

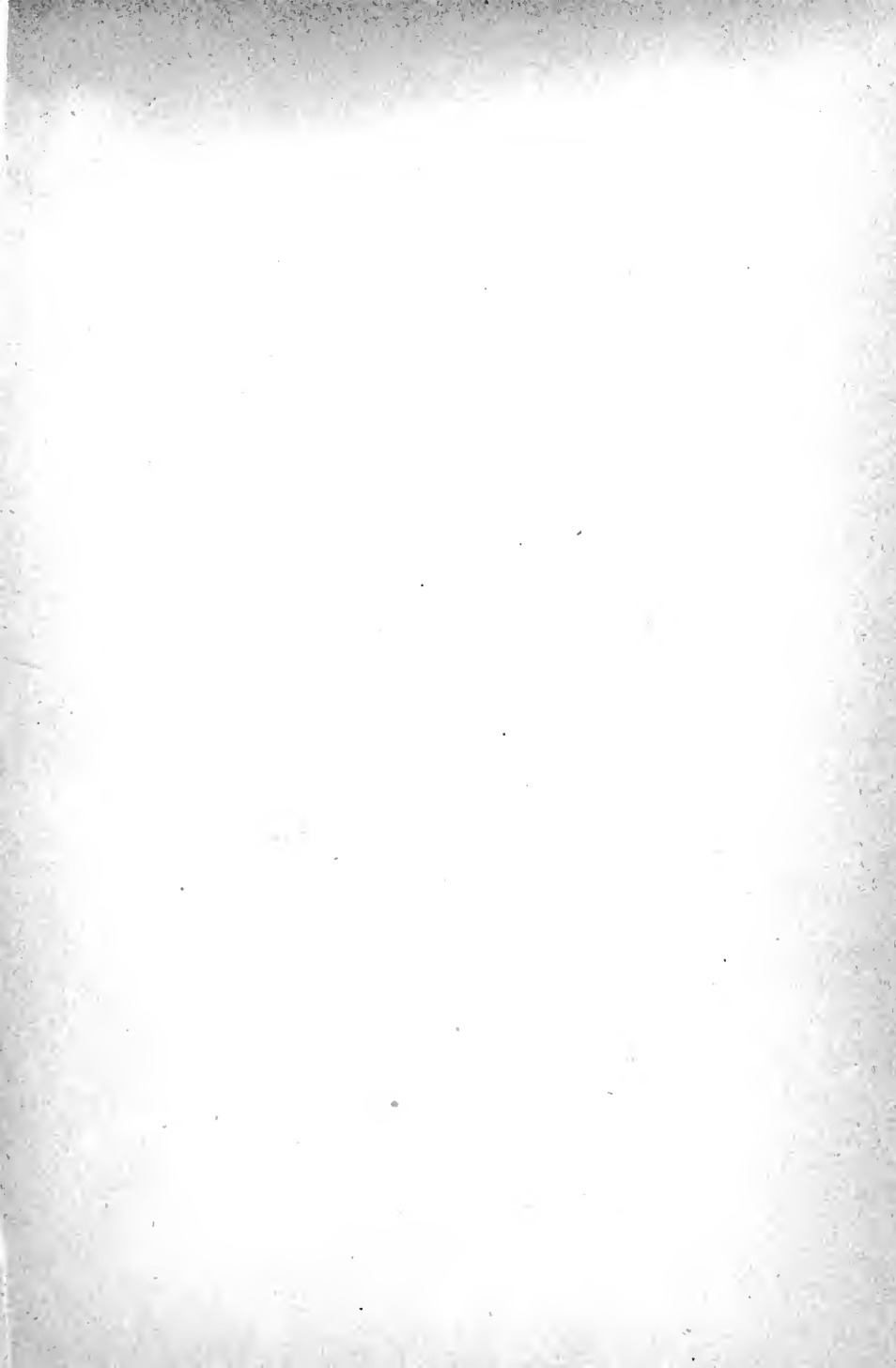
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THE LIFE

OF

CATHERINE BOOTH

The Mother of the Salvation Army

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CATHERINE MUMFORD.

from a Daguerreotype taken shortly before her marriage

THE LIFE
OF
CATHERINE

BOOTH

The Mother of the Salvation Army

BY

F. DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER

Commissioner of the Salvation Army. Formerly of the Bengal Civil Service.

VOL. I.



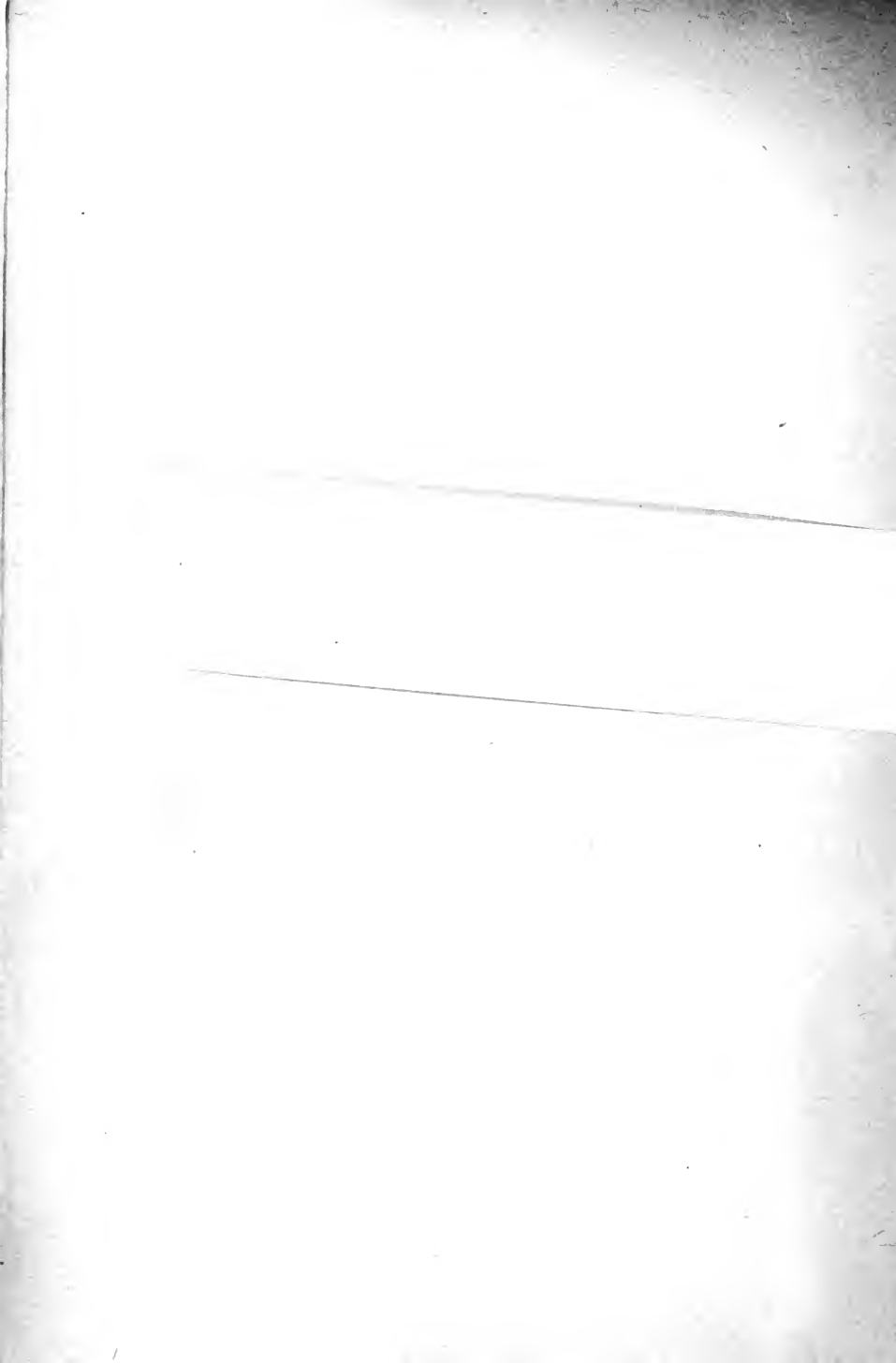
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THE PREFACE.

My task is completed. *Imperfectly?* Alas, none could be more conscious of that fact than myself! I have longed unspeakably for inspiration's pen to write the record of a life inspired, no matter whose the *hand* that held the pen! I have wept with disappointment as I have struggled to describe the indescribable! A thousand times, in the lonely solitude of my room, I have turned from pen to prayer, and then again from prayer to pen. My whole soul has yearned unspeakably to enshrine our Army Mother's memory fittingly, and to enable her in these pages to live her life again.

I have not criticised? No! I could not, for I loved. With the love of a son—the respect, the admiration, the enthusiasm of a disciple. For critical biography I have neither time nor taste.

I have exaggerated? No! Inquire from those who knew her best—her family, her friends, the Army. I have sought to tell “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth”; to let facts and letters speak for themselves, and to surround the picture with but a framework of such explanations as have seemed necessary for the occasion.

I claim for Mrs. Booth infallibility? No! Only sanctified common sense. “Jesus Christ made unto her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

She made mistakes? Undoubtedly! But I have not found many to record. As a Mother—her family speak for her in the gates. As

a Wife—her husband lives and testifies. As an Apostle—thousands of her spiritual children are scattered through the world.

I have been too laudatory? Nay, verily! Press and pulpit have combined to set their seal on every word, and the highest praise proceeds from other lips. My own opinion eight years' intimacy has entitled me to express. Of the General and the living members of the family I have left unsaid the appreciation and admiration which my heart has felt; but of the subject of these memoirs I have claimed the liberty to say that which I feel, and to testify that which I know. Sensitive to a fault of what the public might think, the General would have preferred that I should *underdraw* rather than *overdraw* her character. He would have been even willing that I should sprinkle a few blots—I will not say of my own manufacture—over the canvas, lest any should charge me with claiming perfection for the picture. I have claimed, may I call it, the *artistic* privilege of dispensing with the blots, which my imagination refused to invent, or my researches to discover. I have assumed the editorial responsibility of saying what I think, of saying it in the way that I desire, and of distributing my adjectives where they seemed most to be required, and I certainly must have declined the task had I not been allowed this, in my estimation, legitimate freedom.

Are there no shadows then? Oh, yes! Alas, almost too many! Victory shadowed by defeat, joy by sorrow, strength by weakness, warfare by suffering, life by death. A mighty intellect, an iron will, an ocean soul encased in an "earthen vessel," so frail that a touch seemed sufficient to shatter it. A barque tossed upon the waves of a perpetual tempest of opposition, persecution, criticism, from the day it was launched on its perilous life-voyage to the day when it cast anchor in the eternal Haven.

But the sources of my information? The entire private correspondence of Mrs. Booth from 1847 onwards has been placed at my disposal. Never has biographer been more privileged to peer with

prying eye behind the scenes and ransack the minutest details of a life. *Litera scripta manet.* The written records have spoken for themselves, and on their silent testimony, more than on the memories of living witnesses, this Life is based. The *facts* have been carefully corrected by the General—for the *opinions*, when they are not those of Mr. Booth, I assume the entire responsibility.

I have been helped? Yes, by my dear wife, Mrs. Booth's second daughter, Emma. [She does not think I have spoken too highly of her mother, and verily she ought to know. Nevertheless, the opinions are *mine, not her's.*] Piles of hurriedly-written, ill-digested manuscripts, which but for her I would fain have hurled impatiently at the printer's head, or have consigned to the depths of the waste-paper basket, have been dissected page by page, sentence by sentence, almost word by word. *Dissected*—yes, that is the word—dissected at home, till I almost feel criticism-proof abroad!

I have taken a long time? Not very. I received my material at the end of July, 1891. I sit writing these lines on the 2nd of the same month, barely eleven months afterwards. The life of a Salvationist is a life of interruption. Wherever he goes there are "lions in the way." Telegrams and letters follow him to every retreat. Seclusion, privacy, and the quietude supposed to be necessary for literary enterprise—the words have been obliterated from his dictionary, the very ideas have almost faded from his mind. His table is a keg of spiritual gunpowder, his seat a cannon-ball, and he writes as best he may amid the whiz and crash of flying shot and shell, the rush and excitement of a never-ending battle, in which peace and truce are words unknown, and rest, in the ordinary sense of the word, is relegated to Heaven.

Again, *it has not been like writing a novel*, where the author can give the heroine free scope to say and do as she pleases, or rather as he may please. A biography has meant a history of facts, and those facts have had to be verified and arranged. Thousands of letters,

articles, speeches, and reports have required to be studied, till my head has fairly reeled and my eyes have ached.

But I said, *I have been helped*. Yes, I have been *helped by God*—helped by the remembrance that she of whom I wrote was indeed a prophet of the Most High, and that it could not but please Him that the messages which had been uttered through her lips and life should be repeated through the medium of these pages—helped by the thought that it would be a comfort to her family, and an inspiration to our Army, and to tens of thousands outside our ranks, to read a record of such devoted service.

It has been *a labour of love*. I undertook it with reluctance, owing to a deep sense of my insufficiency. I conclude it with regret, realising how greatly God has blest it to my soul. I send it forth with the sincere prayer that it may be made an equal blessing to all who read, and that they may be enabled to re-live, at least in miniature, the life of Catherine Booth.

F. DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER.

101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

2nd July, 1892.

The Author is indebted to various photographers—including Messrs. Elliot and Fry, Messrs. Russell and Sons, the London Stereoscopic Company, of London; Messrs. Debenham and Gould, of Bournemouth; and Mr. R. H. Preston, of Penzance—for many of the portraits contained herein.

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CHAPTER I.

SHADOWLAND. 1820-1829.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

THE early days of those who have achieved greatness, and who have left their mark, either for good or evil, upon the world, constitute a sort of shadowland, which possesses a peculiar fascination of its own. The arrival of a new actor upon the world's vast stage is not always heralded, it is true, by blast of trumpet and beat of drum, however important may be the part that is about to be enacted. The surroundings and circumstances are often surprisingly trivial and contemptuously commonplace. As with the equinoctial gales, such lives frequently come in like a lamb, although they are destined to go out like a lion. And yet there is a something—a *self-assertiveness*, shall we call it?—about true genius, which enforces recognition and extorts admiration, so that, even in the undeveloped bud of early life, we find ourselves involuntarily exclaiming: The child is veritably father to the man!

True, at the time, few eyes are keen enough to discern the substance, of which these shadows are but the type and promise. The great TO BE is still enveloped in the mists of futurity. Its shadow falls for a moment with startling distinctness across our path, only to disappear with equal suddenness from our sight. And yet, viewed in the light of retrospect, much that was once obscure and difficult becomes luminously plain. Shadows are converted into substance, possibilities into actualities, fugitive expectations into sober accomplishment. To look forward and anticipate the future requires a prophet, to look back and appreciate the past is possible to all, so that even he who runs may read. And thus we are impelled to explore every nook and cranny of the child-life, confident that it contains abundant promise of the great hereafter. The little cloudlet, no bigger than a man's hand, assumes a new interest, above and beyond the many others that we have seen, because we know that it betokens coming showers and a sound of abundance of rain for the parched and famine-stricken earth.

And yet the search is often a very disappointing one. The facts on which we can rely are few and far between. The witnesses are mostly gone to their reward, or can remember scarcely anything beyond the ordinary humdrum of life. There is frequently little or nothing in the shape of written record to which we may turn, and the meagre items we are able to gather are just enough to make us wish for more. In short, we can obtain but tantalising glimpses, when what our heart would crave is a long satisfying look.

We are told there is a mountain peak in Africa, towering high above the rest, which forms the most conspicuous landmark for scores of miles; and yet so perpetually is it hidden in mists and clouds, that explorers have been within a few miles without so much as discovering its existence. Indeed, the same traveller, who has at one time passed the spot and noted nothing remarkable, has been surprised when, on a later occasion, the clouds have suddenly unfolded, the sun shone forth, and a snowy summit of surprising height and surpassing grandeur has disclosed itself to view. For a time it seems so near and so real that he is astonished at his own previous obtuseness. And then the wind changes, the mist rolls swiftly down the mountain-side, and he is tempted to wonder whether, after all, the bewitching vision he has just gazed upon may not have been some fancy of his mind, similar to the water-mirage of the desert or the deceitful will-o'-the-wisp of the fens.

Just so with this shadowland of life. The glimpses we obtain are so scanty and brief, that we are bound in some measure to be disappointed. And yet their very fewness and fleetingness perhaps add something to their attraction, while the distance through which we are obliged to gaze only serves to "lend enchantment to the view," and what we do see stands out in vivid distinctness, like the peaks of some mountain range against the background of the sky.

For those who stood in the valley of childhood, the horizon was so limited that they could see but little beyond their own immediate surroundings. To us, who have climbed the mountain-side of life, it is different. We are able to look down upon the landscape. Every turn in the road, every inch of upward ascent, brings some fresh surprise. Here is a tiny cascade leaping down the rocks, little more than a silver thread amongst the surrounding foliage of the forest. Yonder flows a stately river that sweeps for hundreds of miles through the plains, and bears on its bosom the largest ocean-going craft. It is difficult to realise, as we stand beside the one, that it will ever develop

to the size and power of the other. And yet we cannot doubt the evidence of our senses. The impossible has already come to pass before our eyes.

And thus we turn to explore the shadowland of a life of which each type has been realised, and every promise fulfilled. Thousands and tens of thousands to whom the stream has borne its rich merchandise of spiritual blessing will desire, no doubt, to trace the river to its rise. Like Hindoo pilgrims, not content with bathing in the portion of the stream that happens to flow past their dwelling, they will be eager to follow its course from the spot where their skyborn Ganges descends from the heavens to the broadening of its waters in the trackless ocean of Eternity.

At a very early age flashes of the spirituality, genius, and energy that were destined to make so indelible a mark upon the world, surprised and gladdened Catherine's mother, as she watched with tender care, and reared with difficulty, the fragile girl who became, almost from infancy, her chief companion and comforter. Mrs. Mumford was herself a remarkable woman, and some of the leading traits in the daughter's character were no doubt inherited from the intensely practical and courageous mother.

At the very threshold of her life, an event occurred which serves to illustrate the high principle by which Mrs. Mumford was ever actuated. She had become engaged to a gentleman of good position. Her mother had died some years previously. Her father was one who felt that his duty to his daughter had ended in supplying her temporal needs. The aunt who kept house for him was a being of harsh, unsympathetic material. No doubt these loveless surroundings helped Miss Milward to think the more of her choice, and she fancied herself upon the eve of life-long felicity. To her friends the match seemed a desirable one, and had met with their unhesitating approbation. The prospects were brilliant, and the wedding day had been fixed, when, on the very eve of the marriage, certain circumstances came to her knowledge which proved conclusively that her lover was not the high-souled, noble character she had supposed him to be—indeed that he was unworthy of the womanly love and confidence she had so unreservedly reposed in him. With the same promptness and decision which afterwards characterised her daughter, Miss Milward's mind was made up, and the engagement was immediately broken off.

It was in vain that day after day her lover called at the house, in the hope that he might persuade her to relent. She dared not trust

herself even to see him, lest she should fall beneath the still keenly realised temptation, and lest her heart should get the better of her judgment. At length, seized with despair, he turned his horse's head from the door and galloped away, he knew not, cared not, whither—galloped till his horse was covered with foam—galloped till it staggered and fell, dying, beneath him, while he rose to his feet a hopeless maniac! The anxiety had been too much for his brain, and the next news that Miss Milward received was that he had been taken to an asylum, where he would probably spend the rest of his days.

The shock was a terrible one! Not that she ever allowed herself to regret for a moment, either then or subsequently, the step that she had taken. Her sense of the claims of righteousness prevented this. Nevertheless, she had not anticipated, far less desired, that so swift and terrible a retribution should overtake him. She was overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and, shutting herself into her room, lay for sixteen weeks hovering between life and death.

Her extremity was God's opportunity. Whatever man might think of her action in the matter, however much she might be misunderstood and misjudged by those around her, the bold, brave stand she had taken for that which was pure and good could only be viewed in one light by the Supreme Authorities of Heaven. And so it came to pass that, following on this deluge of sorrow, and athwart its darkest cloud was printed the rainbow promise of salvation which was to gladden and console her after life, assuring her of abated floods, of returning sunshine, and of "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Sickness gave Miss Milward the opportunity to think, while sorrow and suffering combined to force her attention in the direction of those spiritual interests which in seasons of health and vigour all are so prone to neglect. Cradled in the Church of England, at a time when vital godliness was rarer than is now happily the case, Miss Milward knew little or nothing of the plan of salvation. True, she possessed in a specially vivid degree the instinct that made her abhor that which was wrong, cruel, or cowardly. Her conscience, moreover, was particularly sensitive. But this only helped to increase the misery of her position, since it enabled her to realise more acutely the sins to which she might otherwise have been blind, and rendered impossible the false peace which serves as a treacherous lullaby to so many sinful hearts, luring them on, like the siren's melody, only too swiftly and surely to their doom.

With Miss Milward this was now impossible. The Spirit of God

had striven with her. She had listened to His voice. She realised her guilt and danger as a sinner. To be a respectable one was no longer in her eyes any palliation of her sin. On the contrary, her position seemed the less excusable. Hell itself appeared too good for one so unworthy as she felt herself to be.

She turned in her misery to her Prayer Book. Opening its pages, her eyes fell upon the passage, "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins.*" In some way or other these words, which had never before possessed any special power or meaning, now fastened themselves upon her mind. Continually she heard them ringing in her ears, "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins.*" For hours she lay with her fingers placed upon the line. "And yet," she would say to herself, "what good is this forgiveness, if I cannot obtain it here and now—if I have to wait, as I am told, till after death for the assurance? This—ah! this is just what my soul craves! Alas, that it should be so far beyond my reach!"

The question preyed upon her mind to such an extent as to render her recovery impossible. The doctor who had been attending her seized an opportunity for telling Mr. Milward that some secret sorrow was evidently affecting his daughter, and neutralising all the efforts made for her restoration. It was important, he added, that the difficulty should be discovered, and if possible removed.

Naturally enough her father ascribed everything to the unhappy occurrences which had been the original cause of her illness, little thinking that the grounds for her mental anxiety had undergone so radical a change. Desiring to comfort her, he manifested a tenderness and solicitude to which the motherless girl had hitherto been a stranger. And yet to unburden her heart to him would, she knew, be useless. Although a regular church-goer, her father could not understand the experiences through which she was passing.

By a remarkable coincidence, which was surely more than accidental, the Methodists at this very time commenced to hold meetings in the town, buying from Mr. Milward a piece of land on which to erect their chapel. The news that many had received the very forgiveness for which she had been so eagerly seeking, soon reached Miss Milward. Oh! how she wished that she had been well enough to attend the services! Nothing should have withheld her! But this was impossible, as she was unable to rise, and there seemed little prospect of her recovery. Encouraged, however, by her father's kindness, she asked that the new minister might be allowed to visit

their house, and Mr. Milward, only too pleased to find his daughter once more interesting herself in matters which had no reference to the recent sad event, gave his hearty consent.

The minister gladly responded to the call. If ever a thirsty soul welcomed the living waters of the Gospel, it was surely Miss Milward. To know that she could be forgiven, not after death, but on the spot, without even waiting to attend a meeting, filled her with new hope and longing. The plan of salvation flashed in upon her soul in all its glorious simplicity. The same Holy Spirit Who had previously convicted her so deeply in regard to her sinfulness, now revealed to her the immediate and all-prevailing efficacy of the blood shed, not merely for the salvation of the world, but for her own individual soul.

For a time it seemed too good to be true. Her sins were too many and great, her heart too hard and cold, for the guilt of a life to be blotted out in a moment. The preacher's recipe, "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," was almost too simple to be trusted. It appeared at first incredible. But at length she grasped the truth. It was too precious, too potent, too necessary to be doubted or denied. With all her heart she embraced it, and was able to realise during the first interview that her sins were forgiven.

Wonderful to relate, scarcely had the minister left, when Miss Milward was able to rise, dress, and leave her room, healed in body as well as in soul.

With Miss Milward the change was not one of mere creed or sentiment. It penetrated every fibre of her being. It shone through her every capacity. It revolutionised her life, and marked indelibly her whole career. Amid the worldly amusements and fashionable follies to which she had been accustomed, she had often heard the warning voice of God. While playing cards or joining in the giddy dance, her mirth had been considerably damped by thoughts of death and a sense of condemnation. Frequently, as she went to the theatre of her native town, when her eyes fell upon the words, "*This way to the Pit*," conscience had shuddered. But now such pleasures were forever abandoned, and from that moment she never cast upon them a single backward glance.

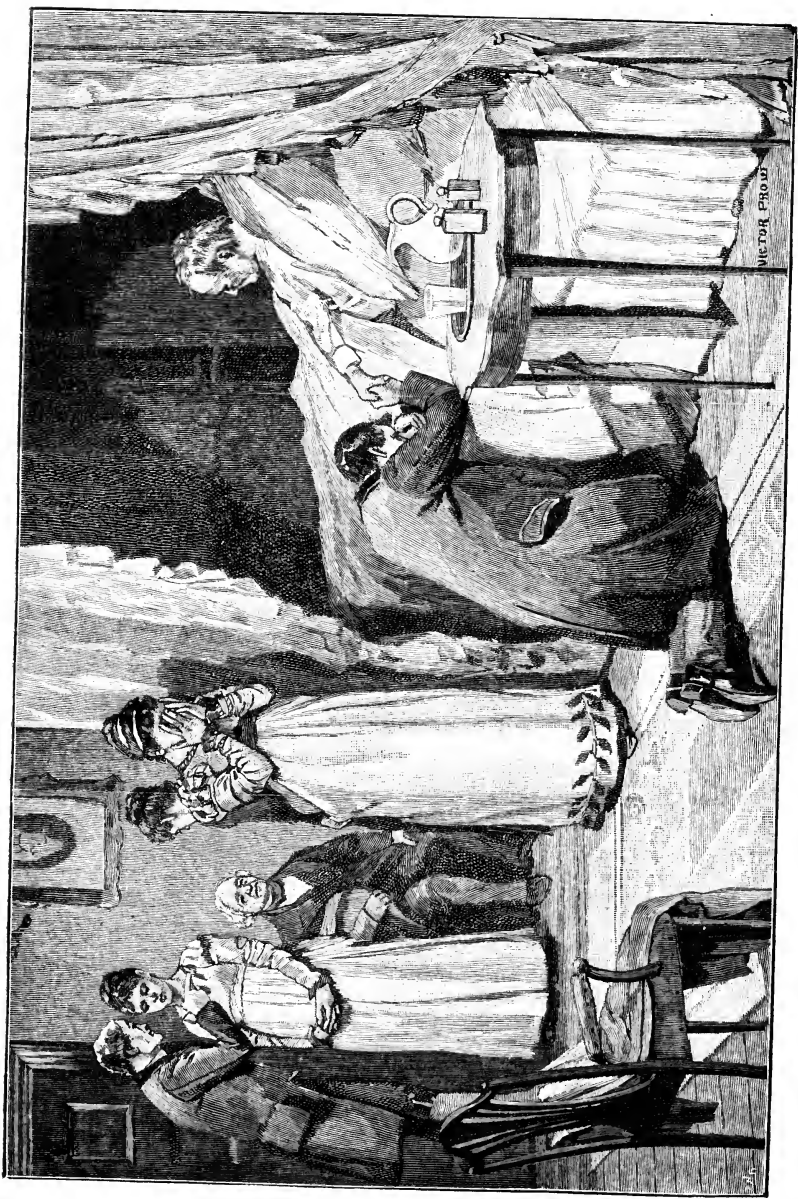
Even to the details of her dress was the change manifest. Her hat was stripped of its ornaments and made to resemble, as closely as possible, that of some pious Methodist dame, whose godliness and self-denial she had learned to admire. Her wayward locks of hair

were plastered into similar soberness. Her relentless scissors made havoc of ball-dresses, the remnants of which in after years served to furnish frocks for her daughter's dolls ! With heart and soul she set to work to please God in everything, embracing the cross of an out-and-out Methodist, and this at a time when it meant very much what it now means to become a Salvationist. The consciousness that she was doing right, together with the realised smile of God, enabled her to face unflinchingly the contempt and opposition of those who would have held her back.

For some time Mr. Milward humoured what he looked upon as the fanciful caprices of his daughter. He even went so far as to accompany her to some of the meetings, though he had but little sympathy with what he considered to be the eccentricities and noisy performances of the revivalists. Occasionally Miss Milward succeeded in cajoling even her aunt to endure the familiar vulgarities and loud Amens, with which the proceedings of Methodism were in its early days commonly enlivened.

From time to time special preachers came to conduct the services. One of the most popular of these was John Mumford. Even the Gorgonian aunt was constrained to appreciate him, and was heard to declare in an unguarded moment that he was certainly the finest young man in the town. For a time all went well. But dire was the wrath, and boundless the indignation of Mr. Milward, when he learned that John Mumford had dared to aspire to the hand of his daughter. Not only was the young preacher ordered out of the house, but, as the door slammed behind him, Mr. Milward with his own hand turned the key in the lock, as though to make his return doubly impossible.

He then sternly called upon his daughter to choose between her lover and her home. Either the proposed engagement must be for ever abandoned, or she must leave at once her father's roof, and face the consequences, be they what they might. The ordeal was a trying one, but her courage did not waver. She had sacrificed one lover, actuated by the highest principles, and she would again have been prepared to do the same, could her father have shown her any reasonable cause. In the present instance, however, she realised that he was influenced by unworthy motives. She had made her choice in the interests of God's Kingdom, as well as in keeping with the promptings of her woman's heart. And she was therefore as unflinching in her determination to continue this engagement as she had been to abandon the previous one. Nor was it in her



THE RECONCILIATION.

nature to temporise for the sake of peace. She would not, even in appearance, bow before the storm.

True to his word, and urged on by the aunt, Mr. Milward at length commanded his daughter to leave the house. She went forth penniless, without so much as a change of clothing, sacrificing every worldly prospect. Despite these trying circumstances, she was kept from saying an angry word, or even from entertaining an angry feeling; and when turning her back upon her home, she was led to make a vow that without her father's consent she would not marry, feeling confident that what seemed, humanly speaking, so utterly hopeless, could yet be brought about by God.

How few would have had on the one hand the courage to stand firm, or on the other hand the patience and faith to wait till the barriers should be swept away, not by her own, but by a Higher Power? Her confidence in God was rewarded, and within a few months she was married to John Mumford with her father's full consent and blessing.

Still greater was her joy when on his dying bed Mr. Milward sent for John to pray with him. "Let us pray with you," volunteered a relative, who was in the room. "No, you are not competent," replied the dying man. "Fetch me John." And so the Methodist son-in-law was brought. What a contrast was there between this visit and the previous one, when he had been driven ignominiously from the house, with no apparent likelihood of ever being able to return! Death, the universal leveller, had opened the door which Mr. Milward thought he had for ever closed. And so, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, the once exiled daughter watched her husband kneel beside her dying father's bed and point him to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." What satisfaction must she have gathered from the thought that, humanly speaking, it was to her courage and patience, under circumstances of such an adverse and difficult character, that he owed his salvation! And how triumphant must have been the final re-union, when, some fifty years later, father and daughter met

" Beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll."

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD. 1829-1834.

KATE MUMFORD, or as she is more familiarly known, Catherine Booth, was born at Ashbourne in Derbyshire on the 17th January, 1829. She was the only daughter in a family of five. Of her brothers the youngest, John, alone survived, the three elder having died during infancy.

"One of the earliest recollections of my life, in fact *the* earliest," says Mrs. Booth, "is that of being taken into a room by my mother, to see the body of a little brother who had just died. I must have been very young at the time, scarcely more than two years old. But I can remember to this day the feelings of awe and solemnity with which the sight of death impressed my baby-mind. Indeed, the effect produced on that occasion has lasted to this very hour. I am sure that many parents enormously underestimate the capacity of children to *retain* impressions made upon them in early days."

Mrs. Mumford was a wise mother. She realised that it was during the tender years of life that the human clay would respond most readily to the moulding hand of the maternal potter. The damp and impressionable material could be shaped almost absolutely according to the mother's will, whereas, once baked and hardened at the furnace fires of sin and worldliness, it would defy the most powerful influences that could be brought to bear upon it, or shiver in pieces beneath severities which timely firmness would have rendered unnecessary, and which were of no avail, because applied too late.

Nor was Catherine relegated to the dull monotony of a mere nursery existence. Mrs. Mumford felt instinctively that the moral germ could no more dispense with light and air than could the bud of any tree or plant. While on the one hand it must be guarded from those outward storms of temptation and worldly companionship which have, alas! wrecked so many, yet to place it in the dark, with little or no chance for heart expansion and mind development, would be to stunt its growth, and to produce a sickly weakling, incapable of dealing with the momentous responsibilities and opportunities of life. Just as the same bud would under one set of influences expand and



MRS. MUMFORD.

fructify, while under another it would droop and die, so the same character might be made or marred according to the treatment it received.

Who can estimate how many beautiful blossoms are blighted, how many noble natures spoiled, by being abandoned to a ceaseless association with unsuitable or careless inferiors? In what a multiplicity of cases are the lambs left to the hireling, while the one whom God intended to play the part of the shepherd is busying herself with a thousand trivialities, such as will matter little enough when she stands with her flock to give an account of her stewardship before the Throne! In later life Mrs. Booth emphatically declared her conviction that, however devoted or clever a nurse might be, she could not take the place of the mother, and that nothing could compensate for the loss of the companionship, training, and care of the latter. Speaking on this subject with all the advantages of her matured experience, Mrs. Booth says:

“Confining children strictly to the nursery is, I think, a great mistake. God has set us in *families*, and intercourse with their elders over the ordinary affairs of life must be improving to the young. In fact, topics of general conversation, providing they be large and elevating, constitute an education such as no books can supply. In my own family, of course, the conversation was always such as had to do with the salvation of the world. Nevertheless, I have been present at many dinner tables where ennobling subjects were never mentioned, and the veriest trifles occupied tongue and thought. Perhaps it *is* best for children to be kept from such.”

From an incredibly early age, Catherine became her mother's companion and *confidante*. With the exception of her brother, who went to America when only sixteen, she had no playmates. Children, as a rule, were so badly brought up that Mrs. Mumford dreaded their contaminating influence upon her daughter. To some this may appear too harsh a rule, but it was one which Mrs. Booth herself adopted in bringing up her family, and the result has surely justified its wisdom. On one of the few occasions when she allowed two of her children to visit the house of a particular friend, they returned expressing their astonishment that fathers and mothers *could* disagree and brothers and sisters could quarrel, or be jealous of each other.

But what Catherine lacked in outside companionship was abundantly compensated by the close and intimate ties which linked mother and daughter in bonds that grew stronger year by year, and that death

itself could but for the moment sever. The sapling, which was one day to outstrip and overshadow the parent tree, throve well those early years under the sheltering foliage of a mother's love, and abundantly rewarded the ceaseless solicitude and unwearied care of which it was the object. The conscience, which might have been blunted by undue and premature familiarity with evil, appealed to and cultivated, became keenly sensitive, responding like an Æolian harp to the slightest whisperings of the Spirit.

Catherine was but four years old when Mrs. Mumford heard her crying bitterly after being tucked up for the night in her little crib. With sobs and tears she poured forth into her mother's sympathetic ear the confession of some falsehood, which had so troubled her conscience as to render sleep impossible. Mrs. Mumford did not attempt to excuse the fault, or to reason the impression away, but talked and prayed with her, not leaving her until she felt herself forgiven. Then, conscience satisfied, the tired curly head quickly nestled on its pillow, and little Catherine was soon asleep.

"The longer I live," Mrs. Booth writes, "the more I appreciate my mother's character. She was one of the Puritan type. I have often heard my husband remark that she was a woman of the sternest principle he had ever met, and yet the very embodiment of tenderness. To her right was right, no matter what it might entail. She could not endure works of fiction. 'Is it *true*?' she would ask, refusing to waste her time or sympathies upon anything of an imaginary character, however excellent the moral intended to be drawn. She had an intense realisation of spiritual things. Heaven seemed quite near, instead of being, as with so many, a far-off unreality. It was a positive joy to her that her three eldest children were there. I never heard her thank the Lord for anything so fervently as for this, although they were fine promising boys. 'Ah, Kate,' she used to say, 'I would not have them back for anything!'"

The stirring example of such a life, and the perpetual influence of such deep spirituality, could not but produce a profound impression upon Catherine. "I cannot remember the time," she tells us, "when I had not intense yearnings after God."

While, however, the soul had the first place in Mrs. Mumford's consideration, this did not prevent her commencing in good time to develop her daughter's mental powers. It was true she had her own ideas in regard to education. French she abominated, and she would not allow Catherine to study a language which she argued would open

the door to the infidel and impure novelistic literature with which she knew it to abound, and which she regarded with peculiar horror. Little did she think that her granddaughter was destined not only to master the language, but to take France upon her heart, and to go forth to its people as its *Maréchale* and spiritual Joan of Arc. Strange, too, that the nation which had burned the ancient championess should have sent for the service of their old antagonist one who laid claim to similar divine inspiration, though striving to liberate her adopted people from the thralldom of sin and Satan, instead of from that of a foreign yoke. In each case the instinct of humanity, so similar the world over, recognises the spirit of the Supreme, although, as in so many remarkable instances, the manifestation is through a woman rather than a man!

Referring in later years to her mother's ideas with regard to French, Mrs. Booth remarks: "I cannot but think that on this point my dear mother was mistaken, and that she might have allowed me the opportunity of acquiring the language, while guarding me from the evils she so dreaded. I have found this to be possible in the case of my own children, having taken every care that they should read no French books concerning the purity and safety of which I was not perfectly satisfied. At the same time I believe that thousands have indirectly been ruined, both for this world and the next, owing to the use in schools and academies of the works of Voltaire and other brilliant but ungodly French writers."

If, however, Mrs. Mumford's prejudices obliged Catherine to eschew French, she at least made an early beginning with her English education. "My mother has told me," she says, "that I not only knew my letters, but could read short words very soon after I was three. I cannot myself remember a time when I did not find pleasure and consolation in reading, or hearing others read, either the Bible, or some religious book. I was a very highly nervous and delicate child from the beginning, and the fact that I was not strong enough to occupy my energies and time like other children doubtless had something to do with this rather unusual precocity."

Especially was Mrs. Mumford anxious to encourage her daughter in the study of the Book which she looked upon as the supreme fountain of wisdom. It was from the Bible that Catherine received her earliest lessons. Many a time would she stand on a foot-stool at her mother's side, when but a child of five, reading to her from its pages. Before she was twelve years old she had read the sacred book from cover to

cover eight times through, thus laying the foundation of that intimate knowledge and exceptional familiarity with the divine revelation which made so profound an impression upon all who knew her.

Thirty years later the position was reversed, and the weeping mother sat in a densely crowded chapel, listening for the first time to her daughter, as with power and demonstration of the Spirit she expounded from the pulpit to her eagerly listening audience those same Scriptures which she had studied at her mother's knee, and which had become indeed, when breathed from her lips, "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." "Was it for *this* that I nursed her?" exclaimed Mrs. Mumford, amid her tears, as she grasped the hand of a lady who had accompanied her to the meeting.

To the end of life, Catherine maintained this intense love and reverence for the Scriptures, and her last and most valued gift to each member of her family, from the very banks of the Jordan, was that of a Bible, into which, with the greatest pain and difficulty, she traced her name, as "the last token of a mother's love."

And yet Catherine was not unchildlike. True, she was prevented by her delicate health from engaging in active sports. But her humanity and naturalness manifested itself in a thousand ways, especially in her extreme partiality for dolls. Indeed, so devoted was she to her miniature family, and in so practical a manner did she labour for them, that with her it almost ceased to be play, and rather became a pleasing education for the heavy and responsible maternal duties which fell to her lot in after life. She must feed them, dress them, put them to bed, and even pray with them, before her mother-heart could be satisfied. And in her spare moments she might be seen, with earnest face and bended back, eagerly plying needle and thread, thus acquiring a skill which she turned to such good account in after life, that ladies in admiring her handiwork would beg to be told the name of her tailor, in order that they might go to the same place for their children's clothes.

It was during Catherine's early childhood, in fact while she was but three or four years old, that a dark cloud overshadowed the little home. Mr. Mumford was no longer the earnest preacher he had once been. His love for God and souls grew cold. He lost the old fire. He had never joined the regular ministry of the Wesleyan body, although for years he had been an accredited and successful

lay preacher. He was a coach builder by profession, and as an unpaid honorary official he earned his support from his business, devoting his spare time to fulfilling such preaching engagements as were marked out for him by his pastor. Mr. Mumford ought, without doubt, to have been a minister. His remarkable eloquence, reproduced in his daughter, his spiritual power, his popularity as a preacher, his natural predilections, and the happy possession of a partner in life thoroughly like-minded with himself, all pointed in the one direction. Repeatedly, as he afterward acknowledged, the spirit of God strove with him on the subject. But he resisted. The beacon-light of conscience was quenched. Little by little, almost insensibly at first, and afterwards with more rapid strides, he turned towards the world, and at length gave up even the profession of religion.

Mrs. Mumford was filled with grief, but with her wonted tenacity of purpose she held on, refusing to despair. Long into the nights she would pray for her husband, and indeed made it the goal of her existence to win him back to the blessed experiences of the past. At length, after a season of sorrow which left its life-mark upon her, prayer was in some measure answered, and Mr. Mumford turned from the pursuits and pleasures of the world to find his satisfaction in higher things. True, he was not what he had been when Sarah Milward first met him—the fiery enthusiastic preacher of salvation with whom she had fallen so spontaneously in love. Nevertheless, the change was great and was hailed with joy.

Thirty years later, in one of Mrs. Booth's first public meetings, she had the exceptional happiness of leading her father back to the full enjoyment of God's favour.

It was a beautiful sight, in after years, to watch the fine, venerable, white-haired old man in his daughter's meetings, as with the humility and simplicity of a child he assisted her in the management of the services, held up his watch to remind her of the too-often forgotten time, or prayed with a fervency and unction that few could surpass.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY DAYS. 1834-1841.

THE family removed in 1834 to Boston, in Lincolnshire, Mr. Mumford's native town. During his stay here he commenced to take an active part in the Temperance movement, his home becoming a centre round which many of the leading Temperance luminaries revolved. Catherine, with her curly locks and flashing black eyes, together with her brilliant conversational powers, was before long one of the most interesting features of her father's table, taking her share in the parlour debates which were to prove so valuable a training for her future career.

She could do nothing by halves. Eagerly she devoured all the Total Abstinence publications of the day, familiarising herself, by the time she was twelve, with every detail of the question. When evening came she would lock herself into her bedroom, and by the light of her candle would pour out her heart upon paper, writing letters to the various magazines to which her father subscribed. In doing this she was careful to conceal her identity beneath some *nom-de-plume*, giving her manuscripts to a friend to be copied and sent to the editor with his card, lest they should be rejected if it were known they had been written by so mere a child. Little did she then think that the day was coming when newspaper reporters would attend her meetings, the general public hang upon her lips, and her writings be circulated throughout the world. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Nor was Catherine's practical nature content with merely speaking and writing. The wonderful after-activities of life were foreshadowed in the twelve-year-old secretary of a Juvenile Temperance Society, who arranged meetings, raised subscriptions, and with all her might pushed forward the interests of the cause.

Largely, however, as her time and attention were engrossed by the Temperance question, Catherine manifested a deep interest in other important subjects which were discussed in the family circle. Mr. Mumford was an active politician, and took pleasure in explaining to his daughter the leading questions of the day. "By the

time I was twelve," she tells us, "I had my own ideas in politics and could fight my father across the table. Among other matters discussed was the Catholic Emancipation Bill. My father was in favour of it, while I was very much opposed to it, arguing that the way in which the Catholics had invariably misused political power proved that they were unfit to be entrusted with it.

"My side was always that of the people. I desired nothing so ardently as to see the poor and suffering made happy. Anything that bore upon this interested me beyond measure, and I not only wanted to know all about it, but longed to so use my knowledge that it should be of the utmost advantage to others.

"If I were asked for the main characteristics that have helped me

through life, I should give a high place among them to the sense of responsibility which I have felt from my earliest days in regard to everybody who came in any way under my influence. The fact that I was not *held* responsible was no relief at all. 'Why trouble? It is not your affair!' friends constantly say to me even now. But how can I help troubling, I reply, when I see people going wrong? I must tell the poor things how to manage!"

An early illustration of this trait in Catherine's character was one day manifested. While running along the road with hoop and stick, she saw



BEFRIENDING THE DRUNKARD.

a drunkard being dragged to the lock-up by a constable. A jeering mob was hooting the unfortunate culprit. His utter loneliness appealed powerfully to her. It seemed that he had not a friend in the world.

Quick as lightning Catherine sprang to his side, and marched down the street with him, determined that he should feel that there was at least one heart that sympathised with him, whether it might be for his fault or his misfortune that he was suffering. The knight-errant spirit which she manifested when, as a mere child, she threw down the gauntlet to the mocking crowd, and dared to take the part of the lonely hustled criminal, was peculiarly typical of the woman who afterwards stood by the side of her husband and general, helping him to face the scorn of his day and generation, until unitedly, with character vindicated and name be-blessed, they had climbed to a position of successful achievement unique in the history of the world.

It was Catherine's first open-air procession; indeed, may we not legitimately call it the first ever held by the Salvation Army? But it was destined to be multiplied a million-fold all over the world, and she was to have the joy of sweeping the slums of every considerable city in the United Kingdom, not alone, but at the head of devoted and well-disciplined bands of Salvation warriors, till at length the glorious past was focussed in the mammoth funeral march which stirred Christendom to its centre, when the very harlots hushed each other in the streets, and the rough unaccustomed cheeks of the poorest and most depraved were wet with tears, as they watched the speechless, yet eloquently silent body pass by of the woman who from her very childhood had held their cause first at heart, and who had so unwearingly fought their battles. We scarce know which touches us the more deeply, the cloudless sunrise of the child-champion, or the glowing sunset of the soldier-saint.

One form of sensitiveness which manifested itself in Catherine's childhood, and which caused her the keenest pain to the very end of life, was her intense and unusual sympathy with the sufferings of the brute creation. She could not endure to see animals ill-treated without expostulating and doing her utmost to stop the cruelty. Many a time she would run out into the street, heedless of every personal risk, to plead with or threaten the perpetrator of some cruel act. On one occasion, when but a little girl, the sight of the cruel goading of some sheep so filled her soul with indignation and anguish, that she rushed home and threw herself on the sofa in a speechless paroxysm of grief.

"My childish heart," she tells us, "rejoiced greatly in the speculations of Wesley and Butler with regard to the possibility of a future life for animals, in which God might make up to them for the suffering and pain inflicted on them here.

“One incident, I recollect, threw me for weeks into the greatest distress. We had a beautiful retriever, named Waterford, which was very much attached to me. It used to lie for hours on the rug outside my door, and if it heard me praying or weeping, it would whine and scratch to be let in, that it might in some way manifest its sympathy and comfort me. Wherever I went the dog would follow me about as my self-constituted protector—in fact, we were inseparable companions. One day Waterford had accompanied me on a message to my father’s house of business. I closed the door, leaving the dog outside, when I happened to strike my foot against something, and cried out with the sudden pain. Waterford heard me, and without a moment’s hesitation came crashing through the large glass window to my rescue. My father was so vexed at the damage done that he caused the dog to be immediately shot. For months I suffered intolerably, especially in realising that it was in the effort to alleviate my sufferings the beautiful creature had lost its life. Days passed before I could speak to my father, although he afterwards greatly regretted his hasty action, and strove to console me as best he could. The fact that I had no child companions doubtless made me miss my speechless one the more.”

Like her other benevolences, Mrs. Booth’s kindness to animals took a practical turn. “If I were you,” she would say to the donkey-boys at the seaside resorts where in later years she went to lecture, “I should like to feel, when I went to sleep at night, that I had done my very best for my donkey. I would like to know that I had been kind to it, and had given it the best food I could afford; in fact, that it had had as jolly a day as though I had been the donkey and the donkey *me*.” And she would enforce the argument with a threepenny or a sixpenny bit, which helped to make it palatable. Then turning to her children, she would press the lesson home by saying, “*That* is how I should like to see my children spend their pennies, in encouraging the boys to be kind to their donkeys.”

If, in her walks or drives, Mrs. Booth happened to notice any horses left out to graze which looked over-worked and ill-fed, she would send round to the dealers for a bushel of corn, stowing it away in some part of the house. Then, when evening fell, she would sally forth with a child or servant carrying a supply of food to the field in which the poor creatures had been marked, watching with the utmost satisfaction while they had a “real good tuck-in.” It is not to be wondered at that the horses were soon able to recognise her, and

would run along the hedge whenever their benefactress passed by, craning their necks and snorting their thanks, to the surprise and perplexity of those who were not in the secret.

Again and again has Mrs. Booth rushed to the window, flung up the heavy sash, and called out to some tradesman who was ill-treating his animal, not resting till she had compelled him to desist.

"Life is such a puzzle!" she used to say, "but we must leave it, leave it with God. I have suffered so much over what appeared to be the needless and inexplicable sorrows and pains of the animal creation, as well as over those of the rest of the world, that if I had not come to know God by personal revelation of Him to my own soul, and to trust Him because I knew Him, I can hardly say into what scepticism I might not have fallen."

On one occasion when driving out with a friend, Mrs. Booth saw a boy with a donkey a little way ahead of them. She noticed him pick up something out of the cart, and hit the donkey with it. In the distance it appeared like a short stick, but to her horror she perceived, as they drove past, that it was a heavy-headed hammer, and that already a dreadful wound had been made in the poor creature's back. She called to the coachman to stop, but before it was possible for him to do so, or for those in the carriage with her to guess what was the matter, she had flung herself at the risk of her life into the road. Her dress caught in the step as she sprang, and had it not been torn with the force of her leap, she must have been seriously injured if not killed. As it was she fell on her face and was covered with the dust of the hot and sandy road. Rising to her feet, however, she rushed forward and seized the reins. The boy tried to drive on, but she clung persistently to the shaft, until her friends came to her assistance. After burning words of warning, followed by tender appeals of intercession, such as from even the hard heart of the donkey-driver would not easily be effaced, she at last induced him to hand over his hammer, and succeeded in obtaining his name and address. Then, overcome with the excitement and exertion, she fainted away, and was with difficulty carried home.

To some this may appear to have been an unwise expenditure of a valuable life on behalf of so comparatively worthless an object, but such was the effect of cruelty upon her whole being that Mrs. Booth became at times like these oblivious to consequences, and was often rendered for the moment speechless, being quite unable even to explain herself to those around. Indeed, it seemed a physical impossibility, when

her soul was thus stirred with sympathy, to subdue her feelings, or calmly to "pass by on the other side." And, after all, is not the world full of people, who are so bent on taking care of themselves that they cannot be persuaded to sacrifice anything in the cause of humanity? If Mrs. Booth, both as a child and in after years, went too far, are there not tens of thousands who do not go far enough, and would not the world be the better for infinitely more of the same Christ-like, reckless spirit, which, in its anxiety to save others, cannot, even in voicing the groans of the dumb creation, save itself? Of her how truly it might have been said:

"Let others look and linger,
And wait for beck and nod!
I ever see the finger
Of an onward-urging God!"

But perhaps we have lingered too long in describing this interesting feature of Catherine's child-character and in tracing it onward through her later life. And yet, intensely as she felt on the subject, her sound judgment prevented her from making a hobby of it, or from developing this side of her sympathies to the neglect of other questions of still greater importance. Catherine early realised and throughout life acted consistently upon the principle that, even for the sufferings of the animal creation, the sovereign remedy was the salvation of its oppressors. She had no sympathy with those who hoped to accomplish the redemption of the world independently of the Gospel. "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" was her perpetual and untiring theme; His salvation her one great panacea for all the evils that exist.

As a child Catherine delighted in attending religious meetings. "Be sure and wake me in good time," were her last words on one occasion, when her mother was leaving her bedroom after bidding her daughter an affectionate "good-night." It was the end of the year, and Mrs. Mumford had promised, as a special treat, that Catherine should go with her to the watch-night service. But an aunt, who held different views on the training of children, happened to step in during the evening, and, as Catherine was soundly asleep when the time arrived for going to the meeting, the mother was persuaded into leaving her behind. "I cried bitterly when I awoke the next morning," she tells us, "and it was a long time before I could be consoled. This was the only occasion I can ever remember when my mother broke her promise, and the unexpected nature of the disappointment perhaps helped to make me feel it the more keenly."

No doubt Catherine's peculiar disposition and training enabled her to

appreciate and enjoy meetings such as, to ordinary children, would have been dull and uninteresting. By the time she was twelve it was quite usual for her to give her mother an outline of the sermon. The Wesleyans had several earnest preachers in Boston, and their child-hearer had often some interesting accounts to bring home regarding their sayings and doings. On one occasion, for instance, the speaker laid his Bible across the door-step of the chapel, and then, turning to address the sinners present, cried out in tones that thrilled the audience: "Now which of you have made up your minds to walk over that book to hell?"

Catherine and her mother were deeply attached to Methodism. Its literature was their meat and drink; its history was their pride; its heroes and heroines their admiration. They had no other idea than to spend in its ranks the whole of their lives, and to devote to the advancement of its cause their every effort. Little Catherine used to watch with profound pity the members of other denominations who passed the house on the way to their various places of worship. She wished, from the depths of her heart, that they could enjoy the same happy experiences as those of Methodists. No higher ideal of holiness and devotion seemed possible to her.

A subject which deeply engaged her interest and attention, and for which amongst her many self-imposed duties she managed to find time, was that of foreign missions. Some of her happiest hours were spent in meetings organised on their behalf. The stories of the needs and dangers of the heathen world made a powerful impression upon her deep and impulsive heart. All her sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the coloured races of the earth. The negroes especially appealed to her, seeming to be the most oppressed, and the least capable of defending themselves.

Nor could she rest satisfied with doing less than her small utmost to speed forward the cause. Gladly she renounced her sugar, and in various ways stinted herself to help the work, and when she had practised all the self-denial possible, she would collect subscriptions amongst her friends, often realising, to her unspeakable delight, quite a surprising sum. It must have been difficult indeed to say *no* to the ardent little enthusiast, and even those who felt but scant interest in the foreign field would find it hard to resist the appeal that in later years bowed the hearts of so many thousands. And the little girl-missionary, who saved and begged for the heathen, lived to see the institution of an annual week of self-denial throughout the world,

singularly enough closing her ministry of sacrifice and love on the last day of such a week. A missionary, did we say? A still higher privilege was to be her's, as joint-founder with her husband of the largest missionary society in the world.

The dreams of the child-politician, who so early fought the battles of the people across her family table, were to be more than realised in the rescuing, during her lifetime, of tens of thousands from drink debauchery, poverty, and crime, and in the scheme of social salvation launched after her death by the one with whom she had proved for nearly forty years so able a co-worker—a scheme which has startled the civilised world, inspiring with fresh enthusiasm the heart of every well-wisher of mankind, and with new hope the despairing outcasts of society, promising at no distant date the peaceful solution of a problem that has threatened to convulse empires, and for which no settlement has hitherto seemed possible, save in an ocean of blood.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL LIFE. 1841-1843.

CATHERINE'S school experiences were of comparatively brief duration. Her mother preferred that her education should be pursued at home, dreading the effects of unsuitable companionships. Still stronger were the views and more unqualified the antipathy with which Mrs. Booth afterwards regarded the entire fabric of modern schooldom.

The tendency of the age to dissolve the natural ties of blood, and to abolish parental responsibility, by herding children together under the care of those who are too often totally unsuited to prepare them for the responsibilities of life, could not be, she argued, in accordance with God's plan. The mental culture, the general information, or the social veneer they might thus obtain were dearly paid for in her opinion by the sacrificial holocaust of innocence, virtue, and spirituality demanded by this educational Jaganath. "Let thy gifts be to thyself and give thy rewards to another," she would say to this latter-day Moloch, who fattens year by year on the youth, the talent, and the beauty of the nation, marking out for his victims the choicest in the land, fascinating with his glittering eye, and encircling within his deadly coils prince, prelate, and people alike, till few are left who have not in his honour passed through the fatal fires.

To Mrs. Booth the great pasteboard image set up in the plains of Christendom by the nineteenth century Nebuchadnezzars of her day had no attraction. Like the three Hebrew heroes, she stubbornly refused to bow the knee before it. "Better," she said, "be cast into the sevenfold-heated fires of poverty and worldly oblivion, than purchase the favour of monarchs at a cost that should imperil the soul."

She never wearied in warning parents against a system which had proved so destructive of spirituality, turning many of the purest and most hopeful children into educated fiends, whose power for evil had been only increased by the intellectual weapons with which they had been armed. "What are you going to do with your education?" she would ask her children in piercing tones. "If you mean to serve

the devil with it, you had better let me know. One language is quite enough *for him!*" And when tempting offers came from rich friends to meet the expenses of a college training, time after time she put from her the dazzling chance, and this at a period when the future looked particularly dark, and there was no Salvation Army to afford scope for the development of the brilliant gifts with which she realised they were by nature endowed.

In one of her published addresses* she refers to this question as follows: "I cannot close these remarks without lifting up my voice against the practice now so prevalent amongst superior people, of sending children to boarding-schools before their principles are formed, or their characters developed. Parents are led away by the professedly religious character of the schools, forgetting that, even supposing the master or mistress may be all that can be desired, a school is *a little world*, where all the elements of unredeemed human nature are at work, and that with as great variety, subtlety, and power as in the larger world outside. You would shrink from exposing your child to the temptation and danger of association with unconverted worldly *men and women*. Why, then, should you expose them to the influence of children of the same character, who are not unfrequently sent to these schools because they have become utterly vitiated and unmanageable at home? I have listened to many a sad story of the consequences of these school associations, and early made up my mind to keep my children under *my own influence*, at least until they attained such maturity in grace and principle as would be an effectual safeguard against ungodly companionships. To this end I have rejected several very inviting offers in the way of educational advantage, and every day I am increasingly thankful for having been enabled to do so. God has laid on *you*, as parents, the *responsibility* of training your children, and you cannot possibly *delegate* that responsibility to another without endangering their highest *interests* for time and for eternity."

Nor can it be denied that Mrs. Booth's own successful experiment in this direction has placed her in a position to speak with authority on the subject. As monuments of God's blessing on her disinterested and self-sacrificing efforts, her family stand round her and speak for her "in the gates."

Mrs. Booth's personal school-experience was an unusually fortunate one. Her mother's influence combined with her natural strength of

* "Practical Religion," p. 24.

character to guard her against the ill consequences from which she might otherwise have suffered. But even had it been otherwise, she argued that the *system* could not be justified by the existence of an occasional exception, nor by the fact that some few might pass through the ordeal unscathed.

It was to be judged by its general effect on persons of *ordinary* moral calibre, who were incapable of resisting the evil influences by which they found themselves surrounded, rather than by its influence on characters of an unusual hardihood, who overcame their unpropitious surroundings, but were certainly not bettered by them. It has been said, in regard to the social problem, that God made the country, man made the town ; and it might be added, with equal truth, that God made the family, man made the school. And just as the remedy for the one evil is to turn the current backward from town to country, so Mrs. Booth was convinced that the wholesale juvenile immigration should be resolutely stemmed and turned from school to family.

Mrs. Mumford's views were by no means so decided and vehement as were afterwards those of her daughter. Nevertheless, her leanings were all in the same direction. Hence it was some time before she could bring herself to send Catherine to school. It happened, however, that amongst the members of the chapel in Boston to which Mrs. Mumford belonged there was a lady of unusual devotion and ability. Acquaintance quickly ripened into friendship, and at length Mrs. Mumford was persuaded to overcome her usual scruples, and to send her daughter to the school, of which from all directions she received such favourable reports. Certainly the children were of a superior character. Not only was discipline observed, but, what she valued infinitely more, many of the girls gave evidence of genuine conversion.

Catherine was twelve years old when she began to attend this school, and she continued her studies there during the next two years. She soon established such a character for truth, diligence, and ability, that she was appointed to act as a monitor, and was commonly appealed to for the real version of what had happened during the occasional absences of the principal and her assistants. Every one knew that nothing could induce her to tell a falsehood, be the consequences what they might.

Her sensitive nature and intense aversion to causing pain made her reluctant to go above others in class. She preferred rather to help them to surpass herself, when her natural capacity and love of study

would have easily enabled her to take the lead. In later years she was consistently opposed to the general idea of competition, believing that it excited a selfish and uncharitable spirit, and gave an undue priority to ability over righteousness. Her bookish and retiring disposition, together with the special favour manifested by the principal, led to her being teased at times by her schoolmates, and, though she was naturally good-tempered, she would occasionally give way to violent bursts of anger, for which she afterwards manifested the deepest contrition. She had a keen realisation of the value of time, and would spend her leisure hours in pacing up and down a shady lane near her home poring over some book.

History was one of Catherine's favourite studies. She experienced special pleasure in reading about those whose great deeds had served to benefit others. Their moral character and achievements on behalf of suffering humanity attracted her attention rather than their talents, wealth, or position. "Were they clever? What use then had they made of their ability?" inquired the child-philosopher. "Was it to aggrandise themselves, or to benefit others? Were they rich? How did they spend their money? Was it in idle pomp and self-gratification, or in extravagance and luxury? If so, they were too despicable to be admired. Their wealth perish with them, or go to those who would expend it on the poor."

"Napoleon," she tells us, "I disliked with all my heart, because he seemed to me the embodiment of selfish ambition. I could discover no evidence that he had attempted to confer any benefit upon his own nation, much less on any of the countries he had conquered with his sword. Possibly this may have been in some measure due to the prejudice of the English historians whose works I studied, and who doubtless strove to paint his character in the darkest colours. Be this as it may, my dislike to him was not based on any national antipathy, but on what I reckoned to be the supremely selfish motives that actuated his life.

"I could not but contrast him with Cæsar, who, though by no means an attractive character, according to my notions, yet appeared desirous of benefiting the people whom he conquered. His efforts for their civilisation, together with the laws and public works he introduced on their behalf, seemed to me to palliate the merciless slaughter of his wars and the loss of life and property that accompanied his operations. He appeared to me to desire the good of his country, and not merely his own aggrandisement."

Amongst other studies, Catherine had, as might have been expected, a special aptitude for composition. Geography she liked, longing to be able to visit the countries and nations about which she had read. Arithmetic was her bugbear, but this she afterwards attributed to the senseless way in which it was taught, since to her logical and mathematical mind figures had subsequently a considerable attraction.

In 1843 Catherine's school-days were brought abruptly to a close, by a severe spinal attack which compelled her to spend most of her time in a recumbent position, but even then her active nature would not permit her to rest, and her time was divided between sewing, knitting, and her beloved books. No doubt there was a divine purpose in this illness, for it was during the next few years of comparative retirement from the ordinary activities of life that she acquired the extensive knowledge of church history and theology which proved so useful in later years, and for the prosecution of which her multitudinous duties would otherwise have left her no time.

Her powerful mind fairly revelled in grappling with the deepest theological problems, nor was she satisfied with a mere superficial acquaintance with her subject. The accompanying facsimile of her notes on Butler's "Analogy," written when she was a girl of sixteen, will suffice to show how careful and thorough was her study. Wesley, Finney, Fletcher, Mosheim, and Neander were taken up in turn, and in some cases carefully epitomised. Finney's lectures on theology she specially appreciated.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," she tells us, "I had read with great interest long before, but even at that time I could not help entertaining a strong antipathy to the Calvinistic tendency of some of its teachings.

"Another book which I carefully studied was Newton on Prophecy. After noting and vainly striving to reconcile the various interpretations, each supported by quotation of chapter and verse, I can definitely remember deciding that, since so many learned and able people differed regarding the matter, it would be unwise for me to spend time and effort in striving to come to any clearer conclusion. I believed that I could better please God by devoting my attention to preparing people for Christ's coming, than by fixing the date when it was to take place, and to this position I have ever since adhered."

It was, perhaps, a happy design of Providence that suddenly liberated the girl-student from her scholastic cage and left her master-

Butler's Analogy

Chap. 1st. Shows distinct questions considered 1st whether death be the destruction of living Agents, if not, whether it be the destruction of their present power of reflection as it is of perception & sensation & if not, whether it be the suspension or the continuance of those powers, reflecting spirits. 1st Having inquired on the natural course of things, great changes & existed in very different states of life it is but according to the analogy of nature that we shall sometimes exist in a state or different from the present or that is from the former. 2^d That the powers capacities of Action, Happiness, suffering be before death is a presumption that we shall retain them after death. And as there be some positive reason to think that death will be their destruction, because, there is a probability that all things will remain as we now experience they are in all respects except those in which we have reason to think they will be altered.

1st PAGE OF MSS.—ANALYSIS OF BUTLER'S ANALOGY,

WRITTEN WHEN 16 YEARS OF AGE.

mind unfettered to follow the bent of its own instinct, instead of being forced into the routine ruts which would undoubtedly have been marked out for it by others.

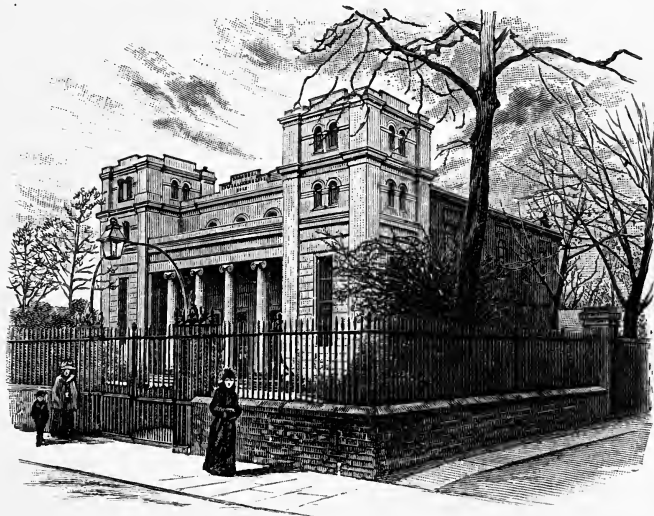
How inscrutable are the ways of God! Little did the lonely sufferer think, as she lay upon her couch, that this was her Heavenly Father's chosen training-ground, His college, of which He was Himself to be the sole Principal and Professor, she the sole student. Often was she tempted to repine at a lot so sad and mysterious for one so young. Yet, to us who look back, it is evident that this was the best, perhaps the only preparation for such a life. There was no other wilderness for the nineteenth-century prophetess, no other Galilee of the Gentiles for the latter-day apostle, where, apart from the old-fashioned dicta of priest and Pharisee, the Holy Ghost could fashion His new material suitably to the exigencies of the time. And thus that which appeared to be a terrible affliction is discovered in the end to be a blessing in disguise, and we are constrained to say :

“Sickness, thou ante-chamber
Of heaven—approach to God—
Ladder by which we clamber
From earth—Our Father's rod!
Welcome! Since thou dost bring me
Sweet messengers of love,
Angelic songs to sing me
Fresh from my Home above.”

CHAPTER V.

YOUTH. 1844-1847.

THE Boston days closed in 1844 with an incident very characteristic of Catherine. Previous to their departure for London, Mr. and Mrs. Mumford were visited by some cousins from Derby. One of them, a young man of somewhat striking appearance and with more than ordinary capacity, was deeply attached to Catherine. They



THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL IN BOSTON.

had known each other from childhood, and, although she was not the most ardent of the two, she could not prevent her heart responding in some measure to his love.

But he was worldly and irreligious, and conscience warned her that, however kind and genial he might be, he would make no fit partner for her in life. True, he would go with her to the chapel, but while she was endeavouring to enter into the spirit of the service, he would be scratching pictures on the pew in order to divert her attention.

For some time there was a considerable controversy in her mind. She felt she ought to break off all correspondence, and tell her cousin plainly that she could never make him the object of her affections. On the other hand she dreaded to give him pain, and was open to the temptation that, when continually under her influence, he might become in spiritual matters all she could desire. Ultimately, however, she took her stand upon the verse, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." And although, as she afterwards said, "it cost me a considerable effort at the time, I have far from regretted the step I then decided upon, and have lived to see that the whole course of my life might have been altered had I chosen to follow the inclinations and fancies of my own heart rather than the express command of God, which so unmistakably reveals His will to us in this matter."

And further she adds: "So much is lost at such crises through vacillation, through not acting up to the light as God gives it. A girl cannot easily talk about these things. Perhaps there is no one suitable to whom she can turn for advice, and so a false position is drifted into, which too often culminates in an unhappy marriage and a useless career."

In 1844 the Mumfords removed to London, settling down finally in Brixton. This was Catherine's first visit to the great metropolis, and she was considerably disappointed with its appearance. Girl-like, she had been castle-building in her imagination, picturing to herself the sort of model city that this brick and mortar colossus of the universe must be, with palatial residences and mammoth edifices. To find it a promiscuous mass of humanity sandwiched, so to speak, between soot and mud, with countless acres of very ordinary-looking dwellings, and interminable miles of streets, very much resembling those to which she had been accustomed in Boston, was an unexpected termination to her dreams. She was, however, deeply impressed with some of its principal sights, such as St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the National Gallery.

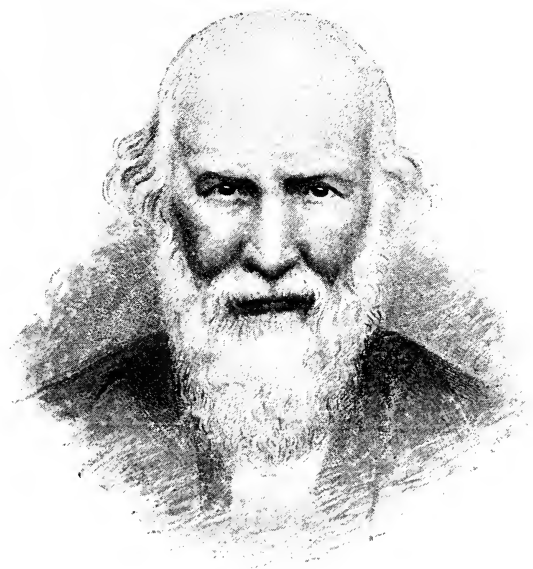
But it was the seething cauldron of humanity which more and more engrossed her attention as time went on, leaving her but little leisure or inclination to consider any other subject than how to benefit their condition and combat their miseries. With a few inconsiderable intervals, London became during the next forty-six years the principal scene of her activities. By dint of dauntless faith in God and weight of worth, unaided by wealth or influence, the girl-listener of Exeter Hall fought her way up to be one of London's most popular and

effective platform speakers, crowding the largest buildings with her audiences, and worthily closing her grand public career with a meeting in its far-famed City Temple such as none who were present could ever forget.

Yet at the very commencement of this period an incident occurred which reminds us on how slender a thread the most valuable of lives may hang. Mr. Mumford had driven his wife and children to visit a friend living at a village some six miles distant. On the way back the horse took fright and bolted. Mr. Mumford held on to the reins with all his might, but was unable to pull up. Catherine, who was in the back seat, managed to scramble out, running back to the village as fast as she could to obtain help. Looking over her shoulder, the last glimpse she caught of the scene was the horse rearing in mid-air with her father hanging on to its head. After running a mile, she became so exhausted that she fell fainting on the sward by the roadside, but soon recovered herself sufficiently to struggle on to the house of their recent host. Without a moment's delay the pony was put into their chaise, and Catherine was enabled to return to the scene of the accident. Great was her relief to find her father, mother, and brother unhurt. They had run into a ditch, but had miraculously escaped from injury, and were able to return home in safety, praising God for their deliverance.

To those who have read thus far in Mrs. Booth's life it will probably cause no small surprise to learn that it was not until she was sixteen that she believed herself to have been truly converted. "About this time," she tells us, "I passed through a great controversy of soul. Although I was conscious of having given myself up fully to God from my earliest years, and although I was anxious to serve Him and often realised deep enjoyment in prayer, nevertheless I had not the positive assurance that my sins were forgiven, and that I had experienced the actual change of heart about which I had read and heard so much. I was determined to leave the question no longer in doubt, but to get it definitely settled, cost what it might. For six weeks I prayed and struggled on, but obtained no satisfaction. True, my past life had been outwardly blameless. Both in public and private I had made use of the means of grace, and up to the very limit of my strength, and often beyond the bounds of discretion, my zeal had carried me. Still, so far as this was concerned, I realised the truth of the words:

'Could my zeal no respite know.
Could my tears for ever flow—
These for sin could not atone.'



MR. MUMFORD.

I knew, moreover, that 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.' I was terribly afraid of being self-deceived. I remembered, too, the occasional outbursts of temper when I was at school. Neither could I call to mind any particular place or time when I had definitely stepped out upon the promises, and had claimed the immediate forgiveness of my sins, receiving the witness of the Holy Spirit that I had become a child of God and an heir of heaven.

"It seemed to me unreasonable to suppose that I could be saved and yet not know it. At any rate, I could not permit myself to remain longer in doubt regarding the matter. If in the past I had acted up to the light I had received, it was evident that I was now getting new light, and unless I obeyed it, I realised that my soul would fall into condemnation. Ah, how many hundreds have I since met who have spent years in doubt and perplexity because, after consecrating themselves fully to God, they dared not venture out upon the promises and believe!

"I can never forget the agony I passed through. I used to pace my room till two o'clock in the morning, and when, utterly exhausted, I lay down at length to sleep, I would place my Bible and hymn-book under my pillow, praying that I might wake up with the assurance of salvation. One morning as I opened my hymn-book, my eyes fell upon the words :

'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, 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 ; now not all the devils in hell could persuade me to doubt. I no longer hoped that I was saved, I was certain of it. The assurances 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.

"Till then I had been very backward in speaking even to her upon spiritual matters. I could pray before her, and yet could not open my heart to her about my salvation. It is a terrible disadvantage to people that they are ashamed to speak freely to one another upon so

vital a subject. Owing to this, thousands are kept in bondage for years, when they might easily step into immediate liberty and joy. I have myself met hundreds of persons who have confessed to me that they had been church members for many years without knowing what a change of heart really was, and without having been able to escape from this miserable condition of doubt and uncertainty to one of assurance and consequent satisfaction.

“For the next six months I was so happy that I felt as if I was 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 favour.”

Catherine now joined the Wesleyan Church in Brixton, of which her mother had for some time been a member. So strict was her conscientiousness, and so determined had she been not to play the part of a hypocrite, that she would not give in her name previously to this, although she had been one of the most regular attendants and earnest listeners.

The society had in London at this time some able and eloquent preachers, such as Luke Tyerman, the well-known author of the “Life of John Wesley.” And yet, while the sermons were often of a stirring and pointed character, bringing the truths of the Gospel to bear upon the consciences of the people, they were unaccompanied by the signs and wonders that had marked the early days of Methodism. Moreover the members were in a much more cold, worldly, and backslidden condition than those at Boston.

Both Catherine and her mother were greatly disappointed at this. They were jealous for the honour of their church, and longed for a return of its higher spiritual life, of its separation from the world and effort on behalf of souls. It was a constant source of grief to them that so few were being saved.

And yet this was hardly to be wondered at, since there was comparatively little attention or effort bestowed upon the prayer-meeting which followed the sermon.

“At this very time,” she afterwards tells us, “I can remember leaving the chapel burdened at heart that more had not been accomplished of a practical character. I could often see that a powerful impression had been made upon the people, that their consciences had been awakened and their judgment enlightened. Many of them were evidently on the verge of decision. And then at the critical moment, when it seemed to me every power should have been

summoned to help them to act upon the light, and there and then to give their hearts to God, the prayer-meeting was either dispensed with altogether, or conducted in such a pointless and half-hearted style that as a rule the opportunity was lost, and the people streamed out, leaving little or no visible results to chronicle.

"I did so long on such occasions for some means of getting *at* the congregation in a direct and personal manner. I felt certain that the reason for much of this lack of straight dealing on the part of ministers sprang from a fear lest they should lose their reputation and the friendship of their hearers. And yet I could see that this was very short-sighted, even for this world, to say nothing of the world to come. For I was very sure then, and my subsequent experience has fully borne it out, that by dealing faithfully with souls, while they might have alienated some, they would have won a far greater number of converts, whose love, sympathy, and devotion would have much more than compensated for those they might have lost."

So deep and permanent was the impression produced upon Catherine in regard to this matter that in later years, when she herself occupied the pulpit, she lost no opportunity for compelling her hearers to an immediate decision, and after delivering an address that would occupy from one to two hours, and this with a passionate energy which would bathe her in perspiration from head to foot, she would step from the platform, conduct her own prayer-meeting, and personally deal with the long row of kneeling penitents, attending to each one's individual circumstances, character, and need. No matter how select or critical the audience might be, in faithful dealing, courage and directness she was the same. Indeed, she seemed scarcely able to restrain herself at times while the preliminaries were being gone through, perhaps by some too prolix a chairman, so impatient would she be for the opportunity of pouring out upon her listeners the lava-like truths which seemed pent up in her volcano soul.

But the time for her public ministry had not come, and Catherine had yet much to learn by personal experience. She now joined a Bible class which was conducted by the wife of a supernumerary minister of the circuit. This class she continued to attend for the next five years. "Mrs. Keay used to insist upon my praying," she tells us, "and would often keep the class five minutes upon their knees waiting for me to begin. When I told her one day that the excitement and exertion had made me ill, she replied 'Never mind! you will be of use by and by, if you overcome this timidity, and

employ your gifts. But if you don't, you won't.' And yet I do not suppose that she had for me in her mind a more extended sphere of usefulness than that of praying and testifying in class meetings, or at the most of leading one. Certainly I had no higher ambition for myself."

The class meeting was designed by Wesley to supply to the members of each society individual oversight, together with an opportunity for mutual confession and communion. Indeed, we might almost describe it as the Protestant equivalent for the Roman Catholic confessional. The class consisted of some twenty or thirty persons, who met weekly under the direction of a lay leader.

Mrs. Booth seems to have fully appreciated this institution, although she expresses disappointment in regard to the particular class of which she was a member. "I can see," she remarks, "that if our leader had been faithful to her duty and opportunities most of her class would either have been converted, or would have left. As it was, the teaching they received was quite compatible with lives of mere self-indulgence. Their testimonies were mostly of a mechanical stamp, one after another getting up and saying that they had met with great difficulties and trials, but that they praised God for having brought them through another week, without saying *how* they had come through, whether triumphantly or otherwise. The exhortations of the leader were usually to the effect that they were to look away from themselves to Christ, He being so presented in many instances as to become a minister of sin, and the chief design appearing to be to make them comfortable in their souls, although they might be living just like their neighbours.

"There can be no doubt," Mrs. Booth adds, "that the class meeting, as originally intended by Wesley, was an excellent arrangement, but the mere asking of empty questions as to how a person is getting on, and the leaving them to answer by the platitudes usual on such occasions, is to daub them with untempered mortar, and to lead them forth in the way of hollow profession and uncertainty. Pointed questions should be put, such as: Have you enjoyed private prayer during the week? How far have you been enabled to obey the precepts of Jesus Christ in dealing with your family or your business? Have you maintained a conscience void of offence toward men as well as toward God in these matters? Have you faithfully made use of your opportunities for doing good? How many have you spoken to

about their souls? Have you succeeded in leading anybody to decision for salvation or consecration? Have you practised any self-denial in order to extend the Kingdom of Christ?

"Such questions pressed home with the aid of the Holy Spirit would compel confession, and involve a repentance and re-consecration productive of real results. But of course questions of this kind presuppose that those who ask them are themselves living up to the standard which they set before others, and this, alas, is too often not the case!"

The leader of Catherine's class was an exceptionally pious and devoted person. She had the oversight of three classes, was an active visitor, and took a prominent part in all the work connected with the chapel. Yet while she herself dressed with studied plainness, her daughter was allowed to follow the fashions of the world, and to become engaged with her mother's approval to a young man who, though belonging to a Methodist family, did not even profess conversion. Catherine could not help feeling that these inconsistencies paralysed the power and contradicted the teachings of her leader, and that, with such an example before their eyes, little permanent good could be accomplished among the members of the class. For the "don't-do-as-I-do-but-do-as-I-tell-you" kind of religion she entertained throughout life a positive horror, and to find in her beloved Methodism such symptoms of decay caused her the deepest sorrow and concern. Nevertheless, sad though she might feel, the thought of separation from its ranks did not so much as suggest itself to her mind.

CHAPTER VI.

HER DIARY. 1847-1848.

LIKE too many of those, the record of whose inner life would be both precious and instructive, Mrs. Booth did not keep a diary. She used afterwards to say that she had been too busy *making* history to find time in which to record it. This fact lends added interest to the only fragment of a journal which exists.

The entries are brief and irregular, dating from 12th May, 1847, to 24th March, 1848. Intended, as she tells us, for her own eye alone, these early musings and heart-yearnings offer a valuable index to her life and character.

The diary begins with her arrival in Brighton for a few weeks' change and rest. In the previous autumn serious symptoms of incipient consumption had set in, and for six months she was almost entirely confined to her room with violent pains in the chest and back, accompanied with strong fever at night. With the departing winter, however, her worst symptoms subsided, and she was sufficiently recovered to travel, though still very weak. "Mr. Stevens, my new doctor," she writes, "came to see me on Tuesday last. He is a very nice man, and a preacher in our society. He sounded my chest, and thinks my left lung is affected, but says there is no cavity in it, and hopes to do me good. I trust, if it is for my God and His glory, the Lord will give His blessing to the means we are using."

The seriousness and severity of her illness may, however, be judged from another entry in which, under date 13th June, 1847, she writes: "I went to chapel in the morning, but felt very poorly with faintness and palpitation, so that I spent the afternoon in bed in reading and contemplation. At evening I went again and stopped to receive the sacrament, but was so ill I could scarcely walk up to the communion rail, and was forced to hold it to keep myself from sinking. Mr. Heady, the minister, saw I was ill, and held the cup for me. I afterwards came home, supported between Mr. Wells and another gentleman. The pain was so violent I had to keep stopping in the street. The cold sweat stood on my forehead. But amidst all the pain and confusion there was calm, peace, and joy."

Tortured on another occasion with toothache, she called in at a dentist's, "but he feared I was too weak to undergo the operation. He said my pulse was as slow as an infant's, and the shock might be too much for me."

The diary is full of intense yearnings after God and struggles to attain perfect holiness of life.

"14th May, 1847.—This morning, while reading Rowe's 'Devout Exercises of the Heart,' I was much blessed, and enabled to give myself afresh into the hands of God, to do or to suffer all His will. Oh, that I may be made useful in this family! Lord, they know Thee not, neither do they seek Thee! Have mercy upon them, and help me to set an example, at all times and in all places, worthy of imitation. Help me to adorn the Gospel of God, my Saviour, in all things.

"I find much need of watchfulness and prayer, and have this day taken up my cross in reproving sin. Lord, follow with the conviction of Thy spirit all I have said."

"I entered into fresh covenant this morning with my Lord to be more fully given up to Him. Oh, to be a Christian indeed! To love Thee with all my heart is my desire. I do love Thee, but I want to love Thee more. If Thou smile upon me, I am infinitely happy, though deprived of earthly happiness more than usual. If Thou frown, it matters not what I have beside.

'Thou art the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days
And comfort of my nights.'

On reaching Brighton, Catherine received from her mother the following letter, which throws an interesting light on the close spiritual communion that existed between mother and daughter. After referring to her own and Catherine's health, Mrs. Mumford says :

"Oh, may the Lord help me to hang on his faithfulness alone and when all seems gloomy without, 'still to endure as seeing Him who is invisible.' The enemy tempts me to doubt, because I do not *feel* as I did before. But I say to myself: 'Thou knowest

'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!'

"May He help me to believe for a clearer manifestation of His love and favour
'I would not my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live!'

"I am glad you are getting on so well. Live close to Jesus and He will keep you to the end. Oh, may He bless you with all His fulness! You say I must pray for you! Do you think I could approach the Throne of Grace without doing so? Oh, no! You are ever in my mind as an offering to the Lord. May He sanctify you wholly to Himself is the prayer of

"Your ever-loving mother,

"SARAH MUMFORD."

To this letter Catherine sent the following reply, which is the earliest extant autograph letter that exists:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I thank you very sincerely for your kind, nice, long letter, and especially as I know what an effort it is for you to write. [Mrs. Mumford's hand was crippled with rheumatism.] Don't fear for a moment that I should think you indifferent to my comfort. How could I possibly think it, with so many proofs to the contrary? If I ever indulged any hard thoughts, it has been my sin, for which I need the forgiveness of God: it has been prompted by the same spirit which has too often led me to '*charge God foolishly.*' But so far from this feeling being the offspring of my calmer moments and better judgment, it is only the effects of an evil heart of unbelief, an impetuous will, and a momentary loss of common sense, for I know and *firmly believe* that God will do all things well. Let us trust in Him.

"I thank you for your very kind and seasonable advice. I do pray and read the Scriptures with Maria, and she prayed aloud the other day, the *first time* she has ever done so in anybody's presence. I hope the work is begun; if not I tremble for her. But charity *hopeth* all things—believeth all things. I have had a deal of talk to her about election and Christian perfection, the last of which she would not admit to be possible. I never felt clearer light on these points than now. Oh, the depth of the riches and the wisdom of God!

"If I am able I shall go next Sunday to class in the afternoon, and Maria is going with me to see what a class meeting is like. Her church holds Calvinistic doctrines. I went to her chapel once, but could not receive all I heard, though I believe the minister was a true Christian. I am sorry she has received these opinions, and am endeavouring by simple Scripture, which is the best weapon, to show her the true extent of the blessed Atonement. She says I have thrown much light upon her mind, and she desires to be led into all truth. If so, the Spirit will guide her. May it be so. Amen!"

In a subsequent letter she says:

"I have just returned from the beach. It is a lovely morning, but very rough and cold. The sea looks sublime. I never saw it so troubled. Its waters 'cast up mire and dirt,' and lash the shore with great violence. The sun shines with full splendour, which makes the scene truly enchanting. It only wants good health and plenty of strength to walk about and keep oneself warm, for it is too cold to sit. There is a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in the Town Hall this evening. If I feel able, I think of going, but I shall not stop late. I am indignant at the Conference for their base treatment of Mr. Burnett. But I quite expected it, when he gave a conscientious affidavit in Mr. Hardy's case. Well, it will all

come down on their own pates. The Lord will reward them according to their doings, if they only persevere a little longer. *Reform is certain.*

"I wish I could see you, though I should be sorry to come home just yet. The change is most agreeable to my feelings. It is like a new world to me. I was heartily sick of looking at brick and mortar. Oh, I love the sublime in nature! It absorbs my whole soul. I cannot resist it, nor do I envy those who can. There is nothing on earth more pleasing and profitable to me than the meditations and emotions excited by such scenes as I witness here. I only want those I love best to participate my joys, and then they would be complete. For though I possess a share of that monstrous ugly thing called selfishness in common with our fallen race, yet I *can* say my own pleasure is always enhanced by the pleasure of others, and always embittered by their sorrows. Thanks be to God, for it is by His grace that I am what I am. Oh, for that fulness of love which destroys self and fills the soul with Heaven-born generosity!

"Brighton is very full of company. Many a poor invalid is here strolling about in search of that pearl of great price—health. Some, like the fortunate diver, spy the precious gem, and, hugging it to their bosoms, return, rejoicing in the possession of real riches. But many, alas, find it not, and return only to bewail their misfortune. Whichever class I may be amongst, I hope I shall not have cause to regret my visit. If I find not health of body, I hope my soul will be strengthened with might, so that if the outward form should decay, the inward may be renewed day by day.

"I should like to spend another week or two here. It would be delightful, One only wants the needful, and there seems to be plenty of it in Brighton, though I don't happen on it! There are bills in all directions announcing the loss of gold watches, seals, keys, brooches, boas, etc., and offering rewards according to the value of the article, but, alas, I have not been fortunate enough to find a mite yet!

"I will write again on Monday so that you may get it before you go to the Exhibition. Oh, I should like to see it again so much. It seems a pity for such magnificence to be disturbed. I hope the closing ceremony will be worthy of its history.

"There is one thing I trust will not be forgotten, that is to give God thanks for having so singularly disappointed our enemies and surpassed the expectations of our friends. This unparalleled production of art and science was born in good-will, has lived in universal popularity, and will, no doubt, expire with majestic grandeur, lamented by all the nations of the earth.

"Pray for me, my dear mother, and believe me with all my faults and besetments—

"Your affectionate and loving child,

"CATHERINE."

There is a touching passage in the diary with reference to her father:

"I was much blessed in the morning at private prayer, particularly in commending my dear parents into the hands of God. I sometimes get into an agony of feeling while praying for my dear father. O my

Lord, answer prayer, and bring him back to Thyself! Never let that tongue, which once delighted in praising Thee, and in showing others Thy willingness to save, be engaged in uttering the lamentations of the lost! O awful thought! Lord have mercy! Save, oh, save him in any way Thou see'st best, though it be ever so painful. If by removing me Thou canst do this, cut short Thy work and take me home. Let me be bold to speak in Thy name. Oh, give me true Christian courage and lively zeal, and when I write to him from this place, bless what I say to the good of his soul!"

In a later entry she adds :

"I received a letter from my dear father, which did me good, telling me of some resolutions he had half formed. I have written a long letter to him, and feel much blessed in so doing. I believe I had the assistance of the Spirit."

A good deal of Catherine's time was spent in writing spiritual letters to her friends and relations, and she found greater freedom in doing so than in the hand-to-hand personal conflict in which she became afterwards so successful.

"I have this day seen a lady," continues the diary, "to whom I wrote a faithful and warning letter. I wonder if it made any impression on her. . . . My dear cousin Ann was here yesterday. I tried to impress upon her the importance of giving her heart to God in her youth. But I feel myself most at liberty in writing. She promised to write and tell me the state of her mind. Then I shall answer her. Oh, may the Lord bless my humble endeavours for his glory! . . . One of my dear cousins is very ill; I think in a deep decline. She has three little children. But the Lord graciously supports her, and often fills her with His love. I frequently write to her on spiritual subjects, and the Lord owns my weak endeavours by blessing them to her good."

The record of her first experiences in visiting the sick is extremely interesting :

"This has been a blessed day to my soul. In the morning I had much liberty in prayer. This afternoon, for the first time in my life, I visited the sick, and endeavoured to lead one poor young girl to Jesus. I think, if spared, this will be a duty I shall greatly delight in. But Thy will, O Lord, be done! I have not been blessed so much for weeks as I was to-night at the class. I engaged in prayer. The cross was great, and so was the reward. My heart beat violently, but I felt some liberty. Oh! how sweet is Christian

communion! Hail, happy day, when we shall meet to part no more around the Throne."

Although her absence from home was for so short a time, there are some tender references to her mother:

"Home is particularly sweet to me. Who can tell the value of a mother's attention and care, until deprived of it? But, blessed be God, we shall soon meet again, and after all our meetings and partings here on earth, we shall meet to part no more in glory. . . My mind has been wounded to-day by several little occurrences, and to-night my feelings vented themselves in tears. Oh, how I long to get home to my dearest mother! I feel greatly the loss of some kindred spirit, some true bosom friend. My mind is rejoiced at the thought of going home."

After her return to London, the journal refers to the following striking but painful incident:

"Since last week we have been deeply moved by circumstances of a very affecting nature. My dear cousin has been here at times lately. She was expecting to be married next Thursday, and I was thinking about going down to Southampton with them. They had a house prepared for their reception; but alas, how soon is the cup of happiness dashed from our hands, and how quickly do our dreams vanish! The young man was taken suddenly ill on the Friday and died on the Tuesday morning. Blessed be God! he died in peace, and I doubt not is now in Heaven. He is to be buried on Thursday next, his intended wedding day! Oh, that I may be found watching when my Lord shall come!"

On the 28th November she writes: "This has been an especially good day to my soul. I have been reading the life of Mr. William Carosso. Oh, what a man of faith and prayer was he! My expectations were raised when I began the book. I prayed for the Divine blessing on it, and it has been granted. My desires after holiness have been much increased. This day I have sometimes seemed on, the verge of the good land. Oh, for mighty faith! I believe the Lord is willing and able to save me to the uttermost. I believe the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. And yet there seems something in the way to prevent me from fully entering in. But to-day I believe at times I have had tastes of perfect love. Oh, that these may be droppings before an overwhelming shower of grace. My chief desire is holiness of heart. This is the prevailing cry of my soul. To-night 'sanctify me through Thy truth—Thy

word is truth!' Lord, answer my Redeemer's prayer. I see this full salvation is highly necessary in order for me to glorify my God below and find my way to heaven. For 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord!' My soul is at times very happy. I have felt many assurances of pardoning mercy. But I want a *clean heart*. Oh, my Lord, take me and seal me to the day of redemption."

Again she writes :

"This has been a good day to my soul. This morning I felt very happy, and held sweet communion with my God. I feel very poorly, and excessively low, but I find great relief in pouring out my soul to God in prayer. Oh, I should like to leave this world of sin and sorrow, and go where I could not grieve my Lord again!"

At the beginning of the New Year (1848) she has the following entry :

"I have been writing a few daily rules for the coming year, which I hope will prove a blessing to me by the grace of God. I have got a printed paper of rules also, which I intend to read once a week. May the Lord help me to adhere to them! But, above all, I am determined to search the Scriptures more attentively, for in them I have eternal life. I have read my Bible through twice during the last sixteen months, but I must read it with more prayer for light and understanding. Oh, may it be my meat and drink! May I meditate on it day and night! And then I shall 'bring forth fruit in season, my leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever I do shall prosper.'"

A few days later we have an interesting glimpse behind the scenes :

"I have renewed my practice of abstaining from dinner on a Friday, and from butter in the morning. I had discontinued this for some time. O my Lord, help me to be more fully decided in all things, and not to confer with flesh and blood, but to be bold to take up and firm to sustain the consecrated cross."

On the 17th January, 1848, she writes :

"Nineteen years to-day I have lived in this world of sin and sorrow. But oh, I have had many sweets mingled with the bitter. I have very much to praise my God for, more than I can conceive. May I for the future live to praise Him, and to bring glory to His name. Amen."

CHAPTER VII.

THE REFORMERS. 1844-1852.

It was at this period that a great agitation arose in the Wesleyan community, leading ultimately to the withdrawal or expulsion of about one hundred thousand of its members. Miss Mumford became interested in the controversy, and, since her action in regard to the matter affected the whole of her subsequent career, it will be necessary to explain briefly its origin and history.

The Wesleyan Methodist Society was founded by John Wesley in 1739. Five years later he held his first conference of preachers. But it was not until 1783 that he drew up his Deed Poll, establishing an Annual Conference, which consisted of one hundred ministers, now known as the "Legal Hundred." The members were appointed for life, the gaps caused by death being annually filled up by the votes of the Conference. To this body Wesley delegated the autocratic powers which, during his lifetime, he had reserved in his own hands. The democratic element had, however, after Wesley's death, gradually gained strength, claiming for itself a voice in the Connexional government, and in the administration of its revenues. How far the governmental question was used as a catch-cry by a dissatisfied minority of the ministers who hoped, upon the shoulders of the people, to climb into office and dispossess the party then in power, it is not for us to say. It is certain, however, that it gave rise to several agitations, in the course of which the secessions occurred which led to the establishment of the younger branches of Methodism. The most serious of these disputes commenced in 1844, with the publication of an anonymous pamphlet entitled "Fly Sheets from the Private Correspondent," purporting to be issued "by order of the Corresponding Committee for detecting, exposing, and correcting abuses." Wholesale charges of maladministration were levelled against leading members of the Connexion, and sweeping reforms were advocated by the writer, in terms which were calculated to embitter the existing controversy. In 1846 the second number of the "Fly Sheets" appeared, and in the three following years the third, fourth, and fifth were published.

The Annual Conference of 1847 decided that measures should be taken for the discovery and punishment of "the men in masks," who were the writers of these pamphlets, since it was manifest that the matter could no longer be ignored, being calculated to exercise a mischievous influence, subversive of confidence and discipline. The authors of the "Fly Sheets" were known to be ministers; it was therefore resolved that each minister in the Connexion should be required to give a definite "Yes" or "No" answer, as to whether he had been in any way concerned in the publication. The objection raised against such a proceeding, as unusual, unjustifiable, and inquisitorial in its character, was over-ruled, and a declaration, repudiating any connection with the authorship of the pamphlets, was drawn up for signature.

Seventy ministers refused to sign this document. Of these, however, some forty gave an implied denial. With regard to the others it was decided that those who might be suspected should be called to appear before the Conference, when a "brotherly question" should be put to them by the president, and that, in case of their refusal to answer, they should be dealt with for contumacy. The result of this course of action was that, in 1849, three of the ministers, who were looked upon as the leaders in the agitation, were expelled from the society, while others, who had more or less supported or sympathised with them, were reprimanded.

But this firm attitude on the part of the Conference, instead of putting an end to the controversy, only served to add fresh fuel to the flames, and converted what had hitherto been, to a large extent, a ministerial squabble into a widespread conflict, which convulsed the entire denomination. The aggrieved party had anticipated the probable result of its uncompromising attitude, and had prepared itself for a prolonged struggle by the issue of journals and pamphlets which would advocate its policy of reform and ventilate its grievances. The most important of these was the *Wesleyan Times*, a weekly newspaper, of which the first number was issued on 8th January, 1849. It purported to be a liberal and independent organ, bound to no particular party, but representing the true interests of the Wesleyan body. As a matter of fact, it became the medium of the agitators, who were subsequently known as the Reformers, while the *Watchman* was the mouthpiece of the Conservatives.

Certainly the acrimonious spirit in which the conflict was carried on reflected little credit on either the one side or the other. The "Fly

Sheets" were marked by a personality and animosity which it would have been all but impossible to tolerate within the ranks of any well-ordered organisation, and which were sadly antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity.

On the other hand, the orthodox party would have done well to exercise greater patience and self-control. A few timely concessions, a resolute determination not to return railing for railing, and an exercise of persistent love towards the malcontents and their numerous friends would no doubt have saved the Connexion from many of its heaviest losses. At any rate, it would have been the soundest and most convincing proof that the charges heaped upon the Conference by its enemies were base and foundationless calumnies, and that its leaders were still what they professed to be, the true representatives of John Wesley's teachings, the veritable and worthy successors of their venerable apostle. Had such a course been pursued, there is little doubt that they would at least have happily retained within their pale two devoted members who were destined, perhaps, to be the most prominent figures in the religious history of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately the disputants on either side allowed themselves to be betrayed into language which can scarcely be justified, however righteous the cause it was intended to defend.

It cannot be denied, on the one hand, that the Reformers had some reason for complaint. The conduct of the Conference had in several instances been arbitrary and high-handed. The utmost stretch of charity could hardly invent any justifiable motive for their sudden banishment of the remarkable American evangelist Caughey, and this at a time when he was in the very zenith of his success. He was a Methodist minister, and his doctrines agreed in every particular with those of the Conference. Crowds flocked to his meetings from all the country-side, thousands of souls sought salvation, and the revival was at its flood-tide when the Conference compelled his withdrawal, causing widespread discontent among multitudes of the most loyal ministers and members of the Connexion, and exposing themselves to charges of envy and jealousy to which it was very difficult to reply.

Nevertheless, the Reformers put themselves in the wrong by resorting to personalities and invectives which no amount of provocation could palliate or excuse. Nor is it probable that the remedies which they proposed would have served to eradicate the evils of which they complained. In all likelihood they would but have substituted another class of difficulties for those which they were seeking to

combat. Indeed, it is open to question whether an opposite policy might not have been the best.

It cannot be doubted by any student of Methodist history that Wesley's own government was far more despotic than that of the "Legal Hundred." But the conviction that he was actuated by the purest motives, and supremely fitted for his post, enabled him to hold the reins of his paternal monarchy with a firm yet elastic hand, his authority unquestioned, and his person to the last beloved. Had he, like Moses, delegated his authority to some Joshua, or, like Elijah, dropped his falling mantle upon some Elisha, and had these in turn chosen similar successors, it is possible that the interests of the Connexion would have been better safeguarded, and its spirituality preserved, than by the institution of the "Legal Hundred." On this, opinions are certain to differ.

To substitute the rule of the sheep for that of the shepherds has, it is true, some obvious advantages. But whether the counterbalancing dangers and drawbacks are not of a still more serious character was and must be still open to grave controversy. Miss Mumford's intense sympathy with the people led her to regard the controversy with more than ordinary interest. Her views of church government subsequently underwent a great change, but at the time of which we write, although so staunch a Wesleyan, she strongly favoured the Congregational system.

She longed, moreover, to see the revival of old-time Methodism with its deep spirituality and intense passion for souls. Hence she hailed the Reform movement as the harbinger of a happier era when her church should be restored to its first love, the souls of the people revived, and the spirit of its founders should reinspire both rank and file with the zeal and unction which had constituted their attraction and power in days of yore.

Miss Mumford studied with deep interest the reports of the agitation, sitting up often till the small hours of the night reading to her mother the accounts of the so-called "Popish test," and the expulsion of the ministers. Her indignation was excited by what she looked upon as the arbitrary action of the Conference. She attended several of the meetings held in London by the Reformers, the most important of these being one in Exeter Hall at which addresses were delivered by the expelled ministers and resolutions adopted approving their attitude, and instituting a committee to further the interests of the agitation.

As might be expected, the Conference responded to the action of the Reformers by retaliatory measures. Thousands of their sympathisers were expelled from the ranks, whilst those who remained were required to abstain from attending their gatherings. A clear, sharp line was drawn, and those who persisted in crossing it were visited with the penalties of interdiction.

The outspoken manner in which Miss Mumford had expressed her condemnation of the Conference and sympathy with the Reformers was naturally objected to by her class-leader, who remonstrated with her on the folly of her course, reminding her that in identifying herself with the malcontents she would not only forfeit her position in the church she loved, but seriously injure her worldly prospects. Such considerations, however, carried little weight with the high-spirited girl.

The prospect was indeed a painful one. She still loved Methodism with all her heart. But there was something that she loved still better—her conception of what was *right*. To her duty was duty, however disagreeable it might be. Not a hair's-breadth would she swerve from what she believed to be the cause of righteousness. She never paused to consider whether she would be in a minority. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*"—let justice be done, though the skies fall—was the principle on which she acted throughout life. And on the present occasion she could not consent to withhold her sympathy and countenance from the cause of those who appeared to have been wronged. Finding arguments of no avail, her class-leader reluctantly decided to withhold Miss Mumford's ticket of membership.

It is customary in the Wesleyan body to grant to each member a ticket, which is renewed from quarter to quarter. A periodical revision of the rolls by the office-bearers of each society is thus insured, the non-renewal of the ticket being tantamount to expulsion. From the decision of the superintending minister and his staff there is practically no appeal. It was thus that Miss Mumford found herself expelled from the Wesleyan Church.

"This was one of the first great troubles of my life," says Mrs. Booth, "and cost me the keenest anguish. I was young. I had been nursed and cradled in Methodism, and loved it with a love which has gone altogether out of fashion among Protestants for their church. At the same time I was dissatisfied with the formality, worldliness, and defection from what I conceived Methodism ought to be, judging from its early literature and biographies as well as from Wesley's own writings and his brother's hymns. I believed that through the agitation

something would arise which would be better, holier, and more thorough. Here were men who, in my simplicity, I supposed wanted to bring back the fervour and aggressiveness of bygone days. In this hope and in sympathy with the wrongs that I believed the Reformers had suffered, I drifted away from the Wesleyan Church, apparently at the sacrifice of all that was dearest to me, and of nearly every personal friend."

It so happened that the Reformers had commenced to hold meetings in a hall near Miss Mumford's home. She was offered and accepted the senior class in the Sunday-school, consisting of some fifteen girls, whose ages ranged from twelve to nineteen. For the next three years she threw her whole heart into this effort, preparing her lessons with great care, devoting at least two half days every week to this purpose, and striving to bring every lesson to a practical result. When the rest of the school had been dismissed she would beg the key from the superintendent, and hold a prayer meeting with her girls. This resulted in the conversion of several, one of whom died triumphantly.

"I used to have some wonderful times with my class," she tells us. "I made them pray, and I am sure that anybody coming into one of these meetings would have seen very much what a Salvation Army consecration meeting is now. They usually all stopped, and sometimes our prayer-meetings would last an hour and a half. Often I went on till I lost my voice, not regaining it for a day or two after. I used to invite them to talk to me privately if anything I said had struck them, and at such times they would pour out their hearts to me as if I had been their mother.

"However, I was a great deal disappointed with the Reformers. I had hoped that we were upon the eve of a great spiritual revival. Instead of this everything was conducted very much in the ordinary style, and I soon became heartily sick of the spirit of debate and controversy which prevailed to such a degree as to cripple the life and power of the concern."

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIAM BOOTH. 1829-1852.

WILLIAM BOOTH was born in Nottingham on the 10th April, 1829. His mother was of so amiable a disposition and saintly a character that he regarded her as the nearest approach to human perfection with which he was acquainted. His father, an able and energetic man of business, attained a position of affluence, but subsequently suffered a reverse of fortune, and died prematurely, leaving his family to struggle with adverse circumstances. William, the sole surviving son, was apprenticed at an early age to a firm, where it soon became manifest that he had inherited a double portion of his father's enterprise and commercial skill.

Reared in the Church of England, he knew nothing of conversion until, happening to stray into a Wesleyan chapel, his attention was arrested by the novelty and simplicity of the services. For some time he continued to attend. The truths, tersely and powerfully expounded, took an increasing hold of his mind, and on one memorable evening, in a class-meeting, after days and nights of anxious seeking, he publicly and unreservedly gave his heart to God. With his mother's consent, he became immediately a member of the chapel, and, though but a lad of fifteen, he gave proof in manifold measure of the reality of his conversion.

Connected with the chapel was a band of zealous young men with whom he associated, and whose recognised leader he soon became. With one of these, William Sansom, he was specially intimate, and when, a little later, this colleague ruptured a blood-vessel in a prayer-meeting and died, Mr. Booth arranged a special funeral service, closely resembling those subsequently held in the Salvation Army.

During these early days he was as indefatigable a worker as in later years. Unable to leave business until eight o'clock, he would hurry away each evening to hold cottage meetings, which usually lasted till ten, and which were often succeeded by calls to visit the sick and dying.

Open-air services were constantly held in connection with these meetings, and processions were led down the Goosegate and other

thoroughfares, bringing to the chapel such a tatterdermalion crowd as soon gave rise to a request from the minister that the intruders should be conducted to the back entrance and seated in the hinder part of the building, where their presence would be less conspicuous and disagreeable to the more respectable members of the congregation.

However, without allowing himself to be discouraged by such rebuffs, Mr. Booth and his little band toiled on, happy in each other's companionship, and in the success with which their labours were crowned. On the Sunday he would often walk long distances into the country to fulfil some village appointment, stumbling his way home late at night, alone and weary, through dark muddy lanes, cheering himself along by humming the prayer-meeting refrains which during the day had gladdened the hearts of returning sinners. When only seventeen he was promoted to be a local preacher, and two years later his superintendent, the Rev. Samuel Dunn, urged him to offer himself for the ministry. "I objected," he tells us, "on the grounds of my health and youth. With regard to the former, Mr. Dunn sent me to his doctor, who after examination pronounced me totally unfit for the strain of a Methodist preacher's life, assuring me that twelve months of it would land me in the grave, and send me to the throne of God to receive punishment for suicide. I implored him not to give any such opinion to Mr. Dunn, as my whole heart was set on ultimately becoming a minister. He therefore promised to report in favour of the question being delayed for twelve months, and to this Mr. Dunn eventually agreed."

Referring to this time, Mr. Booth says: "I worshipped everything that bore the name of Methodist. To me there was one God, and John Wesley was his prophet. I had devoured the story of his life. No human compositions seemed to me to be comparable to his writings, and to the hymns of his brother Charles, and all that was wanted, in my estimation, for the salvation of the world was the faithful carrying into practice of the letter and spirit of his instructions.

"I cared little then or afterwards for ecclesiastical creeds or forms. What I wanted to see was an organisation with the salvation of the world as its supreme ambition and object, worked upon the simple, earnest principles which I had myself embraced, and which, youth as I was, I had already seen carried into successful practice."

In 1849, Mr. Booth removed from Nottingham to London. There were temporal advantages connected with the change. Nevertheless, it was his first absence from home and he sorely missed his mother,

by whom he was idolised, and whose affection he ardently returned. "I am the only son of my mother, and she is a widow," was his pathetic introduction of himself to a Methodist brother who, forty years later, remembers the very tone in which the words were uttered. His London life was, moreover, a lonely one. He missed the association of the earnest young men in whose company he had laboured since his conversion.

"How are you going on?" he writes in his oldest extant letter dated 30th October, 1849, to his friend John Savage. "I know you are happy. I know you are living to God, and working for Jesus. 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! Christ for me! 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!

"I preached on Sabbath last—a respectable but dull and lifeless congregation. Notwithstanding I had liberty both praying and preaching, I had not the assistance of a single 'Amen' or 'Hallelujah' the whole of the service! It is hard work to labour for an hour and a half in the pulpit and then come down and have to do the work of the prayer meeting as well! I want some Savages, and Proctors, and Frosts, and Hoveys, and Robinsons here with me in the prayer meetings, and glory to God, we would carry all before us! Praise God for living at Nottingham every hour you are in it! Oh, to live to Christ on earth, and to meet you once more, never to part, in a better world!"

