or two things I think I may say, and when I hear from you again I will write further.

"1. Ours is an extraordinary work, and therefore we try to accomplish it by extraordinary means. We gave up all concern for our reputation at the commencement, and were resolved we would succeed and have souls at all costs. The great curse of the church is RESPECTABILITY. 'Throw reputation and so called respectability overboard. Let others have the finery and oratory. Go in with all your might for souls and God.

"2. Be a man of prayer, and teach your colleagues the power and virtue of knee-work.

"3. I rejoice that you have grasped Jesus as a Saviour from all sin. Push this blessing wherever and whenever you labor.

"4. Aim at souls at every service.

"5. Do plenty of open-air work. I believe there is also much to be done in house-to-house visitation. Try all or any means.

"May He guide you and give you great sincerity, and, as I was going to say, above all other blessings, humility. Oh, the mightiness of meekness! There are thousands whom God is yearning to use in the soul winning work, but dare not. Success would turn their heads and be their ruin.

* * * * *

"Be very careful of the kind of spirits you associate with you. One contentious, masterful spirit can make you and the work endless sorrow. Such spirits have almost broken

my heart. Beware of men who will want to come in because they can be great among you, and indulge the natural love of talking that exists in many. One humble, though illiterate worker, full of simplicity and the Holy Ghost, is worth a regiment of such.

* * * * *

“Tell Brother Jermy that Mrs. Pengelly is somewhere in Canada. Her husband writes a friend that although they have got work and good temporal prospects, still he believes not a day has passed since they left London that she has not wept at being separated from the Mission. I feel sure she will find you out if she can.

“And now, farewell. May you have divine light! This is a day in which the direct and positive and constant guidance and indwelling of the Holy Ghost is set little store by. You must hold on to it, enjoy it in all its fulness, and proclaim it to others as their privilege—nay, as a necessity if they would be of any use here, or be made meet for the Kingdom above. We will pray for you. Pray for us. May God give you grace to lay a good foundation and keep you at His feet.

“Believe me to be your brother in Jesus,

“WILLIAM BOOTH.”

In March, 1873, Jermy writes:

“The reason of our delay in writing is that our hands are so full. We have opened two stations, and converting work is going on gloriously. There are many seeking the Lord, and believers seeking sanctification. Pray for us! I spent a few hours the other day with Brother Fackler, in house-to-house visitation, praying in each house. We found many backsliders. Canada and America are full of backsliders. The churches are ornamented and long-steepled, but there is little soul-converting power. Oh, let prayer go up for America, that the Kingdom of our

God and His Christ may dwell among us! Amen and Amen!"

The letter was delayed a fortnight, and he added to it.

"Many souls have been converted since I wrote this letter. Glory to the Lamb! Two weeks since we opened a large shop in the Broadway, which was filled to overflowing. We are holding a protracted meeting [a meeting kept up by relays of workers without intermission], and souls are being saved every night. Better news to come."

Some months afterwards Jermy returned to England and the work which he had commenced was given up.

It was seven years later when the work was renewed by a family of emigrants from England. Amos Shirley and his wife had been for some time soldiers in the Coventry corps, and had taken part in the revival which had so powerfully influenced the town. Their daughter Eliza had served for some months as an officer and they had all gained some practical experience of the Salvation Army work. About the middle of 1879 they sailed for America, settling in Philadelphia, where Mr. Shirley obtained work as foreman in a silk factory.

The birthplace of the Salvation Army in England had been a tent in a burial ground. That of the Salvation Army in America was neither as oriental nor quite as funereal. And yet it partook of the same Bethlehemite character. The reporter of the Philadelphia News, who was the first to chronicle their doings, discovered them in an abandoned chair factory, "eighty feet long by forty broad, whose rough boarded and whitewashed walls, and overhanging beams and rafters, savored more of a stable than a place of worship." Well, there was evidently "no room" for the poor man's Saviour in the "inns" of Philadelphian respectability. And, after all, it mattered little, for if the place failed to sanctify the people the people served to sanctify the place.

The beacon star of the Army—the salvation of souls—was not long in appearing. Those shepherds of the slums, the outcasts of society, gathered as of old around the manger—not always to “worship,” it is true. And yet many who came to mock remained to pray. The saloonkeeper, that Herod of the drink traffic, whose scourge society has too long tolerated, was soon upon the scenes, inquiring after his ex-subjects, who had so suddenly transferred their allegiance to another power. But the Shirleys were veterans, and had learned to rejoice in the midst of such disturbances. Instead of sitting down like Rachel, to weep over what they could not help, they felt more like summoning all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, from London to Philadelphia, to join them in making war against the American Sisera and his host.

The General could no longer resist the appeal. So important did the opportunity appear that he resolved to dispatch Mr. Railton, since Commissioner, with a party of seven of the now famous Hallelujah Lasses, to take up the work which the Shirleys had commenced. The proposal was received with enthusiasm by all concerned, and was promptly carried into effect. The first account of the meetings held by the Shirleys was published in the War Cry on the 31st January, 1880, and on the 12th of the following month the detachment farewelled at the White-chapel Hall, sailing on the 14th in the steamer “Australia.”

Mrs. Catherine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, who took from the first the deepest interest in this expedition, presented the officers with two flags, one for the 1st New York and the other for the 1st Philadelphian corps, urging them in the course of a powerful address, to be faithful to their vows.

“You look young,” she said, turning to the sisters who composed the party, one of whom had been for some years her servant, and who is still an officer in the ranks. “To some people you may appear insignificant—but so do we.”

all. So did those women who stood grouped round the cross of Christ to the proud Pharisees who walked, mocking, past. But their names have been handed down to us, while those of the Pharisees have been forgotten.

“I present you with these flags in the name of our great King, who bought all sinners with His blood, and who bids us go forth and sprinkle them with it. First in His name, and then in that of the General of this Army, I hand them to you, praying that God may give you, young as you are, strength to fight heroically under His banner, and to lead tens of thousands to the cross.”

The meeting was an impressive one. Amongst those present were Lady Cairns, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Mr. Denny and other friends of the Army. Mr. Railton, with the members of his little party, addressed the meeting, attired in a new military style of uniform, with broad red bands upon their hats on which “The Salvation Army,” was worked in conspicuous letters. A profound impression was created by the meeting, which was still further increased when, two days later, the party were conducted in procession from Whitechapel to Fenchurch Street Station, Mrs. Booth following in a hansom. Describing their departure in a letter to a friend, she says:

“We have been in a perfect whirl of excitement and rush ever since the meeting. I have been at Whitechapel all the time. The getting off of dear Railton and the sisters was a scene. Hundreds of people walked in procession to Fenchurch Street. They sang all the way, and omnibuses, wagons and vehicles of all kinds stopped and lined the roads to see them pass. They then marched on from the Tidal Basin Station to the ship. We had half an hour in the Basin, in which a large ring was formed and a meeting held. All the crew and passengers on the ship seemed awe-struck, the saloon passengers standing on deck in the rain to listen, and before they set sail two

Army men turned up on board who were going out as emigrants.

“It was a grand sight. The women’s hats looked capital, being larger, and having a broad crimson band with gold letters. Three Army Flags were flying on board, and the enthusiasm of the people seemed to strike with awe even the men who were hauling in the bales. I believe God will give them many a seal to their ministry before they get there.

“Dear, devoted Railton, looked well in his uniform, and appeared as happy as an angel. Bless him! I love him as a son! Oh, to win millions for our Saviour King! We shall!”

It was always a matter of deep regret to Mrs. Catherine Booth that failing health prevented her from visiting America, a regret which has been shared, doubtless, by thousands who have read her books and who would fain have listened to the author’s voice.

Her peculiarly incisive and persuasive mode of oratory could not have failed to secure great triumphs, and would have enabled the Salvation Army to overcome more rapidly the unusual difficulties which for some time hindered its progress.

At first sight it might have appeared improbable that the Salvation Army, with its military organization, would find congenial soil in the United States. In the land where every unit is a star, and every star, in theory at least, possesses equal radiance, where big stars and little stars are unknown, and imperial suns and moons are not permitted to rival the brilliant equality of the sky, it might naturally be supposed that no place would have been found for this new constellation, with all its gradations of smallness and greatness, inferiority and superiority, obedience and command, with suns, moons, planets, fixed stars, shooting stars, milky ways long-tailed comets, and all the other complex paraphernalia of a Salvation Army firmament!

But who has not recognized the wide divergence that often exists between theory and practice? The Salvation Army found in America the unity of law and order, while America recognized in the Salvation Army the equality of love! Each unit is as free to shine, to be good and to do good, and that to the utmost limit of its capacity, as any citizen in the United States.

And thus the Republic has recognized in the Salvation Army the freedom of virtue, and the Salvation Army has recognized in the Republic the absolutism of law. With nothing to be ashamed of in its life and works, the Salvation Army stands beneath the blazing light of the Statue of Liberty and invites the utmost scrutiny of all. It asks but for liberty to do good. And its request has not been denied. Recognizing in the new movement worthy motives and pure lives, the great Republic has welcomed to its shores those who must to many have borne so singular a resemblance to the Pilgrim Fathers, who laid the foundations of its own greatness.

The work in America now stands second only to Great Britain in point of numbers. During the last twelve months ending December, 1897, the corps or posts in the United States have increased from 600 to 735, the officers from 2,000 to 2,450, the number of those publicly professing conversion during the year from 30,000 to 60,000, the Social institutions for the working classes from 28 to 81, and their daily accommodation from 630 to 4,000.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN MANY LANDS.

CANADA, 1882.

The work in Canada was commenced by a party of officers from New York. It spread with such rapidity that it soon became necessary to constitute a separate command. Under the able leadership of Commissioner Coombs every corner of the Territory was quickly occupied.

Under the subsequent and telling leadership of Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth the work was still further consolidated, and sweeping advances were carried out in the Social operations among the poor.

During the last two years the work has gone forward with leaps and bounds under the charge of Field Commissioner Miss Eva Booth. On several occasions the vast Massey Hall, in Toronto, has been packed to overflowing with interested crowds, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen on several occasions encouraging the audience with their presence and sympathy. The Industrial Farm has recently been inspected by the Governor-General, who has expressed his pleasure at its able management.

AUSTRALIA, 1881.

The work of the Salvation Army in Australia was commenced in a manner somewhat similar to that in America. The campaign was not a premeditated one. General Booth

did not sit down with a fixed plan for commencing operations in that distant country. On the contrary he hesitated to assume such a responsibility. But when it was forced upon him as a call from God, the opportunity was accepted with alacrity.

A convert of the Army, John Gore, a milkman, had emigrated to Adelaide, where he met a builder from Bradford, named Saunders, who had been saved through the same agency. Without waiting for officers to arrive they formed themselves into a corps, appointed a treasurer and secretary, placed themselves under the temporary leadership of Gore, and commenced open-air and indoor meetings. When writing to the General to send out officers they were able to report that already the work had fairly taken root, souls were being saved, and an invitation had been received to extend their operations to Sydney. "We need you as quick as fire and steam can bring you," wrote Gore. "There is no mistake about it. You must come immediately."

The appeal was irresistible. Captain and Mrs. Sutherland were forthwith set apart to pioneer the work, or rather, to join and lead the original pioneers. Early in January, 1881, they set sail on board the steamship "Aconcagua," going forth on their journey of twelve thousand miles with the same calm confidence with which they would have started to take charge of a corps in England. Without money, without influence, and with but a handful of humble friends, these solitary Salvationists started out on their errand of mercy, carrying with them the beloved banner, which was destined to pass from hand to hand till it had been planted in every nook and corner of Australian soil.

The social operations constitute an important feature of our work in Australia, which is now under the efficient direction of Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth. A tract of 14,000 acres of land has recently been secured for the purpose of establishing an Over-Sea Colony in connection with the "Darkest England Scheme."

FRANCE, 1881.

Scarcely had the Australian expedition been launched when preparations were made for the despatch of the General's eldest daughter to France, whence pressing invitations had recently been received. Miss Booth could ill be spared from England, where as a public speaker she had already acquired a reputation and influence only second to that of her parents. However, the General and Mrs. Booth were convinced that the call had come from God, and they therefore determined to carry it out regardless of the sacrifice.