It is interesting to trace thus early what afterwards came to be a distinguishing feature of General Booth's "plan of campaign," the utilising of every converted person in some capacity, as distinguished from the parson-do-everything system which he here so strongly deprecates. Nothing perhaps more powerfully characterises the Salvation Army of later years than its "ministry of all the talents." This has meant nothing short of a revolution in the religious world. But we should hardly have expected the happy discovery to have been made at so early a date.

There were not wanting, however, those who endeavoured to throw cold water upon his vehement zeal. "Young man," said one of these

critics, "there is *too much of the shroud* in your preaching!" Said others, "You are not sufficiently argumentative. Your sermons do not display sufficient marks of study!"

How disheartening he felt such remarks to be, we learn from some of the letters written to his friend, John Savage.

On 30th March, 1850, he writes :

"Concerning my pulpit efforts, I am more than ever discouraged. Upon becoming acquainted with my congregations, I am surprised at the amount of intellect which I have endeavoured to address. I am waking up as it were from a dream, and discover that my hopes are vanity, and that I literally know nothing."

In another letter he writes more cheerfully :

"I preached twice yesterday at Norwood—a dear people. In the morning, I trust, 'Oh, Lord revive Thy work,' was accompanied with blessings, and in the evening, 'Jesus weeping over Jerusalem,' though not attended with pleasurable feelings to myself, yet I hope went home to some hearts. I saw *nothing done!*

"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 pastor'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.

"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 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 the 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!"

What are we to think of the inconceivable blindness of the superintendent, who could cold-bloodedly tell the fiery young evangelist, when he proposed to offer himself for the ministry, that "preachers *were not wanted* by the Connexion!" We cannot help smiling as we find William Booth writing to his friend that he was seriously thinking of tendering his services as chaplain to a convict-ship, in order to work his way out to Australia, as he had heard that it was easier to enter the ministry there than in England. He adds touchingly :

"And then my mother's image flits across my mind! You know I would prefer by far the home-work. But the difficulties are so great. My ability is not equal

to the task. *Preachers are not wanted.* My superintendent told me so. And to go to quarter-day and not succeed would break my heart. Were my talents of a superior nature, were my attainments of a more elevated character, and my education more liberal and extensive, then might I calculate with some degree of certainty on passing the scrutiny of the criticising leaders, preachers, and trustees of the London fifth or Lambeth circuit."

In 1851 the Reform movement was at its height. But the character which the agitation had assumed possessed little interest for William Booth. To him the all-absorbing question of his life was how best to reach and save the masses. Certainly he had shared the universal disappointment at the banishment of Mr. Caughey from Nottingham, when the revival was at its very height. Himself converted only a few months previously, his heart fired with all the burning enthusiasm of its early love, he could not understand the motives that prompted the Conference to put a stop to so manifest a work of God. Still, like others, he had bowed to the inevitable decision, and had accepted what he could neither hinder nor approve.

It was inevitable, however, that he should be in some measure concerned and interested in a movement which involved the loss of nearly one-third of its members to the Wesleyan Connexion. Several of his personal friends were among those who seceded or were expelled, and the Rev. Samuel Dunn, who was the leading spirit in the agitation, and had been for three years his own superintendent in Nottingham, had recognised his ability, admired his zeal, and directed his studies for the ministry. But beyond attending a few of the meetings held in London by the Reformers, Mr. Booth held studiously aloof from them, neither preaching for them nor in any way identifying himself with them. Nevertheless, in the society to which he belonged there were already twenty-two lay-preachers, and the pulpit work to be divided among them was so trifling as to afford but little scope for the intense activities and organising genius which already fired his heart and brain. Feeling that his time would be better spent in open-air work in the streets and greens of Kennington, he tendered the resignation of his honorary post, requesting at the same time that his name might be retained among the list of members.

An agitation assuming the proportions and duration of the Reform movement could hardly fail to be marked by incidents of a regrettable character. The entire atmosphere seemed laden with doubt and suspicion. Innocent actions were misunderstood, and inoffensive

words misinterpreted. Nor would it be just to blame the Conference for the over-zeal displayed by some of their well-meaning but too hasty partisans. To uproot a field of wheat in order to extirpate an occasional tare is a temptation to which human nature has been ever open.

It so happened that the minister in charge of Mr. Booth's circuit was of an uncompromising heresy-hunting disposition. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that he viewed with suspicion the conduct of his lay assistant. Making sure that he had discovered once more the cloven hoof of the Reformers, and determined to purge his society from every trace of the pernicious taint, he withheld the usual ticket of membership, and thus practically expelled from the Wesleyan body the most talented and brilliant Methodist of the day. Not a finger was lifted, not an effort made, not a protest uttered, not a syllable of kindly counsel offered, by this strangely infatuated shepherd of the flock, who, with an assumption of infallibility that the Pope himself could scarcely have rivalled, wrapped himself in the cloak of his ecclesiastical dignity, and would deign no further response beyond a curt letter refusing to acquiesce in Mr. Booth's proposal.

No sooner, however, had the Reformers heard of this unjustifiable expulsion than they passed a resolution cordially inviting Mr. Booth to join their ranks. The suggestion was warmly seconded by one of their leaders, a Mr. Rabbits, who had almost from the time of his first arrival in London entertained a warm affection for Mr. Booth. Mr. Rabbits was engaged in the boot and shoe trade, owning three or four shops, which afterwards developed into an enormous concern with its headquarters in the Borough. He was a good type of the shrewd, hard-headed, pushing business man, combining with his worldly wisdom boundless energy and a deep appreciation for true religion. Himself a man of consistent Christian character, he was not ashamed to show his colours wherever he went, and took the lead in every good work.

When the agitation arose, Mr. Rabbits embraced very warmly the cause of the Reformers. He had been dissatisfied for some time with what he considered to be the growing coldness and worldliness of the orthodox party, and had therefore hailed the present movement with satisfaction, believing that it would lead to a revival of the old life and fire.

He had been present at the first sermon delivered by Mr. Booth in the Walworth Road Wesleyan Chapel. The latter had launched out

in his usual unconventional, earnest manner, strikingly in contrast with the ordinary ministerial style. Some of those present responded heartily, and the ordinary monotony of the service was disturbed by quite a brisk fusillade of "Amens." Mr. Rabbits was delighted. He met the preacher at the foot of the stairs, congratulated him warmly on his sermon, and took him home to dinner, forming on the spot a friendship which lasted to the end of his life.

"Why don't you become a minister?" said Mr. Rabbits, as they walked toward his house. And on discovering that it was Mr. Booth's most ardent desire, he promised to use his influence among the Wesleyan ministers in London, with some of whom he was on specially intimate terms.

Various obstacles had, however, arisen, which had prevented the realisation of Mr. Booth's intentions, until the circumstances just described combined to cast him into the arms of the Reformers. It was in June, 1851, that he joined them, preaching as frequently as he was able to do without relinquishing his business, and enjoying a considerably wider scope for his energies than had previously been possible.

It was some months after he had joined the Reformers that Mr. Booth was planned to preach at one of their chapels known as Binfield House, and situated in Binfield Road, Clapham. It was a nice little hall holding some two or three hundred people. The services were arranged on the ordinary Wesleyan model, and were conducted in turn by different local preachers. Of this congregation Mrs. Mumford and her daughter were members, and it was here that Catherine led the Bible class already referred to.

On the Sunday that Mr. Booth preached she was present, and although he was a perfect stranger to her, she was very much impressed with him at first sight. The sermon was from the text, "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the World." It so happened that during the following week Miss Mumford met Mr. Rabbits, whom she had known for some time, and was asked by him for her opinion of the preacher. She expressed it freely, saying that she considered it the best sermon she had yet heard in Binfield Hall. Little did she think, however, that Mr. Rabbits, who reckoned her one of the ablest judges of a sermon in London, would pass it on to the preacher himself.

About a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Rabbits invited the principal Reformers of the district to his house for afternoon tea and

conversation, hoping thus to promote a spirit of love and unity and to advance the interests of the agitation. Mrs. and Miss Mumford were among the guests, and so was Mr. Booth. The latter came in late, but was almost immediately pounced upon by the host to recite an American temperance piece, which he had heard him repeat some days previously. Knowing that there were scarcely any teetotalers in the room, Mr. Booth objected strongly, on the ground that it was not worth while occupying the time with it, when other important subjects required to be discussed, adding that the theme was also one which might disturb the harmony of the gathering. However, Mr. Rabbits was inexorable and would accept no excuse. He must and would have the "Grogseller's Dream," and the fact that he was not an abstainer himself would, he was sure, prevent anyone present from feeling uncomfortable. Amidst earnest attention, and with all the dramatic force that earned for him a little later the title of the "John Gough of England," Mr. Booth recited the ballad. We give it as quoted from his memory, believing it will be of interest :

THE GROGSELLER'S DREAM.

"A grogseller sat by his bar-room fire,
His feet as high as his head and higher,
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,
Which in spiral columns curved about,
Veiling his face 'neath its fleecy folds,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.
To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled, his friends had gone,
To wake in the morn to a drunkard's pain,
With bloodshot eyes and a reeling brain.
Drowsily rang the watchman's cry
'Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky !'
But our host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head and winked with a knowing look
'Aha,' said he, in a chuckling tone,
'I know the way the thing is done !
Twice five are ten, and another V,
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three
Make twenty-four to my well-filled fob—
I think it is rather a good night's job !
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine !
Much good may it do them ! The cash is *mine* !'

And he winked again with a knowing look,
 As from his cigar the ashes he shook.
 'There's Gibson has murdered his child, they say—
 He was drunk as a beast here the other day!
 I gave him a hint, as I went to fill
 His jug, but the brute *would* have his will.
 Then folks blame me! Why, bless their souls,
 If I did not serve him, he'd go to 'Cole's'!
 I've a mortgage too, on Tomkinson's lot,—
 What a fool *he* was to become a sot!
 But it's luck to me! In a month or so,
 I shall foreclose! Then the scamp must go!
 Oh, won't his wife have a taking on
 When she hears that his farm and his lot are gone!
 How she will blubber and sob and sigh!
 But business is business, and what care I?
 Yet I hate to have women coming to me,
 With their tweedle-de-dum and their tweedle-de-dee,
 With their swollen eyes and haggard looks,
 And their speeches learnt from temperance books,
 With their pale lean children—the whimpering fools,
 Why don't they go to the public schools?
 I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
 And take my chance where there's cash to be made.'
 And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee,
 And loudly laughed, 'Aha! Eehee!'
 'Aha! Eehee!' 'Twas an echoed sound!
 Amazed the grogseller looked around!
 'Aha! Eehee!' 'Twas a guttural note
 That seemed to come from an iron throat;
 And his knees they shook and his hair 'gan rise,
 And he opened his mouth and strained his eyes,
 And lo! in a corner, dark and dim,
 Stood an uncouth form with aspect grim!
 From his grizzly head, through his snaky hair,
 There sprouted of hard rough horns a pair;
 Redly, his shaggy brows below,
 Like sulphurous flames did his small eyes glow;
 His lips they were curled with a sinister smile,
 And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the while
 In his hand he bore—if a hand it was,
 Whose fingers were shaped like vulture's claws—
 A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull
 Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull!
 Gently he waved it to and fro,
 And softly chuckled, 'Aha! Oho!'
 And all this while were his eyes, that burned
 Like sulphurous flames, on the grogseller turned.

And how did he feel beneath that look ?
 Why, his jaw fell down, and he shivered and shook,
 And quivered and quaked in every limb,
 As though the ague had hold of him !
 And his eyes to the monster grim were glued,
 And his tongue was stiff as a billet of wood !
 'Come, come,' said the Devil, 'tis a welcome cold
 That you give to a friend so true and old !
 Who has been for years in your employ,
 Running about like an errand boy !
 But we'll not fall out, for I plainly see
 You are rather afraid—'tis strange—of *me* !
 Why, what do you fear, my friend ?' he said,
 And he nodded the horns of his grizzly head.
 'Do you think I've come for *you* ? Never fear !
 You can't be spared for a long time here !
 There are hearts to break, there are souls to win
 From the paths of peace to the ways of sin !
 There are homes to be rendered desolate,
 There is trusting love to be changed to hate,
 Hands that murder must crimson red—
 There are lives to wreck—there is blight to be shed,
 O'er the young, o'er the old, o'er the pure and the fair,
 Till their lives are crushed by the fiend Despair.
 The arm that shielded a wife from ill
 In its drunken rage shall be raised to kill !
 Where'er it rolls, that fiery flood,
 'Tis swollen with tears, 'tis stained with blood !
 Long shall it be, if I have *my* way,
 Ere the night of death shall close *your* day !
 For to pamper your lust with the gold and pelf,
 You rival in mischief the Devil himself !'
 No more said the fiend, for, clear and high,
 Rang out on the air the watchman's cry.
 With a stifled sob and a half-formed scream
 The grogseller woke ! It was all a dream.
 Solemn and thoughtful his bed he sought,
 And long on that midnight vision he thought !"

The recital was followed by an awkward pause, which was broken by someone venturing an apology on behalf of moderate drinking, perhaps as an excuse for the numerous non-abstainers present. This afforded Miss Mumford an opportunity for replying, much to the delight of Mr. Rabbits, who knew and appreciated her conversational and debating powers, and who enjoyed hearing her demolish her opponent, even when the lines of argument happened to militate against himself.

From subsequent conversations it can be readily imagined how ably Miss Mumford would measure swords with her opponent. "The Bible permits it," was commonly argued by the defenders of the moderation faith. And of all pretexts used by those who sought to bolster up the nation's curse, this was the one with which she had the least sympathy. "I think you are mistaken," she would reply, in the silvery, yet emphatic tones with which she commonly entered into such debates. "I have not so read and interpreted my Bible. At a first superficial glance it might indeed appear so. But if you read with care, you will observe that there are two kinds of wine referred to in the Bible, one intoxicating and the other not. The former is generally spoken of as 'strong drink,' or some equivalent term, and is invariably coupled with language of condemnation, never used in connection with the other."

And then there was the argument, "But you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament." "I am not so sure about that," she would reply; "by shutting up the liquor dens, you can certainly minimise the evil, since you remove the temptation from those who are too weak to resist it. What is there to prevent the Government from doing this? It has been done in some places with the best possible results. In the villages and districts where its use has been prohibited, drunkenness is comparatively unknown, thus proving by experience that people *can* be made sober by Act of Parliament."

"But what would become of the Revenue?" have further argued her objectors. "Revenue!" would Mrs. Booth reply; "what would become of a man, if he were to suck his own blood and eat his own flesh? How can a kingdom flourish that lives upon the destruction of its subjects, and that draws its revenues from their very graves?"

And to the plea that plenty of excellent Christians do it and see no harm in it, has come the prompt reply: "The more the pity, for as the American revivalist, Mr. Charles Finney, has said, it would be almost as easy to get up a revival in Hell itself as in a church whose members support the traffic, and some at least of whom may well be supposed to be the slaves of the evil."

But supper was announced, and the guests adjourned to the hospitable table of their host. How far the company were convinced by the recitation and debate to which they had listened, we cannot tell, but for that night at least the wine offered remained untasted, and water was the favoured drink, though not more than three or four of those present were professed teetotalers.

More important and lasting, however, than the result of this discussion in its influence on the future, were the feelings of mutual respect, sympathy, and admiration that it awakened in the hearts of Catherine Mumford and William Booth. If Mr. Rabbits failed to advance the programme of Reform, which had been for some time weighing on his heart, he had unconsciously helped to lay the foundation of a union which should make possible the fulfilment of his most cherished hopes, and which should gather together and resurrect the dry bones with which he saw the religious valley to be so full, until they should stand upon their feet "an exceeding great army."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

THE 10th April, 1852, was a memorable day in the history of William Booth. It was his birthday—the day on which he finally relinquished business for the ministry, and, as if to accentuate the significance of the sacrifice, it was a Good Friday. Finally it was on this day that the respect and admiration with which he regarded Miss Mumford ripened into a life-long love.

He was now practically her pastor. The Reformers had accepted him as their preacher, at the instance of Mr. Rabbits, who had undertaken to pay him his salary. "How much will you require?" he asked, in broaching the question. "Twelve shillings a week will keep me in bread and cheese," responded the first Salvation Army Captain. "I would not hear of such a thing," replied his friend; "you must take at least a pound." And so, with this modest remuneration, Mr. Booth commenced his work as a preacher of the Gospel, "passing rich on *fifty* pounds a year"!

He had set apart the day to visit a relative, with a view to interesting him in his new career, when Mr. Rabbits, happening to meet him, carried him off to a service held by the Reformers in a school-room in Cowper Street, City Road. Catherine was present, and the casual acquaintance that commenced a few weeks previously was renewed, Mr. Booth escorting her home when the meeting was over.

Although a mutual and ardent affection sprang up, which deepened on each succeeding interview, nevertheless no engagement was entered into, until after the most thorough and prayerful consideration. Indeed, apart from the love and admiration which each entertained for the other, the prospects were by no means encouraging. Mr. Booth had left behind him the business career, in which he would doubtless have made good use of his energy and organising abilities. In spite of flattering offers he had no desire to return to it. His whole soul was aflame for the ministry. But for this he imagined that he should need years of study and preparation. The door of the Wesleyan Church had been closed against him. The post he held among the

Reformers was temporary and unreliable, and each week increased his dissatisfaction with their discipline and mode of government. They had thrown off the yoke of what they looked upon as a tyrannical priesthood, but, as is often the case with human nature, the pendulum had now swung from one extreme to the other. Having first disputed the authority of their ordained pastors, they now refused to acknowledge that of those whom they had themselves appointed and whom they were likewise free at any moment to discharge.

This was no doubt a capital training for the future General of the Salvation Army. He tasted by bitter experience that a democratic government could be as tyrannical as a paternally despotic one. Under the name and cloak of liberty, he found himself fettered hand and foot.

As a body the Reformers included within their ranks many of the best and noblest spirits in Wesleyan Methodism. Nevertheless, it will be easily understood that, amid the turmoil of the agitation, the more turbulent and demagogic characters pushed their way to the front. This was particularly the case in regard to the little group with whom Mr. Booth had cast in his lot, and whom he always considered as poorly representing the movement at large.

The power was vested in those who did not know how properly to use it. His judgment was controlled and his plans were thwarted by a small clique of people who were too brainless to think, too timid to act, or too destitute of spirituality to appreciate his intense passion for souls. This he was sure could not be God's plan for leading His people to battle. "Order is Heaven's first law," became henceforth a maxim that firmly embedded itself in his mind.

Then again, the future of the Reformers was wrapped in uncertainty. Their original intention was, without leaving the Wesleyan body, to organise themselves as a radical democratic party, a sort of constitutional opposition of a parliamentarian character. For a time they were content to be in a minority. Ultimately they believed their views would prevail. But the action of the Conference, in expelling them wholesale from the ranks of the Connexion, had forced them to reconsider the question. Some were for returning to the mother-church. These formed an influential party of reconciliation, who endeavoured this very year (1852) to approach the orthodox portion of the society, and obtain some moderate concessions, which would enable them to return. But the Conference were inflexible, refusing to receive the deputation that was sent to wait on them. The

memorial was certainly read, but the answer sent denied the allegations made, and rejected the prayer of the petitioners.

A large number, however, among the Reformers were opposed to mediation, and preferred to be organised into a separate church, whilst others desired to cast in their lot with some of the more liberal Methodist denominations, which were waiting to receive them with open arms.

With such divided counsels, the future of the Reformers could not but be uncertain, and so far as study for the duties of a regular ministry was concerned, it might be necessary to wait for years before the organisation had sufficiently developed to make this possible.

Mr. Booth doubted whether, with prospects so unsatisfactory, he should be justified in allowing Miss Mumford to enter into any engagement. Some of the letters that were exchanged are so interesting, and the spirit manifested so exemplary, that we cannot do better than refer to them. The earliest is dated 11th May, 1852, when the question of the engagement was still undecided :

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been spreading your letter before the Lord, and earnestly pleading for a manifestation of His will to your mind. And now I would say a few words of comfort and encouragement.

"If you wish to avoid giving me pain, don't condemn yourself. I feel sure God does not condemn you, and if you could look into my heart you would see how far I am from such a feeling. *Don't pore over the past!* Let it all go! Your desire is to do the will of God and He will guide you. Never mind *who* frowns if God smiles.

"The words, 'gloom, melancholy, and despair,' lacerate my heart. Don't give way to such feelings for a moment. *God loves you.* He will sustain you. The thought that I should increase your perplexity and cause you any suffering is almost intolerable. I am tempted to wish that we had never seen each other! Do try to forget me, as far as the remembrance would injure your usefulness or spoil your peace. If I have no alternative but to oppose the will of God, or trample on the desolations of my own heart, *my choice is made!* 'Thy will be done!' is my constant cry. I care not for myself, but oh, if I *cause you to err*, I shall never be happy again!"

In the same letter she adds :

"It is very trying to be depreciated and slighted when you are acting from the purest motives. But consider the character of those who thus treat you, and *don't overestimate their influence.* You have some true friends in the circuit, and what is better than all, you have a friend above, whose love is as great as His power. He can open your way to another sphere of usefulness, greater than you now conceive of."

Little did the writer think how prophetic was this last sentence. How immeasurable would have been their surprise had the veil been

lifted for a moment, and a glance into the distant future permitted to the two doubt-bestricken, fear-beleaguered lovers, so anxious to do right, and to obey the dictates of their enlightened consciences, rather than to follow the unbridled clamourings of their hearts. In looking back we see the mighty issues that were then at stake, and all around are spread the fruit unto eternity of that sanctified resolution. Well would it be for thousands if they paused similarly to take counsel of God, before committing themselves to any decision in so momentous a matter.

Two days later Miss Mumford writes again :

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have read and re-read your note, and fear you did not fully understand my difficulty. It was *not circumstances*. I thought I had fully satisfied you on that point. I thought I had assured you that a bright prospect could not allure me nor a dark one affright me, if we are only *one in heart*. My difficulty, my only reason for wishing to defer the engagement, was that *you* might feel satisfied in your mind that the step is right. I dare not enter into so solemn an engagement until you can assure me that you feel I am in every way suited to make you happy, and that you are satisfied that the step is not opposed to the will of God. If you are convinced on this point, irrespective of circumstances, let circumstances *go*, and let us be one, come what may; and let us on Saturday evening, on our knees before God, give ourselves afresh to Him and to each other. When this is done, what have we to do with the future? We and all our concerns are in His hands, under His all-wise and gracious Providence.

"Again I commend you to Him. It cannot, shall not be that you shall make a mistake. Let us besiege His Throne with all the powers of prayer, and believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"CATHERINE."

And so on that Sabbath eve, the 15th May, 1852, reason gave its sanction, and conscience set its seal, to an engagement which was fraught with results that eternity will alone reveal. In the dim twilight of that summer day the twin foundation stones were laid of a living temple more blessed and beautiful than that which crowned the summit of Moriah—a temple whose precious stones and costly timbers were to be hewn without hands in the depths of darkest fetishism, in the jungles of hopeless heathendom, and in the civilised and educated, but beweped and submerged mass of nihilism, socialism and despotism, which calls itself Christianity—a temple which was to be finally fitted and framed into one harmonious, glorious, imperishable whole, without sound of axe or hammer, by the heavenly craftsmen, as a part and parcel of the New Jerusalem, and an eternal monument of the wonder-working hand of its divine Architect.

The following letter, written a few days subsequently, might almost have been penned by a Hannah or Mary, when rejoicing over their answered prayers, and deserves to be embalmed in memory :

"MY DEAREST WILLIAM,—The evening is beautifully serene and tranquil according sweetly with the feelings of my soul. The whirlwind is past, and the succeeding calm is proportionate to its violence. Your letter, your visit, have hushed its last murmurs and stilled every vibration of my throbbing heart-strings. All is well. I feel it is right, and I praise God for the satisfying conviction.

"Most gladly does my soul respond to your invitation to give myself afresh to Him, and to strive to link myself closer to you, by rising more into the likeness of my Lord. The nearer our assimilation to Jesus, the more perfect and heavenly our union. Our hearts are now indeed *one*, so one that division would be more bitter than death. But I am satisfied that our union may become, if not more complete more Divine, and consequently capable of yielding a larger amount of pure unmingled bliss.

"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.

"If indeed we are the disciples of Christ, 'in the world we shall have tribulation ;' but in Him and in *each other* we may have peace. If God chastises us by affliction, in either mind, body, or circumstances, it will only be a mark of our discipleship ; and if borne equally by us both, the blow will not only be softened, but sanctified, and we shall be enabled to rejoice that we are permitted to drain the bitter cup *together*. Satisfied that in our souls there flows a deep undercurrent of pure affection, we will seek grace to bear with the bubbles which may rise on the surface, or wisdom so to burst them 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.

"The more you lead me up to Christ in all things, the more highly shall I esteem you ; and if it be possible to love you more than I now do, the more shall I love you. You are always present in my thoughts.

"Believe me, dear William, as ever,

"Your own loving

"KATE."

One more letter we are tempted to quote :

"22ND MAY, 1852.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I ought to be happy after enjoying your company all the evening. But now you are gone and I am alone, I feel a regret consonant with the height of my enjoyment. How wide the difference between heavenly and earthly joys ! The former satiate the soul and reproduce themselves. The latter, after planting in our soul the seeds of future griefs and cares, take their flight and leave an aching void.

"How wisely God has apportioned our cup! He does not give us all sweetness, lest we should rest satisfied with earth; nor all bitterness, lest we grow weary and disgusted with our lot. But He wisely mixes the two, so that if we drink the one, we must also taste the other. And perhaps a time is coming when we shall see that the proportions of this cup of human joy and sorrow are more equally adjusted than we now imagine—that souls capable of enjoyments above the vulgar crowd can also feel sorrow in comparison with which theirs is but like the passing April cloud in contrast with the long Egyptian night.

"How wise an ordination this is we cannot now discover. It will require the light which streams from the Eternal Throne to reveal to us the blessed effects of having the sentence of death written on all our earthly enjoyments. I often anticipate the glorious employment of investigating the mysterious workings of Divine Providence. Oh, may it be our happy lot to assist each other in these heavenly researches in that pure bright world above!

"But I have rambled from what I was about to write. I find that the pleasure connected with pure, holy, sanctified love, forms no exception to the general rule. The very fact of loving invests the being beloved with a thousand causes of care and anxiety, which, if unloved, would never exist. At least I find it so. You have caused me more real anxiety than any other earthly object ever did. Do you ask why? I have already supplied you with an answer!"

After referring to some domestic matters she gives an interesting glimpse behind the scenes at the conclusion of her letter:

"Don't sit up singing till twelve o'clock, after a hard day's work. Such things are not required by either God or man, and remember you are not your own.

"I remain, dear William,

"Yours in truth and the love of Jesus,

"CATHERINE."

The reference to the General as a young man of twenty-three, after a hard day's work sitting up singing till midnight, is one of those unmeant life-touches, which vivify the picture of the past, reminding one of the painter who in despair flung his sponge at the canvas intending to obliterate the scene, but producing by the merest accident the very effect which his utmost effort had failed to secure. The incident serves as a side light to a life—an "*ecce homo*" to the leader who was to girdle the earth with a belt of song, till, to use the expression of a recent church divine, the Salvation Army had sung its way round the world.

Some of Mr. Booth's responses to the foregoing letters will be read with interest, as showing the inward aspirations of his soul:

"MY OWN DEAR KATE,—My first thoughts are with you, and my first movement is to spell out your name and write—I scarcely know why, and, so far, I scarce know what.

"But if I spell out one word more, and that word is 'love,' a multitude of

thoughts scramble through my brain, and a multitude of feelings come overshadowing my heart."

One more short but characteristic note we must add :

"MY OWN DEAR CATHERINE needs not that I should assure her of the affection I bear her. 'Actions speak louder than words' is an aphorism often quoted by her, and one that William thinks is fully borne out in his brief acquaintance with her whose eye this may meet. He, the chosen of her heart, wishes her all earth's pure and hallowed joys, promises to increase them as far as he has power, and to aid in the formation and development of that character which is the golden key to unlock the gates to another brighter and happier sphere.

"WILLIAM."

Among the sacred resorts of Indian pilgrims is Allahabad, the so-called "City of God." Here the waters of the Jumna embosom themselves in those of the Ganges, and the united streams wend their fertilising course through the rich plains of Bengal. Each bank is studded with countless villages, while at various points arise crowded and thriving cities, the teeming population depending largely for their subsistence upon the river, whose volume of waters, undiminished by the prodigious demands, roll onward to the ocean.

Even such was to be the issue of the blending of these two life-currents in a single channel, which was thenceforth to become a source and centre of increasing spiritual blessing, extending to generations yet unborn, and the sum total of which eternity will alone reveal. In seeking first "the Kingdom of God," the all things promised were indeed superabundantly added, and Miss Mumford was able to write :

"As far as earthly happiness is concerned, I never knew so much as now. I have just spent an hour or two of the purest earthly bliss I ever enjoyed. Had I never drunk so copiously at the fountain, I might be in danger of resting satisfied with the streams. But I bless the Lord, He has made it impossible for me to be made *satisfied* with anything short of a complete union and constant communion with *Himself*. Oh, that we may know the bliss of being fully one with God (John xiv. 20)."

CHAPTER X.

CONGREGATIONALISM. 1852.

MISS MUMFORD viewed without dismay the doctrinal and controversial labyrinths through which Mr. Booth had now to pass. The clue once grasped, she helped him to follow the thread through all the perplexing mazes, which seemed so hopelessly entangled. The doors they would have entered seemed persistently blocked. Orthodox Wesleyanism was too respectable. The Reformers were too unsettled for him to contemplate making a permanent home among them. What with committees and votes, resolutions and amendments, every one wanting to lead and nobody willing to follow, like the Indian bulbul, tied by an invisible thread, he could only flutter from finger to finger of his many-fingered master, and view with chagrin the tantalising heaps of grain that lay just beyond his reach.

Miss Mumford threw her whole heart into the question. She realised that Mr. Booth possessed abilities of no ordinary description. She was convinced that he only needed a suitable opportunity for his genius to assert itself, and that, providing he had fair play, he would soon rise to a level that was impossible for the mediocrities who surrounded him, and who only maintained their superiority by suppressing or decapitating those whose gifts or graces eclipsed their own.

A possible way of deliverance at length suggested itself to her. There was near her home a large Congregational chapel, which she frequently attended. Its talented pastor, the Rev. David Thomas, was an able preacher, whose intellectual and powerful sermons she very much relished. Might it not be that among this people the longed-for sphere of usefulness was to be discovered? Certainly the attempt seemed worth making. "I argued," she afterward said, "that with them William would be able to make a church after his own heart, introducing such methods and agencies as he might think likely to be useful. I could not see why he should not combine all that was precious to him in Methodism with the liberty of the Independents, to whom my early studies in church history had somewhat inclined me."

But the effort, though spread over several months, beginning in July and lasting till October, proved ultimately abortive. True, Mr. Booth was most kindly received by Dr. Campbell, an influential minister of the denomination in London, pastor of one of its principal churches, and editor of several religious papers.

"I was not very sanguine as to the result of this visit," says Mr. Booth. "A friend had informed me before that the doctor was a busy man, and that his usage was always to speak to strangers in the lobby, in order to get them off as quickly as possible. True to his custom, the doctor came out to me, but after a few sentences he took me into his room. Pointing to a chair, he said, 'Sit down and tell me your story,' and after listening to it volunteered the opinion: 'I like you, and believe the Congregational Church is just the place for you. You will make your way in it, and I will help you all I can.' I asked him whether my views as to the universal love of God would be any hindrance to my acceptance and success. To this he replied: 'No, you will not be troubled on that score. Go to college, study your Bible, and then come out and preach whatever doctrine you honestly believe you find there.' The doctor then gave me an introduction to some other ministers whom he thought likely to help me, and shook me affectionately by the hand as I rose to leave."

The result of this interview which followed we learn from a letter to Dr. Campbell written a few days later:

"25TH JUNE, 1852.

"REVEREND SIR,—The kind reception with which, although a perfect stranger, you favoured me, the counsel you gave, and your request that I should either call or write a fortnight from that hour, is the excuse I offer for again intruding upon your notice. Among other things, you wished me to again see the Rev. W. Leask, of Kennington, which I accordingly did, stating that I had seen you. He told me that if I went to see Mr. Edwards, of the New Chapel, City Road, he would be able to give me all the information I needed respecting the Training Institution at Cotton End. I therefore called upon the Rev. W. S. Edwards, who received me very kindly and directed me to Dr. Massey, at the office of the Home Missionary Society, saying that he would tell me all I wished to know. From the latter I received, that which is nothing new to me, some discouraging information. His advice was to the following effect:—'You had better go back to business for about two years, unite yourself with an Independent church, sit under an intellectual minister, and then through that church offer yourself to the society.' Dr. Massey further stated 'the almost impossibility of my procuring admission into the college, because of there being now more candidates than vacancies.'

"With this counsel I cannot see my way clear to comply. To wait in uncertainty for one or two years, and then, after that, to be two or three years longer in training ere I could settle down to a sphere of labour, is not in accordance

with my feelings or hopes. But even this, should I see it to be the path my Father points out, I am willing to walk therein. All I can do now is to stand still and see the salvation of God.

"Perhaps the *ministry* is not my way. He may have another work for me to do. My prayer, my constant prayer is, 'Teach me Thy will, and bow my own in submission to it.' My only fear is, that I have not sufficient ability to be a successful minister, or otherwise I would push the thing to its utmost issue. I fear reaching a position which I should not be able usefully to sustain. I fear having formed an erroneous estimate of myself, my capacities and powers, and I tremble at the consequences. But the God whom I serve, and whose I am, lives to direct, and in *Him* I put my trust, and on *Him* I only lean.

"I thank you with the gratitude of a sincere heart for your kindness in giving me the direction you deem most judicious, and which must have occupied a portion of your time, which I know to be so valuable.

"I trust that God will make you more than ever useful in diffusing light and truth and the knowledge of salvation in our poor dying world, and, praying for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon your labours,

"I remain, reverend sir, yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM BOOTH.

"Rev. J. Campbell, D.D."

The Rev. Dr. Massey referred to in this letter was Secretary to the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Union, which had a Training Institution at Cotton End. Here Mr. Booth had reason to believe he would have the advantage of some months' study, without being obliged to spend three or four years at the dead languages and without going through the ordinary ministerial curriculum, which, he feared, would be more likely to hamper than help him in his work of saving souls.

Backed up by Dr. Campbell and other influential members of the Union, and above all encouraged by Miss Mumford, Mr. Booth persevered in his efforts to enter the institution.

He frankly stated to the examining committee his difficulty regarding the doctrine of election. In spite of this, however, owing no doubt to Dr. Campbell's influence, he was finally accepted, and was to start for the Cotton End college the following day.

At the same time he was told that no such exception had previously been made, and the committee expressed their conviction that at the expiration of six months' study he would be able to conform to the doctrines of the body, recommending him two rather noted volumes on the controversy—Booth's "Reign of Grace," and Payne on "Divine Sovereignty."

This was so different to what Dr. Campbell had led him to believe

that Mr. Booth was tempted to settle the question on the spot and to inform the committee that it was impossible for him to accept their nomination on such an understanding. However, he curbed his impetuosity, and hurried home to tell Miss Mumford what had transpired, and to seek with her Divine guidance. From the time he first knew her, Mr. Booth had learned to place great reliance in her sound judgment, and to the end of her life he embarked on no important enterprise, and struck out on no new path, without consulting her, and enjoying the full benefit of her statesmanlike and far-reaching mental instinct.

Miss Mumford rose to the occasion. Indeed, like a well-built vessel in a storm, these life tornadoes only served to call into play the innate capacities of her soul. Moreover, she took a more hopeful view of the case than Mr. Booth was inclined to do. It seemed evident to her, from what Dr. Campbell and others had said, that the committee did not fairly represent the feelings of the Union. There was, at least, an important and influential section of the body who, if they did not exactly agree with Mr. Booth's views, would at any rate leave him free to think and act according to the dictates of his conscience. Nevertheless, she trembled lest she should influence him in the wrong direction. Fearing that anxiety for her future well-being might influence him, she besought him to exclude her from his considerations, and to decide as he would have done had he not known her. "Don't think," she said, "I shall be disappointed or dissatisfied if you settle against the college. I promise you it will not cause me one hour's uneasiness, and should it be afterwards necessary I will exert all my ingenuity and influence to smooth and comfort your mind under any misgivings as to the judiciousness of the step, whatever path the Providence of God may open before you. All my energies shall be thrown into it, and, as far as I am able, I will be a help-meet for you. So long as you are useful and happy, I shall be satisfied under any circumstances."

On his way home, Mr. Booth had bought one of the books recommended to him by the committee. This he now opened with no ordinary interest and curiosity, but he had not read many pages before he flung the book across the room, saying that he never could acquiesce in the doctrines which it set forth, and that it would be a mere waste of time for him to attempt to do so.

The more honourable and straightforward course seemed to be to write to the committee and tell them plainly that he could not accept

the nomination, coupled as it was with an understanding, or condition, to which his heart would not consent.

"How can I go to an institution," he argued, "where I shall be obliged to study such books and expected to accept such doctrines? At present I am free. I am under no obligations to the committee. I can hold what opinions I like. But when once I have received their favours, I shall feel as if I were morally bound to accept their teachings. It is one thing to forsake Methodism. It is quite another to abandon a doctrine which I look upon as a cardinal point in Christ's redemption plan—His universal love, and the possibility of all being saved who will avail themselves of His mercy."

And so the question was then and there settled, and the letter written which closed the ports of this hoped-for haven against the storm-bound boat, leaving it to drift for a time in mid-ocean, till after varied experiences of tempest and calm it should at length ride at anchor in a harbour of its own, such as the skipper and his mate had never pictured to themselves in their wildest dreams.

God had something vastly more important in store for William Booth and Catherine Mumford than the pastoral care of an Independent church, to which they were then aspiring as the ideal of a useful life. Nevertheless, the parting was a friendly one, and it was a little remarkable that thirty-six years later Catherine Booth closed her public career, and delivered her last address, in perhaps the leading Congregational temple of the world. The "I like you" of Dr. Campbell in 1852 was repeated by Dr. Parker in 1888, in farewelling from the public stage to higher spheres of usefulness the greatest woman minister of the age. It has fitly represented the attitude of the Union to the organisation which Mrs. Booth mothered and in the history of which she played so prominent a part.

While this controversy was still going on undecided, Mr. Booth received a warm invitation to assist Dr. Ferguson of Ryde, with the ultimate possibility of succeeding him as pastor of his congregation. The offer was, however, declined. But the following letter, written to Miss Mumford on the 28th July, and referring to both the questions, will be read with interest :

"MY OWN DEAR CATHERINE,—I have just received a letter (three sheets of note-paper) from my friend in the Isle of Wight. He says very plainly that he cannot give me up, and prays me to reconsider the determination expressed in my last. He calls upon me by all that is sacred not to go to be whitewashed at college, but to go to Ryde, where, as *he says*, I shall have superior opportunities for mental and moral training.

“While I do not feel disposed to alter my views in regard to the position I should have to fill at Ryde, or even to reconsider my decision upon the subject, still I must say this importunity considerably adds to my perplexity. He looks upon our meeting as strictly providential. He beseeches me not to go to college. I give you a quotation: ‘We have a college ministry already, and what are they doing in reference to the salvation of souls? Their college whitewash is only garnishing the sepulchre of dead souls. We want a quickening, soul-saving ministry, affectionately brought to bear upon the consciences and hearts of sinners.’ Again he says: ‘Here is the place for your social, and I believe loving, heart to expand and quicken. Don’t go to college. Your thoughts were directed here. The experience of thousands of students says, Don’t go to college. Their theology has become stereotyped, their social and moral nature has lost its vigour and power, while immured within the college walls.’ What say you to the matter? I hope you are not making yourself unhappy. This is my reason for writing. I am not *miserable*; do not fear that. I prayed earnestly all the way home last night for guidance. I believe it will be given. I am reading Finney and Watson on election and final perseverance, and I see more than ever reason to cling to my own views of truth and righteousness.”

These negotiations appear to have fallen through simultaneously with the arrangement to enter the Cotton End Institution, and Mr. Booth was again left in uncertainty. Although he had given away his last sixpence to a poor girl dying of consumption, yet the conviction that his decision was a conscientious one, involving as it did the sacrifice of his almost accomplished ambition, filled him with satisfaction. Nor was Miss Mumford one to repine over the past. Cheerfully they faced the doubtful future, waiting on God to reveal what should be their course. They were not left long in doubt.

CHAPTER XI.

SPALDING. LONDON. 1852.

THE determined attitude of the Wesleyan Conference, their open declaration of war with the malcontents, their refusal to accept the advances made during the year by the would-be mediators, and the evident hopelessness of any prospective reconciliation, compelled the Reformers to look elsewhere for ministers. This was at least the predicament in which the Spalding circuit had found itself placed. It was a country district, some thirty miles in extent, grouped round the town after which it had been named. Here the Conference had hitherto possessed a flourishing cause, but the cream of the laity had gone over to the Reformers, who had now struggled on some time without a minister.

Finding themselves unable to make satisfactory progress, they wrote to the central committee for a pastor, who should organise and superintend their scattered congregations. Mr. Booth was invited to fill the post. This appeared to be a call from God, and in it we can undoubtedly trace a Providential purpose. Hitherto his labours had been confined to large cities, which certainly furnished an admirable training-ground and scope for effort. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the experience gained by fifteen months of active toil in a country district. The proportion of the world's population which is "cribbed, cabined, confined" in towns is, after all, comparatively small. The vast majority are still settled on the land. It was as important that Mr. Booth should understand by personal experience their modes of living and habits of thought, as it was that he should explore the miserable recesses of slumdom and familiarise himself with all the phases of city life.

It was reported that the Spalding Reformers were more docile and amenable to discipline than the little knot with which Mr. Booth had associated in London. He would doubtless, therefore, have more liberty of action, and among the unconventional country people there appeared to him a better prospect for an ingathering of souls.

On the other hand Miss Mumford argued that it would entail a further postponement of the preparation which seemed so necessary

for a ministerial career, and the unsettled state of the Reformers made it doubtful whether the goal of ordination could be reached within a reasonable time. Moreover, it involved a separation, from which they mutually shrank. The ready access for communion and counsel which London afforded had been especially prized, and they could not but view the prospect of forfeiting it with reluctance.

Mr. Booth, however, was so wearied with the inactivity of the past few months, that it certainly appeared worth while to give the new sphere a trial, and to judge on the spot what probability there might be for harmonious and successful effort. Hence, after united and earnest prayer, it was decided to accept the invitation to the Spalding circuit.

It was the end of November, 1852, when, the preliminary negotiations being completed, he started for his new field of labour. That he was agreeably surprised and much gratified with his reception is evident in the following extracts from his letters to Miss Mumford :

"My reception has been beyond my highest anticipations. Indeed, my hopes have risen fifty per cent., that this circuit will be unto me all that I want or need.

"I do think that it was the hand of God that brought me here. The fields are white unto the harvest. The friends are extremely affectionate, and I believe that many precious souls will be gathered in unto God. I had a good day yesterday. The people were highly satisfied, and I trust benefited.

"I know how pleased you will be when I tell you how kind all are to me. The best they have is at my service. The most talented, the most respectable, and the most holy men in the circuit, so far as I can judge, are on our side, and wherever I go I am welcomed.

"On Sunday I preached at Holbeach from the 'faithful saying.' It went well. The people wept—an excellent congregation. Strong men were completely melted down. It was a good time to my soul. In the afternoon Mr. Hardy wished me to preach for him at Thet Fen—a small, low house I could hardly stand upright in, but two rooms were full of precious souls—fifty, I should think, and I stood in the doorway and told how ready Jesus was to save to the uttermost all who came unto God by him. At night we were full at Holbeach. I preached from Blind Bartimeus; some little liberty. Four souls cried for mercy."

The letters abound with the deepest sentiments of affection :

"I have brought with me to Spalding a far better likeness than the daguerreotype—namely, your image stamped upon my soul. I press the dear outline of your features to my lips and yearn for the original to press to my heart. Heaven smile upon thee, my dearest love."

To these letters Miss Mumford responded cordially, at the same time sending the most practical advice, and entering with keenest interest into all the details of his life and work. She writes :

"It affords me great pleasure to hear the minutæ of your proceedings, and of

the prosperity and extension of Reform principles in the circuit. I wish Mr. Hubbard and his coadjutors (Conference preachers from Boston) would stay at home and let you have it all your own way, as I know *you like that*. But perhaps we ought rather to rejoice that Christ is preached even of contention. At all events, I don't think Mr. Hubbard will do the people much harm. He has not sufficient talent to enrapture them with very eloquent eulogiums of Conference. And as to his spirit, unless very much altered, I dare almost venture my salvation on its Christlike character. I am very sorry and surprised that he does not come out on the side of Reform. But we must judge charitably.

"I perceive, my love, by your remarks on the services you have held, that you enjoy less liberty when preaching in the larger places, before the best congregations, than in the smaller ones. I am sorry for this, and am persuaded it is the fear of man which shackles you. Do not give place to this feeling. Remember you are *the Lord's servant*, and if you are a faithful one it will be a small matter with you to be judged of man's judgment. Let nothing be wanting *beforehand* to make your sermons acceptable, but when in the pulpit try to lose sight of their worth or worthlessness, so far as composition is concerned. Think only of their bearing on the destiny of those before you, and of your own responsibility to Him who hath sent you to declare His gospel. Pray for the wisdom which winneth souls, and never mind what impression the preacher makes, if the *Word preached* takes effect. May the Lord bless you, my dearest love, and fit you to be His instrument in saving others without its entailing any harm to your own soul."

In another letter she says :

"I was very pleased to hear you were going to read Mr. Fletcher's life. I hope you will always keep some stirring biography on the read. It is most profitable.

"I am much encouraged by the accounts of your prospects in the circuit, and have no fear about you suiting the people providing your heart is filled with the love of God, and your head stored with Scripture truth and useful knowledge. As a preacher I am sure you have nothing to fear. With a reasonable amount of study, you are bound to succeed. Whereas, if you give place to fear about your ability, it will hamper you and make you appear to great disadvantage.

"Try and cast off the fear of man. Fix your eye simply on the glory of God, and care not for the frown or praise of man. Rest not till your soul is fully alive to God.

"You may justly consider me inadequate to advise you in spiritual matters. After living at so great a distance from God myself, I feel it deeply—I feel as though I could lay myself at the feet of any of the Lord's faithful followers covered with speechless shame for my unfaithfulness. But so great is my anxiety for your soul's prosperity, that I cannot forbear to say a word sometimes, even though realising that I need your advice far more than you need mine."

A few days later she writes :

"The post-boy is just going past, singing that tune you liked so, 'Why did my master sell me?' [a secular air to which Mr. Booth had adapted spiritual words]. He frequently passes my window humming it, and somehow it brings such a shade over my heart, making me realise my loneliness, now that I hear you sing it no longer!

"I have felt it very good to draw nigh unto God. Oh to live in the spirit of prayer! I feel it is the secret of real religion, the mainspring of all usefulness. In no frame does the soul so copiously receive and so radiantly reflect the rays of the Sun of Righteousness as in this!"

The social qualities of the young preacher, from the very first, found him a place in the hearts of the people. His intense zeal was coupled with shrewd common sense, and his ultra-pietism was totally devoid of unnatural sanctimony. He had no patience for the religious stilts which, while they appear to elevate a minister from the level of his surroundings, fetter his liberty and retard his speed, substituting an artificial superiority for that of spiritual life and power. Mr. Booth made himself as much at home among the pigs and poultry of his farmer audiences as in their parlours or the pulpit. Hence he became a universal favourite and the object of kindly attention and flattering appreciation from all classes alike.

In referring to this Miss Mumford writes :

"My heart swells with gratitude and praise to God for His goodness in granting you such an auspicious commencement to your labours, and in opening the hearts of so many friends to receive and treat you kindly. To Mr. Hardy and Mr. and Mrs. Congreve I would say :

'Friends of my friend, I love you though unknown,
And boldly call you, being *his, my own.*'

"And yet I rejoice with trembling. I know how *dangerous* such attentions would be to a heart even less susceptible of its influence than yours. While a particle of the carnal mind remained I feel how dangerous it would be to *me*. And it fills me with tenderest anxiety for your spiritual safety. You have special need for watchfulness and for much private intercourse with God.

"My dearest love, beware how you indulge that dangerous element of character, *ambition*. Misdirected, it will be everlasting ruin to yourself and perhaps to me also. O my love, let nothing earthly excite it, let not self-aggrandisement fire it. Fix it on the Throne of the Eternal, and let it find the realisation of its loftiest aspirations in the promotion of His glory, and it shall be consummated with the richest enjoyments and brightest glories of God's own Heaven. Those that honour Him He will honour, and to them who thus seek His glory, will He give to rule over the nations, and even to judge angels, who through a *perverted ambition*, the exaltation of self instead of God, have fallen from their allegiance and overcast their eternity with the blackness of darkness for ever.

"I feel your danger. I could write sheets on the subject, but my full soul shall pour out its desires to that God Who has promised to supply all your need. In my estimation faithfulness is an indispensable ingredient of all true friendship. How much more of a love like mine! You say 'Reprove—advise me as you think necessary!' I have no reproofs, my dearest, but I have cautions, and I know you will consider them."

Miss Mumford's anxiety in regard to the question of study is expressed in the following passage :

"Do assure me, my own dear William, that no lack of energy or effort on your part shall hinder the improvement of those talents God has intrusted to you, and which he holds you responsible to improve to the uttermost. Your duty to God, to His Church, to me, to yourself, demands as much. If you really see no *prospect of studying*, then I think, in the highest interests of the future, you ought not to stay.

"I have been revolving in my mind all day which will be your wisest plan under present circumstances, and it appears to me that as you are obliged to preach nearly every evening and at places so wide apart, it will be better to do as the friends advise, and stop all night where you preach. Do not attempt to walk long distances after the meetings. With a little management and a good deal of determination, I think you might accomplish even more that way as to study, than by going home each night. Could you not provide yourself with a small leather bag or case, large enough to hold your Bible and any other book you might require—pens, ink, paper, and a *candle*? And presuming that you generally have a room to yourself, could you not rise by six o'clock every morning, and convert your bedroom into a *study* till breakfast time? After breakfast and family devotion, could you not again retire to your room and determinedly apply yourself till dinner-time? Then start on your journey to your evening's appointment, get there for a comfortable tea and do the same again! I hope, my dearest love, you will consider this plan, and adhere to it, if possible, as a *general practice*, admitting a few exceptions which circumstances may occasion. Don't let little difficulties prevent its adoption. I am aware you would labour under many disadvantages, but once get the habit of abstracting your mind from your surroundings and it will become easy. Do not be over anxious about the future. Spalding *will not be your final destination*, if you *make the best of your ability*."

Referring to her Sunday-school work, she says :

"At Sunday-school I felt sadly annoyed and grieved at the injudicious use made of time and opportunity which might have been husbanded for so much good. It is a great trial for me to go. But I don't feel as though I could give it up at present. They are all very anxious for me to remain, the class refusing to be taught by others. Perhaps after all, I may be more useful there than in a better regulated school. If I did not hope so, I would not endure the mortification of another Sunday."

Subsequently she writes more cheerfully :

"This afternoon, when with my class, I enjoyed a season of *sensible access* to God. Oh, how sweet! Like a sudden burst of morning sunshine in a tempestuous night! I felt as if self were sinking, expiring, and for the moment the glory of God *only* seemed to engage and rivet the eye of my soul. Need I tell you that I had special liberty and pleasure in speaking to the children?"

The letters contain constant allusions to the temperance question :

"I hope you don't forget," she writes, "to wage war with the drinking customs."

Be out-and-out on that subject. I am glad Mr. Shadford is a teetotaler. I hope he is also anti-tobacco and snuff."

And when in a subsequent letter Mr. Booth mentioned that he had been urged by some doctor to take port wine, she replies :

"I need not say how willing, nay, how anxious, I am, that you should have anything and everything which would tend to promote your *health* and happiness. But so thoroughly am I convinced that port wine would do neither, that I should hear of your taking it with unfeigned grief. You must not listen, my love, to the advice of every one claiming to be experienced. Persons really experienced and judicious in many things, not unfrequently entertain notions the most fallacious on this subject. I have had it recommended to me scores of times by these individuals. But such recommendations have always gone for nothing, because I felt that, however much my superiors such persons might be in other respects, *on this subject* I was the best informed. I have even argued the point with Mr. Stevens [her doctor], and have, I am sure, complete set him fast for arguments to defend alcohol even as a medicine. I am fully and for ever settled on the physical side of the question. I believe you are on the moral and religious, but I have not thought you were on the physical. Now, my love, it is *absolutely necessary*, in order to save you from being influenced by other people's false notions, that you shall have a settled intelligent conviction on the subject. And in order that you may get this, I have been to the trouble of unpacking your box in order to send you a book, in which you will find several green marks and pencillings. I do hope you will read it, even if you *sit up an hour later* every night till you have done so, and I would not advise this for anything less important.

"It is a subject on which I am most anxious you should be *thorough*. I abominate that hackneyed but monstrously inconsistent tale—a teetotaler in principle, but obliged to take a little for my 'stomach's sake!' Such teetotalers aid the progress of intemperance more than all the drunkards in the land! And there are sadly too many of them among ministers. The fact is notorious and doubtless the fault is chiefly with the people, who foolishly consider it a kindness to 'put the bottle to their neighbours' mouth' as frequently as they will receive it! But my dear William will steadfastly resist such foolish advisers. I dare take the responsibility (and I have more reason to feel its weight than any other being). I have far more hope for your health, *because* you abstain from stimulating drinks, than I should if you took them. Flee the detestable thing as you would a serpent. Be a teetotaler in principle and practice."

CHAPTER XII.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. 1853.

THE new year found Miss Mumford diligently preparing for her future career as a minister's wife. She had a lofty conception, altogether in advance of the age, of the honour, the opportunity and the responsibility of the position to which she aspired. Had there been a theological institution at which she could have prosecuted her studies, she would doubtless have embraced the opportunity with eagerness. But the pulpit was monopolised by the other sex, and the idea had become firmly embedded in the creeds and opinions of Christendom that woman's sphere was limited to the home, or at least to the care and instruction of children.

Nevertheless, Miss Mumford scorned the notion that a minister's wife was to content herself with being a mere ornamental appendage to her husband, a figurehead to grace his tea-table, or even a mother to care for his children. Her ideal was a far higher one. She believed it was her privilege to share his counsels, her duty to watch over and help his soul, and her pleasure to partake in his labours. She made no secret of her views in speaking and writing to Mr. Booth. Indeed, their first serious difference of opinion arose soon after their engagement in regard to the mental and social equality of woman as compared with man. Mr. Booth argued that while the former carried the palm in point of affection, the latter was her superior in regard to intellect. He quoted the old aphorism that woman has a fibre more in her heart and a cell less in her brain. Miss Mumford would not admit this for a moment. She held that intellectually woman was man's equal, and that, where it was not so, the inferiority was due to disadvantages of training, a lack of opportunity, rather than to any shortcomings on the part of nature. Indeed, she had avowed her determination never to take as her partner in life one who was not prepared to give woman her proper due.

Mr. Booth, in spite of his usual inflexibility of purpose, has always been singularly open to conviction. Can we wonder, then, that he succumbed to the logic of his fair disputant? And thus a vantage-ground was gained of which the Salvation Army has since learned to

make good use. A principle was laid down and established, which was to mightily affect the future of womankind, and indeed of humanity at large. The parties themselves at the time little imagined what was involved in the carrying out of that principle to its legitimate issue. Nevertheless, it became henceforth an essential and important doctrine in their creed that in Jesus Christ there was neither male nor female, but that the Gospel combined with nature to place both on a footing of absolute mental and spiritual equality.

Miss Mumford's views on this subject are so admirably expressed in a letter addressed by her to her pastor, Dr. David Thomas, and the question is so important a one, that we cannot do better than quote her remarks in full:

"DEAR SIR,—You will doubtless be surprised at the receipt of this communication, and I assure you it is with great reluctance and a feeling of profound respect that I make it. Were it not for the high estimate I entertain for both your intellect and heart, I would spare the sacrifice it will cost me. But because I believe you love *truth*, of whatever kind, and would not willingly countenance or propagate erroneous views on any subject, I venture to address you.

"Excuse me, my dear sir, I feel myself but a babe in comparison with you. But permit me to call your attention to a subject on which my heart has been deeply pained. In your discourse on Sunday morning, when descanting on the policy of Satan in first attacking the most assailable of our race, your remarks appeared to imply the doctrine of woman's intellectual and even moral inferiority to man. I cannot believe that you intended to be so understood, at least with reference to her moral nature. But I fear the tenor of your remarks would too surely leave such an impression on the minds of many of your congregation, and I for one cannot but deeply regret that a man for whom I entertain such a high veneration should appear to hold views so derogatory to my sex, and which I believe to be unscriptural and dishonouring to God.

"Permit me, my dear sir, to ask whether you have ever made the subject of woman's equality as a *being* the matter of calm investigation and thought? If not I would, with all deference, suggest it as a subject well worth the exercise of your brain, and calculated amply to repay any research you may bestow upon it.

"So far as scriptural evidence is concerned, did I but possess ability to do justice to the subject, I dare take my stand on *it* against the world in defending her perfect equality. And it is because I am persuaded that no honest, unprejudiced investigation of the sacred volume can give perpetuity to the mere assumptions and false notions which have gained currency in society on this subject, that I so earnestly commend it to your attention. I have such confidence in the nobility of your nature, that I feel certain neither prejudice nor custom can blind you to the truth if you will once turn attention to the matter.

"That woman is, in consequence of her inadequate education, generally inferior to man intellectually, I admit. But that she is *naturally* so, as your remarks seemed to imply, I see no cause to believe. I think the disparity is as easily

accounted for as the difference between woman intellectually in this country and under the degrading slavery of heathen lands. No argument, in my judgment, can be drawn from past experience on this point, because the past has been false in theory and wrong in practice. Never yet in the history of the world has woman been placed on an intellectual footing with man. Her training from babyhood, even in this highly favoured land, has hitherto been such as to cramp and paralyse, rather than to develop and strengthen her energies, and calculated to crush and wither her aspirations after mental greatness, rather than to excite and stimulate them. And even where the more directly depressing influence has been withdrawn, the indirect and more powerful stimulus has been wanting.

“What inducement has been held out to her to cultivate habits of seclusion, meditation, and thought? What sphere has been open to her? What kind of estimate would have been formed of her a few generations back, had she presumed to enter the temple of learning, or to have turned her attainments to any practical account? And even to within a very few years, has not her education been more calculated to render her a serf, a toy, a plaything, rather than a self-dependent, reflecting, intellectual being? The day is only just dawning with reference to female education, and therefore any verdict on woman as an intellectual being must be premature and unsatisfactory. Thank God, however, we are not without numerous and noble examples of what she may become, when prejudice and error shall give way to light and truth, and her powers be duly appreciated and developed.

“The world has had its intellectual as well as its moral heroines, despite all the disappointments and discouragements the female mind has had to surmount. As you, my dear sir, often say in reference to other subjects, ‘a brighter day is dawning,’ and ere long woman will assume her true position, and rise to the full height of her intellectual stature. Then shall the cherished, though but human, dogma of having ‘a cell less in her brain,’ with all kindred assumptions, be exploded and perish before the spell of her developed and cultivated mind.

“But, lest I swell this letter to an unseemly length, I must hasten to say a word or two on the moral side of the question. And here I am quite sure your remarks implied more than you intended. For I cannot believe that you consider woman morally more remote from God than man, or less capable of loving Him ardently and serving Him faithfully. If such were the case, would not the great and just One have made some difference in His mode of dealing with her? But has He not placed her on precisely the same moral footing, and under the same moral government with her companion? Does she not sustain the same relation to Himself and to the moral law? And is she not exposed to the same penalties and an heir of the same immortality? This being the case, I argue that she possesses equal moral capacity.

“Experience also on this point I think affords conclusive evidence? Who, since the personal manifestation and crucifixion of our Lord, have ever been His most numerous and faithful followers? On whom has the horrible persecution of past ages fallen with most virulence, if not on the sensitive heart of woman? And yet how rarely has she betrayed moral weakness by denying her Lord, or moral remoteness from Him by listening to the tempter? Has she not, on the contrary, stood a noble witness for Christ in scenes and circumstances the most agonising to her nature, and with Paul literally counted all things (even husband

and children) but loss for his sake? And even now is she not in thousands of instances 'dying daily'; waging a silent, unostentatious conflict with evil and groaning under a tyranny, compared with which the flames of martyrdom would be welcome?

"Oh, the thing which next to the revelation of the plan of salvation endears Christianity to my heart is, what it has done, and is destined to do, for my sex. And any attempt to deduce from its historical records or practical precepts, views, and doctrines derogatory thereto, I cannot but regard with heartfelt regret.

"All man-made religions indeed neglect or debase woman, but the religion of Christ recognises her individuality and raises her to the dignity of an independent, moral agent. Under the Old Testament dispensation we have several instances of Jehovah choosing woman as a vehicle of His thoughts and the direct and authorised exponent of His will. (Judges iv. ; II Kings xxii. 13-20; Micah vi. 4.) And in the New Testament she is fully restored to her original position, it being expressly stated that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, and the promise of the outpouring of the Spirit is no less to the handmaidens than to the servants of the Lord.

"It appears to me that a great deal of prejudice and many mistaken views on this subject arise from confounding woman's relative subjection with inferiority of nature, as though one depended on the other, whereas it appears to me entirely distinct. God, who had a right to determine the penalty for sin, has clearly defined and fixed a woman's domestic and social position, and, as a part of her curse, He has made it that of subjection, not, however, as a being, but only in a certain relationship, subjection to her own husband. This was imposed upon her expressly as a punishment for sin, and not on the ground of inferiority, intellectual or moral. Indeed had this subjection existed prior to the Fall, as the natural consequences of inferiority, there would have been no force in the words 'He shall be over thee.' But to subject a being of equal power and strength of will to the will of another does appear to me to be a curse indeed, when both are unregenerate.

"Here, however, the glorious provisions of Christianity come in to those who are united in Christ. The seed of the woman, having bruised the head of her old enemy, and taken the curse out of the way, nailing it to His cross, the wife may realise as blissful and perfect a oneness with her husband as though it had never been pronounced. For while the semblance of it remains, Jesus has beautifully extracted the sting by making love the law of marriage, and by restoring the institution itself to its original sanctity. What wife would not be careful to reverence a husband who loves her as Christ loves the Church? Surely the honour put upon woman by the Lord, both in His example and precepts, should make His religion doubly precious to her and render His sanctuary her safe refuge from everything derogatory or insulting to her nature!

"Oh that Christians at heart would throw off the trammels of prejudice, and try to arrive at the truth on this subject! Oh that men of noble souls and able intellect would investigate it, and then ask themselves and their compeers, *why* the influence of women should be so under-estimated, that a book, a sermon, or a lecture addressed to her is a rarity, while those to young men are multiplied indefinitely? If it be only *partially* true that those who rock the cradle rule the world, how much greater is the influence wielded over the mind of future ages by

the *mothers* of the next generation than by all the young men living! Vain, in my opinion, will be all efforts to impregnate minds generally with noble sentiments and lofty aspirations, while the mothers of humanity are comparatively neglected, and their minds indoctrined from the school-room, the press, the platform, and even the pulpit, with self-degrading feelings and servile notions of their own inferiority! Never till woman is estimated and educated as man's equal—the literal 'she-man' of the Hebrew—will the foundation of human influence become pure, or the bias of mind noble and lofty.

"Oh that the ministers of religion would search the original records of God's word in order to discover whether the general notions of society are not wrong on this subject, and whether God really intended woman to 'bury her gifts and talents, as she now does, with reference to the interests of His Church! Oh that the Church generally would inquire whether narrow prejudice and lordly usurpation has not something to with the circumscribed sphere of woman's religious labours, and whether much of the non-success of the Gospel is not attributable to the restrictions imposed upon the operations of the Holy Ghost in this as well as other particulars! Would to God that the truth on this subject, so important to the interests of future generations, were better understood and practically recognised! And it is because I feel that it is only the truth that needs to be understood, that I make this appeal to one who, I believe, loves truth for its own sake, and who I know, possesses the ability to aid in its manifestation.

"Forgive me, my dear sir, if I have spoken too boldly. I feel deeply on this subject, though God knows it is not on personal grounds. I love my sex. I desire above all earthly things their moral and intellectual elevation. I believe it would be the greatest boon to our race. And though I deeply feel my own inability to help it forward, I could not satisfy my *conscience* without making this humble attempt to enlist one whose noble sentiments on other subjects have so long been precious to my soul.

"Allow me to say, in conclusion, that the views I have expressed are independent and distinct from any society or association of whatever name, as your own on the war question. I have no sympathy with those who would alter woman's domestic and social position from what is laid down in the Scriptures. This, I believe, God has clearly defined, and has given the reason for His conduct. And, therefore, I submit, feeling that in wisdom and love, as well as in judgment, He has done it. But on the subject of equality of nature, I believe my convictions are true. But I fear I have swelled this communication to an undue length, though I realise how imperfectly I have expressed myself. I hope, however, if there be anything worth your attention, you will not despise it on account of its illogical expression. Nay, I feel sure you will not. Neither, I trust, will you judge me harshly for withholding my name. I began this letter hesitating whether I should do so or not. But there being nothing in it of a personal character, or which can at all be influenced by the recognition of the critic, and it being the furthest from my thoughts to obtrude myself upon your notice, I shall feel at liberty to subscribe myself an attentive hearer, and I trust a mental and spiritual debtor to your ministry."

The practical commentary on the opinions expressed in this letter

is indelibly written upon the whole life of Catherine Booth. Her views never altered. She was to the end of her days an unflinching, unflinching, uncompromising champion of woman's rights. There are few subjects that would so readily call forth the latent fire, as any reflection upon the capacities or relative position of woman.

"I despise the attitude of the English press toward woman," she remarked one day. "Let a man make a decent speech on any subject, and he is lauded to the skies. Whereas, however magnificent a speech a woman may make, all she gets is, 'Mrs. So-and-so delivered an earnest address!'"

"I don't speak for myself. My personal experience, especially outside London, has been otherwise. But I do feel it keenly on behalf of womankind at large, that the man should be praised, while the woman, who has probably fought her way through inconceivably greater difficulties in order to achieve the same result, should be passed over without a word!

"I have tried to grind it into my boys that their sisters were just as intelligent and capable as themselves. Jesus Christ's principle was to put woman on the same platform as man, although I am sorry to say His apostles did not always act up to it."

At the time, however, of which we are writing, nothing was further from Miss Mumford's mind than the idea of any public ministry for herself. The highest position to which she then aspired, and which seemed to be within the legitimate sphere of woman's influence, was that of seconding her husband's public efforts in a private capacity. She says in one of her letters written to Mr. Booth at this time, that she was sending him some notes and extracts which she had made from various sources, and that she would continue to do this from time to time, adding, "Perhaps you will not object to receive something *original* occasionally, provided that it is short." And so we find her manufacturing sermons long before she dreamed of delivering them. Nor had Mr. Booth any idea that his betrothed would ever be able so far to overcome her intense timidity as to speak in public. Not that he was opposed to female ministry. There had been a time when he had regarded it with prejudice, having heard a lady preacher whose masculine and dictatorial manner had grated upon his sense of decorum. Subsequently however, to his arrival in London, Mr. Rabbits had persuaded him to attend a service in which a Miss Buck had been announced to preach. The text chosen was: "The great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall

come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem" (Isaiah xxvii. 13), the sermon being a particularly powerful one; and, although not fully converted to the principle, Mr. Booth left the chapel saying that he should never again oppose the practice, since Miss Buck had certainly preached more effectively than three-fourths of the men he had ever listened to.

Unconscious, however, as was Miss Mumford of the public career that awaited her, she nevertheless fully estimated the privileges of the post she was about to occupy. She had long since seen the necessity of setting a different example to the majority of ministers' wives with whom she was acquainted. She was amazed and pained at finding them living in such conformity with the world, rivalling the most fashionable members of their congregation in their modes of dress, and bringing up their children with almost the sole object of giving them a first-class education in order that they might obtain a high position in the world. Diligent in their attendance at tea-parties, they were usually conspicuous by their absence at revival meetings, except perhaps on Sundays. Miss Mumford felt that this was all the very opposite of her ideal of what a minister's wife should be. She could not bear anything approaching to lightness and frivolity. The tattling and gossip with which so many wasted their time were utterly repugnant to her nature, and seemed calculated, in her opinion, to undo the effects of the ablest ministry.

"Being so much alone in my youth," she remarks in after life, "and so thrown on my own thoughts and those of the mighty dead as expressed in books, has been helpful to me. Had I been given to gossip, and had there been people for me to gossip with, I should certainly never have accomplished what I did. I believe gossip is one of the greatest enemies to both mental and spiritual improvement. It encourages the mind to dwell on the superficial aspect of things and the passing trivialities of the hour.

"There are very few people who have either the capacity or inclination to converse on deep and important questions. And therefore, if you mix much with them, you are obliged to come to their level and talk their twaddle. This you cannot do, except perhaps now and then as a recreation, without its having a reflective evil effect on the mind. I should think that, as a rule, if we knew the lives of persons whose mental attainments are of a superior character, we

should find that they are men and women who have been very much thrown upon their own resources, and cut off from others, either by choice or by their circumstances. In confirmation of this, one has only to note the ordinary conversation at a dinner table, or in a railway carriage, to observe how little *substance* there is in it. As a rule there is not a word spoken of an elevating or useful tendency in the whole conversation, and indeed it is commonly the case that nothing has been said which might not just as well, or better, have been left unsaid."

For a minister's wife to spend her life in such emptiness seemed to Miss Mumford very reprehensible, and so painfully conscientious was she in regard to this that even in her intercourse with Mr. Booth we find her striving continually to make both letters and conversation of as useful and practical a nature as possible. Again, it was a source of regret to her to find that so few occupying this position devoted themselves to the study of such books as were calculated to improve their minds, and make them real help-meets to their husbands. The very idea of what is termed "light reading," for one who professed to have devoted her life to so sacred a cause, seemed to her unsuitable in the extreme. For novels in particular she had an intense hatred. To read them seemed to her contrary to the profession of Christianity, and fraught with the most evil consequences.

"I have every reason to be glad," she tells us at the end of her long career of usefulness, "that I never read a single novel in my young days. Indeed, I could count on my fingers the number I have read throughout my life, and I do not believe that the little I gained from those I did read was worth the expenditure of time.

"I carefully kept novels of every kind from my children, and am certain that many of the troubles which afflict and divide families have their origin in works of fiction. Not only are false and unnatural views of men and women and of life in general presented, but sentiments are created in the minds of young people, which produce discontent with their surroundings, impatience of parental restraint, and a premature forcing of the social and sexual instincts, such as must cause untold harm. Not only so, but they lead to the formation of relationships and companionships that cannot but be injurious, while the mind is filled with pernicious and vain ambitions destined never to be fulfilled.

"While I would not include every single novel under the same condemnation, yet no one acquainted with the subject will deny that

even those works of fiction which are more particularly read as offering useful representations of historical events or of the social condition of various nations and periods, excite the imagination and create a taste for works of a similarly fictitious character, though written with a widely different object. It is moreover equally true that few readers of even the least baneful class of novels ever read them slowly and carefully enough to benefit much by the information they may contain."

It would be difficult to imagine Mrs. Booth occupying the sphere of usefulness to which she ultimately attained, had her time been frittered away in the ordinary frivolities of society, or in the reading of light and sentimental literature. No amount of natural talent would have sufficed to counteract such influences. The laws of nature are as irrevocably fixed in regard to our minds as in regard to our bodies. And we can no more systematically poison the one with bad literature and idle conversation without injurious effect, than we can the other with unwholesome or unsuitable food. And yet what multitudes of professing Christians expose themselves and their children to such dangers, vainly hoping that in some way or other they may escape the consequences, only too often living to mourn the results of their folly with lamentations which are embittered by the knowledge that they were self-incurred, and might therefore have been avoided.

Many, no doubt, who have listened to Mrs. Booth's addresses, or who have had the privilege of receiving her personal advice, have been surprised at the success with which in the midst of multiplied and ceaseless labours she has reared a large family, and have wished that, even afar off, they could follow in her footsteps and emulate her example.

To such it will be encouraging to discover, that while undoubtedly gifted by nature with special powers, it was to the persistent use she made of them and to her diligent improvement of them, that, under God, she owed her wonderful career. She laid down for her guidance certain principles, which are as strictly applicable to others as to herself, and having laid them down nothing would induce her to swerve from them. She did that which was good, and did it systematically and perpetually, because it commended itself to her highest judgment. She avoided the appearance of evil, hating even the garment that was spotted with the flesh. And hence to the last she was able to say: "Be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ."

True, she had the five talents, and we may have but the one. And yet there is no reason why we should not do with our one what she did with her five, and then we may discover, as she did, that after all we possess other talents, the very existence of which we had never suspected. At least there will be the infinite and unalloyed satisfaction of being able to offer to our Master at His coming His own with usury.

CHAPTER XIII.

VIEWS ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. 1853.

NATURE abounds in contrasts. Indeed this constitutes its chief charm. Earth and sky, land and sea, mountain and valley, light and darkness, sunshine and shadow, provide a kaleidoscope of change and dissipate the monotony that would otherwise tarnish God's most perfect works. The calm and the terrific in nature are often linked together. Above the fertile plains and tranquil bay of Naples tower the frowning summits of Vesuvius, belching forth dark columns of smoke by day and lurid flames by night. The serenity of the one adds to the grandeur of the other.

With the most perfect creations of man's art and genius it is otherwise. The best that he can do is to imitate either some fraction of the grand original, or the product of another's brain. And even in imitating he seldom equals and often mars the very object he admires. There is too much of the scale and yard-measure about his efforts. The mind is wearied with the dull sameness and consequent tameness of the view. Contrast, for instance, the unsightly wilderness of bricks, of streets and pavements and ungainly chimney-pots, which constitute a city, with the brilliant verdure and variety of a country landscape.

And so with human beings; while the world is full of imitations, there are but few *originals*. The whole tendency of modern education is to put all humanity into a sort of Procrustes' bed, in which, if there be room for the biggest head, it is at the sacrifice of the noblest heart, and if mental culture is afforded unlimited space, both spirituality and individuality are mercilessly lopped off. Amidst the millions that compose mankind, how rarely do we find a genuine unalloyed child of nature, and how refreshing is the discovery when it is made.

Such a one was Catherine Mumford. Happily she had escaped the ruthless shears of conventionality which so often amputate the limbs in their anxiety to get the wool that grows on them. While developing her mental powers she had given superior scope to the moral and Divine. Hence nature had full play, and produced the

same striking contrasts as in the inanimate world. There was robustness and vigour without angularity, firm conviction without dogmatism, intellectual power combined with feminine grace and tenderness. She was a good hater, she abhorred that which was evil, and fearlessly denounced it, be the consequences what they might. For the Pharisees she had little patience, while over publicans and sinners she yearned with a sympathy and compassion that knew no bounds. There was an originality and muscularity, so to speak, about her religion, very different from the sickening sentimentality which often passes by the name.

A striking illustration of this occurred during the present period, and is deserving of something more than a passing notice, inasmuch as it furnishes an opportunity for the expression of her views on the important subject of courtship and marriage.

Among the circle of her personal friends was a lady to whom she was very much attached, and who had been engaged for some years to a minister. Socially she was his equal, while her talents and piety admirably fitted her for the position she was to occupy. It so happened however, that in the neighbourhood there resided a wealthy family at whose house he became a frequent visitor. Finding there was an opportunity for bettering his worldly interests he basely broke off the engagement, adding insult to injury by alleging as his reason that he did not and could not love her. Soon afterward, however, it became known that he was engaged to a daughter of the family referred to. Miss Mumford was indignant at the heartless treatment of her friend, whose sorrow she entered into as though it had been her own. To her the vows of betrothal were as sacred as those of marriage, especially when, as in this case, they had not only been entered upon with deliberation, but had extended over a considerable space of time. The motives which had prompted the desertion seemed to her mean and contemptible in the extreme. That a true heart should be lacerated, its confidence betrayed, and its happiness extinguished with such wanton cruelty, and this by one who professed to be a minister of Christ, seemed to her incapable of defence or palliation. Referring to the episode in a letter written at the time she says :

“I received a distracted, heart-rending letter last week from Miss —, and wrote one of four sheets in reply. Poor dear girl, I do feel for her! She will, in spite of all I can say, blame herself and continue to look at the mean villain as if he were a treasure. Oh, I cannot tell you how I loathe him now she has told me all, and it does not exalt her in my esteem that she can manifest a willingness to

be the slave of a man who has told her he did not love her! But I make every allowance for her state of mind.

"She seems to regard me with uncommon affection, and thinks by my letters I don't know what. Poor girl, I wish she could rise above it! As for him, he has thrown away a loving heart and superior mind, to grasp a little gold, and he will lose both, so surely has his own wickedness corrected him! He seems to fear the exposure. He has resigned office and says he will emigrate. I should hope he will! He ought to be sent out of the country free of expense! What can we think of a young man, who would go in and out of a house, where he saw he was making a false impression on the mind of a lady, without giving her any intimation that he was engaged? What sort of love could he feel for the professed object of his choice? What kind of notions would he entertain of manly honour? What species of religion could he possess, who would so coolly sacrifice honour and humanity and one who loved him, in order to possess himself of a little gold?"

It was not that Miss Mumford doubted that many rashly formed engagements would better be cancelled rather than consummated in a marriage which would mean a life of prolonged misery to both parties. But in such cases she believed that whatever action was taken should be by mutual consent, or at least with the tenderest consideration for the feelings of each concerned.

"Who can wonder," she remarked, in later life, "that marriage is so often a failure, when we observe the ridiculous way in which courtship is commonly carried on? Would not *any* partnership result disastrously that was entered into in so blind and senseless a fashion?"

"Perhaps the greatest evil of all is *hurry*. Young people do not allow themselves time to know each other before an engagement is formed. They should take time and make opportunities for acquainting themselves with each other's character, disposition, and peculiarities before coming to a decision. This is the great point. They should on no account commit themselves until they are fully satisfied in their own minds, assured that if they have a doubt beforehand, it generally increases afterward. I am convinced that this is where thousands make shipwreck and mourn the consequences all their lives.

"Then again, every courtship ought to be based on certain definite principles. This, too, is a fruitful cause of mistake and misery. Very few have a definite idea as to what they want in a partner, and hence they do not look for it. They simply go about the matter in a haphazard sort of fashion, and jump into an alliance upon the first drawings of mere natural feeling regardless of the laws which govern such relationships.

“In the first place, each of the parties ought to be satisfied that there are to be found in the other such qualities as would make them friends if they were of the same sex. In other words there should be a congeniality and compatibility of temperament. For instance, it must be a fatal error, fraught with perpetual misery, for a man who has mental gifts and high aspirations to marry a woman who is only fit to be a mere drudge, or for a woman of refinement and ability to marry a man who is good for nothing better than to follow the plough, or look after a machine. And yet, how many seek for a mere bread-winner, or a housekeeper, rather than for a friend, a counsellor and companion. Unhappy marriages are usually the consequences of too great a disparity of mind, age, temperament, training, or antecedents.

“As quite a young girl I early made up my mind to certain qualifications which I regarded as indispensable to the forming of any engagement.

“In the first place, I was determined that his religious views *must* coincide with mine. He must be a sincere Christian, not a nominal one, or a mere church member, but truly converted to God. It is probably not too much to say, that so far as professedly religious people are concerned, three-fourths of the matrimonial misery endured is brought upon themselves by the neglect of this principle. Those who do, at least in a measure, love God and try to serve him, form alliances with those who have no regard for His laws, and who practically, if not avowedly, live as though He had no existence. Marriage is a Divine institution, and in order to ensure at any rate the highest and most lasting happiness, the persons who enter into it must first of all themselves be in the Divine plan. For if a man or woman be not able to restrain and govern their own natures, how can they reasonably expect to control the nature of another? If his or her being is not in harmony with itself, how can it be in harmony with that of anybody else?

“Thousands of Christians, women especially, have proved by bitter experience that neither money, position, nor any other worldly advantage has availed to prevent the punishment that invariably attends disobedience to the command, ‘Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.’

“The second essential which I resolved upon was that he should be a man of sense. I knew that I could never respect a fool, or one much weaker mentally than myself. Many imagine that because a man is *converted*, that is all that is required. This is a great mistake.

There ought to be a similarity or congeniality of *character* as well as of grace. As a dear old man, whom I often quote, once said, 'When thou choosest a companion for life, choose one with whom thou couldst live without grace, lest he lose it!'

"The third essential consisted of oneness of views and tastes, any idea of lordship or ownership being lost in love. There can be no doubt that Jesus Christ intended, by making love the law of marriage, to restore women to the position God intended her to occupy, as also to destroy the curse of the Fall, which man by dint of his merely superior physical strength and advantageous position had magnified, if not really to a large extent manufactured. Of course there must and will be mutual yielding wherever there is proper love, because it is a pleasure and a joy to yield our own wills to those for whom we have real affection, whenever it can be done with an approving conscience. This is just as true with regard to man as to woman, and if we have never proved it individually during married life, most of us have had abundant evidence of it at any rate during courting days.

"For the same reason neither party should attempt to force an alliance where there exists a physical repugnance. Natural instinct in this respect is usually too strong for reason, and asserts itself in after life in such a way as to make both supremely miserable, although on the other hand, nothing can be more absurd than a union founded on attractions of a mere physical character, or on the more showy and shallow mental accomplishments that usually first strike the eye of a stranger.

"Another resolution that I made 'was that I would never marry a man who was not a total abstainer, and this from conviction, and not merely in order to gratify me.

"Besides these things, which I looked upon as being absolutely essential, I had, like most people, certain preferences. The first was that the object of my choice should be a minister, feeling that as his wife I could occupy the highest possible sphere of Christian usefulness. Then I very much desired that he should be dark and tall, and had a special liking for the name of 'William.' Singularly enough, in adhering to my essentials, my fancies were also gratified, and in my case the promise was certainly fulfilled "Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.'

"There were also certain rules which I formulated for my married life, before I was married or even engaged. I have carried them out.

ever since my wedding day, and the experience of all these years has abundantly demonstrated their value.

"The first was, never to have any secrets from my husband in anything that affected our mutual relationship, or the interests of the family. The confidence of others in spiritual matters I did not consider as coming under this category, but as being the secrets of others, and therefore not my property.

"The second rule was, never to have two purses, thus avoiding even the temptation of having any secrets of a domestic character.

"My third principle was that, in matters where there was any difference of opinion, I would show my husband my views and the reasons on which they were based, and try to convince in favour of my way of looking at the subject. This generally resulted either in his being converted to my views, or in my being converted to his, either result securing unity of thought and action.

"My fourth rule was, in cases of difference of opinion never to argue in the presence of the children. I thought it better even to submit at the time to what I might consider as mistaken judgment, rather than have a controversy before them. But of course when such occasions arose, I took the first opportunity for arguing the matter out. My subsequent experience has abundantly proved to me the wisdom of this course."

How God blessed a union formed on such rational principles, and in such obvious harmony with His highest designs, the following narrative will in some degree disclose. The value, too, of acting on principle rather than according to the dictates of mere emotion, or the passing influences of the hour, has been strikingly manifested, not only in Mrs. Booth's own case, but in the happy marriages of her children. And the world has thus been furnished with object-lessons of what unions so entered upon may accomplish. In fulfilling the highest purposes of God, none can fail to advance their own best interests, whilst they extract from their sorrows that peculiar sting, the realisation that they have been self-inflicted.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPALDING. 1853.

GENERAL BOOTH as the first Salvation Army Captain in charge of his first Corps is too tempting a picture to pass by. Indeed we can hardly do justice to the earlier days of his future lieutenant for life without some description of the Captain in this his first independent command. To Salvationists all over the world, and in all ages, the story of the early struggles and remarkable achievements of the founders of the movement must ever possess a peculiar charm. And although our narrative strictly speaking concerns but one, nevertheless the lives of both are henceforth so intertwined, that it becomes necessary to refer to the one in describing the other.

The Reformers having broken loose from the authority of the Wesleyan Conference, without having formed any central government of their own, each circuit, like Israel of old, did very much what seemed good in their own eyes. Hence, so far as any superior authority was concerned, Mr. Booth found himself practically unfettered. From the leading members of his flock he had met with, as we have already learned, an unusually warm-hearted reception. They were justly proud of his talents, and still more gratified with his success. Wherever he went souls were saved. Indeed, from the first he could not tolerate a ministry destitute of results, and felt as if something must be wrong unless there were penitents at every meeting. The aim of all his services was to force his hearers to immediate decision on the life and death subjects affecting their eternal welfare. The example of Caughey, the teachings of Finney, the life and writings of John Wesley, and the labours of other successful evangelists were burnt in upon his soul. He realised that the same Holy Spirit which had inspired them was with him to accomplish similar results. And before long his most sanguine expectations were more than realised.

To give a detailed account of Mr. Booth's labours in Spalding must be reserved for some future historian; but a few extracts from his earliest journal will be read with interest, and must serve as a specimen of the rest.

"3rd November, 1853.—I have to-day given myself afresh to God. On my knees I have been promising Him that if He will help me, I will aim only at souls, and live and die for their salvation. I feel a delightful and soul-cheering victory over what has often been of late very severe temptation.

"Wednesday, 12th November, 1853.—Two souls weeping very bitterly. I never saw persons in deeper distress. From about eight till half-past ten they wept incessantly on account of their sins.

"Sunday, 16th November.—In the morning very large congregation. Very little liberty, but good was done, as I afterward learned.

"Evening.—Liberty in preaching. Fourteen persons came forward, many, if not all, of whom found the Saviour. Praise the Lord!"

Mr. Booth's custom was to invite the anxious to come forward to the communion rail, thus publicly signifying their desire to serve God. This custom has since been followed in the Salvation Army with glorious results, and has no doubt brought thousands to a definite decision who would otherwise have deferred the matter, and thus in many instances have failed to come to the point at all.

"Monday.—Preaching at Spalding. Good congregation. Four came forward, two of whom professed to find Jesus. I exerted myself very much in the prayer-meeting, and felt very deeply. I prayed very earnestly over an old man, who had been a backslider seven years. He cried a great deal and prayed, 'O Lord, if Thou canst wash a heart as black as hell, save me!' By exerting myself so much I became very ill, and could not leave the house for the rest of the week.

"Sunday, 23rd November.—I started from home rather unwell. Mr. Shadford begged me to tell the people I was ill, and said they would readily understand it by the sight of my haggard appearance. I was planned at Donnington for morning and night, and Swineshead Bridge for the afternoon. At night the Lord helped me to preach, and fourteen came out. Many more sought Jesus, but fourteen names were taken as having found Him. It was indeed a very precious meeting—a melting, moving time. May God keep them faithful!

"Monday, Swineshead Bridge.—Here I was to preach three nights, with a view to promoting a revival. Many things seemed against us and our project, but the Lord was for us. After the preaching, two came out for mercy, and the Lord saved them both. This raised our faith and cheered our spirits, especially as there were several more in distress.

"Tuesday.—Congregation better. The news had flown that the Lord was saving, and this seldom fails to bring a crowd. The word of the Lord was with power, and six cried for mercy. A glorious meeting we had. I determined to stop the rest of the week at the earnest solicitation of the people."

In a later entry Mr. Booth adds :

"During the remainder of the time many more sought salvation. I shall always meditate with pleasure on the week I spent at Swineshead Bridge. I prayed and preached with more of the expectation of faith, and saw greater success than I ever saw in a week before during my history.

"Friday, 19th December.—Received a letter from Mr. Wigglesworth, solicitor,

of Donnington, requesting me to spend the ensuing week at Caistor, a small town about twenty miles south of Hull, he promising to take my appointments in my own circuit. To this I consented.

"Saturday, 20th December.—I arrived at Caistor about 4 P.M. My coming was altogether unexpected, but the bellman was sent round the town, and the friends did all they could to make it known.

"Sunday.—In the morning we had a salvation meeting, and I offered many reasons why the members should join me in seeking a revival in Caistor. We knelt and gave ourselves afresh to God.

"Afternoon.—The place was crowded. The singing was delightful. The people wept, and conviction seized many hearts, which ended in conversion.

"Night.—One of the most glorious services I ever held. I did not preach with much liberty, but there was power and feeling, and in the prayer-meeting many cried for salvation.

"Every night the place was full, sometimes densely crowded. Thirty-six found salvation. Among others the following was an interesting case: Mr. Joseph Wigglesworth, the brother of the gentleman who prevailed on me to come to Caistor, attended the morning meeting. I found he was then deeply wrought upon. He came in the afternoon and wept. At night I spoke to him. He had for years enjoyed the Methodist privileges—nay, from infancy he had been blessed with a religious training. Yet he was unsaved, and could never be prevailed upon to come to a prayer-meeting. I talked to him about the importance of decision. He broke down, came boldly to the penitent form, and with many tears and prayers sought and obtained forgiveness. It was a splendid case and did us all good."

A month later Mr. Booth visited Caistor a second time, and writes:

"I left Spalding for Caistor, where I had promised to spend another week. The friends were well and very pleased to see me.

"Sunday.—We held in the morning a precious meeting. Only two out of the thirty-six who had found the Lord during my previous visit had gone back to the beggarly elements of the world.

"Afternoon and evening I preached in the Independent chapel, which had long been closed. The many fears we had indulged with regard to the congregation were dispersed when we saw it comfortably filled in the afternoon. In the evening we had a most triumphant meeting. God was with us eminently. I at once promised to stay the whole of the week.

"I wrote a bill which we got printed and taken to every house in Caistor and the surrounding villages. The result was a glorious harvest. Seventy-six were saved during the week, and I only left them under a promise to return the next week but one. The whole town was in a ferment.

"Saturday, February 7th, Caistor.—Returned here for another week.

"Sunday.—Not so successful, although the congregations were overflowing.

"Monday night.—A good time and many saved.

"Friday.—Every night many souls saved. To-night the influence was overwhelming. The parting with this dear people was very painful. I had never experienced anything approaching to the success with which God crowned my labours here; I found them a poor, despised people, meeting in an old upper

room, with about thirty-five members, and I left them with over two hundred members in a good roomy chapel, full of spirits, and very many precious souls all over the town under deep conviction. May God take care of them and guide them safe to Heaven, and may I meet them there!"

But although his labours were attended with such multiplied success, nevertheless both Miss Mumford and Mr. Booth felt that it was high time either for the Reform movement to become crystallised into a united organisation of its own, with a distinctive government whose authority would be acknowledged by all, or, failing this, that it would be necessary for Mr. Booth to attach himself to some church which answered to this description. It so happened that at this very period he became acquainted with the Methodist New Connexion, which to his mind appeared admirably fitted to the requirements of the Reformers, combining a liberal government with Wesleyan doctrine. Here was the very opportunity for which Mr. Booth had so long looked, and he conceived the bold idea of not only joining them himself but of urging the entire body to do the same.

The Methodist New Connexion is the first-born of the numerous Wesleyan progeny, to which the parent organisation gave birth after the death of its founder in 1791. It is no small testimony to the creative genius of Wesley that each member of the family is almost a fac-simile of the rest. Indeed the doctrines are identically those which he formulated. His rich hymnology and peculiar nomenclature have also been preserved intact. It has only been on questions of church government, similar to those which gave rise to the Reform agitation, that differences of opinion and consequent divisions have arisen. Indeed, in not a few instances it would puzzle any outsider, not thoroughly versed in all the subtle distinctions of Methodistic polity, to say wherein the various branches of that body differ, or to which the palm of superiority may fairly be ascribed.

During the last few years there has been a strongly marked tendency to still further assimilate, and it seems within the range of possibility that the union of the Methodist bodies which has already taken place in Canada, may be succeeded by a world-wide consolidation, which would doubtless strengthen the position of Wesleyanism and place it numerically at the head of Protestant Christendom, although historically of so recent origin. It would certainly be a remarkable coincidence if such a reunion were based, as seems not improbable, on the very principles which led to the secession of 1791. The gulf which divided the orthodox party from

the dissentients then has since been bridged by the concession of nearly everything which was at that time refused.

The links which bound John Wesley's followers to the Church of England have long since been broken. At the time of which we speak, their position resembled very closely the present semi-independence of the various missionary societies, save that the national clergy were then far less tolerant of anything out of the beaten track than they are now. How far the germs of ultimate separation exist in these more recent developments of Church activity would form an interesting subject for speculation, but for this we have neither time nor space.

The question, as it concerned John Wesley's organisation, had even during his lifetime given rise to burning discussions. He had, however, set his face like a flint against all proposals for separation. His "travelling preacher" had not been allowed to administer the sacraments. Meetings were not held during the hours of "Divine service" in the national church. And Wesley discouraged generally the assumption of ministerial titles, or priestly functions.

On this and other questions the Annual Conference of Preachers, which had been bound together hitherto by his strong personality, became divided after his death. Some were desirous of adhering rigidly to their venerated founder's policy, while others contended for the introduction of such alterations as might from time to time appear advisable.

Among the most prominent of the latter party was a young preacher named Alexander Kilham, who spoke strongly on behalf of reform, publishing several pamphlets on the subject. The principal changes which he advocated were, that the travelling preachers should be authorised to administer the sacraments, and that the laity should have equal power with the ministry in the government of the organisation. He supported his arguments by casting serious reflections on the existing management of affairs, and by alleging that abuses had already arisen, which he believed could only be effectually dealt with by introducing delegates from the laity both into the annual Conference and into the district meetings.

For these publications Kilham was tried and expelled in 1796. This led to his publishing a monthly pamphlet which was styled the *Methodist Monitor*, and which developed two years later into the *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*, for the purpose of advocating his views. Mr. Kilham still nourished a hope that the Conference would

ultimately grant the concessions for which he and his friends had asked. But in this he was disappointed, and it soon became clear that nothing further was to be expected, especially in regard to the question of lay representation.

The first step taken towards a separation was the purchase of Ebenezer Chapel in Leeds from the Baptists. This was opened in May, 1797, Mr. Kilham conducting the services. The Conference met in July, when a final, but abortive, effort was made to induce them to reconsider their decision. The failure of this attempt led to the resignation of three more ministers, who united with Mr. Kilham and a few other friends at Ebenezer Chapel in establishing the New Connexion. The outlines of a constitution were agreed upon in accordance with the views advocated by Mr. Kilham, who became the secretary of the organisation, while the Rev. Thorn, one of the dissentient ministers, was elected its first president.

The principle of lay representation round which the controversy most fiercely raged, and which became the chief plank in the platform of the New Connexion, has since been adopted with certain modifications by every branch of Wesleyanism, and it seems not unlikely that if there ever should be a general amalgamation, it will take place on the lines laid down by this earliest reform movement. One is tempted to speculate as to the possible history of a united Methodism during the past hundred years, had the suggestion of young Kilham been at the outset adopted. But perhaps the Society was not then prepared for changes of so radical a character.

Such was the origin of the organisation with which Mr. Booth proposed that the Reformers should identify themselves. It was not then, nor is it now, one of the most numerically-important branches of the Methodist family. Its position, however, should not be estimated by this, so much as by the influence it exercised in shaping the subsequent policy both of the parent stock and of the younger branches of the family, occupying as it has continued from the first to do, a medium position between the extreme conservatism of the former and the ultra-radicalism of some members of the latter.

To amalgamate the Reformers with this church seemed to Mr. Booth preferable to constituting a separate organisation of their own, since they would obtain all the privileges which had been denied them by the parent church, without having to encounter the delay and difficulties which must necessarily attend the opposite course. To manufacture a strong government out of elements so discordant, so heterogeneous

and so unadhesive would, he felt, be extremely difficult. Whereas if the fragments were thrown into a pot which had already some cohesion of its own, the law-abiding portions could be melted down, so to speak, into one consistent mass, while the disorderly elements could more easily be eliminated, and would at any rate be less likely to do harm. Besides, why waste time over building up a facsimile of what already existed, when the original combined at the same time both the stability and elasticity which seemed desirable.

Above all, Mr. Booth longed to put an end to the interminable disputations and argumentations which seemed to be fast sapping the vitality and spirituality of the Reformers. How could souls be saved under such conditions, and how could those who were saved be made into saints and soldiers, if, instead of the sincere milk of the word, they were fed upon dry discussions, or if, when they cried for bread, they were offered a barren theory? Once decided as to the right course of action, it only remained to settle the *modus operandi*. The principal organ of the Reformers was, as has been already mentioned, the *Wesleyan Times*. The subject was accordingly broached by Mr. Booth in its columns, and some correspondence ensued. Nor were the leaders of the New Connexion slow to avail themselves of this favourable opportunity. During the Annual Conference, which held its sitting in May, at Longton, in the Staffordshire potteries, the following resolution was adopted and published in the *Wesleyan Times* :

“That the Conference feels deeply concerned at the unhappy differences which have so long prevailed in the Wesleyan family, and would rejoice to see the brethren who are contending for a more liberal system of Church government, directing their attention to some practical course, whereby they may attain that object, and thus restore peace and prosperity to the Methodist bodies. That the Conference has too much sympathy with all Christians, who hold the same doctrines and entertain similar views of Church government with itself, to be indifferent to their welfare, and having taken no part in the recent struggle, it would rejoice at some healing measure being adopted, whereby friendly relations might be brought about between the parties. Where that cannot be accomplished, to those who desire to unite with us on the principles and practice of the Connexion, the Conference would give the right hand of fellowship.”*

In the following year the secretary for the Reform Committee opened up communications with the president of the Methodist New Connexion as to the possibility of amalgamating the two bodies. The latter replied that they would be glad to consider any proposals for

* *Wesleyan Times*, 30th May, 1853, p. 340.

doing so on the basis of their own constitution, but declined to make any alterations in it, to suit the more democratic tastes of the Reformers. Hence the negotiations fell through, and although a considerable number of the Reform Societies attached themselves to the Connexion, the bulk of that body united themselves ultimately to the Wesleyan Methodist Association, which assumed the name of the "United Methodist Free Churches," adhering as usual to the Wesleyan formula of doctrine, but adopting, as the name signified, a more congregational form of government. Meanwhile Mr. Booth had opened up a correspondence with Dr. Cooke, one of the leading ministers, and an ex-president of the New Connexion, from whom he received the following reply :

"3, CRESCENT, Albany Road, May 28th, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your favour found me at the Conference from which I am but just returned, and being now almost overwhelmed with the pressure of duties prior to the publication of our minutes, I can command time to answer only one portion of your letter. I think it not unlikely that a formal application from you to our president for the year, Rev. J. Hudson, of Huddersfield, would result in your reception as a minister in our body. At the same time the usage of four years' probation would undoubtedly be applied to you, just as strictly as it is to those candidates who are chosen from our own ranks, and who are well-known to us. I fully sympathise with your views and feelings as to the desirableness of a union of the Reformers with our body. It would present to them a home of peace and rational, scriptural freedom, with institutions of various kinds already established in prosperous operation.

"Praying that the Lord may direct and prosper you, I am, dear sir,

"Yours in haste, but very respectfully,

"WILLIAM COOKE."

Having prepared the way by a careful study of the New Connexion system, and by getting into touch with some of its leading spirits, Mr. Booth now broached the subject at the quarterly meeting of the office-bearers of his own circuit, proposing that, without waiting for the action of the entire body, they should themselves take immediate measures for amalgamation. Although strongly supported by some of the most influential persons present, the motion was lost, and failing to carry his people with him, Mr. Booth announced to them his resolution to go over alone.

This decision was received by his people with unfeigned regret, and many efforts were put forth to induce him to remain. He was offered the privilege of immediate marriage, together with a furnished home, and a horse and a trap to enable him to visit distant places. To this pressure he might have yielded, had not Miss Mumford

thrown her influence into the opposite scale. The inviting career of a country parson, she argued, combined though it might be with the tempting promise of domestic bliss, would not alter the fact that the time so spent would probably be thrown away, and that he would be compelled to do in the end what could be more easily and profitably done now.

There was another course open to Mr. Booth, which had for him special attractions, and which not a few of his friends strongly urged upon him, and that was to work as a revival preacher, independently of all organisations. Himself born and cradled in a revival, with the stirring examples of Caughey and Finney fresh in his mind, he had a strong leaning to a career so much in accordance with his tastes and aspirations. He was, however, satisfied that even as an Evangelist his work would be of a more permanent character, and his converts better looked after, if he laboured in connection with some already established organisation, rather than by playing the part of a religious free-lance. Besides, there would be the assurance, in joining the New Connexion, of a renewal, for at least some few months, of his much-interrupted studies.

Miss Mumford strongly favoured this view of the matter, and it was accordingly settled that early in 1854 he should enter the Methodist New Connexion, studying for six months under Dr. Cooke's personal supervision, and offering himself for their ministry at the ensuing Conference, when there was every reason to believe that he would be accepted.

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CONFLICTS. 1854.

THE decision to enter the New Connexion had scarcely been arrived at, when the revivals at Swineshead Bridge and Caistor occurred, leading to a renewal of the vexed question as to the Evangelistic sphere. Indeed, but for the fact that he had pledged his word, and that Miss Mumford was so convinced as to the wisdom of the step, Mr. Booth would in all probability have launched forth on an itinerant career. Not that he favoured a mere roving life. On the contrary, he has always been a firm believer in consecutive effort. But observing the tendency of the church to stagnation, he thought the evil might be largely remedied by visiting the various centres, and holding a protracted series of meetings, thus ingathering a multitude of souls, and infusing a spirit of zeal and enterprise among Christians.

Forty years have passed since first his heart was drawn towards such work. Standing in the sunset of a triumphant career, his views remain unchanged, and although the oversight of the vast organisation, which, under God, he has raised up, interferes with a renewal of similar toil, he is comforted in the fact, that he has created for other labourers a like opportunity all over the world.

At the time, however, of which we write, the controversy was of a perplexing character, as may be gathered from the following letters :

“HOLBEACH, January, 1854.

“MY DEAREST KATE,—The plot thickens, and I hesitate not to tell you that I fear, and fear much, that I am going wrong.

“Yesterday I received a letter asking me if I would consent to come to the Hinde Street Circuit (London Reformers), salary £100 per year. I have also heard that the committee in London are about to make me an offer. I would give a great deal to be satisfied as to the right path, and gladly would I walk it, whether here or there.

“You see, my dearest, it is certainly enough to make a fellow think and tremble. Here I am at present in a circuit numbering 780 members, with an increase for the year of nearly 200. Am invited to another with near a thousand. And yet I am going to join a church with but 150 members in London, and a majority of circuits with but a similar number.

“I fear that, with all my cautiousness on this subject, I shall regret it. Send

me a kind letter to reach me on Friday. Bless you, a thousand times! My present intention is to tear myself away from all and everything, and persevere in the path I have chosen. They reckon it down here the maddest, wildest, most premature, and hasty step that ever they knew a saved man to take.

"I remain, my dearest love,

"Your own

"WILLIAM."

To this the following reply was sent by Miss Mumford :

"MY DEAREST WILLIAM,—I have with a burdened soul committed the contents of your letter to God, and I feel persuaded He will guide you. I will just put down one or two considerations which may comfort you.

"First, then, you are not leaving the Reformers because you fear you would not get another circuit, or as good a salary as the Connexion can offer. You are leaving because you are out of patience and sympathy with its *principles* and *aims*, and because you believe they will bring it to ultimate destruction.

"Second, you are not leaving to secure present advantages, but sacrificing present advantages for what you believe to be on *the whole* (looking to the end) most for God's glory and the good of souls. And the fact of Hinde Street offering £200 would not alter those *reasons*. If it is right in *principle* for you to leave the movement and join the Connexion, no advantages in the former or disadvantages in the latter can possibly alter the thing.

"But mind, *I* do not urge you to do it, and I do not see even now that it is too late to retreat, if your conscience is not satisfied as to the quality of your motives. But I believe it *ought to be*. I wish you prayed more and talked less about the matter. Try it, and be determined to get clear and settled views as to your course. Leave your heart before God, and get satisfied in his sight, and then do it, be it what it may. I cannot bear the idea of your being unhappy. Pray do in this as you feel in your soul it will be right. My conscience is no standard for your's.

"I am not sorry that the people think I am anxious for the step. I wish them to understand that I am favourable to it. But at the same time you do right to make the act your own, though you can let them know I highly approve it.

"Oh, if you come to London, let us be determined to reap a blessed harvest. Let our fellowship be sanctified to our soul's everlasting good. My mind is made up to do my part towards it. I hope to be firm as a rock on some points. The Lord help me! We must aim to improve each other's minds and characters. Let us pray for grace to do it in the best way and to the fullest extent possible.

"I am living above. My soul breathes a purer atmosphere than it has done for the last two or three years. God lives and reigns, and this to me is a source of much consolation.

"With deepest interest and sincere affection,

"I remain, your loving

"KATE."

Writing again a few days later, Miss Mumford says :

"I am very sorry to find that you are still perplexed and harassed about the change. I did think that there were conditions weighty enough to satisfy your own

mind as to the propriety of the step, and if not I begged you not to act. Even now it is not too late. Stay at Spalding, and risk all. Pray be satisfied in your own mind. Rather lose anything than make yourself miserable. You reasoned and suffered just so about leaving the Conference, and yet you see it was right now. I never suffered an hour about it, after I once decided, except in the breaking of some tender associations. Nor do I ever expect to suffer. I reasoned the thing out and came to a conclusion, and all the Conference battering I met never caused me a ten minutes' qualm.

"You mistake me if you think I do not estimate the trial it must be to you, and the influences of circumstances and persons around you. But remember, dearest, they do not alter realities, and the Reform movement is no home or sphere for you; whereas the principles of the Connexion you love in your very soul. I believe you will be satisfied, when once from under the influence of your Spalding friends.

"Anyway, don't let the controversy hurt your soul. Live near to God by prayer. Oh, I do feel the importance of spiritual things, and am in a measure living by faith in the Son of God! The Lord is very precious to me and admits me to free and blessed intercourse with Himself. I have spent some precious moments in committing all into His hands, and I do believe He will answer prayer and guide us in all things. *You* believe he answers prayer. Then take courage. Just fall down at His feet and open your very soul before Him, and throw yourself right into His arms. Tell Him if you are wrong, you only wait to be set right, and be the path rough or smooth you will walk in it. This is exactly the position of my mind now. I feel an infinite satisfaction in lying at the footstool of my God, and I believe He will condescend to guide us.

"Oh, *you must* live close to God! If you are at a greater distance from Him than you were, just stop the whirl of outward things, or rather *leave it*, and shut yourself up with Him till all is clear and bright *upwards*. *Do*, there's a dear. Oh, how much we lose by not coming to the point! Now, at once, realise your union with Christ, and trust Him to lead you through this perplexity. Bless you! Excuse this advice. I am anxious for your soul. Look up! If God hears my prayers, He *must* guide you—He *will* guide you. I love you, I pray for you, and I will do all in my power to make you happy.

"Your espoused and loving

"CATHERINE."

It appeared, however, too late to draw back, and Mr. Booth resolved to persist in carrying out the arrangement entered into with Dr. Cooke.

Had anybody at this time ventured to prophesy that either Mr. Booth or Miss Mumford would ever view with favour the military form of government which was the final outcome of their experiences, surely none would have contemplated such an idea with more surprise and apprehension than themselves. Quick as were their minds to grasp a new idea, and resolute and intrepid as they were in carrying it into effect, they were still too largely dominated by their surrounding circumstances and by the force of long-formed habit to foresee the

chain of providences which was to compel them, almost in spite of themselves, to a course of action leading to such momentous results. For the time being, however, their pathway seemed clear, and they were content to link their fortunes with the organisation which seemed to answer so nearly to their highest ideal.

But wherever they might be, and with whomsoever they might cast in their lot, these Jehus were Jehus still, and might be known from afar by their furious driving. And they imported into their new position an element of dash and adventure which soon commenced to clash with vested interests. The child-debater, temperance secretary, and school-girl monitor had the inborn instincts of a leader, and chafed under restrictions and limitations which seemed to her so often to spring from unworthy motives, and to cripple the aspiration and thwart the best planned schemes of one whose genius and single-eyed devotion, so transcended in her opinion those who surrounded and legislated for him.

It is, perhaps, but the universal fate of nature's most gifted children to find barriers interposed where they are least expected, and it may truly be said that the course of the grandest benefactors of the human race never did and perhaps never will "run smooth." To our short-sighted vision it might seem well if every mountain torrent sped its way with canal-like straightness to the sea. And yet thus it would unavoidably miss some of its most important tributaries, and, by shortening its course, deprive many needy valleys of its fertilising streams. It would at least lose much of its charm, and by forfeiting the added force and velocity which each surmounted barrier lends to its onflowing current, would sacrifice in a great measure its purity and power.

Had the New Connexion proved all that was hoped for when it received this reinforcement, and had its Conference been endowed with sufficient foresight to anticipate coming events, there would perhaps have been no occasion for the establishment of a Salvation Army. But, after all, there are not many who are able to discern the signs of the times, or who are willing to give genius and spiritual power its legitimate scope. And thus the benefactors of the earth are too often hindered, till compelled at length to manufacture for themselves new channels, when the old might amply have sufficed.

It may, however, well be questioned whether it would have been possible to have manufactured an aggressive force such as the Salvation Army within the borders of any existing denomination. The

materials for such a movement required to be drawn from widely different sources. The more than ninety per cent. of England's nominally Christian, but actually heathen population, whose church was the public-house and whose Bible was the "penny dreadful," were to constitute the recruiting grounds for a religious crusade which was to send forth its conquering legions to the four quarters of the globe. Unembarrassed by traditional teachings, unspoiled by bungling management, unshackled by governmental red tape, and destitute of religious grave-clothes to conceal their moral nakedness, this spiritual wilderness contained virgin soil which needed only patient toil and sturdy persistence to convert it into a veritable paradise. Mr. and Mrs. Booth were afterward to make the happy discovery that the fetid fever-breeding muck-heaps that obstructed the gangway of civilisation and threatened to overwhelm society with wholesale perdition might be converted into fertilising material, which should yet prove a source of wealth and happiness to its possessors, and a blessing to the world at large.

Human creeds and religious organisations have an inveterate tendency to fossilise the ideas and inspirations of a dead past, which they vainly endeavour to foist upon an altogether altered present. They have too often ceased to grow. Their very garb and language are frequently antiquated and unnatural—interesting relics of a bygone age, time-honoured memorials of a buried century, but powerless to cope with the exigencies of an ever-changing world.

We say it, not in a censorious spirit, but as the simple explanation of a strange phenomenon. The results of nearly every great religious awakening have in time become petrified and crystalised into beautiful but powerless forms. Instead of "spires whose silent fingers point to Heaven," we have sign-posts whose backward finger points to the hallowed but speechless and lifeless cemetery of bygone days and deeds. Instead of living prophets we have grave-stones which, like funeral sentinels, take their stand upon the dust and ashes of the past.

Those who have been truly great, because they caught the spirit of their times and combined with it the spirit of the Divine, are transported into surroundings and circumstances where their names have ceased to conjure or enchant. Had they lived they would themselves no doubt have acted differently under the altered circumstances. The religious Cæsars of the past would have been the Napoleons and Moltkes of the present. They would not have attempted the futile task of

clothing the living with the winding-sheets, however pure and fragrant, of the dead. They would have scorned to cater for the religious few, while the breadless multitudes perished at their doors; and if their genius could not have soared to the emergencies of their generation, it would have carried them far enough to enable them to recognise and support the spirit of the age, in however strange or even uncouth a form it might have embodied itself. Instead of devoting their ingenuity to manufacturing patches for the tattered and discarded draperies of early days, they would have contrived to weave some newer vestments better suited to cover the moral nakedness of their times. Instead of being satisfied with sewing together the original fig-leaves of Eden, they would have invented some more suitable material; and instead of endeavouring to clothe humanity with the bibs and baby-linen of its early days, they would have devised garments more congenial to its manhood's prime. Instead of storing its new wine in the leaky worn-out wineskins of the past, they would have reckoned it the truest economy to invest a few shillings in purchasing a new and serviceable cask, consenting with a good grace to the transmigration of the accustomed leathern hides into the iron hoops and wooden staves of modern progress.

Be this as it may, it was just the absence of this element of elasticity in existing organisations that justified and necessitated the separate existence of the Salvation Army, and afforded it a peculiarly wide and unoccupied field for its operations.

But the time for this had not yet come, and the earlier years of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's lives were spent in experimenting with existing machinery for the accomplishment of purposes which became yearly more and more the engrossing object of their very existence.

CHAPTER XVI.

LONDON. 1854.

THE reception with which Mr. Booth met, at the threshold of his new departure, was cordial and encouraging. In Dr. Cooke he found an able and appreciative leader, and the mutual regard which they entertained for each other was preserved to the end. The doctor, who was in the habit of preparing a few students for the ministry, received him, with two or three others, into his own home.

That his studies were intermingled with active evangelistic labours will readily be surmised. Indeed the very day after his arrival in London, we find him, on the 15th February, 1854, preaching in Brunswick Street Chapel, when fifteen souls sought salvation. The General naïvely admits that he never was a pattern student, and that he might often have been found on his face in an agony of prayer when he ought to have been mastering his Greek verbs. But the blessed results, which had already stamped his ministry with an apostolic seal, continued to mark his London labours, and when it came to his turn for his sermon to be criticised by the doctor according to custom, he could only say, "Mr. Booth, I have nothing to say to you. Go on, and may God bless you." Indeed, the constant rows of weeping penitents, including one night the doctor's daughter, formed the best apology for the non-ministerial, unartificial, dramatic style which distinguished Mr. Booth's pulpit utterances.

"I intend proposing you at the next Conference as superintendent of the work in London," said Dr. Cooke one morning, as he strolled with Mr. Booth through the garden, thus showing his confidence in the ability and devotion of his favoured student. To this proposal Mr. Booth strenuously objected, pleading his youth and inexperience for so important and responsible a position. He consented, however, to take the position of assistant pastor, should he be desired to do so, accepting as his leader whomever Conference might appoint.

There was a difficulty, however, in the adoption of this plan, as hitherto the society had only supported one preacher. This objection was overcome by his old friend, Mr. Rabbits, who had followed him into the New Connexion, and who now offered to pay the salary of a

second pastor, provided that Mr. Booth was appointed to the post. To this arrangement the Conference subsequently agreed.

But during the interval an event had occurred which is deserving of special notice. This was Mr. Booth's first visit to the East End of London, where the New Connexion had maintained for many years a small cause, and where he was destined eleven years later to establish the foundations of a world-wide movement. The following entry from his journal will be read with more than ordinary interest in the light of subsequent history :

"Sunday, March 19th, 1854.—Left home at 10 o'clock for Watney Street. Felt much sympathy for the poor neglected inhabitants of Wapping, and its neighbourhood, as I walked down the filthy streets and beheld the wretchedness and wickedness of its people. Reached Bethesda Chapel, and found a nice little congregation, who seemed to hear the word of the Lord gladly. At night a good congregation. Felt much power in preaching. The people wept and listened with much avidity. Commenced, or rather continued the meeting, holding a prayer meeting. All, or nearly all, stayed. Gave an invitation to those who were decided to serve the Lord to come forward, and many came—fifteen in all—of whom fourteen professed to find Jesus, and went home happy in His love. Many of these were very interesting cases. All engaged were much blessed. Tired and weary, I reached home soon after 11 o'clock."

In May there is another entry :

"At Watney Street I held a week's special services, preaching every night. Very many gave their hearts to God. I never knew a work more apparently satisfactory in proportion to its extent. Some most precious cases I have beheld, and I thank God for them. The people appear very happy and united. God bless and keep them !"

Referring to the same meetings in one of his letters, Mr. Booth says :

"We had indeed a glorious day yesterday. Good congregation in the morning. In the afternoon we held a love feast. Seventeen spoke and nearly all praised God for the day I came among them. Many of my spiritual children, with streaming eyes and overflowing hearts, told us how God for Christ's sake had made them happy.

"At night, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, we had the place crammed every nook and corner, and in the prayer meeting we had near twenty penitents. Mr. Atkinson's daughter and Mr. Gould, her intended husband, came forward and with many tears and prayers sought and found mercy. Two black women came, and altogether it was a good night."

Although it had been impossible for Dr. Cooke or any of his influential friends to pledge the Conference to accept Mr. Booth's candidature, nevertheless it had been a foregone conclusion that they

would readily extend to him the right hand of fellowship promised by them to the Reformers in general at their last annual gathering. Still Mr. Booth, and even Miss Mumford, were scarcely prepared for the hearty and unanimous manner in which they were received and for the special favour granted to them in the privilege of receiving permission to marry, at the end of twelve months, instead of having to wait, as was generally the rule, for the expiry of the four years of probation that must elapse before he could be formally ordained as a minister of the church.

In announcing this news to Miss Mumford, Mr. Booth writes :

"I snatch a moment to say that a letter has just come to hand from Mr. Cooke, stating that I have been unanimously received by the Conference. This is very good, but for some unaccountable reason, I do not feel at all grateful, neither does it at all elate me !"

To this letter Miss Mumford replies as follows :

"Your letter this morning filled my heart with gratitude and my mouth with praise. I am thankful beyond measure for the favourable reception and kind consideration you have met with from the Conference, and I can only account for your ingratitude on the ground you once gave me, namely, that blessings in *possession* seem to lose half their value. This is an unfortunate circumstance, but I think in this matter you ought to be grateful, when you look at the past and contemplate the future. However, I am. This comes to me as the answer of too many prayers, the result of too much self-sacrifice, the end of too much anxiety, and the crowning of too many hopes, not to be appreciated ; and my soul does praise God. You may think me enthusiastic. But your position is now fixed as a minister of Christ, and your only concern will be to labour for God and souls.

"I saw that in all probability you might toil the best part of your life and then, after all, have to turn to business for your support. But now, for life you are to be a teacher of Christ's glorious gospel, and I am sure the uppermost desire of my soul is that you may be a holy and successful one. May God afresh baptise you with His love, and make you indeed a minister of the spirit !

"Oh, to begin anew, to give up all, and to live right in the glory ! Shall we ? Can we dare do otherwise with the light and influence God has given to us ? God forbid that we should provoke the eyes of His holiness by our indifference and lukewarmness and inconsistency ! The Lord help *me* and *thee* to live, so that our hearts condemn us not, for then shall we have confidence towards God, that whatsoever we shall ask of Him (even to making us instrumental in saving thousands of precious souls) He will do it for us. Amen !"

On the inside of the envelope Miss Mumford adds the following quotation :

"Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stole away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the misery we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

Previous to entering upon his London appointment, Mr. Booth paid a short visit to Caistor, with a view to benefitting his health, which was a good deal run down. But no sooner was it known by his old friends and converts that he was in the place, than meetings were planned which he could not refuse to conduct, so that at the conclusion of his visit he writes that in future he would arrange his rest in a place where he was not quite so well known. At the same time his reception was such as to gratify his heart. Although his previous visits to the town had been so brief, the results had been both powerful and permanent. He writes to Miss Mumford :

"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 heavy work. Chapel crowded. 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 crushing prayer meeting. Some splendid cases. I am more than ever attached to the people. They are thorough-going folks. *Just my sort*. I love them dearly, and shall stand by them and help them when I can.

"I have just taken hold of that sketch you sent me on 'Be not deceived,' and am about to make a full sermon upon 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 them over 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 faces, 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.

"I have written by this post to Dr. Cooke. I tell him that I come in love *with no half-measures*, and I am determined to seek success. I am doing better in my soul. Am resolved to live nearer to God, and put confidence in Him. Let us live for Heaven!"

Summing up this visit to Caistor, in his journal Mr. Booth remarks :

"Nearly all my spiritual children stand firm in the faith. All glory to God! Preached eight sermons and attended a public meeting. I trust that during my

visit some good has been done. Near thirty profess to have found peace, but still the work has not been up to my expectations."

On returning to London, Mr. Booth threw himself heart and soul into his new work as assistant pastor to the Rev. P. T. Gilton. His fame as a revivalist had now spread to distant places, and frequent invitations were received for him to hold special services. Whilst most of these were declined without further consideration, several were of such a pressing nature, and were so strongly backed by influential friends, that he scarcely knew what to reply. Coming as they did from New Connexion congregations it was difficult to return a refusal.

Miss Mumford hailed the news of each advance with joy. She had from the first entertained an unbounded confidence in Mr. Booth's ability, and felt that all he needed was an opportunity to enable him to occupy, with glory to God and credit to himself, a far higher position of usefulness than any that he had hitherto held :

"Bless you! Bless you!" she writes. "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 in 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!"

During the autumn of 1854, Miss Mumford paid a long-promised visit to a friend at Burnham, in Essex. There is a little incident connected with this trip worthy of reference. She was persuaded to attend an Irvingite Chapel, in the vicinity, for the purpose of seeing and hearing one of their "angels." She gives the following characteristic summary of her impressions :

"Burnham contains about seventeen or eighteen hundred inhabitants. It has a very old church, a Wesleyan Chapel, a Baptist Chapel, a Calvinist Chapel, a Chapel of Ease, and an Irvingite Chapel. To the last of these a

party of us went last Sunday evening, to hear one of the travelling 'angels' belonging to their denomination. Of all the mystery I ever listened to or conceived possible, it excelled! It was indeed beyond my comprehension, or that of anybody else! I wish you had been there, though I hardly think you would have been able to sit it through. It was all I could endure to see the people gulled in such a way. Poor things! What need there is for effort and energy, for real religion and common sense."

Perhaps one of the most valuable and clearly-marked features of Miss Mumford's character was her capacity for discerning spirits. She was never long in coming to a conclusion, and was seldom mistaken in her judgments. While she never hesitated to denounce anything like lukewarmness in religion, she was equally careful to guard against fanaticism, believing that the latter was almost as injurious to the cause of Christ as the former, and arguing that when the devil could not persuade people to hold back from doing their duty, he would tempt them to discredit God's work by going too far. The common curse of modern Christianity doubtless consists in whittling away the Gospel, and lowering the standard of righteousness. Nevertheless she held that there was a noble but misguided minority who erred in the opposite direction. By exaggerating certain aspects of the truth, by magnifying to the exclusion of all else some favoured hobby, or by fixing for the multitude a standard that was possible only for the few, she believed that needless stumbling-blocks were cast in the path of multitudes, and that the most sincere and devoted were often tempted to desert the substance of religion for its shadow, the pursuit of righteousness for that of a fugitive ideal, which either could not be grasped at all, or the possession of which was of no profit to the would-be possessor, or to the world at large.

This faculty of discernment was of infinite value to her in helping to shape the course of the religious movement with which her name must ever remain so intimately connected. New and unforeseen developments were perpetually occurring which required to be handled with combined promptness and discretion. At these decisive epochs, Mr. Booth gladly availed himself of the prophetic instinct, which, while unbending in its demand for uttermost devotion, was equally rigid in its rejection of the unwise and needlessly extreme. Like a carrier pigeon, she would arise as it were at such emergencies into the air, circle a few times round the debated point, and, then, having taken her bearings, would arrive at her conclusions with a speed and directness which seemed nothing short of a mental miracle.

In another of her letters from Burnham, there is a charming descriptive passage :

“ It is truly delightful here now at night. The lovely moon throws her silvery beams on the bosom of a beautifully tranquil river. All around is serene and silent. The breeze is just sufficient to fan the water into gentle ripples. The boats and skiffs repose on its surface as if weary of the day’s engagements. Altogether it reminds one of Heaven. I wish you could see it just now. It would stir the old poetic fire in father’s soul, and warm mother’s heart with admiration and devotion! All nature, vocal and mute, point upwards. And the most unsophisticated soul *must* feel the power of its testimony, and the being and goodness of the Christian’s God. I love to gaze on these dear foot-marks of Jehovah. It does one good sometimes as much in soul as in body. I don’t know what effect the majestic in nature would have upon me. But such a scene as this stirs strange feelings and touches chords which thrill and vibrate through my whole being.

“ Be happy about me. God lives, and I feel safe in His hands. Let us try to live according to our professed belief, and be careful for nothing. Bless you!

“ Good-bye, and believe me as ever, your own loving

“ CATHERINE.”

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BOOTH'S FIRST PUBLISHED ARTICLE. 1854.

THE earliest extant publication from Miss Mumford's pen is an article for the *New Connexion Magazine* on the best means for retaining new converts. It contains probably her first public utterance on the important question of female ministry. Indeed, the concluding portion is almost prophetic. Forty years ago she raised a warning voice as to the impossibility of rearing young converts in a worldly church, and before her life-work was completed she had the joy of helping to establish a universal nursery for souls, in which the rules she thus early laid down should be carried into practice with a literalness that she could hardly have hoped for, and with a success that proved their value. Forty years ago she prophesied that there were hidden Lydias in the church. Five years later she stepped forward as one of them herself, and she lived to be surrounded by tens of thousands of women whose lips she had unsealed, whose timidity she had overcome, whose rights she had defended, and whose ability to preach the Gospel she had proved by their abundant and unqualified success and indubitable inspiration.

In this early effort there is reflected the ripeness of her latter years. The keen common sense, the lucid logic, the grasp of details, the inimitable command of language, the originality of ideas, and the close personal application, are almost as plainly imprinted on this her earliest effort as on her last. But the following lines will speak for themselves :

“The Editor, *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*.

“DEAR SIR,—The following few thoughts were suggested by the perusal of your question relative to the best means of retaining the new converts brought in during the late revivals ; and as I feel deeply interested in this important subject, I venture to transmit them to you, to be made use of or not, as your judgment dictates.

“I am fond of tracing the analogy which in many instances exists between the economy of the natural and spiritual worlds, and I think to all who love and seek out the ways of the Lord this must be an

ever interesting and profitable exercise. I think, too, there are truths and principles of extensive application and great practical importance often deducible from it. When considering your question, it suggested another, nameiy : What are the conditions indispensable to the preservation and growth of the natural babe ? And the following immediately occurred to me : 1st. An adequate supply of congenial aliment. 2nd. A pure and invigorating atmosphere. 3rd. A careful cleansing away of all impurities. And 4th. Freedom from undue restraint in the exercise of its faculties. Between these conditions and those necessary to the preservation and progress of spiritual life, there appears to me a striking and beautiful analogy.

“The first and most important want of the babe in Christ is unquestionably congenial aliment; it needs to be fed with ‘the sincere milk of the Word.’ Deprived of this, there is no chance or life, to say nothing of growth. How important, then, that the character of the ministry should be suited to the wants of a new-born soul, ‘the sincere milk of the Word,’ that which is felt to be *real*. Words without heart will chill the very life current of a young believer. It must be that which has been *tasted* and handled of the Word of Life. The spiritual babe will soon pine away under mere theoretical teaching. It must be sustaining, and in order to this the milk must be pure, unmixed with either diluting or deleterious doctrines. It must be congenial to the cravings of a spiritual appetite and capable of being assimilated by a spiritual nature. It must be direct and practical. The babe, under its teachings, must learn how to walk in all the ordinances and statutes of the Lord blameless—how to apply the principles of action laid down in His Word to the daily occurrences of life—how to resist temptation and overcome the world And I think, without an adequate supply of such spiritual food, the first condition of its preservation and progress will not be fulfilled.

“Then comes the second scarcely less important condition—a pure and invigorating atmosphere. Not more surely will the sprightly infant, born in some pent-up garret, which for generations has been impregnable to the pure air of heaven, pine and die than will the spiritual babe introduced into the death-charged atmosphere of some churches. So far from its being a matter of surprise that so many converts relapse into spiritual death, it appears to me a far greater wonder that so many survive under the influence of the noxious atmosphere into which they are often forced.

“Let the spiritual infant, born amongst the genial influences of a

genuine revival, and just awakened to a sense of the importance and reality of eternal things, be transplanted to a church in which the tide of holy feeling has been rolled back by a flood of worldliness, formality, and indifference, and what a shock his spiritual nature must sustain! Nay, suppose him introduced into some class-meeting where are old professors of ten, twelve, or twenty years' standing, who ought to be far ahead of him in the joy and strength of the Lord, but whose everlasting complaint is 'my leanness, my leanness,' and this always in the same key—the key of doubt. Who can estimate the freezing, paralysing effects of such an atmosphere? What can be expected but misgiving, anxiety, and relaxation in duty? Oh, if the Church would indeed be the nursery of the future kings and priests of her God, she must awake up from her lethargy and create an atmosphere of warm and holy feeling, pure and unfeigned love, incessant and prevailing prayer, and active untiring effort for souls! Then may she hope that the converts born under special outpourings of the Spirit will grow and thrive, and in due time arrive at the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus.

“The third condition of physical life and health is the cleansing away of impurities. The infant, though truly a living and healthy child, is too feeble and ignorant to remove what would be injurious to itself and render it offensive to others, and therefore some maternal and loving hand must come to its help. Is there no analogy in this respect between the natural and spiritual babe? Has the latter no injurious habits to be pointed out and overcome; no false views to be corrected; no mistaken conduct to be rectified; no unholy tendency to be subdued; and is it not generally too feeble and ignorant to understand its errors and to correct them? Then does it not need the careful pruning of experienced and loving Christians, the tender watchfulness of fathers and mothers in Christ, that its life be not sacrificed or its spiritual nature depressed?

“It is as great a mistake to expect perfection in the spiritual babe as it would be to expect maturity of strength and intellect in the natural. If indeed it were born perfect, of what force the injunction, 'Go on to perfection!' and why the precaution to give milk unto babes rather than strong meat? There may be heterogeneous substances to be cleansed away, and some unseemly blemishes to be removed, where the germ of true spiritual life has been deposited. But let not nursing fathers and mothers be discouraged on that account. Rather let them learn of the heavenly husbandman how to hasten the pruning process and develop the hidden life.

“There is yet another condition in which the analogy between the natural and spiritual seems even more striking and complete, namely, that of freedom from undue restraint in the use of the faculties. Thank Heaven, the days of ignorance with reference to the operation of natural laws, are fast passing away, and mothers and nurses are learning that health and vigour are attendants on freedom and exercise. Would that the Church generally would make and act upon the same discovery.

“What can be a more fatal cause of religious declension than inactivity? And if religion consists in doing the will of God, what an anomaly is an inactive Christian! Yet there are multitudes in this our day professing to be Christians, who do absolutely nothing for the salvation of souls, or the glory of God. Men and women attempt to serve God by proxy, as though paying another for the employment of his talent were all the same as improving their own; as though God did not demand, and the world need, the exertion of every man's energies and the exhibition of every light which God has kindled. The babe in Christ must be made to feel his individual untransferable responsibility. He must be taught that labour is the law of life, spiritual as well as natural, and that to increase in wisdom and stature and in favour with God, he ‘must be about his Father's business.’ The capacity of every young convert, male and female, should be ascertained, and a suitable sphere provided for its development.

“Methodism, beyond almost any other system, has recognised the importance of this principle, and to this fact doubtless owes much of its past success; but has it not in some measure degenerated in this respect, at least with regard to its employment of female talent? There seems in many societies a growing disinclination among the female members to engage in prayer, speak in love feasts and band meetings, or in any manner bear testimony for their Lord, or to the power of His grace. And this false, God-dishonouring timidity is but too fatally pandered to by the Church, as if God had given any talent to be hidden in a napkin, or as if the Church and the world needed not the employment of all.

“Why should the swaddling-bands of blind custom, which in Wesley's days were so triumphantly broken, and with such glorious results thrown to the moles and the bats, be again wrapped round the female disciples of the Lord Jesus? Where are the Mrs. Fletchers and Mrs. Rogers of our churches now, with their numerous and healthy spiritual progeny? And yet who can doubt that equal power

in prayer and the germ of equal usefulness of life exist in many a Lydia's heart, smothered and kept back though it may be. I believe it is impossible to estimate the extent of the church's loss, where prejudice and custom are allowed to render the outpouring of God's Spirit upon His handmaiden's null and void. But it is a significant fact that in the most cold, formal, and worldly churches of the day we find least of female agency.

"I would warn our societies against drifting into false notions on this subject. Let the female converts be not only allowed to use their newly awakened faculties, but positively encouraged to exercise and improve them. Let them be taught their obligations to work themselves in the vineyard of the Lord, and made to feel that the plea of bashfulness, or custom, will not excuse them to Him Who has put such honour on them, and Who, last at the Cross and first at the sepulchre, was attended by women who so far overcame bashfulness as to testify their love for Him before a taunting multitude, and who so far disregarded custom that when all (even fellow-disciples) forsook Him and fled, they remained faithful.

"Oh! that the Church would excite its female members to emulate their zeal and remove all undue restraint to its development. Then, when every member, male or female, is at work, exercising their spiritual faculties, using the talents God has given them on purpose to be used, then will our Zion become a praise in the whole earth, and men shall flock to it as doves to their windows.

"Yours faithfully,
"C. M——"

CHAPTER XVIII.

LONDON. GUERNSEY. 1854-1855.

LONDON has always been regarded by preachers as an extremely difficult field, and many who have been successful elsewhere have failed completely when they have sought to move the shrewdly-intelligent and worldly-wise heart of Cockneydom. It is scarcely too much to say that the vast metropolis is a nation within a nation. The thoroughbred Londoner is a man *sui generis*. For needle-like acuteness, for ready repartee, for unabashed self-confidence, for un-gullibility—if we may coin the word—he presents the very antipodes of the simple-minded country yokel. Indeed, in these respects it would be hard to match him in the world. Perhaps the struggle for existence, the ceaseless roar of traffic, and the perpetual contact with keen intellects, all help towards the formation of such characteristics, which serve considerably to counteract the preacher's toil.

The lowest classes are absorbed in the scramble for the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. One Lazarus is bad and sad enough; but here are hundreds of thousands lying at Dives' door, whose destitution is even more miserable than that of their Eastern counterpart. Nay, they are not allowed to lie in so comfortable a place. The Dives of the nineteenth century cannot tolerate so painful a sight. The baton of the policeman, and if needs be, the bayonet of the soldier, must sweep such refuse as far as possible from his gaze, into the dens and alleys where it lies seething for a time, awaiting the ghastly day of resurrection and retribution. To go to them with a loaf in one hand appears as necessary as to carry the Gospel in the other. "Give ye them to eat," seems as definitely commanded for their bodies as it is for their souls. And yet, whence shall any buy bread for such a multitude?

And then there are the labouring classes, who live upon the borders of this human pandemonium, this earthly purgatory, this out-Hadesed Hades, and who are perpetually supplying the fuel for its flames. The conditions of society have made their burdens so grievous, their hours of toil so long, their means of subsistence so scanty, that they have but little time and opportunity to provide for the interests

of their souls, so absorbed are they in caring for their bodies. Their worse than Egyptian taskmasters bid them make bricks without straw, and sacrifice their health and families without even the occasional shelter of a land of Goschen, as a hard-earned recompense for their toil. The modern Rehoboam answers the universal cry of Israel for concessions by declaring that his little finger shall be thicker than his father's loins, and by substituting a scourge of scorpions for his father's thongs. And when the busman, the tram-conductor, or the shop-girl venture to ventilate their grievances and to complain against their Gethsemane of toil, they are threatened, if one may reverently say it, with the Calvary of the Law! How hard, how almost impossible, must it be then to reach such with the message of salvation, unless their Moses can at the same time proffer them some prospect of escape from bondage!

The middle classes have more leisure, it is true; but perhaps even less inclination for the vital godliness which would check them in their wild pursuit of wealth, or force upon them a life of self-control and sacrifice. Those who are not engulfed in the absorbing worship of Mammon are mostly enthralled by the fascinating enchantments of pleasure. And between the two there is but little room or desire for the service of God. A press that largely banishes religion from its columns caters for a public who largely banish God from their thoughts and affections.

And the higher we rise in the social scale the more is this experience intensified. The gold fever grows worse. The pulse beats faster. The temperature increases. Each fresh draught, instead of quenching the thirst, maddens the victim, who may wel cry out—

"Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink!"

The gold that perishes can no more satisfy his immortal soul that could the salt waters of the ocean the ship-wrecked mariner upon his raft. And yet there seems no limit to the cursed love of gold, the "*auri sacra fames*" of the old Roman poet. Well might his words be applied to our modern Rome:—

"Get money, money"—is the cry!
"Honestly—if you can;
If not, no matter how, or why!
'Tis money makes the man!"

And those who are not votaries of wealth, who do not make piety

and true nobility of character play second fiddle to gold (*virtus post nummos*), are in an exaggerated degree the devotees of pleasure and the victims of fashion.

“Faster whirls the giddy dance !
Music soft and song
With their fatal spell entrance,
Sweeping them along !

“Quaff ye now your Lethe-draught ;
Soon the charm shall break !
Death thy doomed soul shall waft
To the fiery lake !”

It may be said that the above remarks apply to other cities and districts besides London. This is true, but surely in a less degree. At least London offers an exaggerated exemplification of them, and at the time of which we write it had been the subject of but few revivals, and had comparatively foiled the efforts of many godly labourers. The fact therefore that Mr. Booth's Spalding successes were repeated in London, and this at a period when the New Connexion cause there was low and struggling, soon attracted the notice of other circuits, where circumstances were more favourable for the expectation of a revival. If any good thing could come out of this Jerusalem, there was certainly great hope for the outlying Galilees and Bethlehems. We have already referred to the successful meetings in the East End. We cull a few further extracts from Mr. Booth's journal, as to his successes at the other chapels :

“May 28th, 1854, Sunday.—Preached in the morning at Albany Road. Some little liberty in urging upon the people of God the necessity of labouring for the salvation of souls. Night, at Brunswick Street Chapel. Good congregation. Power in speaking. Afterwards the communion rail was crowded with penitents. Some precious cases. To God be all the glory !

“Sunday, September 10th, 1854.—I resumed my labours at the New Chapel. Congregations very good. At night we had a glorious prayer meeting and a precious influence. Twelve penitents came forward and sought the Lord, and I trust many found Him.”

There is also an interesting reference to Mr. Booth's London successes in a letter to the *New Connexion Magazine* from Mr. Josiah Bates, who was perhaps the most influential lay member of the organisation in London. He writes as follows :

“MY DEAR SIR,—It affords me peculiar pleasure to inform you that our cause in this place continues to prosper.

“I regard the appointment of the Rev. W. Booth to this circuit as providential.

He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Many will have cause to bless God to all eternity that he was ever sent among us. I sincerely hope that it may please God to continue his health and sustain him under the arduous labours in which he is constantly engaged. Would to God we had a host of such men in addition to our present staff of ministers! In that case we should soon, as a community, double our present numbers. I hope the next Conference will leave Mr. Booth without a fixed circuit, so that he may go through the Connexion as an evangelist; and I doubt not, if he retain his piety and dependence on the Divine Spirit, God will abundantly crown his labours in every circuit he may visit.

"My present object, however, is to inform you that during the present month we have had a fortnight's consecutive revival services conducted by Mr. Booth. A short but solemn and pointed address was printed and circulated extensively in the district. It may be said of the entire series of meetings that they were indeed times of refreshing, and the only regret felt at the close was that they had terminated. The results have been most blessed and satisfactory. About thirty members have been added and the older members have also been quickened. I believe the good effect of these services will be found after many days.

"Yours truly,

"JOSIAH BATES."

The appeals for Mr. Booth's services from other districts in the Connexion now so increased in number and importunity, that they could no longer be disregarded. The first circuit he visited was Bristol, where he held a week's meetings, with the result that about fourteen professed salvation, ten of these being added to the society.

Mr. Booth's next evangelistic meetings were held in Guernsey. His journal and letters contain some interesting references to them, and the remarkable results achieved doubtless helped to decide the nature of his work during the next eleven years. Indeed they may be said to have left an everlasting mark on the subsequent labours both of himself and of Mrs. Booth.

"October 16th, 1854.—In compliance with an invitation from the New Connexion Church, in Guernsey, I left town this evening. Prior to starting, the object and probable result of my visit had been discussed by friends in London. Various opinions were entertained and different conjectures raised as to the probable result. Some thought that my visit would be promotive of the salvation of souls and the highest well-being of the church, and some thought very differently. It was stated that they were a proud, intellectual and wealthy people, cold and formal, the very opposite of what I should desire. Some even went so far as to intimate that my visit would be useless and that the people would turn away from my preaching and refuse to regard it. However, I left London conscious of my supreme aim and desire being the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, and depending upon Him and the power of His Spirit for success."

Mr. Booth subsequently adds :

"I reached Guernsey in safety by the mercy of God, and was soon lodged in the family of Mr. John Ozanne, Mount Durant.

"In the evening I attended the prayer meeting. The night was a stormy one. At intervals the rain descended in torrents. I expected, of course, a tolerable attendance. I had come 200 miles, was a stranger, had come on purpose to promote a work which demanded prayer. When I arrived four persons only were present, besides myself and the chapel-keeper! It is true four or five others had been there, had waited a quarter of an hour, and had then gone quietly home instead of staying to pour out their hearts for a mighty influence, which should arouse and quicken the slumbering church. We remained and pleaded with Heaven. I wrestled in prayer. God heard, and the results will show how gloriously he answered our petition.

"The following morning I visited, in company with my host, many of the leading members of the church, and I spoke with them kindly and affectionately, relative to the work of God, words of reproof and invitation, which I have every reason to believe brought forth much fruit.

"As I was walking up one street, a young lady in deep mourning was coming along. 'There,' said the gentleman with me, 'that young person has lost her mother. She is one of our singers.' And he immediately introduced me to her. I spoke to her about her soul, and the tears welled up in her eyes, and as I left her I remarked to Mr. Ozanne that she would be among the first fruits of the revival. That night she led the way to the communion rail, and I afterwards received a letter from her thanking me and stating that her sister, her three cousins, and a friend had all found peace with God during the services.

"That night I opened my commission from the pulpit, and if ever I tried to preach pointedly and plainly, it was that night. Four penitents came forward.

"And now came the struggle. Some approved my preaching, but did not like my plans in the prayer meeting; some, I suppose, disapproved of everything. Some looked cold. Some wished me success, but held aloof and would not lend a hand. Nevertheless I continued to pray and believe and labour."

Describing the meetings, Mr. Booth writes to Miss Mumford as follows :

MOUNT DURANT, GUERNSEY, October 17th, 1854.

"MY DEAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS LOVE,—Last night I preached my first sermon. The congregation was middling, very respectable, stiff, and quiet. I let off a few heavy guns at the lazy formality so prevalent, and with some effect. They opened their eyes at some of the things I said.

"20th October.—My preaching is highly spoken of. The Lord is working, and I trust that to-morrow we shall have a crash—a glorious breakdown. Already the Lord has given me some souls, but my anxious heart cries out for many more. I cannot write about the natural beauties of the place. I have done nothing yet but sigh for and seek the salvation of its inhabitants. The arrangements for the services were miserable—not even a notice printed. And when they advertised the anniversary sermons for to-morrow they never mentioned the preaching afterwards. I asked the good brother who had the thing under his control to put another line, but he said he dare not without the consent of the leaders' meeting! Poor fellows! They will advertise for money, but are ashamed to advertise for souls!

"God bless you. Pray for me. Look for a fuller and completer manifestation of the Son of God, and believe me as ever,

"Your's in betrothed and unalterable affection,

"WILLIAM."

The entries in the journal continue as follows :

"Sunday.—Rose with a delightful sense of God's favour and anticipating a good and successful day. In the morning the congregation was very good, and the word, I am convinced, went with power to many hearts. At night the chapel was crowded. It was their anniversary. The collections were double in amount those of last year, and in the prayer meeting wonderful victory was our's. We took down about twenty-six names—some most interesting and glorious cases. Many went away under deep conviction.

"Monday.—Good news comes in on every hand. To-night, although the weather is most unfavourable, the congregation has been very good, and the prayer meeting even more successful than the one last night. Many very clear cases of conversion. About thirty-five penitents.

"Tuesday.—The excitement increases. The congregation was much larger and a great number of penitents came forward.

"Wednesday.—The chapel to-night has been packed—fuller than it was on Sunday night—and the prayer meeting was a most glorious one. We did not conclude until 10.30. Very many who had been seeking all the week found peace.

"Thursday.—To-night many went away unable to get into the chapel. The aisles were crowded, and up to eleven o'clock it was almost an impossibility to get them up to the communion rail, owing to the crush. We had near sixty penitents, many very clear cases, and I doubt not over sixty more were in deep distress in different parts of the chapel. The parting with the people was very affecting.

"Friday.—I bade farewell to Guernsey. Many came down to the pier to wish me good-bye, and when the packet bore me away and I caught the last glimpse of their waving hands and handkerchiefs, I felt I had parted with many very dear friends, and that I had bidden adieu to a fair spot, where I had certainly passed one of the happiest fortnights of my brief history."

On his return from Guernsey, Mr. Booth received pressing invitations to visit Longton and Hanley, in the Staffordshire potteries, at that time practically the headquarters and chier stronghold of the New Connexion. The undertaking appeared to him to be too great and he declined to go. The chapel at Hanley was said to be the largest in the United Kingdom—some said in the world. Its superintendent, the Rev. W. Mills, was the President of the Connexion. Mr. Booth argued that he was young, and that he had but recently entered the denomination ; that his circuit would suffer by his prolonged absence, and that these irregular services would hinder him in preparing himself for the ordinary pastoral duties of the future. But the President was not to be refused.

Dr. Cooke, Mr. Bates, and other friends backed up the invitation. The circuit agreed to part with him for a month. Perhaps they would have been less willing to do so had they foreseen that he would return to them in his ministerial capacity no more. The visit to the potteries capped Mr. Booth's previous successes and finally established his reputation as a revival preacher, the calls for his services becoming now so numerous that the question of his appointments was referred to the Annual Committee, which transacted the business of the Connexion between the sittings of the Conference. It was decided by this committee that a substitute should be provided to take Mr. Booth's place in the London circuit, and that the next few months should be devoted to holding evangelistic services.

To give anything like a complete account of these meetings is at present impossible. Ample material is available, but must be reserved for the future chronicler of Mr. Booth's career. At present we satisfy ourselves with a few extracts from his diary which will suffice to throw a light on the subsequent history of the subject of these memoirs. The double "foot-prints on the sands of time" occasionally move so closely together that in tracking the one we cannot but observe the other.

"Sunday, January 7th, 1855.—An important day in the annals of Zion Chapel, Longton. At night the chapel was comfortably filled, about 1,800 persons present. After the sermon, fifty precious souls cried for mercy. This gave all great encouragement.

"Monday, January 8th, 1855.—The congregation to-night has been excellent. Preached with much liberty, and Mr. McCurdy intimated after the service that every sentence was with great power. We had about thirty penitents. Many very good cases.

"Thursday, 11th.—The farewell. The chapel very full, more so than on Sunday night. A grand and imposing spectacle. How solemn the responsibility of the man who stands up to address such crowds on the momentous topics of Time, Eternity, Salvation, and Damnation. Lord, help *me!* So I prayed, and mighty were the results. We took down about sixty names this night, making a total of 260 during the nine days that I had stayed at Longton.

"Sunday, January 14th.—My first Sabbath at Hanley. It has been a remarkable day and I have preached twice in perhaps the largest chapel in the world. At night an imposing congregation.

"I had much anxiety about visiting this place before leaving London, and many fears as to my fitness for so large a building and so important a congregation. I was astonished at the quietness of spirit with which I rose to address so large a multitude comparatively careless as to their mental criticism of the messenger and absorbed in an earnest desire for the salvation of the people.

"Wednesday, 24th.—Congregations increased. During the fortnight 460 names

have been taken down, a very large number, but not many in proportion to the vast crowds who have attended the meetings. Many glorious and wonderful cases of conversion have transpired, and on the whole I cannot but hope that the services have exercised a very salutary effect on the society and neighbourhood.'

During the following months up to the meeting of the Conference in June, Mr. Booth conducted services with similar results at Oldham, Mossley, Bradford, Gateshead, and Manchester, returning to London about the middle of May for his wedding. But before proceeding to describe this event, we must conclude the present chapter with an extract from a letter written to him by Miss Mumford during this period, in which she responds to a proposal for her to visit his newly-made friends in Guernsey :

"Should the opportunity ever occur I shall not let so short a voyage hinder me I have no doubt I should be very ill, but it would only be for a little while and we usually have to *pay* for our enjoyments in this world. There is no rose here without its thorn, and I never expect to be able to travel much without fatigue and suffering. So if ever we are to enjoy the beauties of nature *together* you must not mind a little bother.

"I long to see you. Your letters do not satisfy the yearnings of my heart. Perhaps they *ought* to. I wish it were differently constituted. I might be much happier. But it will be extravagant and enthusiastic in spite of all my schooling. If ever I get to Heaven, what rapture shall I know! What a mercy it is that this is but the vestibule to a future existence, that my poor soul may enjoy a glorious future, and realise not only the perfection of all its powers, but the satisfaction of its hitherto insatiable desires. I often anticipate the time when every jarring string shall be removed and all its tender chords be susceptible only of blissful harmony. How sweet to meet *then*, when our very hearts shall be open to each other's gaze and no envious veil come between to hinder the workings of each other's souls! I believe that unions perfected in Jesus on earth, will be in some peculiar sense recognised and perpetuated in Heaven. But oh, to live for it! Will you try? And help me also? No, there is no fear of our loving each other *too much*. How can we love each other more than Christ has loved us?—and this is the standard *He* has given. Indeed, this love will only make us more lovable in His sight! What a precious thing is the religion of Jesus! It makes our first duties our highest happiness! It has the promise of the life that now *is*, as well as of that which is to come. We will spend all our energies in trying to persuade men to receive and practise it."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WEDDING. 1855.

COMPARED with the principles and practice of the Salvation Army in later years, the wedding of Mr. Booth and Miss Mumford presents a striking contrast. Indeed, in the light of subsequent experience, they have not scrupled to blame themselves for having thrown away so unique a chance of influencing multitudes by considering their personal predilections rather than the highest interests of the kingdom. They were now so well known both in the Connexion and among the Reformers that the occasion might easily have been utilised as a powerful fulcrum on the hearts of the people.

There are certain important domestic events which, though strictly speaking of a private character, nevertheless appeal in an especial manner to the sympathy of those who are outside the narrow family pale. Under such circumstances the superabundance of joy or sorrow may be said to burst the ordinary bounds of stiff and cold decorum, and it has been the time-honoured custom in all nations for relations, friends, acquaintances, and even the public at large to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep. If such a course be allowable and even laudable in the world at large, how much more should this be the case with those whose religious fellowship binds them in the closest of bonds, not only for time, but for eternity?

There are some, no doubt, who deprecate this assembling of ourselves together on such occasions, and who would relegate all such demonstrations, when they are of a religious nature, to some unseen and speechless limbo. But this is to do violence to human nature and to sacrifice some of the tenderest links which bind together the entire fabric of society. There are certain charms to the magic "Hey! presto!" of which the mortal heart spontaneously and involuntarily responds. They are few enough as it is, and the onward march of civilisation tends to diminish their number and to substitute an artificial and powerless condition of existence such as would reduce the social structure to separated and cohesionless atoms. We cannot throw aside these spells without the danger of producing chaos, any

more than we can dispense with mortar in putting together the bricks that compose our homes. Man is truly said to be a gregarious animal, and those who would isolate him, especially in the moments of his supreme joy or sorrow, strive to do they know not what, and, in declaring war against his universal instinct, would, if successful, inflict upon him an irreparable injury.

But these were lessons which were to be learnt in later life. And so an event which was fraught with consequences of everlasting importance to hundreds of thousands of souls, was enacted in all the empty quietude of a congregationless chapel. Mr. Booth led his bride to the altar in the presence of none, save her father, his sister, and the officiating minister. And yet, perhaps, never has there been a wiser choice, a more heaven-approved union, than the one which was thus undemonstratively celebrated by Dr. Thomas, at the Stockwell New Chapel, on the 16th June, 1855. And if happiness be judged, not merely by the measure of joy personally experienced, but by the amount imparted to others, then surely it may be said that never were two hearts united with happier results. "The joy of joys is the joy that joys in the joy of others." This is the purest and most unselfish form of happiness. Marriage too often degenerates into the merest self-indulgence, with the inevitable consequence that its charms decay as soon as it loses the gloss of early courtship. But where personal interests, though necessarily consulted, are subordinated to the claims of God and humanity, the happiness that ensues is both perfect and permanent.

And yet, while for some reasons we cannot but regret the loss of so valuable an opportunity for gathering the people together, and for impressing upon them the claims of God, the incident is valuable, inasmuch as it throws an interesting side-light upon the actual character of Mr. and Mrs. Booth. Far from being the ardent popularity-hunters and publicity-seekers which some suppose, it has been through life their constant lamentation that the calls of duty deprived them of the domestic seclusion which they would otherwise have coveted. Especially was this the case with Mrs. Booth. Had she yielded to the bent of her personal inclinations, she would have infinitely preferred the life of retirement which became less and less possible in her subsequent career, and would have smuggled away her talents and buried her opportunities in some secluded retreat, satisfied, like so many, with having done no harm, while conscious of having accomplished but little good.

How surprising it is that such a low standard of morality as is involved in this talent-hiding disposition should satisfy the majority of mankind! Who can doubt that, however congenial it may be to our natural love of ease, it is entirely foreign to that spirit of Christianity which was designed, if for anything at all, to lift us out of the slough of selfishness, and to plant the feeblest feet upon the rock of benevolence. This at least was the gospel for which William and Catherine Booth contended, and in resolutely disregarding the natural barriers of reserve and timidity, which would so often have hindered them in the prosecution of their life-enterprise, they were able to unearth and consecrate to God's service the hitherto dormant talents of tens of thousands.

Hence, when in later years the same opportunity recurred in the marriage of their children, it was no shallow thirst for show which prompted them to pursue so opposite a course to that which they had adopted at their own wedding. The opportunity of impressing upon the world at large what marriage might and ought to be was too valuable to be lost. And the great fundamental principle prevailed of sacrificing personal preferences for the all-absorbing claims of God's kingdom. The trade winds were blowing too favourable a breeze for the fleet to lie at anchor. It might be necessary at times to scud under bare poles across stormy seas, or even to seek for a while some sheltering haven, but that was no reason for discarding opportunities so favourable, some of which come but once in a lifetime and pass away, if neglected, never to return.

Man's instinct is to *imitate*, and the example of a public wedding in which frivolity and extravagance — those curses of society — were conspicuous only by their absence, who could overestimate? The picture of a union in which there was joy without folly, and in which the highest interests of God and man supplanted the whims of private caprice and the mercenary motives of worldly wisdom may well be framed and exhibited for a few brief hours in such a manner as to arrest the attention of even the most careless passer-by. Mere display for its own sake is as contemptible as a gilded frame without a picture. To this the frameless picture of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's wedding is indeed infinitely preferable. God's purposes can afford at times to be born in obscurity. Nay, the very gloom from which they emerge may heighten the after effect.

"'Tis thus God often shapes His choicest plan
Far out of ken and reach of every man,
Then suddenly in daylight broad unfolds
His wisdom! All the earth amazed beholds
And doth His goodness better understand,
Adores perforce His wonder-working hand!
Thus, in a bud, profusion of green leaves
And blossoms richly coloured close He weaves,
Forgetting not for bees the honey-drop.
Nor even there His matchless skill doth stop!
Perfumes that seem so delicate and rare,
And yet so strong their fragrance fills the air,
Like angel's breath, defying human skill,
Hid in that bud, encloses He at will.
Just when to outward eye no hope is left,
And of its last green leaf the tree's bereft,
He sends His workers—all at variance seem—
The rain, the dew, the wind, and the sunbeam—
And then, when all in turn their part have played,
Behold each twig with leaf and flower arrayed."

And now Catherine Booth found herself on the threshold of the life of usefulness, which had constituted the subject of her girlhood's dreams and the summit of her Christian aspirations. By her side was the man of her heart's choice. The impetus which springs from unity of aim and purpose, was now in the fullest sense her own. The position for which, especially during the past three years, she had so diligently been preparing, was within her grasp. She realised at once its opportunities and responsibilities, and rose to meet them with unflinching grace, dignity and power.

There are some characters which appear to best advantage at a distance. Courtship invests them with a false halo which enhances for a time their superficial attractions and conceals their defects, but which disappears after the first few days of married life. A celebrated painter is said to have silenced one of his critics by explaining that his pictures were "not intended to be *smelt*." Looked at from a distance such characters possess, like these pictures, a beauty which fades away on closer acquaintance. Catherine Booth was not one of these. Nothing could exceed the esteem and affection of those who knew her best. The very fact that she laid herself out rather for their benefit than to win golden opinions for herself, secured their everlasting respect. Mr. Booth realised increasingly that in her he had found the wise man's ideal of a wife, and had obtained favour of the Lord.

As soon as the wedding was over, Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, but remained there only a week, when they took steamer to Guernsey, where they received a hearty welcome and found themselves the guests of Mr. Booth's former host and friend, Mr. Ozanne. From the ordinary point of view it would appear to have been a strange honeymoon, so early did public claims trespass upon domestic peace. On reaching Guernsey they found a crowd of people on the pier anxiously awaiting their arrival. Meetings had been already arranged, and without further pause they found themselves launched into all the opportunity and excitement of a powerful revival.

In describing these meetings to her mother, Mrs. Booth writes :

"William is preaching to-night. I feel so sorry that I am not well enough to go and hear him. The doors were to be open at half-past five to admit the seat-holders *before the crush*. The interest has kept up all through the services to such a degree as I have never witnessed before. It would do you good to see some of the prayer meetings—chapel crowded, upstairs and down. There have been some precious cases of conversion, but not so many as William expected."

Before leaving Guernsey, the following autographs were entered in the album of a friend :

"Life with me," writes Mr. Booth, "has had its dark shadows and its gloomy days. And yet it has not been all sadness. There have been silvery linings to its darkest clouds. I have tasted many of its sweets, and have drunk deeply of its passing excitements. I have known somewhat of the quiet joys of home, the pleasure of friendship, the thrilling delights inspired by beholding the creations of man's genius, and the lonely and picturesque in nature. But no emotions that ever filled my heart were so rapturous, so pure, so heaven-like, as those that have swelled my heart, while standing surrounded by penitent souls, seeking mercy at the hand of Calvary's Prince. The cries of the weeping, the prayers of the men and women of God, and the songs of rejoicing alternately ascending, have made to me music the most melting and glorious of any ever heard outside the portals of the Temple of Heaven.

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

Mrs. Booth writes as follows :

"The woman who would serve her generation according to the will of God, must make moral and intellectual culture the chief business of life. Doing this she will rise to the true dignity of her nature, and find herself possessed of a wondrous capacity for turning the duties, joys, and sorrows of domestic life to the highest advantage, both to herself and to all those within the sphere of her influence.

"CATHERINE BOOTH.

"July 20th, 1855."

Beneath this entry her eldest daughter afterward adds the following remarks :

"Thirty years ago my beloved mother wrote in this book, years before I was born. Words would fail to express all her example and influence have done for her children, all of whom now speak for her in the gate! My one and only joy is to follow in her steps and turn men from darkness to light, fully realising how short the time is and how more than worthy is our Redeemer of every moment of my life.

"CATHERINE BOOTH.

"June 5th, 1885."

CHAPTER XX.

REVIVALS AND CORRESPONDENCE. 1855.

THE five months of evangelistic work which preceded his marriage had established for Mr. Booth a widespread reputation for devotion, ability, and success, so that when the Annual Conference had met at Sheffield, just previous to the wedding, it was resolved that "the Rev. William Booth, whose labours have been so abundantly blessed in the conversion of sinners, be appointed to the work of an evangelist, to give the various circuits an opportunity of having his services during the coming year."

The results had indeed been remarkable. In the space of four months no less than 1,739 persons had sought salvation at nine separate centres, besides a considerable number at four or five other places, of which we have no particulars. This gave an average of 214 for each circuit visited, or 161 for each week, and 23 for each day during the time that meetings were being held. At Longton, during the first visit, 260 in nine days, and during the second visit, 97 in four days. At Hanley, there were 460 in a fortnight; at Burslem, 262 in one week; at Mossley, 50 in five days; at Newcastle-under-Lyme, 290 in one week; at Bradford, 160 in a fortnight, and at Gateshead, a similar number in the same time. Not included in the above was Guernsey, where, during Mr. Booth's first visit, 200 souls sought salvation in the space of a fortnight. It was an ordinary occurrence for 40, 50, and 60 persons to come forward to the communion rail each night, and at Burslem we read in the *New Connexion Magazine*, that on a single occasion 101 names were taken. Besides those who actually professed conversion, large numbers of persons became convinced of sin, and were gathered in after the special services were over.

From Guernsey Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Jersey, and it is worthy of note that the hall in which the meetings were held has since become an Army Barracks.

The return voyage was a very trying one. Mrs. Booth was always a wretched sailor, and this trip was certainly one of her worst. She had been for some time in very poor health, and it now became

manifest that it would be impossible for her to accompany her husband in fulfilling the appointment marked out for him by the Annual Committee. It was therefore decided, much to their mutual disappointment, that Mrs. Booth should remain at home with her mother till well enough to travel, while Mr. Booth proceeded to York, in fulfilment of his next engagement. How keenly they felt the separation may be judged from the first letters interchanged by them, after Mr. Booth had left :

“ 3, CASTLE GATE, YORK, August 4th, 1855.

“ MY PRECIOUS WIFE,—The first time I have written you that endearing appellation! Bless you a thousand times! How often during my journey have I taken my eyes from off the book I was reading to think about you—yes, to think tenderly about you, about our future and our home.

“ Shall we not again commence a life of devotion, and by renewed consecration begin afresh the Christian race?

“ Oh, Kate! be happy. You will rejoice my soul if you send me word that your heart is gladsome, and your spirits are light. It will help you to battle with your illness, and make the short period of our separation fly away.

“ Bless you! I feel as though a part of my very self were wanting—as though I had left some very important adjunct to my happiness behind me. And so I have. My precious *self*. I do indeed return that warm affection I know you bear towards me.

“ Your faithful and affectionate husband,

“ WILLIAM.”

To this letter Mrs. Booth sent the following response :

“ August 6th, 1855.

“ MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND,—A thousand thanks for your sweet letter. I have read it over many, many times, and it is still fresh and precious to my heart. I *cannot* answer it, but be assured not a word is forgotten or overlooked.

“ As soon as you were out of sight, I felt as though I could have performed the journey with far less suffering than to stay behind. It was a supremely wretched day, and long before night I had made up my mind to come to you, sick or well, on Wednesday. You say, ‘But Kate, how foolish! Why did you not think and reason?’ I *did*, my darling! I philosophised as soundly as you could desire. I argued with myself on the injustice of coming here and making my dear mother miserable by leaving her so soon—on the folly of making myself ill—on the selfishness of wishing to burden *you* with the anxiety and care my presence would entail. But in the very midst of such soliloquies, the fact of your being *gone* beyond my reach, the possibility of something happening before we could meet again, the possible shortness of the time we may have to spend together, and such like thoughts would start up, making rebellious nature rise and swell and scorn all restraints of reason, philosophy, or religion. The only comfort

I could get was from the thought that I *could* follow you if I liked. And binding this only balm tightly to my heart, I managed to get a pretty good night's rest.

"Remember me always as your own faithful, loving, joyful little wife,

"CATHERINE."

From York Mr. Booth proceeded to Hull, and he was joined on his way at Selby junction by Mrs. Booth, who had now sufficiently recovered to be able to travel. The meetings were of the usual stirring and successful character, as may be judged from the following report sent to the *New Connexion Magazine* by the Rev. J. Addyman the local minister :—

"On the Sabbath morning at 7 o'clock, we had a glorious prayer meeting, which spoke well for the day. The congregations exceeded our expectations. In the evening the chapel was full, and the extraordinary ministry of the preacher produced an impression which we trust will not soon be effaced. Appropriate and vivid were the illustrations, and the appeals for an immediate decision were heart-searching. Many sighs, groans, and heart-felt responses were heard throughout the congregation. Many came forward to the altar and sought mercy. Ten were blessed with a sense of pardon, and went home rejoicing.

"On Wednesday evening the meeting was commenced under a very gracious influence. Brother Booth preached a most telling and effective sermon. Conviction took deep hold on the minds of the people, and many literally groaned in spirit. The prayer meeting opened with great power. It was like a thundering cannonade. The people came forward in rapid succession. Fourteen professed to find peace, while others went away still mourning.

"The second Sabbath commenced as the previous one. At night we had a packed chapel, communion rails, pulpit, stairs, etc. On account of the great number of people present we had some difficulty in getting the prayer meeting into good working order, but by the discreet management of our leader we succeeded. The meeting was pervaded by a hallowed and powerful influence, and thirty-eight persons professed to find peace with God.

"On Thursday our brother preached his farewell sermon, when every part of the chapel, even to the top of the pulpit-stairs, was densely thronged. It was eleven o'clock before we could bring that truly 'anxious' meeting to a final close. I never witnessed such a scene. Forty-eight persons gave their names in as converts

"During these memorable seasons we have entered the names of

270 persons. These services have been conducted throughout with great order and propriety, and attended by people of various denominations. Our excellent brother Booth was carried beyond himself, and fears were entertained lest he should break down, but God has graciously sustained him."

After reaching Hull, Mrs. Booth sent the following letter to her parents :

"MY OWN DEAR PARENTS,—My dear husband has gone to chapel, and though I am but ill able to sit up, I will send you a line.

"Well, I got through the journey better than I expected. The guard was exceedingly kind and attentive. If I had been rich, I should have given him *half-a-sovereign*.

"My precious husband met me at Milford, and was delighted to see me. He is kinder and more tender than ever, and is very, very glad I came. Bless him! He is worth a *bushel* of the ordinary sort.

"Considering we are only at the start, the work wears the most encouraging aspect of any place he has yet visited, and he is, therefore, in excellent spirits.

"I have told William about my dear mother's kindness to me and he desires me to send his very warm love and heartfelt thanks. As to myself, I feel very grateful for so much unmerited kindness. It is indeed sweet to be so cared for. God bless you both!

"I have every comfort and attention, so be easy about me, and believe me as ever and more than ever,

"Your affectionate and grateful child,

"CATHERINE."

After spending a short time together at Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Booth went for a couple of days' rest and change to Caistor, the scene of the remarkable ingatherings already recorded. Owing to Mrs. Booth's continued ill-health, it was decided that she should here remain until the conclusion of the work in Hull. While staying in Caistor, she wrote as follows to her mother:—

"I heard from William this morning. They had a triumphant day on Sunday, the chapel packed and upwards of forty cases at night, some of them very remarkable ones. He will finish up at Hull on Thursday, and come here on Friday for a week's rest previous to commencing the services at Sheffield. I anticipate his coming much.

"It is such a splendid country. As I rambled out in the green lanes this morning, hemmed in on every side by fields of golden corn, in which the reapers are busy in all directions, and surrounded by the most lovely scenery of hill and dale, wood and garden, I did wish you, my dear mother, could come and spend a fortnight with me. As for Hull, I would much prefer Brixton, and our *bit of garden* to the great majority of its homes. It is like being in fairy-land here, after being there, though I had every kindness and attention heart could desire.

But you know how precious fresh air is to me at all times, or I would not be a voluntary exile from my beloved husband, even for a week. Bless him! He continues all I desire.

"I am glad you changed the boots. *Fudge* about paying me! I should think you wore an extra pair out in running up and down stairs after me, when I located my troublesome self at Brixton last. Whether or not, it is all right.

"We are to have apartments at Sheffield. You cannot think with what joy I anticipate being to ourselves once more. It will seem like being at home, sweet home. For though I get literally oppressed with kindness, I must say I would prefer a home, where we could sit down together at our own little table, myself the mistress and my husband the only guest. But the work of God so abundantly prospers that I dare not repine, or else I feel this constant packing and locating amongst strangers to be a great burden, especially while so weak and poorly. But then I have many mercies and advantages. My precious William is all I desire, and without this what would the most splendid home be but a glittering bauble. Then, too, by living in different families and places, I have much room for observation and reflection on various phases of life and character which I hope will benefit my mind and increase my knowledge, and thus fit me for future usefulness in my family, the church, and the world. May the Lord help me!

"Tell father that he must not wait for a change of *circumstances* before he begins to serve God, but seek *first* the Kingdom of Heaven, and then the attending promise will belong to *him*, and I believe God will fulfil it. I wish he could be introduced into such a revival as that at Hull. God is doing great and marvellous things there.

' He is bringing to his fold
Rich and poor and young and old.

At the same time she wrote as follows to Mr. Booth :

"MY OWN SWEET HUSBAND,—Here I sit under a hedge in that beautiful lane you pointed out to me. It is one of the loveliest days old earth has ever basked in. No human being is within sight or sound. All nature seems to be exulting in existence, and your moralising little wife is much better in health and in a mood to enjoy all these beauties and advantages to the utmost. I have had a vegetarian breakfast, and one of the most refreshing dabbles in cold water I ever enjoyed. And now, after a brisk walk and reading your kind letter, I feel more pleasure in writing to you than anything else under heaven (except a personal interview) could give me.

"I bless God for His goodness to you on Sunday, and hope that for once thou wast satisfied! If so, it would have been a treat to have seen thee! I feel perfectly at home here, and experience just that free, sweet, wholesome kind of atmosphere which I have so long been panting for. My natural spirits are in a high key this morning. I feel as if I could get over a stile just at hand and join the lambs in their gambols! My soul also rises to the great and benevolent Creator of us all, and I feel stronger desires than for a long time past to be a Christian after His own model, even Christ Jesus.

"Oh, I wish you were here. I think you would rest quiet a *little while!* It is so like what it will be when there is no more curse, when they shall not hurt nor

destroy in all God's holy mountain, but when the lion and the fatling shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them! Oh what a glorious time is coming for the real children of God—to those who do His will! Lord help us!

“The bells are ringing and guns firing on account of the news that Sebastopol is taken. But I should think it is a delusion. Anyhow I cannot enter into the spirit of the victory. I picture the gory slain and the desolated homes and broken hearts attending it, and feel saddened. What a happy day will it be for the world when all *Christians* shall protest against war, when each poor mistaken Peter shall have heard Jesus say, ‘Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword!’ What a fearful prediction, if it applies to *nations* as well as to individuals! And hitherto it *has* been fulfilled in the history of the world. If it is yet to be fulfilled in *our* history, what will be our fate as a people?

“Believe me as ever, thy own in earth's tenderest, closest, and strongest bonds,

“CATHERINE.”

CHAPTER XXI.

SHEFFIELD. CHATSWORTH. CORRESPONDENCE. 1855.

THE visit to Sheffield is so fully described in Mrs. Booth's letters to her parents that we hail the opportunity of reporting it in her own words. It lasted for a month, from September 23rd to October 24th, and included five Sabbaths. No less than 663 professed conversion during this time, the work increasing week by week in power and success. Indeed it broke off at its very height, arousing a considerable controversy in Mr. and Mrs. Booth's minds as to the wisdom of abandoning such an opportunity when circumstances seemed favourable for an even larger ingathering. But we turn to Mrs. Booth's own narrative :

“Sept. 24th, 1855.

“We arrived here two days ago. The Rev. W. Mills (ex-President of the Connexion) met us at the station and accompanied us to our host's. So that, after all, we are not to be to ourselves. It is, however, a beautiful home, in the outskirts of the town, within ten minutes' walk of the cemetery, and overlooking some splendid scenery. I feel this to be a special blessing in my present sickly condition. I don't know what I should do if we were located in the town, which for *smoke*, I thought as we entered it, must rival the infernal region itself. It appears a very large, populous, and thriving city. But of course I have not seen much of it yet.

“They had a grand beginning yesterday at the chapel, and took twenty names. William is posted on the walls in monster bills in all directions, and it appears, from the congregations, that his fame was here before him. I trust the work will be equal or superior to Hull.

“September 27th.—We dined and took tea with Mr. Mills yesterday. This is the same minister who was superintendent of the Hanley Circuit, where William had such a glorious revival last year. He is a nice man, very gentlemanly and intelligent. He gave William his opinion of *me*, which I fear was very flattering.

“I have been to chapel two evenings. The work is rising in power, influence, and importance, and bids fair to become very mighty. On Tuesday evening seven or eight ministers of different

denominations were present. The celebrated John Unwin, of Sheffield, of whom you have often heard me speak and read as a leading Reformer, and Mr. Caughey's host and intimate friend, sat just behind me.

"Luke Tyerman is in Sheffield, and lives not far from our residence. We think of going to see him, and intend to hear him preach before we leave.

"You will be pleased to hear that my letter on the training of young converts is copied from the *New Connexion Magazine* into the *Canadian Christian Witness*. So it has found a sympathiser on the other side of the Atlantic.

"October 5th.—The work progresses with power. We have been to-day to call on Mrs. Thomas Firth. It is one of the most splendid homes I have ever visited and has a very kind and sympathetic lady for its mistress. I have had several interviews with her and like her very much. I feel her sympathy to be a special boon just now. You know what a great desideratum this is *with me*.

"October.—I should love to see you. I never was so happy before. My cup, so far as this world goes, seems full. With the exception of the drawback of a delicate body and being without an abiding home, I have all I want. My precious William grows every day more to my mind and heart. God is blessing him richly, both in his own soul and in his public labours. He is becoming more and more a man of prayer and of one purpose.

"The work progresses with mighty power. Everybody who knows anything of this society is astonished, and the mouths of gainsayers are stopped. God's Son is glorified and precious souls are being saved by scores. Four hundred and forty names have been taken, and to-morrow is expected to be a crowning day. There is to be another love feast in the afternoon, making three since we came.

"October.—The work goes on gloriously. On Sunday night the chapel was packed to suffocation, and after a powerful sermon, a mighty prayer meeting ensued, in which upwards of sixty names were taken, some of them very important and interesting cases. People of all grades and opinions attend the services, from members of the Town Council to the lowest outcasts. Last night (Monday) was what William calls a precious night, and Mr. Mills, the ex-President, says the sermon was both *beautiful* and *effective*.

"I have not been to chapel since I had the doctor. I feel it a great privation, but all other trials are more than compensated by the

kindness and attention of my beloved husband. He gets more affectionate every day, and often tells me he never dreamed of being half so happy. He has just been up to the room in which I am writing, telling me it is the climax of his happiness to have *me* with him, and exhausting his vocabulary of kind words and tender epithets. I tell you this, because I know your *mother-heart*. Bless the Lord! My full soul often vents itself in asking, 'Whence to me this waste of love?' Oh, for more devotedness to God! Then I should indeed be satisfied.

"October.—William's mother is staying here. I must say I anticipated seeing my new mother with much pleasure and some anxiety, but at our first interview the latter vanished and I felt that I could both admire and love her. She is a very nice-looking old lady, and of a very sweet and amiable spirit. William had not at all over-estimated her in his descriptions. I do wish she lived within visiting distance of you. I am sure you would enjoy her society.

"I went to chapel yesterday and witnessed a scene such as I had never beheld before. In the afternoon there was a love feast, and it was indeed a feast of love. The chapel was packed above and below, so much so that it was with extreme difficulty the bread and water could be passed about. The aisles and pulpit stairs were full, and in all parts of the chapel persons rose to testify of the power of God in connection with the services. It was an affecting time, both to me and to William's mother, when some one called down blessings on his head, to hear a general response and murmured prayer all through the building.

"At night we got there at five minutes to six, and found the chapel crowded and the vestry half full. I was just returning home when a gentleman told me there was a seat reserved for me in Mr. Mill's pew, which, after some difficulty, I reached. The chapel presented a most pleasing aspect, a complete forest of heads extending to the outside of every door, upstairs and down. Mr. Shaw opened the service, and William preached with marvellous power. For an hour and ten minutes everybody was absorbed and riveted. Though scores were standing, they had a glorious prayer meeting, in which seventy names were taken, many of them being very satisfactory cases. I would have given something considerable for you to have been there.

"October 22nd.—We had a wonderful day at the chapel yesterday, a *tremendous crowd* jammed together like sheep in a pen, and one of the *mightiest* sermons at night I ever listened to, from

'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me!' The chapel continued crowded during the prayer meeting, and before half-past ten o'clock seventy-six names were taken. All glory to God!

"My dearest has been very prostrate to-day, but is preaching again to-night. They had collections to defray the incidental expenses of the services yesterday and raised £25, far beyond anybody's expectations.

"The farewell sermon is to be on Wednesday night, when he will finish up five weeks' services, having preached twice on Sundays and four nights a week in the same chapel.

"A letter from the Annual Committee this morning says he must not visit the other chapel in this town. The friends are in a dreadful way about it. They talk of calling a meeting of office-bearers and petitioning for it. But I don't think it will be of any use, as the committee have arranged for six places between now and May, and even this leaves some of the most important and needy towns out altogether.

"My dear William is very much harassed about having to leave a place before his own convictions of duty favour it. It is a solemn thing, and he feels his responsibility as he never did before. May the Master undertake for him. I believe that if God spares him, and he is faithful to his trust, his usefulness will be untold, and beyond our present capacity to estimate. He is becoming more and more effective every day, and God seems to be preparing him in his *own soul* for greater things yet. Oh, for grace to surrender our whole selves to do His will!

"October 24th.—Your very kind letter is to hand, and though I wrote yesterday I cannot forbear sending you a few lines to-day. You seem low and poorly, and I feel that I must try and comfort you a bit. I am sorry you were disappointed in not hearing from me on Saturday, but you must never attribute it to neglect or indifference when I omit writing. It sometimes happens that I *cannot help it*. There are many circumstances and arrangements to which I am subject which would be otherwise had I a quiet retired home of my own. Yesterday, for instance, I had not half-an-hour at my own disposal. So whenever I don't send you my accustomed letter, always conclude it is because I *cannot*, for I assure you my will and heart always prompt me to do so. (It was Mrs. Booth's rule to write to her parents at least once a week and throughout life she recommended it to others.)

"I received all your letters, and although I did not mention them, I think I referred to the contents of each. Bless you! I have read them through several times, and shed some tears over them, too! Don't imagine that because I am so happy in my husband, and have so many things to claim my attention, that I think or care less about you. I don't believe I ever loved or *valued* you so much, and I am sure I never longed to see you more. My thoughts constantly stray off to you, and I am continually wishing you could share my joys and prosperity.

"Don't worry! I have seen the folly of my former days of apprehension, distrust, and sinful despondency in regard to the future. Oh, try to learn the lesson from me, and don't anticipate evil which may never, never come! I consider it nonsense to talk about your uselessness! What else can you do? Your path at present seems shut to where you are, and it *may* be God is more glorified by your standing still and patiently waiting the development of His purposes than by a much more active life. I know it is *hard* to trust and hope when we can see nothing. I have, as you know, often felt it so. But now the clouds have dispersed, and the day shines, how plainly I see that I might have been much happier, if I had trusted the Lord more. He was doing for me the very things which I most desired, but because clouds and darkness so often appeared to be round about me, you are a witness to my murmurings and mistrust. Oh, let us learn to believe His word, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He will direct thy steps.' The Lord help us, for even yet I *need* much faith in God for the *future*. I am often dreadfully tempted to entertain gloomy anticipations, and to think that my present lot is too happy to last long. I suffer much anxiety about my dear husband's health. *Everybody* predicts his breaking down. Luke Tyerman told him yesterday that neither he nor any other man could stand it long, and I often fear. But at present God strengthens him wonderfully. How true it is we know not what a day may bring forth, in regard to our joys no less than with reference to our anticipated sorrows.

"Thursday, noon.—They finished up last night gloriously. Though it was a very wet night the chapel was packed in every part, and scores went away unable to get in. The friends described the scene to me as very affecting and unprecedented in their history when the people took leave of William, at near eleven o'clock. They passed in a continuous stream across the communion rail from one side of the

chapel to the other, while the choir sang, 'Shall we ever meet again?' They took forty-eight names, making a total of 663."

At the conclusion of these meetings, the Conference Committee, at the instance of the Sheffield friends, agreed to a fortnight's rest, which was spent at Chatsworth, where Mrs. Booth writes to her mother, as follows :

"CHATSWORTH PARK, October 27th.

"We arrived here this morning for a few days' rest before going on to Dewsbury. The Sheffield friends have been exceedingly kind. There was a meeting on Thursday night of office bearers, local preachers, and leaders to hear an address from William on the best means of sustaining and consolidating the work. It was a very important gathering, and was attended by a number of influential people. They decided that the address should be published. The gentleman with whom he had been staying bore a most flattering testimony to the benefit his whole family had derived from William's stay among them, and styled it a high honour to have had the privilege of entertaining us. The unanimous and kind solicitude manifested were overwhelming and sufficient to have made any man destitute of the grace of God, *vain*.

"I thought and talked much of you on the journey here, as I rode over those Derbyshire hills and witnessed the wild and romantic scenery. It is a splendid spot where we are located, right inside the park, where we can see the deer gambolling. I feel a peculiar interest in the scenes around, doubtless owing to its being my *native* county, and you will not deem it strange that, associated with such feelings, I should think more about the authors of my being. Bless you! I hope the sun of prosperity will yet rise and shine upon you, as you descend the hill of life, and that I shall be permitted to rejoice in its rays.

"October 28th.—This afternoon we walked through the park right up to the Duke of Devonshire's residence. It is one of the most splendid spots I was ever in. It is all hill and dale, beautifully wooded and bestudded with deer in all directions. The residence itself is superior to many of the royal palaces, and the scenery around is most picturesque and sublime. This splendid spot is our's for a week in every sense necessary to its full enjoyment, without any of the anxiety belonging to its real owner.

"This first day of our stay has been a very blessed one. I could not tell you how happy we both are, notwithstanding my delicate

health and our constant migrations. We do indeed find our earthly heaven in each other. Praise the Lord with me, and oh, pray that I may so use and improve the sunshine that if the clouds should gather and the storm arise, I may be prepared to meet it with calmness and resignation.

“At present my dearest love bears up under his extraordinary toil remarkably well, and seems to be profiting already from this rest and change. I never knew him in a more spiritual and devotional condition of mind. His character daily rises in my esteem and admiration, and I am perfectly satisfied with his affection for me. He often tells me he could not have believed he should ever have loved any being as he loves me. Has not the Lord been gracious to me? Has he not answered my prayers? And oh, shall I not praise Him and serve Him? Yea, I am resolved to do so with all my heart.

“November 2nd.—Thursday was a fine frosty day, of which we took due advantage. Directly after breakfast we started for a walk of four miles to see the rocks of Middleton Dale. The scenery all the way was enchanting. I could scarce get along for stopping to admire and exclaim. The dark frowning cliffs on one hand, the splendid autumnal tints of rich foliage on the other, and the ever-varying views of hill and dale before us, all as it were tinged with glory from a radiant sky, filled us with unutterable emotions of admiration, exhilaration, and joy.

“William constantly saluted some passer on the road, and from all received a regular Derbyshire response. One old man, in answer to a question as to the distance we were from the Dale, said he reckoned ‘Welley’ four miles, it ‘met’ be about ‘thra’ and a half. I thought of poor Liz, filling the pan ‘welley’ full of potatoes!

“Well, we reached the Dale, and were not at all disappointed with the scenery. It is a long narrow road, with cliffs from a hundred to two hundred feet high on either side, jutting out here and there like old towers of a by-gone age, and frowning darkly on all below. I wish I could describe the wild grandeur of the place, but I have neither time nor ability.

“We walked about half a mile up the Dale, and then I rested and got a little refreshment at a very ancient and comical kind of inn. William walked half a mile further. During this time I had a very cosy and to me amusing chat in rich Derbyshire brogue with an old man over his pipe and mug of ale.

“After resting about half an hour we bent our steps homewards,

where we arrived soon after two. I felt tired, but considering I had walked at least nine miles during the day, I reckoned myself worth many dead ones."

During their stay at Chatsworth, some Sheffield friends came over for the day. One of them, Mr. Mark Firth, was afterwards knighted on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Sheffield. Mrs. Booth thus describes their visit :

"This morning we were just preparing to visit Chatsworth House and to explore a part of the park we had not seen, when to our surprise Mr. and Mrs. Fenton and Mr. Mark Firth, brother to the gentleman named in my former letter, came to the door. They had driven over in their phaeton to spend the day with us. So we set off to climb some tremendous hills, in order to reach a tower built in the highest part of the Park grounds. I got about half-way up and then my strength failed me, and I begged to be allowed to sit down and wait, while the rest of the party completed the ascent. After much persuasion I carried my point and was left alone, sitting on a stone, my eyes resting on one of the loveliest scenes I ever expect to witness in this world. I enjoyed my meditations exceedingly. I was on an elevation about as high as St. Paul's, with a waterfall on one side of me and the most romantic scenery you can imagine all round, above and below. The old Duke ought to be a happy man, if worldly possessions can give felicity. But alas! we know they cannot. And, according to all accounts, he is one of those to whom they have failed to impart it.

"The Ducal mansion is a magnificent building situated in the most romantic portion of the Park. Sir Joseph Paxton's home is between the Lodge and the Duke's residence. It is a fine building, quite a gentleman's seat, and yet it is only eighteen years since he came here on an equal footing with the man who keeps the Lodge, and who works still as a plodding gardener. They both came on to the estate together, and at equal wages, which were very low. And now one is 'Sir Joseph,' known all over the world, while the other is still but keeper of the Lodge."

For some years past the Salvation Army has celebrated its anniversary in the Crystal Palace, for the designing of which Sir Joseph Paxton received his honours. How small a world is our's, after all, and how strangely do its happenings overlap and interlace each other.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEWSBURY. 1855.

DEWSBURY was Mr. Booth's next appointment. Here Mrs. Booth was prostrated with a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which for some time serious consequences were feared. She recovered, however, sufficiently to be able to attend the closing meetings of the revival.

She ascribed her improved health to homœopathy, which she had for some time been practising with increasing confidence and benefit. The system had been recommended to her about three years previously, and by its means she had succeeded in curing an obstinate sore throat, which had long resisted the ordinary allopathic remedies. This had induced her to make a careful study of several books bearing on the subject, with the result that she was still further convinced as to the soundness of the fundamental principles on which homœopathy is based. Since her marriage she had taken advantage of the enforced leisure necessitated by her delicate health to carefully study Hahnemann's "Organon," determined that she would not rest short of thoroughly mastering what seemed likely to prove so useful to her in after life. She knew something of allopathy, but it appeared to her to be a system rather of palliatives than of curatives, often substituting graver evils for those which it sought to combat. Hence her mind was open to receive fresh light, and to study the claims of any remedies which professed to afford permanent relief. In subsequent years she largely adhered to the practice of homœopathy, acknowledging to have derived considerable benefit from its use both in her own case and in that of her family.

The services commenced in Dewsbury on Sunday, the 4th November, and were concluded on Monday, the 3rd December. In the *Magazine* for January, the editor refers to the work in the following terms :

"Our last number furnished our readers with an account of the glorious revival at Sheffield, and the commencement of one at Dewsbury, both of which were still going on at the time we went to press. As one indication of the good work at Sheffield South, we have been called upon to supply three hundred probationers'

tickets. Respecting Dewsbury, the letter of the Rev. Saxton affords the cheering intelligence that four hundred and forty souls have been brought to a religious decision. This news will gladden the hearts of thousands and evoke the grateful exclamation, Praise Jehovah! Hallelujah to His blessed Name! Our beloved brother, Mr. Booth, is now at Leeds. The prayer of our heart is that similar signs may there attend his evangelistic labours."

But it is scarcely necessary to quote from Mr. Saxton's long and interesting report of the Dewsbury meetings, since we have Mrs. Booth's letters written at the time during the intervals of her illness :—

"November 5th.—We arrived here the day before yesterday, about 6 p.m. Two preachers met us at the station, and accompanied us to our host's, where we received a very cordial welcome.

"The services commenced *well* yesterday, the chapel being quite full at night. The faith of our friends runs very high for something glorious. *Our* expectation is from the Lord. May He abundantly fulfil it.

"November 12th.—William got the *Wesleyan Times*, and read the letter you refer to. The writer is a Mr. Little, of Leeds, so he will soon have an opportunity of judging as to the genuineness of the revivals attendant on *our* mission. Some of his remarks are unquestionably just and *justifiable*, when applied to *some* persons assuming the title of Revivalists. I have often been distressed by the wildness and extravagance of such, and am the last to tolerate noise without influence, or ignorant and profane dealing with sacred subjects. Mr. Little appears to be an opponent of Mr. Poole, and probably his remarks are chiefly directed against *him*. If so, however, I think them severe and unjust. Well, if God gives us such a work at Leeds as we had at Sheffield, neither Mr. L., nor any other 'little' man, will be able to disparage it.

"The work here is progressing gloriously, though we found a people *frozen*, formal, and quite out of harmony with the spirit of a revival. Several of the 'nobs' still stand aloof, if they don't actually ridicule. The excitement, however, is gradually taking hold of the town, and sinners are being converted every night.

"Yesterday was a precious day. In the morning the chapel was quite full, and at the love feast, in the afternoon, crowded. Between thirty and forty persons spoke, and the collection amounted to *four* times the ordinary sum. At night the chapel was so densely packed that at about five minutes past six William had to request the friends

to lock the gates in order to prevent any more crushing in. I never heard him preach with such liberty and power. The congregation appeared literally riveted to their seats. In the middle of the sermon, when the subject reached a climax and he seemed exhausted, he started the congregation singing :

‘O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God.’

“This was followed by :

‘And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well!’

“It was like Heaven below, and in the prayer meeting that followed they took twenty-seven names.

“I seldom go on a week night now, as I cannot sit in hot places long together. Last night I could scarcely remain till the sermon was over. I am sorry for this, as I might often render efficient help at the communion rail, where a certain amount of intelligence and aptness in dealing with penitents is often sadly deficient. But I must rest content at home for the present. However, I possess every comfort and find a constant solace and a balm for every suffering in the unvarying love and attention of my precious husband. I often wish you could see how happy we are. Oh, it is a precious thing to experience perfect *satisfaction* in the object of one's affection! And I believe we both enjoy it! Praise the Lord!

“November 22nd.—I am happy to tell you that I continue to improve and am downstairs to-day. My cough is much better, and I hope now soon to be as well as usual. We remain here till Friday or Saturday week, and then go on to Leeds, where we are to spend six weeks, three at one end of the circuit, and three at the other. I believe we are to have a very nice home where there are no children, quite a recommendation, seeing how they are usually trained! I hope if I have not both sense and grace to train mine so that they shall not be a nuisance to everybody about them, that God will in mercy take them to Heaven in infancy. But I sincerely trust I shall be able to do better, and am learning some useful lessons from *observation*.

“November 23rd.—Father's letter came to hand this morning with the *Pilot*. We see it every week, and know much about its history, present mode of existence, and future prospects. Unfortunately, it is a party affair, and that only of a very *small* party. The editor solicited reports from William for it, but as the first prospectus set it

forth as a controversialist, or medium of attack upon the Association and Reformers, William declined contributing to it, thinking that the title "Revival Revived" was merely tacked on to it to better secure its circulation. I think, however, the editor has materially altered his first intention, and, if he minds what he is about, it may yet succeed.

"There can be little doubt that it *might* be made a first-rate paper, but the paucity of news of our own Connexion is at present an evil. I am sorry the *majority* of the Connexion, both lay and cleric, are opposed to it, and chiefly because it is feared it will injure the funds of the book-room. Our objections are on no such grounds. We say, *never mind* if it does, if it blesses the Connexion spiritually, and puts some steam into it; but we fear its controversial tendencies. However, we shall watch its course in this respect and act accordingly. I will consider your suggestion about the *Juvenile*, but it requires peculiar tact to write for *children*. However, I may try.

"Mr. Poole has been very successful at Sheffield. He went at a good time. There were scores wounded who might have been gathered in by our people, if the Committee had let us go to the other chapel. However that may be, it is a good thing *somebody* has caught them. Poole is a sincere, earnest, good man, and we rejoice greatly in his success.

"My dear William is rather better, though far from well. They had a triumphant day on Sunday, such an one as was *never* known in Dewsbury before. The people flocked to the chapel in crowds, *hundreds* being unable to get in. The love-feast in the afternoon, I hear, was like Heaven. Many took their dinners and teas, and never left the chapel all day. To-night William is preaching his farewell sermon in the *Wesleyan Chapel*, lent for the occasion, a spacious building capable of seating 2,000 people, and I have just learnt from a man who has been to fetch him some cocoa, before the prayer-meeting, that it is *crowded*. I hope they will have a good night. Last night they took between thirty and forty names, besides children under sixteen. To-morrow evening William addresses the office-bearers, and on Wednesday night the young converts. On Thursday afternoon there is to be a farewell tea-meeting to be held in the Wesleyan schoolroom, kindly lent because our own would be far too small. We expect a splendid affair. Most of the trays will be given. They had collections yesterday which amounted to £20—three times as much as usual."

Writing the following day, Mrs. Booth says :

"They did not leave the chapel last night till a quarter past eleven o'clock. They had a splendid prayer meeting and took sixty names. I suppose there were 2,500 people at the service."

The following resolution was passed, at the Dewsbury Leaders' Meeting, in regard to the services, the Rev. L. Saxton being in the chair :

December 6th, 1855.

Resolved, That this meeting desires to record its gratitude to the great Head of the Church, for the large measure of success which has been realised in connection with the special services recently conducted by the Rev. W. Booth in this place, and earnestly prays not only that Mr. Booth may be long spared to labour in this blessed and glorious work, the work of saving souls from death, but that he may be rendered increasingly happy and successful. The meeting begs to assure Mr. Booth that enlisted in his behalf and also in the behalf of Mrs. Booth are its warmest sympathies and best wishes.

GEORGE WARD, *Secretary*.

Writing to her mother, Mrs. Booth says :

"The tea-meeting last night was a first-rate one. I do wish you could have heard William's speech. I ventured there enveloped in a mountain of clothes, and feel no worse for it, except it be *worse* to feel a little prouder of my husband, which I certainly do. We took leave of the people amid a perfect shower of tears and a hurricane of sobs, and many more are coming to take leave of us to-day.

"As to my own feelings, I cannot describe them. My heart was ready to burst as I listened to the solemn, earnest, and really beautiful address given by my dearest William. I felt unutterable things as I looked at the past and tried to realise the present. I felt as though I had more cause to renew my covenant engagement with God than any of His children, but oh, I realised deeply, inexpressibly the worthlessness of the offering I had to present Him. Alas, I had so often renewed, but so seldom *paid* my vows unto the Lord, and yet He has so richly filled my cup with blessings, and so wonderfully given me the desire of my heart. Oh, for grace rightly to enjoy and improve my many mercies! Pray for me.

"I often think that God is *trying* me by prosperity and sunshine, for I am, so far as outward things go, happier than I ever was in my life. Sometimes my heart seems burdened with a sense of my unmerited mercies, and tears of gladness stream down my cheeks. I tremble lest any coldness and want of spirituality should provoke the Lord to dash the cup from my lips, even while I am exulting in its sweetness.

Oh, my darling mother, you cannot think how my soul often luxuriates in its freedom from anxiety and apprehension about the future, and how sweetly it rests in tranquil confidence where it used to be so tossed and distracted by many elements and emotions. You know something of its past exercises, but you can imperfectly judge of its present satisfaction. I tell you of it, however, that you may rejoice with me.

“We think and talk much about you. I have mother’s likeness on our bedroom chimney-piece, and it gets many a kiss, and many a wiping, bless you! I long to see you both. I trust we shall yet make a family *in Christ* on earth, and an unbroken family in heaven.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEEDS. 1855-1856.

THE next two months—December and January—were spent in Leeds. The services were held during the first few weeks at Hunslet, a suburb of the city, being afterwards transferred to Ebenezer Chapel, in another and more central district.

Unusual difficulties were encountered at the outset. The extension of the term allotted for the Dewsbury meeting caused the Hunslet visit to be broken into when at its very height by the Christmas festivities. Strange and paradoxical as the fact may appear, it is ungainsayable that in Christian countries Christmas week is probably the worst time in the whole year for winning souls. At the very moment when the world is supposed to be rejoicing over the birth of its Saviour, it is so engrossed in celebrating the historical event that it has neither time nor inclination to consider the object for which He came. Instead of the occasion being used as an opportunity for seeking to please Him, in the one way which would of all others be calculated to win His approbation, the season is almost entirely dedicated to fooleries, feasting, and merry-makings. A few perfunctory services are hurried through, it is true, but these are more for the sake of saving appearances than for anything of a serious character, and the thoughts of all are so pre-occupied with the absorbing trivialities of the hour that the claims of Christ upon their hearts, their homes, their families, their talents, their time, and their possessions are unblushingly disregarded. Verily "it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance."

We read with sorrowful amazement that our Lord was laid in a manger because there was "no room for them in the inn." But is He not treated with even greater disrespect in these days, and that by His professed followers? Surely it is a crowning masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity and bravado which finds Him ousted as it were from the celebration of His own birthday, while a season, which of all others should be regarded as sacred, is desecrated by a very climax of gluttony, revelry, and drunkenness!

Probably it is no exaggeration to say that the drink bill of Christendom during Christmas week is at least double that for any other week in the year! How much is involved in this single fact! Again, in the face of so much poverty and suffering, is not the food bill equally extravagant and scarcely less excusable? And what are we to think of the unbridled buffoonery of pantomimes and the countless other follies with which Christmas has come to be so intimately associated? Surely we speak within the mark when we say that even now at the close of the nineteenth century, outside the range of a few humble mangers, it would be difficult to find much trace of the Saviour among the hostleries of our modern Judah and Jerusalem.

To roll back this torrent of worldiness has been one of the grandest portions of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's mission. They have appealed, and not in vain, to the conscience of multitudes to consecrate their Christmas holidays, and indeed every other great public festival, to the service of God in seeking the salvation of their fellow-men. They have entered the field boldly, and have endeavoured to substitute the attractions of a happy religion for the fleeting enjoyments of time. They have taught that it is as necessary to be religious on week days as on Sundays, on holidays as on work-days, at home as in God's house, in private as in public, and they have succeeded in raising up a people who count it not only a duty, but a privilege to surrender their own pleasures for the happiness of others, finding in God an enjoyment and satisfaction which the world fails to afford. Hence one of our most popular refrains :

"I have a Saviour Who's mighty to keep,
All day on Sunday, and six days a week!
I have a Saviour Who's mighty to keep,
Fifty-two weeks in the year!"

But to return to the Leeds campaign. Despite the interruptions of Christmas, a church bazaar and some anniversary sermons, the services were marked with the usual success. More than eight hundred conversions were recorded during the time, and the concluding meetings were the most crowded and powerful of the series. The revival is referred to as follows by the editor of the *New Connexion Magazine* :

"In Hunslet a glorious work is going on. Hundreds of sinners have been converted, many slumbering professors of religion have been quickened, and not a few backsliders reclaimed. The work has now extended to Leeds, where

results of a similar character are being experienced. Let not any one attribute these marvellous doings to mere excitement. They were preceded by special fasting, humiliation, and prayer, and if God's promise be true, conversions and awakenings may be expected as rationally as the husbandman expects the joys of harvest to follow the toils of ploughing and sowing. We honour the ministers and friends for their self-denying efforts, and we honour the devoted evangelist, Mr. Booth, whose element of existence is the conversion of souls and the spread of true religion."

In the next monthly review the following editorial appears :

"What a debt of gratitude we owe to the God of all grace that His work amongst us continues to revive and extend. Long have we mourned our barrenness and depression. Now we rejoice because the fertilising showers of heavenly influence are descending on our Zion, causing her waste places to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

"In our last number we reported a revival at Hunslet. Now it is our joy to tell of the glorious work at Leeds. Old Ebenezer Chapel is at this moment distinguished by scenes far more interesting than even those of her earliest history, when within her walls was laid that platform of ecclesiastical government which for sixty years has combined enlightened freedom with the spiritual privileges of Methodism.

"It is quite compatible with our gratitude to God for these remarkable outpourings of His Spirit to honour the brethren whose anxieties, tears and prayers have brought about this glorious result. One of the greatest blessings which could be given to our beloved Connexion would be the general diffusion of the revival spirit. We think highly of ministerial intellectuality, but far more highly of those qualifications which give large success in the conversion of souls. We do not undervalue those things in our community which impress respectability on our character and proceedings. But how poor are they compared with the beauty of holiness, the tenderness of compassion for souls, and the energy of an earnest zeal for the Divine glory!"

We might quote long passages from the eulogistic letters sent to the *Magazine*, describing the meetings, but we prefer to draw our material from the private letters of Mrs. Booth, containing as they do many personal references which are necessarily wanting in the published reports. The glimpses behind the scenes are of more than ordinary interest, and we have the advantage of an autobiography without its usual drawbacks, while the racy narrative reads as freshly as if it had been penned but yesterday :

"LEEDS, December, 1855.

"We left Dewsbury at fifty minutes past one on Saturday, and after less than an hour's ride arrived here in safety and comfort. The Rev. Maughan met us and accompanied us in a cab to our host's, one of the most comfortable houses I have been in since my marriage.

Altogether we are really snug and at home. Our host is a gentleman of independent means, a nice jolly old man, and a New Connexionist to the backbone. His wife, a thorough motherly, good-natured, easy-going, happy old lady. No bairns and a warm house—a great matter this cold weather. You know what a susceptible being I am.

“I suppose we shall stay in Leeds seven or eight weeks. They say they will *go to see* the Annual Committee, and shoot some of them with a pop-gun if they won't let us remain. It has come to a regular fight between the circuits and the Committee, but William has given up the controversy.

“I am much better in my chest, though still troubled with a nasty cough. I went out for a walk this morning, though the ground is covered with snow, and we have a sharp frost. I attended chapel yesterday morning, a beautiful place, but not nearly full. They have been going down for several years, and unfortunately there will be a break in the services for Anniversary sermons next Sunday. The society appears to be very respectable and intelligent. I was introduced to several very nice ladies yesterday. I received marked respect and attention everywhere. Oh, to exert a right influence, and that only! They got some solid fire amongst them yesterday from the pulpit, as effective as any at Sebastopol, it strikes me. The balls seemed to lodge in many hearts, and at night they had twenty good cases.”

“December, 1855.

“William took the pulpit at night. We had a full chapel and a good time. Some of those who came forward were young men of great intelligence and promise. Over an hour the friends rejoiced with exceeding great joy. I do wish you could join us here. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, William preached at a small place about five miles off, where much good is expected. Yesterday morning between twenty and thirty of the young converts came from Dewsbury to spend the day at the chapel. They had walked a distance of eight miles that bitter morning in order to hear their spiritual father once more. They beset us like a swarm of bees as we were leaving the chapel. We went into the vestry with them, and William started one of his favourite hymns, and they sang like larks. It was a cheering and affecting sight. I wept tears of gratitude and joy. May God keep them till we meet them in a sunnier world, and unite to sing a song which shall never end.

“It will be a dreadfully hard week to my dear husband. He is

quite prostrate to-day from last night's exertion. I never heard him preach more effectively, but his poor body had need be made of iron to keep it up. Bless him! It will be a happy and crowning Christmas to me, I am sure. I often weep for joy when I think of all my mercies, and call to mind the loving kindness of the Lord.

"Oh, I do wish my dear father could hear and see what I do sometimes. He would be encouraged to return to Him Whom he has pierced, but Who receiveth sinners still. When I see others saved, and hear their blessed testimony to the willingness of God to receive returning prodigals, even in old age and hoary hairs, I often think of him. But our prayers shall yet be answered. Then will we sing, 'The dead's alive, the lost is found.'"

"HUNSLET, December 24th, 1855.

"I think I omitted to mention the particulars of the work. Hitherto it has been a hard struggle. My dearest has been burdened with anxiety and very much annoyed with the character of the arrangements, so much so that the first night we came he refused to work with them as they then stood, and it took the preacher and Mr. Crampton till midnight to persuade him. The thing was altogether unfortunate, but it would require too much time to explain it. The first week the work was equal to anything we have had anywhere at the commencement, but the anniversary interfered with the influences. The sermons were clever and pretty, but no more adapted to the people, or to the soul-saving work, than those which any old country curate, knowing little or nothing about conversion, might have preached. Oh, when will ministers sufficiently realise their responsibility for pressing the truth home upon the consciences of their hearers?"

Referring to this subject in later life, Mrs. Booth remarks :

"One great qualification for successful labour is power to get the truth home to the heart.

"*Not to deliver* it. I wish the word had never been coined in connection with Christian work. 'Deliver' it, indeed—that is not in the Bible. No, no; not deliver it; but drive it home—send it in—make it *felt*. That is your work; not merely to say it—not quietly and genteelly to put it before the people. Here is just the difference between a self-consuming, soul-burdened, Holy Ghost, successful ministry, and a careless, happy-go-lucky, easy sort of thing, that just rolls it out like a lesson, and goes home, holding itself in no way responsible for the consequences. Here is *all* the difference, either in public or individual labour. God has made you responsible, not for

delivering the truth, but for GETTING IT IN—getting it home, fixing it in the conscience as a red-hot iron, as a bolt, straight from His throne; and He has placed at your disposal the *power to do it*, and if you do not do it, *blood* will be on your skirts. Oh, this genteel way of putting the truth! How God hates it! ‘If you please, dear friends, will you listen? If you please, will you be converted? Will you come to Jesus? Shall we read just this, that, and the other?’ No more like apostolic preaching than darkness is like light.”

Writing again to her mother from Leeds, Mrs. Booth says:

“The result of the Anniversary has been, as William predicted, the congregations diminished, and the week has been one of toil and discouragement. The friends have been up to the ears in preparations for the bazaar, and we have had altogether a season of anxiety and discouragement. Nevertheless, it has not been an unhappy time, by any means. No, thank God, I experience nothing of real unhappiness now. Underneath all temporary and surface trials there is a deep calm flow of satisfaction and comfort, which has actually altered the expression of my countenance.

“I was at chapel three times yesterday. The work seems to have taken a turn, and things are evidently rising. Last night there was a break. A gentleman of great importance yielded to the power of Divine truth, and decided to be on the Lord’s side. There were twenty other cases, but this one gave special satisfaction. They have taken at present one hundred and ninety names, and nearly all for our own denomination. The friends begin to manifest a strong affection, as usual, and if William would visit we should be out every day. I need not say that I am very glad he won’t.”

“January 3rd, 1856.

“I am glad you thought about us on the Watch night. The weather was fine here, so I went to the chapel. I cannot tell you the nature of my feelings on again mingling with the great congregation on such an occasion and under such new, interesting, and happy circumstances. It was truly a thrilling hour to my soul, and I trust one to be remembered in eternity with gratitude and delight. You know what an enthusiastic, excitable nature mine is, and can easily imagine the rush of emotion I should experience at such a season, while meditating on the past, rejoicing in the present, and anticipating the future.

“It must have been a time of blessing to all present, and there was a large number. My precious husband seemed richly imbued with

the Spirit's influence, and graciously assisted to speak with power and effect to the people. I often wish you could hear him in some of his happiest efforts. I think you would be surprised. I never *esteemed* him so highly as now. I never saw so much to admire in his character. And when I compare him with the ordinary snail-paced professors I continually meet, I cannot but rejoice in the possession of one with whom I can so fully sympathise and so heartily co-operate.

"The work here is rising in importance and power every day, and after a great deal of arguing the Committee have consented to our remaining another week. The friends are delighted and are getting fresh monster bills out announcing the services. Some of the cases here are of the most important and promising character. It would have made you weep tears of joy to see the other night a gentleman of intelligence and influence throw his arms around his wife's neck in an ecstasy of gladness when realising the Lord had pardoned his sins. The people of God might well shout hallelujah, for they recognised in that kiss the pledge of their union in Christ, for time and eternity. His wife had long been praying for him. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Would to God such scenes were more frequent !

"There is another fine old gentleman, a constant attendant, whose wife had been a member several years, who is under deep concern and in whom we are all interested. He is a man of considerable wealth, lives in a lovely country residence, keeps his carriage, and is a member of the Common Council. We breakfasted there on New Year's day, and William went to see him this morning also, in order to get an opportunity for dealing with him about his soul, and we think he is sure to be brought in. On our way home from his house we called and looked over his mill, an immense place, where tons of paper are manufactured every month. We saw the entire process, and had it explained to us."

"January, 1856.

"I have been to chapel twice to-day, to the preaching this morning, and to the covenant service and sacrament this afternoon. So I am at home this evening, three times a day being too much for me just now. It has been a high day at the chapel. I will enclose one of the small bills for the day, from which you will see the subjects. The chapel this morning was well filled, such a congregation as they seldom have. My beloved was very poorly and not at all fit to preach, but a

gracious influence pervaded the congregation, and at the covenant service this afternoon the body of the place was quite full, the new converts being admitted by special tickets. It was one of the most delightful services I ever attended.

"I think a few more such struggles as this at Hunslet would cause William to completely break down. The anxiety has been fearful, but, bless the Lord, victory is coming at last, and sinners are being saved by scores. I am informed by one who has just returned from chapel, that it has been *packed* (a glorious triumph for *this* place), and that the people have to be allowed to remain in the gallery to the prayer meeting. This is a good omen for a large ingathering."

"January 8th, 1856.

"The work is progressing gloriously. On Sunday night the sermon was one of extraordinary power and influence, and during the prayer meeting they took fifty names. Last night again they took thirty-five, some of them first-rate cases. William was just in his element. But his body is not equal to it, I am sure, and I cannot but feel anxious on this point. I am often congratulated on having such a husband, and sometimes told that I ought to be the happiest of women. And I *am* happy. Nevertheless I have anxieties *peculiar* to my own sphere. I see the uncertainty of health and life and all things, which I trust keeps me from being unduly elated by present prosperity.

"We are invited to dinner on Friday next to meet the preachers at the gentleman's I mentioned (the Councillor). I intend going with Mr. and Mrs. Crampton, but William will not visit under any pretext. The people would pull him to pieces to visit them if he would go, but he cannot accept one invitation without accepting others, and, besides, he wants retirement. Thus one of my hidden fears about the future is dissipated, viz., that he would love company, and lose his relish for home and domestic joys. Bless him! He seems to want no company but mine, when he is not engaged in his work."

"January 16th, 1856.

"The finish at Hunslet was grand! Five hundred names were taken in all. The gentleman I mentioned in my last two (the Councillor) was one of the last sheaves of this glorious harvest; he gave in his name on the last night. Another gentleman of talent and influence, a backslider, was restored on the Thursday night, making

glad the heart of a devoted wife, who had been praying for him for a long, long time.

"The commencement at Ebenezer Chapel on Sunday was most encouraging. The influence in the morning was very precious; the people wept and responded all over. The muster of leaders in the vestry after the preaching was better than at any previous place, and many of them were evidently very superior men. We were quite surprised at finding such a staff of workers. At night the chapel was packed, and upwards of twenty names were taken. Amongst those in distress, was a gentleman well known in the society, and brother to two of the principal families in it, as well as three or four more very respectable and intelligent individuals. The last two evenings the congregations have been excellent, and about forty names have been taken.

"There is a prospect of an unlimited work in Leeds, were not the building so small. The circuit has for some years been in a divided state about the erection of a new chapel, for which a splendid piece of ground has long been purchased, but alas! the broils and dissensions of the leading men have hindered. It is to be hoped that this revival will raise the spiritual tone of all concerned and thus help to overcome the obstacles."

"LEEDS, January, 1856.

"The work here is one of the best we have yet witnessed. Above a hundred names have been taken on the week, and some of them very important. Yesterday was a glorious day. At the love feast many were unable to get in, and at night (I was present) hundreds went away. So great were the numbers outside that it was given out there would be preaching in the schoolroom. I never saw human beings more closely packed than the poor things who stood in the aisles. My heart ached for them. The chapel was crowded above and below till near ten o'clock. I think everybody was delighted with the sermon, I mean the saints, the *sinners* felt something besides admiration! I should think this is one of the most intelligent and wealthy societies we have yet visited, but hitherto it has been crippled and cursed by local disputes and dissensions."

"LEEDS, January 29th, 1856.

"The work continues here with *more than usual* power. On Sunday the crush was fearful, and the confusion on the stairs and outside the chapel so great that the gates had to be locked. Serious apprehensions were entertained of some accidents, and a gentleman

was obliged to get up in the congregation and insist on some men getting down from a position they had secured, where I believe there was nothing but a half-inch board to sustain them.

"The people come from Hunslet night after night with as much eagerness as strangers, though they have been hearing him now almost *eight weeks*. Some of them almost idolise him, so great is their love towards him, but, bless the Lord, amidst it all, he is kept humble, and often suffers from despondency and self-distrust. I only attended once on Sunday, in the morning, and returned home with a full heart. William was so poorly and yet exerted himself so much that I could scarce bear it. I often think I am better away, for I picture all sorts of sad scenes in the future, and I feel as though I could not make so great a sacrifice, no, not even for souls! And yet my inmost heart cries out, 'Thy will be done.' However, I am thankful to say he is going to rest a week prior to going to Halifax. It will be thirteen weeks on Saturday since we left Chatsworth, and he has had no rest since, so I have taken the matter into my own hands, and for no power on earth will I consent to any more toil until he has recruited a bit. We leave here (all well) next Friday, and go to Hunslet to spend a week at one of the principal friends."

"HUNSLET, February 5th, 1856.

"Your welcome letter is to hand, and though I have but time for a few lines I will send you one lest you should be anxious. The finish-up at Leeds was gloriously triumphant. The tea-meeting at Hunslet surpassed anything we have yet experienced. I would have given a good deal for you to have been present. My precious William excelled himself, and electrified the people. You would indeed have participated in my joy and pride could you have heard and seen what I did. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Here Mr. Booth breaks in:

"I have just come into the room where my dear little wife is writing this precious document, and snatching the paper have read the above eulogistic sentiments. I just want to say that the very same night she gave me a curtain lecture on my 'block-headism,' stupidity, etc., and lo, she writes to you after this fashion. However, she is a *precious*, increasingly precious treasure to me, despite the occasional dressing-down that I come in for."

Mrs. Booth resumes:

"We have had a scuffle over the above, but I must let it go, for I

have not time to write another, having an engagement at two o'clock, and it is now near one. But I must say in self-defence that it was not about the speech or anything important, that the said curtain lecture was given, but only on a point which in no way invalidates my eulogy.

"We came here on Saturday where we are treated in the most kind and hospitable manner, and where I hope William's strength will get nicely recruited."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HALIFAX. MACCLESFIELD. YARMOUTH. 1856.

FROM Leeds Mr. and Mrs. Booth removed to Halifax, where the next two months were spent. The Rev. J. Stacey, who was superintendent of the circuit, and afterwards President of the Conference, reports that no less than 641 names were taken, and that of these nearly 400 became members of his church. Another leading minister, writing at the same time, says :

“A few days ago I called at Halifax to see our truly devoted friend and brother, Mr. Booth. I was delighted to find that the same holy power was attending his labours there, that has been vouchsafed in other places. I fear, however, his health is endangered by his exhausting labours. Such is his ardour, that he feels he cannot do enough in the glorious work of saving souls. What a year of toil and glorious success has our brother passed through; and what delightful showers of holy grace have fallen on our churches! I suppose nearly 3,000 persons have been spiritually awakened since our last Conference, besides the quickening power that God has diffused through the souls of our ministers, office-bearers, and members and the interest excited in revival work both in our own and other churches. I hope the ensuing Conference will continue our dear brother in his revival efforts, but it will be needful for him to have periods of entire rest, or he will work himself to death.”

It is interesting to find the same extraordinary energy and power of endurance which characterise General Booth's subsequent labours, distinguishing him in these early days. It has been said that genius consists in a capacity for hard work. This is indeed a half-truth. And yet to be a successful leader of men the faculty of doing more than others, and of doing it better, must be combined with the far rarer and more difficult art of setting others to accomplish objects that are beyond the reach of any individual power. It has been the *combination* of these qualities, that has been the secret of General Booth's subsequent success.

The skill that can subjugate and utilise the immense forces of mankind's Niagaras, will necessarily outstrip the mental and moral achievements of the mightiest Samson, if destitute of this gift. The head cannot dispense with the body, any more than the body can

dispense with the head. Each is mutually dependent upon the other for its very existence. The separation of either is suicidal to both. The genius that divorces itself from the people whom it was meant to bless and serve, eclipses its own brilliance and paralyses its powers. On the other hand the society that guillotines those whose mental and moral worth exceed its own, limits its capacity for good and injures itself. It clips the wings that would enable it to fly *away* from the evils that are pressing on its steps, *onward* to the accomplishment of some greater good. Renouncing the privileges proffered to it by Providence, it runs where it might soar, it fails to rise because it fears to fall, and having escaped the dangers of the sky it becomes the miserable victim to its short-sighted jealousy and finds in the mediocrities of its own choice perils that exceed those which it seeks to avoid, and tyrants whose yoke is the more galling from its stupidity.

The dangers of despotism are doubtless bad enough and need to be guarded against, but the dangers of lack-leaderism are greater still. The tyrannies of unsanctified genius have involved the world in some of its worst miseries, but we question whether these have not been altogether outnumbered by the tyrannies of brainless ignorance and its foolhardy escapades, or equally provoking inaction.

The visit to Halifax was prolonged by an interesting event, the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's eldest son William Bramwell, the present Chief of the Staff of the Salvation Army. Writing the next day to announce the event to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, Mr. Booth says :

"Sunday, March 9th, 1856.

"HALIFAX.

"MY DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER,—It is with feelings of unutterable gratitude and joy that I have to inform you that at half-past eight last night my dearest Kate presented us with a healthy and beautiful son. The baby is a plump, round-faced, dark-complexioned, black-pated little fellow. A real beauty. The Lord has indeed been very good to us. Poor Kate has had a dreadful time, but the Lord in mercy has brought her safely through. Believe me as ever,

"Your very affectionate son,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

A few days later we find Mrs. Booth herself sending the following pencilled note to her "precious mother"—

"By a little subtlety I have succeeded in getting hold of paper and a pencil, and now I am going to whisper a few words into your ear. Bless you! I do indeed think much about you. I now know what it is to be a mother, and I feel as though I had never loved you half as well as I ought to have done. Forgive all

my shortcomings, and be assured I now appreciate all your self-sacrifice on my behalf. My soul is full of gratitude to God for having brought me through! I am doing better than I could have expected, considering how very ill I have been. My precious babe is a beauty and very good. Farewell, till I can get hold of a pencil again."

In a later letter she does not give quite so favourable an account of the good behaviour of the future Chief, and one is agreeably relieved to find that in his early days he was capable of being "restless" and "fretful," after the manner of ordinary babes. He became a special object of interest at Mr. Booth's next halting place, Macclesfield, where he was presented by twenty-four young women working in a factory with a Bible containing the following inscription :

"Presented to William Bramwell Booth by a few of his father's friends.