It was another landmark in the onward march of the Salvation Army. English-speaking nations were the first to claim a share in its attention, and the success achieved had encouraged the General and Mrs. Booth to extend their efforts to other lands, irrespective of language and governments. In doing so they realized that in certain respects further adaptations of their methods would be required. But for this they were prepared. The being "all things to all men" could mean nothing less. The "thus far and no farther" of such changes they felt must be decided in each country under the ever-varying light of experience and circumstances. But the main principles they believed to be such as were suitable to the whole human race. And in this they were not disappointed.

SWITZERLAND, 1882.

In 1882 the work in France was extended to Switzerland.

In no country has the Army encountered more bitter and persistent opposition than in the freedom-boasting republic, or rather federation of republics, of Switzerland. If one corner of the world might have been expected to offer more liberal scope for its operations than another, it might well have been supposed to have been here. The

articles of the Swiss Constitution, the Magna Charta of their national rights, guarantee liberty of conscience to every citizen. The special treaty of 1855 grants to British subjects the same privileges as to the Swiss citizen. Political refugees, and even anarchists, can meet, unhindered, to plot the downfall of friendly foreign powers.

But when, in December, 1882, a handful of earnest enthusiasts entered Switzerland with the Gospel message, they were expelled, imprisoned, or handed over to the tender mercies of a brutal mob. The reason could not have been that there was no need for their labors, since it was well known and universally confessed that there was a large residuum of the population sunk in vice and infidelity. If any had doubted it before they could hardly do so now, in view of the treatment met with by the Salvation Army.

Nor, again, could it be said that the peculiar measures of the Salvation Army had exasperated the populace, as had been alleged in the case of some of the English disturbances. There were no processions down the streets, no flaring posters on the walls, and no brass bands. Every thing that was calculated to be misunderstood, or to cause irritation was avoided. But it was of no avail. The meeting places were besieged, broken open, and literally pillaged. The authorities sided with the mob, closed the halls, forbade the meetings and expelled the officers. One of the most important articles of the Swiss Constitution enacts that the home of the citizen shall be inviolable. Even this was disregarded by the authorities, who were determined to uproot the new religion from the soil. Oppressive decrees were issued, in violation alike of the Constitution and of the treaty with England. Appeals were made against these arbitrary and illegal orders, both to the Federal authorities and the British Government. But in vain.

There was only one way out of the dilemma, and that was to challenge the decrees by disobeying them, thus bringing them within the jurisdiction of the legal tribunals

of Switzerland. Lawyers were consulted and advised that this was the only means for compelling the authorities to retrace their steps. Swiss friends and soldiers offered eagerly to endure whatever might be the consequence. Physically delicate, and sensitive in spirit as she was, Miss Booth would not agree that others should bear the penalty, and resolved that she would herself dispute the illegal orders. At the same time all reasonable pretext for the interference of the authorities and enforcement of their decree was removed by arranging that the meeting which was to take place should be held in the woods some five miles distant from Neuchatel, one of the cantons from which Miss Booth had been expelled. The invitations were, moreover, issued privately, through the sergeants and friends, no public announcement being made.

At the appointed place and time the meeting was held. Soon after its commencement the police, who had acquainted themselves with the arrangements by tampering with letters sent through the post, appeared upon the scene. They did not, however, interrupt the proceedings, which lasted for four hours. Many of the converts testified. Some of them appealed to the Prefect of Police and constables, as knowing what their previous characters had been, and pointed their attention to the reformation which had since taken place. It was the first meeting that the Prefect had attended, and he admitted subsequently that he had been greatly misinformed as to the character of the work, and that after what he had heard he could only wish it well. At the same time he announced it as his painful duty to arrest Miss Booth and Captain Becquet for disobedience to the decree. Bail was accepted for a few days, in order to enable Miss Booth to attend the funeral of a convert at Geneva, and on the 17th September, 1883, she surrendered herself to the authorities, and was confined for twelve days in the Neuchatel prison pending trial.

It is impossible within the limits of this story to give the thrilling details of the proceedings in the law court.

Suffice it to say they resulted in the acquittal of Miss Booth. Nevertheless, the bitter persecution of Salvationists continued for several years.

Among other cartoons published by the comic papers was one representing a Salvationist as being knocked down. He appeals to a policeman who promptly takes him into custody *for the crime of being beaten*, while the assailant leisurely walks off! Another cartoon pictures the Christian authoress of a savage pamphlet against the Salvation Army as sitting in state with her feet cushioned on the corpse of a Salvationist, receiving the warm congratulations of two government officials. In recognition of her services one of them, a liquor seller, is presenting her with a cask of wine, as a token of his gratitude for her protection of his "lawful trade." The other is offering her two volumes of sermons, which he is sure she will greatly enjoy. Beer and Bible had once more joined hands! Beneath the picture were the words, "*The death-blow to the Salvation Army!*" But, as usual, a speedy resurrection followed the fancied death.

The work in France and Switzerland is now under the leadership of our devoted and talented comrades, Commander and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. The popular tide of misunderstanding and opposition has been succeeded by a wave of the warmest national sympathy on the part of those two sister republics, and in few countries does the uniform of the *Salutiste* secure a more kindly welcome and respectful hearing than in France and Switzerland.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

In Holland a warm-hearted reception was accorded to our officers from the first, both by the public and the government. The police and city officials co-operate most zealously in our efforts to help the poor, while the Queen Regent and various members of the nobility have been numbered amongst our earliest contributors.

The rapid growth of anarchy and socialism amongst the lower elements of the Dutch population has afforded the Army an opportunity of exhibiting the peculiar suitability of its measures for gaining the hearts of these very classes and for transforming them into law-abiding, God-fearing citizens.

Linked to Holland is our work in Belgium, where exceptional difficulties have been encountered. But the successful series of meetings recently conducted in Brussels by Commissioner and Maréchale Booth Clibborn have lent a great impetus to our efforts. Dressed in sackcloth and ashes, as typical of the spiritual condition of multitudes in these gay centers, it was not surprising that the Maréchale drew crowded audiences, who for once, at any rate, were bound to listen to the truths and think of the interests that never perish.

SCANDINAVIA, 1882.

The history of the Swedish expedition is particularly interesting. In 1878 Mr. Bramwell Booth had visited the country, in company with some Army friends, to recruit his shattered health. His presence had soon become whispered abroad, and it had been impossible to resist the invitations to hold private meetings which were pressed upon him. English is very much spoken in Sweden, and even where it is not generally understood translators are plentiful. Singularly single-hearted and receptive of the truth, the Swedes are among the best listeners in the world. A powerful impression was made, and a number of souls were saved and sanctified.

Among them was a Miss Ouchterlony, who was so inspired with the conviction that the Salvation Army would accomplish a mighty work in her country that, finding letters ineffectual, she visited England for the purpose of personally representing its claims. The General, however, did not see his way clear to send officers.



THE GENERAL IN 1862.

Miss Ouchterlony, undaunted by this disappointment declared she would be a Salvation Army in herself. Returning to Sweden, she took a hall in Gothenberg, where she commenced a successful series of meetings. Thinking that the more encouraging prospect would move the General's heart she again visited England, accompanied by one of her converts. The General was much affected by her devotion and persistence, and Miss Ouchterlony had at length the satisfaction of returning to her country with a party of five officers for the establishment of the work. She was promoted to be a Major, and afterwards a Commissioner, remaining for ten years in charge of the Swedish work, where she has been loved and honored by all classes alike.

After acting for some time as Traveling Commissioner in connection with International Headquarters, Miss Ouchterlony was appointed to the command of Norway, where the work has steadily advanced under her leadership, while Sweden continues to make most encouraging progress under the attractive administration of Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant.

No less romantic was the opening of Finland by Miss Von Hartman, a lady of position, who became a Salvation Army officer, and with rare devotion laid the foundation of our work in Russia as the pioneer apostle of that great country.

The work in Denmark was commenced by Colonel and Mrs. Perry, and has met with similar success.

GERMANY AND ITALY.

Germany and Italy became successively the scene of Army operations.

In Germany the reception was of a far more warlike character. The idea of our attempting to foist what were regarded as our crude notions of theology upon a nation

so famous for its philosophical researches was treated as ridiculous in the extreme. Police restrictions hampered us at every turn. But from the first the common people heard us gladly. The contrast between theory and practice, between dull dogma and active philanthropy, between complex doctrinal discourses and the refreshing simplicity of the Army teachings was so great and startling. Moreover, even the police could not fail to notice with surprise the large number of genuine moral reformations that took place before their eyes. The very vigilance of their supervision convinced them of the reality of our work, when many of the most notorious characters, with whose previous history they were only too familiar, became transformed into the best of citizens.

As a natural consequence opposition was changed into cordial support, and during the last few years, under the energetic leadership of Commissioner McKie, the work has blossomed forth and has become, if not as yet in extent, at least in character, equal to anything we possess on the Continent. The General was greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds during his recent visit, and the penitent-form was well lined with seekers, while the newspapers admitted the Army to the position of a German institution, well suited to grapple with the needs of the working classes of the Fatherland.

Italy continues, up to the present, to be among our most difficult fields, but Brigadier and Mrs. Percy Clibborn, who have lately taken charge, report that despite continued difficulties, the clouds are already rainbowed with the harbinger of better days.

THE ARMY WORK AMONG THE HEATHEN.

It was in 1882 that General Booth first turned his attention towards the heathen. India, Africa, Java, Japan, Hawaii, were successively "opened," while the rate of progress varied with the circumstances, in each instance, the same definite results were achieved, and the suitability of Army principles and practices proved in regard to all the nations of the world.

This was due largely to the spirit of adaptation, which the pioneer officers carried with them wherever they might go. "Unless you can denationalize yourself and become absolutely one in heart and thought with the people whom you seek to serve and save, you had better not go at all," General Booth would say to the bands of early missionaries commissioned for this arduous task. The learning of the language, the adoption of native customs and costumes, the intermingling with them in their daily life on a basis of absolute equality, these and similar lessons were instilled with untiring patience into the forthgoing officers. As a result it is hardly too much to say that a new era was inaugurated in mission work among the heathen, and a vast impetus given to the cause of Christ among nations, some of whom had been the most deeply entrenched in idolatry and superstition. Walls of prejudice were broken down and thousands of converts made.

A story told to General Booth during his last visit to India by a member of the Viceroy's Council, will serve to illustrate the powerful effect exercised on even the most bigoted Hindoo by the Army tactics. "I was in charge of the Almorah district at the time, when one of your officers visited the city," said the Home Secretary. "To my surprise he was the guest of our most prominent Hindoo official, one who had made no secret of his antipathy to Christianity. I was still more interested to hear that this Hindoo gentleman had presided at a public meeting and had spoken strongly in favor of the Army, besides raising a subscription among his Hindoo and Mahommedan friends. When next I met the Sadr Amin I asked him

whether the report was true, and what was the reason for this sudden change of front in his attitude towards Christianity. He waited till I had finished, then paused, and looking me straight in the face, he said, 'Sahib, if we had seen more of this sort of Christianity, I and my people would all have been Christians long ago!'

CHAPTER X.

SALVATION ARMY LITERATURE.

The value of the press as an agency for the extension of its work was early recognized by the founder of the Salvation Army.

In October, 1868, the first number of a monthly magazine was issued, with the double purpose of promoting vital religion in its most aggressive form and of chronicling the work that was being carried on.

Hitherto General Booth had been content with reporting progress in the columns of various religious papers. This was for many reasons an undesirable expedient. The reports had to be trimmed and dressed to suit the editorial fancy, and might even then not find a place. It was not to be expected that a struggling organization should be allowed to usurp much space. Besides, there was no opportunity for the free expression of opinion, or for the advocacy and defence of methods which might not suit the general taste. It is amusing at this date to consider the hesitation and fear with which this little venture was regarded at the onset. The launching of the little papery craft caused as much perturbation and speculation as if it had been a monster ironclad from the printing arsenal. Would it float at all? or would it go straight to the bottom, as some were not slow to prophesy? But the trim little "East London Evangelist" survived all criticisms, and went forth on its errand of mercy with success.