"May this blest volume ever lie
Close to thy heart and near thine eye;
Till life's last hour thy soul engage,
Be this thy chosen heritage."

The presentation took place at a farewell tea-meeting, which was attended by nine hundred persons, and the friend who represented the factory lasses said that the gift was intended "as a slight acknowledgment of the spiritual benefit they had received from Mr. Booth's labours, and in the earnest hope that his infant son might be spared to imitate his father's character and career." The prayer has been more than fulfilled, and we discern in that band of working girls the embryo of the Hallelujah Lasses, who were to play so important and prominent a part in the subsequent history of the Salvation Army, and who were to present on behalf of a sinful world not merely their Bibles, but themselves, as living epistles known and read of all men.

Mrs. Booth's recovery was not so rapid and satisfactory as had been expected. Owing therefore to her continued sufferings, she was joined by her mother at Macclesfield. Hence there are but few letters existing which were written by her at the time, and the only accounts of the Halifax and Macclesfield meetings are those contained in the *New Connexion Magazine*. From these it is evident that the work was as powerful and sweeping as in other places, and that the same blessed results accompanied the effort. The permanent character of the conversions may be judged from the impressive service held at this very time in Sheffield when 180 new probationers were received into the church as the first fruits of the revival there.



W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

Some may, however, be tempted to doubt the genuineness of such sudden "conversions." Speaking on this subject in after years, and expressing her matured convictions in regard to it, Mrs. Booth remarks :

"Given the same temperament and calibre of being, I would rather have a sudden conversion than a tardy one. Of course, for purposes of comparison you could not fairly place two different natures in juxtaposition. It would not be right to judge a plastic and emotional mind by the standard of a phlegmatic temperament.

"When men are seen to be wrong, it must be very desirable to get them right. And what is conversion but a process by which those who are wrong are put right? As for the method by which it takes place, or the length of time it occupies, I have always been puzzled to understand why persons, who believe in conversion at all, should object either to the employment of any reasonable means, or to the speed with which they operate. Here is a man who has developed a fixed habit of evil-doing, of falsehood, impurity, drunkenness, or some other sin. The great end in view is to persuade him to abandon his evil course, and surely the sooner you can persuade him to do so the better.

"I have been very much struck with the different manner in which people argue about temporal and spiritual things. In regard to the former, supposing a friend is about to adopt some mistaken course, you ply him with the best arguments you can command, and the more quickly these take effect the better you are pleased. You praise his candour and say, 'This man is not only open to conviction, but acts spontaneously upon the light he has received.' You do not think any the worse of him, because of the readiness with which he has accepted the truth, Nor do you for a moment imagine that he must go through a long preparatory process, before he can act upon his convictions. Why then in the religious world should the exactly similar phenomenon be doubted, simply on account of its suddenness? Surely it should be even less a subject of surprise, when we remember that the special operation of the Spirit of God is to convince of sin and to present the most momentous motives and sentiments that can be laid before the human mind, in favour of its abandonment.

"The idea is, I know, that owing to its suddenness the change will not be permanent. But this is a mistake. The permanence of a conversion is not determined by the gradual process which produces it, or by the speed with which it is accomplished, but by its reality, by the intelligence of the subject, by the surrounding circumstances, by the temptations the convert meets with, and by the care that is taken to nurse his spiritual life.

"No doubt there was and is a great deal of surface work—easy-come-easy-go—just as there is much blossom that never comes to fruit in the natural world. But even regrets in regard to evil, and desire for improvement, and transitory resolutions to amend, are better than *no* yearnings after goodness and God, or an undisturbed sleep in evil. Who can tell what benefits in after days the soul may reap from the memories of such hours of Divine influence and impression?

"'There go —'s mushrooms!' a minister once tauntingly remarked, referring

to some new converts, and mentioning the name of the Evangelist through whose labours they had sought salvation. 'Well,' replied one of them, who happened to overhear the observation, 'I would rather be one of ——'s mushrooms than one of the devil's toadstools!'

"One specially singular circumstance is that the very people who object to sudden conversions often belong to societies the founders of which believed in and defended the doctrine, their very successes being based upon its truth. And yet we find their followers and professed disciples cavilling and objecting!"

Referring to the Macclesfield meetings in later years, Mrs. Booth says :

"I was still very weak, and unable therefore to attend many services, but those at which I was present were very blessed times. Perhaps in no town that I had yet visited was there so intense an excitement, such crowded audiences, and such large numbers seeking mercy. One striking feature of this revival consisted in the crowds of women from the silk factories, who attended the meetings and came forward for salvation. It was a touching sight to watch them on their way to the chapel with their shawls over their heads. They were especially kind to me and the baby. 'Sometimes they would come in troops and sing in front of my windows.

"Bramwell was baptised during our stay at Macclesfield, his father performing the ceremony. There were about thirty babies baptised at the same time. Not wishing the ceremony to interfere with the revival services, we had them all postponed to one day, making it the occasion of a special demonstration and an appeal to parents to consecrate their children to the service of God.

"I had from the first infinite yearnings over Bramwell. I held him up to God as soon as I had strength to do so, and I remember specially desiring that he should be an advocate of holiness. In fact we named him after the well-known holiness preacher, with the earnest prayer that he might wield the sword with equal trenchancy in the same cause. I felt from the beginning that he was 'a proper child.' At an early age he manifested signs of intelligence and ability. He resembled me especially in one particular, that was in taking upon himself responsibility. As he grew up I always felt that he was a sort of father to the younger children. He was very conscientious too. I remember once letting him go to a friend's house to tea when he was only three years old, telling him that he must not take more than two pieces of cake. I was not present, and the friends tried to persuade him to take more, but he would not disobey me. This characteristic grew with him through life. I could always trust his word. I cannot

remember his ever telling me a falsehood. If at any time he got into mischief he always came to me and confessed it. He was of a very active and restless disposition. I do not think he ever sat five minutes at a time on anybody's knee. His energy as a child was something marvellous."

Those who have attended Mr. Bramwell Booth's holiness meetings, or who have witnessed his patient and laborious toil at the International Headquarters, as the General's right hand and as Chief of the Staff of the entire Salvation Army, will testify to the fact that the prayerful toil of his sainted mother has indeed reaped a rich reward.

While the meetings were still continuing in Macclesfield the Annual Conference met at Chester. "After maturely considering the case of the Rev. W. Booth, whose labours have been so abundantly blessed of God in the conversion of souls, it was again resolved that he continue to labour in the capacity of an evangelist for the next year, with suitable intervals of rest. May our brother be more than ever successful in the great and glorious work in which he is engaged."

Mr. Booth's next appointment was Yarmouth. Here the cause was very low, and the counter-attractions of the seaside caused the struggle to be a peculiarly uphill one. And yet the outcome might well have satisfied those less accustomed to witness the remarkable results which attended Mr. Booth's labours during the past two years.

In writing to her mother Mrs. Booth says :

"Your little darling is well and growing like a willow. It is really astonishing how he comes on. We have bought him a doll, which pleases him vastly. He talks and laughs to it in style! He gets more and more interesting. The people stop to admire him in the streets and though Yarmouth swarms with beautiful babies, he does not suffer by comparison with any, thanks to his grandmamma's nursing and care!

"I hope you are taking the medicine the doctor prescribed for you. I believe more firmly than ever in homœopathy. Your unbelief in it is only the result of not understanding the principle on which it works. But never mind that. If you get well, it matters not how.

"The work here continues to be very harassing. The Connexion has next to no influence in the town, and there are other difficulties. Nevertheless the congregations have steadily improved from the first, and already forty names have been taken, some of whom are very superior cases. Oh, the value of souls! They are worth all the trouble and sacrifice involved—yea, a thousand times over!"

This conviction deepened as years went by. "How shall you feel," said Mrs. Booth in addressing one of her audiences long afterwards, "how shall you feel when you gather the spiritual family which God

has given you round the throne of your Saviour,—and say, ‘Here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me,’—the children won through conflict, and trial, and strife, such as God only knew; ‘Children begotten in bonds,’ as Paul says—chains—children born in the midst of the hurricane of spiritual conflict, travail, and suffering, and cradled, rocked, fed, nurtured, and brought up at infinite cost and rack of brain, and heart, and soul; but now, here we are, Lord. We are here through it all. ‘Here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me.’ How shall you feel? Shall you feel sorry for the trouble? Shall you regret the sacrifice? Shall you murmur at the way He led you? Shall you think he might have made it a little easier, as you are sometimes tempted to think now? Oh! no, no!—**THE CHILDREN! THE CHILDREN!** You shall have spiritual children! Won’t that be reward enough?

“Oh! sometimes, when I am passing through conflict and trial in connection with a work which brings plenty of it behind the scenes, I encourage myself in the Lord, and remember those who have gone home sending me their salutations from the verge of the river, telling me they will wait and look out for me, and be the first to hand me to the Saviour when I get home. Will not this be reward enough? Even so, Lord. Amen.”

CHAPTER XXV.

SHEFFIELD. 1856.

FROM Yarmouth Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Sheffield. The New Connexion had established two circuits in this city, the Northern and the Southern. The latter had already been visited during the previous year, and the marvellous results accomplished had made the Northern Circuit equally anxious to receive Mr. Booth. After several postponements the Annual Committee had at length decided to gratify their request. Mr. and Mrs. Booth were welcomed in the warm-hearted fashion so characteristic of the Sheffields.

Why it should be so is difficult to explain, but there can be no doubt that certain towns, districts, and, indeed, countries are peculiar for their receptivity of Gospel truth, while others are precisely the opposite. London, it will be acknowledged, has a special reputation for being a hard and barren soil. Sheffield, on the contrary, has responded with remarkable readiness to the call of the revivalist. Towards the end of the previous century it was the scene of the successful labours of the great holiness advocate, William Bramwell, and in 1844 it was greatly stirred by a visit from Mr. Caughey, the American evangelist. It is possible that such awakenings, both in Sheffield and elsewhere, have exercised a softening influence, long after their direct results have disappeared. The traditional memories of such stirring times are doubtless handed down from generation to generation, accustoming the popular mind to the existence of such phenomena, and preparing the way for their repetition. In these favoured localities a public opinion already exists, instead of having to be created. The ordinary prejudices and misunderstandings which hinder revival work have been dissipated. The ground has to some extent been cleared of its forest "lumber," and is therefore more prepared to yield its bosom to conviction's plough. There is scarcely time to scatter the seed in the virgin soil, before it commences to spring up and bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred-fold.

No doubt other causes contribute to this result. There are national,

tribal, and local peculiarities of disposition which are just as distinct as those of individuals. We talk familiarly of English John Bullism, Yankee smartness, French polish, German philosophy, Scotch sense, Irish eloquence, and other similar characteristics. Similarly we might speak of counties or towns, were we sufficiently familiar with their idiosyncrasies. Who has not experienced the difference that a few miles of railroad can create in the moral and social atmosphere of all around? To speak generally, some are all head and others are all heart, while more rarely we come across a happy combination of both.

The tendency of modern civilisation is to cultivate the head at the expense of the heart, forgetting that knowledge is but a poor substitute for affection, either from an individual or national point of view. Hence some of the finest specimens and most influential centres of braindom suffer from atrophy of the heart. What is wanted is a simultaneous cultivation of both. But before there can be cultivation, there must be recognition. Who can calculate the mischief that arises from the almost total eclipse of this luminary from our modern sky? Society, in our days, with all its educational and scientific paraphernalia, is tending fast in the direction of a society without a heart, and might fitly be compared to a firmament without a sun, or a body without a soul. It tries to bask in political and social rays of its own creation, and to thaw its frigidity and illumine its darkness with lesser lights, more perhaps after its own taste. But its great need—the crowning need of the nineteenth century—is a restoral of heart-pulsation to the nation, the family and the individual.

How sickening is the spectacle of a man without a heart! What a danger is he to the community at large! The more brain power and knowledge he possesses the greater becomes his capacity for evil! You cannot appeal to his heart, for he has none—to his emotions, for they have been stifled long ago—to his moral sentiments, for he has thrown religion on one side as only fit for women and fools! He is capable of any crime—which he can practice with safety to himself. He will not commit a murder, it is true, but he will convulse nations in blood, or he will establish a “corner” that takes the bread from the mouth and the clothes from the back of the starving poor. He is a standing menace to society. And yet he is the intellectual hero of the day, the model after which childhood is fashioned, till the family, school, community, and nation is converted into a patent heart-crushing, head-developing machine, which manufactures humanity into a hideous caricature of what it ought to be. Such is the

tendency of the age. We ridicule the Chinese taste which cramps the feet of its womanhood into narrow and unnatural moulds, and yet we allow ourselves to be dominated by a craze that cramps our very vital powers and destroys the tenderest and most beautiful side of our nature !

Upon this subject Mrs. Booth remarks :

“ All the mischief comes from upsetting God's order—cultivating the intellect at the expense of the heart ; being at more pains to make our youth *clever* than to make them good ! For what is the highest destiny of man ? I say that the highest type of a man is that in which the purified and ennobled *soul* rules through an enlightened intelligence, making every faculty of the being subservient to the highest purpose—the service of humanity and the service of God ! And all education that falls short of this seems to me one-sided, unphilosophical, and irreligious. And *that is my quarrel with modern education.*”

While Sheffield certainly was not lacking in intellectual force, its people were distinguished by a large-heartedness and a warmth of affection, which made the task of ministering to their spiritual wants the more agreeable. They welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Booth with open arms. Many of the converts of the previous year flocked round them, helping to inspire them for the fresh efforts which they were about to put forth. The results of the next six weeks' campaign were glorious. The chapel was crowded, hundreds being frequently turned away for want of room, and 646 names were taken.

Describing the meetings to her mother Mrs. Booth writes :

“ My precious husband is tugging at it, full of anxiety and greatly exercised as to the success of the effort. Many things have transpired to discourage him. Nevertheless God honours him in the conversion of souls day by day. The work is rising gloriously, chapel full every night and packed on Sundays. It is worth making sacrifices to minister bliss and salvation in Jesus' name. We are trying to lose sight of man and second causes and to do what we do more exclusively unto the Lord. I realise this to be the only way to find satisfaction and peace in the prosecution of our mission. But I am not nearly such an apt scholar at it as my beloved. He can bear nonappreciation and opposition much easier than I can. Perhaps I could endure it better, if it did not concern him. But I am trying to rise. May the Lord help me.

“ It is a cause of great rejoicing to us to find such numbers who

turned to the Lord when we were in Sheffield before, standing fast and adorning their profession, some of them giving promise of great usefulness. All glory to God.

"Monday afternoon.—They had a glorious time at the chapel last night, forty-nine cases, many of them men, and stout-hearted sinners

"15th September.

"William is working hard and with wonderful results. The chapel was crowded out all day on Sunday, and sixty-three cases at night, a large proportion of them men. The work up to the present surpasses that of last year. Notwithstanding all this he is very much harassed in mind regarding his future course. Reports are continually reaching us of the heartless manner in which the preachers let the work down after we are gone, so that so far as our community is concerned, it is like spending his strength for naught. The cold, apathetic, money-grubbing spirit of some preachers and leading men is a constant thorn in his side. Oh for a church of earnest, consistent, soul-saving men! But alas! alas! such is indeed difficult to find."

This letter contains the earliest reference to what was ultimately one of the chief reasons for the creation of the Salvation Army. The question has often been asked, why it does not confine itself to evangelistic effort in connection with the churches, handing over its converts to be cared for by the ordinary pastoral agencies? It is everywhere acknowledged that the Salvation Army is peculiarly adapted to the task of awakening and converting sinners, but it is supposed that the churches are better qualified for building them up. Is it, however, reasonable to conclude, that those who fail in the former will succeed in the latter? The church that cannot make its own converts can hardly be expected to successfully train the converts made by others.

The fact that it cannot convert, if such be the case, is surely proof presumptive that it is incapable of affording them that spiritual nourishment which is so necessary. Besides, who more suitable to be the guardians of the new life, than those who have been the means of bringing it into existence? The parent movement is bound to its offsprings by special ties of affection. It possesses an authority peculiarly its own, and which is perhaps incapable of being delegated to another. Is it, then, too much to say that the mother organisation must, if able, suckle her own converts?

It was because the New Connexion and other churches, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Booth for some years to come entrusted the care of their

converts, fell so far short of their ideal in this respect, that they were ultimately led to consider whether they could not improve upon the existing methods in regard to the training as well as the gaining of converts. But it was not till a subsequent period that the possibility or advisability of such a course dawned upon them.

Meanwhile the work in Sheffield went forward gloriously. Towards the end of the visit, Mrs. Booth writes to her mother :

"I wish you could be present in some of William's best times. The other night the people could scarce refrain from clapping.

"I accompanied him to chapel this morning, a splendid congregation, a melting sermon, and a glorious influence. The people wept all over the place. There were shouts of 'Glory!' 'Hallelujah!' from all directions. I have no doubt they will have a grand night, though the weather is very unfavourable.

"It will be a trying day for William. He preached hard this morning, and for an hour this afternoon never ceased talking, and I don't expect him home before ten or half-past. It astonishes everybody how he holds out. It is without doubt a glorious work. Let this comfort us in the sacrifices we are called upon to make. Yes *we*, for *you* share in them. It would indeed be nice to live nearer together, to enjoy more of each other's company. I wish it could be, but as it cannot, there is something consoling in being able to say 'Lord, I do this for Thee.' Always remember this, my dear mother, when tempted to think it hard. Remember it is to help spread the Redeemer's Kingdom that you have lent me to this wandering life. And perhaps if we do it cheerfully, the Lord will yet cast our lot together in sunny places."

"October 10th.

"Our farewell tea-meeting went off gloriously. Upwards of twelve hundred sat down for tea, and scores were sent away with money in their hands, because they had not tickets and the friends were afraid there would not be room for them. It is calculated that there was more than two thousand people in the hall after tea. I sat on the platform, next to the star of the assembly, a prominent and proud position, I assure you. It was a splendid sight, such a dense mass of heads and happy faces! I would have given a sovereign willingly for you to have been there. I have been in many good and exciting meetings, but never in such an one as that. I never saw an assembly so completely enthralled and enchanted as this one was while my beloved was speaking. He spoke for near two hours, never for one

moment losing the most perfect control over the minds and hearts of the audience. I never saw a mass of people so swayed and carried at the will of the speaker but once or twice in my life. The cheers were deafening, and were prolonged for several minutes. I cannot give you any just idea of the scene. I will send you a paper containing an account of the meeting. It was a triumphant finish, and has given me considerable comfort and encouragement, amidst many things of a trying and discouraging nature, I mean of a Connexional character. If the Lord continues my dear husband's life and health, I have no fear for him under any circumstances. He need not brook any swaddling-bands, and if I mistake not certain parties begin to see the policy of giving him plenty of room."

An incident occurred at the close of the Sheffield visit, which, while it proved the affectionate esteem in which Mr. Booth was held by the people, served to accentuate the jealousy with which a certain section of the preachers had begun to regard his increasing popularity. Anxious to give expression to their gratitude and to perpetuate the memory of his visit, the Sheffield friends had decided on presenting Mr. Booth with a large lithographic portrait of himself. The proposal was in accordance with the common custom of the Connexion, the presentation meeting being presided over by the President himself, the Rev. H. Watts, and a report being duly published in the *Magazine*. We turn, however, for an account of the meeting to Mrs. Booth's letters :

"October 27th.

"I know you will be anxious to hear all about the presentation meeting, so I seize a very brief and uncertain opportunity to send you a few lines. I was not well enough to go to the tea, but drove to the meeting just in time to hear the speaking. The meeting was a perfect triumph. There were as many present as on the last occasion. The speaking was very good, and the portrait best of all. I like it much, although I do not think it flatters my beloved in the least. Indeed, it would not be possible to transfer to paper that which constitutes his particular charm when speaking. It lives and dies with the occasion.

"The portrait gives universal satisfaction. The meeting was in a perfect tumult of applause when it was exhibited. John Unwin said, 'Well, they have caught a live man and stuck him on paper!' But I do not think so. I still prefer the original! The Rev. J. Paton (the well-known Congregational minister) spoke like a friend and brother.

He said he had made a great effort to be present, but he was determined to testify his friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Booth. It was a noble and generous recognition of the good accomplished in the town by the services. The President came out first-rate, and set his official seal in full upon the whole affair. There was no milk-and-water about him."

The copy of the portrait presented to Mr. Booth bore the following inscription :

"Presented to the Rev'd William Booth, whilst labouring as an Evangelist in the Methodist New Connexion, by his friends in Sheffield, in affectionate appreciation of his arduous, zealous, and successful labours there and in other parts of the community. Presented Nov. 26th, 1856, at a large meeting assembled in the Temperance Hall, the Rev'd H. Watt, President of the Conference, in the chair."

The *Magazine* contains the following reference to the meeting :

"Mr. Booth, who was received with enthusiastic applause, replied in his usual fervent and effective manner. He said, 'I rise to respond to the expression of your esteem and affection with feelings almost overpowering. Such periods as the present are to some the proudest moments of their history, and I know not that the man does wrong who highly estimates and boldly rejoices in the acknowledged esteem of his fellows, especially if they be among the wise and the good. And yet I confess to you, that although I highly prize and shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the kindly estimate my Sheffield friends have put upon my services, and of which this presentation will be a lasting memorial, nevertheless I never more fully felt the many imperfections that have marked my efforts than I do to-night, and the unworthiness of that short career which has called forth this spontaneous, enthusiastic, and generous acknowledgment. I feel that in this respect "the labourer" is *not* "worthy of his hire."' After speaking at some length on the importance of aggressive efforts on the part of the church, Mr. Booth sat down amidst protracted applause."

And yet, singular as it may seem, the most interesting aspect of this presentation was that it afterwards led to the entire suppression of the system of testimonials in the organization of the Salvation Army. Mr. and Mrs. Booth were always sensitive to a fault lest any personal gratification should prove an unintentional stumbling-block to the work in which they were engaged. They were themselves quite taken by surprise at the ministerial ill-feeling aroused by the presentation of the portrait. Had they dreamed that such would have been the result, they would have certainly put their foot on the proposal as soon as it was made. They were sorry afterwards that they had not done so, although it is by no means certain that this would have prevented the determination of an increasing party in the

Conference to place the extinguishers upon Mr. Booth's growing popularity by relegating him to a circuit where his efforts would be limited to the ordinary pastoral routine.

But there were other evils connected with the system which Mr. and Mrs. Booth afterwards more fully realised. The public presentation of personal testimonials were calculated, they found, to do more harm than good. In the first place it was difficult to decide of what they might properly consist. Equally difficult would it be to settle who should be the recipients, without giving rise to endless heart-burnings and dissatisfaction, which would go far to neutralise any good that might have been accomplished. The ordinary nature of such gatherings, with their flattering speeches in regard to what, after all, had been but the performance (often too imperfect) of a sacred duty, was likely to do harm. There was also the danger that officers would be tempted to aim rather at pleasing the people than doing them good. For these and similar reasons such presentations have been forbidden, and the Salvation Army officer has learned to glory in what might at first sight appear to be an irksome and unnecessary restriction.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BIRMINGHAM. NOTTINGHAM. CHESTER. 1856-1857.

FROM Sheffield Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded for a six weeks' campaign to Birmingham, the results of which are summed up in a long and interesting report from the pastor, the Rev. B. Turnock. The cause had hitherto been very low in this town, so that the visit was anticipated with eager expectation. A specially interesting feature of the work here consisted in the open-air meetings, which were carried on in connection with it. Mr. Turnock writes :

"Some of our praying men formed themselves into a band, and about an hour before the evening service went through the streets singing, giving short addresses at the corners, warning sinners and inviting people to the house of God. This roused the attention of the people and they began to say 'What is the meaning of this? What are these Methodists about?'

"For a period of nearly six weeks the good work has gone on, and oh, what scenes have we beheld! Penitent sinners have come up the aisle so overcome with emotion as to be hardly able to reach the rail. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, have knelt side by side at the communion rail weeping tears of joy.

"The services have exerted a powerful influence upon our members, rousing the careless and quickening the cold and formal. There seems to be new life and energy all around us. The people are anxious for the salvation of souls.

"The last Sabbath is one which will never be forgotten. The whole place was packed and yet crowds kept rushing onward like a stream, and we were obliged to lock the chapel gates, leaving hundreds outside. It was truly delightful to see the huge mass of people rise to sing. The preacher was again *earnest, terrible*, melting, full of pathos. The Word was with power. What a glorious night this was, such as I had never seen before! *Seventy-two souls* professed to find peace with God. I need not say there was a deep excitement, but it was holy, pure, such as I hope often to see."

Regarding the subject of religious excitement here referred to, Mrs. Booth made the following observations at the close of her prolonged ministry, with its multitudinous opportunities for observation :

"It has always been a cause of amazement to me how it is that intelligent people can fail to perceive the connection between feeling and demonstration. How utterly unphilosophical is the prevailing notion that persons can be deeply moved on religious subjects, any more than on worldly ones, without manifesting

their emotions! This insane idea has done more, I doubt not, to grieve the spirit of God and discourage and extinguish vital religion than almost anything else. It has always seemed to me better to have wild fire than no fire at all. Certainly it would be more in keeping with the spirit and practice chronicled in the Bible, to allow individuals too wide an expansion of joy and sentiment, rather than to damp the light and extinguish any manifestation whatever.

"The cold, formal services of the Protestant church have done more to shut out from it the sympathy and adhesion of the masses than any other cause, or indeed than all other causes put together. The people will forgive anything better than death and formality. Had I my time to go over again, I would not only be far more indulgent toward the natural manifestation of feeling, but would do more to encourage it than I have done before.

"Not that I would advocate a rowdy and boisterous manner. But the attitude of many churches seems to me to be illustrated by some families, where the father is so austere, and keeps at so great a distance from his children that they hardly dare speak or breathe in his presence. There is no natural spontaneous expression of either thought or feeling, but the whole family seem to live, move, and have their being in a constrained atmosphere of awe, whereas if you follow the same children into the nursery, or see them where they are alone with their mother and free to act out the impulses of their nature, you would hardly believe they were the same creatures. But in a rightly regulated family, while the parents will maintain their proper respect and authority, there will be a suitable and natural expression of feeling."

The next town visited was Nottingham, Mr. Booth's birthplace. With the exception of a few days spent from time to time with his mother, he had seen nothing of it since leaving for London in 1849. He observed in his journal :

"Sunday, November 30th, 1856.—My native town. Concerning this place I must confess I have entertained some fears. Being so well known and remembering that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, I had dreaded the critical *hearing* of those for whom I had in my youth contracted that reverence which in after life perhaps never fully leaves us. However, my confidence was in my message and my trust was in my Master."

A little later he is able to summarise the six weeks' work in the following encouraging terms :

"I concluded in a most satisfactory manner. About seven hundred and forty names have been taken, and, on the whole, the success has far exceeded my expectations, and has been a cause for sincere gratitude. My great concern is for the future. Oh, that preachers and people may permanently secure the harvest and go on to still greater and more glorious triumphs."

When it is remembered that Mr. Booth was only twenty-seven at the time of his visit, and that he had been but two and a half years

in the New Connexion ministry, the result of these meetings will appear the more remarkable.

Mrs. Booth sends the following account to her parents :

“December 15th, 1856.

“The work here exceeds anything I have yet witnessed. Yesterday the chapel, which is a very large one, seating upwards of twelve hundred people, was full in the morning and at night hundreds went away unable to get in. It was so packed that all the windows and doors had to be set wide open. Sixty-seven came forward in the prayer meeting.

“The movement is taking hold of the town. The preacher and his plans are the topics of conversation in all directions. Numbers of William’s old Wesleyan friends come and the infidels are mustering their forces. The Mayor and Mayoress, with a family of five young men, are regular attendants and stayed to the prayer-meeting the other night. The folks seem as if one of the old prophets had risen or John the Baptist come again. It is so different to their ordinary routine. I never saw so respectable an audience, and yet one so riveted in their attention. How ready the Lord is to work when man will work too !”

Mr. J. Harvey, the Society Steward, writing to the *Magazine*, says :

“We had our commodious chapel nearly filled every week-night and crowded to excess on Sunday evening, so that hundreds had to go away. Mr. Booth is certainly an extraordinary man. I never passed such a six weeks in my life. The services were kept up with thrilling interest night after night. His appeals and arguments were such as uprooted the deep prejudice and hatred of the infidel, made gospel-hardened sinners tremble, and caused many to exclaim, ‘What must I do to be saved ?’

“The general results of the services are these. The chapel is filled. Every sitting is let, and many persons have applied whom we have not been able to accommodate for want of room. The classes are greatly increased, and some new ones formed. The prayer-meetings are crowded to excess.”

Nevertheless, the superintending minister, the Rev. P. J. Wright, although he had concurred in sending the invitation, received Mr. and Mrs. Booth in the coldest possible manner, and soon made it manifest that he was no friend to them or their work. He was unable, however, to give vent to his feelings, owing to the all but unanimous manner in which the society and congregation supported the movement. The tide was too deep and strong for him to offer it any open resistance, so that to all outward appearance he went with the stream of popular feeling. His opposition to the movement became more manifest when the meetings had drawn to a close, and a promising work was thus checked and suffered to languish. He afterwards became one of the chief opponents in the Conference of Mr. Booth’s evangelistic labours,

and was in a large measure the cause of his being ultimately compelled to leave the Connexion.

From Nottingham Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to London for a fortnight's rest, spending the time with Mr. and Mrs. Mumford. We cull the following note from Mr. Booth's diary :

"Saturday, January 10th, 1857.—We came on to London for our rest.

"Sunday, January 11th.—Heard Mr. Spurgeon, and was much pleased and profited—a truly simple, earnest, and faithful sermon. I doubt not he is doing a very great work."

Leaving Mrs. Booth and the baby with her parents in London, Mr. Booth proceeded to Chester, where he encountered difficulties of a somewhat novel nature. The minister, the Rev. D. Round, gave him a most hearty reception. The people also co-operated. But some time after the meetings had commenced a newspaper came out with an attack on the revival, and this for the moment checked the progress of the work. It was a new and therefore painful experience to the young preacher, whose sensitive nature tempted him to shrink from the encounter. A kindly Providence, however, prevented his foreseeing the inky oceans of misrepresentation and calumny through which his bark was yet to sail, or perhaps the prospects would have utterly discouraged his heart. But keenly as he felt the slanders and deeply as he regretted their influence in preventing penitents from coming forward with their usual readiness at his meetings, he fought his way resolutely through and achieved a complete success, which was only rendered the more striking by the temporary pause. More than a hundred persons came forward during the last three days, and the farewell meeting and tea were as enthusiastic as any that had gone before. More than four hundred names were taken during the five weeks of his stay.

The newspaper opposition produced another effect, which was altogether unexpected by its author, in attracting to the chapel crowds of persons belonging to a very different class to the regular chapel-goers who had hitherto composed the bulk of Mr. Booth's congregations. For the first time in his ministerial experience he found himself face to face with a godless, mocking crowd of young men. He was taken quite by surprise and considerably disconcerted. In writing to his wife he says :

"We are damaged in the prayer-meetings by lookers-on. I fight them as

closely as I can. But some of them are very impudent. May the Lord undertake for us!"

Writing a few days later he adds :

"We had one of the most painful disappointments yesterday I ever had to encounter. The night congregation was overwhelming, hundreds going away unable to get admission. There was some influence in the prayer-meeting, but we only took fifteen names. You see this abominable and lying article in the newspaper causes swarms of people to come out of sheer curiosity, and they stand and gaze about, some of them actually *laughing* during the services! However, we must fight it out."

Mr. Booth had not yet learned to *rejoice* at being able thus, night after night, to attract the most godless. His first encounter with the very people whose special chaplain he was destined to become came upon him as a disagreeable surprise. But he quickly rose to the occasion, and grappled in his own masterly, inimitable fashion with the consciences of the Christo-heathen audience, who had begun so strangely to take pleasure in the chapel services, which they had so long looked upon with scorn. How he dealt with them and brought the thunder and lightning of the law to bear upon their hearts, we are able to gather from his correspondence with Mrs. Booth. Unfortunately her replies to him are missing, or they would undoubtedly have supplied an important link in the historical chain, showing how she seconded and encouraged him in his new and perplexing position.

"We had a tremendous struggle at the chapel," Mr. Booth writes on February 18th. "I never saw anything like it in my life. We were crowded above and below, and having been out all day, I was poorly prepared in mind and much fatigued in body, yet I was pressed in *spirit* and the Lord helped me to preach as I very, very seldom do! Oh, the words seemed like jagged daggers running into the hearts of the people! And yet, though the great mass of them stayed to the prayer-meeting, we had only twenty-one souls. We ought to have had fifty or more. That abominable paper has helped to raise all this opposition. It has encouraged a lot of ignoramuses to come and mock. They have no shame. You cannot make them feel."

In another letter he writes :

"We had a good night. I preached from 'What must I do to be saved?' We had not much power during the first part of the sermon, but during the appeal 'What must I do to be *dannned*?' I don't remember ever having more. In fact Mr. Round said this morning that he never felt so much under any appeal before in his life, and that he could have knelt down and wept his heart away at the conclusion. George Fox said he could not sleep after it. It was indeed *terrific*. I felt astounded at it myself. Of course I can only talk in this way to my wife."

It was a significant moment, when William Booth and the rough churchless elements of England's population first found themselves face to face in close encounter! He did not remain long on the defensive, just time enough to measure his antagonist with his eye, and then closed with him in the life-grapple which has resulted in such glorious accomplishment. Not with a single blow, or round, however, was this encounter to be completed. It was scarcely more than a skirmish, a rough fisticuff, in which each party began to test its powers. Nevertheless the champions of ruffianism realised ere long that some one had entered the ring who was to meet them on their own ground and to prove more than a match for them, aiming resistless blows at their hearts and consciences, and coming off conqueror on many a hard-fought field.

Thus Mr. Booth caught the eye and ear of the masses, just as previously he had riveted the attention of the Christian Church. He was still but a stripling—this latter-day David. But he lodged a stone in the forehead of the modern Goliath, the effects of which have not yet ceased to be felt. He obtained a hold which he has never lost. Whatever faults the rougher masses of the world's population may possess, they admire a man who has the courage of his convictions, and who is not afraid to beard them boldly in their dens of sin, misery, and desperation.

But the opposition manifested by a certain ministerial clique, who viewed with jealousy the rising popularity and success of the young minister, was now beginning to take shape. The perplexity and sorrow which this occasioned to Mr. Booth may be gathered from the following extract from one of his letters to Mrs. Booth :

"Our secretary was through here this morning," writes Mr. Booth. "He did not please me. I can't understand it. A certain knot of the ministers are an enigma to me. They seem to have very little sympathy, and appear only to use me to *get up revivals* to push their machines, and to help them when all other means fail. The great, high, and holy view I have of the movement does not seem to enter into their calculations. Well, I gave him a broadside or two, and then left him. Mr. Round is worth a laneful of such cold, icy-hearted, all-brained folk. But my little wife must not talk in this way. She must only listen to her husband!"

There is an interesting reference in these letters to Mr. Booth's first meeting with the well-known evangelist, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe :

"13th February.

"Mr. Radcliffe, a solicitor from Liverpool, was here last night. He is a rather

singular, and at the same time a very devoted man. He consecrates his life and efforts and fortune to the great work of saving men. I am informed that he goes up and down the country preaching the gospel anywhere that he can obtain an opening. He especially attends races, executions, and such like large gatherings of people. For instance, the other day a man was hanged at Chester. Mr. Radcliffe came over two or three days before the day fixed, drew up a plan of the different routes by which people would approach the gallows, and when night came he placed a man with a large supply of tracts at each road, and thus put some papers on Salvation into the hands of every person who came. In addition to this he had four or five preachers at work besides himself.

"It appears that he had heard about me at Macclesfield and Nottingham, and last Sunday he sent one of his preachers to see me with an invitation to Liverpool. He proposes taking for me a large theatre, capable of holding between two and three thousand people, the effort to be unsectarian and no collections, he undertaking to meet all expenses, and allowing the New Connexion to take the converts. He is a nice fellow, a brave man, and a true Christian. I like him much. But of course I cannot at present entertain anything of this character."

Mr. Radcliffe has since proved a long and consistent friend of the Salvation Army, frequently attending its meetings and inviting its leaders to his own. Of late years his special interest has been concentrated upon the foreign mission field, on behalf of which he has laboured indefatigably, urging Christians to give themselves up for the salvation of the heathen.

The Chester revival exercised a powerful influence on the surrounding villages :

"I never was better pleased with people," writes Mr. Booth, "than I am with the poor country folk. They come four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine miles night after night, and many of them have found the Lord. Thank God, the common people hear me gladly. I believe I should be a great deal more useful among the simple-hearted country people than I am among the fashionable, hard-hearted, half-infidel townfolk, with their rotten hearts and empty heads, and yet full-blown conceit and pride!"

An interesting case of conversion from among the former class is recorded in the *Magazine* :

"A man, verging on sixty, whose best deeds for many years have been poaching and drunkenness, with its almost invariable accompaniment, cruelty to those who claimed his love, and from whose presence the street children fled, and men and women turned in silent fear, came to the house of God. He was attracted by the fame of the preacher, heard the truth, felt its power, bowed to its influence, sought and found mercy in Christ. Now, accompanied by his wife, who has also given her heart to God during these services, he regularly attends the meetings, clothed and in his right mind."

But we turn from the account of the Chester meetings to some personal and domestic passages contained in Mr. Booth's letters, sent to Mrs. Booth at this time :

"How is baby? Bless his little heart! Tell him his papa prays for him and hopes that God will make him a *Luther* to pull down the dreadful abuses under which the church groans. O Kate, our's is a solemn and important vocation, the training of that boy!

"So you had to whip him to obtain the mastery, and now he is king, seeing that you are ill! I often think about him and imagine I see him lifting up his little arms to me. Bless him! Oh, may he indeed be great in the sight of the Lord, and whether esteemed or not by men, God grant that he may be holy and useful.

"May God bless you with every earthly and heavenly blessing and shelter you under His spreading wings from all evil! So most devoutly prays the father of your darling boy, and the beloved of your soul! You see, I am making progress in enthusiasm, as I grow in years and continue in absence! Well, I love you! And the love I bear you and my sweet little son is a constant joy to me. I would not part with you for worlds—for naught, save in submission to the will of our Holy Father. But God grant that day may be very far distant."

In a later letter he writes :

"I am glad little 'Sunshine' is better. I am anxious to hear more about him. He is a joy to me. I often bless God for bestowing such a treasure upon us. Let us regard him as a loan from Heaven, and ever remember that it may please the Lender at some unexpected season to resume the gift—to call in the loan. May he be continued to us, but oh, how important to be in a measure prepared for such an emergency."

There are some flippant allusions to Homœopathy. The General could not extend his faith to believe in the little charmed tasteless globules! However, he was troubled with a bad face, and writes to say :

"If it does not get better I shall go to the Homœopathic doctor. Chester is either blessed or cursed with three of them. But as you deem it a blessing, I am fain in this, as in many other respects, to pin my faith to your sleeve, and with me there the controversy ends! So I throw up my cap and shout 'Hurrah for Homœopathy' with its infinite quantity of infinitesimal doses, in whatever society I may be where the question is mooted. All because I have such a blessed little wife, in whose judgment I can confide on matters physical."

Again he writes, making Mrs. Booth the receptacle of his confidence, during a season of depression :

"I have not been in very good spirits to-day. I have been looking at the dark side of myself. In fact I can find no other side. I seem to be all dark,

mentally, physically, spiritually. The Lord have mercy on me! I feel I am indeed so thoroughly unworthy the notice of either God or man. My preaching is more than ever, or as much as ever, at a discount in my estimation. And yet I cannot be blind to the fact that it answers the great end of preaching better than the efforts of many. Still this yields me but little comfort. I must try again. My sermons arouse and attract attention and create conviction and alarm, but they don't push men sufficiently into the fountain. God help me!"

The letters contain tender assurances of affection such as the following:

"Continue to love me. Aye, let us love, as *God* would have us love one another, and let us realise on earth in spirit, what Swedenborg said he saw in his vision in Heaven, that man and wife there melted into *one* angel. Let us be one. I am quite sure that we do now realise far more of this blissful union, this *oneness*, than very many around. I meet with but few who think and love and hate and admire and desire *alike* to the same extent that we do, and also with very few who realise as much domestic and conjugal felicity. And yet there are many things in me that want mending. God help me!

"I care less for so-called society day by day. For instance in this house there is not a congenial soul, except those disembodied ones that dwell in books! I feel more than ever the worth of your society, and that with it and my work I am content. The converse of others *profits me very little, and pleases me less.*

"I intend arranging for a second visit to this city next year, so that you will have the opportunity of seeing it. However there is not much to look at save a fine race-course, some ancient walls, and your old-fashioned, queer, eccentric, go-ahead *husband.*

"I reciprocate your desires most ardently for an interview. I think about you. I can't say I dream about you, for I have not done so since we parted. I wish I could. I should love to see you, if it were only in imagination! Affection certainly grows with absence. I am sure my affection has increased since we parted. How strange is the feeling that binds us together, and makes us single each other out from the wide, wide world, and makes our hearts fly to each other like two magnets! I think my heart beats as proudly and truly to you as ever,—aye, more than ever. Oh, how many blessings God has bestowed upon us! Let us praise Him with all our powers and serve Him all our days!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

BRISTOL. TRURO. ST. AGNES. 1857.

As soon as the Chester meetings were brought to a conclusion Mr. Booth took train for London, where he rejoined Mrs. Booth and started with her for Bristol. The comparative dependence of a preacher upon his building here forced itself painfully upon his attention, as it had previously done in York, where the echo was so distressing that it was almost impossible to be understood beyond the first few rows of listeners. In the present case the architect had paid more attention to the outside appearance of the chapel than to the comfort of the worshippers. The building had obtained so evil a reputation for draughtiness that it was difficult to secure an audience. Mrs. Booth mentions in her letters that each time her husband went to the meeting he seemed to take a fresh cold. The present incumbent was one of the cold perfunctory sort, and felt no particular interest in the success of the meetings. Since the departure of his more popular predecessor, the cause had languished and their only preacher had left them.

Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Booth, during his short stay of three weeks, did not witness results so great and glorious as had elsewhere been his privilege. And yet, as was afterward proved, there were few cities in the kingdom so capable of being powerfully stirred as Bristol. Here, as in Sheffield, there was a deep undercurrent of religious sentiment that only needed to be successfully tapped by the Divine Hand to send forth an ample stream of living water. But though the source was not far from the surface, its discovery was for a season delayed, and despite the fact that considerable good was accomplished, it was with feelings of no little disappointment that Mr. Booth concluded his meetings and started off with Mrs. Booth for his next appointment.

And yet it was a useful experience, proving as it did that no matter how good and efficient the instrument might be, it was possible for the best laid plans and most ceaseless toil to be obstructed by adverse circumstances. There are two opposite, but common errors in regard

to successful work. The one supposes that no matter what measures may be taken and efforts put forth, a revival is a special interposition of Providence, which can no more be commanded than a shower of rain. The other takes it for granted that it can be brought about without labouring for the fulfilment of the necessary conditions. Both conclusions are equally mistaken. It is as fatally possible to check and even extinguish a revival as it is blessedly possible to create one. There are churches, societies, and individuals which have either drifted into a condition, or voluntarily placed themselves in a position, that makes a revival a moral impossibility. The work of the evangelists is to establish a communication between the human and the Divine, between the soul and its Maker; and in doing so it is unhappily possible that the surrounding circumstances, or the condition of the church, may be such as to paralyse his best efforts. To this day—alas, that it should be so!—there are Chorazins and Bethsaidas, which, though exalted to Heaven by their privileges and opportunities, are doomed, by their resistance to Divine influences, to be cast down to hell. Refusing to hear the voice of the spiritual charmer, charm he never so wisely, they close the door of mercy against themselves, seal their own doom, and condemn themselves to destruction. “Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Korah.”

From Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Truro, by train as far as Plymouth, and then by coach. The latter part of the journey was especially trying. The rain descended in torrents. There was barely room for Mrs. Booth inside. She was too ill to take little Willie, who soon, however, fell asleep in his nurse's arms upon the box, equally unconscious of the storm and of the dye from his nurse's bonnet strings, which smothered his face with blue, causing him to present a somewhat ludicrous appearance on reaching his journey's end.

“It was a wearying affair, I can assure you,” Mrs. Booth writes a few days afterwards. “I have not yet got over it, though considerably better than I was yesterday. William also is very poorly with his throat and head. I fear he took cold on the journey. ‘Babs’ seems to have stood it the best of any of us. Bless him! He was as good as a little angel, almost all the way through. He has just accomplished the feat of saying ‘Papa.’ It is his first intelligible word.

“Truro is a neat, clean little town, and surrounded by very lovely scenery. The climate is much milder than that of Bristol. The vegetation is much more advanced, flowers in full bloom, and hedges in leaf. It reminds me

somewhat of Guernsey. There is just the same softness and humidity about the atmosphere.

"You will be glad to hear that my precious husband had a good beginning yesterday. There was a large congregation in the morning, and at night the chapel was very full. I trust there will be a glorious move. If so, it will be worth all the toil, and I shall be amply repaid. Bristol has been a heavy drag upon his spirits. There was something mysterious about the whole thing, and he never had his usual liberty in preaching. Yet I never knew him in a better state of soul. Now here he seems full of faith and power. To God be all the glory!"

What a mysterious phenomenon is the "liberty" here referred to, the spiritual afflatus, the undefinable influence, the human electricity, which flashes the thought currents from the mind and heart of the speaker into his audience, until they are carried away with they scarce know what. There is a momentary self annihilation. Both speaker and listener are lost in the subject, transported for a season beyond the limits of the petty trivialities that usually bound the horizon of each heart's little world—transferred in the fiery chariot of the hour's illusion they think not, care not, where.

In this respect the preacher has special privileges and advantages over the politician, the actor or the demagogue. He is able to play upon a higher set of motives. The appeals of the public orator are usually directed to some natural instinct which, when examined, resolves itself into the merest selfishness. Even patriotism is but a refined and distilled form of self-interest. Trade, commerce, land and labour disputes, all partake of the same. Vote for me because I will do the best for you, is the stock argument of the political platform. Defend your own interests, take care of your own rights, is the language of the world.

Powerful appeals can doubtless be based upon such grounds, and rightly so. It is a side of human nature which cannot be ignored by the preacher himself. Self-preservation is one of the most widespread and readily appealed to of all human instincts. The religious reformer avails himself of it. But he has something more. Even in this particular respect he appeals to eternity as well as time. He lifts the veil and compares the tiny interests of this world with those of a boundless hereafter. He goes further. He plies the emotions, the affections, the hopes, the fears of his audience with a ceaseless fusillade of entreaties, storms the reason with resistless arguments, and awakens the ally, whom he is certain of possessing in every man's bosom,—Conscience, the Heaven-appointed watchman of the soul.

Over the actor, he possesses the unspeakable advantage of reality, and of dealing with an immediate present and a never-ending future instead of a dead past. Sincerity lends force to his utterances. And when all these are crowned with the Divine unction, with the visible face-illumination which marked Moses when he descended from the Mount, and which now distinguishes those and only those who have personal converse with their God, he is able at times to carry the hearts of his hearers before him as with a whirlwind. This at least is what Mrs. Booth here refers to by the expression "liberty." This is the high ideal of what a preacher should be and do—the privileged position to which he may and ought to attain. True, there will be fluctuations in the degree, and at times it may be unaccountably missing. But the utter or continued absence of this element, where such is the case, shows that something must be radically wrong, and until it be gained or recovered, as the case may be, it were better for the time that the speaker closed his lips and betook himself to his knees.

It was the possession of this peculiar influence and power that constituted the special potency in Mrs. Booth's own subsequent ministry. By the time she had finished her address she was usually bathed in perspiration with the intensity of her exertion. Her theme and her audience would make her oblivious to time and every other consideration, and amid the deathlike silence the musical cadences of the voice seemed to make every heart in the vast throng vibrate, while she reasoned with them of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

To return, however, to the narrative. "This was our first visit," Mrs. Booth tells us, "to Cornwall, and we both regarded it with no little interest. We had heard much about Cornish Methodism. Indeed, it was said to be the religion of the county. The people were saturated with Methodistic teaching. Chapels were to be seen everywhere, in the towns, on the moors, by the sea-coast. There they stood, great square buildings, often with scarcely a house in sight, apparently equal to the need of districts with three times the population. But people or no people, there stood the chapel, and it was usually a Wesleyan one. Not only so, but the congregations were there, crowding it to the doors each Sunday. The parent Wesleyan church was very much in the ascendant. Our cause was extremely low. In fact, it was confined to Truro, and a single outpost at St. Agnes, a small town in the neighbourhood.

We had heard a good deal about previous Cornish revivals, and the excitability of the people at such times. Hence we expected to find them eager to listen, easily moved, and ready to be convinced. But in this we were at first a good deal disappointed. Although after a time we found ourselves in a perfect hurricane of excitement, yet nowhere had the people evinced at the start such a capacity for resisting the claims of God and steeling their hearts against all persuasions. Pure children of emotion, when once carried away by their feelings, it was difficult to place any curb upon their expression.

"For the first four or five days, however, we could not persuade them to get saved. For one thing they objected to the penitent form. It was to them a new institution, and they regarded it with suspicion. They were waiting, too, for the feelings under the influence of which they had hitherto been particularly accustomed to act. The appeals to their judgment, their reason, and their conscience were not sufficient to induce them to come forward. They did not see the value of action upon principle rather than on motion. However, at length the break came. It was the Friday following the Sabbath on which the General commenced his meetings in the town. It was a Good Friday, 10th April, the anniversary of our engagement."

Mr. Booth describes the meeting in a letter written the next day to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford:

"We had a very glorious stir last night—such a meeting for excitement and thrilling interest as I never before witnessed. The people had been restraining their feelings all the week. Many of them had been stifling their convictions. But it burst out last night, and they shouted and danced and wept and screamed and knocked themselves about, until I was fairly alarmed lest serious consequences might ensue. However, through mercy all went off gloriously, twenty-seven persons professing to find salvation. Praise the Lord for ever! I am happy, but weary. I have had nine public services this week, have to attend a meeting to-night, and three more to-morrow."

Of those who came forward that night were some promising young men, several of whom afterward became ministers, one of them occupying a very prominent position. From this time the work went forward in a most encouraging manner.

"William finished up at Truro, triumphantly," writes Mrs. Booth from St. Agnes on the 8th May. "Crowds were unable to get in,

and above thirty names were taken. Among them was one very respectable man, who had cautioned his wife a week before against going out to the communion rail and making a fool of herself. He now went up himself and got gloriously saved. He had been a vile blasphemer. Many are under deep impressions who will not yield to the communion rail. We never were in a place where the opposition to it was so great. If we return to Cornwall we shall go back to Truro, and I have no doubt shall see far greater things than any yet.

"We left Truro on Tuesday, coming half-way by train, and the remainder in a cart of the ancient stamp, enough to shake one to pieces. I feel the effects of it yet. The place is a desolate, and yet not an uninteresting, spot, not above half a mile from the sea, and surrounded by the celebrated tin mines of this county. We can hear the machinery at times, and in our walks see some of the operations through which the ore passes. The coast is a wild and a picturesque one, presenting some scenes of beauty and grandeur. The people are, as at Truro, strange in their dialect and manners. They talk about a revival in the same way that we should about a fair, a sale, or any other worldly business. We expect to stop here a fortnight."

An incident occurred during this time, of which Mrs. Booth, in later years, gives the following account :

"The General had a good time here, and we would doubtless have reaped a rich harvest, but for a mistake which he made and which he afterwards very much regretted. We had heard a great deal about the way in which the Cornish people jumped and danced. But at Truro, notwithstanding the excitement, we had seen nothing to which the most fastidious could object. They told us, however, that if anything moved at St. Agnes, the people would 'go off,' as they called it, in this form of manifestation. I believe the General had set his face against anything of this description before he went to Cornwall. Indeed, he prided himself on conducting his meetings on the highest level of the 'decency and order' platform. He had told me how, on one occasion, in the Staffordshire Potteries, he had stopped some women from clapping their hands and slapping the forms in a manner which he fancied was contrary to proper worship, adding that he always put down his foot on such manifestations and controlled them with a firm hand.

"He was not a little shocked, therefore, one night, when the feeling

in the meeting was beginning to get warm, to see a dear woman spring to her feet in an ecstasy, and begin to jump up and down with a measured rhythm, keeping exact time to the tune we were singing, with a little shout of 'Glory!' every time she went up. There was nothing that I could see contrary to either Scripture or decorum in the method by which this simple woman manifested her joy, though it was certainly opposed to the cold, cut-and-dried notion of church order. The General, however, feeling the responsibility of the meeting to be resting upon him, and fearing lest the excitement might get beyond bounds, gave orders for her to be stopped. In the carrying out of his instructions the exercise of some slight physical force was necessary. This was perceived by the congregation and the influence of the meeting was thus destroyed. From that time the work dragged heavily, and, although there was an encouraging spurt at the end, yet the General came away realising that he had made a mistake, and determining that in future, instead of stamping out the excitement, he would content himself with guiding it."

"And why not allow a manifestation of feeling," remarked Mrs. Booth on another occasion. "A gentleman once said to me, 'I never did shout in my life, but to-day upon my word I couldn't help it.' I said, 'Amen. It's time, then, you began.' I hope it may be the same with many of you. When the Lord comes to His Temple and fills it with His glory you won't know what to do. You must find vent somewhere, or you will be as the poor old negro said he was, 'ready to burst his waistcoat.' We feel so about temporal things. People drop down dead with joy. People shriek with grief. People's hearts stand still with wonder at the news they have heard, perhaps from some prodigal boy. I heard of a mother not long ago, whom some one injudiciously told of the sudden return of her son, who dropped down dead, and never spoke. And when the Master comes to His Temple, that glorious blessed Holy Saviour, whom you profess so to long after and to love, and who has been absent so many years, and whom you have been seeking after with strong crying and tears, do you think it will be too much to shout your song, or go on your face, or do any extravagant thing? Oh no, if there is reality, you cannot help yourself.

"The manifestation will be according to your nature. One will fall down and weep in quietness, and the other will get up and shout and jump. You cannot help it. Like the two martyrs, one rejoiced in the realisation of God's presence; the other, who was in darkness, yet did not deny his Lord and turn his back upon Him. He continued in the way of obedience, and the other was encouraging him to hope and believe the Master would come; but He did not come until they started from the dungeon to the stake; so they fixed upon a sign, and the one said to the other, 'If He comes you will give me the sign on the road.' The Master did come, but the martyr could not confine himself to the sign. He shouted, raising his arms, to his fellow-martyr, 'He's come, He's come, He's come.' He couldn't help it. When He comes, you won't be ashamed who knows it. When

you really get a living Christ for your husband, you will be more proud than the bride is who has got a husband worth being proud of, and you will love to acknowledge and praise Him; and the day is coming when you will crown Him before all the host of Heaven. The Lord help you to accept Him, and put away everything that hinders His coming. Amen."

From Truro Mr. and Mrs. Booth next proceeded to Stafford, a long and wearying journey. The increasing difficulty of these frequent changes, and the distance between some of the appointments, gave rise to a proposal for little Willie to be sent for a time to his grandmother. Mrs. Booth speaks of the plan in a characteristic letter, from which we take the following :

" May 15th, 1857.

" William intends going to meet the Annual Committee before entering on any more labour, having had his mind much pained and unsettled by information lately received. He wants to have a clearing up.

" Much as I should like to have a settled home, you know my objections to leaving William, and they get stronger as I see the constant need he has of my presence, care, and sympathy. Neither is he willing for it himself. He says nothing shall separate us while there is any possibility of our travelling together. Nor can I make up my mind to parting with Willie; first, because I know the child's affections would inevitably be weaned from us, and, secondly, because the next year will be the most important of his life with reference to managing his will, and in this I cannot but distrust you. I know, my darling mother, you could not wage war with his self-will so resolutely as to subdue it. And then my child would be ruined, for he must be taught implicit, uncompromising obedience."

Thus we see how early Mrs. Booth commenced the training of her family, and how resolutely she put from her any proposal, however advantageous in other respects, which seemed to clash with the highest spiritual interests of her children. Had she adopted a different course, it is very probable that the over-indulgence of a kindhearted and well-meaning grandmother would have inflicted irreparable injury upon the character of the one who was to play so important a part. While Mrs. Booth was no advocate for undue severity with children, she never failed to call attention to the incalculable harm that was inflicted upon them by the over-indulgence of their little whims and by the lack of that firm, faithful, and yet affectionate training so necessary for their future welfare.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1857.

WHILE Mr. and Mrs. Booth were at Stafford an incident occurred, insignificant in itself, but which seemed somewhat prophetic of the future. There was a garden attached to the house in which they were staying, and in this little Willie, though but fifteen months old, delighted to run about, while Mrs. Booth would sit with her work in a sheltered corner from which she could keep her eye upon him. One day to his joy he discovered, on the border of the pathway, a nest with the mother bird sitting on the eggs. He was soon taught to respect his newly found treasure, and to keep his little hands off. But many were the peeps that he indulged in from time to time, and it seemed that the birds became accustomed to the presence of their baby visitor, understanding that it boded them no harm.

One morning Willie had toddled off, as usual, for his accustomed look, when a startled cry attracted his parents to the spot, where they found the eggs lying broken on the pathway, while the nest, which had been deserted by the birds, was in the possession of a large beetle.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth could not but wonder whether the occurrence had been intended to prepare them for some approaching sorrow. Was it that their plans and hopes and anticipations for the future were to be ruthlessly disturbed? They were not kept long in suspense. The Conference were sitting in Nottingham, and the next morning brought them the following letter from their old friend, Mr. Josiah Bates, who attended the meetings in the capacity of Book Room Treasurer :

“NOTTINGHAM, 6th June, 1857.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Your case has just been decided after a discussion which commenced in the forenoon and terminated with the day's sitting. You are to take a circuit, 40 in favour of your present course, 44 in favour of your taking a circuit. The feeling was strong against you. It was yesterday proposed that I should be added to the Annual Committee in the place of Mr. Heaps. But the Doctor (Dr. Crofts) opposed it on the ground that I was too much mixed up with you. Nor did they call me before them, although I requested it.

“The principal speakers against you are Crofts and P. J. Wright. I tried hard

to be the last speaker, but P. J. evidently held back, and therefore I was obliged to speak. I replied to every charge that had been contained in all the previous arguments, and am told I made a capital speech. However, we lost it.

"I cannot go into the details of the discussion for want of time. I have no doubt the decision will spread wide dissatisfaction, and I should not be surprised if it has to be revised.

"Make up your mind to the decision. It will work together for our good. Of this I have not the shadow of a shade of doubt. May God direct you into His will!

"With kind regards to Mrs. Booth, I remain in haste,

"Yours truly,

"JOSIAH BATES."

One of the leading officials of the Nottingham Circuit wrote at the same time as follows:—

"I have no doubt that you will have had communicated to you the decision of the Conference in respect to your future labours. There were 40 for you remaining another year in your present position, and 44 for your taking a circuit.

"I feel very much in my mind upon the subject, not so much the decision as to have seen and heard the determined opposition of some of the leading ministers. I can see the jealousy lest you should become more useful than they. They seem to assume the position as judges of the working of men's hearts and motives. It touches their dignity. Though *they* wish to say and do as they like, they cannot bear you to have the same liberty. I cannot put on paper what my views are of the conduct of our Superintendent (Mr. Wright). He has done all he could to lower you. He has lowered himself very much in the eyes of many. His conduct at this Conference has served to show that he will not scruple to do anything to gain his end.

"I am of opinion that if you take a circuit the Lord will open your way and bless your labours. . . . You have many sincere friends. I hope you will not be cast down, but still look to God as you have done hitherto. I never yet saw a man stand higher than his fellows, but envy soon arouses opposition. It always endeavours to pluck the finest fruit and to destroy it. But your works are before God."

A formal letter was at the same time received by Mr. Booth from the Secretary to the Conference conveying the intelligence of the recent decision. To this Mr. Booth replied as follows:

"June, 1857.

"TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NEW CONNEXION CONFERENCE, Nottingham.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yours containing the decision of the Conference on my case is to hand this morning, and I must confess it has caused me very considerable surprise. Looking at it merely as affecting my personal comfort I make no complaint, as a year or two's respite from the anxious toil I have been engaged in of late, will be welcome to both body and mind. But regarding it as the wish of the Conference that I should cease from a path of labour to which it first appointed

me, and which has been so signally owned of God, and so constantly eulogised by the wisest and best men in the Connexion, is to me a matter of gravest import.

"And further, sir, no reasons are assigned for this desired change. The Conference, I am sure, would not act without reasons, and surely my brethren deem me worthy to be made acquainted with them.

"Does the Conference take exception to the character of my mission altogether, or is it the manner in which I have discharged it during the past year that has given offence? If the former, I have nothing to say, but if fault has been found with anything I have said or done, I claim the privilege of self-defence. Surely in the New Connexion Conference flying reports are not permitted to find utterance, and speeches unfavourably affecting character are not listened to, without giving the defamed an opportunity of defending himself.

"So conscious was I of the integrity of my motives, utterances, and actions, so satisfied was I that the bulk of the Church was with me, and so certain did I feel that I was taking the surest course to promote the highest interests of the Connexion, that in looking forward to the Conference I never dreamed it would for a moment entertain the proposition which you forward to me as its prayerful and deliberate decision.

"During the two and a half years that I have travelled as an Evangelist my opinions have undergone no change; I have ever been outspoken. During that time every church with which I have laboured has expressed most publicly and unanimously its approbation of my labours. With two exceptions, the ministers have been as friendly and cordial as the laymen. During this time no individual has met me with an accusation, or made any objection to my measures. In the prayer meeting, or to my utterances on the platform and in the pulpit, it seems strange that after such uniform approbation of my mission, and method of discharging it, that the Conference should be five hours debating the propriety of its continuance. You say in yours that the value of my special labours has been 'fully and gratefully acknowledged,' but that looking at the subject in all its important bearings it is deemed best, on the whole, that for the present I receive the appointment of a regular circuit. Now, all I ask, may claim as my due, is to know what these important bearings are for which my special labours, acknowledged to be of value, are to be discontinued.

"Believe me to remain, dear sir,

"Yours very respectfully,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

In a letter written at the same time to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, Mr. Booth says:

"You will have been expecting a line from us containing Conference information, and now that our suspense is ended in certainty, or nearly so, I take the first opportunity of sending you a line. For some time I have been aware that a party has been forming against me. Now it has developed itself and its purpose. It has attacked and defeated my friends, and my evangelistic mission is to come to an immediate conclusion. On Saturday, after a debate of five hours, in which I am informed the bitterest spirit was manifested against me, it was decided by 44 to 40 that I be appointed to a circuit. The chief opponents to

my continuance in my present course are *ministers*, the opposition being led on by the Rev. P. J. Wright and Dr. Crofts.

"I care not so much for myself. A year's rest will be very acceptable. By that time, God will, I trust, make plain my way before me, either to abide as a circuit preacher, or by opening me a door which no man or number of men shall be able to shut. My concern is for the Connexion—my deep regret is for the spirit this makes manifest, and the base ingratitude it displays. However, I leave the matter with the Lord. My work and my reputation are in His hands. I wait the manifestation of His will, and wherever He points there will I try to go."

Mrs. Booth, however, did not take so calm a view, as will be seen from the following letters addressed to her mother :

"You will see from William's letter what has been the subject of our thoughts, and the cause of the anxiety we have experienced during the last few days. I have felt it far more keenly than I thought I should ; in fact, it is the first real trial of my married life.

"Personally considered I care nothing about it. I feel that a year's rest in one place will be a boon to us both, and especially a relief from the wearying anxiety which my dear husband has experienced of late. But as a manifestation of the spirit of a handful of ministers toward him in return for his toil—as an exhibition of the cloven foot of jealousy, and as a piece of rank injustice in allowing lying reports to be reiterated in Open Conference, and this without any formal charges having been brought or any inquiry as to their truthfulness instituted, I regard as little better than an old priestly persecution over again, and am ready to forswear Conferences for ever ! However, we shall see. We can afford to wait. A year's rest will be an advantage to William's mind and body. Time will do great things.—the people will be able to look at and contrast the year's returns. Our friends, whom this discussion has proved to be neither few nor feeble, will spread their own report of the matter, and perhaps next Conference the trumpet will sound on the *other side*. Anyhow, if God wills him to be an evangelist, He will open up his way. I find that I love the work itself far more than I thought I did, and I am willing to risk something for it, but we shall see."

Writing again next day, Mrs. Booth says :

"Doubtless you will feel anxious to hear further particulars after yesterday's budget. This morning's post brought us several letters from Conference, causing us considerable excitement and anxiety. It appears that the conduct of Mr. P. J. Wright and others towards my dear husband has evoked a very strong feeling against them, and numerous voices of dissatisfaction have been raised as to the manner in which our mission has been put down, and the way in which the votes were taken. There is to be an attempt this morning at a compromise ; to send him to a circuit and yet let him visit several places during the year, sending a supply to act for him, but William will not agree to it. He will be either one thing or the other, and if unworthy to be an evangelist altogether, he declines to take the anxiety and responsibility of being one at all.

"It appears that one of his opponents mooted the travelling expenses as an

argument against him, and made some false statements which Mr. Bates has compelled him to retract. Hereupon Mr. Woods, the old gentleman you heard me talk about, and who was so kind to us at Nottingham, has instructed the delegate for Nottingham to inform Conference to-day that if it is a money question he will guarantee £50 for the next year's travelling expenses—a larger sum than all our present year's expenses put together. He is a noble old gentleman. I always believed in him from our first interview. I wrote to him last night myself, William being too much pressed for time.

"William has asked for Derby as an appointment. To this his opponents are not likely to agree, for though it is one of the poorest places in the Connexion, it has only one preacher, and therefore no superintendent to shackle him. Mr. Bates wanted them to send for him yesterday to speak for himself, but, no thank you! They have no desire to measure swords with him! I must say I feel intensely anxious. Great interests are involved—far more than are seen at first sight, but it is God's cause. I believe He will order all for the best. I have no fears for the future. I have confidence in my husband's devotion and capacity for something *greater yet*, and I have confidence in God's over-ruling Providence. Pray for us that we may not err, but be guided into His perfect will."

"June 10th.

"Your's came to hand this morning. Thanks for all your sympathy and counsel. It is very seasonable. William has just returned from Nottingham. The arrangement that we take a circuit stands good, and perhaps, all things considered, it is best for one year. There seems a firm determination that it shall not be for longer. Our appointment is to Halifax Circuit, and we are to live at Brighthouse."

Among the additional reasons urged for this decision besides those which have been already noticed, one was that Mr. Booth was gaining too great an influence in the Connexion for so young and untried a man. Another was that the following Conference would be called upon to decide as to his capacity for doing the work of a regular circuit preacher, and how could they come to a just conclusion concerning him unless he went through the ordinary routine? All combined in holding out the most absolute certainty of his being recalled to the evangelistic sphere at the conclusion of the year. Mrs. Booth, however, doubted the sincerity of the promise.

"I felt in my soul," she tells us, referring to the matter at a much later period, "that it was the spirit of envy which had closed the sphere, and I could not but anticipate that the same spirit would keep it closed so far as the Connexion was concerned. I knew too much of Church history to expect that a denomination, sunk into stereotyped forms, would ever be wise enough to see the grandeur of such an opportunity for getting out of its swaddling bands and becoming a great national movement, instead of remaining a little sectarian

concern. They neither had the wit to see their chance, nor to estimate the qualities of the agent whom God's Providence had thrown across their path.

"That morning as I lay in bed, for I was too ill to leave the room, there dawned upon me a vision of success, which has been marvellously realised in later years. And I could have risen from my couch, bid good-bye to the Connexion, and walked out with my husband into the wide world without a fear. But I could not make the General see with me. He believed in his simplicity that this clique of ministers would repent of their action and that Conference would recall him to the work at the end of the year. He replied to my arguments that he loved the Connexion, that he had been useful in it, that he wished to live, and labour, and die in it, and that he hoped yet to be the means of helping to build it up and make it a great power in the world. A year, he urged, would soon fly away, and it was possible that he might completely regain the confidence of his ministerial brethren by thus submitting to their wishes. I predicted that such would not be the case, and my forecast proved in the end to be correct. For the time being, however, I acquiesced in his decision, and we packed up as quickly as possible, and removed to our new home."

Among his numerous friends were not wanting those who had less respect for authority than Mr. Booth, and who had urged him to break loose from the Connexion, rather than submit to their decision. From one such he received the following letter :

"I feel much concerned on your account, for it is not possible for you to be so useful to the cause of Christ in your present sphere as when you were an evangelist. But honestly I see no other way of deliverance for you except to throw yourself on the care of Divine Providence, and to go and labour for God and souls wherever you find an open door.

"Your Conference has treated you just as the Wesleyan Conference wanted to treat Mr. Caughey, and had he consented to take a regular circuit preacher's work his wings would have been clipped too. But he was too wide-awake for them. So they closed their doors against him. But all the harm that act did was to enlarge his heart, and to cause him to enter into other chapels besides those of Wesleyans.

"My opinion is that if you resolve to follow the Lord fully, you will have to pass through the same ordeal. I believe that, as far as the preachers have power they will close the New Connexion pulpits against you. Human nature is the same in every Conference, whether Episcopalian, Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive or Quaker. And the only way for such men as you and Caughey to escape the mental rack and hand-cuffs is to take out a licence to hawk salvation from the great Magistrate above, and absolutely refuse to have any other master.

"O Brother Booth, if I could preach and floor the sinners like you can, I would not thank Queen Victoria to be my aunt or cousin! When I hear or read of your success, I could wish to be your *shoe-black!* There is no man of whom I have read, Caughey excepted, who has equalled you for usefulness, considering the short time you have been at it. And for you to allow the decrees of the New Connexion Conference, or of any other conclave of men, to turn you away from following the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is what I cannot bear to think of. I know what you feel, and I also have shed the big agonising tear, when placed in the same circumstances.

"Glory be to God, I am now *free*, and I will keep so. You know what the wolf said to Towser, 'Half a meal with liberty is better than a whole one without it!'

"With love to Mrs. Booth
"I remain your's as square as a brick."

But Mr. Booth saw what his friend did not: that the weak point of evangelistic efforts such as those of Mr. Caughey was the want of connection with some suitable organisation which would give *cohesion* and *continuity* to the work. His evangelistic experience had taught him that some storage was necessary for the Divine floods of influence and salvation that descended in such abundant measure at these times, in order to prevent them from evaporating, disappearing, and being worse than lost. He was disappointed and perplexed, it was true. The New Connexion had promised to be just such a reservoir as he had desired. He loved it. He had laboured for it. And visions of the world-wide organisation it might yet become had inspired his heart. He could not believe that he was to be disappointed, nor was there another people to whom he could turn.

The daring idea of creating a people for himself had not yet dawned upon his mind. The time for it had not perhaps come. The requisite experience had not been gained. The profound despair with what existed had not yet sufficiently taken possession of his soul to induce him to try his hand at anything better. But the necessity of organised and united effort, as distinguished from the minister-do-everything plan, was a conviction of his soul. Never in his grandest moments of success had he felt that he could dispense with the service and assistance of *others*. His constant complaint had been that he could not lay violent hands upon a sufficient number of qualified persons to help him at such times, but those whom he could command he had gathered behind the communion rails to form a praying band, or to deal with the penitents, or had sent them out singing into the streets, or visiting from house to house.

The idea of a church in which he was to be head and tail, centre

and circumference, alpha and omega, beginning and end, was foreign to him. It might suit his less disciplined friends, but for his part he so realised the value of law and order that he would rather submit to a wrong order occasionally than have no order at all. He would rather obey an envious head than have none, and rather co-operate with jealous brethren than stand alone. He only aspired to *serve*, providing he could serve successfully.

Mrs. Booth, as we have seen, was more of a radical. She had weighed up the Conference and had found it wanting. Her inclination would have led her rather to have chosen a lonely path than to have submitted to a restricted one. Unlinked to Mr. Booth, she would doubtless have been more of a free-lance Whitfield than an organising Wesley. It was a happy design of Providence which bound the Wesley and the Whitfield of the present generation in so close and indissoluble a union. For the present, however, the die was cast, and Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to take up their appointment at Brighthouse.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BRIGHOUSE. 1857-1858.

THE year spent by Mr. and Mrs. Booth at Brighouse was, perhaps, the saddest and most discouraging of their whole ministerial career. In fact, there was scarcely a single circumstance to relieve the gloom of the situation. In the first place, they started with heavy hearts, feeling that they had been unjustly dealt with. Nor was there anything in the appointment itself calculated to compensate for the disappointment. The superintendent was a sombre, funereal kind of being, very well-meaning no doubt, but utterly incapable of co-operating with Mr. Booth in his ardent views and plans for the salvation of the people.

For Mrs. Booth the situation was peculiarly painful. She had not in Brighouse a single lady friend with whom she could have sympathetic communion. Moreover, it was peculiarly trying to see her husband spending and being spent on a small and struggling cause, when the same amount of effort might have resulted in the attraction of enormous crowds and in the salvation of hundreds of souls, had they pursued their evangelistic career. She writes the following letter to her mother soon after her arrival :

" July, 1857.

" William preached here twice yesterday and led a love-feast. Good congregations, and all seemed very well satisfied except himself. There were three souls at night. Of course he cannot help making comparisons between this and his former sphere of usefulness, and though this is unquestionably much easier, *it is far less congenial*. I don't think he will ever feel right in it, neither do I believe the Lord intends that he should. He generally adapts His instruments to the work He marks out for them, and He has undoubtedly adapted my dear husband for something very different to this. But we will wait awhile.

" I can't say I like the place. It is a low, smoky town, and we are situated in the worst part of it. However, we shall make the best of it."

There was, however, a domestic event which served perhaps, more than anything, to brighten the dull tedium of the Brighouse days. They had scarcely settled in their new home when Mr. and Mrs. Booth received for a second time, in the birth of their son, Ballington, the peculiar token of Divine favour which only a parent's heart can

fully appreciate. It was indeed as a Gilead-balm to their wounded spirits, cementing freshly the domestic bliss of their union, which seemed but the brighter in contrast with the present gloom of the outward prospect. How much greater would have been their joy could they have anticipated the still distant and uncertain future.

The history of the Salvation Army has been largely the history of its founders and of their family. It presents the altogether unique spectacle of a great religious organisation that has attained to world-wide proportions, of which the embryonic germ was contained within the four corners of a family, long before it had burst into public notoriety. The earliest and, to this day, among the most effective of General Booth's recruits have been his own children. He wished, at first, that they had been less numerous; but when they came to take their places in helping him to bear the burden and heat of the day, he was only sorry, he tells us, that "instead of eight there were not eighty!" Trained from childhood to obey, in an age whose tendency is to overleap the traces of parental authority, they have formed a valuable nucleus, round which Mr. and Mrs. Booth have been able to gather their recruits. Inspired from infancy with the passion for souls which animated their parents, they have constituted an object-lesson to all who have since joined them beneath the Salvation Army flag.

It is true there are some, who are so difficult to please and ready to find fault, that they raise objections to what is at once the strength and the glory of the movement, complaining that undue prominence has been given to the members of the family. But it is a singular fact that those who hold this opinion are usually those who are the least acquainted with them, and who therefore speak on such superficial grounds that their opinion is entitled to but little weight. They forget that one of the chief reasons why Abraham became the recipient of the Divine promises was the knowledge that he would "command his house," and that Eli became the object of a special curse for his laxity in this respect. The whole house of Israel was, after all, in a far stricter sense, a "family affair." The priestly house of Levi was the same. The Bible abounds with examples of a similar character, and contains numberless commands and promises to parents regarding the training of their children, and the rewards that should accompany obedience. Their "sons" and their "daughters" were to prophesy, as in the case of Philip the Evangelist.

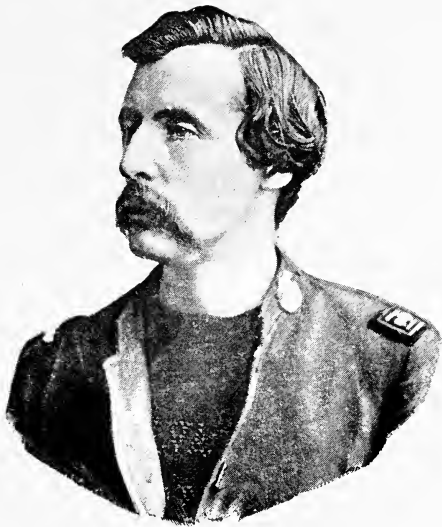
In modern days the history of the Quakers has furnished most

remarkable instances of a heredity of holiness running through many generations and extending over a period of two hundred years. Indeed, had Mr. and Mrs. Booth *failed* in this respect, it is probable that such critics would have been the first to point the finger of scorn. But because they have succeeded to so marvellous a degree in persuading their children to forego the pleasures and emoluments of the world when to do so has meant shame, reproach and suffering, some must needs cavil. Truly the mysteries of criticism are unfathomable and its ways past finding out!

"I will not have a wicked child," was the passionate and oft-repeated declaration of Mrs. Booth, who used to pray in the very presence of her children that she might rather have to lay them in an early grave than to mourn over one who had deserted the path of righteousness. Her petition was more than granted, and she had the satisfaction of seeing them all fully consecrated to God's service. Indeed, it was one of the peculiar powers of Mrs. Booth's ministry that she could drive home her appeals to others by pointing to the example of her own family. The argument was unanswerable. She was able to show that it was no mere accident of nature or of circumstance that made them differ so widely from others, but that by the proper use of the necessary means others might achieve what she had herself accomplished.

It is said of the celebrated violinist, Paganini, that he could draw more music out of one string than others could out of five. But the monotony of the one could not, after all, have equalled in the master's hand the harmony of the five, and its music would have been altogether marred had the remaining chords been out of tune. Indeed the discord would have been too painful to have been endured. And is it not so with the family? How often is the domestic harmony jarred by the fact that the majority of the strings are out of tune. True that one string is better than none, and in some instances one string is all that can be gained. But surely this renders only the more striking and delightful the music of a family of which each member is harmoniously attuned to the service of God. Verily, it is one of the divinest spectacles under heaven, and one of the grandest trophies of redeeming grace! In dealing with this subject Mrs. Booth has remarked:

"'They have put their children into the movement,' people say. Yes, bless God! and if we had twenty, we would do so. But I stand here before God, and say that it is all from the same motive and for the same end—the seeking and



BALLINGTON BOOTH.

saving of the lost. But I ask, How comes it to pass that these children all grow up with this one ambition and desire? Is not this the finger of God? Some of our critics don't find it so easy to *put* their children where they want them to be! Could all the powers of earth give these young men and women the *spirit* of this work, apart from God? Some of you know the life of toil, self-sacrifice, and devotion this work entails. What could bring our children to embrace it without a single human inducement such as influences other young people the world over? As spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues, so surely God hath fashioned their souls for the work He wants them to do; and though all the mother in me often cries, Spare them! my soul magnifies the Lord, because He hath counted me worthy of such honour."

In spite of its numerous drawbacks, the prolonged stay in Brighthouse was not without its advantages. The short time they were able to spend in the places visited during their evangelistic tours, had afforded Mrs. Booth but little scope for the exercise of her talents. Now, however, that they were settled down for a year in a circuit, one of the first announcements made by Mr. Booth to his office-bearers was that Mrs. Booth would shortly take the leadership of a class among the female members who attended the chapel in Brighthouse, and would also teach some of the girls belonging to the Sunday-school.

She describes her first meeting with the latter as follows :

"I commenced teaching a class of girls on Sunday afternoon in our own back parlour. I had a dozen selected out of the Sunday-school for that purpose, the room being too close for me to go there. I got on well, and the children seemed very pleased. I am to have another girl on Sunday next—one who has pleaded very hard to come. So you may picture me on Sunday afternoons from two o'clock to half-past three surrounded by thirteen girls, striving to sow the seeds of eternal truth in their hearts and minds. Pray for my success. I feel as though I am doing a little now, but oh, I want more grace. *Gifts are not graces.* Pray for me!"

She refers to her commencement with the senior class in the following letter :

"I begin my duties as a class leader next Thursday afternoon. Do remember it in prayer and meet me in spirit, and ask wisdom and grace according to my great necessity. It is an old established class, containing twenty-nine members, many of them elderly people. It is against my judgment and inclination. I wanted a new one, consisting of young people. But this class is distressed for want of a leader, and nothing would do but that I must take it. So William introduced me to them last Thursday, and led it for me for the first time. I spoke and prayed and felt it good, but it seemed rather new to me after so long an interval. I don't know how I shall get on. I don't fear anything but lack of

spiritual power. It will be a beginning, and perhaps I shall gain confidence to undertake something more important in another circuit."

Writing a few days later, Mrs. Booth says :

"I met my class yesterday for the first time, and got on better than I expected. There were twenty-two members present. I felt it to be a good time, and so I think did they, at least I heard some expressions of satisfaction and pleasure. I felt very tremulous at first, but gained confidence and freedom as I went on. I feel a good deal exhausted, but otherwise no worse."

A little later, Mr. Booth sends a further account of these meetings :

"Kate had a very good class yesterday afternoon, twenty-three present and all full of glory. The people speak very highly of her. She seems to be far more successful in pleasing the folks than poor me. It has been very hard work, but I have managed so far, and I shall go on until Conference Labour in this circuit is the most like ploughing on a rock of anything I ever experienced in my life. I concluded the special services on Monday night. They are the most impregnable people I ever attempted to impress. The last night was, however, a good one. We took twenty-six names, some of them very good cases, making about 120 during the services.

"Since then for three nights I have been preaching in a small village about two miles from here. We have had good congregations and have taken above thirty names. However, I am after all only happy in a flood-tide of salvation, and I fancy I am best adapted to serve God, the church, and my generation as an evangelist. I wish I was independent of all conclaves, councils, synods, and conferences. I would then evangelise after my own heart's plan and to my heart's content."

If, however, Brighthouse had been remarkable for nothing else, it would have been memorable as the place where Mrs. Booth made her first public effort. As early as January, 1857, the idea had occurred to Mr. Booth that Mrs. Booth, being so deeply interested in the temperance question, might with advantage to the work give a series of lectures. He was quite certain that she possessed the requisite ability, the only question being as to whether she could sufficiently overcome her constitutional timidity. While in Brighthouse, however, an opportunity presented itself for making an experiment in this direction with the Junior Band of Hope connected with the chapel.

Referring to this proposal, Mrs. Booth writes to her father as follows :

"December 7th, 1857.

"Thanks for your hints for my meeting. (Mr. Mumford was himself a temperance lecturer.) If I get on well and find I really possess any ability for public speaking, I don't intend to finish with juveniles. If there is any

reasonable hope of success I shall try at something higher. When we were in Cornwall, I went to hear a popular female lecturer, and felt much encouraged to make an attempt. If I could do so, I should be able to fit in with William's effort on his evangelistic tours nicely. I only wish I had begun years ago. Had I been fortunate enough to have been brought up amongst the Primitives, I believe I should have been preaching now. You laugh! But I believe it. The cares of a family and the bothers of a house now preclude any kind of labour that requires much study, but I don't think lecturing on temperance would need much."

"23rd December, 1857.

"I addressed the Band of Hope on Monday evening, and got on far better than I expected. Indeed, I felt quite at home on the platform, far more so than I do in the kitchen! There were a few adults present, and they seemed quite as much interested and pleased as the children. One of them, William says, is the most intelligent gentleman in our congregation. I got abundantly complimented, and had the most pleasing evidence of the gratification and delight of the children. Our next meeting is on Tuesday, the 29th. I expect a large increase in the attendance. If I get on I shall give a lecture to the females of Brighthouse first, and then to a mixed audience. But I must not be too sanguine. Perhaps I may lose my confidence next time. I am so anxious to succeed for the cause's sake. I hope my dear father will not forget his promise to help me by sending me some hints.

"The coming week will be a heavy one. We have a tea-meeting here on Monday, the Band of Hope on Tuesday, out to spend the day at Elland on Wednesday, my class on Thursday, and a tea-meeting at Halifax on Friday, to which they want me and Willie to go. So you see I shall be quite busy."

"6th January, 1858.

"It is my Band of Hope meeting to-night, and I have not above an hour to prepare. I did not get on so well last week, because William and Miss Newbury were there, making me feel less self-possessed. Still, I did not flounder, nor talk incoherently. Miss Newbury and William both think I ought to be very much encouraged, but I find it so difficult to suddenly abstract myself from household matters for the necessary study."

How complete was their domestic happiness may be judged from the following letter of Mrs. Booth to her mother :

"The children are well. They are two beauties. Oh, I often feel as though they cannot be mine! It seems too much to be true that they should be so healthy, when I am such a poor thing! But it appears as if the Lord had ordered it so, while many whom I know, who are far healthier and stronger than ourselves, have delicate children. I sometimes think it is a kind of reward to William for his honourable fidelity to me, notwithstanding my delicate health and his many temptations before we were married. I believe in a retributive Providence, and often try to trace domestic misery to its source, which is doubtless frequently to be found in the conduct of men towards their early loves. God visits for such things in a variety of ways. Bless the Lord, we are reaping no such fruits. The

curse of no stricken heart rests on our lot, or on our children, but in peace and domestic happiness we 'live and love together.' Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

"Willie gets every day more lovable and engaging and affectionate. He manifests some very pleasing traits of character. You would love to see him hug Ballington and offer him a bit of everything he has! He never manifests the slightest jealousy or selfishness towards him, but on the contrary he laughs and dances when we caress baby, and when it cries he is quite distressed. I have used him to bring me the footstool when I nurse baby, and now he runs with it to me as soon as he sees me take him up, without waiting to be asked, a piece of thoughtfulness I seldom receive from older heads! Bless him. I believe he will be a thoroughly noble lad, if I can preserve him from all evil influences. The Lord help me! I have had to whip him twice lately severely for disobedience, and it has cost me some tears. But it has done him good, and I am reaping the reward already of my self-sacrifice. The Lord help me to be faithful and firm as a rock in the path of duty towards my children!"

CHAPTER XXX.

BRIGHOUSE. 1858.

THE commencement of the new year was darkened for Mrs. Booth by an exceptional cloud of suffering. She was threatened with a return of the spinal malady which had previously afflicted her, and entertained serious thoughts of placing herself under galvanic treatment, from which she had formerly received great benefit.

"I have only been to chapel twice during the last month," she writes to her mother, "and had to come away each time, once being carried out, I was so faint and ill. It is the Band of Hope meeting to-night, but I dare not go. I have not been able to attend it for six weeks. So are my plans frustrated with a becrippled body! I must say I am almost weary of it, and sometimes feel that if it were not for the children it would be nice to lay this troublesome, crazy body down.

"William was talking the other day about the different bodies we shall have after the resurrection. I replied that I hoped so, or I should never want to find mine any more. I would leave it to the worms for an everlasting portion, and prefer to live without one! It is much harder to suffer than to labour, especially when you have so many calls on your attention. It is so different lying ill in bed now, with two children, perhaps one crying against the other, to what it used to be with no responsibility or care, and a kind, loving mother to anticipate every want! But enough! The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it? Especially seeing it is so much better than I have merited."

In February, however, Mrs. Booth had sufficiently recovered to accompany her husband to Sheffield, where it had been arranged for the baby to be baptised by Mr. Caughey, who happened to be visiting England at the time. The early and solemn dedication of their children to the service of God had always appeared to Mr. and Mrs. Booth both a duty and a privilege, and although the ceremony of baptism was afterwards abandoned for reasons which are elsewhere explained, the obligation to publicly consecrate them to a life of

holiness, sacrifice, and warfare, was adhered to. Indeed, some of the most powerful and successful meetings held in the Salvation Army are those in which parents dedicate their children to God, the occasion being utilised for seeking the salvation and sanctification of all present.

Mrs. Booth describes the visit to Sheffield and her impressions of the famous evangelist in the following letter :

“SHEFFIELD, February.

“There was a very large meeting on Tuesday night. Upwards of twelve hundred sat down to tea. We were at the same table with Mr. Caughey, and William had some conversation with him. On Wednesday we dined with him at



THE REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

the house where he is staying, and enjoyed a rich treat in his society. He is a sweet fellow, one of the most gentle, loving, humble spirits you can conceive of. He treated us with great consideration and kindness, conversed with William on his present and future position like a brother, and prayed for us most fervently.

“On Thursday morning he called at Mr. Wilkins’ and baptised our dear Ballington in the presence of a few friends. It was a very solemn and interesting ceremony. He asked for him the most precious of all blessings, and dedicated him to God most fervently, afterward placing his hand on his head and blessing him in the name of the Lord. He wrote me an inscription for my Bible, and took leave of us most affectionately, expressing the deepest interest in our future, and a desire to know the proceedings of the next Conference in William’s case. I

cannot describe—I must leave you to imagine, the effect of all this on my mind. After almost adoring his very name for ten years past to be thus privileged was well nigh too much for me. When he took leave of me, I pressed one fervent kiss on his hand, and felt more gratified than if it had been Queen Victoria's.

"I heard him preach once and give a short speech, and notwithstanding all my prepossessions, this did not in the least discourage me as to William's future career. I believe him to be adapted for quite as much usefulness. Caughey retains all his former power and influence, and signs and wonders follow his ministrations. The people try to touch the very hem of his garment. He is free to visit any denomination where there is an open door, and is not handcuffed or shackled by Conferences or Annual Committees.

"I believe our path will be made plain if we are willing to follow the light. I think we are. God forbid that I should stand in the way of such a work. I had better have a millstone hanged about my neck and be cast into the sea. No, I will, if needs be, trust in God alone for my daily bread, rather than hold my dear husband back from the work his heart is set on, and in which he has been so gloriously useful. Why should he be fettered and chained down by envy and jealousy when he might be preaching to crowds every night? But God will undertake for him and put him in his right place.

"You smile at my enthusiasm and say to yourself 'Silly Kate!' Well, I have prophesied correctly in several instances about his future, and we shall see if I am not right this time also."

It was only natural that Mr. Booth should consult Mr. Caughey in regard to his future. The latter had passed through a very similar experience with the American branch of the Wesleyan body, resigning his position as a pastor rather than be confined to a circuit. He counselled Mr. Booth to wait patiently until he had been ordained and received into full connexion by the Conference, since the time for doing so was now close at hand, and Mr. Caughey considered that this would give him a special status, both in England and America, which might prove of service to him in the future. At the same time he assured Mr. Booth that whether in the Connexion or out of it there was undoubtedly awaiting him a career of widespread usefulness.

Thirty years later, as General of the Salvation Army, Mr. Booth, during his visit in America, called upon Mr. Caughey, who had then for some time retired from active labour owing to old age and increasing infirmities. It was with tears of joy that the veteran embraced his former friend, and after an affecting interview—the last they were destined to have upon earth—Mr. Caughey laid his hands upon the head of the fellow-labourer to whose life his own had served to lend an added inspiration, and, with his eyes lifted to Heaven, gave him his solemn and farewell blessing. Since that remarkable interview Mr. Caughey has gone to his reward, but before his death the baby boy

whom in Sheffield he had dedicated to God had grown to manhood, and, in company with a devoted and talented life-partner, had taken his place at the head of a widespread and powerful organisation in the United States.

There was little else of an exceptional character that marked the remainder of the stay in Brighouse, but there is a reference in one of Mrs. Booth's letters to the condition of the factory girls in the town, and as the subject is one that has considerably exercised the public conscience for some time past, and is likely to occupy the attention of the Legislature, her early views on the question are of more than passing interest. As usual, she strikes directly at the *root* of the evil and seeks to devise some remedy for it :

"I wish you could see the troops of young girls who turn out of these Yorkshire factories and mills, with their blue smock pinafores, handkerchiefed heads, and beclugged feet. They begin to work as half-timers when they are seven or eight years old, and after a little while are able to earn eight or nine shillings a week. In a family of three or four girls, with perhaps a drunken father, it is a great temptation to the mother to let her girls go to the mill. Indeed, parents seem to lose sight altogether of the demoralising and unwomanising influence of the system. I never met with such a 'pounds, shillings, and pence' people in my life. They seem to have lost sight of every consideration—comfort, respectability, and everything else—for the '*brass*,' as they call it. I know people, whom to look at in their homes you would think to be quite poor, who are really worth hundreds of pounds.

"I was out for a little walk with a friend yesterday, when we met a troop of factory girls going to dinner. I observed that it augured discouragingly for the future of our country, this horrible system of employing our young women in factories. What pitiable wives and mothers they will make! Mothers! Alas, I should say bearers of children, for we have lamentable evidence that in every thing desirable to the sacred relationship they are awfully deficient. I see no help for it but a law prohibiting young girls under twenty from working in factories before one o'clock. This would oblige them to attend to domestic matters in the forenoon, and in numbers of instances to seek situations as household servants. I wish some one would begin to agitate the subject in the newspapers."

But the time for the annual meeting of Conference was drawing near, and the all-absorbing question as to its probable attitude in regard to the future engrossed the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Booth. They approached some of their ministerial opponents, but found them no more willing to agree to the evangelistic work than they had been a year ago. Judging from the attitude of even the more friendly preachers it was easy to gather that the hopes that had been held out by the previous Conference, and which had formed so strong a part

of the inducement to acquiesce in the decision, would probably fall through. Mrs. Booth writes to her parents as follows :

“ William was at Halifax on Sunday and opened the service for Mr. Cooke, who was preaching there and who called to see us yesterday. We were rather disappointed with him. He does not seem so thorough on the subject of William's work as we expected. Well, we must trust in the Lord, and seek to know His will, for cursed is he who trusteth in man and maketh flesh his boast. Mr. W. Mills told William at Sheffield that he believed him better adapted for the evangelistic work than Mr. Caughley—but, but! Ah, I know *what*, as Mr. Caughley says !”

In a subsequent letter Mrs. Booth adds :

“ We have no fresh news of a Connexional character. We don't anticipate William's reappointment to the evangelistic work. All the whispers we hear on the subject seem to predict the contrary. No, the spirit among the opposing few who put him down is, I fear, as rampant now as it was then, and his having gone through a circuit with all its usual routine will not appease it. The opposition party will, however, have to make it manifest what manner of spirit they are of, for the question this time will be thoroughly thrashed out. We are seeking direction from above, and are endeavouring to consecrate ourselves freshly to God, promising that if He but clearly shows us *His* will in the matter, we will walk in it at any cost. If we go to a circuit it will probably be Halifax, for they seem determined to have us.”

Although the Brighthouse Circuit had, in the first instance, extended to Mr. and Mrs. Booth but a cool reception, when the time for the Conference drew near the local officials met together and presented a unanimous request for the prolongation of their stay during another year. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, however, declined the offer, believing that, whether they returned to the evangelistic work or not, a change of appointment would be beneficial.

The Conference met in May at Hull. Mr. Booth was unanimously received into what is termed full connexion, his four years of probation now having expired. He was accordingly summoned to present himself for ordination. This was a somewhat formidable ceremony. The President for the year, and the ex-Presidents of former years, stood upon the platform for the purpose of “laying hands” on the candidates, who were previously called upon to give an account of their conversion, and of their reasons for seeking ordination.

Mr. Booth had stipulated with some of those in whose piety and devotion he thoroughly believed, that he should be near them and reap whatever advantage might accrue from their faith and prayers,

while there were others whom he studiously avoided, feeling that if the laying on of hands involved the impartation of the character and spirit they possessed, he would rather dispense with it!

The question of his re-appointment to evangelistic work had not as yet come up for the consideration of the Conference. A number of circuits had petitioned in favour of the proposal, and Mr. Booth's friends were prepared to push the matter vigorously when it was brought forward for discussion. The following characteristic letter from him just after he had received his ordination describes the situation:

"29th May, 1858.

"I have just been to Hull to receive the rite of ordination. I understand that my reception into full connexion was most cordial and thoroughly unanimous. The service was an interesting one. I was surprised to find so large a number of revival friends at the Conference. John Ridgway, William Mills, William Cooke, Turnock and many others are anxious on the question of my re-appointment to evangelistic work. Birmingham, Truro, Halifax (my own circuit), Chester, Hawarden and Macclesfield have presented memorials praying Conference to reinstate me in my former position. The discussion had not come on when the business closed last night.

"I understand I have won golden opinions by my deportment during the year I cannot understand this, because I am conscious that I have not served the Connexion to anything like the extent I have done formerly. But I have kept *quiet*, and *that* for a young man is very proper!"

At this juncture a Mr. Halliwell, who had been one of the most rabid opponents of the evangelistic work at the previous Conference, came forward and suggested a compromise. His proposition was that Mr. Booth should agree to go to a circuit for another year, at the end of which he should be recalled to revival work by the unanimous vote of the Conference. Mr. Halliwell offered himself to propose this resolution, which was to be drawn up by Mr. Booth's friends. The compromise was accepted, though at a subsequent date Mr. Booth was not a little chagrined to find that the resolution in question made no mention of the stipulated restoration to the evangelistic sphere.

Meanwhile, no sooner had it become known that Mr. Booth was likely to take a circuit, than the lay delegate from Gateshead put forth his utmost influence to secure his services. Not that the prospect was a specially inviting one. The cause in Gateshead was very low. Nominally, there were some ninety members on the rolls of the town chapel (Bethesda, as it was called), but few of these attended class, and the ordinary Sunday-night congregation only

numbered about one hundred and twenty. Still, these were difficulties which did not daunt Mr. Booth. The people were anxious to have him, and this in itself promised well for their hearty co-operation in any efforts that he might put forth. The town was a large one, numbering at that time a population of about 50,000. And just across the waters of the Tyne was the mother city of Newcastle. Realising, therefore, that the town and neighbourhood afforded so large a scope for his labours, Mr. Booth consented to the appointment.

To this arrangement Mrs. Booth reluctantly agreed. She could not but feel the injustice of the action of the Conference, nor fail to doubt the future fulfilment of their present pledge. Nevertheless, having disinterestedly committed her cause to the One whose will she sought above all else to follow, she started for Gateshead with the settled conviction that the appointment would prove to be among the "all things" that "work together for good."

CHAPTER XXXI.

GATESHEAD,—THE CONVERTING SHOP. 1858.

THE change from Brighthouse to Gateshead was like a transfer from the North Pole to the Equator. Although the members were not numerous, they were warm-hearted. In bygone years the cause had been a flourishing one, but it had been wrecked by a minister who had previously been most useful. From being an earnest and successful preacher, he had so completely backslidden as to become an infidel lecturer, and although before his death he gave true signs of genuine penitence, he was never able to undo the mischief that his conduct had wrought. How true is it that

"The evil that men do lives after them!
The good is oft interred with their bones!"

Not only so, but even during life, it is found easier to undo the good we have done, than to remedy the evil. At any rate it was so in the present case. The Gateshead circuit had received a blow from which it had hitherto been unable to recover. Its membership had dwindled, soul-saving had become almost unknown, debts had been contracted, and pastor after pastor had vainly striven to lift it out of its slough of despond with little or no success. Nevertheless a faithful few had struggled on in the dark, believing that a brighter day would sooner or later dawn. By these the appointment of Mr. Booth was hailed with unfeigned delight.

"They had a social tea-meeting last evening," writes Mrs. Booth to her parents, as soon as she could put pen to paper in her Gateshead home, "to welcome us into the circuit, and we were highly gratified, I can assure you. In fact you could hardly conceive a more marked contrast than between our reception here and at Brighthouse. It is all we can desire. The leading men say they have got the best appointment in the Connexion. I wish you could have heard Mr. Firbank's speech, the gentleman who went to Conference as their delegate. He told us afterward some of the remarks made to him by several of the leading members of the Conference, when the first reading came out with our names down for Gateshead, such as 'Don't you wish you may

get it!' 'It's too good to stand!' etc. It enlightened us much as to the estimate in which, after all, the bulk of the Conference hold William's ability and value to the Connexion.

"Well, the people *here* seem unanimous in their satisfaction and cordiality. I like them much, so far as I have seen them. They appear intelligent and warm-hearted. The chapel is a beautiful building, and seats 1,250, they say. I have consented to meet a class again, provided I can have it at home, as the chapel is more than half a mile distant, and it is uphill coming back."

The bright anticipations with which the people met their new pastor were more than realised. The congregations began rapidly to increase. At the very first Sunday-night meeting six persons professed salvation, and the occasion was made the more interesting by what was then an unheard-of novelty—the minister's wife leading off in prayer at the conclusion of the sermon!

Before many weeks had passed the attendance at Bethesda Chapel had doubled and quadrupled, till at length not only was every seat taken, but it was not uncommon for the aisles and every available spot to be occupied so that some two thousand persons were crowded within the walls. The fame of the work spread all around and gained for the chapel the sobriquet of the "Converting Shop." If the title was not dignified, it was at least very significant, and served, perhaps, to pave the way for the similar commonplace epithets which were to distinguish the poor man's cathedrals of the Salvation Army. The public houses which cater for the taste of the very classes whom the Salvation Army was afterwards to reach, have long recognised the value of this peculiar species of nomenclature, and it is interesting to trace thus early the introduction of the dialect of the common people. Neither was it to be confined to the names of places. The familiar phraseology of the taproom was hereafter to be adopted to an extent that caused considerable alarm among those who confound reverence with refinement, and who are more afraid of vulgarity than of sin. To such it has seemed little short of blasphemy to dub a church a "barracks," to speak of a preacher as a "Hallelujah lass" or "lad," a "Happy Eliza," or a "Glory Tom,"—to call a meeting a "free-and-easy," and, in short, to adopt the everyday language of the poor.

It was worth noting, however, that nearly every such expression had been coined by the people themselves, often by the unconverted roughs who form the bulk of our open-air congregations. They have

suiting the popular taste, and thus have spread from one place to another, in exactly the same manner as the early Christians were derisively nicknamed in Antioch, or the Quakers, Methodists and Teetotalers in later days. In Ceylon a Salvationist is familiarly known among Buddhists as a "Gelavoonkaraya"—Saviour—while in South India, in expression of the same idea, the Hindoos reckon that he belongs to the Ratchagar caste. All *popular* movements are bound more or less to partake of this character. Nor is it complained of in politics, where we tolerate the existence of Whigs, Tories, Jingoës, Primroses, and similar vulgarities.

There can be little doubt that the adoption of a stilted, unnatural, high-flown, bookish phraseology in matters pertaining to religion has served largely to alienate the lower classes from its pursuit. Ministers talk a foreign language, largely learned from books. Theology has long since been divorced from the vulgar colloquial of the common people, and has been united in matrimony to the language of a bygone age. Hence it has had to content itself for its conquests with those who have been sufficiently educated to understand its terms.

A deep principle underlies this fact. To become familiar with the thoughts and feelings, the sorrows and aspirations of the multitude, we must speak their language, and surely without such familiarity we cannot hope to grapple with their circumstances, and convince them of the truths we proclaim. True, language is but a vehicle for expressing our thoughts. It is the spirit embodied in our words that makes or mars our efforts. Nevertheless, if the right spirit exists, it necessarily follows that it will invariably lead to the choice of such language as will the most readily convey its meaning. Why should it select the high-flown phrases of conventionality, when it finds ready for its use expressions full of force, meaning and vitality, any more than we should prefer a trip across the Atlantic in the facsimile of Christopher Columbus's galley, rather than in a modern steamer? It is true there are those who regret the exchange from the spotless decks and snowy canvas of the former to the coal-dust, noise, and machinery of the latter. But when it comes to the question of a voyage, there are few who would prefer even the most recent versions of the sailing ship to its more grimy but swift competitor. If, indeed, men were bent on recreation rather than business, it might be otherwise. And perhaps this may be the explanation of the strange perversity with which, in religious matters, an opposite course is pursued, and so few make the



MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

salvation of the masses the business of their lives and the subject of absorbing study.

But however this may be, Bethesda Châpel certainly took a new lease of life from the time that it was popularly christened the "Converting Shop."

The first year spent by Mr. and Mrs. Booth in Gateshead was signalled by the birth of their eldest daughter, Catherine, now Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, better known to the public as the "Maréchale." This interesting event took place on the 18th September, 1858. "Baby is a little beauty," reports Mr. Booth to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, "a perfect gem, healthy and quiet, and is altogether all the fondest grandfather or grandmother could desire. I am sure you ought to send us a vote of thanks, passed unanimously, for conferring such honour upon you."

The vote of thanks asked for by Mr. Booth was to come from quarters of which he had then not the slightest suspicion. The baby girl that Mrs. Booth clasped with such fondness to her heart, telling her mother that she loved her better than the rest, because the others being boys were better able to look after themselves, was to be the first missionary of the family, and the love and blessing of thousands of French and Swiss converts were yet to be her's.

Writing to her mother, Mrs. Booth says :

"As to the baby, I suppose you will think me like all mothers when I say she is a little beauty! Her hair is exactly the colour of mine. She has a nice nose and mouth, a fine forehead, and a plump round face. William thinks she is more like me than any of them. She is the picture of health and happiness and thrives daily. Now I hope this description is particular enough even for a grandmama."

A series of revival services were inaugurated, commencing on Whit-Monday with an entire day of fasting and prayer, lasting from seven in the morning till ten at night—the first "all day of prayer" of which we have any record, and the precursor of the many "all days," "all nights," and "two days with God" which have since been made a blessing to so many thousands. And yet from the very commencement of Mr. Booth's ministry, Sunday has been practically spent as an "all day." The possibility of extending the idea to week-days, and especially to holidays, was, however, a later development. Hence the first experiment in this direction is of special interest.

It was followed by ten weeks of special services, the whole town being previously canvassed with bills which were distributed from house to house, Mrs. Booth herself undertaking one district which

contained about a hundred and fifty houses. As a result of this effort more than three hundred persons professed to be converted, many of whom were young men, who not only became useful members of the church, but afterwards rose to positions of distinction as mayors, aldermen, magistrates, and ministers.

At the commencement of the revival Mr. Booth made out a long list of names of those whose salvation he was specially solicitous, and it was with great joy that he found at the conclusion of the meetings that nearly all of them had been converted. In one case there was a family of sixteen members, all of whom had professed to find peace, and there were several other entire families of six or eight members. In one large workshop on the Tyne, the men in the cooperage department, an exceptionally drunken set, all professed conversion with one solitary exception. A number of men employed in a cement factory gave a similar testimony.

The meetings are described by Mrs. Booth in the following letter :

“William is to conduct a union prayer-meeting next Friday night in the Wesleyan Chapel. The whole town is moved. His name is a regular topic of conversation in the large iron and railway works, some of which employ 1,200 men. On Tuesday night they had one man at the rail, who said he was chairman of a public-house ‘free-and-easy,’ but that he should drop it, go home, and burn all his song books. One of our people saw him the other day in the place where he works, surrounded by a lot of rough fellows, who were ‘chairing’ him (carrying him round the works in a chair) in honour of his conversion. But though they jeer and ridicule him in every possible way, he still holds on. May the Lord strengthen him !

“We were never in a work where the cases were so satisfactory. Nearly all are adults, and many are intelligent, educated, and respectable. Some single instances would satisfy many a preacher of the jog-trot sort for a whole year’s labour. The congregations, too, have kept up amazingly. In fact they have continued improving, vast numbers of strangers coming every night.”

The series of services closed with a “recognition meeting” for the new converts, at which Mrs. Booth was present, and of which she sends the following account to her mother :

“I ventured to chapei on Tuesday night to the public recognition service. The persons brought to God since we have been here were admitted by ticket into the body of the chapel, while the old members and the public occupied the gallery. It would have done your soul good to have seen the bottom of that large chapel almost full of new converts, most of them people in middle life, and a great proportion men.

“William gave them an address composed of various counsels respecting their

future course, which if they adopt they will do something for this poor world of ours.

“On the whole it has been a glorious year for this circuit, such an one as nobody expected to see. And I believe William has become the most popular and beloved minister either in Gateshead or Newcastle. All praise unto Him Whose doing it is!”

Another special feature of the Gateshead campaign was its open-air work. This was an entire novelty in the town. The members were organised into a procession every Sunday evening, and paraded the streets from five to six o'clock, singing as they went, and stopping at suitable intervals for the delivery of brief and pointed exhortations to the unconverted persons who crowded round the ring. On several occasions bands of men were sent out by the publicans to sing down the processionists, who not unfrequently started singing a hymn to the same popular tune, thus defeating the would-be disturbers with their own weapons.

The spiritual revival was accompanied by an encouraging improvement in the financial position of the circuit. Not only were the old debts wiped off, but the funds became sufficient to support three, instead of two ministers, and to meet with ease all the current liabilities. It would have been possible at the previous Conference for Mr. Booth to have secured his appointment to a circuit the financial prosperity of which had been already assured, but this with him was always a secondary consideration. He argued that the best way to ensure the financial interests of any circuit was to restore prosperity to its spiritual interests, and that in so doing the former would never fail to revive. The truth of this principle he has been able to demonstrate over and over again during his subsequent career.

With one of the means for recruiting the circuit funds both Mr. and Mrs. Booth had reason to be dissatisfied. They had looked upon bazaars as a part and parcel of the church routine, and had hitherto countenanced them without experiencing any conscientious qualms. With the general principle of offering gifts in kind for the advancement of God's Kingdom, and of selling what had thus been given, they had no quarrel. It was the abuses which had gradually crept into the system that aroused their disapproval, and brought them to the decision that they could no longer countenance the system.

Mrs. Booth sends her mother the following description of what had occurred :

“I have had a very harassing week, though I have not been much

to the bazaar since the first day. I have been too busy to go in the daytime, and too weary of an evening. However, I have had quite enough of it, and have made up my mind that it is the last I will have anything to do with so long as I live. William has come to the same conclusion. In fact he is quite disheartened and unhappy about it.

“So far as getting money is concerned it has been very successful, having realised £232; but it has been a dissipating, godless affair, and has exerted a very evil influence on our people. There has been a deal of lottery, which is little better than gambling, and the foolery and the display in dress have made us sick at heart. William says he will write a pamphlet on the subject, but I don't know whether he will find the time. I am sure some one ought to set forth the secularising, worldly influence such occasions exert on the church. It is most baneful.”

Referring to this subject in later years, Mrs. Booth says :

“I said to a lady a little while ago, who was working an elaborate piece of embroidery for a bazaar, ‘Why don't you give the money, and use your time for something better?’ She answered, ‘This will sell for more than it costs.’ ‘Then reckon what it will sell for, and give the money; don't sit at home making other people's finery, instead of visiting the sick and seeking to save the lost!’ It makes me burn with shame to think how money is raised for so-called religious purposes by semi-worldly concerts, entertainments, penny readings, and bazaars at which there is frequently positive *gambling* to raise money for Jesus Christ, whom they say they love more than fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, houses or lands, or anything else on earth!”

CHAPTER XXXII.

GATESHEAD. 1858-1859.

It was during the autumn of 1858 that an accident occurred which, but for the Divine interposition, might have brought Mrs. Booth's career to an untimely conclusion. She thus describes the incident in a letter to her parents :

“Sunday evening.

“I have not been out to-day, in consequence of feeling stiff and poorly from the effects of an accident which befell me on Friday. And when I have described it I am sure you will join me in praising God that I am no worse. William has wanted me and the children to go to Sheriff Hill ever since the special services there commenced, but we put it off to the last. On Friday, however, we all went to the concluding services. Mr. Scott brought a very nice conveyance and his own pony to fetch us. We went in safety and comfort, enjoyed the meeting, and were coming home at about half-past six.

“Through a little oversight, however, it was found we could not have the same conveyance for return, but only a gig belonging to one of our friends. So, fortunately, I sent the nurse home on foot with the baby, a young woman accompanying her. William delayed going into the meeting to pack us off all right. Young Scott was driving, Willie sat in the middle, and I with Ballington on my knee, all muffled and cloaked, next to him. The moment we were all in I felt we were too light on the horse's back, but did not say anything for fear of being thought ridiculous. We had not gone many yards, however, before I was sure we were not safe, and I said to Mr. Scott, ‘Oh, dear! I feel as though we were slipping backwards!’ I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when the pony, frightened by the rising of the shafts, set off, and we were all thrown out behind.

“I fell flat on the back of my head with Ballington on the top of me. I don't know how Willie fell, but, wonderful to say, they were neither of them hurt. William and all Mr. Scott's family still stood watching us when it happened, and of course flew to our assistance, screaming as they came. Indeed all the village was up in arms. The horse went off with the gig at full gallop, not stopping until he fell flat down, breaking both shafts.

“William lifted me in his arms and carried me back. One and another took the children, and we all received the greatest care and kindness from the Scotts, who were very much distressed. I was greatly shaken and nearly all the sense knocked out of me, but I trust no serious harm was done. I feel better this evening. Is it not a mercy that I am able to write to you? It seems wonderful to me that I have escaped so well, considering that I was rendered so helpless by the child being on my knee. It was a terrible crash, such as I would not like

again, but, bless the Lord, we are all alive and the children are not a bit the worse. No one can account for the accident, but I think the harnessing was wrong. I am sure the *horse* was not to blame. It is a sweet creature and never did such a thing before, but the rising of the shafts frightened it. Another mercy connected with it is, that we had just got over some very large and sharp stones recently laid down, on to an even road. If it had happened on the stones, I believe my head would have been laid open.

"They borrowed a phaeton to bring us home, not a very comfortable ride, I can assure you, after such a fright. However, we arrived safely, and I am not likely to forget our visit to Sheriff Hill! Willie says, 'Jig boke! Make Pilloo (Willie) fall! And mama fall! Poor mama! Got pain!' You would have been pleased to see what concern the little creature manifested about me, when I lay on the sofa at Mr. Scott's. He seemed to forget everybody but me. It has freshly endeared him to me. How strange that after all our journeyings up and down without a single accident, we should happen to have this one in going but two miles from home. I trust I am becomingly thankful for such a favourable issue."

Mrs. Booth was careful to avoid manifesting any sort of favouritism in the treatment of her children. A year previous to this, soon after Ballington's birth, Mr. Booth writes as follows :

"Kate says we must have no distinctions, such as forty kisses for Willie and only twenty for Babs. No coat of many colours. You must love both alike. Is this possible? I am afraid not, especially when we remember how grandmama toiled and sacrificed over our first-born!"

The following letter from Mrs. Booth to her mother shows how consistently she adhered to her principles in regard to her children's dress, and this from their very infancy :

"I was very sorry to hear you were so poorly. Do not sit so close at work." (Mrs. Mumford was especially skilful with her needle. Some graceful specimens of her handiwork have been preserved with care and are now worn by her infant great grand-children.) "I am certain you are injuring yourself by it, and it is such folly when I do not desire it, and when the things that cost you the most labour lie in the drawers and are seldom worn, simply because they are *too handsome*. What will you say when I tell you that the beautiful frock you brought Willie has never been on him yet, and I am now altering it a little to make it less showy, so that he may wear it at the tea-meeting on Easter Monday.

"You see, my dear mother, William speaks so plainly on the subject of dress, that it would be the most glaring inconsistency if I were to deck out my children as the worldlings do. And besides, I find it would be dangerous for their own sakes. The seed of vanity is too deeply sown in the young heart for me to dare to cultivate it. I confess it requires some self-denial to abstain from making them as beautiful as they might be made to look. But oh, if God should take them from me I should never regret it, and if He spares them, I trust that He will grant them the more of that inward adorning, which is in His sight of great price.

"Don't think I *undervalue* your kindness. I am most grateful for all you have

done for them. Only I want you to *modify* it. There is, you know, a great difference between a plain coat without a bit of work at all upon it, and one which would set everybody admiring and saying, 'I should think it would be five shillings a yard!' I am sure you will not misunderstand either what I say or the motive which prompts me to say it."

Who can tell how many careless mothers sow in their children's hearts the seeds of worldliness, and reap an after harvest of the most painful kind. Ah, what sins and sorrows, what failures and disasters can be traced back to the wrong teachings of a nursery! And, on the contrary, how many a noble character has been shaped within its precincts by the wise hand of a watchful mother! Referring many years subsequently to the question of simplicity in dress, Mrs. Booth remarks:

"Associated with my very earliest ideas of religion was the necessity for plainness for dress. It seemed to me clear from the teachings of the Bible that Christ's people should be separate from the world in everything which denoted character, and that they should not only *be* separate, but *appear* so. Otherwise what benefit would their separation confer upon the others?

"I remember feeling condemned, when quite a child, not more than eight years old, at having to wear a lace tippet such as was fashionable in those days. From a worldly point of view it would have been considered no doubt very neat and consistent. But on several occasions I had good crying fits over it. Not only did I instinctively feel it to be immodest, because people could see through it, but I thought it was not such as a Christian child should wear.

"As I advanced in religious experience, I became more and more convinced that my appearance ought to be such as to show to everybody with whom I came in contact that I had renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, and that I belonged to Christ. Had the church to which I belonged worn a uniform I should joyfully have adopted it. I always felt that it was *mean* to be ashamed of Christ in the street or among His enemies. And it was only in conformity to the opinions of those whom I regarded as my superiors in wisdom and grace that I conformed to the world as much as I did in the matter of dress.

"People have asked me sometimes whether we cannot be separate from the world in our *hearts* without being different in our dress. My reply has been, 'What is the use to the world of a testimony for Christ up in your bedroom? The very *essence* of witnessing for God before the world is that we should not be like it.' The *people* quite recognise this, whether *Christians* do or not. Hence their contempt for those who talk to them about religion while dressed as fashionably as themselves. They may listen out of politeness, but they will say in their hearts, and often when our backs are turned, with their lips, 'Physician, heal thyself! Why does she come and talk to me about giving up the world when she has not done so herself, at any rate as far as dress is concerned.'"

The following is another example of the nursery lessons impressed upon her children's minds:

"Willie is a generous little fellow. He has a money-box and a few ha'pence in it. The other day we saw a poor boy without shoes. Willie was condoling with him, so I asked him whether he would rather buy some barley sugar with his money, or give it to the child. He said without hesitation, 'Give it to the poor boy, mama.' I felt very grateful for the generous impulse manifested. Oh, for wisdom to train it aright, and it the handmaid of principle, for the generosity of mere impulse is of little worth!"

It was an interesting lesson in finance for the future administrator of a great organisation's revenue. The money-box betokened thrift, but there was no sin on the face of God's earth against which Mrs. Booth was more ready to take arms than the avarice and meanness which are too often instilled into the childish heart. How many a grasping and miserly disposition is manufactured in a nursery by means of unwise parents, who do not distinguish between thrift and avarice, and who hope to counteract evil tendencies by mere prayers and Bible lessons as an antidote! It was because Mrs. Booth accompanied her Scripture stories by such practical illustrations as the above, that she was enabled to write them so indelibly upon the hearts of her children.

"You will be very much pleased with Willie," she writes, when he was only three years and two months old. "He loves to listen to stories about Joseph, Moses, Daniel, and the Saviour. Indeed, he can 'p'each,' as he calls it, very nicely. You would like to hear him repeat, as he throws his arms out and speaks through his eyes:

"All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?"

"He is a very good boy in chapel, and likes to go! They are all fine, healthy, lovable children, and as sharp as needles, and amidst all the toil and anxiety they occasion I am cheered and sustained by the sympathy and love of their father. William was never kinder, or more loving and attentive than now. He often tells me I grow more beautiful in his sight and more precious to his heart day by day. I know it will gratify you to hear that your Kate is so highly prized by the man of her choice, and this is the only reason I write you thus. We have now been married four and a half years, and I believe we love each other better than on our wedding day. 'Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits!'"

But deeply as Mrs. Booth was attached to her family, and ably as she fulfilled the duties of a mother, many circumstances combined

about this period to direct her energies into a more public sphere. Mr. Booth had long been convinced that she was peculiarly fitted to address large audiences. Others shared the opinion. "I received a unanimous invitation," writes Mrs. Booth, in September, 1859, "from our Leaders' meeting the other night to give an address at the special prayer-meetings this week. Of course I declined. I don't know what they can be thinking of!"

But although for some time longer Mrs. Booth still found it impossible to overcome her timidity in this direction, another path of usefulness opened out before her in an unexpected manner, which was, perhaps, the best possible preparation for the public ministry that was soon to take its place. We cannot do better than describe it in her own words :

"One Sabbath I was passing down a narrow, thickly populated street on my way to chapel, anticipating an evening's amusement for myself, and hoping to see some anxious ones brought into the kingdom, when I chanced to look up at the thick rows of small windows above me, where numbers of women were sitting, peering through at the passers by, or listlessly gossiping with each other.

"It was suggested to my mind with great power, 'Would you not be doing God more service, and acting more like your Redeemer, by turning into some of these houses, speaking to these careless sinners, and inviting them to the service, than by going to enjoy it yourself?' I was startled; it was a new thought; and while I was reasoning about, the same inaudible interrogator demanded, 'What effort do Christians put forth, answerable to the command "*compel* them to come in, that My house may be filled'?"

"This was accompanied with a light and unction which I knew to be Divine. I felt greatly agitated. I felt verily guilty. I knew that I had never thus laboured to bring lost sinners to Christ, and trembling with a sense of my utter weakness, I stood still for a moment, looked up to heaven, and said, 'Lord, if Thou wilt help me, I will try;' and without stopping longer to confer with flesh and blood, turned back and commenced my work.

"I spoke first to a group of women sitting on a doorstep; and oh! what that effort cost me words cannot describe; but the Spirit helped my infirmities, and secured for me a patient and respectful hearing, with a promise from some of them to attend the house of God. This much encouraged me; I began to taste the joy which lies hidden under the Cross; and to realise, in some faint degree, that it is

more blessed to give than to receive. With this timely, loving cordial from my Master, I went on to the next group, who were standing at the entrance of a low, dirty court. Here again I was received kindly, and promises were given. No rude repulse, no bitter ridicule were allowed to shake my new-found confidence, or chill my feeble zeal. I began to realise that my Master's feet were behind me ; nay, before me, smoothing my path and preparing my way.

"This blessed assurance so increased my courage and enkindled my hope that I ventured to knock at the door of the next house, and when it was opened, to go in and speak to the inmates of Jesus, death, judgment, and eternity. The man, who appeared to be one of the better class of mechanics, seemed to be much interested and affected by my words, and promised with his wife to attend the revival services which were being held at the chapel.

"With a heart full of gratitude and eyes full of tears, I was thinking where I should go next, when I observed a woman standing on an adjoining doorstep, with a jug in her hand. My Divine teacher said, 'Speak to that woman.' Satan suggested, 'Perhaps she is intoxicated;' but after a momentary struggle, I introduced myself to her by saying, 'Are the people out who live on this floor?' observing that the lower part of the house was closed. 'Yes,' she said, 'they are gone to chapel;' and I thought I perceived a weary sadness in her voice and manner. I said, 'Oh, I am so glad to hear that ; how is it that you are not gone to a place of worship?' 'Me?' she said, looking down upon her forlorn appearance ; 'I can't go to chapel ; I am kept at home by a drunken husband. I have to stop with him to keep him from the public-house, and I have just been fetching him some drink.' I expressed my sorrow for her, and asked if I might come in and see her husband. 'No,' said she, 'he is drunk ; you could do nothing with him now.' I replied, 'I do not mind his being drunk, if you will let me come in ; I am not afraid ; he will not hurt me.' 'Well,' said the woman, 'you can come if you like ; but he will only abuse you.' I said, 'Never mind that,' and followed her up the stairs.

"I felt strong now in the Lord, and in the power of His might, and as safe as a babe in the arms of its mother. I realised that I was in the path of obedience, and I feared no evil. Oh, how much the Lord's people lose through disobedience to the leadings of the Holy Spirit ! If they would only *keep His words* He would dwell with them, and then they need fear neither men nor devils.

“The woman led me to a small room on the first floor, where I found a fine, intelligent man, about forty, sitting almost double in a chair, with a jug by his side, out of which he had been drinking that which had reduced him beneath the level of the beasts that perish. I leaned on my heavenly Guide for strength and wisdom, love and power, and He gave me all I needed. He silenced the demon, strong drink, and quickened the man's perceptions to receive my words. As I began to talk to him, with my heart full of sympathy, he gradually raised himself in his chair, and listened with a surprised and half-vacant stare. I spoke to him of his present deplorable condition, of the folly and wickedness of his course, of the interests of his wife and children, until he was thoroughly aroused from the stupor in which I found him.

“During this conversation his wife wept bitterly, and by fragments told me a little of their previous history. I found that she had once known the Lord, but had allowed herself to be dragged down by trouble, had cast away her confidence, and fallen into sin. She told me that her husband had a brother in the Wesleyan ministry, who had done all that a brother could to save him; that they had buried a daughter two years before, who died triumphantly in the Lord, and besought her father with her dying breath to leave off drinking, and prepare to meet her in heaven; that she had a son, then about eighteen, who, she feared, was going into a consumption; that her husband was a clever workman, and could earn three or four pounds per week as a journeyman, but he drank it nearly all, so that they were compelled to live in two rooms and often went without necessary food. I read to him the parable of the Prodigal Son, while the tears ran down his face like rain. I then prayed with him as the Spirit gave me utterance, and left, promising to call the next day with a temperance pledge book, which he agreed to sign.

“I now felt that my work was done. Exhausted in body, but happy in soul, I wended my way to the sanctuary, just in time for the conclusion of the service, and to lend a helping hand in the prayer-meeting.

“On the following day I visited this man again. He signed the pledge, and listened attentively to all I said. Full of hope, I left him, to find others similarly lost and fallen. From that time I commenced a systematic course of house-to-house visitation, devoting two evenings per week to the work. The Lord so blessed my efforts that in a few weeks I succeeded in getting ten drunkards to abandon their soul-

destroying habits, and to meet me once a week for reading the Scriptures and for prayer."

In a letter written to her parents Mrs. Booth describes this work as follows :

"I have commenced my operations amongst the drunkards. I wish I could give you particulars, but I cannot spare time, so it must suffice to say that I have been quite as successful as I expected, and have met with nothing but the greatest civility. I have visited two evenings this week and have attended two cottage prayer-meetings, at which I had four penitents. The rooms were very full and hot, and of course I felt rather knocked up the next day. But by lying down in the afternoons, I don't think I am any the worse."

In describing these visiting experiences afterwards, Mrs. Booth says:

"I was obliged to go in the evenings, because it was the only part of the day when I could get away. And even had it been otherwise, I should not have found the men at home any other time. I used to ask one drunkard's wife where another lived. They always knew. After getting hold of eight or ten in this way, and persuading them to sign the pledge, I use to arrange a cottage meeting for them, and then try to get them saved. They used to let me talk to them in hovels, where there was not a stick of furniture and nothing to sit down upon.

"I remember in one case finding a poor woman lying on a heap of rags. She had just given birth to twins, and there was nobody of any sort to wait upon her. I can never forget the desolation of that room. By her side was a crust of bread, and a small lump of lard. 'I fancied a bit o' bootter (butter),' the woman remarked apologetically, noticing my eye fall upon the scanty meal, 'and my mon, he'd do owt for me he could, bless 'm—he couldna git me iny bootter, so he ficht me this bit o' lard. Have *you* iver tried lard isted o' bootter? It's *rare good!*' said the poor creature, making me wish I had taken lard for 'bootter' all my life, that I might have been the better able to minister to her needs. However, I was soon busy trying to make her a little more comfortable. The babies I washed in a broken pie-dish, the nearest approach to a tub that I could find. And the gratitude of those large eyes, that gazed upon me from that wan and shrunken face, can never fade from my memory.

"In the long run, however, the work told on my health a good deal. The rooms were often hot and close, and in going from them into the

night air I caught colds which finally resulted in a severe illness. But my whole soul was in it, and I became deeply attached to the drunkards whom I had been the means of rescuing. It has been a great joy and satisfaction to me since that the Salvation Army has so largely directed its efforts, and with such remarkable success, to their reclamation."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. BOOTH'S FIRST PAMPHLET. 1859.

THE Conference of 1859 was held in Manchester, and Mr. Booth, being now a superintendent minister, was entitled to attend. At the quarterly meeting of the circuit officials held previously to the Conference, he had been unanimously prayed to prolong his stay at Gateshead for another year. For this he was very unwilling. His heart was still set upon the evangelistic work. Writing to her mother, Mrs. Booth says :

"I have fully and formally consented to let William go forth as an evangelist, on condition that he concentrates his efforts on one district at a time, making his home in some central town and working the surrounding circuits, so that I shall see him at least once a week. He now thinks of writing to the Annual Committee, making certain proposals to them, and asking their advice as to how to proceed at the next Conference. If they decline to employ him as before in the capacity of an evangelist, he will ask to be allowed to retain his standing amongst them, and to be left at liberty to accept invitations wherever they may offer, raising his salary as he can."

The Gateshead officials were, however, importunate, and would not take a "no." They urged upon him the advantages of remaining for another year, with a view to solidifying the results of his previous labours, thus establishing the young converts in the faith, permanently lifting the condition of the circuit, and effectually closing the mouths of those whose principal objection to revival work had been that the results were evanescent.

It was with feelings of considerable curiosity and interest that Mr. Booth attended the ensuing Conference. It proved, however, to be a melancholy disappointment, and he was glad to reach home again. To one of his practical nature the debates and resolutions appeared desultory and unsatisfactory :

"The Conference drags its weary length along," he writes from Manchester. "Not much that is interesting and not much that is disagreeable. We are at present engaged on missionary business. Messrs. Gilton, Wright and McCurdy have spoken in favour of a foreign mission—Mr. Whittaker against it. I shall not trouble myself on the controversy. The feeling runs high.

"*Later.*—Foreign mission just carried all but unanimously."

The monotony of the debates was, however, partially enlivened by the occurrence of an incident in which Mr. Booth took a more active part:

"I had been selected by the Conference," he writes, "to form one of a committee to receive a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, whose object is to secure by legislation the opportunity for the people to decide whether or no they will have a public-house in their vicinity. The deputation was met by us and the matter discussed and reported on to the Conference. Desiring to give a practical turn to what is ordinarily but a useless discussion, resulting in nothing beyond the utterance of a few vapid eulogiums, I proposed that we should give expression to our abhorrence of the liquor traffic by passing a resolution that henceforth no one who was actively engaged in it should be accepted as a member of our Church. This appeared to me, and to several others who had strong temperance affinities, a very simple and harmless step in the direction of purging the Connexion from its complicity in what it acknowledged to be a crying evil. I did not ask that all members should be teetotalers, nor even that the publicans who were already members of the Society, some of them holding offices of considerable influence, should be expelled, but simply that our doors should in future be closed against those who were engaged in carrying on the traffic.

"The proposition met, however, with the most vigorous opposition. One minister, to show how undeserving were the publicans of receiving such an affront, mentioned the case of a lady who kept an infamous dram-drinking establishment. Yet so careful was she lest her children should be contaminated by its evil influences, that when her daughters came home for the vacation from their boarding school, she took them lodgings at another house! To this I gave the natural reply that the lady in question only aggravated her offence by inflicting on others the evils which she was unwilling her own family should encounter.

"This observation was strongly resented, and in the little hubbub that ensued my motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority. I believe this was the only resolution that I ever sought to impose upon the Conference."

Nevertheless, it was a useful experience. As conferences go, the one that Mr. Booth attended was no doubt a favourable specimen. But he felt like the Duke of Wellington might have been expected to feel, supposing Waterloo had been prefaced by a parliament of officers elected by the soldiery, and held upon the battlefield! Its arguments and legislations would have been admirably suited for the peaceful courts of Westminster and the placid waters of the Thames, but to carry about a huge debating machine in face of an active and enterprising enemy would have been altogether out of place and could only have ensured defeat. The duty of the House of Commons had been to decide in favour of peace or war. They had done it.

And now it was for debate to give place to a totally different régime,

in which liberty should be sacrificed for unity, that unity might in the end secure the greater liberty. The universal danger was to be the universal bond. The mediocrities might mismanage peace, but superiority was to take the lead in war. Authority was to be released from its constitutional iron cage, in order to secure victory at all costs. Disobedience was to be branded as mutiny and its faintest whispers drowned in blood. The wig and gown were to be replaced by helmet and knapsack, and the well-ordered precincts of the Law Courts by the rough and ready drumhead. The barracks were to be exchanged for the tent, the parade-ground for the battle-field, the blank cartridge for the deadly cannon-ball, the constable's baton for the soldier's bayonet. At such a moment, when a nation's destiny was trembling in the scales, to debate would be to delay, to delay would be to perish.

Mr. Booth left the Conference with a dim feeling of dissatisfaction, and a wonderment as to whether the results accomplished had been worth the expenditure of time and strength. True, mighty interests had been discussed. But the practical outcome had been little more than the dispatch of a solitary missionary to the foreign field, while against the advancing forces of drink no greater obstacle had been opposed than an empty fusilade of formal compliments.

But this only added to the satisfaction with which he turned once more to the activities of the battlefield. The Gateshead prospects were indeed encouraging. During the past year the membership of Bethesda Chapel had increased from thirty-nine to three hundred, while the Sunday congregations filled the place. Revivals were also spreading in several of the outlying districts, such as Sheriff Hill, Felling Shore, and Mount Pleasant.

But the coming year was to prove a historical turning-point, concerning the importance of which Mr. and Mrs. Booth had themselves no conception. It was a singular Providence which at length impelled Mrs. Booth to emerge from the comparative obscurity of home life, and to embrace the arduous responsibilities of her public career. What the persuasions of her husband and friends had failed to induce her to undertake, the taunts and denunciations of opposition were to be largely instrumental in forcing upon her.

It was in December, 1859, that Mrs. Booth's attention was drawn to a pamphlet written by a neighbouring minister, the Rev. Arthur Augustus Rees, in which the right of woman to preach was violently attacked on Scriptural grounds. The occasion for this onslaught was

the visit of the American evangelists, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who were holding services at the time in Newcastle. The Doctor himself was an earnest, good-natured, easy-going personage. But the principal figure in the meetings was his wife. Mrs. Palmer was a remarkable woman, intellectual, original, and devoted. As a speaker, her chief attraction lay in her simplicity, and in the striking illustrations with which her addresses were interspersed. Aiming directly at the hearts of her hearers, and relying evidently upon the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, she became a rallying point for all that was best and most earnest in the churches. Mrs. Booth had been unable to attend the meetings, but reports of them had from time to time reached her, and the fact that a woman was the prominent agent in this movement had deeply interested her. Hence she had no sooner heard of the pamphlet published by Mr. Rees than her soul was stirred to its deepest centre.

The replies which were issued by Mrs. Palmer's friends and supporters "do not," writes Mrs. Booth to her mother, "deal with the question at all to my satisfaction. They make so many uncalled-for *admissions*, that I would almost as soon answer her *defenders* as her opponent. I send you by this post Mr. Rees' notable production. It was delivered in the form of an address to his congregation, and repeated a second time, by request, to a crowded chapel, and then published! Would you believe that a congregation, half composed of ladies, could sit and hear such self-depreciatory rubbish? They really don't deserve to be taken up cudgels for!

"Mr. Rees was once a Church clergyman, and is now an Independent minister with a congregation of upwards of a thousand people. I hear he talks of publishing another pamphlet. I hope he will wait a bit till I am stronger! And if he does bring out any more in the same style, I rather think of going to Sunderland and delivering an address in answer to him. William says I should get a crowded house. I really think I shall try, if he does not let us ladies alone! I am sure I could do it. That subject would warm me up anywhere and before anybody. William is always pestering me to begin giving lectures, and certainly this would be a good subject to start with. I am determined that he shall not go unanswered."

In referring again to Mr. Rees' pamphlet Mrs. Booth subsequently writes to her mother :

"I am, after all, publishing a pamphlet in reply. It has been a great undertaking for me, and is much longer than I at first intended,

being thirty-two pages. When William came home and heard what I had written, he was very pleased with it and urged me to proceed, and not tie myself for space, but deal thoroughly with the subject, making a tract on female ministry which would survive this controversy. It is now pretty well known that a lady has tackled him, and there is consequently the more speculation and curiosity abroad. I hope I have done it well. You must send me your honest and unbiassed criticism, as I may have to enter the field again, if spared.

“There is one thing which is due to myself, I think, to tell you—that whatever may be its merit it is my own, and far more original, I believe, than most things that are published, for I could get no help from any quarter. William has done nothing beyond copying for me, and transposing two or three sentences. I composed more than half of it while he was away, and when he came home he began to copy what I had written, while I lay on the sofa and read it to him. Then when he went out to his duties I resumed writing my rough matter, so that it has all been written by my own hand first. I have been at it from seven in the morning till eleven at night most of the week, so I leave you to judge how I am feeling. In fact I don't believe I could have done another stroke.”

It has been the misfortune of religion that its exponents have so frequently endeavoured to accomplish their ends by trampling on the laws of nature. God made man as dependent on woman as woman is on man. Society was founded by Him on a twin basis, the recognition of which is necessary to its success and happiness. Humanity, and above all religion, requires a double-motive force. A church with one wing folded cannot fly; with one foot paralysed, cannot walk; with one arm motionless can do but half its work; with its starboard oars all shipped, will move in a perpetual circle and make but poor advance. We plead for more labourers in the world's great harvest, but they must be *men*! If the Holy Ghost send troops of inspired women, the fields of more than half Christendom are fenced with thorns to prevent their entrance, though the crops fall rotting on the ground and the multitudes are famishing within sight and reach of plenty!

Nature has made her purpose plain enough to be grasped by the dullest comprehension. She surely would not have wasted public capacities and gifts of eloquence on woman had she not intended them to be used. She is not so prodigal of her works. Had she intended trees to move she would surely have endowed them with some sort of

means for locomotion. Had she intended woman to be silent, she would surely have produced her dumb, or at least with but the power to whisper. And when we speak of Nature, what is it but a euphemism for God? How preposterous is it to suppose that He would have pursued so obviously self-contradictory a course as to gift woman with peculiar powers and in the same breath forbid their use!

And yet, strangely enough, this pious fraud of man on woman's rights is defended and concealed with mis-applied passages of Scripture. Nothing is easier than to separate a verse or two from their original context, and flourish them in defence of any error that ever existed. But this is the merest casuistry. The Bible is its own interpreter. One passage cannot be taken in a sense which contradicts the spirit of its entire teaching, but must be reconciled with the rest. Such contradictions are only superficial and apparent after all, like the waves of the sea when wind and current happen to be opposed. They dash against each other as if to destroy, but only to unite. The foam and froth upon the surface quickly drift away, leaving an abiding union.

A few quotations from Mrs. Booth's pamphlet will suffice to show how erroneous has been the ordinary accepted view in regard to female ministry :

"Whether the Church will allow women to speak in *her* assemblies can only be a question of time; common sense, public opinion, and the blessed results of female agency will force her to give us an honest and impartial rendering of the solitary text on which she grounds her prohibitions. Then, when the true light shines and God's words take the place of man's traditions, the Doctor of Divinity who shall teach that Paul commands woman to be silent when God's Spirit urges her to speak will be regarded much the same as we should regard an astronomer who should teach that the sun is the earth's satellite.

"As to the obligation devolving on woman to labour for her Master, I presume there will be no controversy. The particular sphere in which each individual shall do this must be dictated by the teachings of the Holy Spirit and the gifts with which God has endowed her. If she have the necessary gifts, and feels herself called by the Spirit to preach, there is not a single word in the whole book of God to restrain her, but many, very many to urge and encourage her. God says she SHALL do so, and Paul prescribed the manner in which she shall do it, and Phœbe, Junia, Phillip's four daughters, and many other women actually did preach and speak in the primitive churches. If this had not been the case, there would have been less freedom under the new than under the old dispensation, a greater paucity of gifts and agencies under the Spirit than under the law, fewer labourers when more work to be done. Instead of the destruction of caste and division between the priesthood and the people, and the setting up of a spiritual kingdom in which all true believers were 'kings and priests unto God,' the division

would have been more stringent and the disabilities of the common people greater. Whereas, we are told again and again in effect, that in 'Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free, male or female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus.'

"We commend a few passages bearing on the ministrations of woman to the careful consideration of our readers.

"Jesus said to the two Marys 'All hail!' And they came and held Him by the feet and worshipped Him. Then said Jesus unto them, 'Be not *afraid*: go, tell my brethren that they go before me into Galilee.' (Matt. xxviii. 9, 10.) There are two or three points in this beautiful narrative to which we wish to call the attentions of our readers.

"First, it was the *first* announcement of the glorious news to a lost world and a company of forsaking disciples. Second, it was as *public* as the nature of the case demanded; and intended ultimately to be published to the ends of the earth. Third, Mary was expressly commissioned to reveal the fact to the apostles; and thus she literally became their teacher on that memorable occasion. O glorious privilege, to be allowed to herald the glad tidings of a Saviour risen! How could it be that our Lord chose a *woman* to this honour? Well, one reason might be that the male disciples were all missing at the time. They all forsook Him and fled. But woman was there, as she had ever been, ready to minister to her risen, as to her dying, Lord—

"Not she with traitorous lips her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, whilst apostles shrunk, could danger brave;
Last at the Cross, and earliest at the grave."

"(Acts i. 14, and ii. 1-4.) We are in the first of these passages expressly told that the women were assembled with the disciples on the day of Pentecost; and in the second, that the cloven tongues sat upon them *each*, and the Holy Ghost filled them *all*, and they spake as the Spirit gave them utterance. It is nothing to the point to argue that the gift of tongues was a miraculous gift, seeing that the Spirit was the primary bestowment. The tongues were only emblematical of the office which the Spirit was henceforth to sustain to his people. The Spirit was given alike to the female as to the male disciple, and this is cited by Peter (16-18) as the peculiar speciality of the latter dispensation. What a remarkable device of the devil that he has so long succeeded in hiding this characteristic of the latter day glory! *He* knows, whether the Church does or not, how eminently detrimental to the interests of his kingdom have been the religious labours of woman; and while her Seed has mortally bruised his head, he ceases not to bruise her heel; but the time of her deliverance draweth nigh."

It was well that Mr. and Mrs. Booth were of one accord on this subject, making it a cardinal point of their doctrine to assure to woman the highest position of usefulness that she was capable of occupying. They did not anticipate that she would never make mistakes. Had man made none? They did not wait for every one to be a Mrs. Booth. Was every man a William Booth? They realised that some

would fail and even sin. Was man alone immaculate? But they refused to accept a one-sided and maimed humanity, or to acknowledge that such a ministry could be divinely ordained.

Years have passed since the issue of this modest protest in defence of woman's right to minister at the altar. Precept has been carried into practice, and the world has passed its sentence of approval upon a living mighty organisation in which there is "neither male nor female, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GATESHEAD. 1860.

CONFLICT is a necessary medium for producing conviction and arriving at the truth. There has never yet been a cause, however excellent, which has succeeded in converting men to its way of thinking without a struggle. When error and sin, those enemies of humanity, cease to exist, conflict can afford to ground her arms and disband her forces. To do so sooner would be the height of treachery.

It has been truly remarked that we cannot improve the future without disturbing the present. Established wrongs can only be put right by upheavals of the public mind corresponding in some degree with the magnitude of the evil to be combated. The gales that blow away the leaves and purify the air are God's disinfectants. The temporary inconvenience and local damage they inflict are more than compensated by the universal good. Who can calculate how many epidemics they prevent? The air that is least stagnant is most healthy. The unwholesome quiet of the "Black Hole" is the prelude of suffocation. Better perish in a tornado than stifle in a dungeon. Death, if postponed for a while, is equally sure and still more agonising.

Conflict, it may be said, is the purifier of the moral atmosphere. If at times it destroys what it might well have let alone, the preponderating good more than compensates for the occasional loss. This is fully recognised in the social and political world. A perpetual battle rages between society's rights and wrongs, or more often still between conflicting rights, between lesser rights which have usurped an undue prominence, and the greater ones which have been thrust momentarily into the background. The editorial commanders-in-chief range their papery legions upon either side. Oceans of ink and tons of paper are expended on each rival cause. And if no better reason for conflict remain, hairs must be split that blood may flow.

What is inevitable in the social world is equally inevitable in the religious sphere. There are those who recognise the necessity for conflict in the former who are opposed to it in the latter. They would

rather acquiesce in evil than disturb it. They cry "peace, peace!" when there is no peace, and they have no patience with those who break in upon the general quietude.

Thus when Mrs. Booth had launched her pamphlet on female ministry, she found herself committed to a life-long warfare, in which she would be required to champion till death the cause which she had at heart. The emancipation of woman from the thralldom of custom was a noble task. Providence had committed to her hand the playing of the most prominent part. But she soon found that it would be necessary to fight her way through long lines of opposing forces before she could realise the accomplishment of her hopes. "The right Divine" of men "to govern wrong," or rather to usurp all the governing and talking to themselves, had become too deeply rooted an idea in the churches to be easily overthrown. A queen might sit upon the throne, but for a woman to ascend the pulpit or occupy the ministerial chair, was in the eyes of many a heresy too rank for toleration.

An interesting correspondence ensued between Mrs. Booth and the Rev. J. Stacey, perhaps the best cultured intellect in the New Connexion body, being principal of their theological college, and afterwards one of its annual presidents. He had written for a copy of the pamphlet, and in sending it Mrs. Booth accompanied it with the following letter :

" I, NORMANBY TERRACE, GATESHEAD.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In a letter received yesterday my dear husband informs me that you have expressed a wish to see my pamphlet on 'Female Teaching.' Accordingly I avail myself of the privilege of sending you one. Although I think I have succeeded in answering Mr. Rees, I am conscious that I have not done anything like justice to this very important subject, and it is my intention shortly to write on it again. I should esteem it a great favour, therefore, if you would allow me to trouble you for a critical examination of it with reference to a few controverted passages.

"For my own part I desire above all things a thorough, honest, impartial investigation of the Scriptures on the subject, and that by those properly qualified for the work. I am deeply convinced that when this is secured the present prevailing notions with reference to woman's position in the Church will be driven back to the abyss of darkness and error from whence they originally issued, and that the gift of prophecy to woman—one of the distinguishing characteristics of the latter-day glory—will be rescued from the oblivion to which ignorance and prejudice have so long consigned it.

"May God haste the day, and to this end bless even the feeble efforts of one so unworthy as

" Yours in the love and fellowship of Jesus,

" CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this letter Mr. Stacey sent the following reply :

"MY DEAR MRS. BOOTH,—I thank you cordially for the pamphlet on female teaching just received. I will take the very first opportunity of reading it.

"You will possibly suspect that my judgment lies counter to the exercise of ministerial functions by women, though certainly not in the general sense to 'female teaching.' This judgment is not, I think, one of prejudice, but of intelligent deliberation.

"I shall be quite willing, however, to surrender it, if reason demand it. I hold that error is profitable in the long run to nobody, and therefore that the sooner we part with it the better.

"In a controversy of this kind, two things are indispensable—first, to clear the ground by a vigorous statement of the subject. What is meant by female teaching? This may be narrowed to one fixed, instituted, technical exercise, or it may be enlarged to the comprehension of all possible forms and modes of teaching. The second thing is to determine the precise Scripture sense of 'prophecy.'

"Other things are in their degree needful, such as the examination of particular passages, the relation of the sexes to each other and to Christianity, etc.

"I may observe that Dr. Clarke's authority weighs very little with me, as it has little weight anywhere. I admire him very much as a man, but as a deep thinker, or as an accurate and searching scholar, his reputation does not and cannot stand high. He knew many things rather than much. I make this remark because I think, from a cursory glance at your pamphlet, you quote him as a chief authority. But I must read before I criticise.

"I can only say in conclusion that my frank opinion on any passage of Scripture I may have studied is at any time at your service.

"Very truly yours,
"J. STACEY."

Mrs. Booth, without waiting for the further letter promised by Mr. Stacey, wrote to him as follows :

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to intrude myself on your notice again so soon, but since reading your note I feel that it is imperative on me to offer a word of explanation, and to assure you that I had not the slightest intention of alluding to yourself in the reference I made to the effects of ignorance and prejudice on the subject in question, but simply to the vulgar notions of the public in general. For yourself I have always entertained the most profound respect and esteem.

"I may just observe that I did not quote Dr. Clarke so much as a first authority, as one who gave what appears to me a *common-sense view* of the passages in question, and one which does not involve the contradictions so conspicuous in some other commentators. However, I sincerely thank you for your criticisms, and shall be glad to receive more when you have leisure. If I am wrong, it is my judgment, not my heart. I am sure I only wish to know the will of God, and all within me would bow in silent and loving acquiescence.

"But oh, sir, how can it be that the promptings of the Holy Spirit and the precepts of the Word should be in such direct antagonism as Mr. Rees makes it appear? In asking this question I know that I only express the heartfelt inquiry of many of the most devoted and faithful among the female disciples of our Lord. For it is a significant fact that it is not the formal worldly-minded professors who experience these urgings of the Spirit to open their lips for Christ, but generally those who are most eminent for piety and unreserved consecration to the service of their Saviour. Surely there must be some mistake somewhere? I cannot but think that the error lies in the interpretation and application of two isolated passages in Paul's writings.

"You say, my dear sir, that you do not object to female teaching in the general sense. Then you admit of a *qualification* of the passage, 'I suffer not a woman to teach;' for, taken literally, this forbids all kinds of teaching whatever. The question to be settled is: What kind of qualification do the principles and general bearing of the New Testament render necessary? To my mind there is but one reply. Suppose commentators were to deal with some parts of the Epistle of James as they do with these two passages, what would become of the glorious doctrine of justification by faith?

"I cannot but believe that a very grievous wrong has been inflicted on thousands of Spirit-baptised disciples of Jesus long since gone to their reward by the seal of silence imposed on them by good but mistaken men, who thought they were doing God's service!

"But I believe the Lord himself is teaching the Church her mistake on this subject, so important to her ultimate triumphs. I believe thousands of loving, faithful hearts are pleading for the bestowment of the promise of the Father on the handmaidens as well as on the servants of the Lord. And God will in His own good time answer prayer.

"Excuse me, my dear sir, I had no intention of writing at such length when I commenced. But my heart is full of feeling on this subject—not on my own account, God knows, but because it does appear to me to be very intimately connected with the progress and triumphs of the blessed Gospel, and because I am anxious to interest in it one whose learning and intelligence might be so helpful to the truth, and in whose nobility of soul I feel I dare rely. This is my apology for occupying so much of your valuable time.

"Yours in the fellowship of Jesus,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

In replying to this letter, Dr. Stacey expressed himself as still unconvinced. At the same time he appreciated fully the ability manifested by Mrs. Booth in dealing with the subject, concluding his letter by saying:

"I trust I need not say how much I esteem your sympathies and aims. To me they are very dear, and are becoming so more and more. I admire intensely your fervour of spirit and simplicity of love, as well as the command of English evinced in your pamphlet."

But if there were few critics of repute who supported Mrs. Booth's

view at the time, there are many of them now, and the more honour is due to her who so bravely acted the part of pioneer, and proved to demonstration the truth for which she had contended. Mrs. Booth's convictions were of too robust a character to give way before the opposition that her pamphlet aroused. In after years, when she had reached the zenith of her success, there were few who did not admit her own individual right to preach the Gospel, although it was still argued that others should not follow in her steps unless they possessed similar ability. The fallacy of that idea is not difficult to perceive. What would happen in the House of Commons if a law were passed that no one should speak save those who possessed the eloquence of a Gladstone? Perhaps the prohibition might be a useful one. Certainly there would be very little talking done.

To Mrs. Booth it would have given but little satisfaction to have shaken herself free from the bondage of conventionality, had she been unable to release the rest of womankind. How wonderfully she succeeded is now a matter of history. For what better argument could we find in favour of women's ministry than the successes achieved by the five thousand women officers and tens of thousands of women speakers whom Mrs. Booth left behind at her death, and who continue in ever-increasing numbers and with ever-multiplying success to follow in her steps?

“ Her brilliant life example's flame they catch,
And forward step that they her deeds may match.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

GATESHEAD. 1860. MRS. BOOTH COMMENCES PREACHING.

It was Sunday morning, the 8th January, 1860. Mr. Booth had been announced to take the service at Bethesda Chapel. But the expectant congregation were disappointed when, after a whispered conversation, one of them commenced the meeting with an apology for their beloved pastor's unavoidable absence. The service had not, however, proceeded far, when Mr. Booth himself appeared, and was able, not only to preach the anticipated sermon, but to make the happy announcement that another little woman warrior had just been added to their ranks, one whose life, with God's blessing, should be a practical illustration of the truths laid down in "Female Ministry." It was a bright omen for the future that Emma Moss Booth was born within a few days of the publication of her mother's stirring pamphlet, and she was still an infant in her arms when the public ministry commenced which was to open the doors of usefulness, not only to Mrs. Booth's own daughters, but to multitudes of womankind.

It was while she was lying still weak and suffering, her babe in her bosom, that Mrs. Booth received what was without doubt an inward urging of the Holy Spirit to consecrate herself to the ministry which she had so powerfully defended on behalf of others. She applied her pamphlet to herself. She had always been fully convinced that it was lawful for a women to preach the Gospel, as much as for man. But that it was their duty to rise up and do it under pain of the Divine displeasure was altogether another aspect of the question. Least of all did she contemplate when writing the paper that she would be singled out by Providence to pioneer the way. But a sick bed allows opportunity for reflection which is often impossible in the busy routine of every-day life. She was forced to face the natural consequences of her own teachings, and to realise that what was permissible became a duty where the necessary qualifications were possessed.

Referring to her experience in a public meeting twenty years afterwards, Mrs. Booth said :

"Perhaps some of you would hardly credit that I was one of the

most timid and bashful disciples the Lord Jesus ever saved. But for four or five months before I commenced speaking, the controversy had been signally roused in my soul, and I passed through some severe heart-searchings. During a season of sickness it seemed one day as if the Lord revealed it all to me by His Spirit. I had no vision, but a revelation to my mind. He seemed to take me back to the time when I was fifteen or sixteen, when I first fully gave my heart to Him. He showed me that all the bitter way this one thing had been the fly in the pot of ointment, preventing me from realising what I otherwise should have done. And then I remember prostrating myself upon my face before Him, and promising Him there in the sick room, 'Lord, if Thou wilt return unto me as in the days of old, and revisit me with those urgings of the Spirit which I used to have, I will obey, if I die in the attempt.' However, the Lord did not revisit me immediately. But he permitted me to recover, and to resume my usual duties.

"About three months afterwards I went to the chapel of which my husband was a minister (Bethesda), and he had an extraordinary service there. Even then he was always trying something new to get at the outside people. For this Sunday he had arranged with the leaders that the chapel should be closed, and a great out-door service held at a place called Windmill Hills. It so happened, however, that the weather was too tempestuous for carrying out this design, and hence the doors were thrown open and the meeting was held in the chapel. In spite of the stormy weather about a thousand persons were present, including a number of preachers and outside friends.

"I was, as usual, in the minister's pew, with my eldest boy, then four years old. I felt much depressed in mind, and was not expecting anything particular, but as the testimonies proceeded I felt the Holy Spirit come upon me. You alone, who have experienced it, can tell what it means. It cannot be described. I felt it to the extremity of my hands and feet. It seemed as if a voice said to me: 'Now if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to your own soul as well as to the people!' I gasped again, and said in my heart: 'Yes, Lord, I believe Thou wouldst, but I cannot do it!' I had forgotten my vow. It did not occur to me at all.

"A moment afterwards there flashed across my mind the memory of the bedroom visitation when I had promised the Lord that I would obey Him at all costs. And then the voice seemed to ask me if this was consistent with that promise. I almost jumped up and said,



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

'No, Lord, it is the old thing over again. But I cannot do it!' I felt as though I would sooner die than speak. And then the devil said, 'Besides, you are not prepared. You will look like a fool and will have nothing to say.' He made a mistake. He overreached himself for once. It was this word that settled it. 'Ah!' I said, 'This is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one!'

"Without stopping another moment, I rose up from my seat and walked down the aisle. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down and asked me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I replied, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise that he could only say, 'My dear wife wishes to speak,' and sat down. For years he had been trying to persuade me to do it. Only that very week he had wanted me to go and address a little cottage meeting of some twenty working people, but I had refused.

"I stood—God only knows how—and if any mortal ever did hang on the arm of Omnipotence, I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm, but it was a Divine One which held me up. I just stood and told the people how it had come about. I confessed as I think everybody should who has been in the wrong and has misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ. I said, 'I dare say many of you have been looking upon me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God. But I have come to realise that I have been disobeying Him, and thus have brought darkness and leanness into my soul. I have promised the Lord to do so no longer, and have come to tell you that henceforth I will be obedient to the holy vision.'

"There was more weeping, they said, in the chapel that day, than on any previous occasion. Many dated a renewal in righteousness from that very moment, and began a life of devotion and consecration to God.

"Now I might have 'talked good' to them till now. That honest confession did what twenty years of preaching could not have accomplished.

"But oh, how little did I realise how much was then involved! I never imagined the life of publicity and trial that it would lead me to, for I was never allowed to have another quiet Sabbath, when I was well enough to stand and speak. All I did was to take the first step. I

could not see in advance. But the Lord, as He always does when His people are honest with Him and obedient, opened the windows of Heaven and poured out such a blessing that there was not room to contain it."

The Rubicon once crossed, it became impossible for Mrs. Booth to turn back, however much she might have desired to do so. She scarcely had resumed her seat, when, true to his nature, Mr. Booth pounced upon her to preach at night. She could not refuse. The people were



BETHESDA CHAPEL, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE,
In which was delivered Mrs. Booth's first public address.

delighted. They overwhelmed her with congratulations. Her servant, who was at the meeting, went home and danced round the kitchen table with delight, calling out to the nurse, "The mistress has spoken! The mistress has spoken!"

Mrs. Booth returned home drenched in perspiration, with mingled feelings of satisfaction and of consternation at having to speak again

that night. What could she say? It would be useless for her to repeat what she had said in the morning. And yet there was no time for preparation. She cast herself upon her knees and asked the Lord to give her a message for the people. He did so then and there, and the night meeting exceeded in enthusiasm and power the preceding one.

The chapel presented a never-to-be-forgotten scene that evening. It was crowded to the doors, and the people sat upon the very window-sills. Appropriately enough, it happened to be the anniversary of Pentecost, and Mrs. Booth took for her subject, "Be filled with the Spirit." The audience were spell-bound as they listened to her words. There are some in Heaven and not a few on earth to-day, who look back upon that occasion as the turning-point in their spiritual history.

The news spread far and wide, and invitations now poured in thickly from all directions in greater number than could possibly be accepted. Among other places a call was received from Newcastle, and an interesting memento of Mrs. Booth's first service in that city consists in the following resolution passed by the leaders' meeting of the chapel in which she preached :

"That this meeting returns its cordial thanks to Mrs. Booth for the addresses delivered in the chapel on Sunday last, which we have no doubt will be productive of good, and earnestly hopes that she may continue in the course thus begun, in which we unitedly pray that the blessing of God may attend her and crown her labours with success.

"W. H. RENWICK,
"Society Steward.

"6th June, 1860."

In a letter dated 23rd July, Mrs. Booth sends her parents an interesting account of her labours at this time :

"William has been confined to the house a fortnight with a bad throat attack. I have consequently had extra care and work. I have spoken four times since you left—at Sheriff Hill, the Fell, Dunstan, and last night at Gateshead. At two of the places I took the night anniversary services, had full chapels, and gave great satisfaction. I went to Bethesda last night to supply for William. The chapel was crowded, with forms round the communion rail and down the aisles. I spoke for an hour and five minutes from Luke xiii. 23-30:—'And one asked Him, Lord, are there few that be saved,' etc. I got on very well, and had three sweet cases, and from all accounts the people were very much pleased. I cannot tell you how I felt all day about it. I never was in such a state in my life. I could neither eat nor sleep. I was pressed into it against my will, and when I saw the congregation I felt almost like melting away. However, I got through,

and I know I spoke with freedom and power. The people listened like statues, and were frequently very much moved. I daresay I have been the subject of much talk to-day, but I hear nothing save the most encouraging reports, and some from quarters least expected. Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy Name!

"They talk of William and myself conducting revival services together at Bethesda during the winter. I intend to try to get a little preparation. I also hope to arrange a lecture or two, one for mothers.

"William is of course very pleased, and says he felt quite comfortable at home minding the bairns, knowing who was supplying his place! Of course I can only talk like this to you. If I had but time to study and write, I should not fear now, but I must be content to do what I can, consistently with my home duties, and leave the future to the Lord. I think, however, very few have had so encouraging a beginning, and I am determined to make the best use of my opportunities.

"I continue my visitations among the drunkards. Our first weekly meeting is to be on Thursday evening at eight o'clock in a room in Lampton Terrace. I have ten pledged men to begin with, most of whom have been much addicted to drink for years, but who have now kept the pledge above a fortnight."

Meanwhile the annual Conference had come and gone. Mr. Booth had not attended it, having consented to stay in Gateshead another year. There seemed, therefore, no particular object to be gained in going. He believed, moreover, that he had been unjustly treated by the non-fulfilment of the repeated pledges that he should be recalled to the evangelistic sphere. While he was willing on his own part to continue in his present position for another year, he could not but feel that he was wronged in the evident indisposition of the opposing party to carry out their promises.

His absence called forth some inquiries from Dr. Cooke, the President, but a letter of explanation was read, and with this the Conference appeared satisfied.

The heavy strain of his circuit duties had told severely for some time past upon Mr. Booth, and led in September to a complete breakdown and an enforced rest. Having been strongly recommended to try the hydropathic treatment, Mr. Booth went to Mr. Smedley's establishment at Matlock, while Mrs. Booth remained with the children in Gateshead. But, although she was prepared to do what she could in looking after the interests of the circuit, she was surprised when a deputation of the leading officials waited upon her urging that she would take her husband's town appointments during his absence. To this she replied that she could on no account consent, reminding them that their credit was at stake as well as her confidence. The deputation retired somewhat crestfallen at the

result, but returned soon afterwards with renewed supplications that Mrs. Booth would at least undertake the Sabbath night meetings, these being the most important. After considerable pressure she consented to this arrangement, and during the next nine weeks conducted these and other meetings till the time of Mr. Booth's return, besides supervising the general management of circuit affairs. The result was most gratifying. The chapel was packed on each occasion that she spoke. Numbers of gentlemen from Newcastle, who had never before entered a dissenting place of worship, attended the meetings.

The following letter to her parents gives a description of the position of affairs during this period :

"24th September, 1860.

"I had a very good day yesterday at Sheriff Hill. A most precious time in the morning. Spoke an hour and ten minutes with unction and liberty. My own soul was richly blessed and I think many others were. At night I had a good time and splendid prayer-meeting, with several under conviction, but only one decided case. I believe, however, we shall get two very interesting young gentlemen who were present. One of them is just about to be married to one of my spiritual children, another fruit of my last service at Bethesda. Glory be to God for all His goodness! But I feel as though I heard Him saying to my soul, 'Be faithful and I will show thee greater things than these.' 'Even so,' my heart replies, 'Behold the handmaiden of the Lord! Be it unto me according to Thy Word!' Pray for me.

"I hope, if my dear father has not yet got thoroughly into the light, that he will do so while he is here. It may be the Lord is bringing him for that purpose.

"I get plenty of invitations now, far more than I can comply with. In fact they tell me my name is being trumpeted far and wide. Mr. Crow says that it is getting into the foreign papers now, and that in one of them I am represented as having my husband's clothes on! They would require to be considerably shortened before such a phenomenon could occur, would they not? Well, notwithstanding all I have heard about the papers, I have never had sufficient curiosity to buy one! Nor have I ever seen my name in print, except on the wall bills, and then I have had some difficulty to believe that it really meant me! However, I suppose it did. And now I shall never deem anything impossible any more!"

In writing to Mr. Booth during his absence she says :

"You will be anxious to hear how I got on last night. Well, we had a splendid congregation. The chapel was very full, upstairs and down, with forms round the communion-rail. I never saw it fuller on any occasion except once or twice during the revival. It was a wonderful congregation, especially considering that no bills had been printed. The Lord helped me, and I spoke for an hour with great confidence, liberty, and, I think, some power. They listened as for eternity,

and a deep solemnity seemed to rest on every countenance. I am conscious that mentally and for delivery it was by far my best effort. Oh, how I yearned for more *Divine influence* to make the most of that precious opportunity. Great numbers stayed to the prayer-meeting. The bottom of the chapel was nearly full. Many are under conviction, but we had only three cases—I think all good ones. I kept the prayer-meeting on until ten. The people did not seem to want to go. The man whom I told you about as having been brought in a month ago under 'Be ye reconciled,' prayed last night with power. He is a glorious case—Mr. McAllam's best helper at Gardener Street.

"The Proctors were there, also Turnbull and Buston. Messrs. Firbank, Thompson, and Crow were talking in the vestry afterwards, and they said we ought to commence special services directly, for it was evident we had a splendid hold on the town, and that I must prepare myself to preach at night very often. I told them it was easy talking, etc. They little knew what it cost me, nor anybody else either, except the Lord. You see I cannot get rid of the care and management of things at home, and this badly interferes with the quiet necessary for preparation, but I must try to possess my soul in patience, and to do all, in the kitchen as well as in the pulpit, to the glory of God. The Lord help me.

"I took cold coming home from the meeting last Sunday night, and have had a sore throat and chest all the week. I am very sorry I engaged myself for Reckington twice next Sunday, but they pleaded so hard, I could not refuse. I cannot undertake these night services in the country, having to come home in an open conveyance, as I will not let them go to the expense of hiring cabs.

"I told you I had refused an application from Salem for the afternoon of the 28th. Well, on Saturday another gentleman waited on me, and begged me to reconsider my decision. He evidently came determined to make me yield. He was most doggedly obtuse to all my reasons and persevering in his entreaties. I thought to myself, you have got your match this time! But after half an hour's arguing, in which he assured me that every office-bearer had been consulted, and that all were anxious for me to come, I said there was only one way it could be done. If Mr. Williams would take afternoon and night, I would serve them in the morning.

"The people are saying some very extravagant things. I hear a stray report now and then. But I think I feel as meek as ever, and more my own helplessness and dependence on Divine assistance. Don't forget to pray for me. I have borne the weight of circuit matters to an extent I could not have believed possible, and have been literally the 'Superintendent.' But it has been behind the scenes, and I have not always been well represented in my officers, and consequently all things have not been done to my satisfaction. When *you* come you will not only resume the command, but yourself take the reins."

One of the most interesting features of the Gateshead work was the unanimity which prevailed within the borders of the Society. "This was the more remarkable," says one of its oldest officials, "as the circuit was well known to be a difficult one to grip, the quarterly meetings of office-bearers having often been of a stormy character, and requiring no little tact to manage. But under Mr. Booth's leadership everything went on smoothly. He never permitted symptoms of

disagreement or coldness time to grow. If he thought anything had been said calculated to give rise to a misunderstanding, or unnecessarily to wound anyone's feelings, he would not allow twenty-four hours to pass without setting the matter straight by a personal interview."

It is not always that the gift of eloquence is combined with administrative ability. Indeed, men of action are proverbially taciturn, while the capacity for saying a thing well is as frequently linked with a singular aptitude for doing it badly. With Mr. and Mrs. Booth there was a happy combination of both. As leaders of their family, of their circuit, and of the Salvation Army, they have been a remarkable exemplification of the "iron hand in a velvet glove," which is truly said to be the most valuable qualification of a wise ruler. A bad rider will spoil the best horse. At one time the reins will lie loose upon its neck, so that except for the weight upon its back, it cannot tell it has a master. The next moment the creature will be thrown upon its haunches by a violent jerk with altogether unnecessary force. At first there is no control and then it is all control. The horse is alternately master of the rider and the rider master of the horse, until it becomes uncertain whose turn will be the next, and finally it is impossible to do with whip and spur what good management would have accomplished without the use of either. It is thus that many a vicious brute is manufactured, and the rider prepares the way for his own fall. It would be interesting to know how frequently the parallel has held good in the case of human governments. They are a necessity in some shape or form—perhaps in every shape a necessary evil of our humanity. A riderless horse soon gets into mischief, or is at best a comparatively useless and expensive luxury. A headless community, whether it be a family, a religious organisation, or a nation, cannot play its proper part on the social stage. It may do no harm, but it cannot accomplish the good which a combination of its individual powers would render possible. The divided house must fall, if not into perdition, at least into comparative obscurity. Men are like sheep. The vast majority are made and meant to follow. The rare minority are fitted to lead. A happy union of the two is what is required. The unfortunate experiences of misgovernment are no argument against government itself. Nor is it wise to substitute the government of all for the government of some. The rule of the best is the best rule. The government of all is the government of none. What is needed is a real aristocracy in place of an artificial

one, a government of the best, the best by nature and the best by grace, the best in talent—but the talent must be seasoned with virtue. Perverted talent is a public danger. The world is cursed with the rule of cleverness, the rule of science, the rule of art, the rule of wealth, the rule of birth, the rule of accident.

The Salvation Army has advanced with altogether phenomenal rapidity, because there has been a strong government—a government of the best, both in regard to ability and piety—impartially administered, and based on the confidence of its rank and file. Ability has been duly recognised without being improperly deified. Knowledge has been subordinated to holiness and power has been sanctified by love. From a governmental standpoint, ability is almost as necessary to goodness as goodness to ability. It is a fatal mistake to dissolve the partnership, whether in the social, political, or religious world. In seeking to dispense with either one or the other, society becomes more or less of a mixed muddledom.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
GATESHEAD. 1860-1861.

THE illness and prolonged absence of Mr. Booth from the Gateshead Circuit had not only the effect of compelling Mrs. Booth to undertake the responsibilities from which she would otherwise have drawn back, but gave rise to a correspondence which contains an unusually full description of the incidents occurring at the time.

Her intense anxiety regarding the nervous prostration and complete breakdown which had necessitated Mr. Booth's departure may be gathered from the following letter :

"September 13th, 1860.

"MY PRECIOUS WILLIAM,—Yours is to hand, and so deeply have its contents troubled me, that I can do nothing until I have answered it.

"I have let you proceed with the hydropathic treatment quietly and trustingly, although I have had many fears about its suiting you. The difficulty in breathing of which you speak distresses and alarms me. And now that you have left Mr. Smedley's, I shall expect to have some jurisdiction over you. And I do hope that you will prove the love for me of which you write by at once attending to my advice. Your health is too important a matter to be trifled with. Oh, my dearest, what shall I do, if you don't get better? I dare not think about it. The Lord, help me! I feel as though I must come to you. I can scarce restrain myself at all. Write by return, and let nothing prevent you from sending me news every day. No human means must be left untried to bring about your restoration, and if our money fails I must try and get some more. I might arrange some lectures and charge so much for entrance. With such an object in view I could undertake the extra burden, and the people would come to hear me, I feel sure.

"I shall bear you continually on my heart before the Lord. Do we honour Him enough in the matter of health and sickness? 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up!' Let us pray more about our health.

"With much anxiety and undiminished affection,

"I remain your loving wife,

"CATHERINE."

Subsequent letters, however, contained better news, and Mrs. Booth had the satisfaction of hearing from time to time that rest,

change, and medical treatment had produced, with God's blessing, a satisfactory improvement in her husband's health.

To add to her anxieties, however, her children sickened simultaneously with whooping cough. The following letter to her parents gives a glimpse behind the scenes, showing that Mrs. Booth, though now officiating as a mother in Israel, was none the less a mother at home :

"You will be sorry to hear that all the children have got the whooping cough! It never occurred to me that the cough Willie had was the commencement of it. Now, however, it is beyond doubt, and very much it distresses me to hear them cough one after another. Katie and Baby have it the worst. I am giving them the appropriate homœopathic remedies, with their feet in hot water and mustard at night, and water bandages on their chests. So far this treatment answers well, and they are progressing as favourably as could be expected. Baby suffers the most, as she is cutting her teeth. However, if they *are* to have it I would rather they all had it together, although it is no small job bandaging them every night, I can assure you. It takes me above an hour and a half before I have finished. Join us in praying that God may bless the means and speedily restore them to health.

"Accept my warmest thanks for the little frock you sent. We like it very much. There is only one difficulty, namely, it is too smart! I shall have to give you full and explicit directions in future as to the style, trimming, etc., for we really must set an example in this respect worthy of imitation. I feel no temptation now to decorate myself. But I cannot say the same about my children. And yet, oh, I see I must be decided, and come out from among the fashion-worshipping, worldly professors around me. Lord, help me! Don't think I am reflecting on *you*. But we must do violence to our fancies for Christ's sake! Bless you! I am sure your kindness is fully appreciated and highly prized!"

It is not unfrequently a characteristic of the largest minds that they possess a capacity for descending to the veriest trifles, passing from one to the other without apparent effort, and finding in each their natural element. It is no less surprising to watch an elephant pick up a needle with its trunk, than to see it push down a wall or tear a sapling from its roots. It is the combination of the two which forms the contrast. Of itself there is nothing striking in the capacity to deal effectively with the trivialities of life. But greatness is never greater than when dealing with the littleness of the hour, at one moment sweeping the universe as with a telescope, at the next dissecting an atom with its microscopic eye. Mrs. Booth spending an hour and a half at home in bandaging her sick children, abroad in addressing a crowded and spell-bound audience, presents a happy contrast, in which each portion of the double picture lends added

effect to the other. It was, perhaps, the consciousness of a well-regulated home that imparted confidence to the speaker, and attested her message as nothing else could have done.

"I hear it has got into the *Court Journal*, and several other papers," she writes to her parents, "that I am to take William's appointments. The paragraph is headed 'A Minister's Wife Supplying His Place.' There was an account in the *Chronicle* a fortnight ago of my first effort in Bethesda. There is also a notice in a Sunderland paper, and to-day I am told it is in the *Morning Star*. One gentleman says that he saw an account of it in the *Scotsman* in the heart of Scotland.

"I had a splendid congregation on Sunday night, and took the pulpit, very much against my own desire, but in compliance with the general wish. I spoke exactly an hour from the Prodigal Son. I was very much agitated, and did not get a moment's liberty through the whole service. In fact, I felt very much discouraged, but I have heard nothing but the greatest satisfaction expressed by the people. So if they were satisfied with that, I never need fear again, as I had some good stuff and was well prepared with material, but was so flurried I could not command it. However, there was a gracious influence and several were weeping.

"On Monday night I spoke for half-an-hour with liberty and comfort to myself, and I believe with universal satisfaction.

"I am published for anniversary sermons at Felling Shore morning and night. On Sunday week I am at the Teams anniversary morning and night, and the Sunday after they want me to take Bethesda again. The following Sunday I am to be at Sheriff Hill, and then at Gateshead Fell. So you see I have plenty of work cut out. I am anxious to do as much as I can while William is away, as they esteem me a competent supply for him, and this will prevent disappointment.

"The preparation is the great difficulty. I am subject to such constant interruption and noise that I am often almost bewildered. But the Lord has wonderfully helped me so far, and He has been blessing my soul very sweetly of late. I am not labouring in vain, but I trust I have some fruit, which will remain unto eternal life."

In a later letter to Mr. Booth, she says:

"I was at the Shore yesterday. Good congregation in the morning and a precious season to myself, and so far as I could judge to everybody else. It was

by far the best effort I have made. If I could always realise as much liberty and Divine influence I should not fear to go anywhere.

"At night the chapel was well filled, with extra forms, etc. Miss Newberry was present, and said there was not a single defect, except a manifestation of physical weakness which distressed her. The heat was very oppressive, and for the first time proved a hindrance to me. With time and pains and more of the Spirit I believe I shall be useful yet.

"They had Mrs. Dickson from Sheriff Hill for the afternoon. Miss Newberry heard her. She says she is a regular Primitive female preacher! She puts off bonnet and shawl and goes at it like a ranter! She says some good things, but without order or arrangement, and shouts till the people jump. She is a very big woman, and I have no doubt a very good one too. But I was sadly afraid, from hearing her shout and talk while a few friends were praying after tea, that she would quite upset me at night. However, I committed it to the Lord, and got Miss Newberry to sit behind her, so that if she did respond too loudly she could give her a hint. However, she did not need it. I spoke an hour and five minutes in the morning, about an hour in the evening, gave two invitations, and prayed.

"I saw Mr. Firbank about the quarterly meeting. It is to be held as usual, and the adjourned meeting a fortnight after, at which you must, if possible, be present. I have got some plain truth ready for Sunday morning, and I believe the Lord will help me to deliver it with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. I beg an especial interest in your prayers that this may be the case. It is just what is wanted.

"I had a very good test afforded me by which to try my humility. A good brother who could scarcely put three words together prayed very earnestly that God would crown my labours, seeing that He could bless the weakest instruments in his service. You will smile, and so did I, but it did me good, inasmuch as I made it a probe for my heart. Why should I be unwilling for the weakest and most illiterate to count me among the weak things of the world, and the things that 'are not,' if I may be but instrumental in winning souls for Christ? Oh! I do feel more than ever the need of crying—

'Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.'

"I perceive the water treatment has not yet brought out all your weaknesses, metaphorically I mean. Pray keep my letters to *yourself*. I am sure I have not written one fit to show or read to anybody."

A few days afterwards Mrs. Booth writes :

"Last night my subject went well. It was by far the best effort I have made I spoke an hour and a quarter with unwavering confidence, liberty and pleasure to myself, and if I may judge with blessing to the people else. We had an excellent day altogether. Good congregations in the morning and at night. The chapel was crowded as I have never yet seen it. I spoke for an hour and five minutes with tolerable liberty and effect. My subject was 'Be ye reconciled to God.' The attention did not flag for a moment, and no one seemed aware that I had spoken so long. I intend to try and be shorter for my health's sake. But

it is so difficult in dealing with a subject to leave unsaid what you think may be useful to the people.

"Miss Newberry went home yesterday. She heard me both morning and night, and said that if I could get up a discourse like that in the time, and under the circumstances, and then go and deliver it as I did, I need not fear to go anywhere. I value her testimony as that of the most talented woman I know. To God be all the praise! May He help me to devote every power He has given to His glory, and to His only!"

A week later Mrs. Booth says :

"We had a splendid congregation last night. I took cold on Saturday and consequently had a sore throat and chest to begin with, and was afraid I should not be able to make the people hear. But I threw myself on the Lord with some confidence that He would help me, and spoke an hour with liberty and strength of voice exceeding any time before. We had a powerful prayer-meeting, rich influence and good praying, but only one case—a good one, a middle-aged man, a backslider. There were several under conviction, one gentleman from Newcastle whom Mr. McAllam said he was much surprised to see there. Mr. Firbank talked to him, but he would not come to the rail. *We lacked a General.* If you had been there we should had had several cases, I have no doubt.

"At the quarterly meeting I am told very kind recognition was made of my labours, and a resolution of thanks and sympathy unanimously passed. It was also decided not to invite a stranger for the Christmas effort, but to ask you to take one sermon and me the other! This is truly marvellous. Surely it is the Lord's doing!

"Do not forget to pray for me. I am the subject of much temptation and conflict. But God knows my heart. He sees I only want to do His will.

"Oh, how thankful I am that you are better! It seems to make all my other anxieties light and easy. Even my own health appears a trifle compared with yours, and I feel that infinitely easier could I meet death myself, than suffer its approach to you. I think if I were called to die, I could now do so with calmness, reposing on the infinite merits of my Redeemer. I know I love Him. I know I am striving after a full Divine conformity to His righteous will. Satan labours hard to terrify me, because of the past. But I answer him, 'Where sin hath abounded, grace shall much more abound,' yea, and I believe it. I, even I, shall prove His uttermost salvation, His fulness of love. Do you pray for me? Are you striving after more of the mind of Christ? Are you living by faith in the Son of God? May the Lord help you, and bring you home in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ!"

Mr. Booth returned from his furlough with health improved, fresh plans formed, and faith high for the achievements of the coming year. He was received by his office-bearers and people with every manifestation of their confidence and affection, and was especially gratified by their assurance concerning the progress of the work during his

absence, a resolution having been unanimously passed expressive of their satisfaction with the able and devoted manner in which Mrs. Booth had superintended the affairs of the circuit.

Writing to her parents upon New Year's Day, Mrs. Booth gives the following description of the Christmas :

"We have had a very good tea-meeting on Christmas Day, the best attendance they have ever had. I spoke an hour and a few minutes upon 'The true glory of a church, *embodied Christianity*,' as distinguished from materialism in every shape and form. I illustrated it by the two temples. The latter, though so far inferior to the first in all material grandeur, is yet declared to exceed it in glory, being honoured by the personal presence of Christ. So the glory of any church is not its architecture, etc., but the living embodiment of Christ's principles and benevolence.

"I should not have spoken, but William wished me to, and insisted on my taking time.

"The Christmas collections have amounted to £6 more than last year, when they fetched a special preacher 300 miles for the meetings.

"At a society meeting held last week, they passed a resolution that some blanks be left on the next 'plan' for Sunday nights at Bethesda, and that I be requested to supply them. But I cannot give the time to preparation unless I can afford to put my sewing out. It never seems to occur to anybody that I cannot do two things at once, or that I want means to relieve me of the one while I do the other! What I do, I do to the Lord. Still, I am conscious they are partakers of the benefit, and could wish that they would remember our temporalities a little more than they do!"

It is only due to the circuit officials to say that they made up somewhat for their previous forgetfulness by offering a little monetary assistance to Mr. and Mrs. Booth before they went away. And, no doubt, had they been aware of the financial straits which made it so difficult for Mrs. Booth to find time for her public work, they would have gladly come forward to supply the needs of their beloved and respected leaders, rather than that time should be wasted over household details which might have been so profitably devoted to the salvation of souls.

A more thrifty housewife than Mrs. Booth it would have been difficult to find. She could not endure extravagance. But she was equally free from meanness. She laboured that her children should be well-fed, warmly and neatly clothed, and carefully instructed in all forms of knowledge that would be likely to be useful to them and make them a blessing to others in after life. She had a conviction—or should we say one of those prophetic instincts to which she gave utterance—that her

children were destined to "stand before princes," and she was resolved that no pains should be spared on her part in preparing them physically, intellectually, and spiritually, to make the best of the opportunities the future might offer them for serving God and their generation. God honoured her faith, and though the financial burden continued to press heavily upon her, the promise was fulfilled that her bread should be certain and her water sure.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOLINESS TEACHINGS. 1861.

OF the doctrines advocated by John Wesley, next to the necessity of conversion, there was none on which he laid more stress than on the doctrine of sanctification. By the former he understood, as we have already seen, the possibility of receiving the conscious and immediate assurance of salvation. This was his privilege, nay, more, it was his duty. Short of such an experience none could safely rest.

Wesley went, however, further in asserting that not only could the sins of the past be pardoned, and the sinner restored to the family of God, but that the heart could be purified by the same power from the evil tendencies and tempers, which would otherwise prove too strong for it and render it the helpless prey of every passing temptation. If, he argued, the citadel of the heart continued to be occupied by anger, pride, love of money, fear of man, and all the other thousand and one forms of selfishness, the whole attention of the victim of such passion would necessarily be occupied in combating those inward enemies, and there would be little opportunity, inclination, and capacity for serving their Master by carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's country. If, on the contrary, these inward forms of evil were removed, every energy could then be devoted to the salvation of a perishing world.

The very object of the atonement appeared to him to be the conquest and removals of these indwelling evils. The very name *Jesus* signified that He was to save His people *from* their sins, not merely to pardon and condone sin, as so many seemed to suppose.

Of late, however, this doctrine had ceased to occupy the prominence given to it by Wesley. True, the possibility of attaining such an experience continued to be acknowledged. Nevertheless, it was no longer advocated with the same definiteness and earnestness that had marked it of old.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth, while constantly referring to the subject, and always urging upon their converts the importance both of holy living and of aggressive effort, had not hitherto directed their attention in any special manner to the consideration and proclamation of this doctrine.

How they came to do so is touchingly described by Mrs. Booth in the following letters to her parents :

"My soul has been much called out of late on the doctrine of holiness. I feel that hitherto we have not put it in a sufficiently definite and tangible manner before the people—I mean as a specific and attainable experience. Oh, that I had entered into the fulness of the enjoyment of it myself! I intend to struggle after it. In the meantime we have commenced already to bring it specially before our dear people."

"February 4th, 1861.

"I spoke a fortnight since at Bethesda on Holiness, and a precious time we had. On the Sunday following two beautiful testimonies were given in the Love-feast as to the attainment of the blessing through that address. One of them, an old grey-headed leader, is perhaps the most spiritual man in the Society. He had never before seen it his privilege to be sanctified. Others have claimed it since. William has preached on it twice, and there is a glorious quickening amongst the people. I am to speak again next Friday night and on Sunday afternoon. Pray for me. I only want perfect consecration and Christ as my all, and then I might be very useful, to the glory, not of myself, the most unworthy of all who e'er His grace received, but of His great and boundless love. May the Lord enable me to give my wanderings o'er and to find in Christ perfect peace and full salvation!

"I have much to be thankful for in my dearest husband. The Lord has been dealing very graciously with him for some time past. His soul has been growing in grace, and its outward developments have been proportionate. He is now on full stretch for holiness. You would be amazed at the change in him. It would take me all night to detail all the circumstances and convergings of Providence and Grace which have led up to this experience, but I assure you it is a glorious reality, and I know you will rejoice in it.

"As has always been the case with every quickening we have experienced in our own souls, there has been a renewal of the evangelistic question, especially in my mind. I felt as though that was the point of controversy between me and God. Indeed I know it was. And on the day I referred to in my last letter to you, I determined to bring it to a point before the Lord, trusting in Him for strength to suffer as well as to do His will, if He should call me to it. I did so. What I went through in the conflict I could not if I would describe. It seemed far worse than death. Since that hour, however, although I have been tempted, I have not taken back the sacrifice from the altar, but have been enabled calmly to contemplate it *as done*.

"Such an unexpected surrender on my part of course revived William's yearnings towards the evangelistic work, though in quite another spirit to that in which he used to long for it. In fact, now I think the sacrifice will be almost as great to him as to me. He has got so much more settled in his habits, and so fond of home. But he feels as though the Lord calls him to it. So we are going to make it a matter of daily prayer for a week, and then decide, leaving all consequences with the Lord. He says that we shall not lack any good thing if we do His will, and if He put us to the test we are going to trust Him with each other, life, health, salary and all.

“Will you not pray that He may reveal unto us His will so clearly that we cannot err? Oh, for faith in the simple Word! The curse of this age especially is *unbelief*, frittering the real meaning of God’s Word away and making it all figure and fiction. Nothing but the Holy Ghost can so apply the Words of God to the soul, that they shall be what Jesus declared they were ‘*spirit and life*.’ May He so apply them to our waiting, anxious hearts on this momentarily important subject.

“I am glad you got the book I recommended, but I would not advise you to read it all at once. Just find some portion that suits your case and apply it and pray over it, and ask the Lord to help you to receive all the light it is fitted to impart, and then act according to it. Believe it, or it is of no use! The just shall live by faith. More than ever am I determined to keep clear of all worldly conformity, and to say of its maxims, its practices, and all its paltry gratifications, ‘The daughter of Zion hath despised thee!’

The Lord will order all things if we only do His will and trust Him with consequences. ‘Them that honour me I will honour.’ Oh! what a fool I have been! How slow, how backward, how blinded, how hindered by unbelief. And even now some bolts and bars are round me, which my foolish heart will not consent to have broken down. Oh, unbelief! truly it binds the hands of Omnipotence itself! ‘He could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief.’ May the Lord increase our faith!”

“11th February, 1861.

“Your very kind letter came duly to hand. We are very much obliged for the readiness with which you promised to join us in praying about this very important matter of our future work. I hope, nay I believe, God will guide us. I think we are fully willing to be led by Him. I have not prayed much specifically about it at present, simply because my mind has been absorbed in the pursuit of Holiness, which I feel involves this and every other blessing. If I am only fully the Lord’s, He has unalterably bound Himself to be the portion of my inheritance for ever. This of late I have especially realised, and a week ago last Friday, when I made the surrender referred to in my last, I saw that in order to carry out my vow in the true spirit of consecration, I must have a whole Christ, a perfect Saviour. I therefore resolved to seek till I found that ‘Pearl of great price’—‘the white stone, which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it.’ I perceived that I had been in some degree of error with reference to the nature, or rather the attainment, of sanctification, regarding it rather as a great and mighty work to be wrought in me through Christ, than the simple reception of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, dwelling in my heart, and thus cleansing it every moment from all sin. I had been earnestly seeking all the week to apprehend Him as my Saviour in this sense, but on Thursday and Friday I was totally absorbed in the subject. I laid aside almost everything else, and spent the chief part of the day in reading and prayer, and trying to believe for it. On Thursday afternoon at tea-time I was well-nigh discouraged, and felt my old visitant irritability, and the devil told me I should never get it, and so I might as well give it up at once. However, I know him of old as a liar and the father of lies, and pressed on, cast down, yet not destroyed.

“On Friday morning God gave me two precious passages. First, ‘Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Oh, how

sweet it sounded to my poor, weary, sin-stricken soul! I almost dared to believe that He did give me rest from inbred sin, the rest of perfect holiness. But I staggered at the promise through unbelief, and therefore failed to enter in. The second passage consisted of those thrice-blessed words, 'Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' But again unbelief hindered me, although I felt as if getting gradually nearer.

"I struggled through the day until a little after six in the evening, when William joined me in prayer. We had a blessed season. While he was saying, 'Lord we open our hearts to receive Thee,' that word was spoken to my soul, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open unto Me, I will come in and sup with him.' I felt sure He had long been knocking, and oh, how I yearned to receive Him as a perfect Saviour! But oh, the inveterate habit of unbelief! How wonderful that God should have borne so long with me! When we got up from our knees I lay on the sofa exhausted with the excitement and effort of the day. William said, 'Don't you lay all on the altar?' I replied, 'I am sure I do!' Then he said, 'And isn't the altar holy?' I replied in the language of the Holy Ghost, 'The altar is most holy, and whatsoever toucheth it is holy.' Then, said he, 'Are you not holy?' I replied with my heart full of emotion and with some faith, 'Oh, I think I am!' Immediately the word was given me to confirm my faith, 'Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.' And I took hold, true with a trembling hand, and not unmolested by the tempter, but I held fast the beginning of my confidence, and it grew stronger, and from that moment I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord.

"I did not feel much rapturous joy, but perfect peace, the sweet rest which Jesus promised to the heavy laden. I have understood the Apostle's meaning when he says, 'We who believe do enter into rest.' This is just descriptive of my state at present. Not that I am not tempted, but I am allowed to know the devil when he approaches me, and I look to my Deliverer Jesus, and He still gives me rest. Two or three very trying things occurred on Saturday which at another time would have excited impatience, but I was kept by the power of God through faith unto full salvation.

"And now what shall I say? 'Unto Him who has washed me in his own blood be glory and dominion for ever and ever,' and all within me says 'Amen!' Oh! I cannot describe; I have no words to set forth the sense I have of my own utter unworthiness. Satan has met me frequently with my peculiarly aggravated sins, and I have admitted it all. But then I have said, the Lord has not made my sanctification to depend in any measure on my own worthiness or unworthiness, but on the worthiness of my Saviour. He came to seek and to save 'that which was lost.' 'Where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound.'

"And now, my dear parents, will you let it abound towards you? 'Whosoever will, let him come and take freely!'"

Like the twin pillars, Jachin and Boaz, which were reared by Solomon in the porch of the Temple, so the twin doctrines, Conversion and Sanctification, were raised in the forefront of the Salvation Army

Zion. In the glorious possibility of pardon, it was to be "established," and in the no less precious privilege of purity it was to find its "strength." The founders of the movement were to transmit to their followers the double shepherd's staff of Bands and Beauty, binding them on the one hand to the blessed experience of a forgiven child of God, and introducing them on the other to all the matchless "beauty of holiness."

Speaking subsequently on this subject, Mrs. Booth says :

"I think it must be self-evident that it is *the most important question* that can possibly occupy the mind of man—*how much like God we can be*, how near to God we can come on earth preparatory to our being perfectly like Him, and living, as it were, in His very heart for ever and ever in Heaven. Any one who has any measure of the Spirit of God must perceive that this is the most important question on which we can concentrate our thoughts; and the mystery of mysteries to me is how any one with any measure of the Spirit of God can help looking at this blessing of Holiness, and saying, 'Well, even if it does seem too great for attainment on earth, it is very beautiful and very blessed. I wish I could attain it.' *That*, it seems to me, must be the attitude of every person who has the Spirit of God—that he should hunger and thirst after it, and feel that he shall never be satisfied till he wakes up in the lovely likeness of his Saviour. And yet, alas! we do not find it so. In a great many instances the very first thing professing Christians do is to resist and reject this doctrine of Holiness as if it were the most foul thing on earth.

"I heard of a gentleman saying, a few days ago—a leader in one circle of religion—that for anybody to talk about being holy showed that they knew nothing of themselves and nothing of Jesus Christ. I said, 'Oh, my God! it has come to something if Holiness and Jesus Christ are at the antipodes of each other. I thought He was the centre and fountain of Holiness. I thought it was in Him alone we could get any Holiness, and through Him only that Holiness could be wrought in us.' But this poor man thought otherwise.

"We are told over and over again that God wants His people to be pure, and THAT PURITY IN THEIR HEARTS IS THE VERY CENTRAL IDEA AND END AND PURPOSE OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST; if it is not so, I give up the whole question—I am utterly deceived.

"Oh, that people, in their inquiries about this blessing of Holiness, would keep this one thing before their minds, that it is *being saved from sin!*—sin in act, in purpose, in thought!

"After all, what does God want with us? He wants us just *to be* and *to do*. He wants us to be like His Son, and then to do as His Son did; and when we come to that He will shake the world through us. People say, 'You can't be like His Son.' Very well, then, you will never get any more than you believe for. If I did not think Jesus Christ *strong* enough to destroy the works of the Devil and to bring us back to God's original pattern, I would throw the whole thing up for ever. What! He has given us a religion we cannot practise? I say, No, He has not come to mock us. What? He has given us a Saviour who cannot save? Then I decline to have anything to do with Him. What? does He profess to do

for me what He cannot? No, no, no. He 'is not a man, that He should lie; neither the Son of Man, that He should repent;' and I tell you that His scheme of Salvation is two-sided—it is Godward and manward. It contemplates me as well as it contemplates the great God. It is not a scheme of Salvation merely—it is a scheme of *restoration*. If He cannot restore me, He must damn me. If He cannot heal me, and make me over again, and restore me to the pattern He intended me to be, He has left Himself no choice.

"True there is the *condition*: 'Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove.'

"Oh! if you could be transformed to Him and conformed to this world at the same time, all the difficulty would be over. I know plenty of people who would be transformed directly; but, to be not conformed to this world—how they stand and wince at that! They cannot have it at that price. But God will not be revealed to such souls, though they cry and pray themselves to skeletons, and go mourning all their days. They will not fulfil their condition, 'Be not conformed to this world;' they will not forego their conformity even to the extent of a dinner-party. A great many that I know will not forego their conformity to the shape of their head-dress. They won't forego their conformity to the extent of giving up visiting and receiving visits from the ungodly, worldly, hollow, and superficial people. They will not forego their conformity to the tune of having their domestic arrangements upset—no, not if the salvation of their children, and servants, and friends depends upon it. The *sine quā non* is their own comfort, and then take what you can get, on God's side. 'We *must* have this, and we *must* have the other; and then, if the Lord Jesus Christ will come in at the tail end and sanctify it all, we shall be very much obliged to Him; but we cannot forego these things.'

"Finally, to obtain this blessed experience, there is the great desideratum—faith. You can't know it by understanding. Oh, if the world could have known it by understanding, what a deal they would have known! But He despises all your philosophy. It is not by understanding, but by *faith*! If ever you know God it will be by faith, becoming as a little child—opening your heart, and saying, 'Lord, pour in;' and then your quibbles and difficulties will be gone, and you will see holiness, sanctification, purity, perfect love burning out on every page of God's word.

"A minister—a devoted, good man—was trying to show me that this sanctification was too big to be got and kept. I said, 'My dear sir, how do you know? If another man has faith to march up to Jesus Christ and say, "Here, I see this in your book; you have promised this to me; now then, Lord, I have faith to take it." Mind you don't measure His privilege by your faith. Do you think the Church has come up to His standard of privilege and obligation? I don't. It has many marches to make yet. Mind you don't hinder anybody.' The law of the kingdom all the way through to your dying moment will be—'According to your faith.' If you want this blessing, put down your quibbles, put your feet on your arguments, march up to the throne and ask for it, and kill, and crucify, and cast from you the accursed thing which hinders, and then you shall have it, and the Lord will fill you with his power and glory."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.” 1861.

IN the history of men, as in the history of nations, there are critical moments when incalculable interests tremble in the balance, and it seems that a feather would suffice to turn the scale. Particularly is this the case with those who rise up from time to time as the champions of humanity. It is only when they have dared to brave the fiery ordeal and cross the seven-fold heated bars which opposition and prejudice lay at their feet, that the accomplishment of their heart's desire becomes attainable. The moment arrives when, without risking everything, nothing can be won. Those who are not prepared to sacrifice must be content to fail. The choicest privileges of mankind have been bought with blood. What is best worth buying costs the most. The Cross is the price for the crown, and Calvary the only gateway to resurrection glory. If good desires would save mankind, it would surely have been delivered long ago. The difference between idle wishes and the deliberate heart-choice of the world's true benefactor is, that the latter consents to pay the price which *some one has to pay*. The Cross is the divinely appointed shibboleth for the detection of the hypocrite. No insincere and selfish heart can “frame to pronounce” the word. The Ephraimite is betrayed by his lisp, and fails in his attempt to cross the ford.

It was an epoch, such as this in the history of Mr. and Mrs. Booth. Hitherto, they had bowed their necks to the Connexional yoke in the belief that the promises of a return to their evangelistic sphere would ultimately and unanimously be afforded them. Four years had they waited, but only to be disappointed. That they could be useful in a circuit they had abundantly proved; but that they could accomplish still greater results in the coveted position, where they had previously been blessed in so remarkable a manner, was equally clear. The question now presented itself forcibly to their consciences, as to whether they were justified in submitting any longer to the jurisdiction of a handful of persons, who were obviously influenced by unworthy motives in denying them a position of greater usefulness. True, it was possible

that Conference might reconsider their position and fulfil the pledges which had hitherto reconciled them to their lot, but in the event of this not being the case what were they to do? To face the world alone would have been easy. But now a delicate wife and four little children had to be considered. The recent break-down of Mr. Booth's health had reminded them that his constitution was not of the strongest. Added to these difficulties there was a warm personal attachment to the large circle of Connexional members with whom their labours had brought them into contact, and a deep-rooted desire to advance the highest interests of the body. None of these considerations, however, appeared to lessen the responsibility of their present position. And they resolved with the most perfect unanimity that if the Conference once more refused to fulfil their long-standing pledge, they would commit their needs to God, and go forth to do His will in simple reliance upon His promises.

No sooner had this decision been arrived at than they proceeded to prepare a letter to the President, formally broaching the subject and offering themselves for reappointment to the evangelistic sphere. From this letter we quote the following paragraphs :

"I am clearly convinced of the Scriptural character of the office of evangelist. This, I think, I have heard you maintain, nor do I know that any deny it.

"Other churches are successfully availing themselves of this kind of agency, amongst which are the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Methodist Free Churches, Independents, and Baptists.

"Never was there in this country so wide a door open for this class of labourers as now. As you are aware, in London, and many parts of Scotland, Ireland, and all over the world, this class of agencies have attracted the ear of vast masses of the people, and a great amount of good has been done.

"To me there appear two ways by which I may find admission to this sphere :

"1. For the Conference to employ me in the following, or some similar manner, as might appear to them wisest :

"1. To reside in some town central to a number of our interests, and to labour in the churches inviting me immediately around it; of course, going further away if not sufficient labour near home to fill up my time. When travelling before, I visited places where I received invitations sufficient to have occupied me twelve months, without going twenty miles away from one centre.

"2. To labour under the direction of the President of Conference, the Chairman of the District, or the Superintendent of the circuit where, for the time being, I resided.

"3. My salary to be the same as other ministers, to be obtained by the places where I labour giving so much per week for my services as before. This, with the exception of two places, was always obtained with the greatest ease; in many cases leaving large sums of money to devote to local purposes.

"4. Every church where I laboured successfully to be requested to make an offering towards a fund to enable me to labour in poor churches. Towards this fund I think I know some of my wealthy friends who would subscribe. Further details I am prepared to produce, should they be required, and I am, I think, prepared likewise to meet the various difficulties that may suggest themselves in the working out of this plan.

"II. The second way to which I referred would be for the Conference to grant me a location, allowing my name to appear on the minutes, and recognising me as a regular minister of the body, with the privilege of returning to the itinerancy when the providence of God might direct, on the condition that my labours were devoted to the Connexion so far as it offers me a sphere. Of course, if a sufficient amount of labour were not provided me by it, it could not be objected that I should fill up my time by accepting the invitations of other churches, as this plan would involve the giving up of my salary, and going forth with my wife and family to trust entirely to the Lord, as I have not the slightest idea of any guarantee whatever, save that of Him who has said, 'Every one that has forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.'

"On this subject my mind has been much exercised. I have been impressed that, when willing to this, He would open my way; and I think I can say I am now willing. I need not say how much more agreeable and welcome the adoption of the first plan would be, and how much less anxiety and self-sacrifice it would involve; I only suggest the latter in case the former should be rejected.

"Probably the question will be asked, 'Is my health equal to the work?' To this I reply, that, through the mercy of God, my throat is perfectly restored; and from experience in a circuit, and in the evangelistic work, I am convinced that my health will stand the one as well as the other, with seasonable rest and ordinary care.

"And now, my dear sir, I have laid the matter before you. I should very much deplore any unpleasant discussion in the Conference. I could not consent to engage in the work by an insignificant majority. I sincerely and strongly desire to spend my time and energies in promoting the highest interests of the Connexion. I wish to labour with the fullest approbation and co-operation of my brethren, neither do I see any righteous reason why this should not be the case.

"All well, I intend to call at Sheffield on Friday, the 15th instant, on my way to Birmingham, in order to consult you on the question, which, to give you opportunity for consideration, I have at this length laid before you. Should you in the meantime meet the Annual Committee, will you kindly lay this matter before them, and ascertain their judgment in reference to it? And may the Lord guide you in counsel.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Stacey, in which Mrs. Booth unites,

"Believe me to remain,

"Yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

It was not till the beginning of May that Mr. Booth received any reply to this communication, and then only to the effect that the

answer had been delayed owing to Mr. Stacey's illness, but that there had been a meeting of the Annual Committee, at which the letter had been considered, and that three out of the four members present had thought it best to lay the matter before the Conference for free and open discussion. Not a word of counsel, nor a symptom of approval was conveyed, and it was manifest that the proposal would encounter from certain parties as vigorous an opposition as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth, however, were now prepared for the worst. They were assured that whatever might be the issue of the conflict, the ultimate result could not fail to be a distinct improvement on their present unsatisfactory position. If they were successful in carrying their point, they would have the intense satisfaction of retaining their position in the Connexion, and at the same time of obeying the dictates of conscience. If, on the other hand, the Conference should refuse their request, they would realise they had done their duty, and their future pathway, if lonely, would be clear.

In sending to her parents a copy of the letter to the President; Mrs. Booth writes :

"I hope you received my last all right, with a copy of our letter to the President, and that you forwarded it to Dr. Cooke. Send us word what you thought of it. I don't see how they can object to granting the second plan, and I would prefer that to the first. William would be then entirely master of his own movements, and would not be harassed by a committee. Oh, the more I see of the Church and its ministry the more deeply am I convinced that such an instrumentality is what is needed! The apathy and blindness and unconcern of Christians generally, both ministers and people, are truly awful! And while the Church sleeps, souls by thousands are dropping into perdition. May God in mercy use us in some humble degree to awaken half-hearted professors, and to bring lost sinners to God!"

Nor were they left in this critical hour without tokens of Divine approval. A series of revival services, held in the beginning of the year at Bethesda Chapel, had resulted in two hundred persons professing conversion. The quarterly returns showed an increase of more than three hundred members to the circuit during the three years of their appointment. The annual District meeting held in Durham, previous to the meeting of the Conference, had been memorialised by the Gateshead Circuit to ask that Mr. Booth should be set apart for the work of an evangelist, and had unanimously passed the following resolutions :

1. Affirming the Scriptural character of such an agency and the desirability of its employment by the Connexion.

2. Recommending Conference to set Mr. Booth apart for the work ; and

3. Recommending his appointment to the Durham district as his first sphere of labour.

One of the most influential lay members of the Conference was a Mr. Joseph Love. He was immensely rich, having risen from the position of a working man to one of affluence, and leaving at his death some two millions of money. He warmly espoused Mr. Booth's cause, and promised to do his utmost to secure the consent of Conference to a renewal of his evangelistic work. Indeed, both he and other wealthy friends made it no secret that if it were the question of expense which had caused hesitation as to the appointment, they would themselves guarantee to defray all the extra cost, and thus relieve Conference of any anxiety on that account.

Still more reassuring was the result of an Easter visit paid by Mr. and Mrs. Booth to Hartlepool. So remarkable were the results and so promising the prospects that Mrs. Booth remained behind for ten days to continue the services, no less than two hundred and fifty persons coming to the communion rail during this brief interval. This seemed to be in an especial manner the finger of God pointing with the utmost plainness to the path that He desired them to follow. The commencement of this work is graphically described by Mrs. Booth herself in the following letter to her parents :

"HARTLEPOOL, Easter Monday, 1861.

"We came here on Thursday afternoon for the Easter Anniversary meetings. I preached on Good Friday morning to a full chapel, William on Sunday morning, and I again in the afternoon to a chapel packed, aisles and pulpit stairs, while many turned away unable to get in. This morning William returned to Gateshead to attend our tea-meeting at Bethesda. I am staying here to preach again to-night, and shall return all well to-morrow. There were many under conviction last evening, whom I hope to see converted to-night. The Lord has been very graciously present with me hitherto, and has given me great influence and liberty. I am in my element in the work, and only regret that I did not commence it years ago. Oh, to live for souls ! It is a dark, sinful world, and a comparatively dead and useless Church. May God pour out His spirit !

"There is a nice society here, considering it is a new one—a beautiful chapel, seats about 750. They say there were 1,000 in it yesterday afternoon.

"And now how are you getting on ? I am very glad to hear my dear father is so useful in the temperance line. I intend to do more yet in that direction. Some excellent judges spoke very highly of my first speech. So I shall be encouraged to try again.

"I hope, however, my dear father will not stop at teetotalism. Why can you not speak a word for Jesus ? (Shortly previous to this, while on a visit to Mrs.

Booth, Mr. Mumford had given his heart freshly to God.) Does not 'love so amazing, so divine' as He has shown to you demand the consecration of your powers directly to His Name and cause? Oh, try to speak a word for Him, and you will find His Spirit will be with you, giving you strength and grace! The mere recital of God's merciful dealings with you would be calculated to melt many a hard heart, and inspire many a hopeless, reckless wanderer with desires and purposes to return to the Lord. Try it! Oh, let us *all* try to live to purpose!

"Has my dear mother fixed on any plan by which she can do something for the Lord, and be instrumental in winning a few poor souls to Jesus? It is workers that are so wofully wanted in the vineyard, and there is nothing else worth living for but to minister salvation and bliss in Jesus' Name. Oh, let us as a family strive to do something to make up for our lost opportunities and past unfaithfulness!"

A few days later Mrs. Booth writes again from Hartlepool to her parents:

"You will be surprised to find I am still here, but so it is. I told you I had to stay on Monday evening. Well, the Lord came down amongst the people so gloriously that I dare not leave, so the friends telegraphed to William and I remained. . . . I preached again on Tuesday evening. The chapel was full. I gave an invitation and the Lord helped me as I think He never did before. When I had done speaking there was a general move all over the chapel, and the communion rail was filled with penitents again and again and again during the evening. The second time it was filled I never saw such a sight before. They were all men with two exceptions, and most of them great fine fellows of mature years. All glory to Jesus! He hath 'chosen the weak things to confound the mighty.'

"I preached again on the Wednesday and Friday evenings, and also gave two addresses on holiness, and the Lord was very gracious with me. *Above 100 names* were taken during the week, and besides these I should think we have had half the members up to seek a clear sense of their acceptance. On Saturday night we had a glorious fellowship meeting. Oh, it would have rejoiced your hearts to have heard one after another bless God for bringing your feeble and unworthy child to Hartlepool! I shall never forget that meeting on earth or in Heaven!

"I was published to preach at night, and a quarter of an hour before the time the chapel was wedged so full that the people were drifting away, when it was announced to the crowd outside that Mr. Williams should preach in the school-room under the chapel at the same time. It is a splendid place, capable of holding nearly 500, and not only was it filled, but they tell me numbers went away unable to get in. I preached in the chapel on the judgment, and experienced great liberty. The people listened as though they already realised the dread tribunal. Oh, it was indeed a solemn season! For some time we carried on both prayer-meetings, then we amalgamated, allowing the people to remain in the gallery, which they did till nearly ten o'clock. We had upwards of forty cases of conversion. To God be all the praise! If we had had more efficient help at the communion rail, we should have got many more, but there was not room for

them, and the people of God are awfully ignorant of the right way to lead penitents to Christ. The Lord have mercy on a half-asleep Church! Oh, if I had time to particularise some of the precious cases we have had I could fill sheets! But I have not. Our Christ can do wonderful things, and that by the feeblest instruments.

"The friends are thoroughly taken by surprise, They were perfectly bewildered last night. They seemed lost in wonder and awe. I believe we had some of the most respectable people and also some of the greatest reprobates in the town, and yet during the whole service I saw but one irreverent look or gesture. They all seemed as solemn as death, and I believe many went away with the arrows of the Almighty in their souls. May the great day reveal it. The friends tell me that I get numbers every night who never before put their heads inside a place of worship. I give an address this evening, principally to the new converts, and to-morrow morning I return home. It seems a thousand pities to have to leave such a work, but I suppose I must. I intend to try and arrange to come back again.

"Pray for me. I have my trials even in connection with this work, but I hear my Lord saying 'to him that overcometh will I give to sit down with Me on My Throne.' Oh, for wisdom and grace to steer clear of every quicksand and every rock, and to reach the harbour safe at last! Well, He says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and I believe it.

"And now I know what you are thinking about, namely, that I shall be thoroughly overdone. If you knew how I have laboured, talking to penitents as hard as I could for two hours every night, and this after preaching, you would not believe that it could be your Kate. I can hardly believe it myself, but hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and though often almost prostrated, and scarcely able to speak or walk, He has wonderfully restored me, so that the next night I have felt able for the work again. Still, I confess I feel very poorly this morning. It was a terribly heavy strain last night, but the fruit makes up for it all. May God preserve it unto eternal life.

"Oh, I cannot tell you how I feel in view of the state of the Church at large. It is a dead weight on the heels of any truly earnest minister. What can we do to wake it up, and keep it awake? We can only pray to the Lord of the harvest. He can do it and He only. The poor sinners, the poor lost sheep for whom my Saviour died, how few truly care for their souls! All seek their own and not the things that are Jesus Christ's. Oh, may the Lord help me to seek His, and only His glory, and to be content to wait for my reward till I get to Heaven! Amen and Amen!

"The children were all pretty well when I heard last. My precious children! Oh, how I long to inspire them with truly benevolent and self-sacrificing principles! The Lord help me, and may He early take their hearts under His training! William says that he does not think that they are suffering from my absence, neither do I believe the Lord will allow them to suffer.

'Fix on *His* work thy steadfast eye,
So shall *thy* work be done.'

The Lord will not let us lose in the end by doing His work."

Writing after her return to Gateshead in regard to the concluding services at Hartlepool, Mrs. Booth says:

"I spoke again on Monday night to a crowded chapel. There were *thirty-two cases* besides members. Oh, it was a glorious work! I left it in the hands of Mr. Williams, but I hear that they have only taken twenty names since I left. I hardly expected that Dr. Cooke would put a report in the *Magazine*, though I knew one had been sent. However, it seems that he will. I hope this will not provoke any controversy, as I should be sorry for that. If it should, however, it will not be the first thing of the kind. If you can borrow the February and March *Magazines* for 1848 you will find two letters on the subject, one in defence of female preaching by the Rev. J. H. Robinson, now of Canada. It is the best thing I have seen on the subject. I did not feel at all anxious, however, for a report to be sent to either the papers or the *Magazine*. I fear the Spirit is often grieved by glorying in instrumentalities, and so far as I am concerned, I do it only unto the Lord, and my record is on high."

Referring to the same meetings, Mr. Booth writes :

"I just send a line to say how we are. Catherine came home on Tuesday afternoon. It has been a very glorious work, one hundred and eighty from the world, besides near a hundred for justification and holiness from the different churches of the town. She came home much exhausted, and on Thursday she had a day of violent pain. An attack of spasms came on at four in the morning, and did not leave her till two in the afternoon. In fact, the pain did not entirely pass away until the next day. She managed to go to Winlaton yesterday, because printed and published, but it was a great risk. She is middling this morning, and must be very quiet for some time to come. I was very lonely without her, very much so, indeed."

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Booth paid a second visit to Hartlepool, which she describes in the following letter :

"We had a splendid day, chapel wedged at night and numbers turned away unable to get in. A good prayer-meeting and seventeen cases. It was like beginning over again after three weeks' cessation of special effort. The friends expressed themselves as highly gratified, even more so than on any former occasion. I heard a great deal of gracious and heart-cheering intelligence with reference to those brought in during my previous visit. They reckon to get eighty good and permanent members for their own church, and have handed the names of forty to other denominations. The news of this work has spread far and near, and is bringing me fresh invitations. I expect to be at Salem, Newcastle, twice next Sunday. The last time I was there I had a good congregation. Though it was morning the Chapel was filled as they have not seen it for years, and the gentleman who has been to-day to invite me says that there are inquiries on every hand as to when I am going again.

"Regarding my health, be assured I do take notice of your kind advice and fully appreciate your anxiety, but I really cannot preach shorter; I do try, but I always fail, and even *then* I have often to leave much out that I would like to say. However, I don't think it hurts me, as I speak very naturally, and they say my voice is so adapted for it, and my utterance so distinct, that I don't need to raise

my voice beyond its ordinary compass. It is the prayer-meeting work that exhausts me the most.

"On Sunday the Lord was very graciously with me. I never felt more liberty and influence than I did at night. It made the twelfth public effort in Hartlepool, and on no single occasion did the Lord allow me to fail.

"The children are well. Willie gets on nicely with his lessons. They all come on charmingly. Baby gets a real pet—such a mama's girl as none of them have been."

To an unprejudiced mind it would have appeared that the glorious results attending the Hartlepool revival, together with the remarkable successes achieved by Mr. Booth, would have sufficed to have convinced the Conference as to the advisability of appointing them to the work for which they were so specially adapted. Here was an ingathering of two hundred and fifty seekers in the short space of ten days, with a permanent addition of eighty members to the church, and of forty more to neighbouring places of worship. A minister who would not welcome such an intrusion was not worthy of the name. And a governing body that refused to set the willing seal of its approval to such an enterprise thereby proved its own incapacity. But there were those who did not wish to be convinced, and who were only increasingly alarmed that four years of suppression had not succeeded in extinguishing the fiery zeal of the evangelist. Nay, more. They had now to reckon with two in place of one, for the Gateshead Patmos, instead of extinguishing the ardour of the one, had inflamed the enthusiasm of the other.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RESIGNATION. 1861.

THE memorable Conference, on the decisions of which were suspended events of far-reaching importance, was held in Liverpool in 1861. Mr. and Mrs. Booth decided that they would together attend its deliberations.

"My heart almost fails me," writes Mrs. Booth to her parents, "in going to the Conference, and leaving the children behind. But William would like me to be there, to advise with in case he is brought into a perplexing position. I shall be in the gallery while the discussion goes on, so that I can hear all that is said. No doubt there will be much of a trying and discouraging character. But I shall look to the Lord for discretion, patience, and wisdom. Pray for me. I have many a conflict in regard to the proposed new departure, not as to our support, I feel as though I can trust the Lord implicitly for all that; but the devil tells me I shall never be able to endure the loneliness and separation of the life. He draws many a picture of most dark and melancholy shade. But I cling to the promise, 'No man hath forsaken,' etc., and having sworn to my own hurt, may I stand fast. I have told William that if he takes the step, and it should bring me to the workhouse, I would never say one upbraiding word. No! To blame him for making such a sacrifice for God and conscience's sake would be worse than wicked! So, whatever be the result, I shall make up my mind to endure it patiently, looking to the Lord for grace and strength."

Writing later to her mother from Liverpool, Mrs. Booth says :

"The time for the consideration of our case is now drawing near. We anticipate some very sharp fighting. Several of the leading preachers are as much opposed as ever, but there are some who are prepared to defend it to the teeth, and as far as we can learn nearly all the lay members favour the proposal. Mr. W. Rabbits is getting ready for the occasion, and we dine with Mr. Love to-day at the Royal Hotel, and I am going to prepare him a bit! I have great influence with him just now. He introduced me to Dr. Cooke yesterday, and told him that I outdid them all, even Mr. Cooke himself, and a great deal more which he was foolish enough to say, and which I should be still more foolish to repeat. However, I may as well use his esteem to good purpose, if I can. Not that I put my trust in man in the matter. The more I see of men, the less faith I have in them. Of course, we cannot help feeling somewhat anxious as to the result, but really I regard their acceptance of my dear William as a doubtful advantage, so far as his ultimate usefulness is concerned. I believe the Lord intends him to do a great work, and He is able to sustain him in it.

"Oh, I want to help him to a *right* course. Pray for us, that God may guide! I seem to hear Him saying, 'I will guide thee by My counsel.' Amen! Even so, Father! Thy will be done!"

Referring to this occasion in later years Mrs. Booth says :

"In going to the Conference, depressed though I was in heart and perplexed without measure in mind, the old illusions of my childhood crept over me, and I went anticipating something of a spiritual treat, and resolved to obtain for my soul what edification I could from the gathering.

"I had pictured to myself what such a Conference *might* be. Here was an opportunity, I thought, for ascertaining the real condition of the work of God, for pointing out causes of weakness and failure, for indicating the measures which would be likely to arouse the Church, for calling each other to repentance and reconsecration, and for waiting unitedly for such a baptism of fire as would make its mark upon the world.

"I must say, however, I was sadly disappointed. Apart altogether from the treatment we received, which God has since so wonderfully over-ruled for good, its deliberations did not tend to raise the debating system of government in my estimation. Hours were wasted in discussing trifling details, in exchanging empty compliments, in speechifying, in proposing alternate resolutions and amendments, and in the disposal of the driest and dullest of business routine. From beginning to end there was nothing to inflame the zeal, or deepen the devotion, or heighten the aspirations of the members."