Next year it was rechristened as the "Christian Mission Magazine," in 1879 it was converted into the "Salvationist," and in 1880 it was docked and broken up, and its place taken by the redoubtable "War Cry," which during the next seventeen years, although being the only religious

or secular paper which does not deal in advertisements, achieved the phenomenal circulation of close upon a million copies a week. The newspaper history of the world does not present a parallel to so remarkable an achievement.

Nor is this all. The success of the "War Cry" led to the subsequent publication of various other weekly papers and monthly magazines, the most important of these being "The Young Soldier," "The Social Gazette," "All the World," the international organ of the foreign work of the Salvation Army; "The Deliverer," representing especially the progress of the Rescue work; "Victory" (Australia), "Harbor Lights" (America), and "The Musical Salvationist," furnishing the Army with a limitless supply of new songs and tunes

This spiritual armada, this immense flotilla of dumb and yet eloquent Salvationists, sweeps the world with its messages of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Like Joel's countless army, "they run like mighty men; they climb upon the wall like men of war; they march every one in his ways and break not their ranks; neither does one thrust another (the spiritual, the social, the criminal, the missionary, the musical organs having each its separate and appropriate sphere); they walk every one in his path; and when they fall upon the sword they are not wounded; they run to and fro in the city; they run upon the wall; they climb up upon the houses; they enter in at the windows like a thief," and appear in places where the uniform of the Salvationist cannot yet be endured.

Heralds of mercy and harbingers of hope, they link the palace with the garret and Heaven with both. "How beautiful upon the mountains" of sin and in the valleys of sorrow are these white-winged messengers of peace!

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL BOOTH'S CHILDREN.

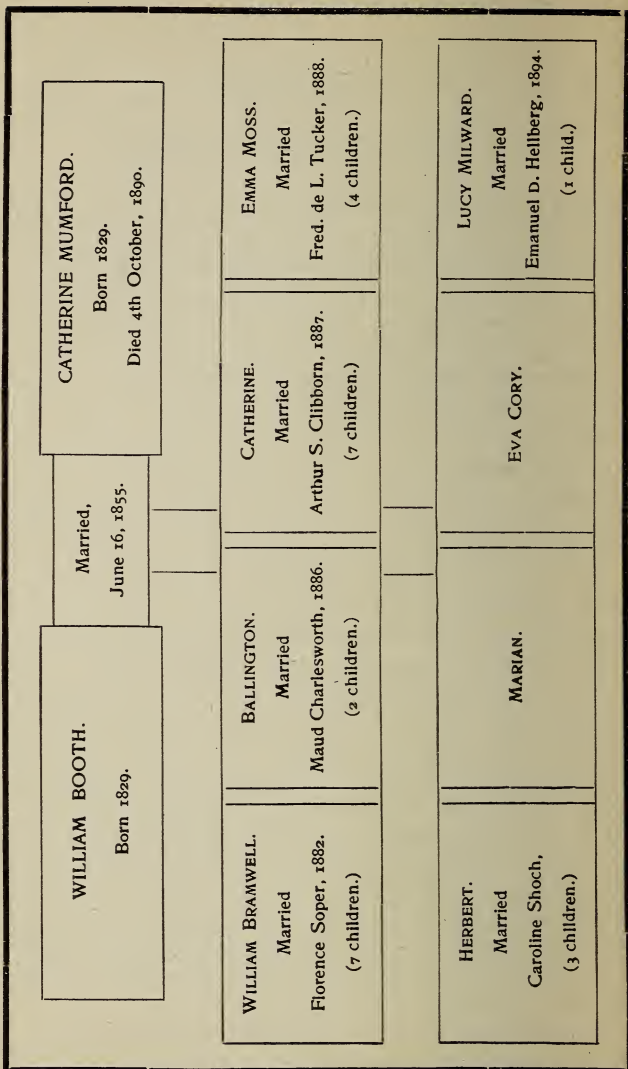
The first regiment of the Salvation Army was the family of William and Catherine Booth. It was here that the entire movement was foreshadowed long before its originators had themselves the remotest conception of its future character and extent. Each child was trained to be a soldier. The baby faces pressed against the window pane to watch the warrior father and mother start evening after evening for their spiritual battlefield. They would be awakened late in their little cots by the good-night kiss and final tuck-in that sealed their return. The breakfast discussion would turn in the direction of the number of souls saved and the remarkable instances of conversion which had taken place upon the previous night.

During the day-time the home would be turned into an office, the tables being covered with the General's letters, manuscripts, proof-sheets of articles and addresses, mingled with newly-cut garments and lesson books. Now a visitor had to be received, or a worker encouraged and prayed with. Mrs. Booth would pass from kitchen to nursery, and thence to parlor or study. At another moment her hands would be dipped in the flour for the home-made bread, which somehow tasted so different when her quick, energetic fingers had plied the dough and made it pulsate with some of the electricity that throbbed through her life.

Not too long at a time must she be away from the General's side or he would invade the kitchen with a pile of manuscript, seat himself upon the table and discuss the latest difficulty or proposed advance.

Brought up in such an atmosphere, what wonder that the children soon caught the infection of the same spirit. Peep

GENERAL BOOTH'S FAMILY.



into the nursery. The ringing merry voices can be heard almost a block away, for there is no stiff formality or prudery about this family. Ever and anon their occupation is to preach and sing and pray. as they have seen their parents do. The dolls and pillows form a silent and attentive congregation. while one after another, the children address the audience.

As they became older they were early drawn into the work. The greatest treat was to attend the meetings. Or perhaps greater still was their delight when they gathered in prayer around their mother's knee, and she poured out her soul to God on their behalf. Often the hot tears would pour down her cheeks and drop on their bowed heads and necks, creating sacred memories, still living, fresh and fragrant as of yesterday, though twenty years and more have come and gone!

Soon their young activities were directed towards the conversion of other children. They would gather them from the neighborhood, pleading with them as tenderly, as eloquently and as effectively, although in child-language, as they had heard their parents deal with the senior crowds.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL BOOTH.

Second only to General Booth in the Salvation Army of to-day stands out the conspicuous figure of his eldest son, William Bramwell. In face he more resembles his mother than any other member of the family. He has inherited, also, in a large measure, her logical and analytical ability, as well as her courage and remarkable tenacity of purpose, while his scathing denunciations of sin, combined with his woman-like compassion for the sinner, have peculiarly marked him as "his mother's son."

From the age of fifteen he has assisted in no small measure in laying the foundations and raising the bulwarks

of the movement. For the last twenty years he has occupied the position of Chief of the Staff, and during this long period of service in a sphere so fraught with anxiety and responsibility, no one has known "the Chief," as he is affectionately called by rank and file, to waver. However fierce might be the shock of battle, it has but served to throw into bolder relief his qualities as a wise counsellor and intrepid leader. When for weeks and even months at a time the General has been called away to visit the more distant fields of Army warfare he has left without hesitation the helm in these calm and sagacious hands. Seldom in history have father and son more beautifully co worked, and seldom has a Chief of the Staff more perfectly interpreted the wishes, plans and aims of his commanding officer.

Endued by nature with exceptional intellectual powers, which enable him to grasp with equal ease vast economic problems together with the smallest minutiae of office work, —possessed of keen insight into human character,—as a speaker convincing, powerful, eloquent,—endeared to every prominent officer, alike by faithful counsel and tender consideration,—the figure of Bramwell Booth forms one of the most interesting backgrounds in the General's life, and one of the leading foregrounds in Salvation Army history.

In 1882 Mr. Bramwell Booth married Miss Florence Soper, daughter of Doctor Soper, a prominent physician in Wales. Converted through the preaching of the late Catherine Booth, Miss Soper threw herself heart and soul into Army work, assisting the *Maréchale* in her arduous fight in Paris. After her marriage she inaugurated the first Army Rescue Home for fallen women. These homes have multiplied from 1 to 74, four thousand five hundred women passing through them annually. The average proportion of those who are permanently restored to lives of virtue is more than 80 per cent. of those dealt with, while a vast number of others are temporarily assisted.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth has also organized Nursing Bri-

gades for the Slums and Homes for Servant Girls, together with several large Shelters for Women.

Seven energetic children are following in the footsteps of their devoted parents.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

To General Booth's second son, Ballington, we regret that the painful occurrences of the past two years make it unwise that we should more than passingly refer.

He was born at Brighthouse in 1857. His first important command was Manchester, England, where, in spite of serious riots he succeeded in establishing a successful work. Later he paid a short visit to Australia, and was married, upon his return, to Miss Maud Charlesworth, the daughter of a Church of England minister.

After occupying for some time the position of Traveling Commissioner, he was appointed in 1887 to the command of the work in the United States, where for the following nine years he and Mrs. Ballington Booth were used in carrying forward the Army's operations with much success.

In January, 1896, Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth resigned their connection with the Salvation Army and formed a separate organization, known as "The Volunteers of America."

The officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, with very few exceptions, declined to take part in the secession, and, by the blessing of God, the work has gone forward uninterruptedly, despite the much lamented circumstances, the officers having increased during this period from 2,000 to 2,450, and the annual number of converts from 35,000 to 60,000, while most encouraging and wide-sweeping social developments have taken place.

CATHERINE BOOTH.

Catherine, the eldest daughter of the General, now Mrs. Booth Clibborn, has attained a world wide reputation as "La Maréchale" of France. Starting almost single-handed in Paris, she has been enabled to inaugurate a remarkable work through France and Switzerland, and is now successfully engaged in directing the operations of the Army in Holland and Belgium. Energetic and enterprising as a leader and eloquent as a speaker both in French and English, her work has been singularly owned of God. To her pioneer experiences on the Continent of Europe, and her heroic courage and fortitude, reference is made in another chapter.

Her talented husband, Commissioner Arthur Booth-Clibborn, has ably seconded her in her work, having sacrificed excellent worldly prospects to become a Salvationist. They have seven children, full of promise and capacity for future usefulness.

EMMA MOSS BOOTH.

Of the second daughter, Emma Moss, it is difficult for me to write owing to my personal relationship. For although my own conviction cannot but be that any sketch I may draw of her character and work would fail to do her justice, I fear lest to others it may appear to savor of partiality. Should this be so, I must crave once more the forbearance of my readers; especially in view of the fact that she shares with me the leadership of our privileged sphere in the United States, rendering some reference to her life and work necessary.

At the outset of her career Miss Emma Booth proved to be the most timid of the family, so far as public work was concerned. Behind the scenes there was no limit to her activities. From early days her mother's constant companion, in after years her father's frequent counsellor, her

brothers' and sisters' guardian angel, it seemed that no new enterprise could be launched before her quick judgment had anticipated its difficulties and her executive ability had "shaped" and smoothed its "rough hewn ends," no song composed until its likelihood to "catch on" and prove "singable" had been submitted to her test. After the finishing touch had been given, or the plan settled, no more was to be heard or seen of the gentle, graceful helper, who thought her life work was to assist others in doing better, while remaining unknown herself. Even when the duty of training the women warriors of the Salvation Army was thrust upon her, but little was known outside the limits of the Training Home, with its two and three hundred cadets, of its "Mother." Inside the Home, the very ground she trod was worshiped by the girls, who learned to love and value their leader none the less that she hid her toil beneath the bushel of their deeds.

But the light could not always remain hidden. It burnt its way through each modest, self-forgotten covering, and soon the rush of battle carried Emma Moss Booth to the foremost places in the field. She discovered that God had a message for her to give in public as well as private, that He had gifted her with a voice that could ring its way through the largest building, and with talents that she dared no longer hide.

Called subsequently to India as a Salvation Army missionary, to walk barefooted 'mid its heathen hosts, then withdrawn for two years from the public field to minister with tender solicitude to the mother whose life had become so intimately interwoven with her own, while passing through the long bleak valley of her final illness, and at length launched upon the stormy waters that were threatening for the moment to engulf our noble American bark, she has already won for herself a warm corner in the hearts of those whom it is her pleasure and her privilege to serve.