Nevertheless, the study was doubtless to Mr. and Mrs. Booth an interesting, and, in view of the future, a profitable one. It has commonly been the mistake and misfortune of the Church in general that it has placed the reins of its government in the hands of literary critics, clerks, and bookworms, who live in an atmosphere of antiquity, and are largely destitute of those gifts which can alone qualify for the leadership of men. Mere critical knowledge and research are well-nigh deified, and the bishops of the Church, its overseers, its rulers, those who have its destinies in the palm of their hands, are chiefly chosen from those who are mere encyclopedias of the past rather than from those who are distinguished by their possession of Divine power, and by their intimate acquaintance with human nature as it is. Doubtless dictionaries *as such* are valuable, but for the leadership of the Church something more is required.

What Scriptural precedent, what rational argument is there, in favour of this undue preponderance of the mere clerical element? It is not so in the world. Our armies would be defeated, our navies swept off the sea, businesses would fail, and a political party be involved in chaos, if the mere literary adept, or the scientific pedant.

were entrusted with the helm. Science is the handmaid of these professions, but the mistress of none. She manufactures their powder, builds their ships, coins their gold, and prints their papers. She is allowed to serve, but is not permitted to command. The Tennysons and the Dorés of the age may depict, but they cannot lead the marshalled hosts upon the field of battle. The Church has surely been misled in this respect, and has attached an altogether undue importance to the acquirement of linguistic and clerical attainments, which no more qualify men for the command of their fellows than would the knowledge of cookery or the plough.

True, the New Connexion was considerably in advance of the ordinary church Sanhedrim, admitting to its deliberations a proportion of lay representatives. Nevertheless there existed the same tendency to over-estimate the advantages of intellect and culture, at the cost of more necessary and sterling qualities.

"A good deal of the business," continues Mrs. Booth, "was of a personal character. The first lively passage of arms which took place was concerning the editorship of the *Magazine*. For many years our old friend, Dr. Cooke, had conducted it, his appointment having been renewed by each succeeding Conference. Some dissatisfaction, however, having been expressed in regard to his management of the paper, he tendered his resignation in an able and touching speech, which considerably affected many of the members of the Conference. No sooner had he taken his seat than some one rose and charged him with 'morbid sentimentalism,' 'clinging to office,' and a number of severe, unkind, and unwarrantable accusations, which did not, however, elicit a single response from the audience. Our friend, Mr. Rabbits, ably defended Dr. Cooke, but the chairman ruled that the discussion was out of order, and it was accordingly postponed, it being subsequently decided that Dr. Cooke should continue the editorship as before.

"At length our case came on for consideration. As we had anticipated, the proposal for our restoration to the evangelistic sphere met with brisk opposition, although the reasons advanced for it had undergone a complete change. In fact, it was necessary for Mr. Wright and his friends to invent some fresh pretences for their action, inasmuch as we had completely cut the ground from beneath their former objections. Nevertheless, there was every reason to believe that nearly half the ministers and the majority of the laymen present were in favour of the proposal, and we trusted that with their help we should be able to carry the day. Nothing surprised me, however, more than the half-hearted and hesitating manner in which some spoke, who had in private assured us most emphatically of their sympathy and support. I believe that *cowardice* in one of the most prevailing and subtle sins of the day. People are so *pusillanimous* that they dare not say 'No,' and are afraid to go contrary to the opinions of others, or to find themselves in a minority.

"On three separate occasions the subject of our appointment was brought forward for discussion and was successively adjourned, the debate occasioning

considerable excitement throughout. Every imaginable and unimaginable objection was resorted to by the opposition, which was headed, as before, by the Rev. P. J. Wright. It so happened, moreover, that Dr. Crofts, who had been largely instrumental on the first occasion in relegating us to circuit work, was this year appointed as President of the Connexion. There can be little doubt that this nomination exercised an important influence upon the events that followed."

The discussion was commenced by the Rev. J. Stokoe presenting to the Conference the resolutions passed by the recent meetings at Durham, advocating the restoration of Mr. Booth to the evangelistic sphere.

The Rev. P. J. Wright moved that this was contrary to the rules and Deed Poll of the Connexion. The result of the Durham resolutions would be the calling out of a new class of agency affecting the fundamental principles of the Connexional system. As such it would be necessary to submit the question to all their members for consideration, and this could not now be done for six years, so that it was no use wasting time over the discussion.

It seems somewhat surprising that Mr. Wright had not made this remarkable discovery six years previously, when Mr. Booth was formally appointed by the Conference for this species of work, nor during the discussion of 1857, when it was first decided that Mr. Booth should take a circuit. In the latter case it would have certainly helped to a final decision of the controversy at a much earlier date. However, Mr. Wright's contention, although supported by a solicitor, did not remain unchallenged.

Mr. Oldham asked if the Poll Deed prevented circuits from employing extra agency for revival and other religious work. If so, he thought the sooner it was thrown aside the better.

Dr. Cooke also differed from Mr. Wright, pointing out that the Poll Deed did not prohibit any new agency. They had often instituted such. The Canadian and Irish missions, and other similar agencies were not referred to in the Deed, which offered no difficulty whatever to the proposal now before the Conference.

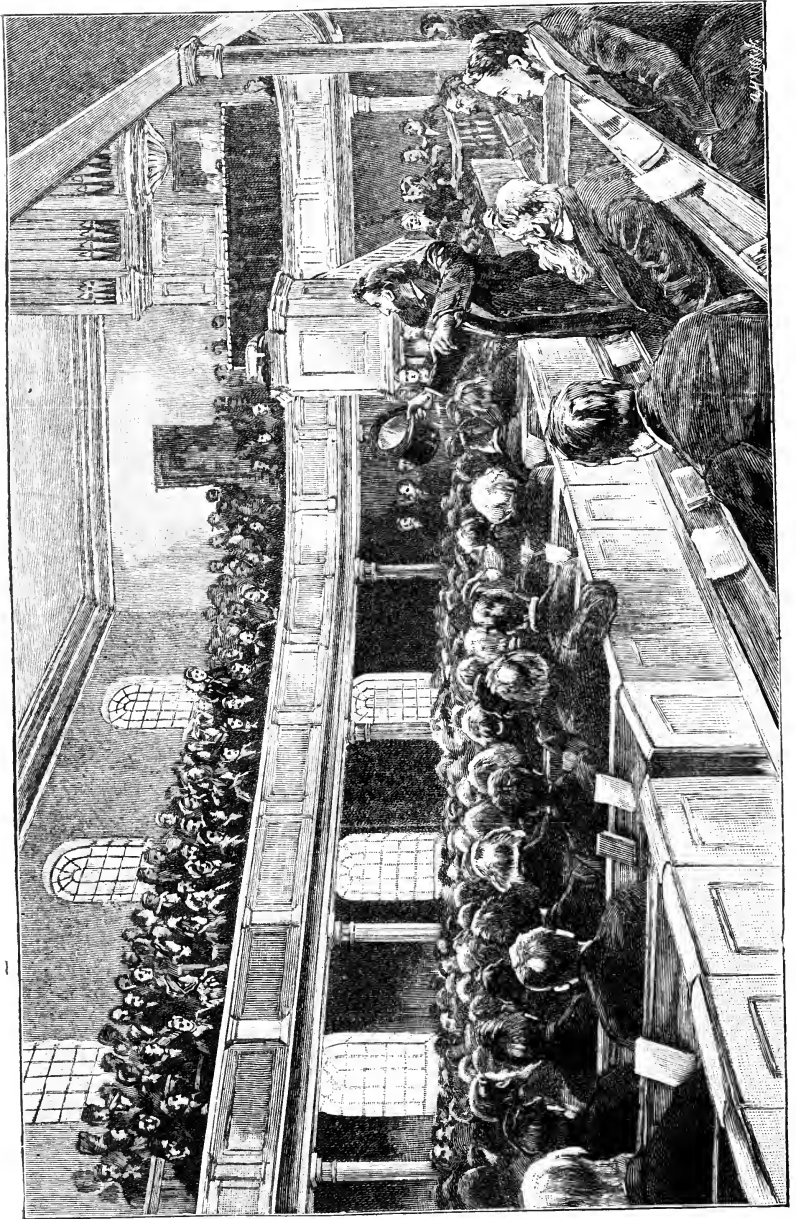
An amendment to Mr. Wright's motion was then proposed to the effect that the suggestion of the Durham Circuit was not contrary to the Poll Deed. This was warmly seconded by Mr. Rabbits, who dwelt upon the free policy of the New Connexion, and expressed the hope that a church possessing freedom such as none other could boast of, was not going to hide behind a musty deed, when even the

Established Church had commenced to employ evangelistic agency. After some further argument the amendment was put to the vote and carried by a large majority.

It remained to decide whether the Conference, having affirmed its power to create the agency, would proceed to act on it as desired. A long and vehement discussion ensued. The opponents of the measure argued that it was an insult to the pastor to introduce any outside agency, as if he were not himself sufficient to fulfil the duties of the post. Some of the speakers objected altogether to revival work, and seized the opportunity for denouncing it. One of them, Mr. McCurdy, declared that the last state of such circuits was worse than the first, although he was bound to admit that in Mr. Booth's case there were gifts and graces and an intellectual power which placed him far ahead of any and all the evangelistic labourers who were at present labouring throughout England. This admission met with hearty applause. But the speaker added that he was nevertheless convinced that Mr. Booth would serve the interests of the Connexion best by labouring in a regular circuit.

Mr. Booth was then invited to read the letter which he had addressed to the Annual Committee in the previous March. And the debate was drawing to a close with every prospect of a satisfactory result, when, to their amazement, Dr. Cooke, who had professed to be on their side, proposed a compromise. His amendment was to the effect that Mr. Booth should take a circuit, but should be allowed to make arrangements with his office-bearers to spend a certain portion of his time in carrying on revival services elsewhere. The impracticability of such a course Mr. and Mrs. Booth had already proved in the case of Gateshead. And they knew that if the proposed appointment to a circuit should be insisted upon, its affairs would necessarily absorb their whole attention, and it would be impossible for them to combine the double work. Mr. Booth, therefore, refused pointblank to accept the compromise, but before time could be given to his sympathisers to recover from their surprise, the amendment was put to the vote and carried by a large majority.

This was more than Mrs. Booth could endure. She had been sitting at a point in the gallery from which she and her husband could interchange glances. It had been with difficulty that she had restrained her feelings hitherto while listening to the debate. But at this stage she was overcome with indignation. She felt that Dr. Cooke had sacrificed their cause in the interests of peace rather than righteous-



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ness. But for his suggested compromise, she believed that they would have carried the day with a triumphant majority. He had deserted them in the very hour of victory, carrying with him a number of those who had already voted in favour of the appointment. But she would be no party, even by her silence, to the compromise. It was one of those supreme moments when rules and regulations are forgotten, and the heart out of its own fulness acts upon the promptings and inspiration of the hour.

Rising from her seat and bending over the gallery, Mrs. Booth's clear voice rang through the Conference, as she said to her husband, "Never!"

There was a pause of bewilderment and dismay. Every eye was turned towards the speaker in the gallery. The idea of a woman daring to utter her protest, or to make her voice heard in the Conference, produced little short of consternation. It was a sublime scene, as with flushed face and flashing eye, she stood before that audience. Decision, irrevocable and eternal, was written upon every feature of that powerful and animated countenance. Her "Never!" seemed to penetrate like an electric flash through every heart.

One, at least, in that assembly responded with his whole soul to the call. Mr. Booth sprang to his feet, and waved his hat in the direction of the door. Heedless of the ministerial cries of "Order, order," and not pausing for another word, they hurried forth, met and embraced each other at the foot of the gallery stairs, and turned their backs upon the Conference, resolved to trust God for the future, come what might, and to follow out their conscientious convictions regarding His work.

Thus, amid a deluge of heartbreaks and disappointments, the horizon overcast with gloomy clouds, amid a storm of sorrow, the Salvation Army ark was launched. It was long before it rested on its Ararat, and longer still before its uncovered roof displayed the verdant fields and luxuriant pastures of prosperity. But the moment had at length arrived when the moorings that had hitherto anchored it to the traditions of the past were cut loose. The unfriendly hand of jealousy was unconsciously to perform for them the greatest service of their lives, and the monsoon blasts that threatened to overwhelm them with calamity were to waft them to the shores of a better land. They would have been satisfied to live for ever in their New Connexion Goshen, but Providence had prepared for them a

wider sphere than the modest one for which they had asked. One door had closed behind them, it is true, but a thousand more had opened in its place, and countless hearts were to respond in happy gratitude for the courage and self-sacrifice of that all-important hour which made Mr. and Mrs. Booth and their family the common property of the world, and the nations of the earth in a singular sense their inheritance.

CHAPTER XL.

THE RESIGNATION. 1861.

MR. AND MRS. BOOTH had scarcely reached their temporary home when Dr. Cooke, in company with another minister, drove up to the door. They had fully expected, like many others who voted in favour of the compromise, that distasteful as it might be to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, their ultimate acquiescence was assured. They had succeeded in over-persuading them on four previous occasions, and they could not but hope that they would again prevail. They pointed out to Mr. and Mrs. Booth the serious consequences of persistence in their present course, and urged them to accept the decision of the Conference, holding out the hope that in another year's time the members might be riper for the adoption of the evangelistic programme than they at present appeared to be.

To this Mr. and Mrs. Booth replied that the apparent compromise was, as a matter of fact, no compromise at all. They were perfectly familiar with the condition of the Newcastle circuit, to which it was proposed they should be sent, and they knew that its needs would tax their undivided energies to the utmost. If they neglected it in favour of revival work, they would give just cause for complaint to the Conference. If, on the contrary, they did justice to the circuit, they would be obliged to disobey what they had realised to be a distinct call from God. They had done their utmost to meet the demands of Conference in offering to resign their salary, and to depend solely upon God for their support, but they could not accept a double responsibility which they would be unable to fulfil.

It was now Saturday. The Conference was to hold its final sitting on Monday. Dr. Cooke urged that Mr. Booth should at least attend in order to re-explain his views, and to see whether some way out of the difficulty could not be devised. To this he agreed, reiterating, however, his inability to accept the present arrangement.

The Sabbath which followed was a gloomy one. They had been announced to conduct meetings in Chester, and they accordingly went. The chapel was crowded, and in spite of the melancholy

feelings which oppressed their hearts, their visit was attended with success and souls were saved.

On the Monday morning they returned to Liverpool, when Mr. Booth attended the sitting of the Conference. He was received with marked kindness. Nevertheless, there appeared to be no disposition to reconsider the decision or to suggest any other solution of the difficulty, and there was no little rejoicing on the part of the Newcastle representatives when, at the last reading of the appointments, Mr. Booth's name was placed against their circuit.

At the final sitting of the Conference an appeal was, however, made by one of the oldest ministers present, urging him to bow to their decision. He spoke in the most flattering terms of Mr. Booth's previous services, and intimated that all a minister could covet in connection with the body was within his reach if he would conform to the wishes of his brethren, concluding by inviting him to take the platform and signify his feelings to the Conference.

This Mr. Booth proceeded to do, reiterating his assurance that God had called him to the evangelistic sphere, and adding that if to secure his bread and cheese, or to exempt himself from suffering and loss, he were to sacrifice his convictions, he believed God would despise him, they would despise him, and he was certain that he should despise himself. Rather than do so, he would go forth without a friend and without a farthing. He loved the Connexion. He had for seven years faithfully sought its highest interests. He had won thousands of souls within its borders. But he was now asked to carry out an arrangement which was at once a physical impossibility, and which would involve him in a course of disobedience to God and his conscience.

It might have been supposed that such an appeal, coming from one whose past and prospective services must have been deemed of some value to the Connexion, would have elicited a generous response. But the Conference was obdurate. What they had written they had written. To Newcastle they had appointed him, and to Newcastle it was generally expected, nay, confidently believed, that he would sooner or later consent to go.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth were puzzled to know what step should next be taken. While the Conference had refused to alter its decision, it had not, on the other hand, treated Mr. Booth's refusal to comply as a resignation, but had simply assumed that he would in the end obey. There were two courses open to him. One was to place his

resignation at once in the hands of the Annual Committee, which had not, however, the authority to accept it, but could only hold the matter over for the consideration of the next year's Conference. The other course was to let matters drift for the time being, endeavouring to come to an understanding with his circuit, by which he should forego his salary and home, be released on his part from local engagements, and thus set free for accepting invitations from other circuits and churches which he knew to be desirous of obtaining his services.

Mrs. Booth was strongly in favour of the former proposal. But Mr. Booth still clung to the hope that some middle course might yet be discovered—some means for bridging the gulf in a manner satisfactory at once to the Conference and themselves. His friends were urgent that he should make the attempt. The circuit officials were willing that it should be so, accepting the services of Mr. Booth's colleague as his substitute during his absence.

It was necessary at once to leave the Gateshead home, but the preacher's house in Newcastle was standing empty, and was gladly for the time being placed at his disposal. A notice was even sent to the July number of the *Magazine* intimating that Mr. Booth's "arrangements with his circuit would leave him some opportunities of helping to promote the work of God in other circuits where the minister and the people unitedly desired his labour." For some weeks it seemed likely that all might yet go well, and the threatened breach be healed.

In the meantime, during this period of suspense, Mrs. Booth writes to her parents :

"Your very kind letter came duly to hand. We should have answered it sooner, but have had neither heart nor opportunity. Neither could I reply to your questions about our settlement without giving you just cause for anxiety on our account, and, but for neglecting you, I would prefer not to write at all.

"Our position altogether is about as trying as it well could be. We have reason to fear that the Annual Committee will not allow even this arrangement with the circuit to be carried out, and if not, I do not see any honourable course open but to resign at once and risk all; that is, if trusting in the Lord for our bread, in order to do what we believe to be His will, ought to be called a *risè*.

"The President has written to know the nature of the arrangements come to with the Newcastle circuit. William will send them, and if they object I shall urge him to resign.

"You see I am so nervous I can scarcely write. The fact is I am but poorly, and almost bewildered with fatigue and anxiety. We don't know what to do.

And yet God knows we only seek to do the right. If I thought it was right to stop here in the ordinary work I would *gladly* consent. But I cannot believe that it would be so. Why should he spend another year in plodding round this wreck of a circuit, preaching to twenty, thirty, and forty people, when, with the same amount of cost to himself, he might be preaching to thousands, and bringing hundreds of wanderers into the fold of Christ? And none of our friends would think it right if we had an *income*. Then, I ask, does the securing of our bread and cheese make that right which would otherwise be wrong, when God has promised to feed and clothe us? I think not. And I am willing to trust Him and to suffer, if need be, in order to do His will.

"William hesitates. He thinks of *me and the children*, and I appreciate his love and care. But I tell him that God will provide, if he will only go straight on in the path of duty. It is strange that I, who always used to shrink from the sacrifice, should be the first in making it! But when I made the surrender, I did it whole-heartedly, and even since I have been like another being. Oh, pray for us yet more and more! We have no money coming in from any quarter now. Nor has William any invitations at present. The time is unfavourable. I am much tempted to feel it hard that God has not cleared our path more satisfactorily. But I will not 'charge God foolishly!' I know that His way is often in the whirlwind, and He rides upon the storm! I will try to possess my soul in patience and to wait on Him.

"The children do not like the change at all. Poor little Katie cried bitterly the first night when we undressed her here. She ran to the door for the cab to take her back again! Bless them! I don't think the Lord will ever allow them to suffer by the resolution of their parents to do His will. David never saw the righteous hunger nor his seed begging bread!"

In a subsequent letter to her mother Mrs. Booth adds :

"Your kind letter came to hand this morning. I am sincerely grateful for all your concern, and am only sorry to be the occasion of so much anxiety to you now, when I hoped to be able to repay you for some I have caused you in the past. But perhaps a brighter day is before us. We must hope in God.

"William had a good beginning at Alnwick last week, wonderful for the place. But oh, the blindness of the preachers is enough to make the stones cry out! They thought it would be wiser to defer the services until the winter, as one of the leading families was going to the seaside! So poor, convicted sinners at Alnwick must wait their convenience! However, William has delivered his soul of them.

"I trust neither you nor my dear father think that I want to run precipitately into the position we contemplate. I have thought about it long and much. It has cost me many a struggle to bring my mind to it. But once having done so, I have never swerved from what I believed to be the right course. Neither dare I. But I am quite willing to listen to argument, to receive light, and even to wait for the accomplishment of our desires, if I can only see justifiable reasons. But I have no hope that *God will ever assure us that we shall lose nothing in seeking to do His will*. I don't think this is God's plan. I think He sets before us our

duty, and then demands its performance, expecting us to leave the consequences with Him.

"If He had promised *beforehand* to give Abraham his Isaac back again, where would have been that illustrious display of faith and love which has served to encourage and cheer God's people in all ages? If we could always *see* our way, we should not have to walk by faith, but by sight. I know God's professing people are generally as anxious to see their way as worldlings are, but they thus dishonour God and greatly injure themselves.

"I don't believe in any religion apart from *doing the will of God*. True, faith is the uniting link between Christ and the soul, but if we don't do the will of our Father, it will soon be broken.

"If my dear husband can find a sphere where he can preach the Gospel *to the masses*, I shall want no further evidence as to the will of God concerning him. If he cannot find a sphere, I shall conclude that we are mistaken. But I cannot believe that we ought to wait till God guarantees us as much salary as we have hitherto received. I think we ought to do His will, and trust Him to send us the supply of our need. Anyhow, I am convinced the Lord will guide us, and I am willing to stand by my dear husband, and do all I can to help him in whatever course he may decide upon."

Having settled Mrs. Booth and the children in the temporary home at Newcastle, and having made with the circuit the arrangements previously referred to, Mr. Booth now sought further engagements. He had anticipated that as soon as it was generally known that he was free to accept further invitations, they would pour in upon him as numerous as ever from the various circuits in the Connexion. In this, however, he was disappointed. The late difficulty with the Conference had become generally known, and some, who were eager for a visit, hesitated to invite him; while in other cases the ministers were no longer anxious, as formerly, to obtain his assistance.

The fact that he had given up his salary left him free, and, indeed, made it necessary, to seek openings outside the immediate pale of the Connexion. And so, with a burdened heart and in much perplexity of mind, he started for London.

Mrs. Booth writes later :

"My dearest is starting for London. Pray for him. He is much harassed. But I have promised him to keep a brave heart. At times it appears to me that God may have something very glorious in store for us, and when He has tried us, He will bring us forth as gold. It will not be the first time I have taken a leap in the dark, humanly speaking, for conscience sake!

"Of course, there are some who would brand us as fanatics for so persistently pursuing our course. But I am prepared to 'endure the Cross and despise the shame,' if God sees fit to permit it to come. The same integrity of purpose which would enable me to enjoy honour will likewise sustain me under the reproach."

It was only for a time, however, that they were the losers, and even then it was more in appearance than in reality. The clouds of misfortune, which hid for a moment from view the stars that lighted their firmament, might obscure, but could not extinguish a single one of them. They were too high up for that. And amidst the sorrow and perplexity which ensued, Mr. and Mrs. Booth were upheld by the consciousness that they had not been "disobedient to the heavenly vision," but had embarked upon a course which, however painful to themselves, must in some way result in the accomplishment of God's highest purposes.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE RESIGNATION. 1861.

MR. BOOTH had started for London. We can picture him on his long and lonely journey, as he knelt and once more committed his way unto the Lord. And what was the burden of his cry—the key-note of all the past controversy—the uppermost desire of his soul? Not money, not position, not power, but the opportunity to reach with the Gospel the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time. This has ever constituted the summit of his ambition, the ruling passion of his life, and the pivot-principle round which the Salvation Army has subsequently revolved.

William Booth was never content with doing good, when he could do better; never satisfied with saving some, when he could save more. He despised the opportunity of giving in Christ's name a cup of cold water, when something more substantial was in his power to bestow. He measured his accomplishments by his possibilities, and ever compared what had been done with the what-might-have-been. Thus, through all the toiling past, he has never paused to count the dead deeds of bygone days. His motto has been "Onward," while each goal gained has become the starting-point for some fresh enterprise.

In the light of subsequent history, it is touching to note these early efforts to carve out a footing in the great metropolis. We cull a few extracts from his letters, reporting to Mrs. Booth the result of the varying experiences with which he met. But the language of a great and restless heart can, at best, but poorly word itself on paper, and we must wait to gather from its throbbings on the pages of his life all that, in those early days, he realised. One thing we know, that He, with whom the darkness shineth as the light, and who sees the end from the beginning, had purposes too lofty and too blessed to let His faithful servant tread the present path of sacrifice and uncertainty in vain!

"I saw Mr. Hammond yesterday, found him in a beautiful mansion, after a long and weary search. He is a very agreeable gentleman, and welcomed me cordially, giving me all the information and counsel he could. He starts for America on

Monday in the *Great Eastern*. His success has been very considerable in Scotland, and they have acted most generously towards him. He has only been a public evangelist for the last twelve months—held three services a day, until his health broke down. The people then sent him to Italy, meeting all his expenses, and numbers of first-class ministers are doing him and his work honour.

“I should like to lay the noble conduct of these men before our Conference, and contrast it with the drivelling opposition with which they have met my movements and convictions.

“Almost his first advice after hearing my position was, ‘Cut the denomination and go to work for Jesus, and He will open your way.’ He says there is a Committee at Glasgow who are only too glad to get the right sort of men and to find them a sphere. But he adds, ‘If you go to Scotland you must not go as a Methodist! If you do you will very largely, if not entirely, block your way.’

“I must say I was pleased with him, though I far from agree with all he said. Still, the interview was such a contrast to the discouraging looks and desponding words of everybody I have come in contact with for the last two months, save one (my Kate), that it quite cheered me. I shall not, of course, decide on any plan until I see you.

“Mr. Hammond said, ‘If you have power to hold a large audience and to exhibit the truth and bring home the Gospel to their hearts, you may go forth, and God is sure to provide for you. All Britain is open to you!’

“Well, whatever comes, we must live to God, close to God! Oh, let us give ourselves afresh to Him, and covenant anew to walk in His ways and keep His commandments.”

Amongst other persons visited was Mr. George Pearse, who was interested in some undenominational efforts then being carried on in London. Concerning this visit Mr. Booth writes :

“I went to dine with Mr. Pearse. After dinner we had a long conversation on the work of God, my own position, you, etc. Mrs. Pearse is a very amiable lady, so free, and both appeared much interested in all soul-saving work. Mr. Pearse had attended a meeting of the Garrick Theatre Committee that afternoon, and my name had been before them. They were much interested in me, and wished me to take part in the service at the theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night. To this I consented.

“He said that they were but humble persons, and the work there was but of a humble character, and they thought that if I offered myself, it should be in dependence upon God alone. Still, if I did so, they would, as far as they were able, open me halls and render me pecuniary assistance. I had said, you will remember, in my letter to Mr. Radcliffe, which has been forwarded to Mr. Pearse, that I did not ask for salary, or guarantee, but for a *sphere*.

“I said to Mr. Pearse, in the best way I could, that all I desired at the present was a sphere to which I was adapted, and I then hesitated and stammered. Still, I said, for the first few months I should need a friend or two, who would look in and say, ‘Children, have you any bread?’ He, and Mrs. Pearse, too, laughed aloud

at this, and on my commencing to explain, he said, 'I laughed that you should think Christian love should be so low as not to do that much!' We prayed together, and then parted.

"This morning, according to appointment, I was at Mr. Forbes Winslow's, and on being introduced into the waiting-room who should be there, in order to see the doctor on my account, but Mr. Pearse? I felt this was very kind, especially as I knew he was usually at his offices on the Exchange before that time. However, I saw the doctor with him, and promised to conduct a service, for which they were to engage a hall, somewhere in the West End. I could not decline, as it was evident he wished for himself and some other friends to hear me before they advised me as to my mode of action.

"I called afterwards to see William Carter, a prominent working-man's evangelist. He is an earnest Christian, I should think, and very much concerned about the Lord's work. He holds many of the notions of the Plymouth Brethren, and has given up one branch of his business and is about to give up all. He has any number of engagements, and offered to set me to work at once. He advised me to offer myself to the Lord for the work, and to trust in Him only for my support, assuring me that all my need would be supplied. I was very favourably impressed with him, and the accounts he gave me of the work were delightful.

"So you see there is no lack in the direction of open doors. My only fear is as to whether I am adapted for this sort of work. I know what you will say. But don't be at the trouble to say it. We shall see. I am full of desire to do the will of God, and to follow my Saviour. Oh, may He help us!"

Writing on the following Monday, he gives an interesting sketch of his visit with Mr. Mumford to the Garrick Theatre, describing the work that was there being carried on:

"Yesterday, accompanied by father, I went over to the Garrick Theatre. We arrived there at half-past three, and found about forty 'workers,' who were receiving an address. Then prayer was offered for God's blessing on the work, and afterwards they went off to the surrounding neighbourhood. Some went to the lodging-houses, where about sixty persons were found in one room, others from door to door, and others to the open air for meetings at the corners of the streets. I joined the last and gave two short addresses. At five all came back to the theatre for tea. Then there was more prayer, and all went forth again to bring people up for the service at seven. The attendance was not large. I preached; had a little liberty in talking to the people. I found that a sermonic address is but of little service. A random talk is the most effective. A meeting for conversation with anxious persons was held afterwards. Several were much concerned, and with some of the cases I was pleased. But it was a very different affair altogether to what I have ever taken part in.

"I feel very much easier in my mind. In fact, I have a measure of trust and confidence that all things are working for the desired end, to a degree that I have never had before."

For various reasons, however, Mr. Booth was unwilling to attach himself to these undenominational missions, one of the uppermost

being the lingering hope that it might yet be possible to retain his position in the New Connexion. To the very last he fought against separation, and would fain have stayed with the people whom he had made his own, and who, despite the inconsistency and opposition of the few, were in the main so largely after his heart, and from whom he had received so many tokens of goodwill and affection. There was nothing, at any rate, to prevent his numerous Connexional friends from applying for his services, and the idea of going to labour among those who more or less held views with which he did not sympathise, was repugnant to his mind and seemed unfeasible.

It was with such thoughts and feelings that he hastened back to Newcastle once more to talk over the position of affairs with Mrs. Booth. Previous to this they had received a pressing invitation to conduct the anniversary services of a branch mission in a suburb of Nottingham, which had owed its existence to the revival previously described. To this they had gladly consented, and they now proceeded to fulfil the engagement.

They had scarcely reached Nottingham, however, when they received from Dr. Crofts a letter expressing the dissatisfaction of the Annual Committee with the arrangement that had been entered into with the Newcastle Circuit, and urging him to enter upon the ordinary pastoral duties of the appointment.

The course was now clear. They had done their best to reconcile the claims of God and man. Their circuit had agreed to the arrangement. And they had been willing to await the decision of another Conference. But they could not consent to sacrifice their convictions of duty, and Mr. Booth accordingly addressed the following letter to the President:

"TO THE REV. H. O. CROFTS, D.D.,

"President of the Methodist New Connexion,

"12, BUXTON STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

"July 18th, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 16th is to hand. Its contents certainly much surprised me. You say, 'I am sorry to learn that you are not taking your circuit according to the rules and usages of the body, nor according to the resolution of Mr. Cooke.' But, sir, I informed you of every particular respecting the arrangement, immediately after it was made; since then I have received two letters from you on circuit business, in which you do not refer to it; if then, as you say, this arrangement was calculated to grieve my best friends of the Connexion, and of sufficient importance to bring before the Annual Committee, how is it that you have waited five weeks before writing me on the subject?"

"The arrangement was agreed to unanimously by a special circuit meeting, and at the last Quarterly Meeting, after working it for some time, I informed the friends that if they were dissatisfied I was perfectly willing to retire; but they preferred to abide by it for the year, and I can only account for your letter on the supposition that some officious person has unofficially written you on the subject. I need not remind you, however, that there is considerable difference between the opinion of an individual and the resolutions of the regularly constituted meetings of the circuit.

"You ask me to tell you 'frankly' what I intend to do. I reply that all the way through my conduct has been open and frank in the extreme. But once again I say that I intend to be an evangelist, if it be possible; and if, after a fair trial, I fail in reaching that sphere, I will give it up, and conclude that I have been mistaken, but not till then.

"I informed the Stationing Committee, and afterwards the Conference, both orally and by letter, that I could not take the responsibility of the Newcastle appointment, but still the Conference persisted in it. My first impulse was to resign, but I clung to the idea that my connection with the Conference might be retained another year without sacrificing my convictions, and I thought the arrangement with the circuit would secure this. In this hope, I find from your letter that I am mistaken, and that no plan is open to me by which I can work out those convictions and retain that connection. One or the other I must give up. The former, my duty to God and souls, I cannot forego; and therefore, intensely painful though it be, I must adopt the latter, and place my resignation in your hands.

"I do this after much prayerful deliberation. I know what I am sacrificing, and I know I am exposing myself and those whom I love to loss and difficulty. But I am impelled to it by a sense of duty to souls, to the Church, and to God. Were I to quail and give up for fear of the difficulties which just now appear to block my path, I feel sure that I should in the future reproach myself with cowardice in the cause of my Master, and that even those who differ with me in opinion would say that I was not true to the professions I made in the Conference, when I said, 'I had offered myself to the Lord for this work, if I went forth without a friend and without a farthing.'

"Trusting in God alone, I offer myself for the evangelistic work, in the first instance to our own Connexional churches, and, when they decline to engage me, to other portions of the religious community. I offer myself to co-operate in conducting special services, or preaching to the outlying crowds of our population in theatres, halls, or the open air.

"Looking at the past, God is my witness how earnestly and disinterestedly I have endeavoured to serve the Connexion, and knowing that the future will most convincingly and emphatically either vindicate or condemn my present action, I am content to await its verdict. In the meantime,

"Believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Yours very respectfully,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

In describing their feelings at the time, Mrs. Booth writes to her parents:

"William received a letter from the President yesterday, objecting to the present arrangement, and after a day's deep anxiety and fervent prayer, we decided on our knees to send in our resignation. Accordingly it is, I expect, in the President's hands this morning.

"We both attended the tea-meeting last night. William made a thrilling speech. It told well on the people. At the close of it he announced the step he had taken, which evidently produced a great impression on the audience. Much to our surprise Mr. Clifton, one of the ministers who occupied the chair, instead of getting up to defend the Connexion, said that while he deeply regretted the step Mr. Booth had taken, nevertheless he could not but honour him for acting out his conviction. He believed that never had a man done so with a single eye to God's glory who had suffered for his action. He had no doubt that God would give him the desire of his heart and accompany his labours with success.

"This was very cheering under the circumstances. The people were most affectionate at parting, and sang with us all up the road on the way home. I believe they were much pleased with both my services. On Monday night we had a blessed time. I enjoyed great liberty, and although it poured with rain, which made a great noise on the canvas, I managed with some effort to make myself heard to the end of the tent to which the services were being held. The people listened well, and nearly all stayed for the prayer-meeting, when we had nine cases, two of them old men. One of them I should think was seventy. He wept like a child, and cried, 'What a merciful God He has been to spare me so long in my rebellion!' All glory to Jesus!

"I feel happier this morning than I have done for three months past. I feel as though my dear husband stood forth as an honourable and unflinching Christian before the world, and I am proud to help him to face the difficulties which frown upon our path. I verily believe God will clear our way and smile upon our work. He knows our motives.

"We have thought, and read, and prayed, and done all in our power to follow right convictions and to gain light from above. And we could neither of us bring ourselves to feel that William could take the Circuit without compromising his honour, the honour of his Christianity and of his God. So, now the step is taken, we both intend to brace ourselves for all its consequences and manfully face all difficulties. The Lord help us and show us His salvation! Continue to pray for us!"

The hour had now come. The die was cast. The last link that bound them to the Connexion was broken. And Mrs. Booth turned her face toward her mother's home in London. As is often the case when a crisis has been reached or a decision arrived at, which follows on a long and weary conflict, there is a proportionate reaction. An inexplicable depression of the nerves and emotions tends to veil the sky and hides for the moment the triumphs that are at hand. The chord has been struck and it vibrates for long. The bow has been stretched and it quivers as it returns. The earthly casket trembles in every fibre beneath the stupendous effort of the soul.

It was in the throes of such an experience that Mrs. Booth left Nottingham. And, in facing the consequences of her recent decision, she was tempted to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." And yet that railway journey was not without its consolation, inasmuch as she possessed the unutterable satisfaction of knowing that in her Calvary season she had been granted grace to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

In the meantime Mr. Booth had returned to Newcastle, whence it had been decided, for economy's sake, he should remove the children to London by sea. Their faithful servant, Mary Kirton, had declared that no change in circumstances should induce her to leave her mistress, and that, with or without wages, she would continue to shepherd the little ones, whom she loved with all the fervour of her strong nature and warm Irish heart. With her help Mr. Booth soon packed up his few belongings and embarked for London.

The sunset rays of declining day flickered upon the downy heads of the baby group, as they knelt with their parents around the family altar within the kindly shelter of Mrs. Mumford's home. Unconscious children! They did not know the worth of sacrifice, or the incalculable weight of prayer! And yet, all innocently, they represented the tens of thousands of spiritual children who, by the faithful service and willing sacrifice of these but two disciples of their Lord, should yet be brought to kneel, and kneel in families, at the altar of the Cross.

Since that fair summer's eve multitudes innumerable have gathered under varying circumstances within the sacred precincts of the altar of sacrifice, bathing it with their tears, and crowning it with their gifts. And thus have they freshly proved for themselves that while the altar sanctifies the gift, yet in a God-intended sense the gift adorns the altar, for of what profit is a giftless altar, and what, indeed, were Calvary without its Sacrifice?

But the future was as yet unknown, and in the spirit of resignation and faith Mr. and Mrs. Booth awaited the moving of the fiery pillar that lighted the darkness of their wilderness-encompassed camp, and the lifting of which was to be the signal for their forward march.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CORNISH CAMPAIGN. 1861.

THE battles with Conference had ended. Yet still there remained battles to be fought. True, there had been a considerable change of front. The combatants had transferred their forces to a new and still more interesting field. But the issues remained the same. To awaken a single denomination to a sense of its opportunity and responsibility, and to do this through the medium of its own Conference, had been Mr. and Mrs. Booth's first object. They believed that if appointed to the position of evangelists they would be enabled to infuse new life and vigour into the Connexion. In this they were disappointed.

And now the bolder idea had been conceived of attempting to do for the churches in general what they had sought to accomplish for their own denomination. Freed from the fetters that had hitherto hindered them, they were now in a position to visit any church or town in the kingdom. There were few places where some struggling cause would not gladly welcome their assistance, and once having obtained a footing, they believed that the work would of its own weight secure an entrance elsewhere. However great in some instances might be the secret antagonism of the pastors, it would be compelled, they thought, to succumb to the influences of the revival, and to the clamour of the people for a share in the blessings that were being reaped by so many around.

It seems strange now, in the light of subsequent experience that, with their earnest longings to reach the masses, they did not at once commence to work amongst them on their own account. They had only to take a hall, announce their meetings, and go forward with their work. Crowds were certain, wherever they might be. But the idea of aiming at the people independently of the churches had not yet occurred to them. The majority of the evangelistic agencies of the day had devoted their attention to the revival of professing Christians, and their labours were carried on in connection with some organisation to whom they entrusted the care of their converts. Mr.

and Mrs. Booth had advanced a step beyond this. They yearned even more over the godless crowds who attended no place of worship, and who made no profession of religion, than over the nominal Christians who at least preserved an outward appearance of morality. But they imagined that the only way to reach the people was *through the Church*. It did not occur to them that for these outsiders an outside agency might be after all the best, if not indeed the only, way of effecting a permanent revolution in their hearts and lives.

And yet one of the Conference speakers had unconsciously struck fire, when, in opposing the appointment, he had urged that if an evangelistic agency were created it should be applied to the reaching of the masses who in each large city were beyond the pale of every church. Let Mr. Booth, he argued, go forth like Paul into the "regions beyond" instead of building on other men's foundations. Of course the words were completely misapplied. It might fairly have been retorted that the speaker himself did absolutely nothing from year to year but build on foundations sunk by some one else, or again that Paul himself, in company with the rest of the Apostles, had spent the better portion of his life in visiting and writing to churches, many of which had been established by other agency. Nevertheless, the words were prophetic of the course that was afterwards to be followed out with such success. The challenge then thrown down was to be taken up in a literal sense and applied to all the world in a fashion that the speaker little thought, and when the critic's name had passed into oblivion, that of the man whose pathway he had helped to block was to be handed down as a household word through the ages of futurity.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth had not long to wait for an opening that appeared of a hopeful and satisfactory nature. There were now in the ministry of various churches some ten or twelve of those who had been converted in their own services. One of these, Mr. Shone, who was converted during the Chester revival, was labouring in the New Connexion. He had for a year been colleague to Mr. Booth in Gateshead, residing during that period under his roof. He was now stationed at Hayle in Cornwall, from whence he sent a hearty letter inviting both Mr. and Mrs. Booth to hold revival services in his circuit. From a worldly standpoint the character of the invitation was not a very alluring one. After apologising for the smallness of the chapel and the scantiness of the population, he went on to say that nothing

could be guaranteed in the way of remuneration, but that they could count upon a hearty welcome.

This letter was received at the breakfast-table, and seeing its contents, Mr. Booth read it aloud. Mr. and Mrs. Mumford were somewhat reluctant to agree to so speedily losing their daughter, and suggested that Mr. Booth should go alone. He urged, however, that since they had endured together the controversy and strain of the past three months, culminating in their separation from the Connexion, so they should share the first victory, adding that the nurse would be quite competent to take the temporary oversight of the children.

"My feelings," says Mrs. Booth, "could be better imagined than described during this conversation. The earnest way in which I had been included in the invitation, and the evident appreciation and value put upon my labours seemed to me as the cloud like a man's hand on my horizon, and appeared to prelude the opening of a way by which we could travel together, instead of the perpetual separations, to which I had been trying to make up my mind, as a necessary part of the evangelistic cross. My parents at length heartily consented to take charge of the children, and we immediately prepared to go. We wrote by return of post, accepting the invitation, and started at the time arranged for, as it were, to commence life afresh."

"Although the journey to Hayle was a long one," says Mrs. Booth, when referring to this episode in after life, "I was myself surprised at the comparative ease with which I accomplished it. We were both in excellent spirits, full of that high enthusiasm which only faith and hope can inspire. True, we were launched upon an unknown sea, but we realised that God was at the helm, and we trustfully faced the future without a fear.

"Hayle, we found, was but a small straggling place with a port, at which some little coasting trade was carried on, and a large foundry employing six or seven hundred men. The chapel was a barn-like affair, holding perhaps six hundred people. The number we crowded into it night after night was quite a different matter. The Cornish system of packing a congregation was certainly somewhat singular. The first comers occupied the seats, and then another row of people would stand in front of them. The aisles would next be filled, beginning at the pulpit stairs, till the whole place was literally gorged. Then the window-sills would be besieged, and through the open windows another crowd outside would listen to the echoes of the songs and to such stray sentences as might reach their ears.

"The plan laid down for our labours, which was more or less followed throughout our Cornish campaign, was that Mr. Booth should preach on Sunday morning and evening, and on the first four evenings of the week, while I took the Sunday afternoon and Friday night meetings, frequently speaking on the afternoon of several week-days as well. In addition to these regular services, we often held noon-day meetings, visited the sick, and conducted other accessory gatherings. The Saturdays were devoted to rest and to preparation for the Sabbath.

"Our first meetings at Hayle were held on Sunday, August 11th. I must confess we had looked forward to them with considerable anxiety, so much appeared to depend upon their success. In the morning there was a good congregation. My dearest preached, and although he did not experience much liberty, nevertheless the people were evidently interested and impressed. On our way home from the Chapel a gentleman said that he hoped I should in the afternoon service give them something of a cheering character, as what they had heard in the morning had completely capsized them. To this our hostess added, as we sat at the dinner-table, 'Before you came, my husband and I had a very good opinion of ourselves; but now we see that we are nothing—absolutely nothing, and worse than nothing.'

"In the afternoon the place was jammed, and the Lord gave me great liberty. At night there was another crowd, and a powerful impression was made. Indeed, I have always reckoned that God in an especial manner put His seal upon the services of that day, giving us, as it were, a new Divine commission for our subsequent life-work, though we little dreamed at the time how much was involved in it.

"There was, however, no immediate break. As in the case of our previous Cornish experience, the people listened with the utmost earnestness, and assented to the truth, but they would not respond to our invitations to come forward to the communion rail.

"The next night the result was much the same. In spite of the strongest appeals, not a single person would come forward. Knowing that there were many present who were deeply convinced of their sin, the invitation was repeated again and again, without eliciting the slightest response, when suddenly the silence was broken by the loud cries of a woman, who left her seat, pushed her way through the crowd, fell upon her knees at the penitent form, and thus became the first-fruits of what proved to be a glorious harvest of souls."

These early meetings are described by Mrs. Booth in the following letter to her mother :

"The work has commenced in earnest. We have had three very good nights William preached Monday and Tuesday, and I last night. The cases in all are about twenty-one. I never saw people cry and shout as they do here. I can do nothing in the way of invitation in the prayer-meetings, the noise is so great. I occupy myself with going to the people in the pews. The town is full of conviction, and I doubt not we shall have a glorious work. Don't be over-anxious about our sending reports to the papers. There is plenty of time before us, and invitations are already numerous.

"I think the way is opening in Cornwall for a much longer stay than we at first contemplated. William went by invitation to see the Rev. Samuel Dunn at Camborne, four miles from here, the other day, and he wants us to go there. [This was the minister already referred to as Mr. Booth's Superintendent at Nottingham, and leader of the Reform movement. He was now the pastor of a Congregational church.] He will be away from his chapel next Sunday, and I am to preach for him, and to stay for two or three evenings, as my strength serves. If a good work begins there, we shall perhaps try to work the two places at the same time, interchanging with one another according to circumstances. If we can manage this it will be well, as Hayle is too small as a sphere for us both. There are also invitations from St. Ives and other places in Cornwall.

"We cannot tell at present whether we shall return to London, or whether we shall engage a furnished house and have the children here. But if we are likely to stay three or four months, I shall be for adopting the latter plan. I have no fear about the children being well cared for, but I am afraid of their becoming weaned from me ; and I must not risk that.

"Please read my letter to Willie, and read it to him two or three times just before he goes to bed at night, so that it may affect his heart the more. Bless him!"

The following was the letter referred to, the first apparently that her son received from his mother. It well exemplifies the trouble taken, and the tact manifested by Mrs. Booth in the training of her children :

"HAYLE, August 15th, 1861.

"MY DEAREST WILLIE,—I promised to write you a letter all to yourself, and so the first thing I do this morning shall be to write it.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you, my dear boy, and about Ballington, Katy, and Baby, too ; but most about you, because you are the oldest and biggest, and I know if you are good and do as you are told, they will most likely be the same. I do hope you are praying to the Lord every day to help you, and are trying to do as Grandma and Mary tell you. If you are, I know this letter will find you happy and joyous, because when little children are *good* they are always *happy*. But I never knew a naughty child to be happy in my life, and I dare say grandma never did. Just ask her if she ever did.

"I often wish you were here with us. It is a beautiful place, such nice fields

and lanes, where you could run about and play and romp and sing and shout, without troubling anybody, and such nice places to fly kites, without trees about to catch them. Well, when you have got a little older, and have learned always to do as you are told, and to read little tales, so that you could amuse yourself when in ladies' houses without touching things and troubling people, then you shall always come with me when I go with papa.

"And oh, won't that be nice, when I can have my little Willie with me wherever I go, and show you all the pretty things I see, and tell you all the nice tales I hear, and all about God and Jesus and Heaven. Would you not like this very much? If you would, you must try every day to do exactly as you are bid, and then you will get to do it quickly and easily. And you must try hard to learn to read. Don't try how *little* you can get off with, but try how *much* you can learn every day. And think to yourself, 'Now, the quicker I learn to read, the sooner I shall go in the train with papa and mama, and go with them to ladies houses and see all the pretty things.'

"I want to tell you, too, about a children's meeting which we have here. Papa tells all the little children to come to the chapel at six o'clock of an evening, and such a lot come, half the chapel full. And then either papa or I speak to them about Jesus and teach them to sing pretty little hymns. They are so good and so happy, and some of them have been to Jesus for a new heart. He has given them one and made them good, happy children of God. When I look at them all singing so merrily, I do wish my Willie was amongst them. But if you are a good boy and do as I say you shall come by-and-bye. Bless you!

"FROM your loving

"MAMA."

A month later Mrs. Booth writes to him again as follows :

"MY DEAREST WILLIE,—I fear you begin to think that it is a long time before papa comes to fetch you, and I am sure I think so too. But you see we cannot always do just what we would like. We have to wait until the Lord lets us, and we may always be sure that He knows best.

"You see, my dear boy, your papa and I came down here to do the Lord's work, and although we have worked very hard, we have not got it all done yet and we dare not leave it till we think we have finished. So our dear little ones have to wait a long time. But oh, what a good thing it is that you have a kind grandma to take care of you and find you a home! The Lord does not let you want for any good thing. He sends you plenty of food to eat and nice clean clothes to put on and a nice bed to sleep in, just the same as though you were with us. Do you ever think about this and thank Him for all His kindness? I hope you do, and that you try to please Him by being a very good boy. And the better you are the more quickly the time will slip away and the sooner you will come to us.

"Well, it won't be long now before you come. So try to learn as fast as ever you can, and let us see how much you have learned since we left you. And then when you get here papa and I will take you with us on to the cliffs and show you the great and beautiful sea. In fact, you will perhaps live just opposite to it, where you can see the ships and the boats out of your nursery window. Won't

that be nice! You can show them to Ballington, Katy, and Baby, and tell them the names of the ships as they sail past.

"I often wish very much that you were here. I am quite tired of being without you all, and sometimes I cannot help crying about it. But then I try to remember that the Lord knows best. Do you ever pray so? I hope you do, and if you do, I am sure the Lord will not let you wait much longer.

"By-the-bye, this is Katie's birthday—dear little girl! It is just three years to-day since the Lord sent her to us, a dear little tiny baby! I wish I could give her a birthday kiss. But as I am so far away you must give her one for me—a real bumper, right on her sweet little cheek, and tell her how much mama loves her, and that she must be a very good girl. I hope, too, that you do not quarrel with Ballington now about the play-things. You must try to remember that he is much younger than you, and always give way to him, and try to teach him to be good. Tell him all about what I have told you in this letter, and all about going to see the great water and the ships.

"I wonder how the dear baby is getting on. Do you think she has forgotten me? I hope not. You must talk to her every day about papa and mama, and try to make her understand that she is coming to see us. Bless her little heart! I hope her brother Willie is very kind and gentle with her, now she has no mama there to love her. Give my kind love to grandma, grandpa, and Mary, and always remember me as your loving

"MAMA."

Writing to her mother about Willie's studies, Mrs. Booth says :

"I am glad to hear that Willie does not feel happy unless he knows his spelling, but I would not have the book made a bore to him for a hundred pounds. I have no doubt he will take to it by-and-bye. Don't discourage him. If his memory is bad, he is to be pitied. He cannot help it, and it will not mend it to discourage him. If his governess scolds him, I would rather he did not learn anything at all. This would be enough to set any child against his books. Let him do a little at a time, and he will like it better than being forced to pore over it long together. And if his governess does not know that, you had better tell her.

"I am glad Ballington likes to say his lesson. Bless him! He has the most perseverance of them all, and I have no doubt will make something out in the world. Exercise all the authority over them that you see to be needful. I commit them to your discipline entirely, while they are with you."

Meanwhile the services were carried on with encouraging success. Indeed, as if to reassure Mr. and Mrs. Booth in regard to the painful step they had recently taken, the result surpassed any of their previous experience, so that their stay in Cornwall, which was originally intended to have lasted but six or seven weeks, was ultimately extended over a period of eighteen months, which proved to be one long continuous revival.

Writing to her parents on September 2nd, Mrs. Booth says :

"They are most impatient for us to go to St. Ives, but we think of staying here

another week. The work gets better and better. The whole place is roused. On Sunday night the Wesleyan superintendent sent one of the circuit stewards, offering the loan of their chapel for Sunday and Wednesday evenings. We accepted it, and accordingly William preached last night in the Wesleyan chapel, crammed to suffocation, and I in the New Connexion, well filled, even though I was not announced. We had a glorious prayer-meeting in both chapels, about thirty cases in the Wesleyan and twenty with us, some of them the most precious ones I ever witnessed. I could fill sheets with the account of one gentleman which would thrill you with interest, and make you shout the praises of God. There was much new material last night at the Wesleyan chapel. Hundreds went away convicted. If the Wesleyans would open their two chapels and invite us to labour in them, there is no telling what the work would rise to. We are both very much exhausted this morning, especially myself. I shall not do so much again. The prayer-meeting was very heavy. I was drenched in perspiration. But it is wonderful how God brings me through."

A few days later she writes again :

"I have attended two meetings to-day, one at ten in the morning and a children's meeting at half-past five this afternoon. So I am stopping at home to-night, feeling I ought not to do any more. We had the chapel nearly full of children, and several very sweet cases of penitence and two of conversions. The work is altogether a very remarkable one. I wish you could come and see it.

"On Wednesday night William preached in the largest Wesleyan chapel, about half a mile from the other. It was crammed out into the street. I should think there were 1,800 people inside, and I never witnessed such a scene in my life as the prayer-meeting presented. The rail was filled in a few minutes with great strong men, who cried aloud for mercy, some of them as though the pains of hell had actually got hold of them! Oh, it was a scene! No one could be heard praying, and the cries and shouts of the penitents almost overpowered the singing. The gallery was half full and the bottom of the chapel crammed all the time, so that we could hardly move. We came away at ten o'clock, leaving them to finish. We spent the night at the house of a leading Wesleyan close by, being too wet and fagged to walk home."

Referring afterwards to this meeting Mrs. Booth says :

"This unusual noise and confusion was somewhat foreign to our notions and practices. William believed strongly in everything being done 'decently and in order.' Indeed, I think he somewhat mistook the application of this direction. How much more acceptable must be this apparent disorder, in the eyes of God and angels and all holy beings, who are alive to the importance of salvation and damnation, than the stoical indifference and Pharisaic propriety so common in places of worship! How much better to have twenty people smiting their breasts and crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' with its necessary consequent commotion, than a congregation of equally guilty sinners sitting with stiff propriety and in their own estimation 'needing no repentance!' I must say that even then I thought the one far more philosophical and scriptural than the other."

However, the following night before commencing his sermon, Mr. Booth thought it wise to speak plainly to the people on the subject, avoiding at the same time the severity which he had manifested on a previous occasion, and which had exercised a somewhat discouraging influence upon the people. "I have come here," he said, "to help you to bring your friends and neighbours to God. If I am to be of any extensive and abiding service in this direction, you must accept me as a leader and must follow out my directions. When I say 'Sing!' we must sing, and when I say 'Pray!' we must pray. And when I speak, you must as far as possible listen. Should any one during the sermon be so far overpowered by their feelings, or by a sense of their danger, as to be unable to contain themselves, let them be taken into the vestry, and let two or three praying men or women, as the case may be, show them the way of salvation, and pray with them there until the after meeting commences, while we go on with the preaching. It is the truth that makes people free, and if we are to go on spreading the work of salvation, we must go on with the proclamation of the message of God." Mr. Booth then asked all who were willing to co-operate with him on these lines to hold up their hands. This request was unanimously responded to, and the arrangement entered into that night was faithfully adhered to, and consequently it was seldom that the meetings went beyond control afterwards.

Many interesting and extraordinary cases of conversion continued to take place. One of them was of a peculiar character, similar to some of those remarkable manifestations recorded in connection with the Irish revival of 1859, and occurring occasionally in connection with the subsequent meetings of the Salvation Army. A young woman went off into a kind of trance, which lasted for about an hour, and while her friends watched her she appeared to be conversing with some beings whom they could not behold. Her face at times beamed with heavenly smiles, indicating that she was the subject of very choice emotions, and then she appeared to be speaking to some one in faint tones. The bystanders heard her ask questions and reply, as though she had received answers. At first it seemed to be her mother, who had been dead for some years, and then her father, and then a pious aunt, with whom she was conversing. There was also another relative after whom she inquired, but without obtaining any satisfactory reply. She then asked how long they would remain with her, and the reply appeared to be "ten minutes," for she repeated

the words, whereupon one of those present looked at his watch. The conversation continued for some little time, when the young woman said good-bye to her invisible communicants, waved her arms, and awoke from the trance exactly ten minutes to the second from the time she had first repeated the words.

It was a strange phenomenon, having no apparent connection with the spiritual work that was then being carried on. But there can be little doubt that such special manifestations are permitted in connection with powerful revivals, as part of the "signs and wonders" with which God has promised to accompany the outpourings of His Holy Spirit. It appears to have a parallel in Matthew xxvii. 51—53, where we are told that "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many." While it would doubtless be a mistake to seek for such manifestations, or to measure spiritual results by the frequency of their occurrence, nevertheless when they do occur, they may be regarded as encouraging tokens of the Divine presence. We may not always have eyes to see the horses and chariots of fire that surround our Dothan, or the "ministering spirits" who are "sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," but that is no reason why we should not rejoice and take courage when the sight is occasionally granted.

The reason, no doubt, for their comparative rareness is that undue importance is attached to them, and the special blessedness of those who have "not seen" and yet have "believed" is lost sight of.

It would be difficult, indeed, to adequately describe the Hayle revival. Each succeeding meeting appeared to surpass in power and results all that had gone before. The whole neighbourhood was moved. Salvation was the universal theme of conversation in the mines, on board the ships, on the wharves, in the factory, in the public-houses, by the wayside, and in almost every home. Not only was this the case in the town itself, but from the surrounding villages and hamlets it was usual for both the saved and the unsaved to walk eight, ten, fifteen, and twenty miles to the meetings. Deputations came from the neighbouring towns urging Mr. and Mrs. Booth to come and conduct meetings, and assuring them of the heartiest co-operation. They were hailed on all hands as messengers from heaven, and their name with thousands became a household word. Indeed, the love of the people was very remarkable. Thirty years have elapsed, and

yet it is common to meet with the fruits of that revival in all quarters of the globe, and to receive letters from those who date their spiritual birth from these meetings.

The services were brought to a close by a great farewell festival. Near Hayle there is a large common called The Towans, on the cliff over-hanging the sea. Here it was arranged to hold a monster picnic for one thousand people, this being reckoned to be a large number for so small a town. It was calculated, however, that no less than two thousand persons were actually present, all the available supplies which could be obtained from anywhere being rapidly disposed of.

The tea being concluded, the congregation adjourned to the large Wesleyan Chapel, which was crowded out, and congratulatory addresses were delivered by various persons. On the following night Mr. Booth delivered his final farewell sermon, which was followed by a powerful and touching scene, when more than sixty persons sought salvation, it being necessary to throw open the schoolroom as well as the chapel for the anxious penitents, a large number of whom were men.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CORNISH CAMPAIGN. 1861-1862.

FROM Hayle Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to St. Ives, a thriving little town with a population of 7,000, chiefly famous for its pilchard fishery. The pilchard is a small fish, somewhat shorter and stouter than a herring. They swim in shoals, and annually visit the Cornish coasts, but are not always sufficiently obliging to enter the bay of St. Ives, so that the occupation is a somewhat precarious one. Sometimes a few miles up the channel, sometimes a few miles down, they constitute a tantalising spectacle for the fishermen, who line the cliffs or lounge about the shore with their nets piled up in their boats, ready for action. All through the summer men are stationed to watch their movements on the surface of the sea.

It so happened that some weeks after the meetings had been commenced the arrival of a shoal was signalled, when the boats were immediately put out, and in half an hour some thirty or forty million fish were captured, or rather enclosed in the nets, to be landed at leisure. Quite two-thirds of the entire population were employed in landing the fish, putting them into pickle, draining the oil from them and packing them in barrels, ready for transmission to the Mediterranean, where there is a large demand for them. The haul was valued at £6,000, a not unprofitable return on the £80,000 which was said to be embarked in the speculation.

As in the case of Hayle, so at St. Ives the invitation to visit the town came from the New Connexion congregation, and it was at their chapel that the revival services were commenced. The origin of both these societies was somewhat singular.

Some years previously there had been a powerful awakening, which commenced with the publication of the principles of total abstinence. Not only were the public-houses forsaken, but about one thousand persons professed conversion. In the meetings that were held it was only natural that prominence should be given to the temperance question. This gave offence to the members and seat-holders who were non-abstainers, and some of whom were personally connected

with the traffic. To put an end to the disputes which ensued, the Wesleyan Conference passed a general order prohibiting temperance meetings from being held in their chapels. This gave serious offence to the teetotal party, who were indignant at the action of the Conference, and argued that a law should rather have been passed making total abstinence a compulsory condition of membership.

Finding that their protests were ineffectual, they severed themselves from the Wesleyan body and formed the two societies with which Mr. and Mrs. Booth laboured at Hayle and St. Ives, and which had meanwhile amalgamated with the New Connexion. Why they should have done so rather than return to the Wesleyan church is not quite clear, since, as we have already seen, the New Connexion had themselves adopted a policy of non-committal on the liquor question. But it was, perhaps, a case of Hobson's choice, as their continued isolation would probably have meant their ultimate extinction, and there was no church in which total abstinence was compulsory.

It is sadly to be deplored that the progress of temperance principles within the borders of the Christian Church has been so slow. Thirty years have passed since the time of which we write, and yet there is scarcely a single denomination which has made teetotalism compulsory even among its ministry! The Salvation Army is the sole religious organisation of the day which has boldly dared to make the subject an absolute test, not only for holding office, but even for membership, and in doing so it has doubtless led the way to a much-needed reform in which, sooner or later, the various churches will be bound to follow suit.

It is a mournful fact, that in its criminal silence, its avowed neutrality, and in many instances in its deliberate association with the evil, the Christian Church is one of the strongest bulwarks of the liquor traffic. Not another drop of the damnable article would be manufactured, or sold, except for purely medicinal purposes, if the Christians of England would unitedly send forth their fiat to this effect. But, strange to say, morality and Christianity are for once arrayed on opposite sides. The curse which desolates the world enjoys the patronage of religion. And is it to be wondered at, that, with the Bible for his shield, the pastoral crook for his sword, and the pulpit for his artillery, the demon drink should defy the assault of those who seek his overthrow in the highest interests of mankind? So

far as the temperance question is concerned, the battle of moral progress, in which the followers of Christ have ever led the van, is largely left to be fought out by those who have no higher motive than mere philanthropy, and the Church becomes the safeguard of the publican! The Meroz of to-day refuses to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty; Reuben abides among the sheepfolds and listens in cold neutrality to the bleatings of the flocks; Gilead seeks safety beyond the Jordan of indifference; Dan is a mere spectator from his ships, and Asher continues among his sea-shore fisheries. Few and far between are the modern Zebulons and Napthalis who jeopardise their lives unto the death in the high places of the field!

In speaking on this subject in one of her public addresses, Mrs. Booth eloquently pleads:

“By your peace of conscience on a dying bed, by the eternal destiny of your children, by your concern for the glory of God, by the love you owe your Saviour, I beseech you, banish the drink! Banish it from your tables, banish it from your homes, and above all banish it from His house. Banish those who manufacture this distilled damnation; those who rob man of his reason, woman of her virtue, and children of their patrimony and bread! Cease to recognise, not only as Christians, but as men, those who feed on the weaknesses, wickedness, and sufferings of others. Hoist the flag of death over the breweries and dramshops.

“Christians of England, the time is come when to remain silent on this drink question is high treason to Christ. Tell us no more of charity to brewers and publicans. Your false charity has consigned millions to hell. Such charity savours of the Devil. Its speech betrayed it. Arise and fight this foe; you will come off more than conqueror, for your God will fight for you.”

At St. Ives Mr. and Mrs. Booth were joined by the children. It was the longest absence from them which Mrs. Booth had hitherto experienced. Nor would she subsequently consent to any arrangement which involved a lengthened separation during their childhood. Indeed, nothing could induce her to neglect their highest interests, and however loud might be the call for her services elsewhere, she would undertake nothing that clashed with the claims of her husband and children. Considering her delicate health, it was the more remarkable that public work of so onerous a character was made to harmonise with the continued pressure of domestic duties.

How many are there who, while caring for the vineyards of others, have neglected their own, and have lived to reap the bitter consequences! The more talented the children the more disastrous will usually be the results. Misapplied genius seems an even stronger

power for evil than well-directed ability is for good. The devastating flood appears to have a greater capacity for doing harm, and that in an incredibly short space of time, than the fertilising streams which roll peacefully for ages within the limits of their well-regulated banks. And, perhaps, no evil is so deep-seated and so difficult to combat as that which has its source in a neglected or ill-trained childhood. Mrs. Booth foresaw this danger, and hence nothing could have exceeded the tender solicitude and faithful effort with which she reared her little ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth had scarcely removed to St. Ives when they received the following invitation to Liverpool from Mrs. Palmer, on whose behalf, it will be remembered, Mrs. Booth had taken up cudgels when publishing her pamphlet on "Female Ministry."

"MY DEAR MRS. BOOTH,—Yours of several weeks since, announcing your decision to leave the New Connexion, was received. Pardon my long delay in answering it.

"I do not doubt but the step that you and your excellent husband have taken will result in your both having a much brighter crown to cast at the feet of the world's Redeemer. There is a danger of permitting earthly position and the fear of grieving friends whom we love, and who we know love us, to keep us from following on in the narrowest part of the narrow way. Oh, may you ever be numbered with those who follow the Saviour closely! I need not say that if you do this, your path will sometimes lead through evil as well as good report. But it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

"We rejoice in what the Lord is doing by you. Glory be to the Triune Deity! My faith grasps great blessings for you. I do not doubt but the Captain of the Armies of Israel will go out before you and permit you to see multitudes saved.

"Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we have been permitted to see between three and four thousand added to the household of faith during the past year. We are now in the midst of an extraordinary work. We entered upon our labours here very unexpectedly.

"My dear Dr Palmer was taken so ill with a severe cold which threatened to settle permanently on his lungs that we had written to disengage ourselves from numerous places, and came here in view of being at the nearest point to America, or some more congenial climate. We, of course, did not intend to commence work here. But owing to some peculiar circumstances, we had found ourselves again in the midst of our blissful toil of gathering sheaves for the Heavenly garner.

"My object in writing to you now is to ask whether your devoted husband and yourself will be able to come and take our place. I have sometimes thought that we might in some way be permitted to work into each other's hands, and thus increase the revenue of praise to our Lord and make our union in Heaven the sweeter. I have been deeply interested to hear how you have borne the consecrated Cross, as a co-labourer with your excellent husband.

"Doubtless the time hasteneth when truth, in relation to the gift of prophecy as entrusted to the daughters of the Lord Almighty, must triumph. Then,

perhaps, those who have endured the crucifying process as pioneers in this work will not be forgotten.

"But I must hasten to give some particulars in regard to the object of my writing just now. The gentleman with whom we are guests is a local preacher among the Wesleyans. He is wealthy, and is expending well-nigh all his available means in building chapels and supporting missionaries for the working classes. He has lately lost his only child, and has recently expended the £10,000 which would have been her fortune in adding two or three new chapels, so that he has now six places of worship all owned by himself.

"For two or three weeks after we came Dr. Palmer still continued too ill to labour, but I began in a small sort of a way to do what little good I could in one of these newly opened chapels. God began to revive His work, and several adults were saved, and a wonderful work commenced also among some of the children attached to the day school.

"Dr. Palmer getting a little better, we concluded that we would be answerable for a few services the succeeding week at a more central place, Richmond Hall. Evening after evening we continued our labours, and the work has increased in interest, till now the number of the subjects of the work is over three hundred. The ground, as you will observe, is neutral. Our host is unwilling that we should leave until he may hear of another to take our place and carry on the work, as he is all devoted to its interest, and is hoping in God that it may go on with increasing power all the winter.

"If you are able to come, we are assured that the Lord of the harvest will give to your united labours many souls. Please write as soon as possible. Dr. Palmer joins me in affectionate salutations to Mr. Booth and yourself.

"Ever yours in Jesus,

"PHOEBE PALMER,"

It will be readily understood, however, that with the Cornish revival at its flood-tide, and with invitations pouring in upon them from all sides, Mr. and Mrs. Booth did not feel themselves at liberty to accept Mrs. Palmer's hearty invitation.

Already the work in St. Ives was giving promise of becoming as glorious in its character as any that had preceded it. Meetings were held in all the principal places of worship in the town, with the sole exception of the Established Church, the members of which, however, joined with the rest of the people in attending the services. In fact, there were scarcely any adults in the place who did not at some time or other come to the meetings and listen while the claims of God and the interests of their immortal souls were pressed upon their attention. The services commenced on the 30th September and, closed on the 18th January following. During this time no less than 1,028 persons professed conversion, besides many children. Their ages were as follows :

285	were above	14	and under	20
370	"	20	"	30
204	"	30	"	40
76	"	40	"	50
52	"	50	"	60
24	"	60	"	70
17	"	70		

The converts included twenty-eight captains of vessels, two members of the Corporation, and three mine agents.

Writing to Mrs. Mumford from St. Ives, Mrs. Booth says :

"At my meeting last Sunday we had the chapel packed, while hundreds went away unable to get in. I enjoyed fair liberty, and have heard since that the people were very much pleased, and I trust profited. I have held morning meetings through the week. They have been well attended and much blessed. This morning there was a very gracious influence. I am to speak again next Sunday afternoon. I do wish you could both spend the day with us. It would be better than Reckington, I fancy! I did not know before that my dear father regarded *that* as the day of his decision for Jesus. Oh, how my heart swelled with gratitude when I read it! Bless the Lord, oh my soul! How wonderful is His mercy and how marvellous are His works!

"The revival here is rolling on with much power. The chapel is well filled every night, and from twenty to forty names are taken. I am sorry there is nothing about it in the *Wesleyan Times* this week. But William never did so much correspondence as now.

"We have also the pamphlet ('Female Ministry') on the go. I have finished the emendations for the new edition, but William has to complete the copying for me. There will be considerably more matter than before, and I think it is much improved.

"With all these things to do, together with morning meetings one day, children's meetings another, and the services at night, you will see we have enough on hand. I never was so busy in my life. I have to help Mary with the children, in dressing them and undressing them to go out twice a day, and in washing them and putting them to bed at night. Willie goes with me to the children's meetings and likes them very much. He sadly wants to write to you, but I have not had time to superintend him, and it is such lovely weather that they are out most of their time. They go off directly after breakfast and stop till eleven o'clock on the sands, and then again from two till five. They each have a spade with which they dig tunnels, mountains, brooks, etc. They never had such fun in their lives before. You would be delighted to see them running away from the waves, and then back again to their rivers, which the retreating wave has filled with water!

"The Wesleyans are all very anxious to have William in their chapel. They have been so long, trustees, leaders, and people, without a dissident, but the superintendent has stood in the way. They have a trustees' meeting to-night, however, to try and overcome his opposition and carry their point. If they should, we shall probably stay here till the new year sets in. The people, of all

denominations, and of no denomination at all, are exceedingly anxious to keep us."

Many striking cases of conversion occurred, and from among these we cull a few instances. A young man walked into the services from a village seven miles distant. He was deeply convicted, and after returning home he sent for a friend to pray with him, and at length found peace. His father and mother were so affected by the prayers and rejoicings of their son that they in turn sought and found salvation. Then an aged grandmother, seventy-nine years old, submitted herself to God, and finally the young man's three sisters were saved. Thus the service of that night was indirectly instrumental in the conversion of this whole family.

Another remarkable case was that of a sailor who was a notorious drunkard. On reaching port he had gone as usual to the public-house, but to his amazement he found it deserted. On inquiring after his old mates the landlady informed him that they had gone to the Wesleyan chapel, and that if the revival went on much longer her business would be ruined, as she had not drawn a quart of ale since morning. Not caring to get drunk alone, and curious to see what could have so attracted and transformed his companions, the sailor started off for the chapel, was convinced of sin and cried out in the middle of the meeting, "Preacher, is there mercy for such a wretch as me?" On being assured that he, too, might be saved, he came forward to the communion rail, professed to find salvation, and became an earnest and consistent Christian, attending the services in other towns, and delivering his testimony with thrilling power.

One of the converted sea captains was the means of the conversion of his entire crew.

Another case was that of a man who was awakened under a sermon on the sin of quenching the Spirit. He returned home without coming to a decision, and dreamed during the night that he was surrounded by demons who were endeavouring to force fire down his throat, but were prevented from doing so by the Saviour, who held them back and assured the dreamer that he would be safe if he trusted in Him.

At this point, alarmed by his outcries, his wife awoke him. He at once got out of bed, fell upon his knees, and cried to the Lord to have mercy upon his soul. His wife hurried on her clothes, and went out and fetched two or three praying men, who were only too glad to come and point him to the Lamb of God. After a long

struggle, which lasted until five in the morning, he at length found peace, and was able to give a joyful testimony as to the saving power of Christ.

Sometimes, in trying to escape from the powerful influence of these meetings, people will fall down in the aisles, in the lobbies, in their houses, or in the mines, and would shriek aloud for mercy as though they were falling into hell, so intensely vivid were their realisations of the truths to which they had listened. Many of these cases were no less satisfactory and permanent than those of a quieter character. And why should it not be so? Nature abounds in contradictions of the kind. The storm is as natural as the calm, and much as we may prefer the one to the other, we are obliged to accept nature as it is. The means, mere manifestations, provided they be not sinful, matter little. It is the accomplishment of the great end we have in view that must form the ultimate measure of our success or failure. In rescuing a drowning man, we soon forget the splutter that he made in the joy of seeing him restored to life. A burning building may become for the time being a very pandemonium of shriekery, but if the hapless victims can be delivered from the flames, the noise and confusion are soon forgotten.

As to the finality and permanence of the results accomplished during the excitement of the revival services, it is sufficient to say that they will compare favourably with the results of the ordinary ministerial routine. Moreover, there are countless numbers all over the world, who trace their conversion to such seasons of spiritual upheaval, and multitudes of such have doubtless held fast their hope to the end, and have finished their earthly course triumphantly. The very existence of the Salvation Army is an unanswerable refutation of the old calumny as to the evanescent nature of revival work. Born and cradled in a revival, it is, so to speak, a permanent embodiment of the revival spirit, and seeks to carry on continuously what once seemed only possible by fits and starts.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CORNISH CAMPAIGN. 1862.

St. Just stood next upon the programme, and here the revival is graphically described and the use of the penitent form ably defended, in a series of letters written by Mr. Booth to a friend and published in the *Wesleyan Times* and other revival newspapers. Lack of space makes it impossible to more than summarise these interesting records of the work.

“On Friday, January 25th, with unfeigned regret we bid farewell to our very kind friends at St. Ives, where about a thousand persons were gathered into membership with the different churches, and came on to this town. St. Just is situated about seven miles beyond Penzance and five from Land's End. The population in and around amounts to about ten thousand souls. Most of the people are employed in mining. There are two Episcopal and two Wesleyan churches, together with Bible Christians, Methodist Free Church, and New Connexion chapels, with an aggregate membership of about 1,700 persons.

“Of one of the Episcopal churches, that at Pendeen, the celebrated Rev. Robert Aitken is minister. Some years ago he withdrew from the Church and devoted himself to the work of an evangelist with marvellous success. I am constantly meeting with persons of eminent piety and usefulness who were converted through his instrumentality. After travelling for many years and leading thousands to the Cross, he returned to the Church, settled in Pendeen, built the sanctuary in which he now preaches, gathered out of the world a society of three hundred members, and although in a contracted sphere, considering his remarkable powers, is still carrying on a great work for the Lord Jesus.

“You will see, therefore, that St. Just is highly favoured with the presence and labours of various evangelical churches, and that an unusually large proportion of its inhabitants are already avowed followers of the Lord Jesus. From time to time it has been the subject of powerful revivals. So long ago as 1743 it was visited by John Wesley, and in later years by his brother Charles. It was

during one of the meetings held by the latter that a remarkable incident occurred. A country squire of the name of Eustick drove a pack of hounds among the congregation and caused them to disperse. This mode of annoyance had been repeatedly practised. On this occasion a number of the people retired to a spacious kitchen where a prayer-meeting was held. It was a season of extraordinary power, such as none present had ever experienced. At the close of the service Mr. Wesley stood up and said, with impressive solemnity, 'The man who has troubled you this day shall trouble you no more for ever.' Shortly afterwards Eustick died in a state of raving madness.

"On Sunday, the 26th, we commenced our services here in the Bible Christian chapel. At night the place was literally besieged with people, and it was calculated that some two thousand were turned away unable to gain admission. I never witnessed anything like the crowd. Some time before the service hundreds were coming away, every available space within the chapel being literally choked with people. The meeting was a powerful one, and five souls responded to the invitation to come out and proclaim themselves on the Lord's side. On the following night the work continued in a very hopeful manner, save that our method of inviting sinners to come forward to the communion rail met with considerable opposition. This controversy took off attention from the main question and postponed the success. Many were powerfully convicted of their sinfulness, but when asked to come forward replied, 'Cannot we be saved here? Is not God as willing to do it here as there?' To these and similar questions we gave the following reply.

"We admitted that no particular merit attached to this, or to any other method of approaching the Saviour; that in the abstract God was as willing to save in one place as another; that it is not the position of the body, but the condition of the soul; not the sinner's attitude, or the locality in which he prays, but his state of mind in drawing near to God; not where he is, but how he *feels*; in short, it is not the prostration of the body in any given place, but the *submission of the heart*, which fits him for the reception of mercy. The communion rail or penitent form, we admitted, like all other 'bodily exercise,' is of no profit except so far as it assists the soul in reaching a certain state of feeling, and as an indication of such a state when once it has been attained.

"Nevertheless, in the first place we adopted it as a convenience,

affording opportunity to administer counsel to anxious inquirers. The question 'What must I do to be saved?' can here be calmly answered by those most conversant with the way of salvation. Difficulties which more or less exist in all minds at this momentous period can be heard and removed, while at the same time the public service can proceed, helped rather than hindered by the presence, prayers, and salvation of the penitents.

"I think you will see at a glance the superiority of this plan over the method which has long prevailed in this part of the country. At former revivals, in whatever spot of the building an individual manifested concern about his soul, a little group would gather round the penitent, praying, counselling, and singing with him, while a large number would be looking on out of mere curiosity. Imagine a dozen of these groups in different parts of the same chapel, and you will readily conceive the Babel of confusion they would create. Of course, anything like rational worship by the congregation at large would be impossible.

"Then, again, I regard it as a valuable help to *decision*. With how many is there wanting but one step, and that the all-important one of decision! They know about the subject—have been educated from childhood in its leading principles. Taught by the fireside and from the pulpit, they have become familiar with the various solemn motives by which God seeks to bring them to Himself. There have been, no doubt, periods of special visitation when, with more than ordinary power, the mighty truths that relate to their eternal destiny have come home to their hearts, and when with more than usual distinctness they hear the blessed Master whispering, 'Follow Me.' But they hesitate. The difficulties which a religious life present are magnified. They know not exactly what to do next. Satan suggests the propriety of doing something in the future, and by the time that future is transformed into the present the force of the impression has abated, and the usual tenor of a godless life has been all but resumed.

"What is wanted in these moments of impression is for the soul, while still under their influence, to take some definite step which shall for ever decide the question, and pledge him to a course, regarding the propriety of which he has long been satisfied, and which he feels to be alike dictated by God and conscience. Herein lies one important advantage presented by this mode of labour. The words are frequently upon my lips at such times, 'Do right! Do something!

Do it now! You have thought and reasoned and intended for years.
Act now. Decide by saying from your inmost soul—

‘I do accept His offers now,
From every sin depart!
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.’

“In the third place I find this method very useful as a test of *submission*. The complete submission of the sinner must precede his conversion. Until he surrenders unconditionally, Christ cannot save him. Now, if he be really willing to submit to God and to accept the salvation of the Gospel, he will be ready at once publicly to manifest his decision, and were the opportunity offered, to confess Christ before Heaven and earth and hell. Almost the last, if not the very last thing the sinner will do is, to *make known* the convictions of guilt and danger that are struggling in his breast, or to proclaim the desires for mercy of which he is the subject. He will read and weep and pray in secret, but to let the Church and the world know that he is penitent—never! He shudders at the very thought. True, he has not been ashamed to sin against a loving God, to tread the offers of His grace beneath his feet with contempt and indifference; but now, to turn round and trample on his pride, and to go out bearing the Cross and telling men that he takes that hitherto despised Christ as his everlasting portion, this is what he cannot and will not do until he fully submits to God.

“Now this method makes evident to the penitent’s own heart and to those around him whether he does thus truly and fully submit. Nothing is more common than deception on this subject. When under the influence of the arguments and persuasions of Christian truth many imagine that they are willing at once to forsake their sins and accept the Saviour. But try them with this test—ask them to come out and avow their decision to serve God, and their pride will rise and rebel against such a humiliating step, and they will prove that they are far from that complete submission without which salvation is an impossibility.

“In most cases the last battle prior to emancipation from hell’s thralldom is fought over the question, ‘What will the world say?’ By this bugbear Satan has prevented thousands for a considerable period, and many, it is to be feared, for ever, from closing with Christ, when every other snare has been broken and every other sin has lost its charm. The penitent form cuts at the root of this temptation. Only

persuade the halting one to come out and confess the Lord, and the devil retires from the conflict, shame and pride are given to the winds, all the restraints with which their hearts have so long been bound are rent asunder, and like the returning humbled prodigal, the soul is welcomed by his loving Father and blessed with all the blessings of the Gospel of Peace.

“But to return from this diversion to that portion of my narrative which gave rise to it. I was describing the struggle which took place at the commencement of the work. For myself I had no doubt as to the ultimate result. But some began to fear that their expectations would be cut off and that the long desired revival would not come. On Thursday much prayer had been offered, and at half-past nine that night the answer came. The windows of Heaven were opened and a shower of blessed influence descended upon us. The effect was electrical. It was sudden and overpowering. The sinners could restrain themselves no longer. Hearts were breaking, or broken, in every direction. The chapel was filled with the glory. The meeting was continued until midnight, and numbers found peace. The tidings spread with astonishing rapidity throughout the neighbourhood, and the people rejoiced in all directions to hear that the revival had begun in real earnest.

“On the following Sunday, as I walked to the chapel, I was met by a young woman, who, with uplifted hands, her face beaming with exultant joy, was shouting the praises of God. She had just found Jesus, and was calling on every one she met to join her in thanksgiving and to taste and see for themselves that the Lord is gracious. In some parts of the country this would have been looked upon as a very strange proceeding, and the Church and the world would have combined in terming it wild excitement, if not insanity. But not so here. In this county, anyway in this part of it, the Church and the world alike expect that when aroused to a sense of guilt and danger men shall be in earnest in seeking deliverance, and when the consciousness of safety and the assurance of the Divine favour have been obtained, they very rationally expect that as the soul's distress was in some degree proportionate to the imminence of its peril, so the gladness and thanksgiving shall be in like proportion to the deliverance.

“We found a large congregation assembled in the chapel and souls already at the communion rail groaning to be delivered. When about half-way through our discourse, some simple remarks we made touched

chords in the hearts of the newly-saved, and oh, what a response was there! My voice was overpowered with the shouts of glory and the ascription of praise. We gave out and sung

'Praise God for what He's done for me,'

thinking it might calm the excitement and hush the glorious tumult and so give the opportunity to conclude our address. But it only added fuel to the flame, and we closed the Book, left the pulpit, invited the penitents to Jesus, and held a prayer meeting at which souls were saved. Some, I presume, would deem this irregular and disorderly, and so it was. But it was a glorious irregularity and a piece of Heaven's own order. It was such irregularity and such disorder as the people would gladly hail in many a church and congregation where all has been regular and orderly sadly too long!

"At night we had a gale of saving grace. About 11 o'clock the forms in the centre of the chapel, as well as the communion rails, were filled with penitents. The meeting did not finally close until three o'clock in the morning, and the chapel was open the greater part of the following day. So far as I could ascertain about seventy-five persons, exclusive of juveniles, found the Saviour on this precious Sabbath day.

"The following day found us at St. Ives. It was the anniversary of their Temperance Society. They had informed me that some of the new converts had already been turned back by the moderate use of liquor, and that it was to be feared many others were in danger of making shipwreck on the same fatal rock. We could not, therefore, refuse the opportunity for speaking plainly on the subject. Many of those who mingled in the happy throng, and even took part in the public proceedings, had previously been miserable slaves to the drink. At the close of the meeting one hundred and fifty-seven signed the pledge."

Writing from St. Just a short time afterwards, Mr. Booth says:

"I can scarcely believe that three weeks have elapsed since I last wrote to you. When the mind is absorbed in a congenial occupation, time flies quickly. And what employment so agreeable, so fascinating as that in which, by the good providence of God, we find ourselves just now engaged to the utmost limits of our time and capacity? Not only can we say with John Smith, 'Soul-saving is my business—God hath given me a heart for it,' but we can add that God has granted us the desires of our heart in giving us a most

prosperous and successful business. It has been reported in Penzance that all the sinners in this town have been converted save sixty! Although this is far from true, yet events and influences seem to be rapidly shaping in that direction, and the signs of the times indicate the possible realisation of such a happy result.

"On Wednesday, 5th, the services were transferred to the Methodist Free Church, and this led to a temporary check in the progress of the work. The prayer-meetings were heavy and dull and scarcely any penitents came forward during the first few nights. The Church was dull and held aloof from personal pleading with the people. Herein lies one of the secrets of the success of our work. During the first week of any considerable effort we generally find the greatest difficulty in persuading any, even the leaders of the society, to go and plead with sinners in their pews. But when the work has been in progress for some days, we find that Christians require restraining rather than urging in the inviting of their friends to come and be reconciled to God.

"And thus it was in the present instance, although the two chapels were only a few yards distant from each other. During the previous night, no sooner had the after-meeting commenced than some twenty or thirty of the members were passing from pew to pew, inviting the sinners present to come and share the blessings they enjoyed. But here all were diffident and quiet. Instead of coming up to the other chapel and assisting in the services that had there been held, they had been conducting meetings on their own account, and had thus failed to catch the spirit and influences of the revival. During the next four days it was much the same, but on the Sabbath night at about 9.30 the clouds began to break, and the powers of darkness yielded in all directions, and by midnight a multitude had been saved.

"On the following day four men left their work in the mine and went to the chapel and sought salvation. When we arrived at seven o'clock in time for the meeting, we found them in the midst of a sympathetic congregation, with extended arms telling the people that they had found Jesus, to the unutterable joy of their hearts.

"I cannot describe the service that followed this affecting introduction. The praying host, flushed with the triumph of the previous day and night, were like giants refreshed with wine. They carried all before them, and the people yielded to their faith and prayers in all directions.

"The last three days have been days of uninterrupted triumph. By

nine o'clock in the morning souls in distress have found their way to the school-room. One morning nine men came out of one mine and seven from another, unable to work for anguish of spirit. These day-meetings are continued without interruption until about six in the evening. Half an hour later the people assemble for the night service. Last night the chapel and school-room were full, although services were held in the Wesleyan and Bible Christian chapels at the same time, in all of which men and women, youths, maidens, and little children were turning from sin to righteousness, and from Satan to the living God.

"When I say that the whole place is moved, I mean that nearly every individual in the neighbourhood is more or less interested in the subject of religion. Little else is talked about, and in many instances little else besides soul-saving work is done. A gentleman informed me yesterday that a great number of the miners are too absorbed either with their own salvation or with that of others to do much work. Many of the agents of the mines had expressed their willingness to allow the men to leave their work, only too glad that they should be converted. Whether saved or not themselves, they knew that Christianity will bring about a reformation of character only too desirable in many instances.

"The Inspector of Police says that last Saturday night was the best night he has had since he came into the place, the Saturday night prior to the commencement of the work having been the worst. Indeed, some of the vilest characters in the town are being saved. One poor fellow, who has been in the hands of the police times without number, cried out in the school-room on Wednesday afternoon, 'He has saved me, the very worst of sinners. In that corner I found the blessing. I shall never forget that corner.' This spot henceforth became quite popular with the penitents. As one steps out of it rejoicing, another throws himself into it, so that it has become quite a sacred place.

"Conviction is spreading in every direction, and it must be so. Everywhere the newly saved, their hearts glowing with the love of Christ, are publishing His praises. The public-houses are deserted. A friend said last night that during the day he had been to three of them, the entire customers of them all consisting of two travelling chimney-sweeps. One parlour in the most frequented of these houses, usually too well furnished with guests, was on this occasion tenanted by its solitary landlord.

“You will gather from this that we are in the midst of a real religious excitement. But you will not, like some good people here, be alarmed at it. As for ourselves, we rejoice concerning it exceedingly. Is it not what we wish to see brought about everywhere? What! Would not the Christians of your great city rejoice, if they could only make the truths of the Bible the topic of conversation in every house? This is one of the foundation principles that govern our practice. We believe that if we can only make the people think about these truths, it will lead to their salvation. Thousands around us are being absorbed and carried away by the excitements of business, ambition, and pleasure. It is only by means of a counter-excitement such as this that we find it possible to successfully arrest their attention.”

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CORNISH CAMPAIGN.

IN the marvellous meetings of the St. Just campaign, Mrs. Booth played a very prominent part. Her Sunday afternoon meetings were seasons of exceptional demonstration and power. The people walked in for miles round in order to be present at the one service. Numbers would start on the previous night, bringing their refreshments with them, although this involved returning as soon as the meeting was over, and walking *all night* in order to get to their daily work by Monday morning.

It was in this town that Mrs. Booth held her first meeting for *women only*. These services subsequently became a special feature in her life work, invariably attracting large and select gatherings, and by their practical and convincing character revolutionising the homes and lives of multitudes. A few extracts will serve to illustrate the pointed nature of these discourses.

In dealing with the question of *fashion* she has said :

“Do not consider fashion when you are settling how you ought to order your household, but plan for the highest good of your children and those around you, and for your greatest usefulness in the world. Never mind fashion.

“In this day, when chaplains of prisons and reformatories tell us that gaudy, flashy dressing leads as many young girls to destruction as drink, it behoves every true woman to settle before God in her closet what kind of dress she ought to wear, and to resolve to wear it in spite of fashion. If all professedly Christian ladies would do this, what a salvation this one reform alone would work in the world! You young people here resolve that you will be original, natural human beings, as God would have you; resolve that you won't be squozen into this mould, or into that, to please anybody—that you will be an independent woman, educated and refined by intercourse with God; but *be yourself*, and do not aim to be anybody else. Set fashion at naught. If people would do this, what different households they would have! What different children! What different friends! What different results they would produce in the world, and how differently they would feel when they were dying. Oh, what wasted lives! What beautiful forms, and beautiful minds, and beautiful intellects are prostrated and ruined a the shrine of the god of fashion! May God deliver us from this idol!”

In advocating the adoption of poor and neglected children by those who were in a position to do so, Mrs. Booth remarks :

"I have many times said what I here deliberately repeat : that if I were dying and leaving a family of helpless children, I would leave it as my last request that they might be divided—one here, and another there—amongst any poor, but really godly families who would receive them, rather than they should be got into the most highly trumpeted orphanage with which I am acquainted ; for I should infinitely prefer that their bodies should lack necessary food and attention, rather than that their poor little hearts and souls should be crushed and famished for want of love, both human and Divine. Children brought up without love are like plants brought up without the sun. How blessed a way would it be of serving God and your generation, by taking some such children yourselves and bringing them up with all the love and care with which you bring up your own, or would have done so had God granted you the privilege. It will be a happy day for England when Christian ladies transfer their sympathies from poodles and terriers to destitute and starving children !"

When encouraging her audience to overcome their sense of timidity and weakness, and to embark forthwith in a life of consecrated service, she says :

"Weakness, my dear sister ! We are of little use in any department of the vineyard until we have been made to realise our own weakness. The weaker we feel ourselves to be, the better. It is not a question of our *strength*, but of our *faith*. 'Why look ye so earnestly on us (said Peter to those who marvelled at the miracle wrought on the lame) as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk ? . . . Faith in the name of Jesus has made this man strong, whom ye see and know.' God does not call us to any work in our own strength ; He bids us go and do it in His. 'Give ye them to eat,' said He to the Disciples, but He knew who must supply the bread ; so now He requires us to break the Bread of Life to the multitude, trusting in Him for the supply.

"No matter how simple the words, or how tremulous the voice, if *He* blesses, then it shall be blessed. The 'Does you love God?' of a little child, accompanied by the 'demonstration of the Spirit and of power,' will do more for Christ and souls than the most talented and eloquent sermon without it ; for 'it is not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

Returning to the pioneer occasion in St. Just, the spacious Wesleyan Chapel was crowded with women. It was calculated that some 2,500 were present.

Mr. Alfred Chenhalls, then popularly known in the neighbourhood as "the king of the Wesleyans," being a gentleman of wealth and a prominent Christian worker, gives an interesting account of this meeting. "It was a Good Friday, and Mr. Booth had asked me," says Mr. Chenhalls, "to go over with him to Pendeen, to hear the

Rev. Robert Aitken preach. After the service we lingered behind and spoke to Mr. Aitken. On our way home we learned to our surprise that Mrs. Booth's special service for women was not yet over. My wife met me, saying 'Oh, Alfred, we *have* had a time! There never was such a sight seen in St. Just before. Mrs. Booth talked with such Divine power that it seemed to me as if every person in the chapel who was not right with God must at once consecrate themselves to His service. I never witnessed such a scene in my life Oh, that you had been there!' I went off to the chapel and found that the meeting was only just breaking up, and from what I gathered I firmly believe that there was no single service which produced such



REV. ROBERT AITKEN.

wonderful results. Many of those who had up to this time resisted Mr. Booth's powerful appeals were brought in on this occasion.

"We were very much affected by Mrs. Booth's domestic graces as well as by her public gifts. I remember calling upon her one day and finding her busy ironing, with all the dexterity and confidence of an experienced hand."

The subsequent progress of the revival is described by Mr. Booth in the following letters :

"Since I wrote to you last, one of the first-fruits of the revival has been gathered by the loving hand of our holy Father and safely lodged

in the Paradise above. I was one morning seeking for the residence of a sick man, and asked at a cottage if they could direct me. An old man volunteered at once to be my guide. It was only a few yards, and as we walked together, I asked him whether he were converted, and on his replying in the negative I urged him to avail himself of the services to secure the salvation of his soul. He promised to attend the chapel and to think about the matter. On the following Sunday he was at the meeting, came forward and realised the pardon of his sins. On the following Thursday, while he sat at the tea-table, he suddenly expired without speaking a word. As they carried him to his grave, followed by a long train of mourning friends chanting the solemn death-song, I thanked God that he was safely landed, and exulted in the thought that the revival was already reported before the Throne.

“A day or two previously a very different incident took place. A Christian brother exhorted an unconverted man to go and hear the stranger preach. He replied that he would rather go to the public-house. Finding that his exhortations were useless our friend remarked that as the tree fell, so it would lie. The man repeated the words and said he supposed it would. He then went his way to the public-house, where some one treated him with sixteen glasses of ale, which he drank. He then went home and retired to bed. The next morning he rose, but was too ill to sit up. He lay down again and almost immediately expired. This has been a solemn warning to the unconverted.

“On Sabbath, February 23rd, we transferred our meetings from the Bible Christian to the Wesleyan Chapel. It is a large structure capable of seating about two thousand persons. Instead of the usual pulpit, it has a capacious platform, and altogether speaks highly for the liberal and enterprising spirit of the people who have erected it. Mr. Hobson, the superintendent of this circuit, is a veteran in the ministry, having ‘travelled’ fifty-one years, during nearly twenty of which he has been chairman of the Cornish district. He and his two colleagues met me with the greatest cordiality and the fullest assurance of co-operation and sympathy.

“The first week’s services exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Night after night numbers sought the Saviour. This continued for a month, and then the power appeared in a large measure to leave us, and the work dragged heavily. I have often noticed these pauses in the onward flow of revival influences and prosperity. There is

doubtless a tendency in success to lead to glory unduly in the labourers. Success is looked for as a matter of course. Humiliation, prayer, faith, and all that travailing in birth for souls exercised at the commencement of the work are no longer deemed necessary. The direct operation of the Spirit is overlooked, and perhaps before she is aware the Church goes forth to the conflict in her own strength, and, forsaken by the God of battles, she is worsted in the strife.

“On Sunday, March 16th, we met together in the morning, conscious of these truths. Introductory to the discourse, I remarked that everybody was asking, ‘What about the revival?’ Our own hearts had asked that question a hundred times. Many present had asked it. During the last six weeks some seven hundred had sought mercy. Of this number at least six hundred had obtained salvation and had now united with the various churches in the neighbourhood, Hundreds more were the subjects of serious impressions; but, alas! the power to secure their submission was wanting. It appeared to slip away on the previous Sabbath, and now angels, devils, and men, the saved and unsaved, asked, ‘Is the revival over?’ On the answer to this question the eternal destiny of numbers depended. It appeared to us that unless something could be done to bring down more holy influence the revival would be at an end. There was plenty of light. We wanted power. How were we to get it? There was one way as yet but partially tried. Let the Church rise up and consecrate herself afresh and fully to the Lord. We must come to this.

“After preaching on holiness, we invited those who would make the entire consecration of all to Jesus and take Him as a complete Saviour to come forward. Many of the principal Christians led the way, and within a few minutes more than a hundred persons were bowed in tears and prayer, waiting for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And the Holy Spirit descended, cleansing the polluted, and signifying the acceptance of the many whole-hearted sacrifices here laid on the altar.

“Never shall I forget that scene. All who witnessed it were well-nigh overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine presence. It was the nearest approach to the descent of the mighty rushing wind on the day of Pentecost to anything in my experience, or in that of those present. That Sabbath morning will be hallowed in the recollections of St. Just for many years to come.

“The work now assumed more formidable proportions. It widened

as well as deepened. Afternoon and evening similar outpourings of the Spirit were realised, and during the succeeding week as many as forty, fifty, and sixty sought the Saviour day by day. The revival is everywhere the engrossing theme.

“Last Wednesday the *Cornhill Telegraph* announced that the drill of the rifle corps had been suspended, and that business generally was at a standstill in consequence of the revival. The motto of the county arms is ‘One and all,’ and this is a true characteristic of the people. A friend told me the other day that in passing one evening through a hamlet containing some dozen houses, he was accosted by a man who told him that all the adult population were gone to a distant chapel to a revival service, leaving him as the sole guard and protector of their children and property, so that he was going from house to house looking after all. I was also informed three weeks ago that at Truthwells, a village half a-mile away, out of fifty-eight adults, fifty-two were already saved. By this time I trust that the devil has been deprived of the remaining six.”

Mr. Hobson, the superintendent, had been at the onset greatly impressed by the services. Indeed, it is possible that he would have continued to favour them to the end, but for the powerful pressure brought to bear upon him by some of his ministerial brethren. In describing one of her first meetings at which Mr. Hobson was present, Mrs. Booth says :

“Knowing how ill I have been, you will be surprised to hear of my Sunday effort. Well, I certainly did transgress as to time, and have had to pay the price since. But I am not much the worse for it now, and I hope many will be better for it to all eternity. It was a glorious congregation. I never saw a more imposing sight. I had liberty, and it was a very solemn and I trust a profitable time. Mr. Hobson, although I did not know it till afterwards, was present, his second preacher opening the service for me. The presence of the latter did not embarrass me the least. I am wonderfully delivered from all fear, after I once get my mouth open.

“When I came down from the platform Mr. Hobson received me most kindly, took my hand in both of his like a father, and told me he should often be coming to see us now. Does it not seem wonderful how the rough places are made smooth and the crooked places straight before us? This is the chairman who sent word to Hayle, in answer to the inquiries of the Superintendent there as to whether I might go into their chapel at the wish of their people, that it was contrary to their rules and usages! Rules and usages can be wonderfully surmounted when the heart is touched! Well, the Lord rules and overrules both men and rules, and I trust this is of His doing. At any rate it enables my dear husband to get *at* the people, which was partially impossible in the small chapels,

besides almost killing him with the heat and crush. You see the Wesleyans have nearly all the large chapels."

At the conclusion of the services in the Wesleyan Chapel the meetings were continued at Buryan and Pendeen, in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Just, and afterwards transferred to Lelant, an attractive suburb of the same town. There is an interesting legend related concerning its parish church. It is situated on a piece of waste land some little distance outside the village. A stranger might naturally be surprised that it should have been built so far from the people. It is said, however, that the original site chosen was a central one, but that as fast as it was built by day the angels carried away the stones by night to the spot on which it now stands. As soon as this became known, the people are said to have abandoned the proposed site and to have set to work with a will to build the church in its present position, even women and children helping its erection in various ways.

Of late, however, the angel visits to Lelant had been "few and far between." There were strong hearts lying by the road-side unused, and which needed only the faith, the skill, and the power of some spiritual architect in order to form the frame-work of a living Church, whose builder and maker should be God. The stones were to be transported, so to speak, from their worldly and sinful surroundings, and heaped at the foot of the isolated blood-stained Cross of Christ, a perpetual monument of His saving and preserving grace. Women and children were to be allowed to take their share in the erection of the sacred edifice, and angels were to rejoice over rows of penitent sinners who were to constitute a Church not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

It was a special joy to Mr. and Mrs. Booth that Lelant was in such close proximity to the scenes of their previous labours, thus enabling many of their former converts to attend the meetings and testify to the genuineness, depth, and permanence of the work. The chief fear of the sinner is that, if converted, he will be unable to adhere to the good resolutions then sincerely formed. And, strange to say, many professing Christians participate in these doubts, and thus hinder the hesitating penitent when he is on the point of coming to a definite decision regarding the future. But here was a triumphant refutation of all such God-dishonouring anticipations. The fearing sinner and the doubting saint could be pointed alike to the abiding fruits of previous efforts.

The meetings commenced on Sunday, May 18th. At night a dense crowd blocked the chapel, filled the yard, and stretched out into the road, while hundreds could not so much as get near the door. Numbers were powerfully convicted, and several sought and found salvation. It was not, however, till the following Thursday that the real break commenced, some twenty professing conversion. On Friday the communion rail and vestry were crowded, the greater part of the penitents being men. On Sunday night the chapel was again filled to suffocation, large numbers coming forward, thirty of whom professed to find peace.

Mr. Booth's journal contains the following particulars concerning some of the incidents :

"Sunday, 1st June. A powerful day. In the morning I spoke about 'leaving the principles of the doctrine,' and pressing forward to perfection. In the afternoon Mrs. Booth preached. The meeting was a mighty time. In the evening I was led to ask the Lord in prayer to bless and save the people, whether by a good sermon or by a bad one, or without any sermon at all. After preaching a short time the influence increased and the power of God came down on the people, and there was such shouting and weeping that I was compelled to break off and invite the wounded to come forward. Many responded and twenty-six were converted. It was a glorious season. There must have been nearly forty seeking mercy at one time. Afterwards in speaking to some friends I expressed a regret that I had not gone on and finished my sermon, but they reminded me of my prayer, and expressed their conviction that I had concluded at the right place.

"Monday, June 2nd. I walked part of the way to St. Ives with Mr. Roberts. On my way back I was overtaken by some sailors, who accosted me very heartily. I recognised one of them as having been converted at St. Ives under a sermon on eternity. His captain, an earnest godly man, was with him; likewise a shipmate whom they had brought with them in the hopes of seeing him converted.

"My friend at once began to give me scraps of his experience since we parted, and I rejoiced to find him fairly started on a career of usefulness. Amongst other things he mentioned the following incident :

"We were up the Channel a few weeks ago, and were invited on board a ship to hold a prayer-meeting. The cabin was full, and we had a time of great power, two of the sailors being converted. A few days afterwards, the ship was wrecked and all hands lost off Lundy Island. We went ashore there not long afterwards and saw the grave of one of the men converted in that meeting. On our way we came across a lonely farm-house, where sailors are supplied with food and other necessaries when they go ashore. We called for some refreshments, but the mistress looked at us rather suspiciously, telling us that some sailors, who had passed there the previous week-end, had smashed her crockery and clock, and finished up by breaking her head with the poker. We reassured her, and she then offered us some rum and milk. We asked her how she could give us what had already led to such serious consequences for herself, and assured her

that we wanted no rum. While she was getting us some food we offered to sing her a verse or two of a little hymn called

“The lion of Judah shall break every chain.”

She replied that she had no objection, so we touched it up a bit. Then said I, “Let us have a little prayer. All hands on to your knees!” We fell down and began to pray. The power of God came upon us and the tears streamed down the woman's cheeks. So, instead of breaking her head with the poker, we broke her heart with the Gospel.’

“The meeting this night was commenced with several testimonies from the newly saved. After some others had spoken, my friend, the sailor, rose and said:

“‘For many years I was sailing under black colours. I knew not whither I was bound. On the black flag above me was written “The wages of sin is death.” But Mr. Booth came to St. Ives, and the Lord Jesus used him as a speaking trumpet, and through him He shouted, “Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! I listened, was startled, looked up at the black flag floating aloft, and jumped overboard astern into the sea. The Gospel ship was sailing alongside. The life-boat of mercy was sent to pick me up. They threw me a rope. I caught it and was hauled on board. We have Jesus at the helm. Ahead of us there is a point. Sometimes it is on the weather bow, sometimes on the lee. It is the point of death. When we get round it we shall find good anchorage, coil up the ropes, furl the sails, and go on shore to the land of glory.’

“This was delivered in a bold tone, as impressive as the imagery, producing a powerful effect on the audience. After I had given the invitation, there was a blessed rush to Jesus. It was altogether a wonderful sight, and many were saved.”

And thus the revival rolled onward like an impetuous and resistless stream, when checked for a time in one direction, only gathering redoubled force for another forward sweep. It would have lent its tributary waters to some of the nearest rivers which had already marked out for themselves their pathway to the ocean. But when this is rendered impossible, and when each surface channel had been blocked, the current was yet to hew out for itself an underground course, as it were, through the very bowels of the earth, and finally to emerge triumphantly, pouring forth in undiminished volume its fertilising waters over the most arid and needy deserts of the world.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE THREE CONFERENCES. 1862.

It has already been remarked that the Annual Committee of the New Connexion had no authority to accept Mr. Booth's proffered resignation, but merely to refer it to the Conference which met in June, 1862, at Dudley. The subject was brought forward for consideration by Dr. Crofts, who moved that the resignation should be accepted. The Rev. P. J. Wright, as might be expected, seconded the motion.

Hereupon Mr. Turnbull, of Gateshead, asked that the acceptance of the resignation by Conference should at least be more courteously worded. Mr. Wright, however, objected to this very reasonable request, warning the Conference that they were in danger of being led into a trap, and expressing his determination to guard that assembly against any attempt that might be made for Mr. Booth's restoration. Alderman Oldham expressed his sincere regret that Mr. Booth had resigned, the Macclesfield Circuit being deeply indebted to him for a wonderful revival of religion.

In replying to this Mr. Wright denied that anything he had said could be construed as being intended to cast any imputation upon Mr. Booth.

Mr. Docton, of St. Ives, spoke in glowing terms of the wonderful revival carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Booth in Cornwall. And after some further debate, in which the irrepressible Mr. Wright and others took part, Dr. Croft's motion was carried by 56 votes against 15.

And thus without a "thank you" for the faithful and brilliant services of seven years, and grudging so much as the expression of a regret, the Conference severed the last strand of the shadowy cable which bound Mr. and Mrs. Booth to the Connexion. Nor did they lift a finger to secure their return. Indeed, they rather discouraged their many friends from making any effort on their behalf, feeling that the sphere of usefulness which they at present occupied was one of the Lord's own ordaining, at any rate, for the hour. Nevertheless, the episode was a painful one, and they were not a little gratified,

when in later years Dr. Cooke, for whom they had previously entertained so high an esteem, expressed his regret in regard to the past, and his desire to find a bridge by which they might again return to the fold of the Connexion.

In one respect, however, Mr. Booth's example was especially noteworthy. Whatever might be his feelings of dissatisfaction in regard to any existing denomination, he resolutely from the first set his face against a policy of disruption.

He had persistently clung to the hope of an ultimate reconciliation with the New Connexion, and this in spite of innumerable discouragements. It had mattered little that the olive branch which he had so repeatedly held out to the Conference, had been disregarded. He had offered it again and again, while there was a fragment to be found, and it was not till the Conference had finally placed its heel upon the last existing vestige of a hope that he abandoned the idea of reconciliation.

True, chances had lain within his reach for convulsing the denomination with a schism which would have stripped it of many of its most spiritual members and supporters, and for this there was ample precedent. He might have imitated the example of the founder of the denomination, Alexander Kilham, who had organised a secession from the Wesleyan ranks, and had principally directed his efforts toward recruiting his adherents from the body which had expelled him. Again, there was the example of Mr. Dunn and the other leaders of the Reform agitation.

But to the adoption of such a course Mr. Booth had an inveterate objection. He had no desire to build up his own work upon the ruins of another. Hence he studiously avoided accepting invitations to circuits where his influence was the greatest or any other arrangements which would be likely to damage the Connexional cause. Beyond the publication of his two letters to the Conference—the one addressed to Mr. Stacey, asking for his restoration to the evangelistic sphere, and the other tendering his resignation to Dr. Crofts—he took no steps even towards the vindication of his personal character, preferring to leave their own interests in the hands of Him whose interests first they sought.

This was a source of no little gratification to Mr. Booth, when, in later years, the movement which he had himself inaugurated, suffered from the occasional secession of those who had previously aided its progress. Who can tell how largely the failure of such attempts to create

dissatisfaction and division within the ranks of the Salvation Army of to-day have been the natural result, as well as the Divine reward, for the self-control then displayed? He would doubtless have unconsciously laid the seed of future trouble had he sought to build upon the dismantled ruins of even a fraction of the Methodist New Connexion, instead of sinking for himself new foundations upon the rocky and apparently unpromising, but stable soil, that lay beyond the confines of each existing church. It was not impossible under such conditions to re-model and fit into the edifice some of the "stones" which were "rejected" and "set at naught" by other "builders," who profited in exchange by the new material with which they were themselves supplied. But it was a source of equal satisfaction and strength to the Salvation Army that it did not owe its origin to a mere denominational "split," the members of which would have been too saturated with the spirit of the past to have fallen in with the advances and reforms which were to constitute so marked a feature of its future history.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth had decided upon Penzance as their next field of labour, this being one of the largest and most important towns in Cornwall. They were, however, greatly exhausted by their continued labours, and arranged to take a short rest before commencing any fresh meetings. Leaving the children under the care of their trusted nurse, Mary, they accordingly went to London.

Meanwhile the annual Conference of the Wesleyans was held in Camborne, and the question of the recent revival came up for discussion. The district meeting of the Cornish ministers had taken place in March, when the work in St. Just was at its very height, and soon after the remarkable campaigns already described at St. Ives and Hayle. And yet, incredible as it may appear, the ministers had passed a resolution praying Conference to forbid the use of their chapels to Mr. and Mrs. Booth. Similar ministerial petitions had been forwarded from Bristol and other districts requesting that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer should also be excluded.

How any who had the cause of Christ at heart could make such a demand, is only less extraordinary than the complacency with which Conference granted their request, especially in face of the remarkable additions to their numbers which these revivals had enabled them to report. Cornwall, in particular, had returned by far the largest increase of any district, there being 1,311 members admitted into society, besides 2,936 on trial—a total of 4,247. So far from making

the slightest acknowledgment of the valuable co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, the President of the Conference referred to their labours with equal contempt and ill-taste, as "the perambulations of the male and female!" At this distance of time such language appears indeed utterly incomprehensible, and hardly less so was the action of the Conference. Once before, as we have seen, William and Catherine Booth had been driven from the church of their choice by the mis-directed zeal of their minister. But for this it might well be said that the Conference could not be held responsible.

Now, however, the case was widely different. Their exiled children had, as it were, returned to the home of their childhood, and had knocked for admission at the parental door, not like the prodigal of old in rags and tatters, but rather like Abraham's servant seeking for Rebecca, their camels laden with costly presents. It would have seemed that the very dictates of self-interest would have ensured a hearty welcome to the messenger, but it was not so, and even the sight of the revival jewels failed to produce upon the Conference the desired effect. Indeed, we are tempted to wonder, had the John Wesley of the last century himself appeared upon the scenes, whether he would not have been as completely outvoted as were Mr. and Mrs. Booth. A Wesleyanism without Wesley might appear too strange a paradox to be conceivable. But a Conference that was so destitute of the spirit of its founder would probably have legislated his corporeal presence beyond its bounds, and left him no choice but to do what General Booth has had to do—organise a new society.

Referring to the decision of the Conference in a letter to a friend, Mrs. Booth says :

"You will have heard of the resolution of the Wesleyan Conference, which excludes Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, ourselves, and similar agencies from their pulpits. Perhaps you will have seen the report of the discussion as given in the *Watchman*. A more pitiful apology for passing such a law could not have been conceived. The people have no right to demand such a thing, said one minister. No, poor things! The people have no rights at all! You will have observed that God and souls and Heaven and hell are kept out of sight altogether. Are such agencies owned of God is not the question. But God does not overlook these things. He will not forget, and He will protect the interests of His own work. I rest in Him."

It was in the same year that the Primitive Methodists passed a resolution, "Strongly urging all their station authorities to avoid the employment of revivalists, so-called," thus confirming the

accuracy of the supposition that there existed at this time an almost universal ministerial combination for the suppression of revivalism. The conflict between the pastoral and evangelistic agencies was a long and severe one, the former endeavouring to monopolise for itself the entire religious field, and only yielding to the latter their required recognition beneath the resistless power of circumstances.

Writing twenty-nine years later from Australia, after a reception for which the history of the Colonies could furnish no parallel, at the head of an organisation which had taken its place beside the oldest churches in the land, General Booth is able to show how entirely the tables had been turned since the strange action of the Wesleyan Conference of 1862 :

"This morning I met the Wesleyan ministers of the district, and had a very good time with them. They wept all round. The sympathetic words they have spoken are in strange contrast with some of their past history! Never mind! All shall work together for good!"

Referring in the same letter to a public meeting held on the previous night, the General says :

"The enthusiasm of the meetings is beyond description. Yesterday's meetings were held in the Centennial Hall, seating three thousand five hundred people. It is the most magnificent building I ever spoke in by a long way. Apart from the Albert Hall, of which I have but little recollection, there is nothing to approach it in London, nor have I seen anything to equal it on the Continent. There must have been getting on for five thousand in it last night. It was quite full in the morning, packed in the afternoon, and gorged at night. The crowd burst the doors in repeatedly, and rushed in whether we would or not! I had a very good time in the morning, although very much exhausted after the hardest week's work I ever did in my life. At night the power of God came upon me in a manner which I have only experienced a few times before. I read and spoke from the 'strait gate.' The truth fell like peal upon peal of heavenly thunder, and the lightnings of conviction played over the audience and penetrated thousands of hearts.

"To have a prayer-meeting was a very great risk under such circumstances and we hesitated a moment about the penitent form. However, at all costs we went in for it, and it proved a gigantic success. Scarcely anybody went away, and at nine o'clock the building could not seat the people who were there, although most of them had been present since six. We had sixty souls out for mercy, besides some for a clean heart.

"At 9.15, while we were singing the Doxology, others came up, so quite exhausted I left them to go on with the fight. God was wonderfully with me in this meeting. I don't think I ever in the midst of any great revival had a more powerful time."

To those who have watched the workings of the designs of Providence, in the case of those who are prepared to follow its leadings, nothing is more interesting than to observe the obvious finger-marks of a Divine Intelligence, asserting itself in the very disappointments which appear at the time to frustrate our best-laid schemes. Ultimately it becomes manifest that "all things work together for good;" and that the blocking of one pathway and the defeat of one plan but means the opening out of newer, better paths and more triumphant accomplishment, thus compelling us to realise that

" There's a Divinity Who shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

CHAPTER XLVII.

GOOD-BYE TO CORNWALL. 1862.

It was towards the end of July, while the Wesleyan Conference was sitting at Camborne, that Mr. and Mrs. Booth returned from London to Cornwall, rejoining their children at Penzance, where they remained during the next two months. They had looked forward to a great work in this town, having been warmly invited by a number of the leading Wesleyans, who had assured them of their hearty co-operation and support. True, the minister had objected to the use of the chapel, even threatening to leave the town while the meetings were being held, but he had been told by his own officials that, greatly as they respected him, they valued infinitely more the salvation of their families and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Booth had therefore quite anticipated that his opposition would be over-ruled, and that with the people so whole-heartedly on their side they would be able to carry the day, at any rate for a time, as in the case of St. Just. When, however, the decision of the Conference was made known, the situation of affairs was materially altered, and they found themselves unable to carry out their previous programme. Not that the attitude of the people had been affected, as will be shown by the following extract from one of Mrs. Booth's letters :

"There is a very strong and universal desire amongst the people for us to labour here. Mary cannot go into a shop, or speak to an individual, but they want to know when we begin meetings in Penzance. The people, saints and sinners alike, are ripe for a glorious work, and there is no room for doubt but that at least a thousand souls might easily be gathered in.

"In the meantime, however, William is holding meetings at Mousehole. It is only a small place with a population of about one thousand five hundred, many of whom are now away at the North Sea fisheries. But it will fill up the interval, while we are arranging for larger meetings here and elsewhere.

"I do not know what doubts and fears William had been expressing to you that called forth your encouraging remarks. But I do not participate in them in the least, and have no fear about the future, if only his health holds out."

The meetings here alluded to in Mousehole were succeeded by a series held in a small chapel at Penzance. Many sought salvation in both places. Nevertheless, the character of the buildings and

other circumstances combined to make this period a somewhat trying one.

But just as the dark and discouraging days in Brighthouse had been brightened for Mr. and Mrs. Booth by the advent of their son Ballington, so the storm-clouds of Penzance displayed a silver lining in the birth of their fifth child Herbert, the future musician of the Salvation Army, the composer of some of its most stirring melodies and the originator of its countless brass bands.

In her eldest child Mrs. Booth had presented to the world a ruler, an organiser, and a financier of unusual capacity; in her second was the powerful apostle; her third-born was to bridge the gulf of continental infidelity; her fourth was to voice the thrilling claims of heathen lands. And now a fifth and fitting keystone was added to the rising arch, in the unconscious infant who was to be in a special sense the sweet psalmist and musician of the modern Salvation Army Israel, making palace and garret ring alike with sacred song, so simple that the merest child could understand, and yet so rich in harmony as to carry the appreciation of the best trained ear.

The great temptation in the possession of such gifts has ever been to direct their exercise toward the purposes of selfish ambition and personal aggrandisement. It is but seldom that individuals or families recognise the lien that God and humanity claim upon their talents. Mrs. Booth never ceased in striving to inspire her children with the all-important truth that every human gift belonged to God and must be used in the service of mankind.

She used to declare that she would pray a wicked child dead, rather than it should grow up to dishonour God and hinder the advancement of his kingdom. "I remember," says her daughter Emma, "how she would gather us round her and pray with us. I used to wear a low frock, and her hot tears would often drop upon my neck, sending a thrill through me which I can never forget. She used to say in her prayers that she would rather her boys should be chimney-sweeps and her girls should be scullery-maids than that we should grow up wicked. Often she would pray aloud, making us repeat the words after her. When I was only about three years old I was saying my prayers once when a lady friend of my mother's happened to be in the room. She told me afterwards how I added a little impromptu of my own, 'And oh, Dod, b'ess de lady and make her bery dood!' She used to say that she never could forget that prayer."



HERBERT H. BOOTH.

Referring to her children in some letters written at this period, Mrs. Booth says :

"Willie has commenced to write you a grand letter, and has spoiled I don't know how many sheets of paper, but it is not finished yet. He certainly is improving very much. I believe the Spirit is striving with him. He is so tender and tries hard to be good and obedient. Everybody says what a sharp boy he is. I am very anxious about Ballington and do not like his symptoms at all. I fear there is something on his lungs. He has a cough, is constantly complaining of pain in his chest, and has shrunk away dreadfully. It would indeed be hard work to leave him behind us in Cornwall. Pray for us. I would say respecting all of them, 'The will of the Lord be done!' But all within me shrinks from the idea of losing any of them. We are not sending either of them to school; I hate schools.

"Katie gets more interesting every day. She certainly is a beautiful girl. Papa says she inherits her grandmama's dignity. At any rate she inherits somebody's, for she moves about like a little princess, and would grace Windsor Castle itself! She and Emma sing very nicely, 'We are doin' home to dory!'

"You are right. Emma does get a fine girl. She is the pet of the family and has a sweet, happy disposition. People stop to admire her in the street, and she is such a talker! Mary was telling her to hush the other day when she was chattering to me. She looked up and said, 'Me not 'peakin' to oo! Me 'peakin' to *mama!*' She said to-night just before she went to bed, 'Me wove (love) mama a million miles! Me wove the Lord very much! Me go to Heaven when me die!'

"I am much obliged for your proposal about the children. But I can never let any of them leave home for a permanency, while I am at all able to look after them, especially while they are so young. I believe home influence and sympathies indispensable to the right formation of character, and although I cannot do as I would, I think I can do more in that direction than any governess. I could manage so much better, but my poor weak body is a perpetual drawback."

On September 28th a revival commenced which was equal in extent and power to any of those which had preceded it. Mr. and Mrs. Booth had removed to the prosperous little town of Redruth, which, with its population of about 10,000, was now the scene of an awakening, the influence of which extended through all the surrounding countryside. Mrs. Booth was happily so far restored as to be able once more to actively share in the labours of her husband, equally to his joy and to the benefit of the work.

The meetings were carried on in the Free Methodist chapel. This was a much larger building than those in Penzance and Mousehole, and would accommodate considerably upwards of one thousand persons.

So great was the number of the penitents that Mr. Booth had the usual communion rails extended across the entire breadth of the

chapel, besides erecting barriers to keep off the crowds of onlookers, who pressed so closely to the front that it was found almost impossible to deal effectually with those who were seeking salvation. Indeed it was his ordinary practice to complete these arrangements previously to the commencement of his services in any town. This in itself caused no small stir. The absolute assurance of success with which these preachers set to work almost paralysed the Christians among whom they had come to labour, the majority of whom wished to wait and see if a revival were really forthcoming before making any such preparations. How rarely, after all, does the Son of Man find upon the earth, even among His professed followers, the faith which anticipates the blessing, and which cries in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, "It shall be done!"

The following paragraphs are selected from an interesting pamphlet in which Mr. Booth describes the Redruth revival :

"The labourers are receiving considerable accessions to their number. The sisters especially are coming up to the help of the Lord and some very valuable assistance do they render. From what I can gather the door for female effort has been comparatively closed in this church for some time past. If there has not been the positive prohibition, the opportunity and invitation have been wanting ; and except there be, not only the opportunity, but the repeated and urgent invitation, this valuable accessory to church prosperity will be lost.

"The new converts, taught from the beginning their obligation to labour for souls, themselves constitute a band of zealous workers. Their old companions in sin and their kindred after the flesh find their loving appeals almost irresistible. The praying men are gathering strength daily. Many of them have crossed the Jordan of unbelief, and are now living in the Canaan of perfect love, and in the power of the fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost they engage in the work like giants.

"A meeting held on Monday week proved very useful. For a few days past the work had dragged heavily. Good was being done and souls were saved daily, but still the mightier influences were withheld. We therefore invited all who were thoroughly with us in the movement and who were willing to do their utmost to increase its power and success, to meet us on the above-named night. Many came. Different denominations were represented. Several valuable suggestions were offered, and three distinct resolutions made by all present. We determined :

" 1. To fully consecrate ourselves to God and his work.

" 2. To spend some portion of time daily in prayer for richer outpourings of the Holy Ghost; and

" 3. To put forth some personal effort every day to bring sinners to Christ.

"The public service that followed was marked by a very sensible increase of power. The revival had evidently received a new impetus and now took a higher range. Since then it has advanced with almost all the success we could wish. Every effort has been victorious, every meeting a triumph. From thirty to forty souls, and sometimes more, have sought Jesus each succeeding night.

"On Sabbath afternoon we had a remarkable meeting. It was intended to afford opportunity for the new converts to give their experience. The chapel was crowded, but the meeting was very dead. Though excellent testimonies were given, all remained comparatively dark and feelingless. We urged the people to continue in the prayerful and believing waiting for the Holy Ghost, and suddenly He fell upon us.

"A man who, unobserved, had been sitting with his head buried in his hands, silently wrestling for mercy, obtained the blessing, and the same moment shouted, 'I've got it,' and full of rapture began to praise God. I never saw any soul so full of gladness before. It was indeed an ecstasy. Alternately he wept, laughed, clapped his hands, and stamped his feet.

"The same gust of glory which filled this man, at almost, if not quite, the same moment filled the house where we were sitting, and all the people of God were visited with a measure of the spirit of power and joy. The scene that followed is not to be described in words. Every one—I speak now of the converted portion of the audience—gave expression to the feelings that overwhelmed him, according to his own temperament and training. As the tree or mountain which, nearest to the lightning cloud, breaks it and brings down the electric current to the earth, so this man, in his mental agony and desperate faith, had touched the cloud of Divine influence that had hovered over us, and brought it down in its purifying, vivifying, and enrapturing effects. By-and-bye the song of praise rose above this heavenly tumult—disorder, some would have called it—and a thousand voices sang

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

"The work has spread throughout the entire neighbourhood, and I

have good reason to conclude that many hundreds have been saved through the influence of the meetings, whose faces we have never seen. At the recent quarterly meeting of the Wesleyans, it was reported that an addition of about 400 members had been made during the quarter to their societies in the Redruth circuit.

"In answer to your request for information concerning the continuance in grace of those who have professed conversion during our first services in this county, I am able to give you the following information. As the result of the ten months' labour, which, commencing at Hayle, was continued at St. Ives, St. Just, and Lelant, about 3,500 persons professed conversion. From the statistics of the different churches in these places I find that there are of these now about 2,700 in actual fellowship with them.

"Mrs. Booth's Wednesday services have been seasons of exceptional blessing, many coming a considerable distance on purpose to be present. The addresses have embraced social and religious subjects, and the people have everywhere testified to the fresh impetus received.

"On Sunday morning Mrs. Booth preached her farewell sermon. The word was powerful and convincing. Many hearts were pierced and many freshly consecrated themselves to the Lord. At night the chapel was too full for any comfortable speaking or hearing. Nevertheless, the slain of the Lord were many. Very soon the communion rail and large vestry were crowded with penitents. The meeting was continued until the following morning, and about forty obtained mercy. The secretary reports that about a thousand have been saved in the chapel during the services."

In describing the meetings to her mother, Mrs. Booth says :

"The Lord gives us many cordials by the way. We constantly see His glorious arm made bare, and we know that we are instrumental in gladdening the hearts and homes of hundreds whom He has redeemed with His most precious blood.

"The movement here has stirred the whole town and the country for miles around. The chapel was open almost all day yesterday, and until twelve o'clock last night the people could hear the cry of the penitents as they lay in their beds. All glory to Jesus!"

At the conclusion of the services, in the course of which a thousand persons professed conversion, Mr. and Mrs. Booth commenced similar meetings in the neighbouring town of Camborne. The chapel was capable of seating comfortably a thousand persons, but thirteen or

fourteen hundred usually crowded into it. On a somewhat smaller scale the revival here was a repetition of the glorious work in Redruth, the tokens of God's presence and favour being with them to the last. It was an appropriate termination to their present campaign, this being the conclusion of their Cornish programme.

It was calculated that during the eighteen months which had elapsed since their resignation, no less than *seven thousand persons had professed conversion*. Not only had the majority of these joined the religious bodies of their respective towns, but a considerable number had developed into active workers, and not a few became preachers of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CARDIFF. 1863.

FOR some time past the question had considerably exercised Mr. and Mrs. Booth as to what should be their next destination. They had invitations in Cornwall which would have occupied them for some months to come. They loved the people and were happy in their midst. But for some time past the calls from other districts had been increasing in urgency. The very fact of their success, wafted abroad as it had been on the wings of newspapers and by the reports of their spiritual children, had created an earnest desire in the hearts of others to share in the blessing of their ministry. At length, however, they received a call from Cardiff, whither they had been preceded by many of their sailor converts, which appeared to be of so pressing and important a character, that they ultimately decided upon this town as their next centre.

It was during the second week in February, 1863, that they bade a final farewell to their warm-hearted Cornish friends and started for their new sphere. The recent action of the various Conferences in refusing the use of their chapels to evangelists, forced upon Mr. and Mrs. Booth what became afterwards one of the most distinctive and successful features of their work, the use of public and unsectarian buildings. True, they continued for some years to labour in the chapels of various denominations. Nevertheless, they drifted more and more in the direction of popular resorts.

By this course they secured in the first place the largest buildings in the town, and could thus reach a greater number of people. Again they were unembarrassed by denominational differences, and were on common ground where all Christians could unite. Finally, they could secure the attendance of the non-church-going masses, towards whom their hearts were increasingly drawn out.

The Cardiff visit is therefore signalled from the fact that the first departure in this direction was there made, a large circus being taken in which was sustained a series of important and effective meetings.

Soon after their arrival Mrs. Booth writes to her parents :

“Wednesday evening, CARDIFF.

“I have so much to say that I do not know where to begin, and am far too tired to write the half of it to-night.

“I had a meeting this morning in the Baptist Chapel, at which I spoke with great liberty for an hour. We had thirty or forty up for full consecration. It was a blessed season. I have spoken three times since our arrival.

“We are very unsettled, however. William does not feel at home in the chapel, and there are several things which it would take too long to explain that make it an anxious time for us. There is every promise of a good work, but we are hedged in with difficulties. We want, and the friends who brought us here want, neutral ground, but the music hall is an unwieldy, ugly place, and the circus not much better.”

“Thursday morning.

“It was decided last night for us to commence in the circus on Sunday. It has been taken for a fortnight at seven pounds a week.

“We hear on all sides that the meeting yesterday morning was a blessed season to those present. No one is more astonished than I am that God should condescend to use such an instrument.

“William had a good time last night. In fact, on the whole, it is as promising a beginning as we have had anywhere. But we don't consider we have fairly commenced undenominationally till we get on to neutral ground. The Wesleyans, who are very revivalistic here, will not come and help us in a Baptist chapel. But we have reason to believe they will come to the circus.

“William is very anxious—I think unnecessarily so. I don't know what he would do at these times without me. However, amidst all the unsettledness, anxiety, and trials peculiar to the work, I love it as much as ever, nay more, and I never look back on the step we have taken with a single regret. I believe we shall have strength according to our day, and shall be instrumental yet in bringing tens of thousands to the Saviour. I look for the literal fulfilment of the word on which He caused me to trust in the darkest hour of perplexity, a ‘hundred-fold in this life,’ a hundred-fold of fruit to His honour and glory.

“You ask what we think of the attitude of the — paper? I must say I was utterly disappointed with its time-serving spirit. The subject is worthy of better treatment by those who profess to be set for the maintenance of religious liberty, principle, and right. The reviewer says the Methodist Conferences must have had a reason for their action with reference to evangelists. Doubtless they had, and it was his duty to have dragged that reason to the daylight and sifted it to its origin. Well, they must do as they please. I believe honesty to be the best policy, and shall act upon it. We can do without either their reports or reviews, and the editor will find out in time who would have proved his best friends, evangelists or their persecutors. We have got work enough for a lifetime, and while God stands by us it matters not who are against us. I hate sycophancy and lying on paper as badly as by word of mouth! Let me have truth if it shakes the foundation of the earth.

“I hope to live to see a real revival paper. I wish I were clever enough to edit

it. I believe there is a good opening for a striking, out-and-out, unsectarian periodical, full of rousing truth and revival intelligence.

"I have not patience to read a lot of the twaddle about missions in China and Australia. As I said in a meeting at Camborne, 'What! Is that Christianity which pays missionaries, fits out ships, and prints Bibles at an immense expense to convert ignorant, idolatrous Chinamen, and turns its back on a work like this, in which its own children, servants, friends and neighbours are being converted? Is not a Cornish miner as much worth converting as a Chinaman? Will he not make as good and a little better Christian on earth and as glorious a saint in Heaven? If so, where is the consistency in spending hundreds of pounds to convert half-a-dozen Chinamen, and opposing agencies which God is owning in reaching the thousands of our own population who are destitute of the means of grace? Is this Christianity? Is it?' I cried as loud as I could lift my voice. 'No!' I said. 'It is mean, narrow sectarianism, and nothing more! It is seeking to exalt my "ism," to glorify my denomination, rather than Jesus Christ.' And I felt my words burnt their way into the consciences of my hearers. If the Lord spares me, I mean to be faithful to the interests of truth, whoever is faithless. Oh, for more spiritual power!

"In my best and most serious moments, my heart aches and grows desponding for the state of the world in view of the state of the Church. Oh, the hollowness is fearful! It seems to me the Lord will have to send persecution hot and fierce if the Church is to be purified. Should it happen in our time, may you and I be able to abide the day of His coming! We have need to pray and to labour, but oh, for power to suffer without rebelling! Lord, prepare us!"

"Monday, February 23rd, 1863.

"I know you will be anxious to have news of yesterday, and so snatch a moment to report progress. The circus answers much better than we expected. William had a good attendance in the morning and a time of blessing. I had it full in the afternoon and spoke for an hour with tolerable liberty. The sight of the building almost overwhelmed me at first. It looks an immense place. I spoke from the stage, on which there were a good many people sitting round. The ring in front of us was filled with seats. Then commences a gallery in the amphitheatre style, rising from the floor to the ceiling. This, when full, forms a most imposing scene. The side galleries and those behind the stage were likewise well filled. It was a great effort for me to compass the place with my voice, but I believe I was heard distinctly, so that I intend to exert myself less next time. I am very much shaken to-day, but nothing, I trust, that will not soon pass off again. It was a great undertaking, and considering all things, I was wonderfully strengthened in doing it. The people listened well, and were evidently nailed.

"William had it crowded at night—a mighty service, and fifty-six names taken in the prayer-meeting. I know you will help us to praise our condescending, covenant-keeping God.

"William has had a great conflict. I think I never knew him lower than last week. But now he sees, he believes. Oh, for a stronger faith in God alone! Humanly speaking, a failure here would have been very deplorable. Thanks be unto God, everything now seems to indicate a great work."

"CARDIFF.

"The congregations keep up well, considering the character of the building. I am to have a chapel for Wednesday mornings. The Wesleyans have offered theirs. So, all well, I shall be in it next Wednesday. If the reverend gentleman who talked about 'the perambulations of the male and female' hears of it, he will think that the said 'female' has been one too many for him and his resolutions! My topic is announced as 'The importance of consistency in professors.'

"My time is now never my own. I am subject to so many callers, and if I had the strength for it and no other claims upon me, I might almost always be engaged in dealing with the anxious. I could tell you some very interesting incidents that have transpired here.

"A physician and his wife are coming from Lanport to-day on purpose to get some spiritual counsel. I have had three or four sweet letters from the lady.

"We shall send you a paper by this post with a letter in it signed by one of the 'unattached.' It is written by a sub-editor of a paper, who told me last night that he had been led to decision for Christ by my addresses."

About this time, in writing to one who was much tempted to depression and unbelief, Mrs. Booth says :

"I have thought a great deal about your last letter. I am convinced from constant intercourse with Christians in a doubting state that it generally arises from unwillingness to obey the teachings of the Spirit on some one point or other and I continually tell them, 'You must obey or you cannot believe.' It is just as impossible to believe, while I am waging a controversy with the dictates of the Spirit, as it would be to believe if I were in hell itself! I experienced this myself for four long years. Whenever I used to try and appropriate the promises and to get nearer to God, it was always suggested to my mind, 'But you are not willing to give your husband up to be an evangelist.' And before I could get right I had to settle that controversy by saying, 'Lord, if it kills me I will do it.' And as soon as I had done this I entered into rest.

"Now let me beseech you to do likewise. If conscience or the Spirit dictates any course, any duty, any sacrifice, do it, make it, and *then* you will get the witness of the Spirit; and not till then, I feel persuaded. Don't stop to confer with the devil. Never mind what you lose by it. If it is right, *do it*. And you shall experience the meaning of that blessed word, 'He that will lose life for my sake shall find it.'

"You will excuse my plainness. You ask my counsel, and in giving it I must be faithful to your soul. I long for you to get out of this miserable state. And I believe you might get deliverance in a moment by deciding at once to obey the Spirit in all things at any cost, leaving the future with the Lord. Oh, it is far better to suffer anything with His presence than to enjoy all things without Him!"

Writing to her mother, Mrs. Booth says :

"April 1st, CARDIFF.

"William has gone to Pontypridd, and I have a letter from him which is very satisfactory. We have an invitation from the Free Methodists to go to Newport.

"I think the way seems open, and I would rather labour with Methodists. I have such an aversion to Calvinism, much as I admire many who profess it. Nevertheless, it is quite different when other denominations come to help us on Methodist or neutral ground. We have had great difficulties here, chiefly because we have had no suitable place. William, too, has been fearfully low, partly the result of physical exhaustion. But I cannot convince him of it. Altogether it has been an anxious and trying time.

"I have myself usually spoken with much liberty. My congregations in the afternoon have been largely composed of chapel and church-going people. I generally have unbroken attention. I have had the best morning meetings I ever had anywhere, and about one hundred and thirty have come forward for full consecration, besides some for pardon. There are several who are taking a very prominent stand now in the work, who have been renewed in righteousness at these meetings. All praise to Him to whom alone it is due!

"Two of these meetings have been held in a large Wesleyan Chapel, two in different Baptist chapels, and the rest in the circus. The attendance has been excellent, the last, for women only, being the best of all. I have every reason to think that the people receive me gladly everywhere, and that prejudice against female ministry melts away before me like snow in the sun. I believe I have never been so popular anywhere as here. Everybody treats me with the greatest consideration and affection. I sometimes feel quite overcome. *Burn this at once.* I should not mention it to any one but to you. Oh, for grace to improve such a precious opportunity for blessing and saving souls! I feel that this is all I want to make me mighty for Christ. Pray for me. I am much buffeted and often almost overwhelmed."

"CARDIFF, April 8th.

"William has had a very good time at Pontypridd, and they want him to stay on another week. To this we have agreed, and I am going to join him for the Sabbath.

"We had a nice meeting last night, but not more than four hundred for tea. This is, however, quite as many as we expected under the circumstances.

"I had a good day at the circus on Sunday. I had not my usual liberty in speaking in the afternoon until near the close. At night we had a very good meeting and thirteen cases. William had fifteen souls at Pontypridd in a small chapel, the sweetest cases, he says, he ever had in his life at one meeting. Praise the Lord!"

"Thursday evening.

"You will have heard of the death of Mr. P. J. Wright. I was very much surprised. Poor fellow, I hope he was quite ready. He now sees things in their true light, doubtless. I wonder if his views about evangelism are changed?"

Mr. Wright, it will be remembered, was the leader of the opposition in the New Connexion Conference, who played so prominent a part in debarring Mr. and Mrs. Booth from the evangelistic sphere, and in the proceedings which culminated in their resignation.

The meetings in Cardiff resulted in the professed conversion of some five hundred persons. Hundreds more consecrated themselves

freshly to the service of God, and entered into the enjoyment of a new and blessed experience, to which they had hitherto been strangers. Not the least interesting and valuable outcome of the meetings was, however, the formation of some life-long friendships which were to exercise a considerable influence upon the future work of Mr. and Mrs. Booth.

Among the most influential and prominent of the Christian workers who had invited them to Cardiff were the Messrs. John and Richard Cory, the well-known ship and colliery owners. With shrewd sagacity these two gentlemen foresaw the great future that lay before



MR. JOHN CORY, OF CARDIFF.

the evangelists, and with rare consistency and increasing liberality they have continued to support the work for a period of nearly thirty years. From the day when the firm named one of their newly-bought ships the "William Booth," and set apart a share in its expected profits for the assistance of the cause in which the evangelists were engaged, their interest has continued. Although the vessel was soon afterwards wrecked off the island of Bermuda, they did not allow this catastrophe to prevent them from carrying out their original intention, and proved themselves in many a dark tempestuous hour friends who could be relied upon.

Mr. Richard Cory, being a Baptist, differed in some lesser doctrinal questions from Mr. and Mrs. Booth, but his ardent impulsive nature, and his intense zeal for the cause of Christ, usually carried him with a bound over his objections, and his anxiety to see souls saved enabled him to overlook the minor and theoretical distinctions which might otherwise have stood in the way.

Mr. John Cory, on the other hand, was a matter-of-fact, hard-headed, clear-sighted man of business. Just as in the case of his business relationships his chief anxiety was to see the work done and the profits realised, so with this spiritual partnership which he had thus early formed, he judged by results and was satisfied. Often flooded with pamphlets and criticisms of an adverse character, Mr. Cory has always taken a broad, statesmanlike view of the subject, and without claiming for the work perfection, has proved his unshaken confidence in the integrity and capacity of its leaders. Refusing to let his mind be distracted from the main object by petty quibbles as to minor details, he has persistently estimated the value of the tree by its fruits. While God blessed the labourers with such manifest outpourings of His Holy Spirit, Mr. Cory felt that he was more than justified in holding out the right hand of fellowship. How many have pursued an opposite and mistaken course in allowing themselves to be unduly influenced by some minor differences of opinion, forgetting that it would be easy for cavillers to discover motes in every brother's eye and beams in that of every existing organisation.

Mr. Cory also pursued the straightforward course of seeing the work for himself, and has thus had the advantage of forming his own opinions, irrespective of the reports of others. The "*audi alteram partem*," the even-handedness, of British justice, was an essential article in his creed, and if anything arose which seemed to require explanation, he was not slow to refer it to those who were most interested in the matter. Calumnies, slanders, mis-statements, and exaggerations had to run the gauntlet of an open court, and failed to obtain the back-door access which they usually seek. The mutual confidence which such conduct could not but inspire, has gained for Mr. Cory the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of the principles which he has so long and so consistently supported.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PROVINCES. 1863.

THE high standard of accomplishment set before himself by Mr. Booth rendered the comparative reverses with which he occasionally met the more trying to one of his impetuous temperament. He could draw little comfort from the fact that his own achievements exceeded those of others similarly placed, or from the existence of difficulties which most would have regarded as affording a sufficient excuse for failure. Nothing satisfied him but at least an equal measure of result to that which he had elsewhere witnessed; and even when this had been gained, he was ever ready to question whether the standard was not still far short of the Divine ideal.

Nevertheless, the boycott established by some of the denominations could not fail to affect in a considerable degree the progress of the work, and at Newport, the next field of labour, his efforts were seriously crippled by the inability to secure suitable buildings. Added to this, Mrs. Booth was prostrated soon after their arrival by a serious attack of influenza, which prevented her from taking her accustomed share in the meetings.

Writing to her parents Mrs. Booth says :

“ May 20, 1863.

“ The difficulties here have been very great. Indeed, I do not think we should have come had we known that we should have been thrown on to so small and unsuitable a chapel. However, there has been some very good work accomplished. Above a hundred have been saved, and some of them have been very good cases. Amongst others were two of the oldest and worst drunkards in the town.

“ I don't feel at all discouraged, and if William would only look at it in the same way all would be right. We cannot expect to succeed everywhere alike. Difficulties *must* in some degree affect the measure of our success. People seem to forget the circumstances under which we came. If you don't succeed to the extent they expect, you may work ever so hard and suffer martyrdom in trying to lift them and their little interests to notice and prosperity, and they will take it all as a matter of course. But never mind. The Lord knows all about it, and He will supply our need.

“ There is plenty of material from which to make a good report even here. But there is no one to do it. The preacher reports anniversaries, but a hundred souls and a general quickening of the members he looks upon as a failure, and so

says nothing. And yet I like the man and esteem him far more highly than many of his class. If it were not for eternity we should soon give up this life. But we dare not while God so owns our efforts."

At the close of the Newport meetings, Mr. and Mrs. Booth were invited for a few days of rest and change to Weston-super-Mare by two of their newly-made Cardiff friends, Mr. and Mrs. Billups. A friendship of warm and unchanging character sprang up between Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Billups. To this we are indebted for a voluminous correspondence, to which frequent reference will be made in the ensuing pages.

Mrs. Billups was one of those self-depreciatory but truly noble-



MRS. BILLUPS, OF CARDIFF

minded and large-hearted characters, rarely found, and seldom duly valued. Sensitively conscientious, she often blamed herself for what others would have praised. The very essence of benevolence, she could not endure to see suffering without endeavouring to alleviate it. With a mental and moral horizon that was unbounded by the narrow-mindedness of mere self-interest, she was at the same time both intellectual and spiritual.

It requires a heart to appreciate a heart, and a mind to appreciate a mind. Mrs. Billups was endowed with both. Her mental abilities were such as to enable her to recognise the superior gifts of Mrs. Booth, and yet to companion her in a sense that few could do. At

the same time the intense hunger of her soul for God and her boundless admiration for piety and heroism made her an eager disciple of her friend and counsellor. She did not, it is true, possess the colossal strength of will and self-reliance which enabled Mrs. Booth to face without flinching storms which would have prostrated any ordinary mind. But it would hardly be just to compare characters of so different a cast and calibre.

Mr. Billups, a contractor by profession, was not only warmly attached to his amiable and talented wife, but held her in the highest veneration. Himself the essence of good-nature, and an optimist of the most pronounced type, he presented the very antithesis to Mrs.



MR. BILLUPS, OF CARDIFF.

Billups, whose whole life was tinged with self-condemnation, the peculiar qualities of each counteracting the despair of the one or the over-elation of the other.

Both have proved themselves unswerving friends of Mr. and Mrs. Booth alike in the dark seasons of perplexity and poverty, and in the heyday of their most brilliant achievements. The short visit to Weston-super-Mare served to cement the friendship which had been formed amid the hurry and rush of the Cardiff revival. It was a bright and long-remembered oasis in what happened to be somewhat of a desert experience. Cut off from their old associates by the recent decrees of the three Conferences, they had not yet rallied the band of

sympathisers who were to help them in their future plans. "Our experience at this time," says General Booth, "was that of the old clergyman, who said that the church would not contain his acquaintances, but the pulpit was too large for his friends!" Happily those days are long since past, and the Salvation Army can reckon on the assistance of many valued friends, who, if not actually enrolled within its ranks, are able and ready to render services the worth of which it would be difficult to estimate. But while thankful for the many new faces that sprang up around her from year to year, none were more heartily appreciated and gladly welcomed by Mrs. Booth to the last than the old and long-tried comrades-in-arms, whose affection had been tested by the fires of adversity, and the wear and waste of time.

After leaving Weston-super-Mare Mr. and Mrs. Booth spent the next eight weeks at the town of Walsall, near Birmingham. They had been invited there by a small struggling society who called themselves Free Methodists, but were in reality independent of that and every other Church. Their previous and subsequent history was, however, not a little remarkable, and is worthy of notice, as somewhat foreshadowing the Salvation Army. Mr. Booth's diary contains the following sketch of the origin of this society :

"Just twelve months ago a few friends went over from Walsall to Wolverhampton to hear Mr. Caughey, and their hearts were greatly stirred by what they saw and heard. Returning home they resolved to make an effort to light a similar flame in their own town, and to do something for the crowds who were steeped in sin and wretchedness. A Mr. Dupe, a plain, earnest man, who was saved under Mr. Caughey at Nottingham twenty years ago, preached their first sermon on 'They shall come that were ready to perish,' in a small room, which he and three others had rented. From the first, souls sought salvation. The work began to attract notice among the roughs, and there were frequent disturbances. One night they dressed up one of their number to represent the devil, with horns, hoof and tail, and sent him in, thinking it would terrify the congregation and thus upset the meeting. Instead of this, however, the leaders turned on him and besought to get him saved. This was more than the disturbers had bargained for, and they at length retired considerably discomfited, leaving behind them the horns which were hung up in the hall as a trophy, and served both as an attraction and warning in the meetings for some time after.

"A larger room was taken, and then a still larger one. Mr. Caughey was then invited over and preached for them in a borrowed chapel. They had also been visited by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. Finally they had built for themselves the fine new chapel to which they had invited Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and in which on the previous Sabbath they had held their anniversary services. This seems to me to speak volumes for earnest measures and evangelistic effort.

"Sunday, May 31st.—The first day's services have filled us with hope. Although the congregation in the morning was small, still there was a very precious influence. In the afternoon my darling wife had a melting time. Above thirty persons came forward to make a full consecration of themselves to the service of Jesus. And at night I had hardly given the invitation when sinners responded from all parts of the chapel. Seventeen names were recorded as receiving the blessing of pardon.

"Saturday, June 6th.—During the week the congregations have been small, but still the converting work has gone on. Fifty persons have professed salvation. On Thursday nine young men knelt together. Some of them had been notorious scoffers. They had gone so far in previous services as to let a bird loose in the chapel. I hope that the Lord will teach and keep them.

"Sabbath, June 7th.—The morning congregation was a very considerable improvement. At night we were nearly full. Several rather noted characters had come over from Birmingham to help us, and they went out into the streets singing and exhorting the people. One of them had been a professional horse-racer and gambler. One was a prize-fighter. Another had been a celebrated thief, concerned in some silk robberies, jumping on and off the train between the stations when going at a considerable speed. It was very gratifying to listen to their earnest pleadings, and to hear them speak of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost all who came to God by Him. About twenty professed to find Jesus at the close of the meeting.

"Thursday, June 11th.—Elizabeth, a servant whom we engaged a few days ago, came out for salvation. We had been anxious about her, but she had told Mary that she did not believe in revivals. However, I sent one of the leaders to speak to her and she came forward. As my dear wife knelt by her side and spoke to her, Elizabeth threw her arms round her neck, wept bitterly, and entered into the rest of believing like a little child. The girl we had in Cardiff and the one at Newport have also been saved.

"Sunday, June 14th.—Last night we held an open-air service on what is called the Bridge. It is a large space in the centre of the town at the foot of the market street, having a clock, a drinking fountain, and two cannons taken at the Crimea in the centre. Underneath a small stream of water flows, in consequence of which it is known as the Bridge, although bearing little semblance to the structures that are usually dignified by that name.

"It is some time now since I attempted speaking in the open air. My last effort was only a brief one, and I was so much exhausted by it that, although often wishing for the physical endurance necessary for such labours, I had feared my utter inability, and consequently for the time being abandoned it. With some misgivings, therefore, I joined a handful of friends there last evening. To my surprise and gratification I found myself able, with comparative ease, to speak for upwards of an hour to a crowd of people. Many appeared deeply impressed, and I doubt not bread was cast upon the waters of thought and memory, which will be found again to the praise and glory of God after many days.

"To-day has been, on the whole, an improvement on previous Sabbaths. There was a good influence in the morning, and a powerful time in the afternoon, when my dear wife was enabled to speak home to the hearts and consciences of the people. At night the chapel was full, and about twenty came forward.

"Wednesday, 17th June.—At night a very useful open-air service. I was afraid at the beginning we were going to fail. I had but few supporters, and there were not many listeners. However, the crowd soon gathered. Just as I commenced, a horsebreaker began driving a young colt round and round among the people. After some remonstrance he desisted and took his departure. For a while my spirits were much depressed. I was relying entirely on the inspiration of the moment for what I should say. But with the last verse of the hymn the power of effective speech was given me, and one of the best services followed which I ever attended in the open air. At the close of an hour and a quarter's address, during which time we sang twice, I invited the people to accompany us to the chapel. Then, jumping off the chair, I linked my arm in that of a navvy with a white slop on, and we marched off arm-in-arm with a great crowd to the chapel. In the meeting which followed about twenty came forward, some of them straight from the coalpit and workshop.

"Sunday, June 21st.—Much better attendance. Mrs. Booth had a

grand service in the afternoon. At night between twenty and thirty professed to find mercy. The chapel was about full, but we were disappointed that there was no greater rush.

"Monday.—We had again a season of great power on the Bridge and in the streets. After leaving the stand we walked singing through one of the most crowded parts of the town, occasionally pausing and giving exhortations or offering a few words of prayer. On reaching the chapel, I found my dear wife was still there. She had been holding a children's service, at which some sixty or seventy little ones had come forward inquiring their way to Jesus. She stayed with us and gave a short but powerful address, and very soon souls were seeking salvation in greater numbers than on any previous occasion. Some were truly delightful cases.

"One man who has been a drunkard and was converted a few nights previously, and has since attended the meetings looking as happy and interested as any of us, was sitting to-night on a front pew and anxiously watching a friend of his who had come out to rail. At length he left his seat, knelt down by his companion, threw his arms round him and began to encourage him to believe in Jesus. I thought this was beautiful. Only the other day himself deep down in the mire and clay, he is found not only anxious about, but helping his comrade to find Jesus. They say a Hindoo for the Hindoos, an African for Africans, and so a working-man for working-men. A man will be most likely to benefit his own class.

"When we first came here we were obliged to get the paperhangers and others into our house to help make it habitable. At family prayers one morning we had called all together into the kitchen, the only available living room, and had just commenced when a chimney-sweep looked in, and asked if we should require his services. Mrs. Booth said that we should, and invited him to come in and sit down. He did so with some reluctance, listened while I read, and afterwards bowed with us in prayer. While pleading for him, my dear wife said that she felt assured God had heard and answered our prayer. The matter had passed from my mind till this evening, when I met him in the aisle, and found that both he and his wife had come forward to the rail for salvation a few nights previously.

"Sabbath, 28th June.—A few days ago it occurred to me that a day's open-air services would be useful in arousing the town and in bringing under the Gospel a great number whom we cannot reach even by the extraordinary means we are at present employing.

Accordingly we laid our plans and issued a large poster, of which the following is a copy :—

“*MR. & MRS. BOOTH AT WALSALL.*”

“A United Monster Camp Meeting will be held in a field near Hatherton Lake on Sabbath, June 28th.

“Addresses will be given by Revs. William Booth, Thos. Whitehouse, and other ministers of the neighbourhood, and also by converted pugilists, horse-racers, poachers, and others from Birmingham, Liverpool, and Nottingham.

“Mrs. Booth will preach at Whittemere Street Chapel in the evening at six o'clock

“‘Services to commence at nine a.m.’”

“The dawning of this Sabbath was anxiously anticipated, and very early many eyes peered forth to discern the character of the weather, and were gladdened at the probability of a fine day. By nine o'clock a large company had assembled at the chapel. After prayer we started to procession the town, and with a company which swelled in numbers as we proceeded we made the streets echo with heart-stirring songs. Here and there we paused for prayer, or a word of exhortation, and very often for the announcement of the coming services. The people ran in crowds. Preachers and praying men from surrounding towns and villages joined us as we passed along, hundreds of stragglers followed in our train, and by the time we reached the camp-ground we had quite an imposing gathering.

“The field, which had been kindly lent for the occasion was admirably suited for our purpose, having in it several natural eminences, at the base of which we placed our waggons, and with the people lining the sides of the green hills in front and on either side, the gathering presented quite a picturesque appearance. The morning services were excellent, the attendance equalling our most sanguine expectations. The afternoon excelled anything of the kind ever witnessed before in the neighbourhood. It was calculated that there were nearly five thousand people on the ground, three-fourths of whom were working-men. The speakers were just of the stamp to grapple with this class, chiefly of their own order, talking to them in their own language, regarding themselves as illustrations of the power of the Gospel, and continually crying, ‘Such were some of us, but we are washed.’”

“One of them had been a prize-fighter, a drunkard, and a gambler, having tramped all over the country. His wife and child had been in

the union. So desperate had he been that five and six policemen had been required to take him to prison, and then from the grating of the lock-up he had waved his hand to his comrades, shouting, 'This is the boy that will never give in!' Now he shouts, 'The lion's tamed! The Ethiopian's white! The sinner's saved! Christ has conquered.' By his evil ways he had nearly broken his parents' hearts, but, being pious, they had never ceased to pray for him. Now they rejoiced over him, and the other day he sent them his portrait, with a Bible in his hand instead of the boxing gloves. All this and a great deal more he testified with great simplicity, while his face, covered with smiles, told of the happiness which now reigned within.

"Another had been a horse-racer, a professional gambler, and a drunkard. To use his own words there was not one in that great crowd who could be worse than he had been. A short pipe and a black eye would give an idea of his usual appearance at any time.

"These were some of the speakers. Others spoke with equally blessed influence. At different periods the speakers left the waggons, large circles were formed on the grass and all united in prayer. It was five o'clock before the afternoon service closed, and then we left our ex-racing friend pleading the cause of Jesus with the crowd that still lingered in the field.

"In the evening my dear wife spoke to a great crowd in the chapel, while I held a meeting in the field close by. We united for the prayer-meeting, when about forty persons sought salvation."

This day was remarkable for more reasons than one. Not only did the revival go forward with a fresh impetus, some thirty souls professing to be converted on each night of the following week, but after Mr. and Mrs. Booth had left Walsall, similar meetings were held by the same workers in neighbouring towns. They announced themselves as "The Hallelujah Band," engaged theatres, music-halls, drill-halls, circuses, sheds, warehouses, chapels, or whatever else might be available, and held meetings which were attended by large crowds. Numbers were saved, and at one time it seemed that the work was likely to become permanent and to spread over the whole country.

Applications for the services of the band came in from all directions. Other bands sprang up, and for a season the prospects were most hopeful. But, alas, the movement lacked those elements of cohesion and stability which could alone ensure its permanence. There being

no central and recognised authority, each man did what seemed good in his own eyes. Divisions and rivalries were the natural consequence. In their train followed detraction and slander. Then mercenary motives crept in. Money was given at the meetings with a generous hand, and the application of it became a cause of contention. Several of the most prominent workers backslid, the meetings dwindled, the bands became a mere shadow of what they had been, and, with the exception of a few isolated instances, the whole movement passed from public view almost as suddenly as it had appeared.

Mr. Booth watched this movement from the first with keen interest, and often remarked that had it been properly officered and organised, the results might have been very different. But more important still, in its bearings upon the future, was the light that sprang from this experience in regard to the solution of the mighty problem as to how the masses were to be reached.

In his pugilist preachers and horse-racing leaders was early recognised the principle that the working classes were most effectually influenced by their own flesh and blood, and added another to the foundation truths which contributed to the ultimate success of the Salvation Army.

Mr. Booth, leaping down from the chair in the market-place and linking arms with the navvy in his march through the streets, was eminently typical of the descent he was to make from conventionality and traditionalism, and of the alliance that he was to form with the toiling masses of the world. The act of the moment was to be the inspiration of years to come. It was arm-in-arm, as their brother-sinner saved by grace, that he was to lead the socialistic, democratic, turbid, restless masses of humanity back to order, back to religion, and back to God. The pulpit, even when it was a chair, or a waggon, seemed too far off to enable Mr. and Mrs. Booth to reach the multitudes whom they sought to save. Mrs. Booth, with her weeping servant on her breast, the General arm-in-arm with his white-slopped navvy, had unconsciously taken a fresh and important step in advance toward the accomplishment of their great life-task.

CHAPTER L.

THE PROVINCES. 1863-1864.

A FEW days after the camp-meeting described in the last chapter, Mr. Booth met with an unfortunate accident, which served for a time to throw the burden of the work entirely upon Mrs. Booth. In leaving the chapel one night, he put his foot into a hole which had been made for the purpose of some alterations to the gas-fittings of the place, and gave it a wrench which completely lamed him and confined him to his room for the next fortnight. As soon, however, as he was able to get out again he was in his accustomed place, standing on one leg and resting the other knee upon a chair. A day or two afterwards he hobbled round the town with the procession, his indomitable spirit ever carrying him to the utmost limit of his strength.

Perhaps the most cheering, and not the least important incident of the Walsall revival, was the conversion of their son Bramwell. It took place at one of the children's meetings which Mrs. Booth was in the custom of conducting. "For some little time," says his mother, "I had been anxious on his behalf. He had appeared deeply convicted during the Cardiff services, and one night at the circus I had urged him very earnestly to decide for Christ. For a long time he would not speak, but I insisted on his giving me a definite answer as to whether he would accept the offer of salvation or not. I shall never forget the feeling that thrilled through my soul when my darling boy, only seven years old, about whom I had formed such high expectations with regard to his future service for the Master, deliberately looked me in the face and answered 'No!'

"It was, therefore, not only with joy, but with some little surprise that I discovered him in one of my Walsall meetings kneeling at the communion rail among a crowd of little penitents. He had come out of his own accord from the middle of the hall, and I found him squeezed in among the rest, confessing his sins and seeking forgiveness. I need not say that I dealt with him faithfully, and to the great joy of both his father and myself, he then and there received the assurance of pardon."

Referring to the matter in a letter to her parents, Mrs. Booth says: "Willie has begun to serve God, of course as a child, but still, I trust, taught of the Spirit. I feel a great increase of responsibility with respect to him. Oh! to cherish the tender plant of grace aright. Lord help!"

To some it may appear strange that a child who had thus been brought up from his very infancy in such an atmosphere of prayer and consecration should have had so definite an experience of conversion. But the history of many a pious home has proved the sad possibility of children who are surrounded with religious influences growing up, if not in open wickedness, at least without coming to any real decision for God. Mr. and Mrs. Booth taught their children, as soon as they were able to understand, that this was a question which they must settle for themselves. And they had the happiness of seeing one after another surrender themselves at an early age to Christ, and prove by an after-life of devotion and sacrifice the sincerity of their vows and the reality of the change.

"A great deal has devolved on me during this last fortnight. I have conducted the service every night since William was hurt, and have only been very poorly myself. The weather and the smoky atmosphere of this place seem quite to overpower me.

"To-night William has gone to speak out of doors for the first time since his accident. His ankle is wonderful, considering what a serious sprain it was. You would have been frightened had you seen it. The leg was black and blue almost from the knee to the toes, and the joint was very much swollen. We have given Mr. Smedley's hydropathic treatment a fair trial. William has had a steam bath for the limb twice and three times daily, and it has answered so well as to astonish all who have seen it. We are told it is no uncommon thing for persons with no worse strains to be completely laid up for six or eight weeks. Nevertheless, the confinement and pain have made him very poorly."

After continuing the services for eight weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Booth bade farewell to Walsall. Powerful and successful as had been the revival, and numerous as had been the trophies of saving grace, it had been financially a severe and prolonged struggle. "We have not at present received as much as our travelling expenses and house-rent," Mrs. Booth writes to her mother. "I feel a good deal perplexed, and am sometimes tempted to mistrust the Lord. But I will not allow it. Our Father knows!"

By the kindness of some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Booth were able to spend the next few weeks at Mr. Smedley's Hydropathic Establishment, Matlock Bank. The opportunity for further studying the

hydropathic treatment was taken advantage of by Mrs. Booth, who became a thorough convert to the system, practising and advocating it to the end of her life.

On the present occasion, but for this timely rest, a general breakdown in Mr. Booth's health would have been inevitable. He was suffering from a severely ulcerated throat, which would alone have rendered public speaking impossible. Added to this, his ankle was still swollen and painful, and his constitution generally run down. But it has been always difficult, under any circumstances, to persuade him to rest. His active mind has ever revelled in employment, and he has contrived to wedge into the years of his life what would have overtaxed the energies of half-a-dozen ordinary persons. It was, therefore, with more than usual satisfaction that he hailed the opportunity of returning to his beloved work.

The next meetings were held at the New Connexion Chapel in Moseley Street, Birmingham. More than a hundred and fifty souls were ingathered as a result of this effort, and at the farewell meeting the following resolution was passed with great cordiality and unanimity:

"This society desires to express its gratitude to the Almighty for the success which has attended the labours of the Rev. William and Mrs. Booth, while conducting a series of special religious meetings in Moseley Street Chapel, and begs to present to the Rev. William and Mrs. Booth its best thanks for the great services they have rendered to this society, and prays that God's blessing may attend them in all their future labours, and that at last they may be crowned with glory, honour, immortality and eternal life."

Without removing his family from Birmingham Mr. Booth spent the next five weeks in carrying on work at Old Hill in connection with the Primitive Methodists, notwithstanding the recent resolution that their Conference had passed. As a result some two hundred persons professed conversion. In these and in the following meetings at a small place called Hasbury, Mrs. Booth's ill-health permitted her to take but little part. She was enabled, however, in December, to offer material assistance in the revival then in progress at the Lye. Of these meetings she gives an interesting sketch in her letters to her parents, from which we gather the following particulars. She writes from Birmingham, where she continued to reside with her family, travelling backwards and forwards to the Lye as occasion might require:

"BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 8, 1863.

"I have returned this afternoon from the Lye. I was too much exhausted after my service yesterday (Monday) morning to return that day. We had a wonderful

time, chapel nearly full, and ten cases for pardon, sixty or seventy for full consecration. I never saw so much weeping in a meeting. I like the character of the people and feel equally desirous to stay in these parts. But the preachers have created an opposition at Brierley Hill, so *that* door is shut.

"It does seem so incomprehensible when William has consecrated life and all to the work of saving men that we should be opposed and thwarted by those who ought to be the first to encourage and help us! But, alas, too often so it is! There is, however, one consolation. We follow in a glorious track. All who have ever set themselves to the same work have had to contend with the same difficulties. Even the world's great Reformer and Redeemer 'came to His own, and His own received Him not.' What He did for the people He did in spite of the Scribes and Pharisees. 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be!'

"Nevertheless, we have great encouragements. The blessing of many who were ready to perish come upon us. There is some precious fruit at the Lye yonder, some glorious trophies of grace, and, if it be not blasted by the entrance of a quarrelsome and self-seeking spirit among the officials, it will be our 'crown of rejoicing' in the day of the Lord.

"I feel dreadfully unsettled at present. I don't like this mode of living at all. William has now been away from home, except on Friday and Saturday, for twelve weeks. I long to get fixed together again once more. The going backwards and forwards and being in other people's houses does not suit William. Nor do I like leaving home for the Sabbaths. I am much tempted to look gloomily towards the future. But 'my heart is fixed.' 'I will trust and not be afraid.'

"These words have followed me much of late, 'Do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' If I can only fulfil the *first* part of the direction I have no fear about the *second*. But oh, I continually come short! I want Madame Guyon's faith and self-renunciation. Pray for me! I sometimes feel as though I had taken a path which is too hard for me, and duties too onerous for me to perform; but it is my privilege to say, and to feel, 'I can do *all* things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

"BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 16, 1863.

"I went to the Lye again on Saturday with William. I had a crowded chapel in the afternoon and a good time; but it is the hardest place to speak in that I ever knew. It tries me more than the circus at Cardiff. Monday morning I had another service and the chapel was full. God was with us, of a truth. I don't know how many came forward, but the rail, forms, and all available places were filled, and we should have had as many more if there had been anywhere to put them. I never saw the meeting excelled, even in Cornwall. William had between twenty and thirty cases on Sunday night, but he came back fearfully exhausted. It is a perfect mystery to me how he stands it night after night, first the long sermon, and then the tiring and protracted prayer-meeting. It is killing work although an indefinitely blessed one. We conclude on Christmas day with a tea-meeting."

An interesting description of these meetings is sent by a lady, who vividly recollects them after an interval of twenty-seven years :

"I have a specially distinct recollection," she writes, "of the morning meetings held by Mrs. Booth for women only. The Primitive Methodist Tabernacle, in which these services were held, was crowded morning after morning, and never shall I forget the memorable scenes that were enacted there. At the close of each meeting dear Mrs. Booth called for volunteers, and numbers quickly responded to the invitation. But my pen is quite inadequate to describe what we constantly witnessed. Never before or since have I seen anything to equal it.

"The women left their work and in all sorts of odd costumes flocked to the meetings, some with bonnets, some with a shawl fastened over their head, others with little children clinging to their necks. All with eager, inquiring faces took their seats and listened to the gracious words which fell from the lips of dear Mrs. Booth. And when the invitation was given, what a scene ensued! It baffles all description. Crowding, weeping, rushing to the communion rail came convicted sinners and repentant backsliders. When the rail was filled the penitents dropped upon their knees in the aisles or in their seats, so that it was difficult to move about.

"Many a time did dear Mrs. Booth appear to be completely exhausted. She was evidently in very delicate health at the time, and yet the addresses always manifested deep thought, womanly feeling, and most earnest Christian solicitude; and although her pose was perfectly modest and refined, her delivery was often wonderfully impassioned, eloquent, and fervid. My education and associations had made me very much opposed to female ministry, so that I went to hear her with a mind full of prejudice and prepared to criticise. But her first words disarmed me, and I soon became convinced that a modest, Scriptural, and earnest address such as Mrs. Booth had given must of necessity, at least in the case of her own sex, do even more good than if an equally eloquent one had been delivered by a man."

Over the events of the ensuing year, 1864, space will not permit to more than skim. The meetings resembled in character those which have been already described, and were attended with similar success. In March meetings were commenced at Leeds, and, owing to the increasing difficulty of moving from place to place with so large a family, a house was taken and furnished, Mr. and Mrs. Booth resolving to make that city the temporary centre of their operations.

After some powerful services had been carried on in the Lady Lane and Meadow Lane chapels, Mr. Booth struck out once more on unsectarian lines, conducting services on Sundays in the Prince of Wales' Hall, and on week-nights in some rooms called the Rotation Offices. But the calls from surrounding towns were too numerous, and his love for the evangelistic style of work too deep-seated, to allow him to settle down in Leeds. Hence he accepted invitations in the latter part of the year to visit Halifax, Hyde, Bury, Stalybridge, and Sheffield, besides paying a flying visit to Gateshead, where he

received an open-armed welcome from the members of his old congregation.

On May 4th their sixth child, Marian, was born. The baby promised to be one of the finest of the family, but suffered soon after her birth from severe convulsive attacks, which left their mark upon her in after life, and rendered her too delicate to take her place beside her brothers and sisters in their public work. Nevertheless Mrs. Booth had the joy of seeing her invalid daughter, together with the rest of her family, give her heart to God at an early age, besides doing her quiet utmost so far as health and strength would permit, to further the cause of Christ, which all had learnt to look upon as their own.

It was about this time that an interesting letter was received from the Rev. James Caughey, the evangelist, to whom reference has already more than once been made :

"LONDON, June 20th, 1864.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Thanks for your sweet little hymn-book. I spoke of the 'Spiritual Songs' with high appreciation several weeks ago, and a brother arose and said he had a supply for sale. Shall be happy to commend them. I retreat to Oxford for next Sabbath. A grand work of God here. I rejoice in your success. Onward! Great battles to be fought yet before the great outpouring of the Spirit, but we are preparing the way for it. Hallelujah! Mind and body weary enough. Soul happy in purity—peace—love. A heart full of love and good wishes to yourself and Sister Booth, from your true friend and brother in Jesus.

"JAMES CAUGHEY.

"*Rev. William Booth.*"

Five weeks after the birth of Marian, Mrs. Booth resumed her public labours, and it was decided as an experiment that, instead of assisting Mr. Booth as hitherto in his campaigns, she should strike out independently, conducting meetings on her own account, and thus doubling their power for good. At first it seemed as though the necessary strain would be too great for one so delicate. It was, moreover, a severe trial to face a life which would involve constant separation. Mrs. Booth was, however, not one to shrink from at least attempting what appeared to be the path of duty, and in doing so she received an abundant fulfilment of the promise that her strength should be according to her day.

At Batley, Pudsey, and Woodhouse Carr she conducted revival services which were evidently of a most stirring and remarkable character, and it is deeply to be regretted that there is not on record a more full and detailed account of this period. In the course of these



MARIAN BOOTH.

meetings some five hundred adults and many children professed conversion. At one of these places in the course of *six days* over *one hundred adults* and *two hundred children* came forward to the communion rail!

The scarcity of material concerning this period lends added interest to the following letter from Mrs. Booth :

"MY BELOVED MOTHER,—I have had a very good week. The chapel, which seats about eight hundred, was nearly full every night, and twenty or thirty came forward in each meeting.

"On Sunday night the chapel was crowded, but it was so hot and I was so poorly that I could not command my usual power in speaking and, consequently, there were only a few cases, whereas I had hoped for twenty or thirty souls. Nevertheless, it was a good service, and I am believing for a break-down to-night. Oh, for more Divine unction! They say the Pudsey sinners will '*bide some bringing down.*' Well, the Lord can do it. They tell me I am immensely popular with the people. But *that* is no comfort unless they will be saved. There has been a precious work among the members. Almost all of them have been forward for full consecration.

"I have a comfortable little cot to stay in, but very small and humble. However it is clean and quiet, and when I feel nervous no one knows the value of quietness.

"The governess, whom we have just engaged for the children, promises well in many ways. She is very superior in appearance and manners, and can teach thoroughly the rudiments of French, Latin, and music, as well as English. Willie took his first Latin lesson last Thursday. She thinks him very quick at comprehending, and so he is, but so volatile. I like her, and if she only answers my expectations she will be a great boon to me.

"William is concluding at Bury on Thursday. There is a new chapel to be opened in a few weeks, and the leaders think that the revival will interfere with the opening ceremonies! And so, forsooth, the services must be concluded just as things are beginning to move. I would tell them, if I were there, that if they did not mind, the Lord would burn their chapel about their ears, and that I hoped he would if they let it hinder them from seeking a revival! It is indeed awful, the blindness of professors everywhere. Truly, all men seek their own and not the things which are Jesus Christ's. Well, the Lord help us to be faithful to our convictions, even in the dark and cloudy day. I have felt it hard work to do so lately. Many a time have I longed to be where the weary are at rest!

"Well, we must labour and wait a little longer, it may be that the clouds will break and surround us with sunshine. Anyway, God lives above the clouds and he will direct our path. If the present effort disappoints us I shall be quite tired of tugging with the churches, and shall insist on William taking a hall or theatre somewhere. I believe the Lord will thrust him into that sphere yet. *We can't get at the masses in the chapels.* They are so awfully prejudiced against all connected with the sects that they will not come unless under some mighty

excitement. The Lord directs us what to do that will be most for His glory! I see more than ever that the religion which is pleasing to God consists in doing and enduring His will rather than in good sentiments and feelings. The Lord help us to endure as seeing Him who is invisible!

"I think I shall come and try in London before long. But I must see. I like this sort of work, and feel as though it were my mission. Perhaps I could arrange some services there, and if I were once set going I think I should succeed. I should like to live in London better than any place I was ever in. I dreamed twice that I was going to speak in David Thomas's chapel long before I ever deemed such a thing as preaching possible! Will it not be strange if I ever should? I would not mind restricting my addresses to ladies to meet their prejudices, and I could do an immense deal of good, no doubt, in setting them to work for God. But the future is uncertain and chimerical. I must not anticipate."

CHAPTER LI

LONDON. 1865.

SINCE resigning their ministerial position in the Methodist New Connexion, Mr. and Mrs. Booth had marked out for themselves the task of helping to revive the Christian church in general from the state of torpidity, inactivity, and worldly conformity into which it seemed to have lapsed. Through the instrumentality of an awakened Church, as we have seen, they hoped ultimately to reach the masses. During the four past years they had clung to this expectation with unwavering tenacity. True, they had met with a succession of ministerial rebuffs and disappointments. They had piped to the Church in its own pulpits, and it had not danced; they had mourned to it in unsectarian halls, or circuses, and it had not lamented. Nevertheless, they had refused to despair, believing that the miracles of grace which the Holy Spirit had worked through them in each town visited would ultimately convince the most sceptical, and serve to turn the tide of opinion so strongly in the direction of a general revival that all the barriers erected by ministerial opposition would ultimately be swept away, and that the Church, alive once more to a sense of her responsibility, would launch forth in supreme and united efforts for the salvation of the countless multitudes who were as yet beyond the borders.

But the conviction was slowly forcing itself upon their minds that the best way to reach the masses was by an outside agency, specially adapted to their needs and independent of ordinary Church usages and conventionalities. An admirable sphere for such an effort now offered itself quite unexpectedly in London. For some time past Mr. and Mrs. Booth's attention had been drawn towards the vast metropolis as a possible field for labour, where they could carry on their work without the perpetual separations which had made it of late so harassing, finding in the immediate neighbourhood ample scope for combined effort.

Nevertheless, Mr. Booth hesitated. Personally he preferred the provinces; doubting, with a modesty and self-depreciation for which

few might give him credit, his capacity to meet the requirements of London intellect. He was reluctant to leave the Ur of the Chaldees in which he had been reared, and to exchange the nomadic life he loved for the uncertain advantages of a London Canaan. He recognised, however, that if the worst came to the worst he would still be free to visit the provinces, returning periodically to London.

It was finally settled that, before breaking up the present home, Mrs. Booth should accept an invitation which had recently been sent to her from Rotherhithe; that Mr. Booth should join her there at the conclusion of the meetings he was then conducting in Louth, and that together they should decide on the spot what their future course was to be. The invitation came from the superintendent of the Southwark Circuit of Free Church Methodists, and where Mr. Booth, as a local preacher, had several times conducted services some twelve years previously. "Rotherhithe is a good chapel," he writes to Mrs. Booth. "When I knew them they were the warmest-hearted people in London. I was once a great favourite with them and saw much good done."

Mrs. Booth commenced her meetings on the 26th February, and continued them till the 19th March. Both on Sundays and week-nights the chapel was crowded, and many souls sought salvation. One of her converts, who is still living, says with regard to these meetings:

"A friend of mine gave me a handbill on which the words were printed, 'Come and hear a woman preach!' I accepted the invitation. Mrs. Booth took for her text, 'Now advise and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent me,' 2 Sam. xxiv. 13. She asked if there were any present who had promised on a bed of sickness to give their hearts to God, and whose promise had remained hitherto unfulfilled. I realised that her words applied to myself and I resolved to redeem my vows that very night.

"There were many remarkable cases of conversion at these meetings. Amongst others there were the two daughters of a publican who kept the 'Europa.' When one sister was saved the other went to chapel on purpose to ridicule the services. But she was seized with such an agonising realisation of her sins that she came down from the top of the gallery to the communion rail, crying out aloud, 'I must come! I must come!' Soon afterwards their father gave up the public-house, and they afterwards became members of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

"I have seen as many as thirty persons seeking salvation in a single meeting, and some years afterwards, when I looked at the register of our chapel, I found about one hundred names of those who had professed to be converted at this time.

The exceptional success of Mrs. Booth's London *début* finally settled

the question of her future home. A suitable house having been engaged in Shaftesbury Road, Hammersmith, Mr. Booth brought the children from Leeds, returning afterwards to Ripon, where he had previously promised to conduct a series of services.

The question of female ministry excited, as might be expected, some controversy among Christian circles in the metropolis. But the objections quickly died a natural death, or, to use Mrs. Booth's own words, "melted away like snow in the sun." Indeed, the opposition was never very vigorous, and Londoners were quick to apprehend the argument of facts. It was, however, voiced at the time in the following mild protest from Messrs. Morgan and Chase, the publishers of *The Revival*, which afterwards became *The Christian*:

"March 8, 1865.

"BELOVED BROTHER,—We are completely overdone with business of various kinds, nevertheless we hope at least once to hear dear Mrs. Booth, and to mention the circumstance of her preaching in London.

"Let us now say a word on the subject of female preaching. We quite feel that it is to be defended in principle, but we are greatly led to question, from circumstances which have come under our notice on different occasions of late, whether it be right for mothers of families to be away from their home duties on any account, not excepting this most important work. Furthermore, besides the particular instances of harm done to which we refer, it appears questionable on Scriptural grounds (see St. Paul to Timothy, 1 Eph., and Titus). We are only anxious that the Lord's will in the matter should be done.

"Believe us, dear brother,

"Ever very affectionately,

"MORGAN AND CHASE."

The answer to this letter has not been preserved, but the subsequent warmth of interest evinced by the writers, and the ultimate attitude adopted by them in regard to the subject, are sufficient to prove that their objections were afterwards removed. Mr. Morgan presided at many of Mrs. Booth's meetings, and the friendship of these early days was continued till her death. There were conflicts of opinion from time to time. Mr. Morgan had not been trained in the Methodistic school of doctrine, nor did he afterwards fall in line with the external ritual of the Salvation Army. His inclinations were strongly in favour of the dogmas, the quiet, and the culture of the Plymouth Brethrenism, with which Mrs. Booth, on the contrary, had no affinity. Indeed, at a first glance, it might seem strange that any sort of alliance should have been possible between characters so opposite. And it was only by agreeing on some points to differ that they were able on others to agree.

Not that Mr. Morgan represented the extreme section of the Brethren. With these he had perhaps even less in common than with some of the doctrines and methods of Salvationism. His religious creed was, however, broad enough to include those who, while differing from him in details, shared with him in believing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and, above all, in the necessity for a change of heart, followed and proved by a life of consecration to God's service. Indeed, if he had an ambition in life, it was to unite under the spacious shadow of his journalistic umbrella all denominations of Christians, without regard to the feuds



MR. R. C. MORGAN, OF *The Christian*

and differences which render the Protestant camp like the belligerent hosts of a nation in a state of civil war.

More than once in the course of her subsequent history, Mrs. Booth had occasion to cross swords with Mr. Morgan. At one time the vexed question of holiness was raised, and called forth from Mrs. Booth the following powerful response :

“DEAR MR. MORGAN,—Thank you for your kind expression of sympathy in us and ours. Truly goodness and mercy have followed us, and do follow us, and we should be worse than Saul if we did not say, ‘We will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever,’ and altogether—body, soul, and spirit. May the Lord enable us to serve Him without fear in righteousness and holiness all our remaining days. Amen.

"When my dearest husband sent me that message I had not seen your letter. He thought it better to keep it back till after Sunday. Believe me, I fully appreciate your concern for our work and give you credit for godly sincerity in your fears, and just because of this I expect that you will be open to conviction and that you will reflect on what I say.

"1. It seems to me that you labour under a misapprehension as to our real doctrine. Otherwise you could not confound it with that of the Perfectionists with whose tenets I am quite familiar, but with whom we hold nothing in common. Indeed, we are as far from them as you are. Now, do you think this is quite fair to link us together with those with whom we declare we are at utter variance?

"2. I think, if you carefully consider that our views are substantially one with Upham, Wesley, Fletcher, Finney, and the holiness people of America, you will see that you over-estimate the danger accruing from them. Alas! the Wesleyans were a far more spiritual, godly people, when this doctrine was faithfully preached and largely professed amongst them, than they are now that it has almost gone out. This is no *new* doctrine, and as I judge doctrines much as I do individuals, by their *fruits*, I cannot but believe a doctrine that sets everybody who receives it (not its *caricature*) longing and crying to be delivered from sin, and to be filled with all the fulness of God, *must* be of God and from God. As to what some one has said about the extravagance this will lead to—my dear brother, the doctors and scribes have never prognosticated anything but evil of 'Jesus Christ come in the flesh,' and I never expect that they will!

"The Church by wisdom knows not God. And any who do not know Him as an indwelling refiner are utterly unable to judge. He that is spiritual is 'judged of no man,' neither are the highest forms of spiritual truth. There must be the indwelling Christ to understand and justify the outside expression of his mind and practice. 'He that is of God heareth us' This is applicable in every stage of a spiritual life (Heb. v. 12-14).

"3. Will you, my dear brother, define for us what standard we are to put before the people if we are not to tell them to seek and to believe to be saved from all sin? If it were a fact that no man has ever yet attained it (though I doubt not thousands have, glory be to the God of all grace), yet if I saw a provision and promise of it in the Word I would follow it in the face of earth and hell. *How do I know that man's faith has ever yet reached God's uttermost?* How do I know what God would do if he were not hindered and limited by unbelief? It passes human conception that God is going to be ultimately outdone by the old serpent, and submit that He cannot destroy his works, his worst works, his most malicious, God-circumventing, dishonouring works—man, the heart of man, the coveted and redeemed dwelling-place of the Most High! Oh, no! Depend upon it, God will yet raise man to his own ideal, even down here; and in that day, when 'Holiness to the Lord' is written on the bells of the horses, his heart shall be circumsised to keep this law of his God and the original design shall be fulfilled—*Man for God and God in man!* Haste, happy day! Oh, how my heart bounds to meet it! And to me every page of the Bible beams with light with respect to it. The Church has never yet risen to her possibilities. But it is to come! Hallelujah!

"Dear Mr. Morgan, where is there the slightest proof that Paul's thorn in the flesh was inbred sin? The evidence is all on the other side that it was some purely physical infirmity. Keeping under his 'body' could not mean sin any more than

he natural cravings of hunger in Jesus were sin, though, if we could suppose such a thing as His yielding unlawfully to gratify it, then, alas, the second Adam would have fallen as did the first.

"Of course if you hold that we are under Adamic law, requiring the perfect obedience of a perfect being, and that every breach of that is sin, why, then, none can ever be saved from sin in this imperfect state. But it seems to me clear as the sun that we are not now under that law, but under the great moral law of love, and that love is the fulfilling of the law, and he that loveth in this sense dwelleth in God and God in him (1 John, 16, 17).

"Paul has given us no more of his experience than any other apostle, and there was not a word about failure and defeat from beginning to end, and if he had not the consciousness that he was a fully sanctified man, his own conscience testifying that he lied not, he must have been most grievously self-deceived when he wished that not only Agrippa, but all who heard him, were both almost and altogether such as he was, save his chains. Surely a man must be saved from inbred sin before he could wish that!

"Put all his experience together from the first moment of victory through faith in Jesus, and there is not one confession of sin, failure or defeat, but a continuous strain of victory and triumph, till the closing note of 'I have fought a good fight,' etc. Oh, to triumph so when all my warfare is past—and *you*, dear friend! Amen! All through and by and in Him Who loved us unto death!

"Yours, in His service,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

From Rotherhithe Mrs. Booth went to a still larger chapel belonging to the same body in Grange Road, Bermondsey, where remarkable success attended her effort. The *Gospel Guide* contains the following interesting description of the preacher:

"In dress nothing could be neater. A plain black straw bonnet, slightly relieved by a pair of dark violet strings; a black velvet loose-fitting jacket, with tight sleeves, which appeared exceedingly suitable to her while preaching, and a black silk dress, constituted the plain and becoming attire of this female preacher. A prepossessing countenance, with, at first, an exceedingly quiet manner, enlists the sympathies and rivets the attention of the audience.

"Mrs. Booth is a woman of no ordinary mind, and her powers of argument are of a superior character. Her delivery is calm, precise, and clear without the least approach to formality or tediousness. Her language is simple but well chosen, and her ability for speaking is beyond the general order of the other sex. Not the least appearance of anything approaching nervousness or timidity was observable in her manner. At the same time, there was an entire absence of unbecoming confidence, or of assumed authority over her audience. She chose for her text, 'Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Might we say that many of our ministers, deacons, elders, and members would do well to hear Mrs Booth. They could learn a lesson from her devotion, her evident sincerity for the good of souls, her intense earnestness, her affectionate

words, and her perpetual labours in the cause to which she appears so warmly attached."

Mrs. Booth's sympathies were specially called out at this time in connection with the Midnight Movement for reaching fallen women. On two separate occasions she was invited to attend midnight meetings at which some two or three hundred of these unfortunates had been gathered together. A writer to the *Wesleyan Times*, in describing one of these meetings, says :

"The address of Mrs. Booth was inimitable, pointed, evangelical, impressive, and delivered in a most earnest, sympathetic manner, bringing tears from many, and securing the closest attention of all. She identified herself with them as a fellow-sinner, showing that if they supposed her better than themselves it was a mistake, since all had sinned against God. *This*, she explained, was the main point, and not the particular sin which they might be guilty of. Then the Saviour was exhibited as waiting to save all alike, and the speaker urged all of them, by a variety of reasons, to immediate decision. Finally the consequences of neglecting or accepting the offers of mercy were set before them, and they were encouraged by the relation of the conversion of some of the most degraded characters whom Mrs. Booth and her husband had been instrumental in bringing to Christ."

At the conclusion of both these services the names were taken of a number of those who expressed their willingness to enter the Homes established for their reception. The sight of these victims of sin and misery deeply stirred the heart of Mrs. Booth. Not only did she view with compassion their unhappy condition, but her indignation knew no bounds that public opinion should wink at such cruel slavery, while professing to be shocked at the scarcely more inhuman brutality that bore the name in other lands. The paltriness of the efforts put forth to minimise the evil staggered her, and the gross inequality with which society meted out its punishments to the weaker sex, allowing the participators in the vice to escape with impunity, incurred her scathing denunciations.

Nor was she satisfied with the attitude of those who, in their very efforts to rescue the fallen, treated them rather with suspicion and pity than with confidence and love. Hence it was with peculiar joy that in later years she welcomed the world-wide and successful effort of the Salvation Army, which has reformed and restored to lives of virtue and happiness thousands of these prisoners of despair.

CHAPTER LII.

FOUNDATION OF THE SALVATION ARMY. 1865.

"BEHOLD how great a matter a little fire kindleth." That is, if it be a genuine fire in the first instance, and not the mere semblance of one. While many are complaining that the wood is green, and will not burn; the fault is too often with the original flame, which seeks to kindle the conflagration in the hearts of those around. There is enough tinder in human nature to provide fuel for a universal blaze. The modern day of miracles is not really past. There is good reason to believe that it has scarcely commenced. Who can estimate the possibilities that are within the reach of simple-hearted faith? We have only to look back upon the small beginnings of many a mighty work.

Here is a handful of trembling disciples in an upper room, with door barred and bolted "for fear of the Jews;" further on a Luther committing the Pope's bull to the flames, and again a Wesley with his little knot of Oxford Methodists. No less memorable in the future religious history of the world will be the Quaker burial-ground in Whitechapel, where, on Sunday, 2nd July, 1865, William Booth held his first East End services in a large marquee.

It was an appropriate spot for the commencement of his work in more ways than one. The quiet precincts of the disused graveyard were a fitting type of the moral valley of dry bones in the midst of which the Spirit of the Lord had set down this modern Ezekiel. The resurrection of the one seemed as hopelessly impossible, or at least as distant, as that of the other. But if neither the Jewish prophet nor his Quaker antitype of two hundred years ago could take their stand on Mile End Waste, their representative was there, ready to prophesy to the bones that were "very many" and "very dry," until they "stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

To no spot in the world could the stirring vision of the Hebrew seer be more appropriately applied than to the worse than heathen pandemonium of blasphemy and ribaldry in the midst of which the Salvation Army was born and cradled. As in 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 recognise the danger of their position, so miserable that they possessed no make-believe enjoyments to take the place of those He offered them.

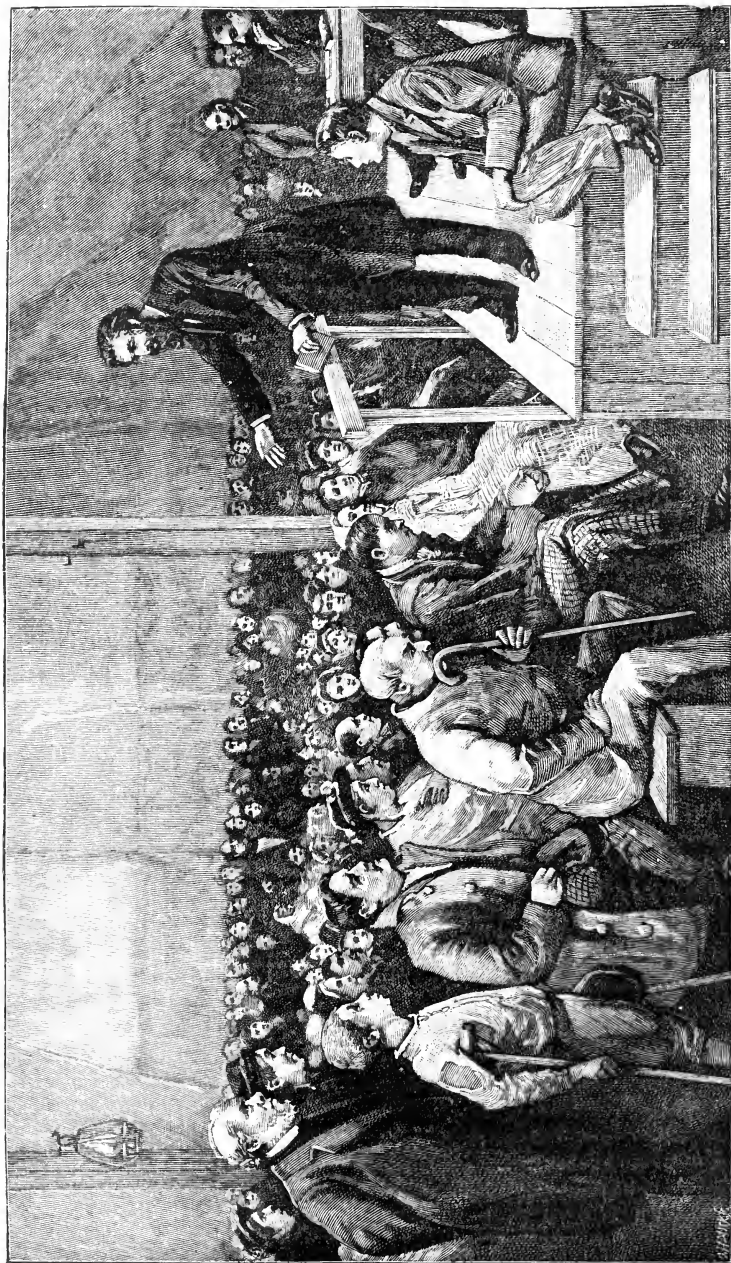
If Sodom and Gomorrah compared unfavourably with the cities that rejected the message of the Prophet of Galilee, what can be said or thought of the modern Bethsaidas and Chorazins that constitute our Christendom? Even those who believe most firmly in the gradual self-redemption of the human race can scarcely blink the fact that the major portion of it, in spite of the utmost efforts of civilisation and education, is in a sorry plight.

The increased knowledge of what is good appears only to accentuate the increased practice of what is evil. The very brilliance of modern revelation serves to deepen the shadows of misery and the gloomy pall of sin which enshroud the dark places of the earth. If ever a Saviour were needed it is to-day, and if the needs of any single spot could transcend those of the rest of the world, surely that space of ground must have been somewhere very near the Tabernacle—the poor man's cathedral—in the Quaker burial-ground.

A sketch of these services was sent by Mr. Booth to *The Christian*. The fact that it was written at the time adds to the interest of the narrative :

“The moral degradation and spiritual destitution of the teeming population of the East of London are subjects with which the Christians of the metropolis are perfectly conversant. More than two-thirds of the working-classes never cross the threshold of church or chapel, but loiter away the Sabbath in idleness spending it in pleasure-seeking or some kind of money-making traffic. Consequently, tens of thousands are totally ignorant of the Gospel; and, as they will not attend the means ordinarily used for making known the love of God towards them, it is evident that if they are to be reached extraordinary methods must be employed.

“I have been engaged in an effort in this direction during the last six weeks. Invited by Messrs. Stabb and Chase, I held a week's services in a large tent erected in the Quakers' burying-ground, Thomas Street, Whitechapel, and so



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.
The General addressing a Meeting at the Tent in the Quaker Burial-ground.

evident was the Divine approval that the services have been continued until now. Nearly every night two meetings are held, first an open-air on the Mile End Road, and afterwards in the tent. On the last two Sabbaths we have conducted four services each day. We have also held two very successful tea-meetings, charging threepence each for admission. There have been but two or three meetings at which sinners have not professed to find mercy, and sometimes thirteen or fourteen have come forward of an evening. Some of these cases have been specially interesting.

"One evening about a fortnight ago I sat down by the side of a young man whose dress betokened poverty and degradation of the lowest order. I spoke to him of Jesus and the Christian life. He replied most frankly and freely. Among other things he said: 'I promised you last night that I would come again, and I am here, you see. I have been very wicked; I want to be saved. That was a very good parable of the prodigal you told up there.' I had been comparing the sinner to a young man who had forsaken his father's house and wandered to Australia, and to whom in wretchedness, wrong, and ruin, his father had sent a letter assuring him of continued affection, and urging upon him his immediate return home. 'Yes,' he said with emphasis, 'that was a good parable. I am a prodigal. It was twelve years since I left my mother in Edinburgh. I had not heard the Gospel for seventeen years until I heard you speaking in the Mile End Road last night. I was then on my way to a house of infamy. It might have been far different with me, but drink and debauchery have been my ruin. I have not done a day's work in my life; the last twelve years I have spent in brothels and public-houses. But I am decided. I have been happy since Sunday.' He has attended nearly every service since.

"One morning as I walked through the City a man stopped me by offering his hand. I remembered him as one who, among a crowd of others, had listened to me in the Mile End Road the night before. So interested had he appeared that I had supposed him to be a Christian. But no! it was not so. Once he was united with the Lord's people; was a local preacher for seventeen years; came up to London as a merchant; neglected to join a Christian church; lost his religion, his property, and all. 'And now,' said he, 'I am ashamed to tell you how long it is since I was in a place of worship till last night.' 'Well,' I said, 'you will come again to Jesus, won't you?' He said, 'I will. I went from the meeting last night to fetch my wife to the tent.' He attends our services, and, if not restored to the favour of God, I trust he soon will be.

"Two men, each about fifty years of age, came one evening to Jesus together; they both entered into the rest of believing like little children and went down to their houses justified. One confesses to have been more or less the object of the striving of the Spirit all his life; he now prays in our meetings with much sweetness, attends every night, and is very useful. The other, who has been much afflicted for some time, said he thought the Lord had healed him, body and soul, too.

"'I want prayer,' said a sister who helps in the Lord's work, 'for a man who has been one of the bitterest infidels in Bethnal Green. He has been coming to hear you in the Mile End Road; he was there all through the meeting to-night. I know he is troubled, we have talked to him, and I want you to pray earnestly for him.'

"The same evening a letter was put into my hand, in which the writer describes herself as one of the vilest and worst of sinners, having been living in the depths of sin and wickedness. Oh, how glad would I be if I could make myself known to you, to thank you for coming here to preach! But this I cannot do."

"The writer then goes on to say that she has been living by dishonest practices, but has now resolved to abandon them, saying further, 'It is this that I want to know, whether this will shut me out of Heaven. I cannot make the things good, for I am very poor; but oh, I feel I would, if I could, restore double what I have taken from each one! Oh, sir, do stand up to-night and say whether it will keep me out of Heaven, for it greatly troubles my mind.'

"The following night a little boy put a second letter into my hand, in which the same person, still withholding her name, says: 'I write these few lines to tell you I feel that which was on my mind is all removed. I felt last night while sitting in the tent that I could see clearly that the blood of Jesus does cleanse from every sin that we have committed. And now I beg you to ask the Lord to open a way for me to earn an honest living, for I have not a friend to help me; but I am determined, though I am in want, never more to go in the way of sin. I do thank you for what you said last night, that it was not what we had been that would shut us out of Heaven, but that it was because we would not come to Jesus.'

"These are only a few of the many tokens of the Divine blessing with which we have been favoured, and which have led the few earnest, loving servants of the Lord who have been my helpers to desire continuance of the work. Again and again have they urged me to give myself up entirely to the East of London. My own heart has seconded their appeals, for I confess to having grown deeply interested in this mass of humanity. I have, therefore, consented to do so, and we propose, God helping us, to devote our little time and energy to this part of the London vineyard.

"We have no very definite plans. We wish to be guided by the Holy Spirit. At present we desire to hold consecutive services for the purpose of bringing souls to Christ in different localities of the East of London every night all the year round. We propose to hold these meetings in halls, theatres, chapels, tents, open-air, and elsewhere, as the way may be opened, or as we seem likely to attain the end we have in view. The Sabbath services are at present held in the Assembly Rooms, New Road, Whitechapel.

"We propose to watch over and visit personally those brought to Christ, either guiding them to commune with adjacent sympathetic churches, or ourselves nursing and training them to active labour.

"In order to carry on this work we intend to establish a 'Christian Revival Association,' in which we think a hundred persons will enrol themselves at once. We shall also require some central building in which to hold our more private meetings, and in which to preach the Gospel when not engaged in special work elsewhere.

"To work out these plans it will be manifest to each reader of this that funds will be required, and to those whom the Lord has entrusted with means, and who have any sympathy with the perishing thousands for whom this work is organised

we appeal for help. Asking an interest for our work in the prayers of the reader, I beg to be regarded as your brother in the Lord.

“WILLIAM BOOTH.”

The above appeal was warmly seconded by the editor in the following terms :

“The condition of the East of London is more appalling than that of any other spot of the same extent under Heaven. The dregs of sin and misery, not only from this metropolis and these British Isles, but from all quarters of the world, are precipitated there. And God knows the labourers are few ; but, few as they are, their hands are tied for want of means. Hundreds of Christians spend in princely style and leisure the brief interval which they believe will intervene before the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thousands more are unable to spare from their ample expenditure more than the smallest modicum for His work and for His poor, though that same Jesus Christ has left on record these prophetic words, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive,’ and ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’ We cordially welcome Mr. Booth and no less his good and useful wife to the labour-field of the East of London, and earnestly hope and pray that God’s people may prove that they agree with God, that the labourer is worthy of his reward.”

Among the vagabonds and outcasts who swarm the purlieus of East London, General Booth had found at length the very lowest level of the social strata, and had unconsciously driven his pick-axe 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 materials for the “pearly gates.”

From his boyhood days in Nottingham, when he stood and cheered the Chartist orator, Feargus O’Connor, he had always loved and sympathised 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 had been reached. And now he realised 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 veneration, and the arm-linking equality with which they were treated, made them accept this apostle of the working man, 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.

"I have been trying all my life," he remarked one day in later years to one of his leading officers, "to stretch out my arms so as to reach with one hand the poor and at the same time keep the other in touch with the rich. But my arms are not long enough. I find that when I am in touch with the poor I lose my hold upon the rich, and when I reach up to the rich I let go of the poor. And," pausing for a moment to give weight to his words, he added with his own peculiar emphasis, "I very much doubt whether God Almighty's arms are long enough for this!"

And yet the exigencies of the work were always such that, while Mr. Booth devoted the main portion of his time and attention to the poor, he was never in a position to entirely turn his back upon the rich, being compelled time after time to turn to them for help in the carrying out of his designs. But as the eagle soars only that it may the better scan the field and swoop down upon its prey, or as the cloud which only absorbs moisture from the earth that it may scatter it again in fertilising showers, so through life Mr. and Mrs. Booth have turned only to the rich that they might induce them to help the poor.

In this Mrs. Booth proved a valuable coadjutor to her husband. Her ministry was peculiarly acceptable to the better classes, and she was not slow to avail herself to the utmost of the opportunity which this afforded, not only for blessing their souls, but for laying before them their responsibilities in caring for the godless masses. The magnetic influence which she exercised was the more remarkable, inasmuch as her denunciations of society sins were often scathing in the extreme. "I used to tremble sometimes as I sat and listened in her meetings when I was quite a little girl," says her daughter Emma. "Now they will be offended, and will never come again, I thought to myself. And sometimes, as I grew older, I would venture to expostulate, as we went home together, 'I think, mamma, you were a little too heavy on them to-day!' 'Aye! You are like the rest of them!' she would reply, 'pleading for the syrup without the sulphur. I guessed that you were feeling so.' But when the time for the next meeting arrived the same people would be there, and the crowd would be larger than ever, and the rows of carriages outside the hall more

numerous, and she would pour out her heart upon them, and drag out the sins and selfish indulgences of society, with all their attendant miseries and penalties, as mercilessly as ever."

The following is an instance of the burning, lava-like truths that she would pour upon the consciences of her listeners at such times :

"Let me take you to another scene. Here is his Grace the Duke of Rackrent, and the Right Honourable Woman Seducer Fitz-Shameless, and the gallant Colonel Swearer, with half the aristocracy of a county, male and female, mounted on horses worth hundreds of pounds each, and which have been bred and trained at a cost of hundreds more, and what for? This 'splendid field' are waiting whilst a poor little timid animal is let loose from confinement and permitted to fly in terror from its strange surroundings. Observe the delight of all the gentlemen and noble ladies when a whole pack of strong dogs is let loose in pursuit, and then behold the noble chase! The regiment of well-mounted cavalry and the pack of hounds all charge at full gallop after the poor, frightened little creature. It will be a great disappointment if by any means it should escape or be killed within such a short a time as an hour. The sport will be excellent in proportion to the time during which the poor thing's agony is prolonged, and the number of miles it is able to run in terror of its life. Brutality! I tell you that, in my judgment, at any rate, you can find nothing in the vilest back slums more utterly, more deliberately, more savagely cruel than *that*; and yet this is a comparatively small thing.

"One of the greatest employments of every Christian government and community is to train thousands of men, not to fight with their fists only, in the way of inflicting a few passing sores, but with weapons capable, it may be, of killing human beings at the rate of so many per minute. It is quite a scientific taste to study how to destroy a large vessel with several hundreds of men on board instantaneously. Talk of brutality! Is there anything half as brutal as this within the whole range of savagery?

"But, against all this, modern Christianity, which professes to believe the teaching of Him who taught us not to resist evil, but to love our enemies and to treat with the utmost benevolence hostile nations, has nothing to say. All the devilish animosity, hard-hearted cruelty, and harrowing consequences of modern warfare are not only sanctioned, but held up as an indispensable necessity of civilised life; and in times of war patronised and prayed for in our churches and chapels with as much impudent assurance as though Jesus Christ had taught, 'But I say unto you an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and return evil for evil, hate your enemies and pursue them with all the diabolical appliances of destruction which the devil can enable you to invent.'

"Alas, alas! Is it not too patent for intelligent contradiction that the most detestable thing in the judgment of popular Christianity is not brutality, cruelty, or injustice, but *poverty and vulgarity*? With plenty of money you may pile up your life with iniquities and yet be blamed, if blamed at all, only in the mildest terms, whereas one flagrant act of sin in a poor and illiterate person is enough to stamp him, with the majority of professing Christians, as a creature from whom they would rather keep at a distance.

"I had an amusing corroboration of this the other day from one of my daughters, who had been visiting a poor criminal in one of our large prisons. She said to one of the officers in attendance, 'I suppose you do not often have rich people in here?' He replied, 'No, Miss, we very seldom get anybody but poor folks,' and on her replying 'No, I am afraid it is because you do not look out so sharply for them,' he remarked to a fellow-officer, 'She's all there!'

"Further, 'the criminal classes' is another of the cant phrases of modern Christianity, which thus brands every poor lad who steals because he is hungry, but stands hat in hand before the rich man whose trade is well known to be a system of wholesale cheater.

"It is inconvenient for ministers, or responsible churchwardens or deacons to ask how Mr. Money-maker gets the golden sovereigns or crisp notes which look so well in the collection. He may be the most 'accursed sweater' who ever waxed fat on that murderous cheap needlework system which is slowly destroying the bodies and ruining the souls of thousands of poor women; both in this and other civilised countries. He may keep scores of employés standing wearily sixteen hours per day behind the counter, across which they dare not speak the truth, and on salaries so small that all hope of marriage or home is denied to them. Or he may trade in some damning thing which robs men of all that is good in this world and all hope for the next, such as opium or intoxicating drinks; but if you were simple enough to suppose that modern Christianity would object to him on account of any of these things—in fact, that you were alluding to such as he in the phrase 'criminal classes'—how respectable Christians would open their eyes, and, in fact, suspect that you had recently made your escape from some lunatic asylum.

"So the wholesale and successful thief is glossed over and called by all manner of respectable names by the representatives of a bastard Christianity. It is ready enough to cry, 'Stop thief!' when some poor fellow, who has been out of work for perhaps months, gets desperate at the sight of children crying for bread, and makes a bungling attempt at getting what is not his own in order to satisfy them; or when it hears that such men, left helplessly to their own devices, take to living together and bringing up a generation of thieves, it cries out vigorously against the criminals. True, it may suggest a mission to them, and even set about it in a helpless, patronising sort of way, wondering if really it is of any use to try to help 'such men,' as though they were of different flesh and blood to themselves. Verily, such Christianity is of different blood from Him who preferred talking to a thief, in His own last moments, to holding conversation with any priest or whitewashed temple worshipper standing around. The man who hung by His side was a great ruffian, no doubt, but then he had been trained in that way, and if we want the judgment of Jesus Christ on such a point, He would certainly give it against the pet of modern Christianity and in favour of this poor rough. The man whom Jesus Christ consigned to a hopeless perdition was he who made long prayers and at the same time devoured widows' houses, or whose barns were filled with plenty while Lazarus lay covered with sores at his gate."

Many of the Army's most liberal friends were attracted in the first instance by Mrs. Booth's services, and, having once secured their sympathy, she ceaselessly laboured to maintain their confidence in

the cause. With persistent courage and amazing skill she rallied them, when some more than usually venomous attack had scattered panic in their ranks, or when some new advance had shocked their conservatism. She would reason and explain and encourage and rebuke with a tenderness that conquered the most obstinate heart, and yet with a faithfulness and pungency that admitted of no excuse for retreat. The rapidity of the Army's forward march has exposed it to special losses from the number of those who were unable to keep up the pace. But the impetuous, Rupert-like charges with which the General has amazed the world would perhaps have been impossible had it not been for the tact and strategy with which Mrs. Booth has brought up the rear.

Time after time have her persistence, her logic, and her personal influence restored confidence to wavering friends, and closed the mouths or extorted the admiration of the most prejudiced enemies. Her arguments were invincible. No new effort was put forth by the General without consulting her. And hence, as each point arose, her mind had been fully made up before the question had become a subject of debate. "Here, Kate," would sound the General's voice from his desk, and she would run to his side from the nursery, or from her household work, to pass her opinion upon an article, an appeal, a despatch, or some new development of the work. Or he would take the kitchen by storm, and while her hands were busy with the dough for the family bread or pudding, he would sit astride the table and pour into her sympathetic ears the story of his last rebuff, or some more than usually exciting piece of news regarding the progress of the Mission.

The work thus unobtrusively commenced soon made its mark upon the neighbourhood, and attracted the sympathetic attention of many who were beyond its immediate borders.

CHAPTER LIII.

MR. MORLEY AND THE EAST LONDON MISSION. 1865-1866.

At the conclusion of the meetings in Bermondsey Mrs. Booth removed to Deptford, where the chapel soon became so crowded that the public hall was engaged for Sundays. It was with unfeigned regret that she brought these services to a close early in May, but the strain of constant travelling to and from Hammersmith for ten consecutive weeks had told severely on her delicate frame.

Although the journey was not a long one it was exceedingly trying, for, while she arranged to remain at Deptford from Saturday to Monday, the week-day travelling added considerably to the exertion. First there was getting to the station, followed by the underground trip to Moorgate Street, a cab-drive to London Bridge, another railway journey, and then a drive to the chapel. By the time her destination was reached she would often feel totally unfit for the meeting, and at the conclusion of the exhausting services the return home was still more wearying.

But an opportunity was not long in offering itself for the transfer of her services to a locality nearer home. It was a singular coincidence that at the very time when Mr. Booth was commencing his East End campaign Mrs. Booth was conducting her first West End services, so that the very antipodes of London society were simultaneously assailed. Space and time preclude the possibility of describing in detail the interesting series of meetings which were carried on by her in turn at the Polytechnic, the Kensington Assembly Rooms, and the Myddelton Hall and Priory in Islington. At each centre an impression was made which has continued to appear and reappear down to the present day.

"I have but a dim recollection of these meetings," said Mrs. Booth during her last illness. "I never attempted, since my younger days, to keep a diary. It was simply impossible. I was too busy doing the work to find time to chronicle it, and by the time I went to bed at night I was far too exhausted for writing. But I know I felt the responsibility of this opportunity very strongly. It was expected that a number of very respectable people, so-called, would attend the

meetings. To preach to such a class is always supposed to be a more important and difficult task than to preach to people in a lower scale of society and consequently possessed of less intelligence and culture.

"I believe I was somewhat influenced by such feelings when I was about to commence. But the solemn sense of my responsibility to God, and my determination to faithfully deliver His message seemed to absorb me from the moment I stood up to speak, and whatever might have been my previous agitation and nervousness, as soon as I opened my lips I was enabled to forget it all.

"They would come to me in the ante-room and say that Lord This and Lady The Other were in the audience, or such-and-such popular ministers upon the platform, and I confess that my heart beat quicker for a time. But on entering the hall, as my eye glanced over row upon row of intelligent, expectant countenances, I realised that they above all others needed the plainest utterances of truth, and this has inspired me with confidence.

"Seldom have I held a meeting in which some souls have not decided to submit to God and to seek His salvation through Jesus Christ. I should soon have given up preaching if there had been no such results. To get a congregation was never a difficulty with me, but when they were there I strove to convict them of sin and to persuade them to abandon it and to cast themselves upon the mercy of God. Far from this having the effect of driving the people away, my experience has been that, however small might be the congregation at the commencement of the effort, it has invariably increased, until it has exceeded the capacity of the largest buildings which I have been privileged to occupy."

In October Mrs. Booth held some meetings in the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington, and in the following month the family removed from Hammersmith to Hackney, in order to be within convenient reach of the East End work, which was more and more absorbing the time and attention of Mr. Booth, and to which he had now distinctly committed himself.

The tent in the burial-ground had been blown down in a gale, and was too rotten to be repaired. The uncertain climate of England, so say the Americans, enjoys no *weather*, but consists of mere *samples*! Certainly it is never very favourable to the patriarchal canvas, and what is scarcely tolerable in summer becomes impossible in winter. However, a dancing-saloon had been discovered, and in this the Sunday services were continued, while the week-night meetings

were mostly in the open air, lasting sometimes till ten o'clock, or even later.

"I remember well," says Mrs. Booth, "when the General decided finally to give up the evangelistic life and to devote himself to the salvation of the East-Enders. He had come home from the meeting one night, tired out as usual. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock. Flinging himself into an easy-chair, he said to me, 'Oh! Kate, as I passed by the doors of the flaming gin-palaces to-night, I seemed to hear a voice sounding in my ears, "Where can you go and find such heathen as these, and where is there so great a need for your labours?" And I felt as though I ought at every cost to stop and preach to these East End multitudes.'

"I remember the emotion that this produced in my soul. I sat gazing into the fire, and the devil whispered to me, 'This means another new departure—another start in life.'

"The question of our support constituted a serious difficulty. Hitherto we had been able to meet our expenses by the collections which we had made from our more respectable audiences. But it was impossible to suppose that we could do so among the poverty-stricken East-Enders. We had not then the measure of light upon this subject which subsequent events afforded, and we were afraid even to ask for a collection in such a locality.

"Nevertheless, I did not answer discouragingly. After a momentary pause for thought and prayer, I replied, 'Well, if you feel you ought to stay, stay. We have trusted the Lord *once* for our support, and we can trust Him *again*!' There was not in our minds, at the time we came to this decision, the remotest idea of the marvellous work which has since sprung into existence."

It was a noble answer that Mrs. Booth gave at this critical juncture to her husband. She little dreamed of the important issues that were at stake. Scarcely had the resolution been formed, when an encouraging incident occurred which strongly confirmed the conviction that the newly chosen pathway had the Divine approbation. A letter was received from Mr. Samuel Morley, expressing his warm interest in the effort, and promising on his return from Scotland to hear the full particulars. About a month afterwards a second letter came, inviting Mr. Booth to call upon him.

The interview was alike interesting and important. The Christian philanthropist added another to the list of generous deeds which will cause his memory to be held in affectionate veneration by thousands.

There was one chord in his heart which ever responded to the slightest touch. Mr. Morley was a veritable Job in his compassion for the hopeless, the helpless, and the destitute. "When the ear heard him, it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and those who had none to help them. The blessing of him that was to perish came upon him and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. He was, indeed, a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not, he searched out." (Job xxix. 11-16.)



MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P.

It was this *searching out* faculty that helped to make Mr. Morley so superior to the majority of philanthropists. Doubtless he met with a certain proportion of failures and disappointments, but this did not produce upon him the chilling and heart-hardening effect which is too often the case.

He received Mr. Booth with the utmost cordiality. It was a historical event, reminding one of Stanley finding Livingstone in the heart of Africa. The explorer of Darkest England's Submerged Tenth had not quite so far to go, it is true. There was no need for it. A

continent of heathen souls surrounded him. An impenetrable forest of sin and misery awaited his exploring axe almost within a stone's throw from where the apostle of the destitute and his discoverer sat. In its far-reaching consequences it would be difficult to estimate the importance of that interview.

Mr. Morley inquired in the kindest manner as to the plans adopted by Mr. Booth, and the results which had been attained. The fact that the methods were novel and unconventional served only to increase his interest. The open-air meetings on the Mile End Waste surrounded by blaspheming infidels and boisterous drunkards; the processions down the Whitechapel Road, pelted with garbage; the placards carried with striking texts; the penitent-form and the testifying of the new converts, enlisted his unbounded sympathy.

Mr. Morley then, entirely of his own accord, began to question Mr. Booth as to his own personal circumstances, the number of his family, and the arrangements necessary for their support, naming a sum which he considered would be necessary, and giving him a cheque for a considerable portion of the amount. Then, asking Mr. Booth if he thought his friends would be able to make up the remainder of the sum, he closed the interview without allowing him time to express his thanks. Full of gratitude to God for this unexpected intervention on his behalf, Mr. Booth posted off to Kennington, where Mrs. Booth was at the time conducting services, and together they lifted up their hearts in praise for the timely answer to their prayers.

In the years that followed Mr. Morley proved himself a generous and substantial friend, describing himself, at a Salvation Army meeting over which he presided, as a "sleeping partner" in the concern.

The following letter, though written at a later date, may here be quoted, as showing the earnest interest felt by him in the Mission :

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, 20th April, 1869.

"DEAR MR. BOOTH,—I have pleasure in sending my cheque. I read always with pleasure of your work, which I believe to be genuine and true. I will gladly co-operate in any way you can suggest to secure from the Services' Committee the arrangement you propose, which seems to me to be a very reasonable and suitable one.

"It will give me pleasure to pay you a visit, to see how you do, and to hear from your friends some account of the work going on among you.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"S. MORLEY.

"Rev. W. Booth."

In 1872, on receiving the news of a serious breakdown in Mr. Booth's health, Mr. Morley sent him the following sympathetic letter :

" 16th March, 1872.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I have just heard that you are laid aside and are an inmate in the hydro establishment at Matlock Bank. Feeling anxious to know the facts of the case, I asked Mrs. Booth to call on me, which she has done this morning, and I am very anxious to press you to believe that human strength has its limits, and that the Gracious Master, whom we desire to serve, is not willing that we should trifle with so great a blessing as our health.

" I beg to press you, now you are trying the water treatment, to give it a fair chance, and not to allow work or engagements, or even wife and children, to tempt you back to London until you have had entire rest. My eldest son is just now visiting Mr. Smedley, whom I have known many years. I shall be very glad to hear that you are gaining strength.