In 1888 she was married to the writer of this memoir, who had seven years previously, resigned his position in

the Indian Civil Service to become a Salvation Army officer. Their family consists of two boys and two girls.

HERBERT HOWARD BOOTH.

The genius of the Booth children was perhaps in nothing more remarkable than in the dissimilarities of its manifestation. The strict discipline of the home did not mean that each child was to be made into a facsimile of the other. Whilst in the sight of each goodness was exalted far above ability, and all were made to feel that a learned or gifted sinner was no more to be admired than an ignorant or foolish one, yet in the interests of undying souls, every talent was wisely watched over, encouraged, guided and developed.

Herbert soon signalized himself as the strategist and musician-poet of the family. The wonderful genius of the General for handling large bodies of people and for creating an effective fighting force, which should carry out campaigns with the same simultaneous promptitude and precision as characterized an ordinary army, marked his various commands in Great Britain, Canada and Australia. Among his best known musical compositions are "Victory for Me," and "The Penitent's Plea," while among his hymns to old familiar tunes are "Blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge," "Cleansing for Me," and "The Blood of Jesus Cleanses White as Snow."

In 1890 he married Miss Cornélie Shoch, the daughter of Major Shoch, formerly an officer in the Dutch army, and for many years an ardent Salvationist. Another sister in this talented family is married to Commissioner Oliphant, who has charge of our work in Sweden. A third sister is married to Major Malan, the Italian officer who traveled through the United States with General Booth during his last visit, while a fourth sister is married to Major Roussel, and shares with him the command of our work in German Switzerland.

Mrs. Herbert Booth has won for herself golden opinions, both in Canada and Australia, by her rapid and successful extension of Rescue Homes for fallen women and her Children's Home in Toronto. She is a brilliant pianist, and her musical compositions have contributed some graceful additions to Salvation Army hymnology.

Commandant Herbert Booth is an ardent sociologist, and has launched successfully several farm colonies together with many institutions for the city poor. They have three children, all boys.

MARIAN BOOTH.

Miss Marian Booth, the third daughter, has been prevented by her delicate constitution from taking an active part in the public work of the Salvation Army. Nevertheless, she is an earnest worker, toils ceaselessly amongst the children behind the scenes, and has no interests separate from those of the Army. She makes her home with Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker, in New York.

EVA CORY BOOTH.

Among the most dashing and heroic of the Salvation Army leaders throughout the world, is Eva Cory Booth, the fourth daughter of the General. She has gained a warm place in the hearts of her comrades by her courageous presence in numerous riots, which, under God, she has been the means of quelling. Her first command, as she was emerging from girlhood, was that of a large hall situated in one of the slummiest quarters of London. Many a night would she rush into the street to separate the combatants in some drunken brawl. Her mastery of the tough element that crowded her meetings excited the

surprise of the late orator. John Bright, as he watched from a corner of the building, an unknown but none the less interested spectator. Dressed in slum costume Miss Booth was introduced to the chairman of Lord Onslow's committee when investigating the progress of the Darkest England Scheme, and thrilled its members with her stories of slum life.

The Salvation Army operations in the metropolis of London were placed for several years under the charge of Miss Booth, while she is well known and loved in New York, Chicago and other cities of the United States, where she has conducted successful campaigns. She is now in charge of the work in Canada, where a most satisfactory progress is being sustained.

LUCY MILWARD BOOTH.

The youngest member of the family, Lucy Milward, won her earliest laurels in charge of the Clapton Training Home. Later the arduous command of the heathen in India called into play both her spirit of self-sacrifice and her administrative ability.

In 1894 she married Commissioner Emanuel Hellberg, who had been for several years second in command of the Swedish war, and who joined her in the leadership of India. A graduate of the well known University at Upsala, and master of four of the principal European languages, possessed of great executive and platform ability, Commissioner Booth Hellberg has proved an able coadjutor to his gifted wife. They are now in command of the work in France and Switzerland. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg has contributed several beautiful compositions to Army hymnology. The best known of these are "Keep on Believing" and "While the Light from Heaven is Falling." Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg's first little one was a martyr to the Indian climate. They have one baby daughter living.

CHAPTER XII.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

From its earliest inception General Booth has striven to make the Salvation Army the Church of the churchless, the home of the homeless, the friend of the working man, the champion of the workless, the reformer of the worthless, "the fold of the black sheep," as it has sometimes not inappropriately been called! With a view to reaching the otherwise unreachable masses, the General chose for his cathedral the open-air, for his parish the lost sheep of humanity. Leaving to the care of others those who might be regarded as being safely folded within the bosom of their respective churches, he consecrated himself, his family and his organization to the service of the submerged masses of mankind, and devoted his all to the spiritual "*No Man's Land*," which was the increasing despair of those who were the most sincerely interested in the welfare of their country's poor.

It was not uncommon to post over the entrance of some of his early meeting places a request that respectable persons should stay away, in order that those for whose special benefit the meetings were intended might feel perfectly at home. The "free and easy" services were of such a character that no matter how poorly a man might be clad, he did not feel in the least awkward or unwelcome. It was not unusual, indeed it is not to the present day, for the Captain to strip off his coat and "pitch in" in his shirt sleeves. If a special inspiration seized him to tuck them up elbow high there was nobody to say him nay. It was intensely realistic. The Captain was going to have a prize fight with the devil, the stake consisted of immortal souls, and before the encounter ended there were usually some

rough, drink-sodden sinners kneeling at the penitent-form.

But while the spiritual side of this warfare was maintained with ever increasing vigor the pitiable surroundings of the submerged masses among whom he labored continually forced upon the General's attention the question as to whether something could not be done, and this on a large scale, for removing the moral and physical stumbling blocks to their salvation.

It was true that large numbers of them had sunk into their deplorable condition through their own thriftlessness or drunken habits. But it was equally true that the majority had fallen into the pit through no fault of their own. They were the mere creatures of circumstances, having been, as one writer has well expressed it, "*damned*" into the world rather than "*born*" into it. But from whatever cause they might have become engulfed in this moral pandemonium it was equally true of all that to escape was well-nigh impossible. The rat-trap of humanity was furnished with ample means for ingress, but those who might think to escape through the same opening by which they had entered found it guarded with piercing points which rendered egress impossible.

After depicting in lurid language the terrible condition of affairs, which twenty-five years' intimate contact with the poor had brought before his notice, the General proceeded in his historic treatise, "*In Darkest England and the Way Out,*" to sketch a vast and comprehensive plan for the deliverance of the submerged.

It was no mere Utopia that was pictured in the General's volume. Every page was crowded with practical suggestions, which commended themselves to the judgment of the business man. Here the experienced statesman could not fail to see a platform for the gradual betterment of the national life. The philanthropist felt his large heart throb with a new hope. The religious leader discovered that by planting the cross of Christ upon the Calvary

of human woe its rays might yet penetrate the darkest hearts.

The plan in brief was threefold:

1. The City Colony, consisting of a variety of institutions for dealing with the submerged in the cities, affording them such work and temporary relief as might be possible. This agency was to include cheap shelters and food depots for the working classes, labor bureaux for the registering of the unemployed, woodyards and factories where they could be supplied with temporary work, prison gate homes for ex-criminals, rescue homes for fallen women, and a net work of similar agencies, which would palliate the condition of the poor and help them to recover their character (if lost) and their position in society.

2. In connection with the City Colony the General proposed to establish Suburban Farm Colonies of an industrial character in the vicinity of the large cities, to which the poor could be drafted, and where they could receive a simple agricultural training, thus relieving the cities of their congested population.

3. The final link in the chain was to be what may be termed "*Homestead Colonies*," where the working man was to be enabled to possess his own cottage and tract of land. In connection with the British scheme this was termed the "Oversea Colony," from the fact that it was proposed to obtain vast tracts of land to which the trained and sifted colonists from the Suburban Colonies could be transplanted. To obtain such regions in the United Kingdom was obviously impossible. Hence, after careful inquiries among the various British Colonies, it was decided to give the preference to Western Australia, where 14,000 acres of land have already been obtained.

It may be well here to mention that at the inception of the scheme some inquiries were made by General Booth as to whether it would be possible or desirable to locate such a Colony in the United States, but as soon as he had ascer-

tained that such would be contrary to the sentiment of public opinion the suggestion was immediately abandoned. Indeed it was decided from an early date that the Oversea Colony for the British poor must be located in some country under the British flag. So strongly did General Booth feel on this question that an offer of 1,000,000 acres under favorable conditions in South America was declined some years ago. Hence the recent plan for colonizing the poor of the large cities of the United States in the West and South does not and never has contemplated the introduction of British immigrants to this country.

Barely seven years have elapsed since the publication of "Darkest England." In this brief period the plan has been reduced to practice and almost every country in the world is dotted with these various agencies for good.

Speaking of the British branch, "*Progress*," the newly-published report for 1897, gives the following interesting figures:

THE SOCIAL WORK IN ENGLAND.

Cheap shelters at from two to twelve cents.....	1,553,000
Cheap meals at half a cent and upwards.....	3,154,000
Unemployed registered at Labor Bureau.....	14,700
Employment (temporary and permanent) found for.....	12,000
Applications for lost friends.....	1,800
Lost persons found.....	700
Fallen girls received in Rescue Homes.....	1,986
Sent to friends, situations and otherwise cared for (including 353 remaining in Homes).....	1,785
Unsatisfactory cases.....	201
Ex-criminals received.....	633
Sent to situations or restored to friends.....	545

The total turnover of the British Social operations last year amounted to \$680,000, the total working expenses to the charitable public being only \$65,000, exclusive of money spent on buildings and other capital outlay. Ninety

per cent. of the money spent on the poor was received back from them, either in money or in goods produced by their labor. The cost of supervision including, legal, medical and other professional charges, was less than 3 per cent.

Among the most interesting features of the Social operations in England is the Farm Colony at the mouth of the Thames. It is thus described by Sir Walter Besant in an eloquent article contributed to the December number of the *Contemporary Review*:

“I was standing on a gentle slope rising slowly out of the uncompromising levels of the Essex marsh and the mud of the foreshore. Beside me stood up against the clouds the shapeless ruins of an old castle; behind me were the orchards of a four years’ growth, their harvest over, their work for the season done; at my feet the ebb tide had left the expanse of mud bare and wet, glittering here and there with strange gleams of light; behind the mud lay Canvey Island, its flat meadows seeming lower even than the mud of the low tide; beyond Canvey rolled the broad river on which the ships go up and down all the day and all the year round; beyond the river one could see the mouth of the Medway and the low cliffs of the Kentish shore. The ebb was quite finished; the autumn sky was grey, but brightened by the frequent appearance of a cloudy and shaded sun, as of a lamp with a gauze upon it; this coming and going of the sun caused that glittering of the mud and drew those silver lines across the levels. All these surroundings—the strange prospect of a stretch of bare mud that was not unlovely, the gleams of light, the splendid river, the father of wealth and fosterer of industry, the blue hills in the distance—suited the place and mood called up by the place, and the meaning of the place. For here, around me, were the ruins of an abandoned past; here was a new life springing up; here were hapless dreary, sorrowful stretches of barren mud, yet touched with light; here, though the sky was overcast,

the colors of earth and air and water were tinged with a gentle melancholy; though the very light of day was sad, yet the sunlight intervened, and the clouds, if you looked up, were slowly, slowly falling away to the west, leaving in the east the promise of a golden rose of dawn.

“For this place was none other than the Farm Colony, the Farm of Hadleigh, part of the great scheme of General Booth, of which the world has heard so much, of which the world, as yet, understands so little.

“When they first come down they are mostly in weak health: they know nothing about the work of agriculture; they cannot properly handle a spade; their work—this must be borne in mind—for some months means a dead loss to the farm. Presently, under the stimulus of good food, regular hours, and fine air, they put on strength; they learn how to work; under the influence of example, of friendliness, and of kindness they become good workers. You will not find on any farm a body of laborers who work with better will than these fellows on the Essex ‘colony.’ Remember what they were—the wrecks of London, the wastrels of the great city, the helpless, hopeless wretches whom prison cannot reform, whom the church does not touch. Now talk to them: look at them; their self-respect has come back; they are men once more; what the turnkey and the policeman cannot do the farm has done; they are ‘converted’ in a sense which the General does not mean; they are converted from disorder to order, from waste to work, from crime to honesty—a conversion notable indeed.

“The gain to the country of every single case can never be estimated, can never be measured by any standard; it is the gain of one more useful life; it is the gain of an example; it is the gain of children and grandchildren—one knows not how far and wide the gain may reach—brought up in honesty, with the example of honesty and temperance; it is the gain of one more man on the side of order; it is the gain of infinite possibilities in the direction of good rather than evil. These gains can never be set down in figures or estimated by dollars,

“This, then, is some of the work attempted by the remarkable man who has created the Salvation Army and all that belongs to it. The attempt has been made on a gigantic scale; the cases treated run into many thousands; the work is carried on all over the world.”

And after a powerful tribute to the strength of some of the underlying principles upon which the Salvation Army as a whole has been built up, he proceeds.

“Theirs is a mission to go down, down, down among the depths where there is ever a lower depth still; theirs is the task to raise the worst and the most hopeless. At present I am firmly convinced they are moved one and all by the most sincere pity, the most real and pure passion of pity, for the outcasts of the world. They are ruled by an organization which seeks to produce its results by personal service, self-denial, enthusiasm and sympathy. They are controlled and regulated by a system and an order which I cannot find in any other institution in the world. To me it has been for many years an ever-increasing delight to watch this society growing, developing, inventing and creating, in every direction of humanitarian effort.”

THE SOCIAL WORK THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The latest figures to hand concerning the world wide operations of the Social scheme give the following remarkable results:

Number of Shelters and Food Depots.....	79
Persons sheltered nightly, about.....	12,000
Labor Bureaux.....	29
Woodyards and workshops.....	44
Slum posts.....	86
Prison-Gate Homes for ex-Criminals.....	12
Ex-Criminals passed through during the year.....	2,190
Rescue Homes for fallen women.....	74
Passed through annually more than.....	4,000
Total institutions of various sorts.....	413
Total officers and employees in charge.....	1,300

THE SOCIAL WORK IN THE UNITED STATES.

During the year 1897 rapid advances have been made in the United States:

	1896.	1897.
Food and Shelter Depots.....	3	30
Rescue Homes.....	5	12
Woodyards, etc.	4	10
Salvage Brigades.....	..	5
Labor Bureaux.....	..	5
Slum Posts.....	13	16
Miscellaneous Institutions.....	3	7
Total Social Institutions.....	28	85
Accommodation	630	4,500

Among the special new departures of the year have been:

1. A *Homestead Colony* of 500 acres in California, where thirty families, consisting of nearly 200 souls, have been settled on ten-acre tracts of land. A Citizens' Committee, which includes the Mayor of San Francisco, ex Mayor Ellert, and about thirty other prominent citizens, is warmly co operating in this work.

2. A *Slum and Maternity Brigade* has been established in New York under the leadership of an experienced officer.

3. *Salvage Brigades* collect the household waste in several large cities, the sale of the material finding work and a living for nearly 100 men in Greater New York.

4. A small *Hospital* has been established in Topeka and a *Chinese Hospital* in San Francisco.

5. A *Home for Young Women* employed in offices and stores has been placed under our charge in Los Angeles.

6. Providing *Christmas Cheer* for no less than 80,000 persons in the principal cities of the United States.

During the year 1897 about 1 000 000 cheap shelters were provided for the working classes. The accommodation

has recently been increased, providing at the time of writing (January, 1898), at the rate of 1,650,000 shelters annually. Still further additions are now under consideration in connection with General Booth's visit to the States. It is his desire that the city institutions alone should have their nightly capacity increased to 10,000, in addition to which extensive propositions are under consideration for a chain of Homestead Colonies, three separate offers having been already received for loans of \$25,000 each, for the settlement of fifty families on ten-acre tracts of land.

One of the most interesting efforts recently put forth by the Salvation Army in the United States was the undertaking to land and find work for four hundred Armenian refugees. Jointly with the Hon John E. Milholland, bonds were signed for \$100,000 that they should not become a charge on the public. Within a week of landing the entire party was scattered in small batches throughout the country and provided with work. Not one of them has become a public charge.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL BOOTH AS AN ORGANIZER.

“Look at any store or factory, employing say one thousand hands,” remarked General Booth one day. “Wherein consists its success? The people employed are much on a level with the crowds outside. Nine hundred and ninety of them are probably only endowed with average intelligence. But you will find among them a handful of brainy men, possibly not more than ten or twelve, who possess exceptional capacity. Frequently there is but one keen, energetic brain behind it all. The nine hundred and ninety persons avail themselves of the intellectual powers which they do not themselves possess, and practically they are in as good a position as if they were the actual owners of them. Let these same powers of brain and energy be consecrated to the service of God and humanity, and you have the exact condition of things which is likely to result in the greatest good to the greatest number.”

It has been on this principle that the Salvation Army has been organized. Devotion and ability have been the twin key-notes of successful leadership. Mere goodness without capacity may qualify a man to become a saint and martyr, but cannot, by itself, designate him to become a leader. A foolish saint may, and often has, landed himself and those who have been unwise enough to follow him, in the ditch. Mere heroism, of itself, will not win battles, though it may carry its possessor to the cannon's mouth.

On the other hand, unsanctified ability will usually sidetrack its owner in one or other of the by-paths of selfishness, where spiritual shipwreck is equally certain, even though for the time being worldly prosperity may attend the effort.

By placing personal gains, personal interests and personal preferences on the altar of humanity the founder of the Salvation Army has created an organization in which all the advantages of skilled leadership have been combined with those of multiplicity of individual effort.

Nor has this been accomplished at the sacrifice of individualism. Like Napoleon, the General may boast that not only every man, but every woman carries in their knapsack a marshal's baton. Let him but prove his divine call and qualifications by his success, and there is not a position in the Salvation Army which does not open up before him. Sheer merit, linked to godliness, is the sole passport needed for the humblest soldier in the ranks to climb to its highest post. A converted chimney-sweep and collier boy are among its prominent leaders. It is true that not a few officers have stepped into its ranks from the proud halls of learning or the homes of wealth. Nevertheless the majority have emerged from the comparative obscurity of every-day working-class life, and many from its humblest ranks. But the uniformity of plan, the unity of action, and the universality of application of the simple principles embodied in the Army, have enabled it to accomplish results which would otherwise have been impossible.

At an early period in his ministry, General Booth recognized the value of organized action. Indeed there was scarcely a day from the time of his conversion that he did not act upon it. Individual efforts were all very well in their way, but to accomplish great results it was necessary, he foresaw, to secure the combined action which organization and method could alone render possible. This, he readily perceived, lay at the root of the lasting character of Wesley's work, as compared with the more evanescent effects of Whitfield's preaching.

Hence every department of the Salvation Army has been most carefully and systematically organized, regulations being drawn up for each, and altered from time to time as experience might dictate.

In the drawing up of these rules the General has invariably associated with himself the principal officers in each country and department concerned. When the first draft has not been prepared in this way, the outline has been invariably submitted to them, and the frankest criticism has been courted. In fact the regulations of the Army are nothing more than the concentrated experience of its ablest, most devoted and successful officers.

The bulk of these orders are published in a volume of 700 pages, known as "The Field Officer," containing instructions of a detailed character. This book is of a monumental character. While never intended for the public, it is perfectly accessible to all, and it has been made a part of the regular curriculum in not a few theological institutions. As a specimen of insight and sagacity, vigor and perspicuity it could hardly be surpassed, whilst it would be almost impossible to imagine a man being a failure who lived up to the spirit and carried out the letter of its instructions.

Subsidiary codes of regulations have been drawn up for the guidance of Commanders of territories, for Staff Officers, for Officers in charge of Social operations among the poor, for Bandsmen and others.

In addition to the above and with a view to keeping every department thoroughly up to date in regard to all the most recent advances of the Army, two magazines are published monthly for the special guidance of officers and sergeants, containing instructions and suggestions which could not be very well included in the *War Cry*, and which would be of little or no interest to the general public. Thus each link in the chain is riveted to the next with a care and attention to the minutest detail, which could not be exceeded in any business corporation or national organization, and thus the magnetism of General Booth's personal influence, inspired and controlled by the Holy Spirit, is spread over a vast area and makes its influence felt in thousands of localities where he has been neither seen nor heard.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GENERAL AS A PREACHER.

Apart altogether from his gifts as a great religious leader, an organizer and a writer, General Booth is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable preachers of the day.

In appearance he carries one back to the old-time prophets. The silvery, flowing patriarchal beard, the arched nose, the piercing eyes, the lifted hand, make the listener almost imagine that he is face to face with a modern Moses or Elijah.

The strongly-marked features betoken the rock-like firmness which has made William Booth one of nature's generals. Lord Wolseley is reported to have said that there was only one man in the world without a military training whom he would like to have as his chief of the staff, and that was General Booth—that he had mistaken his calling and ought to have been a military leader. But the same qualities which would have gained him distinction on the battlefields of the world have been no less valuable to him in the life work to which he has consecrated himself. And it is when charging down upon the hosts of Hell and thundering forth his denunciations of sin that the General may be seen at his best. At such times, when watching the vast multitudes swayed by his eloquence, now rippling forth in smiles under some keen sally of wit, and again hushed into death-like silence by some solemn appeal, one is tempted to wish that he spent his entire life on the platform in heart-to-heart touch with the needy multitudes.

But it is not merely as an evangelist that the General is a great and effective speaker. His ability to suit himself

to the requirements of every class of audience constitutes one of his greatest powers. And it is in addressing his councils of officers or soldiers, that he is perhaps to be seen most in his element. When meeting his officers it is no unusual thing for him to speak for three or four consecutive days for nine hours at a stretch, with but brief intervals for rest and food. Do his audiences grow weary? Never is such a thing known! The various phases of the work are brought forward, and the weak points dealt with in such a fashion—manifesting such a complete mastery of the subject, as to rivet the attention of all.

Similarly, with his public audiences, whether it be all days of preaching or all nights of prayer, interest never flags in the meetings which are conducted by the General.

If it be asked in what respect his preaching differs from that of many others, I should be inclined to say that it is in aiming after *definite and immediate results*. To make every sinner into a saint, every saint into a soldier of the cross, and every soldier into a successful saviour of souls is the direct object of every spiritual meeting conducted by General Booth.

Each campaign is planned with the expectation of such results. Souls must be saved, backsliders must be restored, professing Christians must be stirred up to action, soldiers must be enrolled or the campaign would be regarded as a miserable failure, however vast might be the crowds or deep the interest.

And the spirit of its leader pervades the entire Salvation Army. Each officer and soldier measures his success by the results that he is enabled to accomplish. And hence there knelt in 1897 at the penitent form no less than 60,000 persons in the United States, while throughout the world more than 270,000 come forward annually in this public manner to seek salvation. When to these direct results is added the Army's indirect influence upon the Christian Church at large, it will readily be gathered how vast is the work that God is pleased to accomplish as a

result of the soul-stirring appeals and life-example of General Booth.

In regard to preparation, there are few who might be more justified in trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and none probably who could more reasonably plead an uninterrupted tide of work as an excuse for doing so. And yet it is doubtful whether, considering the continuous public speaking undertaken, there is a preacher of any notoriety who bestows more pains, not in mere verbiage, but in thinking out his subject, and in suiting it to the need and comprehension of his audience.

As a doctrinarian General Booth belongs to the stern old school. He believes every word of the Bible just as it stands. "Higher Criticism" possesses no attraction for him. Modern skepticism has not so much as touched him with its finger tips.

In his early days he became an enthusiastic disciple of John Wesley. "There is one God, and John Wesley is His prophet," was his Christian "kalima," which he repeated with almost the fervor of a Mahomedan. The fiery exhortations and logical reasonings of the two great American apostles, Caughey and Finney, helped to shape his theological training.