" Commending you to the care of our gracious and loving Father,

" I am, yours very truly,

" *Rev. W. Booth.*"

" S. MORLEY.

His co-operation was less regular in later years, but one of his last acts was to make a munificent donation towards the rescue work of the Salvation Army. It was at the time of the great purity agitation, and Mr. Morley's sympathies had been deeply stirred. Mrs. Booth called upon him and he promised a donation of £1,000, asking her whether she thought the amount was sufficient. She replied with characteristic courage, that while she was deeply sensible of the value of the gift, she was sure he would not regret increasing the amount. Without waiting for her to add another word Mr. Morley doubled his donation, with a graceful generosity that made his gifts so peculiarly acceptable, adding that she must call and see him again.

The assistance of Mr. Morley at this early juncture of the East End work was the more welcome owing to the peculiar difficulties which Mr. Booth encountered at the outset. The Christian helpers who had at first gathered round him had almost all forsaken him and fled.

Their reasons for doing so were various. Some of them objected to his holiness teaching. Others considered that he laid too much stress upon repentance and works, and too little upon bare faith. Not a few grew weary of the ceaseless open-air and processions, with the mobbing and mockery of the crowd. " Take no notice, but march straight on," were the orders of the General in regard to the rough horseplay which had so often to be encountered.

To others the conduct of the prayer-meeting gave offence. They did not like the penitent-form. They were accustomed to speak to

the people in their seats, or to invite them into what was termed the "enquiry room." They would read to them a few passages from the Bible, such as John iii. 16, ask them whether they believed them to be true, and on obtaining their assent would assure them that they were possessed of everlasting life. This mode Mr. and Mrs. Booth never allowed any one to follow in their meetings.

From these and other causes a fortnight had scarcely elapsed from the commencement of the work when Mr. Booth found himself almost alone. A devoted handful, however, still stood their ground, and some of the new converts took the place of the workers who had retired.

On Sunday, September 3rd, the meetings were commenced in the dancing saloon. "The people danced in it," the General tells us, "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 six hundred 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 colouring photographs, whilst some one 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 parlour 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 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 of 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 inwards. 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."

One of the earliest officers in the Salvation Army gives an interesting account of the first of these meetings which he attended :

"Pity, Lord, a wretched creature,
 One whose sins for vengeance cry,
 Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
 Throbbing heart and heaving sigh.
 Oh, my Saviour,
 Canst Thou let a sinner die ?"

"That was the first verse I remember hearing them people sing in the open air, and their words, the looks of pity they cast on the sinners, their prayers, their speeches to the people, the very tones of their voices remain stamped on my heart, one of those impressions that cannot be rubbed out.

"As I looked at the pale faces of those East End toilers, and at the threadbare garments of some of them as they stood in the mud, with their poorly-covered feet dangerously near pools of water, what struck me was that they were wretched as far as outward circumstances could make people so. There could be no question that life to them was a weary, dreary struggle against starvation, and yet they had forgotten themselves, their poverty, and their necessities, and had managed to give up some hours of their bread-earning time, out of pure love and pity for a wretchedness so much deeper and more terrible than their own.

"All their speaking and praying was in the tone of the verse I have quoted. They told the crowd around them that they were sinners, wretched and lost, and going to hell, without mincing language or using any doubtful expressions; and yet all through it there was not one tone of harshness or severity; it was all of tenderest pity for those who were ready to perish, yearning in terrible anxiety to lead others to that Saviour who had lifted them, in spite of their circumstances, out of wretchedness and sin into the peace and joy which they now possessed.

"That little open-air meeting was to me an index to their work. A coming out of the poor to the poor under the constraint of Christ's own love; a coming out, not with blankets or loaves or silver and gold, which these poor creatures had not to offer, but a coming out with the very same overflowing compassion for the wandering sheep which filled the heart of Nazarene and of His apostles, and which made to them poverty and toil and shame and suffering bright with the coming joy of saving the lost.

"Come along, Oram,' the General would say, as he saw one of his few helpers in those days approaching in the open air, 'you can help me sing,' and then the children would gather round and help, till a crowd of men and women came, and, by-and-bye, after a warm invitation given, the General would form his devoted assistants in procession and march them across one of the biggest thoroughfares in London to the meeting-place."

"It used to be crowded, and many and many a soul got saved there,"

was the summing-up of my informant, the daughter of a worthy couple, who have both since passed into the skies.

"My mother," she adds, "had been converted years before, but was a backslider when Mr. Booth came to the East End. He used to stand near our house. So mother heard him and went out to the meeting, where she sought and found mercy.

"My father, though a quiet sort of man, was all for the world, and used always to be going to theatres. I never saw such a change in any one as in him when he got saved. It was on December 2nd, 1865, and all the way walking home from the chapel the General then used in Holywell Mount, Shoreditch, he kept on shouting, 'I'm a King's son! I'm a King's son!' till I thought he had gone silly. Mother was in bed with rheumatic fever. Ever since she had got converted she used to pray with me and take me to the meetings. On that night she and father prayed together for the first time.

"That Christmas some of father's friends came to see him, and he was so frightened; but he thought he must go out with them, and then he was persuaded to have a little drink and go with them to the theatre; but when he came back he went straight into the bedroom, fell down on his knees, and cried like a child. He said he had sinned against God, and asked, 'Do you think He will take me back?' 'Oh,' said mother, 'God is always open to take poor prodigals back.' And so he got right, and after that he always went on straight with a firm faith in God, a quietly happy man. At the time of his conversion he owed three pounds to an uncle. He felt he must pay the money, and, as soon as he could get it together, tried to do so, but he then found that the uncle was dead, and so he paid the money over to the Christian Mission."



EVALINE CORY BOOTH.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE EAST LONDON MISSION. 1866.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1865, brought a new and welcome reinforcement to the East End Mission, and an appropriate token of the Divine favour, in the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's fourth daughter and seventh child, Evangeline—Eva, as she is popularly known. Faith loves to trace the finger-marks of an over-ruling Providence in what might otherwise be passed over as the merest accident. BORN on Christmas Day, and born in the self-same year in which the East End Mission was commenced, of all Mr. and Mrs. Booth's children none have possessed in so powerful a degree the faculty of attracting and managing the roughest of the roughs. Seldom has there been a prolonged disturbance, or prospect of a riot, but she has been the first to volunteer to fill the gap, and her appearance upon the scene of action has usually resulted in a complete change of front on the part of the most turbulent of the disturbers. Like the gale-proof petrel she has delighted to be found,

“Where the thunders echo loud and deep,
And the stormy winds do blow.”

With more than a Peter's faith she has flung herself out of the boat on to the raging waves and has walked with unswerving confidence to meet the same Jesus, who is still often to be found upon these troubled waters and amid such perilous surroundings—oftener, indeed, than amid the luscious ease in which the daughters of Zion too often seek and find him not. How strange that Christian critics fail to see that the spirit of Calvary is as necessary now as it was eighteen hundred and ninety years ago, and that it is to be found among those who dare to face the fury of a mob goaded to madness by the craft-endangered worshippers of Diana, rather than in the bosoms of those who conceal their timidity behind their disapproval, and save the lashings of their conscience by their untimely reproofs.

“The day has gone,” remarked the General, in one of his humorous home-thrusts, when replying on one occasion to the objections of some who repeated the old complaint concerning those who

had turned the world upside down, "The day has gone when the priest and Levite are content to pass by the wounded man. They must needs stop now, turn back, and punch the head of any good Samaritan who dares to come to the rescue!"

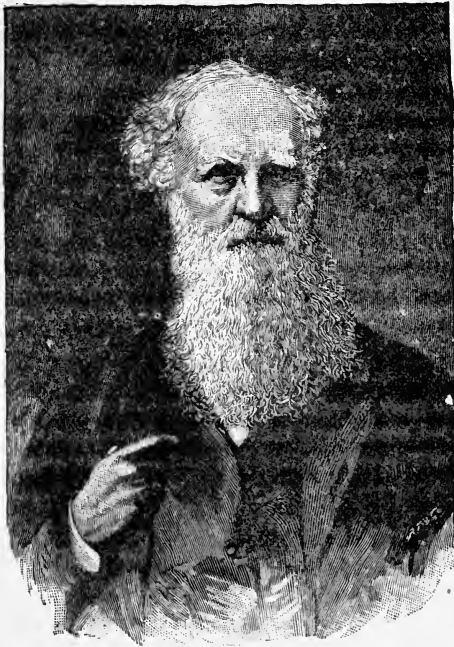
It is fashionable with the same breath to admire Daniel in the lion's den, or the three Hebrew heroes in the flames, and to condemn in no measured terms the brave men and women who face the savagery of an Eastbourne or a Torquay mob, and who refuse to bow down before the image of a God-dishonouring law. With all the stringency of a Mosaic dispensation, it used to be permissible to pull a sheep or an ass out of a pit upon the Sabbath day. It has needed the refinement of a Christian era to enact that upon this day of all others it is *not* "lawful to do good," but that the same man who is forbidden to sound a note to the glory of God may play the same instrument down the same streets to the same tune, provided that death-dealing rifles and blood-consecrated swords follow in his train and he wears the uniform that marks him as a soldier of the Queen! If this be not straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, then verily words have lost their meaning!

But to return from this digression. In the middle of February Mrs. Booth commenced a ten weeks' campaign at the Rosemary Branch Assembly Rooms in Peckham. The meetings lasted till the end of April, this being the longest sustained effort that Mrs. Booth had yet undertaken single-handed. She much preferred a prolonged series of meetings to the isolated services which towards the close of her labours were alone possible. One service furnished a subject for the next. Dealing personally, as was her habit, at the close of each address with the penitents, she became familiar with the "refuges of lies" behind which those who had not come forward were seeking for shelter. This afforded her a fresh opportunity for unmasking their excuses, and forcing them to a definite decision.

During this year Mrs. Booth was completely prostrated by a severe illness which the best medical skill seemed powerless to combat. She wasted away so rapidly that her family became alarmed lest they should lose her. Following the advice of her medical attendant, Mr Booth at length insisted on removing her to Tunbridge Wells, where she was to live for a time "the life of a tree." The change and rest proved beneficial, although for some time to come she still remained in a very delicate condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth were preparing to return to London, when they

were struck with the advertisement of a religious meeting which was to be conducted by the Rev. W. Haslam on the lawn of a mansion known as Dunorlan, the residence of a well-known Christian philanthropist, Mr. Henry Reed. Happening to know Mr. Haslam, for whom they entertained a sincere regard, and being desirous to make the acquaintance of Mr. Reed, they resolved to be present. They missed their way, and were consequently late, but took their place on the outskirts of the crowd. Mr. Haslam was speaking in his



MR. HENRY REED, OF TASMANIA.

usual easy, illustrative, and pointed manner to an attentive and interested audience. Mr. Reed followed with a few words. Of tall and well-proportioned figure, with snowy hair and long flowing beard, regular features, a face bespeaking determination, and eyes piercing and expressive, his appearance was calculated to produce an impression which could not easily be forgotten. His remarks were simple and yet effective.

After the concluding prayer Mr. Haslam stepped forward and

introduced Mr. and Mrs. Booth to Mr. and Mrs. Reed, who cordially invited them to conduct a service on the following Sunday in his Mission Hall. Mr. Booth was unable to accept the invitation, being published for meetings in London, but Mrs. Booth, though still unfit for public work, agreed to be present. She removed on Saturday to Dunorlan, where she was very heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and where she laid the foundation of a life-long friendship, which proved of no little importance in the early history of the East End Mission.

Doncaster was Mr. Reed's birthplace. But when quite a youth he had gone to Tasmania, where, by dint of industry, integrity, and ability, he had risen to a position of prominence and wealth. Returning to England some twenty years previous to the time at which our narrative commences, he had built for himself the beautiful mansion of Dunorlan.

The hall in which Mrs. Booth was to speak had been specially erected by him for the convenience of his tenantry and neighbours. Mr. Reed had his own ideas as to the management of the services, and before the meeting commenced he called Mrs. Booth aside and gave her his instructions. "We shall commence at three o'clock," he said, "and everything must be over by four punctually. Consequently your sermon should be concluded a few minutes before that time." He repeated this injunction with so much emphasis that Mrs. Booth replied, "Well, Mr. Reed, you must be my timekeeper, for when I am once started I am very apt to forget myself." Mr. Reed was disarmed. He did not quite know what he was promising when he agreed to undertake the duty.

The hall was well filled, and Mrs. Booth had no sooner commenced speaking than the power of God descended, and there were few dry eyes in the audience. Oblivious, as usual, of time she suddenly remembered her promise. Pausing, and turning to Mr. Reed, she asked whether she ought not to conclude. Raising his hands, and with the tears flowing down his venerable face, he cried out, "Never mind the time! Go on! Go on!" Mrs. Booth complied, and it was nearer five than four when she at length sat down. "Let us have a prayer-meeting," she then suggested to her host, who joyfully consented. After singing a verse or two, Mrs. Booth gave the invitation for penitents to come forward. Many responded. Mr. Reed stood in the aisle and encouraged the people, placing his hand upon them and saying, "Come yer ways! Come yer ways!"—a homely

Yorkshire expression which he made use of when he was particularly warmed up.

Mrs. Booth returned to the house and retired at once to her room thoroughly exhausted, Mr. Reed bringing her some tea and treating her with the most fatherly consideration. He expressed his unbounded delight at the remarkable service which had just been held, and became a hard and fast friend from that time forward.

After her return from Tunbridge Wells Mrs. Booth's health was considerably improved, but subsequently the disease seemed to fasten itself upon her with renewed virulence, till she was reduced to a shadow. It was in a remarkable way, in answer to prayer, that she was at length restored. The workers of the Mission had been gathered together at their house for their usual weekly prayer-meeting, and Mrs. Booth's continued illness had been the special subject of their prayers. She was too ill herself to be present. But while lying in bed she looked round the room for something to do, since she could never bear to be unemployed. Her eyes fell upon a drawer, full of unsorted letters and pamphlets. Whilst putting these in order she noticed a paper advocating strongly a certain preparation of charcoal for the malady from which she suffered, which was chronic diarrhoea. The theory advanced by the writer was intelligent, and the cases he adduced of persons who had been cured were so striking that Mrs. Booth resolved at once to give it a trial. From the very onset she obtained relief, and before many days had passed the malady was completely cured, and, though exposed at times to temporary relapses, it never returned again in its original force. The same remedy was afterwards recommended by her to similar sufferers, and almost invariably with equally satisfactory results.

Mrs. Booth's nervous system had, however, received a severe shock, from which it was long before it completely recovered. The barking of a dog, the rattle of carriage wheels along the road, even the chirping of a sparrow outside the window, would render sleep impossible. "It seems to have been my special lot," said Mrs. Booth during her last illness, "to suffer. I can scarcely remember a day in my life which has been free from some kind of pain or other."

It is often the case that Heaven's choicest gifts are wrapped up in our darkest troubles. Indeed, sorrow is frequently God's ambassador—the chosen herald of some special blessing. At the moment we may be disappointed with the mournful appearance and melancholy uniform of the messenger. We may be tempted even to close our

hearts against his entrance, and to reject the missive that he bears. We had pictured to ourselves the dazzling brilliance of an archangel, and behold the funereal robes and solemn lineaments of Woe! It is long, perhaps, before we discover that he is in very truth an angel, but an angel in disguise. We unfold with trembling, hesitating hand the scroll of destiny. But our tears and sighs are at length changed to songs of joy when we decipher in every word and line the assurances of a Father's love.

Thus it was with Mrs. Booth, and the background of physical suffering only served to throw out into greater prominence the "gladiator soul." Few had a better right to claim the privileges of an invalid, and yet have so persistently refused to regard themselves as such, or have so successfully triumphed over bodily weakness, and offered so complete a measure of service to humanity.

Scores of times she sallied from her sick-bed to face the eager, waiting crowds who hung upon her lips, and no sooner had she finished than she hurried back to it, utterly prostrated by the effort. Again and again she would be compelled, even while the meeting was in progress, to place the hymn-book in another's hands, rush into the vestry to relieve the nausea, which even her iron will could not restrain, and then return to deal with penitents, who little dreamed the anguish that her labours cost.

It was a life-long martyrdom, none the less heroic because self-inflicted and avoidable. There was no need for an inquisitor to stand with rack and faggot in one hand, and recantation paper in the other. Her weak body was its own inquisitor, but, overpowered, like her Master, with a sense of compassion for the shepherdless sheep, she would not surrender to its calls. Her indomitable determination carried her along. Like the British soldiers at Waterloo, she knew not when she was defeated; she fought when she should have rested, advanced when she should have retreated, lived when she should have died.

"What I suffered from the building of that church," says Mrs. Booth, "no tongue can tell. There was a large amount of stonework in the front and spire. The chipping of these stones, the laying of the bricks, and the putting down of the floors cost me what only those can understand who have been similarly afflicted. I encouraged myself, however, with the hope that when once it was completed I should have peace. But in this I was woefully disappointed. The echo of the street traffic from its walls, commencing at early morning

and lasting till midnight, nearly distracted me. In vain I tried every scheme which could be suggested for deadening the sound. I padded the windows, but that was useless. It came through the glass and reverberated through the walls. I plugged my ears with cotton-wool dipped in oil. But this only brought the sound of the rushing of my blood, which was still more difficult to endure. The house became uninhabitable, and we were obliged to have a change.

“When walking out with the children one morning I had noticed a house opposite the Victoria Park. It stood by itself and appeared to be quiet. I made some inquiries about it and then mentioned it to the General, who objected that it was too expensive. I had thought of a



MRS. BOOTH'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE LODGE VILLAS, HACKNEY.

way for getting over this difficulty. We were already taking in one lodger, to help us to meet our rent. I expressed my willingness to take in two, although it meant a considerable addition to my household cares. It was suited to our requirements. And it was evident that unless quiet could be secured for me I should be beyond the need of any house at all. Finally we decided to take it.

“It was a convenient centre for our work, and was largely used, as was the case with all our homes, for office purposes. Indeed, as our

children grew up, and became in turn the heads of various enterprises, they necessarily brought home with them a large amount of business, and anything like real retirement or privacy became more and more impossible. Not only in this but in all our later homes, every bedroom has been an office, and from the attic to the kitchen every available scrap of space has been occupied with correspondence and secretaries.

“Of course when we established a regular headquarters, the



MRS. BOOTH'S HOME, NO. 3, GORE ROAD.

greater part of the business was transacted there, but much of the work was of a private character, and the pressure upon the General and on my children was always so severe that, after putting in a good day's work at the office, it seemed as if still more remained to be done, and so they would bring home bundles of their papers and sit up over them till the small hours of the morning.

“The fact, too, that we have been always accustomed to discuss

among ourselves any important step, and consult each other's views in regard to matters, has also led to much of the most important work being transacted at home. All this would have been impossible and the cause would have suffered materially, had we refused to yield to the exigencies of the hour, and confined ourselves to smaller quarters.

"Of course, there was another alternative. We might have refused, as I suppose most people under similar circumstances would have done, to allow the privacy of our home to be invaded, doing what we could in office hours and letting the rest drift. But then the Salvation Army would never have been what it is to-day, and my husband and children would have had to be made of different material to what they are! I sometimes think that if our critics could have seen the drudgery and toil that all this has inflicted, they would have been less ready to add to our sorrows and our tears by their unkind reflections.

"Well, in the matter of our home we were influenced by circumstances over which we had no control, and always acted in the highest interests of the work. Only too glad would I have been if I could have retired to some little cottage corner, where I could have buried myself in the privacy which the more I loved the less I seemed able to obtain. Look at this house in which I lie dying. It is more of a hotel than a home even now, not excepting my bed-room, where papa and all of you must needs bring your papers and business for me to listen to and give my opinion upon. *You know!*"

Yes, we did! For had we not seen the General bring his manuscripts and proofs of the great Social Scheme for the perusal and suggestions of the dying saint, who fell, as she had lived, with her hand upon the two-edged sword that through life she had wielded with such power, and to which sickness and anguish seemed only to have leant a keener edge! *We knew!* If ever an earthly home could be a Bethel, a house of God and a gate of heaven, her's had been. Consecrated, not by the singing of a few sentimental hymns, or the gabbling of a few incoherent prayers, but by the training of a family of warriors, by the salvation of souls upon the domestic hearth, by the creation of successful plans and the preparation of writings which have left their eternal mark upon numberless hearts and lives, it needed no apology. Would God there were thousands more such in England and throughout the world!

CHAPTER LV.

MARGATE. 1867.

THOUGH still in some measure suffering from the effects of her prolonged illness, Mrs. Booth commenced the new year with a series of meetings in St. John's Wood. The Sunday services were held in the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, the week-night in the school rooms of the Baptist and Independent chapels near at hand. The first meeting was held in the teeth of a severe snow-storm. Indeed, it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Booth succeeded in keeping her appointment. But by the third Sunday notices had to be placed outside that the hall was full and no more could be admitted. Many of those who were shut out, having walked long distances, were bitterly disappointed. One special feature of this series lay in the fact that more than three-fourths of the congregation consisted of gentlemen. The campaign was continued for three months, the interest being sustained throughout. At the farewell meeting Mr. Stott, the pastor of one of the chapels, in giving a warm tribute to the good which had been accomplished amongst his own members, said that not only had they been greatly edified and stimulated, but that their numbers had been considerably increased.

Here, as usual, Mrs. Booth succeeded in gathering round her a circle of friends. Amongst others was a Mrs. Newenham, towards whom she experienced from the first a special affinity of spirit. Mrs. Newenham was one of those original, brilliant, and out-spoken characters who could hardly fail to interest Mrs. Booth. An able conversationalist, intensely and yet good-naturedly humorous, demonstrative to a fault, she was attracted alike by the combination of religious fervour and refreshing naturalness of Mrs. Booth. But, perhaps better than any mere description, the following letter written to Mrs. Booth will introduce her to the reader. The letter is headed "Pray burn when read, unless useful as a warning":

"15th March, 1871.

"My dear Mrs. Booth once said to me, 'If you get the blessing of a clean heart I shall begin to hope.'

"Then, my dearest sister, begin to hope now, while your eye rests on the paper. For I have got a beautiful, clean, soft heart!

"The means—resolve on my part, and feeble but constant prayer. I am not able, from want of time and head, to tell you the story to-day. But as soon as I can I will come to see you.

"Tell Mr. Booth the cooking is nearly done! I have had my last crisping and shall soon be dished up for—the Master's table!

"At present I am as weak as a baby in body and soul. But I must write that you may begin to hope!

"Your most loving,

"LUCY NEWENHAM.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing!"

Some little time after the services had been brought to a conclusion a deputation of gentlemen waited on Mrs. Booth, offering to build her a church similar to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. This proposal was declined, Mrs. Booth believing that she could best expend her time and strength in visiting the various important centres, from which the calls were becoming more and more numerous. The wisdom of this decision has since been fully demonstrated, since it is easy to recognise that in view of the subsequent exigencies of the then Christian Mission, she could not have exercised the same widespread influence had her attention been confined to a single locality. Perhaps, however, it was the uncertainty of her health more than anything else that precluded her at the time from falling in with this suggestion.

On the 28th April of this year was born Mrs. Booth's eighth and youngest child, Lucy Milward. With the exception of Marian she was the most delicate of the family. But, though struggling with the disadvantages of a weak constitution, she early gave proof that, if the last upon the scene of action, she was not to be the least. Lucy has inherited in no small measure her mother's inflexibility of purpose and strength of will, together with much of her father's rapidity of thought and action. Endowed with a soul for music, several of the most taking Army airs have been the natural expression of sad and suffering hours, when, debarred from her coveted place in the battle, her heart has found its consolation in stirring up the faith and zeal of others, or in urging them to purity with "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

How often has the most soul-affecting melody borrowed its pathos and its power from the inspiration of the author's sufferings! There may be a philosophy in this. Perhaps none but the hand of grief *can* cause those heart-chords to vibrate which produce the tender

harmonies so captivating to the human ear, and which doubtless find their echo in the Divine heart !

“’Tis said that when the nightingale
Would sing its sweetest lay,
It’s breast against a thorn ’twill nail ;
Thus in our saddest day
We sing to Thee, and piercing pain
But wakes the music sweet,
Attunes the Cross-inspired refrain
Which love lays at Thy feet !”

It was at one of her London services that Mrs. Booth met with a lady who suggested the advisability of her holding meetings at some of the fashionable seaside resorts during the summer. “Our class of people,” she explained, “never go anywhere except to church, where conversion is seldom definitely put before them. But when they are at a watering-place, away from their ordinary home associations, and with nothing particular to do, they can often be prevailed upon to attend such services as yours. It was in this way that I myself was converted. I should never have thought of going anywhere except to my church when I was at home, but happening to be away, I saw a special announcement, attended the meeting, and on the very first occasion gave my heart to God.”

The suggestion pleased Mrs. Booth, and she resolved to make the attempt. She went to Ramsgate, engaged a hall, and commenced her services. But it proved far too small to contain the crowds who flocked to it. An opportunity occurred for securing the Royal Assembly Rooms in Margate. Mrs. Booth seized the chance. It was crowded from the first, and finding that there was a prospect of a powerful work she decided to spend the season there. To travel backwards and forwards to her family in London was evidently impossible, and yet the difficulty and expense of securing a house seemed to preclude the idea of bringing the children to Margate. But once having made up her mind to a course she was not easily baffled. So, setting the children to pray about the matter, she proceeded to make further inquiries.

She had noticed a house to let which appeared to her particularly suitable, and a peculiar assurance that she would be able to secure it took possession of her. On inquiry she ascertained that it belonged to two gentlemen who had been deeply impressed at one of her recent meetings. She was thus enabled to obtain a lease on very reasonable



LUCY M. BOOTH.

terms, and a few days later, to her intense satisfaction, the children marched in and took possession. The result justified the venture, and not only were the entire expenses connected with the effort covered, but several new friends were enlisted whose generous benefactions considerably helped the East London Mission, both then and in later years. Amongst others was a Mr. Freeman, who had spent some years in China, but had returned to England owing to the precarious health of his delicate wife. He was of a noble and benevolent disposition, and appeared to have many years of usefulness before him, but was suddenly cut down in the prime of life, to the intense grief of his devoted wife, who proved to the Mission a generous and reliable friend. Mrs. Freeman was a sincere and transparent character—a thorough believer in the self-sacrifice and separation from the world which Mrs. Booth advocated, and between the two hearts there existed a strength of sympathy and affection which was maintained unbroken to the last.

Among the first fruits of the Margate work was one of the daughters of Mrs. Billups, the Cardiff friend alluded to in a previous chapter. She was a gay, fashionable worldling, a brilliant musician, and with a strong ambition in the direction of education. Perhaps a little wearied of the routine of home life, and having formed a strong personal affection for Mrs. Booth, she sought and obtained her parents consent to visit her. To this arrangement Mrs. Billups the more gladly agreed, since she had been anxious for some time regarding the salvation of her daughter. Nothing, however, could be further from the thoughts of Miss Billups. She loved the world too well, and openly avowed that she hated revivals and had no wish for anything further than the prosecution of her studies. For a time the position was maintained, but a little kindly suasion induced her to attend some of Mrs. Booth's services in London, and when the family removed to Margate Miss Billups became a regular attendant at the meetings. Nor was it long before she surrendered her heart to God. The change was clearly marked. She at once gave up her finery, abandoned her educational ambitions, consecrated her musical talent to the Lord, became a powerful preacher, and led hundreds of souls to Christ. Amongst other services she greatly helped the General in the compilation of his first hymnal music-book. After years of earnest and successful toil, she finally married a revival minister and went over to Canada, where she has done much good, maintaining still her former spirit and zeal.

The Margate meetings were in some respects, however, of a trying character. At the beginning Mrs. Booth took her stand alone, without knowing a single person present. For several weeks she could not reckon upon a helper in the prayer-meeting. There was no one to give out a hymn, and, what was worse still, there was no one to raise a tune! Mrs. Booth being unable to start the singing herself, there was often an awkward pause before she could induce anybody to commence. "The more respectable the audience," says Mrs. Booth in later years, "the greater was my difficulty. It was almost impossible to get anybody to step beyond the limits of the stereotyped conventionalities! If I had only been able to command half a dozen reliable people, such as I could have anywhere now, I could have done almost anything!"

Nevertheless, judged by any standard, either past or present, the meetings were a marvellous success. Ministers, journalists, visitors, from all parts of the kingdom, together with the inhabitants of the town, crowded to the hall Sunday after Sunday. They listened, were convicted of sin, wept, and were in many cases converted to God. Seldom has Mrs. Booth spoken with more power and demonstration of the Spirit.

The only symptom of opposition proceeded from a neighbouring clergyman, who endeavoured to take away the hall by offering a higher price for its use. Fortunately, however, possession was secured by a properly executed agreement.

Amongst those who attended these meetings was Mr. Knight, the well-known publisher. He was deeply impressed with the character of the truth which Mrs. Booth proclaimed, declaring it to be in advance of anything with which he had hitherto been acquainted. He offered to undertake the entire responsibility of reporting and publishing the sermons, giving to Mrs. Booth whatever monetary advantage might accrue. She thought, however, that he had over-estimated the value of her services, and declined the generous offer, a course for which she afterwards experienced considerable regret, as but few of her addresses were reduced to writing, and her memory being so fickle she could not recall to mind the next day the words that she had spoken. The notes on which she relied in facing her audiences were the merest skeletons, and, as will be readily imagined by those who have heard her, they were commonly superseded by the inspiration of the hour.

Her plan of preparation for her public services consisted in drawing

up a line of argument, saturating her mind thoroughly with the subject, and then either using or dispensing with her notes as occasion might require. "I can do without notes," she used to say, "when I have liberty. But when I have not, they are very useful to fall back upon, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that, if I have not spoken with my usual ease and pleasurable emotion, I have at least absolved my conscience by dealing out the truth." Many of the notes of her most powerful addresses were scribbled on odd scraps of paper, while nursing her baby, or jotted down between intervals of household work. Perhaps this was what imparted to them their special pungency. She was such a happy combination of the mother, wife, and prophetess, that in advising others she was able to draw largely on her own experience. But, above all, her powerful intellect was so completely mastered by her tender heart that her severest rebukes were couched in terms with which the most sensitive nature found it difficult to take offence.

The following choice extract from one of her powerful addresses to professing Christians beautifully illustrates this characteristic :

"A false love shrinks from opposition. It cannot bear persecution. Here is one unfailling characteristic of it : *it is always on the winning side*—that is, apparently; down here; not what *will* be, ultimately, the winning side. When Truth sits enthroned, with a crown on her head, this false love is most vociferous in her support and devotion; but when her garments trail in the dust, and her followers are few, feeble, and poor, then Jesus Christ may look after himself. I sometimes think, respecting this hue and cry about the glory of God and the sanctity of religion, I would like to see some of these saints put into the common hall with Jesus again, amongst a band of ribald, mocking soldiers. I would like to see, then, their zeal for the glory of God, when it touched their own glory. They are wonderfully zealous when their glory and His glory go together; but, when the mob is at His heels, crying, 'Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' then He may look after His own glory and they will take care of theirs.

"True love sticks to the LORD JESUS IN THE MUD, when he is fainting under his cross, as well as when the people are cutting down the boughs and crying 'Hosanna!' I fear many people make the Lord Jesus Christ a stalking-horse on which to secure their ends. God grant us not to be of that number, for, if we are, He will topple us from the very gates of heaven to the nethermost hell. This false love cannot go to the dungeon—you never find it at the stake. It always manages to shift its sides and change its face before it goes so far as that. Never in disgrace; never with Jesus Christ in the minority, at Golgotha—on the cross. Always with him when he is riding triumphant!

"Oh, I often think if times of persecution were to come again how many of us would be faithful? How many would go to the dungeon? How many would stand by the truth with hooting, howling mobs at our heels, such as followed

Him on the way to the cross—such as stood round His cross and spat upon Him, and cast lots for His vesture, and parted His garments among them, and wagged their heads and cried, 'He saved others; Himself He cannot save'? How many of us would stick to Him then? But, as your soul and mine liveth, this is the only kind of love that will stand the test of the Judgment Day.

"Oh, have you got this love? Love in the darkness; love in the garden; love in sorrow; love in suffering; love in isolation; love in persecution; love to the death! Have we got this love? Examine yourselves, beloved, and see whether you are in the faith or not, for there is much need of it in this day, when there are so many false gospels and so much false doctrine."



EYRE ARMS ASSEMBLY HALL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

CHAPTER LVI.

BEHIND THE PIGEON-SHOP. 1866-1868.

FROM the story of Mrs. Booth's immediate labours we turn again to the contemporary history of the Christian Mission, with which from the first her life was necessarily and increasingly entwined. Here the spiritual and financial horizon was far from encouraging. There have always been peculiar difficulties associated with a work of this kind, and probably always will be. No sooner was a genuine convert made than, in the majority of instances, he evinced a natural and even laudable desire to forsake his evil surroundings, removing as soon as possible to a more respectable quarter. In other instances, the penitents who sought salvation in the meetings had drifted in from distant places to which they were obliged to return, often no more to be seen, or at least seldom to be relied upon for any effectual help.

Added to these discouragements were the opposition and petty persecutions with which, indoors and out, at home and abroad, the workers had perpetually to contend. There was no corps of trained and uniformed Salvationists to help with song and testimony; no brass band with its enlivening music to drown the jeering of the mob, or soothe them into friendliness. Nevertheless, the General persevered, inventing plan upon plan to hold and interest the turbulent crowds, organising agency after agency, and adding building upon building to his list. The halls, it is true, were of a rough-and-ready sort, as the following description given by Mr. Booth at the time will show:

“One of our first halls was an old chapel, called Holywell Mount. A fine place it seemed, after the wretched holes and corners to which we had been accustomed. Still it never answered our purposes, perhaps just because it had been a chapel.

“Then we had a *stable*, up a court leading off the Whitechapel Road. We had it cleaned, whitewashed, and fitted up, and from its situation we were full of hope of seeing great results. But alas, we counted our chickens before they were hatched, as others have often done before us! After the first meeting or two we were summarily

ejected, the room next us being occupied by a sparring club, and our exercises disturbing theirs. They were old tenants, and their work being more in sympathy with the publican proprietor, there was nothing for us but to go.

"From the beginning we were always picking up people in the roads from all parts of London, nay, from almost every corner of the globe, some bent on business and some on pleasure. They would follow our processions to the halls, get saved, and then invite us to the quarter where they lived. In this way we went to Old Ford, to a carpenter's shop ; to Poplar, to a shed, between which and some stables and pig-styes there was only a wooden partition. The stench which oozed through the open cracks was enough to have poisoned us all.

"Then we took a covered skittle-alley in Whitechapel, where they bowled and gambled and drank and swore on week-days, while we preached and prayed and sang on Sundays. A movable platform was constructed over the square upon which the pins usually stood, and on it, or in front of it, I have seen as many as twenty people kneeling at once, and weeping as they sought salvation."

One of the most interesting of these spots, however, in which the Salvation Army held its first hand-to-hand encounters with the powers of darkness—its *Thermopylæ*—was a little room behind a pigeon-shop in Sclater Street, Shoreditch. The historian of these early days, Commissioner Railton, thus describes the place and its surroundings in a little pamphlet published many years ago, and well worthy of a resurrection now :

"Scarcely behind the pigeon-shop, though, for the entrance to the shop was the same as that which led to the little room behind, so that those who went into the one might very easily be supposed to be going into the other, and yet the two places were very different. The pigeon-shop filled with pet birds and animals of all descriptions, and always as full of the peculiar stench which such places alone produce, was as dirty and disagreeable a spot as one could well imagine, although the people who kept it were so much in their element that they lived, ate, drank, smoked, and slept in the self-same apartment wherein they carried on their business, Sundays and weekdays alike. And this was not in some far-off island, or even in a dark unseen nook of some ancient borough. It was—one almost fears to name the name, lest all the halo of surprise should at once

depart—it was in Sclater Street, just one minute's walk from Shore-ditch, London.

“But if you were not inclined for birds or white mice, and passed by these attractions, you could certainly, at the time when our story begins, May, 1868, have found something far more wondrous at the end of the little passage and across the yard, where a large pen of fowls kept up a ceaseless chatter. There was a little room scarcely twenty feet square, lit mainly in the daytime through a small skylight, the low ceiling supported by pillars intended probably to ensure the safety of the workshop above. The floor-boards were in such a state that they gave way sometimes beneath your feet; the drainage was defective, and in the summer-time the room was almost unendurably hot. Nevertheless, whoever will receive the testimony of those who knew the place best, produced mainly in their own words, will we are sure be satisfied that in this little place God Almighty wrought wonders such as the power of His Spirit can alone accomplish.

“The following sketch of the neighbourhood, which appeared in a London daily paper, very accurately describes the scene presented in those days :

“The chief attraction of the Hare Street Sunday market lies in the song-birds, and herein is one of the most inexplicable mysteries that mark human nature. What natural affinity can be traced between the innocent little caroller of the leafy woods and the alley-bred, heavy-jowled biped, swearing hideous oaths in support of his assertion that there is nothing in the world he has so much admiration for? Setting aside his ‘fancy’ for song-birds, if young Muggins chose conscientiously to reply to the question, What is the summit—the extreme tip-top of earthly bliss? he would say, ‘Unlimited beer in a tap-room.’ Just fancy, then, Master Muggins making love to a linnet! hanging longingly about the cage in which it is imprisoned and marked ‘ninepence’; manfully offering sevenpence, ‘every precious oat I’ve got in the precious world; bless my precious eyes if it ain’t!’ only it is impossible to reproduce the earnestness with which the fruitless bid was made, or, indeed, to give the expressive word for which ‘precious’ is here substituted. It is quite touching to observe the manner in which Muggins removes his dirty short pipe from his dirtier mouth to chirrup fondly to the little bird that might have fondly nestled in his bosom but for that base remaining twopence.

“There is not a bird that sings that is not represented in this wonderful market. Chaffinches, goldfinches, bullfinches, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings—there they hang in their shabby prisons outside the shops of the bird-fanciers in broad rows, and stacked in solid stacks in each shop’s interior. There were larks—thousands of larks—many of them familiar with bondage, who, in the midst of the clamour and chatter, raised their wonderful voices as though mercifully bent on drowning the blasphemous batch of human tongues, or at least on mingling with it their

sweet song to blunt the sting of the offence as it ascended heavenward. Hundreds of other larks, crazy with fright, were beating their bodies against the iron bars.

“Who'll buy a lark? Who'll buy a finch? Who'll buy a battlingfinch? Who wants a finch wot'll “peg” or sing ag'in anything as ever piped atween wood and wire?” Rare qualities these to be embodied in one small chaffinch! And so it seemed, judging from the appearance of the crowd that at once surrounded the individual who clambered up on to a window-sill and made this last-mentioned proposition. The gifted chaffinch was not much to look at. It was housed in a rusty old cage, which was tied in a ragged pocket-handkerchief. The man tore a little hole in the handkerchief bigger and revealed his treasure—a rump-tailed, partly bald-headed, dissipated-looking wretch of a bird as ever one clapped eyes on. ‘I'll take ten bob for him, and he's worth twice as much,’ bawled his owner, proudly. ‘I've had him out a-peggin’—a way of catching chaffinches with a decoy —and I've sung him agin both Kent and Surrey birds, both kiss-me-dear and chuck-wee-doo's, and he was never licked yet. I'd a wrung his — neck if he had been. There must be no two ways about a bird that I keep—yer knows me, some of yer?’ Several persons in the crowd seemed to know him very well, but I did not observe that they availed themselves of the advantage to eagerly embrace the splendid opportunity he offered them; and the disreputable finch was finally sold, amid much swearing and cursing, for six shillings. And so the fun of the fair was maintained—the police, of whom there were several in attendance, only interfering when words ran dangerously high or the mob thickened inconveniently at one spot.”

Mr. Railton then goes on to describe some of the early converts. We select the history of two of these, both now in heaven, as told by themselves :

“At the age of thirteen I went as a pot-boy, and remained so until I was sixteen. Here I got the flavour of drink and I never lost it until I was converted to God, through the blessed words of Brother L— and Brother W—, spoken in the open air. When I look back and think how I have beaten my poor wife—it was through the drink—it makes me ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blow, but sometimes the blow first. After I got sober sometimes it would make me ashamed to look at her black eyes, but I do thank God there is no fear of black eyes now, for we are very happy together.

“I wonder I have never had an explosion, for I have been drunk for a week at a time. I am a stoker and engine-driver. Half my wages went for drink, and my wife was afraid to speak to me, and the poor children would get anywhere out of the way. I was reckoned a regular ‘lushington.’ I lost place after place, and was out of work several weeks at a time; for they did not care to employ a drunkard. Still I would have beer somehow, I did not care how, so that I got it. I have given one-and-sixpence for the loan of a shilling, and though there was not a bit of bread at home, the shilling would go for beer.

“I have often had the police called in for ill-using my wife. On one occasion she ran down to her mother's with her face bleeding, but I went to bed. When I woke, I saw my wife was not there, so I went out and got drunk. I came home and got a large carving knife, put it up my sleeve, and went down to her mother's

with the intention of killing her, but they saw the knife. The police were called in and I was taken to Spitalfields Station ; but, no one coming to press the charge, I got off.

"For some months before I was converted, I could not sleep unless I was drunk, very seldom going to bed without cursing and swearing until I went to sleep, and woke up the same in the morning—waking everybody in the house with my cursing and swearing, sometimes in the middle of the night.

"Eight years ago God thought fit to lay me on a bed of sickness for thirteen weeks and I was given up by all the doctors. When I got better people thought I would alter my life and become a steady man, but no, I was as bad as ever. While I was at work, another time, drunk, I lost one of my eyes by an accident ; but that did not make me a sober man, nor make me leave off swearing and cursing. I was, in general, drunk two or three times on Sundays. The Sunday that I was convinced I was a sinner I had been drunk twice.

"I did not think there was much happiness for me, but I do thank God for what He has done for me. He has changed my heart ; He has filled me full of the love of Christ ; my greatest desire is to tell sinners what a dear Saviour I have found and to tell them how I found Him."

His wife gave a dreadful confirmation to all this, when she added :

"I have been a wife sixteen years, and never knew happiness till my dear husband was converted."

Such people, turned from darkness to light, formed the strength of the Mission force, whose headquarters were behind the pigeon-shop, and who went forth time after time to face the godless crowds around them, fearless of earth and hell, for their Master's sake.

Missioning in such places is no easy task sometimes. Mrs. Price says :

"We only lived a few doors off and the people knew us and we used to catch it hot. The men would sit all along the pavement in front of the place with their pots of beer.

"I remember when I got my first shawl after my conversion—we were reduced to such a destitute state, you know, before then, that I hadn't any—and when I got my new shawl on, the first time I went with it, it was spit on and torn, and that wasn't easy to bear, was it ?

"As we stood in the open air one day, a boy came with some hot pease-pudding and spread it right on a young man's face.

"We had to leave my father's house, where we were living when we were converted, for it was no use. We couldn't put up with their ways any longer, and they could not put up with ours. It was a hard trial to leave my father's house, but I felt it was the Lord's way, and I was determined to follow Him."

A band of such people is not easily daunted. They used to go out into the open air every night, and although, whilst they stood and spoke, the power of God laid hold on those who heard them, so that

they were rarely disturbed whilst standing, yet the hullabaloo through which they had to make their way to the hall, as they marched along singing, was often very great. Quite a band of tin-kettle beaters at times went before them; volleys of winkle shells would fall upon them from the windows, and dead rats and other animals from the various shops around would vary the discharge of the enemy's artillery.

Jack Price, a strong, healthy man to all appearance, seemed to be in his usual health and strength, but was one day taken ill at his work, and had to go home. He was not thought to be in danger, however, till next Monday morning, when at five o'clock, he suddenly sprang out of bed, and said to his wife, "I am going home."

He then had all his eight children gathered round him, and charged them each to meet him in heaven. After bidding them "good-bye," he told them that he should be gone to heaven before they came home to dinner.

He said repeatedly that he was "trusting in Jesus and going home all right—all right."

His eldest daughter had been married not many months previously to a dear young man, who, after only a few months of married life, had passed to his reward in heaven. Referring to him, his dying father-in-law added, "Willie would not expect to meet me so soon."

Somebody asked him how it was with his soul. "Triumphant, triumphant, triumphant!" he said.

His last words were, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

When speech failed, however, the triumph of his soul seemed, if possible, to increase, and, waving his handkerchief round his head, he went up to wave the palm of victory forever. It was exactly ten years from the day when, in the little Mission Hall, he had left his load of sins at Jesus's feet.

No less interesting is the story of Carry Berry.

One Sunday evening, as the band stood at their post, at the Hare Street end of Sclater Street, they saw opposite them one Mrs. Berry, familiarly known amongst her friends as "Carry." She had been buying sweetmeats, and was then on her way to "The Well and Bucket," her favourite public-house, calculating on what she called "a pleasant evening" with her companions. But the words of one of the speakers arrested her attention. "If," said he, "you are going on any excursion or journey, you take care to prepare yourself for it."

"Ah," thought Carry, "that's true; I am particular to make plenty of preparation when I go anywhere."

And then the speaker pressed home on his hearers the importance of getting ready for the great journey their souls must soon start upon, when the death hour struck. When the invitation was given to follow to the hall behind the pigeon-shop, Carry was one of those who felt constrained to accept.

But she was not converted that night, although so strongly affected that she afterwards came night after night. Such was her character, however, that some said "she has only come to make a laugh of us." It was natural enough to think so, for her life had been a rough one so far. Her own account of it was this:

"I was born in the East of London and have lived in the parish of Bethnal Green nearly all my life. There were six brothers and sisters of us, and we used to be called 'the happy family.' I don't know particularly why, except that we were to be found together so often in the front of some public-house bar, or sitting side by side in some low concert hall. These places were for years my delight; Saturday night and Sunday were for years spent in this fashion. I would go through a week sometimes and not take much liquor; but I was always going to music-halls and such like places, and was so fond of amusement that I could scarcely pass an organ in the street without dancing. I got my living as a tailoress, making the strong cord trousers they sell to navvies. It is better work than the slop trade, and as I worked hard I could always earn plenty of money to spend in pleasure and drink. My father was a clever tradesman who could earn any amount of money, but was a dreadful drunkard. I think the drink killed him, and he died suddenly. It was a solemn warning, but the effect soon wore off, and all the family went on just the same."

Not long after her father's death a neighbour saw her drinking and dancing with the undertaker who had buried the old man, and who, on that account, stood treat.

She fought with a man on one occasion, both being, no doubt, completely under the influence of drink, and so severe was the battle that she was confined to her bed after it, and the doctor had to be called in.

No wonder that those who knew her imagined her only motive for attending religious services must be to "make a laugh" of them.

"But when I got into the pigeon-shop hall," she says, "the Word of God seemed to go right through me. I have heard some say they were awakened under this text, and some under that; but I know nothing of that, only that I was overcome with a feeling of my sins. I did not know what was going on, only that people were praying and that I lost my burden and came away singing a few songs."

"My first desire was to get all the family to Christ. Two of my sisters were persuaded to attend the meetings, and both professed to find peace. But the persecution they had to suffer overcame them.

"Then there was my brother Joseph. He was dotingly fond of me, more so almost than any of my family; but when he got to know that I had got what they call converted he persecuted me bitterly. He used to call me bad names and say I was a hypocrite, and we were all hypocrites together. But I used to pray for him and for all the family. He lived in the same house with me. He was a hard drinker, indeed I think the drink killed him. He was in the public-house the Saturday night he was taken so bad. On the Sunday I ran for the doctor when I saw how bad he was, and for the first time I was allowed to kneel and pray with him; but he said his heart was stony, and so it was."

With her other brothers, alas! it was much the same. Such was their life that none of them lived out half their days, and the last of them was found dead in his bed, but a few weeks since, after his last spree.

Carry's husband was a trial to her to an extent that only her most intimate friends could form any idea of, for she was anxious, as far as possible, to hide his faults. She was herself naturally very irritable, and this was the greatest difficulty of her religious life.

Again and again she would find her husband in a drunken sleep in their one little room.

"I say to myself," she explained, "now I won't say a word to him, I'll just lie down quietly by his side."

Poor woman, it is no small victory to live soberly, righteously, and godly under such circumstances! But we find her and her companions, after years have passed away, still following Jesus, and labouring for the good of others.

On the very last Sunday of her life she said to a comrade, "I don't think I shall be long here." But she went with her to an open-air service on the Mile End Waste. She felt too weak to speak, but prayed very earnestly, and then marched up with the procession to the hall.

On the following Wednesday evening Carry went to bed singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus." At two o'clock in the morning she awoke in pain, called her sister to her, and, leaning on her neck, almost immediately breathed her last.

It was at a somewhat trying juncture in the history of the Christian Mission that help was received from an unexpected quarter. A young man whose brother had been converted, and who had himself been powerfully stirred by Mrs. Booth's St. John's Wood meetings, had

visited the East End services. Amazed and delighted at all he saw he carried the news of the work to the Committee of the Evangelisation Society, who had at this very time received from a charitable gentleman, Mr. Bewley, of Dublin, a sum of £5,000 for the express purpose of ameliorating the spiritual condition of the London poor. Mr. Booth had already invited the Society to investigate his work, but hitherto his appeals had been without effect. They were now, however, induced to look into it for themselves, with the result that they were fully satisfied as to its value, and agreed to give Mr. Booth a weekly grant in order to enable him to secure a larger building.

The Effingham Theatre was accordingly engaged. It was one of the lowest resorts in all London, and very dirty, but none the less popular with the class whom the Mission sought to reach. So successful was this venture that the Evangelisation Society continued for some time to grant a weekly sum averaging about £12 or £14. Subsequent history justifies the supposition that no portion of Mr. Bewley's gift was better laid out in the interests of God's Kingdom than the contribution which helped to lift the East London Mission for the first time to a position of notoriety and influence.

It was about this time that the first official Headquarters of the Salvation Army was established. A low beerhouse, the Eastern Star, notorious for immorality and other vices, had been burned down and afterwards rebuilt. Mr. Booth bought the lease and fitted it up. In the front room was the first book store, at the back a good hall, with rooms for the classes and smaller meetings upstairs. The Eastern Star, or 188, Whitechapel Road, soon became as active a centre for good as it had previously been for evil. Its name at least was very appropriate. Like its original forerunner, it shone for a time over the cradle of a great future, and then made way for brighter luminaries to take its place.

CHAPTER LVII.

PLYMOUTH BRETHRENISM.

SOME of Mrs. Booth's earliest and keenest shafts were directed against the errors of Plymouth Brethrenism, and to the end of her life she continued to lift up her voice against teachings which she looked upon as fraught with the most calamitous consequences to the Church and the world at large. As this subject is one of general interest, and will necessarily be referred to more than once in the following pages, we may here observe that the leading doctrines of the Brethren are :—

1. The abrogation of the Law by the Gospel.
2. The existence of a dual nature in the converted.
3. The imputation of Christ's righteousness to those who are really not righteous.
4. Only-believism.
5. The second Advent of Christ.

On the first four of these points Mrs. Booth distinctly joined issue with the Brethren, denouncing the doctrines in question as mischievous, dangerous, and totally unscriptural. On the fifth point she declined to enter into controversy, on the ground that it was non-essential to salvation, and that evidently the how and when and where of Christ's coming was so purposely shrouded in mystery that it was our duty rather to prepare ourselves and the world for it, than to spend time in fruitless discussions as to the detail of its arrangements.

In regard to the other points, however, she looked upon them as so intimately connected with vital godliness that she believed them to be worthy of the most careful consideration and refutation.

The Brethren argued in the first place that the Christian was released from the law by the Gospel, basing the proposition upon the text, "Ye are not under the law, but under grace," and similar passages. One of their favourite hymns commenced with the line "Free from the law! O happy condition!" To this Mrs. Booth replied that the law referred to in such passages was the Mosaic ceremonial, not the Divine law of *righteousness*. She denied *in toto*

that the latter had been, or could be, abrogated by the Gospel. Not only had we the distinct assurance of Christ that He "came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil," but it was evident from the whole tenor of the Bible that the latter was included in the former, the Gospel standard being actually much higher than that of the Mosaic dispensation. In proof of this she appealed to the Sermon on the Mount.

Still more emphatically did Mrs. Booth denounce the doctrine of the "Two Natures." She deals with the subject in a masterly manner in the following letter, written apparently in reply to a pamphlet by one L. H. B., forwarded, it appears, by some one in whom she was interested:

"If L. H. B.'s doctrine be true, will he inform us what becomes of this 'old, wicked, black soul' of man at death? If it is immortal, it cannot die. If it forever remains unclean, it cannot enter heaven. If it is not redeemed, or washed in the blood, it must go to hell. So that a real believer, according to L. H. B.'s school, will have one soul in hell and another in heaven!

"If the old soul cannot be washed in the blood of Christ, which soul is it that is so washed? For the saints love to sing 'unto Him who hath washed us from our sins in His own blood.' A new soul, created holy, and preserved holy from its creation, would not need washing in anything. If regeneration means simply *generation*, if to be born again means only to be born *once*, if to be begotten again means only to be begotten, will L. H. B. explain these terms used by the Spirit of God? For it seems to me carefully to guard against the very error into which Brethrenism has led him. If the old or unregenerated soul cannot be washed or redeemed, why does God promise and profess over and over again to renew it, and wherein is the glory of redemption? We are taught that it was greater to redeem than to create. But if this doctrine be true, there is no such thing as redemption, for the new soul never was in bondage, and therefore never could be redeemed; it never was sinful, and therefore never could be washed.

"L. H. B. seems marvellously to confound things that differ, giving us a perfect hodge-podge of doctrine. He says the creation of this new soul goes on gradually and slowly through long weary years, and is Scripturally called repentance. We challenge L. H. B. to give us an iota of proof. Repentance is, all the way through the New Testament, carefully distinguished from faith and regeneration, and is

invariably laid down as preparatory to it (Acts iii. 19, viii. 22, xx. 21, xxvi. 16-20). In this last text the glorified Saviour laid down forever the philosophical, as well as the Divine, order of salvation, and who has authority to transpose that order, any more than to alter the terms?

“Paul understood this order, and preached, first to the Jews and then to the Gentiles, ‘that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.’ What a fleshly preacher Paul must have been according to L. H. B., and how mistaken Jesus must have been to commission him thus to appeal to men, as though they had any power or part in turning themselves to God! But L. H. B. says real regeneration is the creation of a new soul, which takes long weary years to bring about. I ask, how long did it take to regenerate Paul, Lydia, and the Philippian jailer, and the Pentecostal converts? L. H. B. confounds regeneration both with repentance and complete sanctification. Christ carefully distinguishes the three in the 18th verse of xxvi. Acts. They are also clearly distinguished in many other passages, but surely this one is enough.

“L. H. B. says that regeneration is not brought about by appeals to human passions. No, but appeals to the human understanding, conscience, and heart are God-ordained ways of bringing it about. ‘Open their eyes, enlighten their understanding, turn them from darkness to light.’ ‘Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord we persuade men’; and in 2 Cor. v. 20; also Acts xvii. 2; also Acts xvii. 22—32, xviii. 4. Preaching is God’s great instrumentality for saving men and will be till the Gospel is preached to ‘every creature.’

“L. H. B. again confounds working *out* salvation with working *for* salvation, in saying that he who has received eternal life does not agonise for it, and he who has been beguiled into thinking he has won Christ and is in Him, does not count everything but loss if haply he attain that ‘most blessed prize.’ What most blessed prize? Not the knowledge of salvation, for this the Apostle has already, so that he knew to live was Christ, and to die was gain, and that he lived not but Christ lived in him. The prize he was running for was eternal glory—the perfection or finishing of his salvation in heaven.”

The error in regard to the doctrine of the dual natures has arisen doubtless from a misapprehension as to what sin and holiness consist in. The very word “nature” is in this connection a misnomer. Sin and holiness are not physical phenomena, but consist in the voluntary

obedience to or transgression of the moral law. Sin is not a constituent part of our flesh and blood, only to be "shuffled off" simultaneously with this "mortal coil." If it were so it would indeed be—what the defenders of this doctrine tacitly imply, if they do not positively urge—a something that we cannot help.

And herein lies the deadly danger of the doctrine. It practically throws the blame back in the face of God. "I have an evil nature; I was born with it, I cannot get rid of it, it is in my blood and bones; therefore I cannot help it; and therefore I am not to blame, and therefore it irresistibly follows that God is." But sin is not a nature, it is not a created substance, it is not something constitutional, it is not something we cannot help. Sin, according to the plain English of the Bible, is the transgression of the great unchangeable moral law of love, and he creates it who commits it. In other words, sin consists in a wilfully depraved choice. We may entertain at the same time and for different reasons two opposite desires, but we cannot make two opposite choices. Self, in some of its thousand and one modifications, is the *Ultima Thule* of the sinner, the universal law of love that of the saint; and conversion consists in the exchanging of the one for the other—which is surely possible, with the blood of Jesus and the power of God at our disposal. The confusion arises, therefore, from the confounding of the physical and moral natures, and the laws by which they are governed.

The error in regard to "imputed righteousness" is the inevitable consequence of the foregoing doctrines. It supposes that our "standing in Christ" is altogether independent of our life and actions. It being impossible for God Himself to change the evil nature, He is supposed to do the next best thing—to cover it up; to pretend that it is not there, when it really is; to whitewash the sepulchre whilst the inside is full of rotting bones! What else can God do? He has no alternative! It is impossible for us to be holy—so say the apostles of this strange gospel which is no gospel, this gospel of misery, this "Good news" of despair! And herein lies the mischievous tendency of the doctrine. It is nothing more nor less than a plea for sin, and once more throws back the blame of our sinfulness upon God.

In again referring to this subject, Mrs. Booth says:

"Another modern representation of the Christ is that of a *substitutionary* Saviour, not in the sense of *atonement* merely, but in the way of *obedience*. This Christ is held up as embodying in Himself the sum and substance of the sinner's salvation, needing only to be

believed in—that is, accepted by the mind as the atoning sacrifice, and trusted in as securing for the sinner all the benefits involved in His death—without respect to any *inwrought change* in the sinner himself.

“ This Christ is held up as a justification and protection *in* sin, not as a deliverer *from* sin. Men and women are assured that no harm can overtake them if they believe in this Christ, whatever may be the state of their hearts, or however they may in their actions outrage the laws of righteousness and truth.

“ In other words, men are taught that Christ obeyed the law for them, not only as necessary to the efficacy of His atonement for their justification, but that He has placed His obedience in the *stead* of, or as a *substitution* for, the sinner’s own obedience or sanctification ; which in effect is like saying, ‘ Though you may be untrue, Christ is your truth ; though you may be unclean, Christ is your chastity ; though you may be dishonest, Christ is your honesty ; though you may be insincere, Christ is your sincerity. And hence you have nothing to fear.’

“ The Christ of God never undertook to perform any such offices for His people, but He did undertake to make them ‘ new creatures,’ and thus to enable them to perform them for themselves. He never undertook to be true instead of me, but to make me true to the very core of my soul. He never undertook to make me pass for pure, either to God or man, but to enable me to *be* pure. He never undertook to make me pass for honest or sincere, but to renew me in the spirit of my mind so that I could not help but be both, as the result of the operation of His Spirit within me. He never undertook to love God instead of my doing so with ‘ all my heart and mind and soul and strength,’ but He came on purpose to empower and inspire me to do this.

“ The idea of a *substitutionary* Christ, accepted as an outward covering or refuge, instead of the power of ‘ an endless life,’ is a cheat of the devil, and has been the ruin of thousands of souls. I fear this view of Christ, so persistently preached in the present day, encourages thousands in a false hope while they are living in sin, and consequently under the curse not only of a broken law, but of a Saviour denied and abjured. Let me ask you, my hearers, what sort of a Christ is yours ? Have you a Christ who saves you, who *renews* your heart, who enables you to live in obedience to God, or are you looking to this outside and imaginary Christ to do your obeying for you ? ”

The caricature of faith implied in only-believism also called forth

strenuous protest from Mrs. Booth. The practice of picking out some text, such as 1 John v. 10-14, separating it from its context, and applying it indiscriminately to all descriptions of sinners, she believed to have been the cause of the damnation of thousands of souls. She pointed out that the direction to "only believe" was applied strictly by the Apostles to convicted sinners, while hardened, impenitent, or careless ones were warned to repent, and flee from the wrath to come. To divorce repentance from faith was to separate two things which God had indissolubly joined together. An unrepentant sinner could no more exercise saving faith than he could fly. And to confound mere intellectual assent to a set of doctrines with conversion was calculated to ensure the shipwreck of countless souls, as surely as to confound the Eddystone Lighthouse with the North Fore Light!

On this point Mrs. Booth has said :

"No mere intellectual beliefs can save men, because right opinions do not make right hearts. Alas! we all know the little practical effect opinions have on character. Look around you. Do you know any man who is not a thorough intellectual believer in chastity being better for a man, or a woman, in the end than uncleanness? Is there any wicked, profligate young man who, if you could take him aside and talk fairly to him, would not tell you that he believed that chastity was the best for a man, and yet you have only to look at him to see that he is a sepulchre of uncleanness and debauchery. What avails his intellectual belief in chastity while he is the slave of his lusts? What better is the man who believes in chastity, and sins, than a man who does not believe in chastity, and sins? As a French infidel, answering a caviller against holiness, said the other day, 'You believe and sin. I do not believe and sin. Where is the difference? It seems to me I am the better of the two.' Exactly; for, however true or grand a man's beliefs, of what use are they if he does not act them out? 'Can faith save him?' Nay, verily, but such a faith can damn him.

"Further, any theory which leads men to suppose that they are safe without being actually *saved* is the most dreadful of all.

"Such a theory adds an intellectual opiate to the deceit of the heart, and prevents the truth from troubling the conscience. Now, the only use of appealing to the understandings of the unregenerate is, that through their understandings you may get at their hearts, but if Satan has 'blinded their minds' by some intellectual opiate there is no

chance. The understanding is darkened, the conscience seared, and the soul paralysed. These are the worst people in the world to preach to; when I had to preach to them, how I groaned many a time for a congregation of heathen!

"A man is either saved or not; the fact is independent of his theory, and it is of comparatively little consequence what his theory may be if he be saved. Hence many savages and Catholics have rejoiced in a consciousness of pardon, while many evangelicals have never known it. A man is either under the dominion of sin or else he is delivered from it. If he is under the dominion of sin, what an awful theory is that which makes him believe he is saved! Could the devil have invented a more damning theory than that? And yet, alas! alas! he allures millions to destruction through it, who otherwise would take alarm and begin to seek salvation. He says to all the qualms of conscience and pangs of remorse, 'You are all right; you believe this or the other, your faith is orthodox, you are safe,' frequently quoting separated or mutilated texts to back up his lying insinuations, such as, 'By faith ye are saved;' 'He that believeth shall be saved;' 'You are complete in Him,' etc.

"This latter phrase has come to express, in numbers of instances, the most utter ruin to which the human soul can be brought. 'Complete in Christ!' 'Complete' without any true repentance, without any offering of the heart, without the slightest change, inward or outward; 'complete in Him,' while living without Him, and having no conscious connection with Him whatever; 'complete' without losing one evil feature of the godless life, without receiving one grace of any kind, without doing or suffering anything, except, perhaps, a whispered 'I believe;' 'complete' all in a minute, since somebody pointed to a text with which perhaps the poor victim had been familiar all his life! 'Complete in Christ' with a gnawing consciousness at the heart that it is as sinful, as empty, as powerless, and as joyless as ever; 'complete' as a poor corpse would be 'complete' if painted and dressed in the clothes of a living man! May God save you from any such mock salvation as this."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE PROGRESS OF THE MISSION. 1868.

UPON the conclusion of the Margate services Mrs. Booth was invited to conduct meetings in a mission hall erected by a gentleman of fortune in Norwood. This was one of those independent philanthropic efforts such as are to be found dotted over the country, and which, as a rule, produce but scanty results in proportion to the labour and expenditure of money which they involve. That they are exceedingly well intentioned there can be no doubt. But that the effort put forth to sustain them would be better spent in other ways, and that they involve a minimum of success with a maximum of expense, seems equally undeniable.

Take the present instance. A hall had been built for the benefit of the godless non-church-going inhabitants of the neighbourhood. A great effort had been put forth to secure their attendance at its opening. They had been visited from house to house, handbills had been scattered, free teas provided, collections abrogated, and every reasonable inducement proffered. For a short time they had complied. But very soon the interest had languished, the congregations dwindled, and nothing but the generosity of its founder had kept the effort from dying a natural death. A few devoted persons had struggled on, but there was little to show as a result for their toil. Outside help was sought for and obtained. Amongst others Mrs. Booth was asked to come. She complied. There was an encouraging revival of the interest, and souls were saved. And then the work declined again. In the following year the East London Mission were invited to take it over. Mr. Booth agreed, thus stepping for the first time beyond the original sphere. But the gentleman to whom the hall belonged wanted to keep in his own hands the control of the evangelists sent. There could not be two masters, and Mr. Booth therefore retired, with the consequent result that, instead of the cause being linked to an organisation which would sooner or later have lifted it to a position of permanence and success, it retained its spasmodic and uncertain character.

It is well, perhaps, to point out the cause of such failures, if only

as a warning to those who may be tempted to embark on similar enterprises. For while it is possible to imagine circumstances arising in which it is practically the only course open, it is well to be acquainted beforehand with its disadvantages. As a rule, if we search deep enough, we shall find there is a reason for failure, and setting aside the comparatively rare instances in which such attempts have been accompanied with success, there can be no doubt that the country, nay, the world, abounds with disappointing dwarfish efforts of the kind.

The first obvious deviation from the laws of common sense consists in their separation of themselves from every organised section of Christ's host. To this it may be replied that General Booth has done the same. If they were General Booths, the contention would be sound. But unfortunately this is not the case. It is interesting, moreover, to remark that so satisfied was Mr. Booth of the necessity and importance of organisation that he only left the church with the utmost reluctance when they had themselves driven him forth. And even then he sought to reunite himself to some existing organisation, "like a boat to a steamer," as he graphically described it. It was only the rapid and unexpected growth of the Mission which precluded either the necessity or possibility of such a course.

Entirely different is the case of an isolated mission hall, such as we are now describing, which is neither what botanists would describe as an endogen, an exogen, or an acrogen; neither growing internally by additions to its membership, nor externally by casting out fresh colonies, nor upwards by increasing in spirituality. Feeble exotics, dependent upon an artificial hot-house atmosphere for their very existence, they present a striking contrast to the forest oaks, which may cast off their leaves for a time, but only to put them on again with returning spring, or to the perennial pines and evergreens which dare the winter frosts and snows.

But another cause of failure is to be found in the fact that a rich man is at its head. This in itself is usually enough to spoil the concern, destroying, on the one hand, the sense of responsibility for self-support, and leading, on the other, to an undue tendency to pander to the wishes and favour of the patron rather than seek disinterestedly the good and progress of the work.

Again, there is a double difficulty in dealing with the agent entrusted with the prosecution of the work. If he be a mere figure-head the work necessarily languishes. If, on the other hand, he be a man of

power and parts, and consequently popular, he will not, as a rule, be willing to be effaced, and trouble will probably arise.

Nor is it possible to enforce necessary discipline. The independent spirit of the founder naturally and inevitably reproduces itself in his followers. He likes his liberty—they like theirs. He will not be bound by any red-tape rules. They applaud his sentiment to the skies, and apply it to themselves. He will not have any organisation step in between himself and Christ, as he expresses it, and they will not have him. Lawlessness breeds lawlessness. "In order to govern you must first learn to obey" is as true now as in the days when Alexander the Great heard the sentiment from his father's lips. And the man who disconnects his work from others must not be surprised if his followers disconnect themselves from him. His isolation reacts upon himself.

True, he reckons to strengthen his weakness and sustain the interest of the work by borrowing workers from elsewhere. But this is no easy task. All who are worth absorbing, or nearly all, are absorbed in existing organisations, and their time and talents fully utilised. The number of those who are actually free to afford their help is few, their ability limited, and the doctrines which they hold so contradictory that to reconcile them is impossible. What is the result? One preacher believes in sudden conversion, the next doubts it seriously; one believes in holiness, the other does not; one believes in two natures, the next regards it as a dangerous error; one believes in hell, the other only in heaven. The same hearers listen to all, and are expected to accept whatever may be said as the pure undiluted Gospel. What wonder that they are puzzled and bewildered?

The permanent staff of workers, moreover, consists usually of as strange a mixture as these occasional visitors. Some believe one thing and some another. All sow their diverse seeds in the same field, and add to the general confusion of the whole. *Uniformity* may not be necessary, but unity requires some sort of common basis to build upon, and money is a poor substitute for the "one-ideadness" which can alone insure happy, hearty, and successful co-operation.

In a word, there is neither continuity of effort nor continuity of doctrine, and to anticipate anything but failure is sheer fatalism. It is like a soldier rushing into battle, borrowing a sword from one, a scabbard from another, a rifle from here, and cartridges from there. At the critical moment (and there will be a crisis in every history) the sword sticks in the scabbard for which it was never made, and the

cartridges refuse to fit the rifle, and the time that should be spent in fighting has to be given up to putting them right. Meanwhile the opportunity is gone, the battle lost, and the soldier blames—everybody except himself.

In 1868 the Mission's first formal balance-sheet was published, covering the twenty-one months from the 1st January, 1867, to 30th September, 1868. It was duly audited by a leading firm of accountants, Messrs. J. Beddow and Sons. Not only so, but in order to guarantee to the public that the funds were being administered in a straightforward and honourable manner, the financial affairs of the Mission were submitted to the oversight of a council of gentlemen who met together from time to time, received Mr. Booth's reports, examined the financial position, and appointed their own auditors.

The following is a list of the gentlemen who composed the council :

REFEREES.

Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P.
 Captain Fishbourne, R.N., C.B.
 George Pease, Esq., Stock Exchange.
 Rev. J. H. Wilson, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society.
 Rev. W. Tyler, Minister of New Town Chapel.
 Rev. Robert Ashton, Secretary of the Congregational Union.
 Messrs. Morgan and Chase.
 Captain W. E. Smith, Secretary of Evangelisation Society.
 Mr. Gawin Kirkham, Secretary of Open-Air Mission.

COMMITTEE.

Nathaniel James Powell.	George Hamilton.
Charles Owen.	John Lee Dale.
John Alfred Merrington.	Edmund Ives.
John Eason.	W. H. Crispin.

C. S. Mitchell.

Treasurer : Nathaniel James Powell.

Hon. Sec : Chas. Owen.

Mr. Booth worked in perfect harmony with this council for some years, and when, finally, the work had assumed such proportions and so established itself in the public favour and confidence as not to require such financial sponsorship, it was dissolved in the most friendly manner. A goodly number of those who composed the council have since passed away, but there is no reason to doubt but that all were pleased to have been associated with the work, and to

have endorsed what has since been the means of blessing to so many thousands.

It is not, however, to be supposed that when the financial oversight of the committee ceased the accounts were any less carefully audited than before. From that time to this, annual balance-sheets have been published, and every penny of money that has passed through the hands of the International Headquarters of the Salvation Army has been accounted for to the satisfaction of the firm of auditors to whose careful and constant supervision they have been entrusted.

And yet the following letter to a newspaper from the present auditors speaks for itself :

“THE SALVATION ARMY BALANCE-SHEET AND ACCOUNTS.

“DEAR SIR,—Our attention having been directed to your issue of the 1st inst., wherein you refer to the above accounts as muddle-headed, we were curious to know the meaning of the expression, and find from your issue of to-day that it was subjective rather than objective. We should be in error were we to accuse your critic ‘Scrutator’ of a knowledge of book-keeping, and, therefore, can easily forgive his blundering references to the balance-sheet and accounts. He is entirely wrong in his conclusions.

“As you accuse us of signing inaccurate statements, we are prepared, should you wish, personally to submit the printed accounts to Mr. Saffery, the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales, and let him pass judgment as to whether we are right or ‘Scrutator.’

“We see no reason, after ‘Scrutator’s’ criticism, to alter our opinion as to the accuracy of the accounts, or to vary our certificate.

“Yours faithfully,

“KNOX, BURBRIDGE, CROPPER & Co.,

“Chartered Accountants and Auditors to the Salvation Army,
16 Finsbury Circus, London.

“January 8th, 1891.”

The balance sheet of 1868 contains some interesting particulars in regard to the progress of the work. The following is a list of what were called the Preaching Stations :—

- New East London Theatre, Whitechapel.
- St. Leonard’s Hall, Shoreditch.
- Mission Hall, 188 Whitechapel Road.
- Mission Room, Sydney Street, E.
- Oriental Theatre, High Street, Poplar.
- Temperance Hall, High Street, Poplar.
- Mission Hall, corner of Worship Street, Bishopsgate.

Eastern Alhambra, St. Anne's Place, Limehouse.
 Preaching Room, Sclater Street, Spitalfields.
 People's Hall, near Bow Bridge, Stratford.
 Large Shop, Hackney Road, Cambridge Heath.
 Gospel Hall, Three Colts Lane, Cambridge Road.
 Mission Hall, Cheval Street, Millwall.

"In these stations," says the report, "we have accommodation for 8,000 persons, every seat free; 140 services, out-doors and in, are held weekly, at which the Gospel is preached to *over fourteen thousand people*." There is also an imposing array of the "means employed" by the Mission, a number of which foreshadowed the great social scheme of recent days, and doubtless served in some measure to prepare the way:

PREACHING in the OPEN AIR, and in THEATRES, CONCERT HALLS, SHOPS, and ROOMS, in prominent situations or very dark neighbourhoods.

VISITING from house to house.

BIBLE CARRIAGE, for the sale of Bibles, tracts, and soul-saving literature.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

BIBLE CLASSES.

BELIEVERS' MEETINGS.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

BANDS OF HOPE.

TRACT SOCIETIES.

EVENING CLASSES, for reading, writing, and arithmetic.

SUNDAY, DAY, and RAGGED SCHOOLS.

READING ROOMS.

PENNY BANKS.

RELIEF of the DESTITUTE and SICK POOR, by the distribution of bread, meat, small sums of money, and by

SOUP KITCHENS.

The report contains the following plea on behalf of the necessity of the Mission:

"The temporal and spiritual destitution of the East of London is appalling. In other parts of the metropolis, and of the great cities of our land, there are quarters, of limited extent, as dark and wicked; but they are as islands in a surrounding sea of intelligence and wealth, while here is a vast continent of vice, crime, and misery. Of the great bulk of the population not one in a hundred attends any place of worship. In the Whitechapel Road alone it has been calculated that 18,600 persons go into the public-houses on the Sabbath.

THE WORKERS IN THIS MISSION

have, for the most part, been brought to God in the movement, or have, through its instrumentality, been raised from a backsliding state to a new and quickened life.

"The Lord has given us hundreds of precious souls. Since the commencement there have been over 4,000 anxious inquirers at the different stations, besides multitudes of persons who have been seriously impressed. Many thousands of the starving poor have been relieved. Fallen girls have been rescued from the streets. Situations have been obtained for numbers, while others have been assisted to emigrate. Hundreds of drunkards have signed the pledge, and the Gospel has been preached to tens of thousands who otherwise would not have heard the glad sound.

THE SUPPORT OF THE MISSION.

"This Mission is entirely dependent on the voluntary offerings of the Lord's people. Over fifty pounds are required weekly. The annexed balance-sheet will show that so far the Lord has disposed His people to sustain this expenditure."

An interesting quotation is also appended from the columns of *The Revival* (now *The Christian*) :

"We recently spent a Sunday with Mr. Booth in his work, and were more than gratified. The above notice altogether fails to convey an adequate idea of the extent and depth of the movement which God has used him to establish. There is not in this kingdom an agency which more demands the hearty and liberal support of the Church of Christ. In the East of London are crowded and condensed a large proportion of the poorer labouring population of London. The ruined, the unfortunate, the depraved, the feeble ones outrun in the race of life gravitate thither, and jostle one another in the daily struggle for bread. Thousands are starving from day to day, and the bulk of these teeming multitudes are as careless of eternity as the heathen, and far more uncared for by the great majority of the professed people of God. Mr. Booth's operations are unparalleled in extent, unsectarian in character, a standing rebuke to the apathy of Christians, and a witness of the willingness of God to show His work upon His servants, and to establish the work of their hands upon them. In His name we commend this deeply important and self-denying Mission to the hearts, and purses, and cheque-books of His faithful servants."

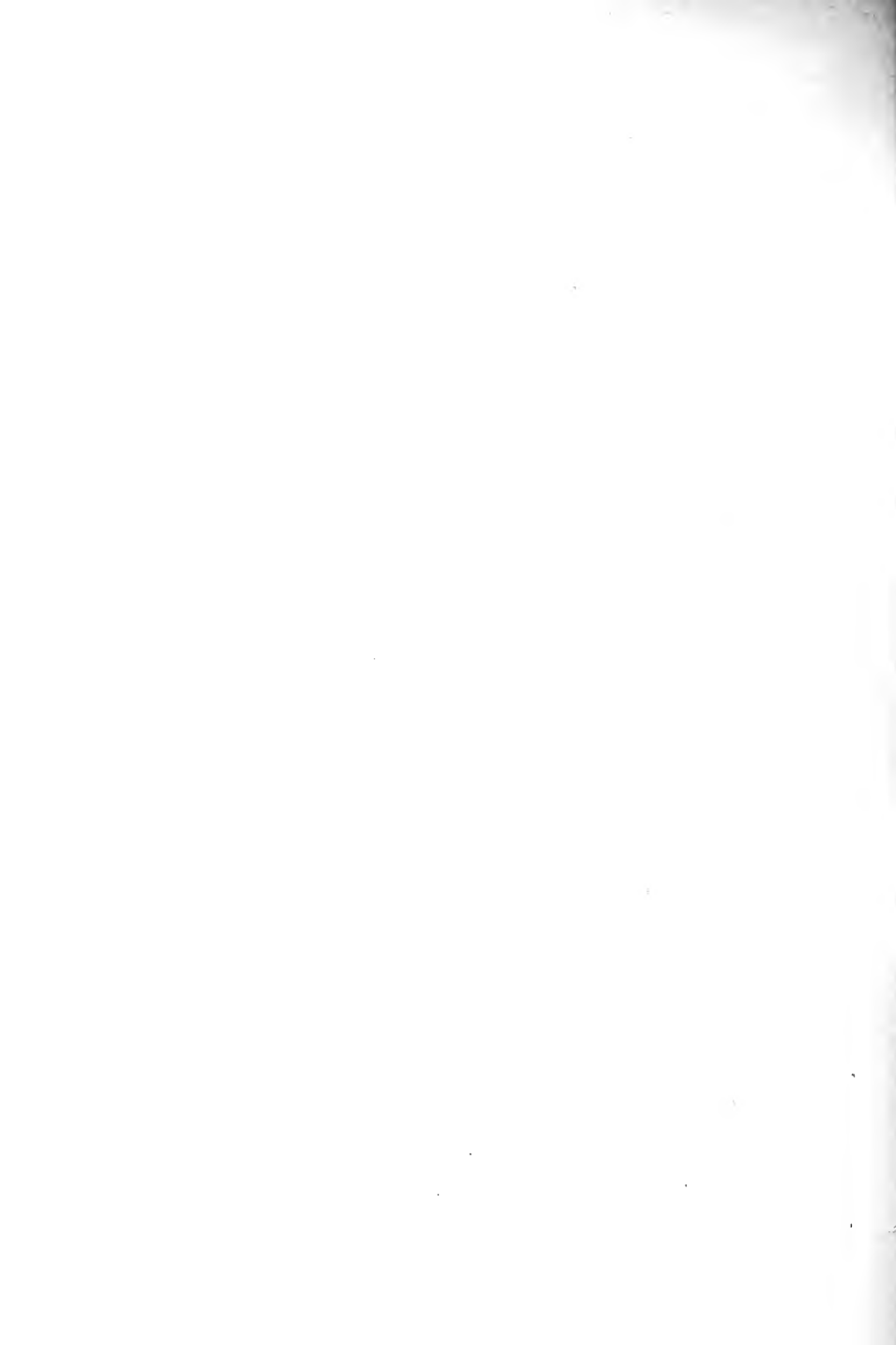
An important step in advance was taken in October, 1868, in the publication of the first number of the Mission's magazine. Hitherto Mr. Booth had been content with reporting progress in the columns of various religious papers. This was for many reasons an undesirable expedient. The reports had to be 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 organisation 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 fears with which this little venture was regarded at the onset. The launching of the little papy 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 prophecy? But the trim little *East London Evangelist* survived all criticisms, and went forth on its errand of mercy with success.

The publication of the magazine afforded Mrs. Booth the fulfilment of the wish she had expressed some years previously, of being able to edit a paper which should advocate more advanced views in regard to the privileges of Christians and their duty in working for God. By force of circumstances she and the General were its first editors. There was no one else to whom they could turn for help. And together they revised the first proofs of the *East London Evangelist*. One is tempted to regret that the day ever came when they were able to turn over the task to others!

Mrs. Booth's first article was on "Prevailing Prayer." This was succeeded by another on "Compel them to come in," and this again by the report of an address on "Heart Backsliding." As they are included in Mrs. Booth's published works, a single passage will suffice to quote :

"This is the work that most needs doing of any work in the vineyard. There are teeming thousands who never cross the threshold of church, chapel, or mission-hall, to whom all connected with religion is as an old song, a byword, and a reproach. They need to be brought into contact with a living Christ in the characters and persons of His people. They want to *see* and *handle* the Word of Life in a living form. Christianity must come to them embodied in men and women who are not ashamed to 'eat with publicans and sinners'; they must see it looking through their eyes, and speaking in loving accents through their tongues, sympathising with their sorrows, bearing their burdens, reproving their sins, instructing their ignorance, inspiring their hope, and wooing them to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Dear reader, here is a sphere for you! You have long wished to do something for your blessed Master. Here is work, boundless in extent, and momentous beyond an angel's power to conceive. For it you need no human ordination, no long and tedious preparation, no high-flown language, no towering eloquence; all you want is the full baptism of the Spirit on your heart, the Bible in your hand, and humility and simplicity in your manner. Thus equipped, you will be mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. You will find your way to many a heart long since



abandoned by hope, and given up to despair; and in the great day of account you shall have many a sheaf as the result of your labour and the reward of your self-denial."

Next year the *East London Evangelist* was re-christened 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 eleven 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 monthly magazines, the most important of these being *All the World*, the international organ of the foreign work of the Salvation Army; the *Deliverer*, representing especially the progress of the rescue work; *Full Salvation* (Australia), especially advocating the doctrine of holiness; the *Conqueror*, the American equivalent of *All the World*; and the *Musical Salvationist*, furnishing the Army with a limitless supply of new songs and tunes. (See Appendix.)

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, good will 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 trust another (the spiritual, the social, the criminal, the missionary, the musical organs having each their 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! Unappreciated, it may be, even disliked by some, the social "wilderness and solitary places" of the world are "glad for them"; its deserts of sin and sorrow "rejoice and blossom as the rose." Even now they may be said to "blossom abundantly,"

and to "rejoice with joy and singing." The eyes of the spiritually blind are opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped. The socially lame man leaps as an hart, and the tongue of the sorrow-dumb sings. For "in the wilderness have waters broken out and streams in the desert, and the parched ground become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

CHAPTER LIX.

CORRESPONDENCE. 1868.

Mrs. BOOTH'S private correspondence, being written concurrently with passing events, provides a valuable index to her opinions and feelings. Her regular letters to her parents had, however, as might be expected, ceased. They were close at hand, and mutual visits obviated the necessity for writing. In fact, Mr. Mumford was a regular attendant at his daughter's meetings, superintending the various arrangements and helping to the best of his ability. Too appreciative to criticise, and too proud of his child to imagine that anything she said or did could fall short of perfection, he was the more receptive of the truths that fell from her lips. Indeed, for the past twenty years had she not been the leading spirit, the presiding genius, and the guardian angel of his home? Happy the parents who in their old age can thus lean upon a daughter's faithful arm. Alas! that such a phenomenon is comparatively rare!

But, though Mrs. Booth's correspondence with her parents had almost ceased, we are able to resume the broken thread in the letters written to her children and friends, which increase in number and importance from year to year, and which are the more interesting from the variety of subjects with which they deal.

Among the public questions on which Mrs. Booth had a strong conviction was that of vaccination. In writing to her friend, Mrs. Billups, with reference to a child who was about to be vaccinated, she said:

"I send by this post a pamphlet on vaccination. Do read it, if only for the exhibition it gives of the prejudice of the 'profession.' It seems as though all advance in the right treatment of the disease has to be, in the first instance, largely in spite of the doctors, instead of their leading the way. And as it was in the beginning it is now, in many respects. I should sooner pawn my watch to pay the fines, and my bed too, for the matter of that, than have any more children vaccinated. The monstrous system is as surely doomed as blood-letting was. This is one of the boons we shall get by waiting and enlightening.

"Who knows how much some of us have suffered through life owing to the 'immortal Jenner'? 'Let us fall into the hands of God, and not of man.' There is nothing worse in this pamphlet than several cases I have come across per-

sonally. But these were the direct effects. It is the indirect I dread most. The latent seeds of all manner of diseases are doubtless sown in thousands of healthy children. It has only been the stupid treatment which has made small-pox so fatal. Mrs. Smedley (of the Hydropathic Institute) says in her last manual, that they have nursed numbers of bad cases, and never lost one. M. was one of the worst cases. She was very delicate, had never been vaccinated, and was in her seventh year, which is supposed to be the most fatal time. Yet she recovered, and has been much better in her general health since. I do hope you will succeed in converting the parents."

We find the following commentary on an undated scrap of paper, referring evidently to a religious book on Faith :

"Good for *real saints*, but to be sent out promiscuously to people who have no more claim to it than publicans and harlots—awful! Oh, that God would pour out the spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind! Deception is the great *forte* of the devil in this age. The Lord help us to tear the bandages off!"

"My dear child," she says, writing to one of her daughters with regard to the same question, "the art of deception is to be able to *appear true!*"

But Mrs. Booth was not always severe, any more than she was always tender. It was the right "dividing" of the word of truth that largely constituted her power. To one of her friends whom she knew to be intensely sincere in her consecration, and for this very reason peculiarly open to the shafts of doubt, she sends the following comforting epistle. In this case there was no mask to lift, no bandage to tear off, no self-deception to reveal. And she was as skilful and sympathetic in "binding up" the "broken-hearted" as she was remorseless in shattering the false hopes of the self-deceived :

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I do indeed sympathise with you, and I think I can divine a little as to the nature of your trials. I wish I were near to comfort and help you—such help as it is I have to offer. Only, I am sorry to say, I am often down very low myself. But, dear friend, we have the promise that the waters shall not overflow us, and though almost overwhelmed we are yet not destroyed. The only way of comfort I see for you is to try and walk *alone*, shutting your eyes to what you cannot help.

"It is useless, dear, to harrow ourselves up about the past, or to waste time in vain regrets. It is past now and can never be altered. But we can cast it under the blood, and go on praying Him to avert the consequences, and maybe He will stoop to answer us. Do your own part in witnessing for God and truth, and hope that at some future time (perhaps as they stand over your grave) it will produce its effect.

"Comfort yourself in the Lord. He is very pitiful and of tender mercy, and when He sees us truly penitent for our mistakes and failures He delights to

pardon. Do not perplex yourself about the experience of others. I am more than ever satisfied that God looks more propitiously on those who are striving and struggling to do right and to please Him, even in fear and despondency, than on those who make light of sin and yet make their boast in Him. I fear there are sadly too many who can rejoice when they ought to weep, while some who can never forgive themselves weep when they ought to rejoice. Perhaps these latter are amongst those who, though they mourn now, 'shall be comforted' hereafter!

"Still, dear friend, unbelief dishonours our God as much as it robs us. Therefore, if our hearts bear us witness that we do above all things desire to obey and honour Him, let us dare to take His promises to ourselves and to rejoice in Him. You can only pray for the little ones, that they may be taken from the evil to come or so visited in the future that, in spite of the terrible ordeal through which they have to pass, they may be saved. Ah, how little parents think of the bitter anguish they are laying up for their loved ones! Some most painful cases have come to my knowledge lately. I long to help mothers more than ever.

"We are on the incline as a nation, and are going down hill at an awful rate! God will be avenged for these things, or His nature and government have changed! I often think perhaps our children are destined to see terrible times. If so, the Lord put them amongst His faithful witnesses, even if they have to seal His testimony with their blood.

"We do feel deeply for you in your present trials, and still pray that, if He sees it best for all concerned, He will deliver you, and I believe He will, unless He sees that the *eternal interests* of your loved ones demand the other course. Then we dare not say, 'What doest Thou?'

"Try to rest in His will, dear friend, because there is *nowhere else* to rest. I am trying to do so. He knows why these wearisome months of suffering are appointed me, and amidst all my depression, and sometimes distress, the devil shall not drive me from this one refuge—that He does it *all in love*. I know it, I believe it, and I pray that I may not frustrate His design. I return home but little better in the main than when I came. So the time and expense seem to be thrown away, and I am useless still! Well, praise the Lord, He reigns over death as well as life. The keys of death and hell are at His girdle.

"Yours, as ever,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

A vivid picture of the illness and depression in the midst of which she frequently toiled is contained in the following letter :

"I do not suppose you intended to reprove me in your last. Nevertheless I felt the implied reproof, because it was so well deserved, and, intended or not, I received it as a wound of a true friend. I know I ought not, of all saints, or sinners either, to be depressed. I know it dishonours my Lord, grieves His Spirit, and injures me greatly, and I would fain hide from everybody to prevent their seeing it. But I cannot help it. I have struggled hard, more than any one knows, for a long time against it. Sometimes I have literally held myself, head and heart and hands, and waited for the floods to pass over me. But now I appear

to have lost the power of self-command to a great extent, and *weep I must*. The doctors say, 'Never mind. Regard it as one result of your affliction.' But this does not satisfy me. I know there is grace to overcome. And yet, there seems much in the Bible to meet such a state. Well, at present I am under, under, under; and for this very reason I shrink from coming to you or going anywhere. I don't want to burden others.

"My dearest says, 'Never mind all these rubs and storms. Let us fight through all, in order to save the world.' To this I say 'Amen!' But one must have *strength* to fight. It is easier for some of us to fight than to lie wounded in the camp. I can neither fight nor run. I can only endure—oh, that I could always say with patience!

"We are compassed with difficulties on every side. Still there is so much to praise God for that I ought never to look at these troubles. Well, we shall pull through and get HOME! Then we will have a shout and a family gathering, and no mistake! Will we not?

"I feel about these troubles just as I do about my own health, when I pray about it. I am met with, 'Ye know not what ye ask.' I have such a sense of the wisdom and benevolence of God, underlying every other feeling, that I dare not go beyond, 'Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done.'

"I cannot think what makes you destroy your letters to me after you have been at the trouble to write them. Can you not trust me? and have we not arrived at that maturity of friendship in which we can faithfully speak our thoughts to each other without fear of causing offence? I assume that we have. Hence I write freely to you, as though you were really a sister.

"I thought after my last was posted, perhaps some of it would sound harsh, and different to what the same sentiments would have appeared had they been spoken. But then I said to myself, 'Oh, but my friend knows me, and will understand that I have not spoken in an uncharitable spirit.' I think I did not, though it is difficult to put truth sometimes as softly as one would like it. Pray take the same licence with me, and don't burn your letters."

On the last day of 1868 a somewhat singular incident occurred. Mr. Booth was preparing for the watch-night service, which he was about to conduct with the members of the Mission, when a telegram was placed in his hands pressing him to take the last train to Dunorlan, as Mr. Reed wished to see him on some important business. This was the more unexpected since there had arisen some coolness between them during the past few months. But with an imperfect knowledge of each other, both possessed an iron will. Mr. Reed had unbounded confidence in his own judgment. He had laboured successfully for the salvation of souls during some forty years, had studied Methodism, and was acquainted with some of its best and noblest spirits. He thought that he knew quite as well as Mr. Booth what were the best plans for reaching sinners, and did not hesitate to question the wisdom of some of those adopted.

Mr. Booth, on the other hand, looked back upon a long experience in which he had carefully studied the problem as to how the masses were to be reached, and had achieved far greater success in his efforts than any which Mr. Reed had seen. He had the courage of his convictions, and, while flexible to a fault on minor points, when any vital principle was concerned he would not yield an inch to please anybody. "The Booths will be difficult to hold," was Mr. Reed's dictum, soon after he formed their acquaintance, "but they are worth the trouble." And he thought so to the end.

Mr. Reed received him with great cordiality. He had for some little time now been thoroughly acquainted with the working of the Mission, and had manifested great interest in Mr. Booth's efforts to secure some central premises for the prosecution of the work. He objected to the use of theatres on Sundays because of the money which it put into the pockets of the proprietors for their soul-destroying week-day performances.

Taking Mr. Booth into his library, he unfolded to him a proposal which he had evidently for some time been revolving in his mind. He was in a position to secure, he said, a suitable site for £3,000 or £4,000, near the very spot where Mr. Booth had commenced his tent services, and in the heart of the population whom he desired to reach. Upon this he proposed to build a hall, at a cost of £6,000 or £7,000, with seating accommodation for 2,000 persons, and every possible requisite for the carrying on of the work. When completed he proposed to place the building entirely at the disposal of Mr. Booth, reserving only to himself the right to conduct an occasional service to which he might invite the help of his personal friends.

Mr. Booth was dumbfounded. For weeks he had been toiling with pen and tongue to raise £3,000 for the purchase of the People's Market in Whitechapel. The response had been but small, and the place when gained would not be what he really required. But here was an opportunity of which he had never dreamed in his most sanguine moments—and few people could at times be more sanguine than himself!

With the rapid grasp of a nature-created general he took in the importance of the opportunity at a glance, and visions of a crowded hall and rows of penitents flashed before his eyes. But the dazzling cup had scarce been raised to his lips when, with the next breath, it was dashed to the ground. Mr. Reed went on to stipulate that, if the Mission should be conducted in a manner of which he disapproved,

he should reserve to himself the right to resume possession of the building.

There was an awkward pause. Mr. Reed waited for a response. Mr. Booth saw in a moment that this would mean a practical sacrifice of his liberty, while, if he were turned out, his last state would be worse than his first. And yet the offer was a tempting one. With his usual candour, but in the mildest words he could command, he expressed his difficulty. A principle was involved. Practically the leadership of the Mission would pass out of his hands into those of Mr. Reed. For this he was not prepared. And of what use is a prophet who has not a conviction as to his Heaven-entrusted commission? Mr. Reed perceived the difficulty, gave up the proposal and promptly changed the subject, saying that he thought they could do most good by pursuing a separate path.

Mr. Booth returned to London and recounted all that had occurred to Mrs. Booth, who, while deeply sympathising with the disappointment, thoroughly approved of his action, exclaiming with characteristic warmth, "With a great price obtained we this freedom, and we will not sell it—not for £20,000!"

The next day the following letter was received from Mr. Reed:—

"DUNORLAN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1st January, 1869.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—My dear wife and myself have talked over matters. The result is, we dare not move any further, and I write at once that your mind may not be unsettled.

"To expend £10,000 at least of the Lord's money is a step so important that unless the way is clear as the noonday sun we dare not take it.

"Your views and ours differ so much that to attempt together such a work would be unwise. You say, if we had only three months' experience on the spot our views would change. It might be so. Still, I must be ruled by the Word of God according to the light that I have. At present I am not fully persuaded in my own mind.

"I am so glad you came down. I need not say we shall continue to pray for you and rejoice to hear of a year of great spiritual blessing, and that thousands may be gathered in by the Good Shepherd.

"Yours in Christ,

"HENRY REED."

It was several months after this incident, and just as Mr. and Mrs. Booth were changing homes and removing to 3 Gore Road, Hackney, that Mr. Reed called upon them. Not having heard from him for some time, they were as pleased as they were surprised, telling him of the progress of the work. He expressed his pleasure and interest

in all he heard, and soon afterwards invited the seventy principal workers of the Mission to spend a day at Dunorlan, offering to meet the entire expenses, and arranging for conveyances to take them from the station to his home. Mrs. Booth thus describes the occasion :

“I had gone down the day before to be ready to meet the party. They arrived in splendid spirits, and were treated by Mr. and Mrs. Reed with the most generous hospitality. The bulk of them were truly devoted people, possessing the real Salvation Army spirit, and the day was spent in the most heavenly enjoyment we had hitherto experienced. This feeling was shared by Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and by several Wesleyan ministers whom they had invited from London and elsewhere to meet with us. The Missioners sang, prayed, testified, processioned and shouted the praises of God, in the drawing-room and in the garden, filling the place with Divine influence. So powerful was the impression produced upon Mr. Reed that, although the annual excursion of our members had already been arranged for Upton Park, he insisted on our bringing them to Dunorlan, himself undertaking to pay the difference of two-and-sixpence on each fare. We brought them accordingly, to the number of 1,450. If the effect of the seventy workers was so gratifying, that of the larger number was, as may easily be imagined, infinitely more so.”

An interesting description of this meeting is given in the *East London Evangelist*, and from it we quote the following :

“The estate is most beautifully situated, and laid out with classical taste and beauty. Lawns, terraces, an avenue terminated at the foot of a considerable descent by a fountain, beyond which the ground again rises, and is shaded by trees and arbours, winding walks among shrubs and flowers, with a delicious rosary, statues, rocks, and cascades ; a lake of no mean dimensions, bordered in one part by a thicket, through which a miniature cataract breaks over huge stones, and in other parts by smooth turf walks or pasture-fields ; park-like plots here and there intervening, and beyond the farm fields occupying the ascent in front of the mansion—all together form a little paradise that to many of the poor people might be almost a foretaste of heaven itself, connected as it was with devotions and thanksgivings rising to heaven from every part into which a company of the excursionists strayed.”

A scrap of diary written by Mr. Bramwell Booth on this occasion, during a few days spent by him at Dunorlan, has been preserved, and casts an interesting light upon his boyhood :

“Friday, July 16, 1869.—Good class, great blessing, very happy. Mrs. S. cried very much. May the Lord deepen the work. Fred kind, very. Heart not well at all (he was suffering from a weak heart). All are very kind indeed to me. The Lord is present with me. I want to get nearer to Him, be more like Him.

“Saturday, July 17.—Happy. God with me. Talked to — on ‘truthfulness.’

Heart middling. Great preparations for Monday, 19, the day our people come. The Lord is good. I want to be bolder for Jesus.

"Sunday, July 18.—Very full of glory. Trusting Jesus for present moment, and letting to-morrow alone. Talked to — very much and he seemed affected. We shall have a glorious day to-morrow.

"Monday, July 19.—Very happy in Jesus. Glory! All seemed to enjoy themselves very much."

Soon after his return to London he writes to Mrs. Booth as follows :

"MY VERY DEAR MAMA,—I do feel so low in spirits to-night. I am quite disappointed with myself. I feel quite despairing with respect to future health. It seems as if my Heavenly Father did not see it best for me to be strong and well, and it is a great trial to me to think I shall always be a burden to those near and dear to me. I feel that in the state of health that I now am, it would only be a waste of money to send me to school. When I try to sit and write or think a little while, I feel quite bad, and my heart, I find, is far from well.

"Dear Mama, I don't know what to say, or what to think. I do try to leave it to my Heavenly Father's will, but I cannot help thinking about it. And I can tell you that it often makes me cross and down. A few weeks ago I thought I was going to be strong again, but now I am not so well. I do pray about it and try to leave it with Him who cannot err, and He does bless me in my own soul. Many, many glorious seasons I have in my own room, and when I appear to speak unkindly I am sure I do not mean it, it is only my abrupt way, but I will try and be better. Only forgive me for the past for I do love you very, very dearly, and I believe Jesus will do all I want, and will bless me, and keep me right, and then all will be well. Sometimes I think I shall die, and then I think of you and wish I could go to be with Christ, my blessed, loving Saviour, who died for me. Oh, I do love Him, and do wish I was more like Him.

"With regard to my studies, I do not know what to say. I should so much like to go on a little while if it be the Lord's will and your wish. I often think I might have made much better use of past opportunities, but they are gone forever, and I hope it will teach me a lesson to make the best of every moment.

"I hope yourself and dear papa are better, and that you will come home better in body and well in soul. May the Lord bless you abundantly. He will; He *has* done, and He will do so again.

"The children are all pretty well. Miss Short, who is very, very kind, has got a little sore throat, but hopes it will pass off by morning. She is writing the magazine wrappers, and is very busy. Tell papa I am very sorry that I sent the magazine to him, but did not know till this morning that I ought not to have done so, when Mr. Rapson told me he ought to have had it; but he only came in yesterday in the morning, or I should have seen him. The covers came this morning and I gave them to him. There were two week-days unfilled on them. I do not know what papa will do with those. I do not think they should be left blank, as it will look as if there were no services at all.

"They all send love, and accept the same from your own loving boy,

"WILLIE."

The Dunorlan festival was especially interesting as foreshadowing anniversary celebrations which subsequently took place at the Crystal Palace. Within the brief interval of twenty-two years the 1,420 excursionists had swelled to upwards of 60,000. If they could have obtained a glimpse into the future they would hardly have recognised themselves in the red-coated warriors and bonnetted Amazons who with countless brass bands joined in the march past.

But the germ of the one was in the other, needing only time and patience for the development. We can see it all, now that it has been actually accomplished. Seeing is believing, to the vast majority. But dare we learn from the past to lift the veil of time and glance down the vista of the future? Why not? Is it too much to prophesy that the Dunorlan and Crystal Palace scenes will be repeated on a vastly larger scale, in every quarter of the globe, while the gala days which our weak-eyed faith has been accustomed to look for as only possible in heaven shall be witnessed upon earth—and all to the glory and honour of our covenant-keeping God!

END OF VOL. I.



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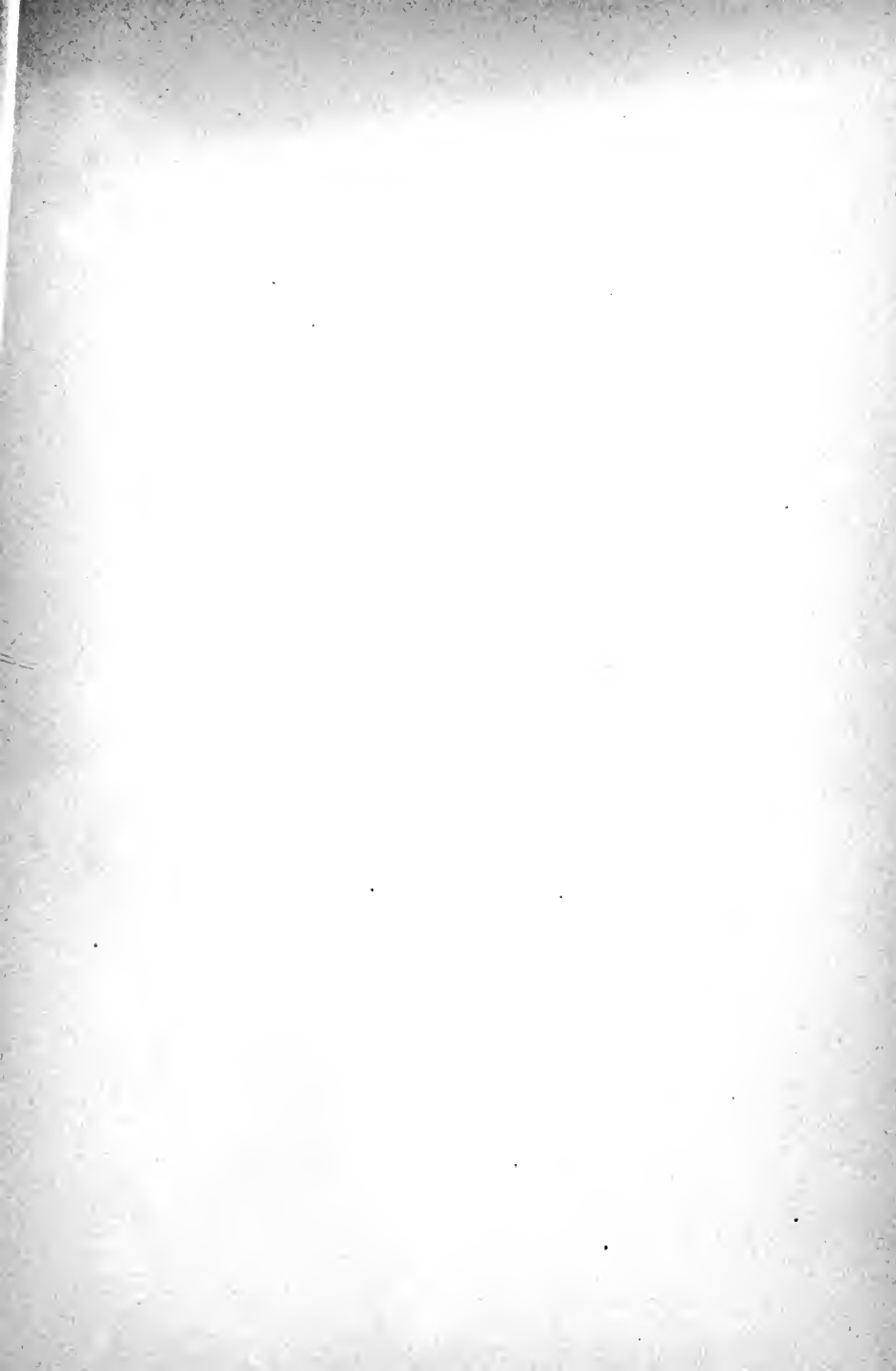
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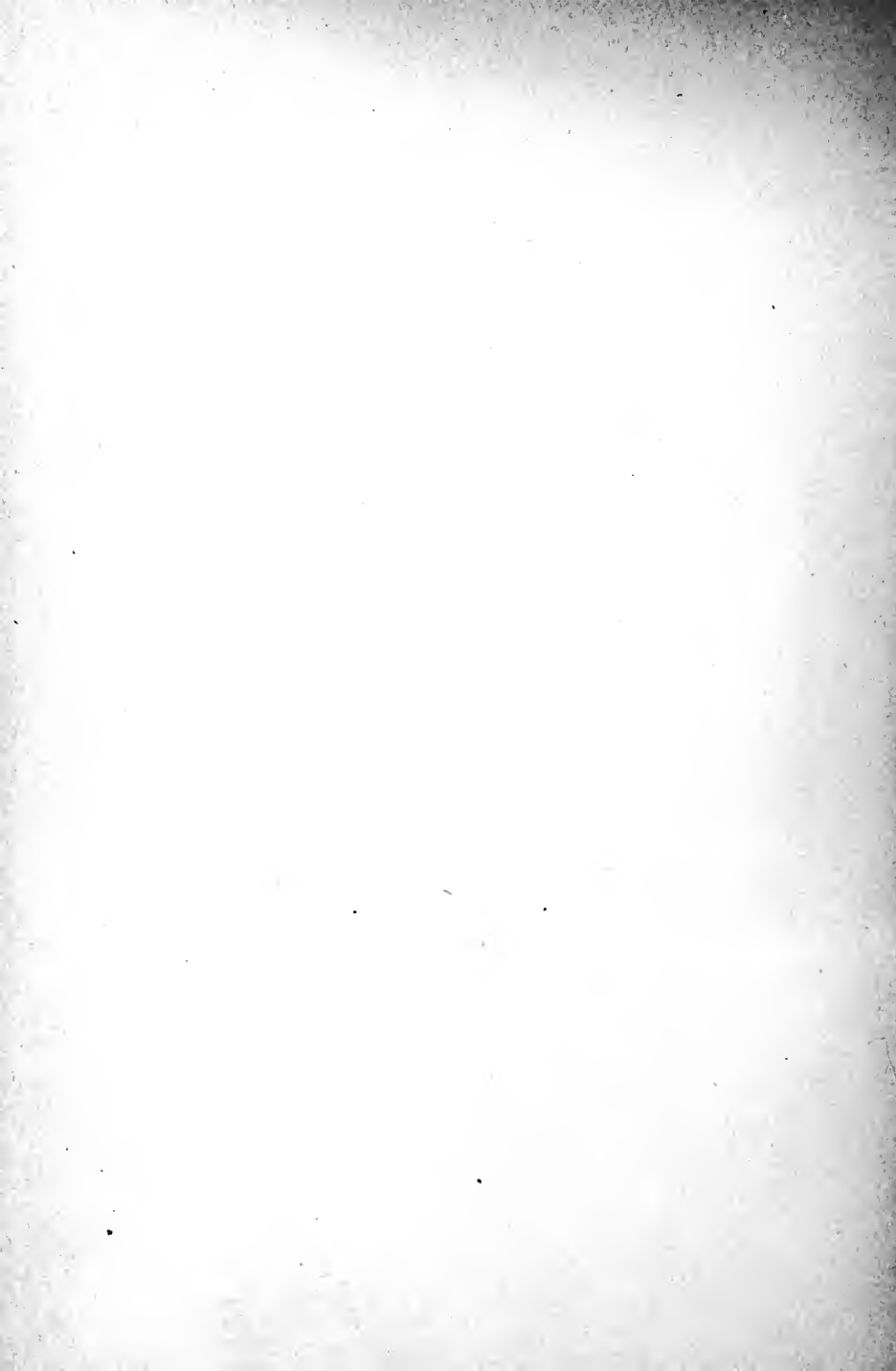
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