Like all three of the above he is an intense believer in Hell. The all mercy and no justice, the all reward and no punishment form of Gospel neither commends itself to his judgment, nor seems to him to tally with the teachings of the Bible. The stern truths of the law are in his estimation as important for the convicting of sinners as are the merciful proclamations of the Gospel for their salvation. The two he believes to be indissolubly united. You cannot do away with the one without destroying the very foundations of the other. Let the wickedness of sin and the terrible nature of its punishment be minimized and you do away with the very reason for the Gospel and make needless the sacrifice of Calvary.

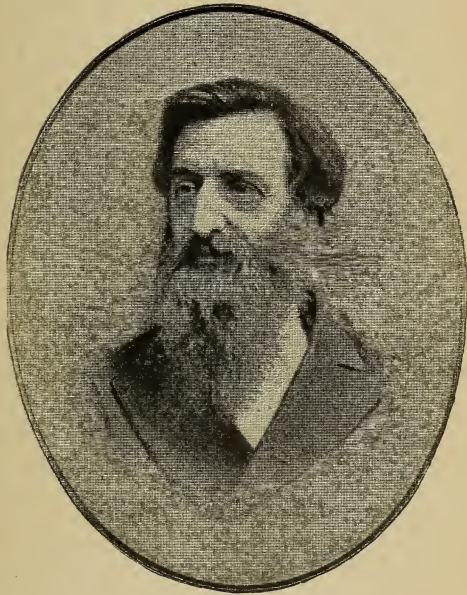
"Let your preaching have some teeth," he will say to his officers. "Convict your hearers of the terrible nature

of sin, convince them of their guilt, flash before their consciences the terrors of Hell, and then display to them the glories of the bleeding Lamb. Have nothing to do with the namby-pamby Gospel of the day, which is no better than a toothless lion, and which does not even possess its terrorizing roar." The Gospel according to the apostles, the Puritan Fathers, the martyrs of old, with all their literal acceptance of its teachings is good enough for William Booth. If the old wine is placed in a new pitcher it is the old wine still, undiluted with modern waterings. If the priceless treasure of the Gospel is encased within a latter-day casket, it is the same treasure still.

"No need for anyone to be damned," has been the sum and substance of his proclamations, "but if you *are* damned, be assured that God means what He says, and it will be forever. If you rebel during your day of grace you will rebel during your day of punishment, and your damnation will be as everlasting as your rebellion."

To some it may appear as if the stern denunciations of the preacher were better suited to more primitive times, but the very contrast between it and the ordinary easy-going theology of the day makes it more possible to study and compare their respective results. On the one hand behold a host of desperate men and women, living holy and consecrated lives, with the glimmer of a real eternity of weal or woe illuminating their lives and spurring them on to ever increased activity. On the other hand is it not equally true that the shadows of time envelop to the very borders of the grave those who are led to put their trust in a Gospel which will sooner or later land them in Heaven, whatever be their deeds below? Sacrifice illumines the one as surely as selfishness darkens the other.

Compare their death-beds if you will! "The waters are rising, but so am I! I shall not go under, but over!" Thus triumphantly wrote the Mother of the Salvation Army a few hours before she passed to her reward! In



THE GENERAL IN 1867.

lurid contrast behold the speechless worldling, although a professing Christian, as, grasping pencil and paper, he writes with one supreme effort his mournful epitaph—“My life has been a failure!” and then falls back a corpse in the arms of his attendants!

CHAPTER XV.

THE GENERAL AS A WRITER.

Whenever the General is not speaking, a pen is always in his hand, and it is the pen of a ready writer, which catches and flings on to paper in the simplest, purest Anglo-Saxon the burning thoughts which course perpetually through his brain.

As in his home, his personal habits, his sermons, his interviews, so with his writing, the General abhors all straining after effect or flowers of rhetoric—“*falderals*,” as he disdainfully calls them. And yet his articles, like his speeches, rivet his audiences, carrying them on from point to point with mingled smiles and tears.

The infinite capacity for trouble and attention to detail which distinguishes the General as an organizer mark also his writings. As a rule his practice is first to prepare an outline of his proposed paper or book. He then dictates the substance of what he wishes to say to one or more shorthands, with instructions, should it be of an important character, to leave plenty of margin for corrections. Every line is then carefully revised with his own hand, the result being that the first edition of the book, pamphlet or article is scarcely recognizable in the second. After being again typewritten it will frequently be subjected to a third and fourth scrutiny, in addition to which, if the subject be one of more than ordinary importance it will be submitted for the suggestions of Mr. Bramwell Booth or some other prominent officers previous to publication.

In this connection the General is fond of referring to the famous passage in Dickens which was seventeen times revised before it satisfied the author.

Equally painstaking was the late Catherine Booth. "Ah," she said to one of her children, speaking on this same subject, "you will never succeed as your father and mother have done, not because you do not possess the same *talent*, but because you will not take the same *trouble*." Burke's definition of genius as "a capacity to take trouble" was often upon her lips.

The subject matter of the General's writings is as diversified as the vast field of the Army's operations. With his finger on its world-pulse, turning his telescope to every corner of its battlefield, the notes of warning or encouragement peal forth from his watch-tower according to the varying needs of the occasion. But his watch-tower moves with him wherever he goes, in his incessant travelings from country to country. He gleans his information or learns his lesson on the field, and then pours it on to paper for the benefit of his legion followers.

There is nothing of the mere theoretician about him. Everything is intensely practical. Hence he does not feel like wasting so much as the dot of an "i" or the cross of a "t" on needless doctrinal or Biblical discussions. He would fain economize the very drops of ink that flow from his small armory of fountain pens and bend every energy in the direction of practical instruction and result.

With his writing as with his speaking, the General devotes a large share of his attention to the officers and soldiers of the Army, and to perfecting the weak spots in the machinery and spirituality of the organization. He loves to discover and grapple with their difficulties for them or rather to show them how to do it for themselves. His "Training of Children" is a masterpiece, while "Salvation Soldiery" teems with burning exhortations to holiness.

"Tell me the black side," the General will often say. "I will take all the white for granted." And then with all the energy of his being, he will bring to bear upon the knotty point the accumulated experience of many years with a view to devising some suitable remedy.

It was this faculty of diving into difficulties that doubtless gave birth to the volume which has served to render the General famous as a writer on sociological questions throughout the world. "Darkest England" was but a picture of the dismal scenes which he had witnessed with his own eyes, and of the sad stories which his officers were constantly pouring into his ears.

Compelled by the dangerous and painful character of Mrs. Booth's malady to spend a considerable part of the last two years of her life at her side in the valley of the shadow of death, the General focused all his power of soul and mind on devising the monumental "Way Out" of this modern Egypt, which it has since been his life study to put into operation.

The piles of MSS. were carried backwards and forwards as suffering would permit, across the narrow passage which divided the General's study from the room where the dying warrior was awaiting with marvellous courage and faith-inspired strength her final home call. As her life-sun sank beneath its horizon the last rays helped to fling flashes of inspiration and hope upon the heart and mind of him who for more than forty years had been accustomed to turn to her for light and help. Perhaps it was only in the gloaming of such a death that such a book could have been penned, while who can tell what manner of comfort was brought to the heart of her who had never from her girlhood looked upon a wrong without endeavoring to right it, or seen a tear without seeking to wipe it away.

The conception of such a scheme could not have failed to immortalize its author as a thinker, the committal of it to paper in such simple yet vigorous language could not have failed to signalize him as a writer, but the carrying of the vast programme into operation, and the demonstration of its practicability by an enormous object-lesson in the face of all the world, has invested General Booth with the triple halo of philosopher, author and statesman, and has brought within the range of practical politics a simple remedy for the sufferings of the submerged masses of mankind.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GENERAL AT HOME.

That is just where you will very seldom succeed in finding General Booth! Half his time is spent abroad. Even this does not imply by any means that the other half is spent at home. Quite the contrary. Expeditions to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the English Provinces, the Farm Colony at the mouth of the Thames, inspection of buildings, interviews with statesmen, councils with officers, all days of meetings, intermingled with all nights of prayer, serve perpetually to exile the General from what, nevertheless, he still loves to look upon as "home."

Perhaps it is because the shadow of departed love hovers around the simple, unadorned abode—that love which in its dying agony found time to think and plan for the home-nest where the weary wings might at times be folded and the much coveted privacy from public glare might be obtained.

Within an hour's rail ride from the International Headquarters, a few minutes' walk from the station, yet just far enough away not to be disturbed by the racket of the trains, the simple home of General Booth peeps from behind the modest shrubbery which screens it from the road.

The study where the Moltke of the religious world devises his plans and commits most of them to paper, besides holding many of his confidential councils with his heads of department and territorial commanders, overlooks a small garden at the back of the house. For it must not be supposed that home for one solitary working hour means to the veteran warrior idleness, nor even the dignified repose to which his public labors might well entitle

him. His official duties concluded, Lord Bacon used to say, as he laid aside his gown, "Lie there, Lord Chancellor!" But not so with General Booth. His home is but another bivouac—an elevated peak from which he may behold his marching legions and may better direct their forward march. There is little time for domesticities, though few men living enjoy them more than the General. True, his eldest son, Bramwell, with his devoted wife, live just across the way, and a miniature brigade of bright, intelligent, happy grandchildren, whose special treat is a turn-by-turn breakfast or supper with Grandpapa.

But the Salvation housekeeper, who, since the death of Mrs. General Booth, has attended to the General's home needs, has often reason to complain that the very time for food is grudged, and the dinner table witnesses but little cessation of the ceaseless tide of dictation and councilings.

The General's confidential shorthand shares the same roof ready at any moment of the night or day to take down despatches or articles. For the General is not a very good sleeper, and, if unable to enlist the assistance of slumber, he will rise and work.

Sarah Ann Toley, writing for the November number of the "Temple" magazine, gives the following interesting description of the General's personality:

"No one can be in the presence of General Booth and note his fine figure and commanding bearing, the strongly marked face with the grey head and beard, without the consciousness of being in the presence of a man of wonderful capacity and power. The General's room at the Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street is a plain small office with little to denote its historic importance; for there brilliant campaigns have been organized and gigantic plans formulated. Prominent over the mantelpiece is a portrait of the late Mrs. Booth. In the centre of the room is the General's writing table, chair and couch. Tables for his secretaries are at the further end, and on the walls hang large maps of the various quarters of the globe. Pointing to

the map of the world the General will say, 'That is our sphere of influence. The world for Christ, is our motto.' Another interesting picture in this room shows the wreck of the vessel on which two Salvation Army women were returning to New Zealand after attending the annual conference in London in 1894. It was they who prayed with the passengers up to the last moment of the vessel sinking. One sister found a watery grave and the other a miraculous escape.

"When one visits Headquarters one is sure to find the General in a chronic state of having finished one great campaign and about to start another. For example, in Whitsun week of this year, he had just completed a series of eleven mass meetings in Exeter Hall and Trafalgar Square, where to use his own language, he had had 'some of the biggest thieves in London and a murderess at the penitent-form,' and with scarce a day's respite after this work in hot summer weather the General started for a tour in Scandinavia, a country which he says has been one of the most favorable of foreign centres to the work of the Army.

"The most notable feature of the General's character is his unexampled capacity for hard work. When he steps from the platform after an evening meeting he is not content to leave the care of the penitents to his officers, but will himself go from one kneeling figure to another, exhorting and praying. When these exciting scenes are ended he will 'hook' his unfortunate secretary, and while changing his coat in the vestry begin to dictate an article for the press, and continue it as he drives in the cab or rides in the railway train to his home at Hadley Wood. Even that does not end his work, for the General drags his secretary upstairs to his bedroom, dictates while he undresses and so long as he remains awake. Should he lie awake in the night he calls for him again. It appears to be the General's rule never to allow a waking moment to be unoccupied. If 'sleep, balny sleep' comes to him, well and good; if it does not, then he must be at work.

'My husband has nearly killed two or three secretaries,' said Mrs. Booth jocularly, to an officer when he was about to enter upon his duties as private secretary to the General, 'and I hope he will not kill you.' The secretary survived the ordeal for one year, and lives to tell the tale in his office at Headquarters.

"The following is a fair sample of the General's day when in London. He will rise at 6.30 a. m., unless he has been up during the night, when he may remain later in the morning. He then takes a cold bath, the one part of his toilet which he performs without a secretary or shorthand writer in attendance. If he has come off 'a great campaign' the night before, he may possibly indulge himself with a cup of tea at this hour, not otherwise. He gets down to breakfast at 7.30, and after that goes through his correspondence and literary work, for he is a constant contributor to the Army publications. He will then come up to Headquarters, and every half hour will have its engagement—the heads of departments coming in for instructions, numberless interviews with all sorts and conditions of people, decisions to be made on agendas submitted to him, campaigns to be arranged for the home and for the foreign work; possibly there may be a great campaign in India to be settled with the representatives from that country; or it may be Australia which demands his attention. He takes a brief time for luncheon in his office. The afternoon continues much in the same way as the morning, and every night as a rule he will address a large meeting. When the meeting is over he will, as we have said, carry his secretary with him on every stage of his journey home, and even into his bedroom.

"I felt curious to know what was the diet of a man who performed such an unprecedented quantity of work, and was told that the General was the most abstemious of men. As one officer remarked, 'He seems to get through the world largely on bread and butter.' He abjures sweets of every kind—no cakes or puddings. He is an inveterate drinker of soda water. Though not a vegetarian,

he eats sparingly of meat, and his particular fancy is a good apple. The General attributes his health and vigor very largely to his frugality and simplicity of diet.

“It needs not to be said that the General is one of the greatest travellers of modern times, and he invariably writes or dictates, whether in a railway train or on a steamer. He is an inveterate writer, and when not employed in public work never seems easy unless he has his stylo in hand, and he can write equally well sitting or standing. He has a wonderful knack for writing in the railway train; he holds the pad in his hand and writes with the motion of the train.

“When I asked one who had known General Booth intimately for many years what he considered the most distinguishing trait in the General’s character, he replied, ‘The strong point in his character is sympathy; wherever he sees want or suffering his first question is, what is to be done, and it has been his life work to answer that question in a practical way.’

“Broadly speaking, the General will take any fish in his net for furthering the work of the Army. The story is told of a Christian brother who remonstrated with him for having accepted a donation of £100 from the Marquis of Queensberry, a professed agnostic, remarking that he ‘would not take the infidel’s dirty money.’ ‘Oh,’ said the General, ‘my only regret about the matter is that it was not £1,000, and if the money is dirty, well then, we will wash it in the tears of the widows and orphans, and lay it on the altar of humanity.’” When he was going to the Cape a similar incident occurred. There had been some betting on board, and an inveterate old gambler had gained the sum of £27 10s. The General did not indulge in a homily, but said to the man, ‘Now the best use you can make of that money is to hand it over to me for the Salvation Army.’

“‘Well,’ replied the man, quite taken aback by the proposal, ‘I don’t mind if I do,’ and straightway placed the money in General Booth’s hands.

“It has ever been General Booth’s aim to raise the dregs and scum of humanity whom the churches had been disposed to leave severely alone. Olive Schreiner has said: ‘The only form of Christianity which is a living force is the Salvation Army.’

“One might indeed fill a small volume with anecdotes connected with the marvellous manner in which General Booth has gained support from avowed antagonists and worldlings of every description, while the histories of those who nightly throng his penitent forms would make a startling romance in crime. We may question the propriety of a double-dyed reprobate being led to believe that he has instantaneous salvation, and of his being thrust forward to proclaim the way of salvation to others, but one must at least admit that to pluck such brands from the burning by any method is a service to the world at large.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GENERAL IN AMERICA.

The visit of General Booth to America is fraught with momentous interest. It is the third time within a decade that he traverses the length and breadth of our land, not as a curious spectator, or cold critic, but as one who has gained his hundreds of thousands of souls, and who has been the means in God's hands of raising an army of desperate crusaders throughout the world, multitudes of whom have never even seen his face. He comes to link hands with all the forces of righteousness, of temperance and of benevolence. His first prayer is that he may be of *spiritual* blessing. He comes also as an earnest student of the sociological problems which are engaging the anxious attention of our most eminent and patriotic citizens, as well as with a view to bringing within the reach of our masses the Gospel remedy which for fifty years he has been proclaiming to the world.

He comes not as a theoretician. Already he is able, as the previous pages will have in a measure shown, to point to gratifying results, the duplication of which will assuredly mean the solution of our pauper problem. He has raised up on our soil a fighting force consisting of American citizens, led and officered by such. This in itself is a sufficient guarantee that the Salvation Army in America is not and never can be dominated by foreign influences. It cannot *anywhere*, since the very essence of the Salvation Army is to create in each country a *national* organization, which shall work ceaselessly for the emancipation of its own nation from the thralldom of sin and misery, and which in so doing shall link hands in holy comradeship and universal brotherhood with the rest of the world.

The experience gained elsewhere will be utilized here, but it will be adapted to the nation, to the constitution,

and to the requirements. Whether in its spiritual or social operations the Salvation Army in America has proved itself to be no feeble exotic. Here and there it may have flung its fertile seeds into adjoining fields, or scattered abroad some of its withered leaves. But this is no sign of decay. Rather is it an evidence of healthy growth. The advances of the past year make it impossible to doubt the same.

Our veteran leader arrives in our midst to find a consecrated Army pursuing a prosperous course, loyal to the principles which have carried the banner of the Salvation Army to the remotest corners of the globe. It is these principles which have enabled it to outride each storm. They are founded on the teachings of the Hero of Calvary. They admit of unlimited expansion in the future. The Army in America is after all but in its infancy. Undeveloped possibilities lie before it! Our beloved General will help us to seize them!

America will see the General for herself. She will claim him for her own. She will, with the generous fair-mindedness that has distinguished her pulpit, her press, her platform in the past, accord to him an interested hearing, to the Salvation Army an ample scope for the exercise of every gift and grace for the rescue of the lost.

Yes! She will welcome to her shores this modern Columbus, who has crossed and re-crossed so many times the ocean of human misery. She will be rewarded by sharing in his discovery of new realms regarded hitherto as unreachable and deemed unconquerable. She will turn her peaceful weapons to the subjugation of the common foes of man. She will reap to herself everlasting honors in the practical annexation of the rich continents of humanity, which have been hitherto abandoned to the desolating floods of sin and pauperism. She will plant with God's blessing the banner of the cross alongside the star-spangled standard on the citadels of human woe, and in time and throughout eternity she will earn the smile of her Creator and the gratitude of the nations of the world.

A TRIBUTE.

*Hail, Prophet of the Poor! Discoverer
Of that sad, melancholy No Man's Land,
Where tears of widows, orphans, desolate,
Pour in one huge Niagara of woe,
And gather into lakes of sorrow, fathomless—
Immeasurable waste of human grief!
Hail, Noble Heart, that dares to seek to staunch
The source of heart-ache by the balm Divine
Of Calvary—who, passing boldly by
All earthly nostrums, steadfastly declares
That, come what may, thy lot with Christ's is cast—
That for humanity's vast gaping wounds,
The wounds of Christ as solace sole exist!
Hail, Leader of our conquering hosts below,
Who, passing the church-cared professor by,
Hast summoned every foll wer to thy side,
To dive to lowest depths of lost mankind,
And seek amid those water-caverns hid,
The priceless pearls for whom Christ's blood was shed!
Nor vain the quest! Millions of costly gems
Thy hand hath rescued from those realms of death,
To stud the jeweled crown of Christ thy Lord!
Amid the countless hosts who fight beneath
The Flag of Blood and Fire, none love thee more,
Nor pledge more firmly to thy principles
Than we, thy soldiers of America,
Who follow thee through life—to death—and rise
To hail thee in the Resurrection Morn!*

THE GENERAL'S FAVORITE SONGS.

BY THE GENERAL.

Tune—"Christ for me" B. M. 48.

- 1 Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame,
 Send the fire!
 Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim;
 Send the fire!
 Look down and see this waiting host,
 Give us the promised Holy Ghost,
 We want another Pentecost,
 Send the fire!
- 2 God of Elijah, hear our cry,
 Send the fire!
 He'll make us fit to live or die,
 Send the fire!
 To burn up every trace of sin,
 To bring the light and glory in,
 The revolution now begin,
 Send the fire!
- 3 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead,
 Send the fire!
 The fire will meet our every need,
 Send the fire!
 For strength to ever do the right,
 For grace to conquer in the fight,
 For power to walk the world in white,
 Send the fire!
- 4 To make our weak hearts strong and brave,
 Send the fire!
 To live a dying world to save,
 Send the fire!
 Oh, see me on Thy altar lay
 My life, my all, this very day,
 To crown the offering now we pray
 Send the fire!

BY CONSUL BOOTH TUCKER.

Tune—"Climbing up the golden stair."

2 Oh, my heart is full of music and of gladness,
 As on wings of love and faith I upward fly;
 Not a shadow-cloud my Saviour's face obscuring,
 While I'm climbing to my homestead in the sky.

Chorus.

Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glory!
 Oh, I'm climbing with my golden crown before me!
 I'm climbing in the light,
 I'm climbing day and night;
 I'll shout with all my might when I get there.
 Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glory!
 Oh, I'm climbing with my golden crown before me!
 I'm climbing in the light,
 I'm climbing day and night,
 I'm climbing up the golden stair.

2 Every day it seems I want to love Him better,
 Every day it seems I want to serve Him more,
 Every day I strive to climb the ladder faster,
 Every effort brings me nearer Canaan's shore.

3 Oh, the joy of getting others to climb with me!
 Lost, despairing, broken-hearted, all may come;
 Calvary love has made the stair a very wide one,
 Sinner, lay your burden down and hasten home.

BY COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH.

Tune—"Victory for me." B. J. 69, 9.

3 To the front! the cry is ringing,
 'To the front! your place is there;
 In the conflict men are wanted,
 Men of hope and faith and prayer.
 Selfish ends shall claim no right
 From the battle's post to take us;
 Fear shall vanish in the fight,
 For triumphant God will make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, Hell defeating, shoulder to shoulder
 we stand;

God looking down, with glory crowns our conquering
band.
Victory for me, through the blood of Christ my
Saviour;
Victory for me, through the precious blood.

2 To the front! the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way;
Every power and thought engaging,
Might divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for help
From the dying millions 'round us,
We've received the royal command
From our dying Lord who found us.

3 To the front! no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front! thy Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

Tune—"It was on the cross." B. J. 17, 3.

4 When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
All earthly gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Tune—"Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?"

B. M. 15.

- 5 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of white?

Chorus.

Everywhere, who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

- 2 Oh, think of the fiends everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,
Of the curses that breathe on the air,
From souls wandering far from their God!
- 3 O Saviour lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy rest,
Till the prey from the mighty we tear,
And our country with Thy peace is blest!
- 4 I'll fight for Thee everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see,
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

Tune—"Calcutta." B. J. 29, 2.

- 6 O, Thou God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call!
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the fire of Heaven fall;
Bless our Army! With Thy power baptize us all.
- 2 Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit,
Make our soldiers white as snow;
Save the world through Jesus' merit,
Satan's kingdom overthrow:
Bless our Army! Send us where we ought to go!
- 3 Give us all more holy living,
Fill us with abundant power;
Give the Army more thanksgiving
Greater victories every hour.
Bless our Army! Be our rock, our shield, our tower.

4 Bless our General, bless our leaders,
 Bless our officers as well!
 Bless Headquarters, bless our soldiers;
 Bless the foes of sin and Hell!
 Bless our Army! We will all Thy goodness tell.

Tune—"Cleansing for me." B. J. 45, 2. .

7 Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was
 slain,
 Cleansing for me;
 From all the guilt of my sins now I claim
 Cleansing from Thee.
 Sinful and black though the past may have been,
 Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
 Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean,
 Cleansing for me.

2 From all the sins over which I have wept,
 Cleansing for me;
 Far, far away, by the blood-current swept,
 Cleansing for me.
 Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
 And as I come Thou dost just now receive
 That over sin I may never more grieve,
 Cleansing for me.

3 From all the care of what men think or say,
 Cleansing for me;
 From ever fearing to speak, sing or pray,
 Cleansing for me.
 Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
 That all may know that to Thee I belong;
 When I am tempted let this be my song—
 Cleansing for me.

4 From all the doubts that have filled me with
 gloom,
 Cleansing for me;
 From all the fears that would point me to doom,
 Cleansing for me.
 Jesus, although I may not understand,
 In childlike faith I put forth my hand,
 And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand
 Cleansed by Thee.

Tune—"Dear Jesus, I long." B. J. 56. S. M., I., 194.

8 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
 I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus! let nothing unholy remain,
 Apply Thine own blood and remove every stain;
 To get this blest washing I all things forego,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the
 skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
 I give up myself and whatever I know,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
 By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Tune—"Oh, for a thousand tongues." B. J. 169, 2.

9 Give me a heart to praise my God—
 A heart from sin set free:
 A heart that always feels the blood
 So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect and right and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Tune—"Stella." B. J. 25. 8s.

- 10 Give me the faith that Jesus had,
 The faith that can great mountains move,
 That makes the mournful spirit glad,
 The saving faith that works by love;
 The faith for which the saints have striven,
 The faith that pulls the fire from Heaven.
- 2 Give me the faith that gets the power,
 That stubborn devils dare not turn,
 That lion-teeth cannot devour,
 That furnace fires can never burn:
 That never fears the tyrant's frown,
 That wins and wears the martyr's crown.
- 3 Give me the faith that dare do right,
 That keeps the weakest brave and strong,
 That will for Jesus nobly fight,
 That turns life's sorrows into song;
 That passes through the fiery test,
 That lives and gives and does its best.

Tune—"Sweet rest in Heaven." B. J. 174.

- 11 Come, with me visit Calv'ry,
 Where my Redeemer died;
 His blood it fills the fountain,
 'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide;
 He died from sin to sever
 My heart and life complete?
 He saves and keeps forever
 Those lying at His feet.

Chorus.

To the uttermost He saves,
 I will now believe, and His love receive,
 To the uttermost He saves.

- 2 I will surrender fully
 And do my Saviour's will;
 He shall now make me holy
 And with Himself me fill.
 He's saving, I'm believing,
 This blessing I now claim;
 His spirit I'm receiving,
 My heart is in a flame.

- 3 I've wondrous peace through trusting,
 A well of joy within;
 The rest is everlasting,
 Each day fresh triumphs win.
 He gives me heavenly measure,
 Pressed down and running o'er;
 Oh, what a priceless treasure,
 Glory forever more!

Tune—"Come, comrades dear." B. M. 9.

- 12 Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire.
 Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
 Cleansed in Thy precious blood.
 Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
 Thy mighty working let me feel,
 Since I am born of God.
- 2 Let nothing now my heart divide,
 Since with Thee I am crucified,
 And live to God in Thee
 Dead to the world and all its toys,
 Its idle pomp and fading joys,
 Jesus, my glory be!
- 3 Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
 A longing, infinite desire,
 And fill my craving heart;
 Less than Thyself oh, do not give,
 In might Thyself within me live,
 Come all Thou hast and art.
- 4 My will be swallowed up in Thee,
 Light in Thy light still may I see
 In Thine unclouded face;
 Called the full strength of trust to prove,
 Let all my quickened heart be love--
 My spotless life be praise!

- Tune—"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"
- 13 Strike, oh, strike for victory!
 Soldiers of the Lord!
 Buckling on the armor,
 Trusting in His word;
 Lift His royal banner,
 High above the world;
 Satan from his stronghold
 Shall be hurled.

2 Strike, oh, strike for victory!
 Soldiers of the Cross!
 Sacrificing pleasure,
 Glorifying in loss!
 Bind the helmet stronger,
 Tighter grasp the sword,
 Conquering and to conquer,
 Battle for the Lord.

3 Hand to hand united,
 Heart to heart as one,
 Let us still keep marching
 Till the battle's won;
 Ever pressing onward
 'Mid the battle strife,
 Till we gain the Kingdom —
 Everlasting life.

Tune—"God be with you." B. J. 296, 3.

14 God be with you till we meet again!
 By His counsel guide, uphold you,
 With His sheep securely fold you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

Chorus.

Till we meet! till we meet! Till we meet at Jesus'
 feet;
 Till we meet! till we meet! God be with you till we
 meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again!
 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
 When life's perils thick confront you,
 Put His loving arms around you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threatening wave before you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

15 Nearer, my God, to Thee! nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'll be,
 Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

3 Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace and rest
 Now Thee alone I seek; give what is best!
 This all my prayer shall be—
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

Tune—"We're traveling home." B. M. 7.

16 We're traveling home to Heaven above,
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blissful shore,
 Their trials and their labors o'er,
 And yet there's room for millions more,
 Will you go?

2 We're going to see the Bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go?
 In rapturous songs to praise His name,
 Will you go?
 Our sun will then no more go down,
 Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
 Our days of mourning ever gone,
 Will you go?

3 The way to Heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me,
 And thou shalt My salvation see,"
 Will you go?

- 4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 "I will go;
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go;
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to Hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
 Let me go."

Tune—"Just as I am." B. J. 128. S. M. I., 7s. L. M.

- 17 Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark spot—
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each blot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within and fears without
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because in Thee I dare believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love I own,
 Has broken every barrier down,
 Now I'll be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Tunes—"Stella, Eaton, Madrid, Saginaw"

- 18 O Jesus, Saviour, Christ divine,
 When shall I know and feel Thee mine,
 Without a doubt or fear?
 With anxious, longing thirst I come,
 To beg Thee make my heart Thy home,
 And keep me holy here.

BY THE GENERAL.

- 2 What is there that I will not give
 To have Thee ever with me live
 A conquering Christ within?
 My life, my all this blessed day
 Down at Thy precious feet I lay
 To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 O God of Pentecostal fame,
 Can I not have that living flame,
 Burning where'er I go?
 From sin and self and shame set free,
 Can I not lead lost souls to Thee,
 And conquer every foe?
- 4 I can, I do just now believe,
 I do the heavenly grace receive,
 The Spirit makes me clean.
 Christ takes the whole of my poor heart,
 No chains shall ever from me part
 My Lord who reigns supreme.

BY THE GENERAL.

Tune—"My Jesus, I love Thee."

- 19 Oh, boundless salvation! deep ocean of love!
 Oh, fulness of mercy, Christ brought from
 above;
 The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
 Now flowing for all men, come, roll over me.

Chorus.

The heavenly gales are blowing.,
 The cleansing sea is flowing.
 Beneath its waves I'm going,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

- 2 My sins they are many, their stains are so deep
 And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
 But useless is weeping, thou great crimson sea
 Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me.

3 Oh, ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful, life-giving flood.
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

4 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to save;"
My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.

5 My tempers are fitful, my passions are strong,
They bind my poor soul, and they force me to
wrong;
Beneath Thy blest billows deliverance see;
Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over me.

6 Now tossed with temptation, then haunted with
fears;
My life has been joyless and useless for years;
I feel something better most surely would be,
If once Thy pure waters would roll over me.

7 And now, hallelujah! the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise,
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me.

Tune—"Behold the Lamb of God!" B. J. 277, 2.

20 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the Cross;
For us He shed His precious blood
On the Cross;
Oh, hear His all important cry,
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner—why?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross.

2 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the Cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make—
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

3 And now the mighty deed is done
 On the Cross;
 The battle's fought the victory's won,
 On the Cross;
 To Heaven He turns His dying eyes,
 " 'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
 Then bows His sacred head and dies,
 On the Cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
 Of the Cross;
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the Cross;
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus tasted death for me,
 On the Cross.

21 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go spread your trophies at His feet
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him ye soldiers of our God,
 And every sinner call;
 Make known the power of Jesus' blood,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall;
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

BY THE GENERAL.

Tune—"My Jesus, I Love Thee."

22 Oh, boundless salvation! deep ocean of love!
 Oh, fulness of mercy Christ brought from
 above
 The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
 Now flowing for all men, come roll over me!

Chorus.

The heavenly gales are blowing,
 The cleansing sea is flowing,
 Beneath its waves I'm going,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

- 2 My sins are so many, their stains are so deep,
 And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
 But useless is weeping, Thou great crimson sea,
 Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me.
- 3 O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
 On the brink of Thy wonderful life giving flood;
 Once more I have reached this soul cleansing sea
 I will not go back till it rolls over me.
- 4 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
 I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to save;"
 My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be—
 I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.
- 5 My tempers are fitful, my passions are strong
 They bind my poor soul, and they force me to
 wrong;
 Beneath Thy blest billows deliverance I see;
 Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over me.
- 6 Now tossed with temptation, then haunted with
 fears;
 My life has been joyless and useless for years;
 I feel something better most surely would be,
 If once Thy pure waters would roll over me.
- 7 And now, hallelujah! the rest of my days
 Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise,
 Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
 Of boundless salvation for you and for me.
-

FOUR WAYS OF HELPING THE SALVATION ARMY.

1. THROUGH THE AUXILIARY LEAGUE.

If you are willing to pray for us, speak a good word for us on occasion and help us financially, by a gift of \$5 per annum, write to Brigadier Alice Lewis, Auxiliary Secretary, 122 West Fourteenth Street. Auxiliaries receive a pass, which admits to a reserved seat at most great meetings, our magazine, the 'Harbor Lights,' month by month, and pamphlets used from time to time describing our work. The League comprises members of all denominations and very many ministers.

2. THROUGH THE MERCY-BOXES.

These are tasteful little boxes, which our friends are asked to take and place upon their dinner tables, and into which they are expected to drop at least one cent a week. An agent collects these boxes every quarter, and their contents go to help our Social Fund. Will you write for one to Mrs. Colonel Higgins, 122 W. 14th Street, New York.

3. COLONIZATION LOAN.

Friends desirous to assist the Colonization Scheme, should communicate with Commander Booth-Tucker, stating the amount, the length of time, and the interest they desire.

4. BY BEQUEST.

The following is a form of bequest:

I give, devise and bequeath unto Frederick de Lautour Booth Tucker, Commander of the Salvation Army forces in the United States of America for the time being, or to his successor that may be appointed by the General for the time being of the Salvation Army forces of the world, \$.....or property, for his use absolutely and for ever, to be used on behalf of and in support of the said Salvation Army Work. Signed.....

BOOKS.



In the undermentioned list are a few of the books and periodicals published by the Salvation Army, and may be had from the Trade Department, 122 W. 14th Street, New York.

WORKS BY THE GENERAL:

In Darkest England and the Way Out.

Part I. IN DARKEST ENGLAND. The Darkness—The Submerged Tenth—The Homeless—The "Out of Works"—On the Verge of the Abyss—The Vicious—The Criminals—The Children of the Lost—Is There No Help?

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226 Pages. Paper, usual price, 50c., now 25c.

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Paper, 30c. Cloth, 55c.

Popular Christianity.

Being a Series of Lectures delivered in Princess Hall, Piccadilly, on the following subjects: "The Christs of the Nineteenth Century Compared with the Christ of God," "A Mock Salvation and a Real Deliverance from Sin," "Sham Compassion and the Dying Love of Christ," "Popular Christianity: Its Cowardly Service *versus* the Real Warfare," "The Sham of Judgment in Contrast with the Great White Throne," "Notes of Three Addresses on Household Gods," "The Salvation Army Following Christ."

203 Pages. Paper, 40c. Cloth, 75c.

The Salvation Army in Relation to the Church and State.

Subjects—The Salvation Army: Its Relation to the State, to the Church, to Business Principles; Its Future; Answers to the Main Points of Criticism on the So-called "Secret Book."

Paper, 25c. Cloth, 40c.

Aggressive Christianity.

CONTENTS: Aggressive Christianity, A Pure Gospel, Adaptation of Measures, Assurance of Salvation, How Christ Transcends the Law, The Fruits of Union with Christ, Filled with the Spirit, The World's Need, The Holy Ghost. . . . Paper, 30c. Cloth, 55c.

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CONTENTS: Saving Faith, Charity, Charity and Rebuke, Charity and Conflict, Charity and Loneliness, Conditions of Effectual Prayer, The Perfect Heart, How to Work for God with Success, Enthusiasm and Full Salvation, Repentance, Address on Holiness, Hindrances to Holiness. . . . Paper, 30c. Cloth, 55c.

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